

THE SOCIALIST SPECTATOR



PEEP SHOW

by David Brock

You can tell a lot about a group by its enemies, and if this year's annual "Socialist Scholars" conference gave an award, it would have gone to Francis Fukuyama, the much-derided "philosopher from the RAND Corp." who last summer declared that democratic capitalism is the end point of history. Socialism's apologists are still reeling, all the more as Fukuyama's scenario plays out in Eastern Europe. And yet the Orwellian wet dream of the distinguished Daniel Singer of the distinguished *Nation* magazine still recurs. As he described it at the opening plenary session, "The people were getting rid of one form of tyranny, Stalinism, and exchanging it for the coercion of another, the dazzling tyranny of the market. But the people will bring down the wall of capitalist oppression, too, realizing that the Revolution of 1917 was a heroic step in mankind's struggle for control over his own fate."

Held at New York's City University the first weekend of April, this year's conference was entitled, "Democratic Upheavals and the End of the Cold War," not an inappropriate theme for the world's remaining socialists to ponder. Yet as Singer's contortions suggest, these same socialists are not quite ready to have their political obituaries written. Indeed, despite the "democratic upheavals" of recent months, signs of the socialist left's political relevance were abundant. Milling about were celebs like guerrilla-philosopher Ruben Zamora, an important player in Salvadoran politics, and frumpy feminoid Babs Ehrenreich. CUNY Chancellor Joseph Murphy was also present, a self-described "radical in the real sense of the word." He promised to bring more blacks! more Hispanics! more women! more gays! into the university. As the hallway chatter indicated, these are the sorts of people who still hold "health care" conferences in places like Mozambique. Closer to home, the socialist book fair's main feature was *Keep Hope Alive: Jesse Jackson's '88 Campaign* (a coffee table book). The chic cause for leafleters this year was "boycott Greyhound and Frank Lorenzo";

David Brock is a John M. Olin fellow at the Heritage Foundation.

in fact, at the opening session, a menacing representative of the Greyhound union promised "more violence" if Greyhound management didn't come to the negotiating table. The crowd roared its approval, while I looked around in vain for undercover G-men.

The impressive array of workshop offerings was another sign that the left's fingers remain stuck in many pies: Cross National Perspectives on Work, Welfare, and the Poverty of Women. *Do the Right Thing* Revisited. Pantheon: Publishing and Corporate Censorship. Eco-Feminism. Gay Men's Liberation. Cocaine, Covert Operations, and the Constitution (conducted by—who else?—the Christic Institute). Palestinian Women in the Struggle for Peace and Liberation. Roundtable on Ecology, Economy, and Equality: A Black, Red, and Green Perspective.

I skipped all these in favor of a Saturday morning session on Nicaragua: Whither the Revolution? where the fur flew over who is to blame for the Sandinista electoral catastrophe: Did the "moderate" comandantes "betray" the Revolution by not adhering to the Leninist line, or did the very "structure set by the market and U.S. foreign policy" preordain defeat? Some were still too shook to take sides. George Vickers of Brooklyn College weighed in, "Somehow, the Sandinistas are out of power." Panelist Pablo Gonzales Casanova, a Mexican intellectual, stood before the audience, announced his "emotional involvement with Cuba and Nicaragua," and began to cry. In the end, everyone seemed to agree with Jack Hammond of Hunter College: "We'll have a militant form of FSLN opposition, the politics of street battles."

After lunch, I stopped by the workshop on "Teaching Marxism: Activism in the Classroom," where a panel of clever professors explained how they propagate their malignant message to a wholly apathetic or even hostile student audience. Stephen Gold teaches a required business ethics course at the University of Connecticut, which means "students must take Marx." Gold hones in on "racism and sexism in business, the pernicious patriarchal sys-

