

"Caribbean Legion." Both the man and the organization were later acknowledged to have been under CIA control. Other information in the handbook made it clear that in the 1950's Castro had received both financing and favorable publicity from the United States, as well as conceptual and organizational help. Washington's response was to retrieve all the copies of the Cuba handbook that had already been sent out to numerous university libraries and to order them pulped. Even the President of the United States would not be able to get ahold of a book that "didn't exist."

I had just completed the supervision and editing of the *Area Handbook for Guatemala* and was proceeding with Costa Rica when I found out that my next job would be to produce a sanitized version of the Cuba handbook. After learning about the full-scale "disinformation" effort in progress—to insert false information into the handbook chapters after they had left the author's hand—I handed in my resignation, with a multi-page letter (which went to the President of American University) explaining why so many of the very best people were leaving. He had previously been clued-in to the situation and had tried to stiffen our resolve to resist the pressures we were under. He told our assembled organization, "Doctors hide their mistakes, undertakers bury them, but your shame is there for all the world to see." After some unpleasant encounters with at least three agencies of Big Brother as a magazine editor, I left the country with my family for nine years.

In 1991, after working for nine years as a government documents specialist at Wake Forest University, I returned to Washington at the invitation of a friend who had been familiar with both my work and the problems I had encountered during my last sojourn there in the 1960's. He wanted me to put into readable form the information his organization had collected through psychological tests administered to both American and Chinese (Hong Kong, Taiwan, and Mainland) college students. His first choice for the position, Dr. Francis Hsu, a renowned expert on the differences in Chinese and American thought processes, had declined for reasons of frail health and advanced age.

Among the more interesting results of the study comparing Chinese and American thought patterns was the conclusion that Chinese Mainland students

do not consider Marxism relevant to economic questions but do consider communism a faith. On the other hand, they do not consider Confucius or Confucianism to belong to the realm of religion. The main focus of their lives is their family, and they all but worship their mother. There is no tolerance for misbehavior in children past the age of five, and selflessness is the norm. Pornography, and behavior related to it, is contemptuously dismissed as spiritual pollution. Women may legitimately use their charms and sex appeal in only two contexts: relations in, or leading up to, marriage and prostitution. Partly for this reason, women in the professions find easy acceptance strictly on their professional competence. Not only parents, but also professors, university administrators, employers, and others in positions of authority over unmarried persons in their 20's consider it a solemn obligation to safeguard the sexual morality of their charges. Misconduct by either gender can result in the destruction of careers. There is serious concern at all levels of society that Western influences are undermining the moral fiber of Chinese youth. Marriage is the almost universal goal of all young people, and wedding-night virginity is expected. Schoolwork is a serious focus for urban young people who have the opportunity to study. Western-style dating is taboo because it would be a distraction for secondary-school students.

American college students contrasted sharply with the Chinese in virtually all of the above areas. The study showed that "health, sex, and sports" are the major focus of education for American students. Hedonism and self-indulgence are prominent. College conjures up "sports, football, fraternities, and parties" more than anything else. The word "classroom" did not even appear among American free-association responses to the stimulus-word "college."

In great contrast to the Mainland Chinese, a significant minority of American college students had very ambivalent feelings toward their mothers. The word "mother" evoked responses such as "f-ker," "strange," "abusive," "bossy," and "pushy." The students resented their mothers' tendency to nag, fight, inflict pain, and instill fear. Of the four groups studied (students in China, Taiwan, Hong Kong, and the United States), Americans were the least inclined to consider their mothers as gen-

tle and kind. While Mainland Chinese indicated a respect verging on awe and reverence toward their fathers, Americans indicated no strong feelings, either positive or negative—with alcoholism and divorce being the major complaints against them.

Although I had been given very strong assurances that I would be independent and free from pressure in reaching my conclusions, the reality turned out otherwise. Since I was not amenable to modifying my sources and conclusions, I found that my job had been terminated in June 1992. I was offered renewal of my position on the condition that I write what I was told to write. My response that this would be prostitution was regarded as incomprehensible.

