

HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



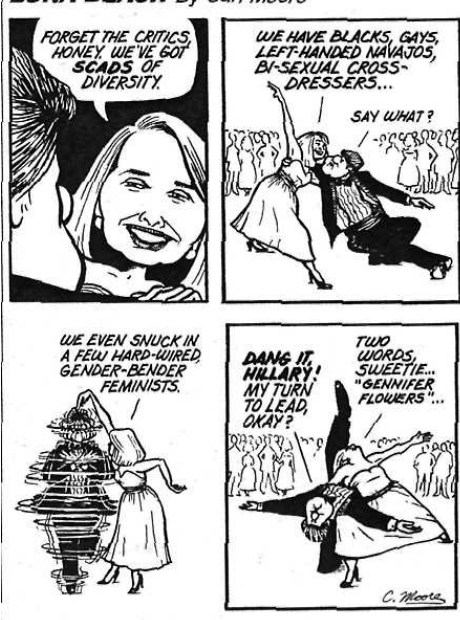
THE CULTURE, STUPID!

People are aghast at the appointment of Donna Shalala to a Cabinet post in the Clinton Administration, and rightly so. But the true epiphany in the pre-inaugural process preceded Shalala's ascension and might have been covered up by the compliant media if not for a story that first surfaced in the *Jewish Forward*. It was the President-elect's naming of Johnnetta Cole to head the transition team's talent search in the areas of education, arts, labor and humanities.

Cole is presently President of Spellman College. Yet the institutions of higher education have become so subordinated to political agendas that this just opens the question. In Cole's case it is not what she is but what she has been. And thereby hangs a tale. In the early 70s Cole was a member of the Venceremos Brigade, a New Left organization that went to Cuba to cut sugar cane for the dictatorship and wound up serving the DCI, Castro's intelligence service. By the late 70s, Cole was president of the U.S.-Grenada Friendship Society, a clone of the US-Soviet Friendship Societies that Stalin invented, in this instance fronting for Marxist dictator Maurice Bishop. In 1980, she was again in Havana with an elite handful of others in orbit around the U.S. Communist Party discussing ways to help the Cubans export revolution to Central America. A year later Cole was actively involved in the Soviet front and CP subsidiary, the U.S. Peace Council, which had been reactivated to set up fifth column in America for the Marxists in Nicaragua and El Salvador.

We could go on. But the point is clear. This is a profile of one of those left-wing apparatchiks who spent the Big Chill rededicating themselves to the leftover left's solidarity mode. The only thing missing from Cole's dreary curriculum vitae, in fact, is any indication of remorse for fifteen years spent doggedly working in the vineyards of

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



pro-Communist anti-Americanism. If it is a tragedy that such a record did not stop Cole from working her way onto an affirmative action fast-track in higher education, it is a farce that Clinton should have chosen her to play a key role in staffing, his administration. What was such a person doing on his short list for Secretary of Education? Why, when some of the more disgraceful episodes in Cole's background were made public, did the Clintonites merely shrug, as if collaboration with the most oppressive tyrannies of this century meant nothing at all? Did transition chairman Vernon Jordan define the

new Administration's idea of political morality when he said regarding Cole that all these things happened a long time ago and anyway who cares?

It would be nice to think that Cole's selection was the result of a computer malfunction, or that some sort of random dialing process inadvertently called up her name. But Cole is a protégé of Donna Shalala, whom she served at U Mass in the People's Republic of Amherst. It was no glitch. Nor was it merely, to turn Milan Kundera's famous quote on its head, the triumph of forgetting over memory. It is hard to believe that Clinton is so disoriented by the dubious commitments of his political adolescence that he really sees no difference between trying it once and not inhaling and sucking up to Castro for twenty years; between failing to fight for your country's cause and supporting your country's enemies. Sadly, Vernon Jordan is right: Johnnetta Cole's past commitments don't matter to the Clinton crowd; what matters is that she's on the right track now, one of them who has finally found a popular font that works in multiculturalism and radical feminism.

The media treated the Cole episode as a tiny closet drama. Yet it stands as the first stirring of the rough beast of political correctness now slouching toward Washington, a mentality that is forgiving of America-bashing because it has been nurtured on a vision of the rampant white, heterosexual male — a synecdoche for America the bad — running roughshod over the country and the world.

In his unctuous endorsement of the Democratic ticket in *Rolling Stone*, Jann Wenner said that he supported Clinton and Gore because they had "come of age in the Sixties and

TLRNTOPAGEU

INSIDE

PC KIDNAPPING

SEXUAL ABUSE:
AMASS PSYCHOSIS

MY DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE ACADEMIC WILDERNESS

BY DAVID JOHN AYERS

In the summer of 1991, as I drove with my family from New York to a new job in Dallas, my academic career seemed secure and on track. After getting my doctorate in

dictable attacks. But, since I had been honest about my positions on gender and was hired anyway by a mid-sized, growing Baptist university in Dallas, I could not foresee that my doubts about

feminist faith. On May 22, 1992, after enduring a two-month hate campaign, I was discharged from my appointment as Assistant Professor of Sociology at Dallas Baptist University, having been judged guilty of

COMMUNIQUE S

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DEAR HETERODOXY:

As a member of THE TAILHOOK ASSOCIATION, I am fed up with the screaming liberal and feminist hysteria on the subject of women's equal role in the cockpits of fighter aircraft. Bogart made less fuss about dying of cancer than Paula Coughlin has over being goosed...err, ah, excuse me, "molested."

I am ready to propose a test of the practicability of this concept. I suggest we set aside 140 of the Navy's best fighters, the F-14 TOMCATS, and let the vestal virgins in Navy Blue form a squadron of their own, and demonstrate just how good they really are.

First, we must erase all vestiges of "sexism" starting with the name "Grumman Tomcat." It will henceforth be known as the "Grummerson Pussycat." The Squadron name will be "The Flaming Ferns." Instead of "Anytime Baby" as the slogan, I think "When I'm not bothered by PMS" or "Not now, I have a headache" would be appropriate. The term "cockpit" will definitely have to go. "Anatomy pit" would be more suitable, unless one of you sexist wags out there has a better idea.

A caricature of Paula Coughlin embracing Pat Schroeder should be the centerpiece of the squadron insignia. Each of the F-14's should have 6 male Admirals as confirmed kills painted in the customary spot on the fuselage side area below the anatomy pit.

That still leaves a few details such as a modified relief tube that will accommodate female anatomy and can be used while wearing a G-suit. The G-suit itself will have to be modified to a maternity version. Remember, 11 of the 14 lady aviators in a West Coast helicopter squadron were pregnant at one time recently.

All male personnel aboard the ship will be briefed 3 hours a day on "core values" with emphasis on the prohibition of such remarks as "crack ups", whistling parachute descents, rising yeast, etc...

Let's give the ladies a chance guys. Glorious Gloria Steinem will demand it anyway, right? Sincerely, Edward J. Toner

Thanks for Judith Weizner. Anyone who liked Orwell's 1984 should like her 1994.

Mary Jane Rachmere

First, I am a fan who looks forward to each publication. I read with great interest the story about Phoebe Spinrad, and I have a beef with one small section of the article. I was stationed at Clark Air Base in 1963-4, and upon arrival assumed that the Filipino girls being rented "allegedly" for dancing at the enlisted men's club were there for more than just dancing.

There were very strict rules; you could only put your hand on the girl's shoulder or waist, your bodies had to remain at least one foot apart at all times. If the girl was lucky enough to have a telephone, she couldn't give you the number or her address. You could not leave the club with her and for the most part, they stayed around by themselves being bored until a new guy came into the club.

The entire situation was goofy, especially considering that every bar in town was a "hooker" bar and if you spent more than \$3 to \$4 on a hooker, you were paying too much.

It sounds as if the big deal at Clark was much ado about nothing, save the very real fact that I'm sure her life was in danger having gotten in the way of a Filipino "Businessman". As I recall 25 to 30 murders was average during election time.

Barry Cunningham

I am not interested in your publication. Therefore, please remove my name from your mailing list. Lynn Jenkins The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching

Your paper is a foul, prejudiced, mean-spirited, hate filled rag. Please cancel my subscription immediately

Robert E. Pollack Columbia University

Would it be possible if you could send me the legal citation for "High Court Backs Hearing Impaired" by Judith S. Weizner? I am severely hearing impaired and still can't imagine the Supreme Court handing down such a decision as you reported. Well, I can hardly imagine it...they do come up with

Kudos to your excellent publication. You've confirmed what I've suspected for quite some time: the true home of bigotry, sexism, and intolerance in America is on the politically correct left. I'm continually amazed at how supposedly "educated" professors and teachers continue to give voice to this pseudo-intellectual, fascist garbage. From the racist ethnic militant groups and their fantasyland history to the blatant hatred of lesbian-feminist dogma, these bitter people are the very things they accuse the extreme right of being. Perhaps someday soon the so-called leaders of these morons will have their people goose-stepping across every campus in Amerika.

M. Booth
Elk Grove, PA

After 20 years, I decided to return to school for a degree. I choose a local State College here, Ramapo College, Mahwah, N.J. I chose their American Studies program as my major, but after 2 years the Administration, under pressure from the State, has completely changed the American Studies requirements. These requirements now include several Women's Studies, Black American Culture, and Pop courses, such as "popular music" and a whole host of inane subjects. I am not angry over the appearance of Black and Women's studies. What I am upset about is that they have used those subjects to completely replace American History courses at night and on Saturday, the only time many of us can attend. My original major, American Studies, has completely disappeared from the course offerings! I have since changed to Political Science.

Also, I am shocked to find how many professors take sides in the classroom. They are extremely liberal, and I find myself losing grades if I disagree with them and present a more conservative viewpoint. Because I have met so many professors who spout the multiculturalist, anti-white male, politically correct line, I find great solace in your publication. Otherwise, I might not have believed the things I have read. So here is my \$25.00, keep *Heterodoxy* coming!

Frederick Y. Martello

I like *Heterodoxy*, especially when it echoes the goofy look and sound of underground papers long past. I don't miss the politics; but that irreverent panache is something I never found a good substitute for, so please keep at it. A subscription check is enclosed, and I promise to pass the word on to those who need to hear it and to always wear my *Heterodoxy* button when walking the University of Texas campus.

Rick Saenz,
University of Texas

I have been receiving your marvelous magazine since its inception. I have been a fan of Collier and Horowitz since the three of us abandoned the narcissistic nihilism of the 60s. I also have my students read *Destructive Generation*, to disabuse them of their romantic illusions about the 60s.

Your authors are not only bright and thoughtful, but often elegant in their prose. Your cartoonist has a sixth sense for parody. The only complaint I have is the physical dimensions of the magazine. The newspaper style makes it difficult to photocopy for friends — and enemies. I have plenty of the latter, which is why I have been exiled to Delta State; it is my sixth position in nine years.

Wayne Allen

Ed Note: The best of *Heterodoxy's* first six issues will soon be available in book form—easy to photocopy for friends—and enemies. Advance orders: 800-752-6562

Let me begin by thanking you for your marvelous publication, *Heterodoxy*. It is a tribute to the impression that it is making in academic circles that virtually every one of my copies has been borrowed or stolen by a colleague. By the way, I have had no problems with initial receipt through the mail. I really must protest, however, the deal that you seem to have made with my colleague (and friendly sparring partner), Kate Stimpson, or her agent. It seems to me that she gets into every single issue, one way or the other! The least you could do is misspell her name a few times...

Thomas J. Figueira
Professor of Classics
Rutgers University

COMING

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REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

REALITY CHECK: Remember the story in our November issue about elderly, hearing impaired French hornist Jane Tauhorner who got a court order ill allowing her to play with the symphony? Well, it was clearly a spoof. Or so we thought. But many leaders I: called in. most somewhat sheepishly, to ask, if the tale was true. We live in a time which satire is being put out of business by reality. It is a fact, however, that during the Clinton inaugural ceremonies there will be a group of deaf "singers" performing their songs in sign language. We can hear it now: I want an inaugural that sings like America.

POINTS OF DARK: Charles Ranchal is a Los Angeles Crip (i.e., one of the area's two most vicious gangs) with a record of at least one manslaughter. He is also one of Bill Clinton's "Faces of Hope" invited to attend the inauguration as a special presidential guest because he was "one of the organizers of last spring's gang mice." A new rap single by social prophet Ice Cube and other raptivists called "Get The Fist" explains the street significance of the truce that Clinton's advisers must have missed: "I said it was just few good men when we were fightin'. It'll be more good men now that we're united... Niggas in hood been gettin' loose and buckin' through. But now we're gettin' wiser ... What happened to the drive by killers? Aint nothing pumpin' no more cause brothers now chillin' from every hood, the block, the turner, the street Now black on black the other gets beat." In other words, black gangsters can now unite to attack white, town and Asian Americans *all the time* instead of only on special occasions like the LA riot.

THE SOUNDOFONE HAND SLAPPING: The redoubtable Professor Rvn Edwards, feminist enforcer in residence at Kenyon College (See *Heterodoxy*, April 1992) is at it again. In a talk last fall, she rambled on about language, sexuality, etc. She said she was annoyed that men's sexual organs were described by words associated with dominance ("missile launcher," etc.) and women's with passivity ("box," etc.). Edwards also previewed an hour-long film *Sex for One*, documenting a two day workshop in masturbation. This is occasioned an outpouring of letters in the Kenyon newspaper. In one of them feminist Professor Joan Cadden, defending Edwards, wrote, "While we're on subject of masturbation... a word for the men. Try giving condoms a place in your self-enjoyment. Practice can make safe sex with a partner easier and more fun for both you..." After reading this, some wag circulated a piece of doggerel (intended to recited to the tune of "The Minstrel Boy") which began as follows: "Oh, put a condom your private parts/Even when you are masturbating it's practice just like stifling for the time when you will be a-dating."

DAM THE TORPEDOES' School District 24, in the Bronx, recently made

definition: "A piece of latex that can be placed over the vulva during oral sex to protect against transmission of viruses that may be present in vaginal fluids, or over the anus during anilingus or sex involving the anus."

FEMINAUSEA: Professor A vital Ronell, who made her academic mark by deconstructing the telephone book [See "The Ten Wackiest Feminists On Campus." *Heterodoxy*, May 1992] now takes on the Gulf War and Rodney King in *Differences, A Journal of Feminist Cultural Studies* "During the Gulf War, television, as a production on system of narrative, image, information flow, and so forth, took a major commercial break as it ran interference with its semantic and thematic dimensions. This interference that television ran with itself, and continues to rerun on a secret track, points us to something like the essence of television. I would like to argue that the Rodney King event, which forced an image, though not as a stabilized narration, back on the screen presented that which was unrepresentable during the war — Rodney King, the black body under attack by a massive show of force, showed what would not be shown in its generalized form: the American police force attacking helpless brown bodies in Iraq." If PC ever dies, Ronell can always get a job as a technical writer for the people who put out user's manuals for Japanese products.

