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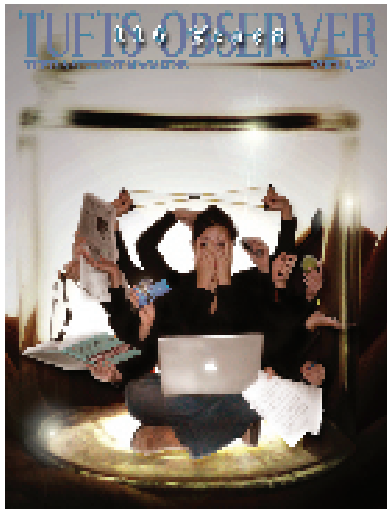
It's not as hard as it looks.

Inside: twelve things not
to freak out about.

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The Observer, Since 1895

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Cover Photo by Aaron Schutzengel



I'd Have Never Thought of That

BY ELIZABETH HERMAN

I am fascinated by a tiny convenience store around the corner from me. It's surrounded by streets of typical Boston-area houses that are divided into apartments and rented out to all sorts of transient people whose habitations are blocked out in year-long obligations at most. It's a world of constant moving sales, new faces, and little sense of settled belonging. Nevertheless, there the store is: a neighborhood institution in a neighborhood where no one puts down sufficient roots for there to be a demand for an institution.

It's run by a tiny married couple who live above their livelihood and who seem to have shrunk so that they are proportional to the realm of their existences. I can imagine them going days without leaving the building—their home, their occupation, and their companionship all housed within it. From observation at least, their lives seem fixed, precisely unlike the apartment dwellers that are their neighbors. This ought to make the store have an aura of belonging, of being fit, while everything outside it is temporary and out of place. But however much the owners seem comfortable in their own store—speaking to each other as they keep shop in terse, but friendly, directives, honed to a bare minimum necessary for communication that could only have come from years of steady coexistence—they and their store appear distinctly out of context with the normal pattern of life around here and, therefore, very much misplaced.

Browsing through the store is like exploring a different world. Arbitrariness prevails here: no rhyme or reason to what is stocked, no method to the madness of which items are placed on which aisles. I don't know what demand the store meets that would justify its original, or continued, existence; I don't know how it manages to stay in business. The merchandise has no past or future, it just exists on the shelves. I can't imagine it being delivered and since I've never been in the store when there was another customer besides myself I can't imagine any food leaving, except whatever I end up buying and taking out myself.

There's no sense of time, least of all

modernity, or of change. A strange, awkward quietness overwhelms the whole place like it's been granted immunity from the flow of events that harries the rest of the outside world. I'm always strangely shocked to see that they carry the *Globe* and *Herald*, and even more startled to see that the papers are never more than a day or two outdated. Evidence of real events don't seem to me to belong there. The familiar world of a semi-urban neighborhood might as well be a million miles away—you leave it all irrevocably behind when you walk in from the bright sidewalk outside. The jingle of the bells on the door announces your arrival in this remote, dingy, low-ceilinged anachronism of a cosmos.

It's recently occurred to me to wonder why exactly this forgotten, misplaced business captured my imagination. To a great extent, it's because the store is exactly that: forgotten, but more importantly, misplaced that has made it seem so noteworthy. So much of existence is surrounded by expectable, trivial details. Even if one can't know what one will precisely find in this situation or that location, one has a pretty sound sense of what would fit, of the options that might exist there. After a while, you realize that it's pretty much all the same no matter how those options specifically work themselves out. It doesn't really matter to me if the person next to me on the T is a tourist with a map or a college student with a book. It's amusing to note which, but neither makes a big impression on me. Even if I couldn't predict which one it was going to be before I sat down, both fit with my expectations of what belongs on public transportation. There is a lot less noteworthy variety out there than it might at first appear.

Some things do stick in my head though, and stick there with particular persistence. Like this convenience store tucked away between rows and rows of private residences, the images and objects that stick with me are characterized less by aesthetics or skill or even pleasantness, and more by surprise and novelty. One day this summer I found a large pile of uncooked pasta that had been abandoned on the sidewalk in downtown Boston. One night last winter I was walking home and saw a lone cross-country skier circling the academic quad, around and around and around. If something can inspire

me to half-smile and think to myself, "I'd never have thought or guessed or imagined that," if something can escape all reasoning or attempt to understand motivations, links, purposes, or consequences, if something can achieve pure, inexplicable randomness, then that's when something becomes worthy of being noticed, remembered, or appreciated.

Such random, unexpected details demonstrate an unconscious audacity of existence: they are just as they are without any mind to anything else. I'm fully aware that the couple who own this convenience store aren't particularly motivated by a sense of individuality, a determination to live their lives come what may, regardless of society's expectations. But the image they, or the pasta, or the skier create to the stranger looking in is an image that includes some blissful disregard of the issue of belonging. Such random juxtapositions absolutely refuse to even ask the question of how they will be perceived or if that perception will meet expectations. There's a sly mischievousness and a subtle humor that sparkles through these unforeseeable little quirks of humanity, as if, when I come upon them, they wink back and me and brazenly assert their existence, just as they are, just as I would never have thought them to be.

If something can startle me like that it deserves the great honor of being termed novel. Rare as such novelty can be, there are quite a few days when the curiosity of what singular, unexpected sight I might just happen to be startled by makes trudging through day-in, day-out life a tolerable, perhaps sometimes even sustainable, endeavor. It's a strange thought to realize that the most exciting aspect of facing the world is the hope that eventually the combination and permutations of moving objects and unpredictable humans might lead to some quirk that will startle me and catch my fancy. It doesn't seem like much to rely on. But the hope of being halted in my tracks, the only words in my mind the mystified ones of "what in the world?" keeps alive some sense of childish wonder and amusement, which I'm not going to take for granted. It may not be a candy store, but that convenience store is something that can make me feel like a child again. ☺

POLICE BLOTTER

Memorable Moments from the 2004–2005 School Year

Friday, January 28

At 12:26 a.m., officers reported a male student urinating on Professor's Row. The student, who was intoxicated as well as in plain view from the street was reported to the Dean of Students for disciplinary action.

Wednesday, February 23

At 5:45 p.m., officers found students throwing snowballs from the roof of Fletcher Hall. The driver for Joseph's Limousine Service contacted TUPD and reported snowballs hitting the shuttle bus. An officer responded to the scene, but did not find anyone. The driver reported to the police for a second time that snowballs hit his shuttle in the same location a couple of hours later. The same officer returned, approaching from a different direction and surprised three students who were standing on the roof. Although the students deny throwing snowballs, the officer is reporting them to the Dean of Students' office.

Thursday, March 3

At 9:45 p.m., a proctor reported that a student in Hill Hall was offended by a fictitious online profile entry in The Facebook. The profile was of a religious figure posted by a student in another school. Tufts Police are not pursuing the incident.

Sunday, March 6

At 4:00 a.m., a conflict between two groups of students occurred at the cannon. Police responded to hysterical Alpha Phi pledges, upset due to red paint on their clothing. The girls, who were guarding the cannon, accused members of Sigma Nu fraternity of splashing paint on them.

Monday, April 25

At 10:00 a.m., an employee from Goddard Chapel reported an obscene message and stolen property. When she arrived at work, she found the words "poo" and "ass" spelled out on the bulletin board outside of the building. She also noticed the letters 'd', 'c', 'r', 'h' and 'b' to be missing.

—Compiled by Spencer Maxwell and Margot Rapoport, with the cooperation of the Tufts Police Dept.

COLLEGE BULLETS

New Policy Will Kick Out Suicidal Students at UNM

The University of New Mexico is in the process of drafting a new proposal that will involuntarily withdraw students who report self mutilation, suicidal thoughts, or homicidal thoughts. The proposal originally came to surface because UNM has a high rate of suicide and no prevention policy. Representatives of the university's health service believe this change will ensure that students in need of help actually receive help. Opponents of the policy believe it will discourage students from getting help by creating a "don't ask, don't tell," mentality.

UK Student Dies Running From the Police

On August 23, a University of Kentucky student was struck and killed by an oncoming train, while running across the tracks. The student, Joseph Byers, was trying to escape the police after getting caught at an off-campus party. Police report that Byers was highly intoxicated and needed to be brought into custody for his own protection. Unfortunately, before they could take him in Byers ran away and was hit by the train. This is the second year in a row that a UK student has died the day before classes started.

—Compiled by Margot Rapoport

Tufts Trivia of the week

How many different Presidents has Tufts had?



Twelve, Larry Bacow is the university's 12th President.

Twelve Things NOT To Freak Out About

BY ALLISON JONES

It happens to us all upon arriving at college, especially a college as tough as Tufts—bombarded by so many new worries, opportunities, and choices, freshmen freak out ... about everything. No matter how many articles or books you have read and no matter how much advice you listen to from parents and friends, nothing can prepare you for the new challenges of college, and chances are, you'll make mistakes and learn the hard way, regardless of what you've read or heard. It's part of growing up and experiencing college. Thought some amount of stress is inevitable, there are several things that you should not freak out about.

1. CHOOSING CLASSES

While you may intend to be pre-med or pursue a certain major, you have seven more semesters after your first one. If you don't get into that class you wanted or if you have no clue what you should be taking, it's okay—you can always take what you want/need to take next semester. Take classes that you are interested in because you may discover something you'd like to spend the rest of your life studying. In case you didn't know, this is how most people eventually choose a major. Or, take classes that you've never taken before; you might discover that something you know nothing about like philosophy or economics is your calling. You've gotten into college already—it's time to relax and take courses that you're interested in. Don't freak out about having a "perfect" schedule because there is no such thing, and no matter what classes you take, you will learn something valuable that will go towards your degree and the development of your mind.

