

TUFTS OBSERVER

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The *Observer* has been Tufts' publication of record since 1895. Our dedication to in-depth reporting, journalistic innovation, and honest dialogue has remained intact for over a century. Today, we offer insightful news analysis, cogent and diverse opinion pieces, creative writing, and lively reviews of current arts, entertainment, and culture. Through poignant writing and artistic elegance, we aim to entertain, inform, and above all challenge the Tufts community to effect positive change.



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Cover by Joanie Tobin for Tufts University

Since
1895



TOMAS

for Tufts.

BY NEIL ARONSON

On April 27, Tomas Garcia was elected as the next Tufts Community Union (TCU) president with a definitive 78% of the vote, after promising to rejuvenate Tufts in both body and mind. Central to his campaign were pledges to improve campus facilities and to promote a wider sense of community and school pride. In an interview with the *Observer*, Garcia spoke about his upbringing, the campaign, his presidential priorities, and his vision for the future. Still a little shocked from the win, the rising senior was deeply humble. Even when asked what his superpower ability might be, he replied cautiously: “Well, no abusive powers.”

What is your number one priority for Tufts right now?

I think it's the expansion of facilities. I think that right now Tufts is a first-rate institution with third-rate facilities. I think that without adequate social spaces, adequate academic spaces, and adequate residential spaces, it's very hard as a student body to come together. Student groups need to find areas in which to ex-

press themselves. I see people practicing their group performances in the lobby, and I think that's terrible. This university needs to make facilities its number one priority.

What problem bothers you most about Tufts?

What bothers me the most is this idea that right now we're 5,000 people who just happen to go the same school together. I think there's a lack of school pride that you see at other schools like Duke, for example. And what I really want to see is the student body come together and unite.

Where are you originally from?

I grew up in Portland, Oregon. Both my parents are originally from Argentina. I grew up in a Spanish-speaking household. It's taught me what it's like to belong to multiple communities, and I have to balance those influences. I know what it's like to be discriminated against. By being brought up in different communities, I have the background to reach out to different groups on campus, because

I know that even if I'm not a member of your group, I can still empathize with your point of view.

What are your hopes for life after Tufts?

In the short term, I'm looking toward finance as an option. This upcoming summer I'll be interning as an analyst at Goldman Sachs. Long term I'd ultimately like to go into a career in politics, something in public service. But I'm trying to keep my options open.

Only 31% of the student body voted. What do you think about the campaign process and what should be done to get students more involved in campus elections and affairs?

I think that's a year-long process. The campus as a whole won't turn out to vote unless the campus as a whole feels some sort of investment in the future, and I think that over the past few years the Senate as an institution has been slipping a little bit in the eyes of the student



body [in terms of] communicating accurately and actively. Having served on the Senate for the past two years, I can say that the Senate does have the student body's issues at heart, but a lot of the time that doesn't come through. So I really think the Senate needs to remake itself as an institution.

What has been your favorite moment at Tufts?

I would have to say the night that I was elected. I think that night [saw] many people's hard work come to fruition. It was such an exciting moment. I'm still not sure if I really deserve it, but it's just the fact that I had such a dedicated campaign team who all believed in me. It was the culmination of all that hard work in one moment--and a really, really non-flattering photograph on the front page of the *Tufts Daily*.

Would you say that Tufts has become stricter over the years in terms of its drug, alcohol, and safety policies?

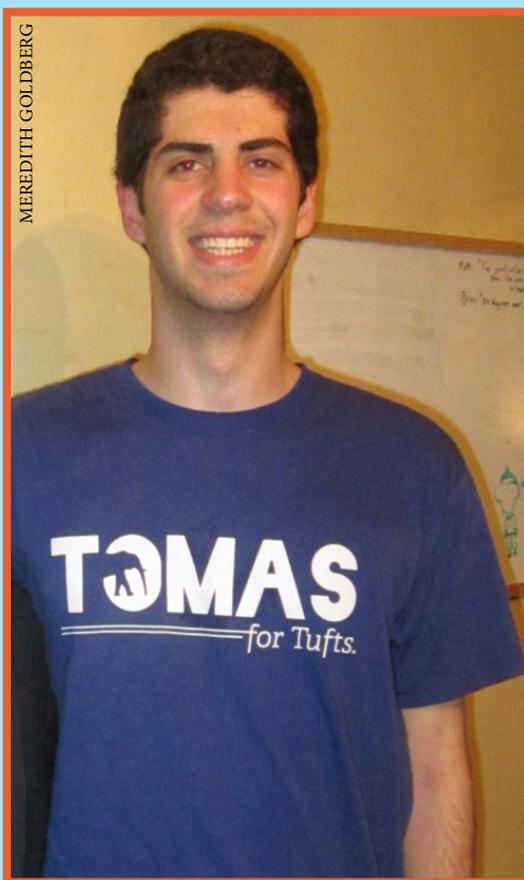
I think that yes, the alcohol policy has been shifted toward a more disciplinary focus instead of a more mentorship focus and that's something that I want to try to work on next year--bringing education back to these alcohol and drug policies. I think that drinking at Tufts is something that is commonly pushed behind closed doors and as a result it becomes even more dangerous. I'd really like to see Tufts adopt a system of RAs where RAs serve more as mentors than disciplinary figures. It's a system that has been adopted at several liberal arts colleges across the United States with great success.

I think it's a real shame that we pride ourselves on being such a forward-thinking institution and still have this issue where to solve drug and alcohol

issues, we take a disciplinary approach instead of an educational approach.

What do you think of Bacow's decision to cancel NQR?

I mean, honestly, as a student, it was an outrage. It's a time-honored Tufts tradition and I'm really sad. I think you can have a tradition such as NQR without almost immediately life-threatening emergencies as



long as the students are properly taught beforehand about safe drinking. I'm very excited to see what the student groups have come up with to replace it next year.

What have you done as chair of the TCU Outreach Committee to get the Senate more involved in the lives of students?

I feel like one of the best events that the Student Outreach Committee put on

was the Leadership Dinner in the fall. That's where all of the leaders of all of the clubs and organizations on campus are invited together to sit down and interact. A big thing we did this year that I was personally in charge of was putting the Weekly Senate Bulletin in the *Tufts Daily*. In our fall survey, we already had over 800 people saying that had seen our advertising. Next year I'd like to see a weekly electronic newsletter brought to the student body to serve as a way to get feedback and let students know about opportunities and events on campus.

Moving to a more personal note, what would your superhero ability be?

Mind control, time control, that'd probably be pretty good—or rewind, but no abusive powers.

What's the last book that you read outside of class?

It's called *Born on a Blue Day* [by Daniel Tammet]. It's a book about an autistic savant. It was really interesting to get exposed to a completely different manner of intelligence, and it's astonishing to see how he lived his life.

