



The University Left

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

That President-elect Bill Clinton's second wave of appointments was divvied out to the left is not simply a blunder. It is an indignity. Donna E. "Boom-Boom" (a nickname she does not abhor) Shalala, Laura D'Andrea Tyson, and Robert B. Reich are not simply drawn from the left. They are esteemed members of that dreadful American subculture of philistines and charlatans known as the university left. Most adult Americans have been very pleased to avoid these morbid people, except perhaps on football weekends. Now we are all in imminent danger of long-term exposure to such campus illnesses as political correctness, multiculturalism, and—in the place of learning—jargon, cant, and sexual hygiene.

In appraising Dr. Shalala's career as chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, no one has dared mention her learning or her scholarship, or even suggested she promoted learning and scholarship. Rather her colleagues praise her for being "very direct," a "whirling dervish," and "no shrinking violet." In other words, she is rude and uncouth. As chancellor she promoted one of those "speech codes" so popular at American universities despite their hostility to the First Amendment. Fortunately, federal and state courts regularly rule the codes unconstitutional.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.

The University of Wisconsin code banned language adjudged by the local Thought Patrol as "demeaning" toward "race, sex, religion, color, creed, disability, sexual orientation, national ancestry, or age." Before being struck down by the courts, the code restricted language that might create a "hostile environment for education, university-related work or other university-authorized activities." Naturally, Dr. Shalala has grimly advocated affirmative action and described American society as "racist and sexist." Now as head of Health and Human Services, Dr. Shalala will administer an annual budget of \$590 billion. That is 40 percent of the federal budget with a staff of 126,000 potential pests.



In the last two decades, as the university left has taken power throughout Academe, it has replaced intellectual freedom and intellectual rigor with blah. Said Dr. Shalala of her noble strivings alongside her patron, Hillary Clinton, "We have spent most of our adult lives often together working to get this nation to understand that our future is inextricably tied to the health, welfare, and education of our children and their families." Oh, what a hard sell that must be! If only the nation would comprehend those immensities. When the university left is not striking at the roots of freedom and intelligence it is raising the banal to the level of the heroic and the sacred.

Another characteristic of the university left is that on most of the great issues of the post-World War II era it has been thunderously wrong. Robert Reich, President-elect Clinton's appointee to head the Department of Labor, was an anti-war activist in the 1960s when he met another Clinton economic adviser, Ira Magaziner. Doubtless, Dr. Shalala was in this delusory movement, too. The anti-war activists believed that if the United States abandoned South Vietnam the Vietnamese would live in peace and democracy. Today Vietnam is one of the world's last Communist despotisms, with one of the world's largest armies and poorest populations.

But if the university left is not particularly devoted to scholarship or to learning (that being the odi-

Enjoy all your favorite columns – every week!



At Last There is One Source

How can you get all of the nation's top conservative columnists and your favorite cartoonists every week?

You could buy over a dozen metro newspapers, or subscribe to the publication that has them all – the *Conservative Chronicle*.



James Kilpatrick



William Safire



William Buckley



George Will



Jeane Kirkpatrick



R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.



If you want to know what all the nation's finest conservative minds are saying about the Middle East crisis, terrorism, the Supreme Court, defense spending, obscenity issues, educational reform and individual rights ... now there is one convenient source – the *Conservative Chronicle*!

Every week, read the distinguished columnists shown plus Oliver North, Mona Charen, Thomas Sowell, Paul Harvey, Edward Grimsley, William Rusher, Suzanne Fields, Evans & Novak, Andy Seamans, Walter Williams, Charley Reese – more than **28** nationally-respected columnists and **26** cartoonists with conservative appeal.

And it's all in an easy-to-handle format! You'll also enjoy the wit and humor of the *Conservative Chronicle's* featured cartoonists, including Jeff McNelly, Dick Wright, Steve Kelly, Mike Shelton, Jerry Barnett, Bill DeOre and Henry Payne.

All 52 issues are yours for only \$39.00! Cancel at any time – for any reason – and get a full refund on unmailed copies. Get the complete story. Don't miss this great line-up of conservative thinkers. Call **toll-free 1-800-888-3039** or mail our coupon and take advantage of this exceptional value!



Conservative Chronicle

Box 11297-AS, Des Moines, IA 50340-1297

Yes, I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for \$39.00 (add \$25.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.

