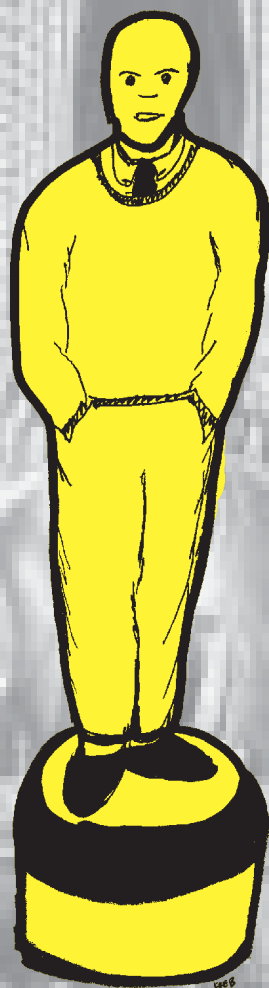


THE PRIMARY SOURCE

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—amazon.com

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THE PRIMARY SOURCE

Vol. XVII • The Journal of Conservative Thought at Tufts University • No. 11

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April Fools?

In what has fast become an annual embarrassment, both the *Daily* and the *Observer* produced special "April Fools" issues to commemorate the holiday. While their valiant attempts to produce funny material failed miserably, they exhibited some noteworthy behavior even beyond the absurdity of a *weekly* paper publishing an April Fool's issue. While the vast majority of the material is at best on par with the *Zamboni* minus the toilet humor, a hint of conservatism shines through the haze. It is interesting to note that, lacking self-censorship and able to say anything they want, spared the consequences of PC by April Fool's, both staffs show their true colors—and they lean to the right.

Daily editors were finally able to speak their minds about the pro-life insert included in the newspaper earlier this semester. In a sarcastic manner they wrote, "Every ad that appears in the *Daily*, be it pro-life, pro-choice... represents the opinions of EVERYONE on the *Daily*," and, in a *faux* letter to the editor, "As a close-minded liberal at Tufts, I refuse to believe that the *Daily* should write about or advertise any views other than my own. How dare the *Daily* infringe upon my First Amendment rights not to... read crap I don't believe." This sarcastic exchange is, of course, mocking the ridiculous *real* letter to the editor by SOURCE Fool on the Hill Emily Spurl. While the *Daily* would traditionally be unwilling and unable to comment on such matters, given the opportunity in this unusual forum, its voice is clear, and, for once, right-thinking.

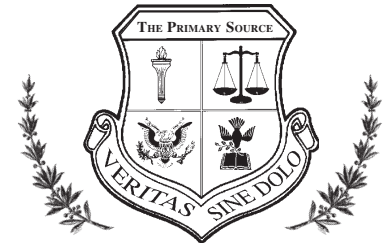
The Observer gets in the act with a letter of their own which also references our Fool on the Hill, quipping, "Certain campus publications ridiculed me and compared my intellijents to that of Barbie. Forgive me if I'm missing something big here, but shouldn't the university be suppressing the ideas of these meanie people who have different opinions than me?" While the *Observer* is anything but conservative, given the opportunity to let it all fly without the influence of political correctness, it is curious to note the ideological spin in the issue. This is not to say

that either issue could be mistaken for the SOURCE in any regard. However, there is evidence that once the pressure to be PC is removed and students are allowed to speak their minds, they tend to be much closer to the right than most would ever venture to admit.

The truth is, being conservative is not easy, especially here at Tufts. On a campus overrun with political correctness, it takes courage to stand up against the conventional wisdom spewed by the leftist organizations on campus. Being conservative is not the path of least resistance. It requires some serious introspection and commitment to your values. Staying on the left is much easier. Spewing rhetoric about "compassion and giving" to each and every person that comes your way is much more tempting to some than insisting that the only way for people to make something of themselves is through hard work and dedication—not handouts. If you do not believe that it is hard to be a conservative at Tufts, just ask any freshman (and even some upper-classmen) what they think of the SOURCE. Most will undoubtedly react as if you had just threatened their life even though they have never taken the time to read the SOURCE with an open mind. However, in many cases, fine conservative principles continue to lurk beneath years of political correctness and ideological brainwashing—just waiting to break through.

The only way to prove this is to watch traditionally liberal people when they let their guard down. Such was the case on April Fools, when the hacks at the *Daily* and the *Observer* let it all fly. While they will probably never admit it, perhaps there is hope for the future. Maybe the likes of Sasha Baltins will never see the light, but it is promising to see some students shift to the right when the thought police takes a day off. Maybe they'll some day join the majority of the population who identify themselves as right-of-center.

And there could be hope for the future after all.



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THOUGHT AT TUFTS UNIVERSITY

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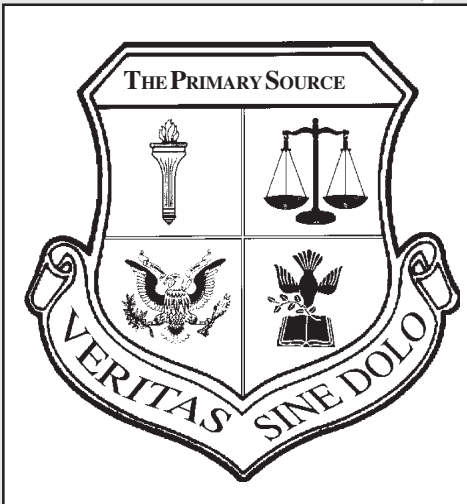
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Commentary

“Will The Real Communists Please Sit Down?”

At this year's Academy Awards, 89-year-old director Elia Kazan received a long-overdue lifetime achievement award. What should have been a respectful tribute to the man who created such classic films as *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *On the Waterfront*, and *Gentleman's Agreement* was instead exploited by members of Hollywood's left-wing elite, who urged members not to clap when Kazan came on stage. Critics of the director went so far as to place anti-Kazan fliers in the limousines of celebrities arriving to the event. What could be the cause of such a reaction over Kazan's recognition? Kazan, like many other patriots in 1950s Hollywood, testified against individuals he knew were deviously using their screenwriting positions to spread Communist propaganda, thus atoning for his own misguided youth mixed up with the Reds. Unlike other people who named names, however, Kazan sponsored an advertisement in the *New York Times* defending his actions and explaining why he felt Communism was a threat to America. *That* is why the left reserved its deepest ire for him.

Kazan was never involved in the work of Senator Joseph McCarthy, nor were any of the Communist Party members against whom he testified blacklisted from Hollywood. By standing up for his adopted homeland against a foreign threat and an unmitigated evil, however, Kazan did the right thing. It is difficult to imagine the left would unleash such venom against the man had he testified against Nazi loyalists in America. Almost half a century later, however, history confirmed the anti-Communists' fears: blood shed by Communists throughout the world amounts to as many as one hundred million casualties, a tragic statistic exceeding even Nazi terror which too few Americans predicted as far back as the starry 1950s.

Whether the Academy's selection of such a controversial figure as Kazan for an honorary Oscar was a ratings ploy, or if left-wing Hollywood was just hungry for a new cause du jour, Kazan

survived the evening unscathed. Only a few camera-hungry celebrities in attendance refused to clap when he received his award, and most gave him a well-deserved standing ovation. Perhaps the most moving moment was when the aging Kazan's eyes searched for director Martin Scorsese on

stage, who softly declared, “I'm right behind you, Elia.” Even so, it isn't cause for celebration when a great director and a great American has to endure vitriolic criticism in the twilight of his years merely for standing up for the country he respects and the ideas in which he believes.

No New Taxes

In the continuing battle over education funding in New Hampshire, the New Hampshire House of Representatives wisely rejected a bill that would have imposed the state's first income tax. This final action came only days before the court-imposed April 1 deadline for a solution to the school funding problem. As a result of the court order, it is now unconstitutional for local governments to fund school systems using property tax revenue.

This is not the first such bill to be defeated, but the outlook is not good. By missing the April 1 deadline, the state's bond rating is in jeopardy, and funding for schools is now illegal. Businesses and residents are holding their breath in anticipation of a solution. However, there may not be an answer anytime soon. With a governor adamantly opposed to an income tax and a Republican-controlled House staunchly fortified against increased business taxes and gambling, there is an ideological deadlock that prohibits a solution anytime soon.

A bill that would have preserved the existing tax system despite the court order was defeated as well. This leaves New Hampshire in limbo, without a funding solution or any clear plan or agenda. Few people demanded any changes before the courts ruled on the matter fifteen months ago—proving the fitting lesson that lawmaking is best left to lawmakers and not to courts.

Peanuts, Cracker Jack, and Defamation

The 1999 Atlanta Braves will open the season at home, and chanting, cud-chewing, tomahawk-chopping fans will flock to Turner Field. Unfortunately, by virtue of baseball's bureaucratic nightmare, the stadium's namesake will also be in attendance.

Ted Turner, the so-called “Mouth of the South” outraged millions last month when he publicly defamed Catholicism and the Pope at a convention on Reproductive Rights in Washington. Asked what he would say if he ever met Pope John Paul II, Turner responded by telling a Polish joke and said he would urge the Pope to “get with it; welcome to the twenty-first century.” Turner went on to state that the Ten Commandments were outdated and that Judaism and Christianity's condemnation of adultery ought to be eliminated. This is not the first time Turner has spoken stupidly, but this is perhaps the most offensive.

Major League Baseball ought to respond to the bigoted comments of the loudmouth owner swiftly and severely. Baseball is a business and like other corporations, MLB has a right to punish its employees for not meeting the company code of conduct. Turner's defenders say that Teddy is entitled to his childish rants under the protection of the First Amendment. Don't tell that to Marge Schott. The former Reds owner was suspended



from baseball in 1993 for making despicable comments in favor of Hitler and using racist slurs to discuss her own African-American ballplayers. There's a league of difference between Turner's comments and Schott's, but they're definitely in the same ballpark. Commissioner Bud Selig should be wary of creating a dangerous double standard for the sloppy comments of baseball owners. Anti-Catholic slurs should be treated in the same manner as racial slander, and Major League Baseball should suspend Turner.