What's your overall vision for Tufts next year?

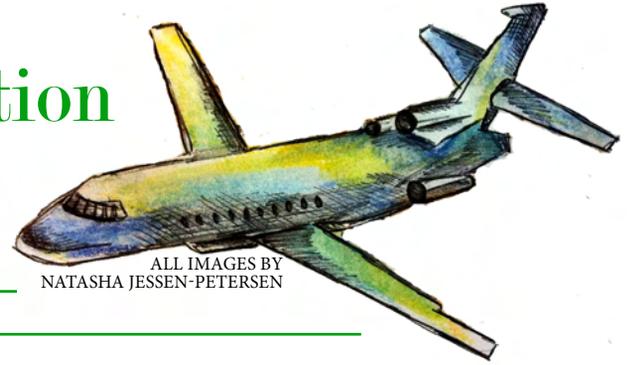
I want to make sure that the undergraduate student body is the top priority in the eyes of the new administration, to really make sure the administration is working for us, and to make sure that every student on the Tufts campus has a, hopefully positive, meaningful change in their day-to-day lives as a result of the Senate doing something.

And in addition, [I want to make sure] that students recognize what the Senate has done and make it a two-way street. So really it's all about transparency and communication. ☺



Post-Graduation Exploration

Tufts Students Set to Take On the Real World



ALL IMAGES BY
NATASHA JESSEN-PETERSEN

BY SHAYNA SCHOR

For many Tufts undergrads, the sunny days and scents of spring mean one thing: summer is on the way. After wrapping up finals and bidding friends farewell, many will balance internships with beach trips while gearing up for the coming semester's classes. But for some Jumbos, this time of year means something else entirely: a bittersweet end to the college incubator. For graduating seniors who have spent years mastering political theory, dedicated hours to literary masterpieces, and devoted long days and late nights to labs and problem sets, the "real world" awaits. So, where do they go from here?

"I'm ready to go out in the world and see what I can do with all this stuff," says senior Mimi Oshinsky. Eager to discover the practical value of eight semesters of hard work, she looks forward to finding "something I truly enjoy that challenges me in a good way."

While seniors may be leaving campus, the Tufts mentality is sticking with them. With four years of active citizenship and global awareness under their belts, many members of the Class of 2011 are staying true to their Brown and Blue by pursuing futures—or at least interim projects—based on Tufts' community and international values.

Many grads see global exploration as a way to better understand issues in their prospective fields before entering the professional arena. While Kate Naranjo plans to pursue educational policy professionally, she recognizes the importance of having hands-on familiarity with the issue. "It's silly to go into policy without having experienced the problem you're trying to fix," said Naranjo, who will graduate with a joint psychology and peace and justice studies degree. Naranjo plans to spend the next year working in Boston with the AmeriCorps City Year program for "holistic elementary school improvement." She likes to think of the year as "a pause button"; an opportunity to figure things out during a period of great transition.

According to Jean Papalia of Career Services, this year's graduates continue the longstanding tradition of awareness and commitment that are synonymous with Tufts. "We frequently hear students [returning] from their study abroad, saying they would like to work or volunteer overseas after graduation," Papalia said. "When Tufts students embark on their career pursuit, they think about how their work can benefit the broader community and the world at large." Since 1961 over 500 Tufts students have

joined the Peace Corps, and, according to Papalia, 113 members of the Class of 2010—eight percent—applied for Teach for America.

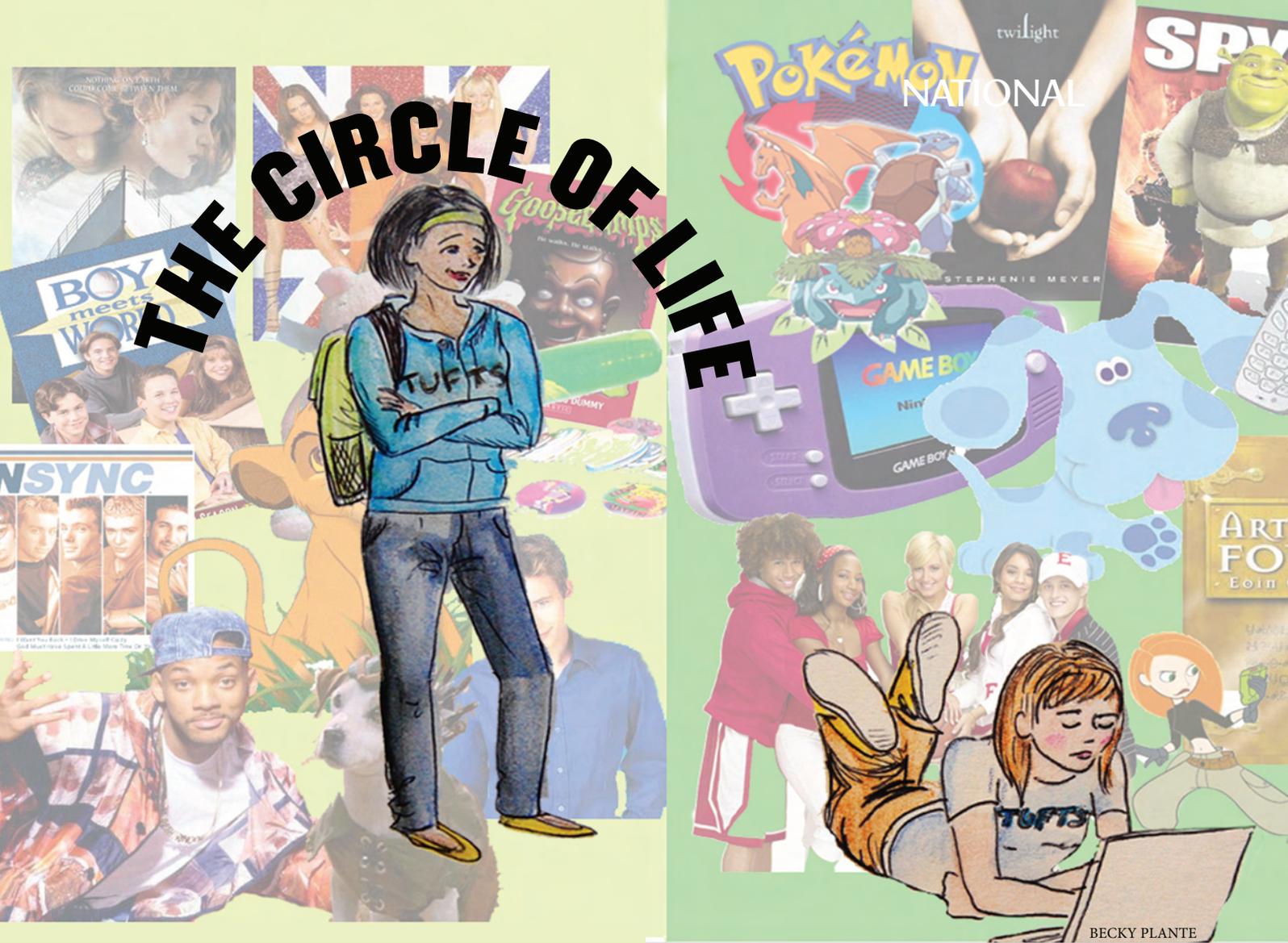
Senior Michael Kremer has indeed taken the Tufts spirit of globalism to heart and is moving abroad once the senior week dust has settled. Kremer, an international relations (IR) major, is not sure where he'll be five years from now. Still, he says that he will have "plenty of time to assess the options over the next year" while studying at the Center for Arabic Study Abroad (CASA), a yearlong post-graduate Arabic program in Cairo. The desire to spend more time abroad after graduation was the most important factor motivating Kremer to apply for the fellowship. He is eager to return to Egypt "to witness all the country's exciting political and social developments firsthand."

