

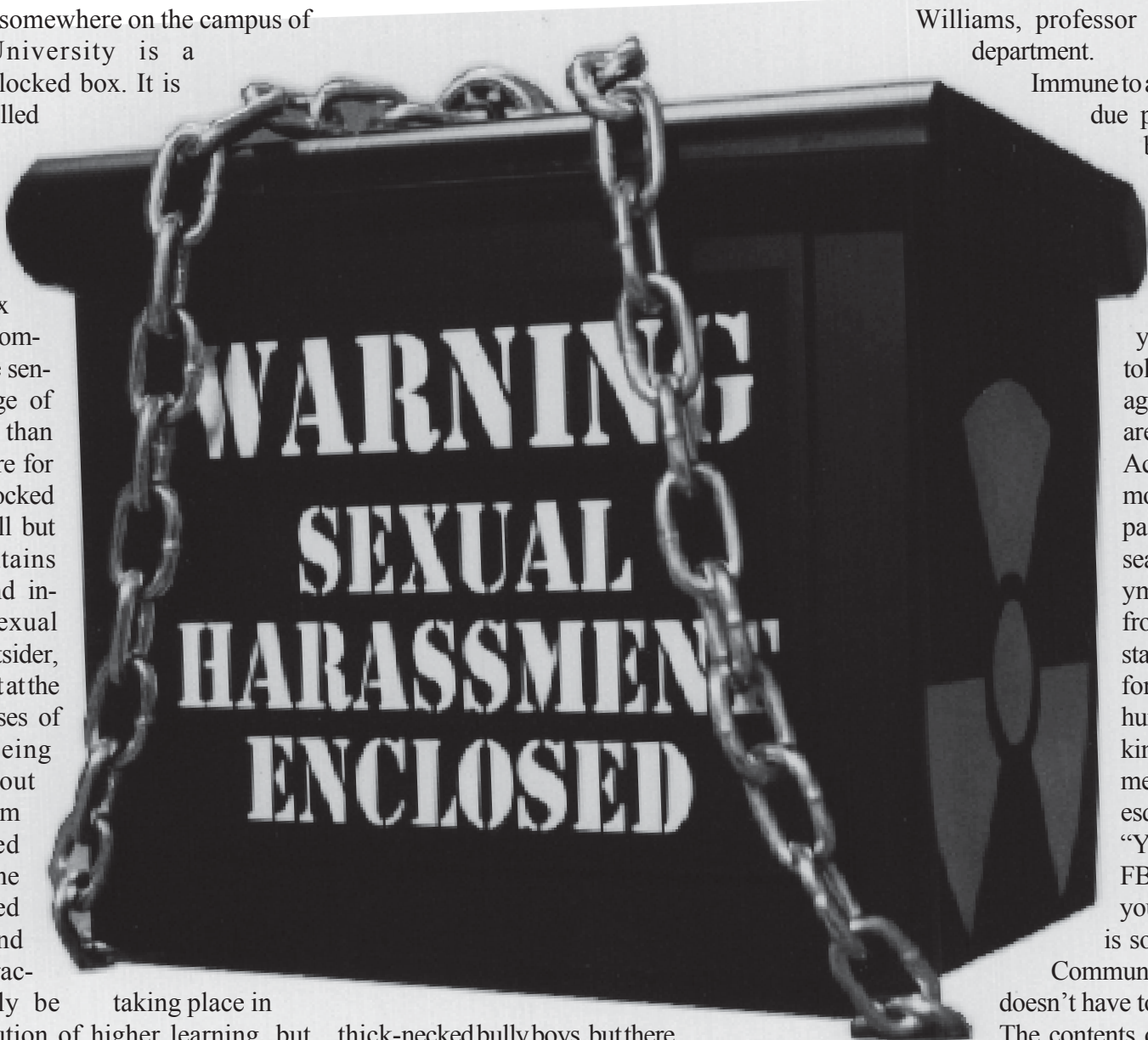
HETERO DOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES



THE LOCKED BOX

Hidden away somewhere on the campus of Cornell University is a mysterious locked box. It is not a time capsule filled with mementoes from alumni long gone or the next Law School Admissions Test. In fact, this locked box contains files and complaints deemed more sensitive by the College of Arts and Sciences than charges of treason are for the FBI. Cornell's locked box, a mystery to all but a select few, contains charges, rumors, and innuendoes about sexual harassment. To an outsider, it might seem odd that at the same time warehouses of secret files are being destroyed throughout the Eastern bloc in communal rituals filled with loathing for the people who hoarded these lethal lies and slanders, a similar practice could not only be taking place in an American institution of higher learning, but could have staunch defenders among people who otherwise worry about the niceties of academic freedom. In the college town of Ithaca in upstate New York, there are no Lada limousines and



Williams, professor emeritus of the history department. Immune to any statute of limitations or due process, Cornell's locked box has been a repository for "informal" complaints of sexual harassment against faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences for the last four years. Professors are never told about complaints filed against them, how many there are, or even if a file exists. Accusers may graduate and move on and the years may pass, but the files remain sealed to "protect the anonymity of the complainant from potential retaliation," states the faculty's rationale for its low-intensity witch hunt. Professor Jeremy Rabkin of the government department points out the Kafkaesque nature of the enterprise: "You are allowed to ask the FBI if they have a file on you...[but] sexual harassment is so much more serious than Communist espionage that Cornell doesn't have to tell you anything." The contents of the locked box are not only secret; they are toxic as well. Should even the most tenuous accusations of sexual harassment ever come to light, they can easily devastate a career that has taken decades to build.

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INSIDE

Fascist Rap

Mad Methodists

True Compassion

Collecting the Uncollectible

THE LIBERALS' DESPERATE FALLBACK POSITION

CLASS-BASED AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

By John Ellis

When utopian schemes begin to fall apart in the real world—that crucible in which such schemes are always found wanting—their defenders scramble to salvage what they can and to protect themselves from the dreaded thought that what doomed their pet projects was a fundamental flaw, not something superficial or accidental. As the Soviet Union crumbled, for instance, Marxists used to argue that only this particular implementation of their theory had failed, not the theory itself. A favorite escape hatch was the notion that socialism with a human face (Gorbachev) could still succeed in the USSR. But none of this historical whitewash prevented the total collapse of an empire built on lies and inequality—history is none too forgiving of utopian speculations. Now, as affirmative action in its turn is crumbling, we are seeing evidence of this attempted face-saving once again. There is the same insistence that it was only the implementation (i.e., quotas), not affirmative action itself, that did the damage; the same attempt to find scapegoats among those who have opposed

it—in this case, the angry white males who have allegedly created a disabling political climate that has no necessary connection to real flaws in the idea. And, as the panic deepens, there is also an attempt to find an affirmative action program with a human face that will save the day—in this case, one based on class rather than the divisive category of race. But the illusion will not hold for affirmative action any more than it did for the Soviet system. Scapegoating white males as the saboteurs of a worthy ideal is very much in keeping with the obsession of defenders of affirmative action who think in terms of groups rather than in terms of individuals. But the scapegoating doesn't work, because white females heavily oppose preferential treatment too, and, according to recent polling data, even half of minorities don't like it. And quotas are not an accidental degeneration of affirmative action; they are its essence. No matter how often quotas are disavowed, they always reappear, because comparison to demographic percentages is what affirmative action is all about. Such supposedly neutral ideas as "aggressive recruitment," "goals and timetables," "taking race into account," the 1964 Civil Rights Act, and even the Bush administration's disastrous legacy to civil rights have all turned into quotas. Quotas are for affirmative action what the gulag was for the Soviet system: its most real manifestation.

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Remembering Betty

I think you did the country a great service in publishing Kate Coleman’s account of the murder of Betty Van Patter (“A Death in Berkeley,” March/April).

I lived in the Bay Area during the Panthers’ heyday. I probably had more mixed feelings about their revolutionary character than *Heterodoxy*’s editors, but I was equally shocked in the mid-1970s when I began to learn, from rumors and circumstance, that the Panthers had a violent, criminal underside that reached upwards through the top leadership. Coleman’s courageous expose of the Panthers—published in 1978 when they were still strong enough to exact retribution—finally revealed the organization for what it was. Unfortunately, many Americans seem unfamiliar with this history. Witness the polite reception of Elaine Brown’s apologetic autobiography and the adulation that has greeted Mario Van Peebles’ panegyric.

Coleman’s current article not only is an important reminder of that history, but also significantly advances it.

John B. Judis
Silver Spring, MD

Thank you for exposing the truth about the Black Panther Party for Self Defense. I recently saw *Panther*, the movie, and, after reading almost every book on the ’60s black revolutionaries, I found the gap between fact and fiction to be very disturbing. Mario Van Peebles’ movie is essentially black mythos—a theodicean account of what has gone wrong in the black community. The Panthers are portrayed as political heroes who were oppressed by the Man for trying to rise above their circumstances. Eldridge Cleaver is shown as the only violent revolutionary. The Party is portrayed as a place where women were respected and feminism was born.

The movie even goes so far as to implicate the FBI, “Uncle Toms,” and the mafia in a plot to flood the inner cities with drugs to stop the rising success and education of the American black. The government may be a major cause of many of our problems in the inner city, but it is not as a malevolent conspirator running the drug trade. Our problems stem from a well-intentioned welfare state which discourages work, robs families of fathers, and encourages illegitimacy.

Kate Coleman’s fascinating article provided one more well-documented example of the murderous gang nature of the Black Panthers. I hope you will continue to work to set America straight on the true nature of the Sixties and the “idealistic” groups that helped create many of the nightmares we now live with.

Saul Sanders
New York, NY

Your article about the life and murder of Betty Van Patter was a well-needed antidote to the current hype about the just-released feature film about the Black Panthers and a necessary answer to the historical revisionism that we see everywhere in the media and in our schools today.

We must force the truth about such dark chapters in our country’s past to be heard—even if many media outlets are unwilling to publish the stories, as happened to Kate Coleman before *Heterodoxy* picked up her article—or else we will be doing a grave disservice to future generations of Americans by condemning them to repeat what has gone before.

Thank you, *Heterodoxy*, for having the courage to publish the sad story of Betty Van Patter.

Nancy Stevens
Arlington, VA

Wake-Up Call

Thank goodness for K.L. Billingsley and his always tenacious journalism (“Dancing with the Elephant,” March/April).

I am a former Vietnam fighter jock, and I have been alarmed by the insane ideological drive to put women in the cockpit. Mr. Billingsley’s article hit the nail on the head. Lt. Kara Hultgreen’s death was not a failure in the plane or any black-and-white, good-and-evil issue of feminism. Flying military hardware has never been a job for the weak or the inexperienced. While I believe that some women are strong enough to pilot F-14s, Mr. Billingsley makes the undeniable point that we are too often putting brave women such as Hultgreen in situations beyond their years.

Sens. Barbara Boxer and Pat Schroeder would do well to read Mr. Billingsley’s article for the wake-up call it delivers to politicians more inclined to dream about the sexes being the same, instead of ensuring that they are equal under the law. Dumbing down standards for women could spell disaster in any major war. I just pray we wake up before we pay too dearly for social experiments in the hardest, most unforgiving part of contemporary life: our national security.

Mike McCluskey
Los Angeles, CA

Crazed Co-Eds

Karen Carlisle Duban’s story about those crazy girls at Texas Women’s University (“Something Amiss Among the Misses,” March/April) made me sick. I am so tired of reading about these whiny, middle-class, Marxist-feminist hand-wringers running around our universities and screaming like babies whenever they don’t get their way. In this case, their demands for equality have come back to bite them on the butt. I wish they would just shut up, go study, and thank their parents for paying for the education that is going to get them good jobs and keep them happy, fat, and living well in the freest country on earth.

I love *Heterodoxy*, but it sucks the life out of me whenever I read about this PC nonsense. Be that as it may, keep up the good work.

Bob Kuy Chen
La Jolla, CA

Steve Sterling ought to have his head examined. Praise his tactics and his motives all you want—turning federal civil rights law on its head to break into a (largely) all-women’s school—but I think he is just a wiseass abusing our already overburdened legal system to make a political point. Well, he did it, and now TWU is just another university, its uniqueness stripped away by a marauding court and a feckless board of regents. (By the way, I don’t care if the university is funded with taxpayers’ money. I don’t think Shannon Faulker should be allowed into the Citadel, either.)

The irony is that conservatives are always bemoaning the overzealous prosecution of civil rights laws by the government and liberals’ efforts to right the wrongs of decades—centuries, even!—of inequality. But when it’s done to serve conservative political ends, you sing hosannas to the highest. You talk about the hypocrisy of “political correctness.” You would do well to take a good look at your own hypocrisy.

Debbie Wright-Harrison
Milwaukee, WS

Keep It Coming

Judith Weizner’s column in the March/April issue (“Activists Close Airport, Protest Slaying of Gulls”) was a scream—as are the occasional letters you publish from readers who don’t realize Weizner’s “Final Analysis” column is satire. Things may be bad out there in the world of the politically correct and the morally relativistic, but we have not descended completely into the theater of the absurd, yet.

Even were the usual *Heterodoxy* features not generally insightful and interesting, Judith Weizner’s biting commentary on contemporary culture and politics make a subscription well worth the price. Keep it coming!

Mark Phillips
Dallas, TX

The Pleasure of Power

Heterodoxy is my favorite reading. I read it cover to cover the first day it appears. It gives me comfort to know there is somebody in this crazy world who cares to offer the college student insight into the real goals of the PC crusaders who conquered the academy in their quest to destroy Western culture.


There is nevertheless one aspect of your philosophy with which I disagree. The impression I get from many *Heterodoxy* articles is that the motivation of leftist radicalism springs from an essentially idealistic mind. You make such folks a bunch of young, immature, well-meaning individuals who allow their own impatient, adventurous natures to be seduced by romantic stories and turn to violence or oppression of their adversaries in order to serve the utopia.

This is not the case, although it perhaps had been true in part in the Thirties or Forties. Today, the driving force is irrational hatred springing from deep-rooted feelings of inferiority. We face what the philosopher Ivan Svitak identified as the “revolt of the inferiors,” an extended class struggle. It is the same motivation that drives the unsuccessful kid to destroy the mudpies of the successful kid at play in the sandbox: envy of success. Do you believe you can talk that kid out of it? You will find out that the only way to correct the situation is to kick him out of the sandbox.

Today’s left-wing elite could not care less about their followers because their positions are solidified by tenure and no longer need support from the streets. For the same reason, they don’t have to promise to anybody that there is a paradise behind the rainbow; so the goal of the long march has disappeared in the fog. What then is the purpose of it all? “It’s the pleasure of power, stupid.”