PC XMAS: The following politically correct Xmas gifts were featured in a column by David Rose of *The Fresno Bee*. High on his list was this:

"Acclaimed by critics and audiences, an important and moving PBS series is now available on video. The *Damn You White Man* series, hosted by Bill Moyers, explores the rich and varied cultures of the New World and details how all of them were virtually wiped off the face of the Earth by belligerent white invaders with big guns. Guaranteed to induce intense guilt in anyone of Northern European ancestry. Thirteen hours on seven videotapes. \$139.95."

Also the challenging new board game *PC State*:

"You're an associate professor who must lecture his way across the campus of an ultra-sensitive Northeastern university without offending women. African-Americans, Hispanics, Japanese, Chinese, Taiwanese, Koreans, Pacific Islanders, Aleuts, Albinos, Jews, Christians, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, Druids, atheists, homosexuals, bi-sexuals, the overweight, the underweight, the elderly, the hearing impaired, the visually impaired, mobility impaired, and people with no fashion sense. Players must give a dozen lectures without using any of the 1,745 words or phrases banned as offensive by the university. One slip-up, and you get two weeks' suspension and lose tenure. Two mistakes, and you're stoned to death by an angry mob and your

*Holding Your Own. Masturbatory Threats in Low German Ecclesiastical Polemics of the 16th Century

*Celtic Queers. The Per-Verse Dramas of W.B. Yeats

•The Phallogocentric Canon — Cutting it Down to Size

•Wusses, Wimps. Wonks and Weirdos

The American Academic Patriarchate in the 90s.

Actually, the last one sounds worth attending,

PRELUDE TO A PUBLIC BURNING: The following survey questions were issued by the Graduate Student Commission on Sexual Harassment at NYU:

1. Have you seen instances of behavior by the faculty that are verbally inappropriate? Physically inappropriate?
2. Have you ever felt uncomfortable with a figure of authority at the University because he/she a) made comments on your appearance? b) made dirty jokes? c) scheduled an appointment with you at an unusual place or time? d) touched you? e) suggested you meet outside of the classroom socially? f) tried to kiss or hug you?
3. (Optional) Are you male or female?

DESPERATELY SEEKING SISTERHOOD. In a memorandum from the Women's Studies Department to all Department Chairs and Program & Division Directors at SUNY Binghamton, President Lois DeFleur [See "The Ten Worst College Administrators," *Heterodoxy*, April 1992] complains of a trend on "campuses of primarily...male faculty" where a professor is allowed to teach courses in Women's Studies and Gender Studies "without being an active member in the Women's Studies community locally, within one's discipline, or nationally." The memo encourages the departments to develop their faculties' interests in "feminist theory." "In addition, we encourage you, especially in these hard budgetary times, to hire feminist scholars. ...we believe that the hiring of feminist scholars must become an important priority for all departments."

OFFENSIVELY YOURS The following letter to the College Republicans of Emory University was sent by Gwendolyn A. Dean, Graduate Assistant in the Office of Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual Life: "This is to acknowledge the receipt of the publication *Heterodoxy*. I spoke to your representative Rubert S. Prati on the telephone today to clarify the circumstances of your gift. Mr. Prati informed me that the purpose of the campus-wide distribution of *Heterodoxy* was merely a gift to provoke controversy and discussion. He asserted that the references on p. 13 to Emory University and the office of Lesbian [sic] Gay and Bisexual Affairs had nothing to do with the decision to distribute the paper on this campus. Mr. Prati stated that the

not. Readers of *Heterodoxy* who agree with its writers, and I assume yourselves, will find it delightful and comforting. Others will simply be glad it is recyclable."

DR. SPOCK IS NOT THE MOTHER OF MY CHILD: In an address to the Bisexual, Gay and Lesbian Student Association at Stanford, June Jordan, \$70,000 a year Professor of Afro-American Studies at UC Berkeley, bi-sexual poet, and recipient of numerous awards including a Rockefeller Grant and an NEA Fellowship, had this to say: "I can voice my ideas without hesitation or fear because I am speaking, finally, about myself. I am Black and I am female and I am a mother and I am bisexual and [am a nationalist and I am an antinationalist And I mean to be fully and freely all that I am! Conversely, I do not accept that any white or Black or Chinese man — I do not accept that, for instance. Dr. Spock — should presume to tell me, or any other woman, how to mother a child. He has no right. He is not a mother. My child is not his child." Lucky him!

MUMBO KING: In his presidential address at the MLA Conference in December, Houston Baker decided to talk about Locust Street in Philadelphia, once an open road into and through a predominantly black, urban neighborhood which evolved into the central core of the campus as the University of Pennsylvania; expanded westward, and now the site of a prominent "walk" through fraternity and sorority row. Calling this evolution one of "urban imperialism," President Baker goes on to flex his critical muscles in "understanding" the situation: "...Thirteen exclusively-white fraternities — boasting combined membership of 300 — occupy the very center and heart of this outdoor living room." And these exclusive inhabitants have made life miserable, violent and dangerous for women and minority for decades. To walk the campus, therefore, from west to east is to journey through the heart of fraternal darkness where 30 uncivil and privileged white occupant hold a community of 22,000 hostage. The fraternities of Locust Walk that surround the imposing Wharton School of Business can surely be seen as a metonym for certain general arrangements of power. For Locust Walk, I would submit, is merely a local example of writings of power that exist on all of our campuses, on all our American thoroughfares, and even sometimes to our own great astonishment, our very personal living rooms. The Locust Walk fraternities, therefore, haven't only been an enduring source of violent and insult against black, women, Hispanic, gay and lesbian students in West Philadelphia.

PC KIDNAPPERS

by K.L. BILUNGSLEY

ON the morning of May 9, 1989, eight-year-old Alicia Wade awoke complaining of pain deep in her midsection. Her father, 37-year-old Navy enlisted man James Wade, and her mother Denise, took the girl to the NAVCARE facility in San Diego, where initially she either couldn't or wouldn't explain what happened. The doctor found that the child's anal and vaginal regions had been torn in a sexual attack and would need to be surgically repaired. When informed of this, both parents showed great distress and began to weep uncontrollably. The NAVCARE doctor immediately called the local Child Protection Services.

CPS immediately suspected family involvement for two reasons: the rapist, they believed, had not removed the child from her room, and Alicia did not immediately complain of pain. The CPS worker interpreted the hours the Wades had spent at NAVCARE as a delay in reporting the crime and thus an additional sign of guilt.

Though shaken by what had happened to their daughter and also by the hints of accusation they felt coming from authorities, the Wades cooperated fully in an interview with Child Protective Services. They could not hide the fact that they were overweight, which child welfare authorities often take as evidence of general neglect. They did not hide the fact that Denise Wade had been molested as a child and that James was a recovering alcoholic who twice blacked out while drinking in foreign ports. They did not know that they were waving "red flags" that fun her substantiated suspicions toward family involvement in the crime. They had no idea that authorities were already beginning to build a case against them and were taking particular aim at James Wade who was a walking bull's eye because he was a white middle-aged male and a serviceman in addition to his other defects.

The Wades were more interested in the facts. During an evidentiary exam at the Center for Child Protection (CCP), their daughter Alicia calmly told the physician that a man came through her window, claimed to be her "uncle," took her out in a green car and "hurt her." They would have had a better notion of the ordeal ahead of them if they had known that on the space on the medical form for "chief complaint in the child's own words," the examining doctor ignored Alicia's testimony and wrote only that the child showed "total denial."

Alicia provided a detailed description of the attacker's clothing, color of hair and eyes, even a pimple on his face. James Wade, a genial Missourian, cooperated fully with the police, who collected evidence including smeared fingerprints and a partial footprint outside Alicia's window. Wade submitted to a polygraph and a "rape kit test" which included a semen sample. He did not know enough about the murky legal realm he had entered to request that the sample be compared to Alicia's semen-stained panties, which police seized but did not examine.

After a long interrogation and numerous accusations by the police, James Wade said, "You're so sure I did it, but if I did I sure don't remember it." Child-welfare workers, who soon began to direct the examination of the Wades,

Alicia's friends who lived within a four-block area of the Wade home had also recently been sexually attacked and in each case the attacker had entered through a bedroom window. Five days after the rape of Alicia, in another Navy housing project, five-year old Nicole S. was abducted through a window and attacked. Some two weeks after the attack on Alicia, police confirmed that someone attempted to break through the bedroom window of the Wades' six-year old son Joshua. All these episodes notwithstanding, James Wade was the prime suspect in the rape of his daughter.

While Alicia was being prepared for surgery, guards forcibly removed Denise Wade from the hospital. The surgeon was outraged that the mother was not present. Alicia was crying for her parents but investigators from the Department of Social Services (DSS) forbade the parents to speak to her. In spite of a request by the Wades, no one explained what was happening to the girl, whom social

JAMES WADE



workers packed off to a therapist and placed in a foster home. In the argot of the child-abuse industry, what had happened to the Wades is called a "parentectomy."

At this point the Wades were unaware that I heir ordeal was part of a national syndrome which began in the 1970s with Walter Mondale's Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act and has gained momentum in the last few years with the proliferation of feminist ideologies about the evils of patriarchy and politically correct thinking about the nuclear family as a locus classicus of sexual oppression and violence. Fueled by slate monies, the child protection system has since grown to immense proportions, like the monster Woody Allen describes in *Sleeper* with "the body of a crab and the head of asocial worker."

In *Wounded Innocents: The Real Victims of the War Against Child Abuse*, Richard Wexler examines the national child protection system and documents a number of horror stories. Parcnrs have been charged with child for being late to pick up their children at school, letting them eat break fast at McDonalds too often, or for not letting children watch television after 7:30. In this Wonderland world, the operant principles have less to do with the Constitution than with the maxim of Lavrenli Beria, Stalin's chief of the NKVD: "You bring me the man, I'll find the crime."

Wexler shows how the statistics which assert the

informers remain anonymous. And the accused remain branded with a scarlet A even after they have been cleared of wrongdoing. It is a system rife with abuses and Tilled with the arrogance of power, yet the child police continue to assure us that child abuse is an "American tradition" for which the only remedy is massive and aggressive intervention by the stale.

The case of the Wade family magnified all the intrinsic defects of the system. The following account is based on original interviews with the victims, public officials, and some press accounts from an excellent investigative series in the *San Diego Union*. Its primary source, however, is a number of highly detailed reports by the San Diego County Grand Jury, which has been investigating the child protection system since 1988. All told, the Jury received testimony from hundreds of witnesses from all areas of the system: the judiciary (Superior Court and Court of Appeal), defense bar, appellate bar, public defenders, Family Court, Center for Child Protection, District Attorney, and a number of victims. The jurors also spent many days observing court proceedings, visiting "receiving homes" for children, and attending Juvenile Justice Commission meetings. The Jury also received testimony from some social workers who wanted to blow the whistle on corruption. Such workers had to testify without notifying their superiors, lest they suffer retaliation.

One institution in which the Wades found themselves enmeshed was San Diego's Center for Child Protection. The Director is Dr. David Chadwick, who has been described in the local press as a "definitive zealot" for a system ruled by politically correct thinking. Chadwick once told a state legislative committee that his origination performed evidentiary examinations not in a disinterested search for the

facts but "in order to prove abuse." Reporters at the San Diego Union found a number of instances where Chadwick's Center "diagnosed molestation when other medical authorities insisted there wasn't any."

Through Chadwick's agency the Wades learned the lesson of "denial." In denying that James Wade had raped his daughter, the couple was not seen as asserting innocence that could be adjudicated by a review of the facts but rather as being "in denial." And "denial," as the San Diego County Grand Jury noted, is taken by the system as evidence of guilt, a lactic the child-police share with the KGB and other professional witch-hunters.

"Denial" is the child protection system's version of perpetual motion, an incantation that makes the presumption of innocence disappear. Richard Wexler records the following classic exchange between a caseworker and a woman named Susan Gabriel, whose husband Clark had been accused of molestation.

Caseworker: We know your husband is guilty,

you've got to force him into admitting it.

Gabriel: How do you know he is guilty?

Caseworker: We know he's guilty because he says he's innocent. Guilty people always say they're innocent.

Gabriel: What do innocent people say?

Caseworker: We're not in the business of guilt or innocence, we're in the business of putting families back together. Gabriel: So why not do that with us? Caseworker: Because Clark won't admit his guilt.

If, as was the case with Denise Wade, the wife should be stubborn as to support her accused husband, she is adjudged to be co-dependent and "accommodating his denial." And if the child denies the charge, this is considered merely part of the "child-abuse protection syndrome." As the San Diego Grand Jury later reported, Alicia Wade's only "denial" was that her father was the attacker. The possibility that Alicia was telling the truth and that James Wade was innocent never entered the minds of the child police.

Once enrolled in the Kafkacque Center for Child Protection, the Wades soon found themselves in the hands of social workers. Most members of the profession (about 8 percent in San Diego) are female and, according to both victims and longtime observers of the system, many come to their job seeing themselves as liberators, rescuing the innocent from an oppressive, male-dominated dungeon called the family.

Social workers are not required to record their interims, and their statements, often used in court, frequently Male hearsay evidence and are not made under penalty of injury. After sifting mountains of evidence the San Diego Grand Jury found that social workers "lie routinely, even under oath." And there were "numerous instances" in which social workers disobeyed court orders. Everything is on the social worker's side. They simultaneously acquire for the prosecution for the accused. Families enter the process eager to cooperate but are soon horrified to find their statements distorted, taken out of context and used against them.

In the Wades' case, for example, a social worker told the couple early on that if they showed any emotion (under the circumstances a perfectly natural response) they would not tie allowed contact with their child. When they complied, the same social worker then accused them of being "unconcerned" about their daughter, using this allegation against them in court.

Jim Wade found himself "horrified by the absolute power over the lives and freedoms of an individual American that these individuals are allowed to exercise." All of the Department of Social Services reports about the Wade family failed 10 include anything positive. They did not mention that Wade's drinking was not a source of problems, and that he had not been drinking the day of the attack. There was no reference to his Navy record, which, except for his weight problem, was described as "superb" and "excellent." - Reports also ignored Denise Wade's day-care business, which ran with no problems, and no one bothered to interview parents of the children she cared for. Reports further failed to mention that Alicia was an A student, who had just been named Student of the Month at her grammar school. There was no mention of family participation in community and church activities.

In a videotaped interview, Alicia was asked with whom she would feel most safe. "My mom, dad, and ; brother," she answered. The transcript of the tape, however, chopped the reference to the father. A child-protection official later acknowledged that he never bothered to review the video.

