

## Feminist Professors Rule

*from Hollyworld (2006)*

Native Americans sat in the shade under the tall elm trees in the Park Blocks, chanting and beating drums.

Home schooling gave young Burke Easley an advantage when he entered college. His dad offered to help him financially if he wanted to apply to elite universities, but what Burke had learned about current politics diminished his academic ambition to the modest goal of majoring in English and becoming a teacher. His grandmother helped him to research instructors and select courses at schools in the region. He moved into an apartment downtown about a mile walk from her and often came over to her place for lunch or dinner. She had to quit tutoring after her stroke when Grandpa Easley died and sometimes it slowed down her reactions. At least she had been able to teach for awhile.

Burke crossed the campus, hearing the drums.

He soon learned that his greatest challenge in college would be to resist the temptations to engage his instructors or other students in debate. He was at an age when many young males, having learned a few facts, think they are experts and feel compelled to argue, for hours. His dad and especially Val encouraged him to argue about issues and to consider different angles, to direct his mind like a viewfinder. Val liked to trick him into agreeing with an argument and then jump to the opposite side, rollicking with laughter. His parents were always discussing issues and they made him back up his contributions with facts. When he started taking college courses, he often felt a strong urge to disagree with the instructor, or to ask a pointed question, but his grandmother had persuaded him that it would be wise to keep his mouth shut for awhile and just listen. At the local Catholic university, nobody expected all the students to agree with all the dogmas of the institution, and everyone was considered a sinner. At the public and the Protestant schools, however, political correctness was required and many instructors attributed guilt according to race, gender, class and sexual preference.

The drums multiplied with counter-pointing rhythms.

"Don't let them bother you," his grandmother told him.

They were sitting at her small table, having lunch.

"At least the Catholics make redemption possible," he chewed a bite of his beef sandwich. "To the radicals, I'm guilty forever."

"Play the game, but don't believe in it."

"That's from *Invisible Man* and he's black. In classes, I usually wish I *was* invisible!"

"It's still good advice."

"I'm trying!"

"You know, we have to play the hand we're dealt."

"I'm sorry, Grandma."

"That's all right, dear. Now finish your soup."

He could hear the drums from here.

In gratitude for all she did for him, he invited her to accompany him to a movie downtown called *Guilty by Suspicion*. He wanted to do a paper on it for a course. She thanked him, but declined, saying that she would rather not watch propaganda. She had read that the original story was about experiences of the Communist screenwriter Abe

Polansky, a geeky bald guy in thick glasses. Polansky is played by the handsome Robert DeNiro and the movie turns him from a Communist into an innocent liberal.

That evening he walked downtown to the theater.

Afterward, in his paper, he replied to a review by the most prominent movie critic on television, the pudgy and pink-faced Roger Ebert, who called it one of the best pictures he had ever seen. Ebert's book of reviews was an ongoing bestseller. Burke pointed out that, contrary to Ebert, liberals were not blacklisted, nobody was blacklisted for attending a few meetings of anything, Dalton Trumbo was a screenwriter not a director, the star Gary Cooper testified *against* Communists not for them, the Blacklist ended in the fifties not the seventies, Senator Joe McCarthy *did* in fact identify Communist spies in sensitive government jobs, and Communists were not asked to name other Communists for legal reasons, as Ebert supposes, but simply in order to prove their loyalty to the United States.

Ebert claims that the hearings "did not really further the campaign against subversion." In rebuttal, Burke quoted Edward Dmytryk, the 20th Century Fox director and former Communist, who testified that the hearings stopped the Reds from taking over all the unions in the motion picture industry, which would have given control of content to our enemy the Soviet Union. Ebert sides with the totalitarians and declares that history has vindicated the Communists who refused to cooperate with the United States. He did not notice the execution of the Rosenbergs, nor the fall of the Berlin Wall, nor the end of the Soviet Union, nor the jubilation expressed by the millions of people liberated from Communist tyranny, nor the translation of secret Soviet cables in the Venona Project that vindicated both the House Committee and Senator McCarthy. As a propagandist for Red Hollywood, so faithful to the Great Blowfish that he had grown to resemble it, Ebert says the House Committee was "opposed to what this nation stands for." He does not even capitalize the word *Communist*, reducing it to a harmless general belief, rather than acknowledging that it is the most destructive ideology in history, responsible for almost a century of untold human suffering.