tem." In his spare time, Gold organizes Gestapo-style sexual harassment committees on campus. "Race and sex are not God-given categories" but configurations of the "white, male, Christian, straight, European" hierarchy: thus the dreary news from Paula Rothenberg's "New Jersey Project on Integrating Scholarship on Gender." Rothenberg sends her students at the state's William Paterson College into the field to perform "class analysis of shopping malls." The methodology is path-breaking: "They go to a boutiquey mall and a mall for the masses. I have them count how many public toilets are in each, and bring back samples of the toilet paper. It makes class distinctions visible." At New Haven's Albertus Magnus College, 80 percent of Gail Presby's students have the appalling habit of voting Republican; so she takes it upon herself to get them to "question their allegiance to the rich." The choice, she tells them, "is rob or be robbed." This induces many of her more promising employed students to "steal from their employer." Professor Presby's integrity extends as well to the realm of intellect: "I give them a text of Marx and a text of an outlandish right-winger like Milton Friedman. I tell them those are their only two choices. Most pick Marx."

In keeping with the weekend's secular tone, I spent the better part of Palm Sunday at a workshop called Pornography with a Human Face: Toward a Sexual Glasnost. Last year, the pornography panel was dominated by febrile feminist censors; this year it was the socialist pornographers who got their say. The panel far outdrew the others, and with the exception of some nervous snickering, the audience proved quite pro-porn. This came as no surprise, given the limits to which the left is pushing the notions of artistic relativism and free expression these days, insisting that the production and exhibition of homoerotic and pedophilic images be not only constitutional but federally funded.

"Adult video consultant" Sheldon Ranz warmed up with a comparison of Gorbachev's economic reform program

to the masturbatory act: "What do you call a pair of Soviets watching porn under Gorbachev? A pair-of-strokers." Claiming to have viewed more than 10,000 flesh-baring films, the aesthete went on to delineate the "liberating" qualities of porn: "You see things Hollywood won't show, like the Lady Godiva position, which has the woman dominant. They show older women getting it. *The Devil and Miss Jones* stars a flat-chested woman. Men ejaculate outside the body, eroticizing birth control. Pornography undoes stereotypes. Bull-dykes look like the girl next door. Gay men are not punished for being gay; they're rewarded with orgasms. *Debbie Does Dishes* is about a Jewish housewife who does it with anybody who comes to the door, with no post-coital regrets." As "People's Libido Exhibit A," Ranz introduced *Shades of Ecstasy*, a "socialist film about a group of women factory workers who have orgies on their lunch break. They find out their boss is secretly taping them, and they take control of the factory in anger."

Sharing the dais with Ranz were "feminist-socialist" Vivian Forlander, a kind of bubbly, bosomy Susan Sontag, and Ame Gilbert, of the "Carnival Knowledge Collective." A writer of naughty novels, Forlander reveals the complex intellectual history behind her pen name, Katie Nipps. Apparently, it started as a high school nickname, owing to her ample chest size. One salutary result of this adolescent trauma is the ease with which she slips into the point of view of "a repressed man with a breast fetish." After reading a poem about the evils of the male sex organ, (by way of introduction, if you will), Ame Gilbert began to illuminate the world of "alternative porn." It seems that a group of about 100 "feminist artists" of the lesbian persuasion slink, when the urge moves them, into a Greenwich Village basement to produce and watch their own flagellating fantasies on film. Said the grisly Gilbert: "My own fantasy involves tying up two women and a man . . ." No, I better not go on. This is, after all, a family magazine. Besides, today it might ultimately be the decent thing to let the left wallow in its own depravity. □

CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR. Journalism or related degree and at least two years relevant experience required. Send resume to: David Shanahan, TAS, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210-1448.

DON'T INTERN IN WASHINGTON, D.C. THIS SUMMER!
The American Spectator, located just two miles from Washington on the American side of the Potomac River, seeks interns for Summer 1990. Gain valuable publishing experience working with either our editorial or business staff. June through August.
 Contact: David Shanahan, TAS, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210-1448.

ATTENTION: EARN MONEY Reading Books! \$32,000/year income potential. Details. (1) 602-838-8885 Ext. Bk 13346.

BOOKS

MAKE MONEY SELLING Books by Mailorder. Send stamps for catalog. **Wholesale Books**, 2035(AS) EVERDING, Eureka, CA 95501.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS LOCATED. Free search. No Obligation. Whitted Books, Box 603-SP, Fairmont, NC 28340.

