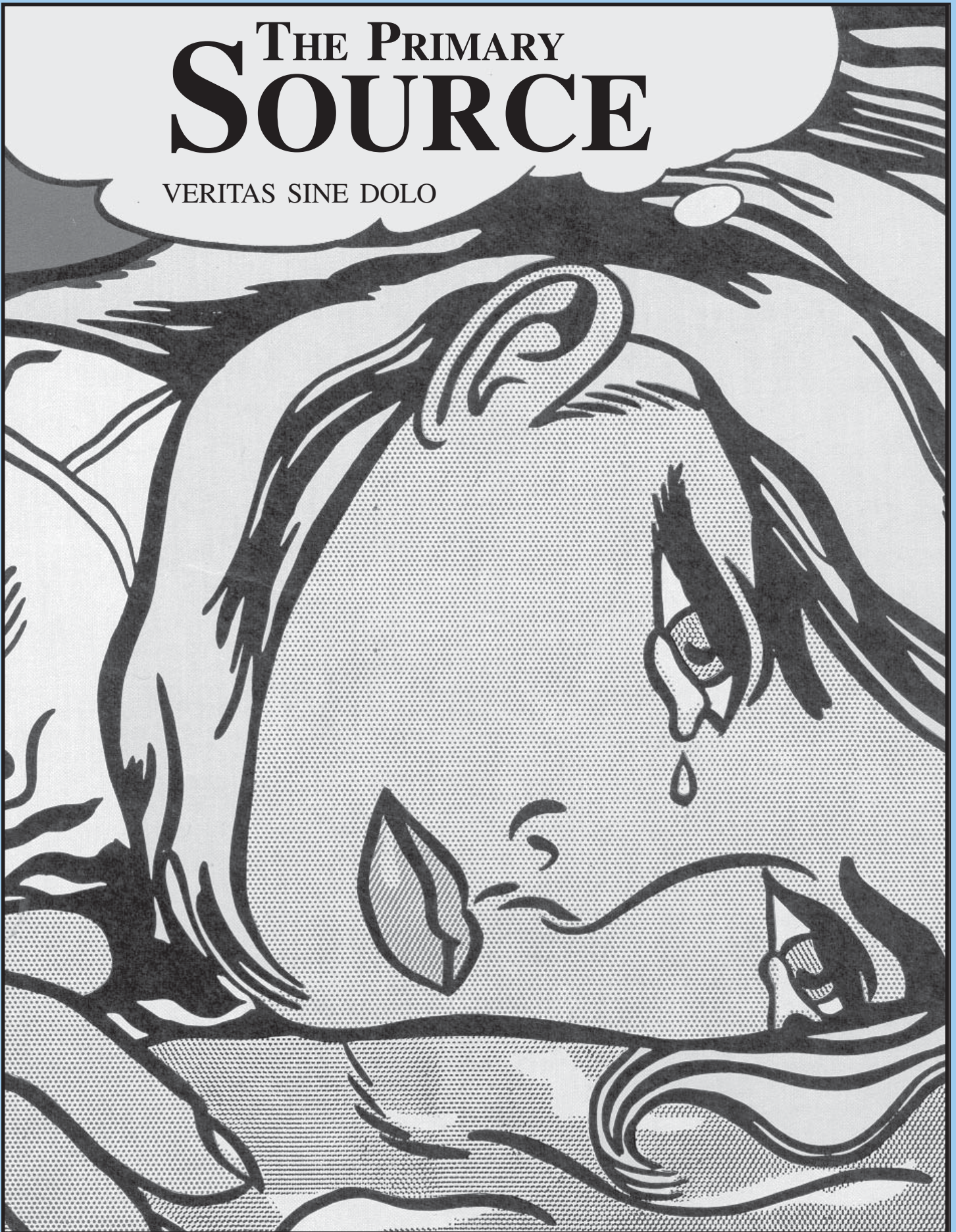


# THE PRIMARY SOURCE

VERITAS SINE DOLO





It has come to our attention here at THE PRIMARY SOURCE that most people on this campus, are, well... "melaninally challenged." So, in the interest of promoting racial harmony and an increase in cross-cultural understanding, the SOURCE presents...

# RAP LYRICS

## ...for White Folks.

Do you wanna bump and slump with us? We the type of people make the club get crunk. (Outkast)

*Do you have any desire to prance and shuffle with us? For we often excite patrons of this banquet room.*

What, what, what, what, what, what, what (Noreaga)

*I don't understand. What's that you say? Please elucidate that last statement.*

Cops come and try to snatch my crops. These pigs wanna blow my house down! (Cypress Hill)

*Law enforcement officials repeatedly attempt to confiscate my contraband hemp products and destroy my domicile.*

And if your bitches talk sh\*t, I'll have to put the smack down. (Dr. Dre)

*Should your undesirable female companions use foul and derogatory speech, I will be compelled to resort to physical attacks.*

I don't wanna be a playa no more. I'm not a playa I just crush a lot. (Big Punisher)

*I wish that I was no longer a paramour yet indeed I am promiscuous.*

Cause now you on the floor, wishin you never saw me walk through that door, with that 44 (DMX)

*Lying prostrate on the ground, you regretted that I entered accompanied by my firearms.*

My Jimmy runs deep, so deep put her ass to sleep. (Ice Cube)

*My phallus covers so much subterranean territory that oftentimes her hindmost region experiences numbness and loss of feeling.*

It's unbelievable! Biggie Smalls is the illest! What? (Notorious B.I.G.)

*This I cannot fathom! Biggie Smalls is the most ill! What's that you say?*

Can I get a f\*\*k you to these bitches from all of my niggaz who don't love hos, they get no dough (Jay-Z)

*I request that my comrades of African-American descent scorn unemployed and disagreeable women.*

Girl, you looks good, won't you back that azz up. You's a fine motherf\*\*ker, won't you back that azz up. (Juvenile)

*Madam, I am enamored of your comely physiognomy. If it pleases you, bring your posterior in close propinquity.*

WHOOOMP! 'Dere it is! (Tag Team)

*Ca-da. There you have it.*

I got that head nod sh\*t make you break your neck. Woo-Hah! I got you all in check. (Busta Rhymes)

*I possess polyphonic, rhythm-intensive music that may induce paralysis. Oh my! I have threatened your king with one of my pieces.*

# THE PRIMARY SOURCE

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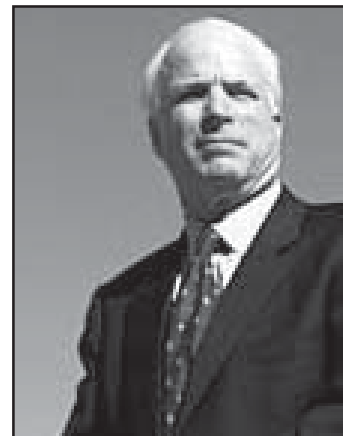
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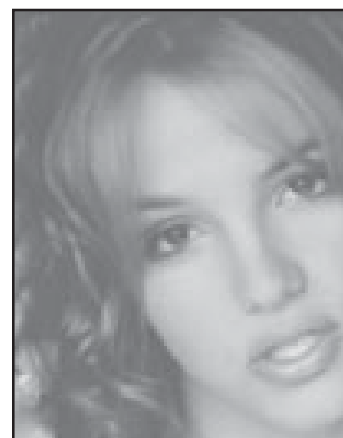
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# Rocking The Cradle

Most conservatives agree that cultivation of the arts is a hallmark of a civilized society. What separates the socially conservative from their libertarian counterparts, however, is their disagreement as to what art is appropriate for public consumption. The definition of art is a broad one, running the gamut from seemingly innocuous Disney fare to the recent "Sensation" exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum of Art. While Conservatives believe that standards should be set to separate the profound from the profane, libertarians conclude that more information can only be to the benefit of the viewing public, and that putting limits on what people can and cannot see would constitute censorship.

It is precisely this subject which is at the center of Tim Robbins' most recent foray into the world of film direction. Robbins brings his big-name, pageant-like filmmaking to the recent *Cradle Will Rock*. The movie explores the plight of actors, government employees and patrons of the arts during the Great Depression. The central theme of the movie (despite many interwoven story lines) consists of composer Marc Blitzstein's (played by Hank Azaria) labor opera "The Cradle Will Rock," which concerns the politics of a steel strike. The musical is picked up by eccentric actor/director Orson Welles (Angus MacFayden), and its production is subsequently underwritten by the Federal Theatre Project (FTP). Tragically, the day before the first performance, the FTP is plagued by a twenty-percent payroll cut, and subsequently blocks the opening of the musical. The entire administration of the FTP is simultaneously under investigation for alleged Communist leanings by a most redoubtable tribunal.

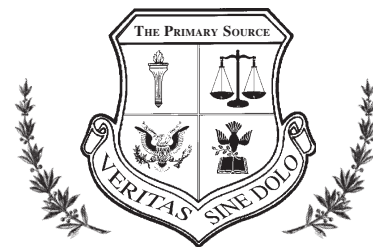
Coincidence? Tim Robbins certainly thinks not, and in what turns out to be the best twenty minutes of the movie, shows the cast triumphantly marching into an empty theatre to perform the much-maligned musical. The censorship that plagues Blitzstein's production also affects artist Diego Rivera (Ruben Blades), who is commissioned to paint a mural for the inside of the new Rockefeller Center. It is when the movie veers away from this simple us-against-them, censorship-is-wrong plot that Robbins' film-

making falters. Add to the mix Nelson Rockefeller, Mussolini's Cultural Attaché in the form of Susan Sarandon (with a horribly affected accent), an out-of-work Vaudeville ventriloquist, a steel mogul and his sympathetic wife, and artist Freida Kahlo, and one begins to see why *Cradle Will Rock* is lost in its own complexity.

The film lumbers along, suffering from a superfluity of plot lines and a dearth of both character development and creative cinematography. In his valiant attempt to encapsulate the Great Depression in its entirety, Robbins misses the poignant story lines and simple messages that would make his political points for him. By incorporating a vast number of famous historical figures, furthermore, Robbins opens *Cradle* up to scrutiny on many fronts. True, the film is prefaced with the line "a (mostly) true story," but the plot moves too slowly for the viewer to be swept up in the emotional spectacle.

All things considered, *Cradle Will Rock* makes two intentionally important points. The first is that all people have their price. In an era defined by the hunger of many, the film showcases the ease with which political and financial favors were arranged by the wealthy. In a not-so-subtle subplot, Italian Countess Margherita Sarfatti (Susan Sarandon) buys off American corporate magnates with gifts of paintings from Mussolini's collection. Though sitting on millions of dollars, the moguls are easily convinced that supporting fascism will ensure their security from striking American workers.

A second point of the film is the futility of rooting out communism in such McCarthyesque fashion. The morals of entertainment should most certainly come under scrutiny—the scrutiny of the individual consumer, not that of the federal government. However, one can only expect as much when government (in the form of the FTP in this historical context) is in total financial control of the arts. Thus, the lesson that one should take away from *Cradle Will Rock*—a timely but overwrought film—is that the best way to ensure freedom of expression is to take the arts out of the hands of the federal government, and put it back in the hands of its creator, the artist himself.

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# The Idle Tower

Your friendly conservative guide to quick-fixes and follies at colleges and universities across the country

## Lego Maniacs

In an attempt to "identify talent across the economic, social, and racial spectrum," Colorado College, along with four other private liberal arts colleges, will be instituting a pilot admissions program that will admit selected African-American and Hispanic students not on the strength of their (modest) SAT scores and high school grades, but on their ability to play with Lego blocks. Applicants work in groups to recreate Lego designs from memory. In total, 100 of the 700 Lego applicants will be admitted without regard to grades or standardized test scores. This is because, as we all well know, mathematics and grammar are hopelessly culturally biased and cannot serve as true indicators of scholastic aptitude. Irony rating: Five out of five. All the little Lego people are white.

