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THE AGE OF WHITE GUILT • FOCUS ON DIVERSITY • SEX & THE CITY

The Portland Spectator

FEBRUARY 2003



Why Greed is Good

MISSION STATEMENT

The purpose of the Portland Spectator is to provide the students, faculty, and staff with the alternative viewpoint to the left-wing mentality forced upon all at Portland State University. The Portland Spectator is concerned with the defense and advancement of the ideals under which our great Republic was founded. Our viewpoint originates from the following principles:

Individual Liberty

Limited Government

Free Market Economy and Free Trade

The Rule of Law

The Portland Spectator is published by the Portland State University Publication Board; and is staffed solely by volunteer editors and writers. The Portland Spectator is funded through incidental student fees, advertisement revenue, and private donations. Our aim is to show that a conservative philosophy is the proper way to approach issues of common concern. In general the staff of the Portland Spectator share beliefs in the following:

- We believe that the academic environment should become again an open forum, where there is a chance for rational and prudent arguments to be heard. The current environment of political correctness, political fundamentalism and mob mentality stifle genuine political debate.
- We support high academic standards.
- We believe that each student should be judged solely on his/her merits.
- We oppose the special or preferential treatment of any one person or group.
- We believe in an open, fair and small student government.
- We believe that equal treatment yields inequality inherent in our human nature.
- We oppose unequal treatment in order to yield equality, for this violates any principle of justice that can maintain a free and civilized society.
- We oppose the welfare state that either benefits individuals, groups or corporations. The welfare state in the long run creates more poverty, dependency, social and economic decline.
- We believe in Capitalism, and that the sole role of government in economic matters is to provide the institutional arrangements that allow capitalism to flourish.
- We do not hate the rich; we do not idolize the poor.
- We believe in an activist U.S. foreign policy that seeks to promote and establish freedom, political and economic, all around the world.
- We believe, most importantly, in the necessity of patriotic duty consistent with the preservation and advancement of our Republic.

**The
Portland
Spectator**

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The Portland Spectator accepts letters to the editor and commentaries from students, faculty and staff at the Portland State University. Please limit your letters to 300 words.

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Sex & the City

Are the women of Sex and the City examples of liberation or simply manifestations of a male wet dream?

BY S. J. CAMPBELL

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PARENTHESIS

The before crime arrest

Virginia- Fairfax County police recently arrested nine people charged with "public drunkenness," in what officials describe as an operation to discourage crime before it occurs. Were those targeted running amuck on the streets or slouching behind the wheel of a car? No, those forced to prove their sobriety were patrons in privately owned bars, most of which were seated quietly, enjoying drinks.

Moral relativism down under

North Queensland, Australia- According to a 15 year old girl, an Aboriginal man by the name of Jackie Pascoe Jamilmira knocked her to the ground, put his foot on her neck and raped her. The girl's parents had "promised" her as a wife to the man at her birth, in exchange for a portion of Pascoe's regular government allowance.

A state judge defended the man's right to have sex with an underage girl as a 40,000 year old "Aboriginal custom," and ruled that the girl "knew what was expected of her" and "didn't need protection." Pascoe was given a nominal 24-hour sentence on appeal.

Aiport antics

Penn Jillette, in the most recent issue of Regulation: [Dean Cameron] is one of the funniest people I've ever met and, on top of that, he came up with the perfect piece of political performance art that you should try yourself the next time you fly. He had the Bill of Rights printed on pieces of metal the size of playing cards, and he sells them on his website, www.securityedition.com.

Get it? When you carry one through the airport security, you set off the pig's wand. "Do you have any metal in this pocket?" "Oh yes, it's my constitutional rights. Here you go, take them."

A LEFTIST VISITS IRAQ

Who, you may be asking incredulously, would want their country to be bombed? What would make people want to risk their children being blown to pieces? I thought this too until, last October, I spent a month as a journalist seeing the reality of life under Saddam Hussein.

Strangely, it's the small details which remain in the memory, even now, three months later. It's the pale, sickly look that would come over people's faces when I mentioned Saddam. It's the fact that the Marsh Arabs - a proud, independent people who have seen their marshes drained and been "relocated" to tiny desert shacks - are forced to hang a small, menacing picture of Saddam in their new "homes". It's the child wearing a T-shirt saying "Yes, yes, yes to Daddy Saddam"

- Johann HarI, *The Times of London*, January 18 2003

THE POLITICS OF TAX-CUTS



This emphasis on the investor class dovetails with the politics of Bush's reelection. He cares about how the economy will look to voters in 2004, not today.

If the dividend tax cut has any impact on the markets and consumption, it won't be until next year, when Bush is campaigning. Bush is also trying to appeal to the two-thirds of voters who own stocks.

The Democrats failed to capitalize on the bear market in the last election, and Bush wants to put them on the defensive about an issue supposedly dear to investors. "They are all getting locked in as enemies of the investor class," says one Republican strategist.

And whereas in the 1970s and 1980s unemployment and inflation were the key indicators of economic performance to the public, the White House has come to believe that the stock market is now the key barometer. "There is a new number, and it is wealth," says Norquist. If the economy cooperates

with these politics, the White House will have invested well.

- Ryan Lizza, *The New Republic*, January 20 2003

PURE POETRY - KORTUM ON THE STUDENT SENATE

...a self-serving, whining, back-stabbing, posturing, nothing-gets-done, rule-breaking, disrespecting, boo-hoo bitch fest.

- Ira Kortum, *The Daily Vanguard*, January 17, 2003

Putting Oregon Frist

The recent elevation of Bill Frist to Senate majority leader is good news for Oregon. It turns out that Senator Gordon Smith and majority leader Frist are good friends. Smith has already been placed on the Senate Finance Committee – a powerful post – and plans to address “public education, public safety, and essential programs for the needy.”

What's that smell?

The Bend City Council has preliminarily approved an ordinance that bans people from busses and bus stations who “emanate a grossly repulsive odor that is unavoidable by other Bend Extended Area Transit customers.”

Apparently the odors emanating from anti-hygienic residents of Bend pose a safety hazard because they are offensive enough to “distract the driver.”

And don't' come back!

After pioneering the bloated Oregon Health Plan and being a model of partisanship with a record breaking 202 vetoes, Kitzhaber leaves Oregon divided and in shambles. The tax system, economy, and public school system are in a mess.

Kitzhaber came in as a believer in big government and left disillusioned as an advocate of local solutions. Apparently, it took eight years for him to figure this out. Thanks a bunch.

Hey dude, where's the money?

The City of Eugene recently imposed a new street maintenance fee. The only problem is, they didn't bother to figure out how they were going to collect it.

One would think it necessary when thinking up a new tax, to also think of a way to collect it. Apparently, Eugene's City Council has problems doing two things at once.

PSU PERSON OF THE YEAR

Last year's Miss America, Katie Harman, was selected to be the 2002 graduation keynote speaker. It turned out to be a defining moment for PSU, and an insight into the university's fear of anyone expressing a different viewpoint. Campus groups spawned a controversy upon suspicion that Harman would speak about 9/11, patriotism, and American unity. Those who were afraid of what she might have said repeatedly criticized Harman by either calling into question her credentials, or with some ideological objection to the Miss America pageant.

The alternative suggestions for keynote speaker were all anti-war radicals who in no way diverged from the left's point of view. Harman's speech actually dealt with cancer and other social issues. In addition to the accomplishment of becoming Miss America, Katie Harman, stood firm and delivered a fine speech that warranted none of the controversy that the campus groups had raised. She indirectly played an important part in revealing something very important about the left at PSU.



The Results

Mary K. Tetreault 3%
PSU Provost

Douglas Samuels 7%
PSU Vice Provost for Student Affairs

Katie Harman 43%
Miss America 2002, PSU student

Kristin Wallace 40%
ASPSU President

Lew Church 4%
Progressive Student Union

Total Votes: 141 1/28/03

The Axis of Idiocy

Demitris Desyllas: The Stipend King. Desyllas loves stipends. So long as the checks keep coming, Desyllas's support for his noble causes is unflinching. No matter what the issue, you can be sure what position Desyllas will support: The one with an office.

Cassidy Blackburn: Howler Monkey at Large Constant rage-filled outbursts characterize this senator's style of student representation. For Blackburn, the volume of your voice equals the strength of your argument. While screaming at the students may impress his preschool friends, good

governance demands reasoned debate. **Laura Campos:** The I-am-a-victim Senator. Campos' political philosophy consists entirely of using her minority status as social currency. Every problem is a consequence of racism. Whatever goes wrong has to do with race and her. Maybe, if she didn't claim or imply racism every ten seconds, she wouldn't trivialize an important issue.

People like these, and their allies, constitute an axis of idiocy, aiming to threaten the sanity of the Senate.

Punish Sean H. Boggs

Isn't it time that you punished this unrepentant misanthrope? Now you do have the opportunity to do so. Go to portlandspectator.com where we have put forth some ideas. Vote for the one of your preference.

EDITORIAL

The Senate from Hell

There are some things money can't buy, like ASPSU Senate meetings. Anyone who has attended easily recognizes that they are priceless. Other than the usual chaos and disorganization, there have been a few more disturbing things going on.

It has now been realized that a few senators were thrown out illegally back in October. But now a faction of Senators – a couple of them unelected – just don't want to let them in. The reason: these three senators have different beliefs. The important thing to notice is that the three wouldn't affect the configuration of the senate in any important way. But they would express a different opinion and that might cause unwanted diversity in the Senate.

The PSU administration, which is supposed to know the rules and advise the students appropriately, came to the issue very late. For months now the senate that is supposed to represent students has not really been representative, but they didn't care one bit. It might have to do with the fact that the expelled senators do not tow the political line of the PSU administration.

Amid all the usual ugliness though, there was a moment of courage. The decision that the expulsion of the three senators was illegal was a unanimous decision of the Evaluation and Constitution Review Committee (E&CR). It was courageous because a majority of the members of the committee come from the opposite side of the political spectrum than the expelled Senators. As per usual they could have ignored the law and done what would have been politically beneficial to them; they chose otherwise. These three members of the E&CR were Amara Marino, James Wright and Annie Stewart. It was disheartening to see the abuse that these people took from Desyllas & Co.

We are half way thru the school year and the important things that the student 'senate' has been working on are: stipends for student senators, office space and telephone line for the student senators and how to keep elected senators out of the senate.

The socialist fossils that reside in the senate did it again, another do-nothing year.

ENRONizing OSPIRG, Part 2

Perhaps, you have noticed the increased activity of OSPIRG on campus. This is what happens when OSPIRG gets bad publicity. When OSPIRG feels a little bit of pressure, when they might not get everything they asked for, it's time to pet the cash cow.

By the way, this is what we are to OSPIRG. We are an account worth \$120,000. This year we were upgraded to \$150,000 with their preposterous request for an additional \$30,000. So expect more action on campus from OSPIRG. More posters, more slide shows and presentations. Also, expect friends and members to run for public offices in the student elections. They are determined to get as much money out of you, and are unbelievably committed to this noble cause.

It is entertaining to see representatives of OSPIRG answer questions. During the Student Fee Committee hearings, all

questions were basically answered in the same way: I don't know. We have a transcript of last year's hearing on OSPIRG at the University of Oregon. A very entertaining document showing better than anything else how OSPIRG uses your money. Me and Joy are fee committee members. Ashlee and Joanna are from OSPIRG.

Me: With rent, you share the Portland office base with OSPIRG staff and there are 3 total organizations sharing the building. What percentage of that is the student PIRG paying?

Ashlee: We don't know

Joanna: But we can get that.

Me: I've asked every time we've met and no one has ever been able to give me a number.

This is an example of how responsibly your money is used by the 'watchdog.'

The United Nonsense

In an interesting turn of events this month, the United Nations has blessed us with two of the most ironic examples of its ineptitude as an international decision-making organization. Libya, a country which prohibits the formation of political parties, and is known to imprison opponents of government for years without charges or trial and torture and/or assassinate political opponents abroad, has recently been nominated and confirmed as chair of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights.

If this was not sufficient enough to make the



global community question the relevance of this body, then Iraq's position as chair of the U.N. Conference on Disarmament ought to do the trick. Iraq, a country who as of late has been unable to account for nearly 10,000 liters of anthrax, several hundred tons of mustard gas and enough ingredients to create 200 tons of VX gas. It's a wonder that anyone takes the U.N. seriously at all after witnessing the process by which the award leadership positions.