Svante Prochazka
Ballston Lake, NY

WRITE TO



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Send your comments to Letters Editor, *Heterodoxy*, by mail (Box 67398, Los Angeles, CA 90067) or by fax (310-843-3699). Letters should be no more than 200 words and may be edited for length, grammar, and clarity. Please include your address and telephone number.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

HETERODOXYGETS RESULTS: In our February issue, under the title “Scholarships for Revolutionary Dumbbells,” we noted that the Borough of Manhattan Community College was granting \$500 scholarships named for Communist North Vietnamese leader Ho Chi Minh and for Joanne Chesimard, a member of the Black Liberation Army who goes by the *nom de guerre* of Asata Shakur and who murdered a New Jersey police officer a few years ago. *Heterodoxy’s* piece became the subject of an editorial by the *New York Post*. The result was a shower of telegrams and telephone calls protesting the scholarships. Then, on April 12, *The New York Times* reported that Manhattan Community College was renaming the scholarships. College officials did not say whether or not eligibility requirements—a 2.5-grade average when the scholarships carried the names of revolutionaries—will be raised.

RACIST RITES OF SPRING: Every year around this time, a columnist at one of the University of California’s nine official campus newspapers writes something deemed offensive by some purportedly oppressed group. Last April, UC-Riverside student Mark Hardie, who is black, wrote numerous heresies against black cultural idols, debunking gangsta rap and black anti-Semites such as Khalid Abdul Muhammed. Threats against Hardie became so serious that he required a police escort just to walk to class. This year’s race traitor is Peter Chang, an economics and physics major at UC-San Diego. Writing in the *Guardian*, Chang took on *Voz Fronteriza*, a university-funded Chicano/Latino paper that advocates the usual radical causes, including the return of California to Mexico. Chang denounced the *Voz* as a “Chicano Victimhood Rag” and exposed some of its more egregious posturings. (The *Voz* opposes the California Civil Rights Initiative, for example, because “Mexicans will fall victim again to unfair, racist laws.... Within the last 10 years, we’ve been attacked by the English Only Law, which makes English the official language. By outlawing our language, this system attempts to destroy our culture and our identity as Mexican people.... The War on Drugs under the Reagan Era put more police and law enforcement in our barrios, when in fact it was the government itself who [sic] put drugs in our neighborhoods to infiltrate our homes.”) Though it once promoted itself as the largest paper of its kind in “Califaztlan,” the *Voz*, which received more than \$7,000 from UCSD’s student government this year, only distributes 3,000 copies per issue. After his column was published, Chang received two messages on his answering machine from an anonymous male caller. “We know where you live,” the caller said. “We’re gonna nail your ass. Watch your back, motherfucker.” *Voz Fronteriza* editor Harry Barra would not condemn the threats against Chang. He told the *Guardian*, “We would like to disassociate ourselves from the death threats, but people need to understand that racist comments will create reactions like that. People in the future need to be more careful about what they say.” Barra wrote a response to Chang’s commentary in the May 8

edition of the *Guardian*. In it, he calls Chang “Peter Chump” and a “punk” and offers a “Maoist” interpretation of the American subjugation of Chinese immigrants over the last 150 years. Peter Chang plans to continue writing his column next year.

GENDER WARRIORS: The University of Wisconsin at Madison has become the latest proponent of gender-free language with the release of an official pamphlet from the Office of Affirmative Action entitled *A Guide to Bias-Free*

Also, be conscious of the relative positions of women and men and their actions. Nonverbal messages conveyed by portraying men standing/women sitting, men gesturing at smiling women, men pointing to or working with lab and other equipment while women passively observe imply status differences.... Work with artists and photographers to update graphic content.” The last time something of this magnitude was attempted, Leon Trotsky was air-brushed out of a nation’s memory and his words disappeared from its lexicon.

THE “ME” GENERATION CONFRONTS GRIEF: Now that the Baby Boomers are aging, they are finding that they must apply their life philosophy to the death of friends and loved ones. In a recent interview with the *Boston Globe*, Sammy Hagar, lead singer of the rock group Van Halen, commented on the recent death of his manager. “That was a horrible thing,” Hagar said, “so I split and went to Maui for three months.”

THE BLOODS AND CRIPS GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL: The current wisdom of the multiculturalists holds that we are many nations within one, stones in a mosaic that has no cement holding the big picture together. So it should come as no surprise that the various “white” translations of the Bible would be regarded as irrelevant to black Americans. Nor should it come as a surprise that, in response to these concerns, the African American Family Press has announced the publication of *Black Bible Chronicles*, which puts the Good Book into more up-to-date lingo. That famous passage from Exodus containing the Ten Commandments now has a new spin. “You shouldn’t be takin’ nothin’ from your home-boys,” goes one of the commandments. “Don’t waste nobody,” goes another. And a third says, “Don’t want what you can’t have. It ain’t cool.” God only knows how the story of Onan spilling his seed upon the ground would come out.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES: According to *The Dartmouth Review*, some students are more equal than others on the Hanover campus. In its recent issue, the *Review* reports on some selective non-prosecutions. One involved James Hunter, president of the African American Society, who

was hauled up on sexual assault charges and then released by the Committee on Standards after the dean-advisor for the AAS testified that Hunter should not be punished because he is too important a leader in the African American community. Another member of African American Society, Jose Harvey, has also gone unpunished for a sexual harassment case at Brown summer school before his matriculation at Dartmouth, although his conduct caused Princeton to rescind its offer of admission. And Earl Plante, a black student who co-chairs the Dartmouth Gay and Lesbian Association, was accused of multiple cases of plagiarism in his in-class work and in an article for the school daily, most of which was lifted from a piece by *The New York Times’* Anna Quindlen—an instance that brings up the issue of taste as well as conduct. (According to the *Review*, Plante also used falsified affidavits in his defense before the College Committee on Standards.) Plante was required to leave Dartmouth for a time but is now back in school in good standing.

LUNA BEACH By Carl Moore



Communication. The guide was created ostensibly because “people in the university community are increasingly aware of the need to use language that recognizes our diversity and does not offend, demean, or exclude people on the basis of gender, race, ethnic group, religion, age, ability/disability or sexual orientation.” Intended to improve what it calls “familiar” ways of speech with politically correct clichés, the guide wants, of course, to replace “mankind” with “people, humanity, or human beings.” Despite its proletarian connotations, “layman’s terms” will now be called “ordinary terms.” People are no longer “boyfriends/girlfriends” but “friends, guests, and partners.” The administrative mandates give prosaic license to rewrite offensive material derived from research or interviews: “If a direct quote offends or inappropriately excludes women or men...consider eliminating, paraphrasing, or replacing the quote.” And the guide does not stop at words but seeks to correct images as well: “When considering photographs or illustrations, consider the balance of women and men.

Real Compassion

Welfare Reform Begins at Home

By K. L. Billingsley

There are some people on the streets of San Jose, California, who are adept at working the welfare system and who have been at it for half a lifetime. They are not really welfare cheats, but they have mastered the system and made something of an occupation out of manipulating its cash, food stamps, housing grants, medical services, and other benefits. (That this involves some effort can be surmised from the fact that not a few of these welfare recipients refer to the check that arrives in the mailbox at the first of the month as their “pay-check.”) For the most part, these individuals know they are involved in a trade-off: They are supported by the state, but that support mires them in dependency and restricts them within a ghetto of the mind.

The welfare system does not have a monopoly in San Jose, however. The word on the street is that if you want to escape this cycle of dependency, if you are really serious about getting straight and getting free, you don’t go to the welfare office. You go to a different place, a place where there are no handouts of tax money or food stamps or script. You go to CityTeam Ministries, and you get real support—not just the kiss-off of a check. You get the kind of compassion that gets you back on your feet as a member of society, not as one of its victims.

It is impossible to describe CityTeam without talking about the life of its founder. In the early 1950s, Lester Myers operated a successful trucking company in central California. Things were going well for him, but he let a drinking problem get the best of him and eventually lost his company. Myers watched helplessly as his life collapsed. He wound up at the bottom, “a drunken bum” to use his own term, and what we would now call “homeless.” But his recovery was as sudden as his fall. One day he stumbled into the Fresno Rescue Mission looking for shelter. He got a meal, but he had other hungers. At the mission he “saw the light,” a light imbued with religious clarity, and resolved to turn his life around. He met his future wife Pauline and took a job at the mission.

The story might have ended here. But Lester Myers could not forget how close he had come to losing his dignity and his life. Grateful for the conditions that had encouraged his transformation, Myers decided that he had been called to provide help for others who had also stumbled in their lives. With \$400 in his pocket, he and Pauline came to San Jose in 1957 to start the San Jose Rescue Mission. But the problems Myers had encountered in his life were becoming more complex as families fractured and authority systems were assaulted. He saw that the traditional rescue mission, a sort of drop-in clinic for the down and out, had been rendered obsolete by the acceleration of social breakdown. Looking to expand the reach of his organization, particularly its reach into the increasingly chaotic lives of young people, he began Family Outreach, providing clothing and second-hand furniture to needy families. He merged his organization with the Arbutus Youth Association in 1969, a group that for decades had operated ranches and summer camps for boys in the Santa Cruz mountains and near Lake Tahoe.

By 1979, when Myers finally retired, the San Jose Rescue Mission had dramatically expanded its mission. Myers’ successor was a man named Pat Robertson, an ebullient Vietnam veteran and Pepperdine College grad who’d also gone to Bible school. Robertson, who had been a counselor for Myers as a young man, kept expanding the work of the mission—to troubled youth, unwed mothers, and fractured families. In 1987, he changed the name of the

Rescue Mission to CityTeam Ministries, keeping its urban focus in a city that is over 60 percent minority, although one of the most expensive places to live in the county despite being honeycombed with suburbs and defaced by an aggressively ugly statue of an Aztec god in its central plaza.

Pat Robertson receives hate mail from local citizens who think he is the other Pat Robertson, to whom he bears no relation or resemblance. (“Obviously I have you confused with a legitimate organization whose intent is to feed hungry people instead of raising money for a presidential campaign,” thundered one letter.) The name problem grew serious enough that at one point CityTeam Ministries felt

goal is to wean them off,” says Robertson. “Welfare is addictive and destructive.” He cites the case of Renita, a woman who was making progress until the government reclassified her drug addiction as a “disability.” That brought her a lump-sum settlement of \$17,000 and also sent the message loud and clear that her problem was medical rather than moral, thus relieving her of responsibility for dealing with it.

“It’s so stupid to give money to an addict,” says Robertson, throwing up his hands in helplessness. “She blew it up her nose in a week and a half, and we almost lost her.”

There is a theory behind CityTeam, but it is a simple one. (“We are not policy wonks,” says Robertson.) It is the

theory that the body is the temple of the spirit and that the present welfare system has failed precisely because it diminishes the humanity of those it purports to help. An ordained minister, Robertson does not conceal the religious dimension of his work. He holds pro-life views but is trusted enough by pro-choice advocates, including Planned Parenthood, that they often choose to send referrals to CityTeam’s Heritage Home, an elegant Victorian house where unwed mothers live. In the last 10 years, 700 women have gone through the home.

Between 15 and 20 percent of those mothers allow their child to be adopted, and the rest choose to be parents. The 17 women now in residence include 14-year-old Crissy, who looks like the embodiment of innocence on a magazine cover. Others have been as old as 44.

As in all CityTeam programs, there are strict rules at Heritage Home, with an emphasis on work, discipline, and responsibility. A professor from Santa Clara University comes to teach classes. The women

in residence there seem to sense that this is the real “safety net” as opposed to the government programs that in many cases promoted and subsidized their pregnancy in the first place. Beyond this place, there are only the shelters, which avoid taking in pregnant women because they consider them a risk. There is a waiting list at the home, which charges \$295 a month, but no one is turned away.

People also line up at the CityTeam rescue mission, where all signs are in English, Spanish, and Vietnamese. The mission features a huge, sparkling kitchen, a well-equipped medical clinic, and a nearly completed state-of-the-art dental office. “Most of these guys have bad teeth,” Robertson explains. “If you can’t laugh or smile, it destroys your self image.”

The men who show up here don’t come only for the material benefits. “The main concerns we address are spiritual,” says Curt Floski, who heads the rescue program. “Our clients have those concerns, and they want to talk about them. The majority have been through state programs. They say nobody talked to them about these things. They knew coming in what we were. We are careful not to force-feed them, but we provide the opportunity.”

Seventy to 100 men go through the recovery program every year. All are assessed for their learning level and offered classes. The 12-step, 12-month recovery program regularly tests for drugs, and when the men “graduate,” CityTeam throws a party for them.

Five years ago, as he was leaving the facility, Curt Floski noticed a man on the sidewalk in bib overalls with a cast on his arm: “He was torn up and strung out and I invited him in.” His name was Pat Scalo and he used to ride with the Hells Angels in Richmond. Though hardly inclined to attend religious meetings, Scalo eventually showed up, went through the recovery, and now manages the mission. He also earned his college degree at Santa Clara University.

Asked what awaits men who do not make it into programs like this one, Scalo thinks for a moment and says “death.” Curt Floski agrees. He cites the case of a 62-year-old man whose drug addiction was also reclassified as a



CityTeam Ministries offers second-hand clothing and furniture.

compelled to send out an explanatory mailing. Yet this has become one of those crosses that this Pat Robertson cheerfully bears, part of the compassion business to which he has decided to devote his life. It is hands-on compassion that his CityTeam practices, compassion of the kind that existed before the welfare state and emphasizes connection and bonding. “We target low-income, high-crime neighborhoods and move staff into them,” Robertson says. He explains that living in rough neighborhoods like East Palo Alto has enabled CityTeam staff to understand the welfare culture and the myriads of government programs they believe perpetuate and entrench it. They are not surprised, or gratified, when veterans of that system come to them and confide that it doesn’t work. They know it doesn’t work. In some sense, CityTeam Ministries is still a rescue organization, rescuing people not only from their own vices but from the system that supports and encourages those vices.

Consider Marsha, a black woman in her thirties from Berkeley who has done time for stealing to support her drug habit. In prison she bore a child, who was temporarily taken away from her. “I never wanted to leave him again,” Marsha says of her son. “Here they let you have your baby.”

She is a resident at the House of Grace, a block of apartments that CityTeam has converted to a home for addicted and homeless women with children. (The improvements in the buildings have prompted one local landlord to donate rental properties to CityTeam.) “It’s very structured, and we need that,” says Marsha, who is about to enter a college program in computer programming. “It’s a safe environment, but it’s real living.” She talks up the day-care and parenting and living skills programs that CityTeam puts women through. Women living there must either complete their high school degree, or, if they have already done so, go on to job training. Marsha says that while some women lapse back into drug use and leave, most stay. There is a waiting list.

Like other women in the program, Marsha gets government money in the form of AFDC. CityTeam treats dependence on government funds like a drug, too. “Our

disability by federal authorities, bringing an \$18,000 lump-sum payment that effectively ruined his chances for recovery. "Somebody's got to start writing about this," says Floski. "This disability stuff is killing these men."

CityTeam destroys any "religious right" stereotype about those who work in this field. Staffers are not only multiracial but ecumenical, with evangelicals, charismatics, and Catholics working alongside Methodists and Presbyterians. No staffer is in it for the money. Curt Floski, for example, is an industrial technology graduate of the University of Wisconsin. Alberto Cuellar, who heads CityTeam's youth programs, graduated from UC-Berkeley in medical physics and worked in that field before moving on to Fuller Theological Seminary and then to CityTeam seven years ago. Cuellar supports some government welfare programs for those truly in need but is disturbed by the overall effect of the system. "You see the systems begin to carry their own momentum," he says. "They become a corporate entity in themselves." He notes with alarm that the absentee-father issue, in the past relegated to the African-American community, is now expanding: "It's now the same dynamic with Hispanic families. This is the most disturbing thing I see. Absent fathers are just melting the glue. All those things that families do to depend on each other being undermined. It all threatens to undo our culture."

