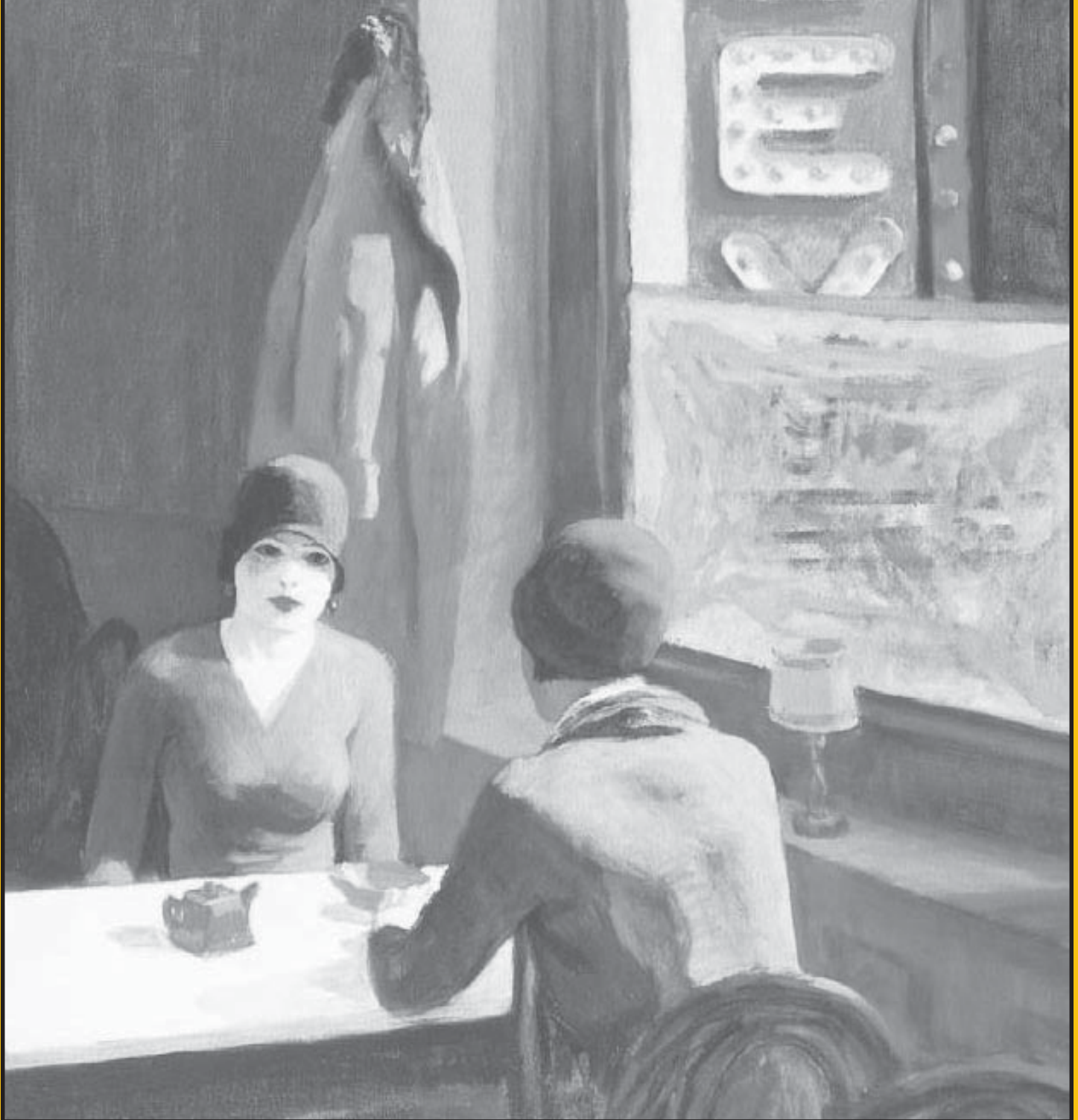


THE PRIMARY SOURCE

VERITAS SINE DOLO



Tufts' Voice of Reason

THE ARTS ISSUE

March 15, 2001



Darla's Women's Day rally didn't quite get the participation she was looking for.

**Losing enthusiasm for
politics as usual?**

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THE PRIMARY SOURCE

Vol. XIX • The Journal of Conservative Thought at Tufts University • No. 10

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Soon Forgotten

Since rock is a progressive musical movement, one might assume that a band that espouses liberal politics would thrive. Not so—consider the sad story of one of my former favorite bands: rock’s most tragic leftists, Pearl Jam.

Clad in down-to-earth flannel, Eddie Vedder and his bandmates rose to the heights of rock n’ roll stardom with the release of 1991’s *Ten*. Recognizing an alternative to the flashy androgyny of Eighties hair-metal, the mainstream embraced Vedder’s moody voice and social conscience. Critics called the movement grunge. And even with that dissonant moniker, fans swarmed to Pearl Jam and bought ten million copies of their debut.

Fame instantly changed the band and its lead singer. Once at the top of the charts, young Eddie the soulful rock angst-monger morphed into Vedder the political activist extraordinaire.

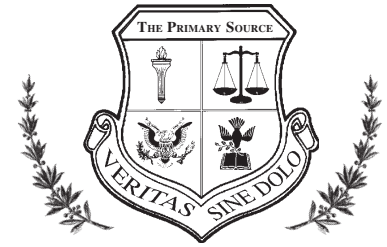
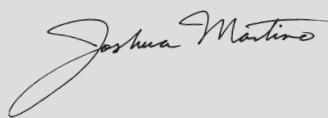
The lead singer’s metamorphosis began in 1992 when the band appeared on *MTV Unplugged*. During the particularly gritty acoustic performance, Vedder produced a marker and scrawled the words “pro-choice” on his forearm. One must wonder why he chose that moment to voice his political views. After all, what does *Unplugged* have to do with abortion? Like bystanders who wave and shout behind on-scene TV newscasters, Vedder used the program as a moment of puerile opportunism. He had found his bully pulpit onstage behind the rock star’s microphone.

What followed Eddie’s onscreen antic was Pearl Jam’s steady shift to the Left—and a much faster plunge to the bottom of the charts. On the band’s second album *Vs.*, Vedder and his bandmates unleashed a guitar-led attack on gun owners in the song “Glorified G.” Since that album, Pearl Jam has performed at benefits for Tibet, rallied against the WTO, and rocked to abolish the death penalty. Vedder also performed at a concert to support the campaign of Ralph Nader, where he denounced the main party candidates. Indeed, Pearl Jam’s activism has its bright side in the thousands of dollars that the band has raised for charity. But many bands are just as generous, and can balance their social conscience without alienating conservative fans. And while there is nothing wrong with celebrities

who take a stand for their beliefs, Pearl Jam’s anti-establishment binge has harmed its most devoted followers. In 1996, Vedder donned his anti-capitalist armor to become Saint George battling the corporate dragon. But his fruitless campaign against Ticketmaster only forced the band into smaller venues and required fans to wait on long lines at remote ticket selling locations.

Moreover, Pearl Jam’s politics did nothing to boost record sales. As the band became more radical, its music became less palatable to rock listeners. Their three most recent studio releases have sold only 3.5 million copies, according to SoundScan. The figure sounds impressive, but is a disappointment for a band that sold at least that many records for each of its first three releases. Pearl Jam’s most recent album, *Binaural*, has only gone gold—and it probably will not go platinum considering it will likely be lost in the deluge of bootleg CDs the band released in 2000. The Pearl Jam faithful purport that the end of the grunge movement caused the spiraling record sales. Don’t tell that to Creed, the chart-topping Christian grunge-rockers led by a Vedder-vocal doppelganger. Although Pearl Jam led the movement that made him famous, Creed bassist Brian Marshall told a Seattle radio station that he did not understand why Vedder “wrote songs without hooks.”

Rock radio still plays Pearl Jam—but sadly, the band’s most notable hit in half a decade was not even their own, but a live cover of Wayne Cochran’s “Last Kiss.” Indeed, the band has become a parody of itself, as the final track on *Binaural* features a solo Vedder playing a ukulele. The song, “Soon Forget,” epitomizes Pearl Jam’s troubles. It is pitifully distant from the band’s hard rock origins, and its lyrics—in typical Vedder style—warble and whine a hollow political message. Live at the Nader rally, Vedder dedicated it to Bill Gates, saying the song was about “a man whose immense wealth can buy Corvettes and high-rise apartments, but can’t buy back his soul.” Such poor performances and petty politics have made a band once destined for super-stardom a band that we will soon forget.



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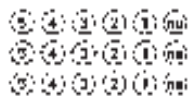
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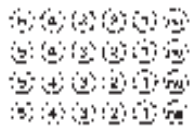


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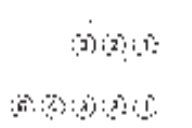


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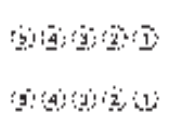
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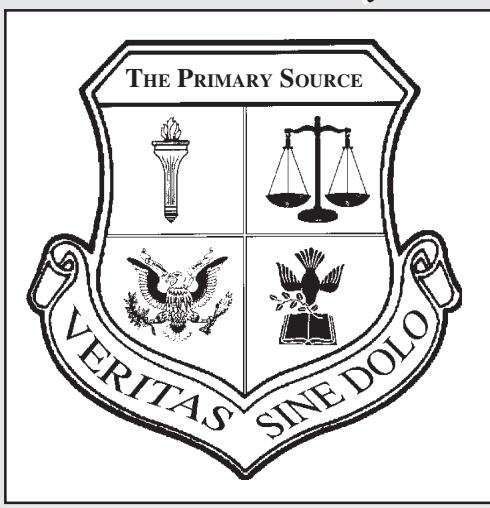
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Commentary

Tennis Elbow, Anyone?