Focus on the Left

A lecture series conspicuously lacking diversity. By JUSTICE MCPHERSON

Diversity. The word springs to mind images of differences, differing approaches, different values. Combined with the concept of academia, one can picture a variety of competing ideas and viewpoints from every side of a debate. During the school year, PSU holds a series of films and speakers titled "Focus On Diversity." Perhaps they bring people to debate unpopular sides of issues, or speak about new ways of viewing a problem? No. "Diversity", as this series views it, is composed of a single, popular point of view on one topic, that being the issue of prejudice.

I do not find myself in support of prejudice. I do, however, find it hypocritical that those who might support such issues are, in a "diversity" based campus, not given the chance to state their own case. Are their arguments absurd? Then let such absurdity come to light in the honesty of open debate. Even in grade school I was able to make intelligent decisions about the absurdity of such irrational arguments as the defenders of so-called "diversity" claim their opponents have.

What films are offered for our consumption?

"Blue Eyed" - A film about an experiment carried out with insufficient controls on a group of young children, in a fashion that modern ethicists find appalling. From the basis of the behavior of children told by their teacher about their supposed self-worth, this film leaps to the conclusion that light-skinned people continually treat others as inferiors in the fashion of the experiment on children. In this way, it transforms bad science into moralistic preaching about the evil nature of the viewers.

Clearly, this movie sets down a very distinctive viewpoint. But is it merely a bright color in the broad rainbow of diverse thought? Let us examine some other offerings for a counterpoint.

"If These Walls Could Speak II" - Three shorter vignettes in chronological order within a single house related to lesbians. I've not seen this film, and as such, can-



not speak to it's content. Nonetheless, all reviews point toward it agreeing with the other films ideologically. Plus, it has Ellen Degeneres in it, hopefully in a better role than in her ill-fated sit. (Adding "com", for "comedy", to "Ellen" seems to stretch the term.)

Next listed is "Shattering the Silences: The case for Minority Faculty", which begins it's description by howling about the retreat of racist "Affirmative Action" programs and other related programs and issues typically favored by the same viewpoint seen in the previous films. No difference of opinion here.

Will other presentations offer a counterpoint? Let us examine the almost promising-looking "Talking about 'White Privilege' II: Do 'Whiteness Studies' have any relevance for Institutions of Higher Learning?" The

name might go either way, but then we read the description. "A growing number of mavericks have been turning their attention to 'white culture', or 'whiteness', as a social problem." So far, that's a major strike against it being any sort of divergent viewpoint.

The main subject of the lecture is about how the amount of whiteness that a person possesses, their "social currency", is how much power they wield, and by extension, the fact that white people are responsible for most, if not all, ills faced by anyone else today.

Wow. If anyone implied that about black people, they would be arrested as a bigot and a 'throwback to the days of slavery'. Hatred of that magnitude is terribly destructive to society. And yet, remarkably, here on my own campus, I find a speaker hurling statements against a significant portion of the student body that in many contexts would be considered blatantly racist.

In fact, there is no attempt to make of this supposed "diversity" anything resembling open debate. White, straight, non-disabled students on campus, primarily of the male variety, are apparently expected simply to bend over and take racist abuse of varying intensity throughout this entire series on "Diversity" with no counterargument, no discussion, no open debate.

Diversity means a variety, a large menu of opinions and viewpoints. To present a single viewpoint as the epitome of "Diversity" is dishonest and damaging to the intellectual discourse for which academia wishes to be known. In the future, we can only hope that the University faculty learns what the real meaning of "diverse" is before using it as the latest feel-good buzz word. ■

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Free Speech Zones

The latest invention of the academy. By DAN MIKHNO

"FREEDOM"- a jewel of a word- proudly holds center stage in the vocabulary of many Americans. The First Amendment- a protective measure for free speech in America- is cited with such passion and frequency that it has become a cliché. A cliché, however, of a positive orientation, always reminding us that we do indeed have this right, that this is a very sensitive issue in public discourse, and that we will always continue to protect this jewel of ours.

Even amidst all of this vehement defense, protection and reiteration, some institutions, groups, or individuals are still trying to curtail the right of free speech. The most recent attacks upon free speech come not from neo-fascists or Tipper Gore, but from the very place where the exercise and defense of free speech is epitomized - the university. It is almost impossible to conceive, but universities around the country are taking on a new trend- almost as if they've just seen the new issue of *Glamour* and are preparing their wardrobes for a new season - they are creating Free Speech Zones.

The title itself is ironic given that the term free speech itself implies non-confinement and non-regulation. Freedom after all is "the condition of being free of restraints; the capacity to exercise choice and free will." Similarly free speech is "the right to express any opinion in public without censorship or restraint by the government." Universities are supposed to be the ideological defenders of American liberties, the defenders of our constitution. However, these free speech zones are the epitome of unconstitutionality.

In June 2002, the University of Houston (UH) established "free speech

zones" "restricting unfettered expression to a few tiny 'free speech zones,'" as reported by Harvey A. Silvergate, and Joshua Gewolb in the *National Law Review*. Other institutions around the nation with similar "free speech zones" include the Appalachian State University



(ASU) which allows for only one "free speech zone" on its 340-acre campus. Florida State University (FSU), not to be outdone by any of its peers has gone so far as to charge its own students with trespassing when the students refused to move their demonstration to one of the "free speech zones" on its public campus.

Illinois State University (ISU) is eager to join the ever-growing pack by considering a new "Policy on Freedom of Expression." The latter is of course an example of not only an infringement on free speech, but a large number of other liberties that we so fervently preserve in this country.

Light at the end of the tunnel

As one of the censorship zone universities, West Virginia University (WVU) has

recently repealed a similar policy of "free speech zones." As reported by the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education (FIRE), "On November 8, 2002, WVU's Board of Governors finally replaced its policy with one that recognizes free speech rights" a policy that states, "assemblies of persons may occur on any grounds on the campus outside of buildings."

Some universities, such as the previously mentioned University of Houston (UH) aren't as tame as their counterparts in their ferocious pursuit of curbing free speech rights. They simply refuse to be swayed into giving up their unconstitutional policy like WVU. UH along with a host of other universities was held back by the courts when their speech codes were struck down by the courts as unconstitutional, in the 80's. Nonetheless, UH established a new policy

of free speech restrictions on its campus shortly thereafter without much deliberation or consent.

Restrictions on free speech in America are difficult to sell, and it shouldn't be any other way. Free speech is a right that is of paramount importance in our lives as students and citizens, and which has proved its worth numerous times throughout our history. Free speech is a liberty not to be trampled on by those who fail to recognize it as such. Free speech is therefore deserving of our relentless support as we strive to preserve this fundamental right against the most unlikely aggressor of all - our universities. ■

Transcending Racism

Ending race preferences. By SHAHRIYAR SMITH

AFFIRMATIVE action is a noble goal. When the Civil Rights Act of 1964 authorized courts to take "affirmative action," they were being authorized to take action against racially discriminatory practices, which have traditionally taken the form of race preferences. This involves burdening one person in order to advantage another. Affirmative action originally made the elimination of race preferences its goal. It was not long after the passage of the Civil Rights Act however, that race preferences became the central operating theme of efforts titled "affirmative action."

This distinction is very important. Affirmative action, in its original sense, is not at issue. Race preferences are. The fact that efforts towards race preferences operate under the guise of affirmative action changes neither the original meaning of affirmative action, nor the morally repugnant and academically harmful nature of race preferences. Thurgood Marshall, in a 1954 brief on *Brown v. Board of Education*, wrote that "Distinctions by race are so evil, so arbitrary and invidious that a state, bound to defend the equal protection of the laws must not invoke them in any public sphere." The original goal of affirmative action was to ensure the elimination of racially discriminatory practices i.e. race preferences. Presently, race preferences are the central platforms of 'affirmative action' efforts, even though they are divisive, immoral, unjust, and a barrier to its original goal.

The contentions of race preference advocates are based upon the arguments of racial balance i.e. diversity, and compensation for past wrongs. Both of these contentions seem to forget, in the supposed moral superiority of their ends, about the basic principles of equal rights

and equality before the law.

Compensation for injuries is certainly a legitimate claim for individuals to make. But the injuries of the individual are what attempts at compensation are intended to address. While skin color may be a cause of injury, it is not an

affirmative action programs based on race preferences actually exist to ensure that no racial discrimination occurs. In universities for example, this is done by ensuring parity between the ratio of groups in the population at large and the ratio of groups in the student population. Thus,

ensuring the correspondent ratio of groups in the student population through race preferences serves as a mechanism for preventing discrimination.

This argument assumes that people apply in direct proportion to their ratios from the population at large. This is simply untrue. The applicants to any program or university do not necessarily exhibit the same group ratios that exist in the popula-

tion. Race preferences do nothing to prevent discrimination.

Programs based on race preferences are necessarily burdening some, in order to advantage others based upon the criteria of race. Race preference is a zero-sum game. The gains of one are necessarily the loss of another. The principles of equality before the law and equality of rights among individuals challenge the basic assumptions behind race preferences. There is no justification for the violation of rights and the disregard for the equality of individuals before the law that race preferences engender. Rights are not held by groups, but by individuals. Therefore, redressing past injuries involves compensating individuals, not groups. Racism will only be transcended when every form of its practice ceases. Race preferences must end so that the goal of affirmative action may be realized. ■

A DREAM



injury in and of itself. Race preferences only address skin color, not any particular injury and thus, do nothing to address the issue of compensating them.

The goal of 'racial balance' in the form of diversity is supposed to heighten the educational environment at academic institutions by exposing them to a variety of viewpoints and ideas. The idea that different skin colors will result in intellectual diversity necessarily involves the attachment of ideas and skin color. The belief that skin color determines the content of a person's character, values and ideas involves branding them with perceived characteristics of their group. This is a patently racist claim. Implying that a particular person thinks or acts a certain way because of their skin color legitimizes the racist claim that skin color can pronounce a value upon an entire group of human beings. This is the essence of racism.

In states where race preference programs are on the chopping block, the argument has been made that affirma-

The Trouble with North Korea

The case of no easy solutions . BY MATEUSZ PERKOWSKI

DESPITE assurances from Washington that the North Korean atomic fiasco will be resolved through negotiations, the debacle is actually in great danger of dissolving into war. We are given numerous reasons why the situation can be worked out peacefully – the possibility of pressure through economic sanctions, the strong Chinese influence, and the previous diplomatic ‘success’ in persuading North Korea to ‘abandon’ its nuclear ambitions. However, these perceived advantages may in fact backfire and become the causes of a violent conflict.

Late last year, North Korea admitted to the international community that it had secretly been in the process of enriching uranium in order to produce fuel needed for atomic weapons. This is a serious violation of the deal North Korean leaders struck with the Clinton administration in 1994 – the last time that the communist state threatened to become a nuclear power. North Korea agreed to cease its nuclear program in return for some expensive gifts: \$100 million worth of oil a year from the U.S. and over \$4 billion for two nuclear power plants courtesy of South Korea and Japan.

The mastermind of this plan was Jimmy Carter, who “served to avert a crisis that brought the Korean Peninsula to the brink of nuclear war.” Carter and Clinton were greatly praised for the deal, although it was a blatant example of extortion on the part of North Korea. Not only did their plan cost America and its allies a huge chunk of money, but it also taught the North Koreans that they could get what they wanted by acting belligerently. Obviously, this policy of appeasement flopped. Using bribery to attain a temporary peace was a horrible idea. Hopefully the Bush administration isn’t so shortsighted as to repeat this mistake.

Economic sanctions, though usually a powerful deterrent, are also unlikely to work in this case, primarily because of the self-absorption and vindictiveness of North Korea’s dictator. Kim Jong Il, the

current leader of the impoverished nation, is just as paranoid and isolated as his father, Kim Il Sung. Instead of succumbing to international economic pressure, Kim Jong Il would rather have North Korea dwell in poverty and separate itself from the rest of the world. The



N. Korea's only well-fed family

further he is pushed financially, the more angry and explosive the situation becomes. North Korean officials recently released a statement that further economic restrictions will undoubtedly lead to war – and they aren’t bluffing. This is an unimaginably poor nation, but one with a robust military, possible weapons of mass destruction, and nothing to lose.

A great amount of hope seems to reside in China. After all, they are North Korea’s closest ally and are the most capable of having an impact on the conflict. But this doesn’t necessarily place the United States in a desirable position. China basically has the ball in their court, and could use it against the U.S.