The Department of Education, the formal sponsor of the study, informed me that it had been given the names of all the persons who had worked on it and that mine was not among them. In fact, the study came out under the authorship of Dr. Hsu, who, as far as I could determine, had not even seen it. I am told that the new, anonymously modified version of the study bears virtually no resemblance to the work I left at my departure. No doubt it will be politically correct—and very pleasing to those who ordered it. It will also bear very little resemblance to the research on which it is supposed to be based.

John Dombrowski writes from Rockville, Maryland.

New Covenant High School, 2040

by Robert Westmoreland

New Covenant High Dialoguing instructist Harold Schroeder-Dewey VCRed a Shakespeare Video Classics tape from yoredays—Alan Alda as a non-confrontational Lear—for his/her class and egressed to interface with Resource Person Vita Burning-Bed, who was cogdissonancing over the fact that the Release Room was processing 27 percent more of the student anthropopulace this fall than last.

The Jocelyn Elders Release Room instances indirect lighting, cots with strategic oil cans to minimize squeaks,

condoms, and highly olfactored disinfectant. The rainforest green cinderblock walls rank high on the pacificity index, as do the subliminal CDed dolphin sounds. The Release Room ensued when New Covenant football games were increasingly violenceed from the stands. This uptick was a surprise in itself, for at this timepoint football non-hierarchies and conciliates. The testosteroneed angularity of the gridiron segued multiple temporal units ago to a mam-morial, inclusive series of concentric circles that accommodates diverse playing styles: some teams opt to traverse space-time toward the outmost circle and "score" ("The Tepid Horde of New Covenant High/Will access the scoring area by and by"); others eject the team concept altogether and complement their opposers in a yin-yang configuration. The school colors have transitted from stark blue and white to a more ambiguous mauve and eggshell.

Yet knives, handguns, maces, and handheld cruise and smart weapons increasingly frequent games, impacting player and fan morale toward the downside. The Release Room was targeted to dissipate the psycho-sexual tension that adverts damage-oriented behaviors and football gridlock. Was the Release Room malapproximating its rationale?

"The Release Room could access its goal if Dialoguing and Tactiling standards hadn't been highed," worded Schroeder-Dewey. Dialoguing and Tactiling are branchouts of the Communications Stream. Dialoguing, known up until about four deca-units ago as English, is dispensed in seven languages, and umbrellas an Oral and a Written cluster. The Cognitive Patterns Inventory factors out which students attune more authentically to oral or written stimuli, and which to vary-textured surfaces.

Burning-Bed backworded that standards are necessary. "Standards are a net plus, but not when they expense peace," verbed Schroeder-Dewey. "Dialoguing is a bilateral process in a multi-lateral world. It separates, exclusions, one-on-ones. The chickens were bound to home in and roost. What *expected* you?"

"We should able each student to communicate with every other without time-lapse," he/she continuityed, "or input the thoughts of all to a Meaning Trough, to be accessed by modem. If the new neuro-fiber-optic technology can't do

that, it nonfunctions."

"But couldn't the Release Room itself partly aspect the problem?" quizzed Burning-Bed, contemporaneously awaring that his/hers was only one perspective among multies. "Maybe students anxietyze about reproduction as a possible fall-out of Release Room activity. Maybe that root-causes violenceing."

Schroeder-Dewey vocabbed nonsense to that. "A student can access a term limit (the Neovocab abortion verb sign) by laser, along with the mandatory Reproductive Strategies Debriefing, and still vacate only 15 minutes of lunch, maximal."

Pointwise, he/she'd accessed something. But the resource person was impuzzled that lately Tactiler violenceing had increased even more than Dialoguer violenceing. Schroeder-Dewey verbed that Tactiling standards were highed fewer timepoints ago. Tactilers are mandatoried to identify everything from Rough to Smooth to eligibilize for graduation, which emphatics analytic and convergent thinking, prioritizing separation and classification at the expense of synthesis and holism, thus deep-sixing solidarity. Schroeder-Dewey admiringly referenced the bovininity of students on the Being Track. The Being Track nonequates with the Doing Track, the lattermost of which comprises Dialoguing, Tactiling, Numeracy, and the rest of the traditioned curriculum. BT students have exited the "plan," "act," and "think" modes and quantumleaped from one absolutely discrete point in space-time to the next.

