

THE PRIMARY SOURCE

The Journal of Conservative Thought at Tufts UniversitySM

Volume XVI Number 9

VERITAS SINE DOLO

February 12, 1998

TUFTONIA LOST

TUFTS'S RACE TASK FARCE

by Colin Kingsbury

PLUS:

THE UNICCO MESS

by Craig Waldman

SENATE OF FOOLS

by Aimee Peschel

ALSO INSIDE:

Andy Silverman on

QUOTA KING, M.D.

Keith Levenberg on

DEATH AND TEXAS

AND SPECIAL SECTION:

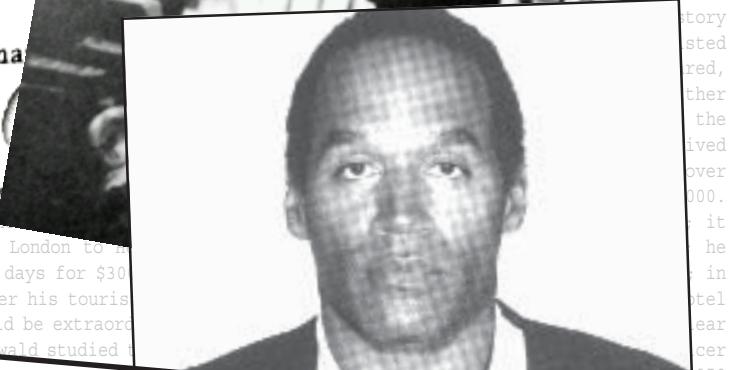
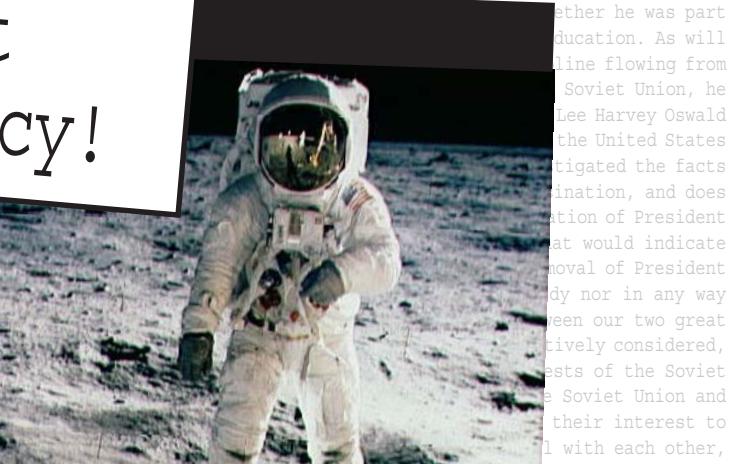
Diversity Man • Life on the Margin • Ask the Task Force



Finding no evidence in the circumstances immediately surrounding the assassination that any person other than Lee Harvey Oswald was involved in the killing of the President, the Commission directed an intensive investigation into his life for the purpose, among others, of detecting any possible traces that at some point he became involved in a conspiracy culminating in the deed of November 22, 1963. As a product of this investigation, the Commission has compiled a detailed chronology of Oswald's life which is set forth as appendix XIII. Study of the period from Oswald's birth in 1939 to his military service from 1956 to 1958 has revealed many views to be held by him which were typical of the disaffected, dissatisfied, and disenchanted young men of the United States during that period. His political activities, particularly his membership in the Communist Party USA in 1959, however, Oswald engaged in several incidents which cast doubt on whether he was part of a conspiratorial organization. As will be shown, while he was in the Soviet Union in 1959, he was openly committed to an understanding of the personality of Lee Harvey Oswald and his political activities. In addition, his association with the KGB, the secret police of the Soviet Union, has led to the conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald was openly committed to an understanding of the personality of Lee Harvey Oswald and his political activities. In addition, his association with the KGB, the secret police of the Soviet Union, has led to the conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald was openly committed to an understanding of the personality of Lee Harvey Oswald and his political activities. In addition, his association with the KGB, the secret police of the Soviet Union, has led to the conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald was openly committed to an understanding of the personality of Lee Harvey Oswald and his political activities.

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FROM THE EDITOR

I don't think the world is much the poorer after Karla Faye Tucker's death, but nor do I think that the government of a healthy society routinely engages in the killing of its citizens— even its criminals. Nevertheless, the clamor that surrounded her execution—in particular, the loud cries from a number of most-strange bedfellows in favor of granting the pick-axe murderer her life— was so antithetical to the American ideals of justice and fair treatment that it merits comment even now that her heart has stopped beating.

It is one thing to oppose the death penalty in principle, as I do, and thus oppose the sordid (and bloody) facts of any execution. It is quite another thing to vigorously support the institution but see Mrs. Tucker as that rare example of a reformed killer meriting clemency. In every sense, the details of her particular crime were the classic hot-button facts that scream, "This is why the death penalty exists!" If an individual guilty of such a crime does not merit death, who does?

Ah, but Mrs. Tucker had the good fortune to happen upon at least two other hot-button facts which traditionally empower normally judicious Americans to temporarily shelve their egalitarian convictions: she was a woman, and she was, albeit more recently, a Christian.

She would easily have been just another of Texas's shockingly many executed had not the always-compassionate *New York Times* run a slanted cover story on New Year's Day about her plight, her conversion, and, above all, her womanliness. She would be "the first woman executed in Texas since the Civil War" (oh, no!), and the liberal establishment which wastes no opportunity to bemoan a racist death penalty decided it had no fundamental qualms with a sexist one. 'The men can fry,' the reasoning goes, 'but protect the women and children first.' It leaves one wondering, in the words of P. J. O'Rourke, how far women's lib has to go before you can finally punch one in the nose. Or, for that matter, stick a

needle in her vein.

But by far the more significant detail—and a detail it was and should have remained— was her newfound Christianity, a fact that caused a tag-team of most-unexpected players to join the side of *The New York Times*, the death-penalty abolitionists, and the usual suspects. Who can remember any occasion when Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, and a band of other Christian "conservatives" decided to champion a cause for the bleeding hearts? The theory seemed to say that her religious conversion was reason enough to treat her with mercy, a doctrine appallingly swallowed by the otherwise-skeptical media with great ease. But I am sure I am not alone in failing to recall when our Constitution was amended to grant special treatment to the religious.

Had Mrs. Tucker apologetically declared, "I am not a religious woman, I do not believe in God, but I have come to realize how atrociously I acted, and I beg for your forgiveness," few if any would have lined up by her camp in cheerleader fashion. But throw Jesus Christ in the equation and her guilt disappears like scales from the eyes, and all of a sudden the whole of America sees a woman miraculously rehabilitated.

Perhaps some time in the future—in a more perfect America—we can see our way to a government that doesn't need to kill any longer. Mrs. Tucker's execution is at least a step towards a government that kills a bit more fairly, and true lovers of equality under the law can rejoice in the fact that a little estrogen combined with a little religious zeal did not send a "Get Out of Death Row Free" card to the Governor.

Mrs. Tucker is not the first criminal to find Jesus in prison, and she certainly won't be the last. If nothing else, she will have starred in a parable we can all remember the next time prominent Christian activists gush for sympathy on the grounds that, two thousand years after the lions, Jesus's followers are still an oppressed minority.



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Farewell —

So it comes to us via the usual channels that our friend Michael Powell now gets the old *ex officio* attached to his name. "To pursue other opportunities," according to the Tuffs Journal. What to say? What to do? Michael, we hardly knew ye

Not that it's likely we'd ever grant sympathetic coverage to a man whose title read, "Special Assistant to the President for Affirmative Action," but Powell was just a plain old-fashioned Dirty Rat. For many moons he refused our repeated requests for an interview, then finally capitulated last Spring. Much to his chagrin, we hasten to add. Forgetting his mother's advice, he told one of our editors on-the-record that the University wasn't at the time engaged in any race-targeted hiring searches, only to have that assertion completely contradicted less than a week later by a tenured faculty member. A few days before the issue hit the stands Powell sent a letter to the editor responsible for the story, accusing him of everything short of Crimes Against Humanity and threatening- obliquely- legal action. Needless to say we put the letter in its proper place, and we don't mean the recycling bin.

Lies, lies, lies. Michael Powell's career here was built on them to an incredible degree. Do we have racial quotas in admissions or faculty hiring? Absolutely not. Are there different standards for blacks and whites? Perish the thought. "Special Assistant to the President?" Flak Hack would be more like it. We'd love to know just what sort of "other opportunities" Powell happens to be pursuing, given that he went on permanent vacation long ago. We could

suggest a nice long trip to Sao Tome, or some other similar tiny island connected to the outside world only by a flimsy wind-driven raft. Of course someone just like Powell will fill the position, so we can't get too happy, but it would be nice to know we were truly and finally done with him.

Unfortunately, as readers will see later in the issue, Powell left the rhetorical equivalent of a flaming bag of you-know-what on the

University's doorstep, in the form of the final report issued by the Task Force on Race. This wretched document is a magnum opus effort put forth by a collection of minor minds unprecedented only in number; it assaults the sensibilities with its sheer volume and leaves readers in either a state of pseudo-narcotic ennui or manic rage. This is a poison in our collective veins and will haunt us for years to come- thanks all to Michael

Powell's work as co-chair of the Task Force on Race.

So finally we come to a fork in the road. We take the right path, and Powell takes the one marked "Dangerous Curves Ahead." For some reason we would feel remiss if we didn't offer at least one praise, and it is this: he made one heck of an easy target. Most administrators clam up when we approach them, or at least manage to leave out just enough information to avoid perjuring themselves. No doubt his successor will, unfortunately, learn from these mistakes and make sure our number isn't on his speed-dial. We'd say we're sorry to see Michael Powell leave, but remember that in this game, he's the one who plays the liar.

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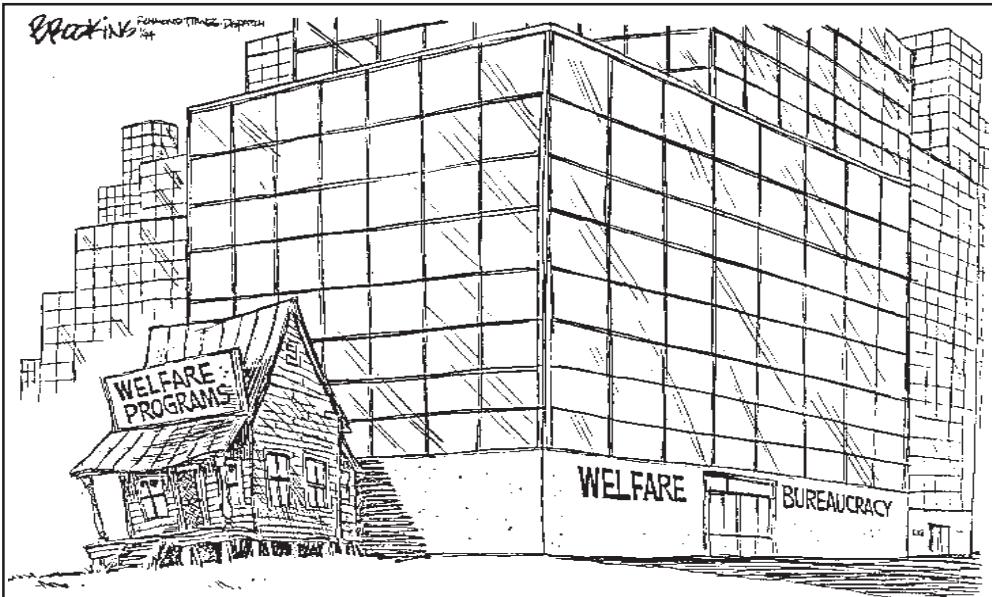
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Commentary

An American President

Eighty-seven years ago last week, one of America's brightest stars was born. In his honor, Congress has renamed the Washington airport, and christened, somewhat ironically, the nation's largest federal building. Still, the greatest monument to the 40th President remains the respect which the public continues to accord him, and which is undeniably his due. For Ronald Reagan's style of leadership challenged individuals to strive for the ideal, rather than to adopt the tired defeatism which often accompanies harsh reality. Words like "malaise" and "funk" never entered his vocabulary, and when he rose to the occasion, it was not against the backdrop of loose-lipped lovers and independent counsels but against that of the Evil Empire. His enemies were the enemies of freedom, and his crusade on its behalf drew world admiration. As Chief Executive, he presented to the country's youth an image of excellence worth working towards in which adherence to virtues such as honor and industry could catapult mankind from the depths of despair to the heights of success; he offered his own life story as a shining example for others to emulate.

In the twilight of the eighties, the Oval Office was every child's dream destination, not the least so because of the heroic character of the man who occupied it then. But if the Gipper called upon individuals to climb the highest mountain, his successor once-removed sadly asks only that they dig their way in under the wire. Tomorrow's leaders take sadistic comfort in the man from Hope: if someone as depraved as Bill Clinton can rise to such prominence, they naturally reason, so can just about anyone. Of course, if just anyone had held office during the height of the Cold War, America may well have lost. But Ronald Reagan knew that inspiration—not comfort—carries mankind above all boundaries and up to eternal triumph. As Presidents' Day approaches, let us pay a special tribute to personages like Washington, Lincoln, Reagan, and many notables in between, for owing to a higher standard than what the democratic experiment's guinea pigs have come to expect.



Bomb Iraq

Members of Congress, including Trent Lott and Jesse Helms, strongly and justifiably support the use of force against Iraq. American air-craft carriers are arriving in the Persian Gulf; the time for annihilation is at hand. Tony Blair and the Adulterer-in-Chief recently stood together to denounce Saddam Hussein's latest threats. And though France, Russia, and China oppose a second Gulf invasion, the case is open-shut: the Butcher of Baghdad's prime adversary is the United States, and its elected officials are duty-bound to uphold national security. US troops must climb back into the trenches—whether unilaterally or multilaterally this time—and remove the one man who stands in the way of world peace.

Americans must support Congress, sending a clear message of zero-tolerance both for foreign defiance and for the erosion of this nation's defense system. Iraq understands nothing but bombs, an especially dangerous mind-set given that President Clinton intends to comply with a chemical weapons ban that promises to impair US resistance capabilities. By allowing an inconsequential despot who shows no regard for human life to remain in a powerful position from which he continuously mocked American authority, President Bush jeopardized public safety; as a result, the Desert Storm demon is now stronger than ever. The US played his fool once; all hell could break loose if President Clinton repeats his predecessor's mistake.

Housing Crunch

The Boston Housing Authority recently acted on a federal mandate to evict three families whose children assaulted neighbors, eliciting protest from the ACLU and other leftist quarters. Proponents of the "one strike and you're out" law hope to eradicate violence in Beantown's poorest neighborhoods, while bleeding hearts, on the other hand, protest holding families accountable for the incorrigible behavior of their offspring.

Anyone with half a heart would find it morally objectionable to consign a seventy-eight year-old and her infant grand-daughter to the mean streets of Boston. But such a travesty comes as the inevitable consequence of accepting collectively-based aid, which necessarily implies acceptance of collective responsibility for abuse of privileges. As Boston Housing Court Chief Justice E. George Dahir explains, "Some [of these] occupants view their tenancies as tenured and the law as nothing more than an irritating, irrelevant inconvenience." The very existence of public housing represents state paternalism at its basest, robbing its victims of the human dignity and personal accountability typically instilled through the family unit and required for good citizenship.

Plant a Trie Today

FBI agents finally shook down Democratic Party Trustee Charlie Trie at Washington's Dulles Airport last week. Arraigned shortly after his arrest, Trie and a Taiwanese associate have both been indicted on fifteen different counts, including funneling foreign cash to the DNC, obstruction of justice, and conspiracy to defraud the United States. Following revelations of his entrenchment in the campaign fundraising scandal, Trie and nearly fifty other FOBs fled the country in late 1996. Many officials feared he had taken permanent refuge in Beijing, but he cut a deal with the Campaign Finance Task Force, the terms of which remain mysterious.

Trie allegedly relied upon a "conduit" or "straw" method of channeling soft contributions to the DNC: funds from foreigners were donated under the name of a legal benefactor, who was later reimbursed. One such foreigner, a Macau-based businessman, maintains close connections with Red China, a disturbing development which points to treasonous activities. Fundraising successes and half-million-dollar deposits to the Clinton Legal Defense Fund had earned Trie access to White House officials and events, a perk which he capitalized on twenty-three times. Until the FBI determines the exact nature of the access placed at Trie's disposal, it should permanently plant him in the big house.

A Healthy Choice

Bay State Governor Paul Cellucci signed a law protecting men's and women's right to exercise in single-sex health clubs. Strange bedfellows are greeting this latest truce in the gender war with disdain: men who wish to work out in the company of the opposite sex, and the misanthropic National Organization for Women.

Opponents of the new law ignore its beneficial implications for both sexes; equal protection under the law is now universally extended thanks to the expansion of options. Men can choose to attend all-male health clubs, women, all-female, and members of both sexes, co-ed. NOW's bid to appear consistent in its supposed disavowal of discrimination deprives those it purports to represent of the right to choose and overlooks that equality among the sexes need not amount to androgyny. Since there is a market for exclusive gyms, the general public stands to benefit from accommodating that demand. Membership attrition rates—not special interest groups and bureaucrats—should determine which policies health club proprietors and customers can exercise.



More Trouble Coming from Little Rock

And they said it would take a miracle.... Two weeks ago, the nation held its breath expecting news of Slick Willie's resignation after allegations surfaced of a sexual relationship with a 21-year old intern. But a week later, pollsters announced that the Teflon President's approval rating had climaxed to a whopping 73%, its highest peak since the 1992 election. Never mind evidence that Monica Lewinsky called upon the White House thirty-seven times after completing her tour of duty, or that she may have accompanied Clinton on a weekend dalliance to the home of golfer Greg Norman: with even greater speed and precision, the executive spin machine has returned every hardball lobbed at the man who currently carries Teddy Roosevelt's big stick.

Americans have come to expect from the present Head of State little if any moral rectitude, and many therefore find themselves numbed to the latest episode in the Fornigate saga. But surely they wonder why their leader has shrunk impotently from every opportunity to lay his own point of view bare. Within the first week after the scandal exploded onto the scene, the Commander-in-Chief successfully diverted attention with seventy minutes of State of the Union hot air. Days later, aircraft carriers were heading to the Persian Gulf to counter Saddam Hussein's provocations. To top it all off, Clinton has attempted to turn the tables on Kenneth Starr, charging the prosecutor with striking below the belt. The President blames his own silence on the legal boundary he supposedly must observe, when in fact no such gag-rule exists. But revealing the truth puts him at risk of perjuring himself, an act which would deal the final blow to an administration continuously erupting in multiple... scandals.

Fortnight in Review

SM

Comedy is allied to Justice.

—Aristophanes

PS For the Pathetic left Wine o' the Week, we at Fortnight humbly nominate, "What someone does in his personal life is his own business." Unless, of course, he decides to not buckle his seatbelt, not wear a motorcycle helmet, eat a Big Mac, drive a sports utility vehicle, gamble, use a normal-flow shower-head, throw cans in the trash, or smoke a cigarette.

PS The Baltimore ACLU is suing to overturn a 1916 blue law that makes oral sex between people of the same gender a felony punishable by ten years in prison. Why a great idea: send people to prison to make them stop sodomizing each other.

PS Homeless advocates are criticizing Arizona community leaders for their idea of forcing homeless folks to register with the cops to get help from charity groups, calling the measure "degrading." Because urinating in the gutter while hawking *Spare Change* for a nickel spells dignity.

PS Pickax-killer Karla Faye Tucker whispers as she dies, "I'm going to be face to face with Jesus now." Hopefully she'll keep the pickax at bay.

PS Top ten Gifts from Clinton to Monica Lewinsky

10. Tongue ring
9. Fake ID
8. The podium she got to know during his speeches
7. Plot in Arlington National Cemetery
6. Her own Buddhist monk
5. Hint: "It's about suppression."
4. A ride on the "Vince Foster Express"
3. Offer of threesome with Gore daughter of her choice
2. White House copy of Pamela and Tommy Lee wedding night video
1. Chap Stick.

PS Atten. Jumbos: due to the final phase of the area code change, it may now be a long distance call to phone some of your off-campus friends across the street. Even though its not Tufts Connect's fault, we recommend blaming them anyways.

PS Voices from the Sumo community recently spoke out in favor of turning the ancient Japanese ritual into an Olympic event. Ted Kennedy's dream of the gold may finally become a reality.

PS Secretary of State Madeleine Albright attacked Saddam Hussein's brazenness towards American weapons inspectors and quipped, "We are not the ones that continue to have weapons of mass destruction." Which would should make us a formidable opponent in a reply of the Gulf War.

PS Boris Yeltsin mused that an attack on Iraq could plunge the world into World War III. Rights after the speech TEMS transported him to Larry Memorial.

PS Jimmy Carter recently checked into Emory University Hospital to be treated for a "mysterious rash." Meanwhile, the KGB is on a frantic search for that spot on Gorbachev's head.

PS Hillary Clinton, an apparent strong opponent of sex outside marriage (!), would not permit Barbra Streisand and her new beau Jim Brolin to sleep in the Lincoln Bedroom because they were not married; the couple was forced to scramble for a DC hotel. Coincidentally, they managed to end up sleeping in the room right next to the President, anyway.

PS Students at the American Baptist College in Nashville, Tennessee, complain that the school won't fix problems like overflowing toilets and slimy sinks. Looks like our UNICCO friends found new work after all.

PS *USA Today* reports that Manchester, New Hampshire, officials are "trying to figure out why tensions are rising between inmates and detained immigrants at the Hillsborough Country Jail." The most popular theory: the immigrants came here to carve out the American dream, while the prison inmates are generally here to carve it up.

PS Blubber-filled sitcom star Roseanne is seeking a divorce, claiming her third husband is crazy. Who else did she think would marry her?

PS Santa Fe, New Mexico's, DMV phone system went haywire, hanging up on callers who dialed for personal assistance. It's similar to the problem that plagued CampusLink's answering service recently, which featured a gruff secretary shouting "I hope you die! I hope you die!"

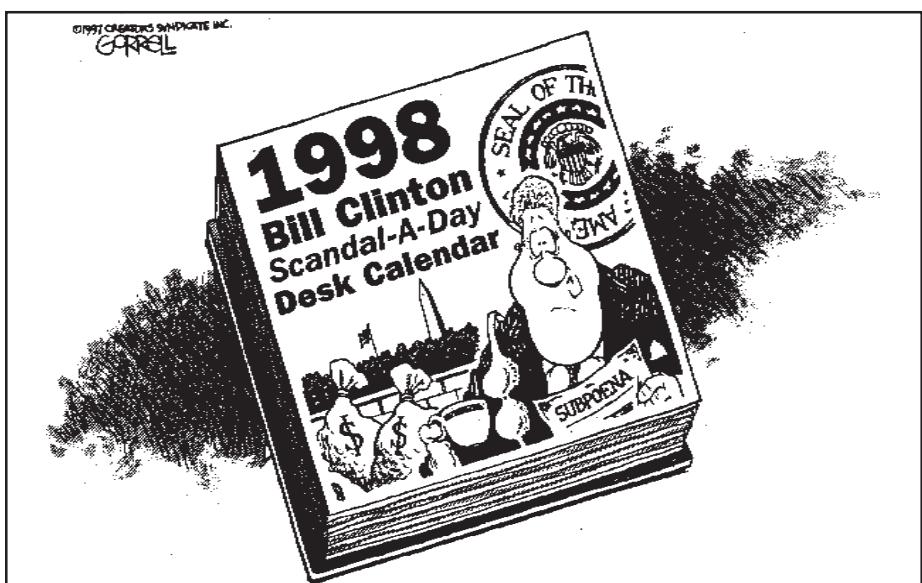
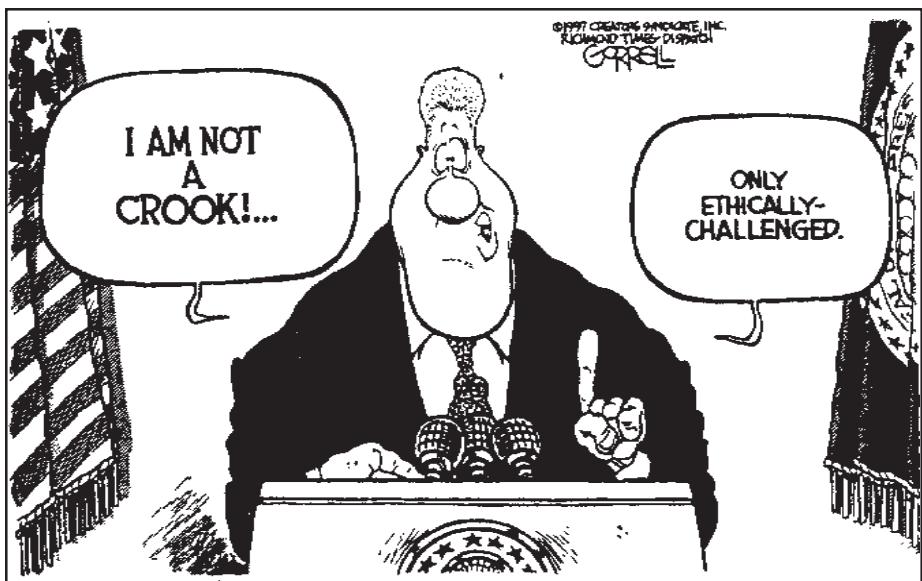
PS A slightly-off-his-rocker businessman offered to front \$5 million of his own money to build an airport in central Nebraska. He's scouting for another sucker to lay out \$5 million to get someone to fly there.

PS Helard Gonzales O'Higgins, an ex-porter at the New York Public Library, was arrested for pilfering musical relics, including an actual sheet of music composed by Mozart. He planned to sample the stolen jingle for a hip-hop record.

PS Former Gilligan Bob Denver found himself stranded again when a snow storm trapped him inside his house for almost three days. At least this time he had a change of cloths.

PS New research suggests that ancient Egyptians were preserving corpses as early as 2150 BC—at least 1,000 years earlier than previously believed. Archaeologist found the original materials used to embalm Bob Dole.

PS Oklahoma City sentenced Paul Buske to 80 months in prison for running a child-pornography ring on the Internet. He blamed the rap on a vast, right-wing conspiracy and held that what he did in her personal life was his own business.



From the Internet

Our Favorite Clinton Sex Jokes

Why does Clinton wear briefs? To keep his ankles warm... Why does the President bring women to the White House? To show them the Executive Branch... How do we know Clinton doesn't use bookmarks? He bends his pages over... New Washington math: 50 can go into 21 and not get 5 to 10... Gallup took a poll of American women and asked them if they would sleep with Bill Clinton. 25% said "No," and the other 75% said "Never Again" ... Recipe for Clinton Stew: one weenie in hot water... What position did Monica Lewinsky have at the White House? Missionary... What did Clinton do when the abortion bill reached his desk? He paid it.... What does Bubba say after sex? "Hillary, I'll be home in ten minutes." ... How can Clinton take care of the "Monica problem"? Have Ted Kennedy drive her home... Why was it difficult for Bill to fire Lewinsky? He couldn't give her a pink slip without asking her to try it on... Sources say Clinton and OJ have reached an agreement: Clinton will help OJ find the real killer if OJ helps Clinton find the man who had sex with Monica Lewinsky in the Oval Office... Is the President having sex with Tipper Gore? No, but pretty soon Tipper will be having sex with the President.

From the Elephant's Mouth



"African-American" Center kicks off Black History Month celebration with screening of *Shaft* and announces panel on February 15th entitled, "**Conservative Persecution of Black People in America.**" The list of offenses includes growing impatience with the Wayans brothers and the absence of BET at the Polo Club.... **Pan-African Alliance** President Gareth Robinson states, "PAA is made up of a diverse group of individuals with a diverse set of interests." But don't look for any panels on "Left-Wing Persecution of Black People in America".... **Dean of the Colleges Office** holds a "public policy & international affairs fellowships info session for students of color." The white water fountains were around the corner, no doubt.

Sean Hassan bases surprisingly unsuccessful TCU Senate bid on the following campaign pitch: "Are you a Marxist? Do you think it's time for a revolution? Are you heated about the whole Tufts connect Deal? ... I am too!" Must have caught the Tufts community in a rare Trotskyite mood instead of the usual Leninist fetish.... **SCIRT** nudniks together with impotent senate yes-man **Jack Schnirman** celebrate their victory over big business after committee after University committee caves to their resolution. Proposed guidelines for socially responsible investing: 1. Anybody who makes money is oppressing the proletariat; 2. Buy Ben & Jerry's instead.... From the *Daily*'s classified ads: "Lost: set of keys on a blue neck keychain with 'I Love Jesus' written on it."

Crack *Daily* investigators discover **Armand Mickune-Santos** accidentally distributed expired condoms on **World AIDS Day** last semester. Other goodies: used syringes, the bathroom doorknob from Health Services, and an actual lock of hair from Ryan White.

Left-wingers' bumper stickers aren't only annoying. They're also very, very stupid.

Bumper to Bumper

BY JESSICA SCHUPAK

Longing for the days of the 1960s when a picket sign was considered part of an outfit, liberal Americans of the 1990s choose to express themselves by plastering shallow political statements on their cars in the form bumper stickers. In such few words the preposterous platitudes manage to capture the true essence of liberalism in all its folly. As in the Sixties, not everyone toes the party line in this fashion; rather the self-righteous bumper-sticker bandits tend to be the same folks who sport equally sophomoric pins, read *Cathy* religiously, have an utter disrespect for a decent paint job, and reminisce about the protests—even if they weren't born until after their conclusion.

My personal favorites adhere to feminist jalopies. In trite attempts to better the world for all womynkind, feminists relish the opportunity to decorate their bumpers with all sorts of malarkey. With little concrete evidence to rely on, womynists eagerly took up the cause against Clarence Thomas, proudly announcing, "We Believe You, Anita."

Joining their sister in solidarity against the evil conservative male who could only have made a better enemy had he been white, feminists set out to hang Thomas before his day in court. Now they berate the media for Clinton from en-innocent-until-guilty-status—an inconsistency originating from their failure to update their bumper-sticker collection by slapping a "We Believe You, Paula" over their old sticker *du jour*.

The President of the United Dates and

Bay State bureaucratic sidekick Ted Kennedy no doubt own a "Women Belong in the House—the Senate and the Oval Office" bumper sticker. Womyn, on the other hand, prefer the "Women Make Great Leaders, You're Following One," as if preceding someone in traffic proves one's superior leadership ability. And we mustn't forget to "Thank God for Title IX." After all, it's not women's fault that football costs more than field hockey and that women's clean-and-jerk is not a big draw. "I Love My Greco-Roman Wrestler, She's Great" is somehow an even greater blemish to an otherwise decent car than "I Love My Lacrosse Player, She's Great."

Although silly, feminist bumper stickers are not nearly as offensive as the litany of pro-abortion paraphernalia. "If You Can't Trust Me With a Choice How Can You Trust Me With a Child," so "Keep Your Laws Off My Body." True, one couldn't possibly be a decent parent unless she's

been granted the option of killing her child. Moreover, the NOW herd is right: we should not subject women's bodies to laws—like the ones protecting them from rape and murder. And though they would never sport a "Every Grand-parent a Wanted Grandparent" bumper sticker, the

pro-abortion crowd feels that using abortion as a tool to render "Every Child a Wanted Child" more than perfectly acceptable. Forget

that individuals should consider accepting responsibility for their actions because the result of an unplanned pregnancy could never possibly live a fulfilling life. And surely the "Pro-Child, Pro-Choice"ers are concerned for the children, not themselves and their convenience.

An offshoot of feminist bumper stickers are the multicultural variety. While "God Loves Ellen," I wager it is not because she is a lesbian. Were it that simple to get into heaven, everyone would be a lesbian. It is also curious that "Allies" feel the need to note they're "Straight but Not Narrow"—why not just "Not Narrow"?

The most illogical member of this group is "Hate Is Not a Family Value"—as if the advocacy of strong families includes the promotion of lynchings and pogroms. But knock yourself out, "Celebrate Diversity," it's the new opiate of the masses, everyone's doing it.

Airing Your Dirty Lenin

"Can You Read This? Thank a Teacher." Because we all know how good are public-school teachers is; if it weren't for them and their union the country would not be where it is to-

day. But what we really need now is to sink more money into their bloated coffers to fund some more of that bilingual education. In fact, "It Will Be a Great Day When Our Schools Have All the Money They Need and the Military

Needs to Hold a Bake Sale to Buy a Bomber." National security is so overrated. After all, "You Can't Hug a Child with Nuclear Arms." While we're at it, let's "Boot Newt" because "Mean People Suck." Surely everyone riding around notifying other drivers that we should oust the Speaker could articulate why they disagree

Please see, "Stickers" continued on page 20.

It Will Be a Great Day When Our Schools Have All the Money They Need and the Military Needs to Hold a Bake Sale to Buy a Bomber

DIVERSITY IS OUR STRENGTH

COME CELEBRATE THE DIVERSITY OF SOME GROUPS SO MARGINALIZED THEY DON'T HAVE THEIR OWN HISTORY MONTH

FEBRUARY
13

Jewish Buddhists Cultural Day

*** Workshops ***

"Chicken Soup for the Guilty: A dialogue on Matzo Balls and Higher Consciousness"

"That Pesky Vow of Poverty: How to sidestep renouncing those cute suede pumps".

*** Guest Lecture ***

Gureet Goldberg on the art of masterfully mixing Maneschevitz, Mitzvot and Meditation.

FEBRUARY
19

Canadian History Morning
"Pride! We are not the 51st state!"

*** Workshops ***

"How To Avoid 'Aboot', Eh?" (Meet at the language lab)

"Socialized Medicine: The Way To Go, Eh?" (Cosponsored by Brad Snyder)

*** Guest Lecture ***

Nanook of the North on "Why Baby Seal Clubbing Should be the Newest Olympic Sport, Eh?" (Cosponsored by The Source)

FEBRUARY
23

Vegetarian Culture Celebration

*** Special Events ***

"Save Water—Don't Bathe" (Cosponsored by Schmalz House)

Dinner at Dewick-MacPhie:

- fried dirt

- rack of shrubbery

- Aztec-rubbed field mix

- *filet mignon du tofu*

- kelp pudding

- bottomless drinks from the juice bar—if you're worthy

FEBRUARY
17

Straight Interior Decorators' Appreciation Day

*** Seminars ***

"The Den: How Beer Stains On Your Couch Can Add That Masculine Touch!"

"Gingham and You: It's Not Just For Drapery Anymore!"

"I Was a Teenage Duvet Addict: The Courageous Story Of One Designer's Battle With French Furnishings"

FEBRUARY
21

Euro-Trash Nacht

*** Special Events ***

Club Night at the Avalon: "Sprocketsfest '98: Reach Out And Touch Our Monkeys"

Workshop: "Smack My Bitch Up: Catchy Tune Or Way Of Life?" (Cosponsored by the Tufts Feminist Alliance)

"How to Wear Designer Labels Conspicuously: Make Sure Those Versace Jeans Get The Recognition They Deserve!" (Cosponsored by the I-House)

FEBRUARY
29

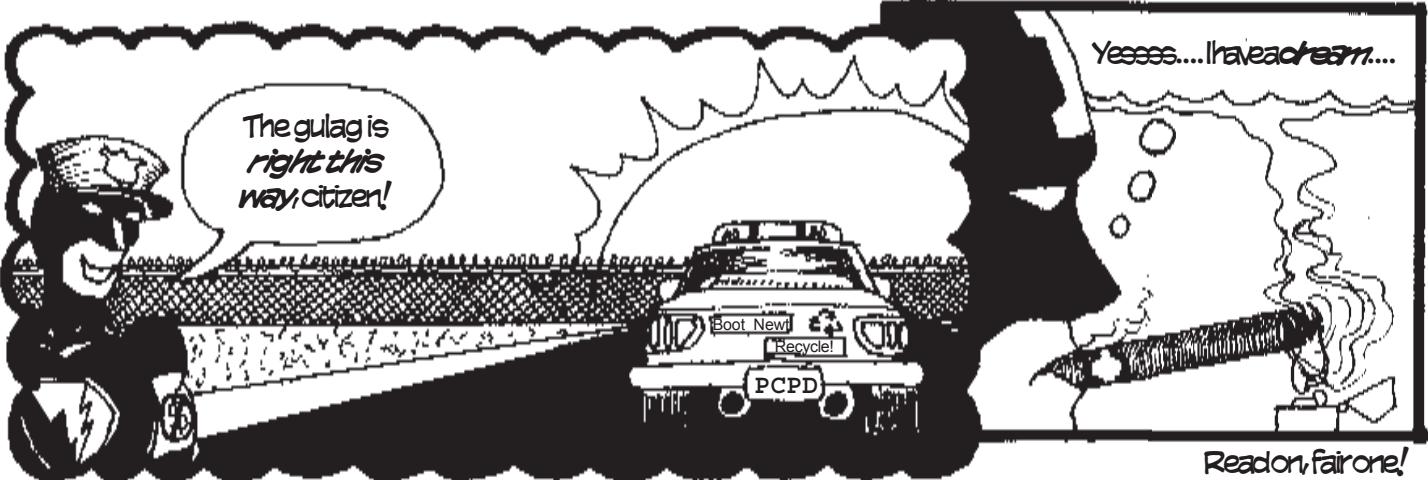
UNICCO History Day

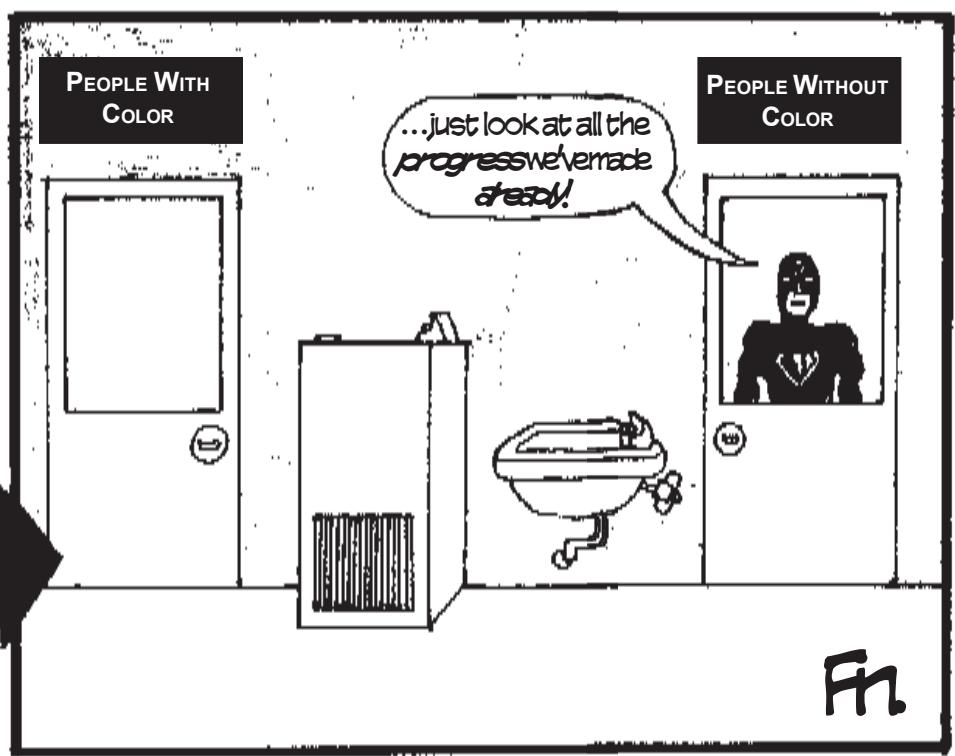
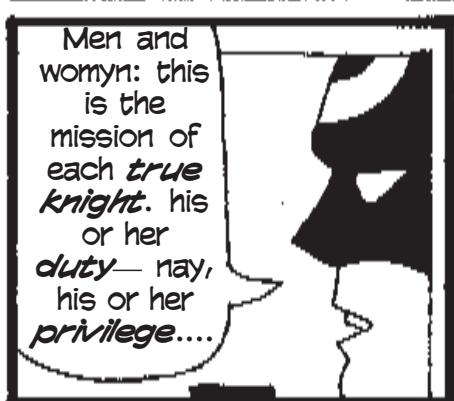
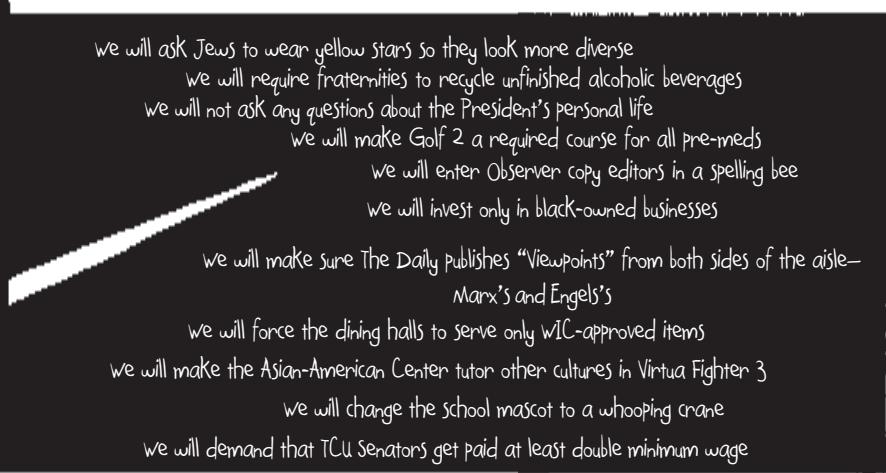
*** Weekend Events ***

"Protest Pick-Up Lines: They Really Work!" ... those pesky picket lines don't need to discourage you from making your move on that special someone. Let renowned proletarian-dating expert Susan Ostrander show you how to work your mojo with that cute toilet-cleaner from Bush.

"Your Utility Closet or Mine?" ... a dialogue on dating in the modern workplace.

The Wild and Correct Adventures of Diversity-Man





Ask The Task Force

Dear Patrons of Pluralism,

As a resident of the Hispanic House, I am constantly disturbed while trying to do my homework by Rubén Salinas Stern's incessant playing of "Here Comes The Hotstepper" after quiet hours. I went to talk to him about it but he threw a matzoh ball at me and called me a racist. What should I do?
—Mystified in Milne

Dear Misty:

It's not wonder Señor Stern was so, well, stern. You were clearly infringing on his cultural sovereignty. There isn't enough room in a twenty-four-hour day to carve out two racial identities when tee-totaling nudniks are constantly trying to silence your version of history. Peace!

Dear Rulers of Race:

I'm a co-ed of color who just recovered from a night of sheer bliss with a studly white beefcake. Is this an acceptable indulgence in passion, or did I betray my people?
—Satisfied in Stratton

Dear Judas,

Normally, I would say that what you do in your private life is your own business. But miscegenation with a hunk of horny honkey? Not since Columbus' pillaging of indigenous civilization have I read of a more tragic Conquering. Three words: "morning-after pill."

Dear Masters of Disaster:

I came to Tufts for an education, not sensitivity training.
—Right in Wren

Dear Bigot:

Which is precisely why you need it. We have scanned your fingerprints

into our mainframe and have already confirmed your identity with Res Life. Enjoy your new forced triple in the Ministry of Love.

Dear Task Force:

Hi! I'm a black senior here with a GPA of 2.8 and an LSAT score of 156. I just got into Yale Law School and I was wondering if it was because of Affirmative Action?
—Confused in Capen

Dear Confused,

Don't think for a minute that your underqualified. Your melanin is every bit the qualification of a cracker's 180, so march right on down to New Haven and take your rightful place in the halls of Justice!

Dear Purveyors of Political Correctness,

This doesn't have anything to do with race, but I just finished performing oral sex on the President of the United States and wanted to get a joke in about it on page 14. Is that bad?
—Nervous and Knee-Sore

Dear Moanin' Monnie:

No problem as long as you throw THE SOURCE down the memory hole when you're done. We just have one question: can you get Vernon Jordan over here during Black History Month so we don't need to hoodwink another MTV hack?

Dear Demigods of Diversity;

Recently, I was most alarmed when I realized that Black History Month is only one in twelve of the year! Why let the White Man oppress us into only twenty-eight days of celebration? I demand that Tufts make celebration of our racial solidarity compulsory

every day! Salaam Alekem, brothers!

—Wronged in Wren

Dear Brother-Sir;

We're way ahead of you. We've already started a task force to solve that particular problem. Things went a bit awry and we had to start another task force to salvage the first. At the moment we are enlisting anyone who's left to create a task force that can keep tabs on the progress of that particular task force. Give us a call if you're interested, and keep fighting the power!

Dear Bureaucrats of Bitterness;

I'm white, and frankly, I don't feel too guilty about the fact. Is that so wrong?

—Caucasian in Carmichael

Unrepentant one,

Don't hate yourself because you're white. Hate yourself because you're ignorant. Oh, and screw you! Next question please!

Dear Mavens of Multiculturalism:

I am inspired by your masterful treatise. Not since *It Takes a Village* have I seen such a bold vision for the future of Tufts, America, and the World. I have already forwarded an edition to the Pulitzer Prize nominating committee and was just wondering if you could have the entire Task Force (including the *ex officio* members!) sign my copy?

—Enlightened in East.

Dear Prof. Ammons:

With pleasure. Should you ever feel the need to place our magnum opus on your reading list, bound trade-paperback volume will be available at The Tufts Barnes & Nobles outlet for \$285.00.

Politically correct busybodies try to sabotage Tufts' race relations and manage to waste a whole lot of paper.

Task Farce on Race

by Colin Kingsbury

First take thirty or so members of Tufts's ruling class, composed of overweening administrators, ambitious faculty hacks, and upwardly-mobile students, and put them all on a committee called the Task Force on Race. Give them three full semesters to hold grand meetings and full license to pronounce their views on every conceivable aspect of the University. Then direct the Task Force to submit a final report at the end of it all. Unfortunately this scenario is altogether true, and the report is now in the public domain.

It is highly doubtful whether a more deeply-flawed document has been produced within official circles here in the sum of the past three decades. The number of minor minds represented on the panel is exceeded only by the length of the report, which at forty-some pages practically merits an Environmental Impact Statement. Surprisingly, though, every one of those pages manages to make some unique point or proposal, invariably bad. Indeed, out of it all one could probably not distill a paragraph of the advice this place needs.

The best thing Ballou can do with the task force's minimum opus would be to slice each and every copy into little thin strips and send it all to the vet school for use as animal bedding. This is truly awful, horrible stuff, filled with as much drivel as the first hundred words out of a toddler's mouth. The one cold comfort that emerges from the whole affair is that the actual implementation of any of the Task Force's more egregious recommendations would require a task force of its own—and months, if not years. And when the best of all possible results is the formation of another committee, it's time to pray for locusts.

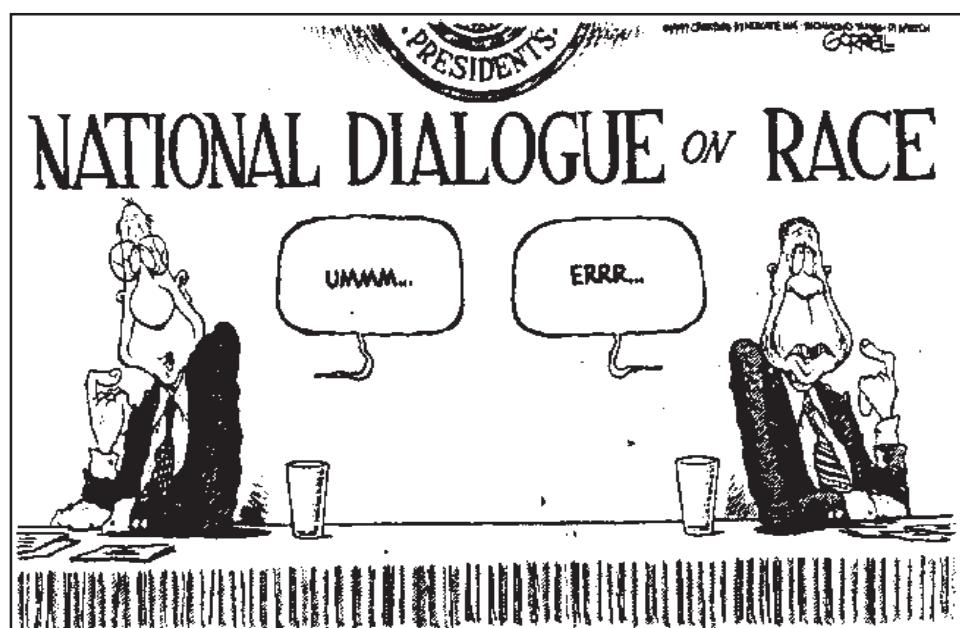
Critiquing this behemoth presents a challenge of epic proportions, and not

just due to the report's length. Indeed, the Task Force left no stone unturned in its sweep of campus life. Appendix 1, which lists one by one the specific recommendations on four sliding priority scales, runs four full pages. Some of these recommendations are simply great examples of unintended humor, as in the following: "To make the fraternities more welcoming, the regulation requiring a guest list for parties should be adhered to, while making clear the party is open, by the announcement that people 'should stop by the house and put their name on the list' ahead of time." At least it ranked only a Priority 4. Others, unfortunately, threaten far more nefarious developments, such as the suggestion that all students satisfy a new American Race and Cultures requirement.

But one need not read the report at length to comprehend its flaws. "Most white students, faculty, and staff do not recognize the broad 'comfort zone' that they enjoy across the whole physical, intellectual, and social life at Tufts."

After reading the report one can only surmise the Task Force understands it no better; nowhere does the report offer a clear explanation of just what constitutes this "comfort zone." But this doesn't prevent the solons from charging the unpigmented population of the school of perpetuating "subtle to overt racist attitudes in dormitories, classrooms, and offices." This echoes quite closely committee member Hillary Basset's infamous *Daily* "Viewpoint," advising us not to "feel guilty because you're white, feel guilty because you're ignorant." One can only wonder where Miss Basset's wisdom derives from, since she could be spokeswoman for Wonder Bread.

When you begin an enterprise like this with the assumption that racism of some form runs rampant across Walnut Hill, all lesser ideals necessarily tremble before the shibboleth of Diversity. Take freedom of speech, for instance; the report recommends that all editors of campus publications undergo training not less than once a year which includes discussion of "issues of liability... defamation, privacy, objective reporting, reporting protocols, verification of facts, [and] treatment of diverse constituencies." This recalls all too closely a poorly-worded letter sent to me by none other than Michael Powell last Spring after THE SOURCE published an article which charged him with lying on the record in regards to a faculty hiring program. He instructed me to retract the assertion and to read up on the Supreme Court's definition of



"defamation of character" and "public figure" as set by the seminal *New York Times v. Sullivan*. Yet his letter demonstrated all too clearly that he himself had either never read the ruling or lacked critical reading comprehension skills given that my reporting fit the Court's rules to a tee. Had I been properly re-educated by a professional, however, I might have trembled appropriately and yelled "Kill the story!" immediately.

Luckily, in this country we tolerate a certain amount of nastiness on the media's

part, believing in the redeeming value of a group dedicated to unrooting damning information about the people who hold sway over our lives. Here at THE SOURCE, we often see fit to challenge the conventional views of race as put forward by Tufts; occasionally that offends people who walk the party line. The report's suggestions to add more elaborate grievance procedures to the Media Advisory Board (which oversees all student publications other than *The Daily*) undeniably suggests an attempt on the University's part to control the content of what we publish. All too often administrators and students who make their living trafficking in offense and indignation tell us that there's nothing wrong when we promote lower taxes, but attacking concepts like multiculturalism "hurts people." Fortunately, most students here see through this, and the TCU senate has for the most part seen fit to stand behind freedom of speech for the campus media. Forget about *The Daily*, though—their reporting on the Task Force appeared for all practical purposes to have been written by some mendicant in Ballou. Should the group's recommendations on the media actually stick, there will no doubt be some poetic justice for our daily paper's editors at some point in the near future.

Of far greater concern to most students is the suggested creation of an "American Race and Cultures" require-

ment. Of course, the report admits that right now not enough courses exist to actually make a viable attempt, so this new requirement would commence in three years. This also assures a lack of student concern since nobody here now would have to ever fill it. Current seniors, however, can bitterly recall the old World Civilizations requirement, which forced

students to endure a semester of obscure academic jargon and the writings of lesser thinkers. For their part, students responded with evaluations in which ninety or

more percent of students called the classes "among the worst they had taken at Tufts."

The problems with the American Race and Cultures Requirement are many. For one, students here must already fill extensive requirements which do little to achieve the stated purpose of broadening students' minds. Core curriculums such as those at Boston University and Columbia serve to introduce all students to an essentially identical range of knowledge; they unify the student body by creating a common ground. Be-

cause our requirements allow students not only to cover a wide variety of topics but at grossly differing levels (i.e. Math 11 versus Computing and the Internet), they in fact serve to fragment the community. While many double-majors and some other students actually fill out their requirements with rigor-

ous and demanding classes, most sandbag their way through as much as possible. Our current system emphasizes neither breadth nor rigor, and students by and large correctly perceive it as deeply flawed. The proposed new requirement offers only more of the same and fails to address this problem.

But then the very concept underlying "American Race and Cultures" is itself deeply flawed. Like much of the left-wing scholarship regarding race in our nation, this proposal suffers from the flawed perception of race as a tragic element in our national fabric. Slavery may have been ended, but then that only initiated a new, more subtle form of the Peculiar Institution. Italians and Irish may once have been subjected to racism and discrimination, but their successful assimilation doesn't count because they fall into the benighted "European" category. This view, unfortunately, is at odds not only with common sense but with the course of American history. As a diverse nation we have always had friction, and groups have suffered at one time or another, but in the long run there has been constant progress. That is, until liberals began convincing us to build a mosaic instead of a melting pot.

As proved by bloodshed in Bosnia, different groups do not coexist peacefully by the force of goodwill alone. Many Soviet satellites united peoples by the force of the gun; America offered a place at the table for all comers. And

throughout our history, we have always achieved progress by assimilation, which dictated a give-and-take both by citizens and immigrants. The results of this process are so commonly cited as to be almost cliché, such as the recent poll which revealed salsa overtaking

"Then there's the recommendation that administrators should take every opportunity to incorporate themes of diversity, race, and tolerance in speeches." Can anyone recall an instance when an administrator didn't?"



ketchup as Americans' favorite condiment, or the observation that gangster rap sells more in white suburbs than inner cities. Rock and roll music, perhaps America's most profound cultural contribution to the world, traces its roots directly back to musical forms created largely by blacks, whose presence in the entertainment world has been substantial for most of this century. Likewise, it remains true that for much of this century discrimination against non-white citizens occurred on a vast scale, but the road to unity ends with assimilation. America has for the past two hundred years succeeded more in this regard than perhaps any other nation, but the advent of multiculturalism has made racial separationism fashionable again. Make no mistake: this is a poison in our veins and deserves to be remembered as a terrible mistake and nothing else. Creating a requirement which would no doubt serve only to indoctrinate students in the worshipping of differences serves only to deepen the divisions between the many groups which compose our society.

Still, let no one say this report doesn't times make for some fun reading. Indeed, examples of inadvertent humor leap out, revealing perhaps more truth than its writers intended. After criticizing the abundance of racial stereotypes, it praises one item of programming conducted by the Asian American Center—weekly tutoring sessions in Biology 13. Also, the Task Force repeatedly cites the pressure to act as a representative of their whole race that many

minority students feel without once recognizing that this occurs directly as a result of policy which places constant emphasis on "diversity" and the color of one's skin. Then there's the recommendation that "administrators should take every opportunity to incorporate themes of diversity, race, and tolerance in

speeches." Can anyone recall an instance when an administrator didn't?

But nothing causes such fits of laughter as this, from the section concerning campus life: "Students spoke of 'having your P.C. up' as though the notion of 'political correctness' was some sort of act. We believe the time has come to assault the backlash caused by such over-used terms as 'P.C.'" First, political correctness is an act, a contrived manner of thought and speech built around the idea of eliminating imaginary causes of offense.

Secondly, who has ever heard the expression, "having your P.C. up?" It sounds like some comedian doing a parody of a middle-aged white man trying to rap. Finally, it was the academic left more than anything else which popularized the idea of "P.C." in the first place. Responsibility for its use and abuse lies solely with its creators. The advice that the notion of "P.C." should be "replace[d] with concepts that should be natural and eternal: politeness, consideration, accuracy, honesty." Indeed, "students will respond much more positively when the

hard truths are before them." Last time I checked, there were no crosses burning on the President's Lawn, no cries of "Remember the Alamo," and the only segregation on

Last time I checked, there were no crosses burning on the President's Lawn, no cries of "Remember the Alamo," and the only segregation on campus occurs in the culture houses

the only segregation on campus occurs in the culture houses. We understand the state of racial affairs on campus and for the most part could care less what Ballou has to say about them.

Unfortunately, this means few students will take the time to read the report of the Task Force on Race for themselves.

The importance of this document depends almost completely on what the administration and faculty choose to do with its recommendations. As should be self-evident in any report calling for so many new programs and bureaucracies, diversity as envisioned by the Task Force carries quite a price tag, even when estimated, well, conservatively. Students

here know all too well the budgetary constraints Tufts often faces, and should keep this in mind when someone dismisses the report's recommendations as

The best thing Ballou can do with the task force's minimum opus would be to slice each and every copy into little thin strips and send it all to the vet school for use as animal bedding.

"harmless." Many good departments are short on professors; do we really need three new tenure-track positions for politically correct disciplines? Furthermore, as stated earlier, the actual implementation of much of the group's suggestions will take years at the very least. While this means current students will never see a tremendous amount of action, it also implies the slow accumulation of tremendous institutional inertia. By the time people begin to realize what a curse this report is, it will have already insinuated itself into every facet of our lives here.

Tufts certainly has a race problem, but not the one addressed by this report. Our problem here is astonishingly simple and occurs entirely as a result of the perverse bean-counting calculus which places differing value on students relative to their racial identity. It forces students into groups not necessarily of their own creation, and forces minority students to act like educational exhibits in some wonderful multicultural zoo. There is much that can be done to alleviate the real race problem here, but that is a problem for another time, and certainly not for the Final Report of the Task Force on Race.

Mr. Kingsbury is a Senior majoring in Economics and minoring in Chinese.

*When all else fails...
make 'em weep.*

Won't Work for Food

BY CRAIG WALDMAN

Cries of "Justice for janitors" and "Brown and Blue, to hell with you" proved ineffective when Emily Krems, Professor Gary Goldstein, et al. unsuccessfully tried convincing the Tufts community that saving money by hiring ISS is immoral and illegal. So when plan one fails, move to plan two: the pity defense.

We all watched as the twenty or thirty protesters goose-stepped around Ballou Hall, sometimes in their very serious Hal-loween costumes, denouncing the "unfair release" of Tufts janitors. Yet for all the drum-beating and chanting, these students and faculty members never really conjured up any kind of student support. People seemed content with the money Tufts was saving and with President DiBiaggio's decision to offer all former UNICCO employees opportunities to work for ISS. Most students agreed with the president's decision to out-source the contract. Nothing came of UNICCO employees' proposed lawsuits over "ethical misconduct."

Yet in the face of failure, these campus radicals have decided to further condone what can only be described as laziness. Former UNICCO employees decided, as Milton Friedman might say, that they were better off unemployed at \$12.50 an hour than employed at \$9.50. And instead of attempting to find other jobs, the former custodians spent the first semester protesting in front of Ballou and the Campus Center. Though it is a wonder that they could afford to feed their families while standing around crying, their seeming lack of concern for their own well-being perplexed all observers. After all, Tufts students attempting to earn degrees so that they can feed their *future* families should not be expected to foot the bill for anyone else, let alone those not motivated enough to earn their own keep— whether through honest work or canned-food drives.

The janitors continue to stay at home

and wait for self-aggrandizing agitators to win their old jobs back for them. But now that their food supply seems to be running out, and the protests and information sessions have proved futile, these groups have turned to a desperate last resort: the pity factor.

Instead of enlisting people to help the ex-UNICCO workers find jobs—as they would have done if their concern were genuine and not political—Tufts's SULJ radicals have chosen the condescending and quite public "smallest-violin-in-the-world" approach. The truly compassionate might help the workers find jobs so they need not suffer the indignity of taking charity, but Krems and Co. are quite fond of using the former janitors as pawns of their own political agendas. The food drive—if successful—might alleviate the short-range problem while sweeping the major problem under the rug. The same people who advised the former custodians to refrain from accepting jobs with ISS now find themselves raising food for them. If the custodians had taken the jobs with a small pay cut, this problem never would have arisen.

Campus radical Emily Krems admits that the food drive is intended not only to raise food for former custodians but to raise awareness of her pet issues on campus: "We're hoping that this food drive will create more awareness on campus, and more support for the custodians." But instead of bringing attention to the seri-

ous issue of hunger, Krems and her posse are using this very serious issue as a stepping stone from which to make an emotional appeal on behalf of the former custodians—an appeal which proved resoundingly unsuccessful in its more honest incarnations. Exploiting the very real problem of hunger is a notion nothing short of shameless.

While hunger can never be overlooked wherever it occurs, the Tufts community needs to keep in mind that it can only help those who truly desire assistance. UNICCO workers, like all individuals, must assume responsibility for their own decisions and actions. While Krems and Professor Goldstein would like us to feel guilty about the University's decision, they don't want us to realize that the workers were irresponsible in not taking jobs with ISS—or, for that matter, looking for new ones instead of picketing.

SULJ and its faculty supporters ought to feel guilty for exploiting the former janitors for political advantage, and the last thing they should do is pass their guilt onto the rest of the Tufts community. They knew that the ex-workers and their families could not last long without a paycheck but very well might have ignored this detail in cajoling them to turn down ISS's generous offer. In their plight to make a cause for headlines, campus radicals lost sight of one thing: people must be responsible for their own actions and should not be used as puppets of a cause. Instead of giving the displaced UNICCO handful some good advice, they made their lives tougher and expect the Tufts community to feel their pain.

Mr. Waldman is a freshman majoring in History.



*Whatever finally happens with CampusLink,
the ineptitude of the senate won't be soon forgotten.*

Jumbo vs. The Phone Company

BY AIMEE PESCHEL

Put together a well-balanced task force, a telecommunications company that can't seem to grasp the basic principles of capitalism, a campus senate comprised of resumé-packing hacks, and an administration that can generate more red tape than the Pentagon, and what do you get? New "unbundled" voice, data and cable services, in the middle of January, of course. The new rate plan, which was originally to be instated February 1st, caught the ire of many Tufts students who felt they were getting the raw end of the deal in CampusLink's venture to make up for lagging revenue. The way with which the administration has dealt with the Tufts Connect situation has brought about questions about on just whose behalf the University is trying to negotiate: CampusLink, or the men and women who make up Tufts's student body.

How a company can charge long distance telephone rates high above market scale while having a monopoly on every student living in Tufts housing and still manage to lose money is unfathomable. But whether or not CampusLink can manage to turn a profit from its business endeavors with Tufts should be of no concern to students or the administration. Tufts Connect and CampusLink would be well-served by a lesson in business ethics. By not treating students as actual customers who command courtesy and attention to details, CampusLink has demonstrated itself unfit to practice business. It seems strange that as Tufts prepares students to face the world outside of academia it subjects them to business dealings that would never hold up in a good-faith free market.

As dumbfounding as the actions of CampusLink and Tufts's bureaucracy were to understand, they are nothing compared to the proceedings of the TCU Senate. Serving as representatives of the stu-

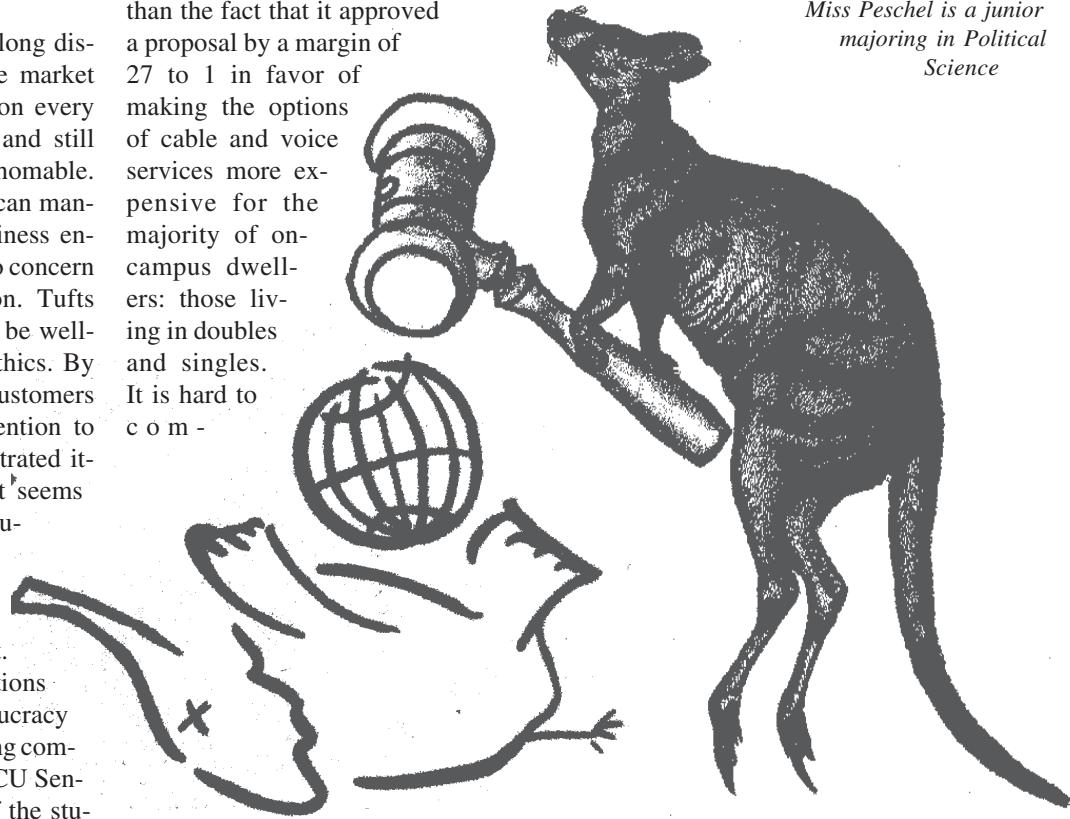
dent body, one would have expected that they would work to find a solution to the telecommunications dilemma that would have served the interests of all members of the Tufts community. Instead, the Senate decided to sign whatever came its way, and in a hurry—one can almost imagine the harried senators getting carried away with the pen and signing away their first-born children as well. One can be sure there was no time wasted on hammering out pesky details such as how students would react to dramatic rate increases or prepare to pay their bills with less than two weeks notice. As distinguished TCU treasurer Josh Goldenberg put it, "I do not remember talking about people who may not be able to pay."

To fully grasp the folly of the TCU Senate one need look no further than the fact that it approved a proposal by a margin of 27 to 1 in favor of making the options of cable and voice services more expensive for the majority of on-campus dwellers: those living in doubles and singles. It is hard to c o m -

prehend just what the Senate was thinking during the meeting and why they felt it so necessary to make a quick-fix of things. One can't help but wonder what proposals they will see fit to approve in the future, pay-toilets in the dormitories perhaps, all in the name of furthering Tufts's mission statement. By approving a new rate plan so outrageous that the University administration would have to ask CampusLink to retain the *old* plan, the TCU senate has proved beyond a shadow of a doubt its ineptness.

Students can walk away from their experience with Tufts Connect feeling not just jaded, but also a bit wiser. When all was said and done students were given back the option of keeping a service plan they had already paid for, but the damage to the relationship between the student body and TCU senate is something that will take a long time to repair. The realization that when you write a check to somebody they are most likely working in their own best interest and not yours is something every CampusLink subscriber will have a hard time forgetting. The events of the past few weeks also hold many lessons for Tufts, and, hopefully, the University will learn from them—and not just appoint a task force to study them.

Miss Peschel is a junior
majoring in Political
Science



**"Stickers," continued
from page 10.**

with his positions, so no need to elaborate. They're just "Doing [Their] Part to Piss off the Radical Right"— sounds like something "Mean People" would do.

Often when I am driving around with my grandmother, I wish I had a "Don't Let Congress Steal My Social Security" bumper sticker gracing my tail. The government already stole it from the taxpayers, and two wrongs don't make a right. (But often two, or three, or ten wrongs make Left.) It is hard to criticize right-wing bumper stickers because they are generally boring and along the lines

My Kid Beat Up
Your Honor Student

"Dole." But since most liberals make the mistake of confusing Christians and conservatives I suppose "My Boss Is a Jewish Carpenter" counts. If only everyone would just "Let the People Lead and the Leaders Will Follow." I never understood the logic behind representative democracy anyway.

Not every bumper-stickered car serves as a political-message-mobile. Some are simply vehicles of information such as "This Car Climbed Mount Ida," or "I Love My Cocker Spaniel." Others appeal to the bullies of the world— "My Kid Beat Up Your Honor Student," "How's My Driving Call 1-800-EAT-****," and the ever clever "If You Don't Like The Way I Drive Get Off the Sidewalk." Others are anal: "If You Can Read This You're Driving Too Close," and still others are plain stupid: "I Brake for Lobsters." I wonder what happened to the days when bumper stickers served a purpose— "Eat at Joe's Pizza," "How's My Driving Call 1-800-555-1234," and "Reagan/Bush '84"? But times are a-changing, so don't forget to "Practice Random Acts of Kindness and Senseless Beauty," "Visualize World Peace," "Honk If You Love Jesus," and "Free Mumia."

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Two books for those who are sure they won't like the science of dollars and sense.

The Consolation of Economics

BY ANANDA GUPTA

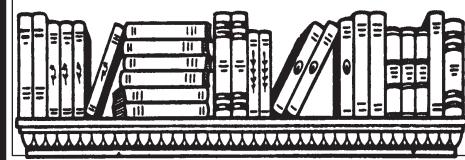
Steve Landsburg's *The Armchair Economist* changed my life. I read it between my freshman and sophomore years, when I was still casting about for a major and confused about the world and its complexities and quirks. Like most people, I thought of economics as a dry, boring discipline, fit only for the ivory towers and the intonations of journalists and talking heads. *The Armchair Economist* showed me I was wrong. Economics, as Landsburg explains, need not exclusively

concern money, finance, the stock market, or anything else in particular. It is a rich science about people, their choices, and the ways they strive to make their choices stick. In the beginning of the book,

Landsburg sums up all of economic theory in four words: "People respond to incentives." Economics is a lens through which to see the world and to think about it more clearly. It provides a useful 'nonsense meter'— so that even if Bill Clinton can keep a straight face when claiming that, all

else equal, a higher minimum wage will not hurt employment, you don't have to.

BOOK REVIEWS: *The Armchair Economist* *Fair Play*



policy yet simply interesting. For example, orange soda costs (usually) about \$1.20 for 2 liters at Star Market. Gasoline, on the other hand, costs about \$1.50 a gallon. A gallon is about 4 liters. That means that 4



liters of orange soda costs \$2.40. Why is orange soda more expensive than gasoline? It presumably has a lower cost of production, and consumers are probably more willing to change their orange soda-buying behavior given a higher price than they are to change their driving habits. These are the sorts of basic questions Landsburg delights in trying to answer.

Of course, public policy also gets a role, even if it is a ‘forbidden fruit.’ Ideally, argues Landsburg, economists should remain strictly nonpartisan and apolitical in order to keep their science respectable and pure. However, even he cannot resist the policy application—even one so pedestrian as seat-belt laws (Landsburg claims that seat belt laws might lead to more fatalities, since drivers will take less care when they enjoy the increased safety of seat belts). He discusses government deficit spending (why do we care whether the government borrows now and taxes later, or just taxes now—especially if our children are destined to be wealthier than we are?), the environment, and trade policy.

The book is replete with ingenious and original arguments, as well as scathing critiques of commentators and journalists who have no idea what they’re talking about. Landsburg names few names, but rarely hides his contempt for the state and people who take the market’s bounty for granted. (The end of the book contains a particularly scathing diatribe against environmentalism, whose proponents’ attempts to indoctrinate his young daughter enrage him.) He introduces the reader to thinking about models in a lucid and easy-going manner.

One such ingenious argument supports free trade. Here’s how: there are two ways to make cars. You can build them in Detroit in the usual way, or you can grow them in the Midwest. The second way works by planting seeds in the ground, waiting until harvest, then shipping the grain west. A few months later, the ships come back with Toyotas. The point is that for the consumer, Japan might as well be a giant machine that turns wheat into nice cars. Any legislation which hinders the functioning of that machine harms Iowa car growers, since the same amount of effort on their part yields fewer cars. Therefore, it’s just false that protectionism harms only foreign countries—it also harms domestic consumers and domestic industries which depend on

foreign demand for their products. Or, as David Friedman puts it, when a trade representative offers to lower his country’s trade barriers only if another country opens its own markets, he might as well be saying: “If you stop hitting yourself on the head with a hammer, only then will I stop hitting myself on the head with a hammer.”

The Armchair Economist is full of novel arguments and takes on everyday situations. Yet it (mostly) shies away from moralizing and ideology. Landsburg’s more

naturally, no parent would dream to suggest that the children with fewer toys get together and vote to take them away either. While this is a valuable intuitive exercise, I imagine the parents would fight one another were their children in need of food, shelter, or some other “necessity” and one child refused to sell at any affordable price. Nonetheless, Landsburg’s experience provides a valuable insight—that generally, we hesitate to force children to give up their toys, even when they have more than we do, and we should hesitate similarly in matters of public policy. At the very least, we ought to provide a good example to children, who might perfectly innocently ask Ted Kennedy why he needs to force people to do what he wants them to do.

