THE MICHIGAN REVIEW

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Exploring Academic Ghettos

by Athena Foley

"Afro–American studies are needed to crush the white idea that Africans are subhuman. White society, in its lack of understanding and its arrogance, thinks Afro–Americans are less than human," says Teron Jones, an East Quad Minority Peer Advisor (MPA).

Controversial comments like these raise questions as to the educational orientation of academic programs such as the University of Michigan's Center for Afro–American Studies (CAAS) and Women's Studies department, especially in light of the new diversity requirement for students in the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts (LSA).

As the most likely beneficiaries of the new requirement, these departments have yet to address many of the problems associated with defining entire fields of study on the basis of race or gender.

Among some students — especially white males — there seems to be a stigma about taking classes in CAAS and Women's Studies. Bill Foster, an LSA sophomore, said, "White men are most inclined to take them only to fulfill requirements. They don't see it as taking an elective."

Some students do not take CAAS and Women's Studies as seriously as traditional departments, and employers have been known to take a similarly dim view of concentrations in these fields. The chair of the Women's Studies department, Abby Smith, said she encourages double concentrations so that people applying for a job "don't even have to mention they're a women's studies major if they don't think it would be to their advantage."

Ironically, these departments, which ostensibly evolved out of a desire to respect diversity of thought, have developed their own orthodoxies often explicitly hostile toward dissent. Former Michigan Student Assembly President Aaron Williams said that people in Afro–American or Women's Studies classes may think a "generic white male knows little about the subject and stifle his ideas when he's just in there to learn about it."

Jones, who has taken many Afro–American classes, confirms William's

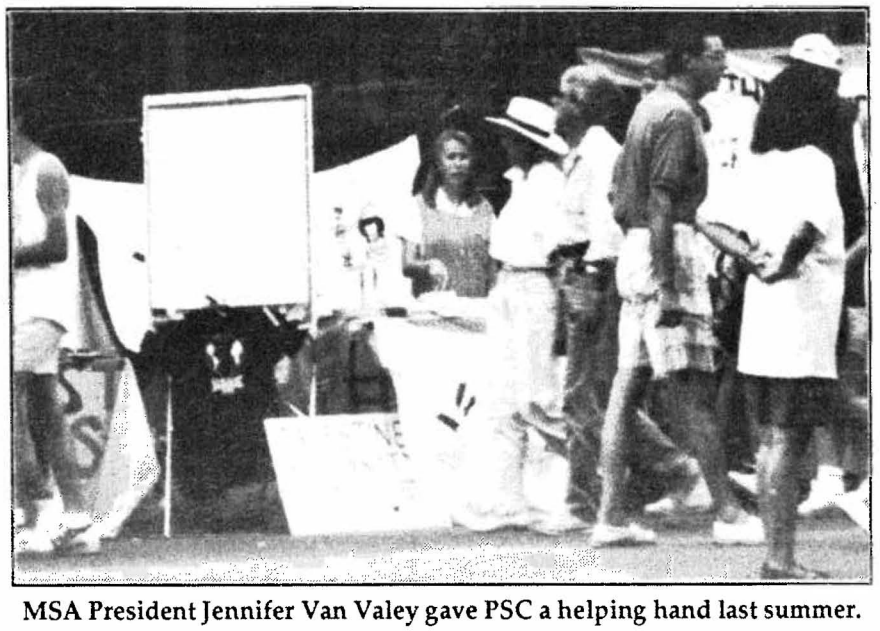
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Van Valey's Conflict of Interest: the MSA–PSC Connection

by Adam DeVore

The *Review* recently acquired a photograph of Michigan Student Assembly (MSA) President Jennifer Van Valey working at the Palestine Solidarity Committee's promotional booth at the Ann Arbor Art Fair this summer.

This raises an interesting question: Should members of MSA directly involve themselves with student organizations that will come before the Assembly asking for money?



MSA President Jennifer Van Valey gave PSC a helping hand last summer.

The PSC received $1,000 this summer for a "fact finding" mission to Israel's West Bank and Gaza Strip

According to Van Valey, "It is ridiculous to expect that the students who sit on MSA are totally objective and that they somehow know what's going on around campus without becoming involved. I believe in activism, so, absolutely, I think MSA members should be involved."

Such logic would not have seemed strange, had not a moment earlier, when asked if she had any affiliation with the PSC, she responded, "I think that is irrelevant."

One would have expected Van Valey to have said either, "Unfortunately, no, but then again I can't be everywhere at once," or, "Why, yes, I am affiliated with the PSC! I selflessly spend my time getting involved in many campus organizations so I may better serve U–M students." Either answer would have been consistent with her analysis of an MSA member's duty; thinking the question irrelevant, however, is clearly not.

Is Van Valey as confused as she seems? While this is possible, it is perhaps more likely that she was trying to handle a sensitive, highly charged issue with as much delicacy as circumlo-

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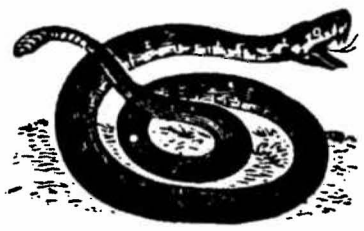
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Serpent's Tooth



Apparently ACT-UP didn't like the article we printed about them last month. At one of their innumerable protests, the group burned a September issue of the *Review*. The moment was nicely captured in a *Daily* photograph. Unfortunately, ACT-UP must not have been aware of our printing procedures, which involve noxious chemicals and radioactive waste. The *Review* is safe to read, but burning it releases harmful, carcinogenic substances into the air—things even more dangerous than our loathsome, hateful opinions. If anybody would like further information, meet us next week on the Diag. We will be burning copies of *Huckleberry Finn* and will happily discuss health concerns after the bonfire.

From Sodom and Gomorrah to burning issues of the *Michigan Review* — gay rights activists sure have come a long way, haven't they?

Is it ok if we call them flamers now?

"If we privatize, then I lose my ability to control how we handle our waste," said Ann Arbor city council member Thais Anne Peterson (D-5th Ward) in a *Daily* article on the city's recent move to privatize waste disposal. This, we believe, is a textbook case of anal retentive behavior.

In a recent discussion about UCAR's thought-provoking shanties, a question came up: "Do sequestering animals have property rights?" We have often scoffed at the notion of "animal rights," but a re-evaluation of Locke caught us off guard. If a beaver builds a dam, are we not violating his property rights by allowing lumber companies to mercilessly sell off his home? Do packrats also fall under this category? Are frogs entitled to medical care? Is education a right and not a privilege, and if so, could it be extended to the entire primate family? These are thoughts best left to our intellectual superiors at the Ella Baker-Nelson Mandela-Yassir Arafat-Saddam Hussein Center for Racist Education.

When the *Daily* made a big fuss last month about its editorial freedom, the editors wrote, "We believe policies on deadlines, style, and content should be created, implemented, and maintained by the editors." This confirms our long-standing suspicions that the *Daily* editors feel "content should be created." And, instead of boldly striking the paper's "A Century of Editorial Freedom" slogan, we believe they should have simply substituted it with a new one: "All the Bullshit that's Fit to Print."

Campus conservatives recently had the outrageous misfortune of being mentioned in one of Phil Cohen's blatherings in the *Daily Weekend Magazine*. In the process of writing an entire column about an interview that never happened, Phil decided to define the word "conservative" with his pocket dictionary. This act left us simply aghast. After all, dictionaries are written by racists, just like UCAR says. Please Phil, diversify yourself.

About a week after the last issue of the *Review* was printed, we received a terrifyingly homophobic message on our answering machine, in which members of our staff were called very nasty things. Any information leading to the sensitization of the responsible individual will be greatly appreciated.

Headline of the Year: "Alden Whitman, 76, a Reporter for the Obituaries in the Times, Dies." We found this beauty in the Sept. 5 issue of the *New York Times*. Guess which section.

Forrest Green III used to be a half-way decent record reviewer for the *Daily's* Arts section. These days, however, he seems so concerned with the color of everybody's skin that he would probably accuse the Beatles of being white supremacists because they covered a few Chuck Berry tunes. Yet Mr. Green plummeted to his lowest point earlier this month when, in a review of N.W.A.'s new album, he praised a stupid quote for "forcing people to face their worst fears." He proceeded to write, "In 1990, brothers (i.e. blacks) are being scowled at by pure, immaculate, white girls secretly hoping to get raped and dragged into the genetic mud of socioeconomic and psychosexual complacency." Please, Forrest, lighten up just a teensy-weensy little bit. You read far too much into bad music. Besides, rumor has it you secretly desire to be fondled by David Duke.

We were the proud recipients of the *Daily's* "Best (worst?) piece of published ignorance" award last year for our editorial "Oppose Gay Lounge." Folks, we have been vindicated. The *Daily* editorial page's wonderful little elegy lamenting the fall of East German socialism wins hands down. In it, the authors whined about the West German government not providing the "free legal aid" East Germans so enjoyed. Yes, we at the *Review* have always thought that if the secret police honored you with one of their infamous midnight visits to take you to a labor camp, at least you wouldn't have to pay the court costs.

From Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*: "The greater part of universities have not even been very forward to adopt these improvements (in philosophy), after they were made; and several of those learned societies have chosen to remain, for a long time, the sanctuaries in which exploded systems and obsolete prejudices found shelter and protection, after they had been hurled out of every corner of the world." The more things change, the more they remain the same? You tell us.

The editorial board of the *Review* has decided to wholeheartedly endorse the inclusion of women authors in literature classes. Begin with Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*.

Remember those awful racist flyers that actually criticized Nelson Mandela? They sure miffed MSA Vice-President Angela Burks. After meeting with Law School Dean Lee Bollinger, who claimed the flyers were protected under First Amendment rights, Angie said, "whether it's the First Amendment or not, it's simply unacceptable." Our question: was she referring to the flyers or the First Amendment?

O, Brian and Karen, we miss you so.

THE MICHIGAN REVIEW

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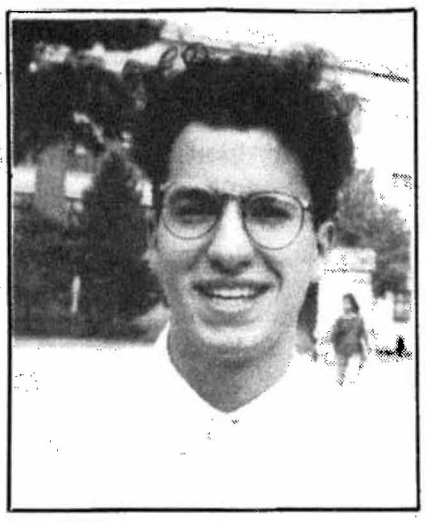
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Roving Photographer

If drafted, would you fight in a war against Iraq?

by Brian Cook



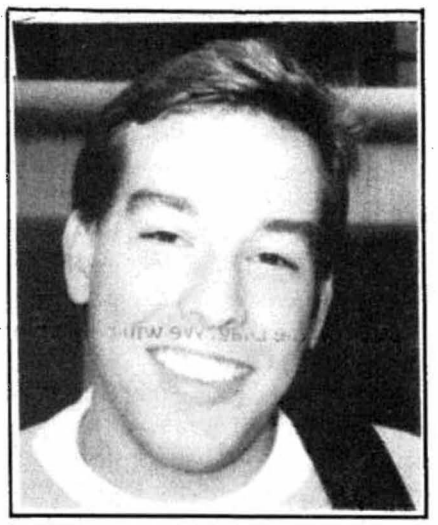
Greg Slabaugh, LSA sophomore: Definitely not. I don't feel the U.S. should be involved in the Persian Gulf conflict. And in any case, my morals would not permit me to kill, injure, or damage another person's body or property. All forms of war are reprehensible.