BT enrollment has expanded greatly since the Substance Dispensary premiered at New Covenant, which ironizes, because the implementation of the dispensary at first divisioned the anthropopulace. Units and units ago the pre-millennial President initially againsted the legalling of substances, much less student-accessing them in schools. But he/she logicked out his/her position on term limits and condoms, and cerebrummed that some students would intake substances, legalled or not. (The idea was first vetted on the *Donahue-Pozner-Horton Show*.) Shouldn't they receipt substances minus potentially deathdoing additives and intake them in a facility overpar, cleanliness- and well-lightedness-wise? Chief Justice Moseley-Braun vocalled at his/her weekly press conference that if anything emanated from the penumbra of the Constitution, it was the substance-in-

gestion right. "What you do with your body is between you and your god," he/she outspoke in a rememberable verbechain. New Covenant's dispensary was booted and loaded only brief time-lapses ago.

Burning-Bed termed that "the problem is we're piecemealing. Not just resource persons and other facilitators, but everybody up to the Department of Justice and Wellness (just transitioned to the Reno Careplex). We need a more systemic, holistic approach. In particular, more school homing. The more we hillary, the less they'll violent."

Hillarying, or school homing, was inspirationed by the Premier Significant Other who synapsed that schools should overtake functionwise the family when it nonviabled its basic tasks—nutritioning, garbing, residencing, and multi-acculturating junior citizens. PremSigOth synthesized Everybody is Somebody, the educative component of the comprehensive Social Cuisinart ideocluster. Under EvSome, every private school voluntarily had to access vouchers to each public school student in its district, else run roughsled over substantive due process and get consent-decreed. EvSome, which prioritized people, was a tough sell on Anita Hill; the PremSigOth and PreMilPrez were Gored (similars being Borked, except the Goree's scriptations are taken *in context*), but in the end-result victored.

"You're right, we need to hillary, not piecemeal; you can't band-aid a root cause," said Schroeder-Dewey. Just then something commotioned. "What the . . ." he/she self-said. It couldn't be sourced in the Release Room, which was soundproofed. He/she mega-ambled to his/her classcubicle, almost dysfunctioning the turnstile on the bible detector in transit. A student who'd just effected re-entry from the dispensary was bowel-evacuating on the VCR. "These aren't valid Tepid Horde behaviors. Whatever occurred to love of infrastructure?" ejaculated Schroeder-Dewey as he/she accessed him/her by the nose ring and progressed him/her to the Release Room. Plummeting self-esteem- and empowerment-wise, he/she multidecibelled the paleoverbsign for reproductive ingress and egress and said something about *Miranda*.

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The Hundredth Meridian

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

View From a Campfire

"Been up the Hams Fork yet?"

"I took a drive there last weekend."

"How far did you get?"

"Almost to the guard station. There's a hellacious mudhole just south of it."

"How about Fontenelle?"

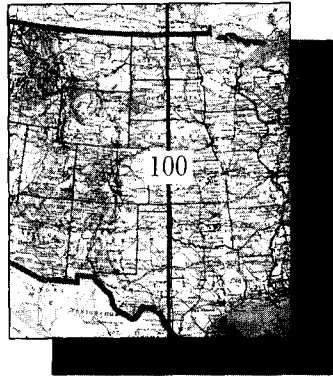
"I ain't tried it myself, but they say it's dry to the Forest boundary. There's two foot of snow yet past the cattle guard."

Winter recedes inch by slow inch from the high country at first, gains momentum as it loses its hold, and is gone suddenly—almost overnight, it seems—leaving the aspen stands a fragile green among the black-green of the pine forests. As the glaring snowbanks retreat higher, the elk move up from their winter feeding grounds on the sagebrush flats and calve in secluded parks covered by arrowroot balsam unfolding yellow blooms above their fleshy green leaves, bluebells, flox, and Indian paintbrush. The passing of winter uncovers Wyoming and reopens it, revealing a complex backroad system of which the state highways are only a minor extension. For several weeks after the snow goes the bentonite roads are ribbons of purple mud, mostly impassable even with tire chains and four-wheel drive, but the strong spring winds and the climbing sun leach the moisture from them until they are pale and hard like old china. When the Aussie circuit-riders are busy shearing sheep by day and pinching the girls in the bars downtown at night, and entire ranch families from age eight to 80 are bloody from the docking pens, it is time to vaccinate and shoe the horses, haul out the gear stowed after hunting season last fall, and peruse stacks of topographic maps in preparation for harassing the backpackers, granolas, and earth muffins in the mountains once again.