The Council of Europe Parliamentary Assembly, representing forty-six countries, eventually recognized over a hundred million dead victims and strongly condemned totalitarian Communist regimes for "massive human rights violations" during the twentieth century, including assassinations, executions, concentration camp deaths, deportation, starvation, torture, slave labor "and other forms of mass physical terror." The resolution was proposed by a Swede, passed by a margin of over two to one and was fiercely opposed by the Communist parties and other leftists in France of course, as well as in Belgium, Spain, Greece and Russia, where half the population still admired Stalin. Opponents called the resolution "McCarthyism."

Roger Ebert did not get to vote.

After the class when Burke turned in his paper on *Guilty by Suspicion*, he got to talking with another student, a slender fellow with a thin blond mustache, better manners and more formal clothes than most students, Raleigh Kirk, originally from the South. They hung around for awhile in the classroom, talking and getting to know each other. They were both English majors, but Raleigh had given up the idea of becoming a professor, whereas by now, Burke felt compelled to enter the profession and fight the radical professors who were attacking and eliminating the literary heritage of his country. The clock on the wall showed the wrong time. Raleigh pulled an old gold watch on a chain from his vest pocket, glanced at it and snapped it shut.

They shook hands.

After the next class they talked again and then it became a routine. One day another male student joined them. Then another. Soon they had a male discussion group that varied in size from half a dozen to fifteen or more, depending on circumstances. They met in that same empty classroom at four o'clock twice a week. Some in the group had attended other schools around the country and several, like Raleigh, had given up on becoming a teacher. They all had been raised and taught to be egalitarian, to transcend race and gender and sexual orientation. By now, however, they were telling anecdotes of their encounters with radical feminists and sharing advice on how to respond to their sexist jokes and insults. On occasion they ventured comments on the most taboo subjects of the day, such as gender differences, abortion, the fifty percent drop in male sperm count, the declining birth rate of whites and the ways that Communism coincided with radical Islam. Mostly they talked about the great classic writers, especially the Americans, who had been disparaged and purged from the curriculum for being dead, white and male. They compared themselves to monks during the Dark Ages, preserving knowledge that might someday inform a Renaissance.

They mocked hypocrisy.

The radicals professed opposition to segregation in society, yet they segregated literature and other subjects by race, gender and sexual orientation. They honored Martin Luther King, Jr., yet they practiced the opposite of what he preached with such inspirational passion in his legendary *I Have a Dream* speech, that people should be judged as individuals, by the content of their characters, not by their race or other grouping. The radicals claimed to be egalitarian, yet they overturned the melting pot, discouraged ethnic assimilation, denied our commonality as Americans, replaced our pluralistic democratic culture with dictatorial multiculturalism, gave the highest priority to aggressive pursuit of self-interest by select groups and set one group against another.

Every group that beat the drums of protest loudly enough was given an academic program that certified their purity and oppression. All professed equality while competing for status in the hierarchy of victimhood. At this school, the gender and ethnic *majority* came out on top! The radicals not only made bigotry popular again, they institutionalized it. They claimed to give the highest educational priority to advocating for people they deemed to be oppressed, yet they were exploiting untenured faculty and graduate teaching assistants as low wage slaves to teach composition and perform other functions that tenured faculty wanted to avoid. They claimed to be seeking justice, yet they taught that objectivity, the foundation of justice, was a lie, even a form of oppression. They claimed to be seeking diversity, yet political conformity was a hiring requirement.

