

# TUFTS OBSERVER

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*The Language of Love*

Tufts' Student Weekly Publication of Record







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# Beauty and the Geek

BY MARGOT RAPOPORT

**B**eauty and The Geek: the epitome of reality television. Last Sunday night, my roommates and I piled onto the couch to watch a three-hour marathon of this truly disturbing piece of television history. Just to set the record straight, I watched the show by choice, without a single complaint, so I actually have no right to criticize it. But it was impossible not to cringe as a group of 16 individuals embarrassed themselves on national television.

For those who have never seen the show, *Beauty and the Geek* is meant to be a “social experiment,” it is not a dating or matchmaking show. During the first episode we meet eight very smart, but socially awkward men including the national Rubik’s cube champion, neurobiologists, and dungeons and dragons players, and eight gorgeous but fairly unintelligent women. The beauties and the geeks are then put into pairs and through a series of challenges and elimination round, are supposed to learn from each other and develop confidence either socially or intellectually.

*Beauty and the Geek*, rubbed me the wrong way from the very beginning. The initial partner selection process involves each of the geeks nervously introducing themselves to the bikini clad beauties, after which the beauties get to select which geek they would like to be paired up with. This set up, created a situation in



which the geeks became more-or-less the beauties’ pets. A number of the girls described the way they picked their partner by talking about how cute he seemed in his weird outfit. or the way it was so adorable that he stumbled over his words. It was clear that the girls saw this not as a chance to learn, but as a chance to change someone else. Immediately they started trying to dress up their partners in more fashionable outfits, and discussing what was wrong with their partner’s social lives

While the show was designed to teach people, all it really did was make people look bad. The beauties were painted in an especially bad light. During the challenges, they were asked to perform tasks such as giving a political speech, on a variety of topics, one being pollution. While all they had to do to win was give one or two coherent facts about the topic, most girls went up to the stage, mumbled a little, talked about their new business-like outfits and made complete fools of themselves. (They had a full day to prepare.) During another challenge one of the beauties was not able to correctly identify the democrat who ran against Bush in the last election, even when they showed

her his picture, she could only think of Al Gore.

The geeks in the show came off equally poorly. The message sent by both the show and the beauties was, if you cannot score with the opposite sex you life is worthless. While the premise of the show was that both groups should be learning from the other, the social growth of the geeks was constantly being analyzed while the growth of the beauties was second priority. During their challenges geeks were asked to perform rock songs in front of a large audience, design a bedroom, and answer quiz questions about pop culture and fashion. The guys were constantly being criticized and made to feel inadequate. Even the name of the show, is degrading to them. While I know it is a play on words, the words beauty and geek have two very different connotations. Why not just call it bimbo and the geek, which is the message the show gives.

I can’t lie. I was hysterical laughing when one of the girls described experiencing a “shoegasm” every time she sees a new pair of shoes that she likes. And I did choose to sit and watch a full three hours of the show. Still, I was repulsed by the way both the beauties and the geeks were portrayed in such negative lights. Perhaps, they really do learn something about the other group, or about themselves, but from a viewer’s perspective it was nothing more than a chance to analyze and laugh at other people’s inadequacies. ☹



# POLICE BLOWTHER

## Sunday, January 29

At 2:30 p.m., there was a report of damage done to a university vehicle. A student and member of the Tufts Mountain Club accidentally struck a rock while backing out of the driveway of the Mountain Club's "Loj" in Woodstock, NH. The university has insurance to cover the cost of repairing the rear bumper.

## Friday, February 3

At 9:00 a.m., there was a report of vandalism to property of the Linbeck Construction Company. Sometime during the previous evening or early morning, unknown persons had thrown a rock through the window of one of the company's trailers. Nothing appears to be missing.

At 1:15 a.m., there was a report of an assault and battery near the Powderhouse Rotary. Three unknown suspects and a student began exchanging profanity and later began scuffling. Both parties were presumed to be intoxicated. The student received treatment for minor scrapes from Health Services the following day. The case is currently under investigation. TUPD reminds students not to make eye contact with townies.

At 10:00 p.m., there was a report of stolen property from the 140's suite of Hillside Apartments. A student accidentally left a wallet in the common area for four hours that afternoon. The victim claims that the wallet, not including its contents, is worth \$250. The wallet contained a small amount of cash and various cards. The victim's full-time personal assistant reported the incident to the police.

## Saturday, February 4

At 11:45 p.m., there was a report of an assault and battery on Latin Way. A student was walking down the street while talking on his cell phone when unknown an individual punched him several times from behind and then took off running. Neither the victim nor his friend could provide a description of the suspect. The victim believes the attack might be connected to the time he hoarded free pens from the Buddhist-Sangha Club table during the activities fair earlier that week.

—Spencer Maxwell, with the cooperation of the TUPD

## COLLEGE BULLETS

### Drug Convicts and College Loans

Provisions of the new budget bill, which is expected to be signed into law shortly include some changes to the accessibility of student loans for convicted drug offenders. With the changes, student who are convicted for drug possession or drug dealing will immediately lose their loans for a period of time, depending on the severity of the offense. However, other changes are said to help recovering addicts trying to go back to school by providing extra incentive. Lawmakers hope that the threat of losing aid will discourage students from behaving irresponsibly in school.

### Bush Urges Students to Pursue Math and Sciences

As he mentioned in his latest State of the Union speech, Bush is worried that too few American students are pursuing math and science subjects in school. He has proposed the "American Competitiveness Initiative" to fund better instruction for math and sciences in all levels of education and to fund more research projects in these subjects. Bush cited India and China as fast growing economies that are surpassing American students in these fields.

—Spencer Maxwell

## Just the Facts

"Your rag of a paper hit a new low with the publication of the mindless and juvenile STS9 review by Michael Goralnik. What a piece of shit! His high school adjectives and hypocrisy have single-handedly turned your rag into a joke and a shame."

- posted by "Dave"

# The Language of Love

BY JEREMY WHITE  
AND DJ PARK

No matter what some may say, leaving your familiar home and heading off to the new environment of college is never easy. But for international students, this transition can be doubly difficult, as they begin lives in new countries that are often completely unfamiliar to them. It is a task that some have an easier time with than others. Some Tufts international students have a difficult time adjusting to life in America, while others, seemingly especially those of European origin, often integrate easily into life on the hill. Maria Sarri, a graduate student from Greece, is one such student who has enjoyed a fairly seamless

transition since arriving at Tufts.

Twenty-five years old, Sarri is pursuing a two-year masters degree in art and museum studies. Tufts is one of the few institutions that offers a combined degree in these two disciplines. Taking thirteen courses in both the Tufts Art History department and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston are required for a masters degree in art history as well as a diploma in Museum Studies. Tufts' unique program drew Sarri to the school and she finds her American classmates especially helpful.

After completing her undergraduate degree in Greece, Sarri took a job with the Bernaki Museum in Athens, Greece. She worked with the publication department where she helped write books about art exhibits. "The American degrees are better in different fields, but not so much

in my field," says Sarri. "A diversity of degrees is better [in my field]." Since she had obtained an undergraduate degree in Europe, she wanted to get her Masters degree in America and then pursued a PhD, possibly back in Europe.

Compared to life at Tufts University, student life in Greece differs in many regards. "My typical day in Greece would be to go to classes, then for coffee, and then lunch, and see friends, and decide the night plan. I [would] sometimes go to cinema, dinner or dancing, a lot of parties," says Sarri. Compared to her undergraduate life, she says she has a rather lackluster time at Tufts.

Last semester, because of her language difficulty, Sarri spent quite a few extra hours preparing for classes. Unlike in Greece, where attendance is



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not mandatory, Tufts expects its students to attend classes on a regular basis and actively engage in discussions. Sarri is one of only a few international students in her degree program. Her fellow American students “helped me very much and also encouraged me when I couldn’t handle the work.”

Another French international student is Olivier Pedro-Jose. His most vivid early memories of America come from a dining hall at the University of Southern Mississippi. Pedro-Jose says that a salad bar separated the dining hall and unlike at Dewick, Pedro-Jose says the salad bar acted as an artificial racial divide. On one side sat white students and on the other black students, separated by far more than some plastic tubs of lettuce and carrots. “I’m not used to that where I’m from,” says Pedro-Jose. “It was [enlightening].”

Pedro-Jose grew up in Limoux, a town in Southern France about an hour-and-a-half from the Spanish border. His initial experience in America came from a one-year stay at the University of Southern Mississippi during an exchange program with the University of Perpignan. Pedro-Jose says his impressions of America before this consisted of superficial information he

had gleaned from high school studies and television. Mississippi allowed him to experience a more realistic picture of day-to-day life in the nation. “For my first experience in the United States, it was interesting to see part of the country you don’t see on TV,” he says.

Pedro-Jose’s stay in Mississippi coincided with the war in Iraq, and the resulting surge of anti-French sentiment.

“I haven’t seen any social exclusion,” Pedro-Jose says. “People are interacting normally, no matter their skin color, background and religion.”

Thrust into the heart of animosity towards his native country, he found himself questioning the nature of the relationship between France and the U.S. After responding to a local journalist’s questions about this connection, Pedro-Jose decided to start pursuing a career as a diplomat. After writing his masters thesis on this topic while attending the Sorbonne, Pedro-Jose won a scholarship to Tufts. He is currently a TA in the French department and writing his DEA—similar to a PhD dissertation—about the role of White House press secretaries.

In contrast to Mississippi, Boston has a cosmopolitan feel that Pedro-Jose says is similar to living in Europe. “Boston is a very dynamic city, a very historic place, you feel that it’s so European,” he says. “You can cross the street and meet a Bostonian speaking in French.” This European feel is what Pedro-Jose believes may draw many international students to Boston schools.