But first a matter of protocol, ritual, habit . . . love, actually. Cutting west to east across the Tavaputs Plateau in northeastern Utah, south of the Uinta Mountains and north of the Book Cliffs, an enchanted fissure called Nine Mile Canyon stretches, debouching into the Green River directly above Desolation Canyon, so named by John Wesley Pow-

ell on his first exploratory trip down the Green and Colorado rivers in 1869. One hundred twelve years later, my then wife and I discovered Nine Mile for ourselves by accident while trying to find jeep access to the Green, and since 1981 I have visited the canyon each spring save one or two, as well as several times in mid-summer. By April the plateau is dried by sun and wind, but the steep six-mile descent by switchback from the north rim to the creek bottom is often impassable until May, and in really wet years Nine Mile Creek floods the road that travels beside and above it. At Memorial Day the cottonwoods are in leaf to form shady glades swarming with scarlet-and-black alder beetles, the sun is already hot, and thunderstorms develop most afternoons, drawing a blanket of gray cloud over the main canyon and its laterals. There are still a few working ranches in the bottom; several times we have shared our camp with bawling whiteface cattle, and once we were nearly overrun in a rainstorm by men in yellow slickers on horseback attempting to regather their animals.

Because I have discovered that ex-wives make excellent camping partners, I phoned mine again this year and together we made the 250-mile trip from Kemmerer to Nine Mile where, plunging into the gorge from the north rim at seven in the evening, we followed the creek downstream for several miles before crossing and turning up Dry Cottonwood Canyon, past the startling Anasazi drawings on the blackened rock face to the switchbacks at the canyon head, which deposited us at Peter's Point on the south rim a little before dusk. It was my first trip to Nine Mile in two years, Norma's in three, but *of course* nothing



had changed. There are very few happy places in this world about which you can say that after two whole years—let alone 13—nothing has changed. Even the rusty lines gathering natural gas from a series of wells drilled in the 1960's looked the same, and one of them had ruptured. The kind of progress we like to see.

A quarter of an hour later we had the truck off-loaded, the tent up, the fire ring built, and the dead wood gathered and were perched on the outermost ledge of rain-pitted sandstone rock with a magnum of red wine between us, surveying the immense and infinitely reticulated canyon beneath our feet, the tawny plateau beyond, and, 70 or 80 miles away on the northern horizon, the 90-mile sweep of the Uintas—the same range that is visible to the south another 70 miles from my home in Kemmerer. It isn't easy to shake a real landmark, out West. Huge red and black ants crawled everywhere, snapping their jaws, and jays jinked 50 feet below the canyon rim, exhibiting a streak of white along each wing and two parallel ones down the lower tail and body. The far cliffs merged from beige to gray toward the canyon's purple heart; turrets of eroded red rock stood like chimneys from the steep pulverizing walls; the flat green table lands spread to the ends of the promontories below. Sunlight glowed in the ends of the pine needles; a black juniper snag clawed the clean colors of the sunset; and a pair of planets burned in the track of the final sun. Ah, wilderness! Oh, summertime.

I arrived home from Utah to learn the appalling news. For as much as two months—the better part of the short Wyoming summer—I must share my favorite (and, as I have come to regard it, private) mountain range with 12,000 to 15,000 members of the Rainbow Family of Living Light: middle-aged hippies from all around the United States and abroad who have chosen to hold their annual rendezvous and pow-wow in Snider Basin, a bare 60 or so miles due north of Kemmerer in Sublette County and directly athwart my favored route of travel up South Piney Creek behind Mt. Darby to Cheese Pass and thence to Wyoming Peak, the highest point (11,374 feet) in the Wyoming Range. The week before, a topless woman had appeared at sup-