



# TUFTS OBSERVER

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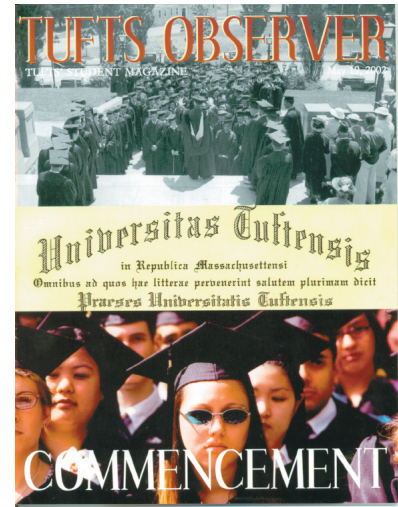
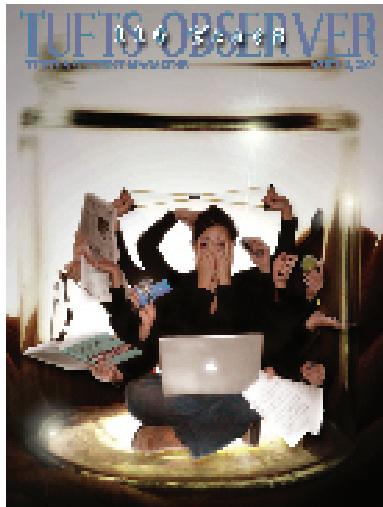
NOVEMBER 11, 2005



Tufts Builds Bridges  
with Chinatown

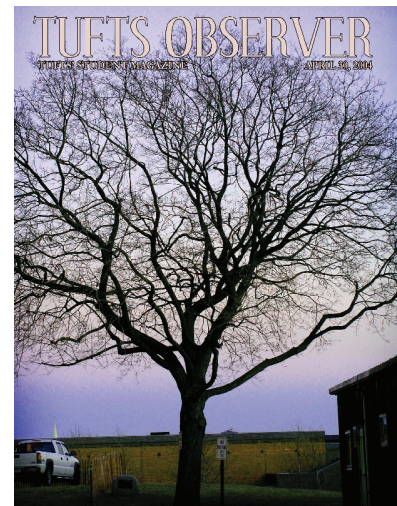
Black and White Through  
the Night: College Night  
at the MFA

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BY AARON SCHUTZENDEL

Last week, ZDNet ran a story by Karen Gomm entitled "Google Print upsets children's hospital." According to that article, the search engine giant's latest project—which aims to scan and make searchable the full text of millions of copyrighted books—would deprive the Great Ormond Street hospital of some much-needed income, by denying the hospital the royalties it receives on all sales and performances of *Peter Pan* in the UK. (J.M. Barrie donated the rights to *Peter Pan* to the Great Ormond Street Children's Charity in 1929.) This sensational story comes at a time when Google Print is already under heavy fire from authors and publishers. The Association of American University Presses has raised public doubts about Google's willingness to respect the rights of copyright owners, and the Authors Guild, a group which represents some 8000 United States authors, has filed a lawsuit seeking an injunction to stop the scanning and damages for the books already scanned.

At the heart of this controversy is something like the old tree-in-the-forest paradox: If Google makes a digital copy of a book, but no one can read it, has the book really been copied? Although the full text of each scanned book exists in Google's index, users who search for a particular phrase that appears in the book are only able to see that phrase and a sentence or two on either side. So if I turn to Google Print to remind me where it was that I read that oh-so-clever chapter opening, "Early in the morning, late in the century, Cricklewood Broadway," my search results will show me the first two sentences of *White Teeth* (with that phrase highlighted), but I won't be able to read any further. Instead, Google offers links to buy the book on Amazon.com, Barnes and Noble, or BookSense. If a book is out of print, Google provides links to find it in a library or through a specialty bookseller like abebooks.com. In this sense, Google is performing the same function (only much more efficiently) as a card catalog: identifying a book, providing a short snippet, and pointing to where the full text can be found.

The contention of the Authors Guild is that Google's scanning an entire text violates their members' copyright—even if no part of

## Fined Print

the scanned text is displayed or republished in an objectionable way. The Guild would like Google Print to be an "opt-in" service, which is to say that works would only be scanned if their copyright holders first gave explicit permission to Google. Currently, Google Print is "opt-out": By default, Google is scanning all the books it can get its hands on (starting with the contents of the New York Public Library and the Harvard, Oxford, Stanford, and University of Michigan libraries), but it will remove books from its index at the request of copyright holders. This is the same behavior exhibited by Google web search, which indexes everything it can find, unless a web site owner has specifically asked to be excluded.

The problem with an opt-in approach is that, of the 32 million unique titles in U.S. libraries, some 75% (24 million) are in the "Twilight Zone" of copyright status, according to publisher Tim O'Reilly. These books may or may not be copyrighted, but the current copyright holders are unknown: They may be out-of-business publishing companies, authors' heirs, or no one at all. If Google were forced to track down the copyright holders for each of these 24 million volumes and solicit their prior consent, it would surely put an end to the book indexing project.

To be sure, most of these "Twilight Zone" titles are out-of-print for a reason. Popular opinion found other books to be better written, more authoritative, or more engaging, and those superior titles are still in print and selling. The vast majority of historical books—even those still ostensibly under copyright protection—exist only in libraries and attics, and that's as it should be. But as an academic, I also believe that out-of-print titles and commercial failures are worth studying, and Google Print (or any other searchable digital collection) would make that task much easier, without harming book authors or publishers.

Additionally, many authors and publishers who are already commercially successful seem to have no objection to Google Print. In addition to scanning works it acquires through the libraries listed above, Google accepts book submissions from publishers who want more of their works to appear in the index. A search result in a book submitted this way will show up to three pages

adjacent to the search term, instead of the three sentences excerpted from other works. By giving away a few pages, these publishers are able to attract new readers, as well as collect statistics about the phrases that people are searching for within their works. Since Google Print launched in August of 2004, some 10,000 works have been voluntarily submitted by publishers and authors. Against this statistic, I find it telling that, although the Authors Guild purports to represent 8,000 authors, only three—Herbert Mitgang, Betty Miles, and Daniel Hoffman—have given their names to be listed as plaintiffs in the suit against Google Print.

The lawsuit's claim that Google's scanning of copyrighted works has caused these three authors to suffer "depreciation in the value and ability to license and sell their Works, and lost profits and/or opportunities" is difficult to accept. To excerpt three sentences from a book does not diminish the market for the book itself; if anything, it's likely to increase interest, and many publishers more savvy than the Authors Guild have embraced Google Print as a new business opportunity.

In the introduction to the book *Free Culture*, Stanford law professor Lawrence Lessig tells a story about the early years of commercial air travel. In 1945, two North Carolina farmers sued the government for trespassing on their land—by flying over it. Property law, until then, had been construed to extend indefinitely above and below the surface of the earth, and the case reached the Supreme Court. The two farmers wanted the right to control who flew over their land, and perhaps to collect damages from some of the "trespassers." Then, as now, a group of frightened property owners were attempting to stifle a new technology that provided an obvious public good. Then, as now, smarter property owners chose to embrace the new technology, and were rewarded for doing so. Justice Douglas rejected the argument of the two farmers, just as the court today should reject the Authors Guild suit.

As for the Great Ormond Street children's hospital, if the royalties from *Peter Pan* are supporting them now, I don't think they have much to fear from Google Print: the full text of the novel has been freely available online through Project Gutenberg since June of 1991. ☉

# Building Bridges to Chinatown

BY MIKE SNYDER

Every Tufts student has at one point or another taken a tour of the Medford campus, whether as a pre-frosh or during orientation. But did that tour include painting the cannon, a student panel, and a thirty minute performance by the Jackson Jills?

On Friday, October 29th, approximately fifty high school freshmen from Josiah Quincy Upper School (JQUS) in Boston's Chinatown were treated to that and more. The day-long event—organized by a handful of undergraduates in the Building Bridges program, or American Studies 131: Active Citizenship in an

Urban Community, and co-sponsored by the American Studies Program, the Dean of Undergraduate Education, and the Asian Community at Tufts—was designed to give the Chinatown students a small taste of what college life is like. “[I hope for the event] to prompt serious thought about attending college to a group of students who might not otherwise have really considered it,” said senior Nicole Mueller, a student in the Building Bridges program. Most of the freshmen had never before set foot on a college campus.

After a long bus ride, the event kicked off with the sounds of the a cappella troupe the Jackson Jills. Singing along and clapping to the beat, the high school

students thoroughly enjoyed the performance. Afterwards, they participated in ice-breaker games to facilitate the transition from Josiah Quincy to Tufts, both of which are located in different and opposite environments—one dense and urban, the other suburban and expansive. “Sometimes we forget that Chinatown has no hills, so something as simple as walking across a college campus can be difficult for the students,” said Professor Jean Wu, head of the Building Bridges program.

The remainder of the day included a tour of the campus, spray painting the acronym “JQUS” on the cannon, and an all-you-can-eat lunch at Dewick. “I



BRANDON UDELHOFEN

especially liked lunch,” student Jason Fong said.

Towards the end of the event, the students had an opportunity to ask Building Bridges panelists a range of questions regarding college life, including “Why did you decide to go to Tufts?” and “What pranks have you done?” The students also received parting souvenirs, such as stress-ball elephants from Health Services, to make their visit especially memorable. “We had a good time today,” Fong said. Classmate Alicia Dawei came to the same conclusion: “I would like to come here.”