In the Spring of his freshman year, Burke was so surprised by an unsatisfactory grade on a term paper, he read the instructor's comments to the guys in his afternoon discussion group, then had his grandmother read the paper. His subject was D. W. Griffith, the founding father of cinema as an art form. Griffith was by now considered the single most important figure in the history of American motion pictures, the creator of film grammar revered by Sergei Eisenstein, Charlie Chaplin and Orson Welles. His name was given to the major award for directors in Hollywood. Griffith was the first filmmaker to hire union labor and the first to depict the Ku Klux Klan in a negative light. In his films he championed the rights of Native Americans, denounced white racism toward the Chinese and attacked the repression of women. His epic film *Intolerance* opposes war, capital

punishment, Prohibition and rapacious capitalism. Despite his record as an artist and liberal humanitarian, after his death Griffith became the scapegoat of leftwing Hollywood, found guilty of a sin committed in one among his more than four hundred pictures. In one film, he depicted a politically incorrect perspective.

His punishment was infamy.

In *The Birth of a Nation*, the first and still the most famous epic film, northern and southern families are caught up in the Civil War and Griffith includes the perspective of the Old South, its devastation and suffering, with some black villains and some heroic Klansmen. Over the years, many attempts to ban the film succeeded. The biography of Griffith by screenwriter Homer Croy smeared him by inventing a nasty confrontation with a black maid who did not exist. Later a group of radicals from Berkeley stormed into a revival showing of the picture in San Francisco, where they vandalized the theater, destroyed projection equipment and burned that print of the film. Burke pointed out in his paper that over the years Hollywood had produced movies dramatizing the perspectives of brutal Nazis, Communists, fiendish madmen, serial killers and even Satan himself, yet now it was condemning Griffith for including the perspective of the American South during Reconstruction. His name was removed from the directors award. Burke's paper listed stereotypes common in Hollywood movies throughout the century, racist and otherwise, the collective sins for which the reputation of Griffith had been crucified on a cross burning with hypocritical indignation.

Burke had gone over the paper with his professor in her office. She explained her low grade by saying that, like Griffith, he had fostered negative stereotypes and made statements that could be hurtful to the feelings of others. Now he slumped before his grandmother with a face distorted by frustration. He ran his fingers back through his dark wavy hair, clenched his lips and sighed. He no longer knew what was expected of him. The rolled sleeves of his blue workshirt revealed long scratches on his wrists and the backs of his hands from a cat he had taken down after it got stuck on top of a power pole.

His grandmother studied his paper, then read aloud some of the comments the professor scrawled in the margins.

"Do you have to take this?"

"It's in a category required for a degree."

"Surely there must be someone you can talk to."

"I talked to a few of the professors with clean doors. You know, without slogans. But the friendly women teachers are shunned by the radicals and have no power and the men aren't allowed to express any dissenting views. They're all afraid of the radical women."

"You said there was one."

"He's gone. He resisted them for twenty years. But finally they started harassing students for taking his courses."

"Then you must transfer to a better school."

"Grandma, I've done some research like you suggested. I don't think it would be much different now almost anyplace."

She encouraged him not to give up.

Just a few weeks later, he noticed a movie downtown that he thought might interest her. This time she accepted his invitation because it was the latest film by director Robert Altman, based on a novel by Michael Tolkin. They left early so that her slower pace did not make them late. Altman had done several excellent films back in the seventies, but

then he got shut out of Hollywood in the eighties by marketing executives. This picture was his revenge. According to the better reviewers, it represented much of the corporate world at large, in particular the greedy competition among top executives in Hollywood.

*The Player* is set in Los Angeles and is full of cameos, stars playing themselves in restaurants and other real life situations, giving authenticity to the story. The actor cast as the Player is convincing in the role because he is not a star, he has a vacuous venality about him and looks like a boy in a business suit. More than ever now in the nineties, movies were being pitched to teenagers. Studio executives sit around a conference table and wish that, in the production process, they could eliminate the need for a writer. The Player has no morality whatsoever and even murders a writer. All he knows is how to play the game.

On the walk back to her apartment, they talked about it.

"Altman is a player too," she said.

"Yeah, he admits that."

"Play the game, but don't believe in it," she advised again.

"I don't know if I can, Grandma."

"Don't give up yet. Things are changing, I can feel it."

He helped her down off the curb.