Beth Martin, LSA sophomore: If women could be drafted and fighting was the only solution, I would fight for my country out of a sense of obligation. I have seldom disagreed with U.S. military actions, and I would want our country to maintain freedom in other nations.



Fred Werner, LSA freshman: Yes, although I'm not sure whether I would fight for the U.S. or Israel. Either way, Saddam Hussein is a tyrant who represents a serious threat to the entire world, and more specifically and personally, to Israel. He must be removed from power.



Brad Harris, Engineering sophomore: I think the citizens of the U.S. have an obligation to serve if our country calls. I don't see this as an "oil war." It's more of a war against agression. We must stop things now before they get much worse.

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"Yes, I'll Subscribe!"

From Suite One: Editorials

MSA Fees Should Be Voluntary

Does the phrase, "No taxation without representation," mean anything to the Michigan Student Assembly (MSA)? How could it not, you ask? No matter what MSA does, no matter whether students approve of MSA's existence, and no matter how inept and inefficient MSA may be, students have absolutely no say as to whether they will contribute to its coffers. Every term, students involuntarily contribute $6.77 apiece to MSA.

Although some students may disapprove of many of MSA's policies and practices, they are unable to be "conscientious objectors" and withhold their contribution. Consequently, the only means of controlling MSA available to students is voting, but the vote by itself does not exert optimal control over the Assembly. A simple and effective remedy would be to give the power of the purse to each student, who could then decide whether or not to contribute to MSA through a positive check–off system.

The mechanisms for establishing a positive check–off are already in place. During class registration, tuitions are calculated on the spot, depending upon how many credits students select. It would be a simple matter to have students designate, at that time, whether MSA will be receiving money from them that term.

Currently, the choice that students face is, "given that you must pay for a service you may not even want, how can you minimize your losses by voting in the party you prefer?" If this system seems good, it is only because we have grown used to it. If students are displeased with MSA's performance during the first term of the year, they may vote to elect new members — but half of the Assembly will remain, immune until the next election. Moreover, as last fall's election fiasco demonstrates, student cries for MSA reform are easily muted. Members of the Conservative Coalition overwhelmingly won the student vote but were denied their seats when a few plotting radicals discovered several suspicious ballots. Under the revised system, representatives would know that if they performed poorly during the first term, MSA's funding would jeopardized for the rest of the year.

If this increase in control seems trivial, consider that a positive check–off system would bring with it another benefit: students who disapprove of some procedural aspect of MSA could withhold their donations in hopes of forcing MSA to alter rules and procedures that may permit it to abuse its power. A shrewd political party could incorporate this reform into its platform for the upcoming November elections. In effect, it would be saying, "Elect us, and we will give you more control over MSA than you have ever before possessed."

While many may be anxious to compare the MSA tax to the federal income tax, and thereby claim that, by analogy, one can see why students may rightly be forced to support MSA, there is an essential difference they ignore. By changing representatives on the state or national level, one can change tax policy. If one desires lower taxes, one can obtain that end by electing different representatives. Students, however, exercise no such power over MSA. The fee they pay is set by the regents, not by the elected student representatives.

A more specific objection to the positive check–off is similar to the free–rider problem: will it not be possible to withhold one's donation while still benefitting from MSA? This objection is not definitive, however. If so many students withhold money that MSA cannot provide many services during one term, the students who miss MSA's services will resume contributing the next term. If they do not feel a longing for the return of the lost services, then perhaps the services were unnecessary in the first place.

Even if these questions of improved performance are set aside, there remains a compelling case for adopting the positive check–off reform: it is the only ethical way of funding MSA. Students are consistently forced to buy goods that they might not want; MSA's campaign against deputization is only a current example. In fact, depending upon where one stands on the issue, MSA's services may be perceived as counter to our better interests or even dangerous.

Three Cheers for the Diversity Class!

We still are not sure why it rained continuously for several days after the faculty of the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts (LSA) passed a "diversity graduation requirement." We at the *Review* have cause for great celebration. The LSA faculty has won a victory for progressives everywhere: coercive anti–"racist" education. You know, a "Diversity Class."

The issue was not the existence of the class; many classes studying ethnicity already exist. Nor was the issue the study of other cultures; classes from Anthropology to Wimmin's Studies cover these subjects. No, the real issue was whether LSA should have coercive anti–"racist" education. You know, a "Diversity Class."

Occasionally some stodgy old professor, reeking of white–maleness, would mutter something about choice or politicization of the classroom.

The real story was told during the forums on September 24 and October 2, and during the subsequent vote. Occasionally some stodgy old professor, reeking of white–maleness, would mutter something about choice, politicization of the classroom, or the need for greater priorities in requirements. The progressives of the crowd wisely paid no mind, however. A unenlightened few also thought the class would not work, or even do damage, but we all know that lessons from lectures last a lifetime. Those lectures, of course, are required; it's coercive anti–"racist" education. You know, a "Diversity Class."

They drew from the wit and wisdom of Michigan Student Assembly President Jennifer Van Valey, who thinks that "people have to be forcedto deal with racism." "People" is really referring to whites, and the "racism" is their own. Don't be fooled by the dictionary definition; the true meaning of "racism" is that it applies only to whites, because they (and only they) hold power in society. We must force white students to confront these facts by any means necessary. You know, a "Diversity Class."

Stanford University knows that 18–year old students are incapable of making their own moral decisions. That's why its "Diversity Class" includes the oral poems of an illiterate Jamaican folklorist; we can only hope that the wise LSA faculty will have the sensitivity to include such obvious masterpieces. Students' minds have been warped for too long through the writings of insensitive dead white males like Plato and Aristotle. For this reason, we need coercive anti–"racist" education. You know, a "Diversity Class."

Having negotiated this hurdle, which once may have seemed an impossible dream, where can progressives go from here? One very coherent speaker at the October 2 forum mentioned the problems of "sexism, heterosexism, ageism, classism (not classics, mind you), ableism, environmental devastation, and U.S. aggression." She neglected to mention numerous other pressing problems, including speciesism, homelessness, poverty, and U.S. imperialism, but she clearly has the right idea. Therefore, we propose to extend the scope of the all–too–narrow requirement. People should be forced to combat these "isms." While it may take a few years to get these requirements past the more thick–headed faculty, perhaps the more caring, sensitive teachers could in the meantime unofficially slip these messages into the curriculum to augment the coercive anti–"racist" education. You know, the "Diversity Class."

Ideally, we will all see the day when the proper views of racism, sexism, etc. are taught to students by requirement. Through graduation requirements, students will become model citizens of Spaceship Earth. The hope is alive; we are already part of the way there. After all, we have managed to affirm coercive anti–"racist" education. You know, a "Diversity Class."

Signed essays reflect the opinion of the author. Unsigned editorials reflect the opinions of the Review editorial board.

Opinion

The Reds Turn Green

by David J. Powell

An extremely wise professor once cautioned me: "America's most looming problem is not free market failure, but rather a failure to create markets."

The 1980s went a long way towards proving the validity of that statement — and the Michigan Student Assembly (MSA), owing to its recent establishment of an environmental committee, obviously did not approve. Much to MSA's chagrin, the private sector today rivals the federal government and other assorted bureacracies like MSA's in combating many pressing social concerns from homelessness to teenage pregancy. Nevertheless, this privatization revolution has fallen short of the environmental movement, which, as it stands today, is an oversized group of disgruntled socialists.

Socialists everywhere — frightened by the fact that they are quickly going out of style — have been working hard to reinvigorate their movement. The result has been the creation of various commissions and committees like the National Resources Action Committee, a branch of MSA. You can bet they are already eyeing the University of Michigan's general fund, made up of tuition dollars, to save rainforests and other fashionable ecological pursuits.

What the environmentally–minded fail to realize, however, is government intervention's disastrous record in these matters. And whether they realize it or not, the practice itself it is antithetical to the philosophy that gave rise to the American republic — it violates the concept of man's rights as advanced by the Founding Fathers and by both liberals and conservatives ever since.

Whether man's rights ultimately originate from divine law or congressional law is irrelevant to our discussion. A "right" by its very definition is a condition required by man's nature for his proper existence. As the Founding Fathers knew, these are the rights of every person to life, liberty, and property. The free and uninhibited exercise of man's rights, however, is conditional on universal recognition that no man has the right to impose an unchosen obligation upon another man. This leads one to the conclusion that no one person or group of persons possesses any "right" to forcibly compel a man to use and/or dispose of his property in a certain manner.

The green socialists are quick to point out the unlikelihood of confining the effects of pollution to particular persons and their property. "Pollution affects us all," they say. Clearly, in instances where pollution is not confined to the polluters' property, the polluter must be punished for violating the individual rights of fellow citizens. This would warrant a return to the "polluters pay" principle that was abandoned by the environmental movement when the socialist sect gained controlling interest. The deferal of pollution costs to the federal government and entire industries has crippled stewardship and individual responsibility which in turn has lead to unsound environmental practices.

The actual challenge of "saving the planet" falls in the hands of capitalists and outside the jurisdiction of MSA.

Our first step must be to oppose the mob mentality that has surfaced in dealing with environmental concerns. This means opposing the establishment of the Natural Resources Action Committee in our already over–extended student government and the elevation of the Environmental Protection Agency to a cabinet–level position in our parasitic federal government.

The effects of such action would be two–fold. First, we would be expanding individual liberty through the extension of property rights. Second, public policy would no longer proceed on the premise that environmental degradation is caused by flaws inherent in the free market, but on the realization that where private property rights are established, markets can preserve resources. This works, of course, because the property owner is encouraged by the profit motive to manage resources wisely.

For example, as Fred L. Smith and Kathy Kushner explain in the *National Review*, 19th century Western cattle ranchers branded their herds to identify them, as building stone fences to keep out different herds was not feasible. As a result, cowboys were hired exclusively to keep the cattle within proper boundaries. The resulting cost from this practice was high and its effectiveness low, thereby creating profit potential for anyone inventing a better way for protecting property. It was this incentive that spurred the invention of barbed wire.

Similar opportunities exist in today's world. For instance, the establishment of private property rights along endangered waterways might give rise to "fishing clubs." These clubs would grant fishing rights to paying members. As a result, the property owner who derives his profit from the abundance of aquatic life in his waterway is encouraged to protect his resources from depletion, exhaustion, or extinction. When the government owns or controls a resource, there is no such incentive. This is precisely why the Soviet Union, where until now the government has controlled nearly everything, is a world leader in environmental degradation.

The 1990 Earth Day issue of the *National Review* contains a proven example of how these two different approaches work. The authors, Smith and Kushner, make a comparison between redfish and catfish in the southeastern United States.