Denise Lutchter, CityTeam's vice president of human resources and supervisor at the Heritage Home, agrees with him. An African American, Lutchter graduated from Stanford in psychology and did her graduate work at the University of San Francisco. Before coming to CityTeam nine years ago, she worked in the justice system, then in gerontology with the Veterans Administration and in the cardiology division at Stanford. "Welfare feeds the dysfunction of immediate gratification," she says Lutchter. "Coming into our program means that they can only hold any welfare for a short time. We push them to work-study. Work is central to the program. We don't coddle them, and we encourage them to take responsibility for their lives."

There are many failures along the way, but there are successes, too. Many of the people touched by the program write letters that become testimonials. Constance Feters sought out CityTeam for Greg, her 37-year-old son with a 20-year history of drug abuse. "I pointed out to Greg his shrinking options and possibly his last chance to choose life over death," she wrote. "Now Greg has metamorphasized into the son I always knew he could be... a son I thought I had lost." While the relationship between public and private compassion is a complex one, it is certainly true that it is difficult to conceive of any welfare "client" writing such a letter to a government bureaucrat, much less offering a free-will donation.

CityTeam Ministries operates youth outreach, clubs, summer camps, counseling and recreational activities, food and financial assistance, second-hand furniture and clothing, a cross-cultural ministry, English-language tutoring, and an international center for urban training, with an accredited masters program available. There is a waiting list for every program.

The organization performs all this work with a staff of fewer than 100 people, plus scores of volunteers, with an annual budget of \$7 million, none of it from the government. Most money comes from individual donors with some corporate and foundation support. "By policy, we accept no government funding and no United Way funding," says CityTeam vice president Harry Brown. "The issue is control. Government is the kiss of death." CityTeam enjoys a good reputation locally, and their relation with the city of San Jose has been one of cooperation. "The city is sensitive to the religious side of things but also strongly supportive of the value we add," says Brown, adding that city agencies sometimes refer people to them.

This smooth relationship refutes the notion that the First Amendment forbids cooperation between state and religious agencies. There have been problems with some state and federal agencies who view the ministry as a candidate for harassment, however. "The state of California

wants us to get a license," says Robertson. "We refuse because we couldn't have mandatory religious instruction. We are not supposed to call ourselves a drug recovery program or we need a license. We must call ourselves a ministry." The feds also made their presence felt by charging that CityTeam's recovering drug addicts and alcoholics were, in fact, employees and demanding that CityTeam pay thousands of dollars in retroactive pay and taxes. ("It's ludicrous," says Robertson. "We offer these people a free program worth probably \$25,000-\$30,000 a year.") One of San Jose's high-profile law firms took the case *pro bono*, and the feds backed off.

Alcoholics and addicts crouch in squalid tenements, prisoners of their demons. Children roam the streets amidst the stinking garbage and puke. Homeless men wander on their way to nowhere. Pathetic, abandoned women, tombstones in their eyes, pass them going the other direction.

One finds countless images like these in current literature about poverty in America. Yet, as one scholar notes, they also describe conditions a century ago. Marvin

poverty, which called for compassion—a word that does not mean "send a check" but "to suffer with"—and what they called "pauperism," a condition resulting from a refusal to work or take responsibility for one's life.

It was a distinction that was hard-headed but warm-hearted, and it led to a policy that contained poverty. Knowing that human nature is fundamentally flawed, the Boston Provident Association kept a list of fakers and would not give charity to the able-bodied who were disinclined toward labor. The Buffalo Charity Organization Society's "labor axiom" tested whether an applicant for relief was willing to do as much work as his condition allowed. These groups knew that there could be no more foolhardy policy than to give money unconditionally, to attend to material needs and not the spiritual ones, and to subsidize those able but unwilling to work.

"The best politics and the most complete form of government are nothing if the individual morality be not there," said Charles Brace, a Yale grad who worked with orphans and promoted "education of character." It was this dimension of character that enabled 19th-century charitable groups to enjoy such growth and success. It was character that philanthropists feared would be eroded once the government got into the compassion business.

George McGonegal, for instance, the New York State Superintendent of the Poor, criticized programs in which "families are furnished a stated amount weekly or monthly, and this is continued week after week and year after year." The recipients, he said, "lose their energy and self-respect and find it easier to rely upon the industry of others to furnish them their daily bread than to exert themselves to earn a livelihood." Children in these conditions "are almost certain to follow the footsteps of their parents," said McGonegal: "I know of nothing which does so much to encourage pauperism and educate paupers for the next generation, as this system."

As Marvin Olasky notes in his book, McGonegal's words are a piece of authentic prophecy. Olasky charts the steady encroachment of Leviathan into what had been the province of private philanthropy during the Progressive Era, the New Deal, and

particularly the 1960s.

Polls taken throughout the early '60s showed that the majority of Americans still favored restrictive rules on welfare and that both welfare workers and recipients shared many of the old values of work, family, personal responsibility, and self-respect. Yet for the most part Leviathan—with its new trinity of philosophical materialism, economic relativism, and progressive sentiment—had prevailed. Compassion no longer meant a personal decision to suffer with the poor and help them at a sacrifice to oneself. By the end of the '60s, compassion meant the ability of politicians to spend money and government workers to consume it.

Olasky notes that during the '60s, "freedom" for the disadvantaged came to mean government support rather than the opportunity to work and move up the employment ladder. Organized religion was collaborationist in this outlook. The National Council of Churches, now a Pentagon of the "social gospel," promoted the statist piety that only government action could eliminate poverty, which it could accomplish if only evil capitalism could be restrained. People were told that the problem lay with the system, not with themselves. Legal activists, many funded by the state, deployed the notion that people had a "right" to welfare and that others had an obligation to provide it. Three decades and \$5 trillion later, the poverty problem is worse than ever. In fact, one has to wonder: If architects of the present system had intended to create a social holocaust, could they have done a better job?

The question is not whether or not private charities like CityTeam should "take over" government programs. Rather it is why the modern state, as Olasky shows, took over with such disastrous results what private philanthropy did so well in this country for centuries. It is ironic that after all the glorious hugger mugger surrounding the Great Society and the trillions of dollars and millions of lives wasted by welfare it is only by looking backward that we can truly look ahead and solve this problem.



More than 700 mothers have gone through CityTeam's Heritage Home in the last decade.

Olasky's *The Tragedy of American Compassion* has been around for a few years, but the Republican victory and ensuing welfare debate prompted a new printing from the publisher with rave reviews from Newt Gingrich and William Bennett. As Bennett put it, "This is the most important book on welfare and social policy in a decade. Period."

The book charts the well-documented but neglected history of private, religious-based philanthropy in America. The subject is not politically correct, but Olasky, a professor of journalism at the University of Texas, goes back to the founding of America and the work of Cotton Mather, who warned his contemporaries not to "abuse your charity by misapplying it," to prove his case that public charity has debased its recipients. Contrary to accounts that portray 19th-century America as a vale of tears and a brutal social Darwinian battleground, lack of charity was not the problem in those days. Indeed, the 19th century was in some sense the golden age of American philanthropy, with organizations sprouting up on every hand to meet the crises caused by immigration, industrialization, and urbanization. There was the Female Domestic Missionary Society for the Poor, the Ladies Benevolent Society, the New York Orphan Asylum Society, the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, the New York Dispensary, the Charitable Association of Young Men, the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, and too many others to mention.

America's majority Protestants held no monopoly among these church-based groups. Catholics founded the St. Vincent de Paul Societies and the House of the Good Shepherd. American Jews operated the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society and the Hebrew Relief Society. Whatever the religious base, these organizations shared certain assumptions, as Olasky explains. As with CityTeam, it was their religious beliefs, not any government edict or program, that fueled their actions. Those beliefs told them it was a matter of duty to help those members of society with genuine needs, a group never in short supply. But those same beliefs also led them to distinguish between true



Madness in Their Methodism

The Religious Left Has a Summit

By Mark Tooley

Newt Gingrich is calling for a “Wesleyan revival” to address the nation’s social ills. The Speaker of the House is a non-church-going Baptist. Perhaps his residence in the Methodist Building on Capitol Hill prompted his admiration for Methodism’s founder, John Wesley. But while the Republican leader theorizes about national renewal in his upstairs apartment, United Methodist Church officials in their downstairs offices are feverishly combating “Republican secular Christians” and their “Contract on America.”

Contrary to the media hype about the Religious Right, the largest church lobby in Washington is the United Methodist Board for Church and Society. Its nearly 40 staffers spend \$2.5 million a year to push Congress and the country leftward. Claiming to speak for the 8.7 million members of America’s third largest religious body (after Catholics and Southern Baptists), this board is leading the Religious Left in resisting the outcome of last fall’s elections.

The board’s directors gathered in March for their first meeting in Washington since the November unpleasantness. Like fossils trapped in amber, directors and staffers embraced yesterday’s causes by calling for an unlimited welfare state, praising Fidel Castro’s Cuba, urging global U.S. military withdrawal, bemoaning the revival of free market economics, and affirming, of all things, the sexual revolution.

On the meeting’s opening night, each of the Contract with America’s 10 points were condemned by a staffer for its “lethal” impact. Hillary Shelton, speaking for the board’s “Ministry for God’s Human Community,” claimed that the Contract sought to close 30 years of affirmative action after “500 years of white supremacy.”

The board’s deputy chief, Jaydee Hanson, compared the Contract to Pharaoh’s suppression of the Jews and asked wistfully, “Where is our Moses?”

Hanson is friendly and frenetic. He darts about in a rumpled suit with a fanny pack around his waist. Despite his appearance, directors describe him as the board’s administrative force. He calls the Republicans’ Contract “the biggest attack on the environment since James Watt.”

Other staffers present at the board meeting derided the Republicans’ “welfare for big corporations,” reduction in foreign aid, tax relief for the “rich” on the “backs of children,” and reduction of federal regulations. Bob McClean, a white-haired New Yorker who heads the board’s United Nations office, said the Contract not only effectively “cancels” the Sermon on the Mount but is “illegal” because it reduces U.S. support for the United Nations.

Staffer Jane Hull Harvey, a tall, bespectacled lady who defended abortion rights while representing Methodism at last year’s Cairo conference on population control, announced that she brought “greetings” from Hillary Rodham Clinton. Harvey did not explain how these greetings were obtained, but the First Lady is a fellow United Methodist whose name is often invoked in reverential tones at official church functions. Harvey went on to denounce proposed Republican cuts in public television’s “quality programming.”

Other staffers admitted *sub voce* that they got lots of calls from church rank-and-filers questioning the positions Methodists take and asking why their board opposes Republican budget cuts. But General Secretary Thomas White Wolf Fassett, defending the board’s political agenda, thundered, “No matter the personal cost we will

persist.” Sporting a long ponytail that rebuts most stereotypes about Methodist clergymen, Fassett has pushed the board leftward aggressively since becoming its chief in 1988. He is proud of his access to the Clinton administration. Last year he met with Hillary Clinton to present her with a copy of Methodism’s “Social Principles,” which reads like a McGovernite Christmas list.

Just before the U.S. intervention in Haiti, Fassett was summoned to the White House for a solicitation of support. At last fall’s summit of Western hemispheric heads of state in Miami, he was the only religious representative invited. Now, appearing before his board’s

education, free health care,” said Ellen Carter of the church’s Commission on the Status and Role of Women. “There were no rich, no mansions. No poor and no homeless on the streets,” she cooed on as the audience nodded approvingly. “There was a sense of noncompetitiveness and of community. There was richer life for many.”

“Aren’t they wonderful,” beamed staffer Peggy Heiner as she pointed to photographs of herself with the Cuban Minister of Religion. Heiner is grandmotherly and disarming. She and her husband, Howard, another board staffer, served as Methodist “missionaries” in Nicaragua during the 1980’s, where they cheered for the Sandinista dictatorship.

General Secretary Fassett complained that, despite the Cuban National Assembly President’s having “graciously” visited the Methodist Building last fall, other churches were not interested. “Our task is not easy,” Fassett sighed, adding that he hopes to meet with President Clinton to urge an end to the U.S. embargo.

As an invited guest at the meeting, retired Admiral Eugene Carroll of the left-leaning Center for Defense Information condemned the “highly militarized” foreign policy of the U.S. He lambasted the GOP Contract as “chauvinistic” for demanding that the U.S. be “number one” in military strength. Carroll was “aghast” at the Clinton administration’s “imposing our values around the world at the point of a gun.” He urged a cut of \$250 billion in U.S. defense spending over the next five years and advocated military withdrawal from Europe and Asia. “China poses no threat whatsoever,” Carroll concluded, as the board applauded warmly.

Politics invaded even the board’s administrative discussions. Professor Sample, who identifies himself as a “specialist in the area of bluecollar and poor people,” alleged that proposals to reduce the church’s bureaucracy were attacks on women and minorities. “Our denomination is becoming increasingly upper middle class,” he said. “This is the most conservative group in our society.”

In a promotional brochure for the board, General Secretary Fassett described the body’s mission as opposing all “power brokers” who “threaten our mother, the earth, or the animal nations.” It is a wide agenda for a denomination that has lost 1,000

members every week for the last 30 years. But the Methodist board is clueless about the beliefs of its own church members. It is equally clueless about its own church’s history and origins as an organization concerned with human souls, not political positions.

John Wesley, after all, who was largely apolitical, lured Britain’s 18th-century working people out of gin houses and brothels with his fiery outdoor sermons and robust hymn singing. The 19th-century Methodist circuit riders who tamed America’s raucous frontier settlements also preached rather harshly.

Leaders of today’s church, on the other hand, are the product of radicalized seminaries, where theology is merely a tool to justify the latest fads of the cultural and political left. They prefer the forced compassion of the welfare state to the private initiative and personal morality of historic Methodism.

Calling their nation to judgment, to repentance, to renewed hope and faith propelled Wesley and his church to greatness. Their message rescued Britain’s urban poor from despair and civilized America’s restless pioneers. Sadly, while Wesley’s legacy is saluted by a tenant of the Methodist Building in Washington, that legacy is vigorously ignored by its owners.

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directors, Fassett denounced the new atmosphere in America that permits “race-based thinking” and “taking food from hungry children.”

The board’s few conservative and moderate directors complained and commiserated with each other. William Rich of Florida told the board, “People are sick and tired of Washington running every part of our lives.” Another director from the South remarked with a sigh, “We conservatives never get asked to say the prayers because we call God ‘Father.’” Other directors criticized staffers’ proclivity for grand pronouncements without consulting directors, such as last fall’s ecumenical press conference on the Supreme Court steps, when staffers condemned a proposed school prayer constitutional amendment.

But resisting the board’s leftward tide seemed futile. A vote to overturn Methodism’s opposition to homosexual practices breezed through by a six-to-one margin. The measure was introduced by Tex Sample, Methodist professor of church and society at the St. Paul School of Theology in Kansas City. Sample has written that homosexuality is a “gift of God.” During the debate, he sat silently, punching his fist into his palm, his face red, his lips pursed.

