

[“Coming” of Age in Samoa: Margaret Mead’s 1928 Book Unmasked by Derek Freeman’s 1983 Book *Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth Based on Sexual Fantasy*],

By Jack Cashill (2005)

[Freeman’s 1999 book *The Fateful Hoaxing of Margaret Mead* furthered his case against her, much to the continued consternation of Mead’s followers in the “Mainstream” Anthropological Profession, many of whom refused to accept challenge to their “Goddess” of knowledge—never mind the evidence in the case of Samoa.]

"Sexual Fantasies," by Jack Cashill

[from his *Hoodwinked: How Intellectual Hucksters Have Hijacked American Culture* (Nashville, TN: Thomas Nelson, 2005), Chapter 5 reprinted at <http://catholiceducation.org/articles/sexuality/se0120.html>.

[Cf. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Derek_Freeman which as of May 2013 *Wikipedia* still states unconvincingly that the Freeman vs. Mead Debate remains unresolved, yet important to examine for different views of the “Truth”; but see also insightful comments readers by the books readers at <http://www.amazon.com/Margaret-Mead-Samoa-Unmaking-Anthropological/dp/0140225552>)

[Mead’s “Fantasy Island,” by Jack Cashill (who received his Ph.D. in American Studies from Purdue, and whose writings have appeared in *Fortune*, *The WallStreet Journal*, *Washington Post*, and other national publications) **reviews, below, the debate for against Mead’s “research” in Samoa, and Cashill finds clearly in favor of Freeman**]:



Margaret Mead
(1901-1978)

In San Francisco in 1926, as she prepared to sail away to Samoa, twenty-four-year-old Margaret Mead wrote a farewell letter to her husband, Luther Cressman. When Cressman got the letter back in New York and read it, the cold calculation of it all unnerved him. How had his sweetheart slipped away from him so?

Less than three years earlier, the newly ordained minister had married the petite, quirkily pretty Mead in an Episcopal Church near her childhood home in suburban Philadelphia. According to Cressman, they were both virgins. After the honeymoon, the couple returned to New York City where they pursued their respective studies at Columbia University.

This was an exciting time to be young and a New Yorker. Cressman described the city as a "vortex of new ideas derived from discoveries in science, reaction to and reflection on the lessons of the war, and an awareness that a new phase of life for the Western world had come on stage with the Russian revolution."

Also in the air that fevered decade was the first great whiff of sexual awakening. Margaret Sanger, of course, played her own role in this atmospheric shift as did the inevitable Havelock Ellis, Sigmund Freud, and bright young authors like F. Scott Fitzgerald. In fact, it was Fitzgerald's *Tales of the Jazz Age*, published a year before Mead's marriage, that had given the era its name.

For direct inspiration, Mead looked to another literary prophet of the coming sexual revolution, the "free woman of her age," Edna St. Vincent Millay. Millay's 1920 poetry collection, *A Few Figs from Thistles*, had given Mead much to chew on. The "First Fig" struck close to home:

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends —
It gives a lovely light

Inspired by Millay and the spirit of the times, the Samoa-bound Mead decided it was finally time for a little candle-burning of her own. In concluding her fateful letter to Cressman, she had written, "I'll not leave you unless I find someone I love more."

Unless what? One can understand Cressman's shock at reading this anticipatory fare thee well. Mead had progressed from "Till death do us part" to "Dear John" in a New York minute. And as Cressman would learn the hard way, Mead was still progressing.

For all the aptness of the First Fig, it was Millay's Second Fig that Mead took as her motto. This one proved eerily prophetic:

Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand:
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand!
As the impressionable Mead saw it, the solid rock of traditional America produced some ugly houses indeed, certainly on the inside. Although she would expand the scope of her wrath as her celebrity grew, Mead focused her youthful indignation on the bourgeois

American household — this "tiny, ingrown, biological family" — not unlike the Pennsylvania home in which she herself had come of age:

In our ideal picture of the freedom of the individual and the dignity of human relations it is not pleasant to realize that we have developed a form of family organization which cripples the emotional life, and warps and confuses the growth of many individuals' power to consciously live their own lives.

Her professor father and homemaker mother could not have been thrilled with this assessment of family life from Mead's classic *Coming of Age in Samoa* published when Mead was just twenty-six. According to Mead, these families instilled in their children a self-perpetuating set of "Puritan self-accusations" that crimped their libidos and left them burdened by "guilt" and "maladjustment."