In the irony of ironies, ex-President Clinton, who had improper relations with his employee, decided in the waning days of his term to instruct American employers on how to treat their employees. And, true to form, deciphering his 600-page treatise on workplace regulations, supported by OSHA, depends on the meaning of the word “is.” The regulations establish rules for compensating workers suffering from repetitive motion injuries. Ergonomic illnesses (or musculo-skeletal disorders, as they are known) include a wide range of problems of the muscles, nerve tendons, ligaments, joints, cartilage, blood vessels, and spinal discs. Many of these problems are associated with aging, and, while certain workplace motions may aggravate some of them, there is no scientific evidence that a better workstation can prevent any of them. Clinton bypassed Congress, and with a stroke of his pardon-happy pen, he paid off big labor unions that are anxious to have the rules implemented because they pre-empt existing workers' comp laws and provide generous benefits. The biggest irony is that the rules may injure more workers than they help.

The cost to businesses due to these Clinton-implemented regulations could be up to \$125 billion annually. Even the federal Small Business Administration places the cost of compliance with the new standards at from 2.5 to 15 times the \$4.5 billion that OSHA estimated. Employers are going to be forced to try to identify potential victims of these disorders and either exclude them from being hired or find a way to get them off the payroll before their disability escalates into a claim. Many of these injuries may be caused or aggravated by a pre-existing condition. Will employers resort to checking the previous year's

insurance claims to find out who injured their knee playing basketball and take such information into consideration when deciding who should be laid off? The OSHA rules prohibit an employee's health care provider from telling the employer whether an injury is all work-related or only partially work-related. But health information is available through other sources. Will employers search the health files of potential hires? Will the 20 year-old applicant always get the job over one who is 40? And office and retail jobs fall under the new rules as well as factory jobs. Will retirees who now enjoy the activity and paycheck that comes with part time work be fired because they are more prone to aches and pains? Will the former college athlete who can't turn pro find that his football injuries exclude him from the office as well as the NFL?

Ergonomics has its place in business. Ideally it is a win-win situation: employees are more comfortable at their jobs and thus more productive for their employers. But, as he did in issuing pardons without consulting his advisors, Clinton misused his executive authority and made these ill-considered regulatory demands on employers. Thankfully, Congress voted to repeal the regulations last week. Roughly following party lines, the House voted 223-206 and the Senate voted 56-44. But we haven't heard the last of this issue. Senator Kennedy, blustering about “unbelievable greed,” argued that these injuries are preventable if we just institute more regulations.

Séances for Suckers

Television shows about the paranormal, such as *X-Files*, alien autopsies, and magic shows, are a great source of entertainment that amaze us with their fantasy. In like manner, the Sci-Fi channel's *Crossing Over with John Edward* attempts to amaze viewers with the paranormal—except this program claims to be real. Host John Edward claims to be able to contact the spirits of the dead. He conducts séances by narrowing down from a large group of people wishing to communicate with lost relatives those who he says the dead are trying to contact. Once the field has been sufficiently narrowed and the dead have been contacted, the session usually ends with declarations of love and information regarding reunited souls, all channeled through Edward. This set-up is constructed to fool the guests. Just as the green makeup of the aliens or the clouds of smoke in a magic act distract the audience from the truth, Edwards diverts the eye from the trickery involved. While the purpose of any television show is entertainment, this show is also indicative of the anti-intellectual superstitions that too often maneuver people away from reason.

Like any good magician, Edward is very skilled in performing his mystical feats. These skills are not even original, let alone



supernatural in nature. Edward uses two techniques called cold and hot reading, which have been used throughout the history of magic. Edward cold reads his audience by feeding information to the group and fishing for feedback. This information starts out very general—he might acknowledge a male spirit, a father figure, a name beginning with ‘f’, or a heart-related death. Such information is so general that given enough time, people, and the freedom to pick and choose those with whom he interacts, he can seek out subjects who will be receptive to his guesses. Edward is especially skilled at choosing such people and picking up on their reactions.

A second technique called hot reading, is also used by Edward. In a hot reading information is gathered directly from the subjects beforehand. Guests are not only required to record relevant information beforehand, but the auditorium is rigged with cameras and microphones. These are no doubt able to pick up the written information as well as audio of an anxious family discussing what they might want to hear during a reading.

Edward denies that he uses these techniques and hides any sort of trickery very well. It therefore becomes difficult for skeptics to disprove his actions. The information provided, however, shows the flaws in Edward’s skill. Not one of the readings reveals any messages from the dead that are of an intellectual nature or of any use to the general population. A simple, “unfortunately, the Catholics were right” or “beware of tomorrow’s earthquake” would aid the credibility of Edward’s program. Instead his messages take the form of “I love you and I will be with you always.” Psychics argue that this is the sort of message that those in mourning need to hear. It is unfortunate that mankind has not yet learned to deal with death in a reasonable manner, but this is no excuse for John Edward’s active deception of his audience. Death is the most serious consequence of life; however, another grave concern is that we allow ourselves to be tricked by those offering false solace or that we resort to attending the taping of a television show to accept death. To accept the hope of a TV charlatan in place of the harsh realities of life does a disservice to humanity and to the truth.

Placing Blame

Last week, Andy Williams, a 15-year-old boy, pulled out a gun at his high school in Santee, California and shot his classmates, killing two. There is no doubt as to the boy’s guilt; it was witnessed



by his fellow students. The crime and most of the facts, excepting perhaps the motivational factors, are known. One of the most important facts in the case is that Williams acted alone. Now, however, some students are blaming themselves for not having stopped Williams by informing on him. Several classmates had heard Williams threaten to shoot people but had never taken his outbursts very seriously.

These students now face a difficult time. They blame themselves in part for what happened and must live with their “mistake” of not reporting Williams to responsible adults. Adding fuel to the fires of flagellation, sanctimonious pundits have weighed in. Mary McGory of the *Washington Post* asserts in her most recent column that the students who did not inform upon Andy Williams have good reason to blame themselves—that there was no reason not to report on the boy and that students should always inform upon other students if they ever hear a threat.

Engaging in this sort of admonishment will not produce results that those like McGory hope for, nor should such a policy be implemented. For every Andy Williams, there are millions of adolescent students who declare they are going to kill someone and never do. Turning our schools into a place where students are systematically ratted out and punished for comments they do not mean will not make our schools safer. Castigating students every time they use the word “kill” is not a solution to school shootings, and it is not fair to students who are simply venting their anger without ever having any real intent. The classmates of Andy Williams failed to read his threats accurately, and for that they will feel responsible for a very long time. Yet, despite what Ms. McGory might think, those kids are not to blame. We cannot expect adolescent students to be able to accurately understand the motives of every person they encounter. And Ms. McGory’s solution of high school informants is doomed to failure—it will punish innocent kids, while a silent killer may go undetected. □

Fortnight in ReviewSM

Comedy is allied to Justice.
—Aristophanes

PS A Hawaiian state Senate Committee has approved a bill giving extended prison terms based on judicial discretion if a crime is determined to be a hate crime. Criminals who are polite to their victims, however, will receive reductions in sentences.

PS A 69-year-old Michigan man who urinated on himself after he was denied access to a bathroom was awarded \$10,000. Upon reaching the settlement the man proceeded to wet himself with excitement, but was also relieved that he could now afford to replace the two pairs of pants.

PS The New Hampshire Court of Special Appeals rejected a “wrongful life” suit filed on behalf of a woman asserting that she would have been better off aborted and never born. The court plans to aid Hillary Clinton with a similar lawsuit.

PS Officials at a Dallas zoo put to death Papa, believed to be the oldest hippopotamus in captivity, because of age-related illness. Other hippos were relieved, as they had grown weary of his aimless babbling about tapioca pudding and the storm of ‘46.

PS A Louisville legislator says Kentucky should do more to encourage mothers to breast feed for healthier kids. The legislator also hopes to pass a bill encouraging the breast feeding of civil servants.

PS Massachusetts police officials say tougher gun laws have caused a rise in the sale of knives and an increase in knife-related crime. Senator Kennedy has vowed to ban all “pointy things.”

PS In Montana, animal experts are training five captured wolves accused of killing cattle to shun beef. The wolves’ training involves

viewing pictures of Rosie O’Donnell in a whipped cream bikini.

PS The Cincinnati Zoo is in trouble after an investigation revealed taxpayer money has gone to lunches at Hooters and extravagant trips. Zoo officials defended themselves by saying that some gorillas just won’t cooperate without a first class flight, buffalo wings, and a steady supply of busty women.

PS Top Ten Tufts Spring Break Destinations

10. Bendetson
9. Outside a sweat shop
8. Long Island
7. Somewhere else on Long Island
6. Temple
5. Parent’s wallet
4. Bottom of tequila bottle
3. Somewhere over the Ecstasy rainbow
2. On one’s knees, in front of the toilet
1. Harvard

PS Alabama police cracked down on a party of nude swingers at a local motel after less open-minded folks complained. The police would have let the festivities continue until they discovered some of the couples were extra-familial.

PS Anchorage police have in their possession a video that allegedly shows whites teens assaulting Eskimos with paintball guns. The whites insist the tape is biased, as it shows only half the story, completing omitting the pelting of whale blubber they received before the filming began.

PS Rapper DMX faces up to seven years in jail for various infractions resulting from a speeding ticket. Sean “Puffy” Combs could only laugh, wondering how his colleague couldn’t at least manage to fire several rounds in a room full of innocent bystanders.

PS Due to complaints about a fetid smell, a California farm responsible for raising a hundred thousand ducks is removing the birds from coops near main roads where drivers stuck in traffic must endure the odor. This is the best removal of a California stench since the Chargers cut Ryan Leaf.

