

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN Steven Gunderson of Wisconsin, who hosted the homosexual “circuit” party called the Cherry Jubilee at a federal building in Washington last April 13, was upset by our article about the event written by Marc Morano (“Sex, Drugs, and a Republican Party,” July 1996). When Congressman Robert Dornan (R-CA) read the *Chronicles* article into the *Congressional Record*, and the subject became the topic of national talk radio, Gunderson exercised the seldom used “point of personal privilege” to seize the House floor and denounce Mr. Morano and his article. Gunderson called Morano a bigot who had distorted the facts in an effort to smear the “gay community,” and he blasted Dornan for sanctioning such bigotry.

Morano videotaped much of what went on at the party, and though the lighting was poor in the areas he was filming, several witnesses—including a gay reporter for the *City Paper*—have confirmed his account. Nevertheless, Gunderson charged that Morano’s report was riddled with lies. In return, Morano issued a point-by-point rebuttal.

For example, Gunderson charged that Morano gave false information about himself in order to attend the party, that he did not purchase a ticket, and that he attended it without any press credentials. But Morano did try to obtain a press pass, only to be told that none were being issued. In order to attend, he was forced to buy a ticket outside the entrance to the Andrew W. Mellon Auditorium and another one inside.

Gunderson insists that “security reported no fights, no harassment, no drugs, no smoking, nor any sexual activity.” Several guests at the party, however, have boasted about the illicit activity they engaged in. Morano points to John Cloud, a homosexual reporter for the *City Paper*, who admitted to seeing “a fair number of people using drugs,” and to a columnist for the *Metro Weekly* who bragged that “We spent much of our time out on the dance floor trying to cop a feel, or back in the sponsor’s lounge trying to cop a feel, or outside in the designated smoking area trying to cop a feel and a smoke.” Morano’s video recorder did not pick up all of this activity because security personnel forced him to remove

it from the premises.

Gunderson also maintains that the outer stairwell of the Mellon Auditorium was closed for “construction,” not for sexual rendezvous. This may be true, but as Morano points out, this area served another purpose at the GOP event. It was “screw alley,” as one guest indelicately put it.

BOB DOLE, in what we were assured was an “emotional moment,” read these words (reportedly written by novelist Mark Helprin) when announcing his decision to leave the Senate: “I will seek the presidency with nothing to fall back on but the judgment of the people of the United States and nowhere to go but the White House or home.” Only a politician is incapable of writing his own letter of resignation when quitting a job.

By “home,” Helprin the ghost sought to conjure up golden wheatfields and dusty roads and the sun setting on Russell, Kansas, as Bob and Liddy sip lemonade on the front porch, serenaded by crickets, serene in the bosom of home sweet home. But what “home” means to Dole, the future Archer Daniels Midland director, is a cab ride to the Watergate or an occasional hop down to the condo in Bal Harbor.

Of postrepublic Presidents, only Democrats (Truman, LBJ, Carter) retired to their natal states. It’s easy to imagine ex-President Bill Clinton, foot-loose and Hillary-free, contentedly going through the “sweet sweet Connies from Little Rock,” but come what may in November, I do not think the boys at the Russell Rotary Club should plan on setting an extra plate for prodigal brother Bob.

For Senator Dole, Russell, Kansas, seems to have faded to just a picturesque backdrop for tearful speeches ghosted by virtual strangers. Once there was a way to get back home—but not anymore, not for Bob Dole.

—Bill Kauffman

THE ANTI-GANG statute of Harvard, Illinois, which has served as a model for similar statutes in many Chicago suburbs, was recently struck down by an Illinois appellate court. The Harvard law

made it a crime to display gang colors and symbols—such displays lead to frequent clashes, violence, and murder. The challenge came from an admitted gang member arrested in March 1993 for wearing a six-pointed star—the symbol of the Gangster Disciples. (In an Illinois high school, a gang member recently protested his suspension on the grounds that his six-pointed star expressed his solidarity with Judaism!) The judges ruled that the proliferation of gang colors and symbols made the application of the law “not merely broad . . . but open-ended and potentially limitless.”

Free speech is at a premium in the United States, but it is hard to see how the display of gang colors is a First Amendment issue. Gangs are, by definition, criminal conspiracies, and it should be easy to distinguish between a student wearing a football jersey and a gang-banger flashing his colors. In a doubtful case, the burden of proof should be on the state, but when the case involves an admitted gang member, as it does in Harvard, then the judges, in ruling to protect the colors, have joined the gang.

—Thomas Fleming

CHILDCARE is back in the news, thanks to a new study conducted by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, a division of the National Institutes of Health. Preliminary results of the study, which has been touted as the “most far-reaching and comprehensive” examination of the effects of childcare to date, were released on April 20, and they appear to contradict earlier studies on the adverse effects of childcare.