2. FITTING IN

This is not high school. There is no lunchroom of stereotypical cliques to deal with, there is no dress code, and there is probably no one at Tufts who knows about that incident where your pants fell down during the school play. You get to start

over in a completely new environment, and you will meet so many different kinds of people. If you're worried that you won't make friends right away, remember that you already have something in common with everyone at this school: you visited, applied for admission, were accepted, and eventually chose Tufts over every other school you got into. The people on your hall may dress differently and have different interests, but you're all going through the same thing—the first semester of college. It can

If you are worried that you won't make friends right away, remember that you already have something in common with everyone at this school: you visited, applied for admission, were accepted, and eventually chose Tufts over every other school you got into.

be overwhelming, exciting, scary, difficult, and fun all at the same time. Don't freak out about fitting in because you will make friends, you will find people you identify with, and you will meet intelligent, fun people you will be friends with for the rest of your life.

3. FRAT PARTIES

This is a rite of passage for all freshmen. Especially during the first semester, you travel in large, noisy groups, looking for parties because, while you came to college to further your education, you also came to have fun. All of the frats—at least the ones not on restriction—will be opening their doors to welcome you. If you decide to go, you may find out quickly that few people just walk into a frat party with ease. There will be a line. It will be crowded. The guys at the door may be tough on you. And if you're a guy, they may act like they don't want to let you in. But don't freak out; eventually, you will get in.

4. CHOOSING A MAJOR




There is a reason why students are not required to choose a major until their fourth semester. If you're certain that you

want to be an Anthropology major because you took classes in high school, went on digging expeditions, and have read dozens of books on the subject, that's fantastic; go ahead and sign up for Anthropology courses. If you don't have a specific plan as soon as you arrive, don't freak out about it. At least one in two intended pre-meds changes his/her mind at some point, and if you ask any upper classman about his or her original plans, he/she will probably relate to you some story about how he/she started out in

the engineering school, then took premed courses, then switched to economics, and finally discovered that his/her one true love was architectural studies. When in doubt, talk to your adviser, but please, whatever you do, don't freak out about choosing a major when you have two years to figure it out.

5. YOUR FIRST COMMUNAL BATHING EXPERIENCE

Whatever you do, don't drop the soap! Just kidding. At home, you may have shared a bathroom with family members. At a summer camp you may have shared a bathroom with a few other people for a month or two, or maybe you used a locker room with your sports team. Now you're living in a dorm, and the bathroom on your hall serves 10 to 30 people all the time. You may notice that things aren't quite as nice as your immaculate bathroom at home. Don't freak out about the hair in the drains, the unflushed toilets, or the trash on the floors, (though there may be some gross bathroom situations during which it is more than okay to freak out). Notify your RA immediately in order to address the problem with the hall, and for the love of god, leave the bathroom as clean as you would like it to be left for you.



6. MAKING THE DEAN'S LIST FIRST SEMESTER

This isn't an invitation to slack off or fail on purpose, but if you have trouble adjusting or you can't keep up with the classes you've chosen, don't freak out. Tufts is very understanding of the difficult transition from high school to college; if you fail a course or two your first semester, you will have the option of retaking the course and replacing that F with an A. So, if you find yourself in this position, talk to your advisor and use the second chance to institute better study habits.

7. HAVING A SCARY ROOMMATE SITUATION:

You've probably heard horror stories about the roommates who are disgustingly messy, play really loud polka music all the time, spend their free time watching X-rated movies with the volume turned way up, pick their nose incessantly, or don't like to wear clothes ... ever. But chances are that you and your roommate will get along fine, even if you don't end up being best friends. You might like different music, you might study at different times, and you might enjoy different Saturday night activities, but as long as you respect each other's space, you'll be fine. Don't freak out if you and your roommate don't get along; freaking out won't help the situation. Don't talk behind his or her back, passive-aggressively sabotage his/her life, or complain about the situation all the time. While Residential Life hopes that everyone gets along, they understand that some roommate pairings just weren't meant to be. So, don't freak out—just talk to your roommate rationally, contact the ResLife office, and change rooms.

8. GETTING LOST

We don't expect you to have the campus map memorized before you get here. Quite frankly, we don't expect you to know where you're going at all during your first semester. Everyone has to stop and ask directions at some point. Most upperclassmen love giving directions because they remember what it was like to be lost, and now that they know the campus, they want to prove it. Your professors will be understanding too, especially because they too were lost at some point when they were new to Tufts. Don't freak out about being

lost and asking for directions; eventually, you'll make it to wherever you're going. And honestly, we all get a kick out of it when you ask for directions to Eaton and find out that you *are* in Eaton.

9. GETTING A VIRUS

You're in charge of yourself now, for the most part, so when you or your computer gets a virus, it's your job to make things better. But don't freak out; you don't have to get over the virus on your own. Both Health Services and TCCS are there for you when you have a virus. You and your computer will be just

It's true, if you sit in your room all day and eat only Twinkies, you will gain weight.

fine, but you have to take the initiative. Let your professors know when there's a problem; they'll be accommodating and helpful in the event that something huge is due when the virus strikes. And of course, always protect yourself and your computer when possible; install the latest virus protection, wash your hands often, don't open dodgy emails, and for Pete's sake, don't make out with random people after you've heard that Mono is sweeping the freshman population like it does every year.

10. THE "FRESHMAN 15"

In high school, especially when you were stressing about college and taking 4 AP courses at once while running student council and playing two sports, you probably didn't have to worry about your weight. Stress and constant activity will keep any teenager naturally in shape. It seems inevitable that college and the transition to adulthood will disrupt this activity and you will gain 15 pounds overnight. It's true, if you sit in your room all day and eat only Twinkies, you will gain weight (duh), but students at Tufts are active. As a freshman, it's also very likely that your classes will not only be spread out, but they will also be up and down hill from the dorm. The "Freshman 15" is pretty much a myth, and most freshmen who do gain weight do so because they're growing up. Now, if you want to talk about the "Senior 20" that's a different story.

11. FINDING FOOD WHEN YOU WANT IT

Sadly, Dewick and Carmichael are not open 24 hours a day. But when they're closed, you can always go to Jumbo Express, the Campus Center, or any of the convenience stores around Tufts. You can keep food in your fridge or keep a stash by your bed. Or consult the guides to ordering takeout from the many cafes and pizza joints around Medford and Somerville. Businesses around college campuses know that students have the weirdest eating habits and schedules in the world. Don't panic—chances are that some place within a stone's

throw of Tufts will be serving something you want at two a.m. when you've been studying all night (or doing something else that might make you hungry).

12. Joining Every Club You Can

You're going to have more time on your hands than you did in high school, but this doesn't mean you have to sign up for every club and every group activity at the Activities Fair. If you have no intention of volunteering at 7 a.m. on Saturday mornings, don't sign up to do it just because you think this means you can put it on your resume next summer when you're applying for an internship. If you can devote time to a million clubs at once, no one's going to stop you, but if you find yourself participating in fewer activities in college, don't freak out—this is normal. College clubs often require a more substantial commitment. For instance, at *The Observer*, many an editor has spent more time working in the lab than sleeping in his or her own bedroom, whereas in high school, a publication may have required a few hours on a Thursday afternoon. Find something you enjoy doing, do it as much as you can stand it, and don't freak out because your resume isn't going to have a huge list of half-assed activities.

You always knew it wouldn't be easy or stress-free, but remember that it's also going to be exciting and fun. Don't freak out about the big or little things, and enjoy your first semester at this amazing school! ☺



A Passion for Archaeology: An Interview With Anthony Tuck

BY LYDIA HALL

“I can’t remember ever not being interested in archaeology,” says Tufts Professor Anthony Tuck. A member of the Department of Archaeology, Tuck applies this passion every day, through both teaching and research around the world. Having recently returned from a dig in Tuscany, Tuck talked to the *Observer* about why he loves his job, his favorite places to travel, and his current research.

Q: Where did you go to college?

A: My BA is from Haverford College. I graduated with a degree in Classical Archaeology. However, since Haverford, Bryn Mawr, Swathmore and the University of Pennsylvania form a consortium, I actually majored at Bryn Mawr and took most of my courses there and at Penn. After I graduated, I went to Brown University, where I got my Ph. D.

Q: How long have you been teaching at Tufts? Where were you before?

A: This year will be my fourth year at Tufts. Before I came here, I taught at the University of Evansville, a small liberal arts college in southwest Indiana.

Q: What drew you to Tufts?

A: I really like the fact that Tufts manages to maintain a balance between teaching and research. I most enjoy the fact that I’ve been able to bring students into the

research that I do, mainly through the Murlo Archaeological Excavation. In the past three years, I’ve not only had Tufts students working on the excavation, but also contributing to our conservation

Q: What is your favorite aspect of your job?

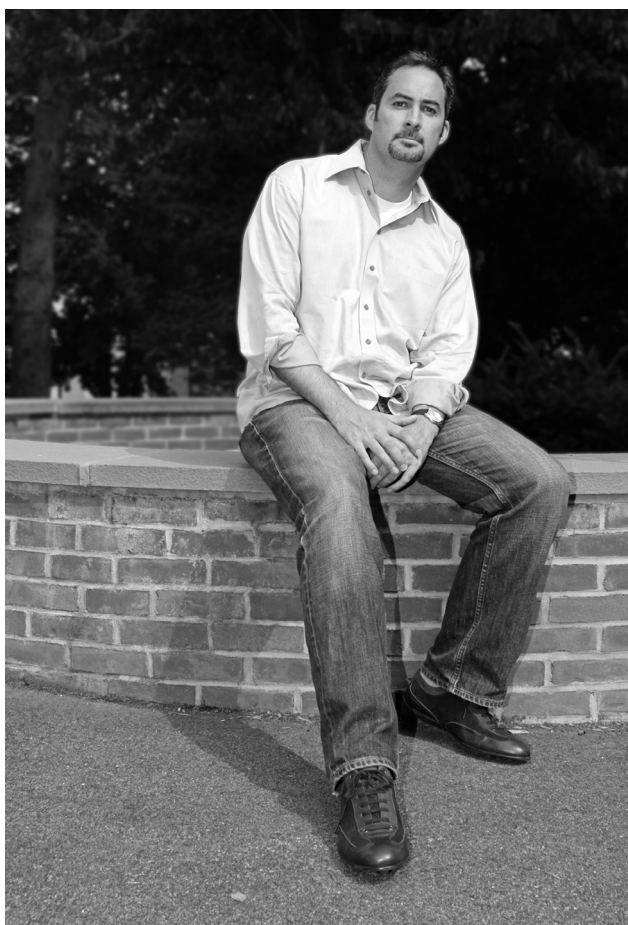
A: I have to answer that in two parts. One side of me really enjoys the feeling of being alone, in a library or a museum and seeing something in a new way for the first time. There is always such a remarkable moment of awareness that comes when pieces of evidence click together and all of the sudden, I have a novel and unique way of understanding something. I love that feeling.

On the other hand, I also equally enjoy the process of sharing that new idea with friends and colleagues. Usually, they just look at me like I’m crazy and then I know I probably need to rethink things. But sometimes, that new idea sets off a spark in them that sends them in new directions in their own thinking. When that happens, it can be every bit as thrilling and fun.

Q: What has been your favorite research project and why?

A: Aside from the Poggio Civitate database (see sidebar), which I’ve both really enjoyed and sometimes really hated in the years it has taken to build it, I’d have to say my favorite project that I’m currently working on doesn’t involve the Etruscans at

all. Instead, I’ve become involved in a project that examines the processes associated with various forms of weaving. I’ve found that in some traditional communities (mainly in Central Asia and India), information that controls patterning in woven textiles is communicated through songs. Of



AARON SCHUTZENDEL

Prof. Anthony Tuck recently returned from a dig in Tuscany.

and illustration programs, directing areas of excavation, and contributing to publications as well. There are not many schools where the relationship between teaching and research is so permeable, but Tufts manages to create an environment where those two aspects of academia are genuinely intertwined



course, there are descriptions of women singing while they weave in Homer and throughout the Rig Vedas as well, but no one has ever drawn a connection between this singing and pattern information in the textiles they weave. I suspect this phenomenon is not only extremely old, but that it also influences the development of other forms of numerically based recitation like metrical poetry. The idea is pretty far out there, but I'll be publishing it this year, so it will be interesting to see people's reaction to it.

Q: What is the most fascinating or interesting object you've ever unearthed, and why?

A: It wouldn't really be an object at all, but rather a building. A few years ago, we found a building that appears to have been constructed about 675 B.C.E. It consisted of three rooms, the central room measuring precisely twice the size of the two side chambers. This was interesting because this almost perfectly corresponds to ancient descriptions of Etruscan temples. However, our building is at least two centuries older than the next known example of an Etruscan temple. So, if we're right, this building is the oldest known example of a monumental religious building in all of Italy.

Q: What got you interested in archaeology? What makes you passionate about it?

A: I can't ever remember not being interested in archaeology. Even as a very

inspires me about being an archaeologist is the moment when you pick something up and look at it for the first time in thousands of years. It may be a fragment of a pot, a piece of a statue,

There are not many schools where the relationship between teaching and research is so permeable, but Tufts manages to create an environment where those two aspects of academia are genuinely intertwined.

or a fragment of a roofing tile, but no matter how insignificant the object may be, when you hold it and look at it, you're the first person to see it and hold it in centuries. Through that object, you can feel a connection to the people who made it and used, even though their names and faces are long since gone.

Q: Why is it important for people today to study archaeology? What can it teach us?

A: I think that archaeology is an ideal subject of study for people who are genuinely committed to the liberal arts. Archaeology isn't just dusty objects. Archaeology, if one approaches it in the right way, can be a sort of pure, unfiltered history through the objects and contexts of the past. As a result, a good archaeologist needs to be sensitive to issues that arise out of

Q: What do you like to do in your spare time? Do you have any strange or unusual hobbies?

A: In my spare time, I really enjoy writing fiction and poetry. I've written

two novels, both of which were horrible, but I've published a fair amount of poetry and I find writing to be both focusing and very relaxing. I also really enjoy contemporary art and my wife and I have a small collection of paintings. We try to travel around to artists' studios before we buy work, so that can be a lot of fun as well.

Q: What part of the world fascinates you most, and why? Where are your favorite places to travel?

A: Tough question. I really enjoy eating when I travel, so a lot of what I remember about places involves food. So, I'd have to say that Italian wine, Greek seafood, Turkish coffee, Israeli olives, French pastries, English beer, and Indian curry are all pretty good reasons to travel.

Q: What classes are you teaching this semester? Which do you most highly recommend to students?

A: This semester, I'm teaching a course on Etruscan Archaeology and another on Celtic Archaeology. Since the Celts and the Etruscans actually overlap chronologically and geographically to some degree, there are a lot of points of connection between the two classes. Obviously, I think both are interesting classes, so I can't say that there is one I would recommend over the other. I guess if you're interested in banqueting and good living, then the Etruscans. If you're into chest-thumping, mead drinking and human sacrifice, than go with the Celts. ☺

Archaeology isn't just dusty objects. Archaeology, if one approaches it in the right way, can be a sort of pure, unfiltered history through the objects and contexts of the past.

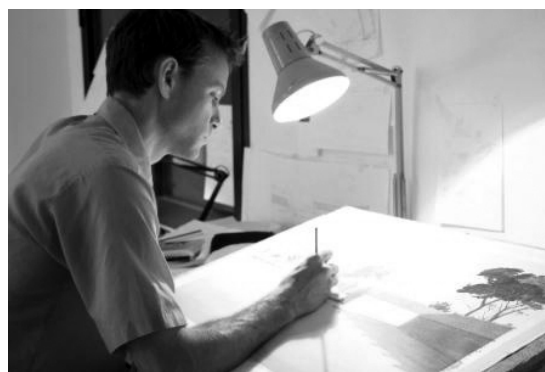
small child, I would collect arrow points and flints in the fields behind my grandparents' house. However, I can't say I always wanted to be an archaeologist. Initially, I wanted to grow up to be a crocodile. But I have to say, what really

economics, political science, aesthetics, and the physical sciences. If archaeology can teach us anything, it is that the world around us is far too complex to be understood only through one avenue of thinking.





The view from Poggio Civitate



Joe McKendry works on a site reconstruction

A Dig at Poggio Civitate: Tuck's Summer Research

I direct an archaeological excavation based about 25 kilometers south of Siena, in Central Tuscany. The site is called Poggio Civitate and was inhabited from the eighth through the sixth centuries B.C.E. [It] is truly amazing; it preserves the earliest evidence we know of in Italy for monumental architecture and sculpture. Current research on the site involves questions of urban development and community formation in early Italic city states. This summer, we discovered a new structure, dating to the seventh century B.C.E. As yet, we don't know what the building was used for, but we'll continue work on it next summer. We also found what appears the circuit wall of the site, along with an ancient road that leads up from the Ombrone River to the south. [This] bodes well for the next few years of work.

This past summer, we had a team of 52 people, 30 of whom were first year students (about half of whom were from Tufts). Every year, I encourage a select group of students from the previous year to return to the site and assume more responsibilities, so we had a smaller group of 8 undergraduates who were returning for either a second or third year.

Poggio Civitate is a very unusual Etruscan site. Around the middle of the sixth century B.C.E., the monumental architectural complex was ritually dismantled...and the site was never re-inhabited. We don't know for certain why this happened, but it seems to be related [to] the developing political scene in sixth century Italy, where particular city states were aggressively expanding and probably absorbing the territory of places like Poggio Civitate. Since the site was never reinhabited, [it] preserves a remarkable amount of information about these developing Etruscan communities. Unfortunately, most Etruscan cities are still major cities today, so it is virtually impossible to excavate in those areas. But Poggio Civitate remains the only excavated example of such a community at this dynamic period of Etruscan development. As a result, virtually every summer, we significantly add to what we know about this culture.

The excavation has run continuously since 1966, [and] we've developed a vast archive of artifacts and excavation documentation. About six years ago, we began to develop a digital database for the archive that allows scholars and students to access any form of information that the site has ever produced. We're also in the process of reproducing in digital formats all of the previous publication on the site and we've built a research interface that allows scholars to collect information within the database and publish their findings.



Tufts student Bic Leu works on an architecture project

*Photos by
Anthony Tuck*



Orientalizing Period complex: reconstruction



Freshman Seminar: Greek Life at Tufts 101

BY MARA JUDD

If the ideals of brotherhood and sisterhood don't attract you, the free booze will. Even if you don't think you can dance, you will. Learn to actually like a Saturday night at a fraternity? Most likely. The quickest thing you'll learn about the social life on weekend nights is that Professor's Row is an easy place to find a party.

Nationally, fraternities and sororities are coming under fire for hazing and raucous parties. These highly publicized events have overshadowed the Greek goals: friendship and public service. The Greek system at Tufts is not something to be condemned or glorified, but for years now, it has been treading the same line its brothers and sisters are nationally.

Some background and get-to-know-

you business. Greeks have been present on the Tufts campus for 150 years. Thirteen Greek groups are recognized at Tufts, including nine fraternities and three sororities. Alpha Tau Omega (the one with the boat in the front) is not recognized

of Tufts student are a part of Greek life. This number is small compared to other schools like Purdue University, where there are 45 fraternities and 26 sororities. So why is a Tufts fraternity house the place to be on Saturday night

Free booze and an open door; you'll find and come to expect both. "Animal House"? Sure, if you want it to be. An excuse to just party with your friends for free? Absolutely. However, partying is not the only goal of Greek life at Tufts.

by ATO National Fraternity, but is considered a valid co-ed fraternity by Tufts University. According to Tufts' Office of Fraternity and Sorority Affairs, 14 percent

if so few people are officially involved as members?

Free booze and an open door; you'll find and come to expect both. "Animal House"? Sure, if you want it to be. An excuse to just party with your friends for free? Absolutely. However, partying is not the only goal of Greek life at Tufts.