Long before this stand off, the Congressional Research Service published a report about the potential policies that the United States could use in regard to dealing with North Korea. The three main U.S. approaches were listed

as Engagement, Pressure, and Out-waiting. Engagement would involve assistance and cooperation with North Korea, but time has shown that this method only lets Kim Jong Il take advantage of us. Pressure could entail both economic and military coercion, but this would probably set off a major confrontation – such as an attack on South Korea.

Out-waiting is described as embracing “aspects of both engagement and pressure. Neither embrace nor hostile, it would refrain from actions that Pyongyang could perceive as provocative or threatening, while avoiding actions that would give support or legitimacy to the Kim Il Sung/Kim Jong Il regime.” This technique basically counts on the fact that North Korea’s government will either change or collapse on its own. The CRS report admits, however, that “one potential drawback to the ‘outwaiting’ is that ... North Korea could well end up producing a nuclear weapon.” Unfortunately, this ‘potential drawback’ has become a reality.

The United States is clearly running out of options. Even if North Korea doesn’t plan to launch a nuclear attack itself, the country is a notorious arms-dealer. Unless Kim Jong Il willingly drops the nuclear program without any pressure or appeasement, America’s only choice may be to physically destroy North Korea’s nuclear installations – a measure that would definitely lead to war. ■

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DAILY UPDATES

Back to the Future

Looking at Greece's present for America's future. BY NAPOLEON LINARDATOS

THE latest term to enter the Greek vocabulary is "season strikes". Teachers go on strike during the period of student exams, seamen during the tourist season, farmers in the fall, garbage men at all times, tax collectors at the end of the fiscal year and so on.

Those are just a few groups though. In the morning TV and radio show anchors give, as in any other normal country, the weather and traffic report. And here is the Greek cultural touch: the strike/demonstration schedule as well, because you can't drive in Athens unless you know where the demonstration will be. And there is no reason to go to your class if the professor is striking, or maybe your doctor, or pharmacist, or lawyer, or judge, or bank teller, or construction worker, or baker, or taxi-driver, or bus-driver, or grocer, or _____ (fill in the blank).

The worst case is when TV & radio anchors strike, then you don't know who else is on strike. You might pick up a newspaper to see the strike/demonstration schedule, but what if journalists are on strike as well?

Of course journalists might not strike on the same day the TV & radio anchors do, but what if it is the truck drivers who deliver the newspapers? Or the kiosk owners who are the only ones who can sell them? Now things get really complicated.

The kiosk owners are the only ones who can sell newspapers because that's the law. And this small example gives you the essence of the Greek democracy. Each group has its own set of rights, i.e. a set of privileges given by the state.

The purpose of the daily demonstrations/strikes is to preserve or expand those privileges. For instance, the drivers of fuel delivery trucks wanted to go on strike just before Christmas because they wanted to be excluded from random IRS audits that every other profession

subject to.

Everybody belongs to a group enjoying some privilege. Everyone loses because the end result of this system is a stagnant economy. In an economy where so much is regulated and subject to the political process, entrepreneurship, ini-

that the effects are not only economic, but cultural as well.

In a society of many laws and loopholes the ultimate advantage comes from breaking the former and exploiting the latter.

A few weeks ago there was a minor explosion in a residential area of Athens. The explosion happened in an illegal propane 'station.' The illegal industry of buying and selling of fuel is thriving in Greece due to exorbitant taxes.

What made an impression on me was neither the explosion nor the fact that there was an illegal propane 'station' in a residential area. What impressed me was that the journalist reporting the incident mentioned the illegality without a shred of emphasis. It was a fact among other facts, like the location and the extent of the explosion.

Things got worse when the owner of that 'station' talked to the camera. I could not discern in her face any move of muscle betraying any sort of shame. She had a matter-of-fact demeanor. Just some time ago, in a very conspicuous manner, it had become evident that she had broken the laws of the state and put the lives of her neighbors in danger, but none of this seemed to matter to her or anyone else.

Behavior like hers is rarely reprimanded. Most often it's explicitly endorsed. After all, this is what smart people do. Years of living under a behemoth state have a profound effect on the moral outlook of the average Greek. People have adapted themselves to that reality and have developed all the necessary traits for survival.

Today in Greece a powerful contrast permeates every facet of life. A contrast of what we were once, and the way we live now. ■



A Big Fat Greek Demonstration

tiative and hard work are not necessarily the traits that help you get ahead. Despite appearances and despite history, the main production of Greece today is loopholes.

Things remain so for two reasons. One has to do with concentrated benefits and the dispersion of costs. The benefits to the kiosk owners from the monopolized sale of newspapers is pretty obvious. They'll do whatever is necessary to preserve that privilege. At the same time the costs of this monopoly are dispersed and not obvious to the general population. So you will never find someone demonstrating against that monopoly.

This situation is exacerbated by the fact that Greece does not have a conservative party. This is the second reason for the current crisis. There is no one to articulate a different vision that could move the country out of the economic and cultural standstill.

I added, in the above sentence, the word 'cultural' for a very important reason. When living in a country that over-taxes and over-regulates, one notices

The Age of White Guilt

And the disappearance of the black individual. By SHELBY STEELE

ONE day back in the late fifties, when I was ten or eleven years old, there was a moment when I experienced myself as an individual--as a separate consciousness for the first time. I was walking home from the YMCA, which meant that I was passing out of the white Chicago suburb where the Y was located and crossing Halsted Street back into Phoenix, the tiny black suburb where I grew up. It was a languid summer afternoon, thick with the industrial-scented humidity of south Chicago that I can still smell and feel on my skin, though I sit today only blocks from the cool Pacific and more than forty years removed.

Into Phoenix no more than a block and I was struck by a thought that seemed beyond me. I have tried for years to remember it, but all my effort only pushes it further away. I do remember that it came to me with the completeness of an aphorism, as if the subconscious had already done the labor of crafting it into a fine phrase. What scared me a little at the time was its implication of a separate self with independent thoughts--a distinct self that might distill experience into all sorts of ideas for which I would then be responsible. That feeling of responsibility was my first real experience of myself as an individual--as someone who would have to navigate a separate and unpredictable consciousness through a world I already knew to be often unfair and always tense.

Of course I already knew that I was black, or "Negro," as we said back then. No secret there. The world had made this fact quite clear by imposing on my life all the elaborate circumscriptions of Chicago-style segregation. Although my mother was white, the logic of segregation meant that I was born in the hospital's black maternity ward. I grew up in a black neighborhood and walked to a segregated black school as white children in the same district walked to a white school. Kindness in whites always came as a mild surprise and was accepted with a gratitude that I later understood to be a bit humiliating. And there were many racist rejections for which I was only partly consoled by the knowledge that racism is impersonal.

Back then I thought of being black as a fate, as a condition I shared with people as various as Duke Ellington and the odd-job man who plowed the neighborhood gardens with a mule and signed his name with an X. And it is worth noting here that never in my life have I met a true Uncle Tom, a black who identifies with white racism as a truth. The Negro world of that era believed that whites used our race against our individuality and, thus, our humanity. There was no embrace of a Negro

identity, because that would have weakened the argument for our humanity. "Negroness" or "blackness" would have collaborated with the racist lie that we were different and, thus, would have been true Uncle Tomism. To the contrary, there was an embrace of the individual and assimilation.

My little experience of myself as an individual confirmed the message of the civil-rights movement itself, in which a favorite picket sign read, simply, "I am a man." The idea of the individual resonated with Negro freedom--a freedom not for the group but for the individuals who made up the group. And assimilation was not a self-hating mimicry of things white but a mastery by Negro individuals of the modern and cosmopolitan world, a mastery that showed us to be natural members of that world. So my experience of myself as an individual made me one with the group.

Not long ago C-SPAN carried a Harvard debate on affirmative action between conservative reformer Ward Connerly and liberal law professor Christopher Edley. During the Q and A a black undergraduate rose from a snickering clump of black students to challenge Mr. Connerly, who had argued that the time for racial preferences was past. Once standing, this young man smiled unctuously, as if victory were so assured that he must already offer consolation. But his own pose seemed to distract him, and soon he was sinking into incoherence. There was impatience in the room, but it was suppressed. Black students play a role in campus debates like this and they are indulged.

The campus forum of racial confrontation is a ritual that has changed since the sixties in only one way. Whereas blacks and whites confronted one another back then, now black liberals and black conservatives do the confronting while whites look on--relieved, I'm sure--from the bleachers. I used to feel empathy for students like this young man, because they reminded me of myself at that age. Now I see them as figures of pathos. More than thirty years have passed since I did that sort of challenging, and even then it was a waste of time. Today it is per-severation to the point of tragedy.

Here is a brief litany of obvious truths that have been resisted in the public discourse of black America over the last thirty years: a group is no stronger than its individuals; when individuals transform themselves they transform the group; the freer the individual, the stronger the group; social responsibility begins in individual responsibility. Add to this an indisputable fact that has also been unmentionable: that American greatness has a lot to

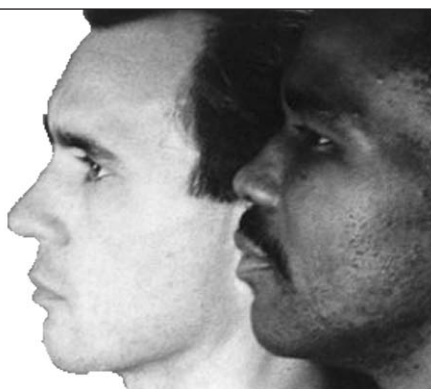
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The Age of White Guilt

And the disappearance of the black individual

The Portland Spectator



do with a culturally ingrained individualism, with the respect and freedom historically granted individuals to pursue their happiness--this despite many egregious lapses and an outright commitment

to the oppression of black individuals for centuries. And there is one last obvious but unassimilated fact: ethnic groups that have asked a lot from their individuals have done exceptionally well in America even while enduring discrimination.

Now consider what this Harvard student is called upon by his racial identity to argue in the year 2002. All that is creative and imaginative in him must be rallied to argue the essential weakness of his own people. Only their weakness justifies the racial preferences they receive decades after any trace of anti-black racism in college admissions. The young man must not show faith in the power of his people to overcome against any odds; he must show faith in their inability to overcome without help. As Mr. Connerly points to far less racism and far more freedom and opportunity for blacks, the young man must find a way, against all the mounting facts, to argue that black Americans simply cannot compete without preferences. If his own forebears seized freedom in a long and arduous struggle for civil rights, he must argue that his own generation is unable to compete on paper-and-pencil standardized tests.

It doesn't help that he locates the cause of black weakness in things like "structural racism" and "uneven playing fields," because there has been so little correlation between the remedies for such problems and actual black improvement. Blacks from families that make \$100,000 a year or more perform worse on the SAT than whites from families that make \$10,000 a year or less. After decades of racial preferences blacks remain the lowest performing student group in American higher education. And once they are out of college and in professions, their own children also underperform in relation to their white and Asian peers. Thus, this young man must also nurture the idea of a black psychological woundedness that is baroque in its capacity to stifle black aspiration. And all his faith, his proud belief, must be in the truth of this woundedness and the injustice that caused it, because this is his only avenue to racial pride. He is a figure of pathos because his faith in racial victimization is his only release from racial

shame.

Right after the sixties' civil-rights victories came what I believe to be the greatest miscalculation in black American history. Others had

oppressed us, but this was to be the first "fall" to come by our own hand. We allowed ourselves to see a greater power in America's liability for our oppression than we saw in ourselves. Thus, we were faithless with ourselves just when we had given ourselves reason to have such faith. We couldn't have made a worse mistake. We have not been the same since.

To go after America's liability we had to locate real transformative power outside ourselves. Worse, we had to see our rate as contingent on America's paying off that liability. We have been a contingent people ever since, arguing our weakness and white racism in order to ignite the engine of white liability. And this has mired us in a protest-group identity that mistrusts individualism because free individuals might jeopardize the group's effort to activate this liability.

Today I would be encouraged to squeeze my little childhood experience of individuality into a narrow group framework that would not endanger the group's bid for white intervention. I would be urged to embrace a pattern of reform that represses our best hope for advancement--our individuals--simply to keep whites "on the hook."

Mr. Connerly was outnumbered and outgunned at that Harvard debate. The consensus finally was that preferences would be necessary for a while longer. Whites would remain "on the hook." The black student prevailed, but it was a victory against himself. In all that his identity required him to believe, there was no place for him.