The Gulf of Mexico's redfish population rapidly declined in the 1980s, which eventually led to a regulatory ban on all commercial fishing, thus shutting down an entire trade. In nearby Mississippi, however, the catfish population had been increasing greatly. Catfish, unlike redfish, were farmed in ponds where owners could prevent over–fishing. In the Gulf, however, redfish were the property of everyone — even after the government had instituted its regualtory ban — and thus subject to over–fishing.

Since the Berlin Wall fell last year, socialists have been busy promoting the idea that our free market economic system and our environment are inherently at odds. They know the only way to revive socialism is to convince everyone the world is facing imminent doom at the hands of an "unrestrained capitalist monster."

As Virginia Postrel, editor of *Reason* magazine explains: "Beneath the rhetoric of survival, behind the Sierra Club calenders, beyond the movie–star apppeals lies a full–fledged ideology — an ideology ... (very) dangerous to individual freedom and human happiness. It appeals to seemingly noble instincts: the longing for beauty, for harmony, for peace. It is the green road to serfdom."

It is becoming increasingly apparent that one of the movement's underlying goals is not the preservation of our life–sustaining resources but the discrediting of Democratic capitalism. Thus, the actual challenge of "saving the planet" falls in the hands of the capitalists and outside the jurisdiction of MSA and its ill–earned student tuition money.

MSA, the U.S. Congress, and the radical environmentalists all remain oblivious to the privatization successes of the 1980s — or perhaps too proud to acknowledge them. Nevertheless, government continues to pour your dollars down the rat–hole of bureacratic environmentalism. Make no mistake, the socialists are going out with a bang and you're picking up the tab!

David J. Powell is a sophomore in history and political science and a staff writer for the *Review*.

Letter to the Editor

Congratulations on ACT–UP Article

I just wanted to take a moment to congratulate Jeff Muir on his article in the *Michigan Review*, "ACT–UP Misbehaves," (September, 1990) His perspective is one that has been ignored for far too long. I think he did a wonderful job in portraying the reality of what ACT–UP Ann Arbor really stands for — an organization (and I use the term very loosely) that "is only interested in operating within a system which allows it to espouse, uninterrupted and unchallenged, its particular views."

BRAVO Jeff, BRAVO!!!

Jeff Luther
Engineering Junior

Opinion

LSA Needs a Core Curriculum

by John J. Miller

"Teach the little brats some of what they need to know," spouted *Detroit News* columnist Nickie McWhirter, demanding the University of Michigan's College of Literature, Science, and the Arts (LSA) pass a graduation requirement on diversity, which it did the very next day.

Thus, next year's incoming freshmen — the class of 1995 — will be forced to conform to the dictates of October 8, 1990, the day LSA finally threw its standards out the window and eagerly embraced a politicized curriculum.

Unbeknownst to the faculty, that date carried with it a truckload of irony. Exactly one year previous, the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH), chaired by Lynne Cheney, released its widely-publicized report, "50 Hours: A Core Curriculum for College Students."

In a test, college seniors were asked a few simple questions.

—42 percent could not place the Civil War in the correct half century.

—55 percent could not identify the Magna Carta.

—58 percent could not name the author of *The Republic*.

—23 percent believed that Karl Marx's phrase, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," is a part of the U.S. Constitution.

And these were only the highlights. The report went on to attack the very relaxed nature of most universities' graduation requirements, and then detailed a fairly extensive core curriculum which it thought would remedy these diagnosed ills.

Although the merits of some of the curriculum's specific suggestions were debatable, as are the merits of nearly any curriculum, the message was strong and clear: college students did not know very much about their heritage, their culture, or their country, and it was probably through no fault of their own.

White Males

and anybody else, for that matter, are invited to join The Michigan Review MTS Forum.

To join, type MREV: Forum at the do next? prompt.

Unsurprisingly, the report grabbed the media's attention for a few weeks (statistics make good soundbites), and then the whole mess was quickly forgotten. The only people who seemed to care were those who had been upset in the first place.

This was, of course, not the first time lax graduation requirements were the subject of public controversy. Long ago, when colleges ceased requiring the study of Greek and Latin, many scholars bemoaned the decline of classical education. Since then, the curriculum has deteriorated from a state of too many requirements to a state of too few requirements.

Even the U–M, consistently ranked as a top school in the country, succumbs to what Russell Kirk calls a "cafeteria–curriculum."

Even the U–M, consistently ranked as a top school in the country, succumbs to what Russell Kirk calls a "cafeteria–curriculum," which is perhaps best defined by Irving Babbit in the early 1900s: "As formerly conceived, the college might have been defined as a careful selection of studies for the creation of a social elite. In its present tendency, it might be defined as something of everything for everybody."

Indeed, graduation from the U–M does not necessitate a very rigorous education. Students need not take mathematics, a strenuous science, or history (let alone American history). Even the foreign language requirement can be satisfied with only a rudimentary understanding of a language and the help of the U–M's pass–fail grading option.

Students are given hundreds of course listings, a nebulous set of "distribution requirements," and the expectation that in a few years they will not only be responsible citizens of our democratic society, but the very leaders who will determine its reforms and innovations.

Though not particularly demanding, these requirements meshed nicely with the favorite buzzword of the academy — Diversity. Students have the freedom to make their own decisions, to explore their options, to discover themselves. Almost nothing constrains them. Anything antithetical to Diversity, including, presumably, a "Eurocentric" core curriculum, would somehow constitute a metaphysical evil.

Yet there were problems. According to Kirk, lax elective systems "gave freedom of choice to young people unprepared to choose wisely."

These thoughts echoed throughout the NEH report: "It is through the curriculum that college and university faculties establish a design for education. It is through the curriculum that they communicate what it is an educated person should know ... In the absence of an ordered plan of study, some undergraduates manage to put together coherent and substantive programs, but others move through college years with little rationale."

Ignoring this backdrop, LSA moved itself with little rationale. Previously staunch advocates of education with few guidelines, the faculty decided to become slightly less permissive. "Our students need to learn more," they said. "And, by golly, they need to be learning about racial and ethnic intolerance!"

Now young Wolverines will be forced to study a topic infinitely more important than, say, the tensions of order and freedom, religion and science, the sublime and the beautiful.

Forsaken remain the values of Western culture. They can still be sought out by students who within their four years at the U–M realize that they really ought to be learning something more valuable. This education, however, must be obtained through electives.

Racism and ethnic intolerance, while certainly worthy of elective study, somehow achieved a primacy over our culture and intellectual traditions. Now young Wolverines will be forced to study a topic infinitely more important than, say, the tensions of order and freedom, religion and science, the sublime and the beautiful.

Tomorrow environmental concerns will need to be taught, and after that, questions of population growth and poverty. Soon a whole spate of topics will be required, and teachers will demand students understand important contemporary issues without even having a familiarity with the traditions and culture that mold all contemporary debate.

Just the opposite ought to be true: in college, students should learn the foundations of their society and culture; they should apply this knowledge outside of the classroom, when they read the newspaper, talk with friends, and vote on election day.

And, if the faculty's lust for Diversity must be appeased, why can't the richness of Western culture suffice? As former Secretary of Education William Bennett once asked, "On the ends of government, whom do we follow — Madison or Marx? On the merits of the religious life — Aquinas or Voltaire? On the nobility of the warrior — Homer or Erasmus? On the worth of reason — Hegel or Kierkegaard? On the role of women — Wollstonecraft or Shopenhauer?"

U–M students need a thorough grounding in the culture and traditions with which most of them will spend most of their lives. A knowledge of their own history — a context within which they can completely understand the ideas before them — is imperative.

LSA can no longer let the walls of Academia crumble to the crushing cacophony of Diversity. What the "little brats" need is an education, not an indoctrination.

John J. Miller is a junior in English and editor–in–chief of the *Review*.

Opinion

Diversity's Narrow–Mindedness

by Clifton Gault

Voting to institute a graduation requirement on "diversity," the faculty of the College of Literature, Science and the Arts (LSA) jeopardized the integrity of its undergraduate education last week.

And what does "diverse" mean in this case? "Diversity requires a course address "issues arising from racial or ethnic intolerance."

In approving this proposal the U–M has lowered itself to the "politically correct" standards of such liberally affected "peer institutions" as Harvard, Stanford, and the University of Wisconsin, which have instituted similar graduation requirements on racism. It is through this benign guise of a course addressing "racial or ethnic intolerance" that certain U–M faculty members have finally instituted a mandatory political agenda within the undergraduate curriculum. Out of a faculty of over 800, the vote was 139–90.

The demand for some kind of a diversity requirement arose in the spring of 1987, when several racist incidents on this campus received wide press coverage. (In the most notable incident, a student–run radio station aired two racist jokes.) In response, black students occupied the lobby of the Fleming Administration Building on March 4, 1987 and presented a list of 12 demands to the U–M's administration.

Some of the 12 demands have been met, such as the demand for "minority lounges" in dorms and the Union. The demand for a "mandatory workshop on racism and diversity," has yet to be met, however. Philosophy Professor Peter Railton, author of a previous "diversity" proposal which failed at a faculty vote, concedes that "there was a desire to seem responsive to the student demands." The student demands, incidentally, desired "to raise cultural awareness and racial sensitivity among all incoming students." The diversity requirement which has been instituted is a direct descendent of this "mandatory workshop on racism."

While it was not difficult for the U–M administration to acquiesce to the demand for something as easily implemented as the racial segregation of student lounges, the demand for a permanent addition to the required curriculum of the LSA is another matter. An ongoing battle among the U–M faculty has been fought and lost, however, and the new diversity requirement will force all students to waste time and money on a class whose addition to the U–M curriculum originated at a 1987 student sit–in.

The opposition, although defeated, did not go unheard. At a public forum held on September 24, Residential College Professor Carl Cohen outlined several reasons for opposing the requirement. Professor Cohen gave "two kinds of reasons ... to reject all of the recently proposed graduation requirements."

> **The opinions of many LSA professors who spoke in favor of the requirement illuminate the disdainful condescension with which some U–M academics view undergraduates.**

"No one of them is at all likely to accomplish our worthy objectives," he said. "To make obligatory some course chosen from a set of courses dealing with race, or ethnicity, or discrimination, is very likely to be not only unproductive, but counterproductive."

Professor Cohen's second reason for opposing the diversity requirement was that "the adoption of any one of these diversity requirements will appear to cap a successful effort to use the College curriculum to advance a political agenda. The demand for other, allegedly compelling requirements — perhaps about the environment, or (you fill in the blank) — will multiply," he said.

Chemistry Professor Thomas Dunn argued, at an October 2 forum, that much of the debate had focused on the merits of the class when the issue was "whether to compel or not to compel." Professor Dunn noted that "students are the first to recognize indoctrination."

"I don't object to behavior modification at the University, but it should not be compulsory," he said.

The opinions of many LSA professors who spoke in favor of the proposed requirement illuminate the disdainful condescension with which some U–M academics view the undergraduates in their midst. Psychology Professor Elizabeth Douvan, a member of the oversight board of "University Course 299," a model course on "racism in the U.S." which was created to test and refine the diversity requirement, said the diversity requirement would "allow students a forum in which they could civilize themselves."