While it is easy to concentrate on the role the fraternity house plays in campus social life, it is not all about the alcohol and shindigs, but about social service. The Greeks at Tufts go out of their way to do more than just provide good parties; they provide for the community, too. Adopted by the Fraternities and Sororities in 2003, the official Tufts Greek mission statement is "to foster a richer undergraduate experience while developing leaders in the arenas of academics, service, social interaction, and athletics. Furthermore, the Greek Community will maintain strong inter-Greek and campus relations within the diverse Tufts



AARON SCHUTZENGEL

Professor's Row is home to many Greek houses, like Chi Omega and Delta Upsilon.



AARON SCHUTZENDEL

Last year, a DTD pledge stopped breathing during an event and had to be hospitalized. Tufts is still investigating the incident.

community while promoting the ideals of Brotherhood and Sisterhood.”

The Greeks at Tufts are known to co-sponsor numerous charity and social activities on campus and hold philanthropic events. These include events to benefit the American Heart Association, and “Bowel Bash,” a carnival-type event that raised money and awareness for Crohn’s and Colitis Inflammatory Bowel diseases. Brotherhood and sisterhood are ultimately upheld as the major goals by members and it would be wrong to underestimate what a formal declaration of solidarity will do. Greeks also aim to be true leaders on campus in all arenas, as fraternity Theta Chi has formally stated, “Greeks are not just fraternity brothers and sorority sisters. They are EMTs, TCU Senators, writers, editors, athletes, debaters, and political activists. They run pre-professional societies as well as cross country; they hit hard on the football field and in the political arena. Greeks understand that their participation within the fraternal system can never be meaningful without leadership in the larger campus community, and they are proud to stand up and lead at Tufts.”

The Greek system at Tufts, as benign as it may seem compared to other

colleges and universities, has come under fire recently. When President Bacow joined Tufts in 2002, a major crackdown took place on all parties on campus. The fraternity houses were hardest hit, with their parties being shut down and probations being handed out with ease. As recently as last spring, with the crackdown continuing, many fraternities found themselves paying the price for probation transgressions and other,



AARON SCHUTZENDEL

Professor's Row is also home to Sigma Nu and Delta Tau Delta

more serious offenses. Last spring, a pledge at a DTD stopped breathing during a pledge event, causing even sharper criticism of the Greek system at Tufts. Adding fuel to fire were allegations of a racially motivated attack outside of Sigma Phi Epsilon. The discovery of kegs and drugs (both illegal at Tufts) in Zeta Psi and Delta Upsilon, respectively, led to more scrutiny on the campus and even on national news levels.

So what is being done? In a spring interview with *The Observer*, Director of Fraternities and Sorority Affairs, Todd Sullivan, expressed that “A Greek working group made up of students and advised by Elaine Theodore and Margot Abels encourages dialogue about creating a healthy fraternity and sorority community. Discussion topics include responsible alcohol use and sexual violence prevention.” The Greeks on campus are also speaking out in various campus media, defending their brothers and sisters.

To learn more about Greek life at Tufts, an exhibit entitled “150 Years of Fraternities and Sororities at Tufts” will be on display in the corridor to the Tower Café in the Tisch Library from August 26th to January 12th. Greek organization and regulations can be checked out at the Office of Fraternity and Sorority Affairs at <http://ase.tufts.edu/greek/>. ☎





Push Back

Another promising academic year has arrived leaving in the path of Tufts students both the opportunity to enact change in a system recovering from a static summer and the burden of shouldering unresolved issues from the previous semester.


As the Class of 2009 makes their entrance on the hill a grade of work-weary seniors are picking up their Pachyderms for the final time. Evolution is an obvious byproduct of time spent protesting policies and voicing opinions, but this year's incoming class will be entering a university quite different from the Tufts of 2002.

Of course there have been brochure-related differences, a growing amount of diversity, a new dorm under construction, name changes, funding changes, polluted pools, and unforgettable students graduating each year and leaving empty spaces in the spirit of Tufts that cannot be filled just by changing the guard.

What will freshmen see as they view their new

home as insiders? In recent years, life on campus has drastically changed as fraternities have been shut down, sororities investigated, and the alcohol policy re-evaluated. The first night of wild discovery during orientation that seniors remember fondly (or not so fondly) is impossible at this point. How will the rapidly changing social scene at Tufts affect the memories created during the freshmen's first year on campus?

Many faculty members and students applaud the actions taken against various fraternities over the past two years in helping to cut down on the amount of alcohol-related accidents and potential fatalities. Others contend that taking power and influence away from the Greek presence on campus only exacerbates previously dormant threats like house parties and town-gown hostility. Moving Tufts' party scene off campus takes students away from safeguards like TEMS and RAs.

Scenery changes are not the driving force of Tufts' advancement over the past three years and will do little to ease the growing disagreement amongst numerous upperclassmen that fought administration on more controversial issues and the underclassmen whose experiences will be rewritten as a result. In the face of both changes and conflicts there is only one way for students to force progress in a time where construction projects are masking deeper issues. When cornered, push back. 

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Portugese Fishermen

photo by Margot Rapoport

Please direct photo submissions to observer@tufts.edu



The College Experience

BY MIKE SNYDER

The news from Tufts came in a thick, meaty envelope. White in color and dressed with a simple red postage stamp, the letter was mailed three days later than promised. I nervously tore open the envelop flap, my brittle fingernails reaching deep under the tape, and, after tossing aside pages of junk for my parents to read, finally found the jackpot: “Dear Michael...

Does higher education exist for us to grow and develop as individuals, or grow and develop our resume? Does higher education exist for us to grow and develop as individuals, or grow and develop our resume?

Here is the information we know you have long been awaiting.”

A double. I had received a double. To make matters worse, the Tufts Office of Residential Life had the audacity to dump me in a fully male wing with an American roommate. I thought, does it get any lamer than this?

I wanted a triple. I wanted a triple with roommates from Madagascar. I wanted a triple with roommates from Madagascar and female neighbors on either side. What, no communal bathrooms? Quality of life, be damned! I wanted something unbelievably wild, something fresh and unconventional, something downright kooky. I wanted the ultimate College Experience.

The College Experience. We’ve all heard about the College Experience one way or another.

From our parents, who reminisce on their college days so incessantly it’s as if they were still pulling pranks for Alpha Epsilon Pi—every family dinner imbued with age-old stories of awe-inspiring all-nighters, loony foreign-language profes-

sors, and delicious late-night debauchery. Their nostalgia is as telling as it is exciting: College will be unforgettable.

From our older siblings. Always hip and sophisticated, our boomerang brothers and sisters are sure to deemphasize the academic component of college, instead advocating the pleasures of independent living. To them, the College Experience is about thinking outside the box, leaning into new and interesting situations, leaving one’s comfort zone. It’s trying vegan

food, staging a political rally, and playing ping-pong until four in the morning—then doing it all again next week. It’s creating a list of clubs and extracurriculars so long it would dwarf that of even the most qualified prospective undergraduate.

From American pop culture and the media, whose radio wave induced messages are undeniably clear: Sporting the latest \$40 Abercrombie and Fitch t-shirt, grabbing the hot date—literally—and partying ‘til you puke are all top priority in college. What’s priority number two? Buying “Go

I wanted something unbelievably wild, something fresh and unconventional, something downright kooky. I wanted the ultimate College Experience.

Jumbos” bumper stickers, owning at least three different “T-U-F-T-S” sweatshirts, and painting your face brown and blue for Saturday’s big game. To anybody from Madagascar, I can only say, welcome to America.

These influences tell us there are a million ways to go totally collegiate, but even the most savvy and self-assured freshman might have difficulty discerning which route is right for him. What is the *ultimate* College Experience, anyway? Why are we here? Does higher education exist for us to grow and develop as individuals, or grow and develop our resume? Is it the quickest path to a stable job and a wonderful wife or husband, or a necessary detour along the road of life to stop and find directions? Is college Good Times 101, a \$40,000 photo album, where we will look back and smile at our younger, more attractive shadows playing Frisbee on the quad? Or is it, as I had believed, a chance to encounter the unknown, the inimitable—an exhilarating four-year existence spent doing things we’ve never done before?

It’s a question that each individual must answer for herself or himself—or, rather, a question we can overlook until it surfaces in our English and Philosophy classes—so I will kindly refrain from offering my own interpretation, at least for now.

But I can tell you this. Enter Tufts with expectations as to how things *should* be, and we will—all of us—face inevitable disappointment. Mentally construct an image of your ultimate College Experience, and be prepared for a future let-down. After all, our actual experience of college is, as it stands, nothing more than a handful of unruly thoughts scrambling through our brains,

stimulated by tasty tales and appetizing anecdotes. I should know. I had unconsciously crafted my own picturesque scenario, only for my charming first-year fantasies to be shot down by ResLife. No triple. No Madagascans. Not even a European.





Maybe you also had expectations. Maybe you received your second, or third, or eighth choice of advising group. Maybe your bid for all freshmen housing fell through.

So sometime during the chaos that is Orientation week, take a moment to erase your expectations. Wipe the whole slate clean. It's probably the best thing you can do for yourself. That way, when the parents

There are a million ways to go totally collegiate, but even the most savvy and self-assured freshman might have difficulty discerning which route is right for him.

are gone and the dust has settled, you won't feel obligated to uphold your imagined, fictitious experience of how your life at Tufts should be; instead, you will accept how your life at Tufts is.

For those who scored poorly on the SAT reading comprehension, what I'm trying to tell you is: Don't get drunk the first week because friends promised you a good time. Don't sign up for more than you can handle because parents told you college is about working your butt off. Wipe the slate clean and enjoy this moment—wherever you are. We needn't search for the ultimate College Experience; it will find us.