In 1961, when I was fifteen years old, my imagination was taken over for some months by the movie *Paris Blues*, starring Sidney Poitier, Diahann Carroll, Paul Newman, and Joanne Woodward. For me this film was first of all an articulation of adult sophistication and deserved to be studied on these grounds alone. The music was by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn, and the film was set in the jazz world of early-sixties Paris--a city that represented, in the folklore of American Negroes, a nirvana of complete racial freedom. To establish this freedom at the

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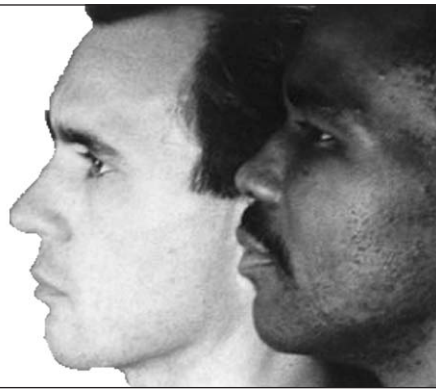
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outset, Paul Newman (Ram) makes a pass at Diahann Carroll (Connie) as if her race means no more to him than the color of her coat. Of course the protocols of segregation return soon enough, and the four stars are paired off by race. But I could not hold this against a film that gave me a chance to watch the beautiful, if prim, Diahann Carroll against a backdrop of Montmartre and the Seine, Paris a little dim for being next to her.

Sidney Poitier's character (Eddie) has by far the most interesting internal conflict. He has come to Paris--like almost the entire postwar generation of black American artists, musicians, and intellectuals--to develop his talents and live as an individual free of American racism. Eddie finds this in Paris as a jazz musician in Ram's band, and when he and Connie begin their romance, he is an unapologetic advocate of expatriation for blacks. Paris is freedom; America, interminable humiliation. "I'll never forget the first time I walked down the Champs-Élysées I knew I was here to stay."

But there is a ghost on his trail. And Connie, the new and true love of his life, embodies that ghost. A teacher on vacation in Paris, she brings him news of the civil-rights movement building momentum back home, and, as their love deepens, she makes it clear that their future together will require his coming home and playing some part in the struggle of his people. She brings him precisely what he has escaped: the priority of group identity over individual freedom. The best acting in the film is Eddie's impassioned rejection of this priority. He hates America with good reason, and it is impossible to see him as simply selfish. He has already found in Paris the freedom blacks are fighting for back home. And he has found this freedom precisely by thinking of himself as an individual who is free to choose. For him individualism is freedom. And even if blacks won the civil-rights struggle, true freedom would still require individuals to choose for themselves. So by what ethic should he leave the freedom of Paris for the indignities of America?

Clearly no ethic would be enough. But love, on the other hand, is the tie that binds. And when the object of that love is Connie,

home as soon as he can arrange his affairs, and it looks like he will be good to his word. But the movie ends on his promise rather than on his action. It is a long time now since 1961, so we can know that Eddie will never have the same degree of individual freedom if he goes back home. If whites don't use his race against him, they will use it for him. And there are always the pressures of his own group identity. As an individual he will have a hard swim. Thinking of the lovely Connie, some days I root for him to leave. Other days, even thinking of her, I root for him to stay.

The greatest problem in coming from an oppressed group is the power the oppressor has over your group. The second greatest problem is the power your group has over you. Group identity in oppressed groups is always very strategic, always a calculation of advantage. The humble black identity of the Booker T. Washington era--"a little education spoiled many a good plow hand"--allowed blacks to function as tradesmen, laborers, and farmers during the rise of Jim Crow, when hundreds of blacks were being lynched yearly. Likewise, the black militancy of the late sixties strategically aimed for advantage in an America suddenly contrite over its long indulgence in racism.

One's group identity is always a mask--a mask replete with a politics. When a teenager in East Los Angeles says he is Hispanic, he is thinking of himself within a group strategy pitched at larger America. His identity is related far more to America than to Mexico or Guatemala, where he would not often think of himself as Hispanic. In fact, "Hispanic" is much more a political concept than a cultural one, and its first purpose is to win power within the fray of American identity politics. So this teenager must wear the mask that serves his group's ambitions in these politics.

With the civil-rights victories, black identity became more

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LOVE ME TENDER

WHY GREED IS GOOD

***The unparalleled benefits of acting for oneself.* BY JOEY COON**

COMPASSION, humility, empathy, honesty, self-discipline and loyalty are all considered virtues conducive to the improvement of the human condition. Such concepts are laudable because those who live by them supposedly benefit themselves and society. But if the betterment of self and society is a requirement for the title of virtue, one would do well to celebrate the noblest human motivation of all: greed.

Before we can even begin to discuss the merits or faults of the idea of greed, we must first touch upon some of the prevalent conceptions of the word. Those who condemn greed most often describe it as an excessive desire to acquire possessions or wealth. They often proclaim that such pursuits exploit others and leave the few to benefit at the expense of the many. We are told that greed is the cause of social and economic

inequities and that society would be better off if greed were no longer a factor in human interaction. After all, why should some people have so much while others have so little?

The prevailing definition, and the one I wish to defend as necessary to the prosperity of mankind, is the notion of getting the most for one's self as possible, without necessarily being concerned about the welfare of others. This form of greed, or selfishness, does not promote theft, fraud or misrepresentation, but only a motivation to honestly and legally pursue material well-being for oneself.

The people in our society who have long been criticized for their greed are the capitalists. Many believe they exemplifies the pursuit of excess materialism. According to one study, during the 1980s almost 90 percent of the business characters on television were

portrayed as corrupt and driven by greed. A movie made by Oliver Stone in the 80's called "Wall Street" perfectly showcased the popular notion of the capitalist. One of the main characters, Gordon Gekko (played by Michael Douglas) was a corporate raider who used unscrupulous business practice to get what he wanted. When asked how much wealth was enough to quench his selfish appetite, Gekko answered that "it's not a question of enough, pal, it's a zero sum game. Somebody wins and somebody loses." So the true nature of the greedy capitalist is to win at any price. There is only a fixed pool of wealth and you better shovel as much money in your pockets as you can before the other guy takes it all. But is this the true nature of the economic systems? Is the CEO the only one who benefits

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from a system based on greed?

Nobel Prize winning economist Milton Friedman, and author and statistician Julian Simon argued that that the twentieth century was a time of unparalleled economic and social advancement. Simon wrote “there has been more improvement in the human condition in the past one hundred years than in all of the previous centuries combined since man first appeared on the earth.” While there is still an obvious disparity between rich and poor, those in the worst economic situation today live in comparative luxury to their socio-economic predecessors of less than a century ago. Friedman held that “the wide distribution of the benefits of free enterprise have enormously reduced the extent of poverty in any absolute sense.”

What allowed such innovation and abundance? Greed. Over the decades, competition in an open market created new goods and services while forcing businesses to offer increased quality at ever decreasing prices. It wasn't government regulations or paternalism that created so many different choices; it was the motivation of individuals to pursue their own interests.

It isn't only the super wealthy businessman that takes advantage of the capitalist system by pursuing his own ends. Every working man and woman lives by the edict of greed in so far as they work to earn as much money as someone will pay them. In a well-known short story entitled “I, Pencil,” writer Leonard E. Read skillfully describes the spontaneous order that

arises from the greed of ordinary people. The story describes the immense body of knowledge and uncountable number of people required to provide us with such a seemingly simple object as a pencil. Read begins with the premise that no single person has ever

icals (created by chemists) and cooked in giant kilns until it could produce what we call graphite. Once finished, trucking companies (truck production is another story entirely) ship boxes (boxes made in paper mills) to local stores. Very few of the people involved

in this long process even know that their efforts will contribute to the creation of a pencil. They are just working to earn money, not realizing that the pursuit of their own ends provides us with an ever-widening array of goods and services. Each person who works for his or her own interest benefits other people and the society as a whole. Adam Smith calls this “enlightened self-interest.” If everyone works for their own good then

everyone else benefits as a result.

But, one might argue, there is a vast difference between the desire of the laborer to earn as much as possible and the desire of the millionaire who wishes to expand his empire. What about the classic examples of capitalist greed often characterized by early industrialists such as Vanderbilt, Rockefeller and Carnegie? Popular belief tells us that these men, disdainfully referred to as “Robber Barons,” acquired great sums of money at the expense of the poor. Not only did they grow increasingly wealthy, but went out of their way to showcase their

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John D. Rockefeller



Mother Teresa

known, or can ever know, the information necessary to create a single pencil. Hundreds of thousands if not millions of people cooperate, often unknowingly, to create simple goods.

Someone had to mine the iron ore necessary for the blacksmith to create tools and saws. Loggers required many tools and machines to cut down and deliver the trees. A mill filled with equipment created all over the world took the wood and cut it into small pieces. The mill ran on power supplied by electric companies.

The graphite that the mill inserted into the pencil was originally mined in a far away country and shipped elsewhere where it was treated with chem-

Why Greed is Good *Continued from page 17*

wealth. Vanderbilt, for instance, lived alone in a 250-room mansion. Did he need such a large house?

Of course not, he could have lived in a mud hut. He did not need a big house any more than the average rapper on MTV's *Cribs* needs six Lamborghini's in his garage. Critics of capitalism ask what could justify the few owning so much while the many own so little. This question entails a moral judgment - as if amassing possessions is the equivalent to theft. Unknowingly, Oliver Stone touched upon the crux of the logic behind the common criticism of capitalism in his characterization of Gordon Gekko. To say that something is a zero sum game means that in order for one person to win another must lose.

If one gains one hundred dollars it must mean that another lost one hundred dollars. Many people deride the rich not because they have more, but because it is assumed that what they have was taken from someone else. This is simply not true. We do not operate within a zero sum game. Wealth is not merely distributed but is created. The amount of wealth in the world today vastly exceeds that of earlier centuries. How could this indisputable fact be true if the amount of wealth were fixed?

The men we describe as Robber Barons were nothing of the sort. They were not robbers. What they acquired was given to them voluntarily by consumers. They all grew up penniless and were certainly not barons. Men like Vanderbilt, Rockefeller and today's Bill Gates earned their riches by supplying consumers with the goods and services they wanted. Just like the people who contributed to the creation and delivery of the pencil, men like Gates create and innovate not out of love for others, but out of love for themselves. Gates might be the most selfish and greedy man on earth,

but to attain the riches he desires he must persuade others to voluntarily trade with him. He must appeal to the consumer by offering a product of superior quality, or at a low enough price to entice them to purchase it.

He must work hard to stay ahead of



Saint Michael Milken

his competition by innovating and improving upon what he offers. This process is made apparent by looking at the computer industry. A decade ago only 20% of American households owned a personal computer. Now over 50% own PC's. Computers did not become more affordable due to the compassion of manufacturers. Price drops were a direct outcome of the consequences of the market mechanism. Competition drove manufacturers to produce better, cheaper goods.

The creation of Microsoft did not just expand the number of competitors in an industry, but created an entire industry that hadn't existed before. Not only did Bill Gates create a busi-

ness that employed thousands of people, Microsoft operating systems have undoubtedly revolutionized the way people work and increased efficiency to an astounding degree. His products have saved us time; time that would have been devoted to one task has been freed up to allow us to focus our energies elsewhere.

Even those who view wealth creation as a morally neutral enterprise often believe that the rich should spread their good fortune in the form of philanthropy. Bill Gates may have acquired his riches honestly, but it is morally repugnant that he does not give more of it away. This line of thinking is incorrect for two reasons. First, it does not take into account the benefit society receives from a businessman's pursuit of greed. Second, it assumes that handouts of money or aid are a superior means of helping those less fortunate. Bill Gates has given billions of dollars to various charities. Many have argued that, relative to his net worth, he hasn't given enough. In reality, Bill Gates would have helped more people if he hadn't given at all.

If the billions of dollars donated by Gates had instead been invested, the money would have created untold numbers of companies, spurring further innovation and job creation. Thousands of people would have been given the means to support themselves. Contemporary philosopher and novelist Ayn Rand believed that "American businessmen, as a class, have demonstrated the greatest productive genius and the most spectacular achievements ever recorded in the economic history of mankind." Bill Gates would have helped far more people by doing what he is good at, namely creating businesses, than he would by giving his money away. Philosopher and Rand expert David

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Why Greed is Good *Continued*

Kelley has gone so far as to argue that wealth creation is morally superior to charity and self-sacrifice. In an interview with news correspondent John Stossel, Kelly was asked who had done more for the world, “junk bond king” Michael Milken or Mother Teresa, he answered, “Michael Milken, no question. Milken far surpassed the benefits she provided.” Milken pioneered an effective way for companies to make money, allowing some of the largest companies in the world to flourish. His actions, in the interest of acquiring as much money for himself as possible, helped fund new technologies, played a part in the economic boom of the 1980s and laid the foundation for the information economy of the 1990s.