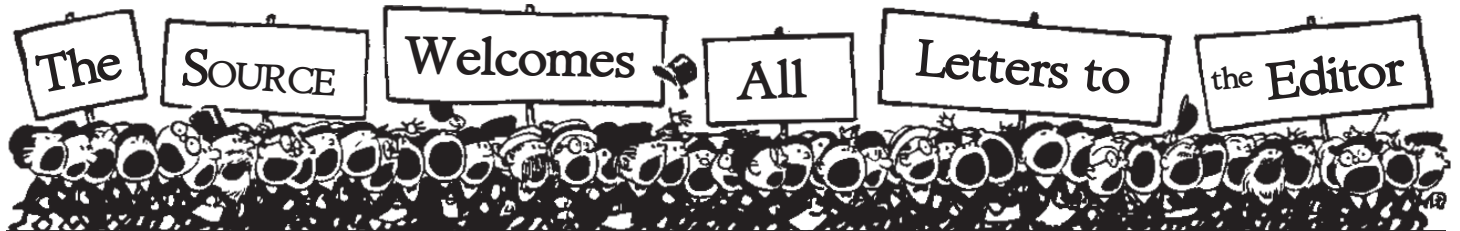
Courtesy of *The Denver Post*

## Betcha Can't Capitulate To Just One Demand

Last spring, 51 UC-Berkeley students were arrested following a ten-hour occupation of various campus buildings in the name of the Third World Liberation Front. The students claimed that the school's Ethnic Studies department, a perennial beneficiary of special treatment, was being "starved out of existence." The protestors violently resisted

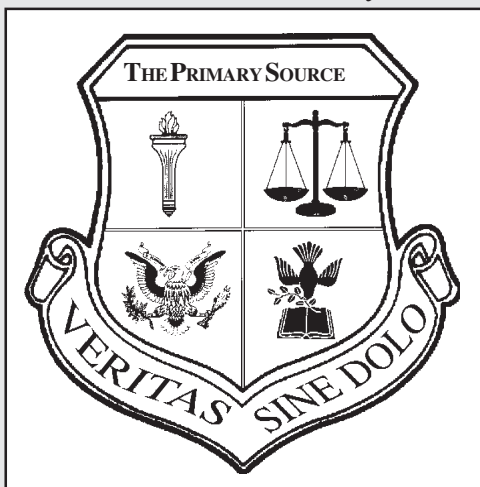
arrest, spitting and throwing bottles at police officers. One attempted to steal an officer's baton as he was being handcuffed. On January 26<sup>th</sup>, the eight worst offenders entered a plea of "no contest." Pop quiz: the school's punishment was a) strict academic probation, b) expulsion, c) completely caving in to every single one of the students' demands. If you guessed c), then right you be. The department received hundreds of thousands of dollars as well as the promise of extensive faculty searches. Irony rating: Six out of five. The Ethnic Studies department and the African-American Studies department already receive disproportionate funding and enjoy majors-to-faculty ratios of about 8.0 compared to, say, the Psychology department's 19.4.

Courtesy of *CampusReport*



Please address all correspondence to [source@listproc.tufts.edu](mailto:source@listproc.tufts.edu)

# Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Tufts<sup>\*</sup> *\*But Everyone Else Was Afraid to Tell You<sup>SM</sup>*



Get the finest (not to mention most forthright and telling) account of affairs at Tufts and elsewhere delivered to your doorstep. For a tax-deductible contribution of \$30 or more you can receive a full academic year's subscription via first class delivery.

- YES! I'll gladly support Tufts' Journal of Conservative Thought!<sup>SM</sup> Enclosed is my contribution in the amount of \$\_\_\_\_\_.
- NO! How can anyone who criticizes Serrano's "Piss Christ" know anything about art? Keep your damn magazine.

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# Commentary

## The Great Flag Debate

With the South Carolina primary rapidly approaching, it is important to examine the controversy that has been highlighted by the contest. Many liberals in the country want South Carolina to take down the Confederate flag that flies over its capital. The flag is offensive to many, but marks a long heritage to others. Many South Carolinians are not proud of slavery, but are proud and seek to remember those in their family who died during the Civil War. Many in South Carolina, furthermore, see the flag not as an indication of racism, but as a symbol of heritage.

Ultimately, the decision on taking down the flag is one that ought to be left to the State and its people. It is not the business of outsiders, including national politicians, to help decide this issue; the constitution is very careful to delegate specific powers to the federal government. The people of South Carolina have the right to do as they see fit with the symbol of their state. If the people want the flag to come down, they can elect new officials or start a referendum. The day that states lose power to decide internal matters without interference from the federal government is the day that America admits that our experiment in federalism has failed.

George F. Will, moreover, makes an important point on the hypocrisy of the liberals who are championing this cause. Liberals claim, in this instance, that the flag is deeply offensive to many people in South Carolina. They assert, furthermore, that it is wrong for government to “unnecessarily lacerate the sensibilities of its constituents.” This is true, but how can liberals make this point while advocating taxpayer funding for abortions or sex-ed in public schools? In these instances, liberals are perfectly willing to override the sensibilities of their constituents in order to further their own political agenda. Ultimately, this is not an issue over sensibilities, but an issue of states’ rights. The decision is best left to the people of South Carolina.

## Liar, Liar

Al Gore has now been in presidential politics for just under 12 years. In this time, the American people have seen a lot of his traits; none more, however, than his tendency to lie straight faced to the American people. Let’s take a couple of examples. There is Gore’s claim that he invented the Internet, which everyone now agrees was nothing more than a foolish fib. But there is also Gore’s claim that while working for a Nashville paper, his story got people indicted and sent to jail. No one can find even a hint of evidence for this. And how about Gore’s claim that he was fired upon during the Vietnam war? Again, no one can corroborate this story. These, however, are small instances, that show little more than a propensity to fib on meaningless issues.

But there is an alarming trend developing on other fronts. Gore had misled the American people on two key issues. First, on his record about abortion, Gore has distorted the truth time and again. After months of denials, on January 26<sup>th</sup> he finally admitted that he has “wrestled” with the funding idea. This admission came after too many months of lies and half-truths. On the campaign finance reform issue, furthermore, Gore has continually lied about his record. He even claims to have been a supporter of the McCain/Feingold bill when he was in the Senate. One minor problem: Feingold hadn’t yet been elected to the Senate.

The most important lie, however, that Gore continues to dish out, is in regard to his campaign finance scandal. He has now changed his story, after having been confronted by the FBI about some sensitive documents. His new excuse: he had too much Iced Tea and therefore missed part of the important meeting. On 23 occasions he has told the FBI that he does not recall key facts from many meetings. This trend is disturbing, especially from a Clinton ally. Mr. Gore must come clean on everything before he can be a credible presidential candidate.

## A New Look at The Primary

As South Carolina’s Republican Party primary rapidly approaches, the two mainline Republican candidates have made campaign strategy changes. McCain has opted to improve his nice-guy image, often popular with the crucial independent swing vote, by pulling his negative ads and asking Bush to do the same. McCain claims he was motivated by a 14-year-old who was psychologically shaken after receiving a push poll phone call that denounced McCain as a liar and a cheat.

George W.’s camp refused the olive branch, accusing McCain of a classic “bait-and-switch” and vowing to exploit inconsistencies in McCain’s campaign. Bush’s preferred line of attack is on McCain’s claim to being a reformer, arguing that McCain is accepting lobbyist money while pledging campaign finance reform. In another barrage, Bush has declared McCain a Washington insider who has spent his 17 years in Congress rising to chairmanships rather than proposing effective legislation. Finally, Bush seeks to paint McCain as an ass in elephant’s clothing, citing his coalitions with democrats and fervent support of cigarette taxes.

To his credit, McCain has successfully supported the line item



veto and reductions in the Social Security earnings test for senior citizens, as well as having strong anti-abortion and anti-gun control records. Though Bush has the majority of Republican support in South Carolina, McCain is overwhelmingly more popular with independents. This equation could equal bad news for George W. and his supporters, as they see a possible topple from his pedestal.

## Anita Hill Returns

Anita Hill, who spent her fifteen minutes of fame when she accused Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas of sexual harassment during his confirmation hearing, is back to tell us all just how sexist we are. Ms. Hill, you will remember, came forward to accuse Justice Thomas of sexual harassment years after the alleged incident took place, and at a time when he was extremely vulnerable to baseless accusations.

Now Ms. Hill, in an op-ed piece in the *New York Times*, alleges that the reason Hillary Clinton is doing poorly in her bid for the open Senate seat in New York is due to sexism. Citing an 1873 Supreme Court decision (*Bradwell v. Illinois*) in which a woman was refused the right to practice law because of her gender, Ms. Hill extrapolates that today, more than a hundred years later, the same ideology still exists. The view that “God designed the sexes to occupy different spheres of action,” Ms. Hill alleges, still exists today.

Ms. Hill’s “evidence” amounts to looking at Hillary Clinton’s bid for the Senate seat, and Elizabeth Dole’s bid for the Presidency. Ms. Hill, using the anecdotal evidence of Dole’s attempt to run for President, claims that Dole was only popular in 1996 when she was seen as the wife of Bob Dole. At that time, there was talk that she should have been the Republican nominee. When Mrs. Dole made her bid in 1999 support for her candidacy had dwindled to almost nothing, and those who touted her in 1996, no longer supported her in 1999. According to Ms. Hill, sexism is the explanation.

Ms. Hill is wrong. The simple truth of the matter is that in 1996 Bob Dole was a weak candidate and Elizabeth Dole looked fairly good when compared to him. In 1999, however, both Governor Bush and Senator McCain are far better candidates than Elizabeth Dole is or was. In other words, the quality of the candidate pool has increased dramatically, and where she once could have been viewed at the top of the pool, in the current contest, she is merely average or below average.

When it comes to Hillary Clinton’s bid for the open Senate seat, we find a woman whose credentials qualifying her to be a Senator from New York are less than those of a pretzel vendor. Mrs. Clinton claims that while she is “new to New York,” she is not “new to the issues that concern New Yorkers.” Good for her. Simply being familiar with the issues that concern New Yorkers does not make you qualified to be a Senator from New York. There are plenty of Tufts students from New York, and millions of New Yorkers who are familiar with the issues as well—and they have lived there for a number of years. What makes her more qualified than them (except for age)? Hillary Clinton possesses no political credentials whatsoever. The only reason she is even able to run is because her husband is President of the United States. If Bill



Clinton had remained a school teacher, lawyer, or even Governor of Arkansas, no one would ever have heard of Hillary Clinton. At least Elizabeth Dole held two cabinet positions and was the head of the Red Cross. Ultimately, what Ms. Hill calls the “gender barrier” to Hillary Clinton’s success, is simply the realization by New Yorkers that Hillary Clinton possesses no political credentials, has no roots within the state, and would be just as satisfied being a Senator of California if a seat were available, because, ultimately, all she really wants to do is stay in Washington.

## Hillary on The Campaign Trail

Last week Hillary Clinton made the first stop of her official Senate campaign, pledging to supporters in Buffalo that she would bring jobs and money to the regions of New York left out of the recent economic boom. Hillary did not, however, stop in Buffalo just to display her paper-thin plan for New York’s economy. The main reason for the stop was because Buffalo, New York’s second largest city, has leaned toward Democrats in past elections and will likely be crucial to Clinton’s success in November, against likely opponent, New York Republican Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Hillary’s vast plan for the state was watered down to her telling the constituents of Buffalo that she wants taxes lowered and needs to promote investment in emerging companies. Never before has anyone professed such radical ideas for the economy of a state since White Castle opened its doors, serving those delectable little burgers for just a nickel. When asked how she would attempt to “promote investment,” Hillary replied that New York needed more trained workers, and then she quickly changed the subject by talking about her obvious affinity with New York State, “I may be new to the neighborhood, but I’m not new to your concerns. I did grow up on the Great Lakes,” the brilliant first lady opined. Obviously growing up on the Great Lakes, being the First Lady, and having an awe-inspiring economic plan is evidence enough for her to be a Senator. A state containing the most dynamic, energetic, powerful city in the world needs more than to “promote investment” for its economy. How did New York City get the way it is now? New York City is the way it is now because of one man, Rudolph Giuliani—a real New Yorker. □

# Fortnight in Review<sup>SM</sup>

*Comedy is allied to Justice.*  
—Aristophanes

**PS** Faux gangsta Sean “Puffy” Combs credits actual—if deceased—gangsta Notorious B.I.G. with looking out for him from heaven. Puffy was then reminded that Biggie had run out of breath long before reaching heaven, and is now sitting in a low-hanging cloud dealing crack.

**PS** To protest the pro-Nazi supporters in the newly elected government of Austria, Gavin Rossdale, lead singer of Bush, sang a Jewish prayer during a concert in Vienna last week. Jewish groups said that Bush could really have made a difference if only the band hadn't been irrelevant since 1996.