The ideological momentum accelerated as directors and staffers who visited Cuba in February lauded one of communism’s last outposts. “Everyone had free



Politically Incorrect Collectibles



We've supported ourselves for years by collecting and selling antiques and collectibles. Economic necessity, as well as an antiquarian interest, has forced us to buy and sell all manner of stuff from coast to coast for more years than we care to recall. The work we've done, a labor of love, was the last frontier of undercapitalized entrepreneurs.

First we dealt in fine Americana—early pieced and appliqué quilts (bought during the day for \$50, sold that night for \$150-\$200), Jacquard coverlets, occasional pieces of handmade furniture, folk art, windmill weights, etc. We were finding these things in the rural Midwest as the family farm was evolving into a corporate enterprise. Unknowingly, we were involved in a mining operation of a finite resource. Eventually, the rich ore ran out.

Then we dealt in historic and pre-historic Indian materials—arrowheads and pottery, blankets and rugs, moccasins and gun sheaths. That material too had a precarious future, as much because of protectionist legislation as limited supply. So we moved into the 20th century, finding Art Deco and designer modern, the sleek stuff of the '20s, '30s, and '40s. These streamlined artifacts of the industrial, urban age had never been abundant in the rural Midwest, and we soon ran out of them. We turned to Kitsch, those inexpensively made objects of the modern

era, especially the '50s, whose mass manufacture was redeemed by innocent charm. Unlike the really good pieces, this stuff was abundant from coast to coast. It was the guilty pleasure and secret joke of many a collector, but it appeared to have no market. We tried to make one.

After collecting and hoarding hundreds of 1950s TV lamps (pink and green, amorphic shapes, extravagant sizes), we wrote *Turned On, Decorative Lamps of the Fifties* (Abbeville Press). We helped make a market for our lamps and now they're everywhere—from MTV videos to Pepsi commercials. One of these lamps was a bare-breasted, pot-metal hula girl with motorized hips that swayed under the light bulb breasts. We became aware of the enormous figural power of women in kitsch and began picking up all forms of women used as decorative accessories.

Flea markets are not normally the haunts of ideologues, but this stuff did raise some eyebrows. It came in all collective categories and materials—ceramic ashtrays, compotes, candle holders, golf tees, salt and pepper shakers.

We conceived of a new book to be called *China Dolls and Pot Metal Tarts*, a hardcover history of the use of the image of women as symbol and decorative motif. The project intrigued many publishers, but most summarily rejected it, admitting they were afraid of the feminists in the office. Fear of the exquisite sensibilities of those women who might be made "uncomfortable" by the sight of a 1920s "bottoms up" drinking cup made editors reject the

images we had collected. Granted, these kitschy artifacts have a sort of crudeness, yet they are often witty, containing mild puns and metaphors dealing with gender. We've noticed recently that these pieces are disappearing from the flea markets. Perhaps there are closet collectors out there, or maybe the dealers are practicing self-censorship. We've noticed that the same thing is true of kitsch objects involving race and warfare and those made of animal parts.

Some of it is of dubious taste. Yet these objects do call up a bygone era the way that a chapter in an history book cannot and thus function as something of a time capsule. They have life and vivacity and for the censors to become angry with them is like burning the books of dead white European males because they do not embrace the verities of feminism. It is a shame to think that we are entering an era when anything other than an inoffensively plain beige vase will be subject to review by the PC crowd. What you see, after all, depends on what you're looking for. As Tom Lehrer, the great satiric singer of the '60s, says: "When correctly viewed, everything is lewd..."

We're still looking for a publisher. In the meantime, we continue to collect and catalogue what may be the endangered collectibles of a prior, incorrect era.

—Leland and Crystal Payton

The Paytons run the Politically Incorrect Collectibles Association in Springfield, Missouri.



ABOVE: Only the fact that this famous classical woman is handicapped saves her from total incorrectness. (She is a gold painted statue, 12 1/2 inches tall, from the 1950s, \$18). The salt and pepper set is partially correct in that one of the shakers is "of color." (Set is 4 inches high, plastic, in original box, which enhances its market value.)



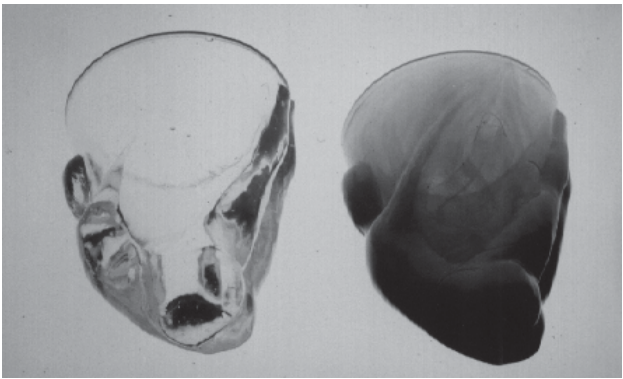
ABOVE: Talk about your "patriarchal domination" myth: Christianity has it all. In the story of paradise lost, Eve is the culprit, a fact that has caused much feminist revisionism in theological circles. Here she holds an apple behind her back. Adam is portrayed also as the first spouse abuser, a cave man in paradise, so perhaps this pair is correct after all. (Figurines, 8 inches tall, low fired ceramic, made in Japan, 1950s, \$37.50.) The accompanying elaborate jar is also subversive in that Adam is ravishing Eve.



ABOVE: "Differential framing"—the habit of the phallocracy to portray men's faces and women's bodies—has its ultimate expression in what is known in the trade as "booby" collectibles. What does it say about the job that the politically correct have set for themselves that many of these items are still made? ("Playboy Pacifier," 1968, \$17.50. "Happiness Toothbrush," contemporary, \$4.50. Toothbrush and razor set, plastic, made in France, 1970s, \$8.)



ABOVE: The age-old concept of woman's body as a functional container as well as a thing of beauty has continued to this very day. One of these glasses had an ad suggesting, "Can be used as a vase or beer stein," which is no doubt like nails on the blackboard to the radical feminist. (Torso highball glass, 5 1/2 inches tall, home ceramic, 1953, \$16.60. Tumblers ranging from 5 to 6 inches tall, ceramic, 1950s and 1960s, \$12-\$15. Torso tumbler, 5 3/4 inches tall, ceramic with strategically placed rhinestones, 1950s, \$20.)



ABOVE: Multi-purpose "temptrons" of the tobacco industry. In this case, they lead to nicotine dependency, and, as we now know, to a slow and painful death by cancer. (Cigarette lighter, with a slurred version of Winged Victory, 5 inches tall, plastic and white metal, 1930s, \$35. Cigarette lighter, 2 inches tall, metal, marked "Supreme Japan," 1950s, \$20. Headless cigarette lighter holder, 3 1/2 inches tall, soft plastic, "made in Taiwan," new, \$1.75. Ashtray, 4 inches long, ceramic, 1960s, \$22.50.)



ABOVE: Another in the tradition of the so-called booby collectibles, this is a 5-inch-tall, 1950s-style, ceramic ashtray portraying the now-politically-incorrect Aunt Jemima type as a washerwoman getting herself caught in the rollers as she works.

LEFT: "Bottoms Up Cups," glass, 1920s. No doubt incorrect now because they facilitate date rape. Depending on the color of the glass and whether or not they have their own fitted coasters, the prize for these cups can range as high as \$175.



Making Black Supremacist NOISE

By G. J. Krupey

In the summer of 1930, an itinerant peddler arrived in Detroit's black ghetto, selling silk fabrics and mystical theories of black supremacy from door to door. Calling himself Wali Fard Muhammad, this proponent of racial Armageddon claimed to be a prince of Mecca, of the tribe of Shabazz, the Original Afro-Asiatic Black Man, first humans and creators of civilization. He had come to release his people from bondage in the wilderness of the white man's America, for he actually was, as he later told confidants, Allah, God Himself, in human form. Light-skinned, Caucasian in features, and with eyes described as "maroon," Fard's eerie appearance led some to say he was an Arab or Hispanic, passing himself off as a mulatto. He claimed this appearance was necessary to be able to travel unhindered in racist America. He gathered enough believers that he was soon able to found a militantly racist pseudo-religion, the Nation of Islam.

Whatever else he was or wasn't, Wali Fard Muhammad was no musician. Yet his teachings would become, more than 60 years later, the single most important non-musical influence on contemporary rappers, inspiring many of them to become little more than propagandists for the crackpot cult he founded while enriching themselves in the process. Public Enemy, Poor Righteous Teachers, Brand Nubian, X Clan, Isis, Lakim Shabazz, KRS-One, King Sun, and Ice Cube are all promoters of the Nation of Islam's Afrocentric dogmas. Other rappers, like LL Cool J and Ice T, have been known to "drop" NOI "science" on both record and interview, and even the most apolitical rappers can occasionally be heard chanting the "knowledge of self" mantra, which gives them the minimal ideology needed to remain Afrocentrically correct.

Scapegoating women, homosexuals, and Jews, and based on classic Master Race theory, this music draws striking parallels with Nazi Aryan fantasies. But since it comes from an officially designated oppressed minority, and—even more important—since it brings in the big bucks, the sensitive souls who run the music industry have no qualms about selling it.

Public Enemy gets credit for first bringing the NOISE to rap. During the group's 1988 British tour, self-styled Minister of Information Professor Griff denounced black gays as race traitors, Jews as instigators of the slave trade, and Caucasians as semi-anthropoids. The British music press had a field day with these and other ravings. Back in the States, the *Village Voice's* black critic Greg Tate quoted Griff's more outrageous pronouncements, and Public Enemy's head homeboy Chuck D. accused Tate of being a "porch nigger" in league with the "racist blue bloods" of the British music press who started the controversy.

Not that the controversy hurt these "Profits of Rage." The group's



Rapper Sister Souljah

next release, *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*, sold platinum and made them a household world. Then in May 1989, Griff, in an interview with a correspondent from *The Washington Times*, accused Jews of being responsible for "the majority of wickedness that goes on across the globe." As an authority, Griff cited a book sponsored by Henry Ford in the '20s, *The International Jew*, which Hitler also had found of interest. The interview catapulted Public Enemy out of the insular music press and into the glare of the major media. The group came

But Griff may have functioned as more of an official Nation of Islam propagandist than anyone suspected. All his offensive remarks were taken directly from official NOI teachings, and NOI propaganda was not expelled along with Griff. If anything, Public Enemy's identification with the NOI intensified, as the cover to *Fear of a Black Planet* attests. On that record, Griff was replaced by an even more strident black supremacist, Sister Souljah. (Soul + Jah [God] = Soldier of God).

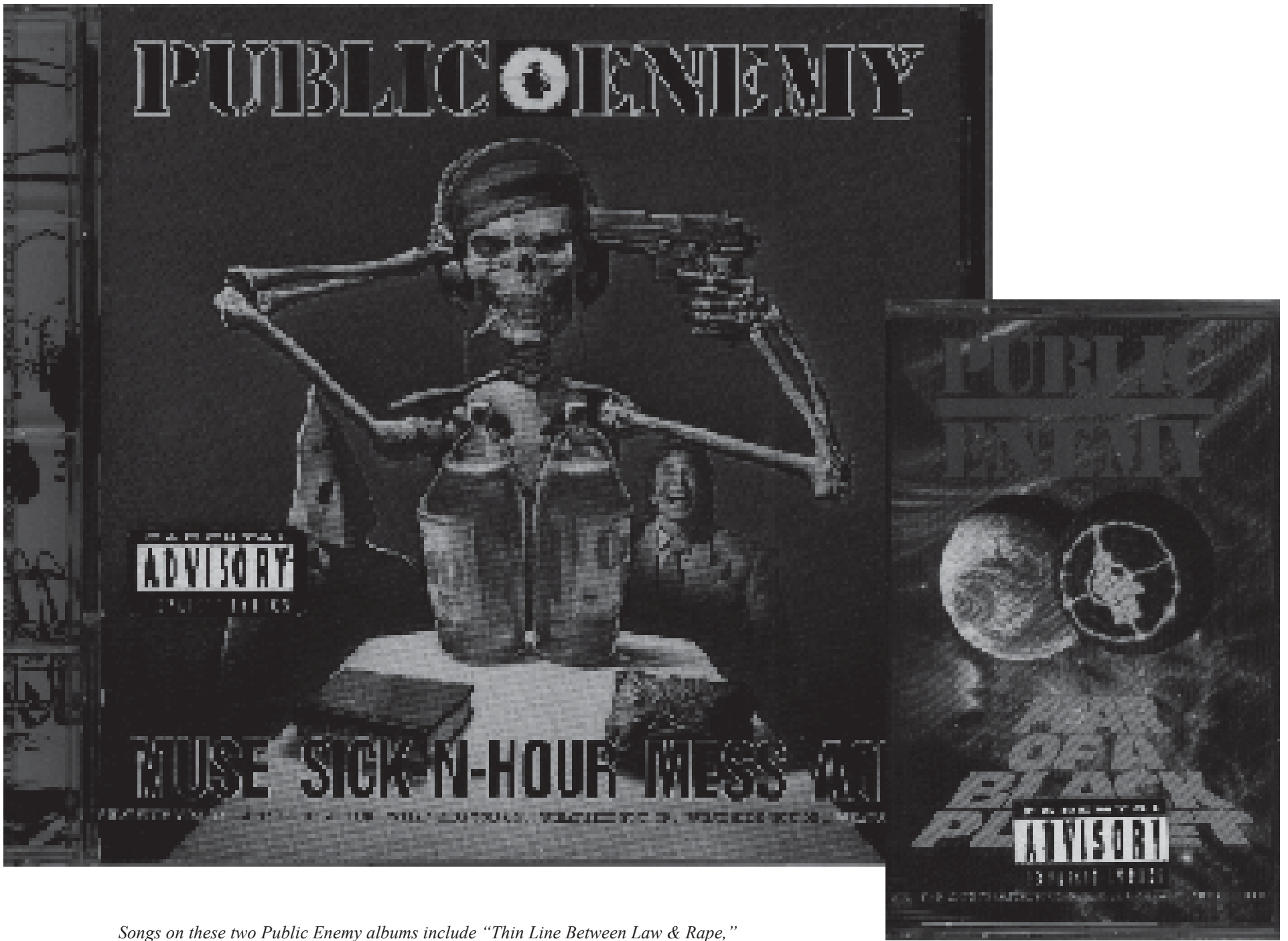
After Malcolm X's forced resignation from the Nation of Islam and his subsequent assassination by NOI soldiers, the Nation went into an eclipse until Elijah Muhammad's death in 1975. The NOI then split into two factions: one led by one of Muhammad's sons, who has steered it towards mainstream Islam; the other, claiming the NOI name, led by Louis Farrakhan, the former calypso singer and violin player. The most bizarre splinter group to emerge from the NOI's factional in-fighting, and the one that has most influenced rappers, however, is the Five Per Cent Nation, formed by Clarence 13X after his expulsion from Malcolm X's own NOI offshoot.