By his sophomore year the renegade male discussion group had grown even more alienated from higher education and its politics. Some guys dropped out of school and other guys appeared and the group usually numbered about a dozen. There were complaints and horror stories about the feminist Sexual Harassment Code and anecdotes about encounters with feminists. There was no way to tell if a female was covertly hostile or not, so most of the guys did not attend any university social events and would never approach anybody on campus for a date. They would no longer enroll in an unrequired course with a female instructor unless she was recommended by somebody they knew.

For several meetings, they marveled at the most destructive myths of the twentieth century and how history might have been different if so many journalists and educators had not been so eager to believe in them. If Walter Duranty, the famous leftwing correspondent for *The New York Times* during the thirties, had reported the truth about Stalin instead of glorifying him and covering up his atrocities, there would have been less support for him in the United States, liberals might have been less inclined to give his spies high level jobs in the government, there might have been no need for a Joe McCarthy and perhaps no arms race. Likewise, how different history might have been if the leftwing journalist Edgar Snow had reported the truth about Mao Tse-tung rather than allow himself to be used for propaganda that created the myth of a benevolent Chairman Mao whose agrarian reforms were an economic success, falsehoods influential among radical youth in China and also widely believed by leftists in the United States, especially by gullible professors.

Yet the most extensive speculations among the alienated males were generated by the myth of Margaret Mead. Radical feminism was based on a belief in cultural determinism inspired by Mead, that boys could be turned into girls.

Raleigh sat jogging one leg over his knee.

"English departments are replacing the classics with cultural studies and political myths."

"The feminists are utopians," Burke agreed.

"Only about women. Their view of men is Calvinist." Raleigh chuckled, "We're all innately depraved and deserve castration and eternal damnation!"

They laughed a little.

"Our only hope of salvation is a sex change."

Raleigh and some of the other guys had been required to read Mead's book *Coming of Age in Samoa*. Throughout the century, liberals and revolutionaries had been inspired by the theory of cultural determinism because it facilitated their political agendas. Communists, feminists, behaviorists and free love advocates in particular looked to anthropologists for scientific confirmation of their faith that genes were irrelevant, that human nature could be changed by their social engineering. Franz Boas of Columbia University sent his young protege Margaret Mead to Samoa on a fellowship to prove the theory: "I simply did as I was told," she wrote, "according to the training which I had received."

Promiscuity had been reported in Polynesia.

Based on her interviews with two young Samoan girls, Mead published *Coming of Age in Samoa* in 1928, concluding that love was free for promiscuous young Samoans. There was no curb on sexual activity. The small book resembled a romantic novel. The cover displayed a Samoan girl with naked breasts leading her lover to a tryst under the palm trees by the light of a full moon. Mead reported that she had discovered Paradise. She provided what appeared to be scientific validation for the tropical wet dreams of sailors for centuries. She was celebrated in *The New York Times*, embraced by the elite intelligentsia and adored by the public. They made her an icon, the most publicized scientist in America. Her little book became a standard text, a bible of liberals, an ongoing bestseller throughout the world and the most famous work of anthropology ever written.

Like blind shoe clerks, anthropologists thought the social model of a few small undeveloped tropical islands with a homogeneous population would fit the huge diverse industrialized population of the United States. The theory was a perfect fit in Hollywood, of course, where they manufactured illusions by projecting a small image onto a big screen. Mead provided a scientific argument for the sexual revolution of the sixties, encouraging spontaneity, acting on impulse and indulging desire. She also informed the theory of permissive child rearing advocated by the hugely popular Dr. Spock. Over the years anthropologists began referring to Mead as the Mother Goddess and astronomers named an impact crater after her on the planet Venus.

The beating drums evoked the bliss of Samoa.

Meanwhile, in New Zealand the young anthropologist Derek Freeman began his studies as an admirer of Mead. He became fluent in the Samoan language, was adopted into a Samoan family and spent three and a half years teaching school in Samoa. During that time he discovered that Mead was mistaken, that the two Samoan girls she interviewed for her book had hoaxed her as a prank. Because she chose to live among Americans instead of a native family, during her short visit Mead did not learn to recognize the Samoan sense of humor. Samoan society was actually quite different than she had reported. For generations before her arrival, the Samoans had been a Christian people with strict customs to preserve the virginity of girls until marriage. When Derek Freeman published his findings in 1983, American anthropologists exploded in fury. They reacted like a school of blowfish. At the annual meeting of the American

Anthropological Association, about two hundred leaders in the field gathered in Chicago and passed a formal motion denouncing Freeman! Thereafter, in a backlash of books, support for Mead became stronger than ever.