Feminist clichés and anti-family zealotry are not the only forces that drive this system. Here, as in political abuses, the Watergate rule applies: follow the money. Therapists who fail to back up the social worker can quickly find themselves cut out of court referrals. And referrals applying to military families are particularly lucrative because they are backed by the fathomless funds of the Civilian Health and Medical Program of the Uniformed Services (CHAMPUS). San Diego County pays court-appointed therapists \$40 an hour but CHAMPUS springs for nearly double: \$78.60 for 45 minutes of psychotherapy. The Wades went to therapy twice a week.

Alicia's therapist was Kathleen Goodfriend of the La Mesa Village Counseling Group, who worked on the case entirely without supervision. Like the social workers now pawing through the Wades' lives, Goodfriend ignored the

interest by the child."

While Goodfriend worked on Alicia's mind, the Wades' social workers were working on her future. They rejected Alicia's grandparents, aunts and uncles, the pastor of the family church, and the father's attorney as possible custodians for Alicia because of their "allegiance with the parents." One social worker told Alicia's grandmother not even to waste her time coming to San Diego because her son James was guilty of raping Alicia, who would not be coming home to anyone in the family. Instead they were sticking the girl in a secret foster home and the social worker and Goodfriend would be controlling all access to it.

Children are put into foster homes as quickly as possible because that act opens the floodgates of federal funds. Foster parents receive \$484 a month for a child from ages 5 to 18, almost twice the amount a welfare mother receives for her own offspring. Special care cases can bring up to \$1,000 a month. All funds are tax free. Some foster parents are concerned and caring. But others are entrepreneurs in what the San Diego Grand Jury called "the baby-brokering business." They depend on the good will of social workers to get and keep the little human beings who keep the government checks coming.

Alicia Wade's second foster mother — for unexplained reasons the girl was traumatically removed from the first foster family where she was placed—believed her story about a man coming through her window. She sought to testify that the child not only had no fear of her father but desperately wanted to return home. This outraged social workers, who promptly yanked Alicia from that home and reported an "infraction" to the foster care licensing department. The social workers then placed Alicia in a third foster home. This one had a difference: the foster parents were trying to adopt a child through the "fast track" program. Alicia was offered as an obvious candidate.

By now the Wades knew they were in a hostage situation. To get their child back, they had to fully cooperate with accusatory bureaucrats who assumed their guilt from the start.

James Wade willingly submitted to polygraph tests. One of these was inconclusive but he passed two others and the examiner found no intent to deceive. Then there were some 700 sexual questions to get through, part of a battery of tests that includes the Thorne Sex Inventory, the Multiphasic Sex Inventory, the Sexual Attitude Scale, the Sexual Opinion Survey and the Contact Comfort Scale. Here are some of the 300 "true and false" questions:

"I have occasionally had sex with an animal."
 "I get more excitement and thrill out of hurting a person than I do from the sex itself."
 "I have become sexually stimulated while feeling or smelling a woman's underwear."
 "I have masturbated while making an obscene phone call."
 "Younger women have tighter vaginas than older women."
 "Sometimes I have not been able to stop myself

from fondling one or more of the children in my family."

"I have performed oral sex on a child." And then, near the end of the test, a light touch: "I have fantasized about killing someone during sex."

Virtually all men accused of child abuse in San Diego must then endure a stretch on the penile plethysmograph. In this procedure, a therapist places the ace used on a booth and shows him how to wire his penis to a mercury strain gauge. Then the therapist lowers the lights and starts a procession of erotica that can include child pornography, all the time watching dials that measure erection. During the video portion of his test, the operator stops the pictures, asks the subject how he feels, and waits until his organ "hits baseline" before he starts again. (A San Diego social worker who administers the test has composed kiddy-porn audio tracks, with vignettes of fathers performing oral sex on their daughters.) At the conclusion of the test, an electronic machine spits out a "phallometric score."

Operating a penile plethysmograph is a lucrative business, with some therapists charging \$1,000 per session. Those backed by military insurance find themselves booked for more sessions than others. One tester claims to be able to use the device to provide "orgasmic reconditioning" to help the subject "learn to become sexually responsible." He is currently trying to talk the Navy into letting him treat the Tailhook offenders. Specialists are developing a version for women that measures the engorgement of the labia along with a gauge that takes the temperature of the vaginal area.

Penile measurements are part of an inquisition which is different from the Salem witch hunts or the Moscow show trials in that the accused must pay cash upfront to be degraded. The Wades found themselves required to accept all kinds of "services," such as counseling, therapy, parenting classes, and "abusers groups." Though taxpayers shoulder much of the cost, the system bills many of the charges back to the family through a scheme called "Revenue and Recovery." The out-of-pocket costs to the Wades, before being billed for foster care, were \$260,000, not the kind of spare change a Navy man keeps around. Wade was fortunate to have insurance; many others don't.

Once stuck in the court system, moreover, the Wades found themselves at a constant disadvantage in trying to establish their innocence. Unlike the prosecution, they had no money to pay for expert witnesses. (Jim Wade later pegged his legal fees at \$125,000, and his insurance did not cover these costs.) When the Wades realized the deep anti-family animus of the system, they struck a pica bargain by pleading no-contest to a charge of "neglect," part of a deal that would eventually return their daughter home. But after the bargain was struck, the county said that, based on the recommendations of Kathleen Goodfriend, Alicia would not be returning home.

The Wades' attorneys argued that the parents should have moved to have the plea overturned and requested a jurisdictional trial. The Department of Social Services countered that if they tried that tactic, the DSS would also seize their son Joshua and put their family "further behind the eight-ball." This threat constituted an offer the Wades

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couldn't refuse.

Later on, as part of its review of the Wade case, the San Diego Grand Jury found that the entire juvenile system was characterized by "confidential files, closed courts, gag orders, and statutory immunity" and had "isolated itself to a degree unprecedented in our system of jurisprudence and ordered liberties." Said former court referee William Burns: "Any time you have secrecy you have the seeds of corruption...the people who are behind closed doors can to any damn thing they want. And in Juvenile Court, they do." Evidence contrary to the system's position, the Grand Jury found, is "either excluded or ignored" and more than 98% of the system's petitions are granted. (During proceedings in the case at hand, for instance, the prosecution objected to Alicia's own detailed description of her attacker as "hearsay" and the court sustained the objection.)

From October 1989 until June 1990, Alicia had no contact with her parents. While the court proceedings dragged on, devastating the Wades financially and emotionally, social workers determined that Alicia was "adoptable" and that a parental rights termination hearing was appropriate.

All this time the eager Kathleen Goodfriend was still interrogating Alicia. One of her therapeutic tactics was to say that *she* knew the father was the attacker and that it was therefore "okay to tell." But the child persisted in her detailed story about the intruder. Alicia continued to speak positively about her father, saying to social workers, "I love my parents and want to see them." As the date for a twelve-month hearing approached, Goodfriend stepped up her efforts, setting up a kind of tag-team system by ordering the foster mother also to pressure the child to "disclose."

Thirteen months of isolation and brainwashing eventually took their toll on the child. In late June of 1990, the nine-year old girl succumbed to the pressure. At a hearing later on, she said she couldn't hold out any longer. The record makes it clear that she did this to get the therapist off her back.

After the "disclosure," all questioning of Alicia stopped. Goodfriend's "therapy" had achieved its goal. The foster parents immediately whisked Alicia away on a month-long trip to Disney World, an obvious reward for delivering the goods on her parents, as well as a diversion to keep her from recanting. At this point Denise Wade, whose social worker had been pressuring *her* to leave her husband, had to be hospitalized to prevent suicide.

In December, James Wade was finally formally arrested on the charge of raping his own daughter and found himself staring down the barrel of a 16-year prison term. The Torquemada in his inquisition would be Deputy County Counsel E. Jane Via, whose legal philosophy was summarized in the comment, made in another court case, "Just because we can't find evidence that this man molested that child doesn't mean that he is not guilty."

Via had perfected one of the child abuse system's key strategies: winning by attrition. Her collaborators in social services farm out the children she is trying to extricate from their families to pet foster parents and delay reunification until the child bonds with the new parents. Then they use this bonding, backed by testimony from friendly therapists, to block family reunification and justify adoption. According to one investigator, the child-police tell foster parents to take the children on long and frequent vacations. Then they turn around and accuse the true parents of not seeing their children enough as grounds for adoption. It was Via who tried to justify removing Alicia's brother Joshua from the Wade home.

Via's zealous pursuit of James Wade involved an irony which soon acquired crushing weight. Before handling the Wade case, Via was the Deputy District Attorney who prosecuted the man authorities now believe was the one who assaulted Alicia. Via was thus fully aware that Albert Raymond Carder had been molesting girls in the Wades' neighborhood, and that his modus operandi involved entering a window, committing the crime, and then leaving

ordered these blood samples and that there could be any connection between the cases of Nicole S. and Alicia Wade. (The Grand Jury later found Via's actions incomprehensible and recommended that the state investigate her for possible conflict of interest and ethics violations.)

In the pretrial maneuvering, police finally re-examined Alicia's semen-stained panties two years after the attack and determined that they could be tested. It took months for DNA tests to be completed but they finally confirmed that James Wade could not have been the man who attacked Alicia. It was a clear exoneration, but the District Attorney's office, where Via had previously worked, required that the tests be repeated, and the Department of Social Services continued to prohibit contact between father and daughter.

Convicted sex offender Albert Raymond Carder, on the other hand, was in the five percent of the population whose genetic profile matched that of the stains. His shoe size matched the print taken outside Alicia's window. But even this powerful evidence was not enough for the child-police. Once they could no longer deny third-party responsibility for the attack on Alicia, they simply changed tactics and tried to link James Wade with Carder in some sort of bizarre conspiracy. Worse, the system marshaled its considerable resources to ensure that, however strong the evidence of Jim Wade's innocence, Alicia still did not return to her family.

The Grand Jury later identified a "race against time to arrange for Alicia's adoption prior to the availability of the DNA results." When the result of the evidence was known, Jane Via strenuously resisted a defense motion to delay a hearing that would terminate the Wades' parental rights. Cooperating with Via, Court referee Yuri Hoffman showed himself willing to have Alicia adopted even when James Wade's innocence had been established.

In November, 1991, two and a half years after his ordeal began, the DA's office dropped rape charges against James Wade. Then judge Frederic Link issued a rare "true finding of innocence" for the embattled Navy man, which prosecutor Cathy Stevenson unsuccessfully opposed in court. Wade petitioned the court to have the original neglect charge, which had been part of a desperate plea-bargain, set aside to clear his name and free the way for Alicia's return. Wade said that the declaration of innocence was like getting out of jail. But as it worked out, his troubles were not over.

As a result of his ordeal, Wade had become an outcast in the community and so had Alicia's brother Joshua, one neighbor having forbidden his children to play with "the son of a pervert." There were what Wade later described as "sleepless nights, accusatory stares, the unending tears, the strain on our family, the doubts planted in the minds of our friends." The legal fees, says Wade, "robbed me and my parents of our life savings." And, of course, there was the absence of their daughter during a crucial formative period in her life.

But politically correct Jane Via did not believe that the Wades had suffered enough. Via argued that the finding of innocence for the parents "didn't matter" because the original petition was not sexual molestation but neglect, which still provided sufficient grounds for Alicia's adoption. The Wades appealed to the Grand Jury for help, and it was only through their eleventh-hour intervention that Alicia escaped being adopted away forever.

On November 23, two and a half years after the attack, Alicia Wade was reunited with her family. The system that purportedly operated in her best interest returned the girl home using a medicine to which she was allergic, without the glasses she wore when taken from her parents, and with no record of an ophthalmologist's check-up. Two days later, on Thanksgiving day, Alicia turned 11.

The Grand Jury found that the Wade case, which they said did not even need to be in the system, was far from unusual. In the San Diego area alone, the jurors found 300

family reunification. The District Attorney's office was another matter. San Diego District Attorney Edwin Miller is a board member of the Child Abuse Prevention Foundation, and the former head of his child abuse unit, now a local judge, is Harry Elias, married to Kee McFarlane, whose interviews with children were the basis for the McMartin preschool molestation case, the longest and costliest trial in American history. [See "Remembrance of Crimes Past," this issue, p.7]. Miller's office justified its handling of the case and defended the vindictive Jane Via, but at least admitted that mistakes had been made. On the other hand, County Counsel Lloyd Harmon, Via's other boss, admitted no misconduct, nor even the possibility of injustice. Harmon's response to the Grand Jury, incredibly enough, maintained that the Wade case "was handled in a thorough and professional manner and with due concern for the rights and interests of all parties."

While the child police circled their wagons, the Wade family languished in debt and tried to deal with the emotional fallout of its ordeal. Yet, except for Court Referee Yuri Hoffman, none of those who had attempted to ruin the Wades' lives stepped forward to apologize. No form of compensation was offered. And as far as can be determined, no one was fired or even severely disciplined over the Wade case. In December of 1992, more sophisticated DNA testing found a 100% match between the blood of convicted molester Albert Raymond Carder and genetic markers in the semen evidence in the Wade case. But as of the first of the year, the DA's office had still not filed rape charges against Carder, probably because to do so would be to acknowledge the legitimacy of the suit James Wade had filed against the County.

What happened to Jane Via? It was more business as usual, the tragedy of James Wade not having altered her attitude or procedures. In November of 1992 Via represented the Department of Social Services in the case of Gavin O'Hara, whose daughter had been seized by a social worker and placed in the custody of the social worker's sister. O'Hara had been told that his being a Mormon and presumptive believer in patriarchy made it more likely that he would abuse the child. The social worker and her sister, testimony showed, had discussed taking the girl from him before she was even born. When Yuri Hoffman awarded custody to the natural father, Via went ballistic and petitioned for a new hearing based on the therapist's belief that the child was suffering "separation anxiety." It was the old attrition game she had played with James Wade, but this time the court was having none of it. Judge Richard-Huffman said that a "dumb system" had "brutalized" a child and sarcastically put Via down, to the undisguised delight of people in the courtroom.

And the therapist-masturbation instructor Kathleen Goodfriend? It would seem that brainwashing a child for more than a year to get her to accuse her father of a crime would at least disqualify someone from getting court referrals. But Juvenile Court is still providing Kathleen Goodfriend with a steady supply of lucrative clients. When asked if Goodfriend's performance in the Wade case might merit some kind of censure, the official response was that a therapist "was innocent until proven guilty," precisely the presumption of innocence the system denied to the Wades.

Jim Wade retired from the Navy and moved to his parents' farm in Missouri. There he hopes to heal the wounds and build a new life among the same people with whom he grew up. He has filed a suit against San Diego County. "I just want to be able to pay my parents back the money they gave me to fight this thing," he says. Slow to anger, Wade nonetheless tells anyone who asks, that he believes the child protection system is filled with "pimps and parasites living off the miseries of others."