Mead was likely not the only twenty-something running around New York with this much emotional baggage. In fact, her life reads like a flapper-era pilot for *Sex in the City*. It's just that she was the one woman uniquely positioned to transform this baggage into social science. The man who made this possible was Franz Boas, her mentor at Barnard and later Columbia and the godfather of modern anthropology. In the fall of 1922, Mead took a course from Boas and his teaching assistant, Ruth Benedict, and her life was never the same.

Today, the cultural establishment applauds Boas for his resistance to the scientific racism so prevalent in his day. At the time, however, such resistance seemed more a matter of academic positioning than principle. No one suffered much for being on either side of that barricade. What drove his resistance was his rejection of the material determinism of the neo-Darwinians. Hardly a traditionalist, Boas replaced it with an equally rigid cultural determinism. In fact, he believed "social conditioning" to be responsible for the complete molding of every human expression of the individual.

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If not molded completely by Boas, Mead heeded his words as though they had come from a burning bush. When she accepted a grant to travel to Samoa and study "the problem of which phenomena of adolescence are culturally and which physiologically determined," she already knew the answer. The junket was largely an exercise in proving herself and Boas correct.

Had Mead merely visited Samoa and observed the culture and then finessed the data to fit her thesis, she would have been guilty of garden-variety bad science and little worse. Unknown to Boas, however, Mead had another mission. She needed to make sense of her own confused, omnivorous sexual appetite. At the time, the adventurous Mead had less interest in Luther Cressman than she did in Ruth Benedict with whom she would soon enter "an intimate Sapphic [Lesbian] relationship." In full flight from Puritan America,

Mead was prepared to employ her humble social science skills to imagine a "shining palace" of sexual fulfillment and stake it precariously in the shifting Samoan sand.

Predictably, the Samoa that Mead discovered and wrote about was everything for which she and Boas could have hoped. "All of her interest is expended on clandestine sex adventures," writes Mead of the adolescent Samoan girl. In fact, these girls often embarked on several such adventures each night. And why not? "The concept of celibacy is absolutely meaningless to them."

Given "the scarcity of taboos" homosexuality was common and masturbation was universal. Illegitimate children were welcome. Prostitution was harmless. And divorce was simple and informal. This casual familiarity with sex, argues Mead, has led to a culture in which "there are no neurotic pictures, no frigidity, no impotence, except for the temporary result of severe illness, and the capacity for intercourse only once in a night is counted as senility."

Better still, Samoan-style openness dissolved the proprietary tensions — "monogamy, exclusiveness, jealousy, and undeviating fidelity" — so problematic in a possessive American culture. "The Samoans laugh at stories of romantic love," writes Mead, "scoff at fidelity to a long absent wife or mistress, believe explicitly that one love will quickly cure another."

Best of all, Mead discovered that the difference between Samoans and Americans had nothing to do with biology and everything to do with culture, just as Boas predicted. "What accounts for the presence of storm and stress in American adolescents?" asks Mead. The answer was simple enough: "the social environment."

If a "general casualness" characterized Samoan society, Americans faced an "implacable" God and a "half dozen standards of morality," all of them repressive. As a result, sex was "a natural, pleasurable thing" for Samoans, but for Americans it was just the opposite. American girls found themselves crippled by neuroses, frigidity, and Electra complexes as they watched in horror "the huge toll of barren, unmarried women who move in unsatisfied procession across the American and English stage." This young rebel had fled that stage long ago and was determined to avoid an encore.

After only five months of fieldwork among the welcoming Samoans, Mead headed home in a westward direction. On shipboard, she happened to find someone she did "love more" than the hapless Cressman, a young New Zealander named Reo Fortune. Soon enough, she would dump Cressman and marry Fortune. In time, she and Fortune met a famed British anthropologist in New Guinea named Gregory Bateson, the son of the man who exposed the midwife toad fraud. As the *New York Times* discreetly notes, "There was a personal crisis among the three as a result of which there was a divorce." Mead would ultimately marry Bateson and divorce him too, but here we get ahead of ourselves.

Back in New York, working as an assistant curator at the American Museum of Natural History, Mead began to bang out a report on "The Adolescent Girl in Samoa." Boas looked at it quickly and liked what he saw. It seemed to confirm everything he had been preaching. Not overly technical and a wee bit salacious, the book appealed to William Morrow and Company, which published it in 1928 as *Coming of Age in Samoa*.

With Boas's imprimatur on the dust jacket, and that of his friends, like the equally famed anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski, the book easily swayed the social science community. Ruth Benedict, also on the way to renown, gushed over her sometime lover's book in the pages of the *New Republic*, rightly identifying *Coming of Age* as a blueprint for a neurosis-free sexual Utopia. When British sex guru Havelock Ellis mailed in his cheery blurb, the publisher thought it important enough to encode it in a bright red band around the already alluring dust jacket.

Coming of Age seduced the broader cultural establishment as well. The *New York Times* described the book as "warmly human yet never sentimental, frank with the clean, clear frankness of the scientist, unbiased in its judgment, richly readable in its style." The *Times* reviewer gushed in summary, "It is a remarkable contribution to our knowledge of humanity." At the time of Mead's death fifty years later, *Coming of Age in Samoa* was still selling 100,000 copies a year and was widely considered, as the 1973 edition safely asserts, a "scientific classic."

What the *New York Times* did not realize in 1978 nor in 1928, what Mead's millions of fans did not know, what not even Franz Boas knew, is that they had all bought into the greatest scientific hoax since the Piltdown Man. One prime reason they did not know is because they did not want to know. For a variety of reasons, none of them having to do with good science, they obviously liked what Mead had to say.

Derek Freeman did too. So entranced was the young New Zealand anthropologist by Mead's work that in 1939 he took a position as a school teacher in Samoa to follow in her golden footsteps. By that time the Mead myth was so powerful that Freeman found himself ignoring or dismissing any evidence that contradicted her findings.

Only after Freeman had been in Samoa some years and become fluent in the language did he cease denying the warp between the reality he saw and the illusion Mead had spun. "It had become apparent to me, after prolonged inquiry," Freeman writes, "that Mead's depiction of Samoa was gravely defective in numerous ways and that her account of the sexual mores of the Samoans was in outright error."

Upon returning to New Zealand, and later in London where he studied, Freeman shared his misgivings with his professors, but no one took him seriously. In London, he explored the Samoan archives, and they only confirmed his suspicions. Fieldwork took Freeman to Borneo and diverted him for a number of years, but in 1964 he had the occasion to meet Mead and share his concerns. Mead was clearly taken aback but was gracious about it. After all, she was Margaret Mead, and he was not.

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In 1965, Freeman returned to Samoa for an extended stay, including a visit to the specific island where Mead had done her research. Only forty years after the fact, he found many individuals who were as able and willing to discuss life in the 1920s as today's baby boomers are life in the 1960s. From their nicely detailed accounts, he came to the conclusion that Mead's take on Samoan sexual practices was "comprehensively in error." At this stage, however, Freeman remained "totally mystified about how an error of such magnitude could possibly have been made."

In fact, as was transparent to anyone who had spent time in the Samoa of the 1920s, the islands were anything but a sexual paradise, at least in the bohemian New York sense of the word. As Freeman observed, every attempt was made to safeguard the virginity of all Samoan girls, even those from common families. There was much at stake. At marriage, the bride had to undergo a formal virginity test, and it was not multiple choice. The results mattered. There was nothing causal about it. The groom-to-be staked his pride and honor on the outcome.

The almost complete Christian overlay on Samoan culture only reinforced the traditional premium on chastity. As Freeman notes, Mead's early correspondence back to Boas strongly suggests her awareness that "Samoa in the 1920s, in contrast to some other parts of Polynesia, had a society in which the virginity of nubile females was of preeminent and vital concern." How could she not know this? While in Samoa, the always-exploitative Mead happily accepted the perks due the ceremonial virgin she shamelessly pretended to be.

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Still, Freeman wondered how Mead could have gone so far astray. In 1969, after more research, he sent her a letter on a specific, indisputable point:

There is ample evidence that rape behavior occurred in the 1920s, just as it occurs today. For this, and a range of comparable reasons, I am not in agreement with your depiction of sexual behavior in Samoa as "a light and pleasant dance" and as one the "smoothest" adjustments "in the world." Indeed, I am greatly puzzled as to what evidence could have led you to this erroneous conclusion.

Mead did not respond. In 1972, she authorized a new edition of the book, specifically rejecting any revision of any kind. Freeman took this as his invitation to correct the record as Mead obviously had no intention of doing the same. After taking care of some commitments, he took up the task seriously in 1978. At the time he attempted to communicate again with Mead, unaware that she was fatally ill. She died later that same year, happily before the 1983 publication by Harvard University Press of *Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth*.

In this and in his [1999] book, *The Fateful Hoaxing of Margaret Mead*, Freeman explores just how Mead had gotten it all so wrong. As he relates, Mead had dithered around Samoa aimlessly for months before starting her fieldwork. Hopelessly behind schedule, she frittered away much of this remaining time on an unrelated project. Finally, while

traveling around the islands with two teenage girls, she had the opportunity to question them privately about their sex lives and those of their friends.

Mead kept prodding the girls. She did not want to hear about traditional taboos or Christian restraints. She wanted to hear about frolicking on the beach. The girls had no idea what Mead was up to. They didn't know she was an anthropologist or what one even was. But what they did know and enjoy was the "recreational lying" common among Samoan girls. Eager to please, they proceeded to spin the kind of yarns that Mead wanted to hear. Pinching each other all the way, they filled Mead's head with wild tales of nocturnal liaisons under the palm trees.

"She must have taken it seriously," one of the girls would say of Mead on videotape years later, "but I was only joking. As you know, Samoan girls are terrific liars when it comes to joking. But Margaret accepted our trumped up stories as though they were true." If challenged by Mead, the girls would not have hesitated to tell the truth, but Mead never questioned their stories. The girls, now mature women, swore on the Bible to the truth of what they told Freeman and his colleagues.

Generously, Freeman suggests that Mead had been the innocent victim of a hoax and may well have gone to her grave unsuspecting. But even if true, there is no denying her contributory negligence. In the data tables that lend *Coming of Age in Samoa* the illusion of science, Mead lists 14 of the 25 post-pubescent girls in her study as having had "no heterosexual experience." These numbers in themselves would seem to challenge the ubiquity of teen sex, but even these numbers are suspect.

When Freeman questioned Mead as to whether the other eleven had had full sexual intromission, Mead responded yes. He then questioned how it was that none of these girls had ever become pregnant despite the fact that eight of the eleven were at least three years into puberty, and none used any form of contraception. Mead's notes from the time serve up an impressively daft answer. In the nearly fictional Samoa Mead had concocted, promiscuity appeared to ensure against pregnancy.

An equally culpable party in this hoax was Boas who barely supervised Mead's hasty, ill-informed efforts and then approved her thesis largely because it reinforced his own biases. He obviously did not check her data. And although Freeman does not explore this issue, anyone familiar with academia knows how foolishly indulgent aging mentors can be towards certain nubile acolytes.

Like so many naïve souls who pursue science for the right reasons, Freeman had no idea of the buzzsaw that awaits truth tellers. He was walking blithely right into it, what one colleague rightly described as "the greatest controversy in the history of anthropology." He had not guessed just how many of his colleagues had built their own "shining palaces" in Mead's Samoan sand. For more than fifty years, the anthropology community had held Mead's work up as "one of its glories and a solid proof of Boasian culturalism." Now here was an upstart from New Zealand threatening to undo it all.

Following publication, Freeman's professional colleagues launched an unrelenting attack against him, often *ad hominem*, that climaxed at that year's meeting of the American Anthropological Association. The Association held one specific session, a crowded one, dedicated to Freeman's assessment of Margaret Mead. Freeman, in all too traditional academic fashion, was not invited.

What happened to Freeman at that session has happened many times to those independent thinkers who dare question an existing scientific or cultural paradigm, even one as flimsy as Mead's, especially one that flimsy. There was hell to pay.

The session began formally enough, but when the general discussion began, "It degenerated into a delirium of vilification." One eyewitness described it as "a sort of grotesque feeding frenzy." Afterwards, at the Association's business meeting that evening, one of Freeman's peers introduced a formal motion trashing his work as "poorly written, unscientific, irresponsible, and misleading." The motion was promptly seconded, put to a vote, and passed by a show of hands. That none of those present knew Samoa or Mead's work nearly as well as Freeman — an excellent writer and researcher, by the way — mattered little. He had blasphemed "the Mother-Goddess of American Anthropology" and offended those in her thrall.

