

gone too far in protesting the visit of John Paul II to Cuba. The Archbishop of Miami actually canceled a boat trip for priests who wanted to attend, on grounds that it would be "insensitive" to people who had lost their lives trying to escape. (Huh?) For years, the Cuban exiles have had a government in waiting, buttressed by the CIA, and ready to take over when Castro falls. Meanwhile, they lord it over the rest of us by preventing us from having ready access to the only good cigars in the world.

Why is Greenspan considered the greatest Fed governor in history? Here's the man who expanded the "too-big-to-fail" doctrine to whole governments and regions, and keeps raising the bailout floor with every new debacle. You can't get much worse than that. But, he assures us, at least he's protecting us from the perils of deflation. The *Wall Street Journal* reminds us, thank a lot, that "the Fed's monetary policy is well-equipped to resist deflation in prices of goods and services should it arrive in the U.S." (Jan. 5, 1997) Well-equipped indeed, as the world largest monetary printing press.

There is a trail linking the Mexican and South Korea bailouts. In both cases, the big six New York banking houses were holding the bad debt of the country in question. These banks like the reward of risky investments, but not the risk of risky investments. So, doing their bidding, the Fed asks the rest of us to fork over a downpayment so the

banks can roll over the debt. Mid-1998, look for Clinton and Gore to announce that every dime has been paid back and then some. Why, we even made money from the deal!

When they announced a similar lie about the Mexican bailout, an insider told us that the Fed had secretly purchased Mexican government bonds so it could "pay back" the Treasury.

Taki, the billionaire gossip columnist, is in hot water again. In his *London Spectator* column for January 3, 1998, he wrote: "Amistad has not been the success which Spielberg was hoping for, which is a good thing, of course. Blacks are already up in arms at the nerve of a white film-maker presuming to make a film about the 'black experience.' In reality, slavery was about the only means blacks had to escape the misery of Africa. Of what possible use could a people who had yet to reach the Stone Age of human development be to the civilization of Newton, Shakespeare, and Galileo, other than to provide cheap labor? Higher civilizations have always subjugated lower civilizations. Would it be better if it were the other way round, the way it is today?"

We hear endlessly that Japan has hidden from its own people knowledge of its atrocities against British soldiers during World War II (the bloody conquest and bloodier colonization of East Asia by Britain is to be forever hailed, of course). Yet all

of the real and alleged Japanese acts are well-known. It is the atrocities of the Allies that are suppressed. A help in ending this is James Bacque's new book, *Crimes and Mercies: The Fate of German Civilians Under Allied Occupation, 1944-1950* (London: Little, Brown, 1998). In his previous work, *Other Losses*, he documented the deliberate starvation in Allied POW camps of more than one million former German soldiers. Now he shows the same exterminationist approach was taken towards millions of German civilians, those who were ethnically cleansed out of 20 percent of the country, and those who continued to live in occupied Germany. We learn more about just what a monster General Dwight D. Eisenhower was.

Attraction or repulsion? The Xerox Company is requiring all employees to post a company-supplied magnet outside their door, pink for gay and white for heterosexual. "It is designed," said a company spokesman, "to communicate to gay and lesbian workers that 'In my office you are safe; you don't have to hide your sexuality.'" (*London Telegraph*, Jan. 14, 1998)

Take no flights after 1999: the IBM Company has announced that it cannot fix the Year 2000 problem in the mainframe IBM computers, last manufactured in 1987, that control air traffic to and from and across continental America. Recently, when the date change was simulated, the screens went blank. (*London Telegraph*, Jan. 15, 1998)

RRR

BIZARRO, N.Y.

Michael Levin

Years ago—I don't know whether it still does—*Superman* comics featured a place called Bizarro World, where everything is the reverse of normal. Instead of being helpful, for instance, Bizarro Superman (naturally there was one) flew around inadvertently destroying things, and when he announced in his fractured patois “Me go into space,” you could be sure he would dive into the ground.

A fragment of Bizarro World arrived in Poughkeepsie, New York, a few weeks ago, as one more of those familiar racial theaters of the absurd plays itself out—this time at the trial of a \$385 million defamation lawsuit brought by Steven Pagones against Alton Maddox, C. Vernon Mason, and Al Sharpton.

Think what you like about litigation in general or defaming public officials in particular, this circus—O.J.'s murder trial was decorous by comparison—is particularly instructive.