We typically celebrate Mother Teresa for her dedication and sacrifice, but Kelley asks, “What’s so great about sacrifice?” As Adam Smith, the “father of economics”, observed, “by pursuing his own interest he frequently promotes that of the society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it.” If the goal was to help as many people as possible, then Michael Milken was far more successful, and not in spite of his greedy intentions, but because of them.

Recent corporate scandals have led many to believe that unbridled greed is inherently predisposed to encourage deception and fraud. It allows the dishonest businessman to deceive the public and loot employees and consumers alike. Corporate big-shots of corporations such as Enron and Worldcom pursued their own self

interests, and destroyed what little wealth their employees possessed.

There is, however, more to the story than meets the eye. Despite appearances, the actions of Enron execs and the like do not reveal the flaws of capitalism, but emphasize the virtues. The collapse of these corporations was not due to self interest, but shortsightedness. If greed tells us to benefit ourselves as much as possible, it also instructs us to conduct business in a way that is most conducive to making money, namely, satisfying customers. By deceiving consumers and stockholders Ken Lay not only caused the collapse of his corporation but also destroyed his reputation as a businessman.

There is no doubt that he continued to acquire as much money as he could, right until the end. The point is that there was an end. A business-man acting out of greed, to accumulate as much as possible, is encouraged to conduct his business in a manner that allows his company to flourish. Capitalism awards those who act honestly and legally and punishes those who don’t. No amount of accounting fraud to inflate perceived revenue can save a failing company from the inevitabilities of the market. They are exposed as inefficient and ineffective and left to the wayside.

Greed is a difficult concept to rationally discuss because it elicits an emotional response that clouds an attempt at reasonable debate. People must put aside preconceived notions and objectively consider the unparalleled bene-

fits that arise from the individual pursuit of self interest. It is in understanding the true nature of human motivations that we discover the origins of our prosperity. This is what Adam Smith meant when he said that “it is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest. We address ourselves, not to their humanity but to their self-love, and never talk to them of our own necessities but of their advantages.”

Compassion and charity are praiseworthy motivations, but do not compare to the value created by a person’s desire to get more for himself. The next time people take to the streets to protest injustice and promote positive world change they should consider a more effective means of bettering the world. With one fist in the air and the other clasped tightly around a sign that reads, “Peace and Prosperity through Greed.” ■

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carefully calculated around the pursuit of power, because black power was finally possible in America. So, as the repressions of racism receded, the repressions of group identity grew more intense for blacks. Even in Paris, Connie uses the censoring voice of the group: "Things are much better than they were five years ago... not because Negroes come to Paris but because Negroes stay home." Here the collective identity is the true identity, and individual autonomy a mere affectation.

If *Paris Blues* ends without Eddie's actual return to America, we can witness such a return in the life of a real-life counterpart to Eddie, the black American writer James Baldwin. In the late forties, Baldwin went to Paris, like his friend and mentor Richard Wright, to escape America's smothering racism and to find himself as a writer and as an individual. He succeeded dramatically and quickly on both counts. His first novel, the minor masterpiece *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, appeared in 1953 and was quickly followed by another novel and two important essay collections.

It was clearly the remove of Europe that gave Baldwin the room to find his first important theme: self-acceptance. In a Swiss mountain village in winter, against an "absolutely alabaster landscape" and listening to Bessie Smith records, he accepts that he is black, gay, talented, despised by his father, and haunted by a difficult childhood. From this self-acceptance emerges an individual voice and one of the most unmistakable styles in American writing.

Then, in 1957, Baldwin did something that changed him--and his writing--forever. He came home to America. He gave up the psychological remove of Europe and allowed himself to become once again fully accountable as a black American. And soon, in blatant contradiction of his own powerful arguments against protest writing, he became a protest writer. There is little doubt that this new accountability weakened him greatly as an artist. Nothing he wrote after the early sixties had the human complexity, depth, or literary mastery of what he wrote in those remote European locales where children gawked at him for his color.

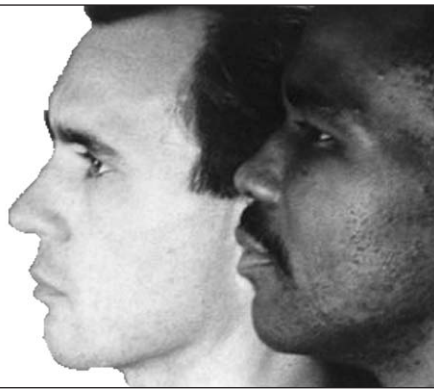
The South African writer Nadine Gordimer saw the black writer in her own country as conflicted between "a deep, intense, private view" on the one hand and the call to be a spokesman for his people on the other. This classic conflict--common to writers from oppressed groups around the world--is really a conflict of authority. In Europe, Baldwin enjoyed exclusive authority over his own identity. When he came back to America, he did what in Western culture is anathema to the artist: he submitted his artistic vision his "private view"--to the authority of his group. From *The Fire Next Time* to the end of his writing life, he allowed protest to be the framing authority of his work.

What Baldwin did was perhaps understandable, because his

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group was in a pitched battle for its freedom. The group had enormous moral authority, and he had a splendid rhetorical gift the group needed.

Baldwin was transformed in the sixties into an embodiment of black protest, an archetypal David frail, effeminate, brilliant--against a brutish and stupid American racism. He became a celebrity writer on the American scene, a charismatic presence with huge, penetrating eyes that were fierce and vulnerable at the same time. People who had never read him had strong opinions about him. His fame was out of proportion to his work, and if all this had been limited to Baldwin himself, it might be called the Baldwin phenomenon. But, in fact, his ascendancy established a pattern that would broadly define, and in many ways corrupt, an entire generation of black intellectuals, writers, and academics. And so it must be called the Baldwin model.

The goal of the Baldwin model is to link one's intellectual reputation to the moral authority--the moral glamour--of an oppressed group's liberation struggle. In this way one ceases to be a mere individual with a mere point of view and becomes, in effect, the embodiment of a moral imperative. This is rarely done consciously, as a Faustian bargain in which the intellectual knowingly sells his individual soul to the group. Rather the group identity is already a protest-focused identity, and the intellectual simply goes along with it. Adherence to the Baldwin model is usually more a sin of thoughtlessness and convenience than of conscious avarice, though it is always an appropriation of moral power, a stealing of thunder.

The protest intellectual positions himself in the pathway of the larger society's march toward racial redemption. By allowing his work to be framed by the protest identity, he articulates the larger society's moral liability. He seems, therefore, to hold the key to how society must redeem itself. Baldwin was called in to advise Bobby Kennedy on the Negro situation. It is doubtful that the Baldwin of *Go Tell It on the Mountain* would have gotten such a call. But the Baldwin of *The Fire Next Time* probably expected it. Ralph Ellison, a contemporary of Baldwin's who rejected the black protest identity but whose work showed a far deeper understanding of black culture than Baldwin's, never had this sort of access to high places. By insisting on his individual autonomy as an artist, Ellison was neither inflated with the moral authority of his group's freedom struggle nor positioned in the pathway of America's redemption.

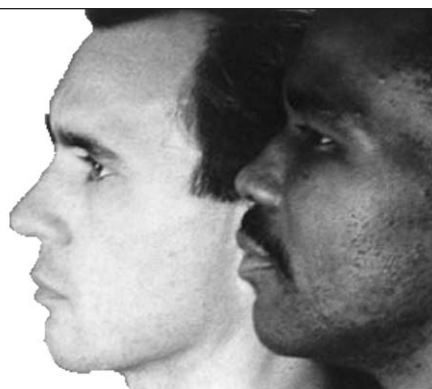
Today the protest identity is a career advantage for an entire generation of black intellectuals, particularly academics who have been virtually forced to position themselves in the path of their university's obsession with "diversity." Inflation from the moral authority of protest, added to the racial-preference policies in so many American institutions, provides an irresistible

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"Congratulations," they said. "That's very nice."

incentive for black America's best minds to continue defining themselves by protest. Professors who resist the Baldwin model risk the Ellisonian fate of invisibility.

What happened in America to make the Baldwin model possible?

The broad answer is this: America moved from its long dark age of racism into an age of white guilt. I saw this shift play out in my own family.

I grew up watching my parents live out an almost perpetual protest against racial injustice. When I was five or six we drove out of our segregated neighborhood every Sunday morning to carry out the grimly disciplined business of integrating a lily-white church in the next town. Our family was a little off-color island of quiet protest amidst rows of pinched white faces. And when that battle was lost there was a long and successful struggle to create Chicago's first fully integrated church. And from there it was on to the segregated local school system, where my parents organized a boycott against the elementary school that later incurred the first desegregation lawsuit in the North.

Amidst all this protest, I could see only the price people were paying. I saw my mother's health start to weaken. I saw the white minister who encouraged us to integrate his church lose his job. There was a time when I was sent away to stay with family friends until things "cooled down." Black protest had no legitimacy in broader America in the 1950s. It was subversive, something to be repressed, and people who indulged in it were made to pay.

And then there came the sunny day in the very late sixties when I leaned into the window of my parents' old powder-blue Rambler and, inches from my mother's face, said wasn't it amazing that I was making \$13,500 a year. They had come to visit me on my first job out of college, and had just gotten into the car for their return trip. I saw my mistake even as the words tumbled out. My son's pride had blinded me to my parents' feelings. This was four or five thousand dollars more than either of them had ever made in a single year. I had learned the year before that my favorite professor--a full professor with two books to his credit--had fought hard for a raise to \$10,000 a year. Thirteen five implied a different social class, a different life than we had known as a family.

The subtext of this role reversal was President Johnson's Great Society, and beneath that an even more profound shift in the moral plates of society. The year was 1969, and I was already employed in my fourth Great Society program--three Upward Bound programs and now a junior college-level program called Experiment in Higher Education, in East St. Louis, Illinois. America was suddenly spending vast millions to end poverty "in our time," and, as it was for James Baldwin on his return from Paris, the timing was perfect for me.

I was chosen for my first Upward Bound job because I was the leader of the campus civil-rights group. This engagement with black protest suddenly constituted a kind of aptitude, in my employers' minds, for teaching disadvantaged kids. It inflated me into a person who was gifted with young people. The protesting that had gotten me nowhere when I started college was serving me as well as an advanced degree by the time I was a senior.

Two great, immutable forces have driven America's attitudes, customs, and public policies around race. The first has been white racism, and the second has been white guilt. The civil-rights movement was the dividing line between the two. Certainly there was some guilt before this movement, and no doubt some racism remains after it. But the great achievement of the civil-rights movement was that its relentless moral witness finally defeated the legitimacy of racism as propriety--a principle of social organization, manners, and customs that defines decency itself. An idea controls culture when it achieves the invisibility of propriety. And it must be remembered that racism was a propriety, a form of decency. When, as a boy, I was prohibited from entering the fine Christian home of the occasional white playmate, it was to save the household an indecency. Today, thanks to the civil-rights movement, white guilt is propriety--an utterly invisible code that defines decency in our culture with thousands of little protocols we no longer even think about. We have been living in an age of white guilt for four decades now.

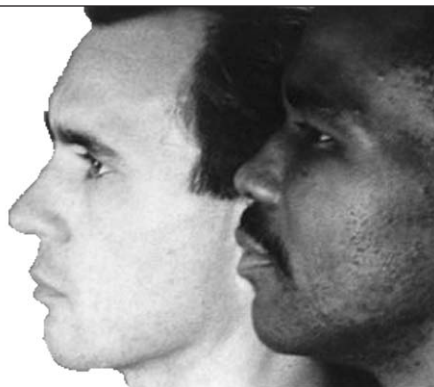
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Two great, immutable forces have driven America's attitudes, customs, and public policies around race. The first has been white racism, and the second has been white guilt. The civil-rights movement was the dividing line between the two. Certainly there was some guilt before this movement, and no doubt some racism remains after it. But the great achievement of the civil-rights movement was that its relentless moral witness finally defeated the legitimacy of racism as propriety.