Payment: Check Bill me VISA MC

Card # _____ Exp. date _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ous domain of the Dead White Males from Plato to Bertrand Russell) it is ardent for pronouncements, campaigns of New Age Uplift, and the kind of disingenuous confabulation that Mr. Clinton put on at his televised "economic conference" in mid-December. It was billed as a diverse gathering but in fact was only a gathering of Clinton supporters, some economically savvy and others economic charlatans. No one from the supply-side school of economic growth was there to

explain how in the 1980s America achieved its longest peacetime record of economic growth. Nor were other free-marketeters in attendance.

Instead we had sham: a pretense to diverse views and high enlightenment. That is the essence of the university left's exclusion of dissent. I suspect this is what we shall see a great deal of in the next four years unless President Clinton frees himself of artifice and gives us straight talk and dignity. □

can counsel aerial attacks on Serbian artillery and actually be considered a humanitarian rather than a bloodthirsty killer.

Nor can I rely on favorable references to capitalism to provoke the progressive's wrath. Progressives seem to have quietly abjured confidence in their old critique of capitalism. This explains why, though there is not much fondness for Margaret Thatcher's heir, Prime Minister John Major, there is no great swing toward Labour. Instead, there is in London the pervasive sense that Britain's weak economy is not responsive to any one nation or to any one set of policies. Rather, Britain's economy is seen as a cog in a weak world-wide economy, and will speed up when the world economy speeds up.

But change is affecting conservative opinion, too. The old faith in Thatcherite market economics has been shaken. Peregrine Worsthorne, erstwhile editor of London's *Sunday Telegraph*, has been a pillar of rectitude in British Conservative circles. His faith in untrammelled free-market economics has often been fraught with doubt, and other Tories of the Thatcherite habit of mind now side with him on behalf of tradition over market efficiency. Similar fissures can be seen in conservative foreign policy: Where once all were for intervention on behalf of democracy abroad, now there is doubt. Mrs. Thatcher has resolutely advocated military action in Yugoslavia; but in Parliament some of her supporters consider that action ill-advised. Some even doubt the wisdom of intervention in Somalia.

And so I see the London that I am about to depart as standing on the edge of change. How deep the changes might go I do not know. One possible change that I have not mentioned has to do with the monarchy. Most assume that the tabloids have aired all the dirty laundry that exists and now action will be taken in Parliament to restrict the press's sensationalism. My investigations this holiday season have left me with the conviction that the tabloids actually have even more unpleasant news for the Queen. They have locked away pictures and tapes of youthful Royals at play that might embarrass even a Hollywood producer. These pictures and tapes will probably appear in public, whatever fate awaits the tabloids. □

London Crawling

London

Mild apprehension flutters across the minds of even Britain's most urbane sages as 1992 drops off and 1993 commences. The Cold War is gone, but Londoners do not like what they hear from the Balkans, the Middle East, and Somalia. After enduring a long and supposedly severe economic drought, commentators tend to see "the green shoots" of economic revival, but what will that mean? The Royal Family's problems are out in the open. Now is to be the time of trials for the journalists who outed them. Or is it? In London there are few confident prognostications this cold, damp winter.

One senses that a variety of changes are taking place here in the aftermath of the Cold War, but precisely what these changes might portend remains a mystery. I remember other earlier "changes." Most were boomed with great solemnity by heralds who also claimed to possess the most authoritative insight into the implications of each change. There was "Eurocommunism," whose implication was "Yankee, Go Home." There was the "Green Movement," whose implication was "Yankee, Go Home—and take your multinational corporations with you." And, of course, there was the great change from petty nationalism toward European Unity, the implication of which was that America's economic power was about to be dwarfed. Looking back on all these waves of change that never quite hit the shoreline, I think we can say with confidence that the more earth-shaking the change prophesied, the

less likely it was that the change would ever materialize.