Many other students, including some who plan on joining the field of global health, are also excited to take their service efforts abroad. Nick Levin, a pre-med biology major, will travel to Uganda in September to pioneer a research project about the economic empowerment on the AIDS stigma. Despite the meager pay, Levin took the job because "it is where my interests truly lie."

August Longino, an IR and Spanish major, has similar medical-related plans for global action. Longino will be moving to Ecuador to work for the Timmy Foundation, an organization that equips medical professionals with resources to help underprivileged communities. After deciding somewhat haphazardly to participate in the Tufts Timmy winter break mission to Guatemala, Levin stayed in touch with the organization and ultimately secured a one-year position co-coordinating the Timmy Medical Brigade program. After that, his plans grow uncertain. "Graduate school is on the horizon, as it seems to be for all IR majors," he says, "but I'm not sure I will be ready after just one year in the 'wilds.'"

Like the Jumbos that came before them, this year's seniors are prepared to embrace life as alumni with the mindset of true global citizens; they understand their responsibilities and value lifelong learning. Equipped with an activist attitude and international insight, the Class of 2011 is ready to show the world what it has to offer.

As former Provost and beloved Professor Sol Gittleman reminds graduates, the values and resources of Tufts University are never too far away: "You paid for the first four years," he says, "but the next forty are free." ☺



BECKY PLANTE

CAITLIN SCHWARTZ

I have never felt as old as I did during the Tufts Dance Collective (TDC) shows last weekend. I enjoyed TDC no less than I did when I participated freshman year, but back then I remained in awe of the senior girls who seemed so much more sophisticated and glamorous than I was, and this year, I was staring at the freshman and sophomore girls in my dance wondering how it is that someone as ancient as me is still permitted to go to school at the same institution as people as young as them. I'm only 22, and I know that I cannot be considered old by any reasonable standard. However, the four years that stand between myself and my youngest classmates may indicate a generational gap. This gap is defined by significant changes to the bank of pop cultural influences that informs our senses of humor, worldly wisdom, and even our idea of school and the scholarly experience.

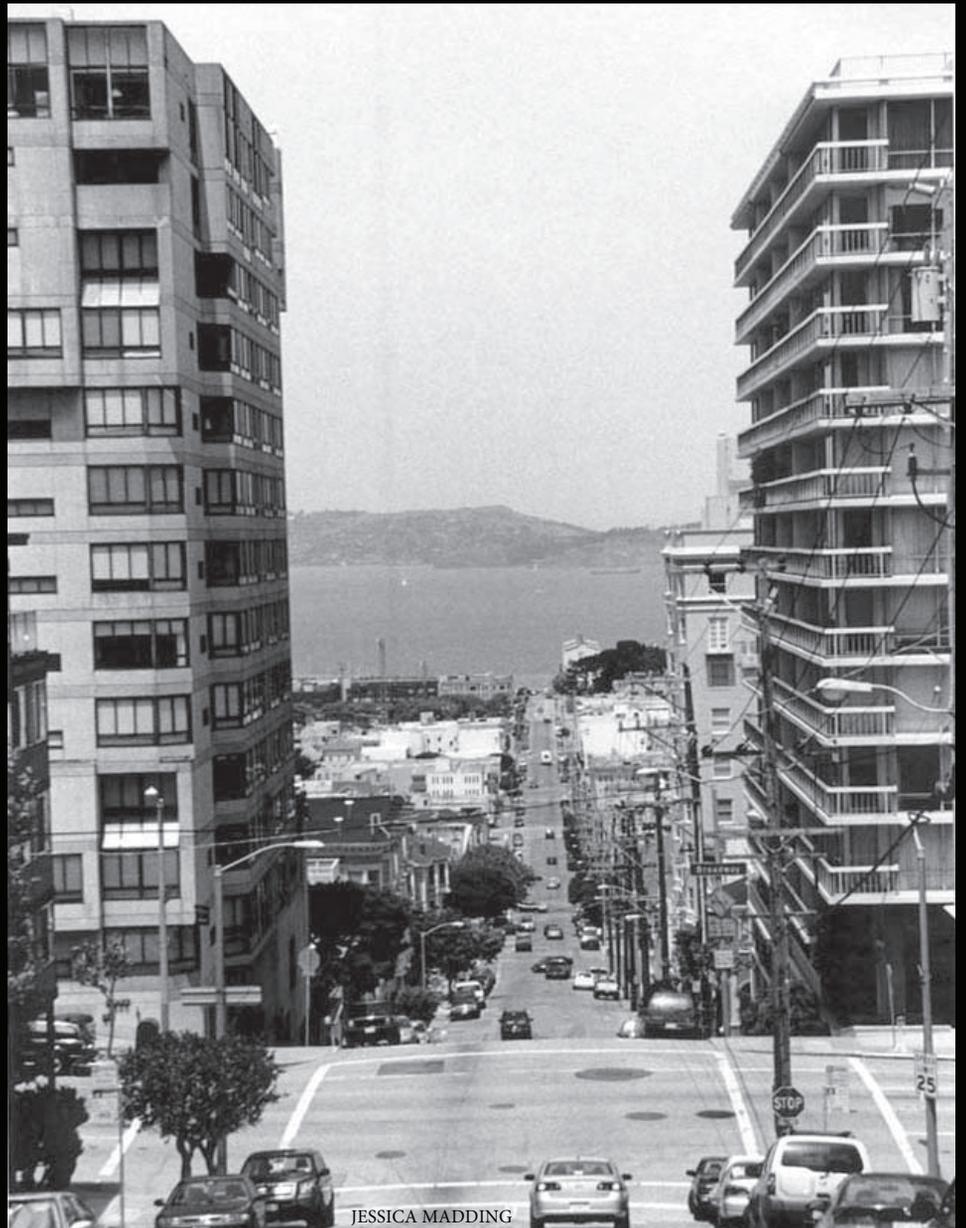
For most of us, going to class has been a full-time job for the majority of our lives. For me, Boy Meets World still represents the ideal classroom experience. I still haven't seen High School Musical. I get my book smarts from Wishbone and my street smarts from Fresh Prince of Bel-Air. When faced with an open-ended dilemma like graduating from college, I still think in terms of R.L. Stines' Goosebumps series—the ones where you choose what happens next from several different options.