The drumbeat intensified.

One of the girls interviewed by Mead, by then an elderly woman, came forward in 1987 and swore under oath that she and her young girlfriend had fooled Mead by making up stories. Nevertheless, anthropologists went on ignoring research in evolutionary biology, neurophysiology and the primate nature programmed in the limbic system of the human brain, all of which refuted Mead. All the scientific evidence now supported the replacement of cultural determinism with a balanced view that included the influences of both nature and nurture. Studies of identical twins raised separately even suggested that nature is slightly more determinative than nurture.

At the first meeting of the alienated males after their discussion of Mead, two came in wearing black wigs and Polynesian skirts. Raleigh wore a reddish wig in the short pageboy style of Mead's hair in the twenties. They sat down in front of the class.

A guy sat down near the door with a bongo drum.

"Now girls," Mead began.

"Yes, Miss Mead?" they replied in unison.

All three raised their pitch to sound like young females. The Samoan girls leaned close to each other and tittered behind their hands. They called their visitor Miss because Margaret Mead concealed the fact that she was married in order to enjoy being honored in a number of Samoan villages as a ceremonial virgin. The drum rolled, then stopped with a *pop!*

"As you know, I am an ethnographer," Miss Mead addressed the girls with an educated smile. "I do cultural studies."

The drum began to beat again.

"Yes, Miss Mead."

"I need to ask you a few questions about sex."

The drum beat faster!

The Samoan girls leaned close to each other, hunching their shoulders and stifling bursts of nervous laughter.

"I see you *like* sex."

The girls hunched together, covering their mouths until one of them managed to control herself.

"Yes, Miss Mead."

"How often do you have sex?"

"Oh," the two shrank with embarrassment, glancing at each other. Then one of them straightened her face. "Every night."

The drumbeat grew increasingly excited.

"Every night?"

"And during the day."

"With the same boy?" Mead's voice pitched higher.

"All the boys. We have many boyfriends."

"You have *free love?*" and higher.

"Yes, Miss Mead."

The bongo went bonkers!

"Do *all* Samoan girls behave this way?"

"Oh yes," they tried to hold their faces straight.

Mead scribbled on her notepad with an eager rapidity. While she looked down at her pad, the girls bumped each other, giggling. "And no one punishes you for this?"

"No, Miss Mead."

"So it's your *custom!*" cried Mead near a squeal.

The drum hushed.

"Yes, Miss Mead."

Mead jumped out of her chair!

The drum went ecstatic as she whirled toward the door, waving her notebook in the air in such a state of elation that she appeared to lose her head when her wig fell off.

"Oh, Franz! I *proved* it! We've *done* it, Franz!"

Her mentor set down his drum and jumped up.

"Margaret!" he shouted. "Goddess damn it, Margaret! You are the greatest scientist who ever lived after me!"

They ran to each other.

Embracing, they whooped and laughed together and bounced up and down around the room in giddy delirium, celebrating the triumph of cultural determinism.

Burke decided to change his major.

He soon learned, however, that too many professors now in authority throughout the humanities and social sciences thought like the radicals dominating English departments. Raleigh said it was like this all over the country because each department was governed by its own national professional organization that conditioned members to conform. Politically correct subjectivity was now the rule, as in Hollywood. Many historians, for example, blamed America for all evil and compared good people like his pioneer ancestors to Nazis. Art historians used to be among the most appreciated teachers, but now most leaders in that field, like those in English, had no aesthetic sensibility and were both overly abstract and wallowing in sexual fantasies, projecting the most preposterous interpretations onto paintings that anyone could imagine, to the disgust of their most talented students. Film studies appealed to him, but it was perhaps the most political field of all. In the united nations of cinema, bound together in a global network of film schools and festivals and co-productions and awards, cosmopolitanism transcended nationalism. Loyalty to the United States was commonly seen as provincial and reactionary, especially in France of course.