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 25¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out of print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1777 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

MARTYRDOM BY GUILLOTINE!

Soon millions face this in preference to the rule of the Beast (Revelation 20:4). Order **CREATION AND CULMINATION**. Send \$10.80 to D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, NJ 07930.

JAYNE'S BOOKSEARCH

OLD & RARE BOOKS

Bought • Used • Sold • Searched
 Estate Libraries

325 Valley Rd. Adam Kaplan, Prop.
 Havertown, PA 19083 Open 9-5:30
 (215) 449-1679 Monday-Saturday

Despite the Blacklist...

•PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN CULTURE•

Timely as world headlines, this anthology confronts the dangers of leftism & liberalism. Essays by Viereck Hedley Tiger Dannhauser Corwin Kessler Wooster Harcourt Dworkin Tartini Olson & others. **\$10.95 PP**

"...says practically everything I believe but never hear said or see in print. If only every American student and professor would read it."

Karl Shapiro
 Pulitzer Prize poet

EXILE PRESS
 241 South Temelec Circle
 Sonoma, CA 95476

BOOKS

BOOKMINE

OLD & RARE BOOKS

Bought • Sold • Searched

1015 2nd Street
 Old Sacramento, California 95814
 (916) 441-4609

Steve Mauer
 Daily 10-5
 Thur.-Sat. till 9

PUBLICATIONS

THE RIGHT-WING RAG. If you liked TAS's "New Enemies List," you'll love **The Right Wing Rag**, a bi-monthly publication featuring the pithiest, wittiest diatribes against the godless, gutless Liberal Establishment, by the greatest minds that the forces of Good and Conservatism have to offer—YOURS. Become a Columnist and expose Communists and other enemies of decent and civilized society in EVERY ISSUE. For information: send SASE and one column (from a conservative viewpoint, on any topic of interest to conservatives, 200 word maximum) to 60 East Chestnut, Ste. 190, Chicago, IL 60611.

Sexism *Men — Fight Back!!!*
 Stand up for your rights!
 Beat the divorce racket & all other anti-male discrimination
 Read **The Liberator**
 Big monthly newsmagazine. Top writers. Commonsense on all gender issues. Hard hitting answer to feminism! It's about time! Get aboard! \$20 yr. with this TAS coupon.
Men's Rights Association
 17854 Lyons, St. Forest Lake, MN 55025

VIDEOTAPES

FILM CLASSICS. Send SASE for free catalog to STAR RECORDINGS, 2765 W5 St, Bklyn, NY 11224.

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

HOME STUDY COLLEGE DEGREE PROGRAMS
 60 Sem. credits req'd. Finish BS, MBA, MA, PhD, JD/Law Degree. BA Challenge Exam (3 yr. prior college req'd). Year round. No classroom attendance. Free information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
 3960 Wilshire Boulevard
 Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
 1-800-262-8388
 1-213-382-3801

Audio-cassette/book courses in Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, French, German, Spanish, Greek, Japanese, and 48 others. Comprehensive. Used by U.S. State Dept. Call or write for free catalog:
1-800-243-1234
 Dept. 627
 Guilford, CT 06437
Learn a foreign language on your own!

SPEAK FRENCH OR ANY LANGUAGE AS U.S. DIPLOMATS DO!
 Self-study audiocassette courses developed for U.S. State Dept. now at **savings up to 60%!** Call or write for FREE catalog **1-800-722-6394**.
AUDIO-LANGUAGE INSTITUTE®
 516 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 66, Suite 507, NY, NY 10036.

MERCHANDISE

ATTENTION—GOVERNMENT SEIZED VEHICLES from \$100. Fords, Mercedes, Corvettes, Chevys. Surplus Buyers Guide. 1-602-838-8885 EXT. A 13346.

BEAUTIFUL STERLING SILVER puff heart pendant, \$10 Free Brochure MAILWARE 170 Boston Post Rd., #160, Madison, CT 06443.

