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**REPORT CITES BIAS AGAINST WOMEN IN DRUG RACKETS**

"Aspiring Female Traffickers Lack Role Models," Notes Expert

HANOVER, N.H.—While women have made gains in the controlled substances industry, they still comprise only 14.6% of all drug dealers. Even more disturbing, a "glass ceiling" shuts women out of the top rungs of the profession, according to a new study by Clarissa Spode, Professor of Sociology at Dartmouth and author of "Cracking Through: Diversity, Dignity and Drugs."

Dr. Spode faults the media for purveying stereotypes that discourage women from entering this lucrative field. For example, as the attached chart indicates, "Miami Vice" depicted in total only 127 female "drug industry participants" compared to 1,711 men and 36 dogs. "Even worse, 86 women (67.7%) were portrayed as forsaking their careers only after sleeping with Sonny and/or Rico."

Other experts concur. "Gangster films in general have always been virulently phallocentric," observes Reed College Film Professor Charles Womyndaughter. His scenario for a non-sexist mob movie—"The Godparent"—was treated with disregard by Hollywood. "They were quite insensitive about it," he recalls feeling.

Media stereotypes victimize men as well. "Male dealers internalize the media's image of them," says Dr. Spode. "The one man I talked to while preparing our report was hyper-masculine: aggressive, dominating, muscular . . . and yet, strangely appealing."

**One source of bias revealed: Drug dealers on "Miami Vice" (summary of 122 episodes)**

	<b>Men</b>	<b>Women</b>	<b>Dogs</b>
Total	1,711	127	36
Shown terminating career	901	92	3
Reason for terminating career: Shot by Sonny and/or Rico	901	6	3
Slept with Sonny and/or Rico	0	86	0

The researchers found chauvinism widespread within the drug industry. "We originally expected gender equality in such a nontraditional, multicultural business," recalls Dr. Spode. "As the evidence of male domination mounted, however, we began searching for an Old Boys Network that locked women out. But given the median life expectancy of 24, we think it's more accurate to describe the sexist structure as a Young Boys Network." Dr. Spode dismisses biological conjectures purporting to explain the inequality, adding that females are seldom invited along on important male-bonding rites of passage, like drive-by shootings.

Linda M., a spunky New Yorker, recounts how harassment cut short her promising career: "I started out in retail, on a corner in the Lower East Side, but the other vendors were very crude, very 'macho.' Whenever I walked by they made these weird sucking noises. So, I went into wholesale to find a higher class of professional peer, maybe even a mentor who could show me the 'ropes.' But my fellow distributors claimed I was on their 'turf' and kept disrespecting me by dangling me out windows by my ankles. So, I went home to Bensonhurst and opened a 'crack house.' But my family and neighbors were not at all supportive of my 'un-ladylike' ambitions, so they formed a vigilante mob and torched my house. I think they were trying to undermine my self-esteem."

Activists denounce the lack of government programs to meet the special needs of mothers who are also dealers. "The very term 'Day Care' reflects institutional insensitivity to those who work mostly between midnight and dawn," points out Dr. Spode. "One mother told me she would never deal drugs because she couldn't bear to think what would happen to her children if she were killed or imprisoned." Dr. Womyndaughter blames the inequity on Reagan administration cutbacks.

A spokesperson for the Drug Entrepreneurs of America League denies charges of discrimination, noting, for example, that Miami billionaire Francisco Fajita employs 103 young women as private aides. The spokesperson admits that older drug lords may not always fully grasp the career aspirations of female dealers, but the rising generation is committed to equality. "Frankly, the industry's elder statespersons were not as receptive to our sensitivity training seminars as we had hoped, so now we're relying more on our rather high rate of attrition." She stresses DEAL's new affirmative action campaign, which aims to increase female employment to 40% of "mules." She concedes, though, that "the goal of a 50-50 male-female split among money-launderers is running into resistance."

To critics, DEAL's steps are too little, too late. They call for a government program to study such problems further. Dr. Spode wants to focus next on "gender apartheid" in the mugging and pornography trades, and to examine why women have been able to maintain a high market share in the streetwalking industry. Says Dr. Spode: "I expect to be shocked by the discrimination I'll find."