Since that time, as the recorded and sworn testimony of the two Samoan women has been made public, Freeman has received a large measure of vindication within the anthropological community, but a much smaller measure within the larger cultural establishment.

A random review of the first five online encyclopedias to appear in a Google search give a good indication of Mead's current stature in the larger culture. Three of the five — *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, Sixth Edition, *Encyclopedia.com*, and *Allrefer.com* make no mention at all of any controversy that might dim her luster. In their firmament, Mead's star still shines bright.

Britannica concise admits that "her theories" caused later anthropologists "to question both the accuracy of her observations and the soundness of her conclusions." But in the very next sentence, the reader learns that Mead became "a prominent voice" on issues like women's rights and nuclear proliferation, and that her great fame owed as much to this as "to the quality of her scientific work." End of discussion.

Only *Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia*, goes into detail. The belligerent sophistry of its defense — lifted from popular science writer Steven Pinker's book, *The Blank Slate* — shows just how difficult it is to bring down even a wounded icon.

After an initial flurry of discussion, most anthropologists concluded that the absolute truth would probably never be known. Many, however, find Freeman's critique highly questionable.

First, these critics have speculated [**wrongly**—Freeman's book manuscript was rejected for publication in 1971] that he waited until Mead died before publishing his critique so that she would not be able to respond.

Second, they pointed out that Mead's original informants were now old women, grandmothers, and had converted to Christianity.

They further pointed out that Samoan culture had changed considerably in the decades following Mead's original research, that after intense missionary activity many Samoans had come to adopt the same puritanical sexual standards as the Americans who were once so shocked by Mead's book. . . . Many anthropologists also accuse Freeman of having the same ethnocentric sexual puritanism as the people Boas and Mead once shocked.

The fact that Samoa had been Christianized for a century by the time Mead arrived, or that Freeman first visited Samoa within fifteen years of Mead's visit and stayed many years longer, or that these Christian women swore an oath to the truthfulness of their account matters not all to Pinker and the cultural establishment he represents. What matters is that Mead's take on traditional American sexual customs be allowed to stand as gospel. Only a chauvinist and a prig like Freeman would dare subvert it.

Richard Nadler's view of Cashill's *Hoodwinked: How Intellectual Hucksters Have Hijacked American Culture*, (National Review Sept. 26, 2005: <http://www.cashill.com/hoodwinked.htm>) sheds new light on the case of Freeman vs. Mead:

Forceful Frauds

It takes a villa to perpetrate a cultural fraud: Behind every hoaxster playing fast and loose with facts stands a teeming mansion of elite supporters, from professionals and educators to celebrities and journalists. So says Jack Cashill in *Hoodwinked*, his executive summary of the cultural frauds of the Left over the past century.

Cashill reports ably on the intellectual crimes of the purveyors of Marxism, multiculturalism, materialist naturalism, and sexual liberation. Some highlights:

Reporter Walter Duranty praised a nonexistent Soviet economic boom from the vortex of the Stalinist holocaust.

In the famous Piltdown hoax, British scientists proved man's descent from the apes with a human skull, an orangutan jaw, and a pint of furniture stain.

To cover her middle-class Marxist rear end, Rigoberta Menchú wove a peasant history out of whole cloth.

Aided by a fertile imagination, anthropologist Margaret Mead salvaged a Samoan sexual Shangri-La from the ruins of a botched field trip.

Professional associations have played an astonishing role in the perpetration of mass fraud. Alex Haley's *Roots: The Saga of an American Family* was awarded a special Pulitzer Prize en route to its enshrinement as a centerpiece of college multicultural

curricula. But as reporter Philip Nobile proved, large portions of *Roots* were plagiarized, and other portions simply invented.

Fudged quotes and faked data formed the core of Michael Bellesiles's 1996 thesis that gun ownership

was rare on the American frontier in the 18th and 19th centuries. But this didn't prevent the Organization of American Historians from giving a special award to his "research," which had been published in the prestigious *Journal of American History*. It took six years of stubborn fact-checking by Clayton Cramer to overturn this myth—an effort that destroyed his own career as thoroughly as it did that of Bellesiles.