The results, as Joan Lunden said on *Good Morning America*, may surprise you. They shouldn’t. The federal government has a vested interest in maintaining the daycare industry. Daycare centers are a remarkably efficient way to remove children from the influence of their parents, and to substitute government-approved indoctrination for the natural transmission of culture from one generation to the next. Moreover, doubts about daycare might cause some women to reconsider their decision to entrust their children to strangers, and in the process expose the dirty little secret of

the American economy: the bulk of the economic growth of the past 20 years—especially during the “family values” era of Reagan and Bush—has been the result of mothers entering the workforce. Indeed, had mothers not entered the workforce in historic numbers, real household income would have declined during the 1980’s.

According to the *New York Times*, “The new study was designed . . . to address one of the most emotionally charged issues in society today: Does a mother put her child at risk by working outside the home?” But unlike studies which have focused on *quantifiable* risks of daycare—i.e., middle-ear infections and other measures of health—this study “measured” the “sense of trust” that 15-month-old children felt for their mothers. The 25 researchers on the project concluded that such trust is a function of the “sensitivity and responsiveness” of the mother, and is not affected by particular childcare arrangements.

Most of the media have followed Joan Lunden’s lead, reporting that this study “proves” that childcare poses no risk to children. Who knows, the ballyhoing of the study by the national media may even have influenced the Michigan Supreme Court’s ruling that a woman’s decision to place a child in daycare cannot be used against her in a custody battle.

Buried deep in the *New York Times* article, however, is the admission that “later stages of the study” will examine such quantifiable risks as adverse effects on “cognitive and language skills, physical development, health, [and] behavior.” The fix is in. By releasing these “preliminary” results with great fanfare two or more years before the final results will be in, the researchers have laid the groundwork for dismissing any findings which might not serve the needs of government and big business. Why should it matter if your daughter suffers from recurrent middle-ear infections, has trouble making herself understood, and acts like a barbarian? At least her sense of trust in you is intact. Whether it should be—after what you’ve subjected her to—is another question, one the federal-funded researchers won’t touch.

Others have, and the results are clear. Children in daycare are almost seven times as likely to contract pneumonia as children who are cared for at home. They are twice as likely to suffer from acute middle-ear infections, which can

confound their language development and even result in hearing loss. By the time they turn ten, five or six years after they left daycare and entered school, they are far more aggressive, have lower grades and poorer study skills, and generally have trouble interacting with their peers.

The term “child care,” rather than the more common “daycare,” is used throughout the study, and a closer look reveals why. As the *Times* reports, this study “includes more diverse families and *more types of child care*” than previous ones. The new types included “care by fathers or relatives or in the home by a caregiver,” all of which, not surprisingly, were found to be of better quality than institutional care. The inclusion of these categories may be a deliberate attempt to mask the adverse effects of institutional care.

A friend of mine once stayed home with his children while his wife attended a Tupperware party. The hostess, meeting his wife at the door, asked her if my friend was “babysitting” the children. Taken aback, his wife responded, “Well, you know, they are his kids.” By adopting the hostess’ attitude and not distinguishing care by fathers or other relatives from care by strangers, this study legitimizes institutional care and eases the way for its expansion. Unfortunately, it has already expanded far more than most people realize. A mere three days after this study was released, the Census Bureau reported that more than half of all American children were enrolled in institutional daycare or other nonrelative care.

—Scott P. Richert

OBITER DICTA: The 1996 meeting of the John Randolph Club, which will address the topics of nationalism and the future of the American right, will be held on October 4-5 at the Crystal City Marriott in Arlington, Virginia. For those who are prompt enough to register before September 1, the fee is \$225; after that date, it will be \$250. Checks should be made out to the John Randolph Club and mailed to Burt Blumert, Center for Libertarian Studies, Crown Building, 875 Mahler Road, Suite 150, Burlingame, California, 94010.

To reserve a room at the Crystal City Marriott, call (800) 228-9290. For attendees of the JRC meeting, the Marriott offers a special fare: \$85 a night, single or

double occupancy.

The meeting will follow a special dinner on October 4 to commemorate the 20th anniversary of The Rockford Institute. For information about this event, please call (815) 964-5811 and ask for Sarah Trimble.

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In our May issue, Professor Eugene Narrett recounted the efforts of Michael McLaughlin to get his daughter Julia into Boston Latin High School after she was denied admission because of a 35 percent minority quota. Now U.S. First District Judge Arthur Garrity has issued a contradictory proposal: that Julia should be admitted this fall because, somehow, “the merits of her case now appear stronger,” and that the minority quota at Boston Latin and other schools in the city should be raised to 75 percent to accommodate Boston’s new black and Hispanic majority. President Clinton’s plan to “mend, not end affirmative action” seems right on course.