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*Steve Sailer is a Chicago businessman.*



# The Last, Best Seat

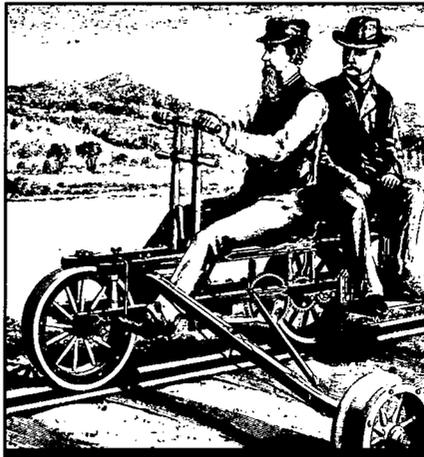
by Patrick Symmes

The Fourth of July rodeo in Livingston was serious business, with a sold-out crowd in their Saturday night best of broad Stetsons, Wranglers, and cowboy boots. There was some superb rope work out in the ring, and a few bull riders went sailing through the air. An old pro from Ottawa won lots of applause and \$5,000 for leaping off his sprinting horse and sideswiping a steer in less than eight seconds. The young cowboy who followed couldn't wrestle his steer down. Ten seconds went by, then twenty, then thirty, until it was agonizing to watch. The kid kept at it, and when he finally pinned the animal down into the mud, two thousand pairs of boots pounded the bleachers in appreciation. The announcer said over the thunder of boots, "The kid ain't no quitter."

There aren't many quitters in Montana, a fact that has produced one of the strangest House races in the nation. Due to the 1990 census, the state known as the Last, Best Place has lost one of its two congressional seats. Neither of the current office-holders was willing to quit, so the election now has two incumbents. Ron Marlenee, the eight-term conservative Republican from eastern Montana, is locked in what he calls "the mother of all House battles" against Pat Williams, a liberal Democrat and seven-term incumbent from the western half of the state. Year after year, the two men have canceled each other's votes in Congress on issues ranging from the Gulf War to abortion, a stalemate that will come to an end in November when voters will finally have to choose between Marlenee's two-fisted conservatism and unapologetic Christian

activism and Williams's environmental and social liberalism.

Despite the preponderance at the Livingston rodeo of Stetsons and "Montanans for Marlenee" stickers on pick-ups, the state has another side. Mixing in the crowd by the bleachers I spotted an actress I recognized from films, standing with a comic who was funny a few years ago. No sooner had I turned around than I brushed against a lonely-looking Tom Brokaw, who was being studiously ignored by the crowd.



Montana has become home (or a second home) to a large population of "outsiders"; Paradise Valley is experiencing a real estate boom from all the celebrities, urban refugees, and retirees moving here. Ted Turner has an enormous spread down the road, and I narrowly missed Jimmy Carter (a house guest of his fellow Georgian) at the tackle shop when he stopped in for his fishing license. In Bozeman I saw Jane Fonda at the airport and Michael Keaton in a coffee shop.

Celebrities don't vote in Montana, but the Rocky Mountain Liberal is alive and well in the state's alpine western half, where environmentalism, unions, and Pat

Williams are big. In the eastern flatlands, where cattle ranching and oil are king, Ron Marlenee holds court. The two halves of the state have never much liked each other, but now they must cohabitate in a single political dwelling that, regardless of who wins in November, will leave one half unhappy.

The two men are as different in style as in substance. Marlenee is hefty and gregarious, and jabs at his enemies—environmental activists, for example, whom he calls "posy-sniffing prairie-fairies." By contrast the lanky Williams is prone to long, airy quotes from Montana writers Ivan Doig and William Kittredge, and likes to pontificate before audiences on his state's mystical "sense of place."

Two representatives for 800,000 people made Montanans the best-represented citizens in the country, and they are used to seeing their politicians in person once in a while. Marlenee likes small-town parades, where he often appears on horseback; Williams likes the bigger towns, university audiences, and events with the artists and writers who have come to stand for the "new Montana."

"I can't believe there is an undecided voter in the state," a newspaper editor told me. Both men have been courting voters on the other side of the state by moving toward the political center, but there have been some spectacular stumbles. Marlenee briefly tried to talk up his environmental credentials, but his opponents didn't believe him and his supporters were disgusted to find him talking like a "prairie fairy." Williams made a serious gaffe by referring to "evangelical kooks" aligned against him. Williams has supported the National Endowment for the Arts, and Marlenee has labeled

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