The Five Per Cent Nation derives its name from an NOI teaching that 85 percent of American blacks are mentally dead as to their true nature and heritage, that 10 percent are privileged Uncle Toms who deceive the 85 percent for their white masters, and that the remaining 5 percent make up the poor righteous teachers who, knowing the truth, must instruct their benighted brethren in order to build the nation. According to Five Per Cent doctrine, there is no God but Allah, but since the black man is Allah, individually and collectively, there is no contradiction with Islamic monotheism, as they see it.

Five Per Centers reject the NOI's stringent moral and sartorial codes, except for the prohibition of pork. As Lord Jamar of Brand Nubian figures it: "In the Five Per Cent Nation, each man is the sole controller of his own universe. If you're the God of your universe, you set up your own laws." Since Clarence 13X's death in 1969, the Five Per Centers have been leader-



Public Enemy's Chuck D., at right, with Flavor Flav at the MTV Music Awards.



Songs on these two Public Enemy albums include “Thin Line Between Law & Rape,” “Hitler Day,” “Anti-Nigger Machine,” and “Burn Hollywood Burn.”

less, but any gods (and they commonly refer to themselves as such) who feel the need for a chief deity have looked to Louis Farrakhan. On Brand Nubian’s *In God We Trust* (1992), Farrakhan is sampled discoursing on the core similarity of NOI and Five Per Cent teachings. The latter were supposedly written by Fard and Muhammad in the 1930s but most are transmitted orally, making rap the perfect propaganda vehicle for disseminating them.

Brand Nubian is the bridge between Five Per Cent and gangsta rap. They are thugs wrapping their amorality in the cloak of religious righteousness. They envision and agitate for a future race war that will drown the white devils in their own blood, leaving their civilization stomped “like the Stars and Stripes/burnt up in the mud.” In cuts like “Pass the Gat,” they fantasize robbing a gun store of its stock in order to supply their guerrilla army and killing all the (white) hostages so as not to leave any witnesses. They also would like to “shoot a faggot in the back/for acting like that.”

Brand Nubian waxes arrogant in their misogyny, although one waits in vain to hear of Andrea Dworkin calling for their heads—or some more appropriate organ. “I ain’t down for a honey who don’t submit,” intones MC Lord Jamar in “Love Me or Leave Me Alone.” In “Steal Ya ’Ho,” Jamar and MC Sadat X warn jealous boyfriends to keep their tempers when the Nubians steal their ’ho, unless they want to end up in “a place with nice, soft soil.” Women seem to fall into two distinct categories in the Nubian’s view: sluts or “earths,” the nice, Afrocentrically-correct girls fit to bear the gods’ children and help build the nation.

Poor Righteous Teachers, the other advance guards of Five Per Centism in rap, don’t like ugly—meaning “whitey”—any more than Brand Nubian does. More than once on their 1991 release, *Pure Poverty*, the Teachers insist that they aren’t equal to “Caucasian mountain devils” or “cavemen.” They are less condescending toward (black) women than Brand Nubian but are even more self-absorbed, punctuating almost every cut with their team chant, “P-R-T!” Almost all their raps on this album are Five Per Cent tirades. A *Spin* reviewer compared the lyrics to “the

separatist rantings of the KKK” and recommended it to white listeners as a soundtrack to “dance your way to the gas chamber.” It was significant, however, that the reviewer, unlike most of rap’s white rock critic apologists, at least made the Nazi connection, although this didn’t stop him from recommending the album.

Then there’s Ice Cube, who declared his affinity with the Nation of Islam on his 1991 platinum release, *Death Certificate*, which showed the Cube in a morgue with a shrouded white body whose toetag read, “Uncle Sam.” On that release, Cube raged against whites, gays, Jews, Japanese, and Koreans (whom he seemed to have trouble telling apart). “Who are whites and Jews to be equal to?” he growled at his former homies in NWA (Niggas With Attitude, the group he began his career with), who had sinned by moving to rich white neighborhoods and letting a Jew manage their careers. “True niggers aren’t gay,” he snarls, while the thought of a black woman in the arms of a white man drives him into a murderous tirade.

Cube has gone Hollywood. Most recently, he had a role in John Singleton’s *Higher Learning*, a movie about diversity clashes on campus. The film portrays only whites as violent racists while giving a sympathetic role to the only certifiable racist in the cast, Ice Cube himself. Predictably, the Cube always denies being a racist or an anti-Semite, insisting that he’s only (guess what?) “pro-black.”

Rappers influenced by the Nation of Islam have often been lauded for “educating” black youth to counter the demoralizing effects of white brainwashing and to instill pride in their African heritage. In fact, NOI/Five Per Cent rappers do not educate; they disinform. This disinformation is so radically chic that even white rappers such as Serch, formerly of 3rd Bass, endorse it: “They [blacks] are the master race, the first born. If you have a tape, like a master tape, you have one master and all the rest are copies. You have to have one point from which all others are broken down from. The original man is the black man. Period. End of conversation. There’s no way you can prove it wrong.” Serch, a Jew, repeating black racists’ lunatic rapping about a Master Race? Only in America!

Lord Jamar asks rhetorically why the Five Per

Centers are the only ones able to capture black youths’ attention. The question deserves an answer. The allure of Five Per Cent’s mystical nihilism to an angry, pessimistic ghetto kid is obvious: If the Supreme Black Man is God, then, in the infamous aphorism of Hassan i Sabah (leader of the medieval Persian Assassin sect, which shares some odd correspondences to Five Per Centism), “Nothing is forbidden, everything is permitted.” And apparently, everything is permitted to those who disseminate the racism of the Nation of Islam and the Five Per Cent Nation through rap music, including a safe-conduct pass from rock and “progressive” media for the very crimes that are, according to current leftist dogma, the exclusive prerogatives of white males: racism, sexism, and homophobia. (No one spits out the word “faggot” as an insult as venomously or as often as these Five Per Cent rappers do.)

So where are the PC police when you really need them? Probably listening to this very music at their meticulously diverse soirees, all the better to express their solidarity with the Black Struggle. But the Nation of Islam and the Five Per Cent Nation are not “progressive” organizations. Like the Nazis, they reject scientific logic in favor of irrational pseudoscience. And, as the Klan did with Christianity, they extract the negative aspects of Islam to validate their hate and toss the rest away.

Because of their righteous negritude, they are allowed a wide latitude of political incorrectness by the left. But music industry greed heads will continue to sign these hate-rappers and promote their product as long as it sells. Hypocrites like Dave Marsh and other arbiters of musical correctness will continue to whitewash black racism or to deplore the hate messages while exonerating the haters, praising their efforts to “raise consciousness.” Music magazines will continue to publish fawning interviews with Afro-fascists adjacent to ads for their latest releases. And the music merchants in both the inner city and the suburban mall will continue to rake in the cash. Do they all believe the hype, or are they just on the pipe?

G.J. Krupey is a free-lance writer in Pennsylvania.



The Locked Box, continued from cover

The situation at Cornell is the most extreme example of the social upheaval caused by radical feminism as part of its assault both on the campus and in society at large. Allegations of sexual harassment have become the scarlet letter of the 1990s, the accusation for which there is no defense, the “chilling effect” that promotes self-censorship of speech. Professors address controversial topics with trepidation, fearful of creating a “hostile environment” in the mind of some young feminist. What comment might offend? What behavior might be reported? What charge might be placed in one’s secret file to lay there dormant until some defining moment in the future?

The architects of this exercise in witch hunting proudly defended their creation to the Cornell Arts faculty in 1991, noting that “it took the committee two years to conclude that the locked box is a good idea.” When a motion to remove the locked box was introduced, it was quickly defeated 55-to-10 in a meeting where faculty members were all looking over their shoulders, aware that others were taking note of how they voted. The Arts faculty should probably be thankful that the committee did not deliberate any longer than it did, one professor notes bitterly, or else it might have concluded that polygraphs and sodium pentothal were also appropriate tools to root out and punish sexual harassment.

Thus Cornell students are presently allowed to file informal complaints of sexual harassment without the accused ever being made aware that a report has been filed. It is a quintessentially irrational process that appears to violate one of the ostensible goals of sexual harassment policies: to raise awareness and educate the malefactor. According to Danilee Poppensiek, assistant ombudsman: “Sexual harassment is really an education process...And if the accused is an intelligent, thinking member of the community, I think they would want to modify their behavior.” With a process premised upon secret complaints, no notification of charges or attempts at mediation or even “sensitivity training,” one is left to wonder if the true aim of the College of Arts procedures are to stop sexual harassment or to find men for show trials.

The potential impact of the box becomes particularly harrowing when it is considered that some professors like those on the faculty of theater arts are called upon to instruct students through direct physical contact. It is little wonder that for the last several years this department has been using a formal policy of informed consent, having students sign pledges that they understand and agree to any sexual or physical contact that might be necessary for a production. But theater arts chair Bruce Levitt worries about complaints that may have been lodged prior to the informed consent policy: “I don’t know how you can effectively prepare against charges years old...especially if you are innocent of the particular charges, [and] if you have never been made aware of the charges—and that’s frightening to me.”

It is, of course, possible to be careful, and most professors at Cornell are very careful these days. Yet, as Levitt points out, in the McCarthyite atmosphere that created the locked box you might have done something others see as wrong no matter how careful you are: “The definition of sexual harassment seems to be pretty elastic these days...especially since what would be considered fairly innocuous by some would be egregious to others.”

Thus, the complaints moulder in the dark like inactive viruses until one of the complainants decides, at her convenience, to press formal charges. Then the locked box is opened and one of the two gender-balanced Senior Sexual Harassment counselors examines the erring professor’s file. Other complainants from the past are contacted and invited to join the current charges as co-complainants. A “pattern of harassment” carrying with it the presumption of guilt is thereby immediately established. When the formal hearing finally begins, the accused is faced with complaints he never knew existed and is forced to defend himself, not against concrete individual accusations, but against the amorphous question of

ished as a source of feminist scholarship. Feminists have drawn upon strong local support in the town of Ithaca and the growing acceptance of their ideology to press their advantage.

Cornell’s women’s studies program was formally approved as a small, interdisciplinary program in 1972. By 1978, the program had its own curriculum and joint faculty appointments and was approved as a graduate minor in the spring of that year, achieving full status as an undergraduate major in the College of Arts and Sciences in 1991. Given such a history, it should come as no surprise then that the women’s studies faculty was overrepresented in the development and implementation of the “Procedures to Handle Accusations of Sexual Harassment Against Faculty Members of Cornell University’s College of Arts and Sciences.”

Before the late Eighties, sexual harassment charges were handled either informally within the Arts College or referred to the university’s Office of Equal Opportunity, the office of the ombudsmen, or the judicial administrator. Because the problem of sexual harassment often flows from unintended actions or simple misunderstanding, these informal procedures allowed the dean or chair of the relevant department to discuss the problem with the accused to try to resolve the matter collegially.

All this flexibility disappeared when the Arts College called its first meeting to discuss “the inadequacy of the procedures in the [Arts] College when faculty are accused of sexual harassment.” One of the sponsors of this move, along with then-Dean Chester, was then-Associate Dean Isaac Kramnick of the government department, long known as one of the more leftist voices on the campus. The influence of women’s studies was more pronounced within the small ad hoc committee, its representatives comprising half its members. The committee took upon itself, without being appointed or elected, the task of producing a draft of the Sexual Harassment Guidelines in 1991.

As the minutes of the relevant faculty meetings reveal, the principal protagonists of the proposed guidelines were Professors Isabel Hull and Mary Beth Norton, both of the history department and women’s studies program. The involvement of two historians in the development of procedures lacking such basic elements of due process as a statute of limitations, the right to face one’s accuser, the pre-

sumption of innocence, or an impartial jury of one’s peers have drawn the ire of more than one of their colleagues. “I was appalled that two historians familiar with the English Common Law and the United States Constitution would associate themselves with and help create such a procedure,” says Professor Emeritus Williams.

Yet even with such a strong feminist presence in the Ithaca community and the power of Cornell’s own women’s studies program, it is unlikely that the Arts College procedure with its secret locked box ever would have been accepted were it not for the canonization of sexual harassment. A product of radical feminist ideology, its basic tenet is that sexual harassment is so heinous a crime that it cannot be dealt within a normal legal context. (It is ironic that an ideology which has a core belief in “strong women” has as its corollary the notion that women are such frail creatures



Cornell Psychology Professor Jim Maas

whether sexual harassment has “occurred in a broad sense.” It is a procedure that holds the accusers immune to accountability, and, as Professor Rabkin says of the protected accusers, it amounts to nothing less than “having given these girls loaded guns.”

While one expects universities of Cornell’s stature to be in the vanguard of the sciences and the arts, its pioneering efforts in sexual harassment proceedings—which predate the Hill-Thomas hearings—are likely an accomplishment it could have done without.

The roots of the euphemistically labeled Professional Ethics Committee are much deeper than the first discussions over it in the late Eighties. Cornell’s blandishments to feminism go back much further. Generally regarded as the first university to offer a course in women’s studies in 1970, Cornell has flour-

that they will faint away at the slightest off-color comment and must be guarded with special legal protections.) The casuistry that led to the procedure were clear in Professor Isabel Hull’s comments at a faculty meeting in March 1991: “The ad hoc committee is leery of treating innocence as if it were an easy objective matter. If the actions of the accused were unintentional, the accused feels innocent. Yet, how does one judge a case where the accuser felt harassed?”

Although the university’s Office of Equal Opportunity had maintained informal policies for dealing with sexual harassment, this self-appointed group of feminists felt that the procedures did not give accusers enough control and began an end-run around the

where the accused professor chose early retirement before President Frank Rhodes could reach a decision on his fate. (Even so, *Heterodoxy* has learned that one member of the committee breached confidentiality when he was unable to resist sharing the lurid details of the case with his colleagues at a party.)

When it came time to administer the new sexual harassment guidelines in a murkier instance, however, their ideology and bias were fully unveiled.

Two years ago, psychology Professor Jim Maas was named the Stephen H. Weiss Presidential Fellow and cited for “the atmosphere of intimacy” he had created in his classroom. Today, Mass’ attempts to make Cornell “a

television specials on sleep, he has been honored with the Clark Distinguished Teaching Award at Cornell and the American Psychological Association’s Distinguished Teaching Award. Yet perhaps his greatest honor is the informal one bestowed upon him every fall by his students, 1,700 of whom turn out for his “Introduction to Psychology” lectures.

What has happened to Jim Maas this past year seems like a scene from the Salem witch trials. “In all my years as an academic and a lawyer, I have never encountered such a perverse and offensive adjudicatory mechanism as that which was employed to find Dr. Maas guilty of sexual harassment,” says Professor Faust Rossi of Cornell Law School. “Arts College faculty members who are subject to these same procedures should be afraid.” Professor Bruce Halpern, chair of the psychology department, would later state in a letter to the committee that in all his years with Maas he had never heard a single complaint of sexual harassment against him.

An affectionate and outgoing person, Professor Maas is in part a victim of his own naiveté and his assumption that his actions were exempt from the vindictive sexual harassment hysteria sweeping through the Cornell campus. An apolitical figure, Maas did not pay attention to the revolution taking place around him, nor did he take steps to confront it.