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What is white guilt? It is not a personal sense of remorse over past wrongs. White guilt is literally a vacuum of moral authority in matters of race, equality, and opportunity that comes from the association of mere white skin with

America's historical racism. It is the stigmatization of whites and, more importantly, American institutions with the sin of racism. Under this stigma white individuals and American institutions must perpetually prove a negative--that they are not racist--to gain enough authority to function in matters of race, equality, and opportunity. If they fail to prove the negative, they will be seen as racists. Political correctness, diversity policies, and multiculturalism are forms of deference that give whites and institutions a way to prove the negative and win reprieve from the racist stigma.

Institutions especially must be proactive in all this. They must engineer a demonstrable racial innocence to garner enough authority for simple legitimacy in the American democracy. No university today, private or public, could admit students by academic merit alone if that meant no black or brown faces on campus. Such a university would be seen as racist and shunned accordingly. White guilt has made social engineering for black and brown representation a condition of legitimacy.

People often deny white guilt by pointing to its irrationality--"I never owned a slave," "My family got here eighty years after slavery was over." But of course almost nothing having to do with race is rational. That whites are now stigmatized by their race is not poetic justice; it is simply another echo of racism's power to contaminate by mere association.

The other common denial of white guilt has to do with motive: "I don't support affirmative action because I'm guilty; I support it because I want to do what's fair." But the first test of sincere support is a demand that the policy be studied for effectiveness. Affirmative action went almost completely unexamined for thirty years and has only recently been briefly studied in a highly politicized manner now that it is under threat. The fact is that affirmative action has been a very effective racial policy in garnering moral authority and legitimacy for institutions, and it is now institutions--not individual whites or blacks--that are fighting to keep it alive.

The real difference between my parents and myself was that they protested in an age of white racism and I protested in an age of white guilt. They were punished; I was rewarded. By my time, moral authority around race had become a great and consuming labor for America. Everything from social programs to the law, from the color of TV sitcom characters to the content of school curricula, from college admissions to profiling for terrorists--every aspect of our culture--now must show itself redeemed of the old national sin. Today you cannot credibly run for president without an iconography of white guilt: the backdrop of black children, the Spanish-language phrases,

the word "compassion" to separate conservatism from its associations with racism.

So then here you are, a black American living amidst all this. Every institution you engage--

the government, universities, corporations, public and private schools, philanthropies, churches--faces you out of a deficit of moral authority. Your race is needed everywhere. How could you avoid the aggressions, and even the bigotries, of white guilt? What institution could you walk into without having your color tallied up as a credit to the institution? For that matter, what political party or ideological direction could you pursue without your race being plundered by that party or ideology for moral authority?

Because blacks live amidst such hunger for the moral authority of their race, we embraced protest as a permanent identity in order to capture the fruits of white guilt on an ongoing basis. Again, this was our first fall by our own hand. Still, it is hard to imagine any group of individuals coming out of four centuries of oppression and not angling their identity toward whatever advantage seemed available. White guilt held out the promise of a preferential life in recompense for past injustice, and the protest identity seemed the best way to keep that promise alive.

An obvious problem here is that we blacks fell into a group identity that has absolutely no other purpose than to collect the fruits of white guilt. And so the themes of protest--a sense of grievance and victimization--evolved into a sensibility, an attitude toward the larger world that enabled us always and easily to feel the grievance whether it was there or not. Protest became the mask of identity, because it defined us in a way that kept whites "on the hook." Today the angry rap singer and Jesse Jackson and the black-studies professor are all joined by an unexamined devotion to white guilt.

To be black in my father's generation, when racism was rampant, was to be a man who was very often victimized by racism. To be black in the age of white guilt is to be a victim who is very rarely victimized by racism. Today in black life there is what might be called "identity grievance"--a certainty of racial grievance that is entirely disconnected from actual grievance. And the fervor of this symbiosis with white guilt has all but killed off the idea of the individual as a source of group strength in black life. All is group and unity, even as those minority groups that ask much of their individuals thrive in America despite any discrimination they encounter.

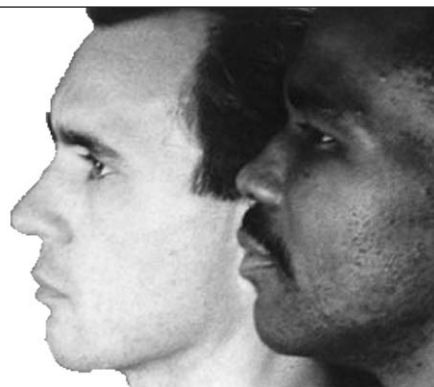
I always thought that James Baldwin on some level knew that he had lost himself to protest. His work grew narrower and narrower when age and experience should have broadened it. And, significantly, he spent the better part of his last decades

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in France, where he died in 1987. Did he again need France in those years to be himself, to be out from under the impossible demands of a symbiotically defined black identity, to breathe on his own?

There is another final and terrible enemy of the black individual. I first saw it in that Great Society program in which my salary was so sweetened by white guilt. The program itself quickly slid into banana republic-style corruption, and I was happy to get away to graduate-student poverty. But on the way out certain things became clear. The program was not so much a program as it was an idea of the social "good," around which there was an intoxicating enthusiasm. It was my first experience with the utter thrill of untested good intentions. On the way out I realized that thrill had been the point. That feeling is what we sent back to Washington, where it was received as an end in itself.

Now I know that white guilt is a moral imperative that can be satisfied by good intentions alone. In my own lifetime, racial reform in America changed from a struggle for freedom to a struggle for "the good." A new metaphysics of the social good replaced the principles of freedom. Suddenly "diversity," "inclusion," "tolerance," "pluralism," and "multiculturalism" were all conjure words that aligned you with a social good so compelling that you couldn't leave it to mere freedom. In certain circumstances freedom could be the outright enemy of "the good." If you want a "diverse" student body at your university, for example, the individualistic principles of freedom might be a barrier. So usually "the good" has to be imposed from above out of a kind of moral imperialism by a well-meaning white elite.

In the sixties, black identity also shifted its focus from freedom to "the good" to better collect the fruits of white guilt. Thus it was a symbiosis of both white and black need that pushed racial reform into a totalitarian model where schemes of "the good" are imposed by coercion at the expense of freedom. The Franco-Czech writer Milan Kundera says that every totalitarianism is "also the dream of paradise." And when people seem to stand in its way, the rulers "build a little gulag on the side of Eden." In this good driven age of white guilt, with all its paradises of diversity, a figurative gulag has replaced

freedom's tradition of a respected and loyal opposition. Conservatives are automatically relegated to this gulag because of their preference for freedom over ideas of "the

good."

But there is another "little gulag" for the black individual. He lives in a society that needs his race for the good it wants to do more than it needs his individual self. His race makes him popular with white institutions and unifies him with blacks. But he is unsupported everywhere as an individual. Nothing in his society asks for or even allows his flowering as a full, free, and responsible person. As is always the case when "the good" becomes ascendant over freedom, and coercion itself becomes a good thing, the individual finds himself in a gulag.

Something happened at Harvard last fall that provides a rare window into all of this. Harvard's president, Lawrence H. Summers, rebuked the famous black-studies professor Cornel West for essentially being a lightweight on a campus of heavyweights. These were not his words, but there is little doubt that this was his meaning. West himself has said that he felt "devalued" and "disrespected" in the now famous meeting between the two.

The facts are all on Summers's side. West's achievements are simply not commensurate with his position as a University Professor, the very highest rank a member of an already esteemed faculty can ascend to--a rank normally reserved for Nobel-level accomplishment. West had spent the previous year on leave making a rap CD and chairing Al Sharpton's presidential exploration committee. Privately--that is, behind the mask of the protest identity few serious black academics saw West much differently than Summers did. Even publicly, where the mask is mandatory, he was never more than "officially" defended.

But Harvard itself had created the monster. Harvard did not promote Cornel West to a University Professorship because his academic work was seminal. Cornel West brought to campus the special charisma of the black protest identity--not, of

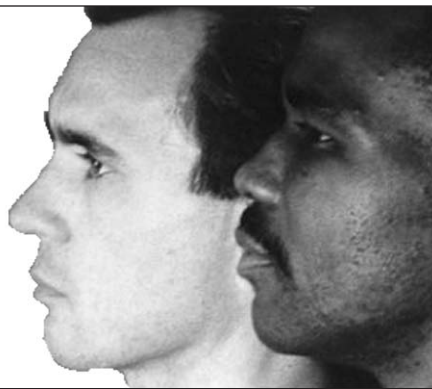
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course, in its unadorned street incarnation but dressed up in a three-piece suit and muted by an impenetrable academese that in the end said almost nothing and scared no one. This was not someone akin to the young Eldridge Cleaver, who had a real fire and could really write but who also might be rather difficult in and around Harvard Square. With Cornel you could sit the black protest identity down to dinner amidst the fine china and pretty girls from tony suburbs and everyone would be so thrilled.

Here, in the University Professorship, white guilt and black protest perfectly consummated their bargain. It was never Cornel West--the individual--that Harvard wanted; it was the defanged protest identity that he carried, which redounded to the university as racial innocence itself. How could anyone charge this university with racism when it promoted Cornel West to its upper reaches? His marginal accomplishments only made the gesture more grand. West was not at Harvard to do important work; he was there precisely to be promoted over his head. In the bold irrationality of the promotion was the daring display of racial innocence.

What Lawrence Summers did not understand, when he became Harvard's new president, was that West was an important part of the institution's iconography of racial innocence. Or maybe he did understand and wanted to challenge this way of doing things. In any case, he did the unthinkable: He saw West as an individual. Thus, he did not confuse the charisma of the protest identity with real achievement.

His rebuke of West caused an explosion, because it broke faith with the symbiotic enmeshment of white guilt and black protest. West has now left Harvard for Princeton, where this enmeshment prevails unthreatened by ham-fisted administrators who might inadvertently see their black moral-authority hires as individuals. Summers himself--as if fresh from re-education camp--has apologized to West and professed his support for affirmative action. The age of white guilt, with its myriad corruptions and its almost racist blindness to minority individuality, may someday go down like the age of racism went down--but only if people take the risk of standing up to it rather than congratulating themselves for doing things that have involved no real risk since 1965.

I know Cornel West to be a good man, whose grace and good manners even with people he disagrees with have been instructive to me. As contemporaries, we have both had to find our way in this age of white guilt. As educated blacks, we have both had to wrestle against the relentless moral neediness of American institutions, though I'm sure he wouldn't see it that way. I saw the way race inflated people like us back in those Great Society programs I mentioned, and it was my good luck to enter them when the corruptions were so blatant that it was mere self-preservation to walk away.

One of my assignments in that last program was to help

design some of the country's very first black-studies programs, and by 1970 I already knew that they would always lack the most fundamental *raison d'être* of any academic discipline: a research methodology of their own. This meant that

black studies could never be more than an assemblage of courses cobbled together from "real" departments, and that it could never have more than a political mandate--a perfect formula for academic disrespect. But, as I say, it was luck to learn this early, before white guilt became infinitely more subtle and seductive.

In the age of racism there were more powerful black intellectuals, because nobody wanted them for their race. Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, Zora Neale Hurston, W.E.B. Du Bois, and many others were fully developed, self-made individuals, no matter their various political and ideological bents. Race was not a "talent" that falsely inflated them or won them high position. Today no black intellectual in America, including this writer, is safe from this sort of inflation. The white world is simply too hungry for the moral authority our skins carry. And this is true on both the political left and right. Why did so many black churches have to be the backdrop for Clinton speeches, and why should Condoleezza Rice and Colin Powell have to hear Bush crow about their high place among his advisers?

James Baldwin once wrote: "What Europe still gives an American is the sanction, if one can accept it, to become oneself." If America now gives this sanction to most citizens, its institutions still fiercely deny it to blacks. And this society will never sanction blacks in this way until it drops all the mechanisms by which it tries to appease white guilt. Guilt can be a very civilizing force, but only when it is simply carried as a kind of knowledge. Efforts to appease or dispel it will only engage the society in new patterns of dehumanization against the same people who inspired guilt in the first place. This will always be true.

Restraint should be the watchword in racial matters. We should help people who need help. There are, in fact, no races that need help; only individuals, citizens. Over time maybe nothing in the society, not even white guilt, will reach out and play on my race, bind me to it for opportunity. I won't ever find in America what Baldwin found in Europe, but someday maybe others will. ■

Shelby Steele is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. His last book was *A Dream Deferred* (HarperCollins).