These important influences of my childhood have outlasted their golden age of popularity to become structures that mold my thought processes, those of my peers and the interactions between us. The incoming class of freshmen was too young to see The Lion King in theaters when it came out. They were probably marathoning Gossip Girl instead of The OC and some of them probably even read Twilight without a hint of irony.

Once the class of 2011 is gone, the vast majority of people on campus born before 1990 will be professors. When we who hold the references and affinities for these juggernauts of cultural wisdom graduate and leave Tufts behind for other pursuits, a new host of iconic people, animals or vampires are sure to project their influence on the dialect commonly spoken at Tufts. If I come back to Tufts in four years, I may not be able to decode the new dialects of the future Jumbos. I guess that's why I'm being forced out of this place, and out into the real world, where I will continue to seek out the people who idolize Cory and Topanga and can sing every Spice Girls song. To the Class of 2015: make this place yours—own your influences and let Tufts become the place you make it. With that, I leave you with a Spice Girls lyric that I hope will always characterize my own life, "Never give up on the good times, living it up is a state of mind." ©

THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW

BY CAITLIN SCHWARTZ &
ELIZA MILLS



If everyone in the world lived exactly the way I do, it would take four Earths to support us all. Sound bad? My carbon footprint here at Tufts is actually well below the national average; my carbon footprint at home in LA (where heating in the winter is a non-issue) is even lower. Still, *four Earths*. What does this mean for the world, and for our future? Well, first of all, since we have only one Earth, and we're giving it a rough time as is, the majority of the world *can't* be living the way most of us do. For every one of us who takes an extensive online carbon footprint quiz (on our laptops, plugged into the outlet of the wall of our house, which we got to in a car or a plane, etc., etc.), there is someone who, if they took this quiz, would have practically no carbon footprint at all. For everyone whose lifestyle would require four Earths to support the entire population, there must be someone whose lifestyle requires one quarter of an earth. There must be a balance.

There is no doubt that the world is changing. Just look at this past winter in Boston, or the mass deaths of animals all over the world. The Earth is in a state of near-crisis (and that's being optimistic), and things won't be getting easier anytime soon. Healthcare improvements mean that people can live longer—the global population is growing and growing, and the earth doesn't have the means to support it. A quick Google search will tell you what environmentalists have to say about how this will impact us: how the world will look, how the climate will change, and what that means for us and the many species with which we share our planet. But with everyone living the way most of us do *now*, how could *anyone* live the way we do in 50 years?

In 1961, the population was 3.08 billion. The mid-year statistics for 2010 estimate the population at about 6.9 billion, nearly four billion and 45% more than it was 50 years ago. If the population continues to grow, even by only one to three billion people (as is predicted by most researchers), there won't be communities and neighborhoods like the ones most of us grew up in or the one we live in here at Tufts—there just won't be enough space. This means that the idea of community, the concept of a neighborhood that most of us recognize, is in for some radical changes in coming decades. Does this mean that we'll be sacrificing shared spaces? Parks and wilderness could be the first things to go—but any city-planner worth their salt should recognize that

paving over the green parts of our communities would only be counterproductive in the fight against global warming. Alternatives? Building up, building down, consolidating private properties into larger buildings.

Any solution we can imagine now comes from our understanding of how we organize life in this day in age. We have developed expectations based on the way that we have always been able to liberally take up and utilize space. We have to start accepting that the world in which our descendants live may not even resemble the one that we know now. Natural processes will shape the Earth's new landscape and conditions.

Although experts uphold that the past year's earthquakes have occurred with normal frequency, it seems as though our daily lives are constantly interrupted by more news of devastation caused by natural disasters. Is the Earth trying to tell us something? Our planet follows its own trajectory of change and reinvention that does not pertain to our social existence as humans. The theory of continental drift suggests that hundreds of millions of years ago, the Earth's distinct continents, on which we have come to base notions of ethnic and cultural identity, comprised a single landmass. Catastrophic events such as earthquakes and floods decomposed this landmass, gradually creating the continental configuration with which we are familiar today. Our lifetimes are insignificant in terms of the timeframe of this process. Even so, the catastrophic events that

we witness may be indicators of a dramatic global renovation whose end result we can't even imagine.

Over generations, our offspring will build their lives around the globe that they inherit. However, it's safe to say that they will be forced to compensate for the damage we've engendered through our lifestyles. We keep running this tab, and sooner or later, someone is going to have to pay for it.

Using one Earth to pay the debts of four Earths is going to require some serious sacrifice of comfort and convenience, plus the reallocation and reinvention of resources that are already becoming scarcer. It's hard to say what life will be like even 100 years from now, but preserving our way of life for our descendants just doesn't seem to be an option. The question is, how will this moment in time be remembered, and how can we memorialize it? Will magazines like the *Observer* become a mere vestige of an archaic existence in which people organized within a 'campus' that corresponded to a set of routines and possibly some shared values? If we've lost control of the path our planet is on, it seems that we still have control of is creating the image of our world that will outlast us. Our words, images, blog posts, etc., may need to function more like hieroglyphics or dispatches from the moon. In other words, we may need to start actively documenting our world and preserving the memory of what we care about because our way of life could be completely alien to coming generations. ☹



Spring Fling: Rock Out

BY ELLEN MAYER

At around 11:45 on the morning of Spring Fling, I wandered into AEPi, dodged drunk girls stumbling around in matching t-shirts, and climbed the stairs to the roof. I looked out over the back end of the houses on Professor's Row and took in the pounding bass coming from sound systems up and down the street. Spring Fling would be officially starting in 15 minutes, but I knew that the crowds of partiers clustered around the backyard beer pong games would not be leaving any time soon.

I already knew about Spring Fling's contentious history with alcohol, the declaration that 2009 Spring Fling was a Mass Casualty Event, and the university's controversial decision to make the event dry in 2010. This year the university struck again, shortening Spring Fling to just two acts and forcing Concert Board to drop rapper Biz Markie from the lineup.

I also knew that the lineup itself was a source of contention amongst the students, but I was slightly befuddled by the degree of rancor Concert Board's choices seemed to incur. What I did not realize was that for many, Spring Fling is more about the alcohol than the music and what they want in a

lineup is a Top 40 artist who will provide a pumping soundtrack for their debauchery.