DAN QUAYLE WATCH! Quartz, \$35, JAR, P. O. Box 10707, Arlington, VA 22210.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

AGGRESSIVE ENTREPRENEURS: key leaders who can recruit, train, and supervise a large sales force are urgently needed for a rapidly expanding international AAAA D&B company. Environmental sales over \$500,000,000 in 1989; geometric rise in 1990s. Fortunes will be made, as timing does create wealth. Superfast start with \$135,000. Call 800-848-4147.

COMPUTER SOFTWARE

WISDOM OF THE AGES

First electronic book of quotes, sayings and ideas brings over 1,000 of the world's greatest minds to PC screens and printers.

Select a subject. Use the vivid parade of timeless knowledge to act, write and speak better; earn more.

UNSOLICITED USER COMMENTS

"Your program is a jewel..."
 W.H. Washington, D.C.

"It's a terrific idea and program..."
 J.R. Ontario, Canada

"...A great program! The colors really are beautiful! The layout and organization of the whole program is superb!..."
 K.B. Los Angeles, CA

"I'm impressed... an awe-inspiring job..."
 C.S. Mexico City, Mexico

Introductory Offer: \$79.00 for all 5 disks.
 30 day money-back guarantee.
 Add \$2.00 S/H. CA residents add 7% tax.



MCR Agency, Inc.
 6116 Merced Av. #81AS
 Oakland, CA 94611
1-800-767-6797
 FAX 415-444-6561

MISCELLANEOUS

SMASHING THE GOLF BALL
 A LA BRAINBEAU

Draw a circle with a horizontal and a vertical line intersecting at the middle. The horizontal line represents the clubhead's path at any point in the swing if the hand and arm actions aren't included. The vertical line represents the clubhead's path with the body turn. If at address the V's are pointing to the right shoulder as should be done the downward swing is slightly backward relative to the body. At impact the hands and wristwatch will be out in front. The circle represents the clubhead path if these separate and disparate actions are properly executed. To continue playing the game as in past and future herenows send S.A.S.E. to:
 6 WAY PEACE PLAN
 BOX 2243
 YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO 44504

MISCELLANEOUS

AUDIO DIGEST

A "sound" solution to those pressing media problems, a comprehensive and compact audio cassette featuring 12 or more of the nations outstanding conservative columnists, commentators and government leaders.
 Each month these experts offer their erudite views of the major topics of the day and provide unique insights into the whirligig world of Washington politics and polemics. From championing the free enterprise system to defending the Constitution, these leading political and economic insiders tell the other side of the story the liberal media tells.
SEND FOR A FREE 60 MINUTE AUDIO CASSETTE.
AUDIO DIGEST Box 6 Springfield VA. 22150

CLEAN BLOOD PROTECTION Be in Control of Your Life

More people now believe they can build strong blood quality and, thereby, protect themselves from "social diseases."
 This non-profit organization assists its members, provides reliable information and fosters dependable support.
 For FREE MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION WRITE:
BLOOD LINE, INCORPORATED
 P.O. BOX 7219
 BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90212-7219

PERSONALS

SWM, 37, editor, author 8 books, Virgo/Dragon, nonsmoker, nondrinker, seeks professional Asian SF of comparable age for possible long-term relationship. Love Mozart, cats, mystery novels. Please reply to: David, 8401 Colesville Road, Box 166A, Silver Spring, MD 20910.

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's #1 Service! **SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL-Dept. HE**, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

THE RIGHT-WING RAG. Meet fellow travellers of the Right through their printed views. Correspond c/o *The Right-Wing Rag*. See Publications for information.

U.S.—ASIAN CONNECTION. Beautiful, faithful ladies seek friendship/marriage. Superior service at lower rates. Free 10 page photo brochure. (702) 451-3070.

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL LADIES seeking correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations by American/Asian couple. Asian Experience (since 1984), Box 1214TR, Novato, CA 94948. (415) 897-2742.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: \$1.00 per word
 (\$5 extra for TAS box number if desired.)
 \$30 per column inch for classified display ads.
 Pre-payment required for all ads.
Special Discount Offer: Pre-pay for 3 ads—get a 4th ad free.

Enclosed is: \$_____ for _____ insertions.

