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THE PRIMARY SOURCE

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DEPARTMENTS

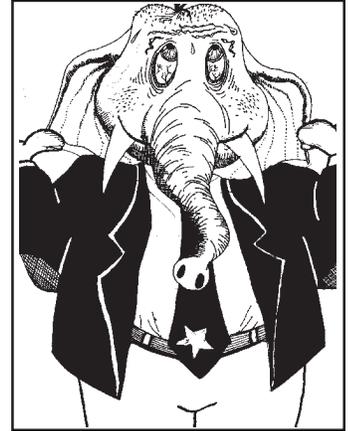
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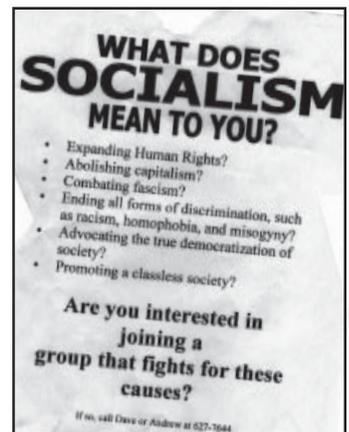
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FROM THE EDITOR

Graduation is a time for many things: relief, rejoice, renewal, relaxation, and, this being Tufts, recycling. It's also a time for sappy, quasi-nostalgic reminiscing about how everyone is so sad and happy at the same time—"bittersweet," if you will. This continues until the graduating class appends the old "A'98" to its names and resigns itself to a lifetime of junk mail from Tufts begging for money. (By now you've probably noticed that I'm immune to "nostalgia fever," and that's because I'm a junior. It's far more difficult to shed a tear and declare, "O Tufts! We hardly knew ye!" when you've still got another year to go and only eight more classes to raise your GPA.)

Meanwhile, the festivities move on. Graduates laugh, graduates cry—although the ones crying are unemployed, and the ones laughing are Engineers. Commotion erupts in front of Ballou Hall as proud fathers vying for the best camcorder location intrude on each other's personal space. Inquiring minds circle the academic quad searching in vain for a copy of *The Tufts Daily*, while disgruntled spectators use the conveniently hand-distributed copies of the SOURCE as makeshift fans and squirm in their seats until they can find a recycle bin. The dynamic duo of Bobbie Knable and her loyal underling, Bruce Reitman, recite the graduates' names at an apparent snail's pace, and the particularly observant note the abnormally large number receiving some kind of honors. A loud, bloodcurdling scream erupts from the line of black gowns and mortarboards. It is the painful cry of the student who has just been told by a dean that he *would* have been the valedictorian, if Tufts ranked.

But amidst the waves of nostalgia, shared tears, and—yes—*bittersweet* laughs, a subtle ambiance lurks. It is the aura of THE PRIMARY SOURCE, whose presence pervades every atom of Tufts University, at least while I'm providing the narration. This year's graduation is a particularly momentous one for the SOURCE, and its not just because it's the umpteenth year in the row that a four-year target of SOURCE humor has won the coveted student-speaker spot at Commencement. This year, with the Class of 1998, Tufts graduates four seniors from the SOURCE's editorial rankings who presided over this journal's golden years and whose commitment to a voice of reason that *makes a difference* on the Tufts campus helped make the SOURCE what it is now.

Ananda Gupta is our resident libertarian/impassioned anarchist whose cult-like following and divergent ideas allow the SOURCE

to boast of that quality which Tufts lacks so sorely: intellectual diversity. His off-beat pieces ranging from polemics on why the legal system should be privatized to a review of left-wing conspiracy theories have not only stirred discussion on campus but generated much debate within our own ranks.

Micaela Dawson's fiery socially conservative ideals have also found a home in these pages the last four years and provoked as much internal SOURCE controversy as has Ananda. Unwavering in her belief that morality is a necessary precondition for *pax et lux*, her attempts to bring issues of right and wrong to the forefront of campus dialogue always make waves among a student body so intoxicated with moral relativism that *any* kind of ironclad principles are feared.

Colin Kingsbury's commitment to the SOURCE is particularly meaningful in light of the fact that he has spent most of his senior year juggling a mountain of responsibilities but still managing to fill nearly every issue this year with journalism extraordinary for a college newspaper. His vision of the SOURCE as a paper that should set the terms of the debate rather than respond to them is the one that has ultimately prevailed, and his investigative pieces into the denizens of Ballou and Bendetson have set a standard that will be difficult to match in coming years.

Lastly, the SOURCE loses another former Editor-in-Chief this year. Jessica Schupak inherited the leadership of THE PRIMARY SOURCE when animosity towards conservatives at Tufts was at an all-time high. Holding together a painfully small contingent of frequent contributors and committed ideologues, Jessica nonetheless oversaw the production of thirteen of the finest issues the SOURCE has ever printed. It was her reverence of tradition that enabled the SOURCE to maintain its standard of excellence, but it was her own vision of the magazine and meticulous commitment to perfection that enabled the SOURCE to emerge unscathed from troubled times, born anew as the Tuftonian institution it deserves to be.

When I continue editing THE PRIMARY SOURCE next year, I will always notice the chasm left by the absence of these four voices. At the risk of sounding bittersweet, I am saddened to see some of the SOURCE's finest leave but happy that their Tufts diplomas will one day enable them to become what this journal *demand*s its alumni become: filthy-rich conservatives. I wish them the best.



THE PRIMARY SOURCE

THE JOURNAL OF CONSERVATIVE THOUGHT
AT TUFTS UNIVERSITY

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Letters

ALBO Out of Order

I hope it's not too late for me to formally write about the event I described to you. *The Zamboni* put in a request to receive the necessary funding to purchase a new printer. As my meeting with ALBO concluded, one ALBO member asked if there would be a PRIMARY SOURCE spoof issue this year. I replied that we didn't plan on it because we did one as recently as last year. At that point, Josh Goldenberg said, "You want that printer? Just do a PRIMARY SOURCE issue." I am not sure whether he was serious or not. But for one thing, it showed me three things.

1) That blackmail immediately occurred to him while considering a capital expenditure request. 2) That he essentially admitted that he has something against the SOURCE. 3) That when considering capital expenditures, he bases his decisions on his own self-interest. (Will the *Zamboni* use the money to accomplish something that *he* likes?)

—Adam Lenter

Mr. Lenter is the Editor-in-Chief of the Zamboni.

ALBO Strikes Out

I am writing to inform you of a meeting I had with Tufts Community Union (TCU) senator Samar Shaheryer following the budgetary meeting for the Tufts Republicans on February 20, 1998. Shaheryer asked me if I would be willing to be a panelist in a forum, to take place on February 25, 1998, on a recent issue of THE PRIMARY SOURCE. She informed me that something needed to be done about the SOURCE. Shaheryer also stated that many of the culture houses on campus had problems with the content of the articles in the SOURCE. She said that I would be asked, as a panelist, questions relating to whether the SOURCE was racist or bigoted. She

implied in our conversation that her goal was to remove the SOURCE from the Tufts campus. I am informing you of this conversation because I feel that it is relevant given Shaheryer's position on the Allocations Board and her involvement in the current budgetary conflict.

—Jeff Rick

Mr. Rick is the Chairman of the Tufts Republicans.

Disband the Patio

I'm writing to express my profound appreciation for Mr. Waldman's expose on the recent follies of the senate. The senate seems hell-bent on spending as much money as possible on their own pet projects while, in typically liberal form, cutting the funding of those organizations that actually serve the student population. Bless you, sir, for finally bringing to light this heinous example of fiscal irresponsibility.

Dare I ask from what this \$100,000 patio is to be constructed? Or rather, what type of gold and silver patio furniture should we expect to see? Personally, I cannot fathom how the senate could have possibly arrived at a price of \$100,000 for around 50 cubic feet of poured concrete. That's \$2,000/cubic foot....

Our representatives have shown relatively little interest in the opinions of their constituents thus far.

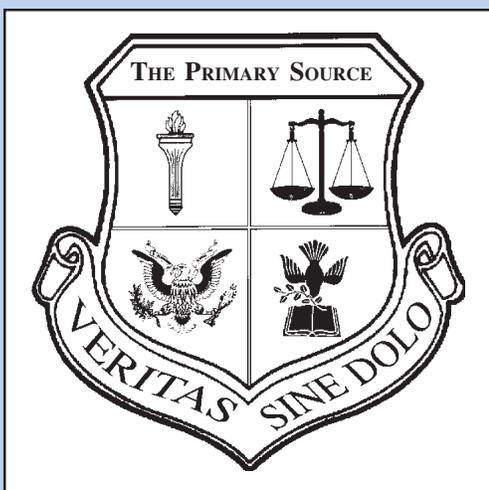
—Benjamin J. Levin

Taking Back the Plight

I'm in support of a womens [*sic*] study major, and I hope that you do transfer. Tufts would be a better place without sexist, racist cowards like you in the community.

—Garth Williams

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Commentary

Tufts Men For Social Action?

Recently, the Tufts Men Against Violence—the newest way for Jumbo boys to show the coeds how sensitive they are—asked the estrogen-challenged to sign a pledge, displayed on a conspicuous ten-foot high banner in the campus center, promising “to not rape.” Those who indulged received a warm, self-congratulatory feeling, not to mention a nifty button emblazoned with the words “I am a man that [*sic*] will not rape.”

Even ignoring the Freudian slip in the slogan’s grammar—one that turns men into animals—the pledge still manages to be implicitly condescending. Insinuating that Tufts men don’t understand the gravity of the crime, it puts forth the notion that these reasonable men consider rape a vice akin to smoking. Already, numerous male Jumbos have begun asking themselves, “What’s next? A pledge not to murder? A pledge not to club puppies?” These men are insulted, and rightfully so.

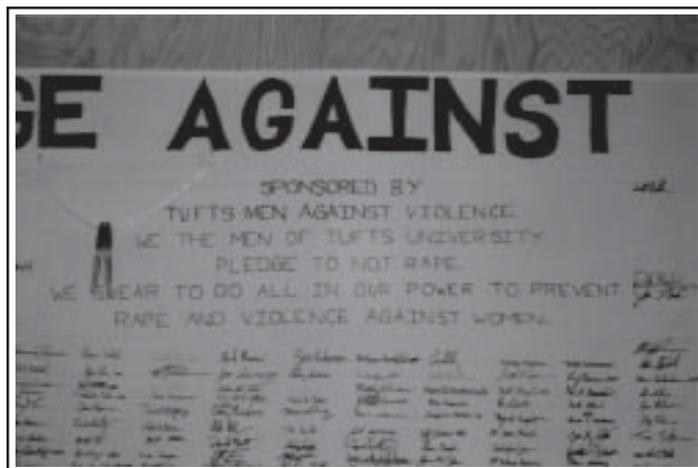
The pledge’s accusatory tone wallows in the traditional gender-baiting trappings of radical feminism, insinuating that all men have rapists within them and need their instincts tempered by a little left-wing sensitivity training. Yes, it is obvious that all men are physically capable of rape—but only in the same sense that all women are capable of child abuse. The idea that any significant number of Tufts men could actually bring themselves to commit such an atrocity is nothing less than absurd—and sexist.

Strong-stomached, soft-headed men still sign the pledge daily, leaving with the peace of mind that their impromptu promise is on display to all—especially those burgeoning feminists who might be looking for a date.

Gimme Shelter

Don’t be surprised if you happen to come by a bunch of Jumbos bargaining with the winos in Davis Square over their stockpile of cardboard boxes next fall. For the third year in a row, a record number of juniors-to-be discovered that the most Tufts could guarantee them was a shanty in Fletcher Field. The Office of Residential Life’s treatment of these sixty-six students can be described as delinquent at worst, indifferent at best.

To alleviate the expected housing shortage, Res Life once



again granted selected sophomores the privilege of living off-campus. However, if the incoming freshman class becomes as large as the preliminary numbers seem to indicate, the University will be required to take much more drastic measures to accommodate all first-year students who are required to live on-campus. The problem is, Tufts simply doesn’t care.

Increased enrollments will mean more cash for the administration to throw around—and new housing, or better housing, falls well behind the Task Force on Race’s recommendations on Tufts’ list of priorities. Administrators have tied up enough funds already with the unnecessary renovation of Hillside, one of the younger and more luxurious complexes. Considering the lack of open space in which to build any new residence halls, it should be clear to the administration that the University is operating at capacity. While Tufts should be proud of the recent growth in the number of applicants, Bendetson decision-makers should keep in mind that the students they accept need a place to live. Prediction for Fall ’99: construction of a freshman ghetto in response to the enrollment of over two-thousand first year students, complete with barbed wire, cots, and food drops every couple of days. Tufts will be laughing all the way to the bank.

Strange Bedfellows

Not long ago, the Tufts Transgendered, Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Collective canvassed Walnut Hill with flyers advertising “Anal Sex Talk,” a frank discussion open to all students interested. Perhaps TTLGBC truly expected Jumbos to take this supposedly educational event seriously. But given the group’s penchant for shock value, its members hardly should have found it so surprising—let alone hateful—when a handful of Sigma Phi Epsilon pledges dropped in on the forum, allegedly as a fraternity rite. The uproar with which the TTLGBC greeted the boys’ presence, publicly accusing them of engaging in hurtful “mockery,” suggests it had no intention of opening “Anal Sex Talk” to anyone except those of its own persuasions. As former Sig Ep President Tobin Papp noted in a *Daily* “Viewpoint” addressed to members of that organization, “I’m sorry you are so closed-minded that you cannot practice the tolerance that you preach.”

Accordingly, the student body should consider it thoroughly disconcerting that the Inter-Greek Council and TTLGBC forced all fraternity and sorority pledges to attend a forum they co-hosted, designed to “reconcile the gay and Greek communities.” The sensitivity training included a role-playing session in which panelists such as TCU president Omar Mattox had to answer questions as if they were gay. The very idea that there is a “correct” way a gay person would answer a question only perpetuates the stereotypes TTLGBC purports to oppose. IGC President Jeff Steiner claimed the purpose was “to educate the Greek community at large on issues concerning the TTLGBC as well as to explore similarities between the two groups” and “foster a more open dialogue [so that] the TTLGBC won’t feel as threatened by the Greek community.”