My distress is not at my classmates' taste, though it is drastically different from my own, but rather at their attitude. To approach a concert that way is to completely miss the point and power of live music. In fact, this year's Spring Fling was a veritable exaltation of musical tradition. Consider the Roots' joyous tribute to Fela Kuti, one of the strongest songs in their set. Rapper Black Thought appeared to want nothing more than to teach the listening crowd about the Nigerian revolutionary and afro-beat sensation. Their final song, a euphoric medley of the Roots' own "You Got Me" with "Sweet Child O' Mine" and "Immigrant Song" was a stunning mélange of styles and a virtuosic display on the part of guitarist Captain Kirke.

Oddly, the Roots did not immediately retake the stage when the crowd called for an encore at the end of the set. Instead, percussionist F. Knuckles came on alone and laid down a beat while, out of the blue, Karmin—the Boston acoustic pop duo and recent YouTube sensation—appeared and performed a cover of Chris Brown's "Look At Me Now." The crowd's reaction shifted palpably from confusion, to skepticism, to awe at singer and rapper



or Blackout?

Amy Heidemann's tongue-twisting rap mastery. The duo left as quickly as it came, and when the Roots retook the stage, a mumble from drummer ?uestlove about YouTube was all the audience got by way of explanation. Not even Concert Board knew the duo would be coming, and I am hedging a guess that the Roots had seen the group's videos on YouTube and simply invited them to come play a song, just for the love of music.

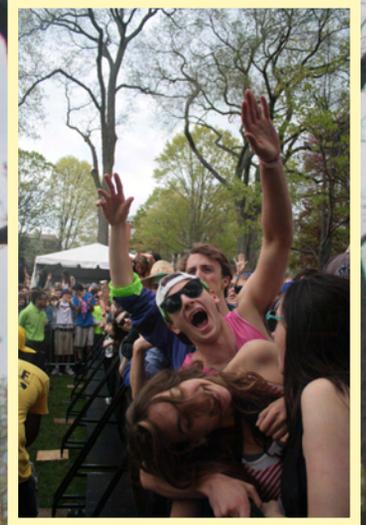
The fans assembled with me before the stage for the length of Spring Fling were there for the same reason. We weren't partying to the music of the Roots; we were partying because of it.

Sophomore Hilary Ludlow argues that whether you come to Spring Fling for the concert or the party will always depend on whether you like the bands chosen. "So," she said, "I went into it this year actively with the mindset that I wanted to appreciate it for the music." But I argue that those who prefer an artist like Drake because he provides better raging music are going to rage just as hard whether Drake plays or not.

Let Concert Board plan Spring Fling for those who come for the love of music, and I guarantee everyone else will find a way to enjoy the party. ☺



BLACK THOUGHT



RJD2



CAPTAIN KIRKE

Top left & bottom right by Safiya Bobb
Top right & bottom left by Gabriela Ros





THE COLLEGE SOCIAL SCENE

is partying something we grow out of?



NATASHA JESSEN-PETERSEN

BY ANNA BURGESS

Depending on who you talk to, the word ‘party’ can mean various things. One college student said that a party is “a group of people that have been invited to do something together.” Another responded that a party is “a gathering either to celebrate an occasion or just to have a good time with friends or strangers.” Responses about how many people make a ‘party’ were across the board, from “more than zero” to “more than 10.” Some students polled mentioned music and dancing, while others mentioned alcohol.

According to the perspectives of college students today, types of parties vary, and maybe there isn’t one single definition of the word. One thing upon which all the students agreed, however, was the fact that parties during college differ from parties after college. Can moving from college to the ‘real world’ change the way that people choose to have fun?

The stereotypical ‘college party’ consists of loud music, crowded rooms of people, and, often, large quantities of alcohol. The stereotypical ‘adult party’ is much harder to define, though students did have some ideas on what a post-grad party looks like. Phrases like “sitting around, sipping wine and chatting” and “a higher premium placed on acting responsibly” suggest that college students see adult parties the way they see adults in relation to themselves: quieter, calmer, and more responsible.

Many students also stated that when they are older, they will most likely still go to parties, but will go for different reasons. One person said, “When I get older, I’ll probably think of parties as a time to meet up with friends to socialize instead of going out with them.”

So, if students are aware of the differences between how they party now and how the adults they know party, why does the discrepancy still exist? One theory is that college students and adults have very different goals when it comes to socializing. When their goals are different, their behaviors change. For example, according to psychologists M. Gardner and Laurence Steinberg, “Adolescents are much more likely to take risks and to focus on the benefits...of risky behaviors when they are with peers than when they are alone.”

Because college students might get swept up in the excitement of going out with friends, their behaviors could become more impulsive or risky. One student addressed this idea, saying, “In college there is a higher reward for crazy and indulgent behavior, because that is seen as—or actually is—more fun and cool.” It follows that as students graduate and become more independent, they don’t feel a need to engage in risky behaviors or to impress their friends.

This isn’t to say that students shouldn’t party the way that they do; in fact, all the students polled seemed enthusiastic about

going to parties in college. People said they go to parties to celebrate, see friends, get out of their dorms, have a good time, and meet people. College provides social experiences in a way that other places (the ‘real world’) can’t, and students appreciate and take advantage of this when they go out to parties.

They also have definitive ideas about what makes a party fun or not. For instance, one student said, “A party’s score on the fun-o-meter depends on the people there. With the right group, the fun continues even when the keg is empty and the speakers break.” These words of wisdom were echoed in other students’ statements about fun coming from people’s attitudes, or the interactions between people at parties. Despite attempts by hosts to decorate with glow paint or insist on a ‘theme party,’ the majority of students think that having fun at a party is mostly based on who is there to have fun with.

In this way, then, college parties are not so different from more ‘mature’ parties. One student stated that, “real world parties are classier...college is a drunken mess.” But, drunken mess or classy wine-and-cheese affair, parties depend on the people who attend them. No matter the other details of a party, people in general find it important to connect and have fun with others. College students, it seems, are no different. ☺



What is Freshman Year to you?





"Being a freshman, to me, means having the green light to screw up."

- Izzy Gainsburg





"Freshman year is a fantastic time. You meet more people in one year than you have in your whole life. It's exciting, enlightening, wild, and overwhelming. It's amazing how much you learn about yourself and the people around you in just a few short months, by being thrown into such an active college community lifestyle."

– Chris Nolop





"Freshman year is about returning to your dorm and finding a pirate party happening on your floor."

– Chris Rivlin





Dear Jumbo Family,

College wasn't about our majors. It wasn't about the classes we took, the essays we wrote, or the books we read. College was about relationships: the new friend who sat next to us during matriculation, the coaches who pushed us past our limits, the professors who expanded our horizons, and the strangers who smiled at us each week on our way to class.

Although I sat through well over 1,000 lectures here at Tufts, the most important lessons I've learned have not been written on a chalkboard. During my tenure here I have learned to value each and every relationship that I have made, for nothing can ever come close to replacing these.