In hindsight, I am grateful to have received a double. Sometime between reading my housing assignment, and skimming through the brochure detailing all the things I can't bring to my dorm room, I discovered a great insight: The only letter that really matters is the one I nervously tore open back in April, my brittle fingernails reaching deep under the tape. And, after tossing aside pages of junk for my parents to read, finally found the news I had long been awaiting: "Dear Michael... I am delighted to offer you admission to Tufts University." ☉

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

Notes on the Banality of Commencement Speeches: An Anti-Tribute to Robert Frost

BY MIKE YARSKY

It's been several months since I've written these pretentious, self-serving, mindless diatribes on writing, and though I would consider myself a healthy individual, the disease of writing has plagued me once again. Not only has college inflated my ego (as it does to everybody), but it has inflated my moral conscience (everybody but economics majors) to the point where I am irrefutably compelled to give more tips on writing. Writing what, you ask?

Now that I must recover from that cheap attempt at a segue, I guess I've been thinking a lot about commencement. I'm a sophomore now, so commencement is fast approaching, even faster than it was before. The reason why such a ceremony has been replaying in my mind is neither because I know someone who has commenced over summer vacation, nor because I have recently attended a commencement

The poem itself is used as a guidepost to let students know to go off the beaten path, and adventure the qualms and/or certainties of life on their own terms. Or, perhaps, Frost was taking a jab at people who can't be original.

personally, and absolutely, definitely *not* because I sense the irony in writing about graduation at the beginning of the year. It's because I have a cheap edition of Louis Untermeyer's anthology of Robert Frost's poems, and I just read *The Road Not Taken*. Again.

The Road Not Taken is a shining beacon among commencement speeches. It seems in this great world where probability has taken a turn toward chaos that there is one constant: every commence-

ment speaker's favorite poet is Robert Frost, and their favorite Frost poem is *The Road Not Taken*. The poem itself is used as a guidepost to let students know to go off the beaten path, and adventure the qualms and/or certainties of life on their own terms. Or, perhaps, Frost was taking a jab at people who can't be original. If the latter is true, these commencement speakers need to take "the road less traveled by" and perhaps *not* analyze *The Road Not Taken*. If, indeed, more graduation speakers did this, it would have made all the difference.

Since I was required to attend each commencement ceremony during high school, I can say with just deserts that speakers don't need to reiterate the idea of commencement as a beginning. Graduation earned the name "commencement" because graduation speakers continually made the "every-end-is-a-beginning" point. Some head honcho in an ivory tower threw in the towel and decided to change the name from graduation to commencement. Un-

fortunately, the speakers won't give it up. They chisel away at our brains, demanding that we memorize the fundamental condition that, when one door closes, another opens (or vice versa, depending on one's tolerance of cynicism.)

It's easy, of course, to be a critic about speechwriting, considering the lack of Roger Eberts and Leonard Maltins rating speeches. It's also easy to dismiss speeches. Most audiences already do: during most speeches, people space





out, chew gum, or play Game Boy. The graduation speech itself doesn't get much attention from its "listeners," a body of students desperate to grab a diploma, meet their friends, drive down the road less traveled by and start anew. It seems that an attempt at a great, attention-grabbing speech is as futile as attempting to defibrillate a dead, beaten horse. It's about as futile as writing an

ties, and favorite poems. It becomes clear why Robert Frost is used so much: he's so universal and anonymous. Telling someone to stray off the beaten path is highly impersonal advice, and doesn't relate significantly to most people's personal problems. It might not be good advice, but it *sounds* good, if you're even listening.

Thus lays the itching paradox with

The graduation speech itself doesn't get much attention from its "listeners," a body of students desperate to grab a diploma, meet their friends, drive down the road less traveled by and start anew.

article on it.

In the movie *Bananas*, the advice one of Woody Allen's associates gives him is to start a speech with a joke. The problem: the trick has the potential to be excellent and appropriate (A Friars' Club Award acceptance speech) or excellent and hideously awkward (a NAMBLA meeting). Famed comedians like Woody Allen don't need to know their audience; their audience comes to them. Commencement speakers, on the other hand, have to deal with a *very* universal, anonymous audience comprising people with all different tastes, ethnici-

not only commencement speeches, but all of them. It is enormously difficult to transcend the unbreakable marriage between banality and universality. *The Road Not Taken* is now a cliché, as is the "off the beaten path" phrase that attends it. Despite this, it's still a figure in speeches because it appeals to a universal issue of life (second to the tied-for-first-place "love" and "death") known to most as "making choices." I've heard the poem read aloud at each commencement I've been to, and I've come to hate its status as a *Chicken Soup for the Soul* poem. I bet most speechmakers gave up trying to find a way to give advice that applies to everybody without completely entering the abstract (which we contemporary writers are required to hate.) I must give kudos to Robert Frost, though, for creating a graduation speech crutch.

Ultimately, I get the impression that *The Road Not Taken* is the *Aristocrats* joke of graduation speeches. It's an in-joke conspiracy among commencement speakers, a contest among them to see who can push the poem to its most banal and sentimental. What's the punch line? A young group anywhere from twelve hundred to twelve thousand absolutely bored to death. ☹

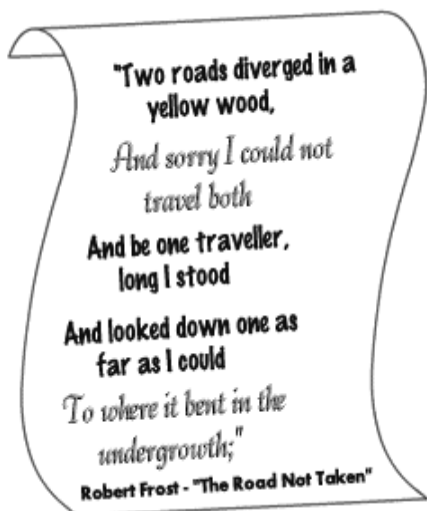
Mike Yarsky, LA '08, has not yet declared a major.

Tufts Voices

Tufts is spending millions of dollars on the construction of Sophia Gordon Hall (a new dorm for upperclassmen) and a new music building. What issues do you think deserve the university's financial attention in the future?

Send your opinion of 600-800 words to
timothy.noetzel@tufts.edu.

It will appear in the Tufts Voices column in the next issue of *The Observer*.



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Shoot Me a Memo

ARAVINDA RAO

I can't believe I'm a senior.

I still get a little light-headed when I stop and think about what's happened to me over the past three years—coming

While my friends fall asleep at eleven at night nowadays I'm awkwardly going out and forcing myself to be 'spontaneous'—but what came so easily as a freshman doesn't quite work now.

to Tufts after high school in Sugar Land, Texas, obsessed with debate and content with my career having been a waitress for a summer.

Then there's now, and I'm the same person I always was, just really jacked up I guess. The only trays I lift have free rounds of drinks on them for me and my friends, which is perfectly legal of us at this point. I'm fluent in French and absolutely fascinated by dead writers and silent films. Dear friends have come and gone, some have fallen from my thoughts, others have dropped me from theirs, and it all evens out.

My sisters have had their lives turned upside-down, moving houses, having children, adding to their dusty collection of advanced degrees I don't plan to pursue. The 'rents are retiring, I'm thinking about where in Boston I'm going to live and for how long, and which job I need to take to get to point B on my career map.

With all these achievements and landmarks crossed, why do I feel so uneasy about moving on after Tufts?

My 19th birthday was spent chugging from a bottle of Pisco Capel with my roommate and watching ice cream cake melt in the Tilton third floor common room; my 21st had me and twenty friends speaking different languages drinking from at least a dozen bottles of French

wine on the edge of the Seine in Paris, looking at the glittering Eiffel Tower as I counted down to midnight in my glorious state of drunken translucency.

Ironically, after moving continents to get here and dreading being even a few states away from my family, I'm seriously analyzing how long I'm willing to spend before I pack up my things and move thousands of miles away.

Ironically, after moving continents to get here and dreading being even a few states away from my family, I'm seriously analyzing how long I'm willing to spend before I pack up my things and move thousands of miles away. My priorities have shifted from sobering up at my sister's place to reading bedtime stories to her son. And with all these

achievements and landmarks crossed, why do I feel so uneasy about moving on after Tufts? And how the hell did I get so damn old all of a sudden?

Those cynical jackholes who invented the term "quarter-life crisis" were trip-happy sadists but pretty perceptive nonetheless. I don't know anyone in a similar situation to mine who is thrilled about the concept of graduating. Sure, we still have a year, and who knows what's going to happen, but the idea doesn't change. Piles of law school and med school applications, internships, job interviews, business suits, and sky-high insurance prices are about as youthful and vibrant as heartburn. And we can't even take a pill for it.

I suppose that life is on course and this is just a reality we'll all have to manage—college isn't forever and eventually we've got to find jobs, pay rent, and get our act together. But for an internship

whore who was already knocking on doors before I could vote, I'm almost pissed off that no one distracted me from my hardcore goals. While my friends fall asleep at eleven at night nowadays I'm awkwardly going out and forcing myself to be 'spontaneous'—but what came so easily as a freshman doesn't quite work now.

I guess I've got to condition myself to my new edition of reality: drinking Jenkins at a house party while checking emails on my Blackberry. ☎

Aravinda Rao, LA '06, is majoring in English.

Anarchy in the Hospital

Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Expect the Unexpected

BY TIM NOETZEL

There's an empty duffle bag lying on my bed, calling my name. Somewhere between piles of laundry, a partially-filled suitcase, and various oddities sits a half-read book, also pining for my attention. Three new e-mails, all of which require lengthy responses, appeared in my inbox in the past fifteen minutes. And somehow I already have homework due.

It doesn't surprise me that my life has so violently thrust me back into the stream of hurried errands and hastily-met expectations. But I am amazed at the sense of tranquility I feel about all the tasks I have to accomplish in the next few days. My to-do list reads like a novel, and I caught myself writing a note saying I should check my notes later. Yes, I actually enjoy living like this.



COURTESY OF CLIPART.COM

Despite the rush, I think a short pause to reflect on the surprises this summer brought is warranted ...