But why does TTLGBC deserve such a gesture? No one would argue that discrimination, singling out a person or a group on the

basis of difference, is wrong. But all people engage in discrimination in one form or another, holding views which may or may not please certain segments of society. Mere opinion is no basis for punishment unless mind control is the order of the day. Forced sensitivity training attempts to offer TTLGBC members defense against harassment over and above that which the typical person receives. No one makes it through life without taking his fair share of lumps for anything from obesity to baldness, yet few outside “marginalized groups” are calling for such special assistance, which more often than not only heightens animosity. By holding events and chalking statements about topics which should remain in the bedroom, TTLGBC provokes some of the backlash it bears. But just as no one is trying to censor or otherwise control that group’s displays, TTLGBC should extend the same courtesy to the rest of campus.

Parting the Red Sea

In George Orwell’s *1984* followers of Big Brother chanted, “Whoever controls the past controls the future. Whoever controls the present controls the past.” The aphorism was intended to remind readers that as soon as factions begin rewriting history, oppression will follow soon after. College students at Tufts and elsewhere think they are immune to the hazards of revisionist history, either out of a poor image of their own gullibility or a dangerous blind faith in the motives of academic lecturers. But a recent lecture by Hasan Abdel Rahman in Cabot Auditorium should shock Jumbos who thought the Hill was safe from revisionism while simultaneously disgusting students who are legitimately concerned about combating racism.

Nowhere has historical revisionism permeated mainstream discourse so swiftly and so completely as in the issue of Israeli/Arab relations. Rahman is the Chief Representative to the United States of the PLO, otherwise known as the Palestine Liberation Organization. Just a few years ago this terrorist group was globally recognized for exactly what it is: a cowardly band of madmen who empty sniper fire on innocent Israeli civilians and firebomb buses filled with young Israeli schoolchildren in order to scare a threatened nation into surrendering its Holy Land. But now, ever since President Clinton recklessly brokered a “peace” agreement between Israel’s late Prime Minister, Yitzhak Rabin, and the PLO’s chief terrorist, Yasser Arafat, the public prefers to think of the PLO as the legitimate government of the Palestinian people. This is precisely the revisionist image that Rahman propagated in a Tufts auditorium filled primarily with Arab students when he stated, “We organized the Palestinian people and gave them an identity. They accepted the PLO as their sole and legitimate representative.” Were this the case, there would be no stronger argument for taking a hard-line stance against Israel’s Palestinian neighbors and refusing the slightest concession. But supporters of Israel do



not compromise truth in the same manner as their opponents: the PLO’s actions should not reflect poorly on the many Palestinian Arabs who never resorted to terrorism to make their voices heard.

Israel’s supporters in the United States were a favorite target of Rahman, who perpetuated the anti-Semitic stereotype of Jewish money and Jewish influence polluting an otherwise pure political process. Blaming the United States’s support of Israel on American Jewish lobbying, he proved that the PLO’s war of propaganda is not only against Israel but against Jews in general. “Israel is not considered a foreign policy issue for the United States,” he stated. “Israel is a domestic issue in the United States.” He continued to bemoan Israel’s nationhood in the familiar manner: by demanding even more from Israel than has already been exacted in the so-called “peace process,” the only peace process in recent memory wherein a nation which proved victorious after a series of invasions is expected to surrender more and more of its lifeblood to its aggressors. “Since [Benjamin Netanyahu’s] election, he has done everything possible to undermine the peace process,” Rahman claimed. But a peace process that asks a peaceful nation to sacrifice its land to a terrorist organization is one that should have been undermined before it even began. Too often the process has been phrased by Israel’s supporters as “trading land for peace,” but even this is a misnomer, as none of Israel’s concessions have tangibly curbed PLO-endorsed terrorism.

That the PLO is fundamentally a terrorist organization is a kernel of truth now lost in the tides of political correctness and historical revisionism. It is sad that Tufts University has become the latest pawn in the PLO’s ‘war of propaganda,’ but it is even sadder that Tufts students have come to accept such politicking as a matter of course and see it as futile to try to counter such lies with dialogue, conversation, and confrontation. Perhaps the only redeeming aspect of the Hasan Abdel Rahman program was that it wasn’t cosponsored by the Hillel Center, which seems to dispense its finances to every left-wing speaker Tufts can cram into an academic year. At least its judgment proves more sound when its own constituents are targeted with propaganda and revisionist history.

From the Elephant's Mouth

August, 1997

☞ Yikes! Incoming freshmen arrive on campus to find **angry ex-UNICCO workers** holding up signs saying, “God Is Angry At Tufts.” Because the janitors got to rest all seven days.... Diverse **diversity panel** includes a girl empowered by her interracial relationship; a re-awakening Jew who won’t go to Hillel who used to cry himself to sleep at night; a militant Israel-hating “Arab-American”; a representative from Tufts Transgendered Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Collective who doesn’t know what “transgendered” means; and quota-queen **Aliguma Kabadaki**. But inquiring minds demand more from next year’s panel: “We want more Brad!” echoed from five thousand throats or more.... Standard date-rape panel “**Why No Means No: Respecting Choices**” lies to students that one in four college girls is a sexual-assault victim, then follows the presentation with bizarre performance piece by **Armand Mickune-Santos** involving “alcohol,” “dollars,” “lots of unprotected sex,” and “fun.” Makes Tufts sound a bit less Medford and bit more *Melrose*.... Ass. Dean of Students **Bruce Reitman** pleads with SOURCE editors to cease hand-distributing copies of SOURCE Orientation issue at Matriculation rituals, then tries to block SOURCE editors from distributing copies of same at the Orientation diversity panel. In other news, the **Jerk Store** calls, and they’re running out of Bruce Reitman.

September, 1997

☞ Militant plant-eaters start a brawl in the *Daily* protesting the new **McDonald’s** in **Davis Square**. Students vote with their wallets and super-size vegan angst.... Perennial resumé-packer **Andi Friedman** appears as one of the Top Ten College Women in *Glamour*. The issue also contains the article, “Who Needs Plastic Surgery!” ... Friedman crows, “I think this award sends a great message to women, especially in a magazine that many people think is only about fashion... that it is rewarding to be successful and hard-working, and a leader in the community.” Other cover stories: “18 Signs He’d Be Great to Sleep With” and “You? A Flirt? You Bet! Here’s How.” ... **Margaret Thatcher** graces campus with a forty-minute lecture that provided ninety-nine percent of Tufts’ worthwhile intellectual discourse in the last four years.... **Angry womynists** hang “awareness” posters in every dorm decrying domestic violence, which includes “defining and rigidly adhering to men’s and



A year in review.

women’s traditional roles,” “all intentional attempts to minimize her concerns and to make her feel bad,” and “forcing her to share IV needles with others.”

October, 1997

☞ The SOURCE obtains a copy of an illiterate speech by Tufts Dean **Walter Swap** that uses the word “diversity” five times in three sentences. But Tufts isn’t the only local institution to start worshipping the rainbow: Massachusetts public-transportation bureaucrats vow to “make **the T** a leader on the issue of diversity.” Next stop: racial quotas for the ukulele players in the T stations.... A newly elected **freshmyn TCU senator** gets carted off

to Larry Memorial for a case of election-night alcohol poisoning. Turns out she’d tried to drown sorrows in sleeping pills after discovering she’d have to spend a year staring into the beady eyes of **Josh Goldenberg** and **Jack Schnirman**.... Everyone’s favorite alcohol-oddball **Armand Mickune-Santos** quips, “The goal of [frat partygoers] is clearly to get drunk.” Funny; all this time we thought it was just the cozy atmosphere.... In an *Observer* editorial explaining how capitalism kills black women, **Tiphanie Gundel** opines, “The middle class created by President Roosevelt is dwindling as the extremes of the very rich and the very poor make a comeback to America.” As well as the extremes of the historically challenged.... **Rubén Salinas Stern** accuses the SOURCE of racism in a *Daily* “Viewpoint” in the only sentence in the entire article that even concerns the SOURCE, then runs for cover. When asked to elaborate later, the Hispanic House Czar admits he doesn’t read the SOURCE. After all, the **TCU senate** wouldn’t fund our trilingual edition.... The SOURCE offers **President DiBiaggio** a three-page interview to defend Tufts’ position on UNICCO. Explains the prez, “We cannot guarantee lifetime employment to anyone. That’s not reality-based.” Neither is **Sociology**, but *they’re* all tenured.... Letter from affirmative-action master **Michael Powell** tells the freshman class, “At a time when many colleges and universities, in response to Proposition 209 and *Hopewood* [sic], are either freezing or rolling back their affirmative action/diversity programs and initiatives, Tufts University is taking steps to further enhance the efficiency and effectiveness of the University Affirmative-Action Program.” In response, Tufts opens the floodgates.

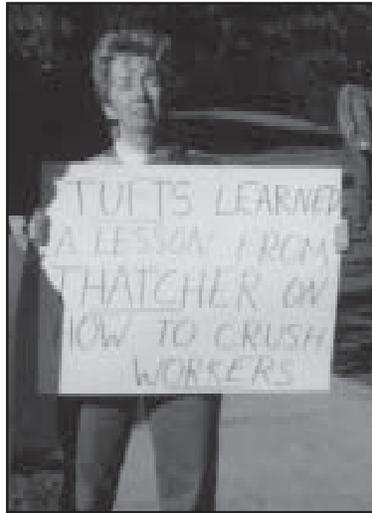
November, 1997

☞ *Utne Reader* hip-meter finds **Davis Square** one of the fifteen hippest places to live in the United States and Canada, lauding its refreshing lack of franchises. Particular points of interest: Dunkin’ Donuts, McDonald’s, Papa Gino’s, Radio Shack, Buck-a-Book, BankBoston, and Au Bon Pain.... A wave of **angry seniors** jump on the fix-the-Career-Planning-Center bandwagon after realizing that a Tufts education, a blow-off major, and four years of writing *Daily* filler won’t land a real job. In

related news, proletarian activists defending the **picketing UNICCO workers** in the *Daily* explain, "As for the workers... at least one of them is [college-educated]. David Rees is a graduate of Tufts University with an art-history degree and also one of the custodians." ... Must-see **TUTV** hits the air and immediately goes into re-runs.

December, 1997

☞ **Task Force on Race** member **Hillary Bassett** waxes syllogistically, "I believe as a whole, we [whites] are ignorant.... Don't blame yourself for being white. Blame yourself for being ignorant." Don't blame us, we voted for **Lee Brenner**.... **Kwanzaa** evangelist **Tiphonie Gundel** writes a letter to the *Daily* to educate the community about **Kwanzaa**, but misidentifies the holiday *cum* race war's creation as December 26th, 1996. **Maulana Karenga** responds, "Don't blame yourself for being ignorant. Blame yourself for being obnoxious." ... "Feel-good information" dispensed by the "**African-American**" Center about **Kwanzaa** states, "We lost our land through blood; and we cannot gain it except through blood.... Without the shedding of blood, there can be no redemption of this race." Can't we all just get along? ... **TTLGBC** announces it will apply to **Res Life** for its own group-housing unit, later dubbed the **Rainbow House**. Beware of **Armand Mickune-Santos** bearing gifts.



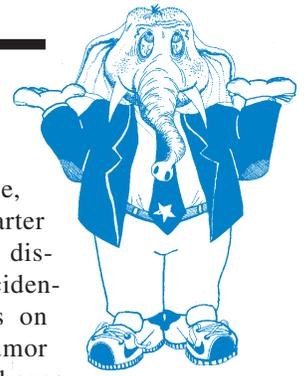
January, 1998

☞ **CampusLink** gets upset that after soaking Tufts students with rates double AT&T's it *still* can't pull in a profit, so the **TCU senate** approves a titanic rate hike. Protests ensue, even though **Josh Robin** and **Aaron Dworkin** have started using a **Captain Crunch whistle** for long-distance service.... The **Experimental College** offers a course on "how to think straight, or at least show you how." Hope **Tiphonie Gundel** signed up.... **Michael Powell** announces he's leaving Tufts' quota-crunching game to "pursue other opportunities." Just like **UNICCO**.

February, 1998

☞ "**African-American**" Center kicks off **Black History Month** celebration with a screening of *Shaft* and announces February 15th panel entitled, "**Conservative Persecution of Black People in America**." But the event gets canceled and replaced with a drunken tirade against **THE PRIMARY SOURCE**.... **Sean Hassan** bases surprisingly unsuccessful TCU senate bid on the following campaign pitch: "Are you a **Marxist**? Do you think it's time for a revolution? Are you heated about the whole **Tufts Connect** deal? ... I am too!" Prediction: the workers' revolution moves to the patio.... **SCIRT** nudniks together with impotent senate yes-

man **Jack Schnirman** celebrate victory over big business after University committees cave to "shareholder responsibility" resolution. In response, **Ben & Jerry's** rises ten and a quarter points.... Crack *Daily* investigators discover **Armand Mickune-Santos** accidentally distributed expired condoms on **World AIDS Day** last semester. Rumor has it **Brian Cathcart** switched the boxes to drum up support for **anonymous AIDS testing**.... Board of



Trustees Chair **Nathan Gantcher** allays fears about the Career Planning Center by saying that it's inadequacy doesn't matter—the real problem is getting recruiters to come to Tufts in the first place. What, no one wants to hire **Womyn's Studies** majors? ... **Res Life** approves "**Rainbow House**" application.... **Jack Schnirman** comes crawling to a **SOURCE** meeting protesting our description of the powerless senator as "impotent." ... And the vast left-wing conspiracy begins.

March, 1998

☞ The **TCU senate** decides it can't come up with a better use for \$100,000 of student-activities fees than to build a **patio** behind the campus center, voting on the motion after fewer than two hours of debate. **Aaron Dworkin's** proposal to build five **Port-o-Potties** nearby lost by two votes after senators couldn't decide where to put the plaque.... Senator **Larry Harris** proposes new Tufts slogan: "We've Got Patio." ... Angry womynists in the **Tufts Feminist Alliance** commence their quest for a **Womyn's Studies** major. Howl **Thea Lavin** and **Jennifer Dodge**, "We don't just need a women's studies major—we demand one." To raise funds for the cause they'll be doing lap dances on the **patio**.