The ordeal of Jim Maas began late last spring when he was contacted by then Acting Senior Sexual Harassment Counselor Isaac Kramnick. Without informing Maas of the specific allegations against him or allowing him to adequately respond to the charges, Kramnick drafted a condemning letter to the Professional



ABOVE: Goldwin Smith Hall, Cornell University

Board of Trustees to create their own procedures. The ad hoc committee’s rationale was that “unfortunately public opinion at the University seems to demand special handling of such cases, if they are to be handled at all.”

In a meeting dominated by Cornell feminists, they established a draconian structure purged of all modern due process. When sexual harassment is suspected, charges are brought to one of the appointed Senior Sexual Harassment Counselors who will decide, with the complainant’s approval, whether to send the complaint on to the full Professional Ethics Committee. Composed of faculty members elected solely to handle allegations of sexual harassment, the PEC holds meetings whose findings become public only in cases where the recommended penalty is dismissal of the offending faculty member. As part of this procedure, the Senior Sexual Harassment Counselor goes to the locked box to see if there are any files on the offending professor. If there are, the counselor will contact the originators of these files to see if they want to join the action at hand as co-complainants.

These new procedures led Professor Howard Howland, who was present at their adoption, to comment, “Never, in my wildest imagination, did I ever think that my colleagues could ever propose or vote for such a thing.” Professor Rabkin adds, “The girls [who make accusations] are old enough to vote, live on their own, have abortions....We treat them in every way as mature adults, except when it come to making a charge that can ruin someone’s career and life....[We] give murderers much more procedural protection.”

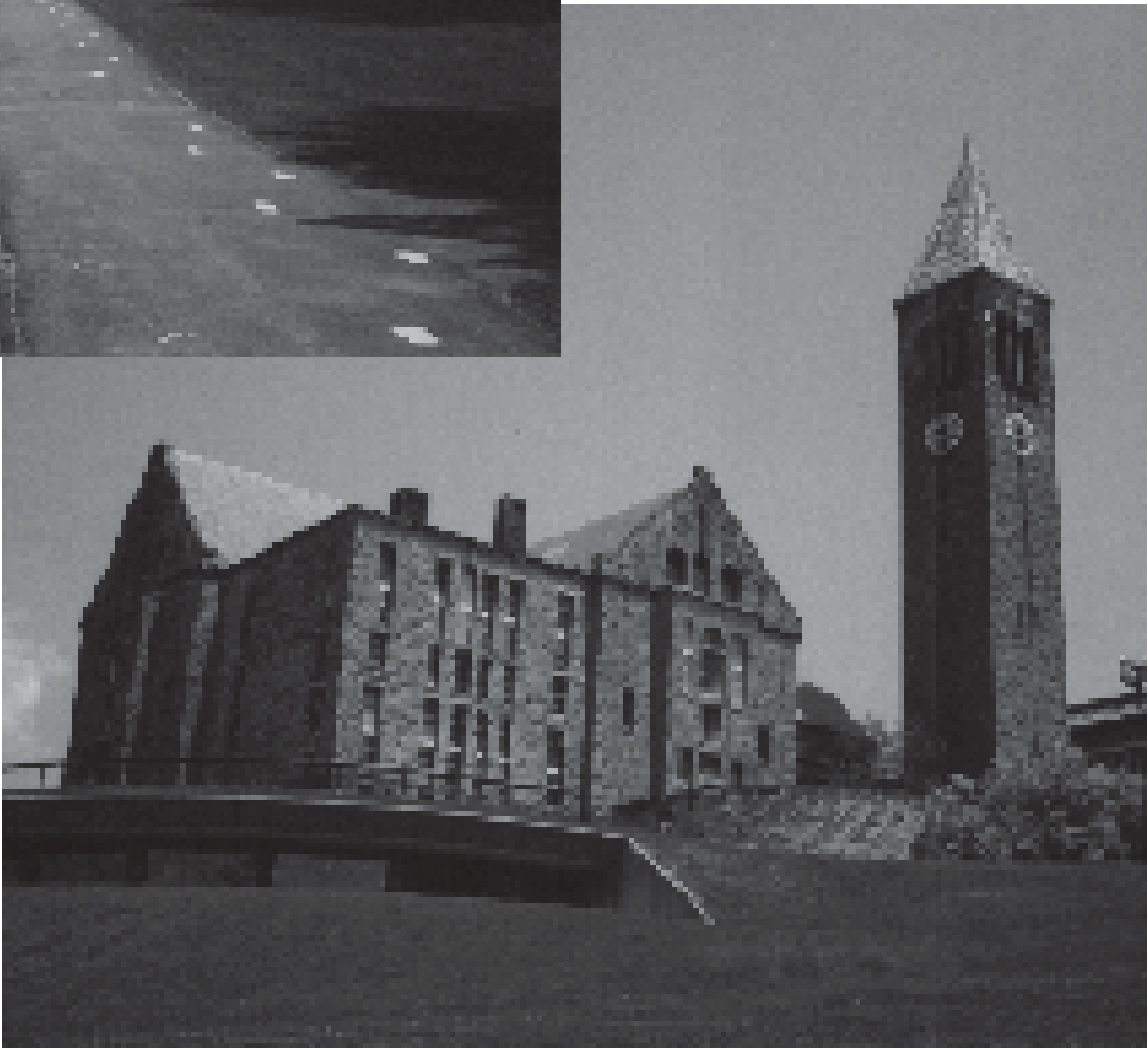
The first case to come before the Professional Ethics Committee did not raise many faculty eyebrows, because it involved a clear case of sexual quid pro quo

warmer and more caring place” have made him the latest casualty of feminist justice. This spring he was found “guilty” of sexual harassment against four former student members of his film crew by the Arts College Professional Ethics Committee. The charges and the attendant publicity, which reached the pages of *The New York Times*, came as a shock to Maas, but not as much of a shock as the procedure which ruined his reputation and derailed his career.

Widely regarded as one of Cornell’s premier professors, Maas has taught more than 40,000 students in his 31 years at the university. A leader in the field of sleep research and an award-winning producer of

Ethics Committee saying that he had determined Maas “was guilty [of sexual harassment] and must be sanctioned.”

Though Maas was never presented with a bill of particulars at any point during his hearing or his appeal, the crux of the charges brought by three former female students who had worked as members of his film crew (one of whom had also worked as his nanny) alleged that Maas had repeatedly hugged and kissed them, made suggestive remarks, and gave them expensive gifts. A fourth complainant made similar charges along with a more serious allegation that Maas had grabbed her breast on a film trip to Japan in 1987.



BELOW: Uris Library, Cornell University

Heterodoxy has learned, however, that the charges were not spontaneous but, in fact, the end result of a carefully conducted witch hunt by three of the complainants—the twin sisters who had worked for Maas on his film crew and his former nanny. According to sources who worked closely with the twins, they had become very involved in peer counseling on date rape and the Cornell campus Violence Against Women organization during their senior year. The twins were also enrolled in a course in human sexuality, a popular class within the College of Human Ecology whose professor teaches that sexual harassment, in addition to a specific act, can involve little more than a situation where one *feels* uncomfortable. “They just contrived it in their head to nail him,” says Erika Kindlund, one of the twins’ co-workers. “They were taking all these human sexuality courses [and] they wanted to have a cause, because that’s what they were studying.”

Never confronting Maas with any of their concerns directly, the twins continued to work on his film crew through graduation last May. Meanwhile, these eager young feminists, according to sources familiar with actual events, were meeting with a small group of faculty members in the College of Human Ecology about their situation. Rather than counseling the twins to confront Maas with their discomfort, these professors advised them to begin to take notes on Maas’ behavior and document any “inappropriate” remarks or actions. “I am definitely for women’s rights and for making sure that people do not abuse their power,” says Kindlund, “but the girls were over 18....They were constantly writing things down....They were totally trying to entrap him.”

The twins were not content simply to pursue their own allegations. While still working for Professor Maas, they began to search for others to join their crusade. Soon, they were referred to the nanny who, along with her boyfriend, began to contact former employees, graduate students, and previous film crews—going back, in some cases, 20 years—looking for other complainants willing to join them. Later on, when Arts College Dean Don Randel was asked if there were any limitations on how far back charges could originate, he said, “I don’t think it was aim of the framers of the procedures that someone could come with a charge from 20 years ago.” But that is exactly how far back Maas’ accusers searched, and out of all the people contacted they were able to find only one additional complainant—from 1987.

Late last spring, the Arts’ locked box was searched for charges against Professor Maas. Nothing was found, yet in the eyes of the nanny and the twins, all of Maas’ former students were a metaphoric locked box in their search for other “victims.”

Unlike the twins, who were simply employed on Maas’ film crew, the third complainant not only worked on the crew but had also traveled extensively with Maas’ family. Upon her graduation, the former nanny wrote to Maas, “Jim, I can’t thank you enough for everything you have done (and continue to do) for me over the years. You have made my Cornell experience an invaluable treasure. Knowing that you will always be a source of encouragement and support for me is the only thing that makes leaving Cornell bearable....I am especially flattered to have been ‘adopted’ by you, Nancy and the boys. You are such a special family and I am thrilled that I have gotten to know you all so well.”

A co-worker of the nanny told *Heterodoxy*, “How she got from where she was to where she is anyone’s guess.” A letter from the nanny’s social worker, introduced the last day of testimony, sheds new light on the matter. After repeated sessions, the therapist reported that she attributed the nanny’s low self-esteem to Professor Maas’ actions and had determined these actions to be a form of sexual harassment—and helped her “remember” them as such.

As to why complainants should be allowed to file charges at any date, even after they have left Cornell, Philosophy Professor David Lyons (the appointed Senior Sexual Harassment Counselor and a member of the original committee that drafted the guidelines) replies, “There is no point at which a complainant is not vulnerable” to retaliation. Neither Lyons nor the other Senior Sexual Harassment Counselors made any attempt to settle the Maas case through mediation, according to sources familiar with the investigation. Indeed, under Lyons’ supervision, the process began to accelerate.

One of the most egregious violations of due process came early in fall 1994, when the four complainants were advised by Senior Sexual Harassment Counselor to reword their charges to make them “more focused.” In the original complaint by the student who had been his nanny, for instance, she stated that she was unsure if Maas was guilty of sexual harassment or simply being affectionate. A second complainant, *Heterodoxy* has learned, also originally stated that she didn’t want Maas disciplined, but rather that he just stop his overfriendliness. By the time her charges were “refocused,” such ambiguities had been replaced with calls for his dismissal.

Sexual Harassment Counselor Lyons’ final indictment to the committee in November declared that “Sexual harassment has been established beyond a reasonable doubt. As it includes not only a pattern of harassment, but at least one instance of sexual assault, dismissal would seem appropriate.” Working with an already stacked deck, the Professional Ethics Committee decided to go one step further and revise its own rules. Originally, its rules stated that both the complainant and the accused may be “represented by a friendly advisor and/or advised by legal counsel.”

But under rules created for Maas’ case, the new interpretation—never approved by the Arts faculty—stated that “the friendly advisor may not be a lawyer,” nor may lawyers participate in the hearings. When Maas selected Professor Faust Rossi of the Cornell Law School to be his friendly advisor, he was promptly informed that Rossi was “too much of an expert and might upset the complainants.”

Professor Rossi was eventually allowed to be present at the hearing but was required to remain silent. Three of Maas’ accusers, however, were at various times represented by many of the Sexual Harassment Guidelines’ architects. As for the Professional Ethics Committee itself, without a mechanism to challenge the impartiality of members, its impartiality, although questionable, remained stacked and intact. Says one professor, “This was not a jury of his peers, it was a jury of his enemies.”

After the hearing began, things went from bad to worse. Witnesses for Maas report that they faced abusive treatment not only at the hands of the complainants’ friendly advisors but also under questioning by Sexual Harassment Counselor Lyons and from the committee itself. Without any defined rules of evidence or bounds of relevancy—and a committee chairman who repeatedly declared, “we have to make up the rules as we go along”—witnesses report that no question, no matter how extraneous, was excluded, nor was any of their testimony sworn. “They just said ‘tell us what you think,’” reports Kindlund, who testified on behalf of Maas. “Because I was supporting him, they were trying to characterize me as someone who would not know what sexual harassment was....They had made up their mind before I even sat down, and they wanted me to say something to corroborate their beliefs and when I didn’t that’s when they started to harass me.”

Other witnesses who testified before the committee corroborate Kindlund’s account of hostile treatment. “It was not objective questioning,” says one of them who asked not to be named. “The overall feel of the committee’s questions was more insinuating than ‘can you tell us what happened?’ It was as if there was some ulterior motive.”

Other co-workers flatly denied allegations made by the complainants to which they were supposed eye-witnesses. “[They were] not simply distortions of the truth, but rather flat out lies,” wrote Sonya Olshan in a letter to the editor of the *Sun*. “It seemed like they were making it up as they went along,” said Brian Schilling, another witness before the committee. Asked to answer questions such as “Do you think women have a generally harder time in the business world than men?” Schilling quickly concluded that what he was part of was “a high-brow inquisition,” although Professor Lyons would insist that the committee had “bent over backwards” on behalf of the accused.

Throughout six days of testimony, Maas was denied a specific list of the charges against him, a statement of the burden of proof, and his Sixth Amendment right to face his accusers as they testified against him—instead, he was forced to listen to their testimony through headphones in a separate room. “The Moscow show trials were more public than this,” says Professor Rabkin. “They at least said the charges and verdict and evidence against the accused.”

Comprised of four women and two men, the

Professional Ethics Committee found Maas guilty. The PEC report found that Maas “repeatedly behaved both unprofessionally and inappropriately in his relationship with three students and that in effect this behavior constituted sexual harassment....With respect to one of the complainants, we find that Professor Maas committed harassment of a more manifestly sexual and egregious sort.” What this last egregious act involved is unknown, since elsewhere in the report the committee stated its doubts regarding the alleged breast-grabbing incident. And, contrary to the recommendation of Professor Lyons, the committee did not ask for Maas’ dismissal but rather asked that “he should be admonished against kissing, hugging, or otherwise touching any undergraduate student” and that he be stripped of his Weiss Fellowship.

Following the committee’s decision, Maas appealed to Dean Randel, who, with some minor adjustments in Maas’ favor, approved the committee’s findings. Maas has since initiated his final appeal to University Provost Malden Nesheim. With no time limit on his actions, the provost has not issued a final verdict yet, but one should come soon since Nesheim is scheduled to retire in July.

Although the proceedings were supposed to remain confidential, nearly all relevant documents were eventually leaked to *The Cornell Daily Sun*. According to one *Sun* reporter who wished to remain anonymous, “the women were not satisfied with [the] judgment at the original hearing” and began leaking documents to the *Sun* within days after the committee’s ruling in December. Thus, Jim Maas’ private ordeal became a public hell.

Soon after the *Sun* story broke in January of this year, the one-sided presentation of facts was quickly parroted by the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, *The New York Times*, and *Time* magazine among others. Unlike the complainants, who have all since graduated from Cornell, Maas is still bound by the confidentiality of the proceedings and cannot adequately defend himself without breaking his oath. Facing possible sanctions, he has remained silent, and so has the university administration, refusing to correct the highly inflammatory leaks or take any preventative steps to limit document distribution.