**PS** Top Ten De-funded Arts Programs at Tufts:

10. The Art of Imitating a Harvard Student
9. TCU Senate Budget Ballet
8. Creative Parental Embezzlement
7. Be The Tree: Trying Out For the Freshman Production
6. Brian Finkelstein
5. Synchronized Solo Sex
4. The Zamboni...well, it should be de-funded
3. John Holmes Appreciation (not the poet)
2. TFA body-painting...wait, that got approved
1. Tilted-head nude modeling

**PS** Beware the Daddy Mack! Everyone's favorite one-hit-wonder Kris Kross will release their fourth album this summer. When it does poorly, Kris Kross will be forced to camp outside the studio holding signs that read, “Will Jump Jump for Blow and Hos.”

**PS** Novelist Linda Millet is releasing a fiction novel entitled *George Bush, Dark Prince of Love*, about a female ex-con with an obsession for the ex-president. If successful, the book will spawn a sequel, *George W. Bush, Dark Prince of Retards*.

**PS** A new Winnie-the-Pooh movie, called “The Tigger Movie” has just opened in theaters. Released through Disney's Miramax division, the film features Piglet as a gimp, Rabbit as a listless gen-X-er, and a smack-fiend Eeyore overdosing on heroin.

**PS** Brooke Shields' stalker, 41-year-old Ronald Bailey, who sent nude photos of himself to the actress, was arrested in January on stalking and weapons charges. Bailey's lawyer is now arguing the legal definition of “magnum.”

**PS** Bald-headed “Who's the Boss?” star Judith Light brought cancer chic to Boston last week in a heart-warming drama about death. Light's tearful performance was interrupted when Tony Danza wandered onstage drunk and hollered, “Yo Angela! Put a wig on, make me some dinner, and then let's see about getting you outta dat nightgown.”

**PS** In a recent poll, when asked to name their favorite foreign film, most Americans named Roberto Benigni's “Life is Beautiful.” The respondents cited the film's “feel-good ending.”

**PS** In other Neo-Nazi news, über-right wing candidate Gary Bauer is out of the race for the presidency. This goes to show that no matter how many supporters you have, it doesn't matter if they're too dumb to operate a voting booth.

**PS** Ultra-hip game show “Who Want to Be a Millionaire?” is being sued by its insurers because the questions are allegedly too easy. Popular host Regis Philbin is personally addressing the issue by inserting queries about the peculiarities of Frank Gifford's sex life.

**PS** In other Millionaire news, the show is being criticized for its mostly white, male contestants. Millionaire producers insist that it's mere coincidence that a bunch of single, middle-aged white guys happen to know a lot about useless trivia.

**PS** Never-ending and perpetually popular cartoon series “The Simpsons” has killed off smarmy housewife Maude Flanders. A bunch of single, middle-aged white guys are eager to use this information to answer future questions on “Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?”

**PS** So Larry Harris finally got the cabinet that he and Jack Schnirman had wet dreams just thinking about. Did someone say...top ten list?

Top Ten Uses for the New TCU Cabinet:

10. Holding various pots and pans...or maybe just pot
9. Double-Stuf Oreo storage
8. Giving Lauren Heist a purpose in life...however briefly
7. They've got to write *Viewpoints* on something
6. Bashing Josh Margolin...again...and again...and again
5. The Moira Poe Fan Club
4. Extra storage space for Larry Harris' ego
3. Water for the Ice Rink
2. Allocating Ritalin supply for Jesse Levey
1. Still more resumé padding

**PS** Hot Hollywood commodity and porn-actress Julianne Moore is front-runner to play Clarice in “Hannibal,” the role Jodie Foster made famous in “Silence of the Lambs.” Filmmakers just couldn't meet Foster's demands, which included ten million dollars, some fava beans, and a nice Chianti.

**PS** Hipster thespian Ben Affleck stars in “Boiler Room,” a film that a little too closely resembles Oliver Stone's 1987 hit “Wall Street.” Actor Charlie Sheen, who starred in the Stone picture, would've offered comment if he weren't miserably addicted to drugs and whores.



**PS** In other Affleck news, the Bostonian was seen kissing tall-n-leggy Oscar-winner Gwyneth Paltrow. Affleck is just overcompensating after “good friend” Matt Damon’s slightly too convincing homosexual performance in “The Talented Mr. Ripley.”

**PS** Athlete of the Century Michael Jordan is attempting to become executive of the hour by taking over the lowly Washington Wizards. “His Airness” hopes to turn around a city famous for Marion Barry, “His Crackness.”

**PS** As for athletes who wish they were Michael Jordan, Baltimore Raven Ray Lewis is awaiting trial for knifing two guys outside of a nightclub. Said Lewis, “At least I didn’t orchestrate the drive-by shooting of my pregnant girlfriend.”

**PS** So much sports news...Tiger Woods is breaking records like he breaks hearts, having won his sixth straight golf tourney. Woods was told not to get too high on himself... he still hits a little ball with a stick for a living.

**PS** Popular Internet sites like eBay have been hacked lately, creating havoc in the world of e-business. Experts predict billions could be lost in imaginary Internet money.

**PS** Vietnam vet and presidential hopeful John McCain has agreed to forgo all negative advertising for the rest of the campaign. “I won’t continue to malign that wife-beating, retarded cokehead, George W. Bush,” said the Arizona senator.

**PS** The stock market has reached a three-month low. John McCain blamed George W. Bush and pointed out this wasn’t a commercial.

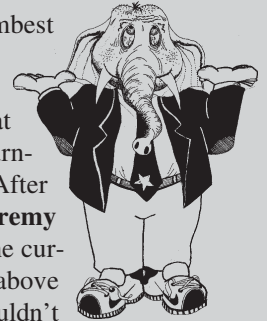
**PS** Comic-actor Jim Varney, better known as “Ernest,” died last week of a lung cancer at age 50. No word yet on whether Vern ever knew what he meant.

**PS** Seventies Swedish icons ABBA recently turned down a \$1 billion offer to reunite and record more bad music. Steven Spielberg was left wondering exactly how much it would take to get the group to play his kid’s Bar Mitzvah.

**PS** In an admission by government “drug czar” Barry McCaffrey, cocaine production in Columbia increased 26% in 1998. Apparently, the increase coincided with George W.’s blow stock-piling for those long nights on the campaign trail.

**PS** And finally, Fortnight fans, what would the Arts Issue be without a reference to leftist rock pretenders Rage Against the Machine? In this installment, the band was shooting outside the NYSE when they tried to forcibly enter the exchange, prompting a confrontation with security and police. Said one guard to “singer” Zack de la Rocha, “F\*\*k you, you’ll do what I tell you!”

**ES** Déjà vu all over again: In the dumbest idea since the Hotung patio, TCU senators and *Daily* hacks propose building an **ice rink** on the quad. Guess all that surplus money that we don’t have is burning holes in their pockets yet again... After the article runs, three letters and a **Jeremy Wang-Iverson Viewpoint** note that the current temperature is quite a few degrees above the freezing point of water. But then, wouldn’t quad pickup games be even more exciting if they were played in a muddy **wading pool**?



**ES** Maybe there is something to this whole **Starbucks** debate. After all, most trendy college causes die out after a few *Obsevrations* [*sic*] and a patio protest or two, but months after the fact, people are still bitching and whining about the coffee chain coming to Davis. Quotes Haley Eppler, “Seeing a Starbucks in Davis Square, where there are so few **chain stores**,” like, for example, Buck A Book, Au Bon Pain, Dunkin’ Donuts, Store24, West Coast Video, Osco Drugs, or **McDonald’s**, “...made me think about not wanting to support any stores like this.” Better not plan on spending too much time in Davis, then... Deposed *Daily* debutante and Davis devotee **Lauren Heist** elaborates on the flirt-friendly atmosphere of the recently-opened Aquarium bar. “Hey baby... **wanna copy-edit my sidebar**?” Okay, okay... bad joke.

**ES** SOURCE Associate Editor **Craig Waldman** gets fed up with student government and resigns from the TCUJ, prompting a veritable mass exodus. We at the SOURCE were surprised when the Senate didn’t become more effective as it got smaller, but this turned out to be because **Larry Harris is a bureaucracy** all by himself... Larry’s pet **cabinet** amendment passes, much to the disgust of everybody but him. Lauren Heist takes the first seat and is made Special Advisor To Helping Larry Pick Up Chicks. “Hey baby... **wanna fund my buffer**?” Okay, okay... we promise to stop.

**ES** Club sports finally get their way and get **ten thousand smackers** from Ballou. Says newly-endowed frisbee player Craig Remillard, “I think it’s about time that the people who pay \$30,000 in tuition every year shouldn’t have to pay an extra \$2,000 a year to just play the sports they love.” Under the new plan, everybody that pays \$30,000 in tuition every year now has to pay \$4 plus four percent interest just so other people can play the sports that they love. Ain’t **communism** great?... Are we the only ones that are going to mention that the deceased Wren Hall **pinball machine** hadn’t worked for three years? Too bad, because it could have been a great place to meet new (boring) people. “Hey baby... **wanna tilt my flippers**?” Okay, okay... maybe we should just end the column.

**ES** THE ELEPHANT never forgets.



*He may be an attractive underdog, but John McCain requires a harder look.*

## The McCain Game

by Craig S. Waldman

The results of Republican primaries are becoming tougher to predict every day, especially with the pivotal South Carolina primary scheduled for this Saturday. The stakes in this contest (and the few that follow shortly after) are enormous. The winner of these next few primaries will have a significant edge in the major states that hold their elections on March 7—mainly California, New York, and Massachusetts. In all likelihood, there will only be one candidate left standing in the Republican race after March 7. Though Bush remains steadily ahead in terms of money, Senator John McCain far exceeds Bush in his PR ability. In recent weeks, the media has latched onto McCain because of his insurgent candidacy. More importantly, McCain is appealing to independents and moderate Democrats in states where they are allowed to vote. McCain is no doubt a solid candidate, with good experience and a track record of working together. But he, like every other presidential candidate, brings some undesirable baggage to the Republican Party.

There are some very serious risks for Republicans and Conservatives that are associated with a McCain victory. The first and most immediate problem is with his viability as a national presidential candidate. If McCain were to beat Bush in the primary, McCain would have much more trouble beating Al Gore in the general election than would Bush. The reason is simple: money. President Clinton announced last week that he is going to raise soft money once again to run “issue ads” before the general election campaign gets underway. By releasing these national advertisements in June, July, and September, Clinton hopes to beat the Republicans before the election starts, thereby saving his own legacy. This is the same tactic used so successfully against

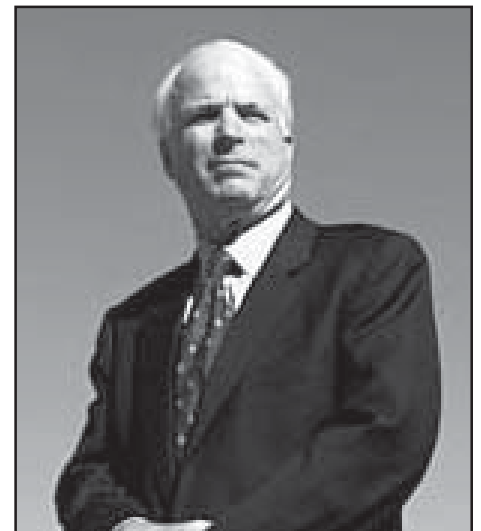
former presidential candidate Bob Dole. By the time the election came around, Dole did not stand a chance to win because soft money had already defeated him. McCain, however, has said on numerous occasions that he would not accept soft money under any circumstances. He is counting on his status as an insurgent to carry him through the “issue ads” problem. But that label will cease to exist if McCain beats Bush. He will be treated as just another candidate. Without money, therefore, McCain will not stand a chance against Gore.

Another serious problem for McCain is that he will not enjoy the same campaign finance support in Washington that he currently enjoys with many moderates. The same system that McCain hits everyday in the media, moreover, is one that he himself is entrenched in. McCain spent all day last Saturday in closed-door fundraisers in New York and New Jersey. On the same night that he criticized Bush for possible “push polling,” McCain held a dinner in New York that raised \$250,000 for his campaign. The point is that the current system requires people in every party to raise large sums of money, even those who claim it is not necessary. Neither Republicans nor Democrats are going to support a new system that hurts all of them, and their ability to get their message across. McCain will be hard-pressed, furthermore, to get any Conservative to put a limit on people’s rights to free speech. The ability to support a candidate with time, energy, or money is nothing short of a right of citizens of the United States. McCain may want people to believe, furthermore, that big money contributors are inherently corrupt, but most people in Washington know that this is not the case. To this end, McCain points out the example of the Clinton/Gore Chinese fundraising. He claims he would make this type of fundraising illegal. The problem is, however, that it is already illegal. McCain also accepts big money from

contributors across the country. If the current laws are enforced, corruption can be hindered. All of these points will hinder McCain’s ability to reform the campaign finance system.