Wade's ordeal was dramatic, but don't check the listings for a movie of the week. The story was optioned and shopped around Hollywood, but there were no takers. "The reason the networks turned it down," says Wade, "was that they didn't want to show anyone getting off [on a

THE REMEMBRANCE OF CRIMES PAST

BY RICHARD BRZUSTOWICZJR.
AND GEORGE PAUL CSICSERY

At a time when the vague concept of family values is being fought over by politicians of all stripes, real American families are being shredded in a New Age inquisition. Led by a new priesthood of therapists with an anti-male, anti-sex agenda, the crusade against the family has taken on some of the features of mass psychosis as legions of children, and "adult children" as well, level accusations of child molestation against their parents.

The dubious claim that a person can suddenly retrieve a long-repressed memory of abuse — a memory that is an accurate record of what took place in the distant past — is the cornerstone of this New Age therapy which has invaded the public sphere with tragic consequences in numerous criminal cases and law suits. Freshly retrieved long-repressed memories are now deemed admissible evidence despite having flunked every rigorous scientific examination of their validity. People are going to prison because "victims," with the help or even the instigation of therapists, are unlocking repressed memories of events that may never have taken place.

Until recently, the abuse of children usually came to light when physical or emotional signs which could not be overlooked were discovered by doctors, nurses, social workers, teachers, neighbors or relatives. There were few cases in which an accusation of child abuse was made without reasonable certainty (based on clear evidence) that something horrid had been done to a child.

During the early 1980s, as a child abuse industry established itself, child abuse climbed from the protected private realm onto the public stage. Formerly shielded from public assessment by the professional obligation to observe confidentiality, authorities were not required by new reporting laws to intervene whenever an accusation was made. The belief that society was in the clutches of a child molest epidemic coincided neatly with a revolution in therapeutic politics and the spread of Christian fundamentalist-inspired panics about Satanist cults. Simultaneously, large numbers of professional women with aspirations to feminist stardom were ascending into positions of institutional power. The agenda and tone of this new militant feminism was revealed in 1984 in one of the earliest reported cases of a child molest epidemic in Jordan, Minnesota, where Kathleen Morris, a zealous prosecutor, filed charges against 24 people for being members of a child sex ring. All but one of the 24 were acquitted by the end of the year, after it was proved that prosecutor Morris had programmed her child witnesses.

The Minnesota case was a rehearsal of an almost ritual drama that has now been replayed in countless communities, often leading to the imprisonment of innocent people so terrified that they plead to a lesser charge rather than face the wrath of a judge or jury at an agonizing child molest trial. The most notorious of these cases involved 200 children, seven suspects and the longest trial in U.S. history. It was all sparked by a phone call from a Manhattan Beach, California, mother to police in August of 1983. Judy Johnson said that her 2 and 1/2-year-old son had been sexually molested by Raymond Buckley, a teacher at the McMartin Preschool. She added that two doctors had found evidence that the boy had been sodomized. The police reacted by calling other parents and sending out a letter to the parents of 200 former and current McMartin Preschool children. This initiated a panic that resulted in two trials lasting seven years, ending up in acquittals on the majority of the hundreds of charges, and hung juries on the rest.

who were telling wild stories about abduction by hooded figures and the ritual mutilation of animals and babies were merely trying to please adults who planted the seeds of these tales.

While adults have been persecuted and jailed in these molestation panics, the greatest damage has been done to the children. Abuse detection programs — developed jointly by therapists, teachers and parents — have subjected thousands of children to an inquisition for the



KEE MACFARLANE

dirty little secrets they may carry within them. The criteria for suspecting that a child might be a molestation victim might just as well have come from a 16th century manual for ferreting out Satan's consorts. The interrogation techniques often confuse and frighten children, leading them to become suspicious and paranoid at ages when normal development is based on curiosity about and trust in adults. Built into the interrogations are not-too-subtle incentives for children to make accusations. Coming up with an accusation is rewarded by smiles, approving statements, and sometimes even small presents; of candy or toys. Frequently, in a maneuver well known to readers of police procedurals and John Le Carré thrillers, an uncooperative child is told that all of his friends had named the accused and then asked why he or she couldn't remember any incidents of abuse. The anatomically correct doll (often more anatomically explicit than correct) has become a favorite tool for helping children recall incidents of "inappropriate touching."

All of these techniques had a role in the McMartin case, where therapist Kee MacFarlane's videotapes of her own interviews with children contained proof that she had used suggestion and leading questions to elicit the majority of the accusations. To file charges against Buckley and the other defendants, Los Angeles County authorities had relied on the 360 interviews with McMartin children conducted by MacFarlane and her associates at Children's Institute International, a diagnostic and treatment center. In the end, it was the evidence in MacFarlane's own videotapes that convinced juries that the children had been manipulated into making false accusations by therapists. Despite her unprofessionally tendentious practices,

preschoolers how to resist sexual abuse. For three years, CAP teams hit day care centers and preschools, reaching an estimated 42,000 children a year. Parents and teachers were invited to attend. The sessions where they were taught how to search for signs of child molestation. Observing their children and measuring their behavior against the CAP-supplied lists of catch-all symptoms, hapless parents soon found plenty of molest victims and suspected molesters throughout the state. None of the enthusiasm for the new program was diminished by the discovery that there was always a predictable increase in the number of molest accusations at preschools during the weeks following a CAP team visit.

By the end of the 1980s, however, a second wave of molestation accusations broke, involving not currently-abused children, but adults who remembered abuse they had experienced as children. Soon, remembered childhood abuse had become an all-purpose explanation for whatever ailed an unhappy or maladjusted individual. With the help of therapists, millions of Americans have been discovering that their personal problems are due to repressed experiences of molestation in childhood. When, in May 1991, Marilyn Van Dierbur Adler, a former Miss America, made national headlines when she accused her late father of having sexually molested her, remembered abuse became a celebrity affliction. In September, when TV star Roseanne Barr jumped aboard the bandwagon, accusing her parents of molesting and abusing her as a child, the new movement gained the stamp of celebrity legitimization. Tabloids and talk shows reveled in a new genre — the celebrity abuse narrative. Suddenly everyone in Hollywood was "in recovery" from childhood sexual abuse. The most exploitative and sordid of these tales were compiled in a book by TV star, fitness expert and child-of-an-alcoholic, Suzanne Somers — *Wednesday's Children: Adult Survivors of Abuse Speak Out* — an anthology of lurid stories by stars like Desi Arnaz, Jr., Angie Dickinson, Cindy Williams, Gary Crosby and Cheryl Crane. Lesser-known survivors who share the limelight include Richard Berendzen, who was the president of American University until 1990, when he was caught making indecent phone calls to a woman he didn't know. There is also a chapter by ex-underage porn actress Traci Lords, who blames her father's demeaning attitude for her eventual career in sleaze. He lectured her about sex and accused her of being morally loose when she was, in fact, innocent. This injustice, naturally, drove her to a life of moral laxity.

"If you think you were abused, then you were." This is the mantra of the sexual abuse recovery movement. New Age therapists hold that childhood sexual abuse is so traumatic that, much like the combat troops returning from Vietnam, survivors can suffer from delayed post-traumatic stress disorder. Their memories of horrible deeds are repressed for years by a defense mechanism, but can be retrieved with the help of a therapist or 12-Step group in "recovery work."

In *Repressed Memories*, a recently published terrain map for victims who have repressed childhood abuse, psychotherapist Renee Frederickson provides a long list of symptoms, any of which may mean you are repressing memories of childhood abuse. Masturbating at a very early age, having recurring dreams, being easily startled and daydreaming are just a few of the symptoms that should raise your suspicions. "Extraordinary fear of dental visits is quite often a signal of oral sexual abuse," she writes, "since it is reminiscent of being forced to open our mouth while something painful is done to it."

According to Frederickson and some of her colleagues, most of our problems can be traced back to early

healing and rebuilding "self-esteem".

A key assumption of the movement is that the family is the seedbed of evil, a psychological killing field haunted primarily by sociopathic fathers and "uncles." Dr. Fredrickson warns that a victim might come into therapy with a rosy picture of the family. But any positive memories are soon placed in a new context, reinterpreted as the deceptive smoke screen deployed by the pervasive denial characteristic of a dysfunctional family. As the victim develops the righteous anger due a survivor, he or she comes to see that any such appearance of family solidarity is actually only more evidence of just how bad things actually were.

If, when confronted with a recovering victim's newfound memory, the accused perpetrator also fails to remember, he/she too is repressing the awful deed and is (in the parlance of recovery) also "in denial." It is futile to call for physical evidence or witnesses. In fact, for the victim-survivor to agree to such a search is to buy the perpetrator's game plan, which is based on the desire to raise reasonable doubts in order to prolong denial. The lack of corroboration by siblings and parents only indicates that they too have repressed their memories of witnessing abuse. This repression makes them co-dependents, providing further evidence of the perpetrator's guilt.

In *Confabulations*, Evelyn Goldstein and Kevin Fanner chronicle the cruel price paid by teal families subjected to this trendy psychological gamesmanship. They introduce the concept of False Memory Syndrome (FMS) and define it as "a condition in which the person's personality and interpersonal relationships are oriented around a memory that is objectively false but strongly believed in to the detriment of the welfare of the person and others involved in the memory."

In writing *Confabulations*, Goldstein and Farmer selected twenty stories from 500 cases documented between January and June of 1992 by the False Memories Syndrome Foundation, a group set up to defend parents falsely accused of molesting their children. The stories are told by mothers and fathers who were confronted and accused of child molestation by adult daughters. In contrast to the lurid testimonials in recovery books, the laments in this work paint a picture of a society torn apart by a vicious cult-like campaign. The authors lay out in the starkest terms the dark side of this New Age therapy.

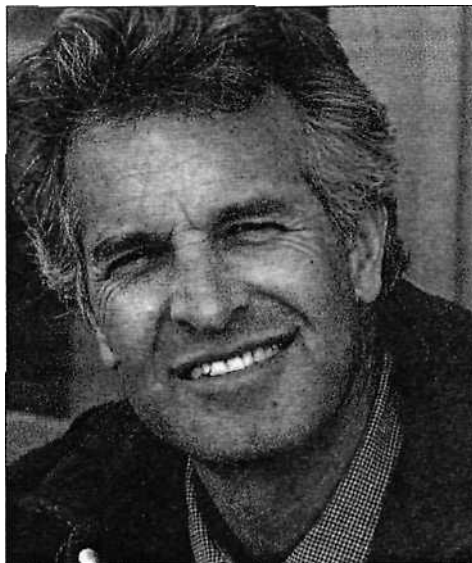
Goldstein and Farmer point out that it is usually a feminist, Christian or other 12-Step recovery group that helps to develop the memories of childhood abuse and to identify the perpetrator. As the sexually graphic details are retrieved in these sessions, the victim is advised to suspend her disbelief, to "go with" the recovered memory and believe that it really happened this way. Inevitably, the recovering victim is given a book like *The Courage to Heal* by Ellen Bass and Laura Davis to read. After their "treatment," victim-survivors are exhorted to join in the holy war against molesters by telling children about good and bad touching, speaking out in the media, lobbying for legislation requiring harsher penalties for molesters, and getting involved in survivor groups and organizations. This political agenda ensures that fresh victims will be enlisted in the ranks of the recovering and that new perpetrators will be flushed out and punished.

No recovery is complete unless the victim, after a rehearsal with her therapist, confronts her unsuspecting parents in a psychodrama based on the "intervention ambush" popular in drug and alcohol treatment programs. After the accusation is made, siblings and other relatives are drawn into the confrontation and forced to choose between believing the accuser or the accused. Unless the accused confesses and "validates" the accuser's memory, the victim is advised to sever all ties to the dysfunctional "family of origin." The recovering "adult child" then moves, gets an unlisted number, returns all gifts unopened and continues her recovery with her newly formed "family of choice." Her parents and any relatives who believe in their innocence are now excised from her life. "Our daughters have become a part of a vast army of 'codependents' or 'adult children,'" writes a father who lost three daughters to the movement. "They are told that contact with us may threaten their recovery."

memories of abuse is common,

One of the reasons for the persistence of such beliefs is the presence of socio-political theories which give them aid and comfort. The new epidemic of child abuse, for instance, is cognate to the epidemic of sexual harassment which has broken out since the Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas confrontation. And the new therapeutic emphasis on "memory work" owes much to the work of people like Jeffrey Masson.

Famous for his libel suit against Janet Malcolm of *The New Yorker*, Masson began his psychoanalytic career by ingratiating himself with Anna Freud. But then he decided that he disagreed with her father's work. Masson's caveat had to do with Sigmund Freud's change of heart concerning the earlier phase of his psychoanalytic work when he had believed his patients' memories of "seduction" in childhood (that is, their memories of sexual encounters with older siblings, parents, relatives and others). Freud later concluded that these memories were not accurate memories, nor



JEFFREY MASSON (MR.
CATHARINE MACKINNON)

simply lies, but memories transmuted in the furnace of present wishes, fears and ideas.

Convinced that Freud was wrong to have changed his mind, Masson took the position that these reported memories were, in fact, true. Never mind that Freud's original shift in opinion was based on increasing evidence that memory is always a construction, rather than the playing back of a recording. Never mind that Freud was an experienced hypnotist who was well aware of the ways in which suggestion and desire can shape and reshape memories. To be able

to show that Freud was fundamentally wrong. Masson had to ignore the evidence that propelled Freud to ultimately reject memories of "seduction" as being based on real events.

Masson's more recent writings reveal that his motives for this theorizing were strongly political. Implicit in his argument is a belief in the New Age feminist dictum that has guided much of the child molest hysteria epidemic: Believe the Children. "When Freud decided that the accounts of incest (which he first believed! were in fact nothing but the overheated fantasies of adolescent girls," Masson writes, "he shifted the onus of responsibility from adults to children. Incest then became a question of wishes, fantasies, and impulses on the part of children toward their parent, not acts engaged in by adults."

Masson has certainly helped shift the onus of responsibility for fantasies back to the parents. Today, thanks in part to his work, wishes, fantasies and impulses are more often than ever before judged to be incest and treated as crimes. Masson has forged an alliance with anti-male feminist ideologues Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon (whom he recently married) in a political movement that seeks to trace the ills of the world to the Oppression of women by men. In their psychological scheme of things, there are three articles of faith: The oppressor uses knowledge and sex for the sole purpose of establishing and maintaining power; any sex (or depictions thereof) that is not between equal partners whose aim is intimacy is evil; unhappiness is someone else's fault, preferably someone who deserves (because of class or sex*) to be blamed.

The popularity of "memory work" in therapy can be directly linked to Jeffrey Masson's work on Freud. Until Masson provided the theoretical arguments for believing in the truth of images, fantasies and pseudo-memories, therapists usually dismissed them or treated them as having only symbolic value.

