

young army officer, he had commanded both black soldiers and Indian scouts, and he had concluded that any apparent racial differences were due simply to environment, not to anything innate. He believed, writes Fear-Segal, that like immigrants, Indians just “needed to be absorbed into American society to achieve full participation.” And the assimilation should be rapid.

Though the two schools had many similarities (including their emphasis on work and the military atmosphere), this was a clear difference. While Armstrong encouraged his students to write about their different tribal traditions, practice their native arts, and return to their reservations to live, Pratt encouraged his pupils not to go back to their reservations. “Pratt wanted to bring Indians into direct competition with [white] Americans and show they could win,” Fear-Segal says. His Carlisle football team became famous (as did Olympic gold medalist Jim Thorpe, a Carlisle graduate). Pratt was strongly opposed to what he called “race schools,” which he believed were bound to

fail because they ignored the individual, binding him instead to “race destiny.”

Their debate—which Pratt effectively lost, even at his own school, particularly after the massacre at Wounded Knee Creek in 1890—seems to echo in today’s disputes about multiculturalism. On assimilation, Fear-Segal points out, “Pratt seems more ‘tolerant’ (as we might put it) than Armstrong; but in their attitudes to tribal cultures the position is reversed. Pratt’s ‘brotherhood of man,’ in its universalism, was not receptive to difference.”

Ironically, the 19th-century Indian boarding schools turned out to have an effect that both men might have applauded (at least in part), Fear-Segal observes. By the early 20th century, boarding school attendance had become a common experience among Indians. While most students returned to their reservations, they did so as “English-speaking Indians whose identity was no longer exclusively tribal.” And many were eager to find “a new place for the Indian” within the larger American society.

## PRESS & MEDIA

### *Sex and the Women’s Magazine*

*A Survey of Recent Articles*

Back in the sexual dark ages, feminist pioneer Betty Friedan cast a stern eye on the pap to which women were being subjected in the glossy pages of the magazines addressed to them. In *Ladies Home Journal*, *McCall’s*, *Redbook*, and the like, she scornfully observed in *The Feminine Mystique* (1963), there was a superabundance of drivel: an article on overcoming an inferiority complex, a short story about a teenager who doesn’t go to college winning a man away from a bright college girl, and much, much more.

“The men who run the women’s magazines,” Friedan said, seemed to have a low opinion of women.

“Where is the world of thought and ideas, the life of the mind and spirit?”

It’s still a good question, observes Hal Colebatch, author of *Blair’s Britain* (1999), now that women’s magazines in the English-speaking world are edited not by men but “overwhelmingly or entirely by women.”

At his local newsstand, the cover of *Cosmopolitan* offered these enticements: “Should I stay or should I go now? Take our ditch-or-hitch test” and “The Big Bang: How to Be a Show-Off in Bed.” On *Marie Claire*: “Women Who Kidnap Their Own Children,” “Are you sleeping with the Right Man?” and “I had sex lessons to save



my relationship.’” On *She Australia*: “Cameron Diaz on her \$38 boob job and why Mariah Carey drives her crazy.” No less “intellectually vacuous” than the old magazines, the new ones have added “baseness [and] decadence,” Colebatch writes in the Australian journal *Quadrant* (Sept. 1999).

For the most part, argues Alexandra Starr, an editor of the *Washington Monthly* (Oct. 1999), women’s magazines today “are pushing the same message they were half a century ago: Women’s existence revolves around landing the right guy. Except these days, the seduction isn’t accomplished through baking the perfect cake, sculpting your nails, or making sure your hemline isn’t crooked.” It’s accomplished instead through sex, sex, sex. “In 1961 *Redbook* ran an article cautioning young women that premarital hanky-panky could mean giving up any chance of walking down the aisle; today the magazine advises readers on how to drive men wild.”

That is what readers want, according to Bonnie Fuller, who succeeded long-time editor Helen Gurley Brown at *Cosmopolitan* (circulation 2.3 million) in 1997 and then long-time editor Ruth Whitney at *Glamour* (circulation 2.1 million) the following year. “What Fuller gave them at *Cosmo*,” writes Katherine Rosman, a staff writer for *Brill’s Content* (Nov. 1998),

“was a redoubled emphasis on sex. Even Brown, who in 32 years at the magazine was endlessly castigated by feminists and conservatives alike for her devotion to sex-related articles, says *Cosmo* is now ‘much sexier than I would have gone.’”

“Why,” asks Starr, “do women lap this stuff up?” Her answer: “Well, ladies’ economic fortunes may no longer turn on landing the right guy, but . . . women want to be perceived as attractive.” So do today’s men.

In fact, women’s magazines and men’s magazines such as *Maxim* (circulation 1.3 million) and *Gear* are becoming increasingly indistinguishable in their outlooks, contends *National Journal* (Oct. 2, 1999) correspondent William Powers. “A wave of polymorphously perverse, gender-bending madness has swept across the American newsstand. . . . Women are trading tips on how to improve their abs and get hot men into the sack. Men are studying clothing layouts and fantasizing about life as a top fashion model.” Though most of the magazines “seem to be written for the ‘slow’ reading group of an average fourth-grade class,” he says, they “offer evidence that’s more reliable than any opinion poll or labor-market statistic of the ways that feminism has changed the culture—probably permanently.”

## *The Second Casualty in Gotham*

“Diallo Truth, Diallo Falsehood” by Heather Mac Donald, in *City Journal* (Summer 1999),  
Manhattan Institute, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

A tragic police killing last February had New York City in an uproar for months. But the crisis was a phony one—“manufactured” by the press, particularly the *New York Times*, contends Mac Donald, a contributing editor of *City Journal*.

The slaying was indeed “horrific,” she notes. Four undercover police officers in the elite Street Crime Unit, looking for an armed rapist in the Bronx, mistakenly shot a street peddler named Amadou Diallo 41 times—and he turned out to be unarmed. From this incident, as well as the protests and government investigations that followed, the *Times*, Mac Donald asserts, “created a wholly misleading portrait of a city under siege—not by criminals, but by the police. In so doing, it

exacerbated the police-minority tensions it purported merely to describe.” And it cast doubt on the methods the city has used in recent years under Mayor Rudolph Giuliani to bring about a drastic reduction in crime.

The *Times* coverage—which averaged 3.5 articles a day over the first two months—rested on “the unquestioned assumption . . . that the Diallo shooting was a glaring example of pervasive police misconduct,” Mac Donald writes. Yet nothing that has come to light “suggests that the shooting was anything but a tragic mistake.” The use of deadly force by the New York police was far less common in 1998 (403,659 arrests, 19 killed) than it was in 1993 (266,313 arrests, 23 killed).

Since shooting peaceful, unarmed citizens