April, 1998

☞ After long and unnecessarily drawn-out battle the **TCU senate** cuts **THE PRIMARY SOURCE's** 1998-99 budget by over four thousand dollars for no good reason. See collection plate on page two (hint, hint).... In completely unrelated news, one **SOURCE** member wins 1998-99 senate seat and two find themselves on the **TCU Judiciary**. Yup, we finally hit bottom.... Anonymous postering bandits steal some of the **SOURCE's** best jokes and advertise satirical **National Anglo-Saxon Awareness Week '98**.... A few students who missed the end of the Cold War begin the **Tufts Socialist Club**.... **Tufts Men Against Violence** asks Jumbos to sign a pledge not to rape, since all men are capable of the crime and have rapists trapped within them. Except **Jack Schnirman**.

☞ **THE ELEPHANT** never forgets.

After four years fighting the status quo at Tufts, Mr. Kingsbury declares, "Enough!"— and graduates.

The Next Twenty Years, and the Past Four

BY COLIN KINGSBURY

When I first came to this University in the fall of 1994, the library was named Wessell, Carmichael was the great new dining hall, Tufts Connect didn't exist, and the ranking of most concern to students was Tufts' miserable 292 out of the top 300 "party" schools. We were a strong regional school in a region famous for strong schools, with a reputation for its International Relations program and some highly respected professional schools. While the machinery of higher education often moves at a painfully slow pace, the past four years have proven quite long in the life of this University.

For most current students, the name of Jean Mayer means little; a few remember that he was president before John DiBiaggio. But few who know of his legacy debate that it was he who laid the groundwork for much of Tufts' recent success. President Mayer recognized the potential latent in the University and demanded higher standards all around for everything from student services to faculty tenure. Jean Mayer had a vision of Tufts as a great university with national recognition, and in his comparatively long tenure here he quite nearly saw that vision realized. If the best measure of a school is the quality of students wishing admission, then Tufts is better off now than ever before. Indeed, anecdotal evidence suggests that a significant portion of the senior class would not be competitive applicants today.

But while all signs today appear to point only towards progress, beneath the surface of shiny new buildings and a growing endowment there is much to suggest that our current success may be but a brief holiday before we begin the inevitable slide back down to regional-school Hell. While President DiBiaggio's fundraising efforts have corrected the major failure of Jean Mayer's tenure—

persistent deficit spending the University today lacks anything resembling a vision for the next twenty years. In a nearly hour-long interview with Dr. DiBiaggio I conducted, he managed to articulate only one idea not related to fundraising: educating students for "global citizenship."

Yet like most of the talk that floats out of Ballou this is just more hollow apple-pie rhetoric: it uses all the right buzzwords but utterly lacks meaning. After the interview I could not help but get the feeling that for Dr. DiBiaggio, his current job is a sort of early-retirement-*cum-country-club* position. The pomp and circumstance is enjoyable, and he takes pride in his ability to shake down wealthy alumni but displays an understandably fierce reluctance to get involved in anything remotely resembling a political conflict. While this no doubt eases his job greatly it hardly benefits anyone but himself. By voluntarily recusing himself from contentious debate, DiBiaggio prolongs his tenure at the cost of Tufts' long-term development.

On the edge of the twenty-first century, Tufts is closer than at any previous time in its history to the ranks of the truly great universities. If ever there was a time

that demanded a broad vision for advancement, it is now. Instead, we get a lack leadership at the top, a loosely-bound coalition of special interests in the middle, and hordes of lackeys with hands outstretched at the bottom. While the administration trumpets Tisch Library and DeWick-Macphie, these improvements did little more than to bring us to level with comparable institutions. But the necessity of shaking down the TCU senate to build the campus-center patio casts doubt on the level of commitment the University really has towards improving the quality and appearance of the campus. At the very least one can say that in terms of its physical plant, Tufts is making definite progress.

Ultimately, however, the fortunes of any institution dedicated to education rise and fall with the quality of its academic programs. Tufts, however, has not in recent years shown any signs of a unifying ideal or goal for the quality of its students' education. At the heart of this curriculum crisis lies the University's failure to articulate a clear and simple statement of what a student who attends four years of classes should be expected to know when he graduates. Thanks to years

of politicization and dilution of the traditional liberal-arts curriculum, students no longer believe in or even understand the original goals of the broad-based education Tufts professes to offer all Arts and Sciences students. Depending on one's course choices, the diffuse foundation and distribution requirements can lead a student either to challenging and thought-provoking classes or to sandbagging his



way through pseudo-remedial courses which may or may not offer enlightenment, depending on one's desire to be enlightened.

While the "breadth" aspect of a lib-

eral arts education becomes less and less meaningful, there is a complementary trend towards course offerings of excessive depth for the undergraduate level. This semester I took a course entitled “Women and Modernity in 20th Century Chinese Literature” during which the professor had to spend anywhere from one-quarter to two-thirds of her lecture simply providing basic information such as history, literary trends, or social conditions so that students had a chance to place what they were reading in something resembling a context. (Please note that I use this course as an example because I actually took it, not just selected it at random from the *Bulletin*.) No doubt many students, myself included, would have benefited far more from a course in modern Chinese history or literature, but no such course was offered this semester. I do not wish to criticize that this and similar courses exist here, or to upbraid the professor in any way, but it is doubtful that students who spend four years taking such narrowly defined courses come away with the sort of general understanding traditionally ascribed to a liberal-arts degree. I will leave as an open question whether what they do get constitutes an education.

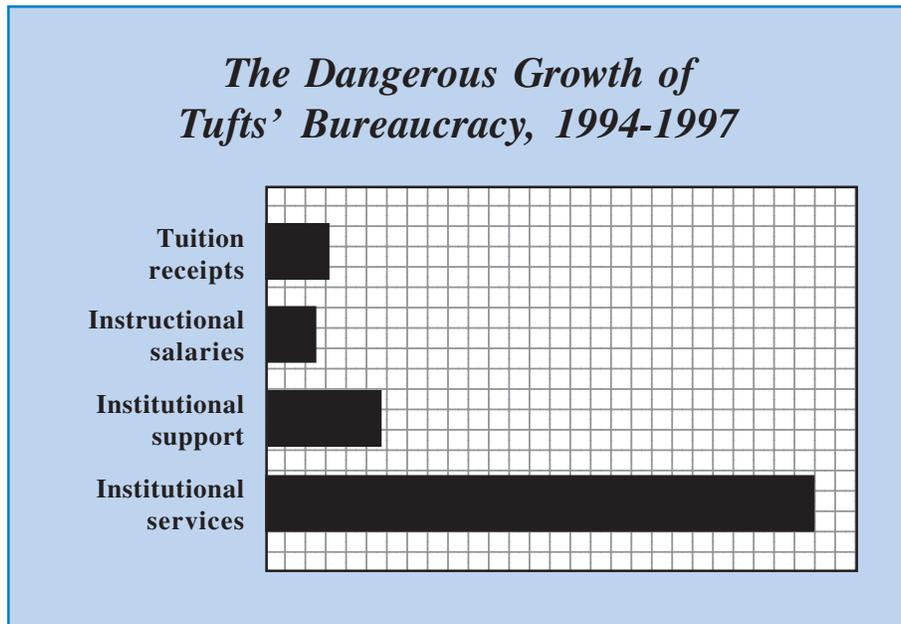
The recent calls for a major in Women’s Studies embody another disturbing trend in modern academia that Tufts falls for in spades. At the same time that traditional departments find themselves squabbling for allegedly scarce resources, the administration appears incapable of saying “no” to an ever-multiplying list of flavor-of-the-week specialties of dubious academic merit. That the words “studies” or “program” are inevitably attached to them hints at the lack of a real scholarly foundation. Study of a traditional discipline like English, Economics, or Biology provides one with critical analytical tools which find ready application in many realms. In the words

of Thea Lavin and Jennifer Dodge, two undergrads in favor of the Women’s Studies major, “Women’s Studies teaches students to deconstruct the prevailing ideologies of all disciplines and provides students with the skills to better the position of women everywhere.”

The “studies” fields, however, are really ideologies in search of a discipline. In those occasional moments when these pseudo-sciences achieve a semblance of respectability it is thanks only to their frequent if haphazard embezzling from traditional disciplines. The “deconstructions” offered by adherents are possible only in worlds of their own

programs consume far too many resources for the number of students they serve. Each program requires a director, a committee, an office, one or more secretaries, course offerings, plus all the usual institutional support, to say the least. It is not hard to see how such an enterprise quickly takes on the dimensions of a real department, no matter that most departments at Tufts serve far more students than those majoring or minoring in them. That these programs continue to survive, even multiply, attests to the lack of an overarching leadership in a position to stop the conspiracy of middle-tier bureaucrats that for the most part runs this University.

In the midst of this morass of irrelevant education, one is not given to fear tendencies towards instruction of a more vocational manner. Yet if a student’s immediate potential for success in the job market ever becomes a crucial element of a supposedly liberal arts education, then Tufts is even more impossibly lost. Just as the precipitous rise in academic dishonesty and pessimism signal student



creation where, in the words of one faculty member, “traditional standards of academic objectivity are ignored.” Allowed to run their logical course these quacks will happily deconstruct the whole world, and when nothing is left, blame it on the patriarchy, capitalism, Western civilization, McDonald’s, or whatever else happened to irritate them in the past twenty-four hours. Allowing such hollow doctrines an institutional home only ensures that the protégés of Dale Bryan and Peggy Barrett et. al. will continue to wreak havoc throughout the University long after their original sponsors take much-overdue retirement. As for society, people who specialize in these sciences of grievance create a permanent mendicant class committed to nipping cur-like at the heels of the rest of society.

Moreover, these special-interest pro-

cynicism towards the ability of this or any other university to teach skills of critical thought, so the very real decline in the substance of a liberal arts degree are prompting employers to look for more specific skills. As always, the temptation to remedy this by the simple fix of offering more internship and experience-based programs like Community Health exists, but in the long term this trend will turn Tufts into a trade school, albeit with prettier buildings.

The Department of Economics is more susceptible than most to these charges, but a ready defense exists: without the activity of business, the field of economics does not exist. Suggesting that students of economics should not spend time studying business is like telling Political Science majors not to study government. That Economics majors often achieve

greater initial success in the job market occurs largely because economics teaches students vocational skills. But statistics, computer programming, or chemistry can take a person only so far. At some point down the career line, a person's ability to think in terms classically developed by the liberal arts rises in importance, and one's major in college becomes largely irrelevant. If students and employers today do not respond favorably to the idea of the liberal arts, that is because the academy has ruined them by relentless dilution of standards, politicization, and the widespread abolishment of core curricula.

No area epitomizes the decline of the quality of a Tufts education so clearly as the failure of the University to teach adequate writing skills. Whether one looks at a sampling of research papers, the front page of the *Daily*, or merely at various flyers and other material around campus, the quality of most writing here can be described only as abysmal. When this problem first reared its head somewhere around three years ago a number of faculty members saw fit to lay the lion's share of the blame at the feet of America's secondary schools, while at the same time not disavowing Tufts' responsibility to educate its students. As usual, however, what initially appeared an excellent opportunity to effect long-needed change quickly turned into just another slowly-simmering bureaucratic stew. To be sure, a good number of faculty do recognize this problem and hold up the Writing Workshops as a program with great promise, but the fact remains that more than five thousand students will have matriculated, paid tuition, and graduated before anything of lasting substance has been accomplished.

Talk of "global citizenship" means nothing when students spend \$120,000 and graduate without learning to write well in their own language. But like many other aspects of this supposedly "student-centered" University, what ought to be a matter of institutional shame rarely makes it to the front lines of any debate.

Today there is very good reason to question just who is running Tufts—and for whose benefit. Comparing last year to the first year for most graduating seniors, tuition receipts and salaries paid to all teaching employees of the faculty of Arts



and Sciences have risen by roughly equal proportions, 7.3 and 6.6 percent respectively. The cost of the general "institutional support," which does not include teachers' salaries, has risen by 9.8 percent in the same period. In dollar terms, most of that increase occurred in the subclassification of "institutional services" which rose by a whopping 33 percent—a full one-third! (These figures can be found in the 1996-1997 *Tufts University Fact Book*.) Indeed, this confirms the suspicion of many faculty members that administrative and other support staff are getting more than their share of the pelf and lucre around here.

As for the Higher Education Initiative, of which we already hear too much, I have little to say because it is textbook Tufts administration. Identify an area of real concern where Tufts fails, convene committees massive in number and membership, rubber-stamp the status quo or suggest an even more exaggerated version of it, and put all this flop together in a document too long to read. The Higher Education Initiative devotes an equal amount of space to praising the important role interdisciplinary programs like Women's Studies play in preparing students "to enter the expanding, demanding global work place" and to the changes

necessary to teach students to write more capably. If the Higher Education Initiative ever leads to positive progress, I'll gladly eat a copy of this magazine.

If the past four years have made me cynical about the future of this University, it is because I do not see the sort of critical debate so sorely needed taking place. Two years ago the SOURCE tried to sponsor a debate on the merits of voting culture representatives sitting on the TCU senate. The idea died when departments happy to sponsor Jesse Jackson, Joe Kennedy, and Patricia Ireland decided they couldn't sponsor our "too contentious" event. At least at other schools a debate exists. Just recently, Tufts hired a professor in the Political Science department from a pool of two candidates. Normally the opening would have generated over a hundred and fifty candidates, of which at least half would be contenders, but this was a "targeted" search for a professor of predetermined skin color. Students and faculty alike are too well aware of the persistence of such clear injustices, but dissent here is not simply not tolerated, it is not even recognized. The Director of the Hispanic-American center calls this magazine's views "racist" in *The Tufts Daily*, then admits that he hardly ever reads the magazine.

Where is the outrage? I have spent four years exposing the follies and offenses of the academic charlatans who by and large run this place, and all I have learned are the names of the handful of faculty and students with the vision to see the emperor has no clothes but almost universally lacking the courage to say so. Though they have been of occasional help to me both as sources of information and of moral support, at the end of the day I am still left fighting this battle largely alone. My four years are up, and for me the fight is over, and the time nigh to move on to bigger and better things.

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Colin Kingsbury is a senior majoring in Economics and minoring in Chinese. He is working on a novel and looking for work as a "writer-adventurer."