The last serious problem that McCain will face is that he may be the first president without the support of his party. In his current campaign, McCain has attempted at every corner to distance himself from Republicans. If there is one thing that a successful President needs, it’s the support of his own party in Congress; without that support, he is essentially a lame duck with a bully pulpit. As of right now, most Republican members of Congress do not support McCain. Senator McCain, moreover, is currently trying to register independents and Democrats with the Republican party—not to bring more people in, but to win himself more votes in the primary. This is hampering his ability to unify the party that he purports to represent.

Senator McCain may be the best man qualified to be this country’s next president; this piece is not intended to discredit him as a viable candidate. But the point of this piece is essentially simple: McCain is not a deity. The Senator, like Bush and every other presidential candidate, requires a closer examination. His stance as an insurgent is fine for this primary, but come September, no one will remember this aspect of his campaign. McCain does not, moreover, enjoy the support of many in his party and he may not be able to accomplish the centerpiece of his campaign. At these moments, McCain will need to think long and hard about another message. And it would serve Republicans and Conservatives well to start thinking about this as a possibility now. □



*Mr. Waldman is a junior majoring in History.*



# House of Ill Repute

by Jonathan Perle

The impotence of the dysfunctional Residential Life office, it would seem, never ceases. The *Daily's* article on February 10, 2000, about Residential Life's Stalinist tactics highlights the gross stupidity of that office. According to the article, a ping pong table and doorknobs were stolen from Wren Hall, and a pinball machine was thrown from the "draw bridge" that is in front of the main entryway. Residential Life's policy and course of action punishes everyone in the vain hope that someone will turn in the guilty party.

The humorist Will Rogers once said "There is nothing as stupid as an educated man if you get him off the thing he was educated in." From the ill-conceived and totalitarian policies of the Residential Life office, I can only assume that Anne Gardiner and Bob Clark were educated primarily in the art of underwater welding. A policy which directly and purposely punishes innocent people in order to try and ferret out a guilty party is not only dim-witted (for reasons I will refer to in a minute), but is also un-American. Our judicial system is based upon the principle that one hundred guilty men go free, rather than one innocent be wrongly hurt. The Residential Life's vandalism policy is anathema to every principle of justice that America was built on.

That aside, the Residential Life policy seems to have been written and carried out by people oblivious to the world which surrounds them—possibly the Clinton administration's foreign policy team. Basically, the Residential Life's vandalism policy is a form of sanctions. Under their fatuous logic, by making everyone suffer for the actions of a vandal or small group of vandals, the rest of a dorm will be encouraged to turn those people in. The problem with this policy is that it does not work! The Clinton administration has imposed sanctions on Saddam Hussein for the past eight years in the hopes that the people of Iraq will realize it is

Hussein who is causing these sanctions, and that they will rise up and overthrow him. It hasn't happened yet, and it's not going to because, ultimately, it is the United States which chooses to impose sanctions, not Hussein.

The logic of putting pressure on dorm residents to turn someone else in is not only faulty, but even assuming it worked, there is no guarantee that anyone in a given building knows the identity of the perpetrators. On a busy night, someone from another dorm or university is able to walk right in, as people are more than willing to let a fellow college student in the dorm. If this is the case, the gestapo tactics that the Residential Life office uses will be ineffective no matter what amount of pressure is brought to bear on the residents.

Last year, in South Hall, a group of miscreants threw a couch down the stairwell. The amount of damage, as posted by the Residential Life Office, was approximately \$400. The Residential Life Office announced it would charge each student \$10. South Hall accommodates 367 students. By my calculations, the residential office, even assuming that a policy which makes students pay for crimes that they didn't commit is fair, attempted to steal \$3,200 from the residents of South Hall.

It is Residential Life's policy to charge each person with a key to a location, should vandalism occur. In light of this policy, I would like to know whether Anne Gardiner and Bob Clark's wages were garnished by \$10 each, since both of them have a key to the entrance of South Hall. Of course, the incident occurred on a Saturday when they weren't in the building, however, they still charged students of South Hall who were away for the weekend the same \$10 as everyone else. If they believe their draconian policy to be just, then Residential Life should willingly divorce themselves from their money every time something in South Hall breaks.

Perhaps the most patronizing part of the entire Residential Life policy is stated at the end: *If a residence hall has no non-attributed dam-*

*age for a semester, they will receive recognition of their efforts from Residential Life. This may include but is not limited to:*

- kitchen equipment
- recreation equipment like pool or ping pong tables
- an improvement project such as hooks or cubbies for the bathrooms
- something else the community has identified as being important to the community (like an extra night of exam snacks, a pizza party or ice cream sundae bash).

*It must be concrete (not cash payments to the community) and for the benefit of the entire community and fit into available fine budgets. We have budgeted \$2500 per semester for these incentives.*

The utter arrogance and moronic stupidity of the above policy shows exactly what is wrong with bureaucrats; they feel free to take what isn't theirs and disperse it without any sense of responsibility. The above excerpt should enrage every student living in a dorm. Tufts is one of the top universities in the country. To be patronized by the Residential Life office as if we are children who, if good, will receive a cookie is exceedingly insulting. Furthermore, what the Residential Life office has basically said in the above quotation is that such things as basic kitchen equipment, pool tables, and hooks on bathroom walls are a privilege to be given or taken at the Residential Life's discretion. They are not. Each student in the dorm pays money for that kitchen equipment or pool table. What Residential Life is saying, in essence, is that they are free to take \$2,500 a semester of our money, and withhold it if they so choose. I would call this theft. The job of Residential Life is to provide housing and amenities to students who have paid for them. If there is any money left over, than it is Residential Life's duty to either give it back to the students or to make improvements, not to hold it hostage.

The Residential Life vandalism policy exists in a moral and logical void. The vacuous administrators who came together to form this policy represent a breed of people with little understanding of how the world works and have no idea of the concept of responsibility. The administrators who continue to carry out the policy lack an understanding of life in the dormitories. When Residential Life charges students for crimes they haven't committed, they are stealing from them. The purpose of the Residential Life office is to aid students and provide them with adequate housing. The reality of the Residential Life office is a bureaucracy filled with inept people and asinine policies. □

*Mr. Perle is a sophomore majoring in Political Science.*

# Who Wants to Be A Racist

In the words of Brian Finkelstein, ABC's *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire* is truly "the whitest show since *Friends*." The white male-dominated atmosphere has even caused host Regis Philbin to call out to minority and female applicants. This makes us wonder... what the heck is ON the application for this show, anyway? The Source investigates...

## Who Wants to Be a Millionaire? Contestant Application

First Name: *Charles*  
 Surname: *Wellington TTT*  
 Middle name: *Huffington Buffington Maximillion*  
 Nickname (select one): Chip, Skip, Chaz  
 Address (primary): *1600 Easy Street*  
 Address (summer): *My private island in the Bahamas*  
 Address (houseboat): *"Lady Luck"*  
 Phone (home): *(201)555-8623 ex. 101*  
 Phone (business): *(677)627-3853, Monday-Wednesday*  
 Phone (car): *555-3405*  
 Phone (cellular): *555-2856*  
 Occupation: Senior Vice President of *Marketing*, Princeton  
 Alma Mater (select one): Dartmouth, Harvard, cars  
 Interests, select three: boats, classic rock, wines, opera, theater,  
 getting jiggy with it *Trick question!*

### Section I: Multiple Choice

- What is the approximate measurement of a large penis?  
 1) 1-2 inches      ③ 2-3 inches  
 2) 3-4 inches      4) 4-5 inches
- Which of the following is not a producer of khakis?  
 1) Bill Blass      3) Dockers  
 2) Eddie Bauer      ④ Dexters
- Which is an appropriate career goal for someone at age 25?  
 ① CEO of Fortune 500 firm      3) Salesman at FUBU outlet  
 2) Guidance counselor      4) Seventies-style kung fu police detective
- Which is not an appropriate ingredient for fondue?  
 1) Soft cheese (i.e. Camembert)      ③ Cooking sherry, port  
 2) Brandy or white wine      4) Chocolate
- Which is not a trophy awarded in a yachting tournament?  
 1) Louis Vuitton Cup      3) Admiral's Cup  
 ② Captain Stinson's Cup      4) America's Cup
- Which is not a title from the Hardy Boys Mystery Series?  
 1) The Missing Chums      ③ The Brick in the Outhouse  
 2) The Secret of Wildcat Swamp      4) The Clue in the Ember



Which is not a musical genre?

- 1) Ragtime
- 2) Rap
- 3) Jazz
- 4) Bluegrass

*What is that, anyway?*

Complete this sentence: "You can always tell a Harvard man..."

- 1) "I'm sorry, boss!"
- 2) "but you can't make him drink"
- 3) "but you can't tell him much!"
- 4) "I want it that way."

**Section II: Free Response**

1) What was the name of John Denver's last album?  
*"All Aboard." I have it playing right now.*

2) Who was Elizabeth Taylor's third husband?  
*Richard something?*

3) Complete this Beach Boys lyric:  
 "She's my little deuce coupe, you don't know what I got!"

4) Please provide a brief definition of 3 of the following 7 words: scoot, lean-to, chipper, piano forte, aria, jib, wedlock

*Scoot: Vamoose!*

*Chipper: How I feel after a hostile takeover*

*Piano Forte: Like the one in my living room*

5) You aren't a woman/minority, are you?  
*Heaven forbid!*

**Section III: Essay Question**

You come home from a five-hour day at the office after exploiting Third World children, buying out your corporate foes, and making love to your 19-year-old secretary. After you park your high-performance sport-utility-vehicle, you come inside to find your maid sneaking sips of your prized 1976 Sauvignon Blanc. What is an appropriate punishment?

*Deportation!*

IS THAT YOUR FINAL ANSWER, CLUTHBERT?



*In a sea of self-serving presidential paperbacks,  
McCain's survival story stays afloat.*

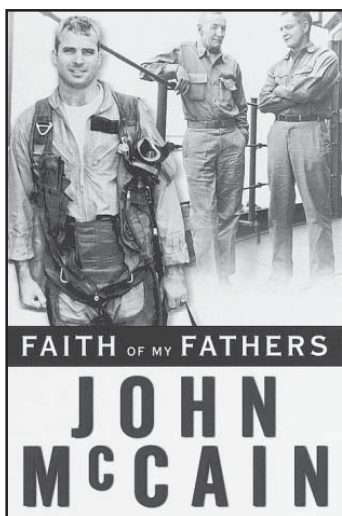
# Faith of His Fathers

by Sam Dangremond

It has become routine for presidential candidates to author books. Often these books serve little more purpose than to express their vision of the presidency and raise campaign funds. However, unlike his fellow candidates, John McCain has a story worth telling. Republican presidential candidate Senator John McCain, with Mark Salter, has written a moving account of patriotism in the face of adversity in his book *Faith of my Fathers*. In this book, McCain relates the values of honor and duty that he learned from his father and grandfather and how they sustained him through his horrific ordeal as a prisoner of war during the Vietnam War.

As a whole, the book *Faith of my Fathers* serves as an illustration of the character of John McCain. The book was clearly written by McCain as part of his campaign in order to portray himself as the right man for the presidency. Regardless of his intentions, however, McCain's experiences are so frightfully powerful that they inspire the respect and esteem due a Presidential candidate. McCain portrays himself as recklessly headstrong and individualistic, yet as a soldier with strong principles of honor and integrity. The nobility, and also faults of his character he attributes to the powerful influence of his father and grandfather. He recounts the lives and careers of his grandfather and father in order to show how they shaped his moral constitution, and ultimately, it would be the faith of his fathers that would carry him through his darkest time in a North Vietnamese prison.

*Mr. Dangremond is a freshman majoring in Chemical Engineering.*



John Sidney McCain, Sr., John McCain's grandfather, was a four star admiral in the Navy who commanded the largest group of aircraft carriers in the Pacific. He attended the Annapolis Naval Academy, where he fared quite poorly but better than

either his son or grandson would. He was a man of honor who deeply valued the lives of the naval pilots under his command.

John Sidney McCain, Jr. followed in his father's footsteps as he attended Annapolis and served in the Navy. Despite being a man of great intelligence, he finished sixth from last in his graduating class. He served as the captain of a submarine during WWII and ended up as the Navy's only son of a four

star admiral to also reach that prestigious rank. He was later appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific, the second-highest position in all of the Navy. In this command, he oversaw all of the Naval operations during the Vietnam War. John Sidney McCain, Jr. sought to live his life as "an officer and a gentleman." He would teach his son "the sanctity of personal honor" and loyal devotion to country and fellow man.