Another clear distinction between USM and Tufts is the ease with which Pedro-Jose feels he has been able to adapt and blend into the student population. “I haven’t seen any social exclusion,” he says. “People are interacting normally, no matter their skin color, background and religion.” He makes clear that the administration at Mississippi did not sanction discrimination or stymie interaction among students, but that it remained a matter of mindset. “In Mississippi, it wasn’t institutional; people are doing it,” he says.

Although he lives in the French House, Pedro-Jose says that spending time with fellow French students is not a matter of removing himself from the rest of the student body, but rather is simply a source of comfort that helps students adapt to the foreign environment. “Sometimes you want to be with French people because you are far from your country,” he says. “Sometimes you stay in your room, call some French friends and stay with French people.”

Istanbul native and sophomore

Idil Akyol agrees that international students form friendships more easily with other international students, largely encouraged by the international orientation students participate in when they arrive. “My close friends are Turks and international students,” she says. “I feel like it’s easier to connect with Turks or international students.” She also felt isolated from American students who were unaccustomed to the freedom that college offers and took advantage of their situation to drink heavily. “The drinking age in Turkey is 18, and no one actually





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cares about it," she says. "So what was for many people the fun part of college wasn't new or exciting for me."

Pedro-Jose agrees that a sharp contrast exists between the nighttime social scene at Tufts and abroad. He believes that the social scene at Tufts is much more bureaucratic and notes the

didn't have any problems because a lot of my teachers were American," she says. She also notes that American schools were the desired institutions of those Turkish citizens who could afford to enroll their children in private education.

Both Pedro-Jose and Akyol elected to live in two of the specialized foreign

Divisions remain within the international community, however. Akyol says that one of the conflicts stems from economic background. "International students, some of them are used to this upper-class partying system," she says. "There are clubs that card, but they have their fakes." She notes that

Despite these fractures, Pedro-Jose says he ultimately thinks of himself not as an international student, but as a student at Tufts.

comparatively complex process involved with organizing a party at the International House and obtaining approval from Residential Life. "In France, you would be able to party until six or seven AM," he says. "Here, at one, the police show up." Akyol says that the environment in the U.S. did not have an entirely foreign feel because she attended Robert College, an Americanized school still governed by Turkish education laws. "Getting used to the environment I

houses which dot the Tufts campus. Pedro-Jose resides in the French House and Akyol chose to seek residence in the German House. This decision was not motivated by a desire to remain among other international students but rather came about because Akyol's friend encouraged her to join the house. In the German House, Akyol has found that she and her housemates have developed a closeness she felt her freshman year relationships lacked.

this causes international students who are accustomed to an affluent, city and club-based nightlife to separate from American students and even international students of different background.

Despite these fractures, Pedro-Jose says he ultimately thinks of himself not as an international student, but as a student at Tufts. "I'm totally a student in the student body," he says. "Of course, I'm a little special when they start talking to me." ☺

# When the Hill Freezes Over

BY DJ PARK  
AND JEREMY WHITE

At 5:00 p.m. on each Saturday afternoon, Vincent Von Vordzogbe never fails to show up at Carmichael dining hall in his maroon TUDS (Tufts University Dining Services) shirt and black baseball cap. Vordzogbe says hello to fellow dining hall staff as he gets his meal and sits down at his usual TUDS table, the one that overlooks the tray rack. He does not say much to his colleagues, not because English is his second language, but because of cultural differences.

Vordzogbe came to Tufts last fall on a year-long exchange program from the University of Ghana. Thirty-nine years old, Vincent is currently enrolled in a five-year PhD program in botany at his home institution. In Ghana he served on a committee that aims to improve the environment through gardening. Vordzogbe mentioned the appeal that a trip to the U.S. holds for Ghanaian students. Back home, a lot of people want to come to America, Vincent said.

Vordzogbe was accepted along with one other graduate student to the Tufts exchange program. His life at Tufts is quite hectic as he struggles to handle the rigorous academic demands. When he is not attending a lecture or participating on a lab, he is trying to complete his assignments. "Most departments at Tufts love giving assignments. I wonder [when] Tufts students have time to read," Vordzogbe says. "It's amazing how students have time for themselves." Because of the hefty workload, Vordzogbe feels that international students do not have an opportunity to enjoy their stay in America. "I would love to see the White House or WTO building, places of historical records."

Although many cultural aspects are incorporated into the Tufts-in-Ghana program, this Ghanaian exchange student at Tufts does not find his experience in Medford particularly culturally enriching. "I never had an opportunity to integrate

[into Tufts]. No time," Vordzogbe says. Living with undergraduate students in university housing, Vordzogbe interacts with his much younger housemates. They invite him to their parties on weekends but he does not always enjoy the social scene. "Fun here is making drinks and playing [drinking] games," says Vordzogbe. "Back home, we travel or share a meal together."

As if to prove Vordzogbe's point, one of his housemates jumped into his room with an oversized wine glass and began pleading for more alcohol. Vordzogbe just smiled and quietly told the friend that excessive drinking can cause impotency. After a few minutes of nagging, the intoxicated student left the room with a genuine look of shock on her face. As she went downstairs to watch American Idol with her friends, Vordzogbe remained in his room, slightly amused and somewhat annoyed.

Vordzogbe recently met two American students who are interested in Ghana. One of the students wants to go to Ghana next year and the other visited last year. Because these Tufts students had a genuine interest in his home country, Vordzogbe's interaction with these students went further than the usual polite hellos and friendly smiles.

Tufts is home to 779 international students within the undergraduate and graduate student populations. Comprising roughly one-tenth of Tufts' 8,478 students, the number of international students has remained steady over the past five years despite increasingly competitive under-

graduate admissions. According to Leon Braswell, Director of International Admissions for Tufts, students are drawn to the sizable international population at Tufts as well as the university's size, location, and "climate of a global feel." Braswell says that the most common intended majors for international students include political science and international relations, both of which are bolstered for a global applicant pool by the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy.

For some international students, as in the case of Vordzogbe, adjustment to a school half a world away is a daunting task and one that may never end up feeling truly comfortable. The transition can be particularly difficult when a student's country of origin is in a place as different from Medford as Northern Africa. For those like Vordzogbe, age can be a divisive factor. Living with students who are a good deal younger is difficult and other international students tend to socialize with those in the same age group.

International students seeking assistance who may be overwhelmed by their experience in a new nation can find guidance at the Tufts' International Center. Maria Conley, assistant director of the center, says that many international undergraduates utilize the resource. Helping students with immigration information and paperwork are two of the most important functions of the Center, but activities aimed at helping students integrate and adapt to living in Medford are also important. "For undergraduates, we provide a very extensive international orientation," she says. "We help them with settling-in issues, we do programs with them, we help them to speak to the administration." To make the activity more comprehensive, a number of American students are always invited to attend. The International Center also sponsors the International House, a residence for students from mixed cultures who apply through an interview process. ☉



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# “I Couldn’t Be Happier”: An Interview with Dean Vickie Sullivan

BY MICHAEL SKOCAY

The appointment of Tufts political science professor Vickie Sullivan as the new Dean of Academic Affairs was just one of the changes that came to the university with the new year. As Sullivan settled into her new role, *The Observer* sat down with her for a conversation about Montesquieu, Machiavelli, and Bacow.

Q: First of all, I want to congratulate you on your appointment as the new Dean of Academic Affairs at Tufts University. I have a few questions that I hope will give the Tufts community a better understanding of your work at the University in the past and

on the relationship between Machiavelli’s comic plays and his political thought at the Newberry Library in Chicago. I went to the University of Chicago for graduate school and received my PhD there. I spent a lot of time in graduate school studying Plato and learning to read ancient Greek in preparation to write my dissertation on a Platonic dialogue. When it came time to write my dissertation proposal, I felt comfortable only with the topic that had first drawn me to political philosophy in the first place—Machiavelli. My dissertation was on the topic of human autonomy in Machiavelli’s *Discourses on Livy*.

I was an assistant professor at Skidmore College for six years at the very begin-

courses.

Tufts students always seem to have a strong interest in political theory, and every year there is a particularly dedicated group of students. Many have gone on to graduate school themselves, and now are published scholars and teachers. That is very gratifying.

Q: After spending the last decade-and-a-half as a professor and a department chair, what made you accept the position as Dean of Academic Affairs?

A: I had been Department Chair since 2003. When I accepted that position, I had no idea that I would actually like administration because I had found teaching

“I also want to make it clear that as an administrator I have never utilized the administrative tactics that he recommends in chapter 7 of *The Prince*. Never ever. And I won’t ... probably.”

your goals for the future. I’d like to start by asking you to give me a short summary of your career in academia at both Skidmore College and Tufts University? What initially attracted you to becoming a professor of Political Theory?

A: I became a professor of political theory because I had great professors of the subject as an undergraduate student. I fell in love with the study of the enduring political questions and with the texts of political philosophy, and I couldn’t think of anything that I wanted to do more than to spend my life studying and teaching the subject. The formative character of my undergraduate experience is illustrated, I think, by the fact that I took a seminar my junior year on the political thought of Machiavelli and then spent a semester my senior year researching and writing a paper

of my career. It is a small college that emphasizes teaching, which was precisely what I wanted at that point in my career. I quickly discovered that I not only enjoyed teaching, but I also enjoyed working on my own research. When a job opened up at Tufts for the fall of 1996, I applied. It was the best career decision I ever made. Tufts’ combination of teaching and research is a perfect fit for me. I have also been extremely pleased with the caliber of students at Tufts. I will always remember fondly the first class meeting that I ever had at Tufts. The students were so sharp and so engaged that I knew in the first fifteen minutes of class that I had come to the right place. By the way, that first class was Shakespeare’s *Rome*. I didn’t know at the time that it would become a mainstay of my teaching at Tufts. I have always had excellent students in my

and research so fulfilling. I discovered, though, that I liked mentoring younger faculty and having a part in decision-making processes that I think will have a positive impact on the institution. In deciding to accept the position of dean, I thought that at this point in my career it would be interesting to learn more about the faculty members in other departments and programs and their research. I also want to contribute to an institution that has given so much to me and to my students over the years.