Rigoberta Menchú's Marxist pseudo-autobiography was eventually unmasked by Guatemala expert David Stoll—but not before she had received the French Legion of Honor from Jacques Chirac, the 1992 Nobel Peace Prize, and a special United Nations "goodwill" ambassadorship as a representative of the Third World.

Cashill highlights not just the phonies but their nemeses: "an unconnected and largely apolitical squad of literary detectives, biographers, anthropologists, scientists, historians, classicists, and cultural critics" who have been "picking off the frauds and their enablers one by one."

We meet such irregulars as classicist Mary Lefkowitz, who unmasked the "African studies" misinformation about Greek and Roman culture; Army veteran B. G. Burkett, who counter-attacked John Kerry and the "Winter Soldiers" on the American role in Vietnam; and J. Gordon Edwards, who countered Rachel Carson's campaign against the anti-malarial agent DDT.

Many of Cashill's heroes are leftists who refused to sell out truth for ideology. Mary McCarthy, for example, exposed Lillian Hellman as a Stalinist liar; in *Homage to Catalonia*, George Orwell exposed Soviet duplicity during the Spanish Civil War.

My favorite debunker in the book is liberal New York University physics professor Alan Sokal. Disturbed by the postmodernist dogma that no truth is objective, he composed a send-up titled "Transgressing the Boundaries: Toward a Transformational Hermeneutics of Quantum Physics." In this article, he contended that physics is a social construct whose purpose is to conceal power relationships: "Scientific 'knowledge,' far from being objective, reflects and encodes the dominant ideologies and power relations of the culture that produced it." The editors of the iconic postmodernist journal *Social Text* published the article, and expressed their pleasure at "the work of a progressive physicist committed to the critique of science."

The four "progressive" tendencies Cashill scours for hoaxes are "radical naturalism, sexual hedonism, Marxism, and multiculturalism." The proponents of these tendencies share, he says, an enmity to Western culture and an intellectual descent from Darwin and Marx. Cashill accuses them of "zero-sum multiculturalism": the conviction that any triumph or advance of Western civilization implies an equal and opposite decline or injury inflicted upon the rest of mankind. The cultural icons whom Cashill debunks are convinced that capitalism is a system not of wealth formation, but of wealth extraction; and that the monogamous family is an instrument not of nurture, but of oppression. Above all, he writes, they believe that service to God demeans man.

An interesting subtext of *Hoodwinked* involves the different utopias promised by cultural and material determinism. The cultural determinists were sexual liberators who believed that if the restraints of religion were removed, mankind could be refashioned to happiness—in the sense of subjective fulfillment based on orgasm. The material determinists, on the other hand, were national or international socialists, who believed that if the restraints of religion were removed, mankind could be refashioned to happiness—in the sense of material fulfillment built on seizure of the means of production. Both schools, however, agreed in recognizing the importance of elites—i.e., themselves— in creating the determinative conditions of the new mankind. They, at least, were free.

Ernst Haeckel, whose inaccurate portraits of embryological development still grace many contemporary biology textbooks, typifies the material determinists: He was a committed early Darwinian whose career traveled the troubled waters of eugenics to a pre-Nazi form of Aryan supremacy. The cultural determinists find their representative in biologist Alfred Kinsey. A bisexual and a masochist, Kinsey set about to prove these traits normative; he assembled a research team unrestrained by sexual taboos that proceeded to “discover” man in his own image. Childhood eroticism was essential to Kinsey’s theory; he investigated it by indirectly financing serial incidents of child abuse.

The unanswered question of Cashill’s book is why these miscreants, whose hoaxes spread so swiftly, were refuted so slowly, and with such great difficulty, if at all. *Hoodwinked* skillfully presents the intrigues of the elite village; but deceptions that transform an entire civilization require *more* than a village. They require a wholesale breakdown in the transmission of the values that these individuals are attacking.

Some readers may have encountered Kansas journalist Cashill as one of the villains of Thomas Frank’s liberal best-seller *What’s the Matter With Kansas?* In *Hoodwinked*, you will hear Cashill in his own voice: clear-spoken, witty, and erudite. For years, his journalism has been part of what is right about Kansas, and about red-state America in general; this fine book is a new highlight in an important career.