*A fond farewell to the seniors
who gave us something to write about.*

No Hard Feelings

BY JESSICA SCHUPAK

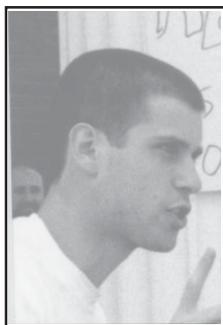
During my four years at Tufts I have lambasted many of my peers through both signed and unsigned features in the SOURCE for various leftist stunts or general silliness in which they were involved. Though I always made the sincerest effort to separate my personal feelings and friendships from my journalistic duties some Jumbos no doubt harbor resentment at both myself and this journal for negative coverage in forms ranging from political satire to serious criticism. In the nostalgic last days of senior year, however, I feel the need to show that at least on my part there are no hard feelings. The following is a recap of certain senior celebs' four years at Tufts and the relationships they forged with THE PRIMARY SOURCE.



Since **Andi Friedman** set foot on the Tufts campus she has made her loud political presence known. Andi found her niche in the TCU senate where she made a powerful rise to grand-poohbah her junior year, beating out a senior (white male at that) for the position. During her tenure the SOURCE criticized Andi's collection of leftist propaganda ranging from pro-Clinton bumper stickers to NOW paraphernalia which she proudly displayed in her sort-of corner office in the Campus Center. Her departure from the senate left Tufts's journal of conservative thought in a lurch, worried that Andi would no longer provide ample material for either the serious or humorous sections of the SOURCE. Rather than passing up the public spotlight and fading into obscurity, however, Andi became one of the campus' most vocal feminists, co-founding a radical, if redundant, feminist group. Ms. President

also appeared in *Glamour* magazine and became a panelist on the critically acclaimed TUTV-produced talk show, *On Campus*— making her one of two token women on the show. Her pro-abortion movement and media antics have provoked much thought (and laughter) in our Curtis Hall office. Life at the SOURCE would be much more boring without trite, self-righteous student-government "if-you're-not-part-of-the-solution-you're-part-of-the-problem" types like Andi.

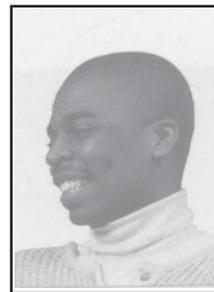
Andi's career path as a womyn on the move: After a short stint working at the Kennedy School of Government Andi will pursue some positions at non-profit organizations and work on some pro-bono projects. Feeling something missing and longing for a little more red tape in her life, Andi applies to become TCU budget coordinator.



Unlike Andi Friedman, **Josh Robin's** public spotlight was short-lived. Although his time in the activist lime-light was fleeting it was certainly prolific. He was so righteous during his first two years that he plunged from *Daily* darling to *Daily* pariah with startling speed. Our favorite Josh antic was his massive protest of Tufts Connect staged outside of Ballou Hall while a sophomore. Standing on a soapbox of sorts, Josh cut up his Tufts Connect calling card in '70s draft-protest fashion. Although the SOURCE has never been a fan of conscription, we found Josh's dramatic demonstration entertaining. Perhaps he got his flair for drama during his brief experience with the Tufts soap opera which

THE SOURCE affectionately dubbed *Too Much Time On Our Hands*. Josh went abroad his junior year which quelled the Robin media frenzy, and he remained relatively private this year— nonetheless, a catalogue of campus big-wigs would be incomplete without a mention of him.

Where you can find Josh in five years: Not holding a candle to delivering cold pizza for Espresso, Josh finds roaming the African deserts trying to teach English in the Peace Corps unrewarding and unucrative. The experience has not deterred Josh's lefty ways, though, as he can be found over a sink (or a bowl of water) shaving his now Biblical-length beard and trimming his unruly locks to launch a career as a price-fixer for a socially responsible phone company.



Omar Mattox chose the opposite route during his time at Tufts. After much time as an average student Omar decided to make a difference on the TCU senate. Although the SOURCE admittedly over-looked much of Omar's work on the school-spirit front we never thoroughly covered Omar's unwillingness to stand up for whatever principles he might have had. A true politician at heart, Mattox has even fewer convictions than a Clinton. As senate president Omar always had his finger in the air to gauge the political wind, as if the senate, which customarily hosts uncontested elections due to lack of interest, is some sort of *über*-cutthroat political arena. Though my better judgment keeps me from revealing some telling OTR conversations I have had with my former floor-mate, Omar publicly called SOURCE editor Keith Levenberg a "pompous, obnoxious asshe-le" for using the senate appeals process to get back money the TCU wrongfully and spitefully stripped from this journal's budget. The president of irony continued, "You can quote me on that. Put it in your graduation issue so my family can see it and be proud of me." Neither side emerged entirely satisfied from the funding debacle, but SOURCES hold no real grudge against Omar. How could they? Mattox didn't *do* anything.

Political-scandal meter: Returning to the White House where he once served as an intern, Omar suddenly finds himself an ambassador. Maybe he'll come back to deliver a graduation address down the road.



The SOURCE would be remiss to forget to thank **Emily Krems** for providing *mucho* antics to amuse both us and our readers. A leader in the campaign to reinstate shoddy UNICCO

workers, Emily starred in a cheap melodrama about the contract war. Banging pots and pans in take-back-the-night style outside Ballou Hall, Emily sought to make the world a better place for mediocre custodians. Don't worry parents: Emily's production of *Guys and Mops* didn't make the administrators in Ballou any less productive.

Inevitability: Emily crusades around America in support of above-market wages for sub-par employees. Upon getting accidentally hit on the head with a dust pan during a performance, Emily comes to her senses and joins the dark side (aka Corporate Amerikkka).



Although THE SOURCE has had its jabs at **Jeff Reingold** (mostly behind closed doors at Media Advisory Board meetings) we'd like to bury the hatchet. Jeff has worked tirelessly during his years at Tufts to bring us hours upon hours of repetitive programming on Tufts University Television. But then again, showing *On Campus* and *Woonsocket* umpteen times a day ensures that all Jumbos who live in the dorms don't miss their favorite Walnut Hill stars. After all, "We want more **Brad!**" But in all seriousness Jeff has done a remarkable job right above us in Curtis Hall and we wish him luck.

Five-year reunion prediction: Ditching the law-school idea to head for Tinsel Town, you can find Jeff encumbered by multiple cell phones which his scantily-clad assistant Candy carries for him. He

addresses old friends as "Babe" and "Doll," and, still a swinging single, Jeff tests out "I'll take you to Hollywood and make you a movie star" on J'98 lady Jumbos.

Jeff Reingold worked this year with **Brad Snyder** to make possible Tufts's own Sunday-morning style talk show, *On Campus*. The show provides snippets of Brad's hackneyed opinions for those who miss his pedantic rants in *The Daily*. Brad has been an exemplary political-science student during his Tufts career, serving on the senate, editing the *Daily* "Viewpoints" page, and making a pilgrimage to poli-sci Mecca (Washington, DC) for a semester. Four years ago the SOURCE thought the young Brad Snyder had promise and even tried to recruit him (Egads!). But since that ephemeral moment of hope Brad has berated the already beleaguered Tufts Greek system, supported the disgruntled UNICCO workers, denounced unpaid internships, and championed gay marriage—to name a few. One of Brad's only literary beacons of sanity appeared this year in the form of a defense of the SOURCE against the senate (not that I'm biased). Watch out, Eleanor Clift— here comes Brad.

Most likely to play Brad in the made-for-TV movie of his life: Anthony Michael Hall. Look for Shannen Doherty playing his wife **Nancy Hunter-Snyder**.

Two lady Jumbos who have squared off against THE SOURCE in years past are **Aliguma Kabadaki** and **Katherine Cheairs**. Constantly accusing THE SOURCE of racism the duo has provided much bark but little bite. When they were mere freshmen Aliguma and Katherine participated in a sit-in at a SOURCE weekly meeting



during which many malcontents from Tufts's black community— and **Josh Robin**— leveled unfounded charges of racism against the journal. And though we're thankful we don't have

to listen to last year's Wendell Phillips runner-up at commencement we did have to hear Aliguma launch a cheap shot at the SOURCE during the Orientation diversity panel, "Many Stories, One Community," in which she quipped that she and her quota-loving cohorts of the Harambee Coalition (including Cheairs) have had to suffer "a few slaps in the face from the campus 'conservative' magazine" for trying to "do a little something for [them]selves." The "slaps" to which she was referring were SOURCE criticism of the legitimacy of Kwanzaa as a holiday (because it includes dubious tenets such as Ujamaa, or cooperative economics) and her separatist crusade to continue university funding of a shuttle-bus to black churches— real low blows.

The oracle declares: Aliguma takes a few extra classes to get a BA in music and takes over Michael Powell's vacant post of Special Assistant to the President on Affirmative Action. Katherine likewise returns to academia to get a masters and becomes Aliguma's devious underling.



Miss Schupak is a senior majoring in Economics and History.



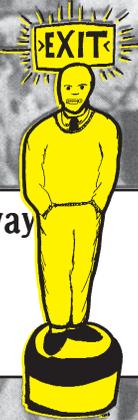
Keep your friends close and your enemies closer: Brad Snyder, Jessica Schupak, Andi Friedman, and Keith Levenberg on the set of TUTV's *On Campus*.



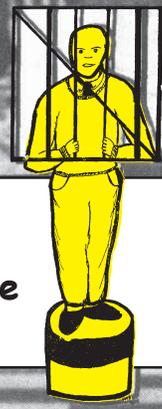
The 6th Annual And the winner is...



Dead Weight Award
The Observer



Shut-Up-and-Go-Away Award
Andi Friedman

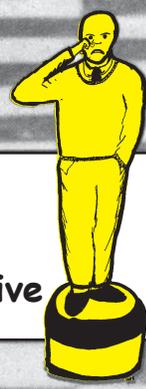


Crook of the Year
The TCU Senate



Biggest Waste of TCU Senate Funds
The Patio

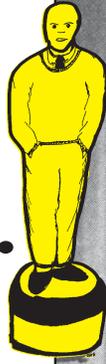
UNANIMOUS



World's Smallest Violin Award
UNICCO Food Drive

PRIMARY SOURCE Awards

winners are...

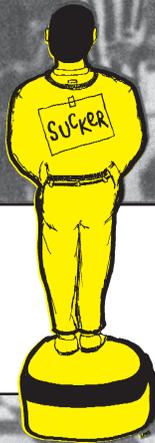


Resumé-Packer of the Year
Andi Friedman

UNANIMOUS



Best New Idea
Bringing Thatcherism
to Tufts



Sucker of the Year
Monica Lewinsky



Dirty Damn Liar Award
Meena Thever

UNANIMOUS



Worst New Idea
Office of Diversity
Education

THE PRIMARY SOURCE presents its Sixth Annual Award for Lifetime Achievement to...

William F. Buckley, Jr.

The birth of what we know today as American conservatism can be traced quite clearly back to the first issue of *National Review*, the stated purpose of which was to “stand athwart history, yelling Stop.” And although it took four decades to happen, William F. Buckley, Jr., the founder and still Editor-at-Large of *National Review*, lived to see the curtain fall on communism. So entwined is his history with that of the conservative movement that one can hardly be separated from the other. From his PBS show, *Firing Line*, to his many books, including the seminal work *God and Man at Yale*, Mr. Buckley is the rare political figure who earned his fame not by winning elections but by making people think.

For his contributions as a writer, as the founder of the intellectual home of conservatives for half a century, as a man committed to the defense of the principles upon which this country is founded, THE PRIMARY SOURCE presents its award for Lifetime Achievement to William F. Buckley, Jr., whose work inspired this and other kindred journals.



THE NOTABLE AND QUOTABLE WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Socialize the individual's surplus, and you socialize his spirit and creativity; you cannot paint the Mona Lisa by assigning one dab each to a thousand painters.

Liberalism cannot sustain our civilization on the little it has to offer. It is sustaining the majority of our intellectuals, but that proves to be easier than holding together the world.

The government of the United States, under Lyndon Johnson, proposes to concern itself over the quality of American life. And this is something very new in the political theory of free nations. The quality of life has heretofore depended on the quality of human beings who gave tone to that life, and they were its priests and its poets, not its bureaucrats.

I should sooner live in a society governed by the first two thousand names in the Boston telephone directory than in a society governed by the two thousand faculty members of Harvard University.

Blindfold me, spin me about like a top, and I will walk up to the single liberal in the room without zig or zag and find him even if he is hiding behind the flowerpot.

What was wrong with communism wasn't aberrant leadership, it was communism.

It is widely assumed by the other side on the drug question that to decriminalize drugs would be to register a social assent to drug consumption.... The initial problem is to make clear that to license an activity is not to approve it. We license the publication of Hustler magazine even as we gag at the knowledge of what goes on within its covers.

The state is a divine institution. Without it we have anarchy, and the lawlessness of anarchy is counter to the natural law.... But it is the state which has been in history the principal instrument of abuse of the people, and so it is central to the conservatives' program to keep the state from accumulating any but the most necessary powers.

Schools should not proceed as though the wisdom of our fathers were too tentative to serve as an educational base.

To some problems, a true conservative must always stipulate, there are no solutions.

It is truly impossible to train for the Presidency. Like using a parachute, it is something you have to succeed at the very first time.

How can the modern relativist exercise tolerance if he doesn't believe in anything to begin with? It is not hard to exhibit tolerance toward a point of view if you have no point of view of your own with which that point of view conflicts.

A good debater is not necessarily an effective vote-getter: you can find a hole in your opponent's argument through which you can drive a coach and four ringing jingle bells all the way, and thrill at the crystallization of a truth wrung out of bloody dialogue— which, however, may warm only you and your muse, while the smiling paralogist has in the meantime made votes by the tens of thousands.

The academic community has in it the biggest concentration of alarmists, cranks, and extremists this side of the giggle house.

Though liberals do a great deal of talking about hearing other points of view, it sometimes shocks them to learn that there are other points of view.

There will not again be a robust political life in the undergraduate world until the student becomes convinced that it matters what he thinks about public problems.