He dreaded telling his grandmother that he had given up on becoming a professor of American literature. She had her heart set on it. Ever since he was a little boy and got interested in reading, she had been encouraging him. She was looking forward to his life as a teacher, but he had to be practical. Finally he could put it off no longer. He walked across the Park Blocks to her apartment building, rode the elevator up and knocked on her door.

He embraced her warmly and kissed her cheek.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"No thanks. I'm fine, Grandma. I need to talk to you about something. I've been putting it off because--"

"--Come in and sit down."

They sat down in her small living room.



Before telling her, he tried to explain his reasons. He pulled some papers from his briefcase.

"This study by a professor at the Wharton School concluded that to get published by the academic press, you cannot pick an important problem." He sat forward with a sigh. "You cannot challenge existing beliefs. You cannot obtain surprising results. You cannot use simple methods and cannot write clearly."

"Well, I haven't read any criticism lately."

"Neither has anybody else. This other study found that in the field of American literature, less than one percent of all articles published are ever cited by anyone within five years. Nobody is reading all that radical crap."

"I guess if they already feel correct about everything, they don't need to do any studying."

"It's a lot worse than you thought, Grandma."

"Who do they want you to cite?"

"One of the biggest stars is Paul de Man. He wrote articles during World War II supporting the Nazis. Another big star is Michel Foucault. He kept on frequenting gay bathhouses even after he knew he had a deadly contagious disease. They reduce all of life and literature to acquiring power. Like Stalin and Hitler. I'm sorry, Grandma. But to enter the profession these days, I'd have to become a fascist."

"Oh dear, I hope you're exaggerating."

"Am I?" he stood up and started to pace.

"Please, dear. Sit down."

"You know the American Association of University Professors? Well, a few years ago, there was a coup. The radicals prohibited any criticism of feminism or Women's Studies. Yeah, really. They actually abolished free speech, except for themselves. Now it's like German universities back in the thirties. That's why some guys are calling them Feminazis."

"Oh dear."

He walked over to the window, stuck his hands into the pockets of his jeans and stood for a moment looking out over the elm treetops at the sharp white peak of Mount Hood.

"Burke, honey. Are you all right?"

He turned back around.

"During the sixties and seventies," he spoke quietly, "French intellectuals made Mao Tse-tung a hero. Sartre, Foucault, Barthes, Lacan, Althusser, Derrida. And the radical feminists Simone de Beauvoir and Julia Kristeva. Most of them wrote for *Tel Quel*, a Communist journal that deified Mao. They were invited to teach at Yale and other American universities. French and British theories, Grandma. They reshaped higher education. Our radical professors imported their cultural studies, their decadent postmodernism and their hostility to democratic capitalism."

"But they aren't Communists here."

"We call them Redicals."

"Are they really that bad?"

"They call themselves leftists, socialists and Marxists. But they use the same old Stalinist methods. They reduce art to a weapon and they have the same destructive agenda. They're imitating Mao's Cultural Revolution. Led by Madame Mao, the Red Queen. They're teaching that our culture is the source of all oppression in the world."

They're like the Red Guard in China except that they're the cultural elite here, not the People."

She looked down in sorrow.

"I'm really sorry, Grandma."

"Ohhhh, don't worry about that, honey. You have to find your own way. I'll be happy whatever you choose."

"You taught me how to do that, Grandma. How to choose. You taught me how to read. Myself and the world."

"I didn't have as much time with your Grandpa Burke."

"Why did you break up anyway?"

"Oh, we were just too young. Then the war came along."

"Your generation was the best of this century, I think. You overcame the Depression. You stopped the Nazis, the Imperial Japanese and the Communists. Then you built the strongest economy in the world. You improved civil rights, landed on the moon and won the Cold War. Instead of appreciating all that, your selfish pampered children turned against you. They blamed you for things you didn't do."

"Well, I'm grateful *my* children don't blame me."

He sat down beside her on the sofa, took her hand and held on to it. "There aren't any women like you anymore."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"You'll find someone, honey."