Ad classification: _____

Name: _____
 (please print)

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____

Zip: _____

Send ad copy with this form to:

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
 Classified Department
 P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210-1448

CURRENT WISDOM

The Great Books Series

Hugh Prather, the Marcel Proust of yuppiedom, in a new introduction to the twentieth-anniversary edition of his *Notes to Myself*, gibbers in the first person singular to his anal-retentive audience:

Notes to Myself was essentially a stack of yellow sheets (which I called my diary) where I went to sort things out, where I put down my pains and problems, and my very deep longing to break through to some truth. In many of the passages I was guessing, but because I was trying hard to be honest with myself, I sometimes guessed right. That is why, aside from some editing and a few additions, I have left the book essentially as it was. In going over each passage, I can remember almost every thought I had when I wrote it—and here's something that is interesting to me—I can remember whether I was being dishonest while telling myself that I wasn't. It's especially these little dishonesties that I have corrected.

Now, as well as talking to [my wife] Gayle and using a diary to sort things out, I sometimes talk to our two boys, Jordan, six, and John, who is ten. Here again is the example that even at a very young age we can all sense the way home. Last week I was putting the six-year-old to bed, and referring to all my burdens I said, "Jordan, how can I live a happy life?" Without hesitation he answered, "Do what you say."

[Hugh Prather, *Notes to Myself: My Struggle to Become a Person*, Bantam Books, \$8.95]

Movies USA

Mr. Alec Baldwin, star of *The Hunt for Red October*, reveals the workings of his marvelous mind; and, surely, you all remember the hordes of right-wing assassins:

Baldwin is more than passionate about his politics. He has stumped for the Democrats at colleges; he journeyed to the Democratic Convention with Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden; and recently he joined a group called the Creative Coalition, formed by actor Ron Silver in New York. Still, he feels guilty.

He sighs, "I talk about these things because I'm committed and when I'm done I feel kind of disgusted with myself. Sitting in a coffee shop and talking about it is not committed. I think once or twice a month I lie in bed at night and think how I'd like to find a militant organization—like some Black Panther or IRA equivalent—that revolved around some important cause and go out and blow up some chemical plant. Really put my ass on the line. One of the most significant differences I see between the right wing and the left wing is that in this country, the right wing's fanatical assassins—they have better aim." Baldwin gestures ruefully. "I must be really babbling."

[March 1990]

Smart

What urban sophisticates read when their cocaine dealer is unavailable for a commercial transaction or while they are seated in the waiting room prior to electric shock treatment:

So just as Iran-Contra became the Ollie North story, Panama became the Manuel Noriega story. Largely ignored were the facts that without Iran-Contra there would be no Panama and that George Bush, as the former dictator's longtime employer, is just as guilty if not more of some of the things Noriega is guilty of.

[May 1990]

Fredericksburg Free Lance-Star

More proof of male inferiority, this time from Miss Marilyn Geewax:

Rep. Patricia Schroeder, D-Colo., was criticized earlier this year for suggesting that female soldiers be allowed to volunteer for combat. Oh no, some men in Congress said. We can't allow women to face violence. That would be barbaric.

Now Ms. Schroeder is suggesting the United States use trade sanctions against countries that refuse to protect women from violence by husbands and other family members.

Oh no, the men say. We can't interfere with the cultural customs of other countries.

For many, the idea of putting a woman into a violent situation is repugnant only if the woman happens to be holding a gun and has a chance of fighting back. Otherwise, violence against women is just another cultural tradition like doing the polka or eating sushi.

[April 3, 1990]

New York Times

As the Reagan Administration recedes into history leaving democracy in Central America and in Eastern Europe, a dramatic relaxation of tensions between Washington and Moscow, and steady, uninterrupted economic growth across the great Republic; and as the Bush Administration consolidates the Reagan Revolution, Mr. Anthony Lewis demonstrates in his nationally syndicated column that in American political commentary the maniac can still be gainfully employed:

History is closing in fast on Ronald Reagan. Fifteen months ago he left office in a glow of public affection. Today he is increasingly identified with greed, corruption and conspiracy. . . . Of course there are a good many Americans who are still contented that Ronald Reagan was President. But Warren G. Harding was popular, too. My guess is that history will be not much kinder to Reagan than it has been to Harding. The process of deglamorization has begun.