Farewell to an American Hero

For an entire generation one man was the personification of the American Dream. This man was not a politician, nor an astronaut, nor an author. He was the noble son of an Italian fisherman who rose from humble beginnings to become the most recognized man in America. Living in the center of attention, he remained fiercely private and in his old age managed to preserve the dignity of his youth far after he had left the public eye. When Joe DiMaggio died he left behind not only a stunning baseball career, but also a legacy of heroism to his admirers and an indelible persona defined by class, consistency, and courage.

In his craft, great men are defined by statistics. In baseball perhaps there is no numeral more instantly recognizable than 56, the number of consecutive games in which DiMaggio got a base hit in 1941. In the grueling marathon of a Major League season, such consistency has never been duplicated. The Yankee Clipper, as he was called, achieved greatness in baseball over his entire career, batting .325 and hitting 361 home runs in a baseball lifetime shortened by a stint in the military during World War II. DiMaggio's defensive skill was defined by grit and determination.

DiMaggio's greatest achievement may have been his ascension to American immortality, for he enjoyed a celebrity status unlike any other ballplayer since Babe Ruth. The eighth of nine children, DiMaggio stood out in the crowd from the second he picked up a bat. He became a symbol of pop heroism epitomized by Simon and Garfunkel's verse, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" a refrain honoring a hero amidst the social turmoil of the 1960s. Although a memorial to the pinstriped champion will soon be added to Yankee Stadium's Monument Park, the field where Joe DiMaggio played so elegantly will forever seem a bit emptier.

Not Again

The United States, leading NATO forces in the war in Europe, has turned its eyes from the rest of the world to deal with the crisis in Kosovo. The administration, employing all the backbone of an electric eel, is now bombing a country after repeated threats of force have failed. Sound familiar? The United States has done the same thing in Iraq for months since UNSCOM inspectors were expelled from the country in December of 1998. Yet nothing has been accomplished. With the Administration looking at Kosovo, Saddam Hussein has reared his ugly beret-wearing head again. With no inspectors in Iraq, Hussein is laughing at America from his bunker.

Last week, the UN panel formed to assess the Iraqi threat after

the inspectors were expelled said that intrusive inspections were still needed in order to ensure that Iraq did not reconstitute its weapons of mass destruction arsenal. Virtually no one has heard about this because the Clinton administration led by Sandy Berger and Madeleine Albright are more interested in seeing their names in the paper than in actually preserving national security. So far, this administration has dropped the ball in almost every international situation that it has faced; chief among them is Iraq. Therefore, it is no wonder that an Iraqi spokesman said in reference to the UN finding that "Baghdad was not concerned with the conclusions of the panel." The Clinton Administration must begin to take Iraq as a serious threat to international security.

Queen's Head on a Platter

The Committee on Student Life made a serious error in reversing the TCU Judiciary's decision not to permit Tufts' new short story magazine, *Outbreath*, to print artwork in addition to words on the page. *Outbreath's* behavior was duplicitous from its inception, and it is now reaping its reward for beating the system to the detriment of long-standing Tufts institution *Queen's Head & Artichoke*, the acclaimed arts and literary journal.

The TCUJ, two of whose members contribute to this journal, primarily exists to prevent overlapping student organizations. As such, if a group of students petitioned the J intending to start a new animal-rights group, for example, the J would encourage the students to join Students for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, an already existing group. Last year, the TCUJ erred in recognizing *Outbreath*, theorizing that the fact that the magazine would publish only short stories made it sufficiently different from *Queen's Head*, which publishes stories in addition to poetry, photography, and other visual artwork. However, that small difference should never have justified the recognition a new group. The TCUJ should have followed the above guidelines and referred the prospective members of *Outbreath* to *Queen's Head*— a reasonable request given that a number of the former's members were plucked from the latter. (That fact alone proves that *Outbreath's* existence is deleterious to the more senior journal.)

The situation is compounded by the fact that *Outbreath* is no longer content to restrict itself to short stories as the publication initially promised. The CSL's misguided decision will uphold the journal's right to accompany its stories with artwork, which will make it almost indistinguishable in appearance from *Queen's Head*. *Outbreath* managing editor Amy Cobern callously attempted to take the artistic high ground by posing the question in the journal, "What is artwork? ... It may be a photograph or a painting, but is it not also a poem? a smile? tiramisu? a piece of music?" The question is irrelevant. *Outbreath* does not exist to publish poetry, smiles, tiramisu, or music any more than it exists to publish visual arts. That it saps the potential short story submissions to *Queen's Head* is bad enough; that its presentation aims to sap *Queen's Head's* audience as well should not have been tolerated.

Next year's Judiciary should initiate its re-recognitions process with a serious resolve to address the role of *Outbreath* in Tufts' literary scene.

Fortnight in ReviewSM

Comedy is allied to Justice.
—Aristophanes

PS He coulda been a contender: this year the Source seriously considered honoring director Elia Kazan with our Lifetime Achievement Award. White-haired, senile, pushing 90, and very likely urinating in his pants all through the Academy Awards, Mr. Kazan still managed to piss off every leftist in the country. Now that's a lifetime achievement, and from the bottom of our hearts, we salute you.

PS The school district in the heavily Mormon town of Provo, Utah, is urging voters to pass a referendum that would prevent lackluster students from advancing to the next grade. If the girls do *really* badly, they'll be married off to the principal.

PS Bill Clinton isn't the only Democrat who exercises rights he won't grant to the public. It seems that a bevy of Democratic Congressmen are regulars at the Bismarck Army National Guard shooting range, with most firing between 75 and 200 rounds a night. The Democrats then explained that by supporting "gun control," they were just advocating having a firm grip on the rifle.

PS Alabama Republican Lt. Gov. Steve Windom has resorted to peeing in a jar because he fears if he leaves the leaves the senate chambers to use the bathroom, Democrats will strip him of power. And what Republican *wouldn't* pee his pants, with all those guns pointed at him?



PS A 13-year-old Fairfield, Connecticut boy was suspended from school for compiling an enemies list and gathering information on making bombs. Democratic Congressmen asked why the boy couldn't have just played with guns.

PS After a labeling error at the Palm Beach County Medical Examiner's office, a Florida man attending a funeral for his wife noticed that the wrong woman was in the casket. It was Gianni Versace.

PS MCI WorldCom claims it was an accident, but over one hundred residents are complaining that they've been "slammed"—an illegal process that involves changing a line's long distance carrier without anybody's consent. The executive who took the heat will be taking a new job at Tufts Connect.

PS For the first time ever, police have used DNA testing to catch a poacher, Lynn Bernard York, who pleaded guilty to illegally slaughtering two whitetail deer. Mmmm... whitetail deer...

PS York will now dedicate the rest of his life to finding the *real* redneck.

PS San Francisco denied a permit to drag queens who want to put on an Easter parade down Castro Street. They will, however, be permitted to conduct their annual Easter Butt-plug Hunt.

PS 20-year-old Cameron Reagan, grandson of the Gipper, faces up to three years in the clink for trying to break into a car. But politicians are hoping that Oliver North's kid will take the fall.

PS Top Ten Captions for the Photograph at Left:

10. "In my country Bill would no longer be a man."
9. "If you run for senate in New York, can I be your cab driver?"
8. "I'll hand over the TWA bombers if you give me some futures trading tips."
7. "If I wasn't a Shiite Muslim, I'd lick your ear."
6. "You've got to use more tongue,

Hillary."

5. "If you're nice, one of my many, many sons will murder your husband."
4. "Where did Paula Jones get her nose done?"
3. "I'm Lalla, the gay Teletubby."
2. "I wanna be your Monica."
1. "Can you bring this package back home for me on Air Force One?"

PS The Los Angeles Transit Agency didn't pay attention decades ago when engineers warned that a major underground freeway was dangerous, but now taxpayers have been soaked more than \$60 million trying to keep the freeway from collapsing. Local surgeons have offered to prop up the sagging highway with silicone implants so it won't shake during an earthquake.

PS In related public works follies, Mobtied Boston construction workers have just begun the major new bridge over the Charles River which will connect to Beantown's own underground highway. Mafiosi estimate that "The Big Dig" should save them the trouble of digging hundreds of shallow graves throughout New England.

PS University of Georgia students are being encouraged to rat out any cheaters whom they know are in their midst. Their graduation speaker this year is Linda Tripp.

PS Hawaii's Hilo Zoo is building a sanctuary for unwanted orangutans. What a coincidence—last week Tufts' Hillel Center became a sanctuary for unwanted oranges.

PS Female employees for Illinois's Commonwealth Edison are suing on grounds of sexual harassment. Apparently lines like, "You wanna see the power plant in my pants?" just don't work anymore.

PS A Missouri schoolteacher is in deep trouble after encouraging sixth graders to share needles while drawing blood for a science experiment. The kids are now being tested for HIV. The teacher's master's degree from I Am A Big Damn Idiot University has been revoked.

PS But not his membership in the teacher's union.

PS The Pope asked NATO to suspend bombing in Yugoslavia for the week of Easter. Muslim Albanians expressed gratitude towards the pontiff by getting killed by genocidal Christian Serbs.

PS With both Easter and the Pope in mind, the SOURCE presents the Top Ten Ways to Make the Vatican Cool:

10. Three words: Pope Borgia II
9. Give the Popemobile an ejector seat
8. Issue a decisive “No molestation” policy to American priests
7. Ban bitchy nuns
6. Let women be priests— just kidding!
5. Allow birth control— besides prayer
4. Begin charging for photo ops with the pontiff
3. Officially call that little hat a “Pope yarmulke”
2. Have a one-minute moratorium on hating gays and Jews
1. Bring back papal orgies

PS A University of Michigan study indicates that exposure to conservative ideology lowers the self-esteem of women who believe they are overweight. And all this time we thought they hated themselves because they were atrociously fat and unconscionably ugly.

PS In one of America’s most disturbing state trends, Alabama is trying to use legalized gambling to balance its budget—currently \$100 million in the hole. In order to do this, legislators hope to have the entire state designated as an Indian tribe.

PS The ACLU is protesting the fact that Arkansas is one of only two states that actively bans gays from being foster parents. The group is worried that Chelsea will be taken from Hillary after she divorces Bill and moves in with Janet Reno.

PS According to recent statistics, Minnesota has the highest rate of emotionally disturbed public school children— twice the national average. Most report suffering from nightmares about the governor hiding under the bed.