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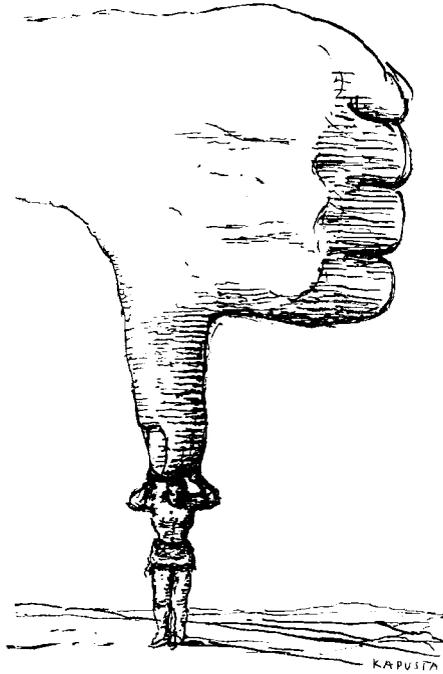
The following stores in New Jersey now sell *Chronicles*: Borders, 515 Route 73 South, Marlton; Borders, Garden State Plaza, Paramus; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 765 Route 17 South, Paramus; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 200 W. Route 70, Marlton; Barnes & Noble Superstore, Shortline Center, Paramus; Borders, Mid State Mall, East Brunswick; Mel Thompson, 45 Lubman Terrace, Secaucus; Sy Rosensweig, 46-B Sterling Street, Lakehurst; Garden State News, 461 Palisade Ave., Cliffside Park; Total Circulation Services, 83 Myer Street, Hackensack; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 2103 Highway 35, Holmdel.

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AUGUST 1996/7



Treason Against the New Order

by Thomas Fleming

I was doing my best to mind my own business on a very busy Saturday. My wife was in England, and after nearly two weeks of playing mother, I was catching up on the laundry, shopping for the dinner I would have to prepare, and, in between trips to the store, I had to take my elder daughter to her orchestra lesson. Then there was that registered letter, which probably contained a \$450 refund check I was expecting from a clinic that had scammed us on the insurance. It was tight, but I made it to the Post Office about 15 minutes before closing time, only to discover that the envelope contained not the check but a formal notification from the local "chief forester." My hedges were, apparently, above the three-foot limit that had to be observed within 40 feet of any intersection, and one of my neighbors had filed a complaint. As I drove home, I noted that at least one house at every intersection was in violation of the same rule, and I began to fantasize about a campaign of soft terror against the nosy neighbors and local officials who knew how to mind my business better than their own. I could probably file a dozen complaints a week and keep the chief forester working overtime for the rest of his officious little life.

My irritation did not pass that evening, even after drinking a pair of very dry double martinis with dinner and a bottle of generic Chianti that was more than good enough after the gin. I lay awake much of the night, trying to convince myself that the retaliation I was planning was not only childish, but would, in fact, violate my cardinal rule of not interfering in the lives of strangers. So what, if the mayor, the sheriff, and the chief forester himself were all in the pay of local contractors and Mafia dons? They had wives and children; they had private

lives that I had no more right to disturb than if I were a telephone solicitor selling burial plots.

Eventually I slept, and when I awoke, it was to the sound of the ringing telephone. I dread the telephone and never answer it, if I can find a child to say I am not available. After five rings I picked up the receiver. The call was from a friend in London, wanting to know why I had not responded to his E-mail messages. I asked him what was so urgent that he had to get me out of bed. "Oh nothing, really," he answered. "It's just that The Hague Tribunal has decided to devote a special session to journalists. The charge is aiding and abetting the Bosnian genocide." Sunday was already turning out worse than Saturday. Knowing the answer in advance, I asked who was named in the indictment, and he mentioned the usual suspects: a French telejournalist, a New York newspaperman and one in Texas, a leftist columnist, and, last and least of all, me.

Ever the optimist, I tried to find a silver lining. Better a hate crimes trial in The Hague than a week of cutting down hedges in Rockford, which reminded me that I had to get to work on the bushes after breakfast. After cutting down a half-dozen shrubs, our yard looked like it had been hit by a tornado. I went inside and fixed up a big sign: "This devastation brought to you by neighbors who cannot mind their own business," before going up to my study to start work on my defense.

I wondered what good would it do to protest my innocence. I could say that all I had done was to tell the truth as I saw it. Even if I had made mistakes, they were honest mistakes. The simple truth is that I am innocent. Then I remembered Kafka's Joseph K., who said the same thing to his prosecutor. "But