PS Top Ten Captions for the Photo at Left

10. “Are you my daddy?”
9. Does it really taste just like chicken?
8. “Froggy, why did you eat my snowglobe?”
7. As badly as she wanted to trip, Cindy could not bring herself to lick him.
6. Thirty kisses later, still no prince.
5. “Hey kid! I’ll give you thirty dollars if you don’t dissect me!”
4. Suzy vowed never to go to another French restaurant.
3. “This is *not* a good replacement for my dead hamster!”
2. When the fairy tale said prince, I wasn’t thinking “Prince Charles.”
1. Becky earned her witchcraft merit badge faster than anyone in her troop.



PS The Department of Health is investigating a surge in salmonella cases in Hawaii. Experts believe that the outbreak is due to the opening of Fred's Raw Eggs and Undercooked Meat Smorgasbord in downtown Honolulu.

PS A school in Tennessee has banned paddling, calling the practice inconsistent with their mission. The school's principal said that the school would return to its former punishment for insubordination: homework.

PS Brown University has raised undergraduate charges 3.6%, increasing the cost for students to \$34,750 a year. Students complained that even though they were paying more for tuition, the school is still in Rhode Island.

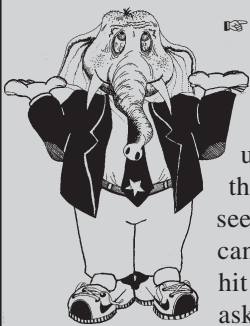
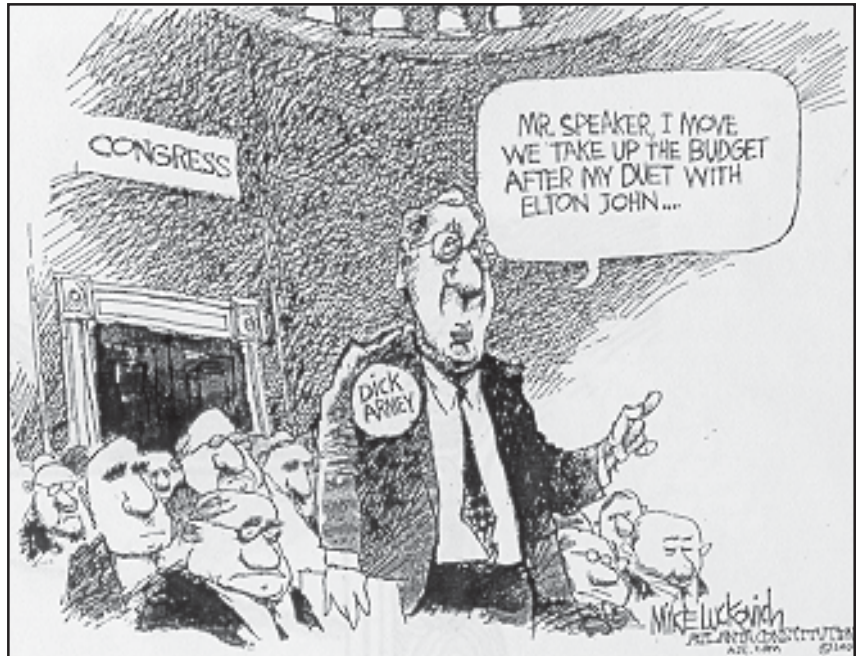
PS A woman who was strip-searched while visiting a Maine prison five years ago was awarded a \$425,000 from the county. Local officials are calling it "The Most Expensive Feel Ever Copped."

PS A Pemberton, New Jersey man walking along a highway was struck by a car and killed when a driver pulled over for an ambulance. On a lighter note, the Pemberton Emergency Medical Service boasts the lowest response time in the entire state!

PS An 85-year-old New Hampshire man may be tried

on sexual assault charges that are almost eight years old. Prosecutors are looking to hold the manufacturers of Viagra liable.

PS A sheriff in Nebraska found over 450 duck and goose decoys, waders, heaters, and other waterfowl hunting items stolen from blind people in three counties. Wait... what the heck were blind people doing with hunting devices?



☞ The SOURCE, Tufts Republicans, and pals huffed to New Hampshire to be trained in **gun safety**. Quoth one of the trip's participants: "This is one of the **greatest days** of my life." One of the trip's highlights: the head weapons trainer, a former DEA agent, said "I don't know much Spanish, but when they said '**Kill the gringo**,' I knew what they meant."... Too much of a good thing: Brian Finkelstein axes **Rumorsdaily.com**, his underground Tufts-centered website where students have anonymously posted their deepest feelings about the **inherent homosexuality** of fraternities for the last two and a half years. Now that the site is gone, students seeking overt racism should go to **Tufts' Office of Equal Opportunity**... A blizzard hit Tufts last week, canceling classes for the first time in four years. One TUPD officer noted it was the largest amount of snow to hit campus since the last **DTD rush event**... *Observer* forewoman **Erica Goldberg** scrawls a sub-par editorial asking her male friends to hit her to prove that she is their equal. As if they needed another **excuse**... Sadly, graduating Jumbos will have to endure the meaningless twaddle of Feminist Alliance founder **Thea Lavin**, winner of this year's Wendell Phillips Award. THE ELEPHANT will pay \$25 to any senior who wears his (or her) **Hooters** t-shirt over their gown!

☞ Founding freaks of Tufts' new lefty rag, **The Radix**, tell the *Daily* that they will not have an editor-in-chief, but a body of leaders that will make all decisions together as a staff. As if! THE ELEPHANT sees a fight to the death between **Adam Carlis** and Lou Esparza for the right to call himself *Il Duce*... *Radix* co-sovereign Esparza pens an opinion piece to the *Observer* about the injustice of the SAT, which he concluded by scolding the paper for drawing cartoons of **white males only**. *The Radix* will be sure to include cartoons of bisexual, paraplegic minority womyn with learning disabilities... They're **much funnier** anyway... Lou also writes a disgruntled letter to the *Daily*, asking that consumers take responsibility for projecting a healthy image of women. THE ELEPHANT urges readers not to buy from catalogs that feature **fat chicks**... Freshman **Garin Pace** may win the SOURCE Award for Tufts' Biggest **Brown-Noser**. The fledgling Jumbo participates in Jumbo Jury in order to announce discontent with snow days since "I was excited to learn today," to wax philosophic on the white stuff itself, calling it "clean and innocent," and to insist that the only concern with closing the facilities is "the safety of all the staff." Now **super-sensitive** Garin just has to take responsibility for eating disorders and then can date Lou Esparza.

☞ THE ELEPHANT never forgets.

When the government funds the arts, it turns strippers into "performance artists."

Nationally Endowed

by Ezra Klughaupt

Karen Finley's performance at the Hallwalls Artist in Residence Project begins with a comical lap dance, complete with the participation of some very eager audience members. She then proceeds to flop her nude body onto a piece of canvas covered in honey, and continues to frolic about while glistening with goo for the remainder of the show. However, Finley, is not simply a typical stripper working nights at the local gentleman's club—she is a performance artist. Her show, "Shut Up and Love Me," is at parts indistinguishable from the stag shows that she caricatures. However, while dancers in the club down the street receive their pay in the form of sticky singles, Finley gets hers from the Federal Government.

Finley certainly has a right to perform her art as she sees fit, however unpopular it might be, just as a run-of-the-mill stripper does. Artistic freedom is a fundamental right that must always be honored. However, the government need not fund everything which it permits to exist. After all, who is to say that Finley's work is intrinsically more artistic or worthwhile than her pasty-wearing counterparts. Proponents of National Endowment for the Arts grants such as the one Hallwalls received often argue that such funding expands artistic opportunities and enhance American culture. This short-sighted analysis ignores the harmful effects of state-sponsored art.

Artistic welfare, just like social welfare, creates dependence. Recipients in either case will lose their incentive to find funding in other venues and become ever more reliant on get-

Mr. Klughaupt is a sophomore majoring in Physics.

ting the next government check, courtesy of the American taxpayer. The end result is that efficient private charities and arts institutions are discouraged, having been crowded out by the inefficient government monopoly. Without government arts funding, private organizations could collect money from willing citizens more efficiently, especially considering the extra money individuals would have if their tax burden was lessened.

One particular ugly side effect of artistic welfare is that artists inadvertently become slaves to politics. The best art is created by those who work for themselves, not sculpted to meet the needs of the politicians who hand out the money. When funding for the arts is politicized, art becomes political. Artists are discouraged from taking unpopular stances, which is a great disservice to the principle of free expressions. After all, art is all about expression and dissent.

An example of the problems that occur when art and politics mix is the recent fiasco between New York City Mayor Rudolph Guiliani and the Brooklyn Museum of Art. Guiliani's first run-in with the museum occurred last year, when he publicly denounced a work which depicted an African Virgin Mary decorated with elephant dung. He then followed up with an unsuccessful court attempt to have the work removed, threatening to shut down the museum. His complaints were certainly well-founded—the works that he opposed were considered to be morally reproachable by a large part of his constituency and had no business being supported by public funds. However, Judge Nina Gershon ruled that, while the city was not obligated to fund the museum, its sub-

sidies, once granted, could not be denied "if the reason for the denial would require a choice between exercising First Amendment rights and obtaining" the subsidy.

The entire Brooklyn Museum fiasco brought to light the rather unsettling reality of publicly funded art. The city could sidestep the courts and avoid giving money to museums that may spend it on offensive material in the future. The other option would be to continue to giving money to museums regardless of their content, which would unethically tax citizens in order to fund programs with which the majority of the populace disagrees. Both courses of action are unpleasant and run counter to American ideals. Thankfully, there is another way.