PS According to a brochure inside the *Teen Voices* magazine, “*Teen Voices* publishes the voice of any young woman, regardless of writing ability. You don’t have to worry about spelling or grammar...” *Teen Voices* then announced that its name will soon be changed to *The Tufts Daily*.

PS A Japanese man has been accused of hacking into the Mayo Clinic’s computer and stealing cutting-edge medical research.

The man later admitted that he was really Chinese and was just hoping to find some nuclear secrets.

PS Alaskan officials are pushing for laws that will require all ships—not just oil tankers—to be careful with their fuel. Carnival Cruises’ *SS Sealkiller* is especially disappointed at the idea.

PS Bad news for Roofies fans in Iowa—the state wants to make using the drugs illegal even if the person taking them consents. Advocates of the drug complain that there isn’t anything else to do in Iowa.

PS New York State prison inmates may soon face another penalty: \$5 disciplinary fees. The state wants to give jail officials the power to levy the \$5 disciplinary charges as part of sanctions against inmates found guilty of misbehavior. It seems they’ve taken a page right out of Anne Gardiner’s book.

PS Most inmates agree that five bucks for gay rape is a bargain.

PS We couldn’t have said it better: Imperialist American journalists caught a group of shell-shocked Serbians holding a sign proclaiming, “We put our idiots in the asylums. Americans put theirs in the White House.”

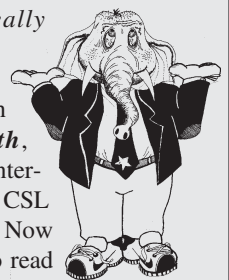
☞ There goes our appetite. Pie-lover **Aviva Jane Carlin**, sole performer of *Jodie’s Body*, came to the Hill with a plump peep show in the guise of theater. Too bad for curvy Carlin that the SOURCE Awards does not have a category called “Best Impression of the Tufts Mascot.” ... Placing hocus pocus above practicality, the *Tufts Daily* replaced its weather report with horoscopes. We suspect the move was an idea of the *Observer*, but their writers were thwarted by big words like Sagittarius.... Where’s the talking chihuahua? Taco Del Mar opened a restaurant in Davis Square offering healthful flatulence-inducing fare. Explains the lax *Zamboni* production schedule.... Rabbi-wannabe **Julie Roth** chucked oranges into the Passover crowd during Hillel services, knocking over one worshipper’s glass of Manischewitz. On the bimah or at the ballpark, feminists still throw like girls.

☞ Astronomy professor **William Waller**

proposed construction of an observatory in Robinson Hall. Typical of their intrepid reporting, the *Daily* noted that the proposed facility be used to showcase “**astrological events**.” Either the paper’s reporters are as careless as we think, or the *Daily* is plugging the aforementioned horoscopes.... Coincidence or the stars in alignment? You decide: days after the paper ran a story on the **Curtis Hall intersection**’s need for improvement, you read it first in the *Daily* when a student almost became a motorist’s hood ornament. What will those guys do to get stories? ... After aforementioned Jumbo missed her horoscope and got hit by a car, proposed fixes for the intersection are expected to cost \$500,000, or, in Leftist Monetary Units, **100 Kwesi Mfumes**. Or we could all just do our astrological observing at the new telescope.

☞ Jumbo Express beware: **Campus Convenience** opens up on Boston Avenue, offering a wider selection at the same lofty prices.

Inquiring minds *really* want to know if they’ll be able to buy *Barely Legal* with points.... **Outbreath**, Tufts’ Voice of Disinterest, was allowed by the CSL to print illustrations. Now you have no excuse to read it for the articles.... As if we cared, the *Daily* ran baby photos of its Feature Writers next to their pieces. Finally the portraits of the authors match the reading level of their self-absorbed pieces.... **Michael Dupuy** waxes romantic in his feature, proclaiming “Places abound where lovers may explore their most intimate feelings and indulge in mush.” Jeez, Mike, Dewick never sounded so good.... Sophomore **Jess Thom** writes an eloquent Viewpoint discussing public indifference for the Clinton affair. Sadly, no one read it.



☞ THE ELEPHANT never forgets.

*Beware the barista: The evils of
the new coffeehouse culture*

Strange Brew

by Colin Kingsbury

There is quite simply no greater menace to our nation today than the coffeehouse. These reprehensible establishments are an affront to decency and an attack upon everything that is good and right about America. The sooner we are rid of them all the challenges we face from racism, class inequality, and war in the Balkans shall all appear much less daunting.

Please do not mistake this as a tirade against the drink itself. Coffee is a blessing from the gods and surely the greatest gift given us by the native Americans. It warms the body and awakens the mind yet causes not cancer, weight gain, nor temporary insanity. Whether drunk from paper cups during breaks by working-men or gilt-edged china following grand dinners in four-star restaurants, coffee always gives cause to rejoice. I myself am famed as a drinker of the stuff.

And yet every time I pass a Starbucks I am overcome by the urge to pitch my moth-eaten attaché through the picture window and into the lap of some unsuspecting soccer mom. Before you judge me sick, listen to my arguments:

First, coffeehouses do not serve any appreciable purpose other than the employment of haughty college dropouts. They offer usually-abysmal service thanks to the imagined superiority of the employees and charge extortionist prices for a product whose main ingredient is priced in cents per ton. Coffee was available from a plethora of outlets for years before anyone cared about Seattle. Jay's Deli and similar places—known as coffeeshops—provide not only superior service but offer a refreshing drink of the locale they inhabit.

Starbucks, on the other hand, brings the same Crate-and-Barrel décor to every store and provides the customer with no clues as

to his location. This leads to a loss of the very sort of culture coffeehouse flunkies claim to enjoy, though I doubt the thought has once crossed their frantic caffeine-riddled brains.

The many odd and fancy concoctions offered within also pose great problems. Fancy coffee drinks are treats and cultured men and women restrict their consumption of such frivolities to North End trattorias and streetside cafes in Milan. Drinking a cappuccino while riding the T to work is the equivalent of eating Beluga caviar on a bun at Fenway Park.

The many varieties of beans offered at the average coffeehouse is also cause for concern. All of them produce a beverage which tastes more or less like proper coffee; thus the only end served by the selection is to befuddle the customer into thinking \$3.50 for a paper cup full of dirty bitter water is reasonable. I am shocked that Ralph Nader has yet to expose this fraud.

And what of the people who frequent these bordellos of brew? Walk by Someday Café or the Harvard Square Au Bon Pain at three o'clock and you will see the grossest display of bad taste imaginable. They brim over with trust-fund bohemians in Armani grunge, government-supported grad students, and suburban wives trolling for illicit encounters while their hen-pecked husbands work and their children rot in day-care centers. Whether engaged in blasphemous conversation about the overthrow of capitalism or in search of partners in immorality all of these people are blights upon society. The

wholesale demise of coffeehouses would hardly eliminate these classes of delinquents, but would at least deprive them of reputable places to congregate.

And in a great stroke of irony the very reason these malcontents rejoice at the sudden flowering of coffeehouses is because they dislike bars. They claim this is because they dislike both drinking and smoke, which makes me all the more suspicious of them. The informed reader scarcely needs reminding that at the height of café culture on Paris's Left Bank real intellectuals like Hemingway favored refreshments like absinthe. If these coffeehouse derelicts can not tolerate dark and smoke and drink then they do not deserve a place to socialize like normal individuals.

More queer still is the almost universal lack of smoking sections in contemporary java outlets. Coffee and tobacco not only pair perfectly, they are in fact the only vegetables worth consuming. I know I am going to die young and hard, but I will leave with a smile on my face and a vast inheritance for my children.

But most unctuous of all is the fact that coffeehouses are a European invention. America grew great from her early years to the present precisely because we eschewed continental custom. In European countries truck drivers receive government-subsidized wine rations and cinema tickets, inbreds are honored as royalty, and men dress and act like little girls.

Just recently a government-funded French studio released a super-expensive and very bad film version of a popular comic known as *Asterix*. While everyone agreed it was terrible, it marks the first time a French film has turned a profit and the trend will surely improve when they stop naming their heroes after punctuation marks. I cannot fathom why we, as citizens of the greatest nation in the history of the world, should seek to emulate the trappings of the Old World at the very time the frogs are trying to make bad Hollywood-style movies. It is madness indeed, and it must stop soon. □

**Whether engaged in
blasphemous conversation
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coffeehouse denizens are
blights upon society.**

Mr. Kingsbury (A98), a former SOURCE Managing Editor, is currently working for the Boston Herald.

The 7th Annual Source Awards

The Academy kicks off its show with a song, but we'll start with the **WORST NEW IDEA AWARD**, which always provides a plethora of nominees: there's the administration's new plan to actually start **listening to TCU senate resolutions**; the newfound political careers of **Hillary and Liddy**; the **Womyn's Studies Major**, closer than ever to becoming a reality and singlehandedly devastating the value of your diploma; the **soapbox** in front of Ballou to let students speak their PC minds; the **orange on the seder plate**; and, of course, **Submerge**, which lets the campus see how obnoxious the left is on a fairly regular basis.

We can continue on a positive note with the **BEST NEW IDEA AWARD**: the first nominee is **Submerge**, which lets the campus see how obnoxious the left is on a fairly regular basis; then there's **Brian Finkelstein's Rumors Page**, which accomplishes the same task with more gusto, more truth, and now even cartoons; **Prof. William Waller's proposed astronomical observatory** on campus, which will let students see beyond Medford and Somerville; **the resignation of Capen House's own Jim Crow, Todd McFadden**; and **the impeachment of Little Rock's own Richard Milhous Nixon, William Jefferson Clinton**.

It truly is the Year of the Woman. Nominees for **RESUME-PACKER OF THE YEAR** are: Queen of Hearts **Sasha Baltins**; God-knows-how Wendell Phillips nominee **Sarah Rosen**, sort-of alumna of the *Daily*, the *Observer*, and TUTV; once again, **Hillary and Liddy**; and, breaking the theme, freshman senator **Tommy Calvert**, who also merits **SHUT-UP-AND-GO-WAY HONORS**.

The **FOOT-IN-MOUTH AWARD** needs no explanation. There's **Bob Dole**, who may have done his final service to the nation with his E.D. ads, not exactly a proud addition to his wife's political career; **Brian Finkelstein**, who thought he could write an un-PC *Daily* Viewpoint without having his life or limb threatened by radical leftists; **Larry Harris**, who kicked off his TCU presidential campaign with an ill-received e-mail manifesto possibly Xeroxed from the *SOURCE*; **Jeff Steiner**, who thought multicultis would tolerate a rich white Jewish boy from Long Island at a "Many Voices" forum; and **Benedict Clouette**, who marched on Ballou but didn't care to be memorialized in these pages.