He decided to try the School of Education.

After he scored in the top one percent on written admission examinations, his grandmother was elated that he was going to become a teacher after all. Later, though, he had to come over and apologize for disappointing her again. He failed the interview. He said he was told the panel felt that because he displayed an independent mind and characteristics of leadership, he would not fit in as well as other candidates.

He considered transferring down to the University of Oregon in Eugene, until Raleigh pointed out that a national news magazine had ranked it second in the nation in radicalism and 123rd in academics. It used to be a great university. Raleigh said faculty there were no longer hired on merit, obviously. Now all students and current faculty were going to be required to pass a course taught by radicals. Faculty could be fired if they did not conform. Oregon was the first public university in the country to commit itself openly to fascism. Administrators there broke the hearts of alumni who loved the school by allowing radicals to drag it down. Burke would not consider the University of Washington up in Seattle because radical students there had refused to allow a statue to be erected on campus honoring one of the school's most famous graduates, the greatest Marine Corps pilot of World War II. By dishonoring an American war hero, the students in effect sided with our enemies, the Japanese fascists and the Nazis.

That Fall, he left without taking a degree and transferred down to the state School of Forestry. Many young men were skipping college now, entering technical fields and educating themselves via the Internet. Miss Mead and one of the Samoan girls went to law school. When his grandma worried about whether he would ever get married and have a family, Burke told her that most of the girls he met now were preoccupied with their careers or were emotionally screwed up and did not really know what they wanted. She said that she felt sorry for young people today, they had to overcome so many

inhibitions in order to get together, not like back in the Victorian Age, or in the fifties. She worried even more after he graduated and took a job as forester on three large private tracts of timberland about fifty miles west of Portland, where he lived in a cabin in the forest with his books and his two dogs and did a lot of trout fishing. He had a girlfriend, a waitress in Wheeler over on the coast, but it was not serious. His college experiences had made him so distrustful, he told his grandma that trees are more tolerant and reliable than people. At least you know where they really stand.

Every couple of weeks, he drove into Portland and visited his grandma. For her eightieth birthday he gave her a book of Italian Renaissance paintings. He still felt sorry about disappointing her by not becoming a teacher. He had regrets, yet he thought he would be happier with the life he had. When he came across some information on the Internet that confirmed his attitude, he brought it along to show her on his next visit.

It was a brisk October day.

He went striding through the Park Blocks over layers of damp leaves accumulating under the tall elm trees, where he passed a group of Native Americans beating their drums.

Crossing the street, he wove through a crowd of students on their way to classes. He thought about how since the eighties when his grandmother tried to get a teaching job, university faculties throughout the United States had undergone a massive political shift to the Left, even in engineering and the sciences. Overall, liberals now had a large enough majority to marginalize other viewpoints. He wanted to show his grandma a number of recent studies by individual scholars and by organizations such as the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, which reported similar results. He thought she might feel better after seeing what she was up against. When Stanley Rothman and associates asked professors nationwide to identify their own political ideology, they found left/right ratios of forty to one in political science, sixteen to one in philosophy and eight to one in history. Arts faculties were almost fifty percent "strongly left," but combined with "moderately left," English was the most leftwing academic field, at almost ninety percent. The North American Academic Study Survey found zero percent Republicans in sociology, five percent or fewer Republicans in English, history, linguistics and performing arts. Similarly in political science, philosophy and religious studies, no more than five percent were conservative. Anthropology had a ratio of thirty conformists to every heretic. Being a conservative was found to confer a disadvantage greater than being gay or black.

At a time when voters were roughly split between the two parties, a study by Klein and Stern, based on voter registration and surveys, estimated a ratio of Democrats to Republicans on humanities and social science faculties nationwide of at least eight to one. They concluded that selection mechanisms worked in ways that eliminated Republicans and that younger faculty are the least tolerant, indicating that the one-party system will become even more extreme in the future. Behind a front of advocating diversity, most professors today were totalitarian. Collectively suppressing intellectual diversity and independent thought, they could no longer claim as a group to be scholars, nor even good teachers. The politicizing of universities had reduced the credibility of all professors, even those in the hard sciences, who were now commonly presumed to be too conformist to be trusted, like the rest of the faculty. Academic scientists now appeared to be

advancing theories based on whatever would be most likely to attract the most federal grant money.