The reasonable solution is to rid the arts of government money and influence. The Brooklyn Museum was already primarily privately funded—only about a third of its budget comes from government sources. If the museum was completely privately funded, there would be no controversy. The museum curators could choose art without considering its decency; offended Catholics could ignore the exhibit as fringe art rather than state-sponsored blasphemy, and the taxpayer could keep a little more of his hard-earned money.

The strength of America lies in the diversity of opinion for which free expression allows. Most Americans realize the importance of an independent press, as state sponsored media practice narrow reporting and lead to a scarcity of opposing views. State sponsored art leads to the same problems—resulting in unpopular artistic sentiments becoming less and less common. If Picasso and Pink Floyd could get by without government subsidies, so can Karen Finley. □



Karen Finley has the right to perform, but not at our expense.

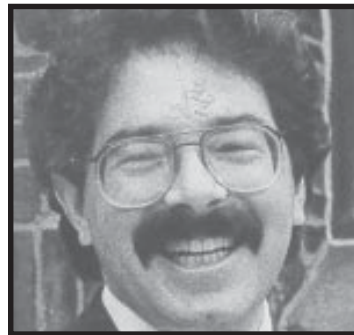
Separated at Birth?



Women's Center
Director Peggy
Barrett...



...and Waldo?



Hillel's Rabbi Summit...



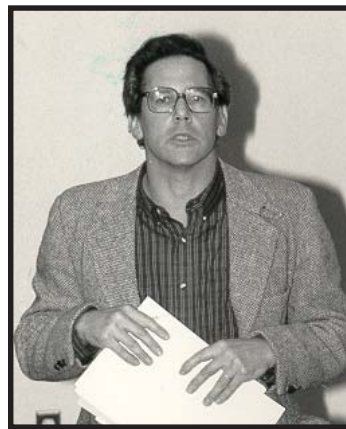
...and Cheech?



University President
DiBiaggio...



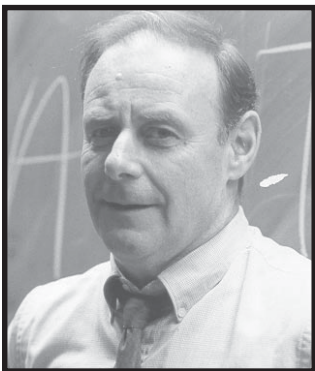
...and singer
Tony Bennett?



Philosophy Professor
Norman Daniels...



...and a marmot?



Jack of all trades
Sol Gittleman...



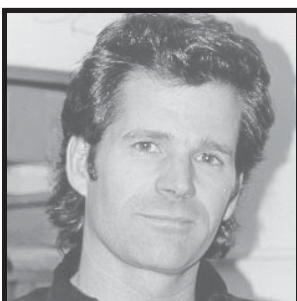
...and master of
none Gil?



Daily Editor Emeritus
Dan Barbarisi...



...and *Saved By the
Bell* dork Screech?



English Lecturer
Andre Dubus II...



...and *Baywatch's*
David Hasselhoff?



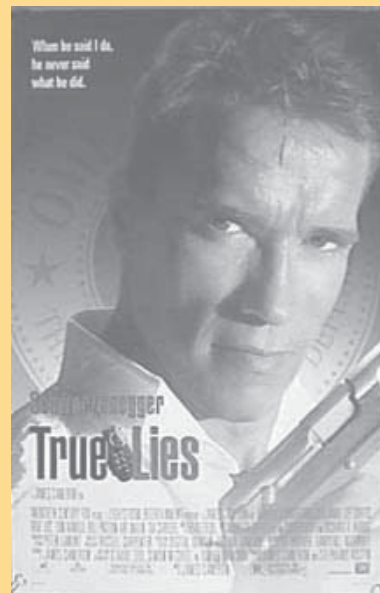
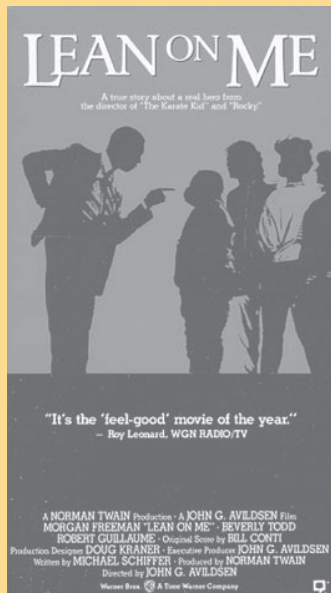
Drama Professor
Barbara Grossman...



...and Senator
Hillary Clinton?

LEAN ON ME

Based on a true story, a failing inner city high school is set straight by the tough love and high expectations of one courageous principal. With more educators like these, we might be able to rid ourselves of Affirmative Action.

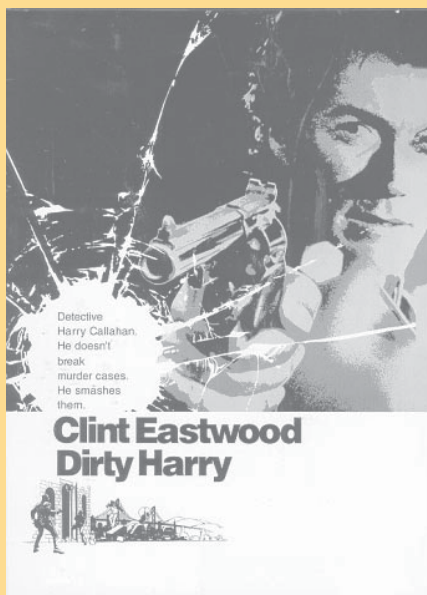


THE LONGEST DAY

A stunning D-Day epic starring John Wayne sans ten-gallon hat and six-shooter. Even though we all know the ending, watching the Duke sock it to the Nazis makes watching this long film well worth the time.

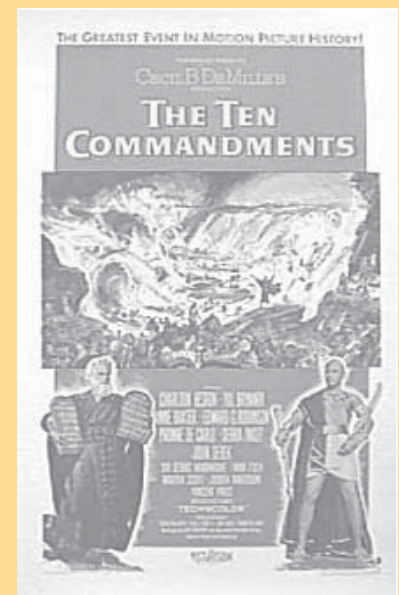
DIRTY HARRY

A no-nonsense approach to justice, and a handgun that could blow a hole in the ozone layer.



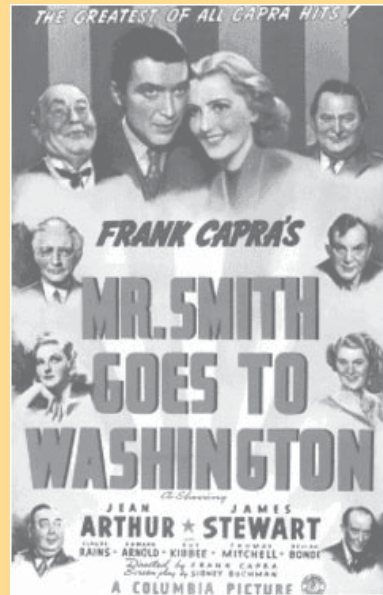
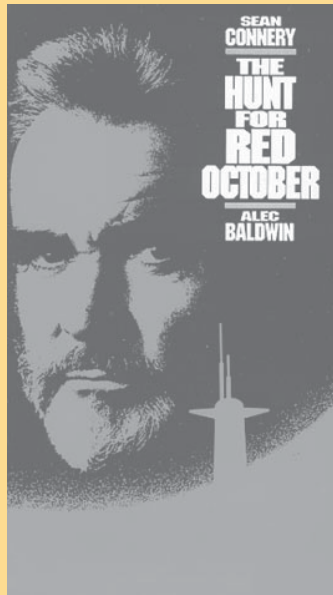
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

With Charlton Heston as Moses, this biblical classic is beloved by Jews and NRA members alike.



Did you laugh at "Dead Men Walking"? Did you cry when you saw "Boys Don't Cry"? Does the thought of any film starring Oprah Winfrey make you physically ill? Allow the SOURCE to recommend some

Great Conservative Movies

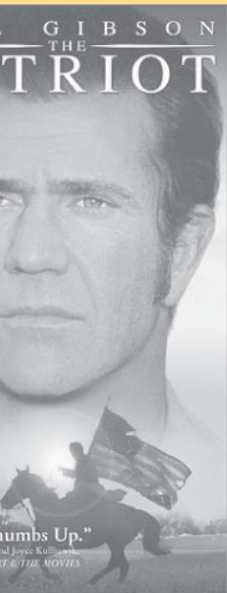


MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

The all-American every-man brings honesty and integrity to our nation's capital. In the end idealism triumphs over pork-barrel spending and corruption. Someone get the Kleenex...

THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER

In his best role outside of 007, Sean Connery plays a Russian sub captain who defects from the Soviet navy. A suspenseful thriller which shows that given the chance, most commies would trade socialism for liberty.