The **DIRTY DAMN LIAR AWARD** went to now-retired TCU senator Meena Thever last year, and TCU president **Jack Schnirman**, who promised much but delivered only a sloppy milk ad, continues the senate's fine showing in this category this year. Other nominees are **Bill Clinton**, of course; **Outbreath**, whose members put on their best phony faces to hoodwink the TCU into saturating campus with yet another redundant literary magazine, this one with short stories and just a bit too much more; and **Mike Capuano**, who claims that Tufts exploits Somerville rather than the other way around.

The **VICTIM OF THE YEAR AWARD** goes to whomever wants you to feel his or her pain—and then pay reparations. Surrogate victim-for-all **Sasha Baltins** makes another appearance; there's also the **16mm Conspiracy**, a majority of one who whined that he didn't merit almost the entire senate budget surplus; the **Pan-African Alliance**, which throws a temper tantrum whenever it doesn't receive a special privilege; and **Bill Clinton**— hey, it's all Ken Starr's fault.

The **BIGGEST WASTE OF UNIVERSITY FUNDS** can suck up your tuition dollars or your student activities fee. The nominees are: **Outbreath and Optimus Prime**, two slick new literary magazines that do the same thing as Queen's Head and Artichoke, but not nearly as well; the **16mm Conspiracy**, sucking up ten grand from Sol Gittleman's fund after the senate said no—for a change; **Kweisi Mfume**, who sucked up ten grand by saying the same crap Sasha Baltins says every day; **Cornel West**, who sucked up five grand by saying the same crap **Kweisi Mfume** said; the **Hillside/Latin Way renovations**, nominated for the second year, for receiving home improvements as the two nice dorms on campus while the rest resemble Cabrini; and, of course, that perennial waste of university funds, **diversity**.

The bad ideas this year went from shameful to outrageous, so we created the **OUTRAGE OF THE YEAR AWARD**. Drum roll, please: **Mike Capuano**, local Democrat who put Tufts, quite literally, in his crosshairs; **Jodie's Body**, a piece of nude performance art featuring an overweight nekkid woman performing mere meters from the Torahs at the Hillel Center; the **Rainbow House**, TLGBC's own apartment on campus (*SOURCE* unit forthcoming? Don't bet on it); the **Pan-African Alliance's March on Ballou**, demanding even more affirmative action than we already have; **former Black Panther George Davis** being hired by the university to run the African-American Center; and, proving that not all communists have given up religion, the **orange on the seder plate**, which made Passover attendees unwitting accomplices to political correctness.

Outrages or not, with mink-farm-burners graduated, fired janitors finally silent, and enough quota queens unemployed to fill the PAA's tombstones, this year was characterized more than anything else by a big, boring yawn. Nominees for the new **YAWN OF THE YEAR AWARD** are: **George Mitchell**, a lefty dud as a Fares lecturer, particularly after last year's Thatcher presentation, but hey, at least he's Lebanese; **Kweisi Mfume and Cornel West**; would-be health care czar **Norman Daniels' photography** exhibition in the pages of *Submerge*; the **Zamboni**— we didn't laugh— not even when they stole our jokes; and the **Republican Congress**, which gave Clinton a Get Out of Jail Free Card and has been doing a great impression of a Democratic Congress for the last few years.

NOMINEES

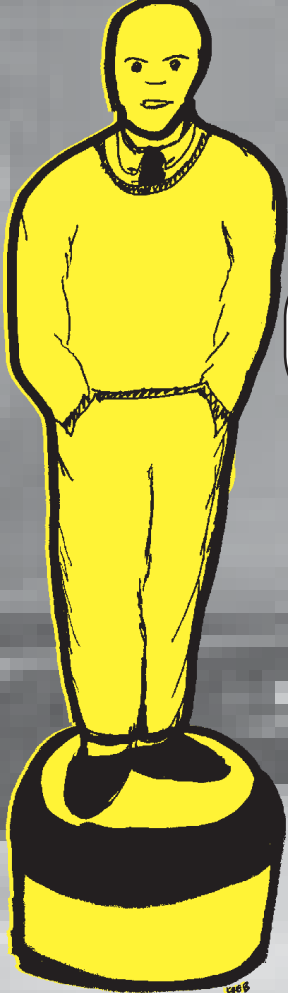
THE 7TH ANNUAL

WORST NEW IDEA
ACTUALLY STARTING TO LISTEN TO
TCU SENATE RESOLUTIONS



FOOT-IN-MOUTH AWARD
LARRY HARRIS

VICTIM OF THE
SASHA BALTIM



BEST NEW IDEA
BRIAN'S RUMORS PAGE

RESUME-PACKER OF THE YEAR
TOMMY CALVERT

AND THE WINNERS ARE...

SOURCE AWARDS

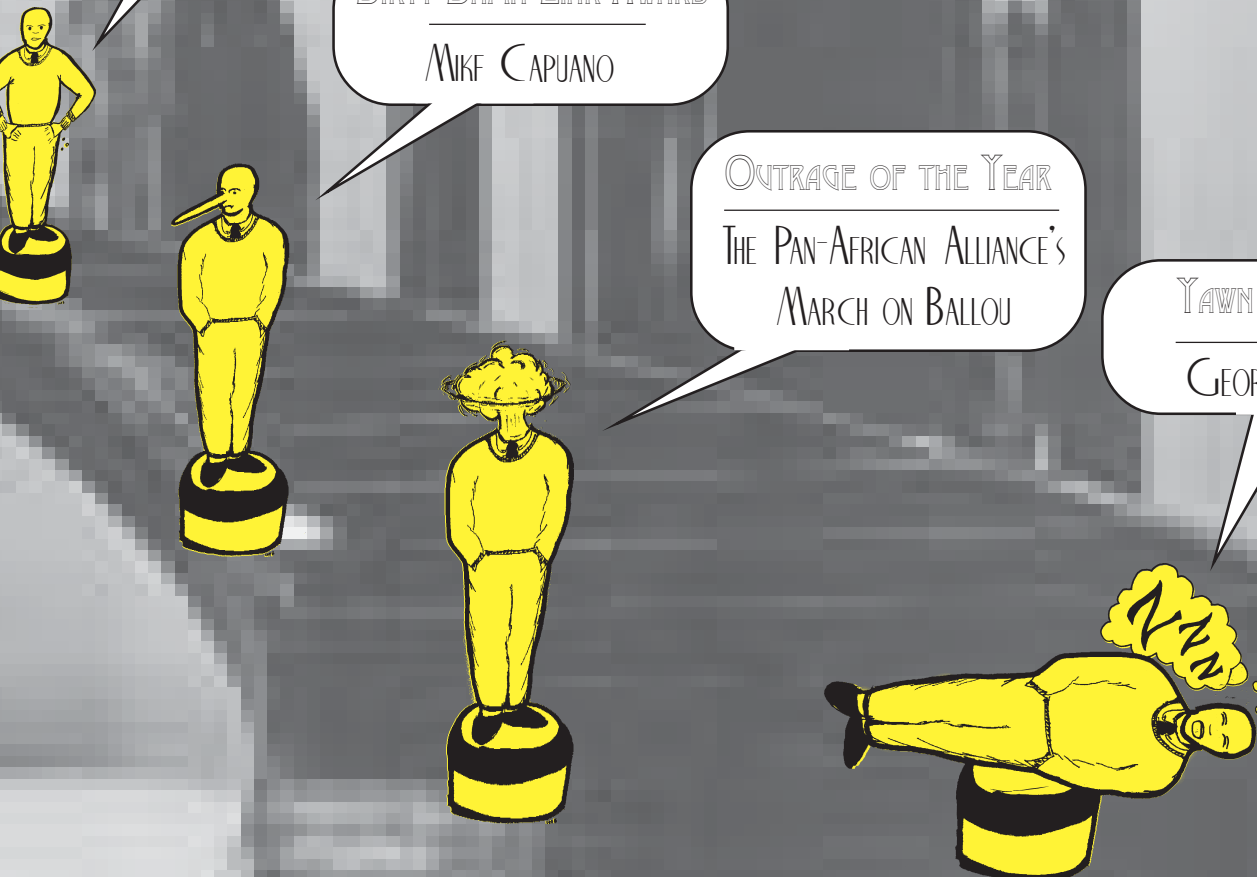
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BIGGEST WASTE OF UNIVERSITY FUNDS
OUTBREATH AND OPTIMUS PRIME

DIRTY DAMN LIAR AWARD
MIKE CAPUANO

OUTRAGE OF THE YEAR
THE PAN-AFRICAN ALLIANCE'S
MARCH ON BALLOU

YAWN OF THE YEAR
GEORGE MITCHELL



The PRIMARY SOURCE Presents the SOURCE Award for Lifetime Achievement to Judge Kenneth Starr



Unsurprisingly, the man who got Bill Clinton impeached also sustained more ambushes from the left-wing media than even such favorite targets as Dan Quayle and Ronald Reagan. Even what should have been the high point of his public life, his being awarded *Time*'s Man of the Year honor confluent with Clinton himself, was tarnished by the media's personal vendetta against the independent counsel: in opinion piece after opinion piece, *Time*'s writers portrayed Starr as a twisted Inspector Javert trying to crucify the Boy President on an outdated moral order, stealthily using whatever means necessary to pursue his prey.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The supposed "perjury trap" criticized by countless left-wing columnists in the mainstream media was actually revealed to embody Starr's unwavering honor and unusually high ethical standards in the aftermath of the case. Prior to Clinton's grand jury testimony, Starr alerted the President's lawyers of the incriminating results of the DNA test of Monica Lewinsky's famous Gap dress. Explaining that it was "the right thing to do" because it was "in everyone's interest to get to the bottom of this," in a characteristically Clintonian decision the Commander-in-Chief threw caution to the wind and continued in his lie under oath despite every single rational voice in his head that would have reminded him that the public—and Kenneth Starr—would catch up to him.