There are no reliable statistics for how many people are now being falsely accused in the United States. Nor about how many lives have been catastrophically affected by confusion, shame and anguish, and by the shocking withdrawal of love and affection by sons and daughters lost to an aggressive ideology. It is likely that there will never be an effective way to measure the damage being done to children who are encouraged to tell what they cannot prove, and who later find that there's no home logo back to, that they have separated themselves from loving parents, and have to live the rest of their lives with the knowledge that they contributed to the destruction of a family, and perhaps other human beings. Worst of all, of course, is the fate of children who really are molested and abused, not by all-powerful undetectable Satanic cults or rapacious Primal Fathers, but by real people. In the present climate of hype, hysteria and hidden agendas, their tragedies are devalued and trivialized and they themselves are often lost in the shuffle.

Individual Rights Project

If you are a student, or a student organization, or a fraternity sorority in the State of California, and are being harassed by a spineless college administrator or by campus thought police or by politically correct fascist running dogs and wish free legal counsel to 1) defend yourself and 2) sue your persecutors...

CONTACT JOHN HOWARD

DIRECTOR AND GENERAL COUNSEL

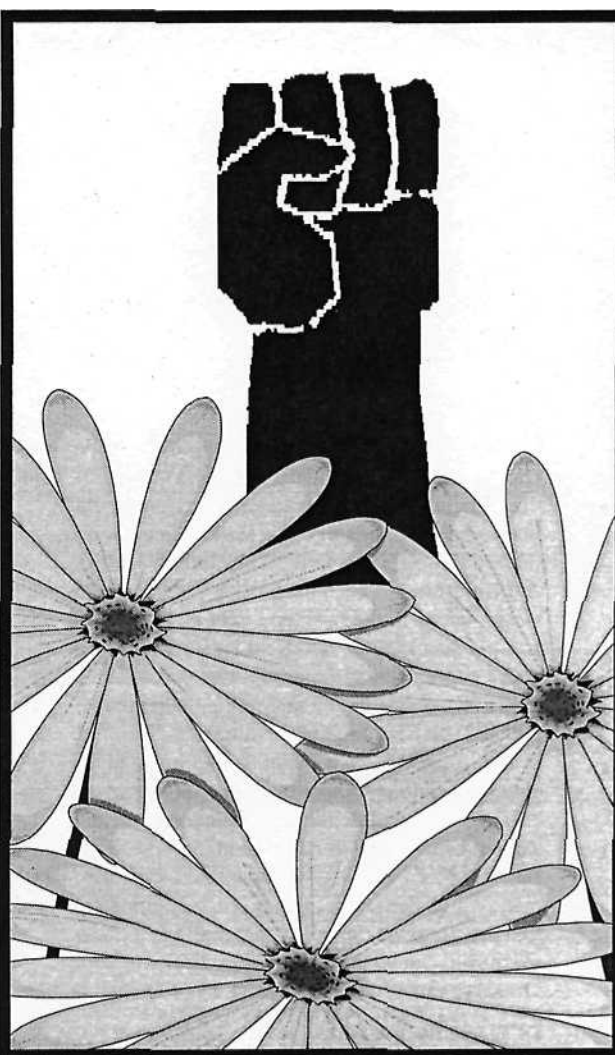
THE CHLOROPHYLL MANIFESTO

BY STEVE KOGAN

Flowers are born free, yet everywhere they are in gardens and flowerpots. How did this come to be? And how were wildflowers constructed by logocentric ideology into religious icons and botanical metaphors? Bravely seeking to break through the iron cage of phallic flower symbolism and at the same time subvert the sexist doctrine of the Trinity, Gertrude Stein attempts to liberate both religion and plants in her famous three-in-one flower proclamation, "A rose is a rose is a rose." But alas, this noble cry is undermined by its very emphasis, for roseness remains embedded in language, trapped in human speech. Her line is, in fact, a bourgeois recapitulation of a monkish belief in flower-power, according to which flowers gave off emanations that could be imprisoned in glass boxes and used to break through conventional constructions of the physical and linguistic world. The idea was a noble gesture on behalf of plants that nevertheless led to the oppressive custom of keeping flowers pressed in books or framed in glass, aesthetically inscribed by romantic ideology in the ballet, *Le Spectre de la Rose*.

And so, to paraphrase Marx's opening of his pedestrian manifesto on the economic roots of history, I say that, yes, a specter *Is* haunting the West, but it is a spirit not yet imagined in the most radical critiques of capitalism, racism, sexism, homophobia, ageism, lookism, and omnicide, in which the prime tool of sceptis has not even *guessed* at the true nature of ideological gaps — Plantism — which is at the heart of *what has not been said*.

Hitherto, every oppressed minority was assumed to *have a voice*, a voice that was muted, suppressed, enslaved, subverted, and ignored, but a voice nevertheless. Thanks to recent studies by Ague and Weltgeist, however, we are now aware of the fact that among the many paintings of Mont St. Victoire by Cezanne, *not one oppressed proletarian appears* in any of the works, despite the fact that three generations of impoverished shoemakers were known to have had their shop in the village just behind the hill to the south-east of the mountain. Cezanne deliberately privileged the hill in order to hide all traces of poverty, when he could have easily included the shop by going 6 miles to the northeast. His pictures of Mont. St. Victoire thus create the false impression that he viewed it from every



imagery, on the one hand, and his false portrayal of himself as a radical artist breaking with tradition, on the other — seen in this light, of course, his inability is also affirmed.)

Untergang and Cogito have similarly investigated the history of the blacksmith family living under the Rialto bridge in Venice, which was never included by Guardi or Canaletto in their dozens of so-called "Scenes of Venice." And the scholar Principia Femina, in her ovular study *Prolegomena to a History of What Has Not Been Said*, similarly redefines 1) Shakespearean tragedy (King Lear's homosexual lover *never* appears outright in the play), 2) Courbet's painting of "The Rayed Rabbit" (the abuse of a deaf mute on June 14, 1855, one mile away, does not even have iconographic mention in the work), and 3) Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher," in which,

was denied by the anti-historical prejudices of white male hegemonic thought but nevertheless could be heard expressing suppressed rage in the shared communal experience of bars, bedrooms, and brothels. This much is clear and by now has been incorporated in the most progressive schools and critiques.

And now I introduce the true revolution in the revolution, for radical critique is itself subverted by the principle it seeks to undermine. *Radical critique is bourgeois prejudice disguised as radical critique*. In every instance (I cannot stress this too strongly), the suppressed voices now emerging once were real (children of oppressed proletarians can thank revolutionaries, if they so desire); whereas there has not yet been a reevaluation of that which has not been said on behalf of *that which cannot speak*.

And so I say that the most subtle and yet most powerful prejudice facing the world today is *Plantism*, the deliberate suppression and subversion of the Otherness of plants. Indeed, the very word plant betrays the hegemonic desire to bury, to put underground, to *hide from consciousness*. Plantistic chauvinism, operating in the deep structure of language, thus oppresses the other by projecting onto it the very act of suppression which it employs and falsely ascribes to plants. It is we humans who speak of "planting seeds," thus associating the word with necrophiliac burial through plantistic ideology, thus ignoring neutral, floral-free terms such as "seed embedment" and "reproductive earth-immersion." Worse yet, plantistic language controls our very notion of causality. We speak of ideas and events "having roots," "branching out" "stemming from," "blossoming," etc. Such language represents an expropriation of the legitimate and independent rights of plant processes. It lurks not only in logo Bud phallocentrism, Eurocentrism, racism, and sexism, *but also in their opposites in radical theory*. Quantitatively speaking, there is just as much plantistic chauvinism on the left as the right valorized among radicals as among conservatives. Plantistic language is so pernicious, so demonic that not even the most careful attention, the most heightened awareness can escape this insidious and all-pervasive prejudice, as I myself unconsciously betrayed in my description of "the economic roots of this thing."

metaphor, an *object* of semantic tyranny *even if it should be liberated*.

And here I present the central thesis of all anti-plantistic thought, of which this writing itself can only be, at best, a poor approximation of what finally must be said, for just as Africans can be the only true scholars of Africa, and only lesbians can honestly speak for lesbians, so too, every living thing is its own authority and the only organism capable of knowing who or what it is. Without any linguistic connection between humans and the floral world and standing in the existential void before the irrevocable Otherness of plants, we nevertheless proclaim the only valid theoretical principle on which scientific plant-consciousness can stand: *ONLY PLANTS CAN SPEAK FOR PLANTS*. Any other demand inevitably brings us back to the sources of plantistic hegemony, exemplified even in a construction as apparently plant-friendly and floraphiliac as the mystic study of plant auras, in which phallogocentrism was nevertheless at work in the attempt to penetrate the essentially *unconscious* and *inaccessible* world-spirit of plants.

The fact that botanical symbolism has been used among all the higher cultures to represent powerful life processes demonstrates the lengths to which human consciousness will go in linguistically colonizing nature for purposes of control. Expressing joy and independence beyond the most grasping, domineering ideology of human happiness, plants are the thing itself, the *ding an sich* of pure bliss, the oneness that humans, even the most wretched and oppressed, have attempted to expropriate in order to further their own selfish aims of projecting a lost natural innocence. Of all victimized life forms, plants have suffered the most, because they are their own paradise, their own Garden of Eden, not just once, but every day, and have the right to be left *absolutely alone*. EVERY GIFT OF FLOWERS, EVERY FLOWERPOT, EVERY VEGETARIAN MEAL IS AN ACT OF DEMONIC INSANITY.

Given the fact that the language of plants is alien to all forms of speech, given the Otherness of oppressed peoples, we call for the immediate *abolition of all human connection with plants*. This will alter the objective conditions. The liberation of women alone would receive new strength, for one of the most pernicious symbols of sexism is the 2,000 year old association of the subjugation, the tearing out of the ground, and the killing of flowers for the purpose of seducing women, as symbolized to this very day in the cult of the Valentine card and the sending of flowers by wire, not to mention the barbaric practise of giving them to sick people in hospitals, thus turning them into passive objects to be gazed upon, into *slaves of plantistic fantasy*.

We hear legitimate outcries today against pornography, against the exploitation of women's

approval on the oppression that is projected in this construction of romantic ideology. The caption is too self-revealing to need further deconstruction: "1-800 FLOWERS. The Mating Call."

When bourgeois advertising inscribes on our consciousness "Say It With Flowers," radical scopsis can lead to only one conclusion: *A bouquet of flowers is rape sublimated through consumerist plant symbolism*. The medieval depiction of women as flowers, through which a feudal tyranny colonized the consciousness of its time, is one of the most degrading moments in western history, embodied in that so-called popular medieval work, *The Romance of the Rose*. Jean Genet's attempt to undermine this abuse by turning the equation woman - flower into an image of homosexuals in this pseudo-radical work *Our Lady of the Flowers* is but the latest in long line of what must be seen as double false consciousness. "Prisoners are flowers" he states at the beginning, thus setting the ideology of plantism in the context of homosexuality, a prejudice that subverts the radical content of this so-called avant-garde work of art.

It is a little known yet glaring truth (little known because of plantistic blindness) that anti-floralism is at the heart of modern literature. From Poe and Baudelaire through Kafka, Genet, and science fiction (seed-pods taking over the earth), anti-floralism has been the unspoken principle at work, just as in the past, an elitist pro-floralism was the ideology of botanical tyranny. Kafka's entire neurosis is summed up in a statement to Felice Bauer that the sight of one rose was oppressive and that two together was almost unbearable. In Poe, the prejudice is blatantly expressed in his characterization of Roderick Usher (the words are telling), where he writes that "the odor of certain flowers *oppressed* him." I need not dwell on Baudelaire's shameless, decadent exploitation of plantism to perpetuate this so-called anti-traditional outlook, supposedly on behalf of destroying the false idealism surrounding traditional plant imagery; and yet, his key work, *The Flowers of Evil*, is nothing but plantism in new form.

American literature is far from immune to this linguistic and ideological contagion. It has its most virulent plantistic poetry in Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. And contrary to recent neo-Marxist and deconstructionist studies, it is not capitalist oppression or the subversion of authorial textuality that is the key to Melville, but *Plantism*, articulated in what amounts to the culminating tract of 19th-century plantistic viciousness, *Billy Budd*.

I will not belabor the point, already made by radical critiques, about the fraudulent masterpieces in the canon of western tradition. Nevertheless, the key point must be driven home: from Homer's simile of the generations of man as the autumn leaves blowing in the wind and the Gospel's

without scientific plant-consciousness. A guide to plantistic art and language by Weltgeist and Untergang is in progress, extracts of which appear below:

Prejudiced	Neutral
uprooted	removed
plant (n.)	chlorophyll producer
plant (v.)	seed embryo
fruitful	productive
roots	nourishment network
bud	potential floral form
flower	vegetational scent system
garden	floral installation

It follows that if Melville had been truly radical, he would have named his work *Billy Potential Floral Form*. Similarly, had Genet been the avant-garde writer he appears to be, he would have called his first novel *Our Lady of the Vegetational Scent Systems*.

Against a background of oppression, cloaked in the canon of western aestheticism, the watchword is vigilance, eternal vigilance for the liberation of plants. The freedom of Flora is nourished by vegetable consciousness!

Art To Be Avoided

Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*; Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du Mai*; Genet, *Notre Dames des Fleurs*; Goethe, "The Metamorphosis of Plants"; Shakespeare, most sonnets and all garden scenes (*vide Richard II* and *Romeo and Juliet*); Herman Melville, *Billy Budd*; Dante, *Paradiso*, Cantos 30-32; Joyce Kilmer, "Trees"; Andrew Marvell, "The Garden"; Robert Louis Stevenson, *A Child's Garden of Verses*; Hieronymous Bosch, "The Garden of Earthly Delights"; Alessandro Scarlatti, "The Garden of Love"; Wagner, "Forest Murmurs"; Van Gogh, "Cypresses"; Renoir, all still lifes, etc.

Critical Inquiry into Plantism

As yet a nascent field because of widespread, institutionalized plantism, but gaining attention; See particularly recent studies by Stephen! Greenblatt, *Shakespeare's Gardens: The Diffusion of Social Energies in Elizabethan Imperialistic Fairy Tales*; Gary Taylor, *Reinventing Flora: A Subversive Reading of Pastoral Poetry*; Michael! Rogin, *Herman Melville: Plantistic Literature in 19th Century American Culture*; Michel Foucault; *The Pollen of History: Plantistic Historiography, from Herder to Spengler*; Stanley Fish, *The So* Called Garden Poem from Marvell to Keats: Study in Plantistic Interpretive Communities*; Mikhail Bakhtin, *Subversive Shepherds: A New Look at Dresden Porcelain*; The Death Valley; Collective, *Our Plants, Our Selves?* Martin Bernal, *Green Athena: How Ancient Greece Stole Botanical*

STUPID
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

[had] sensibilities and value systems" which were formed then. Right. That's exactly the problem. Probably out there this very minute buying a party hat and noise maker for his box seat at the inaugural, Wenner probably thinks he is helping usher in an era of good vibes, a don't-stop-thinking-about-tomorrow view of the world. But the change about to overtake the country is less generational than ideological. And if there is an irony here it is that Clinton, more than any other politician, seemed to have understood the tragedy of the Sixties — the unloosing of a 25-year night of the long knives that allowed the Left to subvert institutions of the center like the university and his own Democratic Party. Clinton came to power, after all, by portraying himself as someone anxious to rescue the party from its ideological tar pits, rebuild the damaged center and purge it of the alienating extremism of the Left. Yet by the first few weeks of his Presidency-elect, he was already feeding the animals.