Q: What lessons have you learned as a teacher that you can bring to your new position as Dean?

A: I think that by being a teacher at Tufts, and having such an extraordinarily positive experience with Tufts undergradu-



ates, that I have a very strong sense of what the mission of Tufts really is—that it's about the life of the mind. I do not think that I will ever forget the ends for which administrators strive.

**Q:** In the same vein, will your study of Machiavellian politics and political science contribute at all to your work as Dean? Can we expect any fifteenth century political ideas to influence your style of leadership?

**A:** I am a scholar of Machiavelli. I have been particularly interested in his view of religion and also his self-understanding of himself as introducing a new philosophical project. I am not myself a Machiavellian. I also want to make it clear that as an administrator I have never utilized the administrative tactics that he recommends in chapter 7 of *The Prince*. Never ever. And I won't ... probably.

**Q:** In all seriousness, what do you plan to do differently from the previous Dean of Academic Affairs, Kevin Dunn? What do you hope to accomplish during your tenure?

**A:** Kevin Dunn is still a Dean of Academic Affairs. Dean Dunn and I are splitting between us the oversight of all the departments and programs in the Arts and Sciences. We each have responsibilities for



AARON SCHUTZENGEL

**Q:** Will you enjoy working with the administration? What are your feelings about President Bacow and his leadership of Tufts? (Please don't be too politically correct). What improvements have you seen in the University in the decade that you have worked here? Anything that could

be improved?

student at Tufts. They are succeeding, and, as a result, faculty morale at Tufts is very high. I've heard faculty members who have been around for quite awhile say that Tufts is having a renaissance. In short, Tufts is a very exciting place to be right now, and it is a direct result of the President's leadership.

**Q:** What difficulties do you expect in moving to the new position? Or do you think your experience as a department chair has prepared you to take on a leadership role?

**A:** I know that it has been very helpful for me to have been a chair. Now as Dean of Academic Affairs, I work closely with chairs in many different departments, but having been one myself, I know what they are experiencing and what their concerns are.

**Q:** Will you continue working with the Political Science department in some way and will you continue your research? Will you miss having the direct experience of working with students in a classroom?

**A:** I will continue to teach one course a year in the Department of Political Science. This semester I am teaching a seminar on the political thought of Montesquieu. My current research project is on Montesquieu. I have an article coming out this spring on Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws* in the journal *History of*

“I've heard faculty members who have been around for quite awhile say that Tufts is having a renaissance. In short, Tufts is a very exciting place to be right now.”

Departments in the Arts, Humanities, Social Sciences, and the Natural Sciences. I worked with Dean Dunn when I was chair of the Department of Political Science, and I am very pleased to be collaborating with him now as a dean. We both are helping Dean Sternberg implement his vision for the School of Arts and Sciences at Tufts.

**A:** As good as Tufts was when I arrived in 1996, it is much better now as a result of the leadership of President Bacow. I couldn't be happier with him and the superb leadership team he has assembled. Their goal is to improve the visibility and reputation of Tufts and to provide an even more challenging and rigorous education for every

Political Thought. This research and this seminar are an example of how teaching and research at Tufts can be combined. The article is a direct result of having taught Montesquieu to undergraduates during the spring semester of 2004. I will also teach a course on the political thought of Jean-Jacques Rousseau this summer in Talloires, France. ☺

# Tufts, USA

Tufts was 2005's "Hottest School for Study Abroad," according to U.S. News & World Report, and that's nothing to sneeze at—Tufts has a top-rated Office of Programs Abroad and Study Abroad, sends over 60% of its students overseas for their junior year, and even now claims a student publication that dedicates itself to travel abroad, a kind of Fodor's for Tufts.

It doesn't necessarily work like that the other way around, though. International students arriving at Tufts face the same problems most of the minorities on campus do: a modest number of programs dedicated to acclimating them and a close-knit but largely segregated group of internationals with whom to commiserate. Tufts students are a naturally competitive bunch, and often that means that leisure time is monopolized by Tisch.

The fact that Tufts' social scene seems like a step up to students coming from the strongly-self-segregating University of Southern Mississippi should be little comfort. While the barometer for evaluating a community's social scene is open to debate, we should make our goal the highest common denominator, not

the lowest. Tufts should be as good a place to come to as to get away from. For example, numerous opportunities and attempts were made to reach out to visiting Tulane students who spent the fall semester at Tufts. But by most accounts, their experience was only lackluster. While Tufts' student body made a sincere attempt to reach out to the displaced students and several events took place for them on campus, the Tulane students were ultimately afflicted by the same thing that afflicts Tufts' social scene on a regular basis. There was no lack of events or people on campus, but rather a precipitous chasm of motivation to bring people together on a large scale.

Clearly, the situation is nowhere as bad as it could be; we bandy about the term "self-segregation," but Tufts doesn't contest anything close to the kind of mindset that you can see at the salad bar of the University of Southern Mississippi. On the other hand, there's little in terms of grassroots attempts to bring large parts of the campus together on a regular basis. The problem comes from several places: lack of a large enough place to congregate on campus, lack of time, and lack of money.

The next several months will find both the Daily and the Observer deluged with opinions on how TCU money should be spent on campus to improve social life, and these opinions will both certainly and paradoxically advocate both cutting from and adding to campus-wide events like and Spring Fling. Some, like a recent Viewpoint in the Daily, will even call for more carnival-esque attractions at Spring Fling, without realizing that they are describing the very Fall Fest annual tradition that was ended four years ago for poor attendance.

The answer will always be more. More money, more campus-wide events, more opportunities to spend time on campus in some kind of structured fun with classmates before Senior Week creeps upon us. At the Observer's last count, only four (count them, four) events brought together the entire student body at any time between Matriculation and Commencement: Fall Ball, Winter Bash, the Fares lecture, and Spring Fling. For a school of less than 5,000 people, that's nowhere near enough.

When the Trustees meet this weekend on campus to discuss Student Life (the first and probably last time that the topic will be discussed by the Trustees for a long while), a couple of things need to be at the top of their agenda. Places and opportunities for students to spend time together recreationally on campus are too few and far in between. And certainly, whether you're comparing Tufts to Southern leisure or a Spanish siesta, there's no way around that. ☹

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*Some Lyrics Just to Say*

The music comes  
In drifts and thrums  
The music of the sea the life of old,  
The music of the dust on window panes  
And all the lovers' stories I've been told  
Of faces by the window when it rains  
The drumbeat, then the trickle, of the years  
Tattooing skin, awakening a thirst  
I thought had lifted with the drying tears

But love, you're like the spinning of this tune,  
A drink, the slipping back, the pulling in  
Forgetting all I've said and all you've done  
The truth is that without you I have still  
Destroyed my life, still loved, still come undone  
And now these parchment walls wear ever thin  
To fall like silk for you, you're coming soon  
I trace your name in dust upon the sill  
Of windows where I wait, and watch the rain  
Bare soles on cold wood floor, I like the feel  
Of roughness, and of whiskey on my tongue  
Replaying all the songs you've ever sung  
Imagining your mouth upon my own  
A kiss to tell me all I ever was  
Is yours, and that the muslin of alone  
Has torn, I will not wear it anymore  
This life of tepid faces, fragile pleasures  
Must die, and fall like shedding skin on stone  
I want the rhythm of your moods, my love,  
The harbor of your tempers, full with sound  
I want you still, for all, I am forever  
The breaths that mark the rests  
Before the notes rise up again

*Poetry by Amanda Gladin-Kramer*

Please direct poetry and artwork submissions to [Timothy.Noetzel@tufts.edu](mailto:Timothy.Noetzel@tufts.edu)





# An Anti-Tribute to the Valentines of My Life



BY MARA SACKS

The big day is rolling around. It's practically here. A day more nervously anticipated and feared than any other. The one day a year where being in a relationship is publicly heralded and single people everywhere run for cover. For some, it's a day of love. Filled with chocolates, roses, and sweet nothings, Valentine's Day is the most validating holiday for anyone lucky enough to find a date. It's a day that says, yes, I recognize your accomplishment at successfully attracting another person long enough to enjoy a romantic dinner. Kudos. For everyone

Although most of us claim to be unaffected and proudly independent, a well-hidden vulnerability is unearthed and tweaked.

else, it is a depressing reminder that you are alone. Although most of us claim to be unaffected and proudly independent, a well-hidden vulnerability is unearthed and tweaked. For my friends and me, the preparation started a few weeks ago. Predicting low spirits, we attempted a preemptive girls-only strike that would rival the most irritatingly adorable dinner for two. Unfortunately, Chippendales do not perform on the 14th, so we will be facing the cold reality of our unattached predicaments head-on. After considering the implications of celebrating V-Day single for the first time in more years than I care to admit, it finally hit me: I am going to have more fun this year than I have had with any of my "real" Valentines. I am now going to introduce you to each of them in an effort to convince you that this V-Day will be better than any one spent with any of them.

1) The *Too-shy-to-kiss-you* Valentine. Although his innocence and boyish-charm were initially endearing, his inability to deliver the goods was more depressing than a Saturday night curled up with Ben and Jerry's. If Valentine's Day is about reaffirming your ability to entice another, there is

nothing more unsettling than having a date you are unable to entice. Rather than leaving the dinner feeling charged and beautiful, you stare into the mirror blaming the lone zit on your forehead for callously ruining your chances at getting a V-Day smooch. Don't be fooled, just because he was 13 doesn't excuse his prudish V-Day comportment.