For leaving an indelible mark on American history, for subjecting a President offended by the idea of truth to the rule of law, and for his years in service of sound conservative jurisprudence as a DC Circuit Court judge and later as George Bush's Solicitor General, the PRIMARY SOURCE proudly presents its Lifetime Achievement Award to Judge Kenneth W. Starr.

Dear Monica:

Thank you for the tie and T-shirt. It was kind of you to remember my birthday, and I appreciate your continued thoughtfulness and generosity.

Hillary and I send our best wishes.

Sincerely,

Bill Clinton

*from the part
somehow always poignant. Whitman is so rich that one must read him like one tastes a fine wine or good cigar — take it in, roll it in your mouth, and savor it!*

*** Actual documents.**

the help of someone else in her lie that the President sexually harassed her, you now do not believe that what she claimed happened really happened. You now find it completely plausible that she herself smeared her lipstick, untucked her blouse, etc.

You never saw her go into the oval office, or come out of the oval office.

You have never observed the President behaving inappropriately with anybody.

(1) way other than performing oral sex?
2) A Q Yes.
3) [REDACTED]
4) A Q [REDACTED]
5) A Q [REDACTED]
6) A Q [REDACTED]
7) A Q [REDACTED]
8) A Q [REDACTED]
9) A Q [REDACTED]
10) A Q [REDACTED]
11) A Q [REDACTED]
12) A Q [REDACTED]
13) A Q [REDACTED]
14) A Q [REDACTED]
15) A Q [REDACTED]
16) A Q [REDACTED]
17) A Q [REDACTED]

Tufts' aesthetes just can't seem to appreciate art for art's sake.

The Deconstructionist as Artist

by Keith Levenberg

"And when people cease to believe that there is good and evil / Only beauty will call to them and save them / So that they still know how to say: this is true and that is false."

—Czeslaw Milosz

Recently, the chair of the university's Committee on Student Life, Fulton Gonzalez, declared, "The arts are flourishing at Tufts." Unfortunately, this is true only in the sense that a lot of students call themselves artists. The purpose of art is to communicate a thought to an audience. Absent that communication the "artist" would do well to keep his thoughts to himself. Given art's ability to engender community-wide conversation and serve as a vehicle for the expression of ideas too complex for standard media, Gonzalez's praise misses the big picture. Far from flourishing, the Tufts community's relationship to art is virtually non-existent.

An apt comparison can be made between artistic sensibilities at Tufts and those nationally early in this decade—both fall a bit short of an American Renaissance, to say the least. On the national level, a lackluster conservative backlash against left-wing aesthetics occurred during Newt Gingrich's brief time in the limelight. Congress debated pulling taxpayer funding from the National Endowment for the Arts due to its subsidization of such artists as the late Robert Mapplethorpe and Andres Serrano. The former, whose work included "erotic" photographs of children, and the latter, creator of the infamous "Piss Christ," a photograph of a crucifix immersed in urine, as well as photographs of used maxi-pads covered with his own semen, ignited a national debate over taxpayer subsidies to artists. The political arguments for slashing the NEA were

sound, albeit ill-timed, but from a vantage point several years after the controversy the artistic integrity of Mapplethorpe and Serrano triumphed even as the philosophical justification for government art plummeted. The aim of their art may have been to shock. It was offensive, immature, and quite possibly even malicious, but their art *mattered*. People talked about it. People debated it. It had an impact on the public lives of Americans. One might even say that the national controversy was a more substantial work of art than any other pieces the two men produced.

Whereas Mapplethorpe and Serrano gave substance to their artistic posturing by being significant to America, the idea of significant art is almost an oxymoron at Tufts. One can attribute art's impotence on campus in part to left-wing sensibilities, which view art not as a means to express complex thoughts but to express the same simple thoughts that leftists express in every other project they undertake, from the *Tufts Daily Viewpoints* page to haughty

academic journals to the Sociology course bulletin. Witness the current hallway display of photographs that exists in lieu of a gallery exhibition at the Aidekman Arts Center entitled "Hotties to Hags: Constructing Female Identity, 1930-1980." Their aesthetic appeal is inconsistent, but the political message of the exhibit is familiar, even cliché. Since the compositions are from a range of photographers spanning fifty years, it is sensible to criticize the entire exhibit as a singular work of art, since it uses the images in service of a political message absent from, and perhaps even contrary to, the content of many of the pieces. The most famous photograph is a 1950 composition of Robert Doisneau's that depicts a couple locked in a spontaneous embrace amidst an oblivious street crowd; the photograph has long been praised for capturing the fleeting *je ne sais quoi* of Parisian romance. It's a priceless moment herein reduced to a 'text.'

The purpose of the exhibit is to display some of the traditional (and therefore deplorable) 'gender roles' that the fairer sex fills, presumably to indict American society for oppressing women and girls in this way. One photograph depicts a woman with hair curlers on nervously diddling her fingers while a man surprises her with a kiss; another features a woman styling her daughter's hair. There's a collage of corset ads promising the women of yesteryear a device to "improve your appearance" as well as a snapshot of a woman with those two embodiments of Corporate America: cigarettes and a bottle of Coca Cola. Other *oeuvres*



Robert Doisneau's famous 1950 image is now being blamed for "constructing female identity" and reduced to the status of a 'text' in a Tufts photography exhibit.

Mr. Levenberg is a senior majoring in Philosophy.

include a guy and a gal in an old jalopy (with the male driving, of course), a pregnant woman, and the requisite photographs of fat women, ugly women, and women who are both fat and ugly.

Following the same theme, Tufts recently played host to a one-woman play called *Jodie's Body*, a piece of nude performance art about "an overweight white woman struggling with issues of South African apartheid and her body image." The play was followed by a workshop and discussion group about body image

that the *Daily* described as "perhaps the most thought-provoking part of the evening," during which students discussed such questions as, "What does it mean to be 'beautiful?' Why are men only interested in women who are beautiful? Why do women feel so much pressure to present themselves as beautiful?"

Isn't it self-evident? If we're going to be glorifying anything, we may as well glorify beauty. Beyond such common sense, the most worthwhile question to ask is why the left so often glorifies ugliness. From overweight nude actresses to ugly models to photographs of semen-drenched maxi-pads, left-wing aesthetics haven't been kind to art. Such motifs are popular with the left because they challenge the intuitive notion of a hierarchy of aesthetic values, which the left deplors for the same reason it deplors a hierarchy of moral values. Admitting that Shakespeare is a better poet than Maya Angelou, that Michelangelo is a better artist than Andres Serrano, or that art is a better discipline than sociology would be an admission that there exist objective criteria by which to judge value. Refusing to accept this permits the left to declare that a culture that venerates Shakespeare is no better than a culture that venerates Maya Angelou. In a classic monologue by the villain of *The Fountainhead*, Ayn Rand observes the even more sinister aims of aesthetic relativism: "Kill man's sense of values. Kill his capacity to recognize greatness or to achieve it. Great men can't be ruled. We don't want any great men. Don't deny the conception of great-

ness. Destroy it from within. The great is the rare, the difficult, the exceptional. Set up standards of achievement open to all, to the least, to the most inept—and you stop the impetus to effort in all men, great or small.... Don't set out to raze all shrines—you'll frighten men. Enshrine mediocrity—and the shrines are razed."

To the left, everything is relative and nothing is absolute, hence the Aidekman exhibit's suggestion that identity is something that has to be 'constructed' rather than something an individual is

born with and subsequently molds according to the calculus of his choices in life, some good, some bad. In this context, the exhibit's use of a photograph of an ugly woman attempts to indict the viewer for finding the woman ugly; by doing so, the leftist aesthetic suggests, the viewer has participated in a construction of female identity that 'oppresses' women. The connection between aesthetic relativism and moral relativism never proved so stark as in this query in an Internet posting by a college student: "I'm working on a paper dealing with bourgeois criticisms of *avant garde*

art, focusing in particular on the art/murder conjunction. In other words, art and murder transgress bourgeois cultural values (of aesthetics and morality)." We are

not amused when the left elevates the ugly to art, but heaven help us if it elevates murder to morality. The stakes of beauty have never been higher.

Nonetheless, Tufts students' rational intuitions about beauty and ugliness triumphed at the end of the day, for the only talk around campus of any photography in the Slater Concourse concerned the array of snapshots removed to make way for "Hotties to Hags." Predictably, praise of these images of naked co-eds extended more to the

aesthetics of the models than those of the compositions themselves, proving that beauty is something more fundamental than a 'construction.' It isn't likely that the entire series on female identity will generate as much campus-wide comment as one bare breast in the previous exhibition (no pun intended). Thus, despite the fact that "Hotties to Hags" generated some words of criticism in this journal, it hasn't succeeded in being *relevant*. If the sensibility of modern art is to "make it new," in the words of Ezra Pound, the exhibit fails utterly, because it does not say anything that has not already been expressed more appropriately in other venues. The only advantage a photograph of an ugly woman has over a journal article by a sociology professor decrying socially constructed standards of beauty is that the former takes less time to digest (even as both provoke indigestion).

Perhaps anticipating such criticisms of art, Oscar Wilde declared that "all art is quite useless" and championed a new aesthetic based on "art for art's sake." The current fashion, observes culture critic John Leo, is "art for politics' sake," a term he coined to describe the works of Serrano. But the artistic merits of Serrano's work prove more convincing than those of radical art at Tufts, because in the former instance the art changed society while in the latter instance the art does nothing. Can it be, as Ayn Rand feared, that the standards to be met for calling oneself an artist have been sufficiently lowered

to destroy the very idea of art? At Tufts, it isn't clear that such standards exist at all. Consider the question posed by Amy Cobern in the current issue of

If we're going to be glorifying anything, we may as well glorify beauty. Beyond such common sense, the most worthwhile question to ask is why the left so often glorifies ugliness.

Outbreath, Tufts' short story magazine: "We have... struggled with the question, 'What is artwork?' Art truly is in the eye of the beholder." This slogan recalls the clichéd expression that claims that beauty is in the eye of the beholder—yet how significant it is that the consensus among beholders is nearly unanimous. (At press time, door posters of Uma Thurman still outsell door posters of Janet Reno.)