This article first appeared at Harper's Magazine.

FICTION

Concrete and Glass

BY P. L. CARRICO

Robert looked out his office window. The city was concrete and glass.

Where the glass did not reflect the gray of the sky, the concrete echoed it. He drank his coffee. A pigeon landed on the adjoining 3rd floor window sill. He looked at his hands and traced the scar where he'd gashed his hand early in his architectural career, implementing the expansion of a university wing. In typical manly hubris, he'd wanted to pose on the job site hard at work when the press came to the ground breaking. He had gotten his hand in the way of a swinging spade and had to go the hospital. He was forever more hands off in approach. For a time he was an accomplished horticulturalist, specializing in culturally significant plants, but that was some time ago.

The university was closing after the years end, his books and pictures were in boxes in his office, waiting to go to his apartment near by. He didn't dread the change, as it wasn't too drastic. His apartment had a similar view of the city he'd grown up in.

He'd tried to write a resume, but could not remember the decades. It seemed that the only evidence of the passing time was his rapidly aging physical appearance.

In school he'd remembered the visions of utopia, indeed he had a picture of an aquatic city framed on the wall, circa 1965. What a difference a century makes on idealism, he thought to himself. So Kitsch. He looked at the renderings on his desk he had yet to grade. All were in the contemporary style, Neo Zigaraud. Large rectangles flanked by parking lots. That's where the

decades had gone, critiquing the philosophical importance of the nuances of these things. He was an architect.

The university was being demolished, which drew criticism from some of the conservative nuts. The university was housed in an ancient school along the car



park blocks of the old ghetto. A new cultural arts emporium was going up in its place. He'd designed it. It was written up as his life's work. In a few months, where he sat would be a brightly lit fluorescent community of cultural artisans and consumers.

Robert stood up and left his office, walking through the deserted halls. His students were probably e-mailing their assignments to him, awaiting their receipts for their tuition. Robert thought of suicide, then laughed aloud as he opened the doors to the outside. A flock of pigeons parted as he walked to his automobile. He yawned. His parking had expired, and he was required to move it. This involved driving very far from his destination, his apartment which he could actually see from where he stood. This too made him smile. In fact he could see the lights in his apartment and his ficus tree silhouetted. His

ficus had died some time ago, burnt in summer sun.

The radio in his car played Gregorian chants as he waited in congestion.

Somehow he wasn't feeling educated. He briefly imagined himself chanting and snorted. In the next car a woman was mouthing the words to a song. She was young and beautiful. But then ugly, as Robert thought of living with her. How ugly it would make him feel next to her. Again he thought of suicide and laughed. She turned to see him laugh and stare, but registered no response.

Robert finished the receipts for the renderings via e-mail from his apartment. The usual batch of A's and luxury degrees. He

did have to give an A-minus degree to a young man who'd failed to submit any drawings during the course.

The gray sky was turning night purple. He looked at the vacant fluorescent-lit streets bellow and again thought of suicide and laughed. His large window sometimes seemed as if it weren't there, as if his room were a ledge of the building. How grandly the architect of this building had integrated the view with the space, he thought. He turned off the lights in his apartment and went to sleep.

BOOKS & ARTS

Sex & the City

More stereotypes than liberation. BY S. J. CAMPBELL

I am not a television watcher by nature, so most of what passes for the American experience passes me by. I missed completely the rise of reality TV. I have never voted for a candidate on survivor, or even watched an episode. I missed completely the whole first season of American Idol in which, apparently, some British guy named Simon was a dick to a bunch of people with no talent. For these things I have no regret.

There are, however, times when the hype for a particular show becomes so substantial, and the praises so ubiquitous, that I feel, well, left out. There have been two shows in the recent years that have represented this perfectly, and both of them are on HBO. Now while I wasn't compelled to run out and get cable to satisfy my curiosity, I nevertheless availed myself of the opportunity presenting itself to me when I visited my parents and discovered that they had digital cable complete with about seven-teen hundred movie channels.

The first show I wanted to watch was, of course, the Sopranos, but much to my chagrin, I found that despite such a plethora of channels, there was but one episode, a rerun, of the Sopranos playing during my stay. Disappointed though I was, I was at least fortunate enough to be able to catch not just an episode of the other show that had inspired such interest by the reviewers and magazine covers, but a whole marathon! It was to be Sex and the City for hours upon hours. So I sat down to see what it was that this show had to offer.

What I saw was the most pathetic group of shallow human beings I have ever had the misfortune to see put on television. I was shocked. How could this be true? How could magazine after magazine hold this show up as an example of the tough and savvy modern

woman? These are frat boys in dresses. And not even real frat boys! These were stereotyped human beings generations ago! There's the slut, the pretty little homemaker, the shy girl and, the wishy washy, empty headed, no style, pseudo



philosophical heroine of the show. Dear god, this isn't the modern woman, this is a revenge tragedy being played out on our concept of contemporary womanhood!

The whole thing plays like a male fantasy of what women are, and how they act, seen through the lens of ancient stereotyping. This is the way that men think women like to think of themselves, but it comes across so empty, so inhuman that HBO would have done better to substitute women into the male roles of one of their other shows, subtleties be damned! I was so shocked, I actually had to read the credits for writers names. After the intro to the second episode I watched I kept an eye out, and there, there it was Allen Heinberg.

Suddenly I was seized by visions of vast marketing conspiracies. This was men telling the world what women are, and

not only in the same ways as they always have, with the distorted vision of beauty found in fashion magazines, but something more terrible, more insidious than even that. Here is a show that not only stereotypes women, turns them into shallow ultra hip urbanites for whom sex is frivolous and in every episode (hey, no strings), but to top it off, they are selling it to all of America, including women themselves, as the height of the liberated woman, the end all be all of modern femininity. This is woman, redefined. And we buy it. Between the half hour episodes, there are snippets of women (no lie) comparing themselves to characters in the show. Well I think I'm exactly like? Oh my god, I'm so like? Women eating it up. Women buying it. And worse. Women defining themselves (even in this trivial (!) way.)

Writers, directors, even the show's creator are all men!

But then something even worse happened. Women's names started to appear. Woman writers, women co-writers. Episode after episode, the same thing.

This was worse even than having the whole of modern womankind reinvented by Hollywood. This means that somewhere, women are perpetrating this fraud on America. They are writing these trivial, meaningless characters and presenting them to American women as something they could be, should be, should want to be.

Somewhere out there some woman is sitting at a computer, like Sarah Jessica Parker herself, and hammering away at this, creating characters that aren't fit to film, let alone be shoved onto the cover of all our magazines.

They are creating characters are so shallow and cliché that, if they were real,

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Will You Please Be Quiet

REVIEWED BY S. J. CAMPBELL

Raymond Carver, the man who makes you proud to be an Oregonian. Raymond Carver, perhaps the most imitated American writer after Hemingway. Raymond Carver, the one man literary sensation who put Clatskanie on the god damned map. Yeah, that's right. Clatskanie.

Raymond Carver was born in Clatskanie, grew up in Yakima, and eventually went to school in California. He was bitterly poor, married young, and had two kids in rapid succession. Then, he worked. He worked in a sawmill. He worked as a janitor. He did whatever he could to pay the bills. He wrote only occasionally, as time permitted, hammering out a story in a single sitting and then rewriting and revising in all the leftover minutes of his life. He did it for the better part of fifteen years. And then he got famous. Raymond Carver went through three distinct periods in his literary career: Liked, emulated, and anthologized.

It was *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* his second collection of stories, that really got him revered as the foremost writer of minimalism and most of the stories you'll find anthologized will be from his last book *Cathedral*? but was with his first book, *Will You Please Be Quiet*, Please that he caught the attention of the literary world.

Published in 1977, this is Carver at his best. These stories were written during his drinking years, and the stories he produced are both stark and powerful. The men and women in Carver's writing

are people without luck, always coming to the end of something, always feeling the tension of something truly terrible lying just underneath. They are stuck at the bottom, bitterly poor and trapped by choices and circumstances, and when the story begins, you can be sure that for these characters something is going to



happen. They are dealing with the important issues of life, the real ones, the fundamental ones: how to start over, how to do right, how to get on.

But we're not talking just masturbational fantasy about working class heroes here. This is the real thing. These men and women have a great capacity for cruelty, and are prone to do the irrational, capricious acts of madness or complete sanity that humans commit. And this is what makes Carver's writing so captivating. It's never just for show. It's never about bright lights or big explosions. It's not even about death and disease. When reading Carver, there is a distinct sense that these characters are real.

These are people. And they are people doing things. It is Carver's gift to be able to put his pen right on these characters just as they are having a moment, the moment, the one that's been coming, the one after which the character won't ever be the same. He gives us these moments without pretence or any of the razzle dazzle that accompanies most writing that aspires to literature. With Carver, these major moments, these epiphanies just aren't like in Hollywood. They're silent things. Teeth gritting things. They're moments of barely contained rage. Or sickness. Or just plain fedupness. And it runs the whole scale from the explosive to the corrosive.

This collection is the best, and most unsentimental of these moments, although at times, the book suffers a bit because the incessant assault can leave a reader a little emotionally exhausted. But Raymond himself might have had the same complaint, because it was with the publication of this book, in 1977 that Carver went sober and put his bad Raymond? days behind him. And even if there isn't as wide a range of emotions as there are in his other books, the fact of the matter is that these stories combine to make what is probably the most honest, and brutal, of all Carver's books.

Many of these stories, although they be about average people, trapped in the wordless horror of the mundane, are surprisingly memorable. these are probably the most honest, and brutal, of all Carver's books.

Sex & the City *Continued from page 26*

they should be dragged out into the busy streets and shot. Perhaps HBO could cash in on the event by making it a crossover episode with the Sopranos.

The hype was all hype, and I am again

disappointed. Although I must admit the horror of this show made for a few interesting minutes while I formulated my vision of cultural feminine redefinition by insidious male propaganda, I

have to admit that man or woman, this show sucks. Bad art is bad art by whatever gender.

Let Freedom Ring

REVIEWED BY SETH HATMAKER

Many people know Sean Hannity from his premier cable show *Hannity & Colmes*, which appears at 6pm and 11pm PST on Fox News Channel. His radio show can be heard on KPAM 860 AM from 12pm – 3pm. What people may have missed is that Sean Hannity is now an acclaimed author. Hannity's first book, *Let Freedom Ring* (New York: HarperCollins, 2002), is a spectacular piece of contemporary American political thought.

Let Freedom Ring guides the reader through a critical analysis of American left-wing ideas and practices. *Let Freedom Ring* also raises important facts about issues that concern Americans. To illustrate the brilliance of *Let Freedom Ring*, I summarize three issues that Hannity does a particularly good job in discussing: the War on Terror, education, and taxes. For all of the ladies there is a picture of Sean Hannity on the cover that can be used as decoration for the office or home. Women tell me he is cute.

Hannity's commentary on the War on Terror is to the point, and quite enlightening. *Let Freedom Ring* contains pages of insightful information on how September 11 could have been prevented if the Left would have opened their eyes to powerful warnings. *Let Freedom Ring* shows how Sudan offered Osama Bin Laden to the Clinton/Gore administration as far back as 1996.

The Clinton/Gore administration declined, and we all know the consequences. *Let Freedom Ring* also gives alarming information on Left politics and the CIA. The CIA plays a vital role in the War on Terror, but the Left want to defame and abolish the bureaucracy. One leader in the attack on the CIA is Senator John Kerry who plans to run for the presidency. *Let Freedom Ring* displays

how Senator Kerry made false allegations that the CIA was drug trafficking. I hope readers buy the book, and remember this about Kerry when it comes election time in 2004.

Sean Hannity gives an alarming, albeit accurate, view on education in America.



Hannity shows how the Left has rendered our education system mindless. Pupils are deprived of reading, math skills, and history. It seems that education in America is more concerned about multiculturalism than it is on preparing students to discuss the topic. The public education system pontificates the need to boost minorities.

The same system adversely affects minorities through left-winged practices of: denying accountability and choosing bias over substance. *Let Freedom Ring* gives a detailed account on how the NEA (National Education Association) influences the education system's agenda. As a consequence, our youth become open-minded except when it comes to tolerating families, heterosexuals, and the honorable people who participate in our military. All of this on the dime of the American taxpayer.