As the academic year comes to a close at Cornell, students prepare for graduation and summer jobs, President Frank Rhodes and Provost Malden Nesheim are preparing for retirement, and the *Sun* has shut down for the summer, its Maas exclusive now a national story. Professor Maas waits—not just for justice, but for something to validate his faith in the institution to which he has dedicated more than 30 years of his life.

Over the last three decades, college campuses have become locked boxes unto themselves, sanctuaries where facts are only as permanent as the latest trend in academic interpretation. Yet in the wake of the Maas affair there has been a stirring among the normally placid faculty. Unsolicited letters critical of the Arts College procedure have poured into the president’s office, some from authors with a significant amount of clout. Cornell Law Professor Robert Summers, for instance, a noted expert in administrative law, wrote: “The rules and procedures are unfair, and do not sufficiently secure that the innocent will be found innocent, and that the guilty will be found guilty. Indeed, in my view the rules and procedures fall well below minimum standards of due process. I also believe that convictions under them would not survive in a court of law.”

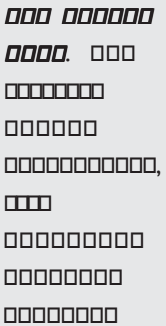
Criticism has also come from within the university’s own judicial system itself in the form of a confidential independent report by the university ombudsmen, stating, “We were appalled at the wildfire-like spread of information and the release of committee documents at its conclusion....An absolute commitment to abide by the rules of confidentiality should be obtained from all participants.”

Other parts of the Cornell campus have reacted more indirectly, with caution and self-protection. Professors now routinely hold conferences with female students with their office doors open. And, in a gesture reminiscent of the symbolism necessary to make a statement in the former Eastern Bloc, the theater arts department has already scheduled performances of David Mamet’s *Oleanna* and Shakespeare’s *Measure for Measure*, with symposia to follow.

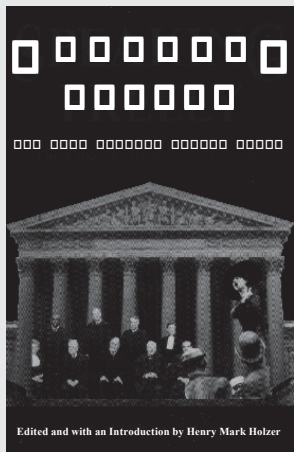
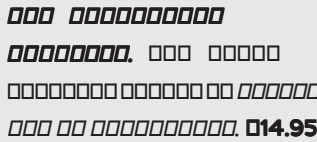
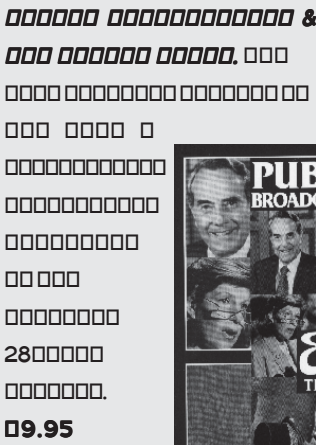
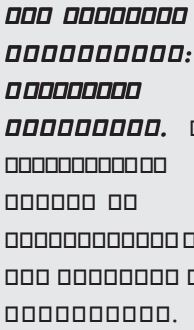
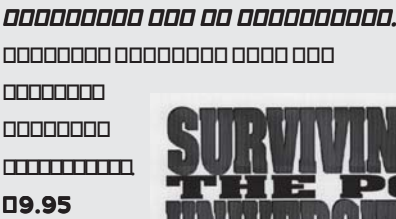
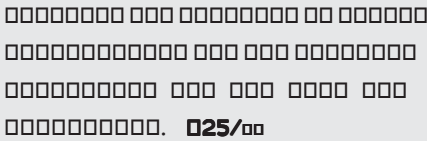
—Craig L. Hymowitz

Craig Hymowitz is a fellow with the Investigative Journalism Project of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture and a graduate of Cornell University.





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Affirmative action, continued from page 1

Class-based affirmative action is the last great hope, the intellectual equivalent of glasnost, which will give an inhumane idea a human face. One of the prophets of this most desperate fallback position is Richard Kahlenberg, who expounded on the idea of “class, not race” in a recent article in *The New Republic*. Kahlenberg is the Ira Magaziner of affirmative action. Where others see only a bad idea in its death throes, he sees instead a heaven-sent opportunity for even more brilliance and bravura in social engineering. Having to define “native American” is daunting enough for most of us, but Kahlenberg looks forward to defining “socially disadvantaged,” although neither he nor anyone else will be able to answer Michael Kinsley’s flippant query of who will be more deserving under this new dispensation, the shopkeeper’s son or the coal miner’s daughter?

Kahlenberg suggests that we have a splendidly complex formulae that factors in present individual and family wealth, including income, educational history, and occupation, to which schools add “disadvantage factors” of family structure and neighborhood ranking. At this point, either you have an instinct for how ridiculous and unworkable this Rube Goldberg-type machinery is, or you don’t. If you do, then people who are devoid of that instinct—like Kahlenberg and Magaziner—will profoundly disturb you. Instead of grasping the enormity of the task of extending governmental control and micro-management of human life into new areas of social policy—a task that makes the DNA sequencing of the Human Genome Project look simple by comparison—they positively salivate over these new vistas in human experimentation. Kahlenberg insists that in class-based affirmative action there is a chance to solve “class unfairness”—every leftist’s dream—but he doesn’t acknowledge that this is a dream that does not remember yesterday’s nightmares.

The irony is that if class-based affirmative action were ever introduced, it too would return like a homing pigeon to the same place that every other affirmative action measure has always returned. It would become a surrogate for racial quotas. I am reminded of the consent decree that UC-Berkeley’s law school signed with the federal government after it had been found guilty of operating an illegal racial quota system for admissions. In the decree, the school promised that it would no longer keep separate applicant lists for white and minority applicants. But law school Dean Herma Kay immediately announced that it would make no difference—the racial composition of the entering class for the following fall would be exactly what it had been before the federal government complained. Minorities would now be on the same list as whites, but the prearranged proportions of those selected would be the same.

I can imagine Dean Kay making a similar announcement after Kahlenberg’s utopia is in place: class-based or race-based, it makes no difference because all minorities will automatically qualify as socially disadvantaged, and the upcoming entering class will look exactly like its predecessor did with overtly cooked books. Class-based affirmative action may begin with the best of intentions, but it will quickly become entangled in the web of deceit that has always characterized these policies.

(Incidentally, what about Dean Kay as a “role model”? No, I don’t mean as the only woman dean of the top ten law schools, as she recently boasted on the *McNeil-Lehrer News Hour*. I mean as a law school dean who evidently has complete contempt for the law. To my knowledge, none of the distinguished members of Berkeley’s law school called for Kay’s dismissal as an embarrassment to the school after she made the comments cited above, but then they must all have understood perfectly well among themselves that quotas were illegal long before the feds sued.)

The deeper problem with this new enthusiasm for class-based affirmative action is that it is based on only the most superficial analysis of why affirmative action failed in the first place. (Kahlenberg thinks that the problem with race-based affirmative action is that it “exacerbated white racism,” which is scapegoating with a vengeance.) That analysis ignores the two most fundamental problems of affirmative action, which cause enormous damage both to minorities and, more generally, to the framework of the society in which we all live.

To the first of these problems. Affirmative action treats promotions or college admissions as simply goodies to be handed out. In the materialist’s world, this may be all that they are. But most of us would agree that these milestones are stages in an individual’s development, and this arbitrary intervention seriously disrupts the normal process of growing and maturing. An application is the end product of a struggle to achieve mastery and self-preparation for the next stage. This is a messy process involving trial and error, failure and redoubling of effort, self-doubt

followed by developing confidence, challenges faced and overcome, followed by new and greater challenges, walls and breakthroughs, praise from others as well as dressing down, moments of complacency corrected by others of panic. But this school of hard knocks is how people grow—and it is the only way they grow.



Berkeley Law School Dean Herma Kay

The truly damaging thing about affirmative action is that it circumvents the growth that must take place at one level by shoving people along with artificial and unearned speed so that they miss stages in their natural development. This does not help them, and it can harm and even destroy them.

Consider a formerly popular practice—allowing bright kids to skip a grade. Doubts about the personal disorientation that resulted have now made it far less popular than it once was. And yet, the kids involved were at least so exceptional that they could often meet the challenge. Consider now what would happen if you told an average group of kids to skip a grade. Predictably, things would go very badly for them. But that is what has been happening routinely to minority kids: They have been told in effect to skip a grade in their growth pattern. In some cases, kids with 900 SAT scores have been shoved clean through intervening stages in their development into institutions where most other students must have scores that are nearly half again as high. Could anything be more destructive? No wonder the dropout rate for black college students is around 70 percent—rates that are almost surely understated because of the reluctance of white liberal academics to face the consequences of their actions. Like the paper Soviet empire, this reluctance will continue until the whole structure collapses under the weight of reality.

These dismal graduation rates have nothing to do with the innate abilities of black students. It does have everything to do with their victimization by people who thoughtlessly disrupt the pattern of their development and then shut their eyes to the damage they have done. Whether class-based or race-based, an affirmative action system will wreak the same havoc. The damage done by this artificial intervention in people’s lives will be the same. It is not enough to say that some can survive this mistreatment and manage to graduate. Many more would have gone much farther if left to develop at their natural speed without the demoralizing effects of a failure and humiliation not of their own making.

The terms of the debate on this matter always leave me dissatisfied. Some critics charge that affirmative action is bad because it stigmatizes its alleged beneficiaries. Maybe, but that’s the least of the harm that it does. If people do a good job after an artificial promotion, the stigma will soon be forgotten. Michael Douglas—the son of Kirk Douglas—may have gotten his first chance as an actor because of his family connections, but he soon outgrew any suspicions about his acting ability. The problem is not the stigma but the underlying reality.

An equally fruitless argument compares affirmative action to preferential admissions for the children of rich alumni. But does the fact that the rich carelessly interfere with their kids’ motivation to grow mean that it’s OK to do it to black kids who have far less going for them? In any case, the sheer size, pervasiveness, and social harm of affirmative action dwarfs the effects of alumni children admissions, and there is a huge difference between an admissions loophole for

kids on a free ride and students ill-equipped for more challenging environments.

The worst argument of all is the “role model” argument. If all blacks are artificially moved ahead, so goes the argument, then it is inevitable that the average work situation will have a white side by side with a less well-prepared black. Some role models! In their attempt to legislate equality by fiat the social tinkers have only produced an artificial impression of inequality and incompetence.

The second disastrous side effect of affirmative action is its pernicious effect on the values that our society is based upon, and the institutions that embody those values. For example, affirmative action asks that we make exceptions to the principle that everyone should be treated on his or her individual merits. But you cannot compromise this fundamentally democratic principle, which guarantees fairness and justice for everyone, and then expect that the principle itself will not be weakened. Great moral principles must be absolute if they are to maintain their force. It’s no use saying to someone “be fair most of the time” or “don’t steal (or kill) too often.” Those principles work through their absolute authority and the awe they inspire. If you promise to be truthful most of the time, then you don’t ever need to be truthful on any particular occasion. Truthfulness ceases to exist in such a relativistic melange. Similarly, carving out a limited exception to the principle that everyone should be treated the same regardless of race, color, or sex does fundamental damage to the principle itself. Such situational casuistry in the name of political expedience is why weak versions of affirmative action (like “aggressive outreach” in recruiting) necessarily degenerate into outright racial preferences, and eventually quotas. Once you take one bite out of the principle of “equal” treatment so construed, the next is easier—the multiethnic rainbow must be monitored using some form of quota, time table, or set-aside program.

We trivialize what is at stake here if we think of affirmative action as a “meritocratic” system, as if there were something a bit suspect about the most able among us always getting the lion’s share of everything. What is at stake is a humane system of rule by law where everyone is treated decently and fairly as opposed to one ruled by tribalism, opportunism, and group think—with resentment and social strife the ineluctable consequence. The crucial notion of the common good (one that is even more crucial and fragile in a multiethnic society lurching toward divisive multiculturalism) evaporates under the pressure of racial politics and a system of racial spoils. Tribalism eventually trumps every other value it opposes. How else can one explain the flagrant dishonesty of formerly honorable people about whether or not UC-Berkeley is running a quota system?

Standards at great academic institutions are being dumbed down everywhere, and large numbers of students are admitted to institutions of higher learning only to do remedial high school work once they matriculate. Sadly, both the system of values and the institutions that are being crushed under this complex ideological apparatus and its Soviet-style propaganda machine are precisely what is needed to open up opportunity for bright underprivileged kids. For them, opportunity has always depended on excellence in such institutions as public schools and public libraries. And that excellence is what is being destroyed by affirmative action. The only real winner here is the fringe radical politics of a small group of disaffected white middle-class misfits who have always gravitated to college campuses. This formerly powerless minority now has a large constituency of disoriented and demoralized victims to prey upon. This self-interested relationship explains why, like Marxists talking about the Soviet debacle, they never veer from “correct” thinking even in the face of their own failures. For the rest of us, it is an unimaginable catastrophe to inflame race relations by handing so vulnerable a group over to them.

Minority advocates of affirmative action argue that after hundreds of years of appalling discrimination against blacks, whites should not complain if they have to suffer a few decades of reverse discrimination. This argument has always seemed to beg the question. If that were all there was to the situation, I would wholeheartedly agree. Unfortunately, affirmative action does not remedy the problem of a legacy of discrimination—it compounds it.

Social programs that create their own constituencies are generally almost impossible to dismantle, but in the particular case of affirmative action doubts have grown into a consensus so solid and widespread that now for once we could dismantle a failed policy and begin to reverse the damage it has done. What a tragedy it would be if a proposal like class-based affirmative action, which merely tinkers with details while doing nothing about more real and devastating problems, were to allow this window of opportunity to be lost.



Onward Christian Soldier
Politically Incorrect: The Emerging Faith Factor in American Politics, by Ralph Reed, Dallas: Word Publishing, 1994, 312 pages, \$20.00

Disciples & Democracy: Religious Conservatives and the Future of American Politics, edited by Michael Cromartie, forward by Irving Kristol, Washington, D.C.: Ethics & Public Policy Center, 1994, 312 pages, \$13.00

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE JARVIK

have possibly received. For not only did Reed predict what he called the “Coming Political Earthquake,” he also helped make it happen in his role as executive director of the Christian Coalition. He showed that evangelical Christians could be to the Republican Party what labor unions have been to the Democrats. They could do the heavy lifting, the grunt-work, the thousand tasks that are part of any election campaign. In many ways, Christians are the grassroots to which so many liberal pundits pay lip service. They register people to vote, distribute election guides, and get the faithful to the polls on election day.