Cobern correctly notes that "nothing truly becomes a work of art until it is per-

ceived,” seeming to recognize the idea that art’s value lies in its ability to communicate itself to an audience. But there’s something more, because not all communication is art. A photograph talks to its viewer, but it doesn’t become art until it *makes the viewer want to agree with it*, in the sense that when the viewer does not share the artist’s inspiration something in the art makes the viewer wish he did. Thus, non-Christians can stand in awe of the Sistine Chapel, economic libertarians can appreciate the novels of John Steinbeck and the poetry of Carl Sandburg, and Americans who don’t know French *terroir* from their backyard know that uncorking a bottle of Château Pétrus promises something special. To affect the way an audience thinks or to make it care about something new is the highest aim of art. In this context, Paul Simon’s moving tribute to Frank Lloyd Wright makes the most sense: “Architects may come and / Architects may go and / Never change your point of view. / When I run dry / I stop awhile and think of you.”

The audience’s affirmation of art is an integral part of its right to call itself art. If it inspires more art, so much the better. But, as Rand noted in *The Fountainhead*, if the viewer doesn’t say “Yes” in some critical way, either the art or the audience is lacking: “What you feel in the presence of a thing you admire is just one word—‘Yes.’ The affirmation, the acceptance, the sign of admittance. And that ‘Yes’ is more than an answer to one thing, it’s a kind of ‘Amen’ to life, to the earth that holds this thing, to the thought that created it, to yourself for being able to see it. . . . In this sense, everything to which you grant your love is yours.” Tragically, little to no art at Tufts receives this wholehearted “Yes” from its audience. What affirmations students do grant are typically tributes to the simple leftist messages behind the self-labeled art with which they already agree, but the goal of the artist isn’t to produce a visual embodiment of a trite political tract. The very least we can ask of art is to matter, an aim at which Serrano succeeded no matter what other values he may have attempted to demolish. Even so, Serrano understood the deep moral power of art, declaring of his most infamous composition that “there is a duality in it, of goodness and evil, of life and death.” It isn’t a surprise that Tufts’ art world hasn’t managed to produce a Sistine Chapel when it can’t even produce a “Piss Christ.” □

Won dum guy: Clinton delivers military secrets to the Chinese.

The Most Dangerous Game

by Jonathan Perle

By now you have probably heard the news. The Chinese government stole nuclear weapons secrets from the Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico during the 1980s. A scientist at the laboratory, Wen Ho Lee, passed along nuclear secrets to the Chinese government when he made a trip to Beijing in 1985. The Los Alamos laboratory had for years resisted increasing security as recommended, largely because the scientists feared that heightened security measures would make it harder for them to accomplish their goals. As a result, Lee was able to pass along information about the United States’ nuclear warhead, the W-88.

The W-88 is one of the most advanced pieces of US nuclear technology, and it makes possible the miniaturization of nuclear weapons so that they can have Multiple Independent Reentry Vehicles (MIRV) fitted on them. What MIRVs allow is the capability to put five, ten, or even more nuclear warheads on a single missile. The result is a much more powerful nuclear force capable of hitting many more targets.

It is bad enough that this breach of security happened, but what is inexcusable is the Clinton administration cover-up that followed when they discovered the breach in 1995, they attempted to cover it up so as not to upset US-China relations. There have been some pretty reprehensible actions taken by the Clinton administration (selling computers to China, “containing” Saddam Hussein), but of all the imbecilic, traitorous, and harmful acts that this administration has done, this one trumps them all. The administration, led by the ineffectual Secretary of State and slimy National Security Advisor, has put its own political concerns over those of national security. Not only does China now have this technology, but

it can now also proliferate it so, a few years from now, countries such as North Korea might be able to get it.

The Clinton administration has long had a policy of “cozying up” to China. Despite their love affair with China, the Clinton administration still claims that it did not attempt to cover up the evidence of the stolen nuclear technology. However, there doesn’t seem to be any other explanation why news of this story came out three years after the administration learned of the theft.

The problem with this administration is that it has no real interest in national security, only in carrying out its own agenda—whatever the cost. Despite the fact that China stole nuclear secrets from the US, the administration does not want to do anything about it. It has come to the point where national security is simply a game to Clinton. Because the US has now shown that even in the most egregious cases we will take no action, China can now feel free to spy on the US as much as it wants without fear of repercussions. If a spy is caught, China knows it has nothing to fear, and it can just send another.

Where will it end? Is there a point where this administration will finally say “enough?” Because they have no interest in defending our national security, the administration has left us vulnerable to the Chinese. They have already stolen one of our most advanced pieces of nuclear technology with impunity. Madeleine Albright seems only too happy to lick the boots of Chinese government; maybe she thinks they will toss her a scrap or two of concessions or release a prisoner every now and then. In the meantime, we have given countless pieces of technology to China, and they in turn have promised to do something about human rights or not proliferating weapons. That’s very nice. Maybe Albright thinks that if we ask them really nicely they won’t steal any more of our nuclear weapons secrets. Of course, when she leaves fantasyland, the reality may be more than she can handle. □

Mr. Perle is a freshman majoring in Political Science.

*Reckless, unruly, and even dangerous...
Fraternities are agents of their own demise.*

A Greek Tragedy

by Jonathan Block

Ever since John Landis' 1978 classic *Animal House* romanticized the exploits of a boisterous fraternity wreaking havoc on an early 1960's college campus, fraternities across the country have been subject to both praise and scorn. For those supporting the Greek system, fraternity houses offer a sense of brotherhood, respect, and goodwill not only to members themselves, but to the surrounding community as well. Critics, however, assert that despite their best attempts to be a positive influence on college campuses, fraternity houses are known more for drinking, drugs, and debauchery.

No matter what one's view is on fraternities, one fact is abundantly clear: They are on their way out.

When Dartmouth College announced last month that it would effectively phase out a 150-year-old tradition by forcing fraternity and sorority houses on campus to go co-ed, it marked the beginning of the end for the Greek system. The college feels that by encouraging co-ed housing, alcohol abuse will be decreased and gender relations will improve. Incidentally, 51% of Dartmouth undergrads are Greek, and 83% of student body favors keeping the current system of single-sex Greek houses.

In recent years, America's fraternities have received a good deal of bad publicity. The tragic death of MIT freshman Scott Krueger a year and a half ago during a hazing event brought to the national spotlight the issues of fraternity hazing and binge drinking. While Krueger's death was perhaps the most publicized death in a fraternity house in recent memory, it is, sadly, not the only one. There are many other cases of young men who have died after imbibing too much alcohol or drugs in a fraternity house. In fact, just last month, a 26-year-old New York man died at a fraternity party at

the University of Pennsylvania due to acute alcohol poisoning. The man, Michael Tobin, was a Penn alumnus and a former member of Phi Gamma Delta, where the party was held. Coincidentally, Phi Gamma Delta was also the fraternity Scott Krueger rushed at MIT.

Like it or not, the time to end fraternities has come. How many more Scott Kruegers have to die alcohol-related deaths before something is done to prevent further tragedies? The Greek system has degenerated itself from a once respectable institution to one full of disgrace.

As an example, take a look at the sorry state of the Greek houses here at Tufts. When I look back at what the Greek system has done over my four years here on the Hill, only bad memories come to mind. A Delta Tau Delta pledge falls down a staircase, barely avoiding serious injury. Zeta Psi members urinate onstage during Greek Jam a few years ago. Also, many of Tufts fraternities have been put on probation, some multiple times. With so many negative stigmas and stereotypes associated with fraternity houses, is the Greek system something that belongs on a responsible campus such as Tufts? I think not.

Unfortunately, immature and moronic behavior among fraternities on campus appears to be on the rise. In the most recent incident from which there are many to choose, members of the Zeta Psi fraternity were accused of throwing paint cans and other objects at pledges of the Alpha Phi sorority as they were attempting to paint the cannon, a Tufonian tradition. Several Al-

pha Phi women were injured in the altercation, two seriously enough to be sent to a local hospital. Despite the wild and violent actions by the Zeta Psi brothers, not a single one was brought up on disciplinary charges, let alone criminal charges. In fact, the administration itself downplayed the event, calling it, in the words of one administrator, "a little horseplay that got out of hand." Even more disturbing, Alpha Phi refused to press charges, proving that there is an internal code of silence within the Greek system.

If you thought the fraternities had learned their lesson after Zeta Psi's embarrassing actions, think again. A week later, Theta Chi one-upped the Zeta Psi brothers. During the annual Greek Jam, an event where different fraternities and sororities perform skits for charity, the Theta Chi brothers appeared drunk onstage, and were forcibly removed by Tufts University police officers.

Sadly, events like the ones mentioned

at Tufts are not unique to the Medford institution or even the Boston area. All across the country, whenever fraternities make news, it is almost exclusively for negative reasons.

In all fairness, there are some fraternities that are genuinely com-

mitted to the ideas of brotherhood and goodwill. For those Greek houses that are involved in community service and charity work, I applaud you for your noble efforts. Your benevolent undertakings should serve as an example to others in the Greek community. Unfortunately, these types of fraternities are becoming the exception, not the rule.

A system that seems to promote and accept rampant alcoholism and violence against women, among other senseless acts, serves no useful purpose and degrades any prestigious institution of higher learning. Dartmouth President Jim Wright made the excellent point that a college whose main mission is education must no longer condone traditions that condone alcoholism. For these reasons and countless others, fraternities should be eliminated on all college campuses. □

Mr. Block is a senior majoring in Political Science.

Wild? Raucous? Irresponsible? Perhaps. But when you look at the bigger Greek picture...

The Kids Are Alright

by Craig Waldman

Many believe Greek systems in this country are on the way out. Dartmouth is but one example of an institution that is doing away with the system. This is a silly proposition, especially considering that Greeks give more alumnae donations than any other group. Also, 83% of the students at Dartmouth believe that the Greek system is an asset to the school and should remain. There is no reason why the tradition of the Greek system should be abandoned. Fraternities and sororities serve a valuable purpose on college campuses across the nation. There are certain problems that exist in the system, but they reflect the failure of student government and administration to react to disciplinary problems. On this campus, Greek houses provide a center of social life for a campus not located directly in Boston, provide participants with a rewarding experience, and contribute their time to community service activities. These are just a few examples of the positive attributes of the Greek system.

There are certainly fraternities and sororities whose intentions are truly good in nature. Alpha Phi Delta is one such fraternity on the Tufts campus. APD, a community service fraternity, was formed with the best intentions in mind. In addition to reaping the benefits of the Greek system including the experience of close friendship with the "brothers", the members of APD are closely bound by their commitment to community service. All fraternities are responsible for doing some form of community service, but APD dedicates itself primarily to serving others.