Midway through the appointment process, when half of the cabinet was chosen, Clinton came under fire. He had said, after all, that he wanted a cabinet that looked like America. Where were the women? Perhaps Donna Shalala's gender didn't qualify. (Subsequently outed by Queer Nation, Shalala denied she was gay, but who knows these days except the vanguard, in their secret consistories, what is what?) In any case, the feminists felt that *they* had a right to know. Clinton responded with his jive-angry act, saying that he refused to be bound by quotas. It was a clumsy imitation of an independent politician, exactly what he had done during the campaign when he attacked Sister Souljah. Yet at the time of the Souljah outburst he was mortgaging his future to Maxine Waters, an L.A. Congresswoman from Jesse's camp and to the other interest groups of the rainbow who would later demand a payoff. (An early warning of the form this might take is Clinton's promise to lift the ban on HIV-infected Haitians now quarantined at Guantanamo, presumably to award them the indispensable tools of citizenship under the new dispensation: a green card, a condom, and a hospital bed). Shortly after his demarche with the haridans of NOW, Clinton appointed a bevy of females, including some even less qualified than Shalala for their jobs. Thus, at the very moment he was complaining about quotas he was capitulating to the quota-mongers' demands.

True, Clinton's National Security apparatus is middle of the road, and loaded with Carter retracts. But because Ronald Reagan and George Bush knitted together the damaged threads of Truman's containment policy and brought the USSR to its knees, foreign affairs, while perhaps no more manageable, is potentially less decisive than before. It is the social agenda that is now at the center of American concerns and this agenda is in danger of being handed to what we will probably soon be calling the Hillary Left.

The point person is Donna Shalala, only 4' 11, but so committed to the cause that even *Newsweek* had to concede her credentials as "the high priestess of political correctness." The people at Madison she bedeviled while working as chancellor of the University of Wisconsin breathed a sigh of relief at her departure. She had been a disaster there, backing hate speech rules that the courts threw out as hateful to the First Amendment, implementing draconian Ethnic Studies requirements, along with hiring and admissions rules that had the feel of one of the Great Helmsman's Five Year Plans.

Shalala avoided the explicit foreign entanglements

with a far stronger denunciation of fraternities on the Madison campus who had done an tasteless skit involving Fiji Islanders. This idea of moral equivalence was one which the leftover Left made familiar in the 80s: criticize the Soviet Union but only by coupling it with the equally culpable U.S.A.

Shalala is only one appointment, it has been said. (Yes, but to an agency whose budget is larger than the national budgets of every country except Germany and Japan). There are no doubt other appointments to come in domestic affairs which will buttress the Left's seizure of the culture. (It is rumored that Joseph Duffey, who has made appeasement of the radicals into performance art at the University of Massachusetts, is on the short list to take over USIA and thus to dictate how America is portrayed abroad; and that Catharine Stimpson, whose lugubrious advocacy of PC as head of the Modern Language Association is legend, may be given control of the National Institute of Humanities). With her connections with Hillary, Marian Wright Edelman and the Children's Defense Fund (an organization which may be a 90s version of the Trilateral Commission), Shalala is more than a Secretary; she is a symbol. In her, the long march through the institutions is complete. No one believed it possible back in the early 1970s when the first burned out New Leftists re-enrolled in the universities they had spent the previous years trying to destroy, but this was always a march on Washington.

During the last few weeks before the election, some warned that we were headed for a PC administration. But they were told that Clinton himself would stand against such nonsense. That was why he had created the Democratic Leadership Council, after all. The DLC was an organization based on political common sense and recreating the vital center. Yet at least from the time of the Democratic convention it has been clear that the President-elect was a paper hound dog. The convention itself had the feel of a 12-step clinic. "Recovery" was in the air — a psychological as well as an economic imperative. Everyone there seemed to be "in recovery" — from AIDS, from abuse, from harassment, from prejudice. They were overcoming co-dependency, a Yuppie version of guilt; and low self-esteem, the Yuppie version of sin. Everyone had a tale of how they had overcome. The robotic Al Gore had the story of his son — a nightclub imitation of a moral quickening. Clinton's self-defining vignette was doctored with a slightly different spin. When he was presented as the boy who had stood up against an abusive stepfather, it was an attempt to impress them with the heroism he never achieved in war on the battleground of the dysfunctional family. The subliminal message was that this primal trauma had left a mark. No wonder that he had perhaps strayed from the course during a life lived in these psychological shadows. But the important thing was that he had seen the light and was in recovery, and the misdeeds he never admitted committing in his marriage were behind him.

Despite the clumsy attempt at premature closure it was easy to see the subtext: Clinton had signed not just a truce with his wife, but an unconditional surrender. Every marriage conceals a deal. But not since FDR has the deal had such national repercussions. It is easy to imagine the terms of it: yes, I'll stay with you despite the bimbo, but there's a price; I want a hand in it if you make it through the primaries. Her feminism had given the First Partner the insight Clinton might have learned if he had gone to Vietnam: if you have them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow.

Hillary is not the thick-ankled virago her enemies make her out to be, no more than she is the philosopher queen portrayed in gushing mash notes from Eleanor Clift in *Newsweek* and Susan Faludi in the *New York Times*. Garry Wills certainly flatters her by reviewing a body of work that is anorexically thin. Like her friends Shalala and Cole, she grew up in the woman's movement, imbibing the clichés

the site of enduring ties, she believes, but a bloody ground of unremitting negotiation where that which is nuanced, voluntary and not immediately reciprocal is dangerous; where every duty must be defined and every right prescribed. (Only such a mentality could use a depressing phrase like "cherished, albeit fantasized, family values").

For Hillary and her comrades, the family is not a building block of autonomy, but an obstacle in the path of social progress and a psychological ghetto of dysfunction. What these people want to do may seem liberal: protect children from arbitrary power. But what they really want to do, as Christopher Lasch has observed, is to protect children against the family itself. The state sets children free and the family holds them back: that's their view. Children's rights is a carom shot in the struggle against patriarchy. Making children "responsible" is freeing them from personal authority. For Hillary's gang, a quintessential act of human liberation is a 13 year old girl having an abortion without parental notification, much less approval.

It is not hard to see where that leads: to further enfeeblement of the one institution in our society that can stand against crime and moral decay. For all her palaver about families and children, Hillary seems not to have understood the tragic lesson of the black family, which has become a laboratory showing the evil wrought by the malign symbiosis of a devalued patriarchy accompanied by intrusions of the therapeutic state. In her view that family is best which governs least. It should be some thing like a round-the-clock version of day care. Any expectations for something more than this are on the one hand sentimental and on the other dangerous because intimacy is both unpredictable and carries the burden of unequal relationships. What would Hillary and friends substitute for those "fantasized" family values they claim to view with nostalgic fondness but actually scorn? Programs. Programs architected no doubt by Marian Wright Edelman and the ubiquitous Children's Defense Fund.

Hillary makes one wish for a Clintonectomy even before the administration takes power. Yet what we face now in her accession to power was bound to happen sooner or later. The culture war has been going on for a long time and the Left has been winning. Yet even as they march into the nation's capital, they still like to pretend that they are a counter-culture under assault by low-browed, reactionary American nativism. This is a self-serving fantasy. The left *is* the cultural establishment. This is bad because it means they have power. It is good because it means they must defend what they do and say—defend the payoffs to interest groups, the projects in cultural deconstruction, the obscene tinkering with sex and gender, the quotidian inequities and spirit-killing double standards, the manufacturing of racism through the promulgation of rules about blood quantum and background that resemble the Nuremberg Laws. All these things they have hitherto done by hidden agenda in the mad laboratory of the university, those islands of repression, in Jeanne Kirkpatrick's phrase, existing in a sea of freedom. Now the sea has shrunk and the islands have grown larger, becoming a land bridge stretching all the way to Washington.

The culture war is this generation's Cold War. In the formative period of that other conflict there was much discussion of what strategy to use against totalitarianism—containment or rollback (with the Left, of course, pushing a minority position for capitulation). As it worked out, through a combination of luck and fortitude, containment turned out to be rollback. As those present at the creation saw, if the West had the courage to hold the Soviet Union in check, it would eventually collapse of its own hideous internal contradictions. The same is true of the empire of political correctness. It seems like a formidable juggernaut. But like Communism, it is against nature, as well as equity, and the

done to call down the wrath of the **politically** righteous on my head? I had simply pointed out that the best sociological evidence available shows that in every documented society male and female roles seem to be divided along the same basic lines, and this strongly suggests the universality of patriarchy. Further, a growing body of scientific evidence is confirming that some of the differences between men and women have an irreducible basis in biology and genetics. The preponderance of studies suggests, I pointed out, that most mothers of young children, when given the choice, do not opt to work full-time outside their homes, even in developed societies that are pervaded by feminist ideology. One can only conclude, therefore, that the feminist demand for a gender-neutral or unisexual world is contrary to the natural impulses of all human beings as well as the historical practice of all known societies, and hence destructive. Finally, I pointed to some of the aggressive censorship that is impeding sociologists in the area of sex-role studies.

While

obviously contro-versial, this was hardly an unscientific or professionally irresponsible presentation, particularly since it was based on voluminous research material, which I cited. But it was totally unacceptable to the feminists at Dallas Baptist U. and triggered a smear campaign sanctioned by the president of the college. Dr. Gary Cook. I was reviled by name in mathematics, English and physical education classes, hardly appropriate settings for intellectual critiques of my views, let alone personal attacks by professional colleagues. One English professor warned her students not to "write like Ayers" when competing their term papers, since I was "inflammatory," and "relied on outdated sources." Unfounded accusations were circulated accusing me of wanting to end equal opportunity for women working at the school. Some even suggested that my ideas should be **Censored** to preserve the college's "gender equity." I was labeled "intolerant," "rigid" and "narrow-minded" by my anonymous detractors.

The offending views in my paper were heavily referenced, and had been published in an award-winning book (*Recovering Biblical Manhood and Womanhood: A Response to Evangelical Feminism* — Crossway Books, Wheaton, Illinois 1991). Yet I was accused of lacking scholarly integrity and ability. My "Study of the Family" course, which was crowded with female students who said they enjoyed hearing my politically incorrect ponderings on sex roles, received the highest student ratings in our college. Yet I was publicly castigated as a mean-spirited "misogynist," accused of "stirring up campus strife" between the sexes, and maligned for discouraging females from pursuing their "life choices."

The Administration was not satisfied by this informal sniping, however. The Academic Dean, therefore, commissioned English Professor Deborah McCollister to respond to my paper at a lavishly catered public luncheon, sponsored by the university. In the talk, attended by over 100 students, **faculty**, and staff, McCollister tried to **discredit** me professionally by directing her attention exclusively to my methodology. McCollister accused me of "extremism," bias and poor scholarship, alleging, for example, that I had deliberately misrepresented sources to "deceive" readers. (Her evidence? I had referred to a 1981 article as "recent.") Another of her criticisms involved my citation of a lengthy,

A feminist staff-member soon reported a new thought-crime of mine: I had all owed students to read or hear "on their own" McCollister's speech (which was, after all, a public text). I had done so during the discussions of sex role theories scheduled for my Family course. But my truly capital offense was to have imprudently referred Ted to her paper in class as the "razor sharp sword of the assassin."

The President of the College had stood behind the feminists' public attacks on my character, and had turned a blind eye to the *sub rosa* campaign of vilification that accompanied these attacks. But now he claimed that my isolated classroom remark about the assassin's sword was

Shortly after accepting my first faculty position at The King's College in New York, however, I found that radical feminists and other leftists had made considerable progress there. In fact, at the time I was hired, they controlled the Dean's office and several departments, had strong alumni support, and had secured considerable discretionary funding for "women's studies"—projects that were, in essence, little different from the radical feminist curricula at secular institutions.

These "evangelical feminists" could also be just as totalitarian as their non-evangelical counterparts. One worn an at King's introduced a resolution to force all reports

and proposals submitted to faculty to be written in "gender sensitive" language, and regularly harangued speakers who used the old, "male-centered" language forms. Her commitment to feminism was carried to extremes—she proposed, for example, that the college **raise rent** on subsidized faculty apartments, to "encourage" male faculty to put their wives (many of whom were full-time mothers at home) to work. Another feminist asked the Dean to prevent the discussion of an article opposing women's ordination at a seminar in a private home.

One radical feminist chairwoman at King's refused to call God "Father" or "Son," even during corporate prayer. The head of the faculty committee for promotion and tenure bragged about bringing in an evangelical

feminist to speak in chapel who openly advocated rewriting the Bible for "gender neutrality." (She turned out to be a strong advocate of "Christian lesbianism," defending it in the pages of *The Gay Advocate*.) Another professor labeled certain Bible texts offensive to women, questioned their appropriateness in public worship, and suggested the need to alter them to accommodate feminist sensitivities. A theologian there even proclaimed, in print, that two noted evangelical feminists who accepted abortion and "Christian" homosexuality had a "high view of Biblical authority;" and declared the officially pro-lesbian Evangelical Women's Caucus to be a legitimate voice within the conservative Protestant world.

Few parents who sent their children to this college, run for years by a well-known radio preacher, imagined that such "broad" interpretations of the Faith were being promoted there. The pious platitudes in the catalogue certainly gave no hint of this. I was definitely not prepared for it. I saw at King's what I have since seen expressed in evangelical scholarly conferences, journals, and boots, even in their grant applications. These influential people wear many of the trappings of the old evangelicalism, but they embrace most of the tenets and heavy-handed tactics of the New Left.

Usually, proponents of this evangelical "PC" don't smoke, drink or dance. But they do espouse extreme cultural relativism, encouraging students to see ethics and truth as arbitrary and shifting. They support multiculturalism, even where this involves rewriting history and launching crude attacks upon a civilization that has been shaped by a Christianity that has produced more religious freedom than any other. They push affirmative action policies, even if they undermine excellence and personal responsibility, and deny charity to poor whites in order to enroll wealthy blacks on scholarship. Many professors send their pregnant students to abortion clinics. Others propose interpretations claiming a Scriptural basis for "monogamous homosexual unions," attempting to fuse gay rights with the Biblical injunction that only the marital bed is undefined.