Politically Incorrect explains precisely why Christians have been energized into political activism and how their efforts have helped to transform the Republican Party into what is now the majority party in the House and Senate. Michael Cromartie’s edited volume *Disciples & Democracy* is a valuable companion volume not only because it contains an insightful essay by Reed, which

was obviously the origin of his book, but also for responses from Washington pundits like Fred Barnes of *The New Republic*, E.J. Dionne of *The Washington Post*, and Michael Barone of *U.S. News and World Report*. These commentaries show just how serious, sophisticated, and powerful a political movement evangelical Christianity has become. As Irving Kristol notes in his introductory remarks to the Cromartie volume, “The influx of the religious conservatives into American politics is analogous to the influx of European immigrants into our urban centers between 1870 and 1914.” It is a human wave that will leave the political landscape comparably transformed.

Love him or hate him, Ralph Reed’s story has the outlines of a

metaphorical American life. He planned a career in the academy teaching history and was, in fact, still in graduate school at Emory University in Atlanta when Pat Robertson asked him to establish the organization that was to become the Christian Coalition. (“Congratulations,” Robertson told him, “You have no office, no money, and no staff. Welcome aboard!”) With \$3,000 in seed money, Reed began to organize efforts to fill what he called (quoting Pascal) “the God-shaped vacuum in every person’s soul.”

His own experience as a political operative with the College Republicans in Washington led Reed to the conclusion that “the pursuit of power is an empty and unsatisfying exercise without a moral compass to guide one’s journey.” He was determined to bring a Christian perspective to bear on the political issues of the day, recalling the parable of Christ turning water into wine in order to meet the needs of a wedding party at Cana. “The purpose of political activity,” says Reed, is to “witness to His mercy and goodness in a lost and hurting world.”

It is, to say the least, a different approach to politics from that which guides the typical PAC. Reed believes that moral renewal is a necessary basis for any legislative or political transformation. To reduce crime, families must be respected, children must honor their parents, neighbors must help one another, and, above all, life must be respected. Such thinking might once have seemed retrograde, but today’s events make them seem almost visionary. (As Reed puts it, “Religious conservatives want to move forward, not backward.”)

This book contains some muscular Christianity. Several chapters show how the mainstream media have demonized, marginalized, and silenced the faithful. Reed debunks the crude caricatures of Christians found on the networks as “the new Amos and Andy.” He cleverly turns the Marxist analysis of what Italian Communist Party boss Antonio Gramsci labeled “cultural hegemony” back onto the Ivy League elite themselves, hoisting the politically correct media and universities on their own petard.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is Reed’s explanation of why America is a Christian nation. He introduces the topic with the story of his 1992 debate in Oregon with John Frohnmayer, who was at the time chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. An arts advocate in the audience challenged Reed’s vocal objections to NEA-funded pornography and attacks on religion, asking, “What about the separation of church and state?”

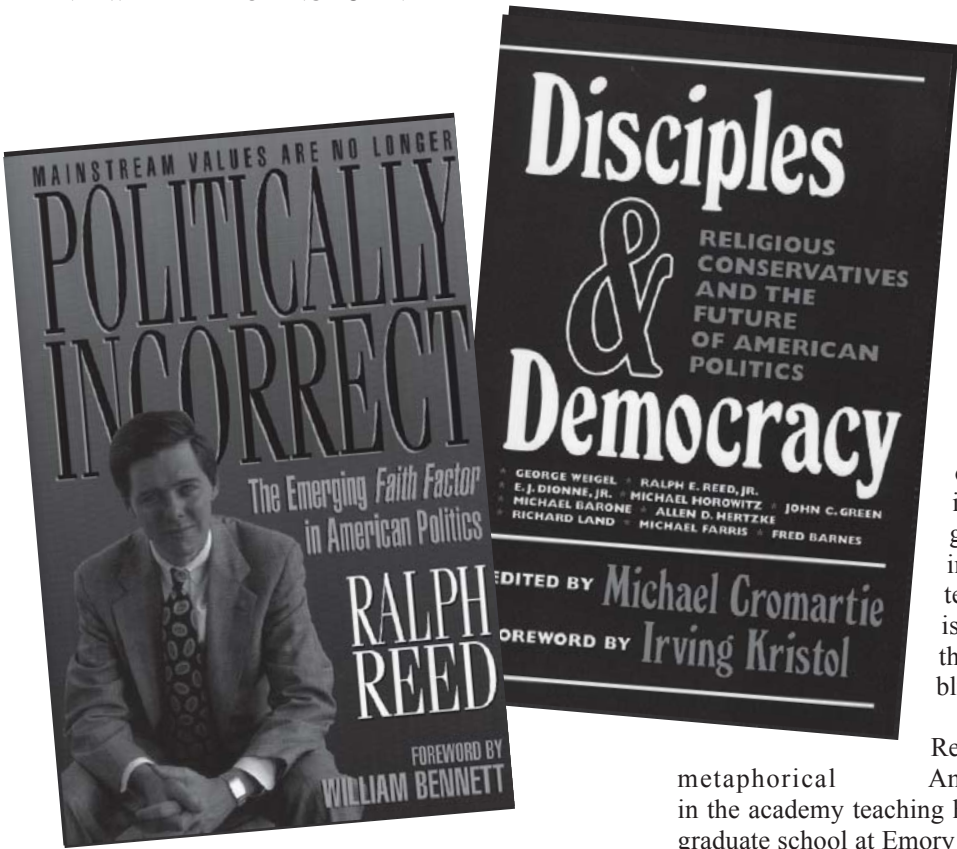
“What good is religious liberty, I asked, if it can only be practiced behind stained-glass windows on Sunday? If one desires to pass a law to prohibit people of faith from engaging in political action based on their beliefs, one would need to take a knife to our history books and cut out the pages on the antislavery crusade, the temperance movement, the women’s movement, the civil rights struggle, and the anti-Vietnam war protests. All these social movements flowered in their day because religious people believed that the ideas of right and wrong they found in the Bible should be reflected in our laws.”

Reed’s most telling quote in this regard is not from Abraham Lincoln, Harry Truman, Martin Luther King Jr., or even Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It is from liberal Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, in his 1952 *Zorach v. Clauson* decision: “We are a religious people whose system of government supposes a Supreme Being.”

Reed concludes his volume with a reminder to Christians not to be righteous overmuch and to lead by example: “‘Keep your behavior excellent among the Gentiles,’ urged the apostle Peter, ‘so that in the thing in which they slander you as evildoers, they may on account of your good deeds, as they may observe them, glorify God in the day of visitation.’ Good deeds speak louder than words about our commitment to building a caring society.”

Politically Incorrect is worth reading for the insight it gives into the philosophy of a movement whose influence in our society is on the rise. It also introduces the reader to a young man who could acquire a political clout that might well last for a generation.

Laurence Jarvik is editor of COMINT, a journal covering government funding of arts and entertainment published by the Center for the Study of Popular Culture.



The furor caused by Ralph Reed’s recent Contract with the American Family shows how far he has brought the Christian Coalition. The days are long gone when the coalition could be dismissed as Pat Robertson’s cynical creation. Reed has single-handedly made the coalition a mainstream organization, and even enemies in the pro-abortion movement have a grudging admiration for its youthful leader whose recent coup in announcing his contract makes his book *Politically Incorrect* worth another look.

Actually, the Republican victory in last year’s mid-term elections was the best book review Ralph Reed could

HETERODOXY
ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES

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Auto Mechanic Fighting Charges of Animal Cruelty

By Judith Schumann Weizner

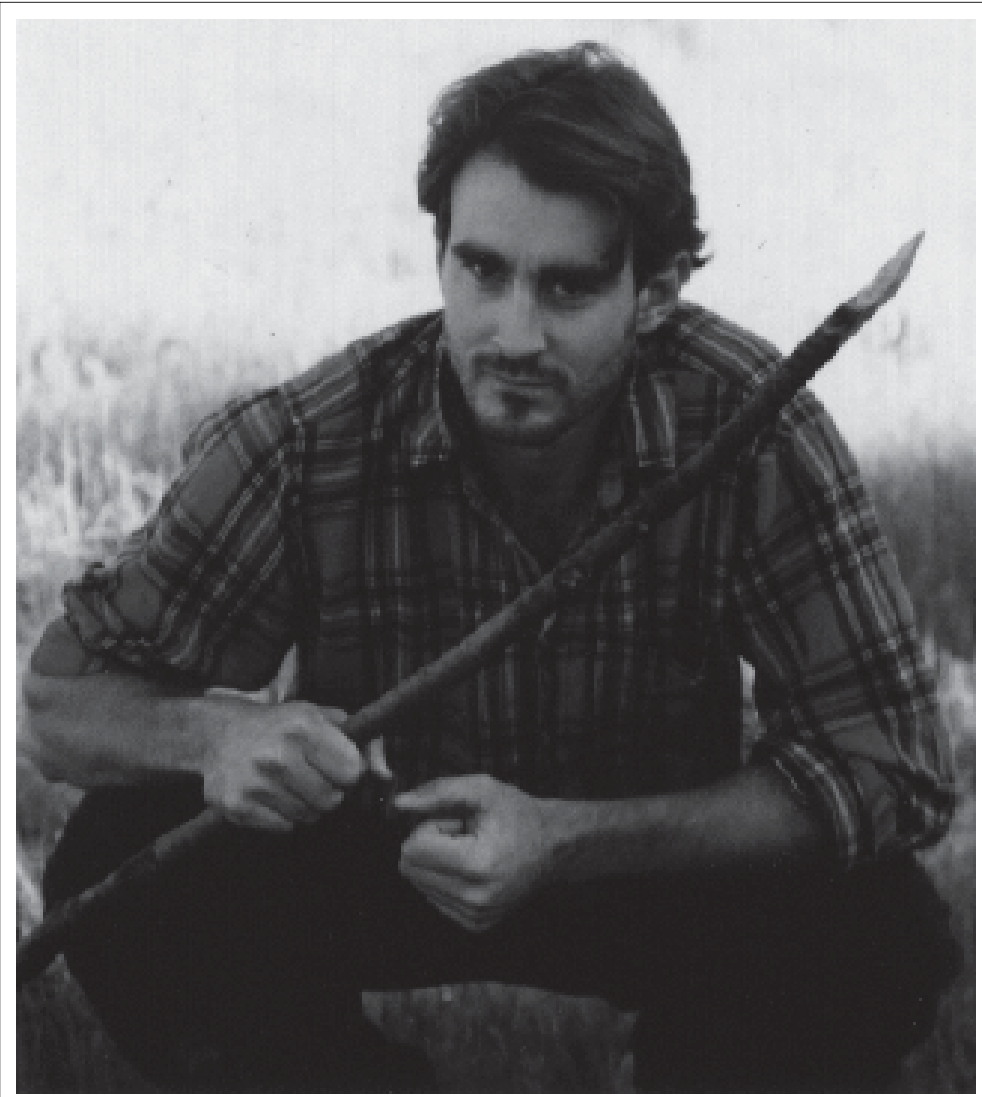
Jake Landon, a 42-year-old auto mechanic lost in the Adirondack mountains for 21 days last spring when his truck slid off a winding road deep in the woods, went on trial today on charges of aggravated extreme cruelty to animals.

Mr. Landon, whose disappearance gripped the imagination of millions who prayed for his safe return, arrived at the Beaverton County Courthouse this morning to defend himself against multiple counts of aggravated cruelty to animals, a class-A felony. Each count carries a mandatory sentence of nine years without parole.

Mr. Landon's story began late one night last April when his pickup truck skidded on a muddy road and slid into a ravine, where he lay unconscious for one or possibly two days, apparently having struck his head on the windshield. He awoke with no recollection of who he was and no idea as to why he was where he was. Dragging a severely injured right foot, he wandered about for the next three weeks, huddling at night in shelters made of pine boughs, surviving on fish caught with a pointed stick in the region's crystalline streams. Having been soaked while fishing, he developed pneumonia and, in a febrile dream, came up with a way to trap squirrels, which he could then kill by shoving his laboriously sharpened stick through their hearts. His device worked, and he found himself with an ample supply of meat, which he cooked over an open fire started by using one lens of his eyeglasses to focus the sun's rays.

On the 21st day of this ordeal, Mr. Landon stumbled into a road, where he collapsed. He was found by two men now believed to be escapees from the Upstate Correctional Facility who, upon learning that he had no money, stole his eyeglasses and the sharpened stick. Mr. Landon recalled that, as they walked away, one of them made a remark indicating the direction of the nearest settlement. Grateful for their assistance, he refuses to this day to answer any questions that might aid in their apprehension.

Upon reaching civilization, he spent 12 days in the hospital recovering from exposure and underwent a series of operations to repair his damaged foot. He still receives counseling for recurring nightmares and suffers from occasional bouts of amnesia pertaining to events prior to the accident. Thus far he has been unable to return to work.



Jake Landon

Mr. Landon's remarkable story appeared in the *Reader's Digest* and was the subject of the made-for-TV movie, *Alone in the Woods Without a Clue: The Jake Landon Story*. Following the publication of this real-life adventure, Humans for the Sensitive Treatment of Animals (HuSTA) pressed to have the State of New York bring charges of extreme cruelty to animals with special circumstances against him, specifying the known deaths of at least 10 squirrels and an indeterminate number of fish.

The state is expected to pursue a two-pronged attack, arguing first that the number of animals Mr. Landon killed was unnecessarily large, owing to the fact that by moving about he elevated his caloric requirements; had he conserved his energy and waited for rescuers to find him, he would not have needed more than one small fish and a few berries each day.

Arguments supporting the aggravated cruelty charge are expected to center around Mr. Landon's repeated use of the same pointed stick. Studies by scientists from the

Federal Animal Protection Bureau have demonstrated that once a weapon has been used to kill or injure an animal, other animals will sense it and experience terror if they find themselves in proximity to the weapon. (The concept of pre-death terror has been used successfully in suits stemming from airline disasters. This marks the first time it will be applied to deaths by other causes. If the court accepts the argument and it holds up on appeal, it will almost certainly be used routinely as an aggravating factor in the killing of human beings.)

One of the major difficulties facing the prosecution was the challenge of finding 12 people who had neither seen *Alone in the Woods Without a Clue* nor read the story on which it is based. Since the case has received such widespread publicity, the entire jury pool was sequestered at the start of jury selection four months ago. Yesterday, both sides finally agreed on a jury of seven women and five men with one male and one female alternate.

As Mr. Landon is unable to afford an attorney and is reluctant to entrust his fate to a public defender, he has received the court's permission to act *pro se*. It is rumored that he will seek permission to show *Alone in the Woods* in lieu of an opening statement on the grounds that, as there are many details of which he has no independent recollection, the film can provide the jury with the background against which his

actions should be judged.

He will, of course, argue that his killing of squirrels should not render him open to charges of extreme cruelty, having been undertaken only as a last resort to keep himself from starving to death after he had exhausted all other possibilities of feeding himself. He will no doubt cite the only relevant case to date, *State of Pennsylvania v. Gattino*, in which that state's court ruled that three children under the age of eight who subsisted on cat food when left unattended by their parents for three weeks had acted only to save their own lives and could not be jailed for having microwaved their cat when it fought them for its food. Since the children were tried as adults, *Gattino* could be construed to apply.

Whether or not Mr. Landon succeeds in getting himself acquitted of the cruelty charges, he still faces a third-degree charge of failure to wear a seat belt and 21 federal charges of setting fires at unapproved sites on state lands.



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