[April 17, 1990]

PETA News

From the newsletter of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, evidence that out there in the countryside there are still Carter loyalists ready to follow their man back to Washington, chickens (and who knows what else) on their heads:

Do you know what shams those smiling chicken pictures in supermarkets are? More than four billion chickens in America each year do not have a single happy moment in their lives. They go immediately from shell to hell.

I know chickens are capable of happiness because of a little tan and yellow hen named Butterscotch. When I visit her farm, she runs down the path to meet me and makes little hops up and down at my feet until I pick her up. Then she snuggles into my arms, contented as any cat I've ever held, and looks up at me as if to say, "Isn't this cozy?" Occasionally when I fill in on farm chores Butterscotch leads the way, a perky, knowing little guide.

She has taught me that chickens are sensitive individuals with their own special intelligence.

[March/April 1990]

Cosmopolitan

A New Age exchange in the pages of *Cosmo*, where lingerie advertisements are to be encouraged:

Q. After fourteen years of marriage, I've made a shocking discovery about my husband. In a box in his dresser, I found a hoard of women's underwear, stockings, high-heeled shoes, a wig, and lots of makeup—all his. I tried to confront him about it, but he won't discuss the matter or get rid of these things! He denies that he's a homosexual. We have a good sex life and two healthy children. I love him as much as ever, but now I'm sickened and confused. What's wrong with him?

A. Your husband is probably telling the truth when he says he isn't homosexual. He is a transvestite, or cross-dresser—that is, a man who may desire women, but who is stimulated by the sensuous feel of women's apparel or the thrill of feminine glamour. Many transvestites are happily married. Some wives actually enjoy their husband's cross-dressing; others merely tolerate it. I suggest you try to do that as well, for your husband's sexual quirk is really quite an innocent one.

He is no different now from the man you married, and the important things about him are as true as they always were. After you understand more, you will be able to talk to your husband calmly and work out what you want to do. Remember, there are many much more terrible things to discover about the people we love than some fantasy in the bottom of a drawer.

[February 1990]

Chicago

What passes for a pleasant evening at the theater in Chicago:

A Constant State of Desire, the three-part piece Finley brought to Chicago this fall, features a now-notorious passage in which she strips down to panties, slathers raw egg all over her body, showers herself with glitter and paper boas, and launches into a hilarious, dead-serious jeremiad against yuppies and their culture of voyeurism, egotism, and exploitation.

"Ooooh, and then I go into Wall Street," she wails, "Ooooh, I go into all those trader buildings, oooh, and I cut off your balls and you don't even bleed; only dollar signs come out."

[January 1990]

Los Angeles Times Book Review

Prof. Jim Finley, a humorist, engages once again in the satire that has made him a living legend on the faculty of the College of the Mainland in Texas City, Texas:

Johnson, however, was no aberration. To the contrary, when one peers through larger lenses from a greater distance, Johnson materializes as America's true native son, embodying not only many of this country's dominant historical values but its pathological traits as well, from narcissism and materialism to unbridled ambition.

The disturbing questions about the relationship between means and ends raised by the life of Lyndon Johnson are similar to those invoked by this nation's rise from 13 weak colonies to the world's most awesome economic and military power—a rise built upon Indian slaughter, black slavery and expansionist wars.

Perhaps in later volumes Caro will recognize Lyndon Baines Johnson as a legitimate descendant of the American experience, as a child of America's cultural hegemony.

[March 18, 1990]

Vanity Fair

Notes on the sublime and the beautiful by a Mr. Kevin Sesums, trapped in Madonna's cave and discoursing on a unique seascape of Frida Kahlo, the Mexican artist and bomb-thrower:

In the entrance foyer is another Kahlo, titled *My Birth*. The small painting depicts Kahlo's mother in bed with the sheets folded back over her head. All that can be seen of the mother are her opened legs, the head of the adult Kahlo painfully emerging from her mother's gaping vagina. There is blood in the painting. There is anger there. Sorrow.

"If somebody doesn't like this painting," Madonna says, "then I know they can't be my friend."

[April 1990]