This summer was full of surprises. I expected to spend a painfully quiet three months working in some god-forsaken hell-hole for The Man. Instead, I found an engaging job at a pharmaceutical company with a great boss. I thought catching up on sleep would be enough to recover from a lengthy cold, but it took surgery on my neck to get me back to feeling fit. I cer-

Despite the rush, I think a short pause to reflect on the surprises this summer brought is warranted ...

tainly never expected to go anywhere, but I discovered that reading Joyce's *Dubliners* while actually sitting on St. Stephen's Green in Dublin is quite the experience.

Yet the value of this summer was not only found in a trip across the pond or a decent place to go from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. every day. Between earning the necessary money to fund another year in Beantown and having my throat sliced open, I read a fascinating book about anarchy. On the weekends I saw old friends and remembered why I had missed Chicago so damn much. New friends called from Oklahoma

and Central Park. I even learned to roll my R's and taught myself to type properly. In fact, my only regret is that I wasn't able to make it through the summer without a car repair—I guess there's always next year.

As I pack my bags for another year at Tufts, I can't help but remember how desperately I tried to hold on to my last few days in Chicago at the end of last summer. It was hard leaving the safety of my home for the unknown. As an incoming freshman, I knew I had come a long way. I filled

out piles of applications and endured endless hours of painful advice from complete strangers. But that journey didn't exactly fill me with confidence; I certainly lost a few nights of sleep before moving into my new home.

But this time around will be different. Today, I've replaced that nervous feeling in my stomach with an excited hunger—I can't wait to get back. It took me a while, but I've finally learned to expect the unexpected. ☺

Tim Noetzel, LA '07. is majoring in English.

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Monday, September 12 at 8 p.m. in Curtis Hall.

or email Observer@tufts.edu

The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum

A Little Treasure of Timeless Artifacts

BY OLIVIA SAUCIER

To all of you freshmen who have just arrived at Tufts, I am warning you now: it will be easy to forget how close you are to the cultural and artistic center that is Boston. Before the year is over however, make it a point to head into the city to see what it has to offer. The word “museum” may make some of you cringe, but I promise there is no way you can be disappointed by the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. The landmark boasts an incredible collection of pieces, some thousands of years old and all exquisitely kept, and it is just a T ride away.

“Neither description nor enumeration can serve to convey a true impression of the interest and surprise of it all,” was

It feels as if everything in the house has been kept unchanged since the days of its founder.

19th century essayist Charles Eliot Norton’s, claim about the beautiful building next to the Museum of Fine Arts, which contains the works of art Mrs. Stewart Gardner collected throughout her life. A century ago, she personally imagined the



COURTESY OF GARDNERMUSEUM.ORG

The museum hosts an impressive collection, spanning from ancient times to the 19th century.

museum and arranged her possessions inside it. Thus the rooms are arranged along themes such as “Mrs. Gardner’s travels to Japan and China,” rather than something more common like “Greek pottery from 300 BC.”

One walks from room to room to observe the magnificent works she spent her life collecting in the way she *wanted* them to be seen. The main provision in her will was that her home-turned-museum remain unchanged after her death in 1924.

The main attraction is a beautiful enclosed garden where classical white statues surround a mosaic of Medusa in the center. Every room in the museum looks out onto it from above. There are flowers hanging from the windowpanes and sunlight shining through onto the intricate setting of flowers, trees, columns and other

artifacts near the mosaic below. It has the look of a colonial monastery, and it is all beautifully maintained.

Mrs. Gardner acquired many columns, windows and other pieces from real Venetian buildings. She was very fond of the Italian city and she succeeded in creating a renaissance feel in her home. Looking around, It is hard to imagine that one is actually in 2005 next to Fenway Park in Boston

What really struck me about the Gardner home was that the furniture, the paintings, the miniature statues, the tapestries etc ... all belonged in the building. It is not a modern setting showcasing old works of art. Even if there were no paintings worth going to see exclusively (which is absolutely not the case), the edifice itself would be worth the trip.

Every room is unique. The tapestry room, where concerts are often held, has you tread cautiously, as the floor is



COURTESY OF GARDNERMUSEUM.ORG

The main attraction at the museum is the enclosed courtyard, which features classical white statues surrounding a mosaic.

carefully tiled from a time that seems like hundreds of years ago. Once Mrs. Gardner had finished putting together her museum, she drew an impressive crowd of guests and artists to visit and perform there. The museum’s concert series and Artist-in-residence program aim to continue this tradition.

The Dutch room—with its self-portrait of Rembrandt—is full of natural light, and it contrasts noticeably with the other darker rooms (there is very little artificial lighting). In each new room they enter, visitors can’t help but look out the windows between the columns to the courtyard below. The view doesn’t change, but you can’t quite get over what you’re seeing. My first thought as I looked over the balustrade of the Titian Room was that I could literally stand there for hours staring into Medusa’s garden.

It feels as if everything in the house has been kept unchanged since the days of its founder. There are fresh flowers in the vases, and the chairs are in the same places the lady of the house positioned them. I



looked at these chairs as works of art; they were set up ready for a tea-party as if they were in a salon in Versailles.

Interestingly, many works are unlabeled, as Mrs. Gardner preferred to let visitors build their own impressions of what they saw. Sometimes it's nicer not to be told how you should be reacting to a painting by a note on the side of it. I even found myself trying to decipher old letters to the socialite mistress signed by artists like Matisse and Verlaïne.

The museum is internationally famous for having had 13 masterpieces stolen in 1990. The paintings—by Degas, Rembrandt and Vermeer among others—were never recovered, and there are still signs up offering rewards for their return.

There is definitely a taste for Christian paintings and objects dating as far back as 320 BC. But even for the amateurs of more contemporary fare, like myself, the museum is more than a necessary stop when one arrives in Boston. Though works by greats such as Raphael, Botocelli, Rubens and Whistler are on display, you really don't need to know anything about classical art to enjoy the Venetian setting and meticulous care Mrs. Gardner put into making her museum so beautiful.

The temporary exposition in place when I visited was a small photographic collection of chairs. It came off as quite a disappointment after everything I had just seen. It's probably better to see the temporary shows before you enter Mrs. Stewart's collection, as by comparison, you will be in even greater awe of what she has achieved.

The gift shop—for some the most enjoyable part of a museum visit—is small but quaint, and full of a range of things to buy for yourself and others. There are public gardens to rest in after all the walking, and on a sunny day, it is the perfect stop before stepping back into the 21st century. ☉

The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum is located at 280 The Fenway in Boston. The museum is accessible from the Museum of Fine Arts stop on the Green Line. It is open Tuesday through Sunday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is \$5 for Tufts students with ID's. More information can be found at their website, www.gardnermuseum.org, or by calling (617) 566-1401.

Fall Fashions

BY D.T. BARGER

Bye-bye flip-flops; hello snow boots. Summer has ended and the work-week will soon arrive. Though this is a little depressing, we can still placate ourselves with a little back-to-school shopping. I am back with the latest trends for the blustery fall weather that will soon be upon us. On a student's budget I do not expect you to go out and buy every single Misonni printed wrap dress and Bottega hand-bag, nor will I recommend walking into the designer stores on Newbury Street. That would be too easy, as fashion is simple without a budget. But what is more difficult is getting by with a few accessories and staples to mix and match with your general wardrobe. I am confident that with these new pieces, anyone can attain a fresh and sexy look for fall 2005.

First of all, every girl needs a well-tailored jacket to pull together any outfit. Some contemporary spins on the classic blazer include large brass buttons, military style buckles and my own favorite: velvet material. And no, I am not suggesting that you wear a crushed velvet suit reminiscent of Austin Powers circa 1999. Trust me, you will be surprised at how nicely a well-tailored jacket gives a polished and edgy look for fall, regardless of whether you have managed to invest in the rest of the outfit. Some think of jackets as an after-thought, but I believe that with a good pair of sunglasses and a nice coat anyone can embody the class and elegance of Jackie O.

Once you walk in from the cold, you need to shed that extra layer and reveal another favorite: the cropped cardigan. The best part about this piece is its many different variations by a myriad of designers and budgets to match. H andM and Forever 21, for example, sell them for fewer than 20 dollars. If you are willing to shell out a bit more, there are some beautiful versions available at Sacks and Marc by Marc Jacobs. These can be nicely matched with a silk or cotton tunic, and by pairing a thigh-skim-

ming top with a shrunken cover-up, you can easily master this new look.

When shopping for one of these cropped sweaters, keep in mind that a jacket that hits just below the rib cage offers the most flattering look. By wearing something formfitting below the waist, it gives the illusion of a stream-line silhouette with effortless elegance. The tunic is a long shirt that sweeps just past the hips. It can be worn in a more classic way with a woven belt swung over on your hips. It can also be dressed up with a leather jacket and a pair of low cowboy boots.

And finally, the tuxedo button-down



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shirt: This is a sexy and put-together look for the fall, and a key-piece in some of the season's big collections. It looks great over a pair of skinny jeans and some nice leather boots. This is the one item that will remain in your closet for those special occasions, as it adds so much to what would otherwise be a plain outfit.

The vest is probably something that most girls would never dream of wearing, as it seems masculine and odd. But I am here to explain how sexy and stylish a vest can become when matched with the right pieces. There are many ways to approach this look, with a scoop neck sweater vest worn casually over a tuxedo shirt, or even with any of the button-down shirts in your closet. You may think that this piece is little androgenous, but have no fear because with a few feminine touches like a pretty neckless or diamond-studded brooch, you can own this sexy look for fall. ☉



the warehouse job

the others think of sliding slink in pink folds or
dream of sipping sloth on a beach somewhere;
succulence is doing nothing.