According to *The New York Times* columnist David Brooks, the most conformist academics were librarians, by a ratio of over two hundred to one. Burke passed the new library here, named for the university president who refused to serve his country during World War II. The university alumni magazine of this school repeatedly paid tribute to former administrators and faculty who went on enjoying their lives while others suffered and died protecting them. Pious freeloaders were the heroes here.

Crossing the campus, once again he felt a pang of regret that he would never be a teacher. Most elementary and secondary schools had become feminist matriarchies, with their administrators and faculties averaging eighty-four percent female. The council that accredited schools of teacher education had encouraged and in some cases required schools to administer "disposition tests" to applicants that would enable the schools to exclude from the teaching profession all religious people, all conservatives, and independent males like himself, for having incorrect beliefs and values. Teachers, editors and librarians had become the thought police, not the FBI.

American students were learning intolerance from teachers, especially their radical professors. On the exceptional occasions when conservatives were invited to speak at universities, they required bodyguards to protect them from physical assault. Unable to beat them up and incapable of argument, radicals threw food at speakers. In his current study, David Horowitz estimated the number of "dangerous" radical professors nationwide, including terrorists and other enemies of the United States, to be about 25,000-30,000. Legislative funding of higher education in some states was declining toward zero. In response, universities were raising tuition so high they were pricing out the poor.

The radical professors at this university reached orgasm when a feminist President took over and dumbed down the definition of scholarship. The longtime head of the Women's Studies program, a Marxist lesbian who taught that nuclear families should be abolished, became the most honored member of the faculty. Throughout her career, by encouraging women to avoid long term relationships with men, in effect she and the rest of her radical faculty likewise encouraged men to abandon their families and responsibilities to children, a trend that became a catastrophe especially for the black population.

The radical feminist President covered up misconduct, alienated the business community and insulted the State Board of Higher Education. Under her regime, administrators and radical faculty disregarded constitutional rights and their own rules to such an extent they provoked lawsuits and the Board had to replace the Red Queen with the head of a law school. The new President happened to be black. The radical faculty, dominated by feminists, wanted to replace a disgraced white feminist with another white feminist. At the public meeting when the new President was introduced to the university by the Board, at least a dozen white faculty members demonstrated their outrage. They had such an inflated sense of entitlement that at the moment of introduction, they stood up, turned their backs and walked out on him. The man had not selected himself from among the finalists, he had merely applied for the job.

In response to the feminist sense of entitlement, the university had dedicated an entire block of the campus to a display of female chauvinism they called The Heroine's Walk.

You could buy a piece of it for two hundred bucks. Apparently the heroism of each female would be proportional to the amount of the financial contribution made in her name. Now you could buy immortality for your favorite femme. Now every special interest group could make the case that they too should be given a block of the campus to promote themselves and attract recruits. He doubted, however, that any other group around here had comparable power, wealth or narcissism. They wanted a walk with stars. Burke amused himself by considering whether to mail them a check with the bio of Flora Bucher, the madam of a waterfront brothel in frontier Portland. She sold girls into the white slave trade, drugged clients and sold them to ship captains who shanghaied them. When she died, the authorities exhumed her three husbands, all poisoned and buried in the basement of her hotel.

After visiting his grandmother, he walked back to his pickup through fallen red leaves in the Park Blocks, where the Native Americans sat chanting and pounding their drums. They had their own building on campus, but they had not yet turned it into a casino. Burke had no official ethnic privilege because he was a melting pot American, with main ingredients of Scot, Norwegian, English, Irish and Cherokee. By discouraging assimilation and waging a war against our common democratic culture, the radical professors were multiplying conditions here that fostered Islamic separatism in Europe. The radicals perverted education, just as the terrorists perverted religion.

As he strolled through the campus with the collar of his jacket turned up against the chill, Burke thought of the faculties as an alliance of tribes, each department sitting around beating their drums, still drunk on Mead.

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Chapter 27  
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