Of course, one of the changes that has accompanied the fall of the Berlin Wall and the withdrawal of the Red Army into penury and a non-Communist Russia is that it is ever harder for me to get a rise out of London's progressive intelligentsia. There was a time when I could totally poison the conviviality of a chic dinner party by quoting a trauma-inducing line from a Reagan speech. His evocation of the USSR as an "Evil Empire" could even empty a banquet hall during dessert. Absolutely no one in London now worries about imminent nuclear holocaust. Hence, a hawk such as myself





A Girls' School in Baltimore

by Tom Bethell

The Laurence G. Paquin High School for Expectant Teenage Mothers is a bleak brick fortress in a desolate section of east Baltimore; a squiggle-painted, cinder-block, boarded-up-row-house, upside-down-sofas-on-the-sidewalk kind of a neighborhood, with drug lookouts wearing woolsox headgear posted at nearby corners. Paquin's student body is composed entirely of expectant mothers or teenagers who already have given birth, some of them twice. Almost all are black. Paquin has been in the news lately because Norplant will soon be dispensed free at the school's clinic. This is a new form of contraception, consisting of six capsules that are inserted under the skin on the underside of the upper arm. They release a hormone called progesterin which blocks ovulation for up to five years. With the implant, a teenager doesn't have to worry about forgetting to take the pill.

The Paquin School is ghetto-proofed, a sign outside proclaiming it to be a Drug-Free School Zone. There are no windows at all on the ground floor, mere slits upstairs, and stadium lights suspended from the four corners of the building's roof. A phone outside the front and only entrance allows visitors to identify themselves and to be buzzed in if considered friendly. Inside, there were bright lights and Christmas tree decorations, wall slogans ("At the End of Broken Dreams You Need Someone, Us—the Paquin Family"), plaques, and a display case showing a satin-finished christening set for twins, made in the school's garment-making shop. There were framed letters from George and Barbara Bush and other dignitaries. "The play outfits for the grands [grandchildren] are just perfect," Mrs. Bush wrote, "and they will love

them. ShonTae Farrare has done a wonderful job personalizing them." Girls in the inner city, and their offspring, have names like that now: ShonTae, Taniqua, Shaquira, Tamika, Tallisha, Tayesha.

Babies were crying softly in the background and young women wearing slacks and loose outfits were walking in the hall. Two or three were carrying plastic bassinets with babies. They have a whole Toddler Center, with cots and cribs and baby rattles and multicolored wall alphabets—Paquin University, it is called, with "an infant stimulation/learning program designed to promote an adaptive cognitive style." It can handle up to thirty infants and children, aged six weeks to six years. They were just finishing lunch, which the students and their babies have together in the cafeteria. The sign on the cafeteria wall read: "You Are the Apple of Our Eye. . . . So Hang On . . . Don't Drop Out." About 300 girls attend the school each semester, but I gather that few stay for more than a year.

As I waited to talk to the principal, Dr. Rosetta Stith, I copied down a cheerless message framed on the office wall: "Our school must be dedicated to being a change agent through activities that offer young school-age mothers a measure of stability, hope, and a sense of reality to deal with a world that is constantly torn between uncertainty, unrest, and violence."

The principal, Dr. Stith, fortyish with upswept silvery hair, was happy to talk and she mentioned all the media attention of the past two weeks—AP, UPI, *Newsweek*, Bettina Gregory of ABC News. Norplant is "just another form of birth control, like having another car to drive," Stith told me. She wanted me to know right off that the students are well warned that the implant does not protect against venereal and viral disease. But

this they already know. When Karen de Witt of the *New York Times* visited a classroom of thirty pregnant girls at the school, and Stith asked them what did give protection, they chanted in unison: "Condom, condom, condom." A note of mockery here? They have been told over and over about birth control and condoms, they're all pregnant anyway, and now a new item has been added to the contraceptive menu.

The assumption underlying this latest weapon in the arsenal of the therapeutic state is that conception among inner-city blacks is largely accidental. *Washington Post* reporter Leon Dash questioned this in his 1989 book, *When Children Want Children*, based on months of research in the Washington ghetto. One 16-year-old, Tauscha Vaughn, said to him: "Mr. Dash, will you please stop asking me about birth control? Girls out here know all about birth control. There's too many birth control pills out here. All of them know about it. Even when they twelve, they know what it is. Girls out here get pregnant because they want to have babies."

Later in the book Dash claimed that the four pregnant teenagers in one family he interviewed "wanted children for a variety of reasons—to achieve something tangible, to prove something to their peers, to be considered an adult, to get their mother's attention, and to keep up with an older brother or sister." Another 16-year-old girl he met baited her virginal 18-year-old cousin as "barren" because she had not yet had a child.

Sith would have none of this wanted-child argument. She took at face value what the girls tell her in school—"You don't think it's going to happen to you, then one day you find you're pregnant," and so on. "It's not deliberate," Stith reassured me. She did

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent.