

P. Joseph Moons Measures The Communist Threat

John S. Cleaves on the Gulf Incident

California Review

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James B. Stockdale



and Professor Evaluations

Parting Shots

By Kurt Andrew Schlichter

This is my final *California Review* communique. I joined the staff for the second issue of Fall quarter in 1985, a hungry young right winger whose anti-communist impulses needed some outlet besides bad movie reviews in the *Koala*. Chris Alario took me in and suggested that I try my hand with an article. I did, it stank, but Chris ran it anyway. In his infinite wisdom, for he knew full well what would happen, he put my name in 30 point regular typeface on the cover and I was hooked. I have not missed an issue since.

Being a right-winger at UCSD has been an interesting experience to say the least. The academic establishment, the faculty, is tilted left. More than once I felt myself the sole defender of what is right, what is good and what is capitalist. This is especially pronounced in my two major departments, Communications and Political Science. Of course the Communications department is so far to the left that it thinks Gorbachev is a conservative. Once a TA was asking my section what the Marxist definition of "alienation" was. I answered "A Republican in the Comm department".

Nor is it easy being on the Right when you are a student at Third College, known to radical relics like Angela Davis as Lumumba-Zapata. At least in the Comm department they just shook their heads at me as if I were a wayward and mildly confused child, but conservatism on the Third campus can inspire some serious hate. I took a few potshots at them in my *Koala* column and the Third establishment elite got a bit angry. In their house organ *The Third Word* they called my statements "blatant and slanderous". Well, of course they were "blatant". The *Koala* prints about 6000 copies. "Slanderous"? No, I was not "slanderous". The word is "libelous". Slander is when one says falsely, Third College is dominated by a power-hungry elite of brown-nosing students. What I did was print it, and it is true. Therefore, I was not slanderous.

My media experiences as a right-winger have also been quite interesting. For one thing, most of UCSD's media is highly politically polarized. The *New Indicator*, *People's Voice*, *Voz Fronteriza* and *Sappho Speaks* all have their political basis, as does *Cal Review*. Over the years we have had a kind of truce going with our opposites on the Left. We never see the *Sappho Speaks* group, thankfully, and the *Voz* contingent does not speak to us. *People's Voice*, which cries "oppression" and thus gets a good deal more money than us even though they have put out but a single issue this year, is personified by a gentleman who periodically visits their office. What makes him memorable is his propensity for wearing a multi-colored fez at all times.



The *New Indicator* gang is a constant presence in the production room. Chris Alario forged a truce with them which, with some notable exceptions, has led to cordial relations between the two camps. During the short reign of Barry Demuth, however, it got a bit tense in the Student Center. One of the radicals threatened to throw our beloved editor from the balcony, whereupon Barry suggested that he attempt it, adding a moment later a threat to inflict an involuntary bath upon the hapless leftist if he didn't watch himself.

For the most part though, the gentlemen at the *New Indicator* are fine as long as the subject of politics is scrupulously avoided. They also provided me with some surprising revelations over the years. When I asked if he planned on hanging around UCSD forever, one of them told me: "Are you crazy? I'm putting

together a resume so I can get a job. Later, I'll probably get married and have kids. Hey, even a leftist has to eat."

Being on the *Koala* staff was also interesting as I was the only politicized member. You must understand that at a school like UCSD, about 5% of the student body could be even remotely considered politicized. Certainly they will offer that they are "liberal" or "conservative" or most likely "moderate", but they have no real grasp of what any of that means. Thus, the *Koala* took a slight right-ward tilt through the sheer volume of my writings, although very often someone would get a good one off at the expense of the President or even *California Review*.

This all intensified when I was allowed a column this year. Being a Comm major and thus a student of the power of media, I could not pass up the opportunity to reach 6000 minds every two weeks. Thus, I sugar coated a few jabs at thugs like the Sandinistas or the Comm department with obnoxious humor. It was nice to have a platform to balance out the leftist media, and of course our beloved *UCSD Guardian*, which is about two steps down from plain fishwrap in terms of content and quality.

The *Guardian*. Even now, as I linger on the edge of the abyss that is post-graduate existence, I despise it. It is not just an esthetic objection to its vision-blurring layout and primitive graphics but the papers noxious political orientation that annoys me and most every warm body from Third to Revelle. Though vaguely leftist, the *Guardian* is simply too wimpy and silly to make any kind of coherent statement. Even the *New Indicator* people hate it.

I wrote them two letters in my tenure. The first had to do with CIA, FBI and Military recruitment. I was for it. The other had to do with the outcry over a supposedly "anti-woman, pro-rape" piece in the *Koala* which had the feminists screeching. That brings me to my next main point, the UCSD Indignation Industry.

I think it was columnist-author George Will who came up with the moniker "Indignation Industry" but I cannot be sure. The indignation industry is made up of those people whose whole purpose in life appears to be waiting for something to get mad about. In this case it was the guerilla feminists who no doubt scoured every issue of the *Koala* for heresies to jump on. They did the same thing to *California Review* a few years back, accusing us, of all things, of condoning rape. That's right, the same people who other indignation industrialists pilloried for wanting criminals to actually be punished for their crimes was being accused of advocating crime. That shouldn't be a surprise though. No one ever said they had to make sense. In any case, the Women's Resource Center contingent and their indignant allies managed to get *California Review* booted off campus.

That nonsense got taken care of when *CR* retained a sympathetic attorney who pointed out the First Amendment to the Administration. Space and a few pennies of funding were rapidly found when the words "punative damages" began circulating and thus *CR* came home, but not before some moron spray painted the phrase "Killers For Reagan" on the driveway of the editor's home. While the culprit was never caught, it is interesting to note that Literature Professor Reinhard Lettau was caught spray painting the very same phrase on the side of a building here on campus around the same time. But hey, you'd be frustrated too if your pathetic, worthless ideology had been so overwhelmingly rejected by the American people via the election of President Reagan.

In any case, the UCSD Indignation Industry is constantly on the lookout for things to get really upset about, for they thrive on their fantasies of oppression and persecution. The recent incident involving an FBI agent and the molars of Kristen Crabtree was to them a godsend. They were ecstatic that she had been arrested, and posted flyers informing the duped student victims of the FBI-Administration conspiracy that they lived in a police state. Ms. Crabtree, a resident assistant at where else? Third College, was hassling the poor FBI woman as she tried to do some recruiting on campus. There was a scuffle and Crabtree was later busted by a quartet of special agents. Unfortunately for the radicals, Ms. Crabtree was later released and was not found floating face down in Mission Bay with a bullet hole in the back of her head as in a real police state, such a Nicaragua for instance. I gather the radicals were gravely disappointed by her survival and their protesting sort of faded away as they lost interest.

But the fact that the indignation industry got so upset that the US government would recruit employees



on campus shows something very important. The Left considers the University to be theirs. And it sort of is, since this is about the only place in society they have to go. No one else takes them seriously, and there is no place outside of academia where someone can earn a decent living being foolish professionally.

So the indignation industry defends its turf jealously. It screams and yells at the merest threat of displacement. It uses any means to keep hold of its Ivory Tower empire. The FBI and Co. were banned through a student referendum, as if freedom of choice was subject to a vote. When that didn't work, the Left tried to hassle the recruiters and the prospective recruits.

You can see them in a high furor at the present A.S. Council. At most colleges, the Left has insinuated itself into the student government, but the UCSD Associated Students remains firmly in the grip of conservative politicians and the Greeks. It is pretty funny to see the leftists angry not because a small group controls the A.S. but because the small group that controls the A.S. isn't them.

Alas, this is my final opportunity to comment upon the vast human vat that is UCSD. On June 14th I pick up my diploma from Third College. Somehow they forgot my invitation to speak at graduation, but I will be there nonetheless.

The present Editorial Board's seniors will all be gone. Justina Flavin will study mathematics at San Diego State. Peter Moons, the man who reorganized the staff in December, who got our finances in order and constantly clashed with yours truly over editing, will enter the "Real World" later this summer. Both Justina and Peter have worked ceaselessly to keep *California Review* alive and well. I say they succeeded, but I am biased.

California Review will remain the sole voice of reason upon the UCSD campus next year under the leadership of John Cleaves. He and his staff will continue to keep *CR* reputation as THE premier conservative campus publication intact. If you feel inclined to assist him, by all means take advantage of the opportunity. *CR* helped me get a Congressional internship, let me meet Al Haig, and gave me experience that I'll never forget no matter how hard I try.

Do not, however, allow yourself to think that something like graduation will silence our conservative voices. The colleges trained the Sixties radicals and now they are in positions of power. The same will happen with us. We have been trained, and we are ready to take our place out there, and then we will fight to the top.

I will start at the bottom, as a recruit in boot camp starting in December. By June of 1988 I will receive my gold Second Lieutenant's bar. After my service in the Army infantry, I will return to the typewriter and make a name for myself just like my *California Review* predecessors have done. We love America, President Reagan is our hero, and we are coming. Let the status quo beware, for we are coming out of every University in the country.

And as I bid farewell to what at UCSD should probably be known as the Concrete Towers of Academia, I realize that once I step outside I will again be in the political majority. After four years, that will be a refreshing change.

Kurt Andrew Schlichter is a graduating senior at UC San Diego.

Letters



Dear *California Review*:

Keep up the good work! We "old fellows" place our hope and our dependence on you "young fellows."

Cordially,

CDR. John C. Mathews III, USN (Ret.)

From The Editor:

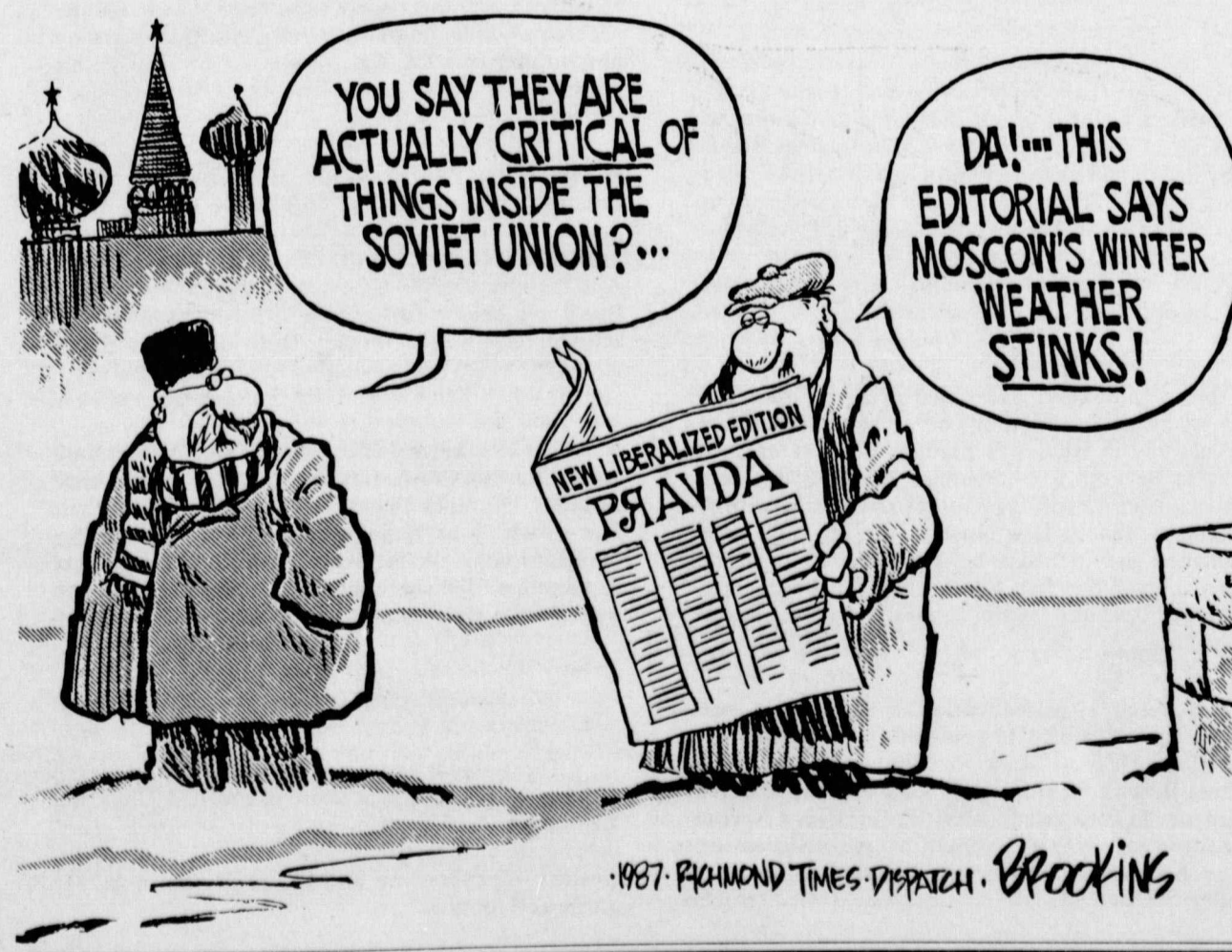
Welcome to the last issue of *California Review* for the 1986-87 academic year. As I reflect on my two and one-half years with *CR*, I see the great strides that have been made in spreading the conservative word at U.C.S.D. Where ignorance and apathy reigned supreme among students, today they wait with anticipation for the enlightened commentary found only in these pages. Tyrannical leftist professors who loathe *CR* now read it to see if any of their classroom atrocities have been exposed. In a world of deception, *CR* is the voice of truth.

Thanks to a very receptive and helpful Associated Student government, this journal has been able to publish without incident. Of course, leftist censors still scribble unintelligible graffiti on our office door and other crazies annoy our staffers at campus information tables, but the A.S. does not despise us anymore. The A.S. even helped *CR* bring conservative speaker Mr.

Clarence Pendleton, Chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, to the campus this spring. The Reagan Revolution won!

Graduating with me this June and leaving *CR* are Justina Flavin and Kurt Schlichter: two dedicated conservatives who gave much of their time to work for this journal. I wish them the best of luck in their future endeavors. Returning next year to carry on the tradition are John Cleaves, Leslie Crocker and Douglas Jamieson. Into their hands and the hands of next year's student staff fall the responsibility of defending freedom on the campus of U.C.S.D. I owe a special thanks to all those who have given financially to *CR* over these last few years; it is you too who keep *CR* in print. I urge all of our student and community readers to continue to be enlightened by the best in campus conservatism: *California Review*.

—P.J.M.



California Review



Credo: Imperium et libertas.

Magistratus:

P. Joseph Moons Optimo Princeps
Kurt Andrew Schlichter Centurio Luxuriosus
Justina M. Flavin Adjutor Popularis
John Cleaves Tribunus Plebis

Leslie B. Crocker Supremus Auxilium
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California Review (Restitutor Orbis) was founded on the sunny afternoon of seven, January, nineteen-hundred and eighty-two, by discipuli cum civitas listening to Respighi and engaging in discourse on preserving the American Way.



A conservative journal is a terrible thing to waste. Give to *California Review*, a not-for-profit organization.

In Review

■ The winners of the Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest for bad writing, are out. This year writers sent in more than 10,000 entries. Among the most notable pieces was the following:

"This is almost worth the high blood pressure, he thought as yet another mosquito exploded." —Richard Patching, Calgary, Canada.

And the winner of the "purple prose" category: "The sun rose slowly, like a fiery furbal coughed up unasily onto a sky-blue carpet by a giant unseen cat." —Michael McGarel, Park Forest, Illinois.

■ Nightline guru Ted Koppel has his own opinion on what's wrong with television. Speaking at the Duke University commencement, he spoke in reference to that famous letter turner, Vanna White. "America has been Vannatized..." he said. "She says nothing. We have no idea if or what she thinks. Mr. Koppel went on to decry "the Vanna factor that has wormed its way into too many facets of our life."

■ Things are looking bad for the Labor Party in Britain. Not only has it been unsuccessful in garnering votes, its leader, Neil Kinnock, is even losing recognition among the populace. A kindergartener, upon meeting Mr. Kinnock recently, commented, "You look like an egg. You must be Humpty-Dumpty."

■ President Ronald Reagan was meeting with reporters from the South when Liz White of radio station WSM handed him a piece of paper and said, "My general manager says I can't go home unless you read this aloud." The President obliged. "I'm Ronald Reagan," he read. "Whenever I'm in Nashville, I listen to Radio six-five-oh, WSM, the 50,000-watt blowtorch of the South." Said President Reagan: "Just like being back at WHO."

■ In the tradition of Live-Aid, Band-Aid and Farm-Aid comes 'Rock for the Impeachment of Reagan/Bush' with the reggae band Rainbow Warriors. Oops! We're sorry to inform you that this noisefest occurred last March. But don't worry, you'll be able to catch our rainbow friends at their upcoming "U.S. out of U.S." benefit.

■ Luther College Biology Professor Roger M. Knutson, has written a book called "Flattened Fauna: A Field Guide to Common Animals of Roads, Streets, and Highways," published by Ten Speed Press. According to Knutson, "This is a book about animals that, like the Wicked Witch...in 'The Wizard of Oz,' are not just merely dead but really most sincerely dead." In the book Knutson writes, "Why an animal is on the road and what it was doing there a few hours earlier are recorded in its flat remains as surely as the history of a tree is recorded in its annual rings." The book received a positive review in the May issue of *Natural History* magazine which stated, "Although written with humor, this is a serious introduction to the consequences of improved human transportation on other vertebrates."

"You can read that into there if you want to," says Knutson. "There's no kind of philosophical underpinnings to this, though."

■ New Zealand Prime Minister David Lange, who competes in professional auto races in his spare time, evidently was not in his best form a few weeks ago when he ran down a pedestrian while driving to an all-night convenience store for razor blades. The pedestrian was hospitalized for leg and head injuries.

■ The Soviet Union has finally removed the crows from the Kremlin. Beside making a small mess, the crows were a fun-loving bunch who enjoyed sliding down the Kremlin's roofs on their claws, creating a bit of a racket. Apparently, this form of freedom of speech isn't allowed in the Glasnost program.

■ Readers Digest and automotive columnist Robert Sikosky bought a 1984 Oldsmobile Cutlas Sierra Sedan and had it rebuilt at a reputable Oldsmobile dealer. Sikosky then toured the country and made stops at garages claiming he had engine trouble. This engine trouble was created by a pulled spark plug wire. Amazingly, only 28% of the repairmen were able to correctly diagnose and fix the problem. Recommended remedies included getting a tuneup (\$184), replacing the rotor and cap (\$90), getting a new oil pump, and rebuilding the engine.

■ Residents of Wisconsin have voted to retain "America's Dairyland" as the motto that adorns the state's license plates. It beat out several other contenders, including "Eat Cheese or Die."

■ WINNIE AND NELSON MANDELA QUOTE-BAG:

Nelson: "The cause of Communism is the greatest cause in the history of mankind."

Winnie: "The Soviet Union is the torchbearer for all our hopes and aspirations. In Soviet Russia, genuine power of the people has been transformed from dreams into reality."

■ Not to be outdone by Winnie and Nelson, ANC representative to the United Nations, Johnny Makatini, remarked "if there were only 4 million of us left after the revolution, it would be better than the present situation." Can the 21 million black South Africans really doubt the ANC has their best interests at heart?



■ *California Review's* top four oxymorons: The Lebanese government, freedom-loving Sandinistas, the Conservative White House Press Corps, and a Soviet peace initiative.

■ With slogans such as "Only Sheep Are Counted", members of West Germany's Green Party began an anti-census campaign recently. They are protesting their nations' first census in 17 years because they view the questions as an invasion of privacy and fear that the government will misuse the data. The Greens, who were formerly pro-environment, are apparently turning to a new path: anarchy.

■ This amazing claim was submitted to Aetna Life & Casualty Co.: A 63-year-old man was riding his motorcycle down a Florida highway at 50 mph when a redhead in the next lane caught his eye. The policyholder said his bike slammed into the rear of the slow moving car and propelled him over the vehicle. He said he landed chin-out, hands outstretched and feet up - on his large brass belt buckle. The buckle supported him as he skidded 200 feet down the highway. The man suffered bruises and road burns on his slide.

■ A fly-ball during an Atlanta Braves-New York Mets game may have been the first ever to take the life of a bird in a major league game. In the third inning of Atlanta's 12-4 victory, the Braves' Dion James led off with what should have been a routine fly to left field in Shea Stadium. Former San Diego Padre and current Mets player Kevin McReynolds began drifting under the ball but stopped when it collided with a dove in flight. By the time McReynolds retrieved the ball, James stood at second base with a double.

■ More bird news. An eagle dropped what was believed to be a salmon or cod on top of an Alaska Airlines 737 in what was perhaps the first in-flight collision between a commercial jetliner and a fish. Minutes after takeoff from Juneau, the plane with 40 passengers aboard flew close to the big eagle. The frightened bird opened its beak, dropped its catch and veered away. The fish hit the roof of the cockpit, making a "loud ker-thump," but caused no damage to the plane.

■ In search of an education, a 23-year-old man passed himself off as a 14-year-old and enrolled in the 8th grade class at Rancho Milpitas Junior High School here in California. His play was discovered when the school tried to enroll him in a special education program and sought his parents' consent. The police then got into the act, arresting him for petty theft.

■ Put another Aussie on the barbi for me, mate. Australia's national post office has destroyed 40 million commemorative stamps with a face value of \$10 million after failing to retain the America's Cup. A Melbourne postal official said that printing the stamps before the race was won was a "calculated business risk."

■ Professors salaries are on the move up. The American Association of University Professors announced that the average salary this year for a full professor is \$45,540; associate professor, \$33,820; and assistant professor, \$27,920. CR wonders what many of these Marxist profs are doing with their money.

■ Driving around Lewiston, Me. must be a problem. Apparently, students at local Bates College have taken to "temporarily borrowing" street signs and traffic cones to decorate their dorm rooms. The police, in hopes of saving over \$1000 a year in replacement fees, are offering amnesty in the hopes the signs will be returned. Doubtful.

■ She doesn't leave home without it. An underground videotape is circulating in Moscow that shows Smilin' Mike Gorbachev's wife Raisa purchasing perfume and furs in French boutiques and paying for them with an American Express card. So much for egalitarianism.

■ The Marxist government of Ethiopia has one more problem to contend with these days. It seems that many youngsters of that nation have taken to worshipping the illustrious Michael Jackson. The pop icon's songs are heard everywhere from the horns of taxis to funeral processions, while his clothing style is widely imitated by both men and women. The Communist government is reportedly distraught about the development of this "hippie culture", and warned of a backlash by the older generation.

■ Stanford University's regents have decided not to house Ronald Reagan's Presidential Library on their campus. Library officials say they are looking for a site in Southern California. *California Review* proposes that the Reagan Library be built at UCSD. If you agree with us, please come to our office and sign the petition we will be mailing to President Reagan urging him to consider UC San Diego as the site for his library.

■ In light of America's inability to reliably launch satellites, a new offer has been made to U.S. companies: the Soviet Union will send your satellites into orbit at half the price of the European Ariane rocket. And they promise not to peek at the technology either. But if you believe that, we have some swampland to sell you, too. So far, though, there haven't been any takers.

■ Two of a kind? In Smyrna, Tenn., Mayor Sam Ridley stepped down after being charged with misuse of funds. His replacement? His identical twin brother, Knox, who was appointed to office by the city commissioners. When asked of his policies, Knox replied that "We share the same thoughts. I have no new ideas. I plan to carry out Sam's wishes."

The opinions and views contained in *California Review* do not represent those of the ASUCSD, the Regents, and/or the University of California. They belong to a dedicated few who are committed to freedom of expression and the preservation of our glorious Republic.

A Stark View

By John S. Cleaves

The U.S.S. Stark incident is the question of the moment. The tragic loss of 37 sailors at the hands of an ally has the nation shocked. Americans have once again turned their attention to that explosive area and wonder why we are so integrally involved there.

Some people argue that the deployment of American military vessels in the Persian Gulf and the allowance for Kuwaiti oil-tankers to fly Old Glory will draw the U.S. further into the Iran-Iraq war and will cost many more Americans their lives. Therefore, the argument that the U.S. should withdraw from the region is being heard more and more frequently.

However, this view doesn't take into account several very crucial points. The first is that Iraq and Kuwait are allies. The oil in the Kuwaiti tankers that our government has decided to protect is Iraqi oil. If those ships are stopped, Iraq won't get the money to defend itself in the war against Iran. Iraq is already having a great deal of trouble in the war, if it were to lose its oil revenues it would probably go down in defeat. The Islamic Jihad being conducted by Iran would continue to spread and threaten the other nations in the region including Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Bahrain. The U.S. would have to respond militarily to such a situation in order to protect the independence of those nations as well as their oil which Japan and our Western European allies depend upon.



A second point is that although the U.S. gets most its oil from other places, many nations depend upon oil from the gulf. If that oil was cut off, those nations would have to get oil from our own sources. This would make oil more scarce, driving up its price and also resulting in a slowdown in production of many goods dependent upon petroleum for operation. This would create havoc in the international and the American economic scenes and might result in a new recession, as well as the long gas lines last seen in the 1970's.

Another important factor is that the Soviet Union is trying to increase its involvement in the region, and in

some cases it has already succeeded. This is shown by the fact that Kuwait has leased three Soviet tankers for which Russia will provide naval protection while in the gulf. The Soviets are interested in the Persian Gulf because such a large amount of the oil used in the West comes from there. If the U.S. were to back out of the area, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait would be forced to go to the Russians for protection against Iran. The Soviets would then be in control of the flow of oil from the Persian Gulf and would have a very powerful weapon they could use against their Western European adversaries, in effect holding the economies of those nations hostage to their need for oil. This situation would be incredibly explosive since the United States would once again be forced into taking some sort of action for the protection of its allies, but in this case it would be an action against the Soviet Union.

For these reasons the U.S. must maintain its presence in the gulf. However, with the permission to fire on threatening air or sea vessels given to American ships, as well as the introduction of air support, the additional presence of British and French warships in the region and the Reagan administration's vow to respond immediately with force if attacked by either Iraq or Iran, it should be relatively safer for the U.S. contingent.

John S. Cleaves is a junior at UCSD.

Stopping the Spread of Soviet Strategic Imperialism

By P. Joseph Moons

Since 1917, at least 32 countries have fallen under the communist sphere of influence. The Soviets, in their quest for world hegemony, have encouraged and assisted revolutions in other countries. Many of these nations fell when the reds first took over in the 1917 Russian Revolution: Russia, Armenia, Byelorussia, Georgia and the Ukraine. The three countries which fell during 1940, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania are still not recognized by the U.S. as part of the Soviet Union. From 1946-1949, Eastern Europe was hardest hit by the Soviet's influence, losing eight countries in the post-Yalta era of continent splitting. North Korea and China also turned that year.



In the last 33 years, the names of the fallen countries have become too familiar to some and forgotten by those who would rather not realize how vast the Soviet's power is. Cuba, Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam, Nicaragua and Afghanistan are all controlled by communists. Yemen, just south of Saudi Arabia, suffered a revolution in the early 1980's between Marxist factions that put a pro-Soviet group in power. Since 1975, the Soviets and their Cuban lackies have found easy targets in African countries of Angola, Ethiopia and Mozambique.

All these countries are important to the United States; not because of some strategic mineral they may have or because of some trading possibilities but because they are threats. The 1987 edition of Soviet Military Power shows that the Soviets have access to naval facilities and airfields in Ethiopia and Angola, flying reconnaissance flights out of the later covering southern Africa. In Yemen, Ethiopia, and the



Seychelles Islands the Soviets have their warm water ports using naval facilities to replenish their Indian Ocean fleet.

At the former U.S. base in Cam Ranh Bay, Vietnam, the Soviets fly bomber and reconnaissance aircraft near the Philippines and Malaysia. The Soviets fly similar aircraft from Murmansk to Cuba and operate their Caribbean fleet from that island. All these areas have one thing in common: they allow coverage of strategic sea lanes of communication and transportation by Soviet vessels and airpower. These lanes carry the oil that runs the West and the products that are sent from industrialized nations to the rest of the world.

U.S. forces have been matched around the world by the Soviet use of seemingly unimportant countries. They are unimportant to the Soviets except for their strategic location. The latest two countries to be targeted by the Soviet machine are of course Afghanistan and Nicaragua. Securing Afghanistan would propel the Soviet Union one country closer to the oil producing countries of the Middle East and the Persian Gulf. Submarine and bomber bases in Nicaragua would allow for increased Soviet influence in the Panama Canal area and the Eastern Pacific.

In both Afghanistan and Nicaragua, the Reagan Doctrine of providing assistance to anti-communist movements is taking place. Soviet forces are stuck in an unwinnable quagmire fighting the Mujahdeen of Afghanistan. The freedom fighters determination and use of sophisticated weapons keeps the Soviets on guard. For some time in the first few months of 1987, the Mujahdeen were shooting down on the average a Soviet aircraft a day with their newly received surface to air missiles.



The Nicaraguan resistance continues to battle the Sandinistas in their country. The Sandinistas are currently incorporating Soviet tactics in the conflict by relying on the use of artillery and helicopters. (Although the Sandinistas do not trust the loyalty of their own pilots to fly their Soviet-made helicopters so they largely use Cuban pilots.) If the resistance continues to occupy the Sandinistas' military energy, the Soviets will not have the resources or power to build bomber bases or naval centers in Nicaragua. In essence, the Reagan Doctrine is preventing the spread of Soviet power.

The Soviets long-standing policy of encouraging and even fomenting revolution aboard has affected the balance of power in the world. Just 40 years ago, Mozambique, Vietnam, and Cambodia did not make a difference. Today because of their locations and the Soviet ability to exert influence in their affairs, the Soviet umbrella of power has grown. The U.S. must constantly check this imperialism by whatever means possible.

If large scale hostilities were to break out, the Soviets would have enough of a military infrastructure around the world to fight a prolonged war. The mission of the United States and its elected leaders is to keep in mind a global context when supporting indigenous, anti-communist movements. The fates of countries like East Germany and Czechoslovakia are sealed for some time barring any democratic revolutions there. Countries like Afghanistan and Nicaragua, though, have their fates undecided as long as there are freedom fighters there to be the first line of defense against Soviet expansionism.

P. Joseph Moons is a senior at UCSD.

California Review Interviews

Retired Vice Admiral James Bond Stockdale is an American war hero. After graduating from Annapolis he became a Naval aviator. In 1964, while attached to the U.S.S. Ticonderoga sailing off the coast of Vietnam, Adm. Stockdale was summoned to the aid of an American destroyer under attack by North Vietnamese patrol boats. Flying F-8 Crusader jets, Adm. Stockdale and his three wingmen succeeded in sinking two of the three communist ships in what would be later known as the first Gulf of Tonkin incident. Later, the veteran flyer flew retaliatory strikes against North Vietnam. Four hundred days after the first incident, Adm. Stockdale's A-4 Skyhawk was hit by anti-aircraft fire. He ejected, and spent the next eight years as a prisoner of war. His determination and bravery as the leader of the American prisoners won him the Congressional Medal of Honor, the nation's highest military decoration. His book, *In Love and War*, cowritten with his wife Sybil, became a television movie. Adm. Stockdale has retired from the Navy but remains active as an instructor at the Hoover Institute and as an author of three books. CR's Kurt Andrew Schlichter and P. Joseph Moons recently interviewed Adm. Stockdale at his lovely Coronado home.

CR: Do you think the United States should have been involved in Southeast Asia in the first place, and if so why?

JS: Well, I think that we should have been there if we could have convinced the American people of its importance to a degree that would have justified a declaration of war. In other words, the idea in the abstract was not bad, the old containment idea and the problem of Asian communism. But that business of whether or not we should have been there in the first place requires an answer that goes back many years before the Tonkin Gulf, many years before '67 or '69, whenever the American people took exception to it. It really addresses a basic concept of government that has to return. And that is that you don't work on the sly and keep the American public out of the inside information, and then suddenly try to spring on them the idea that here we are, committed and now we've got to continue or all that has gone past is for naught. And Viet Nam, I would hope, drew that to a close, because that very idea of the Johnson administration, from beginning to end, was to keep the American public in the dark. MacNamara is quoted time and again of saying things like this, and this is not verbatim, but that "at least we may not be doing too well in Viet Nam," now this is before it became a crisis, "but at least I think we have come to the point where we can commit military force on a rational basis without the involvement of the mob, without being heckled, and without public involvement," to what he thought was a ruin of his game plan. He did not want to deal with unprogrammed inputs. He considered public sentiment an unprogrammed input. He wanted to be able to go into his academic cocoon and make these rational, programmatic Harvard Business School type decisions and to pursue them with high technology, military force and to go through this problem according to his idea of the way to do business. I don't want to overkill this, but this is what was behind it, and this spawned all kinds of problems. The idea of this closeted decision by intellectuals prevailing over the random inputs of emotional men on the street got us off to a bad start, because first of all it's not part of the democratic process. You cannot run a war on the sly, or on the cheat. You've got to get the people behind you and I think that's true right now. You've got to see what the options are, and if you have to somehow hoodwink the public, beware, because they will have their way when it's over.

CR: Sir, in your book, you mentioned that you were flying secret bombing missions over Laos, and the intelligence officers weren't recording accurate accounts of it.

JS: I'm not sure that was intentional. I think it was a case of newness. You know, when an army, as you guys will soon find out, becomes very stylized in peacetime and new conventions creep in that aren't really serviceable in times of emergency. To get a peacetime force geared for war is about a one year process and I'm not talking about new weapons, I'm talking about new styles of management. It certainly wasn't a conspiracy, of course. It was secret anyway. When I would read the accounts of what I had been doing for the previous week, I didn't recognize it and the times would be wrong and the locations would be wrong. It got so bad that when I ultimately told my pilots just for the sake of history, it was a military program, but I intend to write down what I saw on these breakthrough flights and stick it in my safe. And they all said, "Bravo." And when I wrote my book, I

opened that safe, so to speak, although those papers had been of course removed from the ship. And I incorporated them in Chapter I, papers written by people who had been dead for 15 years and eyewitness accounts of what they saw. And it doesn't jive at all with modern history! And that's because people who write modern history, particularly military history, go to what they call "official sources." Which are Navy, Army, and State Department messages, most of which are fraught with errors, few intentional, but some intentional.

You cannot run a war on the sly

CR: What about the Gulf of Tonkin incident? Were you flying a Crusader at that time?

JS: Right. I was a test pilot and I flew every kind of aircraft. But that was something short of conspiracy, but I'm talking about the week of Tonkin Gulf, the week of the first week in August, 1964. And I have to talk about a week because people forget that there were two incidents, one real and one imaginary. The first one was real and the second, the one on the fourth was imaginary. It really started out as an imaginary thing. That's why I say it wasn't a conspiracy. It was a dark night. Radars behave peculiarly in high humidity and in cloud conditions. That's a special part of the world where people have reported before and since physical aberrations brought about by everything peculiar temperature gradients and flocks of birds and everything else. The water is warm, it's shallow, and the sonars behave peculiarly. You know, these are not pure science. Radars and sonars require interpretation. So anyway, there was reason to believe, that night on the 2nd, that something might be afoot. The U.S. government started getting warnings from intercepted messages that were picked up from various listening posts that were coming out of North Viet Nam. These messages were interpreted in different ways by different locations. In Saigon, the message that really triggered American anxieties was one that was translated as saying to two boats, "Sowrow" boats that don't carry torpedoes, to get ready to get under way for an operation.

This was written off in Saigon as nothing. There was a word that they translated differently that put it on a completely non-consequential basis. Some, in Washington, who were itching for a fight, chose to interpret this an eminent attack on American ships that were 50 miles from the location of these boats in spite of the fact that neither the destroyers nor any other target was mentioned, in this nickel and dime message. But it got flashed to the President about 9:00 in the morning via the telephone, via Mac Namara. Johnson was in a state of mind, framed something like this—I'm not a psychologist, but — two days before we had had an ineffective, but real raid, on a destroyer, the *Maddox*, by three North Vietnamese PT boats, who did not damage except for a very low caliber, almost pistol bullet that hit one of them and was later discovered, but nevertheless they were there. I was there. I sunk two of those three boats, or at least my flight of four did. And so that was a fact. You could have made a big deal out of that, but you had an election year White House and the problem at the moment was not Vietnamese, it was Goldwater. And Goldwater was challenging him for his first elected Presidential seat. This was August. There were those in the White House that counselled him to show maturity. This is to council Johnson to be the exact opposite of the character of Goldwater; don't be trigger happy, be mature, be patient, be pacifistic, don't try to arouse or build passion.

So the word came in that this event had happened, that there was no damage done, the White House let it pass. We are told in the literature that in between the two events, there was a lot of criticism from Saigon, from Maxwell Taylor, from his own party—you blew it, boss, you had a chance to show yourself, you could have defeated the anti-war image that Goldwater is creating of you, so he felt. He was a big, bear-like fellow, an emotional guy who was feeling the brunt of all these criticisms. The phone rang and he gets this word that there's going to be another attack. Aha, a chance to save yourself. There was Carl Albert, a congressman from Oklahoma, I think he was the House Majority Leader, in the Oval Office when he got this call. Albert later said that he overheard Johnson say, "Is that right! Well, I want you to get this

straight, I want those boats destroyed, I want the bases that they have come from destroyed, and I don't want to bull this one. I want to go after a retaliatory strike." And hung up. Now that's 9:00 in the morning, more or less. At that time, I was sitting in the Ready Room on the carrier *Ticonderoga* outside the Tonkin Gulf, what we later called the Carrier Station, Yankee Station. So about three hours elapsed between this exchange in the Oval Office and when the first shot was fired and that was fired by an American destroyer on an imaginary target. It was over 24 hours later that I was launched on the retaliatory strike, but in the intervening time, twelve of those twenty-four hours were eaten up by messages coming from the Operating Forces, telling Johnson that we made a mistake, that there were no boats out there. But they went ahead and did it anyway. So you see, what they wanted was a Tonkin Gulf Resolution. They wanted Congress aboard. He was a child of Congress. One of the more humorous quotes that is attributed to a White House personage, I think it was George Bundy, who said, this is not to be quoted verbatim, but he said, "You know, Johnson, is such a child of Congress, that he thought Congress ran the world." And once he got that Congressional Resolution, he thought the war was over, because to him, the challenge was not the enemy, but Congress. If he could get Congress aboard, all was possible. Without them, nothing was possible. So he had this Tonkin Gulf Resolution. Now that had been in print in one form or another for four months. In May, as you probably know the history, they had written, William Bundy, George's brother, who, I think was in ISA at the time, had drafted something, not about the Tonkin Gulf, but a kind of fill in the blanks message. When we have an outrageous attack, fill in the blanks and send it over to Congress and get them to support you in every thing you want to do. Well, this might fill in very nicely, and I think Johnson perceived that. Here's that filler item we need. So take it for what its worth, the retaliatory attack and the passing of the Resolution were both done under false pretenses.

We could have gone up there with B-52's in 1965 and then all come home

Now, the damage there is not that you violated some kind of an ethical rule. I don't like to violate ethical rules, and I seldom do so, but it was more serious than that. It's not to say, "I've got you.....". That's not the point. The point is that he took a step that caused his government to lose confidence in themselves. This is hard to explain, and you would really have to go through a Communist prison camp to understand it. But I call it moral leverage. And to have real power and conviction and to carry on a crusade long after it has become expensive, if not questionable, and to pursue it, you have to feel, deep in your gut, that at least you were acting on bona fide provocations. You've got to have a Pearl Harbor in your belly if you're going to pursue the war and when it's phony it makes it so easy to cop out. And that's exactly what happened. Johnson and all those cronies of his, copped out, hit the ditch. I remember lying in a prison in Hanoi and knowing that I had four more years to sit over there because they didn't have a belly for a fight, and I was there the night they lost their courage. It was the 4th of August, 1964. It didn't bite them for a year, but that was the thing that strangled them.

CR: You were shot down 400 days after the Gulf of Tonkin strike?

JS: Yes.

CR: In December, 1972, you were sitting in Hanoi and you heard the Christmas B-52 strikes start.

JS: Right.

CR: You said the war could have ended eight years earlier if we had...

JS: Right, we could have gone up there with B-52's in 1965 and all come home. Probably Saigon would be non-communist now.

CR: What was the change in the attitude of the guards from the day before the B-52's hit to the day after?

JS: Well, it was dramatic. They were shell-shocked. You know they were abrasive and they were timid. They brought coffee to the cell blocks. They knew we

Vice Admiral James B. Stockdale

CR: How were you captured?

JS: I was shot down over a target in a raid that, the odds were, if you'd said that morning, what are your odds of getting shot down, I would have said about 1 in 15. That was when we were going against a big bridge, with a big bunch of airplanes. But when the weather turned sour and we diverted to another target, I would have said one in a hundred. Of course, I had been over this target many times. I knew it like the back of my hand. There weren't any guns there, and sure enough somebody moved one in during the night. I was at low altitude and barely got out of the airplane in time to get the parachute open and land right in this main street of a town. And they weren't very happy to see me floating through the air and they made it clear because that's how my leg got broken. By the mob, not by falling hard on the ground.

CR: How much did they hate you?

JS: I don't know. They claimed they did. That was part of their chant. There was a constant government effort to incite hate. But I don't know. After you get into prison and you deal with a person who doesn't speak your language they know you. It never came across as friendship and they would be heavily involved if they had made any, what you might call, unofficial gestures toward us, even to the point of giving us their smiling countenance. But also, we were loath to get friendly. But we made an accommodation. It certainly didn't involve hatred on my part, and I don't think to the real experienced soldier guards, I

I just admire a good soldier, whether he's on my side or somebody else's

don't think it made any difference to them. It was a job.

CR: This is a two part question. Do you hold any animosity towards the Vietnamese people and if you were to meet one of your former captors how would you behave towards them?

JS: Not only do I not have any animosity toward the people, I don't even have animosity for the guy that broke my leg a second time. He is one of those good

soldiers that was doing a job and if I, his name was Pig Eye, he doesn't speak English, but if I met him I would probably smile and he would probably smile and if we were in an area where it was possible, I'd probably buy him a bottle of beer, slap him on the back, and walk away. I don't say that as a kind of generous thing. I just admire a good soldier, whether he's on my side or somebody else's. And he was that.

CR: What kept you going in captivity? Is there something uniquely American that held you up?

JS: Well, there was an American dimension I think, that is spontaneity and humor. You see, the only people that were getting captured in North Viet Nam were principally air crews. So this meant that, of a population of about 300, 297 of them were officers. That meant they had college degrees and they were, in many cases, older. I was in my forties. I was the oldest. But they were people that were just like your classmates over here. They had been brought up in a high-tech world, they had lots of attributes, but mostly, they had a kind of sense of humor and a little sardonic cockiness about them that was really uniquely American. I don't think that it was political virtue or religious zeal that carried the day in every case, certainly not in my case. It was a, as I think is always so, major stubbornness. You can call it ego, or over-my-dead-body. I think it can be dressed up a little bit, and given a little bit less abrasive name. There is a 19th Century historian by the name of Burkhardt. He was a Swiss historian, I can't think of his first name, but he talks about this quality I'm talking about. He calls it an enigmatic mixture of conscience and egoism. That's what took you over the top!

CR: You were in there for a long time, 8 years. Did you ever think you were going to get out?

JS: Yes, I thought so. But it became, this was a spontaneous thing, getting out became less and less of a desire, the longer you were there. The longer you were there, the more attached you became to your comrades and what became your world and your country became that prison community. We were really an autonomous state and we made our own rules, and we had our own heroes and we had our own customs and our own traditions and this was what we had to be and we swore on a blood oath, you might say, that nobody accept amnesty. Nobody goes home until we all go home. This was a big problem to the State Department. They aren't used to that kind of people. I've had long correspondences with William Bundy, criticizing the State Department's handling of the information that was widely known, that we were being tortured, and they kept that also from the American people. If they had put that in the paper that could have saved lives, because the one thing the Vietnamese couldn't stand was a poor image on the streets of New York, particularly in the anti-war America. They said to me: "We can't win the war from the battlefield. We will win the war on the streets of New York." But the State Department, in all their wisdom, somehow missed that point and I criticized Averell Harriman in Newsweek magazine for his conduct and what came down to causing the deaths of at least a dozen of my friends by stupidity. He was heralded as the "great white father." This came back to me as a letter from William Bundy in which he said, "I feel it way down here for you, but you can't realize the pressures we were on here in Washington." They always tell you that. That's when you start to laugh, but he said we were waiting for more of your fellows to come out under the amnesty program so we could find out more of what was going on over there. So here you had the State Department hoping against hope that more would be offered amnesty and I inside the prison leading a campaign of sworn allegiance to one another, that it would be disloyal to your fellows, that it would be disloyal to take amnesty. Now there's the kind of disconnects that come up between diplomats and soldiers.

CR: What kind of amnesty did they offer you?

JS: Well, they offered what was really parole. Parole is the operative word. Parole is a release or a major freedom of some sort, usually release, given in exchange for a consideration. And a consideration was propaganda statements. To get out of there, you had to write anti-American propaganda.

CR: And you prosecuted some of the people who did that?

JS: Tried to. But you know the American government was so insensitive to this issue that those few who did come home had gone beyond the statue of limitations by the time we came back to bring suit. And I'm told by lawyers that its a simple matter when doubt exists in your mind as to whether or not it's



Rating The Faculty

By The Staff of *California Review*
Edited By Kurt Andrew Schlichter

In its ideal form, the University is a free marketplace of ideas where information and theories flow unhindered between scholars and students. Yet, when incompetence and political intolerance are present, the goals of the University cannot be met. For this reason, the editorial board of *California Review* has taken it upon itself to examine some of the more prominent members of UC San Diego's Liberal Arts faculty. This is no McCarthyist witchhunt, nor is it a local version of Accuracy In Academia. Rather, we feel that the students of UCSD deserve to know what may be expected from a given teacher.

Each faculty member listed here was rated by a student who had completed at least one of the teacher's courses. No reports are based upon rumor or "common knowledge", although some of the stories we have encountered in our research would make Gary Hart blush. The opinions stated are those of the reviewer alone. Any professor who feels that a professor has been unfairly characterized is encouraged to contact us so we may correct our mistakes. Inaccuracies do our readers no good.

The faculty members are classified by political orientation in order to give students considering a course by that teacher a fuller picture. Although liberalism and leftism are nothing to be proud of, only a fool will argue that this is our sole criteria for judging the faculty members. *California Review* wishes to make it abundantly clear once more that the purpose of this article is to examine the faculty members, not crucify them.

That said, we come to the political labels as used in our reviews. On the right we have "Conservatives". Generally speaking, these persons would support the President and avoid spitting upon the flag. There are perhaps two conservatives at UCSD to the best of our knowledge, one of whom left after Fall quarter.

Next we have "Moderate". A moderate accepts the basic model of American society yet is not as far right as a conservative. The "Liberal" is the farthest to the left of those accepting the basic model of American society. While they tend to be concerned with the poor, minorities and such to the extent that they want to give them more money, the Liberals do not accept them as the proletariat. Their ideology is not one of class conflict.

Finally, there are the "Leftists". These professors came out of the Sixties radical movement and are especially common in the Communications department. They do not accept the underlying premises of American society and desire radical change. One may tell a Leftist professor by the peculiar sneer that forms upon their face as they pronounce the name "Reagan".

The overall grades for the professors are not inflated. When a teacher is awarded an "A", one may be sure that he deserves it and is an excellent faculty member, competent, tolerant and concerned with his students learning. A "C" should be taken as the average grade. A student should think twice about taking a class from a professor with a lesser grade.

Kitty Calavita, Ph.D.
Urban Studies and Planning
Liberal

Ms. Calavita is merciful in that she holds back on a subject that could easily become a case of capitalism-bashing. Instead of lecturing on the evils of Reaganism she actually concentrated on the subject of urban studies. She did an acceptable job too, although her lectures tend toward the dry side.
Grade: B

Michael Cole, Professor
Communications
Liberal-Left

Professor Cole is very concerned with things like world peace, nuclear war, nuclear weapons and US-Soviet relations. He subtly makes this clear in his lectures, although the straight out propagandizing is minimal. Professor Cole knows his subject, and has a good deal of respect in the field. While his lectures won't get your heart pumping fast, you might learn something.
Grade: B



Stephen Erie, Associate Professor
Political Science
Liberal

Professor Erie used to be one of us, but along the way he became a bit confused in the politics department. His odyssey from Goldwater campaign worker to bureaucrat to poli sci prof has given him insights you can't find anywhere else. His students love him, not only because of his terrific lecture style but because of his genuine interest in his students. In his capacity as the department's Undergrad advisor, Professor Erie has helped out many students in the major, CR staffers included. He's tolerant, intelligent, concerned and competent. Too bad he isn't conservative too.
Grade: A-

G. Allen Greb, Associate Professor
Political Science
affiliation unknown

G. Allen Greb is a terrific professor. His field is that of the nuclear weapons issue, and Professor Greb knows his subject like the back of his hand. As to his political orientation, well, your guess is as good as ours. His are the closest to bias-free lectures that we have ever encountered. Take a course with Professor Greb and you will learn more about the Bomb than you thought there was to know and best of all you get to make up your own mind about it.
Grade: A

Luis Guasch, Associate Professor
Economics
?

Professor Guasch seems to spend a good deal of time condemning things like Coca-Cola and activities like dancing. Thus, the term "distracting" may be added to the adjectives "dull" and "apolitical" when describing his lectures. His accent doesn't help either.
Grade: C

Dan Hallin, Associate Professor
Political Science-Communications
Left

The picture of a hog reading the *Wall Street Journal* that decorates Professor Hallin's door pretty much sums up his political orientation. His focus is often on the news media, and don't expect to hear many words of praise for it. Do, however, come prepared to hear lots of words like "hegemony" and "framing". Hallin's low-key style keeps it bearable though. He's less a fiery radical than a shy, kind of awkward intellectual who would rather be anywhere else than at the podium.
Grade: B-

Robert Horwitz, Associate Professor
Communications
Left

Professor Horwitz does a good deal of teaching on "relevant" subjects, like rock music. But do not consider him a teacher who compromises intellectual content just to keep the students eyes open. He pries open the industry and peers inside, and as a result his students actually learn something about how things really work. While he is no conservative, he is no preacher either. Professor Horwitz is one of the top Comm professors, and his colleagues would do well to emulate him.
Grade: A-

Peter Irons, Associate Professor
Political Science
Left

We hate to say it, but this is one great professor. Sure, he went to jail instead of joining the Army, but at least he didn't run away to Canada. His militant pro-civil rights stands would often make the ACLU blush, but Professor Irons still knows his constitutional law. A well-respected and published teacher whose lectures can accurately be described as spell-binding, Professor Irons is a credit to the faculty even if his sympathies aren't extended to the victims of Sandinista oppression.
Grade: A-

Gary Jacobson, Professor
Political Science
unknown

Well respected in the field of American politics, Professor Jacobson is an extremely valuable asset to the Political Science Department. He appears apolitical because he never lets on to his political leanings in the class room. His keen insight and humorous approach in teaching provides for enjoyable and worthwhile lectures.
Grade: A

Arend Lijphart
Political Science
affiliation unknown

Professor Lijphart concentrates on the study of democratic electoral processes. It is always refreshing to see a professor who rejects the dictatorship of the proletariat in favor of democracy. His classes are informative and his lectures are clear. Professor Lijphart makes you appreciate just how difficult a democracy is to administer.
Grade: B+

David Mares Associate Professor
Political Science
Liberal

While Professor Mares will on occasion allow his biases to slip into his lectures, few students catch them as they are usually asleep. Professor Mares' area is international relations but he also spend a good deal of time studying Latin America. While he seems to have a solid grasp of his subjects his teaching skills leave something to be desired.
Grade: C

Samuel Popkin, Associate Professor
Political Science
Liberal

While Professor Popkin is somewhat of an authoritarian his classes are nonetheless incredible. He has done it all: worked in Vietnam, been involved in political campaigns and then wrote about it all. Professor Popkin's "common sense" political theories are thought provoking to say the least. His lectures are crisp and clear, and he seems to have a genuine interest in his students. Although a liberal, Professor Popkin spares no one on any side of the political spectrum.
Grade: A



Herbert Schiller, Professor
Communications
Left

This guy is so far out in left field that he makes the rest of the Communications department look like Reaganites. His classes are full of leftist theory and propaganda. He once describe the Pentagon as "America's real Mafia". Yet, Professor Schiller is a good professor. Granted, his philosophy is a mish-mash of silly ideas about how the capitalists conspire to cause all the world's problems, but every once in a while he hits the marks and actually makes you think. His critical approach and his spellbinding lectures should not be missed. You will want to scream at the content, but the form is amazing. Leftist or not, Professor Schiller is a great teacher. He is tolerant of opposing viewpoints and respectful of his students. We just wish he were on our side.
Grade: A

Michael Schudson, Professor
Communications
Liberal-Left

A well-respected and highly published faculty member, Professor Schudson is known as open minded and tolerant. As a Communications professor you can bet that he is no conservative, but more than many teachers he keeps his views to himself.
Grade: B

Jim Skelly, Adjunct Lecturer
Sociology
Liberal

Professor Skelly is a sensitive guy. His focus is on the issue of nuclear weapons, and he readily admits that the subject has more than once brought him to tears. While his lectures are often clear and concise, his biases come blazing through. Unlike his colleague Allen Grab in the IGCC, Professor Skelly is quite clear about his feelings. He cares about his students, even living in a dorm to be closer to them, but habits like giving out the names and phone numbers of local "peace groups" are inappropriate propagandizing that cost him points. His heart may be in the right place, but that isn't enough.
Grade: C

And The Winner is...

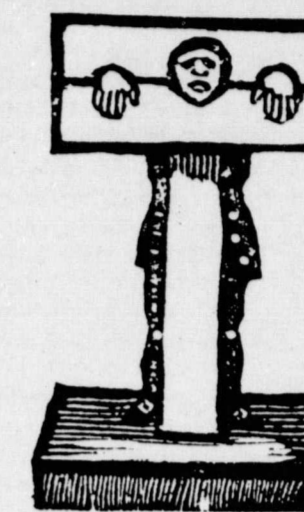
Worst Professor on Campus Award

name withheld by request.

Being a double major in Anthropology and Biology. I have seen many less than adequate professors here at UCSD. My Anthro. professors seem to me to be fairly uninterested in politics because of the fact that most of the people they study couldn't care less about people like Daniel Ortega or Karl Marx. In fact, not once has any of my professors spouted any sort of political ideology. Personally, I really don't care what my professors think. They can go play hopscotch with Jane Fonda if they want. What does bother me is inadequate teaching.

I know most of you Biology majors are screaming that a certain O-chem professor be put to death or at least fired. Don't sweat it. McMorris is teaching in the fall, not Kyte (thank goodness). Even though Kyte fails everyone, he does have some ability to lecture. In my opinion, Professor Chen (of the physics department) embodies all that is essential to being the 'worst' professor.

Those of you who have taken Physics 1C or 2C know about the principles of reflection and refraction.



If you have Chen for 1C, you will only hear of refraction. I don't think it is that much to ask a professor of physics to be able to clearly pronounce certain words related to physics. (I won't even mention how he pronounces polaroid, virtual image, parallel... you get the picture). Who cares how he talks, right? Just make him write the formulas on the board. The problem with that is after one has copied two pages of notes Chen will announce that he made a "slight mistake" and then will erase a whole chalkboard to make corrections. Moreover, these "slight mistakes" occur so often that one is led not to even attempt to take any notes at all. Chen also gives weekly quizzes in which at least one of the two problems uses a formula that has never been presented in lecture or given in the book. Consequently, you get one problem right and the other problem wrong.

I'm sure that Professor Chen is a nice guy. Being nice doesn't feed the bulldog when it comes to teaching however. In short, I feel that Professor Chen's qualities allow him to be placed in the category of "Worst Professor at UCSD".

The State of The Faculty

By Kurt Andrew Schlichter

All in all, the faculty of UCSD seems to be in fairly good shape, at least in the area of competence. The vast majority of professors in the Liberal Arts departments know their subjects and show some concern for their students. That is the good news.

The bad news is predictable. It has been said again and again. This school is crawling with liberals and leftists. Granted, there are few other places for them to go. They have been laughed out of almost every other segment of society. Yet, there is a serious problem when almost every Political Science, Communications, History or other Liberal Arts professor is to the left of Walter Mondale. A University is based upon the idea of differing ideas being bounced back and forth. That can't happen when there are large segments of public opinion excluded from debate. In four years, none of us has heard a single good word about President Reagan issue from the mouths of our professors. We do not expect cheerleading, but we do expect diversity.



In Urban Studies and Planning courses we read about how vicious Reagan budget cuts have created a culture of poverty. However, we never read Charles Murray's conservative critique of the Welfare State (*Losing Ground*) that created a sensation by pointing out alternate explanations for poverty. Diversity is the key. We do not ask that conservatism be given its hearing because we want a piece of the educational pie. We are not a special interest group. We are students who want to be educated. Exposure to one set of ideas is not education: it is indoctrination.

Although conservatives seem to be absent from the podiums, that does not mean that the conservative

student must live in fear of persecution. In fact, *California Review* has encountered no substantiated reports of intolerant professors persecuting students for defying liberal or leftist orthodoxies. In all cases where a conflict of opinion has arisen, in cases involving present members of *California Review* the teachers have proven courteous and attentive. Papers and essays with a rightward tilt have been evaluated fairly and equally to the assignments of left-learning students. For this we offer our compliments to the faculty of UC San Diego.

UC San Diego should in general be proud of its faculty. While conservative voices are notable by their absence, there seems to be no conspiracy against the Right. Disagreement is almost always met with tolerance and courtesy. UC San Diego is ready to become a true marketplace of ideas in the best tradition of the University. Now if we only had a few conservative idea merchants.

Young Americans for Freedom

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Youth Organization

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President Ronald Reagan

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Chi-Com Memories

By Douglass E. Breckinridge

Beijing, in Chinese, means "Northern Capital." My first impression of this city came at night, when I arrived at Capital Airport. As the plane descended from the clouds, I could see only a few scattered dim yellow lights on the ground below, where communes or other facilities were located. Shortages of electricity are still common in the People's Republic of China. The plane landed in near total darkness, and taxied to the terminal across a vast dark expanse of rain-washed concrete, dimly lit by a few blindingly bright flood lights on fifty foot posts. Eight years ago, none of this existed. A passenger would have to walk down onto the tarmac himself. Now the city has a huge single terminal building with covered gangways for unloading. The plane came up to one of these, and we left the familiar Western jetliner for the coldly lit terminal. Along the gangplank stood a disinterested young Chinese soldier who carried a half hidden rifle at his waist. This was one of the few times I saw a soldier with a gun in China. The inside of the terminal seemed starkly barren. The floors were white linoleum, and many of the windows were in black metal frames which could be opened. The entire place seemed to be twenty or thirty years old. Passport control was no more strict than any other I had been to in the Western world, it passed uneventfully. One plane had arrived before us, therefore the baggage handling facilities were taxed to the limit and it was an hour before we were ready to leave the foreign arrivals area and enter the main terminal. At this point, we carefully recorded how much foreign currency we were carrying into the country, and received the ever-necessary stamp.

Our hosts met us in the main terminal building, which is best described as a cold, dark cavern. I think it had fluorescent lights on the ceiling, but none of these were turned on. Rather, desk lamps and a few other bulbs guided our way out of the cold, unheated building. Outside a light, cold drizzle fell. Someone brought a Toyota van around, and we all got in for the drive to the city and the hotel. Except for a few Japanese imported taxis, we were the only ones on the two-lane highway into the city.

Closer to the city, I saw on the right side of the road regular rows of single or double story housing developments. Most were in poor shape. We passed mile after mile of red brick buildings, some of which looked uninhabited but, knowing the housing shortage, were probably not. No graffiti or vandalism showed, just an impression of general decay, as if no one cared or could afford to care. Our hosts noticed us looking at these, and they quickly explained that we were seeing "old Beijing," and that we would later see "new Beijing." Along the nearly deserted road we passed two accidents in thirty minutes. One involved a horse-driven cart and the other was between three taxis. Drivers in China will turn off their headlights at night, so as not to blind the bicyclists, who are then nearly invisible.

We arrived at our destination, the Russian built "Friendship Hotel." Built in the early 1950's as a sort of European-style outpost for the Soviets, now this huge complex serves invited guests of the Chinese government exclusively. Paying visitors stay in newer, more expensive hotels closer to the center of town. This may have not been the best in the city, but it certainly had character. The rooms had their own bathrooms with a choice of four different electrical sockets with a variety of voltages. The wallpaper was well worn, and may have been the original. My favorite was the red toilet paper, which I believe made a subtle political statement.

We spent the next two nights at the hotel. Breakfast was served in a common dining room, where the ever-present staff seemed to know us and direct us to a table. I met various other foreign visitors, all who were on extended stays of a month or so, and were helping the Chinese in some way. The Chinese government is presently inviting hundreds of such western experts to help modernize industry and the economy. There is no menu, for breakfast you get the choice of "Western" and "Chinese." Someone told me about another hotel which had less experience in serving western breakfasts. They would fry eggs and bacon the night before and store them in the refrigerator until the morning, when they would be served cold. Fortunately the staff at the Friendship Hotel were more experienced. You eat what they serve you for lunch and dinner, which is Chinese food. Coca-Cola and the aptly named Beijing beer were available, along with the standard tea.

After breakfast I had a chance to see the city. The weather had turned clear and cold, and was unusually windy. The sky was tinted yellow with dust stirred up from the great Mongolian plains to the west. Most of the people rode plain black bicycles and wore various

colors of down jackets and windbreakers. Bicyclists rule the wide roads, but cars are no longer an uncommon sight. Many of the passenger vehicles I saw were Japanese imports. I was told that Chinese car production cannot fill the demand for cars. But most of the vehicles were trucks and buses, all of them filled to capacity. The people no longer are restricted to the blue Mao jacket, now they wear a variety of different clothing, all of it rather plain compared to Western styles, but still a radical change from ten years ago. The city itself is undergoing a radical change. Literally hundreds of high-rise apartment buildings are simultaneously under construction. Row after row of these buildings stretch off into the distance, each one identical with the rest. The sight is an impressive monument to the government, but is depressingly ugly.

The next day was reserved for sightseeing. We visited the only excavated Ming tomb, one of twelve in the area of Beijing where the various Ming emperors were buried. Slaves in the 1400's supplied the labor to construct these, hundreds of feet below the ground. A sign inside the tomb said that the construction cost a million peasants six years worth of food. I silently wondered what the cost was for the tomb of the modern-day emperor Mao. The Chinese government has not excavated the other eleven tombs because of the cost and potential damage that would be done.



From Beijing we flew to Shanghai on the Chinese airline CAAC. All travelers had to present their passports, either foreign or internal, before boarding. Shanghai is a far more Western-style city than Beijing, having once been a French colony. Single-family houses are common, and the narrow streets and business-like highrises were a comforting sight after the bleakness of Beijing. This is a city which is far more commerce-oriented, a sort of Hong-Kong waiting to be free. Tiny shops line the major streets, which bustle with shoppers from the surrounding countryside. I spent three hours walking the streets of Shanghai freely, starting at the local Friendship Store. The Friendship Stores cater directly to the foreign visitor, and carry mainly art objects and items too expensive for the local people. A fence and a guard at the entrance make sure that local Chinese do not enter. The Friendship Stores are one of the few places which can accept the Foreign-visitors' currency, a sort of monopoly money the government sells to foreign visitors to keep as tight a control on hand currency as possible. Physically, a Friendship Store resembles a department store, but that is where the comparison ends. Salespeople seem to be everywhere, but they ignore the customers and just talk to each other. Absolutely no one cares if you buy or not. The Friendship Store quickly became dull.

The streets of Shanghai were crowded, but not unhealthy. I did not see a single beggar or homeless person, and everyone seemed to be involved in some sort of business. Street traffic was wild, with drivers using their car horns freely to chase cyclists away before they raced each other to the next open space in traffic. Unofficial "money changers" approached me occasionally attempting to buy U.S. dollars.

The people of Shanghai seemed less inclined to stare at me than in Beijing. Foreigners are a far more common sight in Shanghai than Beijing, or in the last city I visited, Nanjing. A building under construction was surrounded by scaffolding made from bamboo, holding workmen wearing wicker hard-hats. In contrast to the well-kept Friendship Store, most of the

other shops in Shanghai were dirty and crowded. The variety of goods was poor, usually stores sold the same sort of items for the exact same prices. From the outside, the shops were enticing, but inside was another story. The stores were jammed with people and filled with thick cigarette smoke. Cheap, state-produced goods could be had for very cheap prices.

The city of Nanjing was our next stop. Four hours by train from Shanghai along the Yangtze river, Nanjing is smaller than Shanghai and Beijing and is more provincial. In ancient times, Nanjing served as the southern capital of the Chinese empire. Now it is the capital of the local province. Nanjing was the home of the people who invited us, so naturally it was here that we had the best accommodations of all, as this was where they had the greatest influence. As I was not involved in the business of the others, I was again free to roam.

As I walked the streets of Nanjing alone, I could feel that I was watched more often in this city. Foreign guests are relatively uncommon here, and they almost never walk on the streets as I was doing. But I was stopped by no one, and could go wherever I wished. Along my route I passed an empty-looking building with a large copper sign on the front. In Chinese and English, it read "Nanjing Contraceptive Administration and Distribution Center." As the most populous nation in the world, China has needed to take drastic

measures to reduce its population growth, and these changes could be seen on the street. The totalitarian control of the government has allowed it to regulate families to one child only, and these children are adored by their parents and grandparents to the point of being spoiled. One of our guides said that many people wonder what the effect will be on the next generation, as they grow up self-centered and literally worshipped. At Nanjing, I also had the chance to visit my first Chinese museum. Large, cold, and poorly lit, the museum of natural history, as it was called, was more a museum of Chinese history dating from prehistoric times. Besides the usual museum fare of bones and pottery, the museum held some interesting pieces of propaganda from an earlier time. Over the centuries, China had had several peasant uprisings, all of them crushed until the most recent one. Obviously, the hard core Communists of the 60's and 70's felt the need to glorify these "comrades," so they had large statues of these unknown peasant leaders made. Most of the likenesses were probably imaginary. These statues show well-built men in heroic poses with expressions of inhuman determination on their faces. These oddities have been left behind in the dusty museum.

The contrasts between old China and the new, emerging China can be seen in the structures of Nanjing. At one extreme lies the Nanjing Bridge, the largest bridge in China, built at the height of the Cultural Revolution. This spans the Yangtze and is the only way to cross the river for miles around. At both ends of the bridge are statues to the "respected" classes, soldiers, peasants, workers, and party members. The support structures are scarred where Mao's quotations were once carved, now stripped away. Inside the main support on the eastern side stands a thirty-foot statue of the Chairman himself, too large to be removed. At this point I cautiously asked our guide if I could find a book of Mao's quotations, the infamous "little red book." I was told that it had been out of print for a while, and was probably impossible

(continued on page 15)



Justina M. Flavin at the birthplace of her favorite American President in Yorba Linda, California.
—Defender of Freedom

Act of Contraction

By Kerry J. Joyce

Ortega's revolution
Came to a bitter end
His first act was to choose which
Great power to befriend
Carter told Ortega:
We won't tell you what to do
Here is four score million
I respect all points of view

The Russians said: You'll find us
Accomplish tried and true
Unlike the U.S. Congress
We won't abandon you

If you check the actuaries of
Despots of every stripe
You'll find that strongmen thrive on
Imported Muscovite

You help us in El Salvador
We'll tell you what to do
Or shall we have Salvadorans
Help us topple you?

Soon Marxist Nicaragua's
Chief export was war
The U.S. helped the Contras there
But many said: What for?

Ortega's Sandinistas
Mean no one any harm
Marxism's merely Spanish for
Agrarian Reform

Congress capitulated
They said: We'll change our stance
Viva to Ortega's
Morsel Equivalence

To Pell or to Honduras
Oh Contras take your fight
Then they got outside funding
Pray Boland what went right?

The Congress would investigate
The Contra's levitation
Who granted them immunity
From Free World vacillation

The Senate's Inouye does
The press surely applaud
The President's accountable
For even acts of Fahd?

The President protested
The law I did not flout
All my help I funneled through
Boland's Swiss cheese account

But deficits no longer were
We'll tell you what to do
While interest was still mounting
Boren borel Brunei?

The moral of the story
Be kind to Congress hence
It loses all its marble
You'll be subpoenaed thence

And if you choose to get involved
In helping Contra's fight
Insure your flanks are covered
To CBS. Goodnight

Kerry J. Joyce is a contributor to CR.

Reds

(continued from page 14)

to find. Later we visited the Jingling hotel, certainly a symbol of the new China moving to court the west. The tallest building in the entire nation, this Western-style structure is reserved for foreign visitors only, and its plush interior created a strange contrast with the harsh life outside. At the top of the 37 story building is a revolving restaurant, the height of capitalist decadence. All of this would have been impossible twenty years ago. The Chinese people do not seem to resent the way foreign visitors are treated, rather they are either indifferent or curious towards them. Literally dozens of people crowded around me and watched as I bought a simple sweater in a department store.

The traditional way to end a visit to China is the banquet, which was held by the man who had invited us to come. The appetizer consists of at least ten cold

dishes. I was warned to take only a small taste of each, as many traditional Chinese dishes were to follow. Among other dishes, served one at a time, we had: sweet and sour fried fish, fungus soup, turtle soup, fresh-water shrimp, bamboo shoots, duck tongue, quail eggs, fried rice pudding, and Chinese cabbage. To drink, I had a Coke. The Chinese are obviously very interested in the West, and are quite friendly, and although they are still wary of capitalism, they see the benefits of modernization and outside help. The effects of the Communist revolution can be seen everywhere, down to the smallest detail, but the signs of a potential new revolution are beginning to show.

Douglass E. Breckinridge is a senior at UCSD and is CR's China correspondent.

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♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

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