The American taxpayer is another subject dear to Sean Hannity's heart. Hannity gives startling numbers concerning taxes, Democrats, and the economy. In 1999, total taxes per household reached \$30,000 (p. 218.) The Clinton-Gore administration increased the tax burden on Americans from \$4,625 per person to \$6,690. These are the facts Democrats do not want people to see – particularly presidential hopeful, Dick Gephardt.

The subject of Gephardt brings up another good discussion found in *Let Freedom Ring*. One sees Democratic leaders blaming Ronald Reagan for budget deficits throughout the 1980's. Sean Hannity exposes that lie with a chart showing Reagan's budget proposals from 1982 to 1989. In every year but 1984, the congressional Democrats approved spending much more than Reagan proposed. Not to mention, tax revenues climbed by 99.4 percent during the 1980's even though the average American was paying less taxes. Poor Americans received a tax cut of around 3 percent. These facts debunk the left-winged myths that conservatives and Republicans only aid the wealthy and create deficits.

I am a grad student in political science. I have to read more material than I care to mention. Of all of my readings, very few come close to Sean Hannity's *Let Freedom Ring*. His writing is professional and concise. His facts are accessible, cited, and come from respected people. *Let Freedom Ring* is truly a treat in that it does not take hours of toiling to extract main points and arguments. *Let Freedom Ring* is also a wonderful summary of contemporary, conservative American political thought. I say in all sincerity that Americans should buy this book.

PRO & CON

Minimum Wage

PRO

SETH HATMAKER, CONTRIBUTOR

MY conservative peers always lunge towards my throat when I bring up the discussion of minimum wage increase, which is probably the only issue that I agree with people on the Left. Consequently, I felt the need to justify my stance on minimum wages.

Economists like to use the term "real wages." In simplistic terms, real wages are the amount of money people make as it relates to buying power. Wage increase, in general, is intended to insure that workers are able to keep up with prices, which mysteriously go up no matter how inflationary or recessionary the economy is.

In the mid part of the twentieth century, America was arguably fair when it came to wages as they compared to the cost of living. But, the seventies proved to be a paradigm shift when it came to real wages. All of a sudden Americans were not being paid in relation to the cost of living. There are several theories on why this is the case, but the why questions do not concern me.

What does concern me is the consequence this has had on hard-working Americans. The best explanation I have seen concerning the discussion about America and wages is in Pat Buchanan's *The Great Betrayal* (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1998.) In the first chapter Buchanan cites facts on how real wages fell in historical proportion. In the spring of 1996 average hourly wages were lower than in 1965 even though corporate profits had reached \$600 billion in that year. Homes now cost four times a young couple's salary. This is all documented in *The Great Betrayal* with citations. People are working longer hours with less vacation than the rest of the world. Granted, part of the reason is the tremendous tax burden, but another reason is that this world is expensive. Milk runs \$2.50/ gallon on sale. Cereal can be around \$4.00 a box. Look what just happened, a person had to work one hour just to be able to have cereal for breakfast – assuming he or she lives in Oregon (which has a higher minimum wage than the national average), does not have rent to pay, or a car, or electricity bills. I hope you see the point.

I guess a more accurate articulation to my view is this: in this post 1970's epochal time, I support certain minimum wage increases because we live in an expensive world. I also believe that corporate executives can do away with forgiving loans worth millions of dollars to purchase a fifth home in St. Thomas, and school administrators can do without lucrative contracts, in order to make room for wage increases on the majority of Americans, without justifying price and tax increases. ■

CON

JUSTICE MCPHERSON, CONTRIBUTOR

WHILE those advocate for a higher minimum wage claim to be compassionate and concerned, precisely the opposite is true. Minimum wage increases cause inflation, unemployment, and push gainful employment out of reach of those who need it the most.

In Alaska the minimum wage was recently increased to \$7.15/hour. The intent? To help the poorest of Alaskans. To put more food on their table.

The very next day, I walked through the grocery store. Everything in the store was being marked up. Someone at the new minimum wage level could afford no more food than they could before. What of those on fixed incomes? Medicare, Social Security, Unemployment? Their monthly checks no longer stretch as far as they did before.

Hardest hit were the small businesses, family owned stores and the like. Not having a pool of corporate resources to draw from in hard times, these businesses run without a safety net. For many of them, any increase in costs – such as being forced to give everyone raises – are a death knell. In their wake, corporate chain stores, larger and better able to survive financial shocks, move in.

Thus, a vote for a higher minimum wage is a vote for McDonalds and Wal-Mart.

My stepbrother is a social worker, assisting the elderly and disabled to go about their lives. He confided in me after the minimum wage hike about the plight of a client of his. In past, his client was employed, which helped him feel useful and a valued member of his community. Then, the state raised the minimum wage. In order to avoid going bankrupt, his workplace had to 'downsize' all less-than-perfectly-productive, non-fast-track employees. Now, he sits home alone, stripped of his decency, like a "helpless cripple".

Picture a person looking for a job. Let's call her "Lisa". Lisa has no money, no work experience, no skills. She wants to work toward her education, to rise above her current station in life. Until she has a work history, however, she might only be able to command \$5.00 an hour. This is a woman who desperately wants and needs a \$5.00/hour job.

Enter "Hannah's Trinkets," a small-town store that brings in a tiny amount of money and provides its owner with a stressful, lower-middle-class lifestyle. Hannah's would be overjoyed to have a friendly local face to work evenings and give Hannah time to expand her business.

Witness the minimum wage laws, as they doom Lisa to continued unemployment, and cost Hannah a loyal employee. Watch as Lisa's fixed income wilts under inflation. Observe as Hannah's other customers spend their less-valuable money on food, rather than Hannah's local wares.

Is this charity? Is this compassion? Forcing the disabled and poor out of work? Driving small entrepreneurs out of business? No. I see only misery here. I oppose minimum wage laws. It's the compassionate, generous thing to do. ■

LETTERS

To the irresponsible editors of the Spectator

This e-mail is directed to the editors of the Portland Spectator rather than to Mr. Boggs. He has shown himself to be a by-product of fear, frustration and rage without accountability or cognitive thought, and therefore unlikely to lack [sic] the maturity necessary to comprehend criticism. His column "Healthy Body

Sick Mind" from Jan. 2003 conflicts with the Spectator's mission statement in two ways. First he attacks Christmas as a holiday of gift exchange. The Spectator's mission statement accepts "capitalism and the institutional arrangements that allow it to flourish." Christmas in our country of highly competitive capitalism is such an institution. Retail sales are made and broken during

the holiday season. Secondly, the column conflicts with your mission statement's support of an environment "where there is a chance for rational and prudent arguments to be heard." There is nothing rational or prudent about verbally attacking a group of movie fans for being childish and then proceeding with an argument that resembles a tantrum thrown by an obscenely spoiled child.

He attacks the magical belief in Santa Claus in an adult context (genital mutilation for St. Nick for trespassing) as though it were held by adults rather than children. What's next months column going to challenge, the plausibility of the plot line of Charlotte's Web? If at all possible, the column sinks even lower when he begins his rants about women,

which he deems "sluts." He goes so far as to use their behavior to justify other country's hatred for the United States.

Like an overindulgent parent to an overindulged child, the Spectator prints the naughty boy's article, helping him to realize his goal of an undeserved abundance of attention.

And if I issued Mr. Boggs a personal response, I too would be guilty of indulging him. But I couldn't ignore--you--the editors, from whom I expect a higher level of maturity. By printing this column, you have disrespected your own mission statement and become a forum for irrational hatred.

Damon Messer, student

The Trashy Spectator

Dear Sirs,

I am a new student at PSU and the January 2003 issue of your paper caught my eye as I waited in line to register. I am [sic] bleeding heart liberal but I was curious what you had to say. I must say I was severely disappointed.

Every article is poorly written; there are run-on sentences nearly every paragraph, book titles are inconsistently italicized, thesis statements are often unclear or missing entirely.

The meaning of many articles is lost amid anti-liberal rhetoric and overly complex word choice. Even worse, you disagree with your own thesis. The article on Bill O'Reilly, "Entering the No Spin Zone," congratulates O'Reilly with providing a way to examine "Dishonesty anywhere in the world." However, earlier in the article, you said he has "skewed statistics."

I believe in free speech, as you might have guessed, so I am not condemning "The Portland Spectator." I was hoping for intelligent articles with a conserva-

tive slant so that I would be able to see how the other half thinks. This way I would be able to strengthen my arguments against the conservatives, or, if I agreed with the paper, I would then be forced to take a good luck [sic] at my own values.

Instead, what I got was poorly written propaganda trash.

Cameron Elliott

Send letters to letters@portlandspectator.com or portlandspectator@hotmail.com

portlandspectator.com

HEALTHY BODY SICK MIND

BY SEAN H. BOGGS

The Salami Killer at the Baker City Rite Aid

So we caught that nazi who killed his family in the spirit of Christmas a while back. Wait, he ain't a Nazi? Well, could have fooled me with that minivan and the Jesus bumper stickers. Those god-damn Nazi's are always running about, doing foolish things, eating a healthy breakfast and killing their families.

This guy was real smart though. Instead of tricking us all into clichéd tales of criminals by jumping the border to Canada or cornering himself inside a Motel 6 with a salami sandwich stuffed inside his jacket, pretending that it is a gun. He instead drove all the way to...Baker City, and more importantly, to the local Rite Aid. Shit, and all that detective work for nothin'. I can see the exaggerated, Hollywood script now: "The Salami Killer at the Baker City Rite Aid."

"Okay, Salami, we got ya surrounded. Come out, with your hands up."

"You'll never take me alive coppers! Ha. Ha. Ha. Hey, pig! Eat this!"

"Ow! Goddamn it, he threw a fucking piece of salami at me! And it had may-

Smells like teen spirit

Seems as though the dropout rate is rising even more in the great state of Oregon. Officials are claiming that the reason for the 4.9% dropout rate is



because the "school system doesn't work for every child."

Here is what that means to us children who have graduated high schools, junior highs and elementary schools: The kids in high schools today are completely spoiled and stupid. They have shorter classes than ever before and a greater selection of classes that range from working in the student store where you get a bad grade if you burn a cookie to fly-fishing.

High school dropouts are dropping out for one reason and one reason alone: they are fucking retarded, and not in the cute, drooling way. They are complete morons. Being stupid is the only reason to not be able to finish high school, well, that and if you get pregnant, which is a category of stupidity that I don't even have time to get into right now, you know, with the limited space available for me to write all these words and such.

Why do we even care if these kids are dropping out to begin with? We need someone to fill our cars with gas, to mow our lawns, serve us hamburgers and teach junior high.

So, go ahead, drop out. High school doesn't want you, the Army doesn't want

you, well actually they probably do, they are pretty desperate right now, and your parents don't want you. In fact, get a job already and realize that you did some pretty stupid things with your life, and you aren't even of age to gamble.

I have the right to say all this because I finished high school, and, well, my dad can beat up your dad.

The warheads were empty. But were the warheads really empty? Yes they were. Or were they?

Fucking Iraq lied to us, those nazi bastards. Wait, they ain't nazis? Shit, could have fooled me with their chemical weapons and beards. Looks like inspectors found chemical warheads in Iraq after all. I don't give an Iraqi asshole that the weapons found were empty, they didn't find a really good deal on Ebay for empty warheads. The weapons that were found, at one point, had something in them.

So, the United States finally got a reason to start another war with another country. Supposedly we always have a good reason to kill people, but now we have reason that the public can appreciate.

World War Three is scheduled to begin as soon as the papers are signed and all of the t's have been crossed. President Bush immediately raised the terror color warnings to level black, a color representing both death and oil. Death to everybody who is against the United States and oil for every person living inside the United States.

I am ready to move to Canada and support my fellow Canadians in their quest to legalize hockey. ■



onnaise on it for Christ's Sake. For the love of motherfucking Pete."

"Don't worry Captain Pennyloafer, I'll save the day," shouts the handsome, newly wed officer, father of one, who eventually gets hit by a car as he crosses the parking lot, losing both his legs while getting pummeled with pound after pound of salami.

S

THE SADDAM
MAGAZINE

How I Lost 20 LBS. Torturing Dissidents Myself

10 NEW WAYS TO DECEIVE ARMS INSPECTORS

HOW'D HE DO IT?!

Avoiding Sanctions? Time to
unleash your creative powers

PHOTO ALBUM

Kurdish Villages
before and after
biological attacks