AEPi's annual Greek Jam is an example of a worthwhile event put on by a fraternity that is not exclusively community service oriented. The proceeds of this event go to the American Cancer Society. However, the

Mr. Waldman is a sophomore majoring in History.

event not only serves to raise money for a needy charity, it also provides an event that the entire campus can enjoy. There are very few events on campus which pull together the community in such a spirited way, but this event manages to draw Greeks and non-Greeks to one place for a solid show year after year. The IGC Formal is another worthwhile event sponsored by the Greek system. This yearly event, held off campus in an area hotel, is much like a college prom. Although students can go to Gala at the end of their senior year, this provides all students with an annual chance to get dressed up, dance up a storm and have fun.

More than these specific events, the Greek system provides an overall social life for many on this campus. For those who wish to stay on campus and let off steam, the fraternity scene is appropriate. No one is forced to drink at fraternity parties, but the option does remain available for those of age who wish to do so. There is also a large quantity of people to meet and socialize with. Without these parties, students would have to leave campus to find equivalent social opportunities. Doing this increases the possibility of drinking and driving because a car is often a necessity, as the T stops running rather early.

There are certainly problems with the Greek system. The Zeta Psi incident with Alpha Phi during a traditional cannon painting is one such example. But the answer to this problem is not to simply eradicate the entire Greek system, as some would have us believe. A more logical solution is to demand a more powerful IGC that immediately acts against this kind of behavior. One of the main reasons that the Zeta Psi incident got so much negative publicity is because

there was no quick condemnation of the fraternity's actions by the IGC or other individual fraternities. Furthermore, there must be an administrative body that is not afraid to impose disciplinary action when a fraternity steps out of line. The administration did nothing in response to this incident, but certainly should have. Theta Chi's actions at this year's Greek Jam were also a negative reflection on the Greek system. But again this is the action of one fraternity not the entire system an isolated incident that should not tarnish views of the Greek system as a whole. AEPi deserves commendation for both its quick response to the affront, and for banning fraternities that have a history of misbehavior from participating in Greek Jam, like Zeta Psi. Tufts, in general, has a low incidence of alcohol poisoning and does not have a large problem with alcohol related problems.

The Greek system is a valuable asset to the Tufts campus, providing a center of campus social life for those who choose to use it. For those students who choose not to participate in the activities of the Greek system, its presence on campus is not detrimental to their well-being. The community service performed by fraternities and sororities, the camaraderie it affords its members, and the social life that it provides this campus make it a worthwhile entity. Any existing problems in the system can be easily fixed with more attentive and disciplinary administration. Those who want to carve it out of campus life are misguided in their negative stereotypes of the Greek system. □



*Why should a random housing lottery leave
Jumbos at the mercy of Res Life?*

Luck of the Draw

by *Alyssa Heumann*

Ah spring, when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of—housing. Residential life at Tufts University becomes more and more irksome with each passing April. As many of our peers at other schools begin to wistfully contemplate their summer vacations or hit the books for final exams, Tufts students begin the exhaustive and stressful search for the following year's roommates and residence. Tufts has a cornucopia of housing problems, and ridiculous housing policies which cause many Jumbos to face the annual possibility of homelessness in Medford.

Wherefore art Thou, Wren?

First and foremost, the lack of available on-campus housing is the cause of much concern. With the construction of South Hall, Residential Life assured students that their housing problems would be over. However, the 367 additional beds were filled faster than one can say "sexile." Currently, freshmen suffer in forced-triples, sophomores with housing limbo for parts of the summer, and juniors with the task of searching for residences in the not-so-hospitable communities of Medford and Somerville.

If these situations seem less than desirable, consider the plight of the transfer students who arrived at Tufts last autumn. After receiving the go-ahead from the powers that be in Bendetson Hall, our new Jumbos find out that they have no place to live. One transfer student had to live on the floor of a sibling's apartment until Residential Life did some fancy shuffling and found her a room. Not only does this negatively impact the transfer student, who must acclimate to her new school environment while concurrently looking for a place to live, but it also gives Tufts a poor reputation. What top-tier school would accept a student before ensuring that housing could be provided for her? A magic eight-ball could

Miss Heumann is a sophomore majoring in Child Development and Psychology.

have done a better job: "Will student A get transfer housing? Outlook not so good."

Although Residential Life must leave a buffer zone of rooms open for the entering freshman class, it has been in the housing business long enough to know that a greater number of accepted students multiplied by Tufts' rising desirability as a university yields a larger number of freshmen needing homes. As we see the entering classes continue to grow, the housing shortage will only become exacerbated. If Tufts wishes to continue to tout its policy of providing housing to all who need it, the University must either increase the amount of housing available, or determine a way to lessen the demand for on-campus residence.

Money for Nothing

While some students must live out their days at Tufts in sanitarium-esque singles or dilapidated dorms, their classmates with high numbers have the luxury of deciding between a wealth of doubles, singles and co-ops. Just as higher rent off campus usually indicates a nicer, larger, better-situated apartment, a higher lottery number allows for a nicer, larger, better-situated room. If this "you get what you pay for" concept extends to the rest of the off-campus world, why not to the dorms as well? This would enable students who find present housing prices steep to procure cheaper housing, while those with money to burn could spend more and secure a room in West. For those opposed to a difference in room pricing, consider the following: Tufts is constantly making the on-campus living situ-

ations more and more uneven—as proven by the renovations slated for Hillside and Latin Way. Why spend so much time and effort remodeling two of the nicest and most sought after dorms on campus? Work such as this only widens the gap between the best and worst living situations on campus, and increases the validity and practicality of a cost scale for on-campus housing.

The Leonard Carmichael Society already has a practice of raffling off the top number in each class—thus, the person who spends the most money in the raffle has the highest chance of getting the coveted top number. If practices are already in place which allow purchase power to equal housing quality, why not extend the idea? It is unfair to demand the same amount from students living in Miller as those who live in Lewis, as the size of room, location and recency of renovation differ. Records of housing choice each year clearly distinguish the most coveted dorms from those that are selected as a last resort. For example, more students wish to live uphill as opposed to downhill, and the price of a dorm room should reflect the increased desirability of the uphill dorms. This should by no means give the school a license to raise room prices across the board, but to increase and decrease residence fees in recognition of the variety of living conditions available on campus.

The Numbers Game

Looking at the Residential Life web page and hearing the hubbub on campus mid-March, one would assume that the annual housing

lottery was something akin to a Powerball drawing. However, while the losers in real lotteries have only lost a couple of dollars, the lucky freshman who is assigned #1500 and sophomore who receives #4500 may as well pack their bags for the local homeless shelter. Not only do these unlucky individuals, (as well as those with similarly dismal numbers) have to clamber to find



"Magic Eight Ball, will Tufts give me housing?"

roommates; the late timing of the lottery makes it nearly impossible to find inexpensive and accessible off-campus housing. If the lottery numbers are truly assigned in a random fashion, why can't Residential Life distribute numbers

for the following year any earlier? This would allow those with low numbers a greater amount of time to explore their alternatives, and to look for housing off campus before all the well-situated apartments are leased.

Aside from the timing of the housing lottery, other issues are raised after the numbers have been distributed. Currently, students are not allowed to give their numbers to friends, or to sell their high lottery number in exchange for a lower one. If a student knows he or she will be living off-campus, or will be unable to use his lottery number, why is he forbidden from passing his numeric good fortune on to a friend? At least someone would be benefiting from the smiling of the housing fates.

When room distribution for sophomores is considered, the foolishness of the current Res Life practice is only too apparent. Although the office forbids the exchange of numbers among friends, the actual practice is inconsistent with this luck-of-the-draw philosophy. Housing sophomore year is based on who your friends are, as those with higher numbers “pull in” their lower-numbered roommate. If having friends with high numbers is the key to successful housing, shouldn’t that same goodwill be extended to friends who aren’t roommates? Only one of two roommates in a double need have a high number—the roommate with the lower, effectively unused number should be able to do with it as he pleases.

The Money Pit

Last year’s housing shortage affected many students, and a similar situation will no doubt re-occur this year. With rent in the Medford/Somerville area on the rise, and an ever-greater number of Jumbos on the Hill, the predicament can only become more severe. However, the increasing size of freshman classes will continue to displace more and more upperclassmen, as will the growing number of students who opt to live on campus. With the moratorium on university residential construction in Medford, construction of a new dorm seems dubious. Rent Control, another solution posited by Tufts students, seems a possibility even more remote (not to mention a violation of the free market). Short of adding floors to an existing dorm, or purchasing an additional number of off-campus houses, it seems that Tufts will lose its capacity to guarantee housing to all its students. However, while students scramble to come up with solutions to their housing dilemmas, Res Life stubbornly ignores the impending problem of homeless Jumbos. □

Some leftist factions aren’t just trying to change the way you think— they’re also concerned about your Vitamin C intake.

The Eleventh Plague

by Joshua Martino

With the festivals of Passover and Easter once again upon us, some people forget that politics and religion are dangerous bedfellows. One particular group of Jewish feminists has forgotten that PC piety is as welcome in a religious ceremony as a sausage calzone at a Passover meal. A female rabbi from New York recently suggested that an orange be added to the traditional Jewish seder plate to symbolize homosexuals and other “disenfranchised” members of society. The orange, reasoned the radical rabbi, can be easily sectioned and shared during a discussion of the marginal members of society during the festival meal. A glass manufacturer was contacted,

Mr. Martino is a freshman who has not yet declared a major.

and soon hundreds of seder plates with a special spot for the Orange of Oppression were being sold to Jewish families across America, hoping to bring a dash of diversity to the ancient tradition of Passover. Somewhere just outside the Promised Land, Moses is rolling over in his grave.

The Citrus of Suffering is not the first assault on the seder plate. The orange is this rabbi’s kosher version of the demonstrations of bumbling Jewish lesbians at Oberlin College, who had the audacity to place a crust of bread on the traditional tableware to protest orthodox Judaism’s ban on homosexuality. No right-thinking Jew could join this Passover protest because the holiday forbids the presence of leavened bread in Hebrew households. Yet both suggestions are equally disparaging to Jews with com-



mon sense. Besides insinuating that anyone with a fruitless Seder cares not for the disenfranchised, the orange degrades the symbolism of the other traditional items of the plate. Its proponents mistake transient, trendy politics for tradition, giving holier-than-thou leftists a chance to take up a cause that has nothing to do with Passover.