Maybe, those dreams keep them alive
fantasies—sweet chocolates in the mind's silver wrapper—
can make the taster forget

but the sour tang of slavery is never named these days,
only felt, a constant stinging on their tongues;
they pray that somewhere life tastes different.

how they live off hope, I'll never understand
instead, I busy with worry and wonder.
my candy is a dark one, and bitter

but fear puts food on the table just as well as hope
and i can slide slink, every once in a while.
while i save quarters to buy the vending machine

poem by Timothy Noetzel

Please direct poetry and artwork submissions to Timothy.Noetzel@tufts.edu



Teele Square: Good Food, Close to Home

BY MARGOT RAPOPORT

All Tufts students will have eaten in Davis Square by the end of their first month on campus. Unfortunately, many students will spend their college years viewing Davis as the only decent food option that does not involve a T ride. What these students don't know is that just down the street is Teele Square, a small area full of tasty, but often forgotten, restaurants and cafés. Many students, especially those living uphill, are actually nearer to Teele Square than they are to Davis, and are missing out on some great closer-to-home dining experiences.

SOLEIL CAFÉ

Soleil Café's founders advertise Soleil as a casual and intimate experience. It is a great place to go for a quick lunch or an afternoon coffee. The owners focus on offering cuisine that is globally inspired, with flavors from all over the world. They offer an exotic variety of sandwiches, salads, soups and prepared meals. The sandwich menu is by far the most extensive. Sandwiches, which cost between \$6 and \$7, range from the Saigon (a roast pork sandwich), to the Napa (chicken, brie and bacon), to the Baltimore (crab cakes on a French roll). For a special treat check

out the daily specials, such as the lemon ginger iced tea. The restaurant is small, and has a relaxed atmosphere and friendly counter staff.

Soleil Cafe is located at 1152 Broadway. It is open Monday through Saturday, 9a.m. to 4.p.m.

RUDY'S

Rudy's serves Tex-Mex food in a fun, casual atmosphere. The Mexican decor gets you in the mood with cacti, tiles, and stuffed parrots. The food at Rudy's is fairly typical Mexican fare. It is consistently good, but not out of the ordinary. Luckily, the huge portions and reasonable prices make it well worth a visit. Rudy's serves a variety of tacos, nachos, fajitas, enchiladas, burritos and more. The combination plates come with three different items and classic rice, bean, and guacamole sides for about \$8. There is a children's menu for guests under 12, and an impressive tequila and margarita menu for diners over 21.

Rudy's is located at 248 Holland Street. It is open until midnight or later every day.

AMELIA'S KITCHEN

Amelia's offers authentic Italian cuisine at affordable prices. Diners select

from a long menu that includes 15 made to order pasta dishes. The menu also includes pizzas, paninis, and salads. While many of the dishes may sound complicated at first, most of the choices are Italian classics we have all tried. Particularly interesting are the Arancinis, or rice balls, which are stuffed with ground beef, mozzarella and peas. The pasta and pizza dishes are generally between \$12 and \$15 while paninis are about \$7.

Amelia's Kitchen is located at 1137 Broadway. It is open Monday through Saturday for lunch and dinner, and Sunday for dinner only.

SABUR

The "exotic Mediterranean cuisine" at Sabur features dishes from the various cultures of North Africa, Turkey, Greece and Italy. Diners at Sabur are well-fed from drinks to dessert, as the menu offers many different options for each course. Appetizers include a Greek platter with hummus and grape leaves, grilled Balkan sausages, spicy shrimp, celery and root cakes, and roast lamb soup. Many of the main dishes are seafood-based, but there are also a good number of meat options. Most main courses are around \$20 - \$25. If you are willing to splurge for the evening, Sabur is well worth its cost.

Sabur is located at 212 Holland Street. It is open for dinner every night, and brunch on weekends.

TIP TOP THAI

Tip Top Thai is home to decent Thai food, noodles, and sushi. Although it is not as good as its competition, Fusion Express in Davis, Tip Top is well worth a visit. Decorated in its own creative way with elephants and peacock feathers, Tip Top, like its Teele square neighbors, is relaxed and welcoming. The menu is long, offering all the Thai staples from pad Thai to spicy green curry. The prices are not bad, with an average meal costing about \$8. Tip Top Thai also has a reasonably priced, fresh-tasting sushi bar.

Tip Top Thai is at 1127 Broadway. It is open Monday through Saturday for lunch and dinner and Sunday for dinner only. ☺



MARGOT RAPOPORT





Second to None

Davis Square's Second Indian Restaurant Provides a Top-Notch Experience

BY ELIZABETH HERMAN

I never really identified Davis Square as the two-Indian-restaurant sort of place. With all the things that Davis Square lacked, I certainly never assumed that it was a second option in South Asian cuisine that had the most potential for supporting a financially viable operation. So two summers ago when Namaskar Indian Cuisine opened not two blocks down from Davis' original Indian restaurant, Diva's Indian Bistro, I gave it about six months before it died a disregarded death.

For a while, it looked like I was going to be right. I'd walk past it at all times of the day and week and they never seemed

From first appearances to the after-dinner mint, Namaskar does an impressive job of making your entire dining experience an enjoyable one and one that you'd expect to find in much pricier restaurants.

to have much of a clientele. At some point around February, they put up a sign that proclaimed "Now Serving Beer and Wine." My friend wisely remarked, "now serving beer and wine? Well that was their problem," but even the addition of alcohol didn't seem to add additional customers and by the next summer it became a topic worthy of reporting back home if I walked past on a Friday night and saw a couple eating there. Namaskar's waning grasp on the Davis Square Indian food market had become purely pathetic, which of course meant that it became a sarcastic joke for me, which of course meant that I started being genuinely curious and intrigued by it. After all, the inside always looked nice, the menu looked impressive, the patrons, few and far between though they may have been, looked happy, and it would certainly be a quiet place to dine.

At about that time, in what I suppose was a last-ditch effort to garner a loyal fan base, Namaskar sent out coupons in the Somerville Val-U-Pak. I don't know the actual success of those coupons on a Somer-

ville-wide scale, but they certainly worked on me. The combination of curiosity and buy-one-get-one-free was too much to turn down. Plus, I kind of wanted to go there at least once before they went out of business, since I'd walked past it so many times and had monitored its progress for so long. I finally made it there for dinner last July. There was one other party there that night.

As it turns out, Namaskar was a fantastic addition to Davis Square, for all its initial apparent superfluity. Davis Square needed this, no matter how much we all thought the Indian restaurant demand was already met. Anyone willing to walk the extra fifty feet past Diva's will be richly rewarded, and it just goes to show you what you miss out

on when you follow the establishment and don't break out to try something new. The menu includes chicken, lamb, beef, and vegetarian entrees from a variety of regions as well as a full array of appetizers, desserts, and drinks. From appetizer to entrée to dessert, I've never had anything I would call disappointing, although highlights in the entrée category include the Chicken Korma, Ginger Chicken, and Chicken Tikka Masala. All entrees come with a side of jasmine rice, which is delicious in and of itself, and entrees are typically around \$12 dollars.

From first appearances to the after-dinner mint, Namaskar does an impressive job of making your entire dining experience an enjoyable one and one that you'd expect to find in much pricier restaurants. You are immediately welcomed with a hot towel in winter and a cool towel in summer and a cordial of a mysterious yellowish liquid. (I can never remember what is in it, although my online research tells me its mint and saffron. I just know that it's not alcoholic, but does taste quite good.) While waiting on your food, you are treated to an appetizer of

thin, wafer-like, crackers and an accompanying three sauce choices. Your check comes with an Andes mint for each customer, and, inexplicably, there is a bucket of Pixie Stix to help yourself to on the way out. No one I know can figure out the logic behind the presence of the Pixie Stix, but I'm not going to complain. Happiness is walking up Elm Street, stuffed with Indian food, and pouring blue sugar into your mouth with the contented abandon of a seventh grader.

If Namaskar itself is the secret of Davis Square, then the secret of Namaskar is its lunch buffet, which I finally discovered after having to pay off a bet. Any bet whose loss leads to unlimited Naan and an all-you-can-eat Indian buffet for about half the cost of a dinner entrée is really okay with me though. The downside to the lunch buffet is that you are at the mercy of the chef who decides which exact dishes are served, so if you have one tried and true favorite of Indian cuisine this might not be the best way to go. On the other hand, it offers an array of entrees, appetizers, desserts, and side dishes that you might not try otherwise. And, as with all all-you-can-eat buffets you can try a little bit of everything or you can try to really get your money's worth and eat a lot of everything.

Today, Namaskar seems to be relatively securely settled in Davis Square. When I go there on weekend nights there are often four or five other parties there and much to my chagrin they no longer feel the need to advertise themselves via coupons. It's still a quiet place, though, and you don't have to worry about making reservations, even on the weekends. On the downside, the staff can be overwhelming attentive—I think they still get eager and surprised when they actually have a customer. Regardless, Namaskar provides the best dining experience I've had in Davis Square with reasonably-priced, diverse, and extremely well-prepared food. The restaurant is located on 236 Elm Street in Davis Square and is open Sunday through Thursday 11:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. and Friday through Saturday 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. ☉





2005 AFC Preview

BY PETER SHAEFFER

Right before the start of a new NFL season, pundits and prognosticators like to write about the parity in the NFL. These experts drone on about how free agency and the salary cap make it almost impossible for teams to replicate the Super Bowl runs of the San Francisco 49ers of the 1980's, the Dallas Cowboys of the early 1990's, or even the Denver Broncos from the late '90s. In their opinion, dynasties are a relic of the past. However, the New England Patriots are in the midst of a revival of sorts. Since 2001, the New England Patriots have gone a combined 48-16, including a perfect 9-0 in the playoffs. Ironically, the Patriots have built this dynasty by utilizing free-agency and the salary cap, preferring to stock up on solid, low-cost players rather than flashy free-agents. However, this season could be different. Personnel changes and key losses have made the Patriots more vulnerable than ever. Several teams, including the New York Jets, Indianapolis Colts, and Pittsburgh Steelers, feel like they have a chance to dethrone the champs. All in all, this should be a very interesting season in the AFC.

AFC NORTH

The Pittsburgh Steelers are easily the favorites in the AFC North Division. Although another 15-1 season is unlikely, the Steelers have enough talent to make a deep push into the playoffs. Second year quarterback Ben Roethlisberger (13-0 record last year) should have better offensive stats this year, but don't expect Peyton Manning—like numbers from him; the Steelers offense revolves around Jerome Bettis, Duce Staley, and the running game. The defense should be solid as always, despite the losses of cornerback Chad Scott and linebacker Kendrell Bell to free agency. If Roethlisberger limits his mistakes, the Steelers could be making a trip to Detroit for the Super Bowl.