2) The *I-pick-stupid-battles-to-avoid-being-associated-with-Generation-X* Valentine. When this guy comes knocking at your door, beware! He may be a smooth talker with a charged picket sign, but when it comes to passion, he leaves it all at the skate-boarders-for-justice rally. When you notice that

the candle-lit conversation has shifted from your undying affection for each other, to "The Man," it's time to dine and ditch. Although I admittedly found myself caught up in his ever-changing causes, I couldn't help but wish for a back rub rather than a mission statement.

3) The *I-am-completely-oblivious-to-the-fact-you-are-on-the-rebound* Valentine. Although I confess I may have contributed to this Valentine's Day flop, a five-minute make-

V-Day should never entail exposing the product of a painful trip to the piercing-parlor.

out session did not warrant the three-rose promise of a long future together. Guilt is not a feeling you often associate with V-Day, but be forewarned that there is nothing worse than having to fake enthusiasm for someone you fleetingly found mildly attractive. Walking away from a V-Day date, you shouldn't have to hate yourself for contemplating the cruel talk that you will now have to postpone for at least a week.

4) The *I-went-to-college-and-came-back-a-*

*changed-man* Valentine. One of the problems with having a college-aged Valentine while you are still in high school is the inevitable shock and disgust that accompany certain "changes" that result from seeing the world in a new light, and drinking a shit-load of 151. When Bachelor number four arrived at my door on a cold February 14th some years ago, I was in no way prepared for the body adjustments I was supposed to embrace with an open-mind. In my personal and somewhat conservative opinion, the perfect V-Day should never entail exposing the product of a painful trip to the piercing-parlor. Trust me, you are better off alone than with Prince Albert.

5) The *Republican* Valentine. Okay, I begin this one by saying he was by far the best Valentine I have ever had. Focused, sweet, flower-toting and pierce-free, it pains me to say you are better off without him. While a night at the country club is probably appealing to many, when it comes down to it, personal politics have a funny way of creeping into the most apolitical moments. Although I would never give up the memory of the V-Days we spent together, in light of the rising death toll in Iraq, and the appointment of Justices who want to return to the 1950's, I have few qualms about not snuggling up to a Bush aficionado this year.

So there you have it. I have sacrificed my pride and exposed my sad romantic his-

tory in order to bring comfort to those readers who won't be dining with the Valentine of their dreams. If you can take anything away from this self-effacing article, let it be that of all the seemingly happy couples, only a select few are actually enjoying themselves. So avoid the North End, break out the ice cream, and when V-Day roles around, simply tell it to "Bring it on." ©

Mara Sacks, LA '08, is majoring in psychology and art history.

# Diversity: The College Myth

*For colleges, diversity is the topic of the day, says MIKE SNYDER, but what good is diversity when everyone's friends are just like them?*

BY MIKE SNYDER



All across America, college students meet over midnight cups of coffee to discuss the problem of diversity in the college campus. By the time the caffeine starts to fade, it becomes apparent this debate is going nowhere. The same unanswerable questions keep emerging and reemerging in conversation: Is the current student-body diverse enough? Is diversity really that important? Just what is diversity, anyway?

You've probably had this conversation before, too. On one end of the table, there's that guy who thinks the university is plenty diverse, citing the fact that the percentage of minorities on campus is disproportionate compared to the rest of the nation. This person also believes that diversity should not be defined in terms of one's race, sex, or geography, but should be a measure of the uniqueness of one's abilities and personality. On the other end, somebody chimes in with the rebuttal, arguing that there's no such thing as too much diversity. Just how can a school that is predominantly white and middle or upper-class ever be considered diverse, or benefit from whatever little diversity does exist?

Ring a bell? After a dozen or so conversations like these, I began to wonder why I felt so stuck when it came to talking about diversity. Is it possible to come to a point

of compromise and mutual understanding? I think so. We can start by asking better questions. What we need to ask ourselves is not "Is there enough?" but "Are we, as students, doing enough?"

Look closely at how Tufts students steer clear of differences. I know zero white, male students who have gone to any of the Group of Six centers. My Vietnamese-American friend says that she forms much more intimate relationships with other people of color. A black student in my dorm is never seen or heard of by her hallmates because she is always off with her black friends. Only one or two white students bothered to show up for a major Asian-American rally at Hotung to support the message of increased awareness of the Asian community.

Any psychologist will tell you that such behaviors are perfectly normal and even healthy. Like attracts like; opposites don't. People tend to gravitate towards those who possess similar experiences, personalities, and belief systems. Although the examples above are used in a purely racial context, this pretty much applies to anything. Athletes stick with athletes; engineers stick with engineers; republicans stick with republicans.

Why is it, then, that diversity is such a heated and pressing issue? Why does Tufts invest so much in the name of diversity when the students themselves clearly don't take advantage of it? We march around campus complaining about the lack of diversity, or the overwhelming diversity, but all of our friends are just like us anyway. We boast that diversity is the essence of a Tufts education, but this is a superficial statement; it is something said not out of sincerity but out of conformity. From all observations, it is not the students who care about diversity—it is the administrators.

Again we must ask ourselves, "Are we, as students, doing enough?" First, each individual must decide whether he or she truly value diversity. Then, he or she must value diversity not just in words, but in actions. This means engaging in more

than just late-night coffee-shop conversations with good friends, who are probably just like you. It means actively seeking out and befriending those individuals who are different from you. It means confronting discomfort and uncertainty head-on. You might just discover that in doing so, you become a different person, a more open-minded person.

Last month, a high school friend of mine from the University of Chicago stopped by Tufts for a visit. Naturally I introduced him to some of my friends. When we were back in my dorm room, safely removed from the presence of others, he said, "Mike, your friends here are nothing like you. Their personalities are completely different." He said this in a sympathetic tone, as if he felt sorry for me and my unfortunate situation. I laughed and told him a major reason I came to Tufts, a place so unlike my life in Los Angeles, was to expand my social horizons, meet new people, and learn from them. I think he thought I was being sarcastic. He could not for the life of him understand why somebody would actually want to step outside his or her comfort zone.

And that, in a nutshell, is proof of the sorry state of diversity in college: Tell someone that your friends are different than you—in terms of personality, race, income, whatever—and they are sympathetic. Tell someone that you try to embrace differences, and they think you're being sarcastic.

Yet that is the answer to the "problem" of diversity: Do not tolerate differences, but embrace them! If we ever wish to see diversity affect our lives in a meaningful and important way, we must stop talking about diversity and be diverse! As author Henry Miller said, "Go beyond yourself." Only then will we truly expand our minds and our notions of "us" and "them." Only then will we comprehend the fundamental truth that in our diversity are the seeds of what binds us together.☺

*Mike Snyder, LA '09, has not yet declared a major.*

# Relearn to Fly

BY KRISH KOTRU

I don't particularly enjoy air travel, but I'll do it if I must. When I board a plane, rationality tells me that the chances of that plane crashing and killing me are one in 11 million. I also recalculate the fact that I was 2,200 times more likely to be killed while driving to the airport. Then my other rational side kicks in, reminding me of my inherent strengths and weaknesses. It says: Krish, if your car gets wrecked, you can crawl away; if your boat sinks, you can swim away; but if this plane takes a dive, you definitely won't be flapping your way home under any circumstances. That's when the panic sets in.

I sat through seven flights within the first two weeks of 2006 (the total flying time must have been nearly 40 hours!). Understandably, by the seventh touchdown, I was willing to walk to my next far-away destination rather than fly there. This willingness was more a result of irritation than fear—irritation with flight attendants, baggage claim, fluctuating cabin pressure, inconsiderate passengers in the seat ahead, airline food, airline breath, airline movies, airlines in general, my inability to find a comfortable sleeping position in economy class seating, and other such things of which I shall spare you the details. But before I thoroughly taint the many hours I spent at cruising altitude, I should pause to acknowledge the one thing that that time may have been good for: I realized that unless you can afford a \$6,800 first class ticket aboard Air France, you would probably be more comfortable spending a few weeks sailing from New York to Paris.

Irrationality is also a key player in my discomfort with flying, and out of pure shame, I have failed to mention it thus far. The interior of a plane's cabin seems to unlock the hidden parts of my imagination. From my window seat, I can see the engines light up in flames. The metal then turns to papier-mâché and wings magically sever their ties with the fuselage. Sometimes I recreate the beginning of the cheesy horror flick *Final Destination*, in which a fireball

swiftly makes its way through the entire cabin. In stormy weather, I use my window seat to track explosions of lightening. I even use the window to look for other nearby planes or rockets (because, of course, if there's one out there, I'll be able to see it). Worst of all is my tendency to profile fellow passengers and keep an eye on "potential hijackers." Have I begun to sound crazy yet?

Landings are perhaps the most perilous part of flying. My heart skips a beat whenever I hear that traditional, pre-descent announcement. What's suspicious to me is the manner in which the information is given, the inappropriately tranquil delivery, the sneakiness of it all. It's almost like they're trying to get away with something, or hoping we won't notice what they're up to. Bringing 455 tons, traveling at 500 miles an hour, safely to the ground is no small feat, and flight attendants should stop pretending that it is. The instructional safety videos are also bizarre. Would any sane person be smiling calmly in the event of a crash landing? Those videos depict crashing as a relaxing opportunity for passengers to play with inflatable devices, get high on oxygen, and practice new yoga positions in

their seats. The absurdity of it all leaves me crossing my fingers just a little tighter with each new flight.

What's strange is that I've been traveling by plane since the age of two. By now you would think the whole process would be routine for me. But my comfort with flying was destroyed with TWA's flight, 800. Until that point, I had somehow remained oblivious to the dangers of defying gravity seven miles above earth. Then came 9/11 and the fear of hijacking, rockets, and sabotage. These incidents combined with a number other flying accidents and their depictions in movies to build up my paranoia. The news coverage of plane crashes plays an important role in the way we view flying. Virtually every plane crash makes front-page news, whereas car accidents and drunk driving related casualties rarely receive as much attention. The truth of the matter is that with airport security as strict as it is today, air travel is only getting safer. Yes, planes are by far the safest way to travel. I'll just have to keep repeating that to myself the next time I hear four Boeing engines preparing for takeoff.✎

*Krish Kotru, LA '08, is majoring in physics.*



TREY KIRK

# Being a Dater

BY FREDERIC CORONA

I am a dater. Hooking up is meeting some guy at a club or a party, going back to his place and having a carnal experience. I don't do hookups. I do dates. We meet in some safe public space and go out for dinner to an exotic restaurant. We will converse over dinner and comment about the awkward people all around us. We will share stories of past romances, dysfunctional families, and bizarre future aspirations.

I follow all the rules of polite dating conversation. An iron rule of dating is that you must always stay positive. Do not complain about his hair, his fashion sense, or his political views. Resist the temptation to let him know if you think he's not very classy, a spoiled brat, or a computer nerd. If something he says strongly disturbs you, kindly respond, "oh, that's interesting." My date tells me he is vegetarian. "Oh, that's interesting."

The check arrives on the table and

it nervously stays there untouched for a few seconds. It's a game called "who can navigate the awkward implications of who pays for a date between two men?" I grab it and politely suggest we split it. He mercifully agrees.

We walk in the streets and slowly approach his apartment. If it's raining, getting warm and dry is usually a good excuse for you to go upstairs. Otherwise a little more creativity is necessary. You might want to look at his stamp collection or meet his dog or just help him move furniture around. (Gay men are always redecorating after all.) You inevitably end up in his bachelor pad watching something on television, "accidentally" brushing up against one another, and then falling into an all-out make out fest. There is a 40% chance that his kissing style will disappoint you, but it's a risk worth taking. I'm lucky because it's raining tonight and so I don't have to pretend to move his furniture.

The inevitable make out session turns into the inevitable clothes coming off. I

will often look at a boy's body and wonder if I can do better. I work hard to have a hard body; shouldn't I expect the same of my date? I quickly remember the phrase "beggars can't be choosers" because I am so desperate for something resembling love that I can pretend to love anyone for a few minutes.

Every good dater knows there is a cutoff time when it becomes too late to go home. You must decide before that point whether to sleep at his place or go home alone to your own bed. I have shared many beds in the past, but lately I have been more comfortable with the thought of going home to my own. I realize that being alone is not a fatal curse. I take comfort in knowing that any time I feel lonely, I can repeat this experience and for one night I can pretend that I am not alone but indeed very loved.

Truly, dating can be one of life's greatest comforts.☺

*Frederic Corona, LA '06, is majoring in quantitative economics.*



OBSERVER PHOTO ARCHIVES

## Love is:

In an effort to get to the bottom of the elusive meaning of love, I asked Observer editors what love means to them:

"Not choosing your boyfriend based on how good they look in makeup...my bad"  
– Vinda

"Impossible to find at Tufts. Trust me on this one; I could tell you some great stories..." – Lydia

"Overrated and under-available" – Anna

"When someone brings you cheesecake for breakfast" – Aaron

"Farting in front of someone" – Margot

"Breaking someone off mid-sentence to let her know she has a huge green thing in her teeth" – Mara



# Hillel Leaves Audience Trembling

BY ELIZABETH HAMMOND

Tufts Hillel continually takes on tough issues, and their recent screening of *Trembling Before G-d* is no exception. This documentary about homosexuality and Judaism was a huge success, and was part of a larger series of events that included a private dinner, breakfast text study, and a post-film discussion with the Rabbi Steve Greenberg, the first openly gay Orthodox rabbi.

The film is an intimate portrait of a group people struggling to reconcile their Jewish identity with their sexual identity. It is moving, well-constructed, and informative. Despite the seriousness of the subject, the film was also laugh-out-loud funny. The *New York Times* recently featured an article stating that Ashkenazi Jews are among the funniest cultures in the world. These individuals lived up to the claim, demonstrating amazing resilience through the use of humor.

*Trembling Before G-d* (the “o” is omitted out of reverence) boasts a number of awards, including the Teddy Award for Best Documentary at the Berlin Film Festival and the GLAAD Media Award for Best Documentary. These awards are well-deserved. The film is extremely honest, both about the issues and the unavoidable biases involved. In addition, the occasional subtitles accompanying the sprinkling of Hebrew make the film very accessible.

While the film is effective and well-made, it isn't likely to change any minds. Most Orthodox Jews do not own televisions, and will therefore not have the opportunity to view the film. In addition, there is a worry that the film's audience will be limited to the gay and lesbian community, or Reform and Conservative Jews that are already mostly open to gay Jews. Kevin Margolius, a co-chair of the event, says the audience in Barnum was evidence to the contrary. He explained how he was expecting the usual crowd of Hillel members, but that he didn't recognize the majority of the over 200 students and faculty in attendance.

The film manages to illustrate the difficulty of being gay in the Orthodox community without disparaging a faith that is important to a world-wide community of

over 900,000. Orthodox rabbis and counselors are depicted as trusted community leaders. Their congregations therefore take to heart the suggestion that homosexuality is a God-given challenge to overcome. Just as some individuals must overcome a tendency to gossip, for example, others must work to suppress their sexual orientation either through celibacy or a loveless marriage.

Others in the film attempt to reconcile religious texts with modern views on homosexuality. These individuals suggest that sexual orientation does not prohibit one from leading an observant life. Nonetheless, they recognize that they would be banished from their communities if their identities were revealed, and anonymity is closely guarded in the film. “Devorah,” an



Ultra-Orthodox housewife, explains that her 12 children would be taken from her if her lesbianism were revealed. Married for over 20 years, Devorah struggles with the respect and admiration she has for her husband and her true sexual identity.

Rabbi Greenberg, well-dressed and quietly confident, hosted a well-attended discussion after the screening. Devoid of the *payot* (long sideburns) and uncut beard, hallmarks of Hasidic and Jewish Orthodoxy, the Rabbi's appearance is disconcertingly secular. Nonetheless, his religious views

are distinctly conservative, especially on marriage. Despite his support of the Jewish gay community, he believes that gay marriage is irreconcilable with Jewish text. He explained that marriage is a union with the express purpose of the creation of children, and that civil unions or commitment ceremonies are the best courses of actions for gay couples. He stipulated that he does not support government regulation of marriage, and that individual faiths should determine what constitutes a marriage based on their own beliefs.

Co-chair Margolius reminded students that the discussion and the film serve very different purposes. The film documents the struggles of gay and lesbian individuals in the Orthodox community, but in a non-judgmental and politically neutral format. Rabbi Greenberg's discussion highlighted possible solutions to the conundrum, and encouraged brainstorming for action. While more politically and theologically charged, Rabbi Greenberg was open to a wide variety of ideas and outlooks. As the Rabbi explained, no solutions can be found until an honest dialogue occurs between both sides.

The consequences of revealing one's sexual identity in this community presented a unique difficulty in the production of the film. The consequences of being gay and Orthodox are so severe that locating potential subjects was extremely difficult. It took director DuBowski over seven years to secure the consent of the individuals who speak in the movie, and each of the final characters pulled out of the film at least once. Due to this fact, the camera-work takes on increased importance, and the cinematography creatively protects anonymity without becoming boring.

The screening of *Trembling Before G-d* is part of Hillel's long tradition of exploration of controversial topics. They unflinchingly tackle difficult topics that are of importance to the Jewish community, as upcoming discussions on “kosher” sex and an on-campus screening for genetic disorders that typically affect Jews demonstrate. Their insistence on open discussion means that future events promise to be just as engaging as this one. ☺

# Battlestar Galactica: TV's Best Drama Just Happens To Be Set In Space

BY RUDY HARTMANN

A relentless enemy launches a genocidal surprise attack, because it believes that God has ordered a holy Crusade to eradicate its foes. Enemy "sleeper agents" have infiltrated society, carrying out suicide bombings and sabotage, and paranoia has consumed everyone. Torture is used as an interrogation tool. Civil liberties are suspended. A president is guiding society based on personal religious conviction. A scandal erupts over the military's abuse of prisoners of war. What's surprising is that this isn't CNN; it's the best drama on TV, *Battlestar Galactica*. It's the only show that is tackling the social issues of the post-9/11 world. And it just happens to be set in space.

As I watched *Desperate Housewives* win yet another batch of awards last week, I realized that most TV shows want people to bury their heads in the sand and forget that we live in a dangerous and complex world, under constant threat from within



ANGELA ROBINS

and without. All I can see on our TV wasteland is escapism. People think they can just lose themselves in *American Idol* and forget that New Orleans is still in ruins, then gab about it on their cell phones and forget

that Big Brother might be listening in. *24* is centered on counter-terrorism, true, but it's just an action-adventure show, and when the action ends there's no reflection on social issues like, "Are we as a civilization worth defending, if we abandon all of our morals in the process?" Mainstream

There are many post-9/11 allegories in the series. The Cylons may be robots, but after gaining their freedom they've gained their own concept of a monotheistic "God", while (in an intriguing twist) the humans are polytheists and worship the ancient Greek gods. The show isn't afraid to make the clash of religions a central concept.

shows are afraid to ask these things. SciFi Channel's *Battlestar Galactica*, which airs Fridays at 10 p.m., is the only show that is able to address these tough questions, because it hides them in the wrappings of a "fantastic" science fiction series.

This isn't the first time that science fiction has been used to sneak morality-probing stories to American viewers: the original *Star Trek* aired during the height of the Vietnam War and civil rights movement, and it was the only TV series which actively confronted the issues of its day. Episodes were devoted to the Feds and the Klingons fighting proxy wars on undeveloped planets by supplying the locals with weapons. It had a racially diverse cast which was decades ahead of any other series (and which was praised by MLK himself). Essentially, the Powers That Be on television don't consider science fiction to be "serious," and thus they let it get away with political allegories that regular shows can't pull off.

*Battlestar Galactica* is the smartest, darkest, most thought-provoking and ex-

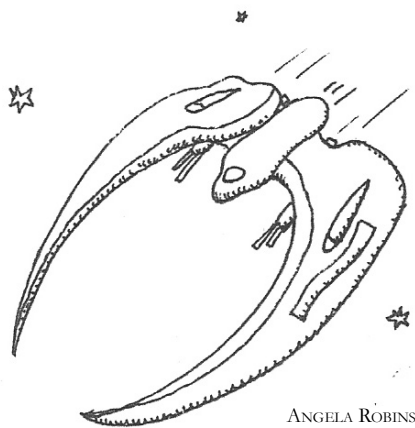
citing drama on television. *BSG* was *Time* magazine's "Best TV Series of 2005" (not just "Best Sci-fi TV Series"), and it made this year's American Film Institute top ten list. *BSG* is the story of how the 12 Colonies of Kobol built a race of robots called "Cylons," who then rebelled and fled

to space. Four decades later, the Cylons return in a massive sneak attack (which is shot as a direct allegory to 9/11) and nuke all of the human planets. Out of 12 billion humans, only 50,000 survive and form a refugee fleet around the last surviving warship, *Galactica*, in search of the fabled 13th colony ... Earth.

There are many post-9/11 allegories in the series. The Cylons may be robots, but after gaining their freedom they've gained their own concept of a monotheistic "God", while (in an intriguing twist) the humans are polytheists and worship the ancient Greek gods. The show isn't afraid to make the clash of religions a central concept. Further, the Cylons carry out a genocidal attack on the humans because they believe that their "God" has ordered them on a religious Crusade to wipe out the humans for their decadence and sinful ways. Another key plotline is that Cylon "sleeper agents" are hiding amongst the refugee fleet, carrying out further attacks at random. In the disturbing opening scene of one episode, a Cylon covers himself with

explosives, walks into a crowded hallway, and blows himself up in a suicide bombing. Paranoia sweeps over the humans, and anyone suspected of being a Cylon has no rights in witchhunt courts set up to find spies. One crewman is wrongly suspected of being a Cylon, and when he tries to exercise his Fifth Amendment rights, he is rebuffed and beaten by guards.

In one of the first episodes, Cylons hijack a passenger liner with over 1,000 people on board while carrying a nuke. To prevent them from making a WTC-like suicide run into the fleet, *Galactica's* fightercraft destroy it in a frightening



parallel to what the military would do if they knew a hijacked plane was heading for a US city.

The clash of military and civilian authority is also a central component. President Laura Roslin (Mary McDonnell; yes, a female president) struggles to maintain a civilian government even though in a state of emergency like this, Adama (Edward James Olmos), commander of *Galactica*, is the one who really wields power. Both actors give standout performances.

I was confused why so many people (such as Tufts' own Women's Center) fell for the hype of *Commander in Chief*, which focuses entirely on the idea of "Oh my God, a female president!" Yet the stories themselves don't seem to go much beyond that. I find it boring that almost every episode is centered on her gender, rather than her capabilities. On *BSG*, however, there have been female presidents before Roslin, and no one ever points out her gender.

The series really dove into these issues during the second season. It was discovered that a second ship, *Battlestar Pegasus*,

had survived the attack. However, its commander, Cain (Michelle Forbes), didn't feel any of Adama's respect for the rule of law. Cain abandoned her own civilian refugees to keep fighting a hit-and-run war against the Cylons, while Adama did the prudent

## BATTLESTAR \* GALACTICA

thing and retreated. While Cylon POWs aboard *Galactica* were treated fairly well, on *Pegasus* a Cylon prisoner was routinely tortured for information, and then was gang-raped by frustrated *Pegasus* crewmen. Cain's policy is that the Cylons are enemy-machines, and therefore can be mistreated as much as she wants. When two *Galactica* crewmen assault a *Pegasus* interrogator to prevent him from raping another prisoner, Cain denies them their right to a trial by jury and instead declares a policy of summary executions. This complete loss of civil liberties is "needed" to maintain security.

The series purposefully set out to "re-invent" what sci-fi television can be. The creator of *Battlestar Galactica*, Ron D. Moore, is a disgruntled former *Star Trek*, *Deep Space Nine*. He wanted to return to focusing on social issues and strong characterization. The series purposefully avoids

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many of the traps *Star Trek* fell into, and isn't afraid of being savagely dark; while *Star Trek* would have made up some confusing technobabble way to "beam off" the passengers on the hijacked plane, the *Galactica* crew is faced with the choice of killing them or letting more people die. (They decide to pull the trigger.) There are also no aliens, characters fire bullets

instead of lasers, and the women on the show wear business suits, grimy overalls or dirty flight suits, not metal bikinis. *BSG* is shot in *Black Hawk Down* documentary-style camerawork, emphasizing the chaos of battle.

The characters are also outstanding. As VH1's *Best Week Ever* put it, "They went that extra step and hired writers, and real actors!" Olmos brings a firm gravitas to his role, and Roslin's political episodes are on par with *The West Wing*. Above all, the show is grounded in realism. Stock characters are what ruined *Star Trek*. Here, all of the characters have deep flaws. Vice President Baltar is certifiably insane and hallucinates that he sees his Cylon seductress everywhere. Aside from the fact that it can travel through space, *Galactica* looks and feels exactly like a present day aircraft carrier, with standard military terminology and uniforms instead of the jumpsuits that *Star Trek* had. All of the writers and cast members agree: it's written as a drama series, and it's a coincidence that it's set in space.

The series is morally ambiguous, and there are no trite weekly lessons. The characters are clinging to survival and are just

grateful that they get to wake up another day. The ruthlessly pragmatic Cain says, "What have you been doing, debating colonial law? Well, we're at war, and we don't have the luxury of academic debate!" Adama's reaction to this way of thinking (the theme of the series, according to Moore) is that "it is not enough to survive. One has to be worthy of surviving." ☪

# A Different Kind of Eye Candy: Modern Masters at the MFA

By JOSEPHINE CHOW

There is something satisfying about whipping out your Tufts I.D. and having it work not only as a means of identification, but also as an all-access pass through the heavily guarded glass doors of the MFA. For a modest transport cost of \$2.50 on the T, we can gain entry into a world of art that is worth billions.

The *Degas to Picasso: Modern Masters* exhibition is an eclectic collection of modern art from the 1900s to the 1960s. Featuring over 280 works, some newly acquired and some part of the museum's permanent collection the showcase boasts an internationally diverse group of artists. To name only a few, they include masters ranging from French artist Henri Matisse to Spanish and Belgian surrealists Joan Mir and Paul Delvaux, as well as lesser-known artists such as the Russian Leon Bakst and the American sculptor Charles Despiau.

Due to the wide range of artists, the works presented come in an interesting mix

of varying styles and mediums. In a January 10 press release, Clifford Ackley, organizer of the exhibit and chair of the Department of Prints, Drawings and Photographs states, "the kaleidoscopic array of works on view in this exhibition both the familiar as well as obscure takes one appreciate the dazzling and unprecedented diversity of direction that is modern art." At the same time, never-before displayed specific works that are rare for their original methods of creation or unusual for what the artist is known to produce, provide a pleasant surprise.

As Trustman emphasizes personal expressionist works by Eastern European artists, the Torf focuses on depictions of biomorphic forms and free surrealist images by Western European masters. The play and tension between traditional and modern is very much prevalent.

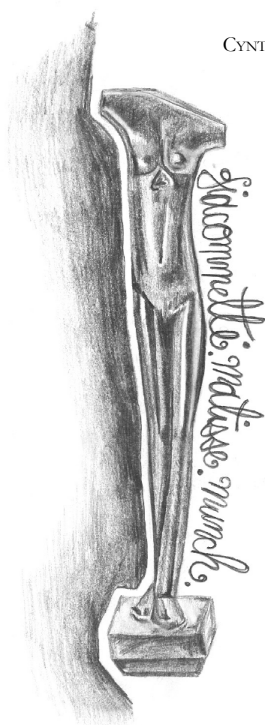
The special collection occupies three spaces: The Torf and Trustman galleries and the Lower Rotunda. Both galleries are connected via the Rotunda, which nicely breaks up the space so as not to visually overwhelm the viewers. Similarly, pieces are arranged by common subject themes in each gallery to ensure not only a smooth visual transition but also to deliver a clear progression of schools and styles spanning the time period.

Visitors first enter the Lower Rotunda to find a collection of later works by Spanish master Pablo Picasso. Abstract animal monochromatic forms in black bold strokes line the walls around the rotunda. Several pieces depicting popular circus scenes, such as Picasso's 1968 lithograph *Circus with Giant* and *Self-Portrait as Baby/Old Man*, set the tone for pieces in the two other exhibit spaces that are part of many artists' existential crises during the Post World War era.

The central installation of the Lower Rotunda displays Picasso's 1963 *Rape of the Sabine Women*. A large oil on canvas with vibrant colors, it is strategically positioned in the center to be complimented by the smaller monochromatic black pieces along the walls. Being the first central and large work encountered as visitors enter the gallery space, this extraordinary piece synthesizes the various themes prevalent throughout the exhibition: sexuality (through depictions of the female nude), the non-traditional return to earlier Greco-Roman classical legends, and the darkly

grotesque personal portraits inspired by the World Wars.

Moving on, the Trustman Gallery is chiefly occupied by works of Eastern European masters such as Max Beckmann, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Emil Nolde, and Lazlo Moholy-Nagy. As mentioned earlier, these postwar works are particularly expressionist. Compared to the works in the Torf, the Trustman gallery exhibits pieces that are especially dark and solemn. This quality is exemplified both in the use of color as well as in the empty and somber faces of the subjects. In addition, the figures are frequently self-portraits or depictions of family and friends as opposed to the unnamed models in the Torf gallery. Hence, their historic connection with the disturbing political atmosphere at the time is revealed in a deeply personalized manner and certainly lends a humanizing dimension that I often thought to be absent in the later more detached themes of modern art.



CYNTHIA MCMURRY

One piece I found to be particularly striking is a series of wood cut prints and a sculpture by the lesser known German artist, Kathe Kollwitz. Her works capture naked family members and lovers interlocked in tight embraces. The syncretism of body forms is not only visually expressionist, it demonstrates a palpable humanity, the des-

movement towards still life in increasingly abstract and non-human forms. As Trustman emphasizes personal expressionist works by Eastern European artists, the Torf focuses on depictions of biomorphic forms and free surrealist images by Western European masters. The play and tension between traditional and modern

the head of a bull and the body of a man. Specifically, *The Minotaurumachy* of 1935 is an allegory of the duality of man and is renowned as the most complex etching by Picasso. This Minotaur theme is previously addressed by the mono-color linocuts depicting bull-fighting scenes and the lithograph studies of the bull body in the Lower Rotunda.

Likewise, the female nude theme present in the Rotunda exhibit is once again recalled by an interesting minimalist Bronze sculpture by Alberto Giacometti in the Torf. Named *Walking Woman*, its elongated and smooth headless form shows a development from the increasingly free-hand sketches of the *Reclining Female Nude* series by Matisse in the center of the Galleria.

Although there is more distance between the subject-and-creator relationship in works in the Torf than in Trustman (since subjects are frequently unnamed models as opposed to family or friends), freer, thinner and more sinuous outlines also add a playful tone to the late modern pieces.

Near the end of the gallery, Juan Miro's *Black and Red Series* of 1938 takes that playful modernism to new heights. Viewers can appreciate the highly artistic yet playful biomorphic forms across eight panels that are simultaneously displayed horizontally, vertically, and upside down.

Overall, the play between traditional and progressive modern art in one end of the exhibition is also balanced by the more serious expressionist response to historical events on the other end. Offering both creative and intellectual stimulation in the form of a different kind of eye candy, *Degas to Picasso: Modern Masters* is a remarkable exhibition where art, history and humanity meet in hundreds of unique forms by the hands of some of the greatest modern masters of the 20th century. ●

*The Degas to Picasso: Modern Masters exhibit runs through July 23, 2006 at the Museum of Fine Arts Boston. Accessible via the Green Line, it is open from 10 a.m. to 4.45 p.m. from Saturday through Tuesday and 10 a.m. to 9.45 p.m. from Wednesday to Friday. Admission is free for Tufts students and MFA members. Entry is \$15 for non-members. For more information, visit [www.mfa.org](http://www.mfa.org).*



TREY KIRK

perate grasping of love and loved ones out of fear of loss in a time of war.

The circus theme depicted by Picasso is later recalled in several works by other artists. Otto Dix's 1922 *Clown Turns Skit into Violence*, as well as Max Beckmann's dry point circus self-portraits indicate the corruption of previously innocuous figures by war and the need for continual self-examination in the interwar era.

Moving on along Trustman from this early dark expressionism, the artists' subjects are replaced by an increasing search for order in mostly non-human subjects. In particular, non-Western entities such as the primitive tribal depictions of female nudes by Gauguin and Kirchner, and a gradual progression of more abstract animalistic forms by Paul Klee. Meanwhile, Trustman's inner Galleria exhibits more such pieces, such as depictions of nature as well as Otto Steinert's photographs of buildings in the rigid International Style.

Continued in the Torf Gallery, the search for constant structures foreshadows

is very much prevalent. Visitors are first greeted by two sculptures placed side by side, one that is an obvious revival of classic Greco-Roman forms. Rodin's 1899 marble *Psyche* and another in a more minimalist and abstracted geometric fashion, Henri Lauren's 1929 *Draped Female Figure*. Similarly, Degas' depiction of idealized dancers in soft and harmonious pastels in *Dancers in Rose* is juxtaposed with the more grotesque and sharper reduction linocut of Picasso's *Large Female Nude*.

While works in the Trustman gallery capture urban settings in orderly photographs of buildings, pieces by British urban scene painters in the Torf evoke a different sense of order by maximizing stark black and white contrasts and repeating abstracted forms instead of crisp representations of the natural reality.

Next to the urban scenes are panels of rare early Picasso works. Particularly impressive is the 1930s series of fine wood cut and etching prints on the female nude and the Minotaur, a mythical creature with



## Spice Up Your . . .

## Volunteerism

BY ADRIENNE ROMA  
AND MELISSA FIORENZA

We may not be Division I when it comes to sports, but we Jumbos can undeniably take pride in our community service efforts. From the countless LCS groups to the outpouring of support for Hurricane Katrina's victims, there are a number of ways to reach out to the community right on campus. Living next to the metropolis that is Boston, it goes without saying that there are hundreds of ways to get involved off campus. So where do you begin? Here are two all-time favorite suggestions for community outreach; one is off campus, one is on. If you're looking for an opportunity to not only do good, but see firsthand the effects of it, there is one clear choice: volunteer at Massachusetts General Hospital. The volunteer department at Mass General is huge, but they're always looking for more help. There are a few departments you could volunteer in, such as customer service or clerical work, but the one recommended for college students is Patient and Family Support. For about 10 hours a week, your duties would range from playing with hospitalized children to reading books to the elderly. No matter what you do there, you cannot help but leave at the end of the day with a special feeling that comes from knowing you just made someone else's day a little bit better.

Here's how to sign up—Start by going to the Mass General Hospital volunteer website (<http://www.mgh.harvard.edu/volunteers>). Sign right up online for an orientation day. From there, the volunteer department will send you a short application to bring with you to orientation. The orientation lasts an hour and a half, and will pretty much answer all the questions you may have about volunteering. They will teach you about the program, the history, available placements, and they will have you schedule an interview. In this follow-up interview, you'll have the opportunity to talk one-on-one with staff about your interest in volunteering. After a quick background check, you'll be a "candy-striper" in no time.

More info is on the website, or you can call 617-726-8540. For a little motivation, we recommend you hit up Hollywood Video tonight and rent *Patch Adams*. If that doesn't make you want to sign up tomorrow, you have no heart.

As for on campus, there is one volunteer opportunity that is close to our hearts—the Relay For Life at Tufts. If you have yet to hear of it, Relay For Life is an American Cancer Society-sponsored event that is held at universities nationwide. The event is an overnight walkathon in which groups of students, faculty, and staff on campus get together in teams to raise money for cancer research. We know what you're thinking—not another walkathon. But as the ACS saying goes, it's "not the all-nighter you're used to." And this year, in its third year running, it is going to be an even bigger event than the past two years. Harvard, Boston College, and Boston University always have one relay together, the All-U Relay, and this year, they are bringing it to Tufts on the same night as ours, putting two Relays under one roof. This is great for camaraderie between the schools, but let's face it—if there is ever a chance to show them (ahem, Harvard) up at something, Jumbos stomp to it. The way to beat them in this game is to join the efforts at Tufts and raise as much money as we can for cancer education.



AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

Like we said before, it's not the all-nighter you're used to. During the actual event, which is held in Gantcher in late April, entertainment, food, and cancer

education is provided. The most important and moving part of the night, however, is the Luminaria Ceremony, where Relayers honor those who have been lost to cancer, as well as those who have survived, making it a very memorable and emotional evening. When you're sitting there with your friends, surrounded by illuminated bags spelling out the word HOPE and listening to Sarah MacLachlan's "Angel," we guarantee you'll be touched. So head to your computer and check out the website: [www.acsevents.org/relay/matufts](http://www.acsevents.org/relay/matufts). You can register and raise money right online, or for more info, head to the Kickoff party next Wednesday, the 15th, at 8:30 in the Campus Center Commons.

If neither of our faves appeal to you, here's a rundown of another off-campus opportunity.

Dedicated to creating and nurturing a sustainable local food system since 1991, The Food Project has been growing healthy food for hungry people in shelters and for city and suburb residents. Relying on over 1,500 adults and youths to assist in farming the rural plot of land in Lincoln, MA and several plots in urban Boston, The Food Project donates half of their pesticide-free food to local food shelters and city and suburb residents. The other half is sold to farmers markets and community crop shares. The Food Project is an amazing and admirable enterprise, one of which anyone should be proud of being a part. Volunteer for a few hours, or a few months; become part of the team long term if you have the time. Four-hour shifts (9:30a.m. – 12:30 p.m.) take place three days of the week in the spring and fall in Lincoln or Roxbury, MA. For more information, check out their website ([www.thefoodproject.org](http://www.thefoodproject.org))

We know everyone's busy during the semester, but it's worth it to clear a spot in your Pachyderm to do something good, (even if you have a hidden agenda and your motive really is just to see Tufts above Harvard on the Relay website's list of top fundraising schools.) In all seriousness, if there's anything we'd recommend doing before graduation, it's volunteering in or around the community. ☺

# Somerville Soirées

BY ALEXIS TSANG

If you're a junior or a senior at Tufts you can kiss goodbye to the days of endless eating at Dewick and Carmichael. While some may appreciate the chance to cook for themselves and thus eliminate the risk of contracting some food-borne illness (or in my case, increase that risk), I personally miss the dining halls. For one thing, there's the social aspect of cafeteria dining which is great and irreplaceable—on any given day, most of your friends will be at a dining hall at a certain time. Once there, you can all congregate and concentrate on catching up on each other's lives without worrying about cooking or cleaning dishes.