Everyone remembers Tawana Brawley, the 15-year-old black girl who vanished from Wappingers Falls, New York, on November 24, 1987, and resurfaced four days later—behind a house her family had recently vacated—in a plastic garbage bag, naked, with “Nigger et [eat] shit” scrawled in dog feces

across her chest. At this point entered Maddox, Mason, and the Rev. Sharpton, two black lawyers found wherever there is racial hubbub (Mason has since been disbarred for bilking his—mostly black—clients) and a minister with a mail-order degree enjoying no visible means of support and billed as an “activist” for the “black community.”

Heeding her “advisers” Tawana refused to speak to the police or the doctors at the hospital where she was taken, but the tale she relayed through them was extraordinary: after getting off a local bus, she claimed, she had been abducted by six whites who imprisoned her in the local woods and repeatedly raped her. Five of these whites were policemen, and the sixth was Pagones, at that time the assistant district attorney for Dutchess County, where Tawana had been AWOL.

These accusations made headlines, which became more sensational yet when Mason accused New York Attorney General Robert Abrams of masturbating over photographs of Tawana. The sufferings of young Tawana immediately became another exhibit in the case against whites, an example of the abuse inflicted on black women by The Man.

MMS slyly used Tawana's uncommunicativeness to inflate the affair. Complainants are usually

ignored when they don't cooperate with the authorities, but because punishing “racists” is now an end in itself for liberals like New York's then-governor Mario Cuomo, Tawana's silence became a bargaining chip. MMS promised her testimony before a grand jury if a special prosecutor were appointed. Although anyone with half a brain could see through this ruse, Cuomo succumbed. After the governor dutifully made Abrams a special prosecutor, Tawana refused to testify anyway, because (or so said her handlers) the grand jury inquiry was part of a racist conspiracy. Tawana's mother also tore up a subpoena to testify.

MMS had plenty of reason to stonewall, since Tawana's story was full of holes. One never officially recognized was the misspelling of “eat,” the sort of illiterate error typical of black hoaxes. Another is that rapists are seldom so considerate as to drive their victims home. (In a copy-cat case a few years later, a black woman told of two white policemen who raped her, but also let her stay by herself in a motel for nine hours

and sent her out alone on errands.) Third, doctors found no trace of semen in Tawana's body, nor any of the symptoms of exposure one would expect from several late fall nights spent in the woods.

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The grand jury concluded that Tawana had made the whole thing up. Returning home after visiting her boyfriend in a nearby prison on Nov. 24, she had decided to go partying, but fearful of her stepfather's anger at the late hours she was keeping, she hid in her family's old apartment (about a mile from her new residence). In the interim she seems to have attended another party or two. When she decided she had been

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missing long enough for an abduction story to be plausible, she decorated herself with droppings from a neighbor's dog, climbed into a plastic bag, and reappeared.

The reactions of the parties involved were predictable. The special prosecutor, furious at having been had, denounced Mason, Maddox, and Sharpton for "spreading lies" and their "reprehensible, irresponsible" behavior and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Brawley for defying a subpoena. (No arrest was ever actually made.) Sharpton led a march protesting

"white justice." Tawana moved to another state.

But Steven Pagonos did not let the matter end there. For months, plainly knowing the charge was baseless, Maddox and Mason and Sharpton continued to call him a rapist publicly, so Pagonos sued. After ten years of delay by the defendants, Pagonos, Sharpton, Mason, their two lawyers, and Maddox, who chose to defend himself, met in Judge Barrett Hickman's courtroom in December 1997 to consider the charge of defamation "in reckless disregard of the truth."

Perhaps not even Pagonos realizes just how deep this recklessness, this indifference to truth, runs. A con man lies to bilk his rube. A slanderer lies because he has it in for his target. But Mason and co. stood to gain nothing from lying, and they had never heard of Pagonos, so why broadcast the lies of a foolish slut?

Because the value of a statement, for "black activists" and the disturbingly large section of the black community that follows them, is unconnected to how well it describes reality. Language is used primarily for incantation, expressing emotion, and shaping interpersonal relations. In this light it is easy to understand black apologists who equably accept plagiarism as "voice merging" and deception as "narrative": since rape by white policemen symbolizes their favorite world-picture, it should be insisted on whether or not it really occurred.