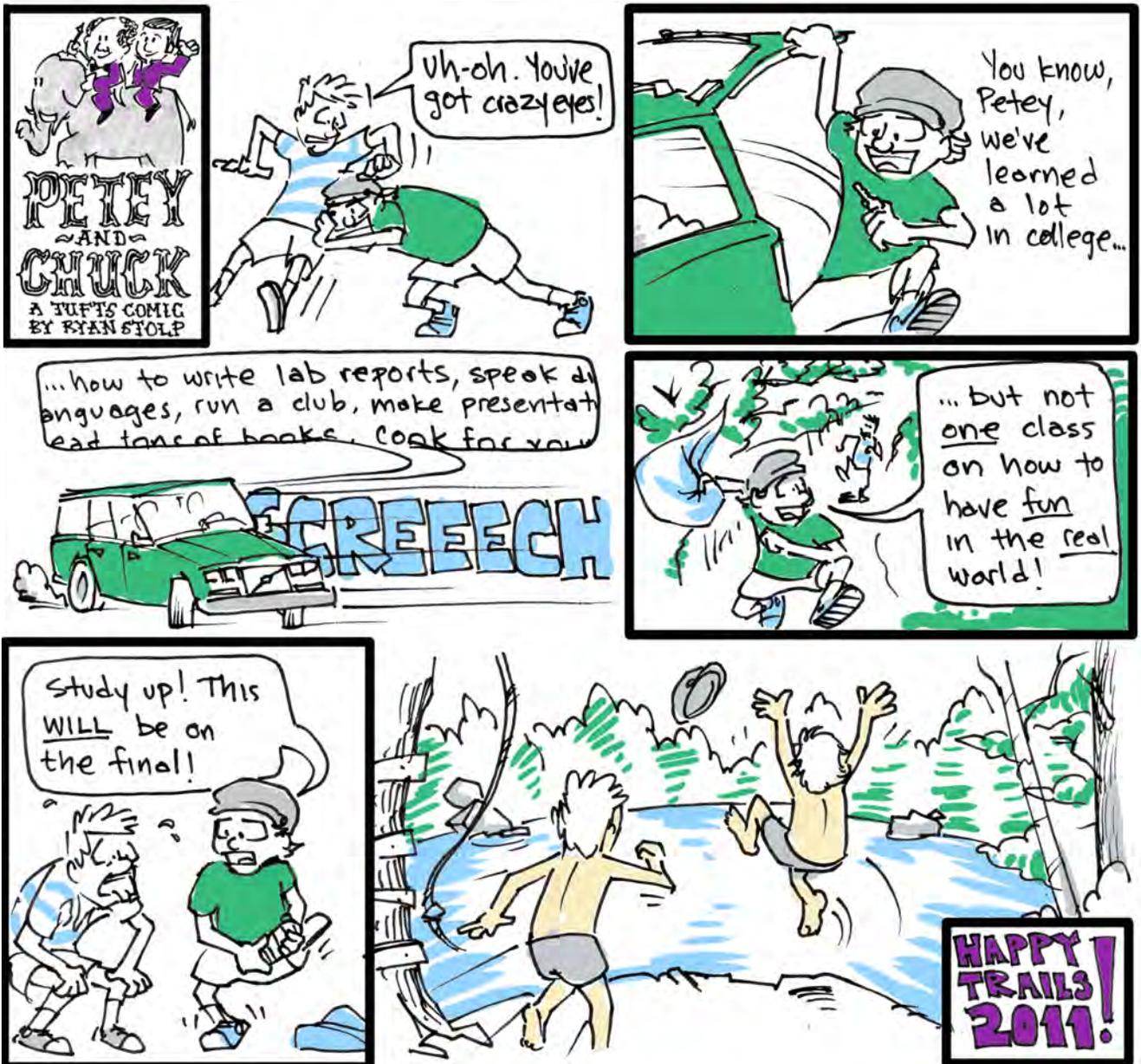
For it was these relationships that convinced me to call this place home for the past 1,362 days. While our college days are certainly numbered, the relationships we have cultivated will last forever.

Four years ago President Bacow warned us "members of the Class of 2011, your time has come...The time will pass in the blink of an eye. Don't hurry it. Savor it." Well, fellow Jumbos, our time has come once again. It has been a pleasure sharing these 1,362 days with you—I look forward to sharing many more! ☺

Sincerely,

Josh Aschheim

Joshua E. Aschheim
Editor-in-Chief, Emeritus





soulmate 33

sean fitzpatrick

My beautiful wife Linda died almost two years ago at the too-young age of 33. Ever since, that very number has been involved in many parts of my life. For many people who've lost loved ones, the symbolisms of significant occurrences can hold a strong spiritual and godly belief that are deeply felt. For me, these signs of 33 cannot be mistaken for anything other than an indication that my wife Linda is still with me.

I received receipts from ten different purchases in a row where the change from each ended in 33 cents. I constantly spot the number 33 on the license plates of cars that pass me by. Once, at a doctor's appointment, the person before me signed in at the time of 1:33 P.M.—my doctor's office was in front of parking spot 33 on the street and I was the 33rd person to have blood taken that day. On another occasion, an old religious book I was reading had some pages drop out. Upon picking them up I counted 33 sacred, fallen pages.

One time, I found a penny that said 1974, and then went to the bookstore shortly after to pick up a movie. The movie was made in 1941, 33 years different from that lucky penny. As I put the movie back on the shelf, a young lady walked by with the number 33 on her shirt. When looking at clocks I will see the 33rd minute right before turning to 34. One time when looking outside to check the weather, a cab came by and its number was 33! My favorite singer is Elvis Presley and my favorite movie of his is *Charro*, which he made when he was 33 years old. I have a baseball card of my favorite ballplayer, Jim Rice, which features a photo taken when he was also 33 years old. On the back of the card he had played in 1633 games with a homerun total of 331.



PHOTO COURTESY OF SEAN FITZPATRICK

Personally, I think there are divine effects that even the world's formal, organized religions can't explain and should not attempt to take credit for. Some skeptics will say that all of these instances — meaningful symbolism to me — are mere coincidences, a result of life's normal cycle. Even so, I believe these coincidences are happening for a reason: they remind me that Linda and I are still connected. There is a missing link after death we don't know much about, and I personally don't think organized religion has anything to do with this spiritual faith. When I see the number 33 in my life I feel like my wife is letting me know she is still

with me and cares for me, our bond even stronger.

Much of what happens in life is hard to understand — like why a wonderful woman like my wife would lose her life at the too-young age of 33. In my time of unbearable grief, I look further into my personal spiritual faith to guide me. I miss you and still love you, Linda, so keep sending me those loving signs of 33. ©

Sean Fitzpatrick is an employee of Tufts and has been working in Dewick-MacPhie Dining Hall for the past seven months. This is his first time published in the Tufts Observer.