No Jew who knows the history of his faith needs to be told about oppression. After being evicted from the Holy Land by the Romans, Jews have been victims of persecution no matter where they settled after the Diaspora. Anti-Semitism predates Christianity. In the form of bricks and mortar in ancient Egypt, inquisition tribunals in Spain, and vapors of poison in Nazi Germany, countless tyrants have sought to eradicate the Hebrew people. Passover is a celebration of liberation from centuries of slavery. It is a festival for giving thanks for miraculous deliverance from servitude, not for dwelling upon the hateful domination of the Egyptian taskmasters. That the seder does not indict the ancient Egyptians in this way exposes as particularly preposterous the idea that the seder should indict modern society. A symbol of modern intolerance, especially that relating to a secular issue, has no place in the Passover festival.

Such historical hardship makes non-orthodox Judaism far more liberal than Christianity and Islam. Just ask the Reverend Greg Dell, a Methodist minister who was recently convicted of breaking church law for marrying a pair of gay men and faces the revocation of his clergy title. Seems like leftists ought to consider selling their Tangerine of Tolerance to the *goyim*. While a Christian priest or minister would surely be defrocked for marrying a homosexual couple, rabbis are free to give their blessing to gay and lesbian pairs. The opening prayers in the Hagaddah, the text read over the seder table, clearly promote a message of tolerance and charity for those not included in the Passover ceremony, saying,

“All who are hungry: let them come and eat. All who are needy: let them come and celebrate Passover with us.” During the Passover seder, every Jewish family from Brooklyn to Haifa speaks these words aloud. By forcing their lesson of acceptance upon Jews celebrating Passover, Long Island’s leftist lesbians are preaching to the converted.

What’s next, rainbow matzah and transgendered yarmulkes? That trendy, tropical seder invader, the cursed orange, leaves traditional Jews scratching their heads.

Should any Jumbo doubt that the university is safe from such liberalism gone awry, the Hillel Center’s second Passover seder this year proved that Walnut Hill is still the Promised Land for PC schmendricks. Aspiring rabbi Julie Roth hurled oranges to select tables so that Jewish Jumbos could celebrate Passover with a little guilt to garnish their gefilte fish. Even though political correctness intends to prevent the ridicule of any racial and ethnic group, surely people in attendance were offended by the leftist remix of *Dayeinu*, a traditional song of Passover. This song of gratitude to God was horribly bastardized by PC redactors, with its new lyrics distributed to the dumbfounded congregation. The original song thanks God for the Torah, the Sabbath, and freedom from the Pharaoh. The Hillel version asks Jews to “fight economic injustice, sexism, racism and homophobia” and to “challenge the absence of women in chronicles of Jewish

history... and the leadership of our institutions,” not to mention “organize march and vote to affirm our values.” Hillel shamefully allowed pushy, attention-starved college kids to assign their own political agenda to a precious Hebrew tradition. This religious society ought to do some serious soul-searching and decide whether or not their focus is faith or feminism. Tufts’ Jews ought to reconsider participating in an organization that bows to the Golden Calf of Leftist Politics.

What’s next, rainbow matzah and transgendered yarmulkes? The trendy, tropical seder invader has traditional Jews scratching their heads. Although the exclusion of homosexuals from Jewish ceremonies does occur, particularly among the orthodox community, homophobia is by no means an issue unique to Judaism, and its condemnation therefore has no place in a Jewish ceremony. Altering one of the faith’s most recognizable symbols reveals the pomposity of the politically correct movement and its champions. The age of the Passover seder can be measured in millennia. To non-Jews it is perhaps the most familiar Hebrew ritual, because the last meal of Jesus Christ was a Passover seder. To change such a venerable tradition in order to rob the moral high ground from the legitimately faithful is typical of the arrogance of PC participants. Realistic Jews know better, and are perfectly content keeping their religious rites free of politics, preferring the typical dry, unleavened fare of Passover to pulpy political poppycock. □



WE SWEAR WE ARE NOT MAKING THIS UP

Upon returning from Spring Break, Dewick diners found some new reading material among the piles of short-story journals and April foolish "news" publications, namely, *Teen Voices*, a slick magazine "by, for, and about teenage and young adult women." It isn't stated whether by "young adult" they are referring to college-age students or adolescents, although it seems they define "young adult" as "old enough to give birth," evidenced by the essays penned by two fourteen-year old mothers who wholeheartedly support young teenage motherhood. For those of you who missed the chance to get your own copy, we proudly present the PRIMARY SOURCE Condensed Edition of "Teen Voices." Try some of these lines at the next frat mixer. And, as always, we swear we are not making this stuff up.

Eating Your Way to Easier PMS

There are female couriers, but we are a small percentage. Mostly, the guys on the road treat us as equals; they do not think they are better than the girls. (They don't tell you they feel that way). Most of the time they pretty much treat us like one of the guys. But after a while they end up saying really sexist things about "civilian" [non-courier] women. So, then it becomes our job to be tough with them, call them on their crap and put them in their place. It gets easier to speak up the more you do it. And you have to do it a lot. It is like training a dog.

"I don't know why you like white boys, it's not good," my cousin told me one day. This was coming out of my cousin's mouth, a 21-year-old grown man, who had dated a white girl before. Once again I told him that I can like or date whoever I want to.

There are a lot of options out there. I'm up because there are a lot of options out there.

...I don't know why you like white boys, it's not good, my cousin told me one day. This was coming out of my cousin's mouth, a 21-year-old grown man, who had dated a white girl before. Once again I told him that I can like or date whoever I want to.

- HOW CAN YOU TELL**
if he might be dangerous in an intimate situation?
- Does he become angrier or meaner (pick fights, pick an oil react quickly to situations that should not make him angry when he drinks alcohol)?
 - When you walk together, does he lead you by the shoulder, arm, or the neck, instead of walking together and choosing path together?
 - Does he make decisions about where you are going or what you are doing without asking you ahead of time?
 - Have you heard any rumors about him?
 - Does he say sexist or mean things about women in public or in private?
 - Does he watch a lot of porno movies with other guys?
 - Does he have to win arguments?

Dear Senator

I was very disappointed that the Hate Crimes Prevention Act of 1998 was not passed by the 105th Congress. Please support further legislation like this. I strongly support the prevention of hate crimes, and I will soon be a voting member of society.

Sincerely,

Independent Woman

Cindy S. Pinckney, 19
Irvington, New Jersey

I am fully equipped. That's right. I've got my man whipped. Whipped on something he can't let go of.

...I don't know why you like white boys, it's not good, my cousin told me one day. This was coming out of my cousin's mouth, a 21-year-old grown man, who had dated a white girl before. Once again I told him that I can like or date whoever I want to.

There are a lot of options out there. I'm up because there are a lot of options out there.

What it's really like demands that I...
Irvington, New Jersey

I got my man whipped on something he can't let go of. That's right. I've got my man whipped. Whipped on something he can't let go of.

NOTABLE AND QUOTABLE

I believe that this country's policies should be heavily biased in favor of nondiscrimination.

—Bill Clinton

I have great faith in fools. My friends call it self-confidence.

—Edgar Allen Poe

The metric system did not really catch on in the States, unless you count the increasing popularity of the nine-millimeter bullet.

—Dave Barry

We are better off not knowing how sausages and laws are made.

—Otto Von Bismarck

My philosophy is simple. If you see a snake, you kill it. You don't form a committee to talk about it.

—Ross Perot

When we got into office, the thing that surprised me most was that things were as bad as we'd been saying they were.

—John F. Kennedy

A leader cannot get too far in front of his troops, or he'll get shot in the arse.

—Senator Joseph Clarke

Half of the American people never read a newspaper. Half never voted for President. One hopes it is the same half.

—Gore Vidal

Let me just be very clear that the Republican Party will select a nominee that can beat Bill Clinton.

—Dan Quayle

Every generation of Americans needs to know that freedom consists not in doing what we like, but in having the right to do what we like.

—Pope John Paul II

My child will be a good Catholic like me.

—Madonna

Being American is not a matter of birth. We must practice it every day, lest we become something else.

—Malcolm Wallop

Patriotism is not a short and frenzied outburst of emotion but the tranquil and steady dedication of a lifetime.

—Adlai Stevenson

I consider the world as made for me, not me for the world. It is my maxim therefore to enjoy it while I can, and let futurity shift for itself.

—Tobias George Smollett

I have an inferiority complex, it's just not a very good one.

—Anonymous

God must love the rich or he wouldn't divide so much among so few of them.

—H. L. Mencken

To be, or not to be: that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end of them?

—William Shakespeare

For years, Hillary Rodham Clinton has told people she was named for the first man to climb Mount Everest, Sir Edmund Hillary. But as *Esquire* magazine recently pointed out, Sir Edmund did not climb Mount Everest until 1953, 6 years after Hillary Clinton was born. However, the First Lady does have a good explanation for the discrepancy: She loves to lie.

—Norm MacDonald

The US brags about its political system, but the president says one thing during the election, something else when he takes office, something else during mid-term, and something else when he leaves.

—Deng Xiaoping

When a politician changes his position it's sometimes hard to tell whether he has seen the light or felt the heat.

—Robert Fuoss

German is the most extravagantly ugly language—it sounds like someone using a sick bag on a 747.

—Willy Rushton

Tell me what company thou keepest, and I'll tell thee what thou art.

—Cervantes

Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she:
Man with the head and woman with the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey:
All else confusion.

—Alfred Tennyson

We all decry prejudice, yet we are all prejudiced.

—Herbert Spencer

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient.

—Sydney Smith

The most serious charge which can be brought against New England is not Puritanism but February.

—Joseph Wood Krutch

I am a Millionaire. That is my religion.

—Major Barbara

Martyrdom... is the only way in which a man can become famous without ability.

—Burgoyne

I believe that we are again engaged in a great civil war, a cultural war that's about to hijack your birthright to think and say what resides in your heart. I fear you no longer trust the pulsing lifeblood of liberty inside you... the stuff that made this country rise from wilderness into the miracle that it is.

—Charlton Heston