That is why, when Tawana popped up briefly in New York City at the start of the trial (but not to testify), she could fill a whole church with parishioners shouting "We believe you!", and why, when Judge Hickman reversed himself to allow the defense to claim that Tawana had been telling the truth, the defense promptly announced its refusal to call her as a witness. It is also why trials, whose purpose is determination of truth by means of evidence, become so surreal when black "activists" get involved. Although Pagonos knew things would be bad, he could never have anticipated what he got. Screaming. Shouting. A troop of dashiki-clad spectators keeping up a line of loud commentary on the action. Three lawyers talking at once. Constant interruptions, constant anger, and of course constant accusations of "racism" about anything and everything.

At one point, when Pagonos's lawyer William Stanton produced a piece of evidence casting doubt on the rape story, Maddox began to rant "William Stanton is a racist, a bald-faced racist. He doesn't believe anything a black woman says." Stanton replied that he had served in Vietnam and saw them die, to which Maddox responded "You probably shot them" (as cries of "Tell 'im, bro" arose from his claque).

The 68-year-old Hickman was clearly unprepared for these antics and has been unable to control them. When he noted innocuously that billing records for Tawana's ad-

mission at Westchester County Medical Center had been destroyed, Maddox began to shout "This is an outrage! This is an outrage!" over and over again, forcing Hickman to clear the court.

Finally Hickman declared "This [is] the worst court conduct this court has seen in 20 years. You have pushed this court too far." Hickman found Maddox in contempt of court, but deferred a decision about the punishment until the end of the trial. But Hickman has to be careful. Any "error" he makes, and in the eyes of the liberal federal judiciary this includes insufficient deference to black charges of "racism," can be grounds for an appeal. Maddox and company may hold whitey's rules in contempt, but they are not shy about using them when it suits their purpose. I doubt that, in the end, Maddox or anyone of his side will pay one penny in fines or spend one minute in jail, no matter what they do.

Most observers expected this trial to be over by now (early January), but it isn't. The press has developed a certain sympathy for Pagon's perseverance, but they put too much stress on the high standard of proof he is required to meet—as if standards of proof have anything to do with what is going on. The basic idea driving Pagon's suit, that you can't just say or do anything in the name of fighting "black oppression" or "racism," is very Eurocentric.

Words are supposed to mean something, you see, and when you

lodge a serious accusation you must back it up with something that makes sense. We had better understand that a growing number of our opponents—and their number will continue to grow along with immigration and inner-city birthrates—look at matters quite differently. Meaning, logical consistency, and truth play a much smaller role in their thinking than in ours. When you understand this, you understand the bizarre goings-on in that Poughkeepsie courtroom. **RRR**

SINK IT

Paul Gottfried

Shortly before Christmas, I allowed my youngest daughter to drag me to a viewing of "Titanic," reputed to be the most costly film ever made. The *New York Post*, which had the good sense to pan George Will's favorite victimological flick, "Amistad," reached for high praise in this case: "the most expensive film ever made defies expectations and turns out to be worth the money, handsomely rewarding the investment of hard-earned dollars moviegoers will spend to see it."

In even more extravagant phrases, neocon Hollywood apologist Michael Medved rated "Titanic" as the movie of the year, while *Washington Post*-columnist Richard Cohen extolled this "terrific film," noting "how the hours

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—Leonardo DiCaprio

[three and a half, to be exact] whiz by and the emotions rise and fall like the sea itself." The movie dramatizes graphically a "story not only about them—the passengers—but about us as well."

The real "story" is revealed by Leonardo DiCaprio, the actor who plays the lead male role. In tv interviews, DiCaprio let it be known that "the main thing in this movie is class struggle," something that only a veritable dunce could avoid noticing. The hero, Jack, who wins in a poker game a third-class ticket for a voyage to the U.S. aboard the Titanic, is a sexy ne'er-do-well. He is also an artist originally hailing from Oregon and specializing in female nudes. As soon as Jack descends into steerage, he notices the telltale signs of social injustice.

Those stuck down inside the ship have not just paid less for less comfortable accommodations. They are considered subhuman by those traveling first-class, who sneer at them ostentatiously. This horrific fact becomes apparent to an innocent and redeemable first-class passenger, played by actress Kate Winslet, who abandons her hard-hearted fiance for a relationship with Jack and the chance to meet the ethnics in steerage. All of