Anthropology Professor C. L. Bruce claimed that, "the race concept arises from American history — we have exported it to the rest of the world." Professor Bruce teaches a class which would satisfy the requirement. One must pity the countless students whom he will undoubtedly subject to similar nonsense.

The diversity requirement, which will be imposed upon all students entering the U–M after this September, and can be satisfied by a broad range of courses. It is, thankfully, watered down from the more blatant calls for indoctrination of three years ago. And, as many professors pointed out at the faculty forums, the requirement will only institutionalize what already has occurred informally. That is, the teaching of classes in fields such as history, sociology, psychology, and English with a bias toward those groups the professors feel are "traditionally oppressed." Their primary concern is not with their disciplines, but with instilling into their curricula a political bias which implicitly assumes someone or something (the United States, Western values, white males) actively takes the role of "oppressor." Now the LSA faculty has made it explicit that it will be orienting courses in fields with little bearing on "racism and ethnicity" toward these areas. (When asked to elucidate the differences between racism and ethnicity, history Professor Terrance MacDonald, a sponsor of the adopted requirement, admitted that he could not)

As Professor Dunn pointed out, the coercive nature of this issue is what makes it objectionable. The U–M has long had many — too many — courses of a strongly political bent. To require such a course for all students sets a dangerous precedent for our future, for it sacrifices principles to politics.

Clifton Gault is a senior in history and an assistant editor for the *Review*.

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Interview

Schuette Makes a Plea for Change

On Monday, October 1, 1990, *Review* staff writer David J. Powell interviewed Rep. Bill Schuette (R–Sanford), the Republican candidate for senator. His opponent is Sen. Carl Levin. Additional interviews were scheduled with Levin and Rep. Carl Pursell (R–Plymouth), but both were forced to cancel, as the budget crisis kept them in Washington, DC.

REVIEW: For the past decade conservative politicians have run on the slogan coined by Ronald Reagan in his 1980 presidential campaign: "Government is not the solution, it is the problem." Yet Paul Weyrich, in the *National Review*, wrote, "Conservative politicians must show that they can and will govern, that our creed goes beyond simply demanding to get government off our backs." How do you, as a conservative politician, plan to capture the loyalty and imagination of the Michigan electorate?

SCHUETTE: I think the philosophy you cited is equally applicable in 1990 as it was in 1980. Conservatives do — and have — shown that we can govern. At the same time, the sticky part is the career politicians; the liberal Democrats in charge are simply trying to build up their years. And that is not what government is all about.

Government is there to give something back to the community. There is a proper role for government that is sensitive and compassionate.

We are trying to provide tenant ownership for public housing in cities and choice for parents so we can better educate our kids — that is a government that is sensitive and caring, a government that doesn't fight you but works for you.

Whether it's enterprise zones, tenant management, or choice in education, these are three specific aspects of what I believe will be the new governing majority. This is how I will vote as a United States Senator.

REVIEW: Why do you think the people will choose Bill Schuette on election day?

SCHUETTE: The winds that started sweeping Oklahoma recently are going to sweep Michigan in November. That means we have had twelve years of Carl Levin — two terms are enough. Michigan has had enough. We need to have a change.

This is all about change. You are never going to get change from the status quo. Change comes from how someone votes and Carl Levin is out of the mainstream in terms of the Michigan voters.

I could have stayed in the United States House of Representatives for years. That would have been easy. Some said: "Why run? You might lose." These are the same pundits and self–syled experts, however, that said I could not win in 1984. In 1984 I beat an incumbent, entrenched, liberal Democrat. The same thing is going to happen in 1990 — I am going to beat an entrenched liberal Democrat by the name of Carl Levin.

> **"The winds that started sweeping Oklahoma recently are going to sweep Michigan in November. I am going to beat Carl Levin."**

REVIEW: You are extremely popular in your own district as well as in the northern part of the state, as shown by your commanding primary victories in these areas. How do you explain your comparatively poor showing in Macomb, Oakland, and Wayne counties — the most populated counties in the state? And what have you done in the last few weeks to remedy this situation?

SCHUETTE: Frankly, I won 73 of 82 counties, or something like that. The real point is that I have spent a ton of time in Southeastern Michigan. It is sometimes unfortunate to have a base in the out–state part of Michigan. But the issues I am talking about: being secure in our homes and neighborhoods, strong national defense, lower taxes — that is how you create more jobs and incentives for capital formation. These issues cut across the landscape. That is how we are going to beat Carl Levin.

REVIEW: In a recent commercial, you criticize Senator Levin for his "soft" posture on defense issues. More specifically, you claim he has voted against certain weapons systems being used in the Middle East. Could you please substantiate these claims and contrast Senator Levin's voting record on these matters with your own?

SCHUETTE: Very specifically, we talk about the Wisconsin and the Maverick — two very specific votes. Carl Levin voted against reactivating the battleship Wisconsin. I voted for it. Carl Levin then goes down for a photo-op on, you guessed it, the battleship Wisconsin. Tell me, what do you call that? Some might call it hypocrisy.

The fact is Senator Levin voted against that battleship. That battleship has thirty–two tomahawk missiles that are pointed at targets deep within Iraq — it's helping to protect our troops in the gulf. Again, Senator Levin voted against the Maverick anti–tank missile. I voted for it. Sam Nunn, Chairman of the Arms Services Committee, voted for it. It's the most effective anti-tank weapon of its kind — and our troops face nearly 6,000 Iraqi tanks.

Carl Levin, in our debate, said his priority was making sure our troops got their cigarettes and beer. I want to make sure they have the weapons they need to defend themselves and bring our hostages home safely.

REVIEW: What about the charge that you are running a negative–ad campaign?

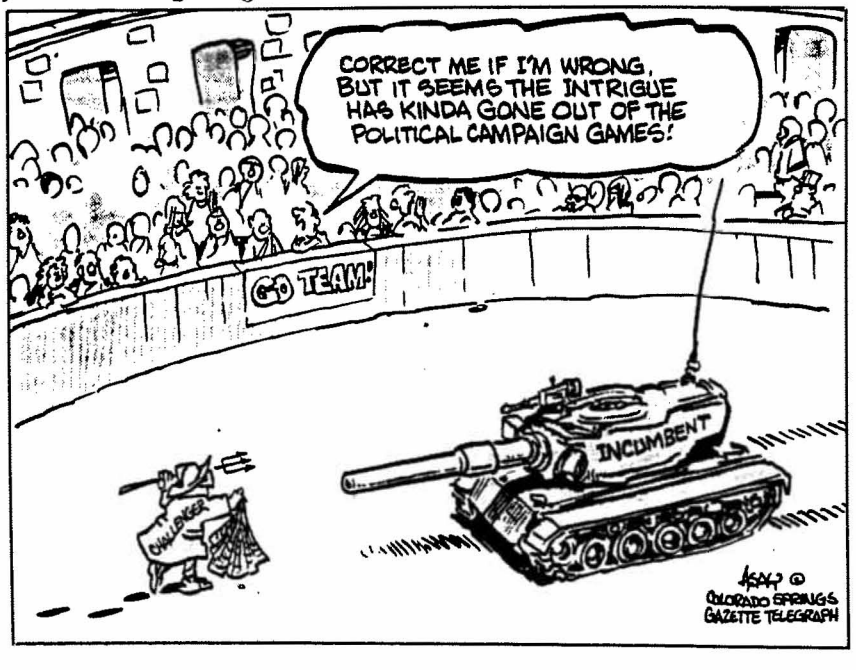
SCHUETTE: Carl Levin cries foul when we talk about his voting record. Then he brings out his slash and burn machine and tries to run a negative campaign. One of your colleagues, a journalist from the *Deroit News*, calls Levin's adds "the meanest adds of the season."

That is going to backfire. The last person that called me a liar was a former congressman — and I beat him in 1984.

REVIEW: In accordance with President Bush's National Drug Policy, the University of Michigan will implement a new comprehensive drug and alcohol policy. If the U–M fails to comply, it will lose its federal funds. Some students think the policy is objectionable as it consolidates more government control over our universities as well as over individual lives. Is the policy not objectionable on these grounds?

SCHUETTE: No, I think the drug problem warrants all our attention and all our energy. We see drugs wrecking people's lives, destroying our communites and the very fabric of our society.

There are people selling drugs to kids, and it's poison. As far as legalization of drugs is concerned it is wrong and I consider it an obscenity. We must have a culture, a society, and a nation that is drug–free. That means we have to to take every step to encourage those goals. Unfortunately, drugs are so pervasive in our society we have to take some drastic steps.



Satire

Confessions of a White Male Hegemonist

by Carey Brian Meadors

At first glance I knew it was him: clean-shaven, ironed shirt, and a *tie*. He sulked in the corner, nervously eying the tie-dyed shirts around him.

I understood the White Male Hegemonist's reluctance to meet in East Quad's "Halfass" snack bar. It must have been hellish for him to hear the gender-inclusive language so casually used in that microcosm of sensitivity. I smiled — coercive education was politically correct. I'd done well by making him come here.

I set my hummus sandwich and herbal tea on the table and took a seat. He eyed my meal with disgust and said, "I want you to know that I ordered the fries simply because they're made with animal fat."

A weaker person would have gasped at his savagery, but I held my icy stare and peered through his eyes, into his soul.

He looked harmless enough, but I suspected that beneath his innocent facade was a savage capitalist — a man destined to succeed and escape the mire of mediocrity — and therefore a racist, sexist, homophobic bigot. Then I remembered his initial phone call.

It had been peaceful night of guitar and poetry at the Joint House co-op when I'd answered the phone to hear uncontrollable sobs. "I can't live with myself," the voice cried, "just by the nature of who I am, I hurt and maim; I've made money, I have sinned."

"Pardon me?"

"I'm a white male. Therefore, I am part of the hegemony that oppresses all others. My social conscience knows it's wrong, but I still do it. Please," (he was blubbering by this point,) "re-educate me. Proselytize me if you must, even if I say I don't want it — I only think I'm happy — you know what's good for me, and the rest of the world, too — you have all the answers."

"I want you to know that I ordered the fries simply because they're made with animal fat."

"Well," I said, "I am politically correct. Let's talk about it. Meet me at the Halfass tomorrow, after the poetry readings."

So, there we were. As I studied his face, I saw a grain of honesty, a glimmer of hope. I knew, I knew that a sensitive liberal was inside trying to get out ... he just needed to learn what to think.

"When did you first decide to become a white male?" I had to begin questioning him quickly. I had lost too many subjects in the past to calm, rational thinking, and I was not prepared to let this one get away from me. He was going to be mine.

"I can't live with myself," the voice cried. "Just by the nature of who I am, I hurt and maim; I've earned money, I have sinned."

A look of resignation graced his eyes. "At the age of twelve," he sighed. "It began before that, though. As a young child I reveled in tearing the wings off butterflies, pouring salt on slugs, and chopping down trees. I preferred playing with my Erector Set to going on nature hikes." A tear appeared at the corner of his eye. "Dammit!" he cried, "I *enjoyed* the country club."

"But you know that's wrong. Deep in your heart — you do." My voice was fierce.

"Yeah ... I do now. But at twelve years old I was cruel. I wanted to oppress. That's when I became a white male. Being a white male enabled me to oppress by simply existing."