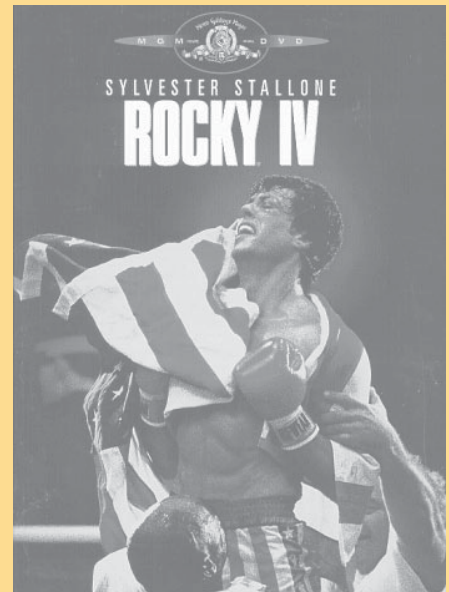


THE PATRIOT

Dead redcoats, well-regulated militias, and a pinch of redemptive racial harmony. God bless America!

ROCKY IV

The Italian Stallion defeats a roid-ridden Soviet behemoth and single-handedly brings the Reds to their knees, all to a rousing Eighties pop soundtrack. Guest appearances by James Brown and a Gorby look-alike make this flick the most memorable sequel in the series.



ON THE WATERFRONT

Elia Kazan, blacklisted from Hollywood for turning in suspected communists, authored this masterpiece in which Marlon Brando plays a dock worker battling his own conscience and corrupt union officials.

PRIMARY SOURCE Limericks

Rainbow flag flapping says be who you be!
 But most of all bow before transgendered me!
 You might call us queer
 But our parties serve beer
 And never get busted cuz we're LGBT.

Activist Adam patrolled our dear school
 And locked himself up when he questioned a rule
 But Adam lacked class
 And his protest: half-assed
 Leaving us all to think, "Christ, what a tool!"

Two Tufts students thought it sublime
 To thumb wrestle all of the time.
 The white one's arm slipped
 The black one's cuff ripped
 And the former was charged with hate crime.

A pretty young lass awoke on the floor
 With haziest mem'ries of evening before
 The girl quoth, quite goofy,
 "I think I've been roofied
 By the frat boy who saw I was Tilton '04."

At the shooting range one snowy day
 The SOURCE courageously ventured to play.
 They shot many guns
 And had lots of fun
 And left with rebuttals for what lefties say.

A fruity young townie called Baht
 Decided to major in aht.
 He heard that his pay
 Was a dollar a day
 And had a wicked fast change of haht.

The media here is twofold
 With fresh Daily paper and weekly, quite old
 The former is read
 The latter is dead
 But still they Observe as their writers grow mold.

But let's not give the Daily so big a hand
 They're hacky with heads in the sand
 With viewpoints redundant
 And lamest of pundits
 Dear lord, there's a column by...Craig Waldman!

Think you know all there is to know about Japanese comics? Think again.

A Million Manga

by Chris Kohler

Japanese comics, known as *manga*, and Japanese animation, also referred to as *anime*, are catching on in a big way in the United States and elsewhere in the Western world. And like many other new modes of pop culture, they tend to get a bad rap from the mainstream American press. Overblown allegations that the popular cartoon *Pokemon* causes seizures among young viewers indicate that

Many American anime fans will tell you that they wish they had been born Japanese because they imagine it to be some sort of pop-culture heaven. In some ways it can be, but in the end the population just happens to read a lot of comics.

many Americans are wary of their children's worship of Japanese cartoon characters. Most of the manga sold in the United States has been selected for and sold to the traditional comic-book market—young adult males—and it is therefore impossible to see the reality of the Japanese manga market by examining only a subset of the genre available in English. It seems that not only outside observers and critics but also fans themselves could stand to learn more about manga.

"In Japan, everyone reads manga." This assertion is popular among manga's proponents and is usually passed off as a zealous overstatement. Yet, the actual numbers hold up: over 2.3 billion manga books and magazines were produced in 1995, and they accounted for over 40% of all printed matter published in Japan. This equates to approximately 15 books and magazines printed *per capita*. In short: yes, *everyone* reads manga.

And manga is not, thank you very much, *all* about big guns, violence, explo-

sions, and girls with giant bahoolies. Granted, most of what is translated into English is (see "young adult males" above), and I'm not about to say that there aren't

quite a lot of those here in Japan either, or that they're not popular. The manga magazines in which these types of stories appear have the highest circulations; they're called

shonen (boy's) manga, but they are not read exclusively by boys. It is not uncommon to see a boy of ten and an adult male businessman engrossed in the same magazine, and a middle-aged female professor of mine told me she enjoyed reading the gender-bending martial arts comedy *Ranma ½*.

But the manga magazine sections in bookstores extend far beyond those titles. In fact, even the smaller bookstores carry hundreds of different titles, all arranged in large racks and usually in three separate sections: male, female, and children. The male comics section will extend from boys' comics near the door to adult men's comics in the middle to soft pornography on the far end. The ladies' and girls' comic section will usually be clearly separated from the men's section, but just as large.

Ladies' and girls' comics, especially the former, are hardly ever

translated into English. It is actually the ladies' manga that as a group tend to focus primarily on sex. Magazines with names like "Comic Amour" feature erotic stories geared toward a female audience. In his 1996 book *Dreamland Japan: Writings On Modern Manga*, Frederik Schodt describes some of these stories:

The stories one would expect—the first love, the seduction of the coworker, the affair with a husband's friend—are all there. But so, too, are stories that would make many Americans and European feminists wince—a woman seducing a son's very young friend, a woman becoming a molester of men on the subway, and women who apparently enjoy enduring gang rapes...

The most popular subset of ladies' manga is stories of homosexual male love affairs. All these stories are written by women, for women, and are highly popular.

The content of men's manga magazines is greatly varied. There are war and combat manga with detailed war strategies and realistic weapons (very popular in a country where private gun ownership is illegal and war is a touchy subject), pachinko (a pinball-like gambling game) manga that follow skilled pachinko-playing heroes, mah jongg manga, cooking manga, and the all-important sports manga, which will always be popular because guys, being guys, like sports. There are also hundreds of porn magazines because we like that too.

In the United States, comics are thought of as being tied into genres—superheroes,



To the Japanese, manga isn't just kids' stuff.

Mr. Kohler is a junior majoring in Japanese. He is currently studying abroad in Kanazawa, Japan.

cuddly animals, and Sunday funnies. Reading books with no pictures is a hallmark of maturity; keep reading comics past a certain age, and you become the Comic Book Store Guy from *The Simpsons*. The Japanese also change reading material as they get older, but they simply read different manga magazines. (Of course, they also read books; Japan is a highly literate country, and I am told that more works are translated into Japanese than into any other language.) Manga are a mature medium like books, television, or film. Many fine works of literature are produced in manga form. The WWII stories *Adolf* and *Barefoot Gen*, both available in English, are two excellent examples. Art Spiegelman's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Maus: A Survivor's Tale* is one of the only American comics that bears any similarity.

To be fair, I should note that most manga are trash: poorly drawn, trite, read once, thrown away, and probably never reprinted. It's not insulting to say this because they're intended to be treated this way. Just as manga can be substantive and worthy of study, so too can they be mindless time killers. This is hardly an excuse for us to look down on the Japanese reading material, since we're just the same. The content of most ladies' erotic manga matches the steamy sex scenes of trashy romance novels with Fabio on the cover that fill American bookshelves. Men are no better with our 800-page paperback thrillers about assassinations and submarines, the "best" of which are made into movies starring Wesley Snipes.

For the most part, American anime and manga fanatics don't fully understand what their Japanese counterparts are like. The average Western manga fan doesn't just read manga; he (or, as is often the case, she) lives it—buying all sorts of books and videos, joining fan clubs, going to comic conventions, etc. As a group of misfits, they take solace in the thought that an entire nation is just like them. But they're not. Yes, many Japanese are also fanatics, but the majority just read manga in their spare time and think nothing of it. Many American anime fans will tell you that they wish they had been born Japanese because they imagine it to be some sort of pop-culture heaven. In some ways it can be, but in the end the population just happens to read a lot of comics. □

This year, will the Academy abandon the political courage that gave American Beauty Best Picture?

All About Oscar

by Michael Santorelli

While writing his play *Mousetrap*, Hamlet said that the purpose of drama is "to hold, as 'twere, [a] mirror up to nature." This sentiment is still true of modern drama, whether it be stage productions or multi-million dollar Hollywood productions. Celebrated director Alfred Hitchcock echoed these words when he said "drama is life with the dull bits cut out." And so directors and screenwriters of the last century have been challenged to hold this metaphoric mirror up to society and tell stories of the "human function," as Orson Welles termed it.

The reward for this task is a 13.5-inch gold-plated statue of a man nicknamed Oscar. A plethora of classic films have come and gone, some winning Oscars, but most left out. What makes a movie worthy of an Oscar? Members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, who are themselves former members of the film industry, vote on their specialty: former directors for current directors, etc. Every member, however, votes for Best Picture. It is this group of people that have the power to make a great film immortal by giving it the Academy's highest honor. And more often than not, these choices may not necessarily reflect the best cinematic achievement, but rather the film that the Academy believes has achieved a timely goal.

In 1941, the United States entered

World War II. American anxiety grew rapidly as the nation's men were shipped off to fight overseas. Fittingly, the Best Picture of 1942 was a movie called *Mrs. Miniver*, a light-hearted film directed by

William Wyler about an English family's experiences at the beginning of the war. The following year, *Casablanca* took home the top honor. This movie featured an American (Humphrey Bogart) living it up in Casablanca during WWII who outwits the Nazis to save his love and her husband.

While both are great movies, their message of good triumphing over evil, a direct representation of the Allied powers defeating the Nazis, was clearly optimistic and therefore rewarded for not

With the economic boom of the 1990s came a sense of security that reached all corners of American society. There was no longer a need to be reassured by cinema. Rather, people just wanted to be entertained.



The coveted prize named Oscar

Mr. Santorelli is a junior majoring in English.

inciting doubt among a public wary of entering the war. Subsequently, the Best Picture of 1946 was *The Best Years of Our Lives*, another Wyler movie about WWII veterans coming home and assimilating. The year before, Billy Wilder's *The Lost Weekend* won Best Picture for portraying an alcoholic writer struggling to find meaning in his life. American anxiety was slightly assuaged by an Allied victory, but citizens remained disillusioned as husbands and sons came back to their families looking to reassume their former roles and finding that much had changed at home. The theme of rediscovering a place in society was brilliantly portrayed in both of these films, accurately representing the social condition of the post-war years.

In the last half of the 1970's and 80's, the Academy began a trend of rewarding films in which a protagonist struggled for acceptance. Films like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Rocky*, *Gandhi*, *Platoon*, *The Last Emperor*, and *Rain Man* all consistently center upon a character's desire to be accepted into a foreign or hostile society. Whether it be the political struggle of Gandhi or Pu Yi (*The Last*

Emperor) or the social struggle of Private Chris Taylor (*Platoon*), the Academy recognized that American society, especially in the years following the Vietnam War and at the beginning of an economic decline in the 1980s, harbored vast negativity and decided that these movies about individual triumphs could possibly inject optimism into the public.

With the economic boom of the 1990s came a sense of security that reached all corners of American society. There was no longer a need to be reassured by cinema. Rather, people just wanted to be entertained. Thus, the Academy began to recognize purely entertaining movies, mostly in the form of epics. Movies like *Dances with Wolves*, *Unforgiven*, *Forrest Gump*, *Braveheart*, and *Titanic* are all Homeric epics in scope but often scant on

strong social or political commentary.

But last year, the Academy broke this trend when they named *American Beauty* Best Picture. This movie—a satirical black comedy about the middle class—is not reassuring or plot-driven like the epics. Rather, it harkens back to films such as *Citizen Kane* and *Taxi Driver* that blatantly questioned the status quo. Perhaps the Academy was making up for snubbing these two classics of Best Picture accolades. Or, more likely, they saw that the gluttonous times of 1990s had whittled society down to a nub of confusion, anxiety, and uncertainty beautifully encapsulated in *American Beauty*. This movie ended the century of movies and movie awards. It will go down as one of the telltale films of the 20th century, as it was chosen to close the inaugural cinematic century. And so the question remains as to what film the Academy will choose to start this new century.

Like the crowds in the Coliseum watching Russell Crowe's Maximus fight to the death, so too did Americans eagerly lap up *Gladiator's* simple plot. In a year when we just wanted to be entertained, the Academy might require nothing more from its Best Picture.

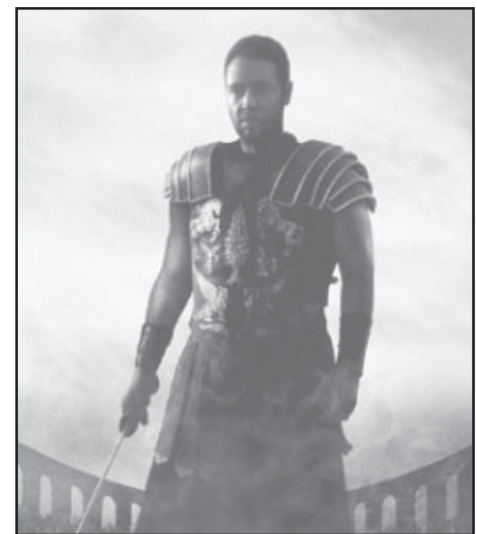
epic, very much like *Ben-Hur* and *Spartacus*. *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* is a beautiful import that tries to focus more on the poetry of a love story than the poetry of martial arts. *Chocolat* modernizes the moral tale told in *The Scarlet Letter*, showing an iconoclastic woman and her child as outsiders looking in on a traditional, religious society and their plight to be accepted. *Erin Brockovich* is this year's TV-movie-meets-Hollywood film about a true-life scandal and the efforts of one woman to extract the truth. And then there is *Traffic*, a fictional take on the very real drug trafficking crisis. The Academy must consider the social implications of choosing each film as the winner: the epics are a safe, neutral choice; the moral tale is too sentimental to reflect anything rel-

evant; the persevering single-mother story is too gooey and sentimental; and the drug-trafficking commentary may be too political.

In the end, it will come down to two movies: *Gladiator* and *Traffic*. If the Academy chooses to reward *Traffic*, its members will make a bold political statement in favor of President Bush and his desire to make Mexico a focus of his foreign policy. Despite Steven Soderbergh's daring documentary-style shooting and camera and plot innovations, the Academy may name *Gladiator* Best Picture because the film is politically neutral, a fitting choice following the intensely divisive election. Like the crowds in the Coliseum watching Russell Crowe's Maximus fight to the death, so too did Americans eagerly lap up *Gladiator's* simple plot. In a year when we just wanted to be entertained, the Academy might require nothing more from its Best Picture. □



And the winner is...



*The Brooklyn Museum hosts more religion-bashing art.
Paging Mayor Giuliani...*

Selling Sensationalism

by Stephen Tempesta

In modern art, one expects to find material that sparks the imagination and questions the norm, even if it is rarely comprehensible. The curators at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, however, have a much different aim—they're more interested in getting people through the door than in displaying constructive art. The museum accomplishes its goal by displaying works so controversial and sacrilegious that people

Instead of using her creative imagination to inspire, Cox has resorted to mocking several icons in the Catholic religion in order to stir up controversy.

run to the museum in droves simply to see what all the hubbub is about. The publicly funded museum is normally not well-attended, but they have had two recent peaks in attendance. The first was from their display of a feces-smattered picture of the Virgin Mary, which also featured a collage of pornographic photos of men's rears. And the second was the crowd who came to see Renee Cox's collection of photographs entitled "Yo Mama's Last Supper" in the museum's "Committed to the Image: Contemporary Black Photographers" exhibit. In the collection of photos, Cox, a black woman, poses nude as an unlikely Christ figure in her own version of the Last Supper.

Cox is no stranger to Catholic-bashing. She has justified her attacks by blaming the Catholic Church for slavery—a scurrilous lie—and has on many other occasions used Catholic imagery in her art that is patently offensive to believers. To wit: she has portrayed Christ on the cross castrated; she has appeared half naked as the Virgin Mary in her own version of "The Pieta;" she has dressed as a nun with a naked women kneeling before her in prayer. The artistic merit of

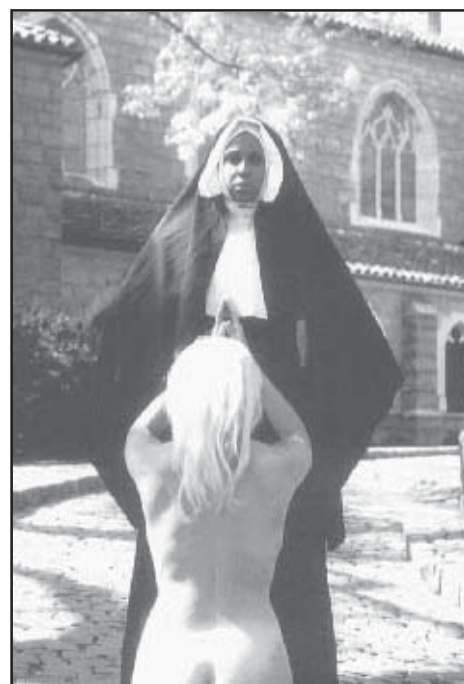
these pieces may be questionable, but to Cox's credit she has attracted many viewers—albeit simply due to the controversy. After the furor over the "Sensation" exhibition, the officials at the Brooklyn Museum of Art must have known that "Yo Mama's Last Supper" would offend the sensibilities of many New Yorkers. Instead of using her creative imagination to inspire, Cox has resorted to mocking several icons in the Catholic religion in order

to stir up controversy.

New York City Mayor Rudolph Giuliani has attempted to curb government funding of religion-bashing artwork. The city withheld monthly payments to the Brooklyn Museum because of Giuliani's objections to the fecal Virgin Mary, created by British artist Chris Ofili. Giuliani maintained the painting desecrated the religious beliefs of a substantial portion of the community. And after the museum displayed Cox's works, Giuliani has sought to form a decency panel in an attempt to end morally reprehensible and sacrilegious city-funded art projects. The mayor ought to have the power to prevent public funds from going to artists who encourage hatred and disrespect of many members of the community. Many Catholic watchdog organizations, such as The Catholic League, have supported Giuliani's campaign to deny public funding to the Brooklyn Museum. Michael Hess, counsel for the City of New York, contended "The issue of whether taxpayer money needs, and should, be used for a religion-bashing kind of exhibit like that is a legitimate legal issue to be litigated ... Part of that exhibit was obviously religion-bashing, and the mayor took exception to that and rightly so."

If New York City is going to fund the display and presentation of art, then the city rightfully has the ability to deny public money to that which it finds offensive and disrespectful. The artist does not *need* this funding to survive; if the government pays a contractor to erect a building, and the contractor knows exactly what would be considered unacceptable, and then produces it, would he not expect to be denied his money when he tries to collect? One could argue that with such regulation artists would never attempt to try anything controversial. This argument does not hold up; the city is allowing one to do whatever makes the heart content. Go ahead and produce several hundred racist works of art—you'll just be doing it without city money. If an artist truly believes that his art is the *piece-de-resistance*, then he is free to seek independent funding, as medieval artists did when they had to find sponsors for their work.

Cox's work is a flagrant perversion of artistic license. One must wonder what would occur if a white artist had painted pictures of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. depicting the civil rights hero as a nude white female engaging in sexual acts with an also-white female Malcolm X. Would the museum run to their artistic freedom argument, or would they attempt to curb this racially insensitive work? The freedom to produce art of any kind the artist wishes should not be infringed upon. But should public money support clearly derogatory and racist works? The answer is a clear and emphatic "no." □



Mr. Tempesta is a sophomore who has not yet declared a major.

Progressive Rock or regressive crap? Let the listener decide.

Days of Future Passed

by Lew Titterton

There is a Grid around this planet through which unimaginable amounts of information and shared human experience travels at fantastic speed. By the mid-1990s this Grid was a reality in millions of homes. But in 1971 it was already a semi-realized vision in the mind of Pete Townshend.

That vision became the Who's seminal synth-rock opus *Who's Next*. Unfortunately, unlike the double-LP Who albums to come before and after—*Tommy* and the sublime *Quadrophenia*—*Who's Next* only saw its concept brought to fruition in 1999 when Townshend resurrected the project and called the complete work *Lifhouse*.

Nonetheless, Townshend and other rock stars of the late Sixties and early Seventies are fine emblems of rock stars that do not embody the meat-headed hip-swinging of Elvis and so many others in the history of the century's most important musical genre. The Who might have partied, gotten drunk, high, and laid as much as any famous band—more, probably—but in the prophetic dreams of a deaf, dumb, and blind boy, an Internet before there was one, and the simple story of a young man trying to cope with growing up underclass and British in 1965, Townshend and his mates showed rock could tell a story, and a brilliant one. Rock and roll wasn't just a two-and-a-half-minute musical phallus, it had a brain and a heart too. It had *progressed*.

Mr. Titterton is a senior majoring in English.

But the Who didn't invent Progressive rock. In essence, no one did—it simply emerged from the druggy silliness of psychedelia with the knowledge that psychedelic pop may have been instantly dated and often just plain stupid, but it had gone in new directions with new themes. Brit-pop bands who once got stoned, added

some mellotron, and sang about flowery dreamlands finally began to mature, and their heads cleared—at least briefly—allowing them to see their visions coalesce into something meaningful and powerful, whether drawing on an ancient myth, everyday stories, science-fiction epics, a universal theme of mankind, or all of these things and more.

The birth of Prog Rock can effectively be traced to 1967. The Beatles released the definitive *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which in retrospect can be grating, cloying, and still too mired in psychedelia, but its musical greatness and cultural impact cannot be lessened by these flaws. Trailblazing requires taking the wrong path every now and again,

and once the path was beaten others could pave it with sonic layering and lyrical brilliance. The Moody Blues, Prog pioneers at least as much as the Beatles, issued *Days of Future Passed* the same year; the LP captured *Sgt. Pepper's* "Day in the Life" story-line even better than John, Paul and Co. The Moodies also consciously integrated poetry and classical music more than the Beatles had. Crown-ing 1967 was *The Who Sell Out*, an album as comedic as it was heartfelt and moving. *Sell Out* worked as a spoof of the Beatles and British outlaw radio, but it also flourished as a triumphant album unto itself, only occasionally falling into an LSD haze of meaninglessness.

It would take two more years before Prog Rock came into its own as a definitive entity of rock n' roll. The high harmonies and pop sensibilities may have hearkened back a few years, but twenty-minute suites about esoteric cultural rites of civilizations long dead and those yet to be formed in the stars were pure Prog. Deep Purple, now remembered primarily (and quite unfairly) as mindless, hedonistic riff-rockers, produced two album-length pieces of classical fusion that still hold up thirty years after. Purple's works are a muddled clashing of rock and classical, but the music is a genuine, often seamless meshing of orchestra and band.

But it was—and is—King Crimson that exemplifies Prog Rock. Never ones to compromise commercially—as the talented, but vastly overrated stoner-Prog of Pink Floyd has done for decades—King Crimson enjoyed modest record sales, but never fell out of favor with critics or its

Prog Rock is the ultimate musical liberty: a melding of so many genres that even calling it "rock" seems a desperate attempt by convention to characterize it. But liberty and convention don't normally mix. Liberty and genius often do.



King Crimson, Prog Rock champions

legions of fans. Crimson followers never approached Zeppelinesque numbers, but had equal devotion, even when the band took years off or brought in new musicians. Thirty-two years after its formation, the band still sports endless credibility and creativity. The haunting words of the group's debut album, *In the Court of the Crimson King*, speak more powerfully and hauntingly than ever in 2001. Not only did the album lead off with the jazzy hard rock of "21st Century Schizoid Man," its third track, "Epitaph," has perhaps the ultimate line for a world in which one of the most powerful men is George W. Bush: "The fate of all mankind, I fear, is in the hands of fools."

No one knows what the future will be, and not all Prog Rock can be prophetic. Furthermore, to dismiss modern music as a poppy wasteland ignores plenty of smart, innovative music being made, notably the undeniably Prog-influenced sounds of Radiohead. There is intelligent music today, and there was stupid music when the Progs flourished in the Seventies. And even hedonistic sex-rock has its place, as do many other forms of music and musicians who aren't intellectuals and don't try to be. But let us never forget the days when a single song could stretch to ten or twenty minutes not only because the audience was dumbed-down and high out of its minds—or, in the words of Jethro Tull's masterpiece, "Thick as a Brick"—but also because the music had a message, something new, deep, and potent.

Prog Rock is the ultimate musical liberty: a melding of so many genres that even calling it "rock" seems a desperate attempt by convention to characterize it. But liberty and convention don't normally mix. Liberty and genius often do. □



Pete Townshend oozes Prog on the cover of *The Who Sell Out*.

Napster's days are numbered—good riddance!

Online Larceny

by Andrew Gibbs

Not so long ago in a galaxy with which most are familiar, the infamous music sharing software known as Napster blasted its way onto the public scene. In its short life, it has accrued a gargantuan following and sparked significant controversy. At present it is fighting for its life in the court systems. Regardless of the outcome, Napster has left an indelible mark on the music world that producers, musicians and audiophiles won't soon forget.

Napster embodies a very simple idea: share files on your computer with a community of netizens and in return download files from other people on the network. This concept scares the pants off music labels. It embodies a totally new form of distribution by which new bands may build a fan base without the aid of large corporations, effectively eliminating the middle man from the whole process. On the other side of the coin, however, Napster serves as a conduit for endless piracy. People are grabbing music off the Internet like looters in a riot smashing shop windows and clearing shelves. Record companies have latched onto the latter property of Napster as a means to legitimize wholesale destruction of music sharing software. While they are using this as a thin veil for their crusade against free distribution of music of any kind, they present some valid arguments.

In this epic battle, the users of Napster cast themselves as the underdogs, purporting that they are trampled by big, evil corporations. In their eyes, the music labels are repressing artists and ripping off

consumers. "Music should be free," they cry. Since when did they gain the right to determine what the labor of others is worth? Somehow they have disassociated down-

loading digital files from theft. They are stealing from a nameless, faceless corporation, so this theft is permissible. Such is the mentality of shop-lifters. They fail to realize that a corporation is sim-

ply a union of individuals, and that by ripping off a corporation, they hurt the constituent people. What if several million people partake in such an act? The potential damage is staggering. While many people use software such as Napster to sample music before buying (thus avoiding the tragedy of dropping \$15 on a junk CD), a far larger majority of people are quite happy to use it simply as a source of free music. There exists no justification for such a widespread act of thievery.

People are grabbing music off the Internet like looters in a riot smashing shop windows and clearing shelves.



To record companies, Napster creator Shawn Fanning is Prince of Thieves.

While some of the pro-Napster crusaders are simply looters, others still try to take the moral high ground by saying they are looking out for the artists. A common rejoinder is, "I would rather give my money directly to the artists than to a corporation." These people fail to recognize the sanctity of a contract, without which capitalism cannot exist. Nobody forces musicians into a recording contract. When they do agree to one, however, a great many people become involved with the production, all of whom must be compensated for their time. Many people think that to be successful, musicians need to enter into million-dollar contracts to get an album recorded and produced. This simply isn't true. As an example, the band Godsmack recorded their first album for a mere \$2,500. While the sound quality was

Any fool knows that well over 90% of the music being swapped on Napster is copyrighted material being swapped illegally. The sad truth is that the average person will steal if they think the odds drastically favor that they get away with it.

not as high as that of a million-dollar studio setup, it was not detrimental to Godsmack's debut. There is no reason why other cash-strapped bands can't implement a similar financial strategy.

Napster's history is one of shady beginnings, and even shadier dealings in its later stages. Despite what any of its supporters may say, the program started as a way to share copyrighted music without compensation to artists and record labels.

Napster claims high-minded principles, but it does not take an expert criminologist to perceive the tainted reality. Once prosecutors revealed the true nature of the beast, Napster began scrambling for stories that would legitimize its existence. The main defense centered upon the concept that Napster provided a music sharing service that benefited artists by helping them circumvent profiteering record labels. Supposedly the little guy could get discovered online without being enslaved by "the Man." However, any fool knows that well over 90% of the music being swapped on Napster is copyrighted material being swapped illegally. The sad truth is that the



average person will steal if they think the odds drastically favor that they will get away with it. To these people, Napster means free music and nothing more. Quipped one Tufts student in a campus publication recently: "I haven't bought a music CD in over two years." Translation: "I have been a thief for over two years."

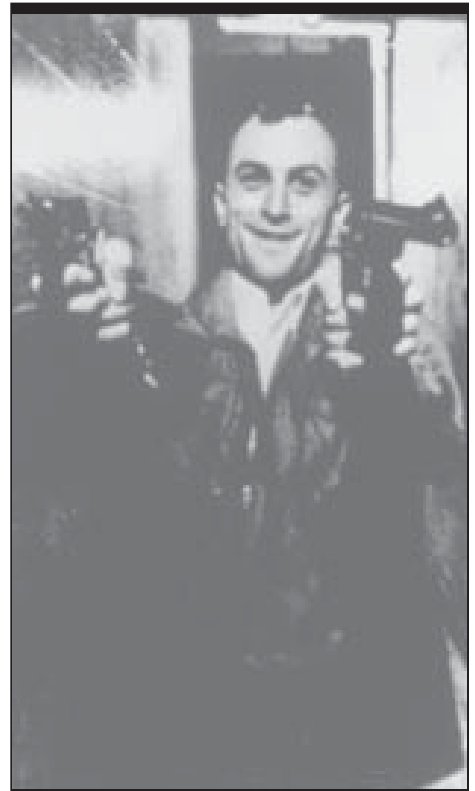
After a longstanding claim of innocence, Napster is now attempting to cut a deal with record labels, admitting to some extent that what it was enabling was wrong. Some form of compensation seems

to be in order, as does some filtering technology to limit the bootlegging of copyrighted materials. Now with the grim reaper suddenly at the door, Napster has become slightly more receptive to change. However, their concessions come as too little too late. Pirates have already done

serious damage, filtering technology is easy to circumvent, and Napster lacks the funding to carry out any long-term payment plan to record labels. In a utopian society, Napster would exist as a wondrous medium of exchange, yet in the real world it serves as little more than a catalyst for corruption.

The simple truth about the whole Napster controversy is that there is nothing simple about it. Both sides are attempting to cast the other as the bad guys, yet neither is absolved of guilt. Corporations have no right to shut down a distribution channel simply because it jeopardizes their profitability.

At the same time, Napster users don't have the right to take that which does not belong to them. In an age where the percentage of people making their living from the creation of intellectual property is rapidly increasing, such petty theft sets a very dangerous precedent. While the courts strive in vain for an accord between music labels and Napster, it is rapidly becoming apparent that the true problem lies in a dearth of morality and a lack of foresight. □



**THE PRIMARY
SOURCE:
WE BRING THE MOVIES
TO LIFE!**

Filmmaker Wong Kar-Wai presents a meticulously crafted vision of romance and restraint.

Love Story

by Alyssa Heumann

Hong Kong, 1962. A young, upwardly mobile couple rents a room in a crowded apartment building. He is an international businessman. She is the assistant to a manager at a shipping company. He travels frequently. She is often home alone.

Next door, another young couple moves in that same day. She is an international businesswoman. He is a journalist at a local newspaper. She travels frequently. He is often home alone.

So begins the tale of tragedy, temptation and tradition that is Wong Kar-Wai's *In the Mood for Love*. The protagonists, Chow Mo-Wan (Tony Leung) and Su Li-zhen (Maggie Cheung), maintain a neighborly, cordial distance at the movie's outset. The two suspect nothing out of the ordinary until subtle coincidences (the purchase of a rare handbag, and matching ties) draw them together in the conclusion that their spouses are involved in an affair. Mo-Wan and Li-zhen are curious as to the origins of their spouses' involvement and speculate as to how the affair began. This collaborative contemplation draws the two characters into a space of intimacy and sets the sensual tension and romantic trajectory that guides the rest of the film.

Subsequent discussions between Mo-Wan and Li-zhen reveal that the two are well-matched: they share a fondness for martial arts serials, and even frequent the same noodle stand. The characters are cautious and reserved, however; they are painfully aware of the power of gossip and the stifling nature of their community and living arrangements. Mrs. Suen, Li-zhen's land-

lord, is particularly aware of her tenant's activity. She repeatedly warns Li-zhen of the unseemliness of spending time alone, and reminds her of her obligations to her husband. On one occasion, the neighboring families spend twenty-four straight hours playing mah-jongg in the living room of one apartment. Mo-Wan and Li-zhen are

trapped together as propriety prevents them from being seen exiting the other's room. Wong Kar-Wai does a masterful job of capturing the particularities of social convention by documenting the ways in which

Mo-Wan and Li-zhen avoid detection by their close-knit community.

Where Western filmmakers have often documented love as a violent, bold, and sudden emotion, *In the Mood for Love* substitutes subtlety and gradation. These emotions are not only evident in Wong Kar-Wai's depiction of Shanghainese culture during the 1960's, but also in the techniques used to convey the story. The film itself is a study in reservation, with the subtle, saturated colors complimenting the gentle angles of each shot and slow, contemplative camera pans. The parallel structure of the story and confined spaces of Hong Kong are depicted through repetition of place, and the camera is often situated in the cramped doorways and halls of the two apartments, as well as in the tiny offices of the main characters and their spouses. Wong Kar-Wai eschews depictions of physical intimacy between the characters in favor of sensuous, lingering camera shots and artfully contrived proximity.

The relationship and closeness between Mo-Wan and Li-zhen builds steadily, and

the film reaches its ostensible climax when Mo-Wan decides to leave Hong Kong and take a job in Singapore. Though he asks her to accompany him, Mo-Wan knows that Li-zhen's response has been determined throughout the course of their relationship. If made in the West, this cinematic moment might have been followed by Mo-Wan and Li-zhen shunning tradition and running off to Singapore. There are too many social, personal, and romantic constraints for this outcome to be possible—and the film itself makes the viewer wonder whether such an ending is even desirable. Indeed, Wong Kar-Wai's treatment of the movie's conclusion is not that befitting a tragedy; instead, the building climax is extinguished in favor of a meditation on the precious nature of idyllic romance.

Though the protagonists remain faithful to their spouses, the film is not a heavy-handed dissertation on the importance of marriage. Instead, both marriages are called into question; in a deliberate move, Wong Kar-Wai never shoots either spouse in frame. The closest view one has is of the back of Mrs. Chow's head as she opens the door, or chats on the phone. While the camera is obsessed with the physicality of the protagonists, who share an unconsummated love, the objects of their marital obligation are noticeably absent.

In the final minutes of the movie, Mo-Wan returns to Hong Kong to visit his old landlord and community. The Koo family no longer lives in his apartment, and he is informed that the next door neighbors have moved as well. In their place, a woman has moved in with her young son. Is it Li-zhen? Mo-Wan hesitates outside the neighbors' door, then continues on his way.

This final moment is a metaphor for much of what Wong Kar-Wai has tried to do with this film. Rather than attempt to know the physical nature of romance, *In the Mood for Love* relishes the visceral qualities of emotional intimacy. In this way, it holds a valuable lesson—not in the significance of marital obligation, though that is touched upon, and not the virtue of propriety, though it is honored in 1960's Hong Kong. Instead, the film addresses the disunion possible between physical intimacy and romantic affinity.

In the Mood for Love puts its viewers in touch with the energy and emotionality so often missing in the love stories of modern cinema. □

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



*The SOURCE, Tufts
 Republicans, and friends
 getting our Second
 Amendment on.*

NOTABLE AND QUOTABLE

Music is your own experience, your own thoughts, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out of your horn. They teach you there's a boundary line to music. But, man, there's no boundary line to art.

—Charlie Parker

Whatever America hopes to bring to pass in the world must first come to pass in the heart of America.

—Dwight D. Eisenhower

We must always remember that America is a great nation today not because of what government did for people but because of what people did for themselves and for one another.

—Richard Nixon

There is no reason why the same man should like the same books at eighteen and forty-eight.

—Ezra Pound

I just wanna live long enough to annoy the government.

—Bank Miller

Pictures are for entertainment, messages should be delivered by Western Union.

—Samuel Goldwyn

The imagination imitates. It is the critical spirit that creates.

—Oscar Wilde

The business of America is business.

—Calvin Coolidge

Dancing is a wonderful training for girls, it's the first way you learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it.

—Christopher Morley

We (Americans) are the lavishest and showiest and most luxury-loving people on the earth; and at our masthead we fly one true and honest symbol, the gaudiest flag the world has ever seen.

—Mark Twain

The trouble with music appreciation in general is that people are taught to have too much respect for music; they should be taught to love it instead.

—Igor Stravinsky

Too many photographers try too hard. They try to lift photography into the realm of Art, because they have an inferiority complex about their Craft. You and I would see more interesting photography if they would stop worrying, and instead, apply horse-sense to the problem of recording the look and feel of their own era.

—Jessie Tarbox Beals

Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life; it is life itself.

—Havelock Ellis

The magic of photography is metaphysical. What you see in the photograph isn't what you saw at the time. The real skill of photography is organised visual lying.

—Terence Donovan

Books, not which afford us a cowering enjoyment, but in which each thought is of unusual daring; such as an idle man cannot read, and a timid one would not be entertained by, which even make us dangerous to existing institution—such call I good books.

—Henry David Thoreau

Writing comes more easily if you have something to say.

—Sholem Asch

Massachusetts is thinking spaciouly in seeking sponsors for Boston subway stops. A delicious possibility: 'Next stop, the National Rifle Association Station at Harvard Square.'

—George F. Will

Lord, grant that I may always desire more than I can accomplish.

—Michelangelo

An author ought to write for the youth of his own generation, the critics of the next, and the school-masters of ever afterward.

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

What is written without effort is in general read without pleasure.

—Samuel Johnson

It's hard enough to write a good drama. It's much harder to write a good comedy, and it's hardest of all to write a drama with comedy. Which is what life is.

—Jack Lemmon

We should consider every day lost on which we have not danced at least once. And we should call every truth false which was not accompanied by at least one laugh.

—Friedrich Nietzsche

I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest.

—John Keats

Being in power is like being a lady. If you have to tell people you are, you aren't.

—Margaret Thatcher

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

—Samuel Coleridge

Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things that escape those how dream only by night.

—Edgar Allen Poe

I hate cameras. They are so much more sure than I am about everything.

—John Steinbeck

Rock gives children, on a silver platter, with all the public authority of the entertainment industry, everything their parents always used to tell them they had to wait for until they grew up and would understand later.

—Allan Bloom