

unreconstructed Old Left, whose writings on politics and U.S. foreign policy before August 2, 1990, were radical, punchy, and delightfully satiric and hard core. But since August 2, Cockburn has suddenly turned Judicious, writing stodgy and tedious articles in the *Nation*, denouncing the "extreme Left" for attacking Mr. Bush's War and U.S. imperialism and for overlooking the vast complexities of the new era. In fact, one of the many casualties of the Gulf War has been Cockburn's once fascinating writing.

So what does that tell you where Marxists-Leninists stand? In contrast, it should now be clear, if it ever was murky, that such staunch anti-war Leftists as Erwin Knoll, editor of the *Progressive*, or Ramsey Clark, should never have been red-baited, and are truly independent persons.

The Yellow Ribbon Conspiracy?

Surely, one of the main beneficiaries of the war so far has been the yellow ribbon industry. Has any intrepid journalist looked into this question: who are the major yellow-ribbon manufacturers? Do they have any ties with the Trilateralists? the Bilderbergers? With Neil Bush or any of the other little Bushes? And how did this yellow stuff start anyway?

Color scientists: is there any color, on the color spectrum, that may be considered *anti-yellow*?

The Right to a Speedy Trial

And when, Oh when, is General Manuel Noriega (remember him? He was *last year's* "Hitler") going to get his constitutional right to a public, speedy trial?

The War Hero as Permanent Problem

Among the baleful consequences of nearly every American military victory has been the War Hero who emerges from the war and then plagues us for years as President. The American Revolution brought us High Federalism and George Washington, the Mexican War gave us President General Zachary Taylor, the Civil War the rotten regime of President U.S. Grant, and World War II brought us Ike Eisenhower, who fastened the New-Fair Deal upon the nation at a time when there was a good chance of getting rid of it. (World War I gave us no *military* heroes, but it did elevate Herbert Hoover to political fame and eventually his disastrous presidency. Hoover was the aptly-named Food Czar during the collectivized economy of World War I.)

If the U.S. wins a short, casualty-free Glorious Victory in this war (or if just as effectively the Washington spin-doctors are able to persuade the dazzled media and the deluded masses that this Glorious Victory occurred), then *who* will be the War Heroes emerging from this war to torment us in the years to come?

George Bush, thank God, is too old, unless of course, the neocon political theorists manage to get rid of the anti-Third Term Amendment and he can be elected President for Life. General Kelly has too raspy a voice (being short in the intellect department is no longer a bar to the Highest Office). General Schwarzkopf is too fat and thug-gish looking. Brent Scowcroft is too old, and besides, he lacks

charisma. We are left with: Dick Cheney, who I am sure is willing to shoulder the burden, and General Colin Powell, who could be our first Affirmative Action President, an event that would send the entire Cultural Left, from left-liberals to neocons to left-libertarians, into ecstasy. What, you ask, are his views on anything? Surely you jest; no one ever asked that question of any of the other War Heroes. We know that he wears his uniform smartly and comes across well on television; what *else* would anyone want?

A Nightmare Scenario for 1996

In case no one is worried about more proximate problems, here's a lulu for 1996: who should become George Bush's heir apparent, to run all of our lives from January 1997 to January 2005: Dan Quayle or General Colin Powell? Sorry: None of the Above is not a permitted option in our Glorious Democracy. ●

Bruno Bettelheim; Plagiarist, Sadist, Child Abuser By the Old Curmudgeon

After decades of developing an enviable reputation for sheer cussedness, I went and blew it. In the August 1990 *RRR*, I mellowed for once and referred warmly to the late suicide shrink Dr. Bruno Bettelheim as "a man of substance," and lamented his treatment at the hands of daughters and friends. That's what I get for being "positive"

for a change. For never let it be said that we at RRR are too petty to admit mistakes. Once in a blue moon, we're wrong. For since his death, the floods have arrived, and Bettelheim Revisionism has arisen to make a powerful and unchallengeable case.

For it turns out that eminent shrink Bettelheim was a vicious sadist and child abuser; many of his abused former patients have testified to that fact ever since his death has released them from a life of fear.

And now comes the final nail in his coffin: folklore expert Alan Dundes, a long-time anthropologist at Berkeley, has demonstrated that the very book I had praised—his splendid defense of fairy-stories against the hordes of Left Puritanism—was a work of wholesale plagiarism of Stanford psychiatrist Julius Heuscher's book, *A Psychiatric Study of Fairy Tales*. [Anne C. Roark, "Bettelheim Plagiarized Book Ideas, Scholar Says," *Los Angeles Times*.] Professor Dundes concludes that if an undergraduate "were to turn in a research paper with this sort of borrowing without any attribution," it would certainly be considered as plagiarism.

Fodder for shrink analysis is some of the curious reactions to this revelation. As in the case of Martin Luther King, the guy being plagiarized was not only not troubled, but seemed to be honored that a great man like Bettelheim would bother to plagiarize him. Not at all curious but nevertheless odious was the response of Bettelheim's longtime literary agent, Theron Raines.

Belligerently, Raines wanted to know why this article is written

now, after Bettelheim is dead and he is no position to answer the charges against him.

OK, Theron, if you really want to know, I'll tell you. Because if the S.O.B. couldn't be brought to justice when he was alive, perhaps he can at least be judged at the bar of history. I know it would have been far more satisfying to drag Bettelheim to the dock in person, but Theron, we can only do the best we can. — M.N.R.

Scrambling For Funds

by Paul Gottfried

While Bertolt Brecht was right to observe that food is needed to philosophize, in the case of American movement conservatism financial grants have replaced ordinary food. In *Time* magazine (December 3, 1990), a detailed report is given about the comings and goings of Vile Body, a group of self-identified cultural conservatives who meet to exchange ideas in New York. This group, which includes, among others, Roger Kimball, Richard Brookhiser, Bruce Bawer, and (depending on his schedule) John Podhoretz, has published with Poseidon Press an anthology of their thoughts, which condemns the "adversary" culture¹. What *Time* does not indicate is that all fourteen participants represent magazines and other interests receiving steady, vital subsidies from one or more of four neoconservative foundations. *The New Criterion*, for which most of the contributors write

and which employs several of the contributors, drew a subsidy of \$125,000 from the Sarah Scaife Foundation in 1989 and has received annual grants of \$100,000 from the John M. Olin Foundation and at least \$50,000 from the Bradley Foundation since the mid-eighties². Two other publications with Vile Body contributors, *National Review* and *American Spectator*, are likewise the recipients of regular subsidies from neoconservative foundations. *American Spectator*, a monotonously faithful, neo-conservative magazine, is perhaps the one most often in straitened circumstances, after *The New Criterion*. Bradley and J.M. Olin provide it jointly with about \$450,000 per annum, while Bradley made a special grant of \$50,000 to the *American Spectator's* editor in 1986 to help relocate offices in Arlington, Virginia³.

Without the administrative staffs of Bradley, Olin, Smith-Richardson, and Sarah Scaife, there would be no operative agenda of "cultural conservatism" being implemented in New York and Washington.

Cultural conservatives—that is, critics of modern society, there would undoubtedly be, but not organized activity for positions that foundation heads decide to call "culturally conservative"—e.g., defending Jackson Pollock's modern art against Robert Mapplethorpe's or Martin Luther King's oratory against Jesse Jackson's.

The shaping of cultural conservatism is now bringing economic

**The
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