In short, reality at evangelical colleges increasingly mimics the secular scene. There are hidden ethnic Quotas and "diversity" curricula: evangelical Leftists soft-peddle



DAVID AYERS

"shocking" and "unprofessional" conduct, and convened a special "Ad Hoc Committee" to examine my transgression, I was ordered to appear in 24 hours before four Vice Presidents, the Faculty Senate president and vice president. President Cook and two outspoken feminist staff directors to answer charges based on my alleged sin, which no one at the hearing was able to specify. Not one actual breach of policy was ever identified, and in the aftermath of this inquisition, no grievance processes, formal disciplinary hearings, or findings of guilt occurred. But within ten days, I was fired. In a notice sent by messenger to my home, I was given a year's pay, and one working day to clear out my office.

In the entire college only one Dean, Dr. John Jeffrey, had the integrity to suggest that academic freedom and procedure be honored in my case. With a swiftness unknown even in the academic witch-hunts of the Fifties, Jeffrey was fired the very same day and was replaced as Dean by a member of the President's Ad Hoc Committee. We helped each other pack.

Being persecuted for opposing feminist dogmas may no longer be unusual in today's "deconstructed" universities. But to have this grotesque scenario unfold at a Southern Baptist school which — according to its catalog — emphasizes Biblical inerrancy, evangelism, traditional morals, and preparation for the ministry is worthy of some note.

I need to "state an interest" to make this account complete. And I also need to tell those of you who might think that Christian colleges (however ambivalently you may regard them) are break waters against the tides of political correctness that you should drop your illusions. *They are everywhere.*

I am one of those people you have read about — not because of my political firing but because I am a "born again." My transformation occurred in the late 70s, after a life of Sixties-style drug abuse and political Leftism. I embraced Christianity as a relationship with a real, living God. I had of course read about liberation theology. But this was largely a Catholic phenomenon, developing out of a symbiosis between left-wing Latin Americans and their

of authority, absolutes, and in-dwelling sin.

As in the secular world, a massive influx of Sixties generation professors fueled the spread of political correctness on evangelical faculties. Liberal evangelical professors continually complain about their "apathetic" pupils, who (they erroneously claim) "Only" care about pro-life activism, or the economy, or who demonstrate their "selfishness" and "talent fascism" by supporting Republicans and [the Persian Gulf War. Students are invidiously compared in the "compassionate" students of their own college years, who "cared" about minorities, the poor, and "social justice."

As with secular colleges, evangelical traditionalists tend to go with the flow. As long as parents don't see funny stuff when they visit, and as long as radicals don't demand alterations in the school catalog's platitudes about Christian learning, administrators are prepared to turn the other cheek. The Left instinctively knows this, and hypocritically avoids threatening the Bible college's sacred cows. I have rarely seen even the most virulent "evangelical" Marxists or feminists question the rigid campus rules which forbid card-playing, smoking or alcohol.

There may be differences in degree between evangelical and secular colleges, but not in kind. And the gap is

closing. In fact, as my experience at Dallas Baptist University has demonstrated, those who have been born again into political correctness may, given the right conditions, even exceed their worldly cousins in meanness and intolerance.

One reason why political correctness has had so much success in the Bible schools is because the initiatives of its passionate Left are not challenged by equal fervor from academic conservatives and other traditionalists. Too often, conservatives would "rather switch than fight," sometimes, they are just forced out.

Into this situation have come 'second thoughts' like myself. In the evangelical world, a second thought is a person who was not necessarily born to the faith but who comes to it after spiritual wandering. Such a person is less likely to embrace religion out of habit, and is more inclined to love Christianity for its spiritual realities than its evangelical symbols. I know many who will play cards, smoke or drink in moderation because these are not specifically forbidden in Scripture, but would sooner lose their job than yield a jot of basic doctrine. In my experience, such a one fights theological compromise with an intensity that usually exceeds the opposition's, and cannot be easily bought off with written creeds and codes that are not taken seriously.

This type exists in the secular realm as well among

those who have embraced conservative principles after roaming in the socialist wilderness. Having come by these convictions thoughtfully, often after inner struggle, they are not so ready to compromise them. The outcome will be determined by whether such second thoughts have the opportunity to inform concerned publics and to work closely with "old-line" academic traditionalists, perhaps providing them with the energy and will they now lack.

Such efforts will not be without complications; clashes of personality and style will likely abound. But the stakes are high, and I have become convinced in the last few years that the situation will only be remedied by men and women who are willing to risk personal setbacks and to fight pitched battles with the academic barbarians. I hope I will not seem parochial if I say that in the Christian academy, more perhaps than in the secular one, this is a moral battle with high stakes and it will only be won with patience, principle and courage. I feel that I am a better Christian for my experience at Dallas Baptist U. I know that I value the preciousness of academic freedom and intellectual integrity more than ever before.



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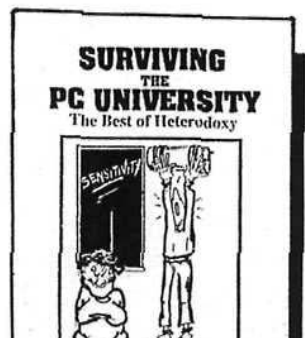
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REVIEWS

EXPORTING MULTICULTURALISM "TRANS-VOICES" AN EXHIBITION AT THE AMERICAN PARIS CENTER *Reviewed by MICHAEL BRANDOW*

America has long looked to France for Cultural guidance, but has unfortunately been more fond of the baser of French contributions to world culture: the table manners, the Fall Collection, and indeed passing fashions of every sort. The flamboyant courtiers of this past century have in fact been the grim-faced members of the Marxist Left. But their chic has since passed and Americans, forgiven for being capitalists, are finally (lie recognized guardians of greatness. What a pity that our American Center in Paris, provincial as usual, should make its new debut amidst the ruins of nihilism and masochism which the French have chosen to leave behind. The Center has adopted the discounted radical pose us its own, and with this the desperate tone of all leftward thought, as it produces a "multicultural" exhibit.

The 1993 opening of the new American Center building at Bercy (an unfashionable part of Paris where France's Ministry of Finance has also recently "decentralized" itself) will usher in this new age of American radicalism. As a prelude, a massive project was launched last fall, an exhibition meant to reflect the new "openness," "accessibility," and "populism" of American culture. This was not an ordinary exhibition. The Center itself will not be completed until 1993 and so could not yet house any works of art. The conveniences of this predicament, however, far outweighed the inconveniences. The Center's inaugural event, "Trans-Voices" (the title sounds more like a bad translation than a multimedia event), was free to deal will: matters of race, gender, and ethnicity through audio and video broadcasts, and metro and subway posters diffused biculturally throughout Paris and New York.

The key word of this multimedia happening is not "openness," or even "anti-imperialism" (as one of the contributors set forth in the official press release), but rather *multiculturalism* that magic password that guarantees a good deal of attention, approval, and funding these days. "Trans-Voices" is in fact subtitled "French and American Artists Address A Changing World Order." Going with the trendy flow, the American Center, rather than simply fostering a peaceful exchange between two naturally rich, multifaceted cultures, has taken the affirmative action route in the selecting of artists for its road show. The standard sprinkling of minorities has thus been represented—American Indians, American Blacks, Asian Americans, French Arabs—but a distinct effort has been made to include those with proven pedigrees, remnants of noble tribes now culturally and economically impotent due, of course, to the ruthless advances of while, European supremacists.

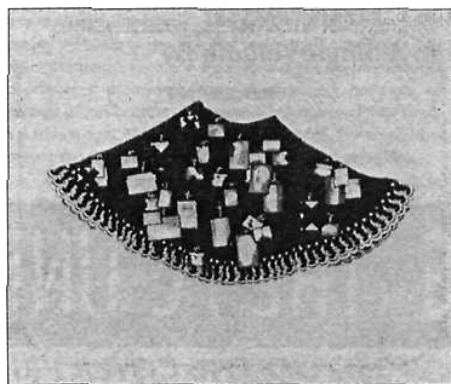
Not surprisingly, co-sponsors of "Trans-Voices" such as The Whitney Museum of American Art and the Andy Warhol Foundation for Visual Arts have had much to say about who would be counted in and who would be left out of this multimillion dollar multicultural affair. Only those artists willing to depict the United States and France in some villainous light have been selected—or perhaps rather directed, as these minority artists were in fact given precise guidelines for the works prior to submission. The idea, they were told, was to address some pressing global issue—which is to say: racism, sexism, AIDS, the environment, etc. Those few works not explicitly anti-Western were easily blended into the *n'importe quoi*: theme of "Trans-Voices." All fifty contributors thus briefed were allowed to "create works which could be generally comprehended by audiences in both Europe and the United States. They were encouraged, however, to produce radio and television spots and billboards freely derived from their own unique experiences, origins and opinions." In other words, they were told to give expression to that unique quality for which they had been selected in the first place: their minority status.



"EMPIRE"
by PHILIPPE CAZAL



"DISCONTINUED IN 1938"
by DOMINIQUE BLAIN



"PRUDE AMERICA" by
ANNETTE MESSENGER



Another simplistic attempt to rewrite history cognate to what is taking place in American education, the entire project debates or simply ignores claims artists might make to a European heritage—or to the bulk of American and French cultural achievement. The results are high-tech, low-grade entries whose lack of esthetic value can only be attributed to the fanaticism which encouraged their production. One of the more flashy videos, for example, condensed into a single minute the geographical histories of both nations, reminding us with blinking symbols that the real products of a modern Western civilization have been air pollution, chemical waste, and acid rain. The words "North," "South," "East" and "West" appeared frequently throughout these works so that we might "revise our notions of geopolitics." As an ineffective jab at Christopher Columbus, Mexican-American and Cuban-American artists questioned, in a radio spot composed of "music and other sounds" the "actual notion of 'discovery' and of the aspirations implied by it."

Under the conveniently vague category of conceptual art, the mass public was exposed to electronically-generated blurbs seldom of any formal value whatsoever. (Nor were most intended to be). A radio spot titled "How to Pronounce: 'The New World Order'." explained that "formal coherence masks nonsense and violence." Whether or not it came from "pure" minorities, each work dribbled un with a similarly provocative reprimand. This was strictly *message art* and the arguments were invariably vague simplistic, the messages themselves were seldom subtle.

Another radio work, this one done by a "Swiss-American" artist (how far can this identity-mongering go?) was entitled simply "Love." It continued in the same universalist, Utopian direction as other works by showing how we live in "a world of confused values," which love is often used as currency and wealth buys personal, professional and political influence." A black American artist suggests that "the only keys to the future survival of deeply threatened world African community are spirituality and a peaceful communication which transcend national, cultural and language barriers."

The time has come, "Trans-Voices" intimates, to restore influence to those vanished premodern powers which now constitute the Third World. How to do this? Only by living in a political vacuum, in a world of universal love and oneness, will we be in harmony with nature and lead more "spiritual" lives. With such inane works meant to mystify more than enlighten, Trans-Voices was thus very much in keeping with fashionable New Age ideas, as was Yoku Ono's very Zen cry for world peace over Public Radio—J whim probably inspired by one of her expensive personal mystic advisers.

Under the influence of figures like Robert Mapplethorpe and Madonna the tones of our present decade is clearly one of self-deprecation. What

with Roland Banhe's love of Mapplethorpe which came to us via Susan Sontag, and the narrow-minded French public who now etc. vale Madonna, with her centuries-old clichés on American "Puritanism." to the level of a prophet—one might only expect the prevailing fashion of the day to smell something like the New York subways in which so many of the works of Trans-Voices were exposed. Prophets of the dungeon and saints of the Inquisition, those funded by Trans-Voices are, likewise, being only what they are asked to be. But with the masochistic self-doubt of the patrons and enterprises like this one comes, oddly enough, an irritating arrogance. Self-appointed directors of multiculturalism, hoping to succeed with spiritualism where Marxists failed with realism, have secured a captive labor pool to further their self-indulgent end¹, (which are so narcissistic as not even to merit being called "ideologies"). In a society which no longer condones the traditional tools of "colonial exploitation," these New

are prefabricated, and their enemies chosen off the tack of familiar bail guys: (he Americans and the French with their bloodstained colonial pasts and long traditions of repression on the home front.

Given the opportunity to remake the world, how do the backers of "Trans-Voices" plan to make amends for a melodramatic past? The new world culture they propose is a jumbled, topsy-turvy world of split screens, of black and white juxtaposed, with bold equations made between spiraling Gothic cathedral s and subterranean Indian vaults. There is no humor in this utopia, and certainly no irony. Everything is of equal value and, for fear someone might be insulted, nothing can be judged — except, of course, anything which might question obscurantism. "A Tale of Two Cities," for example, is a video made by a Korean-American, which mixes old film clips of Yves Montand with more recent shots of Laurie Anderson, and is meant, *somehow*, to 'blur' the boundaries between high and low culture. Which is the "high"—Laurie Anderson or Yves Montand — is not made Clear. But the libretto for the work does explain: "The videotape suggests that the emergence of high technology and international mass media, and the increasing rapidity with which change occurs, have leveled all art forms and reduced our differences and tastes to a matter of global consumption."

True enough. But isn't this much like the world the multiculturalists hope to forge? Granted, the ultimate villain in this world -wide drama is no longer capitalism, as II might very well have been just a few years ago. (Though French-style Marxism has resurfaced in "Trans-Voices" with themes like "world citizenship" delivered to a rap beat). The scapegoat in these works was rather the Western tradition of "consumerism," a new semantic variant of "capitalism" making the rounds of the public radio and television talk shows. Consumerism, having been invented by Americans and 'imposed' upon Europe and the rest of the world, was shown to be both the root and the seductive flowering of all the world's problems. Perhaps the most representative work of the entire project was one of the billboards shown in New York subways and Paris metros (just down from the ones pushing 'The United Colors of Benetton' in both cities). Executed by a French artist clearly 'killed in commercial graphics, the billboard consisted of an enlarged American Indian-head nickel. The caption read: "Discontinued in 1938/Discontinuc en 1938." This slick, glossy image set against a jet-black background was meant as "an ironic symbol of the racial and economic exploitation underlying the colonization process in the U.S. and the nations around the globe" — which is quite a mouthful even for a multiculturalist.

If consumerism is, indeed, a bad thing, then why do the directors of "Trans-Voices" work along the very same lines as do advertisers, public relations people, and ministries of propaganda? We are asked to become angry at the notion that our national cultures are solely the products of centuries of ruthless commercial exploitation, but the artists represented in this work are far from being innocent of complicity with commerce. One video artist, for lack of any formal criteria, has been lauded for her use of "state of the an technology." Others have close connections with the advertising world. Conceptual artist Philippe Cazal, for example, who accepts grants from governments and other non-profit organizations, has received his real training in the field of advertising. His contribution to "Trans-Voices" was a billboard where, boldly printed against a background of foil taken from a champagne bottle, is the word "EMPIRE." This work was "intended to provoke thoughts about position and privilege in the world, and to suggest that many popular contemporary notions of worth—and of class—may be destructive falsehoods."

In a spirit reminiscent of that much over-played "We Ate The World" video of a few years ago (modeled, by the way, after an advertisement for Coco-Co/a), the multicultural

ACADEMIC CAPITALISM AND LITERARY VALUE

by HAROLD FROMM

University of Georgia Press,
1991 281pp.

Reviewed by KENNETH ASHER

With the passing of deconstruction one question still remains: did the advocates themselves actually ever really believe in their slick in substantial! ties, or were they just playing an enormously profitable conga me? Simply put, were they fools or knaves? In this collection of essays gathered from his work of the last dozen years, Harold Fromm has little doubt that at the very least they were suffering from an acute case of *mauvaise foi*. The creation of a good *vita* meant something radically different (in the most egregious exam pie) for Paul de Man than it did for Augustine. And Fromm is bothered by the difference.

Scholarship conducted almost exclusively in the service of careerism is the "academic capitalism" of Fromm's title. "Once the 'search for truth' and 'knowledge for its own sake' have been disallowed as rationalizations for scholarly activity," he writes, "most academic 'production' (and here the Marxist term is fully apposite) must be considered as just one from of industry among others, with self-interest, success, and profit as the final goals." According to Fromm the "market-place of ideas" has been literalized within the academy: the exchange of ideas there now bears greater resemblance to [he Chicago Mercantile Exchange than to the give and take of Socratic dialectic.

Fromm's censure of this phenomenon is both from a moral and an intellectual perspective, though in the end the two dovetail with one another. The moral criticism is most often provoked by the spectacle of currently high flying "cultural critics" who have no qualms about enjoying the fruits of a system they spend their professional lives decrying. Fromm is clearly disgusted by the ease of the comfortably tenured professor, battering on government or corporate grants, and arterially hooked up to a slate of the art computer, who finds nothing shameful about lambasting all the while the evils of capitalism. Western culture, patriarchy, etc. Worse perhaps, the typically jargon-ridden and arcane discourse of such critics effectively cuts them off from the oppressed populations they would save, all of which leads Fromm to see them as hypocritical pseudo-revolutionaries whose "real aim is personal success and power, not genuine ethical reform in the world. Very few take risks that might jeopardize a rising academic career."

This has needed to be said and Fromm says it with just the right touch of acidity, but this pan of the broadside might have been fired off just as easily by a lesser talent. The real value of this collection of essays, it seems to me, resides instead in the scrupulous and telling criticism he makes of the fashion-able theories themselves. If the theories were cogent, his complaint against their propagators would stand as little more than an amusing ad hominem attack rather than, as is actually the case, a persuasive linkage of character and thought in the tradition of Nietzsche's *Genealogy of Morals*.

What connects these would-be orthodoxies in Fromm's opinion is the absolutist nature of claims that in more temperate form might have served as valuable contributions. (And here it should be pointed out that Fromm openly and generously acknowledges having learned from Marxist critics, for example, the unacknowledged political ways in which a culture may be shaped by unacknowledged political energies). But all too often, he maintains, these critics vitiate whatever is of worth in their studies by resorting to extremist puerilities such as the current rallying cry "Everything is political." As he simply and correctly points out that if indeed everything is regarded as political, then the term lose sail explanatory power, for there is nothing it excludes.

Absolute in their claims about politics, these critics become suddenly very specific when they rail against the

It would be a mistake to assume that Fromm is raising these objections as a conservative apologist for the dominant culture or the capitalism which fuels it. The smarmy pieties of Reagan's Social Darwinism are obviously just as repellent to him as the excesses of the self-styled academic Left he derides in these pages. Indeed, not the least of this book's virtues is that Fromm has scrupulously avoided being sucked in by the clumsy Right/Left dichotomy embraced by ideologies on both sides of today's academic controversies. He takes the stance of a *freischwebende Intelligenz* whose vocation is to puncture the pretensions of meretricious orthodoxies regardless of their origin: "What is still lobe learned is the art of playing it cool — as neither leftist nor rightist, neither specialist nor non-specialist, neither feminist nor non-feminist, but an amalgam of all of these: a critical intelligence."

It is incumbent on Fromm, however, to show why the current crop of careerists should have evolved or embraced the particular theories they do if, unconstrained by a disinterested search for knowledge, they might have just as easily agreed to any other approach- The answer. Fromm believes, is traceable to academics' sense of being unfairly cut off (given their intelligence and long professional training) from any real political power. Corroded with the resentment Nietzsche brilliantly detected in impotent priestly classes, academics are obsessed with the worldly exercise of power denied them, and can see nothing but its abuse on all sides. The harvest: Marxist, radical feminist, post-colonial and New Historicist criticism, all of which see the literary text as little more than a nodal point of power relations and political struggle. It is this same sense of impotence. Fromm believes, that generates the vogueish babble about volitionless or "decentered" selves — selves that are puppeteered by the economic or cultural substratum. If only these critics could dictate the terms of the culture, become the puppeteers — hegemoniacs themselves! Fromm envisions them bunkered in the basement of the library, ensconced in their power-carrels, their heads filled with fantasies of omnipotence. The most ironic and unfortunate consequence of this frustrated will-to-power is that these critics ruthlessly impose their political agendas on literary texts while showing little desire to enter the other world of the author and scant respect for its nuance and local beauty: the very voices, in other words, that are the subject of their own jeremiads against an arrogantly colonial West. But fashionable notions of demystification are intended to justify such high-handed treatment by presupposing the superiority of the critic to the author, the modern critic has the tools to lay bare the "political unconscious" of the author who stands inexorably revealed as the mouthpiece of forces he only dimly, if at all, perceives. It is considered bad form to ask — though luckily this does not slop Fromm — how exactly (he modern critic, Houdini-like, managed to wriggle free from the entanglements of late capitalist society (even if not from its perquisites).

Students are thus being presented with denatured works and encouraged to regard aesthetic appeal as nothing more than a rhetorical ploy on the pan of the author. Fromm is certainly not arguing that we let ourselves be naively beguiled by what we read (or see or hear), but that we begin with an act of good will by allowing the work to address us in its terms, not ours. Maybe, just maybe, despite the fact that our consciousnesses have been raised by radical critics to nose-bleed heights, we might actually have something to learn.

A further negative consequence of the state of contemporary criticism implicit in Fromm's case is that the critic no longer feels obliged to assume responsibility for the positions he or she formerly held. Although deconstructionists have now lied to other theories, how many have bothered to stop en route to explain at any length what was wrongheaded about their earlier stance? At best we hear mumblings about the *evolution* of their thought as they now take up camp with *marxisant*, cultural critics, but how can anyone with an ounce of intellectual integrity describe such a move as evolution? Deconstructionists denied that there were any "facts," arguing instead that our perception of the world was all "undecidable" interpretation. How can this possibly be made to fit with the scientific pretensions of Marxism? Or even more modestly with any form of cultural criticism, based as it is on indignation Over past or current oppression? No more palatable is the alternative "evolution" of someone like J. Hillis Miller, who after enjoying celebrity as one of deconstruction's chief apologists, has now decided that "ethics" is his new thing. Clearly no serious

THE LIBERAL INHERITANCE

BY DAVID HOROWITZ

Peter Collier and I, having had second thoughts about our onetime radical positions, are often asked whether we are conservatives. I was recently invited, in fact, to address that very question before an audience at the Heritage Foundation, only the topical reference was not just to Collier and me, but to conservatives generally. This tells us something about contemporary conservatism. I could no more have posed the question "Are we progressives?" to a comparable gathering of the Left, for example, than I could ask a crowd of citizens "Are we Americans?" To raise such an issue in those contexts would be to question an identity and the foundations of a faith.

Conservatism, then, is not an ideology in the sense that liberalism, or the various forms of radicalism are. It is not an "identity politics" whose primary concern is to situate its adherents in the camp of moral humanity and thus to confer on them the stamp of History's approval. It does not have a party line. It is possible for conservatives to question virtually any position held by other conservatives including, evidently, the notion that they are conservatives at all, without risking excommunication, expulsion, or even a raised eyebrow.

Conservatives do sometimes claim religious principles as the basis for their convictions. But it is not a religious commitment that makes them conservatives. There are radicals and liberals who have similar commitments and make similar claims.

What makes an outlook "conservative" is that it is rooted in an attitude about the *past* rather than in expectations of the future. The first principles of conservatism are propositions about human nature and the way human beings behave in a social context; about limits, and what limits make possible. This practicality, this attention to experience, to workable arrangements, explains why the conservative community can be liberal and tolerant towards its members in ways that the progressive Left can not.

In contrast to the conservative outlook, liberal and radical ideologies are about the future, about desired outcomes. The first principles of the Left are the principles of politically constructing a "better world." Throughout the modern era, the progressive future has been premised on a social contract that would make all of society's members equal — or, at least, provide them with equal "starting points."

Since ideologies of the Left are commitments to an imagined future, to question them is to provoke a moral rather than an empirical response: *Are you for or against the equality of human beings?* To dissent from the progressive viewpoint is not a failure to assess relevant facts, but an unwillingness to embrace a liberated future; it is, therefore, to *will* the imperfections of the present order. In the current political cant of the Left, it is to be "racist, sexist, classist," a defender of the status quo.

That is why not only radicals, but even those who call themselves liberals, are instinctively intolerant towards the conservative position. For progressives, the future is not a maze of human uncertainties and unintended consequences. It is a moral choice. To achieve the socially just future requires only that enough people decide to will it. Consequently, it is perfectly consistent for progressives to consider themselves morally and intellectually enlightened, while dismissing their opponents as morally repulsive reactionaries, unworthy of the community of other human beings.

While the politics of the Left is derived from assumptions about the future, its partisans are careful to construct

a view of history that validates their claims: as a narrative of progressively expanding human rights. Thus the revolutions of the 18th Century institutionalized *civil* rights of free speech and religion, and a government of laws for white property-holding males. The 19th Century extended the rights of suffrage and the *political* base of freedom, ending slavery and establishing the equality of individual males as participants in the political process. The 20th Century (and now the 21st) was slated, in theory, to extend the same rights to women and other minorities, while adding *social* and *economic* rights to education, health-care, material well-being, and equality. This is the revolution for "social justice" which is, of course, the socialist revolution that has failed, but that the Left will not give up.

Modern—or should I say post-modern, or better still post-Communist — conservatism begins with the recognition that this agenda and the progressive paradigm that underpins it are bankrupt. They have been definitively refuted by the catastrophes of Marxism, which demonstrate that the quest for social justice, pressed to its logical conclusion, leads inexorably to the totalitarian result. The reason is this: to propose a solution that is Utopian, in other words impossible, is to propose a solution that requires coercion and requires absolute coercion. Who wills the end wills the means.

Post-Communist conservatism, then, begins with the principle that is written in the blood of these social experiments. "It is just not true," as Hayek wrote in *The Constitution of Liberty*, "that human beings are born equal;...if we treat them equally, the result must be inequality in their actual position;...[thus] the only way to place them in an equal position would be to treat them differently. *Equality before the law and material equality are, therefore, not only different but in conflict with each other.*"

In other words, the rights historically claimed by the Left are self-contradicting and self-defeating. The regime of social justice, of which the Left dreams, is a regime that by its very nature must crush individual freedom. It is not a question of choosing the right (while avoiding the wrong) political means in order to achieve the desired ends. The means are contained in the ends. The leftist revolution must crush freedom *in order* to achieve the social justice that it seeks. It is unable, therefore, to achieve even that justice. This is the totalitarian circle that cannot be squared. Socialism is not bread without freedom; it is neither freedom nor bread. The shades of the victims, in the endless cemetery of 20th Century revolutions, cry out from their still fresh graves: *the liberated future is a destructive illusion*. To heed this cry is the beginning of a conservative point of view.

The conservative vision does not exclude compromise, however; nor should it condemn every attempt, however moderate, to square the circle of political liberty and social welfare. A conservative view does not require that all aspects of the welfare state be rejected in favor of free market principles. After all, conservatives are (or should be) the first to recognize the intractable nature of the human condition. The perfectly free society is as untenable as the perfectly just society, and for the same reason. We would have to rip out our all too human hearts in order to achieve it.

The Hayekian paradox — the point from which contemporary conservatism begins — is, of course, only a reformulation of an understanding shared by the architects

Of the American founding. It is no accident, as Marxists like to say, that *Federalist #10* describes the Constitutional arrangement as a design to thwart the projects of the Left—"a rage for paper money, for an abolition of debts, for an equal division of property, or for any other improper or wicked project." A conservative is thus a conservator of the framework of the American Constitution.

But are we really conservatives? Well, yes and no. The principles of the American founding are, of course, those of Classical Liberalism. The fathers of modern conservatism—Locke, Burke, Madison—are Classical Liberals, anti-Tory architects and defenders of the great liberal revolutions of their time.

While modern radicals have failed in their efforts to expropriate the means of material production, they have succeeded in appropriating enough of the means of cultural production to hijack the term "liberal" for their own anti-liberal agendas, and to make the label stick.

These radical wolves in sheep's clothing fall into two categories: 1) Crypto-Marxists calling themselves radical feminists, post-structuralists, post-modernists, or merely progressives, whose agendas remain totalitarian; and 2) Fellow Travelling Liberals, who acknowledge the bankruptcy of socialism and make a grudging commitment to free markets, but who still do not want to give up the agenda of "social justice" — the idea that government can arrive at a standard of what is just, and that the state can implement such a standard without destroying economic and political freedom.

The liberal ascendancy that dominates the current horizon is a popular front of these two groups. Their victories are visible all around us. Under the banner of expanding rights, they have transformed the idea of America from being a covenant to secure liberties to being a claim to entitlements; they have expanded the powers of the state and constricted the realm of freedom; they have eroded the private economy and stifled individual initiative; and they have subverted the neutrality of the law and the very idea of a national identity, through race-based legislation and the concept of group rights.

So ingrained have the premises of the old Left become, in its new liberal clothing in post-Cold War America, that conservatives are now the counterculture. And this is why we must think in other than conservative terms in confronting the challenges that face us. We must think of ourselves as heirs to Locke and Burke and Madison, who faced a similar challenge from the Lefts of their time. And we must proclaim with them:

We are the 'revolutionaries' demanding a universalist standard of one right, one law, one nation for all; we are the champions of tolerance, the opponents of group privilege, and of communal division; we are the proponents of a common ground that is color-blind, gender-equitable (in both directions), and ethnically inclusive — a government of laws that is neutral between its citizens, and that is limited in scope; we are the advocates of society as against the state, the seekers of dramatic reduction in the burdens of taxation, and redress from the injustices of government intervention; we are the defenders of the free market against the destructive claims of the socialist agenda; and we are the conservers of the Constitutional covenant against the forces of modern tyranny and the totalitarian state.