*Smack in the middle of Medford and Somerville,
Tufts finds itself being smacked up by bad neighbors.*

Biting the Hand That Feeds Them

BY AIMEE PESCHEL

Tufts University is a nationally known school which happens to be located in the heart of the Medford/Somerville area. This location's proximity to the urban areas of Boston and Cambridge and its own serene, suburban atmosphere would seem the ideal place for a college: Tufts students can reap employment opportunities and cultural experiences from the city while the University gives back to the community in the form of jobs and academic, athletic, and recreational resources. One would think that the relationship between Tufts and its neighbors would be perfect given the benefits each can provide the other. So how has it come to be that Tufts— while ignoring some of its very real problems on campus— spends vast amounts of time, money, and “community building” efforts trying to help neighbors who seem to do nothing but complain and ask for more?

Anyone who doubts that the University has misunderstood its obligations to Medford and Somerville need look no further than Tisch Library. A stop by on a weekday afternoon will reveal computer terminals crowded not only with Tufts students but masses of adolescent ruffians from nearby junior high schools. While Tufts students with bursar's labels wait in vain to do legitimate research, one often finds these youngsters cruising the Internet for hard-core pornography. But the real issue is not these teenagers' favorite pastime but the fact that while they leech computer access students who have paid \$30,000 for the privilege are inconvenienced and often treated rather rudely. It makes a student wonder whom Tufts values more: the students who provide funds for buildings like the library to operate, or the hoodlums who get their jollies from beating those students up.

Internet access is not the only perk that Medford and Somerville residents reap from Tisch. Teachers in the towns' school sys-

tems are entitled to the same borrower privileges as undergraduates. The benefits of having a world-class university library at their disposal is an advantage that the residents are lucky to have for which they should be grateful to Tufts.

The effort University resources like the library put into outreach programs for the community is immense; local elementary-school students are given guided tours by Tisch Library staff, introducing them to online cataloguing as well as touring the library archives. Having spent the last three semesters at Tufts I cannot remember the last time I was offered a guided tour of the library archives followed by a free lunch at Dewick. Apparently, as a student on my way to buying a bachelor's degree the administration has nothing to gain by plying me with red-carpet treatment.

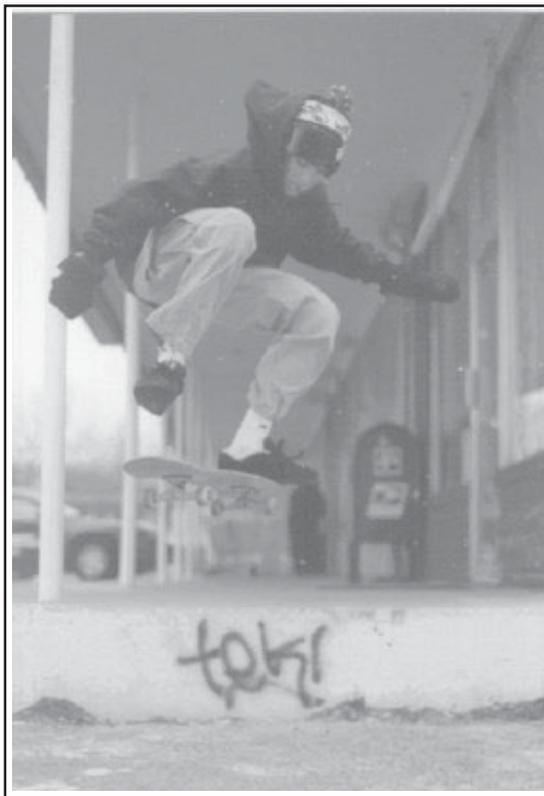
Another example of Tufts' community outreach that receive snarls instead of gratitude is the generous access offered to the playing fields near Ellis Oval.

Given the generosity of the University in allowing the public to exercise its dogs on the playing fields in the fall semester it was expected that users would practice common courtesy and clean up after their

pets as well as keep them from digging holes in the grass, turning the field into an unusable and unsanitary wasteland. When it became clear that this arrangement was not going to work Tufts had no choice but to close the fields to the public, fencing them off in a way that made being a pedestrian at Tufts a bit more roundabout for many students. Moreover, the effort to preserve the fields was not only for the benefit of athletes sporting brown and blue but also numerous youth leagues from the area who use the fields for practices and games. In response to the closing of the fields to canines local residents responded in kind by vandalizing signs posted along the Powderhouse Boulevard fence. Is this a fair response to a University that tried so hard to please its neighbors, going to far as to allow Fido to have free reign over playing fields intended for NCAA play?

The Medford campus becomes a playground for local junior high school students once the school bell rings on weekday afternoons. Boys no older than twelve roam the hill in groups of three and four,

smoking cigarettes and begging spare change from passersby. The paved surfaces, benches, and stairs make virtual skatepark for these rambunctious pre-teens, and the landscaping provided by the tuition-funded Campus Beautification Initiative is often the first casualty. Tufts' skating obstacle courses provide hours of after-



school fun, including games such as, “How close do you have to skate to a Tufts student before you run him off the sidewalk?” (As if it weren't already bad enough, in the near future the senate's

campus-center patio will no doubt become a favorite hangout spot for these Jumbo groupies.) One wonders what the liability to the University would be if one of these teens hurt himself in his skating follies.

But these incidents seem small in comparison to the most disparaging display of contempt that Medford and Somerville have shown towards the University: their harsh judgments of Tufts' dealings in the ISS/UNICCO melodrama. Disregarding the fact that Tufts is the largest employer in both Medford and Somerville and a great source of tax revenue and prestige to an area otherwise termed by many as "Slumerville," local politicians felt it their duty to pontificate that Tufts's treatment of former custodians proved that the University did not care for its extended family as it should. But what about the ISS workers whom the University now employs, still paying them several dollars above minimum wage? Instead of pointing the finger where blame belonged— at the union which betrayed its own members— locals have seen it easier to bemoan the big bully on the Hill. To hear them talk one would think that Tufts employs its neighbors not out of convenience and consideration but out of some kind of moral obligation. The lack of appreciation for the great economic benefits Tufts provides for its neighbors is an indication that maybe it is time for Tufts to focus its kind efforts on people who will appreciate them: its students.

Tufts and its student body have gone out of their way to be good neighbors only to find themselves in an unreciprocated relationship. Medford's and Somerville's attitude towards Tufts is shameful and hurtful, especially to a student body which spends so much time volunteering in the area through programs coordinated by groups such as the Leonard Carmichael Society. As students at Tufts we rent overpriced and rundown apartments from gruff Medford and Somerville landlords, patronize local businesses, and even get beat up by the native children at our own campus parties. It's time for the administration to realize that some people just can't be pleased and that maybe it's time to start working to improve things on campus for those of us who actually pay to go here.

Miss Peschel is a junior majoring in Political Science.

How THE PRIMARY SOURCE saved one Jumbo from Tufts' legions of political correctness and multiculturalism...

The Closing of the Tuftonian Mind

BY MICAELA DAWSON

It was the Fall of '94, a few weeks into my freshman year. Returning from class one day, I stumbled upon something which I will never forget. My first reaction was a double-take. Was I seeing things? And then I fell against the wall, trying to get a grip on my emotions. In thick black marker, the following words were inscribed on the message board hanging on my door: "*Get off the Source or I'm gonna get you.*" Some other nasty notes were scribbled as well, but not quite so prominently.

Of course, I freaked. In near hysterics, I grabbed the message board and frantically unlocked my door. Barely able to think straight, I tried to collect my thoughts. Someone was threatening me, perhaps with bodily harm, for belonging to THE PRIMARY SOURCE. What should I do? Was membership in an organization important enough to justify risking life and limb?

My friends and family didn't think so. When I called home, my brother told me to quit the publication. After all, he said, the point of attending college was not to write for a magazine, especially if doing so literally placed me in the firing line. I should just concern myself with getting good grades and leave challenging the powers that be to people who didn't mind the ensuing harassment. Even my Explorations leaders

tried convincing me to stop writing and perhaps consider transferring to another school.

One of my relatives advised me to approach my RA about this situation, who at the time was Caribbean Club czar Charlene Desir. When I showed the message board to her, her eyes lit up. "You know, I'm not surprised at all. What do you expect?" She signaled me to enter her room and whipped out a copy of the latest issue, in which I had written an article, "Centers of Interest," which criticized Tufts' separatist policy of establishing cultural centers and ethnic houses. "If you're going to write racist trash like this, you better be prepared for all kinds of threats" was her way of counseling me.

Charlene, as it turned out, had been



an active member of the Caribbean Club, a frequent visitor of the Capen House, and a vehement advocate of cultural relativism. She hung silhouettes of African queens' profiles as name tags on our doors as a means of glorifying her culture. She made a name for herself that same year when she attacked *The Tufts Daily* for

referring to her as an African-American, rather than as a Caribbean-American, because she was black.

Well, when I realized what a mistake I made going to her in the first place, I took my story directly to THE PRIMARY SOURCE. I called then-Editor-in-Chief Steve Seltzer, frantic over what course of action to pursue, and he advised me to treat this threat with the seriousness which it deserved, by filing a report with the TUPD. After talking to him, I thought he was crazy. I didn't want to stir up the pot, and I was afraid such a seemingly rash move would exacerbate my predicament. Maybe it would be better for all parties if I just removed myself from the spotlight right then and there.

But Steve and some other editors forced me to recognize that, of the two paths which lay before me, giving into the threat was the least honorable; it was the refuge of the cowardly. I could stop writing for THE PRIMARY SOURCE, and live a peaceful life at a school whose policies I would silently disapprove of. Or I could take a courageous stand against what I knew was wrong—institutionalized separatism—and for what I knew was right—my freedom of speech.

As if to validate my editors' advice, Detective Charles Lonero convinced me to file a report in case the culprit followed through on his warning. I remember hearing the words, "This is just a protective measure. If anything should happen to you, we'll at least have a lead..." and thinking, Oh my God, welcome to Tufts.

After receiving a call from Tufts Police requesting any information she might know regarding the message, Charlene summoned me to her room so that she could blast my involvement in the magazine. She spouted off about how my colleagues were snotty brats who had no idea what it was like to be black, and how awful it was to have to attend a school that taught history from the white man's perspective, forcing her to recite Latin and Shakespeare. Of course, she had chosen to attend the prestigious Boston Latin. At my small public high school, we were taught Alice Walker, Alan Paton, and Zora Neale Hurston, and the curriculum did not even offer Latin, so, in fact, I could not relate to her plight.

She chastised me for going to the TUPD rather than handling it myself. So I asked her if she believed threats were an appropriate recourse for those wishing to express difference of opinion. She claimed that threats were an understandable response to opinions which were racist. I gave her the courtesy of explaining that what was truly racist

was segregation and that establishing centers and enclaves which so blatantly differentiated between people on the basis of their race and nationality was, in fact, racist.

Moreover, instead of penning a letter to the editor of THE PRIMARY SOURCE, or a viewpoint in *The Tufts Daily*, or even engaging in a civil discussion about it, my ideological opponents had chosen to take the lowest road. Conservatives are often branded as closed-minded; how ironic it was not only that my detractors eschewed open dialogue, but that Charlene would go so far as to defend them!

At that point, I received a call from Detective Lonero informing me of the distinct possibility that the threats were made by some of Charlene's acquaintances. A few nights later, his suspicions were confirmed when, sitting alone in my room one night, I heard a knock at the door. A police officer was there, explaining that someone had called in a complaint about me having a rowdy party. When I swung my door wide, he apologized and left. Then three of Charlene's friends walked over and asked, "How do you like it when people call the police on you?" And before any of them could start a fight, Charlene told me to shut

and lock my door for my own good.

After all I had been put through, I refused to stop writing. If I could withstand that trial, I could withstand anything. So, a few issues later, I drafted a polemic against the African-American Study Guide, a piece of racist trash which insults the intelligence of the average human being. It includes such condescending advice as, "Avoid reliance on information from people who have not had successful experiences," "Use the syllabus to determine when assignments are due" and "Do homework before it is due," underestimating the potential of black students more egregiously than any white supremacist ever could. I have not particularly enjoyed the distinction of being one of only fifteen people on a campus of five thousand who finds fault with this blatant example of racism. But for the last four years, it has been my distinct honor to be part of an organization that still expects its members to stand up for what is right in the face of any threat.

Miss Dawson is a senior majoring in Classics and minoring in Moral Philosophy.

How does the average Jumbo put herself in a senate state-of-mind?

Sympathy for the Devils

BY ALYSSA HEUMANN

Now that the proverbial smoke-filled rooms have cleared, and the echoes of political rhetoric have left Hotung Café (at least for the present), I am left to reflect on my senatorial victory. It is an ironic twist of fate, to say the least. While my Sunday nights used to be spent in the PRIMARY SOURCE office poking fun at senators, from this point on I will be sitting at the same table with them in the Large Conference Room of the Campus Center. Will I be able to appropriately distinguish my "points of inquiry" from my "points of information"? Will I be able to look seriously into the eyes of a President Schnirman, or a President Goldenberg, and preface my every remark with "As a..."? Will I be able to put aside all

my pre-conceived, SOURCE-instilled notions of how stupid and futile senate procedure is? I hope not.

To help me retain my enthusiasm for my elected post, I have decided to keep a journal of my senate experience. (No doubt this will also help me when writing my senate memoirs to be kept on reserve in Tisch.) So now, without further ado, the first installment of the epic chronicle that will become known as My TCU-Senate Experience:

During the senate presidential nominations, Jack Schnirman and Josh Goldenberg spoke volumes on many different topics: same-sex marriage, patios, the role of the TCU president, and more.



SOURCE members present their paperwork to the senate and venture into student government. From left: TCU treasurer Josh Goldenberg, new TCU Judiciary member Craig Waldman, new TCU senator Alyssa Heumann, new TCU Judiciary member Keith Levenberg, and TCU senator Jeff Steiner.