THINGS I LEARNED IN COLLEGE THAT WILL NEITHER GET ME A JOB NOR MAKE ME AN ACTIVE CITIZEN, BUT ARE IMPORTANT NONETHELESS

compiled by Katie Boland

Without question, napping at least once every day will prevent insanity.

If your suitemate was never properly socialized as a child, let her drink your orange juice.

Never tell someone you're from Connecticut.

You can prove, philosophically, that time doesn't exist. This will get you your first A, but will not get you employed.

Invest in a quad blanket.

Never order anything called The Vodka Treasure Chest at an office party.

Both Boloco and Pizza Days deliver to the library roof.

If you're going to give away free music publicly on the Internet, know the federal government will find you. Every time.

You can broadcast ANYTHING when your radio show is 5 a.m. on a Saturday.

Nothing is more self-affirming than living in a foreign country alone ... until you run out of money.

Take classes completely unrelated to one another. Your advisor will fudge your double major. Tell everyone it was on purpose.

Always be on the bottom level of the naked human triangle.

There is a way to break into Dewick at night. It involves sliding down a heating chute.

If you sleep through a phone interview, fake a catastrophic hand injury. This will get you another interview and a reference.

Never sit on glass tables.

WHILE YOU WERE ON THE HILL

BY DAVID SCHWARTZ

FRESHMAN

11.05.07

Writers Guild of America strikes

02.19.08

Fidel Castro announces his resignation

01.21.08

Global stock market plummets

05.03.08

133,000+ killed in Burma by Cyclone Nargis

SOPHOMORE

11.04.08

Obama becomes first black president of the US

06.11.09

“Swine flu” is deemed a global pandemic

01.18.09

Ceasefire in Gaza is engaged by Israel & Hamas

06.25.09

Michael Jackson dies

JUNIOR

01.12.10

Earthquake in Haiti kills 230,000

05.20.10

Five paintings worth €100,000,000 stolen from the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville in Paris

04.20.10

BP's oil rig explodes in the Gulf of Mexico

06.25.10

WikiLeaks releases over 90,000 internal US reports about the the war in Afghanistan

SENIOR

10.13.10

33 miners trapped in San José Mine for 59 days

03.11.11

Earthquake and tsunami hit Japan, affecting 4 nuclear power plants and killing 14,000

02.11.11

President Mubarak resigns as Egypt's president

05.01.11

President Obama announces Osama bin Laden's death during an American military operation

The Tufts campus is like a magnet; no matter how many years you have spent away from it, once you get anywhere close to it, you are pulled in. My parents were no exception to this phenomenon, and for this reason, as the child of two Tufts graduates, I had driven through the campus so many times before the age of ten that I could probably draw you a map from memory.

As we looped through the now-familiar streets, I heard stories of my Dad's three years in the (then all male) frat-like dorm, West Hall. I was shown my mom's house on Sunset, which I now live less than two blocks from. Both of my parents told me tales of MacPhie Pub, back in the days before it was replaced by Dewick MacPhie dining hall. The list went on.

Though I spent the first five years of my life wearing the same Tufts sweatshirt, unrolling the sleeves as I grew, and later entertained the idea of attending my parents' alma mater, I was definitely not the kid who walked around "knowing" I wanted to go to Tufts. If anything, I fought it. When the time came to apply to college, though, I found myself comparing countless campus visits to Tufts, and nothing quite measured up for me in the same way.

It is with these memories that I wonder if my younger brother, who sported the same Tufts sweatshirt throughout his youth, will feel the same as I did when he applies to college in the fall.

Throughout the past four years, I found myself inadvertently following in my parents' footsteps. Not only have I have taken some of the same classes they did, like Sol Gittleman's Intro to Yiddish Culture and even a class from my mom's advisor, Alan Lebowitz, but I have also found a second family in the Tufts Observer, the same campus publication my mom worked just as tirelessly at as I now do.

I don't feel as if I am simply repeating the life of my parents, though; I am experiencing a Tufts that is all my own. That being said, the occasional stumbles across past paths of my parents make me feel as though I have followed them to something exceptional.

On the first day of freshman year, knowing no one, I began to panic a little bit about the school I

had built up so much. It became clear very quickly that my roommate and I didn't click, and I didn't know how I could ever meet friends that measured up to those I had at home.

Within hours, I ran into a girl by the Campus Center. We made plans to eat together at Dewick that night, and, once there, we sat with a girl from her pre-orientation group. Four years later, those two girls are my best friends in the world. Although those outside the Tufts community marvel at the fact that we, and others I met that first night, are even all still friends, the Tufts community knows this tale all too well. Though stories may vary, Tufts has an amazing way of bringing people together.

The Observer, for example, attracts students with a wide range of other interests and majors. Similarly, none of my other friends are part of the same student groups and rarely take the same classes — we are all friends in spite of that. The collaborative learning, both academically and otherwise, is something that has greatly added to making my experience at Tufts so unique.

I am still in somewhat of a state of denial about graduating. Tufts has prepared me well for the journey into the "real world" and it isn't what is to come the next chapter in my life that scares me; rather, it is leaving the comforts of the home that I have spent the past four years building and making my own. I know not only that I will weather the transition well, as Tufts has prepared me to do, but also that the community on campus that has become my family will always be there, regardless of where everyone physically resides.

The headmistress of my K-12 school would conclude every academic year by saying, "May the road rise up to meet you, may the wind be ever at your back." I don't think that I ever truly understood the sentiment until now, as I wish it on every graduating senior. Now that classes are over, and I'm no longer spending nights studying in Tisch, I am able to stand back and take in the magnitude of my experience over the past four years. Though sad that it is over, I couldn't have imagined anything better. 🍂

A Road Paved by Generations

BY AVERY MATERA



PORT *of a* TAILOR

For the senior sartorialist, a trip to J. Press is a fun and fashionable way to get ready for graduation.



RAIT

BY
LUCAS
SCHLAGER

In recent times, the American public has become increasingly cognizant—phobic, even—of its collective girth. Tadeusz Matczynski, 58, shares no such anxiety.

“They lose weight, they gain weight, I make money either way,” he says, leaning against his workbench.

A lean man, bespectacled, goateed, and dressed in a perfectly fitted suit, Tad the tailor (as his customers know him) has, for the last 40 years, been making sure his customers are well dressed. A second-generation tailor, Matczynski was inspired by his father’s work, and at 18, formally began his education in a trade school outside Warsaw, honing skills he learned in his father’s shop. After completing his education in sewing, pattern-making, and sartorial history, he worked with his father full time, making completely made-to-measure clothing, from shirts to suits.