Fair Play contains a number of amusing, yet non-economic, anecdotes as well. Landsburg continues his feud with pop-environmentalism, and passes it on to his daughter. He describes an episode where her fifth-grade class received an assignment to write about an endangered species. Naturally, Landsburg recommends to his daughter that she write about the AIDS virus, a species we hope to further endanger in coming years. His point, of course, is that environmental decisions, like all decisions, involve tradeoffs, and one cannot assume that one side of a tradeoff is automatically preferable to the other just because it is soft and cuddly. In the case of the AIDS virus, the benefits of eradicating it far outweigh the cost in bio-diversity brought by its extinction. We should think about other environmental dilemmas in the same way.

Anyone interested in finding a new way to think about everyday life should check out either or both of Landsburg’s books. While his politics might not appeal to everyone, his refreshing intellectual honesty and his passion for economics cannot fail to inspire or challenge even the hardest-core leftist. Moreover, his books are nearly unique among those I have read in that I cannot conceive of a single person who would not learn *something* from reading them, or at least think differently about something he has always taken for granted. In the end, that may be the best reason to surf over to amazon.com or to trudge up the library steps and pick up these books.

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recent book *Fair Play: What Your Child Can Teach You About Economics, Morals, and the Meaning of Life*, crosses many lines. It too is a wonderfully written book, full of interesting ideas and spins on different situations. Yet Landsburg delves into moral philosophy, sometimes overstepping his bounds. He argues, for example, that people generally believe that redistributing income is morally wrong. Why? In many trips to the playground, he has never heard a parent tell a child that it’s okay to take another child’s toys just because he has more of them. And,

Those who live by the anecdote, die by the anecdote—or the scalpel.

Bad Medicine

BY ANDY SILVERMAN

Few could forget the famous Supreme Court decision in *Regents v. Bakke* which outlawed the practice of reserving slots for minorities in university admissions. Recently, the California Civil Rights Initiative, or Proposition 209, served as another landmark in the affirmative-action legal saga, ending race as a deciding factor in admission at California schools. The recent court ruling upholding this legislation sent organizations such as the ACLU and the NAACP into a fury as they accused the public of sweeping the race issue under the rug.

Regents v. Bakke demonstrated the folly of rejecting more qualified medical-school applicants in order to assure that a set number of minority students would gain admittance. It was from this case, however, that many proponents of racial preferences would draw their most powerful symbol of the benefits of quotas: Patrick Chavis, who was admitted to the UC Davis Medical School instead of Allan Bakke.

High rollers such as Senator Ted Kennedy and California State Senator Tom Hayden turned Chavis into an affirmative-action icon. Eva Patterson of the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights touted Chavis' achievements over those of Allan Bakke, implying that affirmative action had ultimately favored the best man.

Chavis was described as a dedicated urban soldier who had returned to his South-Central LA roots after graduation to serve his people. Bakke, conversely, received much ridicule from the left, on grounds that he had done nothing for California citizens, and had in fact moved to Minnesota, where he established a successful anesthesiology practice. While Bakke may not stand as a community service beacon, he did eventually manage to gain admittance to the UC Davis Medical School on his own merit, quite unlike Patrick Chavis. Since the admission standards to which Bakke were

held were not lowered, as in Chavis' case, Bakke clearly deserved his place.

And, to quote Robert Frost, "That has made all the difference," because the school's relaxed standards have produced a poorer quality physician: Dr. Patrick Chavis is now facing the prospect of losing his medical license. Late last spring, Chavis abandoned Tammaria Cotton in his office just after performing surgery on her. Hours later, Mrs. Cotton bled to death due to Chavis' gross negligence.

Chavis responded to his detractors at a press conference, blaming his downfall on the hospital where he practiced and suggesting that Jimmy Cotton, the victim's husband, should be "accused of second-degree murder, if not first-degree murder" for the act of lifting his wife into a wheelchair. Perhaps Chavis is not aware that his own oversight caused Mrs. Cotton's early demise; either way, his license should be revoked.

Those who once pointed his individual case as evidence of affirmative action's success are now scrambling away from that position. According to Richard Yarborough, director of African-American studies at UCLA: "That is the basis of stereotyping of all kinds, when you take one case and explode into a general rule." Nevertheless, that is precisely what occurred when the left initially lionized Chavis; forming general rules from individual cases is a tradition in which the affirmative-action movement has long been engaged.

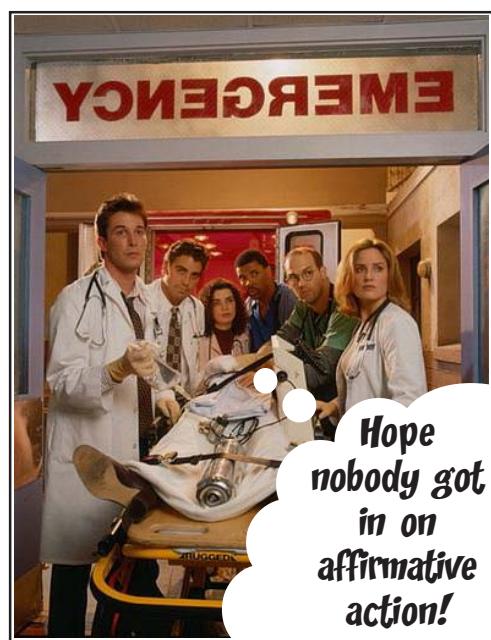
Lowering academic standards in hopes that past racial inequalities may be remedied serves neither the interests of the person receiving the benefits of quotas nor the interests of society. The Chavis affair proves that a system based on the lowest common denominator sows its own seeds of destruction because citizens can no longer place trust in the professionals

who serve them. By holding Chavis to a lower standard, institutionalized reverse discrimination unleashed a man who not only ruined his own life but took that of another.

The Chavis affair reminds us in the most chilling of ways why Martin Luther King's words ring so true—judging an applicant on the basis of the color of his skin and not the content of his character is inherently dangerous. If this nation ever expects to remedy the problem of race, the first step involves removing it as a deciding factor in university admissions. Two major problems are created by favoring underrepresented minorities: first, blacks and Latinos, the two groups which lead the nation in per capita drop-out rates, often find themselves in over their heads and end up quitting school. Secondly, more qualified applicants are denied admission in the name of social reformation. In both cases, society suffers.

For America to remain competitive in an increasingly globalized environment it cannot lower the academic hurdles over which future generations will be forced to leap. To the contrary, colleges and universities must enforce consistent admission criteria by removing race from the decision process. While a new policy may result in less minorities in elite universities, the trade-off will be that the cream will be able to rise to the top instead of being tossed aside because of its color.

Mr. Silverman is a freshman majoring in International Relations.



NOTABLE AND QUOTABLE

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.

—Thomas Jefferson

The politician is an acrobat. He keeps his balance by saying the opposite of what he does.

—Maurice Barres

He who is the author of a war lets loose the whole contagion of hell and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death.

—Thomas Paine

No man is good enough to be another man's master.

—George Bernard Shaw

If a man hasn't discovered something that he will die for, he isn't fit to live.

—Martin Luther King Jr.

Death is better, a milder fate than tyranny.

—Aeschylus

Liberty cannot live apart from the constitutional principle.

—Woodrow Wilson

Civilization cannot survive if it rests upon a propertyless proletariat.

—Ernest Bevin

Counterfeit philosophies have polluted all of your thoughts. Karl Marx has got ya by the throat, Henry Kissinger's got you tied up in knots.

—Bob Dylan

Communism- the illegitimate child of Karl Marx and Catherine the Great.

—Clement Atlee

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.

—Eleanor Roosevelt

Education is learning what you didn't even know you didn't know.

—Daniel Boorstin

Well, I've known a few parsons and I've known a few whores, and I've always preferred the whores.

—Robert Allerton

To silence criticism is to silence freedom.

—Sidney Hook

Capitalism works better than any of us can conceive. It is also the only truly moral system of exchange.

—Steve Forbes

After all there is but one race- humanity.

—George Moore

I think there is a basic moral law. I don't think there is anything wrong with teaching a small child who is in kindergarten, if he wants the toy that the other child has, he doesn't bop him on the head to get it. I think you teach them the rights of others.

—Ronald Reagan

Diplomacy is to do and say the nastiest thing in the nicest way.

—Isaac Goldberg

The opposite of love is not hate, it's indifference. The opposite of art is not ugliness, it's indifference. The opposite of faith is not heresy, it's indifference. The opposite of life is not death, it's indifference.

—Elie Wiesel

Bigotry may be roughly defined as the anger of men who have no opinions.

—G. K. Chesterton

Don't buy a single vote more than necessary. I'll be damned if I'm going to pay for a landslide.

—Joseph P. Kennedy

You don't make the poor richer by making the rich poorer.

—Winston Churchill

One tongue is sufficient for a woman.

—John Milton

The only thing to do with good advice is to pass it on. It is never of any use to oneself

—Oscar Wilde

Things may come to those who wait, but only the things left by those who hustle.

—Abraham Lincoln

As scarce as the truth is, the supply has always been in excess of the demand.

—Henry Wheeler Shaw

It is useless for the sheep to pass resolutions in favor of vegetarianism while the wolf remains of a different opinion.

—William Ralph Inge

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies but let wasps and hornets break through.

—Jonathan Swift

When I was a boy I was told that anybody could become president. Now I'm beginning to believe it.

—Clarence Darrow

No matter how many communes anybody invents, the family always creeps back.

—Margaret Mead

Not taking and consuming, but giving, risking, and creating are the characteristic roles of the capitalist, the key producer of the wealth of nations.

—George Gilder

Education is the ability to listen to almost anything without losing your temper or your self-confidence.

—Robert Frost

All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers or backgammon, with a slight moral tinge to it.

—Henry David Thoreau

When there is a lack of honor in politics, the morals of the whole people are poisoned.

—Herbert Hoover

The liberals talk about a stable government, but we don't know how bad the stable is going to smell.

—Thomas Douglas

It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress.

—Mark Twain

A rich man told me recently that a liberal is a man who tells other people what to do with their money.

—Le Roi Jones

The CIA is made up of boys whose families sent them to Princeton but wouldn't let them into the family brokerage business.

—Lyndon Johnson

The basis for a democratic state is liberty.

—Aristotle

Politics is the science of who gets what, when, and why.

—Sidney Hillman

Man exists for his own sake and not to add a laborer to the State.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Virtually everything is under federal control nowadays except the federal budget.

—Herman E. Talmadge

A man who has never gone to school may steal from a freight car, but if he has a university education he may steal the whole railroad.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt

I'D FLY 10,000 MILES TO SMOKE A CAMEL



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Stockpiling weapons of mass destruction can lead to air raids, tank attacks, and premature death at the hands of the US Marine Corps.

War!