However, the question that grabbed my attention was this: “How does one make the senators accountable for their actions?” In view of the actions of the last few months, especially where the SOURCE has been concerned, it seems that certain senators have been going “above and beyond” in a whole host of ways. From organizing a communal gripe session, to unconstitutionally ousting the SOURCE signatory, to cross-examining SOURCE-staffers about their fact-checking procedures, the senate has shown its predilection for extending its own duties and privileges wherever it deems appropriate. It took a slap on the wrist from the TCU Judiciary before Treasurer Goldenberg and other senators realized that their “points of inquiry” had taken on all the characteristics of a witch-hunt. As the SOURCE/senate melodrama has played out over the last few months, it has become painfully apparent that THE PRIMARY SOURCE is accountable, especially under the pen of Meena Thever. But who stands over the senators? Who gives them the motivation to dot their i’s and cross their t’s, especially where treasury procedure is concerned?

The answer, my friends, is staring back at you from the mirror. Only the students can make the senators truly accountable for their actions and the breadth of their authority. If you need any more encouragement to keep a closer eye on the senate, just read what Josh and Jack suggested in terms of senator accountability:

- “If senators don’t want to be here, we need to let them know they can leave.”

—Jack Schnirman. Thanks Jack, but

what senator would go to all that trouble of collecting signatures, making posters, and writing statements if he didn’t also want a coveted seat in the Large Conference Room? Or his name on the plaque of a certain patio?

- “Dead weight exists because of the public perception of the senate.”

—Josh Goldenberg. Personally, I have almost come to prefer the “dead weight” of which Josh speaks. In a senate where no ideas are good ideas, I would rather have senators do nothing at all than actively persecute my organization. And as for public perception, perhaps the senate has become its own self-fulfilling prophecy; people certainly have their negative views of senate and senator alike.

- “The senate should have a PR representative to be responsible for accusations.”

—Josh Goldenberg. Shouldn’t every senator be a PR representative? In a school of five thousand undergrads, it shouldn’t be difficult for senators to get out and meet the people, so to speak. And as for accusations, I hope the senate doesn’t plan on getting too many more of those! The fact that this is in Josh’s head already makes me apprehensive for the future— after all, no one would accuse a senate which was operating according to its rules of the usual crimes. Jack was adamant about starting new traditions at Tufts; I hope one of them will be playing by the senate’s own rule book.

However, the most disturbing element of the nomination meeting, aside from the rampant political rhetoric, was that there was not one mention of actually meeting with or talking to any of our supposed “constituents” face to face. Jack referenced

“Tufts Polls” constantly as being the “wave of the future,” the solution for the lack of senate/student communication. What many have failed to realize, however, is that all of this information-gathering will be done under the guise of anonymous, impersonal, and annoying e-mails.

Why does the senate go to such great lengths to avoid actually meeting or dialoguing with fellow students? Whether its hiding behind a microphone, gavel, table, or free-form survey, the senators have obviously yet to realize the potential of actually talking to their peers. If going door to door to solicit opinion could get someone from the SOURCE elected to the senate, imagine what it could do for the average senate do-gooder! There is no clear answer to this dilemma, although the solution may lie somewhere between inflated egos and the senators’ desires to hide their heads in the proverbial sand. The group mentality appears to be that as long as one never speaks to one’s opponents, they do not officially exist.

Where does this policy of *see no evil, hear no evil* leave the senate “constituent”? Unfortunately, disgruntled and unrepresented. At a school where complaints about the administration are as easy to come by as alcoholics in a welfare line, one would think the senators could learn from Ballou’s mistakes. Instead, they choose to ignore the problem of growing student frustration which continues to separate the student government from the governed. The results of this unofficial senate policy are everywhere: CampusLink and the hundred-thousand-dollar student-activities-funded patio, to name just a few. There are lessons waiting to be learned and innovations waiting to be made which could easily provide solutions to the senate/student lack of communication. The answers lie within the voices of over 4,500 well-educated, capable students. Whether the senators will move quickly enough to capitalize on these opportunities remains to be seen. Until then, the student body will continue in its present state of exasperation with everyone’s least-favorite bureaucracy. And that’s one student opinion of which the senators need not use Tufts Polls to be reminded.

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

Civil Wrongs: A Year in Review

BY CRAIG WALDMAN

For fans of equality and fairness, this was not a good year for Tufts University. Starting with the indoctrination of incoming students with the infinitely boring and pointless "Many Stories, One Community" panel, the administration's full year's worth of affirmative-action follies proved more plentiful than ever. I will review just a few of the notables, because a campus as "diverse" as this one produces enough to fill a whole SOURCE issue ten times over.

At the beginning of this year, the SOURCE received documents from an anonymous faculty source proving the horrific extent of Tufts' affirmative action programs. These documents confirmed what many suspected: Tufts does target its recruitment of faculty to minorities in such a blatant and directed manner that it may as well post a "Whites Need Not Apply" sign on Bendetson's door. Filled with Orwellian buzzwords like "diverse diversities," "faculty diversification," and "focused recruitment search," the documents categorically

proved that Tufts reserves many of its faculty positions for minorities. Never do the documents speak of recruiting the most qualified applicants— Tufts' administrators are concerned only with those who have "diverse backgrounds." The administration even increased its own power in the hiring process; until this year, academic departments enjoyed relative freedom in hiring. Now, the administration must approve a preliminary short-list of possible faculty and grants itself the right to delay interviews for the purpose of making a more "targeted" search— ultimately subordinating academic values to bureaucratic rigmarole at best and institutional racism at worst.

The overt racism operates under the code name "Faculty Diversification Initiative," and the University continually tries to hide these targeted searches from the students and the trustees. The administration is so ashamed about its policies that they went so far as to go on the record lying and insisting that these practices did not occur at Tufts; imagine

their surprise to find them plastered on the cover of issue four of the SOURCE. Tufts' "Special Assistant to the President on Affirmative Action," Michael Powell, even tried to threaten a student in order to keep these accusations out of the SOURCE, writing a quizzical letter levying charges of slander and libel. Of course, after the article ran, all that talk stopped. Although the administration seeks to keep these facts quiet, one thing is certain: an institution of this size and quality cannot and will not survive at the top if the sole criteria for a teaching position is skin color.

Tufts' compromise of quality for diversity's sake doesn't extend only to discriminating against whites in the hiring process. At the beginning of this year Michael Powell sent a letter to all freshmen about "diversity and discrimination." Through victimization and dramatization he tried to instill a fear of Tufts' supposed omnipresent white racism into its newest students, whom he apparently views as ripe for indoctrination. While other universities across the country are scaling back their affirmative action policies, Powell obstinately defends the virtues of racial discrimination. (In his letter he addressed the *Hopwood* case, which he actually spelled incorrectly despite its importance to his argument.)

Some people say that the SOURCE uses the word discrimination too loosely; the

When these and other documents first ran with an article I wrote last Fall, I expected a response of any kind— except the collective yawn they provoked. These are "smoking guns" that prove this University's hiring standards are color-blind in a way that makes sense only to physicists: white is not a color. How far will the Lords of Diversity have to go before students and faculty are willing to speak up against such institutional racism? —CWK

VII. Other recommendations of the 1992 Report. In addition to the steps outlined in parts II-VI above, carrying out all of the recommendations from the 1992 Report that have not yet been implemented entails the following initiatives:

A. "President shall direct the Development Office to make efforts to secure additional endowment and other funds specifically for the purpose of increasing faculty diversity through minority hiring." (Step I.C, 1992 Report)

+ **Diversity.** We enjoy "diverse diversities," not just racial and ethnic. We have a flourishing adult education program (REAL), for example. Just yesterday I nominated a 24-year old single mother of a 7-year old for a major scholarship. We are all agreed that diversity is important, and we must be careful to celebrate diversity in all its varieties.

FOCUSED RECRUITMENT SEARCH

A "focused recruitment search" is a search in which the advertising and outreach for a position is focused to accomplish the goal of building as diverse as possible a pool of applicants. Affirmative Action law allows for flexibility in the manner in which a position is advertised, and thus it is permissible to do aggressive outreach and networking to advertise a position, in place of advertisements in the "traditional" venues. All applicants for a position in a focused recruitment search will receive full consideration, and anyone is welcome to apply.

1. Through a variety of advertising and outreach mechanisms detailed below, department members recruit applications for a potential position in a given discipline and field. People who are contacted are told that this recruitment and outreach are part of a Faculty Diversification Initiative being undertaken at Tufts. Tufts is consequently interested in building as diverse as possible a pool of applicants for this potential position, and is particularly interested in attracting candidates from underrepresented groups to apply. Nevertheless, anyone who applies for this potential position is welcome to apply and will receive full consideration.
2. Advertising and outreach mechanisms include:
 - (a) Phone calls and in-person conversations.
 - (b) Letters.
 - (c) Electronic-mail messages.
3. While the job description for this potential position can be essentially the same as a job description for a "regular" position, it is important to state that it is a potential position. The position is potential because it is unknown at the outset whether or not it will be possible to attract a strong and diverse pool of applicants.
4. When department members are satisfied that they have a strong and diverse pool of applicants for the potential position, they discuss with their dean whether or not they should proceed with interviews.
5. After receiving approval from the dean, the department proceeds with interviews and candidate selection.

argument seems to imply that excluding blacks is discrimination but excluding whites is justice. Nevertheless, the definition is quite clear: differentiating on a basis other than merit. Looking at the definition it is easy to see that what Powell advocates in his letter is clear discrimination.

Another idea that Powell propagated was the prevalence of culture houses and so-called “resource centers.” Culture houses serve one purpose on this campus: dividing the student body. Instead of stressing how all of us have things in common and deserve to be treated equally, they simply stress our differences. They try to attract minorities to separatist social events, workshops, and lectures, further preventing them from being integrated into the campus mainstream— a logical conclusion of the separate Orientation the University holds for certain minority groups. Adding to that, loud and abrasive culture-center “leaders” like Rubén Salinas Stern make the houses even more divisive than the concept already necessitates. Stern called the SOURCE racist and offensive in a widely read *Daily* “Viewpoint” in complete non-sequitur fashion as if the inflammatory comment merited no further comment. But upon questioning from a SOURCE editor, he admitted that he doesn’t even read the journal.

Michael Powell, however, continued to make trouble after his famed communiqué to the freshman class. His widely talked about pet project, a minority-Ph.D. speaking series, provided the next taste of institutional racism. Powell freely admitted that this program was designed to give only minority Ph.D. candidates speaking experience, or, more accurately, Tufts-sponsored resumé-packing. Providing lecture experience to all those who need exposure to enter the world of academia, but to only accept those who have a sufficiently “diverse” background is no way to run a program. All people deserve an equal opportunity to gain valuable experience; Powell should not spend our money and recourses on a program that discriminates.

But beyond all of these programs, Tufts produced this year one of the most offensive and useless documents to ever leave the bureaucratic circuits at Tufts: the final report from the Task Force on Race. This document, supposed to start a “dialogue” on race, only served to find new ways to

divide the campus than have already been popularized. The recommendations in this report were nothing short of shameful—not to mention extraordinarily expensive. The Task Force’s list of its recommendations’ priorities alone consume four pages. Most of the recommendations were discriminatory, some of them dangerous, and some of them just plain silly. The Task Force recommends that fraternities advertise their parties by saying that people “should stop by the house and put their name on the list” beforehand. Anyone who has ever frequented Professors Row knows how estranged from Tufts’ day to day social scene the Task Force members must have been.

But some recommendations are actually much more serious and important than that. These include making all editors of news organizations attend sensitivity training and making the Media Advisory Board more powerful. Simply put, they wish to control the campus media by making sure that the organizations toe the “diversity” party line. But the report goes on for many more pages with these prescriptions. The Task Force also recommended the creation of an “American Race and Cultures” requirement in addition to the multiculturalist World Civ requirement

Tufts already has. The truth is that the report was nothing more than a collaboration by thirty people who believe that the world revolves around “PC.” The only redeeming aspect is that it will probably take many more task forces, *ad hoc* committees, and years before any of this becomes policy. When it does become policy, run for cover— or transfer.

To finish up this affirmative-action year-in-review on a positive note, it is worth noting that Michael Powell has left Tufts to further divide people into groups based on color elsewhere. Instead of spreading anti-white propaganda in a college setting, he will now bring his follies to the “real world.” His intense experience navigating through the red tape of affirmative-action law to justify all the discrimination he can muster once would have earned him a gold-plated chair in a corporation whose greatest fear is an EEOC witch-hunt. Now, with affirmative action in its twilight, Powell just may receive the just rewards of racism: unemployment.

Mr. Waldman is a freshman majoring in History.

A post-game recap of the SOURCE/senate battle.

Just Incessant Whining, Or Vast Left-Wing Conspiracy?

BY KEITH LEVENBERG

FOR much of its sixteen-year existence THE PRIMARY SOURCE has known that it must follow University rules more stringently than any other student group, for the slightest infraction would make scores of bureaucrats and left-wingers giddy with excitement over the opportunity to have Tufts’s only conservative voice banned from campus forever. Thus, it is particularly galling to comply with niggling rule after niggling rule, fill out forms in triplicate, maintain the most thorough paperwork on campus, and still find the journal a victim of fraudulent, trumped-up accusa-

tions from various SOURCE-haters in the TCU-senate peanut gallery who ultimately succeeded in mugging the SOURCE’s 1998-99 budget by over four thousand dollars.

Ten years ago when people wanted to silence dissent they used words like “speech codes” and “sensitivity.” Now completely discredited, the forces of political correctness have instead turned to the *TCU Treasury Procedures Manual*, that minimum opus of senate bureaucracy whose *raison d’etre* is to remind dull student “leaders” to obtain itemized cash-register receipts for their sidewalk chalk. But what the SOURCE’s

enemies found most useful about the manual is not what it said but what it left out—namely, any organized procedure for determining the guilt or innocence of student groups accused of violating procedure and then determining appropriate punishment. Thanks to this clever omission, the SOURCE can be accused of a violation that never occurred and be penalized to the tune of almost a quarter of its 1998-99 issues without ever having been put on trial.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's begin this story with the events that transpired at a weekly TCU-senate meeting shortly after the SOURCE's ninth issue of the year hit the racks on campus (and proceeded to get promptly thrown into the recycle bin and/or burned in effigy by a number of "sensitive" social activists). A few disgruntled students, with hand on heart and tear on cheek, bemoaned the SOURCE's uncanny knack for always pushing their "Let's Get Indignant" buttons. Gareth Robinson, the president of the Pan-African Alliance, wasn't very happy with the SOURCE's constant coverage of the anti-white excesses of Tufts's affirmative-action follies. He was particularly offended, it seems, by our ability to find humor in the very grave problems incurred by the fact that racial preferences embrace the underqualified and—yes—the abjectly unqualified (see "Ask The Task Force"). Then, a member of the Arab Students Association had a bone to pick with the rather blunt way the SOURCE expressed its support for military action against Saddam Hussein (see "I'd Fly Ten Thousand Miles To Smoke A Camel").