Coming off of a disappointing 2004 campaign, the Baltimore Ravens hope to rebound in 2005 with a playoff berth. As has been the case with the Ravens recently,

the team has a Super Bowl caliber defense coupled with a sub-par offense. The defense, led by Ray Lewis (106 solo tackles last season) and 2004 Defensive Player of the Year Ed Reed, should dominate offenses again this season. Third year quarterback Kyle Boller (13 TD/11 INT in 2004) needs to step up his play. With a refocused Jamal Lewis and a healthy Todd Heap, Boller finally might have the tools to help him suc-

ceed. This team will go only as far as Boller and his numbers will take them.

Hope springs eternal this year in Cincinnati, where the Bengals seem poised to finally make the jump to the post-season for the first time in over a decade. Quarterback Carson Palmer (18 TD in 2004) struggled during his first year as a starter last year. But with wide receiver Chad Johnson and running back Rudi Johnson (1,454 rushing yards in 2004) at his side, Palmer should flourish this season. For this team to make the playoffs, however, head coach Marvin Lewis needs to shore up a defense that lost some of its key linebackers in the off-season. If the cards fall right, we could be talking playoffs for this Cincinnati team.

First-year head coach Romeo Crennel went from the mansion to the outhouse when he left the New England Patriots to take over the Cleveland Browns. The lone bright spot for this team is their first round draft pick, wide receiver Braylon Edwards. Edwards has been compared to Terrell Owens, albeit without the attitude. Other than Edwards, Browns fans do not have a lot to look forward to this season.

AFC SOUTH

The Indianapolis Colts will walk away with the AFC South championship. Last season, Peyton Manning arguably had the greatest year of any quarterback, throwing 49 touchdown passes. Thus, it is no surprise

that that offense did not undergo radical changes. Expect Reggie Wayne and free-agent-to-be Edgerrin James to have big years. Unlike the offense, the Colts' defense was in desperate need of a facelift, after the unit gave up over 370 yards of offense per game last season. However, head coach Tony Dungy decided to keep his unit intact, hoping that another year of experience will serve them well. If the defense can hold

up, and if the team can get over the hump and win at New England on November 8th, there will be no stopping the Colts.

The Jacksonville Jaguars came out of nowhere last season and almost made the playoffs. Anything less than the playoffs this season will be considered a disappointment. With new offensive coordinator Carl Smith, quarterback Bryon Leftwich should continue to thrive and improve on his solid numbers from last season (82.2 quarterback rating). The success of this team will also depend on the health of running back Fred Taylor, who can be a workhorse if he can stay healthy. On the defensive side, Coach Jack Del Rio hopes that his new acquisitions, defensive end Marcellus Wiley and linebacker Nate Wayne will help the Jaguars' "D" keep up with the high-powered offenses of the Colts and the Titans. This team will be in the playoff hunt until the very end.

Expansion teams are not expected to compete for a playoff spot until their fourth year in the league. Having gotten there, the grace period is now over for the Houston Texans. Texans fans, and more importantly, Texans management, are expecting some positive results from head coach Dom Capers and company. That being said, I still think this team is one year off. Wide receiver Andre Johnson (79 receptions/1,142 yards last season) should soon cement his place among the upper echelon of receivers, but





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Do not expect Peyton Manning—like numbers from Ben Roethlisberger.

the Texans lack other playmakers. On the defensive side, the acquisition of cornerback Philip Buchanon will offset the losses of linebacker Jamie Sharper and cornerback Aaron Glenn, two original members of the team. The Texans will compete, but still fall short of the playoffs this season.

The Tennessee Titans arguably lost the most talent of any team this season. Some players who will no longer be suiting up as Titans include wide receiver Derrick Mason, cornerback Samari Rolle, and safety Lance Schulters. Quarterback Steve McNair will still have plenty of offensive firepower, as the team added USC offensive mastermind Norm Chow and former Buffalo Bills running back Travis Henry. It is the defense that will keep this team out of contention due to the losses of personnel and the amount of high-quality teams in the AFC.

AFC WEST

After a 13-3 campaign in 2003, the Kansas City Chiefs had high expectations going into last season. Those high expectations soon fizzled after a 0-3 start, and the team finished with a disappointing 7-9 record. The offense could not really be blamed for their struggles, as quarterback Trent Green (27 TD in 2004) led a unit that averaged 30.2 points a game. It was the defense, which gave up 27.3 points and 377.3 yards a game, that buried the team in mediocrity. With the addition of two former Pro-Bowlers, Patrick Surtain and Kendrell Bell, the Chiefs' defense should be more formidable this season. Look for the Chiefs to narrowly win the AFC West.

The San Diego Chargers were the surprise of the 2004 NFL season. After being publicly rebuffed by than number one draft pick Eli Manning, the Chargers entered last season with a lame duck quar-

terback in Drew Brees and their top draft pick, quarterback Philip Rivers, waiting in the wings. Brees apparently did not get the memo about his imminent demise, as he threw for 27 touchdowns and only seven interceptions. With running back LaDainian Tomlinson and tight end Antonio Gates, Brees has the weapons in place to replicate last season's success. If the defense can have another stellar season (19.6 points per game in 2004), the Chargers can compete with the Chiefs for the division championship.

The Denver Broncos have had been suffering from *deja-vu* the past couple of seasons. In both 2003 and 2004, the team finished 10-6, claimed the last playoff spot in the AFC, and then proceeded to get obliterated by the Indianapolis Colts in the first round of the playoffs. They might not even be that lucky this season, as the Broncos remained on cruise control for most of the off-season while other teams in their own division and the conference improved. The biggest news the team made this off-season was their drafting of Maurice Claret, the troubled running back from Ohio State. That being said, this team is still talented enough to win nine games this season; that just will not be enough to make the playoffs.

The Oakland Raiders made a big splash this off-season when they acquired the outspoken Randy Moss from the Minnesota Vikings. Moss gives quarterback Kerry Collins (21 TD/20 INT) another deep threat to couple with wide receiver Jerry Porter. Another acquisition, Lamont Jordan, should give the Raiders the running game they have lacked ever since the days of Bo Jackson. The defense is basically made up of Charles Woodson, a washed up Warren Sapp, and a bunch of no-name players. In other words, look for the Raiders to lose their fair share of shoot-outs this year.

AFC EAST

The AFC East will come down to two teams, the New England Patriots and the New York Jets. The Patriots had a somewhat tumultuous off-season, as they lost their top coordinators, Charlie Weiss and Romeo Crennel, to heading coaching jobs at Norte Dame and Cleveland. The heart and soul of their defense, linebacker Tedy Bruschi, will sit out the season due to health concerns following a stroke he suffered in February. On top of that, six more players

who have earned three Super Bowl Rings with the Patriots have found new homes. On the other hand, the New York Jets have had a quiet but productive off-season. They acquired quarterback Chad Pennington's (16 TD/ 9 INT in 2004) former favorite target, Laveranues Coles in a trade from Washington. Also, they brought in former Titans offensive coordinator Mike Heimerdinger, who will open up the field to make good use of the Jet's playmakers. Even cornerback Ty Law, the most vocal of the Patriots, joined the Jets after being released from the team in March. This year's Patriots team is vulnerable, and the Jets are ready to pounce all over them.

Need more reasons to think why this might be the Jets' season? Take a look at the first eight games on the Patriots schedule: Oakland, at Carolina, at Pittsburgh, San Diego, at Atlanta, at Denver, Buffalo, and Indianapolis. Those are all potential playoff teams; the Patriots will be lucky to finish above .500 against those teams. If the Patriots struggle early and the Jets soar, the division might be too far out of reach for New England. Despite all of their negatives, the Patriots still have a very solid team that will most likely make the playoffs. The core of the offense is intact, with quarterback Tom Brady (9-0 career record in post-season) leading the unit. The defense will probably be out of step without Bruschi, but new linebacker Chad Brown could fill in very nicely. The Patriots have gone through some adversity before, so it would be wise not to count them out yet.

The other two teams in the division are going through changes this season. The Buffalo Bills, who narrowly missed the playoffs last season, are now resting their hopes on the untested arm of second year quarterback J.P. Losman. With wide-receiver Eric Moulds and running back Willis McGahee (1,128 yds gained in 2004), Losman will have some leeway to make mistakes. The Miami Dolphins, on the other hand, will be a disaster again this season. New head coach Nick Satan welcomed back running back Ricky Williams, who will be suspended for the first four games of the season due to drug violations. The quarterback position is a nightmare, with journeyman Gus Frerotte and unproven A.J. Feeley battling for the top spot. Look for this team to have trouble putting points on the board this season. ☹



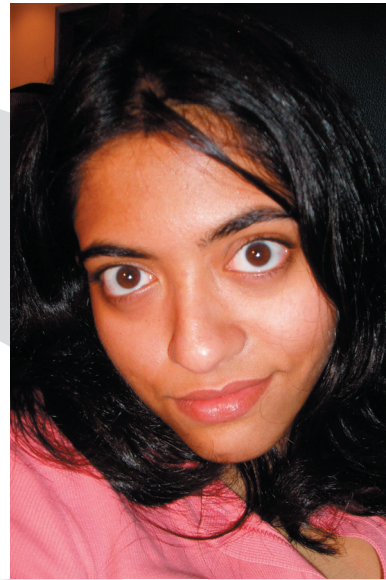


Open Forum

What are you most looking forward to during your senior year?



“I am looking forward to graduating... so I can spend another four years at Tufts Med School.”
—Jenny Salluzzo, '06



“Random road trips and vacations with friends.”
—Vinda Rao, '06

“Graduating?”
—Ray Chery, '06

“Taking flying lessons.”
—Kari McIntyre, '06





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