"Yes," I retorted, "but you didn't just exist, did you? You were successful, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was. I took my first job as a college admissions officer. I wanted to hurt as many minorities as possible. I would screen applications and discard those written by minorities."

"Ah ... you'd look at the 'race' box."

"Oh, no. I didn't have to. Low SAT scores — that was the tip-off. It was a beautiful scam; some friends of mine in Princeton, New Jersey masterminded the whole thing. Listen to this: Irena's age is half that of her mother's, and one and a half times the age of her little sister. If Irena's sister is ten, how old is Irena's mother?"

"That's a racist question!" I cried, out of habit. Actually, I never could figure out how SAT questions were racist, but everything else was racist, so I assumed SAT questions were too.

"Absolutely!" He had a gleam in his eye, but it soon faded. "But too many people saw through our tricks. Sure, some not-so-progressive schools still take stock in those tests, but for the most part they are being eliminated. It's a shame."

"But," he said, leaning forward, "SAT's aren't our only scam." He spoke with more energy, more fervor. It reminded me of the ethnicist "Protestant work ethic" I had so vigorously avoided all my life. My face winced in pain at the idea of taking pride in a job.

"Capitalism, property rights, industry, financing, big business — all tools of the hegemony!" He gave a movie-villain laugh. "It's a conspiracy to crush you all!" I swear his eyes turned red.

"But," he said, "I realize now that the solution to racism is to talk it to death, to legislate it into hiring practices, and to funnel enormous amounts of money into failing government programs. See," he continued, "my conspirators kept talking about rationality, about individualism. I realize now that they're views are clouded by logic and consistency — they lack the raw emotion so necessary to improve the world."

My heart leaped. Could it be this easy, I wondered? Would he follow the path to political correctness without much more prodding? I decided to push him along anyway.

"That's it!" I cried. "That's the core of political correctness — 'p.c.' You can't have a political philosophy and consistently apply it to each issue. You must decide each issue separately; your decision is based on how it makes you feel. Then, rationalize your answer; sprinkle in buzzwords like 'empowerment,' 'oppression,' and 'social good.' A dash of 'isms' and behold! You have an ideology."

His eyes began to cloud over. "If we could all just share..."

"Yeah," I said, taking him by the hand. "Come to my room and smoke some pot; we'll talk about how you can undo your crimes as a white male."

"But how can I be oppressed?" he asked, rather desperately. "I need to be a victim!"

"No problem! Even though you're a white male, you can be gay — a very hip minority right now. And they're oppressed like you wouldn't believe. Last year they demanded the University provide them with special lounges — you know, so they could cut themselves off from the rest of society. There was actually opposition to this demand, especially from certain conservative journals funded by Deane Baker and the CIA.

"Outrageous!" he remarked.

I knew I had a convert, and I led him up to my room.

Carey Brian Meadors is from Arkansas and has often been oppressed by the iron boot of regionalism.

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Satire

You Are What You Drive

by Christopher Terry

Cars, like people, have unique personalities. They reflect the values and priorities of their owners. Do you demand a fuel efficient car? Does your lifestyle call for a pickup bed to haul your toys around? Do you like your driving environment to emulate the business–like austerity of a BMW or would you rather be immersed in an arcade of lights and gizmos?

Like life itself, cars mean choices. The type of car you drive can truly reveal a multitude of individual tastes and preferences about yourself. You are what you drive. Being a car enthusiast of sorts, I tend to notice these relationships and have found frightening similarities between people and their cars. This phenomenon occurs much in the same way that pets look like their owner. A person's aura is often the same as his automobile.

Ann Arbor has both people and cars in abundent yet diverse amounts. So to make things easier, dear reader, I've compiled a list of six common automobiles (in Ann Arbor, not the real world) you have undoubtedly seen on campus enough times to recognize both the type of car and the oddity that drives it. Besides, as a *Review* staff writer, I have an obligation to perpetuate existing stereotypes.

The Honda Accord: Probably the most familiar mode of transportation on campus, the dependable little Accord is the sweetheart of those from out–of–state, particularly New Yawk. Most in Ann Arbor are only a few years old, as the cars were given to ungracious recipients by mothers moving up to big snobbish cars like the Lexus LS400 or the Acura Legend. Students that drive Accords usually hold a passionate hate for American cars, claiming, "Oh my gawd! They all suck, our last one broke down all the time!" Think critically the next time you hear these words. Ask what their last American car was. It usually turns out to be a real gem, like a 1974 AMC Pacer with metallic puke–brown exterior and orange and green buffalo–plaid interior. It was not ugly until an older brother had a semi–naked mermaid in a sea of lava airbrushed on the hood.

The Volvo 240 DL: This breadbox of asceticism is an all–time favorite to both graduate students and undergrads alike. Known for Benz–like structural integrity, the 240 always fares well on the NHTSA 35 mph barrier test in which the car is tested for occupant safety against an immovable barrier head–on. Of course, safety is a priority when driving home stoned out of your mind after a big drug legalization rally. Unfortunately for the rest of society, the other car usually gets the worst of it.

The 240 DL Volvo is usually seen in the urine–in–dirty–snow, off–white paint, or the classic Volvo hue: socialist brown with marauding patches of rust.

240 DLs on campus are usually seen in the urine–in–dirty–snow, off–white paint or the classic Volvo hue: socialist brown with marauding patches of rust. Greenpeace and "No Nukes" stickers are imperative. If the Communist Party were an automobile, it just might be an early 1970s Volvo 240. Ownership of this vehicle guarantees companionship with Ralph Nader and the rest of the Safety Nazis in Washington, DC. Drive it at your own risk.

The Volkswagen Cabriolet: This minuscule Bavarian convertible is among of certain segments of the sorority–bimbo echelon. The vast majority on campus are bought for these sweet and timely young ladies by loving fathers who find it necessary to include in the package a cellular phone. When I asked a young women why she had a car phone, she replied, "My Dad thought if I got lost on the way toschool, I could call home." Either Daddy has never heard of 20–cent pay phones or his little princess is rather prone to losing her way. Even this, however, was not too unreasonable until I asked where she was from, half–guessing some distant state like Florida or California, when she replied that in fact she lived in West Bloomfield, Michigan, only 50 minutes away. I was pretty darn near to sending my Lucky Charms and Beef Kew lunch on an ill–fated voyage to her white leather back seat.

The Dodge Omni: Light metallic blue with the city of Ann Arbor's seal on the door, this is the official vehicle of the parking violation Gestapo. These highly visible runabouts run sorties all day long, sweeping the streets of various parking offenders. Operated by an army of leftovers from the Third Reich, all of whom are named either Helga or Geli, these units are relentless in hammering their victims with tickets that they probably deserved anyway. Powered by 2.2 liter, four cylinder torqueless wonders, the venerable Omni is capable of nailing motorists for thousands of dollars each day. Imagine if you will the interview questions for the esteemed position of Ann Arbor parking enforcer: Do you savor the sight of a leech on fresh carrion? Do you believe that everyone who drives needs to give more money to the government? Is parking another manifestation of the white male hierarchy in this country and abroad?

Unfortunately, these people are probably just political science or philosophy majors from the U of M that did not want to go to law school after all.

The Volkswagen Van: The quintessential manifestation of the decade of free love, peace, and protest; or, as Conservative Coalition member Jumpin' Joe Sciarotta once so artfully put it, "The decade of Satan." The 1960s were a fun time for college kids, as enrollment meant temporary sanctuary from the draft. They had nothing better to do than drive engineering monstrosities like the VW Van to exotic places like Bethel, New York and Monterey, California. This ultimate hippie–beatnik expression on wheels typified the sentiments that made the decade so controversial.

While the lethargic 2.0 liter engine and the dangerously narrow track (the lateral distance between the wheels) surely discouraged canyon carving or impromptu drag racing, it did have the appeal for hanging out at Dead shows while the 8–track blared away. Today, sadly, only the grizzled, hardcore veterans of the free love generation drive VW Vans. But pristine examples still make their way around Ann Arbor today. Listen for the melodious coughing of the lawnmower powerplant, smell the air for burning hemp and look for the pizza pan–sized, chrome VW emblem "Truckin'" down the road.

What about the tell–tale sounds of the Grateful Dead coming around the corner? Well, if you hear the Dead far enough in advance and note that it sounds particularly clear, you will probably encounter the following vehicle arrogantly stumbling along...

The Jeep Cherokee Limited: The evil twin of the Cabriolet, this rolling embodiment of pomposity is roughly the male equivalent to the female driver of the VW convertabile. Check again for out–of–state plates on the black with gold trim Limiteds and you will most likely have spotted a spoiled rotten frat–rat that "had to have something with 4–wheel drive!" If you see a Deadhead sticker on a brand new, loaded $27,000 Jeep, rest your case. You can be assured that whoever gets out of this vehicle will be wearing a store–bought tie–dye and a backwards Mets hat.

Entry level models handle the snow just as well as the Limited, but they just do not afford their buyers (owners is more applicable for our purposes) the same level of status. It is the nifty exterior and leather interior that pushes the pricetag almost $10,000 over the base Cherokee. So the next time you hear a young man exclaim, "I needed 4–wheel drive!", do not remind him of the $10,000 Subaru Justy. Just nod your head in empathy, because you will know how rough life really is for him.

Well, sports fans, there you have it — the top six cars of Ann Arbor. Use this spotters guide prudently and make no malicious use of it. After reading this, the cynical among you might inquire, "All right Mr. Sarcastic Wise guy, what do you drive? What does it say about you?" Turnabout is fair play, so I will tell you. It is a canary yellow 1968 Chevrolet Camaro with an honest 350 cubic–inch small block V–8. How does a top end just shy of 140 mph sound? I guess owning an old Chevy coupled with the fact that I actually work on my car, makes me a poor hick who likes thing a little more American, a whole lot simpler, and exponentially faster. So have fun and buckle up.

Christopher "Hot Rod" Terry is a sophmore in political science and communications and a staff writer for the *Review*.

Study

Continued From Page 1

observation. "If your viewpoint is not in line with what the Afro–American community views as productive, other students are quick to express their opinions."

Introductory classes like Women's Studies 100 and 240 have "some non–feminist men, but by the upper level courses, most of the men are committed feminists," said Smith. Since classes in both CAAS and Women's Studies are often issue–oriented, it could be a serious problem if only one side of a controversial topic were represented.

Shirley Tsung, an East Quad MPA, disagreed. "You get the other side from all your other classes. Maybe white men feel threatened because suddenly their power structure is threatened. All these people that have never had power are suddenly the majority and have the power," she said.

In order to allay criticisms like Tsung's of traditional courses, and to help popularize under–represented authors, Smith says the Women's Studies department is actively promoting "exciting feminist scholarship" to other departments. She says, "We believe that way to the faculty's heart is through their heads. You can't force anyone to teach something, but we hope by showing them feminist scholarship they will."

This year, for instance, nine feminist scholars will visit the U–M to speak about women's roles in different disciplines. While they are visiting, they will meet with faculty to discuss how to incorporate feminist scholarship into their work.