John McCain followed tradition and also attended the Annapolis Naval Academy. He recounts many of his youthful adventures there, and also the trials faced by a young man who refused to entirely conform. The hazing practices at the time were severe, and on many occasions John McCain was humiliated and physically maltreated for refusing to show the proper deference to upperclassmen. His stalwart individuality put him in continual danger of being expelled. He ended up graduating fifth from the bottom of his class, but years later he

would realize that "[t]he most important lesson I learned there was that to sustain my self-respect for a lifetime it would be necessary for me to have the honor of serving something greater than my self-interest."

John McCain began his tour of duty in Vietnam in 1967. Only months later, while on a bombing mission of a power plant in North Vietnam, a surface to air missile blew away the right wing of his plane. He managed to eject before the plane crashed, but that would be the beginning of a horrifying five and a half year test of everything that his forefathers had taught him. As a prisoner of war, McCain was subjected to inhuman physical abuse and mind-bending propaganda. He was tortured, he was beaten, and his humanity was assaulted. He was human, and under duress only imaginable to us, he did give in to one of the Vietnamese demands, but ultimately he emerged with his honor intact.

When he was shot down, McCain broke both his arms in three places and severely injured his right knee. Once he parachuted to the ground, he wavered in and out of consciousness as a mob of North Vietnamese beat him. These injuries would plague him during his time as a prisoner of war, as he was given only the most rudimentary physical care for five and a half years, while simultaneously suffering regular beatings resulting in broken ribs, arms, and teeth. However, his father's high rank would earn him special favors from the Vietnamese throughout his captivity, a situation McCain considered a moral dilemma. Due to his relationship with such a high ranking member of the war effort, the Vietnamese attempted to use him for propaganda purposes. He was tortured for two long years, finally consenting to sign an anti-war statement that he knew would be used to undermine American moral and political support. Nevertheless, over the rest of his time as a POW he did everything humanly possible to resist the Vietnamese, and often served as an inspiration to his fellow prisoners.

John McCain has undergone horrors that no human should ever endure. Yet from these horrors he emerged a stronger man, a man with honor and character. His father once told him: "Son, there is no greater thing than to live and die for than the country and principles that you believe in." John McCain has done this, and so perhaps he is the right man for the presidency. □



*Dr. Dre's new album bridges the gap between rap's past, present and future.*

# Gangster Odyssey

by Lew Titterton

Gangsta rap is the most conservative form of music currently being produced.

Bold statement that the above is, there is truth to it nonetheless. Let us first define the terms: this is not the social conservatism of Bauers and Buchanans; they can take their closed-minded hatred and shove it up their one percent of the vote. What makes gangsta rap conservative is a fierce stance against big government, a love of capitalism, and an undying protection and promulgation of free speech in all its forms. These things, along with some of the best music of 1999, can be found on Dr. Dre's new album, *2001*.

The title is in many ways fitting; this is an album that looks to the future while also integrating classic rap elements from Dre's days with NWA. Unfortunately, the elements of rap in the past have included the degradation of women and gratuitous violence. These strong themes gave gangsta rap a bad name when it first rose to prominence over a decade ago. It is, admittedly, hard to defend lyrics like "If I ever do decide to really murder my daughter's mamma," to name an especially reprehensible line delivered by white-rap wunderkind and Dre protégé Eminem.

At the same time there is a predictable endorsement of drugs within the sixty-eight minutes of the disc. While it is hard to argue that drugs are good, that the narcotic of choice is marijuana gives the album that much more of a libertarian bent. There is certainly a strong movement to legalize a drug that packs all the

harm of alcohol.

Yet even if this marijuana advocacy is taken as a negative element, the bad must be taken with the good, and *2001* has plenty of the latter. And it is not just good as entertaining music and enjoyable misanthropy, but as a legitimate statement against society's ills. Never is there a plea for more government, for more welfare and social programs. There is a simple, if implicit, recognition in most gangsta rap that socialism has failed and capitalism is the future. "I love to see young blacks with money takin' their moms

outta the 'hood," raps Dre. In an era of failed public projects aimed at inner-city renovation, and even worse, New York cops gunning down innocent blacks or raping them with plungers, Dr. Dre and his music stand strongly against police brutality, money wasted in bureaucracy, and other facets of big government at its worst.

But beyond a distaste for socialism and an appreciation of the free market as a means of salvation, *Chronic 2001*—as it is often called in reference to Dre's 1992 album, *The Chronic*—pulls no punches in its language. While sometimes this descends into crass shock value, often it is a necessary reflection of life and a statement against censorship. That gangsta rap is fraught with the word "nigga" is not a means of self-degradation; it is self-empowerment. The word has become one of brotherhood and a slap in the face to racists at the same time.

That Dre chooses to call Eminem—who, as stated before, is white—his "nigga" is all the more proof that the word, to at least a small extent, is losing its racist connotation and merely expressing fraternity. If the only good thing gangsta rap can do is strip verbal power from white supremacists, then that alone is a giant accomplishment.

But that is not this album's lone success. Dr. Dre has pushed the genre he helped pioneer, giving it a spiritual edge and as much a lamentation of violence as an endorsement of it. "Everywhere I go, all I ever seem to hear is BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!" A truer and more brutal expression of the inescapability of gunfire in the ghetto has rarely been made. But the most tragic and honest track on *2001* is its closing song, "The Message," about the death of Dre's brother. Faced with his own tears of regret and the notion that gangstas don't cry, Dre says, "I guess I ain't no gangsta," as he prays for his brother's soul.

Ultimately, *Dr. Dre 2001* is an album of transition, and somewhat an album of contradiction. But what cannot be ignored is that, intentionally or otherwise, it does contain strong economically conservative and socially libertarian elements, from staunch defense of the first amendment to an appreciation of the dollar. That it is also one of last year's best albums is just icing on the cake. □



*Mr. Titterton is a junior majoring in English.*

*Hit me baby one more time and rub me the right way with some candy because I want to love you forever.*

# I Don't Want This MTV

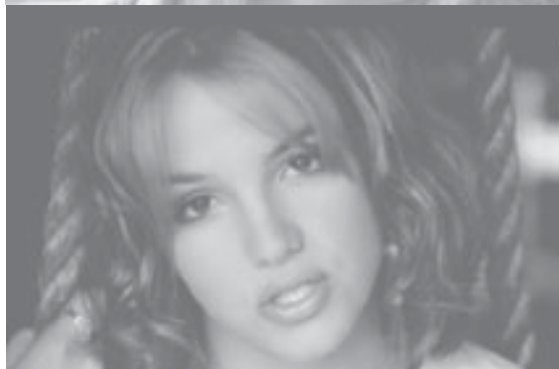
by Sandra Fried

It's been over ten years since Dire Straits eerily cooed "I want my MTV!" over the airwaves, turning the slogan into the catchphrase for a lost generation of television viewers. There was a time when MTV actually meant something new and unique in the world of pop culture. Now, as MTV counts up to its one millionth video aired, the bubble-gum pop of the late 1990s has taken over, turning what used to be one of the greatest symbols of the hip and happening world into a mere follower in the chain of corporate music innovation.

It is easy to become obsessed with MTV. Though Carson Daly is possibly one of the most annoying radio-host-turned-spokesmen-of-a-generation around, his pathetic attempts to speak for a crowd decades his junior are faintly amusing. It is all-too easy to find oneself sucked into this vacuous world created by MTV—one which leaves teenage girls crowding the streets of Times Square, attempting to gain a few seconds of fame as they beg Carson to play their song on what has become one of the most irritating and addictive shows yet on MTV: "Total Request Live." Known to its regular viewers ("fans?") as "TRL," the show is MTV's feeble attempt at showing music videos. Fancy that: a music television station that shows videos.

Since MTV revolutionized the idea of showing music videos on television as an entire network, they may very well have the right to do what they want to with their station. But the days of choice are over. Like

*Ms. Fried is a junior majoring in History and American Studies.*



every top 40s radio station in the country, there's no such thing as listener's choice: stations play what they tell listeners they want to hear. For a while, MTV was revolutionary. Veejays like "Downtown" Julie Brown started trends that had teenagers all over country wearing huge hoop earrings and cursing like sailors. Game shows like "Remote Control" blew away anything before seen on television. As cable channels began experimenting with what was acceptable on TV, MTV consistently came out ahead of the pack.

Among its revolutionary programming was innovation in the home: "The Real World: New York." Seven strangers picked to live in a loft in New York and have their lives taped as they "stop being polite and start getting real." There's nothing new about voyeurism in television, but MTV created a new wave of fictionalized "real life"—the result of hundreds of hours of tape distilled into highly-dramatized half-hour episodes. Perhaps those at [realworldblows.com](http://realworldblows.com) put it best when they comment: "Most of us have been watching the show since its inception, and have seen it go from a very cool idea involving people our own age, to the mess of a piss-poor soap opera that it has become today." The fate of the Real World follows suit with the rest of MTV; it has become a parody of itself, a miserable excuse for pop culture that conforms more than it creates.

Though MTV has successfully created characters with whom a generation of longing followers identify—anyone remember Puck? Teck? Beavis? Daria? it has also gone out on a limb to support egocentric young pop stars whose voices are hardly identifiable and whose songs are meaningless. The issue of the boy bands has been attacked to death already, but the image of MTV as the key player for the careers of rising stars is diminishing as quickly as blond teenagers are putting out albums. If you don't conform to their image and your music doesn't follow their lead, MTV will not adapt. Perhaps they are commenting on a loss of innovation in music televi-



sion. Playing back-to-back songs by Mandy Moore, Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, and Jessica Simpson followed by the five-boy replies of the Backstreet Boys, N'Sync, and 98 Degrees, MTV has doomed itself to a mere shell of its once-creative self.

Perhaps worse than its unoriginality is the way that MTV undermines any creativity in music television by sabotaging its videos. When VH-1 (part of the MTV conglomerate) debuted its oddity-turned-staple-show Pop-Up Video, MTV decided to follow suit, using any means possible to interrupt its videos during play. Instead of cutesy bubbles telling anecdotes about the video themselves, MTV interrupts their pieces with comments from fans. Total Request Live is the epitome of a show with terrible interruptions in videos. Every 30 seconds or so, the video is interrupted by a screaming fan in Times Square. "Hey Carson! Play my song because it's cool and I like it. Aaaaaaaah!" Shows like "Say What? Karaoke" provide an even worse bastardization of the music video world. Because karaoke isn't bad enough in the company of a rowdy group of drunks, MTV delivers crappy singing straight to your living room.

Suffice it to say, MTV is faltering. They've recently launched MTV2, a station who nobody short of those with satellite dishes on their houses can get. The station is a throwback to the original days of MTV: it plays music videos 24/7. Of course, there are probably commercials between each one, or that MTV flavor might be lost. The station itself continues to show some promise of enticing a more mature audience to watch. Shows like "Daria" and "Celebrity Deathmatch" have an ample following. Yet it is difficult to muddle through the crap that is their melodramatic "Undressed" (similar to Nickelodeon's much-hyped soap "Fifteen" that failed soon after its inception) which teases its audience into thinking it may have deep meaning, and find anything worth watching on MTV.

As MTV attempts to expand its programming, it has lost any and all shock value in music television. "Loveline" doesn't hold a candle to Howard Stern, and MTV sees itself losing an audience bored with meager attempts to stretch convention. There are no lines left to cross in the world of music videos. Instead, MTV

shows more body parts and attempts to capitalize on sex, as if it's a new market draw. Yet at the same time, the station deplores violence in music video. Censorship that once cut words like "ass" has moved on to minimize guns in videos. Why even bother? Today one can watch Britney prance around in a school-girl uniform begging her boy to "give her a sign" and Christina roll on the beach telling her man to "rub her the right way."

Where is the station going? If MTV even bothers to attempt to hold on to its fleeting spot in the pop world, it might as well go all the way. Or simply return to its roots. Stifle creativity at will, but let the world watch music videos. As MTV takes on the new century, nothing will change; its time has passed. What ever happened to the artists on MTV who were willing to jump through hoops to speak their minds? They grew up. □

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*In these days of bubble-gum pop and techno, rock devotees pine for music with an attitude.*

## It's Been a Long Time Since I Rock and Rolled

*by Joshua Martino*

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After a decade of grungy alternababble, techno, and the revival of bubble-gum pop, music journalists dubbed 1999 "The Return of Rock." Korn successfully laid siege to MTV's cutesy clubhouse of boy bands and teenyboppers. Limp Bizkit sucker-punched fans of peace and love with aggressive lyrics and rowdy fans at Woodstock '99. Ozzfest and the Family Values tour sold hundreds of thousands of tickets.