Secondly and more importantly, is the quantity aspect of Dewick dining—if you're like me, that is to say, someone who is not only lazy but also prides herself on her ability to eat anyone under the table, then opportunities to visit Dewick should be taken advantage of to the utmost degree. Where else can you find a never ending buffet with relatively decent food? Certainly not in my kitchen.

Therefore, one must treat a visit to Dewick or Carmichael as a camel does an oasis—eat as much as you can in an effort to stay full as long as possible, because just as a camel stores water to stave off thirst, who knows when you'll reach the next oasis in the desert. If, however, you are that unlucky senior or junior who has no friends with meal plans or if you cannot find some wide-eyed underclassman to con into “meal-ing” you, there is another way to stay fed and have fun while doing it.

It's what I like to call the “Somerville Soirée” — basically, the college dinner party. The Somerville Soiree is a very broad concept — it can be anything from a casual pot luck, to a fancy dining experience. Similar to eating at Tufts' dining venues, it is a chance to dine in the company of your friends. What it has over Dewick and Carmichael, however, is the freedom to do what you want — you can drink freely (and not out of some sketchy water bottle), listen to your choice of music (not whatever crap

they are blasting from the dish room in Dewick, although strangely enough the music coming from back there recently has been quite good), watch TV, or whatever — all in the comfort of your or your friends' house. It's up to you to do what you want, how you want, when you want, and where you want — and still reap the benefits of eating amongst friends. The Somerville Soirée is best planned for the weekend or a night when you don't have too much to do the following day; that way you can lounge around for as long as you want while draining several bottles of wine or whatever the beverage of choice may be that night. The following are a couple of pointers for the ultimate Somerville Soirée:

**The pot luck:** My first experience with the college soiree was fall semester of my junior year. I had just moved into a house with two of my friends and we decided to throw a pot luck dinner party for my birthday. We divided up the guest list into threes and assigned one dish to each group. One group was in charge of the veggies, another the chicken, another the dessert, two or three the alcohol and so on and so forth. The dinner was a smashing success—everyone left with a full stomach and a several empty wine bottles. The effort involved was minimal. Three people cooking or purchasing one dish is really nothing, and when everyone is involved in setting up and cleaning up, the dirty work goes by fast. The best thing about the pot luck was the creativity involved. As we were not too picky about what we wanted, we merely suggested that our invitees bring an “appetizer” or “some sort of meat” and left it up to them to surprise us and the other guests. The pot luck is great in another sense: everyone gets the chance to show off a little bit.

**The dinner party:** My first experience with the all-out dinner party occurred while I was studying abroad in Paris. Whenever someone's host parents would leave town, we jumped on the opportunity to use their posh apartments to have our own party/pre-game ses-

sion. Usually one person would do all the cooking and show off their culinary skills. The guests still chipped in for the alcohol, the bread and cheese, and dessert, but the host got the glory of personally whipping something up to wow his or her guests. Usually it was something pretty standard, for example, steak or pasta with meat sauce, but on other occasions the host would peruse the recipe books or websites in order to find something delectable with which to treat his or her guests. The website [www.epicurious.com](http://www.epicurious.com) is a valuable resource for all budding chefs as you can enter in the ingredients you have at your disposal or the ingredients you'd like to use, and it will scan through decades of recipes printed in magazines and to help you find the perfect dish with your choice ingredients. The great thing about the dinner party is that it's good practice for the future—as the only host, you have the obligation and/or opportunity to really be the host. Your main responsibility is deciding what type of theme you'd like your dinner party to have; your smaller responsibilities will range from selecting the invitees to planning the music and ambiance to deciding what to serve; it's all up to you to make sure the dinner is a success. And thus you get all the credit if all goes well (or all the blame if someone comes down with salmonella).

And there you have it — a few tips on how to host a fantastic Somerville Soirée. Other things to do include emailing Evites or jazzing it up in a traditional sense and mailing out invitations. It's all up to you. Don't forget about Dewick and Carmichael though; while the soirees are a lot of fun and a chance to enjoy the company of your friends in the comfort of your own home, nothing beats unlimited rounds to the Dewick lines plus the added bonus of a duffel bag full of fruit and cereal that you can bring back to your place if you don't get caught by the cafeteria ladies first.

Food, whatever type, whether in mass quantity or in good quality, is best enjoyed with friends, and college is the easiest stage of life to do precisely that. So to you and all your friends, bon appétit. ☺

# A Month To Remember

BY EVANS CLINCHY

After 13 long years of waiting, Jerome Bettis can finally walk away from the National Football League with a Super Bowl ring on his finger.

It makes for an incredible story. The six-time Pro Bowler, who now sits in fourth place all-time in carries and fifth in rushing yards, began his football career in 1986, as a teenager playing for Mackenzie High School on the West Side of Detroit. Two decades later, he closed his career with a Super Bowl championship, in a 21-10 victory for his Pittsburgh Steelers over the Seattle Seahawks, giving perfect symmetry to a Hall of Fame career. It just doesn't get any more perfect than that.

But maybe it's time that we all moved on from that story. Bettis was a legend in his prime, and he will undoubtedly be remembered as a Steelers icon. However, perhaps he's getting a bit too much press for a guy who rushed for just 368 yards in 2005. It's about time we gave a bit more respect to the Steelers organization as a whole. This championship was a testament to a great month of team football, and what an incredible month it was.

It's distinctly possible that after all the dust has settled, we will look back on the Steelers' playoff run and consider it the most memorable month of postseason football there ever was. Starting out as the sixth seed in the AFC playoffs, the Steelers proceeded to deliver four shocking upsets, one by one, to arguably the NFL's four best teams. Just one month ago, it was near-impossible to ask any NFL expert for a Super Bowl favorite and not receive an answer of "Seahawks," "Broncos," "Colts," or "Bengals." And now, each of those four teams is just another notch on the Pittsburgh belt.

How did this impossible dream come true for the Steelers? Well, we can start with quarterback Ben Roethlisberger. Roethlisberger quietly turned in a top-notch season under center for the 2005 Steelers, compiling a quarterback rating that ranked third in the NFL, behind just Peyton Manning and Carson Palmer. It was only his

second season, but it's already becoming apparent that the 23-year-old Big Ben may be the best Steeler quarterback since Terry Bradshaw.

Not content to settle for a solid regular season, Roethlisberger proceeded to go on an absolute tear in January, leading his team's Cinderella season all the way to a title. He threw three touchdown passes in Pittsburgh's 31-17 win over the three-seed Bengals, carrying an offense that had no one rushing for more than 52 yards. He was 14 for 24 with two more TDs in the team's divisional playoff matchup with the Colts, but in that game, he will be remembered for much more than what you can read in a box score.

When a Bettis fumble with 1:20 remaining in the game ended up in the hands of Colts cornerback Nick Harper, it was Roethlisberger's tackle—in the words of John Madden, to be forever known as "The Tackle"—that saved the Steelers' season. And the heroics went on. Roethlisberger threw for 275 yards and two TDs against Denver, and led the Steelers as they cruised to an AFC title.

In Sunday night's Super Bowl, a number of Steelers emerged as heroes of the team's championship run. Willie Parker, who carried the Steeler running game all season, made one of the game's more impressive plays when he turned just the second play from scrimmage of the second half into a 75-yard touchdown run. Parker would finish with 93 rushing yards in the game, and 225 for the 2006 postseason.

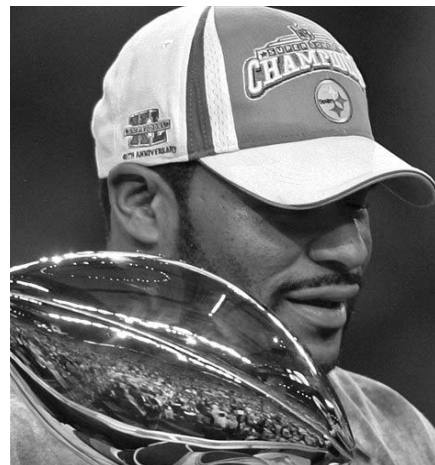
However, it was eight-year veteran receiver Hines Ward, not Roethlisberger or Parker, who walked away with MVP honors after Super Bowl XL. After a relatively quiet postseason leading up to Sunday night, Ward was absolutely explosive when it counted. While he only had five catches on Super Sunday, he amassed 123 receiving yards, and was on the receiving end of a dazzling 43-yard touchdown pass from fellow receiver Antwaan Randle El.

How about the Steelers' defense? While Pro Bowlers Troy Polamalu and Joey Porter get much of the credit, there

were a total of 26 Steelers contributing to the team's defensive efforts in the 2006 postseason—and what efforts they were. The Steelers held all four of their opponents—four of the NFL's best offensive teams—to under 20 points, and they crippled opposing running games. The Broncos' Tatum Bell ran for just 31 yards, and even Colts superstar Edgerrin James could rush for just 56. Against the pass, the Steelers were equally devastating, holding opposing quarterbacks in the playoffs to a total of four touchdowns and five interceptions, including two from cornerback Ike Taylor.

The Steelers' championship is also special because of the team's contributors from off the field. Coach Bill Cowher, after 27 years in the NFL as a player and coach, can finally call himself a champion. Owner Dan Rooney can now proudly say that his Steelers, with five titles, are in a tie with the 49ers and Cowboys as the winningest teams in Super Bowl history. Most importantly, generations of Pittsburgh fans have finally witnessed their team's return to glory, after a 26-year title drought.

While Jerome Bettis is a Steeler legend, a revolutionary player and a certain Hall of Famer, there were many other storylines behind the 2006 postseason. Arguably, the Pittsburgh Steelers had the most memorable month of any football team that has ever played. 🏆



MICHAEL CONROY, AP







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