When all was said and done—and, this being the TCU senate, a lot was said and nothing was done—the students agreed that the senate needed to "do something." "I believe the SOURCE should exist. My concern is as far as their funding is concerned," said Robinson. Vast left-wing conspiracy big-whig Samar Shaheryer added, "There are a lot of ideas out there—from a magazine to counteract the SOURCE to funding." (I love the magazine idea—perhaps they can call it *The Secondary Source*?) Samar's dream was to organize a public forum where everybody who hated the SOURCE could get together in a three-ring circus to air their grievances. You all know the drill: whenever a left-winger starts talking about a forum or a workshop, some conservative group is

about to find the proverbial chloroform-soaked sock in its mouth.

What one finds puzzling about Samar, however, is her curious inability to pick our enemies right. I don't know what she thought she could accomplish in trying to coax the Tufts Republicans to help her in her crusade against the SOURCE, but Republicans Chairman Jeff Rick's memorandum speaks for itself: "Shaheryer asked me if I would be willing to be a panelist in a forum... on a recent issue of THE PRIMARY SOURCE. She informed me that something needed to be done about the SOURCE.... She said that I would be asked, as a panelist, questions relating to whether the SOURCE was racist or bigoted. She implied in our conversation that her goal was to remove the SOURCE from the Tufts campus."

Alas, before Samar's forum could occur, TCU treasurer Josh Goldenberg pulled a new trick from his red-tape-laden sleeve. 'Whoops! Seems the SOURCE never handed in its 1998-99 budget! Guess this means we'll have to defund them!' Only after I met with Josh in his corner office did he agree to budget the SOURCE after all—but cut the budget by over ten thousand dollars. Generosity? Mercy? Altruism? Hardly. An anonymous source in the TCU senate revealed that the good treasurer had simply realized that rejecting our budget would make us eligible to receive our entire request in buffer funding next year, while accepting the budget but cutting it drastically would close that recourse and cripple the SOURCE. How clever!

In fact, the dollar amount (\$5,485) would have been the worst of all possible outcomes. It would have been just enough money for us to print a few issues next year, but not enough to make any waves or maintain anything near to a campus presence. It would have been so little money that we would all know that we had been silenced, but it would have been just enough to fail to attract the notice of the real-world media outside of campus, which so fre-



quently covers the left's censorship of conservative college voices. In short, if Josh had knowingly and deliberately decided to engage in the course of action which would destroy the SOURCE more decidedly and more permanently than any other, he would have done *exactly what he did*.

As such, Josh makes a wonderful Orwellian magistrate but a poor politician; any student of Political Science (and God forbid that I'd be one of them) will tell you that a legislature will always prefer a happy medium to an outcome that will greatly please some people and greatly anger others. So when the senate decided to decrease the SOURCE's "punishment" and budget us \$11,500 for the 1998-99 school year, we were relieved although not quite surprised.

But why should we have been pleased with the results? The censorship scare was over, but at what cost? The final cut of more than four thousand dollars will still hurt the SOURCE, costing Tufts four installments of conservative thought next year, and the senate got away with its biased treatment of a student group with which it disagreed but nevertheless had a moral (and professional) responsibility to treat fairly.

Consider the mountain of evidence that the entire budget debacle was nothing more than the culmination of various senators' hatred of THE PRIMARY SOURCE.

A pattern of behavior. The SOURCE accused Josh Goldenberg of letting his personal problems with us affect his judgment, a reasonable conclusion given that

the announcement that he would personally slash our budget came one day after he was harshly criticized in one of our issues. (See “Jumbo vs. The Phone Company,” issue number nine). But Josh couldn’t even curb his biases when he moved on to other student groups. When the *Zamboni* asked the TCU senate’s allocations board for funds to purchase a new printer, Josh replied, “You want that printer? Just do a PRIMARY SOURCE [spoof].”

“**The Senate Fox.**” The string of vicious anti-SOURCE sentiments constantly expressed by Rommel Childress in the *Daily* clearly evince personal biases, yet Rommel

never once abstained from a vote on the SOURCE. Rommel began his campaign the instant the controversy over issue nine erupted and never closed his mouth since. From calling for a SOURCE ban over its “offensive” content to motioning to budget the SOURCE zero dollars because it “raped” senate procedures, Rommel is the most salient proof that the senate’s campaign against the SOURCE is personal—not procedural (and sometimes not even political).

Those accidental moments of honesty. TCU senator Stacey Bran actually stated, “I’m not here to see that THE PRIMARY SOURCE is treated fairly.” Weeks later, TCU president Omar Mattox admitted, “Many of the concerns raised have been based upon personal feelings towards the SOURCE, and that is not right.” And when TCU vice-president Jack Schnirman stormed a SOURCE meeting and spent over an hour bickering with SOURCE members over the journal’s content, one can almost even *believe* that nobody, not even a TCU senator, would be so stupid as to virtually admit that the complaints against us are largely content-based. But Jack’s motives were the most benign of all the senators lined up against us: at least when the senate was discussing Samar’s proposed forum, he stated that it “would be a conflict of interest” for the senate to get involved. “It is not our place as the senate to place an organization on trial,” he added. I will

assume that he didn’t mean that organizations should be punished *without* trial.

Those intentional moments of honesty. “You’re a pompous, obnoxious asshole,” TCU president Omar Mattox told me, “and you can quote me on that.... Put it in your graduation issue so my family can see it and be proud of me.”

Strange bedfellows. Just two years ago members of the Pan-African Alliance were forcibly occupying senate meetings and accusing the student government of institutionalized racism. Now, they come to senate meetings in peace and wonder aloud whether “the senate could have an open forum... for us to sit down and discuss these issues.”

Unexpected allies. When Tufts President John DiBiaggio issues firm words in support of anything in public, you know that somebody’s crossed the line somewhere. When asked about the SOURCE in a press conference, the president stated, “I’m a firm believer of [*sic*] the First Amendment. Freedom of speech is more important than whether people are offended.”

The usual suspects. The Tufts Transgendered, Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Collective has received much criticism from the SOURCE over the years not because we are anti-gay, as its members maintain, but because of events it sponsors like its recent public “Anal Sex Talk,” not to mention its use of Stalinist terms like “collective” in its name. TTLGBC ringleader Carl Sciortino couldn’t resist the opportunity to join Samar and the PAA in their tirade and invited TTLGBC members to participate in the forum to chastise the SOURCE for being “somewhat controversial, homophobic, and bigoted overall.”

Getting greedy. Josh’s arbitrary cut of the SOURCE’s budget to \$5,485 surely would have crippled the SOURCE, and, in the words of *Daily Viewpoints* editor Brad Snyder, “render[ed] the publication politically impotent.” So why did the allocations board vote to *further* cut our budget when we appealed—something they rarely, if ever, do? Apparently, the sena-

tors on ALBO, including (surprise!) Samar Shaheryer, Rommel Childress, Jack Schnirman, and Omar Mattox, just couldn’t resist the opportunity to send us a final “Screw you!” on the way down.

Getting greedy, part two. Why, after the senate had specifically voted to cap the SOURCE’s budget at \$11,500 with no income accounted for therein did ALBO council chair Meena Thever decide to cut it down to \$10,625? “To account for... income,” wrote Meena in the *Daily*. Better brush up on that rulebook.

Getting greedy, part three. The senate has mastered the art of kicking a man when he’s down. After the senate had already cut the SOURCE’s budget a total of three times, SOURCE-hater Rommel Childress motioned to cut us all the way down to the big goose-egg. “They screwed the whole budgetary process.... They raped the whole process.... Right now they are probably laughing and saying, ‘We got away with it.’” Or maybe that’s what the senate is saying?

Inventing rules. For three weeks the senate maintained that the SOURCE’s other treasury violation was that the staff member who visited TCU Budget Coordinator Michaela Murphy to get briefed on the process was not an official signatory. Until Miss Murphy reminded the senate that not only was he not required to be a signatory, but that the treasury never even requested that the individual in question *be* a signatory. File it under “Oops.”

Not having a leg to stand on. After I accused ALBO council chair Meena Thever of stonewalling the SOURCE and being “malicious and incompetent,” she issued a pathetic “response” in the *Daily*. Her “fellow senators, friends, administrators, and anyone else who knows [her]” would attest to her virtues, she wrote. Would you buy a used car from this girl?

Not even returning my phone calls. You’d think the senators who conspired to defund the SOURCE would at least have the decency to discuss SOURCE/senate business with me. But it really hurts to be ignored by them and then find myself accused of ignoring *them*, as Meena Thever did at a senate meeting. This is called a “lie,” by the way.

The strategy shift. As soon as the senate realized that the SOURCE could lose its budget due to its trumped-up budget technicality, Samar Shaheryer immediately

Consider the mountain of evidence that the entire budget debacle was nothing more than the culmination of various senators’ hatred of THE PRIMARY SOURCE.

cancelled her planned forum to discuss the SOURCE's various transgressions against PC. It is as if she'd said to her comrades, "Hey, guys, forget the whole social responsibility thing—we can nab them on a budget rule."

And then there are those problems presented by the Constitution. Of the United States, that is.

Freedom of the press. I don't care if students, like the representative from the Arab Students Association, find the SOURCE "offensive." Neither Tufts nor the senate has any right to treat us differently based on the content that we print. Aside from the intuitive moral notion that censorship is wrong, it is worth noting that Tufts accepts federal funds and is thus obligated to recognize and respect its students' Constitutional rights.

The right to a trial. Common sense dictates that a punishment should not precede a trial.

Innocent until proven guilty. In the case of the SOURCE, guilt was simply assumed—and an opportunity for us to argue innocence was never even presented.

The right of the accused to be confronted with the witnesses against him. According to an informant, the allocations board based its decision partially on a four-year-old complaint filed against the SOURCE by the Pan-African Alliance without ever informing the SOURCE that that was an issue.

Equal protection of the law. The treasury admits that many student groups did exactly that which the SOURCE was accused of, but the SOURCE is the only group that was actually penalized for it. Or, as Brad Snyder and Amol Sharma noted in a Daily "Viewpoint," "At least we can be sure that if the Leonard Carmichael Society handed in its budget late, the senate would respond promptly by fining LCS \$22,857 (two-thirds of their [*sic*] budget), thereby crippling its ability to perform community service. We're thinking what you're thinking—that's ridiculous. The senate would never consider punishing any other group on campus as harshly as it would the SOURCE."

Cruel and unusual punishment. Sure, no budget cut is in the same league as drawing and quartering, but most Americans at least accept the notion that punishments should not be excessively severe in relation to the crime. But the

SOURCE's punishment—inflicted upon us without a trial—was, as Snyder and Sharma pointed out, "\$1,000 a day.... For every hour the SOURCE was busy putting up posters, they were running up a senate tab of \$41.66 an hour."

The jury system. The post-OJ world has made attacks on the jury system fashionable. But having your fate decided by twelve ignoramuses who don't know anything about you is much better than having your fate decided by ignoramuses who dislike you and are out with a vengeance. The SOURCE has never been the most popular group at Tufts, but I'm sure the journal's future would have been in much better hands if the senate had ushered in twelve random students to decide what cut, if any, was appropriate. One of the most fundamental principles of a fair legal system is that no man ought to be a judge in his own case, yet the senate saw no problem with being the body to decide whether or not it was biased when dealing with the SOURCE.

Despite the fact that this journal is now the victim of a shameless censorship conspiracy that will hurt its ability to maintain a conservative voice at Tufts, I can still see some positive things coming out of this mess. The senate's kangaroo-court attitude was exposed before the Tufts community for all to see, and senators will probably think twice before doing to another group what it's done to the SOURCE. A four-thousand-dollar penalty for exposing the senate's malice and incompetence starts to sound like a bargain if I think about it long enough. After all, if we had a *hundred* issues next year in which to try we *still* couldn't make the senators look as foolish as they managed to look on their own.

Mr. Levenberg is a junior majoring in Philosophy and minoring in English.

A libertarian wonders why government is just so damn popular among his classmates.

Whither Leviathan?

BY ANANDA GUPTA

For the past four years I have decried government—mostly its mistakes, excesses, and atrocities, but sometimes even its existence. I recognize that a tiny minority of fellow students and Americans share my views. But why? Most people do not question government's legitimacy or practical benefits; most people simply take those things for granted, as they do their childhood religions and their given names. Tufts students are not intellectually lazy (for the most part), nor are they especially obstinate. Why then the closed minds? Why the unrequited love affair with government power?

I Pledge Allegiance....

One reason might be indoctrination from a young age. After all, the Pledge of Allegiance still occupies the first minute

of most kids' school days. (I was consistently late to school when I was young; perhaps that explains something.) Repeating over and over that the "republic, for which [the flag] stands" holds "liberty and justice for all" can't hurt for inducing warm fuzzies at every mention of the state. Additionally, old shibboleths perpetuate themselves in textbooks and 25-year-old lectures, but nowadays there are some new shibboleths as well.

Last year the Advanced Placement exams expanded to include environmental science. While initial impressions of the environmental science AP are good, the risk of politicization is tremendous. Interest groups recognize the Pledge-of-Allegiance phenomenon and seek to exploit it by targeting the young, and since the vast majority of interest groups favor govern-



It Costs Nothing to Say the Sky is Green

Awhile back I was talking about creationism with someone. We weren't discussing the merits of creationism versus evolution-based theories. Instead, we were wondering why on earth anyone actually believes in creationism, given its utter scientific bankruptcy and many of its advocates' patent dishonesty. We concluded that the cost of holding such a ludicrous view was actually very low, and that the psychic benefits therefore probably exceeded it. Think of university

education: since having an uninformed opinion about what school is best for you will cost you big, most people tend to spend a lot of time and effort refining their school search. (I didn't, and I regret that to this day.) Conversely, the real-life cost of believing in creationism is very small; at most, one will earn a few rolled eyes at cocktail parties.