Such effects highlight an important organizational aspect of CAAS and the Women's Studies Department: they are distinct from LSA. There is an important, though subtle, message that segregating departments by race and gender might send to students. If departmental independence fosters the idea that alternate forms of scholarship must be studied separately from traditional academic disciplines, then the division between "traditional" and "alternative" scholarship is strengthened. Combining CAAS and Women's Studies into LSA might help deemphasize this distinction. Williams uses a disturbingly familiar phrase to describe the present structure: "separate but equal."

A more tangible difference concerns hiring practices. The Women's Studies Department has only female professors and CAAS has only one white professor. Jones says this is important because Afro–American professors "allow students to know the information they're receiving is correct and presented by someone who can understand what they're going through. It shows students that black instructors can teach well and they'll get information from a professor who has personal experience, not just the textbook."

Williams also defends this practice. "Proper role models encourage women and Afro–Americans to go into higher education," he said.

Nevertheless, there are external ramifications to such hiring practices that should be considered. Although the U–M may hire certain percentages of women and Afro–Americans, many of these professors end up in CAAS and Women's Studies department.

When a high percentage of minority and female professors are funnelled into non–mainstream departments, the intended result of increasing the average student's contact with such professors is not achieved. If the departments were completely integrated, the U–M could no longer hide behind a misleading statistic.

Other aspects of these hiring policies have cropped up at the U–M and elsewhere. According to George Levesque, a (white) tenured professor at the State University of New York at Albany, Afro–American studies departments across the country continually turn down qualified white people for what appear to be less qualified minorities.

Levesque now has a joint appointment in his university's history and Afro–American history departments. In a telephone interview, he explained that about ten years ago he was invited to the U–M campus for an interview. He was taken to dinner, a concert, and shown apartments he could rent. He later received a form letter explaining that although it was a difficult decision, "other candidates more closely matched the position." At the time, Levesque had already received his Ph.D. The (black) woman who received the position, Barbara Fields, lacked this qualification.

Levesque was also turned down under similar circumstances at Princeton, Purdue, Rutgers, the University of California at Berkley, and other institutions. While visiting Berkley, the chair of the Afro–American department told him, off the record, that he "didn't have a snowball's chance in hell" of receiving the job. Levesque also said that many of his colleagues "have the pedestrian notion that you have to be black to teach black history. It's not a question of race, ethnicity, or gender. It's a question of how well you do research and write it up." Furthermore, it has been his experience that in his "ghettoized department," if "teachers had their way, all the students who matriculated would be black."

Unfortunately, the problems inherent in defining entire fields of study on the basis of race or gender are often ignored. On one side, if Afro–American and Women's Studies are not fully respected now, integration might be the equivalent of burying the knowledge and issues these departments put forth.

Still, serious questions must be raised about the way the two departments operate. Aaron Williams calls them "separate but equal." George Levesque calls their hiring practices "ghettoization." If the LSA faculty indeed wants its students to learn about toleration and equality, as passage of the diversity graduation requirement would suggest, it must carefully reexamine these departments and decide whether they are actually a means to that end.

Athena Foley is a sophomore in the Residential College and a staff writer for the *Review*.

Van Valey

Continued From Page 1

cution permits. Ever since MSA gave the PSC money for its delegation, Van Valey has been on the defensive. Funding the trip was controversial well before Van Valey's photo surfaced — many students oppose MSA spending money off campus.

Early this term, a proposal to rescind the funding came to a vote. The vote was a tie, which left Van Valey in the difficult position of having to choose between the PSC and her responsibility to the students she represents. Fortunately for her, there was an extenuating circumstance: the motion was out of order, according to *Robert's Rules of Order*, MSA's procedural bible. Van Valey was therefore able to extricate herself from the dilemma and distance herself from the issue. This, however, did not resolve the issue of her involvement with the PSC.

According to Van Valey, while conflicts of interest might seem to be a problem, it is not a problem that need concern MSA. "*Robert's Rules of Order* deals with conflicts of interest vaguely. It says that if a voting member wants to abstain, she can, but not that she must," she said.

While her answer seems reasonable, it is not without its problems. As Schopenhauer once put it, "If the criminal law forbids suicide, that is not an argument valid in the Church." In other words, the fact that *Robert's Rules* recommends a given practice is not a sufficient justification for the practice itself if its desirability is being questioned. The justification cannot consist solely in saying, "that's how we do it here." Again, Van Valey seems confused: for someone who claims to believe in activism, she is espousing a very strong conservatism.

So, Van Valey is correct only if either MSA representatives exercise discretion when voting or if involvement with a student group is a prerequisite to good service.

As to the first question, it is not obvious that MSA members exercise such discretion. According to Van Valey, there usually isn't a problem because, "The Budget Priorities Committee (BPC) handles the funding, except during the summer." Two problems remain, however. Obviously, BPC's function as a safety valve is not served during the summer — and that is precisely when the present problem arose.

Furthermore, the members of BPC are selected by members of MSA. This practice still allows for favoritism, albeit of an indirect variety. Even if favoritism were not a threat, the problem of BPC members having an affiliation with a student group would remain. At the very least, these circumstances suggest the need for MSA reform to help minimize the potential for abuse.

As to the second question, Van Valey's claim that the only way to know what is happening around campus is to become directly involved in student groups is only partly true. There is no reason why one cannot be aware of what is going on within specific groups without becoming involved with them — especially if the groups are presumably out to "increase awareness." If finding out about a group is so difficult that it requires a huge personal commitment, maybe it is not serving the students well enough to deserve their money. Even assuming that some involvement in student organizations is necessary, however, there is no reason to suppose that the involvement must be in a group that traditionally asks MSA for money — unless, of course, the reason one is in MSA is to give their pet groups generous allocations.

Adam DeVore is a sophmore in philosophy and Spanish and an executive editor of the *Review*.

Arts: Book Review

An Isreali Secret Goes Public

By Way Of Deception
Victor Ostrovsky
St. Martin's Press
Hardcover, $22.95
371 pgs.

by Jon Hoekstra

Victor Ostrovsky considers himself a marked man. "It's only a matter of time before they get me," he reports. In the Israeli newspaper *Forward*, Ostrovsky claims that two men "visited" him and offered to pay him and his publishers projected costs plus profits if he agreed to halt publication of *By Way of Deception*.

Meanwhile, the Israeli government's failed legal attempts to block publication of the book in the U.S. and Canada have backfired. The controversial exposé of the Mossad, Israel's once–ultra–secret intelligence agency is a best–seller.

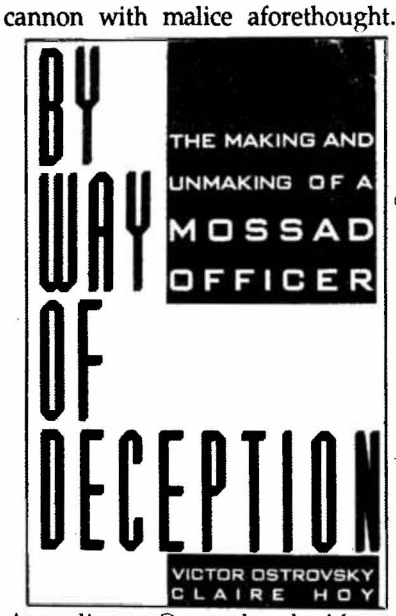
Co–written with Canadian journalist Claire Hoy, *Deception* delves into the clandestine underworld of international espionage in classic spy–novel style. Full of suspenseful anecdotes and written in earthy language, this is certainly no academic treatise. You'll find few prostitutes in the book, but "hookers" abound.

Ostrovsky, a former Mossad *katsa*, or caseworker, escorts the reader on a spy's–eye tour of the hotels and cafes of the Middle East. He and his Mossad counterparts outwit adversaries at every turn; the stories establish both the cleverness of Mossad operators and the phenomenal success of the organization. But something sinister, according to Ostrovsky, underlies all this heroic glamour.

At times libidinous, avaricious, and/or ruthless, Ostrovsky's chain–smoking Mossad men rarely evince even a smidgeon of virtue.

Money–grubbing members and former members of "the office" facilitate hash and opium deals and smuggle arms worldwide. Regular pool–side orgies occupy the late–night leisure hours of the Mossad's officers and secretaries, prompting Ostrovsky to liken "the Institute" to "Sodom and Gomorrah." In a gruesome lecture to trainees, two former Mossad assassins debate the merits of the stiletto versus those of a claw–like razor blade contraption. At one point they regale in the story of a particularly macabre hit, and then reminisce about the hearty dinner they ate afterwards.

Not only do the Mossad men have trouble controlling themselves; Ostrovsky also charges that the Israeli government cannot control the Mossad men. Though the Prime Minister theoretically controls it, Ostrovsky characterizes the Mossad as "a loose cannon with malice aforethought."



David Boettger/*Review*

According to Ostrovsky, the Mossad actively interferes with the internal affairs of Israel, preferring hardliners and hawks. For example, Ostrovsky reports on hearsay that the Mossad helped Menachem Begin defeat Yitzhak Rabin in the 1972 Israeli elections by leaking a scandalous story to an Israeli journalist.

Of course, the Mossad does not confine its activities to internal politics. Ostrovsky's accounts of the Mossad's international irresponsibility transform his "loose cannon" into something akin to a short–circuiting nuclear weapon. Allegations of particular interest involve the Mossad's operations in the United States. Others charge the Mossad with misinforming the CIA to aggravate U.S.–Arab relations and maintain Israel's foreign aid allotment from the U.S.

The varied and sundry international evils in which the Mossad is implicated are too numerous to detail here. For a full account of how "the Institute" prolonged the Iran-Iraq war, promoted chaos in Lebanon, smuggled arms and even drugs worldwide, trained and armed regimes and rebel forces everywhere (sometimes catering to conflicting sides), and generally made a point of wreaking international havoc, one must read the book.

Some of Ostrovsky's most controversial allegations, however, have been widely publicized. These involve the Iran-Contra affair and the terrorist bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut.

The Mossad deserves part of the blame for the Iran–Contra affair, according to Ostrovsky, because the Mossad perversely refused to share its excellent intelligence on several Reagan–era hostages with the CIA. This forced then CIA Director William Casey and company to go the arms–for–hostages route (instead of, presumably, some sort of rescue attempt?). Moreover, then Prime Minister Shimon Peres' "adviser on terrorism," Amiram Nir, a major player in the Iran–Contra affair, allegedly got involved only because Peres did not trust the Mossad to cooperate with the Americans.

Furthermore, Ostrovsky puts the blood of the 241 Marines killed in the 1983 Beirut bombing on the hands of the Mossad. "The Institute" allegedly had specific information on the truck which plowed into the compound. An inside source in a terrorist chop shop reported a white Mercedes truck being fitted with unusually large bomb compartments. Because of the size of these compartments, the Mossad supposedly knew that "there were only a few logical targets, one of which must be the U.S. compound." But, according to Ostrovsky, out of perversity and a desire to protect its source, the Mossad decided not to give a specific warning about the truck to the U.S. Such a warning, Ostrovsky speculates, would have saved the Marines.

Such speculation, often resting on dubious assumptions, permeates the book. Ostrovsky uses his crystal–clear hindsight to judge the Mossad throughout. The severity of his allegations have kicked up a furor which centers on the question of Ostrovsky's credibility.