In 1980, he came to the United States, landing his first job sewing shearing coats in Chicago. After a few years in the Midwest, Tad moved east, working for local clothier Anderson-Little of Fall River, Massachusetts. Later, he decided to set up his own tailoring shop in Marblehead. This time, however, he did not offer full-service custom clothing.

“The market is different in the United States,” he says, explaining the difficulty making a custom suit shop (where a single suit requires 40 hours of work to construct) cost-effective while catering to the fickle American consumer. “The return policy in this country...it’s unbelievable!” he added.

After 10 years, the long hours and stress of running a one-man business became too much, so Matczynski closed his shop and began working as the in-house

tailor for the Ermengildo Zegna boutique on Newbury Street in Boston. Eventually, though, disagreement with commission-hungry salespeople (who often left him with customers’ demands for impossible alterations) led to his departure from Zegna.

Finally, it seems Matczynski has found the right place. For the last 11 years, he has felt right at home as the house tailor for J. Press in Harvard Square, bastion of the old-school, classic American Ivy League clothing style known to the sartorially obsessive set as “trad.”

Among the tweed jackets and Harvard crest-buttoned blazers, Tad serves two clienteles—not just J. Press customers, but also the private clients who, via word-of-mouth, know to proceed directly to the back of the store for alterations of all kinds. In this way, he enjoys some of the independence of his previous tailoring shop, without the stress (or the return policy).

“It feels like my own shop, but there’s job security,” he says, “The guys I work with know what they’re doing, and we understand each other. I hope I’ll retire with J. Press.”

Retirement may not be so soon on the horizon, though, since, according to Matczynski, more than half of his customers are students, a demographic that is continually refreshed by local colleges.

“I like the rotation,” he explains. “I get a lot of customers for four years at a time,” he adds, nodding at me as if to prove his point.

Despite this familiar rotation, his tasks do not all revolve around nipping jacket waists for skinny collegiates, and letting them out for the men who teach them—though both former President Clinton and actor Tommy Lee Jones have been cus-

tomers during visits to Harvard. Indeed, there is the occasional offbeat request to keep the work interesting. Matczynski recalls a request many years ago for an extra pocket sewn into the lining of a jacket that was suspiciously gun-sized, or a recent customer—a young man—who asked that long, narrow pockets be sewn under the lapels of his jacket for a pair of throwing knives.

“Of course I did it,” says Matczynski when I ask for his response to such a request. “I did it for the experience!”

Matczynski’s laissez-faire attitude on sartorial accessory to murder notwithstanding, he seems to have reached an internal consensus on the nature of his business and how it should be conducted. This mindset seems to have paid off, as those customers who are not a part of the undergraduate cycle tend to stay customers for years—sometimes even decades.

“The key is to listen to people—for me, I must listen to customers,” he says. “It’s a mistake I’ve seen many tailors make. It’s not about what is *suggested* to be done. The customer is my boss, so I’ll do what the customer wants.”

Surrounded by the tools of his workshop—the 40-year-old blindstitch machine, ancient steam iron, triangular chalk, and antique fabric shears (circa 1932) he inherited when he took the job—Matczynski is a living vestige of a great and ancient tradition of craftsmanship and personal service that has been largely lost on our modern age of fast fashion, business casual, and Snuggies. Still, he manages to keep a sense of humor:

“People say: ‘Tad, make me look good,’” he says with a smile. “I have to tell them: Hey, I’m not a doctor—if I could tailor *people* I’d be a rich man.” ©

CALL EVERYBODY

by Kara Takasaki

The global party [consciousness]
throws confetti to the wind.

TodosJuntos

driving the universe to chaos.
Raising the iPod music wall
in the Berlin of the metro—

Colored crazies catatonic catastrophe:
resonates off the walls
a bouncing pinball through the car.

Raw sounds on cold metal
swing 'round poles
[scuffing the CEO's briefcase]
clanging through the dimly lit labyrinth.

Their cathartic incantation
castrates the causation,
the correlation
casts—no, hurls
coarse crimson melody,
an electrified shock,
shot through Capitalist Christian bodies
geared to autopilot.

Between

Rosa Parks

and Miranda's Rights

they ask for bread. [I sit]

ENTROPY

my friends..
Is a beautiful thing

Election Night

By Haley Newman

He told me I could sleep in his bedroom while he was away. Because of the ceiling fan, it was the coolest room in

the house. The walls were blank. The air mattress where we'd slept together for five nights was still in the middle of the floor, right underneath the spinning fan.

He had five button-up shirts, a few pairs of cargo shorts, and one pair of pants with dirt stains on the knees, hanging from a thin metal pole.

A small pine desk was covered in dirty books and yellowing papers. On the floor was the camping pack he'd used to

carry PowerBars and water bottles when we hiked up Mount Debwah to see the sunrise together.

When he left, he took his L.L. Bean messenger bag, his laptop, and a Haitian painting (a wedding gift for his sister). He wore his Chaco sandals, which, as far as I could tell, were his only pair of shoes.

When I was alone in the house a few days after he left, I shuffled through the things on his desk. There were three books: Graham Greene's *The Comedians*, Harold McGee's *On Food and Cooking* (with a bookmark in "The Origins of Dairying"), and a thick peanut manual. I read a few chapters of *The Comedians* and flipped right to the "Sugars, Chocolate and Confectionary" section of the food bible, but didn't waste any time with the peanut manual. Runners, Virginia, Valencia, Spanish. To me, a peanut is a peanut.

The stray papers turned out to be last year's tax return and a bunch of factory

handouts: peanut sorting methods, roasting temperatures, the dangers of aflatoxin, spring farming timeline.

Underneath the papers was a tiny yellow book, about the width of a business card. His journal. Maybe that was what I thought I was looking for.

He'd started writing in August of 2008, right around the time he arrived to work in Cap Haitien. The last entry, December 29, was almost seven months old. Between the last page and the back

cover was a folded New York Times article with the headline, "Racial Barrier Falls in Decisive Victory."

Most of the entries were boring reflections: a broken roaster, poor production, high aflatoxin level, *Tè a fatige*. A few times he mentioned the monotony and loneliness of island life.

There's one entry that I remember vividly: November 4, 2008.

When I hear the news, I think of Chrislande.

Nothing is the same without you.

I wish you were here.

Without you, nowhere is home.

When I finished reading, I closed the yellow journal and put it back on his desk where it belonged, under old papers and the thick peanut manual.

Now, whenever I think of election night, I see a little yellow journal, peanuts, and a ceiling fan, all of them spinning over my head. ☺



A reflection on four years of the best stories journalists could hope for...



—Illustration by Ryan Stolp.
Happy Trails!



Congratulations Class of 2011

& Observer seniors

Joshua Aschheim
Katie Boland
Kathryn Christiansen
Alyce Currier
Micah Hauser
Avery Matera
Caitlin Schwartz
Ryan Stolp

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