Politics is like creationism. Our votes have only a tiny influence on policy; therefore, it's inexpensive to go to the polls and vote on the basis of how well the candidate's name rolls off the tongue. In contrast, it's expensive to develop a realistic picture of what the government can do and what it can't. The journalist Bill Bradford uses this reasoning to explain why presidents do well when the economy is good. If the president really does control the country's prosperity, then voting for him is good; if he doesn't, then voting for him will have no economic effect. So it can never hurt to vote for a sitting president when the economy is booming—why take the risk

that Bill really does deserve credit for the productive efforts of the 100 million working Americans? In the same sense, when one has life, love, and a job search to worry about (that last hits particularly close to home for us liberal-arts majors), the view that currency is evil really doesn't merit much time for reflection.

In Theory, Marge...

In Theory, Marge...

So it's almost costless to hold stupid beliefs as long as those beliefs don't immediately affect you. There are still some people who really do think long and hard about government policies. (I'm one of them.) Many such people shake their heads and smile indulgently when an economist mentions "perfect markets." The market, as we all know, is imperfect. It distributes resources efficiently—horrors! It sometimes—gasp—allows more productive people to receive higher wages than less productive people! Yet when proposing remedies to these terrible flaws, armchair analysts forget that government fails, too. In fact, its track record is pretty poor.

The best example of assuming "perfect government" is the person who argues that gun control will reduce crime because if no one has any guns fewer people will get shot. They fail to explain how on earth the government, or even a minor deity, could bring about that state of affairs. People will not give up their

guns because Ted Kennedy and Henry Waxman tell them to do so. On the contrary, most sane gun owners would probably start hiding their guns in that event. Undeterred, the Communitarian Network, a Washington think tank that Bill Clinton has openly

acknowledged as his biggest outside policy influence, unveiled its proposal for full gun confiscation last year. Not surprisingly, the report offers no means by which that might be achieved. They simply say that if no one had any guns, fewer people would get shot (and America would also be a happier, warmer, cuddlier place, to boot).

Another good example of assuming

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“perfect government” occurs on the right wing, usually in foreign policy. It’d be just grand if we could get rid of all those Commie dictators, ensure that Europe doesn’t engage in any more suicidal conflicts, and put Saddam in his place as frosting on the cake. But policing the world looks a lot better on paper than it shakes out in reality, and conservatives resolutely refuse to acknowledge that despite a string of foreign-policy bloopers stretching back to the dawn of the century. One can probably count the individuals in world history who actually created a successful foreign policy on both hands. Yet we expect similar feats from Congress every year? Please.

Too Important to Leave to People

The government doesn’t produce much; mostly it takes money from some people and gives it to others (often, those with good lobbyists). One thing it does produce, though, is law. And law is good. Law allows us to get along with one another in a reasonably orderly fashion, without having to resort to messy avenues of dispute resolution popular among Colombian drug lords and Prohibition-era gangsters.

The problem with that story, though, is that it’s at least partly wrong. Most people do not refrain from spontaneously attacking their neighbors because they fear sanction. They refrain because it just ain’t worth the trouble. More generally, not all social order comes from law, as a bit of reflection on the English language’s complexity or any of Miss Manners’s books will show.

Whether we need a monopoly provider of law, or more precisely, legal rules, is one of my favorite waffling points. I will simply point out that no answer to that question is very comfortable. If we don’t need a monopoly provider of law, then it’s not clear why we need government at all (since that’s all government is— a monopoly on legitimate force). If we do need such a monopoly, then there’s no reason not to go all the way and have a single world government. *E pluribus unum* has its downsides.

Perspectives and Platitudes

Perhaps in the end it comes down to luxury. Americans, and American students at elite universities in particular, have

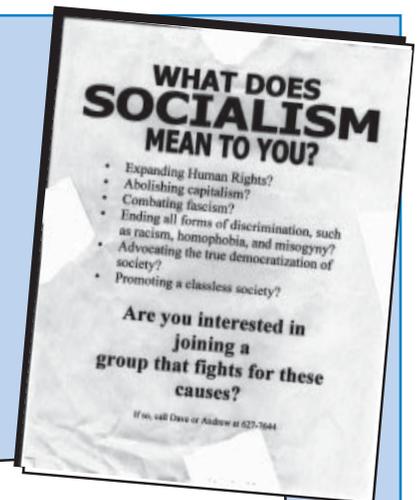
become drunk with the wealth markets have brought them. We take wealth for granted— not just monetary wealth but things like the Internet, the eradication of smallpox, and modern dentistry. We begin worrying about how much we have relative to others, and forget that the poorest American is by many measures better off than Henry VIII or Julius Caesar in an absolute sense.

The solution to complacency is chaos.

In that sense, perhaps the love affair most of my fellow students have with government is self-correcting. Once we get the government we think we need, by allowing it more and more control over our financial and personal lives, we’ll decide we want a much smaller one.

Mr. Gupta is a senior majoring in Economics and Philosophy.

We at **The Primary Source** were always under the impression that Tufts has about a hundred socialist student groups, but somebody apparently felt that we needed one more. By now lots of people have probably seen its posters everywhere, but the **Source**’s crack investigative-reporting team has obtained a copy of one of the earlier drafts that never hit a campus kiosk.



WHAT DOES SOCIALISM MEAN TO YOU?

- Long lines for everything from bread to kidneys?
- Twelve families living in a delapidated two-room apartment?
- Fleeing for freedom on flimsy rafts?
- Having your own children rat you out to the secret police?
- Concentration camps for pesky dissenters?
- Being forced to leave your female babies in caves to die?
- Mass executions and mass graves?

Remember, 325 million pints of spilled blood just isn’t enough!

If repulsed, call the SOURCE at 627-3240

How many bureaucrats does it take to change a light on a hill?

Another Brick in the Wall

BY TRACEY SESLEN

A sweeping, heavily-publicized plan to redefine the liberal arts, the “Higher Education Initiative” has been I. Melvin Bernstein’s number-one pet project for the last two years— only now coming to fruition. Touted as an “endeavor which will chart Tufts’s future into the millennium,” the multi-year, multi-thousand dollar investigation ultimately fails to sufficiently address the problems most directly affecting the quality of a Tufts education. Issues such as the uneven distribution of the faculty and the politicization of courses of study merit much examination. Bernstein’s brainchild, which supposedly aimed to prioritize the “pivotal academic issues” currently facing Tufts, had the potential to remind academics of the true meaning of a college education; unfortunately, it merely calls for even more of the same mind pollution of which we’ve already had enough.

Back in 1996, then-senator Brad Snyder released a report revealing the fact that although nearly 47% of seniors in a given year graduate with degrees in the social sciences, which encompass Anthropology, Child Study, Economics, Political Science, Psychology and Sociology, Tufts only allocates 28% of its professors to those subjects. By normal standards, the uproar that accompanied the publication of the mere 9-page report would have prompted further investigation into the forces operating behind the process of faculty appointments. Since then, however, little has been done to correct the gross discrepancy. Departments remain overburdened at students’ expense.

Meanwhile, the administration continues to grow. Hardly a week goes by when Jumbos don’t pick up the Daily to discover that so-and-so has been named Assistant to the Director of the Task Force on Gay, Lesbian, and Transgendered Admissions. As Economics Professor David Garman explains, “Faculty always suspect that the

administration and support staff are growing while the size of the faculty is not.” Picking up the *Tufts Fact Book* from 1996-1997, such a conjecture would be hard to dispute. Pages 30 through 32 offer the reader a dizzying tree of the University administration hierarchy, with over 175 different Deans, directors, vice presidents, and executive directors. One can only wonder how much scholarship has been lost with the creation of so many useless bureaucratic positions.

The University owes its students a balanced liberal-arts curriculum in line with a two-thousand-year tradition. However, with each passing year, Tufts is losing sight of what a “balanced liberal-arts curriculum” is.

No doubt the University understands the goals. In the subsection of the Higher Education Initiative entitled, “The Undergraduate Core Curriculum: Leadership, Global Citizenship, and Liberal Learning,” communication skills and critical thinking stand as the two most important outcomes of an undergraduate education, and rightfully so. Few could argue the value of the ability to clearly express oneself, to analyze, and to question. However, the means by which the University hopes to achieve these outcomes remains cause for concern. Tufts indeed recognizes the importance of the “distribution requirement”— necessitating exposure to the arts, humanities, social

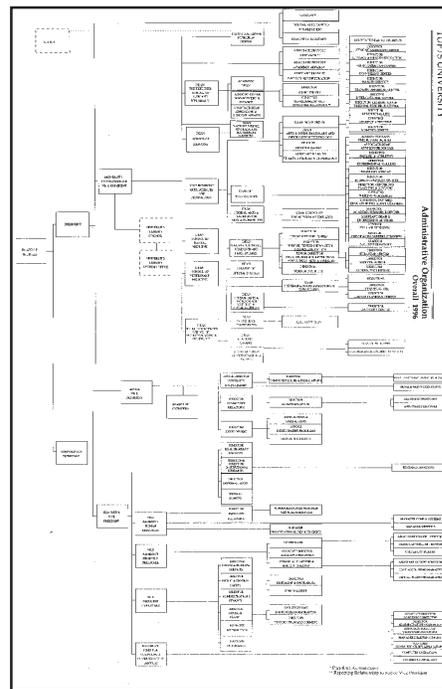
sciences, mathematics, and technology. Somewhere in the shuffle, however, environmentalism and diversity obtained a place in the core curriculum while Western Civilization was summarily tossed aside.

In an egregious display of cultural relativism, the report ranked Western Civ second to last among “possible new content emphases.” While it’s true that nearly one-quarter of the student body boasts non-European roots, the fact remains that history’s greatest thinkers, scholars, and technological advances have emanated from the Western tradition. By attempting to place equal value on the contributions of all cultures through the appointment of new faculty to those fields, the university impedes students’ ability to achieve grounding in the areas which have guided the advancement of all civilization over the past several millennia.

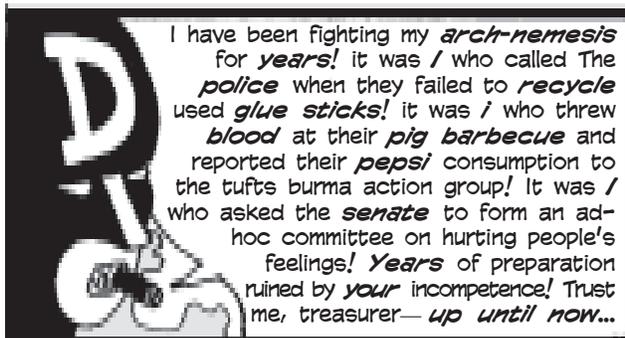
As Garman thoughtfully concludes, in its attempt to account for the interests of all racial, ethnic, and gender groups, “Tufts is spreading itself too thin.” The University has lost sight of the value of a traditional liberal arts curriculum, choosing instead to expand into areas of little concern to all but a few students. In the end, this nod to diversity poses a great threat to the strength of the academy as a whole. As Tufts looks to the 21st century, it must resist the desire to “keep up with the Harvards” by offering majors of contemporary, political, and often fleeting interest. If it truly hopes to describe itself as “student-centered,” it must put the needs of the students first but

simultaneously resist the temptation to laud whichever academic fad defines the moment. In short, it should aim for focused superiority rather than broad-based mediocrity.

Miss Seslen is a junior majoring in Quantitative Economics and Spanish.



The Wild and Correct Adventures of Diversity-Man



Just what is the identity of the *mysterious figure* Tufts knows only as "*Diversity-Man*"? Hang on to your *hats*, fearless ones! The answer will be revealed next semester-- and trust us-- it's *not* who you think!

NOTABLE AND QUOTABLE

Greetings, we win.

—Pheidippides

Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!

—Lewis Carroll

*I see the storm is getting closer
And the waves they get so high
Seems everything we've ever known is here
Why must it drift away and die?*

—Axl Rose

It is not enough to succeed. Others must fail.

—Gore Vidal

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.

—Samuel Johnson

*With not-quite truth
and not-quite art
and not-quite law
and not-quite science
Under not-quite heaven
on the not-quite earth
the not-quite guiltless
and the not-quite degraded*

—Czeslaw Milosz

People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading.

—Logan Pearsall Smith

*Holding hands at midnight
'Neath a starry sky,
Nice work if you can get it,
And you can get it if you try.*

—George Gershwin

Excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable.

—Jean Harlow

Perfect freedom is reserved for the man who lives by his own work, and in that work does what he wants to do.

—R. G. Collingwood

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

—Oscar Wilde

A State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes— will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished.

—John Stuart Mill

After all, tomorrow is another day.

—Margaret Mitchell

*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

—Robert Frost

If decade after decade the truth cannot be told, each person's mind begins to roam irretrievably. One's fellow countrymen become harder to understand than Martians.

—Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Too often, American educators are like the Wizard of Oz, handing out substitutes for brains, bravery, and heart.

—Thomas Sowell

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

—Charles Caleb Colton

*"Equality," I spoke the word
As if a wedding vow,
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.*

—Bob Dylan

When you've gone over something again, and again, and again, and again, like I have, certain questions get answered, others spring up. Your mind plays tricks on you, you play tricks back. It's like you're unraveling a big cable-knit sweater that someone keeps knitting, and knitting, and knitting, and knitting, and knitting, and knitting.

—Pee Wee Herman

Ideas have consequences.

—Richard M. Weaver

*To be or not to be, that is the question.
And though it troubles the digestion,
it's a question, as always, of politics.*

—Wisława Szymborska

What really knocks me out is a book that, when you're all done reading it, you wish the author that wrote it was a terrific friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it.

—J. D. Salinger

*We gotta get out while we're young,
'Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to run.*

—Bruce Springsteen

Make enough money, and everything else will follow. Quote me. That's a Fishism.

—Richard Fish

Nothing's gonna change my world.

—John Lennon

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

—Mark Twain

If an individual wants to be a leader and isn't controversial, that means he never stood for anything.

—Ronald Reagan

Now there is one outstandingly important fact regarding Spaceship Earth, and that is that no instruction book came with it.

—R. Buckminster Fuller

Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.

—Yoda

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther.... And one fine morning—

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

*If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.*

—William Shakespeare