Ostrovsky's critics charge that his admitted forced resignation from the Mossad gave him a revenge motive to fabricate the allegations in his book. His supporters cite Israel's unsuccessful legal maneuvering in attempting to ban the book as evidence of the book's accuracy. Perhaps the best clues to Ostrovsky's credibility are found within his book itself.

Co–writer Hoy defends Ostrovsky in the book's foreword. He concedes that Ostrovsky served only a short time in the Mossad as a low–level operative. But to explain Ostrovsky's "vast knowledge" of the Mossad and its operations, he cites the Mossad's "tiny" size, Ostrovsky's diary–keeping habits and "photographic memory," as well as his his access to computer files and "oral histories."

Close examination of the book itself reveals that many of Ostrovsky's accounts rely on hearsay evidence (apparently gleaned from "oral histories"), probable exaggeration, and even wild speculation. Thus, in an account of an interrogation which Ostrovsky obviously knows nothing about (the description is rife with speculative qualifiers such as "doubtless would have") he alleges torture in minute detail and even includes hypothesized quotes. Such fabrication of dialogue and other fictionalizations increase the book's entertainment value but undermine its credibility.

Many passages in the book focus on Ostrovsky's resentment toward his "powerful enemies" within the Mossad; others highlight his clearly liberal, pro–Labor political views. Thus the book can be viewed as a wide–ranging attack on both individuals within the Mossad and current Israeli policy in general. These extraneous elements compromise the book's value as a focused critique of the Mossad as an institution.

By Way Of Deception should not be ignored. It raises important questions about the Mossad's accountability to Israel and its trustworthiness when dealing with the U.S. But in making his case, and in making his case as exciting to read as any spy thriller, Ostrovsky often leaves the arena of what certainly did occur and enters the realm of what might have happened.

Unfortunately, Ostrovsky buries occasional accounts of clearly beneficial Mossad operations in a barrage of criticism. For example, the Mossad delayed Saddam Hussein's nuclear bomb project through sabotage in 1979. When Iraq again neared bomb production in 1981, Mossad intelligence directed the Israeli air strike which demolished their reactor.

Ostrovsky should have exercised his talents for speculation and hindsight before criticizing the tactics used in these operations. If not for their successes, perhaps Ostrovsky would not now have the chance to fear for his life or fret over the future of Israel.

Jon Hoekstra is a junior in Natural Resources policy and a staff writer for the *Review*.

Arts: Book Review

Trump's Survival Skills

Trump: Surviving At the Top
Donald J. Trump
with Charles Leerhsoen
Random House
Hardcover, $21.95
236 pgs.

by Nick Hoffman

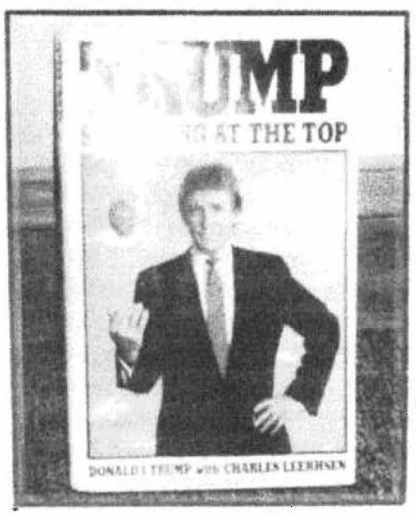
Donald Trump's new book reassures the American people that despite all the tales of financial disaster and prophesies of impending doom which have been circulated about him lately, he is still alive and well, thank you very much, and carrying on with life as usual. He does not deny that he has suffered some serious setbacks, but he insists that he is still in top form at the top of his game. How does he do it? Toughness.

This idea of toughness is stressed throughout the entire book, and it has become a central part of Trump's philosophy. "I have a reputation for being tough," he writes, "and I'd like to think it's justified ... Toughness, in the long run, is the major secret of my survival."

With this idea as its base, the overall tone of the book is that of an older, wiser man who has seen hard times and knows a little bit more about the world. "In both my private and my business life I encountered some rough times. As a result, I'm not the same person that I was just a few years ago. The changes I've undergone ... are what this book is about."

The book begins by documenting Trump's changes in thinking and lifestyle after the care-free 1980s. Through stories about Mike Tyson's defeat by Buster Douglas to the deaths of his three close friends and associates in a helicopter crash, he discusses and discredits the idea of invincibility. He uses these events to demonstrate that there are some aspects of life one cannot hope to control.

Trump cannot control the press, and it makes him furious. In the book, he portrays the media as narrow-minded, unscrupulous pencil-pushers who will stop at nothing to get a story — including making it up. There are frequent and scathing accounts of journalists taking pot shots at his credibility and questioning his motives merely to win favor with the



public. He even recounts how magazines such as Forbes and Time pursue vendettas against him because they mean good business. With his super ego, Trump does not understand how the press can possibly find fault with him, and so he strikes back at them viciously.

The journalists are not the only ones to feel Trump's displeasure, however. He also voices his anger and irritation at several notables including Malcolm Forbes, Gary Trudeau, and Frank Sinatra. Even Leona Helmsley, whom he describes as a "jealous, unhappy woman" with a "Jekyll and Hyde personality," feels his wrath. Interestingly enough, Trump only condemns those who dare to oppose or criticize him. Those who have helped and supported him are constantly referred to as "beautiful" and "wonderful" people.

The book soon rises from the mud-slinging, however, and Trump candidly discusses the slow disintegration of his marriage to Ivana. He is very blunt and honest about the whole situation, and he makes a point of clearing up any misconceptions about the separation. He defends himself and Ivana against all accusations of wrongdoing, and asserts that the separation was inevitable.

The meat of the book, however, is Trump's war stories of all his latest, greatest deals. As in his first book, *The Art of the Deal*, he takes us behind the scenes into the boardrooms where he fights and struggles to extend his financial empire. He speaks with unabashed pride about the planning, skill, luck and daring that made each deal possible, and imparts some of his wisdom along the way. In fact, Trump sounds downright conceited at times. "I know that whatever happens, I'm a survivor — a survivor of success, which is a rare thing indeed."

As if to make up for this weakness, Trump does make a concerted effort to be engagingly conversational. Throughout the book he manages to maintain a easy-going, gently flowing style. Unfortunately, this style is hampered by Trump's constant meandering from topic to topic, which makes it difficult to gain a concise idea of what he is trying to say.

While it will never win a Pulitzer Prize, the *Surviving At the Top* is an interesting study of a man at the top of the heap and fighting to stay there. By blending conceit with the right amount of tact, wit and charm, Trump manages to keep the reader interested throughout. He uses the book as an opportunity to clear up many misconceptions, and to strike back at his enemies. This, in addition to the unique life style he describes, makes the book is a very worthwhile and entertaining read.

Nick Hoffman is a Junior in Political Science and Communications and a staff writer for the *Review*.

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Arts: Book Review

Letters from Leelanau

Letters from the Leelanau
Kathleen Stocking
University of Michigan Press
Softcover, $13.95
182 pgs.

by Adam Garagiola

In the introduction to Letters From The Leelanau, Kathleen Stocking writes, "Leenlanau became in the seventies and eighties a place of escape, as people seeking to get away from the crime and pollution and anomie of cities discovered the peninsula."

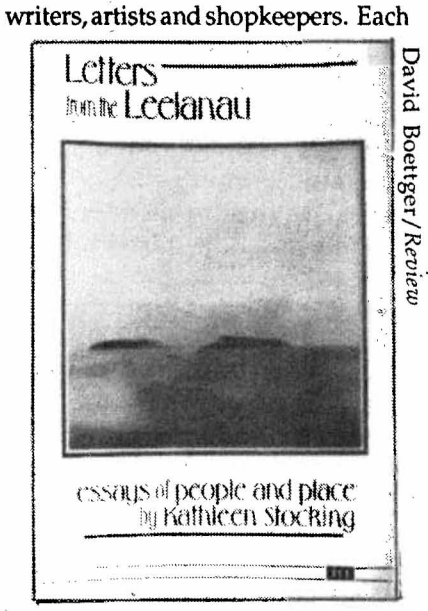
The Leenlanau Peninsula, located in northwestern lower Michigan, has often been compared to Avalon, the mystic island of King Arthur, a place remote from the cares of the world, a place where "you could pull the sword Excaliber from the stone." And yet, in contrast, it is a place inhabited by very real people. The multi-faceted lives of the people of Leelanau are the focus of the work. Everyone from artists to woodcutters becomes the subject of a series of vignettes that capture the essential spirit of life on the Leelanau Peninsula.

The main appeal of this book lies in the strength of Stocking's descriptive passages. In one of her pieces she refers to village life as "lived on a Currier and Ives plate," and one could say that her descriptions have that same sort of quality; her writing freezes a moment in time, so that we can experience it for what it is. Each of the little slices of life that Stocking captures is imbued with a unique significance, each one a commentary on the world. Stocking is at her best when she lets a piece speak for itself.

Occasionally, however, she cannot resist the urge to editorialize upon the "larger significance" of some event or occurrence, and here the conclusions she reaches fail to ring true.

Stocking's writing throughout the work is consistently smooth and flowing, and she has an intimate and personable style that works well with her material. This style makes the book very accessible, even for those of us who find an area like the Leelanau as strange as a foreign land. The only fault in her writing style is found when she breaks with her usually very straightforward tone with occasional quotes from Marcel Proust, whose loquaciousness is an intrusion on Stocking's succinct prose.

The characters of the work, who are all local residents and neighbors of Stocking, are a diverse collection of people from all walks of life — woodcutters and Indians, craftsmen and writers, artists and shopkeepers. Each



David Boettger/*Review*

character is so carefully described and meticulously sketched that it is easy for readers to begin to think of these characters as if they were their own friends and neighbors. Stocking does not allow any of the characters to be anonymous bit-players in her work; each figure who appears in her work is a memorable individual.

Another appealing aspect of her work is that it examines this micro-society's isolation from the rest of the world. For example, in August 1987, at the time of the Harmonic Convergence (remember that world-shaking event?), Leelanau found itself at the center of attention, as New Age disciples determined the peninsula was a "power point," and flocked to the area in great numbers to witness the coming of the "new milenium." Stocking sees this kind of thinking as the product of a society that seeks desperately to escape from its own reality.

Stocking takes an ironic view of the whole episode: "I wanted to see if the people who lived around me would go sit on the beaches and hilltops at dawn on August 16, so that night I set my alarm clock for 5:00 A.M. When the alarm went off it was dark outside, darker than it should have been on this summer morning. Was this the millennium? No, it was just overcast."

She goes on to relate: "I thought surely someone, probably everyone, would know more about the Harmonic Convergence than I did and would be able to explain it to me, but people didn't seem to have much of a grasp of it, other than that it was happening 'globally.'" Stocking is able to convey the irony of this episode without sounding overly cynical, focusing on the absurdity of the situation without judging the believers too harshly; at the end her account on the New Age, she concludes that the world could use a Harmonic Convergence, or something very like it.