But Axl Rose is still in exile. Metallica toured with short haircuts and a symphony orchestra. The most popular song on rock radio last year may have been an Offspring tune about a white boy who loves hip-hop. Tommy Lee's most impressive performance was not musical, but on film.

The final year of the millennium confirmed that old-fashioned rock n' roll is dying. To properly eulogize this great American invention, one must first define rock n' roll, may it rest in peace. Rock is the flame kindled by Elvis Presley that lit the torch carried across the Atlantic by the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. Eventually, this would spread into the blaze that swayed arenas and stadiums to the music of Led Zeppelin, Aerosmith, and Guns n' Roses. For half a century, rock has been America's favorite hand-me-down and its most cel-

ebrated cultural heirloom while simultaneously separating a new generation of listeners from its predecessor. Rock n' roll is just people and instruments—no electronic frills, sampling, or backbeats. It is cultural without being commercial, ageless yet youthful, and political without the gladhand politicians about whom we complain. In spite of all of its virtues, to television, radio, and concertgoers true rock n' roll is obsolete.

Most of the music that pop-culture press identifies as a rock revival is really a cross between rock and hip-hop. This new genre is nameless. Rap-rock, hip-hop-rock, and metal-hop have been offered as monikers for the rap and metal amalgamation made famous by Korn, Kid Rock, Limp Bizkit, and lefty rap-rock pioneers Rage Against the Machine. Whatever you call it, rock n' roll it ain't. Performers like Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit rely more on DJs than on six-strings. Though it's loud, aggressive, and performed on a stage, it's not rock. You'll never see Stevie Nicks with her cap to the back, her arm around Method Man, hollering "Shut the f\*\*k up!"

This new style has adapted itself perfectly to the current music scene. It is as easily marketable to teenagers as Britney Spears, but the dreadlocked, goateed rockers offer young listeners an alternative to effeminate pop music and love songs. Like Spears and her boy-band counterparts, im-

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*Mr. Martino is a sophomore who has not yet declared a major.*

age is also important to the nouveau-rock bands. A fan of Limp Bizkit that dresses like lead singer Fred Durst may look like a Caucasian extra in a Jay-Z video, but he probably owns rap records or hangs out with hip-hop fans. While some scoff at GAP ads that sell conformity, anti-Abercrombie rap-rock fans forget that they too are dressed nearly identically.

Indeed, the fundamental themes of rock can be found in today's rap-rock hybrids. Defiance of authority, celebration of youth and individuality, and outpouring of emotion—from depression to the sublime—have always been key subjects of rock n' roll. The words remain the same, though the 1990s have added that decade's crude touch to pop lyricism. As Twisted Sister once sang "we're not gonna take it anymore," today Rage Against the Machine snarls "f--k you, I won't do what you tell me!"

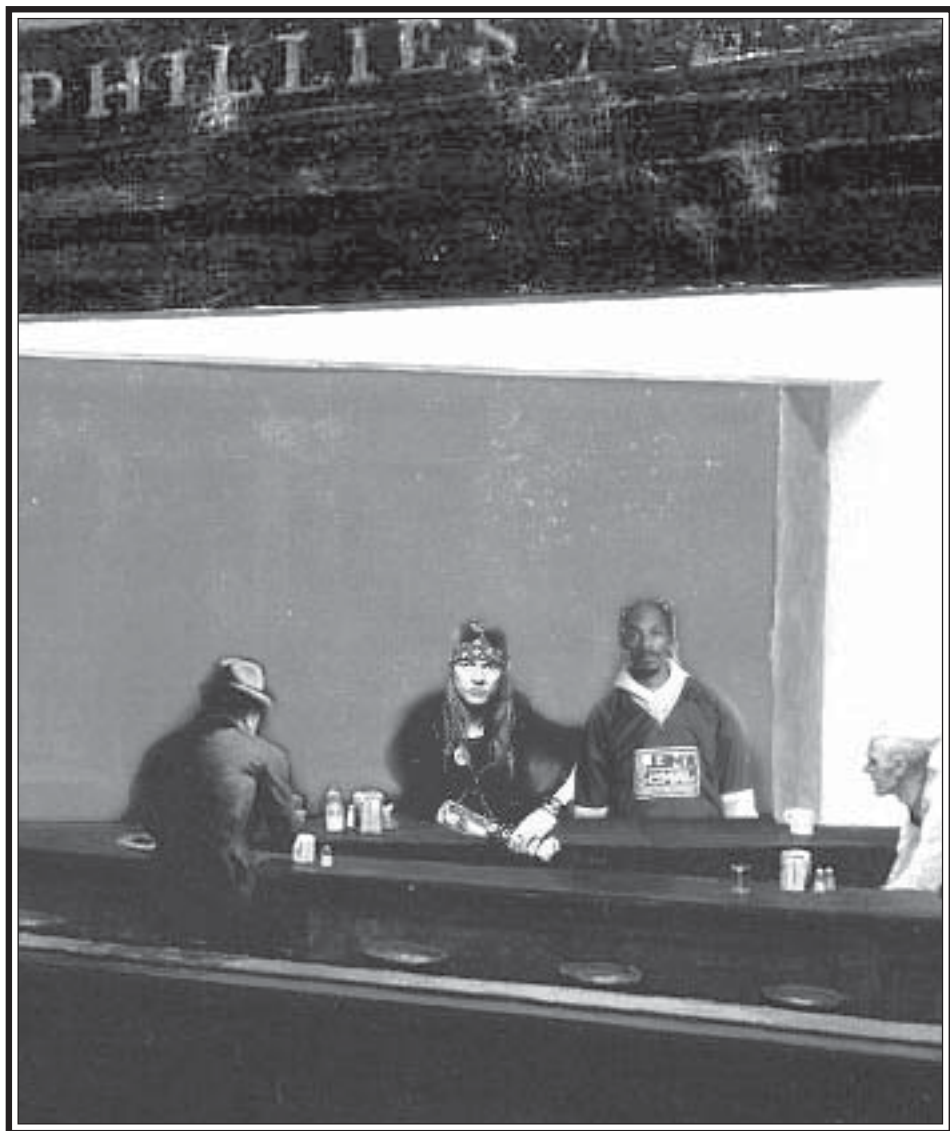
Sadly, this new musical genre, the bastard child of venerable rock n' roll, is also similar to the prefab pop chart-toppers in that the value of its greatest bands is not measured by artistic merit, but by record sales and video airplay. If it weren't for dumbed-down lyrics and multi-million dollar videos, no one would have ever heard of 1999's rock stars. Indeed a band like Korn has legitimately talented musicians, and its members have a genuine attachment to their fans. Yet few people seem to care as long as they have something else to listen to besides the insipid "Livin' La Vida Loca."

Since rock n' roll is in such a sorry state, one would assume that the time is right for a band to seize the moment and become the crowned Kings of Rock. Yet, for the throne of rock n' roll, there are far more pretenders than contenders. Veteran rocker Carlos Santana may fit the bill with his resurgent popularity, but even his new album features enough singers-of-the-month and poppy radio bilge that the once-classic guitarist is now a derivative, commercial joke (albeit a successful one). Georgia rockers the Black Crowes continue to play bona fide rock-n-roll, but the band's importance has become drastically diminished. Despite being a band that debuted in the late 1980s, the Crowes now struggle to be less out-of-date than Seventies legend Jimmy Page, with whom the band toured last fall. Even Lenny Kravitz, whose rock-funk sound and outrageous image evoke a modern Jimi Hendrix, fights for both originality and respect.

Perhaps the best hope for old-fashioned rock n' roll is a bawdy L.A. fivesome called Buckcherry. The band eschewed a white horse and rode onto the music scene on white lines, with a fiery ode to blow entitled "Lit Up," in which lead singer Josh Todd howls "I love the cocaine, I love the cocaine." One imagines that scientists combined the DNA of Mick Jagger and Steven Tyler to produce the cartoonish Todd, who exudes the vocal and onstage charisma of the elder rock statesmen. In concert he is kinetic, screaming, spitting, cursing, and twirling his wiry frame like an under-stuffed and tattooed rag doll. Parading around the stage in form-fitting jeans, high-tops and a feather boa, Todd has the style and strut to eventually join his predecessors in the pantheon of big-lipped rock legends.

Staffed by Todd on vocals, Keith Nelson and Yogi on guitars, Jonathan Brightman on bass and Devon Glenn on drums,

Buckcherry cannot escape comparisons to musical quintets like the Rolling Stones and Aerosmith. While teary rock stars appear on TV live from AA meetings, Buckcherry defies the PC chic and touchy-feeliness of the Lilith Fair era by celebrating the vices of the rock n' roll lifestyle that ooze with defiant machismo and a riff-heavy swagger. Their self-titled debut album is classically lewd; the band makes aggressive melodies and filthy lyrics into a mirthful musical masterpiece. To gleefully spit in the face of Tipper Gore and the DEA is a reasonable goal for Buckcherry's five toxic troubadours and may propel them to rock n' roll stardom. Then again, maybe this band will go the fateful route of many others in this era of short-attention-spans and drift into discount stores and bargain bins. Still, that even one band has not forgotten how to rock gives music fans hope for a future rock n' roll renaissance. □



*Art can be found in museums, between book covers,  
on a record album, and spinning in a Dreamcast.*

# Playing Art

by Chris Kohler

The Long-Haired Radical Thinker puts forth the notion, tentatively but with conviction, that the video games which populate our shopping malls and share phosphor glow with our television signals are somehow *art*. A few short years ago, such a suggestion could be put down with only the meanest of debate since most would quickly agree on the folly of such an argument, that the crude computer-generated squares and lines were somehow worthy of being described by *the very same word* used to categorize Rembrandt and Mozart. And this rationale prevailed even as games became more aurally and visually appealing: no matter how vibrant, how detailed, how advanced, it was still, after all, a *game*, simple amusement for the immature.

But times change, and we realize our own folly. Video games – the audiovisual components of these games, that is – must be art. Very little remains to separate computer animation from traditional cel animation (and *nothing* separates the animation sequences of *Final Fantasy VIII* from the movie *Toy Story* save for the fact that *FFVIII*'s visuals are *more* advanced). Games typically use CD audio background music, and so the line separating Koji Kondo's world-famous "Main Theme of Super Mario Bros." and "*real* music" has finally been erased.

The operative question, therefore, is not whether video games are art, but whether video games are *good* art – whether they deserve to be compared to and studied like Rembrandt and Mozart, or at least like Disney and the Beatles. This is, of course, a trick question, since few video games are created equal. Attempting to defend *Deer Hunter*, for example, as quality artwork would be an exercise in futility. Similarly, attempting to describe the craft of *gameplay* as artistic is not the

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subject of a thousand-word article but a hundred-page thesis. (Ph.D. candidates take note.)

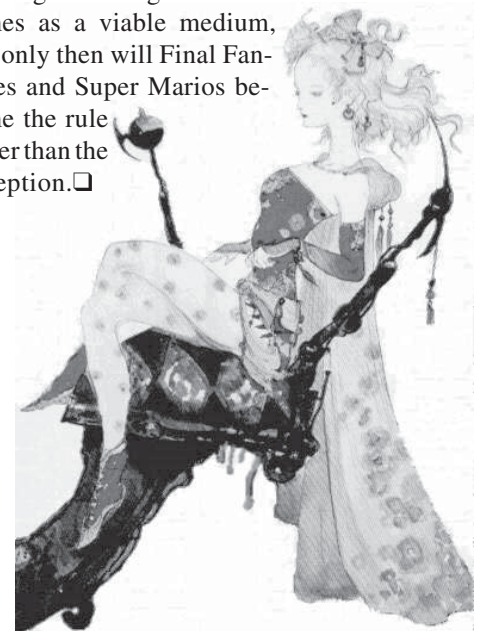
The *Final Fantasy* series is an oft-cited example of what fans would call a role-playing game (RPG) and what academics would call a "narrative," where thumb-twitching and deep strategy take a back seat to story, character development, and audiovisuals. These aspects of, for example, *FFVI* (the 1993 Super Nintendo game released in the US as *Final Fantasy 3*) were brought to life by the team of Hironobu Sakaguchi, Yoshitaka Amano, and Nobuo Uematsu. Sakaguchi was Squaresoft's founder, renowned and revered for writing stories that went beyond the traditional video game fare to encompass such topics as birth and rebirth, love and religion, life and death. Amano, a successful artist with an instantly recognizable style, designed the characters, the conceptual and promotional artwork, and the in-game graphics. Uematsu, who by then had over eight soundtrack albums in stores, composed the soundtrack, which was so expansive that it would fill three full audio CDs. (Amano and Uematsu have since seen even more recognition and success: Amano recently had his own exhibition in New York City, and Uematsu now has over twenty successful albums to his name.)

*FFVI* was a smash success. This was not because of its gameplay, which hadn't really changed much since the original 8-bit version. It was because *Final Fantasy VI* was truly a great work of art. Graphically, it did things with the 16-bit hardware that were never thought possible; fans fell in love with the fourteen main characters, each with their own story arcs; the musical score, including separate themes for each character, was fully realized when an arranged album performed by no less than the Milan Symphony Orchestra reached stores soon after the game's release. The quality of the art was limited, of course, by the limitations of the technology, but no more so than a painting is "limited" by the two-dimensionality of the canvas. *FFVI* empha-

sized what video games could be: literature, illustration, and symphony rolled into one – film, but with the element of *control*.

"This game might have some very talented people behind it," thinks the Critical Reader, "but it is, after all, only one game." Take, then, *Super Mario Bros.*, pushing twenty and firmly entrenched in our childhood memories, a world created from scratch; of fantastic characters, of imaginative design, of impossible architecture, of complex musical scores. It was hampered even more by the technology of the time, but more recent efforts feature two-dimensional graphics that rival cel animation to the point that each of the hundreds of thousands of frames in a game such as *Marvel vs. Capcom* are painstakingly drawn in pencil and scanned. And although most video game soundtracks will forever remain background music, quite a few original soundtracks and studio albums are released in both Japan and the US, not simply as an advertising tie-in, but because players demand to listen to their favorite tunes in their CD player.

The fact is, video games are quite young and are thus still an immature medium – not immature in the sense that one has to be immature to play games, but immature in that the concept of games-as-art is still foreign to most. But film was at first considered an expensive plaything, and only time will change the somehow-inferior image of the video game. Rest assured, though, that as video games become more mainstream and computers more ubiquitous, video game design will command the same legitimacy as filmmaking, painting, or novel writing. Only then will more talented writers, artists, and composers begin to regard video games as a viable medium, and only then will *Final Fantasies* and *Super Marios* become the rule rather than the exception. □





*Don't want your conservative sensibilities offended?  
Leave these ten movies on the shelves.*

# It Came from The Left!

by Adam Biacchi

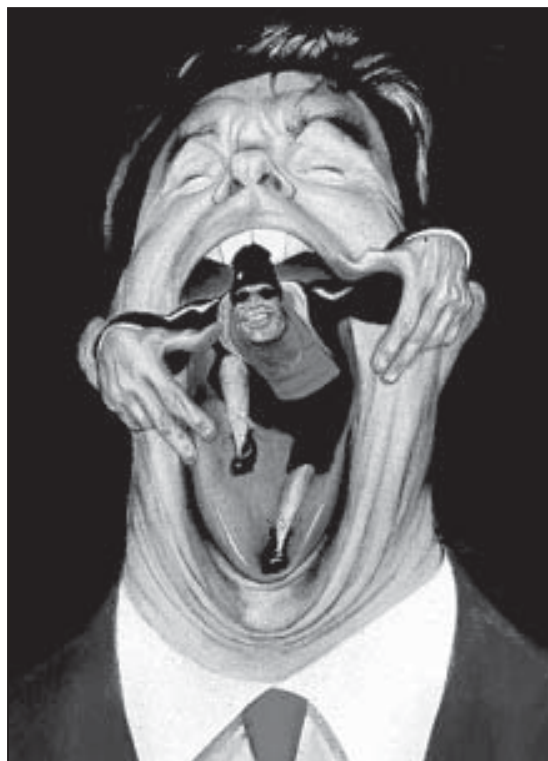
**JFK (1991)**- A Kevin Costner movie. That should say it all, but it gets worse. This film by Oliver Stone revolves around the investigation and conspiracy theories of New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, played by Costner, shortly after the assassination of President Kennedy. While not many people subscribe to the Warren Commission's claim that Lee Harvey Oswald acted independently, Garrison has long been thought of as a crackpot who is just trying to get attention. Garrison believed that Kennedy was assassinated by a group of powerful individuals among whom were Director of the FBI J. Edgar Hoover and Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson. Garrison goes even further by saying that the reason for this fatal coup was to start a war in Vietnam. Clearly this is an extremely far-fetched theory, and the only way the film makes it seem feasible is to take certain liberties and assumptions that would give credit to this theory, if it was true. Essentially three boring, monologue-full hours of assumption and heresy which manages discredit most powerful Washington officials from the early 60s and the Vietnam War at the same time.

**Bulworth (1998)**- The story of Senator Jay Bulworth's unorthodox journey away from mainstream politics. Warren Beatty plays Bulworth, who, after arranging for his own death, forsakes all pride and becomes a rappin' socialist. Although it's extremely entertaining to laugh at Beatty's foolishness, it is nevertheless alarming that a movie espousing such beliefs (and such awful white-boy rap) could have such a large audience. This movie was not totally reprehensible, however, as it also showed

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how many urban African-Americans are drones of the Democratic Party.

**GI Jane (1997)**- The story of a naval officer who, through political bargaining in Washington, is allowed to try out for the elite special forces unit, Navy SEALs. Demi Moore plays Lt. Jordan O'Neil, a stubborn and determined woman who just wants to fit



in with the boys. The plot is painfully uninteresting as nearly every scene in the movie is annoyingly predictable. Moore is scarily buff, but, as usual, her acting leaves something to be desired and her character is not adequately developed. Alone, this might have been a competent military film, however this movie attempts to add an unnecessary degree of feminism in places where it is just not necessary. GI Jane's attempt to be both a feminist and military movie result in a failure on both counts, and a bad picture

in general. Did I mention Moore is scary?

**The Grapes of Wrath (1940)**- The ultimate socialist movie, based upon John Steinbeck's book, Henry Fonda plays Tom Joad, a young man who breaks his parole and journeys to California with his family after they are evicted from their land during the Dustbowl. In their company is a Cesar Chavez-esque proletarian revolutionary named Jim Casey, played by John Carradine. Casey, a former minister who lost his faith in God, is just one of the many people the family meets during their quest for survival during the Depression. The film repeatedly, and not so subtly, supports the view that capitalism is evil and suggests that the government should do something about economic inequality.

**Total Eclipse (1995)**- The true story of renowned French poet Paul Verlaine, played by David Thewlis. First, the movie goes in depth in Verlaine's horrible treatment of his poor wife Mathilde which includes setting her on fire on several occasions. Matters only get worse when Verlaine begins to have a homosexual relationship with a (very) young aspiring poet played by Leonardo DiCaprio. Not only does this movie have absolutely no humor or character depth, its characters are downright annoying with their sniveling whining and stupid lines. Apparently someone forgot that these individuals were supposed to have French accents, and this international cast proves its acting ineptitude. The film details the relationship between Thewlis and DiCaprio with a little too much detail than is necessary, showing us why the real Verlaine would later spend two years in a Belgian prison on sodomy charges. If you thought "Titanic" was bad, imagine the same bad acting only with no special effects, a pedophilic love story, and the little punk living. I beg you: please do not see this movie.

**Dead Man Walking (1995)**- An excellent acting job by both Sean Penn and Susan Sarandon in an excellent dramatic picture based on the true story. Penn plays a death-row inmate guilty of murder and rape, and Sarandon is the Catholic nun who empathizes with him. Unfortunately, the film goes too far in its blatant anti-capital pun-

ishment stance. Penn's character was an utterly despicable man whose only goal throughout the whole movie is to save his own skin. In the film, however, he is portrayed in a manner that gives the impression that he truly was repentant, when in actuality he was a truly terrible person through and through. At least he was executed at the end of the film; anything else would have been a true crime.

**Reds (1981)**- Directed by and starring Warren Beatty as American socialist leader John Reed, "Reds" is a historical drama set around the Bolshevik Revolution. Originally, Reed goes to Russia as a journalist to cover the Russian revolutions, and there he is swept up in the communist banter of the day. He returns to the United States where he becomes a leader in the Socialist party and aids in the plot to unite the workers of America in overthrowing capitalism. Later, Reed returns to Russia where he helps the Red Army fight the capitalist White Army for control of Russia. Although, John Reed had an interesting life to say the least, one wonders why Beatty felt the need to glorify the life of this traitor to the United States.

**The Cider House Rules (1999)**- This heartwarming Disney movie is the story of an orphan raised by a doctor who teaches right and wrong to his adopted son, and, in the meantime, makes light of killing unborn children. The father, a Maine abortionist, encourages women to seek "the miracle of death," and teaches his son Homer, played by Tobey Maguire, not only how to deliver babies, but how to eradicate them before they are even born as if he is teaching his son to throw a curveball. In this film, abortion is repeatedly referred to as "the work of the Lord" by delivering women from the "curse" of pregnancy. This film blatantly sanctions two illegal abortionists. Not coincidentally, Planned Parenthood gave this flick their full approval and support.

**Kids (1995)**- Still photographer Larry Clark's first movie, this film is the story of a day in the life of group of New York City kids. "Kids" claims to be an accurate representation of 90's teens and the paradigms that are prevalent among us—if that's true, we live in a depraved society indeed. Leo Fitzpatrick plays the lead role of Telly, a teen whose main ambition in life is committing statutory rape with as many under-

age girls as possible. Telly justifies having unprotected sex by only corrupting virgins. The movie, in unnecessary detail, shows him "scoring" with two virgins and then bragging about how little he cares for them. There's a real example for today's youth: glorifying promiscuous, nihilistic teenagers who get their kicks acting like jerks.

**The Last Supper (1996)**- A true horror flick for all conservatives. Horrible acting and a horrible plot: a house of liberal Iowa

grad students hold a weekly dinner party in which they invite one conservative over each week to be killed in cold blood. Putting aside the fact that she is drop-dead gorgeous, Cameron Diaz flops in this low-budget, anti-right-wing flick. The backyard soon becomes a collection of conservative corpses and they still don't realize that their own hatred towards those with different views is just as bad, if not worse than those they are trying to purge the world of. Plus they killed Jason Alexander. And that's just not cool. □

*Fans of The Shawshank Redemption will find a lot to like about The Green Mile.*

# The Power to Heal

by Ezra Klughaupt

Only since Frank Darabont's last Stephen King adaptation, *The Shawshank Redemption*, has there been a film that managed to put the viewer into prison with the characters and show the humanity of those in such an inhuman condition. *The Green Mile* (so titled after the pale-colored stretch that death row inmates walk on their way to the electric chair) is a touching portrayal of the good and evil that exists on both sides of a prison cell's bars.

Unlike *The Shawshank Redemption*, *The Green Mile* is filmed through the perspective of the prison guards, particularly Paul Edgecomb (Tom Hanks). It begins with an elderly Edgecomb telling the story of *The Green Mile* to Elaine (Eve Brent), a fellow resident in a nursing home.

The movie then flashes back to Cold  
*Mr. Klughaupt is a freshman who has not yet declared a major.*

Mountain Penitentiary, circa 1935. John Coffey (Michael Duncan), a 7-foot tall hulk convicted of the double murder of two young girls, trudges in, shocking the prison guards with his incredible size, and his unexpected request for a nightlight. He is portrayed as a big baby who is frightened by his new home despite his incredible strength. Later in the film, he is shown to have the ability to heal, which leads to question how such a man could have committed such a heinous crime.

Escorting Coffey into the penitentiary is Percy Wetmore (Doug Hutchison), the cowardly prison guard who serves as the primary villain throughout the film. Wetmore taunts Coffey while bringing him in, and lashes out at inmate Eduard "Del" Delacroix (Michael Jeter), breaking his hand. This begins a fierce conflict between Delacroix and Wetmore—



one that forces the viewer to question who deserves to be on which side of the steel bars.

Although the film deals with the supernatural, miraculous acts of a condemned man, it also touches on more contemporarily relevant issues such as forgiveness and—of course—the death penalty. In one scene, Arlen Bitterbuck (Graham Greene), a condemned prisoner who's head is being shaved in preparation for the electric chair, asks Edgecomb whether or not he feels that a man who has committed a terrible act can go on to heaven. Edgecomb replies that though he is condemned to die for his crime, Bitterbuck can be forgiven by God. Later, after Bitterbuck is killed, Percy jokes about it, taunting the deceased's body. Edgecomb is disgusted by this cruel act, suggesting that the deceased had paid

his debt to society.

Later in the film, when Delacroix approaches his execution date, the guards, except for the spiteful Wetmore, are once again faced with consoling an inmate approaching his "last mile." This time, the victim was a prisoner whom they had developed a bond with. The guards are undoubtedly disturbed by the conflicts arising from killing a man who has a kind heart, despite having previously committed murder.

The guards grow increasingly disturbed as Coffey's execution date approaches. Coffey had shown nothing but a kind heart and compassion for mankind throughout the film, as well as the miraculous gift of healing. This trait leads Edgecomb, as well as the other guards, to question his guilt. However, their job still requires them to kill Coffey.

This circumstance eats at the guards' sanity.

Though these two cases seem to lead the film towards an anti-capital punishment message, there are also arguments for the other side hidden in the plot. One of the inmates on death row, William "Wild Bill" Wharton (Sam Rockwell), is consistently depicted as an evil man who cannot be reformed. His antics in prison earn him the disrespect of both the prisoners and the guards, and his crime earns him their disdain.

The Green Mile was a gripping and meaningful tale, which proves that Hollywood is still capable of putting out a classic every now and then. It showed the viewer how complex and frightening death row can be, while questioning our own beliefs in criminal justice. It should not be missed. □

## Film Review: "The Naked Quad Run 1999"

The underground cult classic *The Naked Quad Run 1999* has made Tufts' traditional reading-period tension-release an experience that can be repeated over and over and over again in the privacy of one's room. In terms of popularity, the NQR video has supplanted the infamous flashing .AVI file (shot at Bowling Green University, though often misidentified as Tufts) as the engineer's choice of quiet-time viewing material. This one-man masterpiece has united the online university community, from pederasts to militant lesbians, from DU brothers to smart people, in curiosity, licentiousness, and debate.

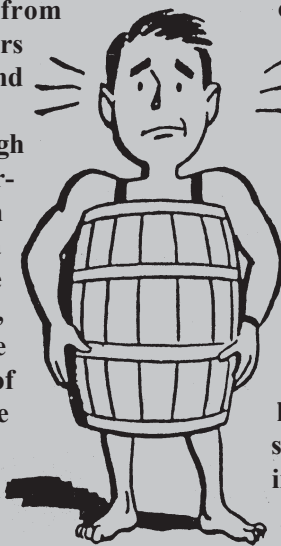
The plot, well-known to all Jumbos, although monotonous, is undeniably entertaining, particularly when viewed in slow motion; who can argue with a film of naked people running in a very large circle? In a mere three minutes, the work taps a full range of emotional reaction, from joy (you don't have to imagine that cute girl down the hall without clothes) to fear (of butt-ugly naked people), to laughter, to the morbid curiosity experienced when passing a car wreck. The production quality leaves little to be desired. The (we assume) one-handed camerawork of the unnamed artiste is remarkably steady. Equally impressive is the sound quality, reminiscent of *Saving Private Ryan*, for not a single indication of self-gratification is discernable. It is also reassuring knowing that there exists at least one person on the Tufts' campus with enough free time to digitize his

(her?) three-minute, eleven-second documentation of the sole campus-unifying event of the year.

The cinematic merit of *The Naked Quad Run 1999* is immeasurable. The film offers the opportunity to ponder the inspiration ("Jack Daniels") of hundreds of naked people running through a gauntlet of leering, crotch-swiping, feel-copping peers in the brisk December night. A notable co-star to the bevy of naked Jumbos is the SOURCE's own Stephen Tempesta, who heightened the film's most tense moments when his ass unknowingly blocked the camera's view.

It is only fitting to conclude the century that introduced motion picture with a film that is perhaps the final—and finest moment of the last hundred years of cinema. The film is has its critics; many insist that the taping and distribution of the NQR turn an utterly non-sexual display of public nudity into a prurient masturbation-fest that will discourage future runners. Some say that the portent of having such footage hanging over the heads of the film's inebriated superstars will ruin an event that is best preserved in hazy and hung-over memories. Maybe a proper compromise is to leave *The Naked Quad Run 1999* as a film without a sequel. Just as many students run the quad in a moment of reckless abandon, the filming of last semester's NQR should stand alone in Tufts' film history just as the Run itself is a unique moment during the school year.

Now, if you'll excuse us, there's a shot we've been meaning to freeze-frame. ○





*The cultural elite swoons over Boys Don't Cry.  
Oh, where do we go now?*

# Don't Cry

by Keith Levenberg

Homosexuality has always meant easy admission into the ranks of the *avant garde*, but these days things are getting ridiculous. Films by and about homosexuals now virtually monopolize the independent film circuit, so much so that a typical motion-picture house audience could easily register a five on the Kinsey scale. But fanfare for the queerer genres does not confine itself to their most obvious constituency. Grey-haired urban sophisticates whose encounters with homosexuality seem limited to their decorators consider gay Spanish filmmaker Pedro Almodovar, for example, indispensable cocktail-party conversation. The ten percent has reached the apex of its fifteen minutes.

As telling as their ubiquity, however, is the mainstream acclaim these pictures have begun to receive. The film critic axis of the cultural elite has all but annointed one recent production, *Boys Don't Cry*, as one of the most *important* offerings of the year. The protagonist in the more-or-less true story is Teena Brandon, a young (transsexual? transgendered? transvestite?) woman convinced she is actually a heterosexual male despite her obvious lack of the requisite apparatus, for which she substitutes, at various points in the story, a rolled-up sock and a sex toy. The closest she ever comes to explaining herself is to allude to a "sexual identity crisis," but one actually appreciates that writer/director Kimberly Pierce doesn't dwell on the whys and wherefores of her leading lady. Credit Pierce also for not attempting to convince viewers that Teena is entirely healthy.

And yet, even so, *Boys Don't Cry* seems to ask a bit too much of its viewers. In one early scene, Teena, impersonating a boy with naïve sincerity, manages to deceive an

unknowing date long enough to steal a kiss. Afterwards, the girl's brother, learning the truth, chases Teena away in a fit of rage. Even in condemning vigilante assault, ought we attribute his reaction to intolerance alone? Dismiss it as ignorance, motivated by hate? Should we deny that we would rightly feel as incensed if someone like Teena had similarly deceived someone close to us?

In what seems the climax of *Boys Don't Cry*, Teena's game of make-believe essen-



tially catches up to her. For much of the film Teena cultivates an unusual relationship with Lana, a good-hearted rusty-blond played by Chloe Sevigny, who remains (willfully?) ignorant of Teena's secret. Lana's brothers learn the truth and assault Teena in their home, ripping off her clothes and exposing before Lana the physical reality of her "boyfriend's" gender confusion. In spite of this, inches away from Teena's undeniable womanliness, Lana screams to the attackers to leave "him" alone.

Here Pierce stretches her credibility. Until then viewers shared Teena's solitude, so pervasive the despair, so horrific the

backwardness, of the Southern sprawl through which she travels. But compassion for Teena does not extend to colluding in her delusions. Are we to believe that Teena is actually a man? Are we to accept that Teena can believe as much and deserve to be regarded as a man, like any man, by others? (Is that the ultimate goal of the proponents of transgendered rights?)

In regards to all of these questions lies the social "importance" of *Boys Don't Cry*. The effect of homosexual films' recent slouch towards the mainstream has been to expand the range of behavior that society is expected to tolerate, and, as significantly, to diminish the range of behavior that has the power to shock. Yet it is evident, however much Teena Brandon does not deserve the violent reproach that ultimately ends her story, that she was nevertheless a very ill woman.

In recent years, homosexual activists have felt compelled to include in their campaign for equality the "transgendered," individuals who suffer confusion akin to Miss Brandon's. But this is a sexual lifestyle of a qualitatively different nature, meriting neither normalcy nor mainstream acceptance. A campaign for tolerance on behalf of the transgendered explicitly seeks to deny the rules of reality.

The sexual ideology that defines transgendered behavior consists of incoherent premises. The same academics who describe this condition as an individual who identifies in some fundamental way with the "opposite" gender also parrot deconstructionist clap-trap about the lack of differences between the sexes—even the biological distinctions, say many, are just social constructs. But how can a woman look within her soul and conclude that she is really a man, if there exist no uniquely male attributes with which to identify? At some point in the cultural dialogue about sexual issues, alternate-lifestyle activists must shed one or another of these dogmas. To the extent that *Boys Don't Cry* puts on trial its audience's notions about "gender roles" and other such learned analyses of men and women, it does a disservice to the ways in which American culture has become legitimately more tolerant of those who are different. It really isn't a terrible picture. But in the culture war over what to regard as normal and what to leave on the margins, *Boys Don't Cry* leaves behind an unsettling residue. □

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## NOTABLE AND QUOTABLE

The artist is nothing without the gift, but the gift is nothing without work.

—Emile Zola

Without freedom, no art; art lives only on the restraints it imposes on itself, and dies of all others.

—Albert Camus

The arts are an even better barometer of what is happening in our world than the stock market or the debates in Congress.

—Hendrik Willem Van Loon

Un croquis vaut mieux qu'un long discours.

—Napoleon

We are the music makers, and we are the dreamers of the dream. Wandering by lone sea breakers, and sitting by desolate streams. World losers and world forsakers, for whom the pale moon gleams. Yet we are movers and the shakers of the world forever it seems.

—Arthur O'Shaunessey

The worth of a book is to be measured by what you can carry away from it.

—James Bryce

The hand that rules the press, the radio, the screen and the far-spread magazine, rules the country.

—The Learned Hand

Great talents are the most lovely and often the most dangerous fruits on the tree of humanity. They hang upon the most slender twigs that are easily snapped off.

—C. G. Jung

True music must repeat the thoughts and aspirations of the people at the time. My people are Americans. My time is now.

—George Gershwin

If you really want to torture me, sit me in a room strapped down to a chair and put Mariah Carey on. Over and over again. That would be eternal hell for me. I mean it. The worst.

—Cameron Diaz

I was in a restaurant the other night, and all the girls ignored me... it was so annoying.

—Leonardo DiCaprio

Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and a manly heart.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It is cruel, you know, that music should be so beautiful. It has the beauty of loneliness and of pain; of strength and freedom; the beauty of disappointment and never-satisfied love; the cruel beauty of nature, and everlasting beauty of monotony.

—Benjamin Britten

Derive happiness in oneself from a good day's work, from illuminating the fog that surrounds us.

—Henri Matisse

Where I was born and how I have lived is unimportant. It is what I have done with where I have been that should be of interest.

—Georgia O'Keefe

We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize the truth, at least the truth that is given to us to understand.

—Pablo Picasso

If one is master of one thing and understands one thing well, one has at the same time, insight into and understanding of many things.

—Vincent Van Gogh

Too many pieces of music finish too long after the end.

—Igor Stravinsky

Bad taste makes the day go by faster.

—Andy Warhol

It is difficult to produce a television documentary that is both incisive and probing when every twelve minutes one is interrupted by twelve dancing rabbits singing about toilet paper.

—Rod Serling

I'm astounded by people who want to 'know' the universe when it's hard enough to find your way around Chinatown.

—Woody Allen

Sometimes I wonder if men and women really suit each other. Perhaps they should live next door and just visit now and then.

—Katherine Hepburn

At least when there's violence on our show, we show and state how ridiculous it is, when the news portrays violence as if it were just an acceptable part of life, and that it's just the way things are.

—Jerry Springer

Creativity, as has been said, consists largely of rearranging what we know in order to find out what we do not know. Hence, to think creatively we must be able to look afresh at what we normally take for granted.

—George Kneller

There's so much comedy on television. Does that cause comedy in the streets?

—Dick Cavett

All that I desire to point out is the general principle that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life.

—Oscar Wilde

The answers to life's problems aren't at the bottom of a bottle: they're on TV!

—Homer Simpson

Use what talent you possess: the woods would be very silent if no birds sang except those that sang best.

—Henry Van Dyke

From this experience I understood the danger of focusing only on what isn't there. What if I came to the end of my life and realized that I'd spent everyday watching for a man who would come for me?... And yet if I drew my thoughts back from him, what life would I have? I would be like a dancer who had practiced since childhood for a performance she would never give.

—Arthur Golden