As much as her writing appeals to the desire everyone has, at times, to escape to a place like Leelanau, it also reminds us that the peninsula is a very real place suffering from many of the same problems and conflicts that affect the rest of the world. As Stocking talks to residents who suffered loss of property at the hands of the government, or when she describes how the sand dunes she grew up with are being paved over and turned into condo resorts, one empathizes with the feelings of the residents of the region as they struggle to live in their old familiar ways. Both the development of the land and the preservation of it as the famous Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore represent disruptions of the normal way of life of the inhabitants by outsiders. This conveys the impression that the people of Leelanau, like the residents of mythical Avalon, would get along just fine without the troublesome interference of the government and developers; a fanciful notion, perhaps, but also one that fits the independent-minded folk of the region.

Kathleen Stocking's look at the Leleanau provides an interesting view of life in an area secluded from the swirling confusion of life in the cities and suburbs, a standard of constancy that we can look at as a contrast to our own complex lives.

Adam Garagiola is a sophomore in creative writing and comparative literature and a staff writer for the Re-

We turn on the news, and see all the crimes:
Don't even get shocked, it's part of our times;
There's another murder, there's another rape:
Then an arrest, then comes red tape;
Let's take Eric, for example — he's 21:
Walks the streets pushing drugs, packing a gun;
Never went to school, cause "School's just a joke:
Why get a job? I make more off coke!"
Fully able, he'll blame society: and claim we're unfair;
How ironic that he'll thank us: when he gets his welfare;
And sure he'll be happy, watchin' his wallet thrive:
Laughin' at idiots who work 9 to 5;
Yeah, Eric had it all, 'til the day things got wild:
When his deal went bad, and he killed a child;
Nicole is dead at age 2: never even began her life:
Eric's life continues, he feels no strife;
We see Eric plead guilty, admitting he's scum!
But he's parolled in 2 years — a disgrace! How come?
"Our prisons are overcrowded: we have to let some out:
and he's been rehabilitated," we hear liberals shout;
But that's not what's going on — have we lost sight?
Screw the criminals — where's the victim's rights?
And as Harry plays baseball in jail, standing on the mound:
His life continues, Nicole's rotting underground;
We need the Death Penalty Now, it's not a matter of when:
"Not a deterrant," they scream — it's punishment then!
But whether we kill the scum, or have to pay for the cell:
At least in the end, they'll all burn in hell.

—Gregg Reed

Arts: Record Review

All in All, Not Just Another Wall

Roger Waters
The Wall: Live in Berlin
Polygram Records

by Adam DeVore
and Adam Garagiola

Where's that subdued bit of melody?

To any seasoned listener of The Wall, this is an obvious first reaction to ex–Pink Floyd helmsman Roger Waters' live performance of The Wall in Berlin, which opens with the powerful guitar riffs of the Scorpions slashing their way through "In the Flesh?" This change in the opening — minor though it may seem — prepares one for a rendition of *The Wall* with a markedly different tone from the original. And the original, mind you, is nothing to be taken lightly.

In planning the live performance of *The Wall*, which is more of a complex theatrical undertaking than a conventional concert, Waters assumes the role of a movie director, casting nearly every song of the album with a different artist. Some of the casting choices are excellent, but others do not work very well. Sinead O'Connor's performance of "Mother," in which she must sing lines like "Mother, will they try to break my balls?" simply does not have the same effect as the original; it is impossible to take seriously.

Sinead O'Connor's performance of "Mother," is hard to take seriously.

Moreover, Cyndi Lauper singing anything with substance is at least as unthinkable, though perhaps it is fitting that the same person who gave us "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" is now preaching "We don't need no education." Overall, however, such low-points are rare; most of the musicians give excellent performances.

Waters exudes considerable anguish in "Another Brick in the Wall — part 1," perhaps more so than in the original, when he demands, "Daddy, what'd 'ya leave behind for me?"

Bryan Adams comes across well with a bad boy tone in "Young Lust." While clearly distressed, as was Waters in the original, Adams' inflection gives a playful edge to the number's opening lines, "I am just a new boy/ Stranger to this town/Where are all the good times?/Whose gonna show this stranger around?"

His performance is second only to Jerry Hall's, who recites the segue between "Young Lust" and "One of my Turns." Her whine, "Oh my God what a fabulous room/are all these your guitars?...Hello? Are you feeling OK?" is so incessantly grating and cheap that the audience can empathize with Pink's distress over her presence.

Waters reacts appropriately in "One of My Turns" by sounding even more distraught and tormented than in the original. The anxiety he communicates is made more effective by the tension–laden pause immediately before he explodes into deranged agitation: "Run to the bedroom/In the suitcase on the left/You'll find my favorite axe."

The harmonized background vocals in "Another Brick in the Wall — part 3," along with the appropriately solemn "Goodbye Cruel World" bring the first disk to a close.

The second disk begins with faithful versions of "Hey You" and "Is There Anybody Out There?"; it is not until "Nobody Home" that any change is apparent. The up–tempo background piano makes the piece more listenable in itself, but less effective as an essential stage of Pink's downward slide. The upbeat trend continues in "Bring the Boys Back Home," but this spirited rendition by the Rundfunk Orchestra and the Military Orchestra of the Soviet Army is an effective revision — the contrast between the military cadence and the lyrics is sharpened and dramatized.

As this fifth track ended, we were preparing to experience "Comfortably Numb," that smoothly flowing ride into the dark realm of Pink's introspective world. That's why Van Morrison's staccato singing was such a terrible buzz–kill. Such blatant disjointedness must have been intentional, and perhaps can be viewed as Waters' attempt to portray the disruption of Pink's inner world by intruders from the "outside." Singer Van Morrison definitely came through in waves; there was no gentle continuity to the lyrics.

As "In the Flesh" begins, one is impressed by the powerful lead–in and the relentless, hate–filled spontaneity of Pink's racist, homophobic, anti–Semitic, narco–phobic, spot–hating tirade, as opposed to the original's insidiously methodical racist, homophobic, anti–Semitic, narco–phobic, spot–hating diatribe.

Waters then performs "Run Like



David Boettger/*Review*

Hell" as a solo, rather than as a duet, as it had been done originally. This imbues it with a definite breathless quality that is indeed Waters running out of breath. Consequently, he occasionally loses the aggressive, accusatory edge that distinguished each line in the original. If Waters had sung these alternating lines with another singer, perhaps Bryan Adams, he would have been able to carry the same level of intensity that the original possessed. Nevertheless, Waters performance is still more urgent sounding than David Gilmour's "Run Like Hell" from *The Delicate Sound of Thunder*; Gilmour makes the opposite mistake through his poor selection of accompanying vocals.

During the trial sequence, Ute Lemper (Pink's Wife) and Thomas Dolby (the Schoolmaster) are authentically vindictive in their accusations against Pink. The Judge's tone suggests a disinterested objectivity that further accentuates the emotionally charged testimony of Pink's accusers and emphasizes the almost casual way Pink is condemned.

Thus, the saga of *The Wall* ends. Just as the delicate melody of the opening was conspicuously absent, so too is the denouement of "Outside the Wall." Without the opening and this last song, the album lacks the original's sense of circularity and completeness. Of course, with the tearing down of the Berlin Wall, this may be exactly the effect Waters hoped to achieve.

The last song of the album, instead, is "The Tide is Turning" from Waters' Radio K.A.O.S. It is listed as an encore, though it does not come across as such. It seems to be an attempt by Waters to tack an up–beat, optimistic ending onto an album with an essentially pessimistic message. While the song may be appropriate given the political changes that have occurred, it is artistically a bad choice for the wrap–up of the album; after all, what better describes Pink's ultimate fate: "The tide is turning" or "Bangin' you head against some mad bugger's wall"?

Adam DeVore is a sophomore in philosophy and Spanish and an executive editor for the *Review*. Adam Garagiola is a sophomore in creative writing and comparative literature and a staff writer for the *Review*.



"Ok, I think that's all the copies of the *Review*..."

Arts: Record Review

Stevie Ray Goes Out in Style

The Vaughan Brothers
Family Style
Epic Records

by Mark Dundon and Chris Peters

The Vaughan Brother's *Family Style* release will be remembered as Stevie Ray Vaughan's final effort, but it is important not to allow this to overshadow the fact that this album is a collaboration with another exceptional bluesman, Stevie Ray's brother and ex–Fabulous Thunderbirds axe–slinger, Jimmy Vaughan.

Family Style is not the strongest package from either Jimmy or Stevie Ray's repretoire of recordings, but it does contain many radiant moments. "Baboom/Mama Said" and "Telephone Song" venture into heavy funk, each containing enough groove to satisfy any fan of George Clinton or The Red Hot Chili Peppers. "Hillbillies From Outer Space" contains an organ–like steel guitar riff a la Jimmy Vaughan as well as an intense, jazzy solo from Stevie. The track also features Preston Hubbard of the Fabulous Thunderbirds on the upright bass.



David Boettger/*Review*

The album opens with "Hard To Be", an upbeat rockabilly/blues jam, much like "The House Is Rockin'" from Stevie Ray's *In Step* release. Like most of the material on *Family Style*, this song is very reminiscent of early Fabulous Thunderbirds material, with strong backing vocal tracks and funky horn arrangements. The high point of this tune is definitely Jimmy's Chuck Berry–influenced guitar solo, which is unfortunately one of the few he does on the record.

The Vaughan's share lead vocal responsibilities. Jimmy sings two songs and Stevie croons on four. The album contains four instrumentals. Perhaps the most powerful track on Family Style is the tenth and final one, "Brothers." It is a blues number in the same vein as "Texas Flood" from S.R.V.'s debut solo album. Stevie's leads sound very much like Albert King and flow beautifully on top of the accordian harmony. Other notable Stevie solos include a Hendrix–like frenzy of licks on "Telephone Song" and a speedy, balls–out ditty in "Long Way From Home."

The only disappointment on the album is "Tick Tock," which has, ironically, received a great deal of radio play. This country ballad is melodically banal and unbecoming of two guitarists of such high caliber. "Tick Tock" is another one of those fruity attempts at neo–Hippie social consciousness, in which the poetic lyrics identify the problem but offer no solution.

Family Style is an impressive commercial effort, sounding more like The Fabulous Thunderbirds than anything Stevie Ray Vaughan has ever done before. There is, however, still plenty of that Texas–style blues for any fan of Stevie Ray.

Mark Dundon and Chris Peters are freshmen in LSA and staff writers for the *Review*.

COMPARE.

GOT A SPARE PENCIL, DUDE ?



STUDENT A
UNIVERSITY TOWERS RESIDENT

THEN:
WAKES UP 7:25 A.M.
7:25 Takes shower
7:50 Eats breakfast
8:00 Reads the paper
8:20 Walks to 8:30 class
8:25 Arrives in class

STATISTICS:
- Honor Roll 3 years in a row
- M.V. P. Track Team Member 2 years in a row
- Graduated Magna Cume Laude
- Lived at University Towers last 3 years of college

NOW:
President of major national corporation

STUDENT B
OFF-CAMPUS HOUSING RESIDENT

THEN:
WAKES UP 7:25 A.M.
7:25 Hits Snooze Alarm
7:50 Hits Snooze Alarm
8:00 Jumps out of bed; no water for shower (landlord not in)
8:20 Calls tow truck (car won't start)
9:15 Arrives in class (tow truck late)

STATISTICS:
- Academic probation, 3 years in a row
- Car burglarized 2 years in a row
- Still waiting to graduate...
- Continues to live in far away, off-campus housing

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