The students’ positive reactions are not surprising, especially when one considers Chinatown’s bleak and troubled history. Established between 1869 and 1870 when Chinese railroad workers settled in the Northeast after completing the Transcontinental Railroad, Boston’s Chinatown has long been the victim of institutional racism and discrimination. Its residents, many of whom are non-English speaking immigrants, live in overcrowded and often dilapidated apartment buildings. To make matters worse, organizations like Tufts Medical School and New England Medical Center continue to expand into Chinatown, slowly monopolizing an area that many Asian-Americans call home. Josiah Quincy Upper School also faces serious financial issues. The availability of textbooks and supplies is limited, and the school library has but two or three shelves of novels.

Keeping such solemn facts in mind, the goals of the field trip were varied and many. Building Bridges junior Paulina Zhong thinks the event’s importance lay in its ability to spread awareness to the Tufts community. “A lot of my friends

## Too many Jumbos go through their college years without having once served in the Chinatown community, or worse, without knowledge of its existence.

asked me, “Who are [these kids] and what are they doing?” I think it’s important to let Tufts students know that there *is* a Chinatown.” Ostensibly, Tufts has had a



BRANDON UDELHOFEN

long tradition of community service in Boston’s Chinatown. As Professor Wu stated, “The Tufts connection to Chinatown in particular is important,” considering Tufts Medical School’s proximity to the area. However, too many Jumbos go through their college years without having once served in the Chinatown community, or worse, without knowledge of its existence.

In response to the stereotypical “Work hard, play hard” mentality that is often associated with higher education, Agatha Tong emphasized other aspects of the college experience. A chaperone and student support coordinator at Josiah Quincy, Tong wanted “the students [to] see how college can be about more than constant studying, and how college has

the opportunity to promote their interests in extra-curricular activities.” By debunking such a prevalent myth, Tong hopes to spark her students’ interest in college.

Mueller, meanwhile, sees the field trip as a chance to look inward and reflect upon social change. “Sometimes I question the legitimacy of talking to kids in their position,” she said, referring to their lack of privilege and opportunities. “Always in the back of my mind I’m thinking, ‘How can I possibly level with and relate to these kids?’”

These and other complicated questions are constantly being posed by Building Bridges students who, in addition to organizing events at Tufts, volunteer at various non-profit organizations in the Chinatown area. These organizations include among others the Boston Chinatown Neighborhood Center (BCNC), the Chinese Progressive Association (CPA), and of course, Josiah Quincy Upper School. Their internships range from speaking to Chinatown residents about the significance of voting to performing environmental research with the ultimate aim of transforming Chinatown into a clean and healthy urban environment.

So when the students of Josiah Quincy came to Tufts—and not the other way around—it was a very special occasion. Sophomore Micela Leis, who interns at BCNC helping young Asian-American teenagers improve their English, commented, “All year we go into their area



BRANDON UDELHOFEN

and see what it's like to be part of the Chinatown community. This event is sort of the reverse when they see what it's like in our community." The JQUS field trip emphasizes the ideal that service is not simply a one-way ticket, that sometimes the helped are in fact the helpers, and that a degree of mutual understanding must exist in order for service to be successful.

Thus, the Building Bridges program is much more than community service;

it is a full-fledged project designed to facilitate greater integration and dialogue between the Tufts and Chinatown communities. "The JQUS event," Mueller said, "is the reciprocity of our relationship."

American Studies 131: Active Citizenship in an Urban Community is partnered with the University College of Citizenship and Public Service. A year-long course, the program seeks to endow its students with the knowledge neces-

sary to become active citizens. Students are taught about racism and systems of power, Asian-American culture and experiences, and the history of Boston's Chinatown. The program is also a part of the Tufts Chinatown Partnership (TCP), which "seeks to build stronger and more sustainable communities by developing innovative solutions to a wide range of issues affecting the Chinatown community." The class meets once a week.

When all is said and done—after the fourteen-year-olds have returned to their lives of car exhaust, ramshackle apartment buildings, and a shelf or two of old books—the question must be asked: Was the JQUS field trip successful?

"As to whether or not these kids will go to college, I can't tell you," Mueller began, "[but] I hope that spending the day at Tufts will have encouraged more to seriously consider it." With a little help from Tufts and the Building Bridges program, the students of Josiah Quincy Upper School might, in a few years, be giving college tours of their own. ☺

The Building Bridges program is much more than community service; it is a full-fledged project designed to facilitate greater integration and dialogue between the Tufts and Chinatown communities.



# Meet the Omidyars

BY ALLISON JONES

Students who checked their email last week know exactly why the Omidyars are so popular on campus right now. Everyone is talking about the generous donation they made. In fact, students could be overheard walking around campus the following day saying things like, “now Tufts will even be able to rival Harvard and other schools with huge endowments.” With the donations made by alumni, Tufts has become the prestigious and vibrant institution that it is today, and the Omidyars are without a doubt some of the most famous and successful graduates of Tufts University. However, besides their \$100 million donation, their contributions to Tufts and the world go beyond donations.

When reading the many headlines that include the name Omidyar, many people tend to see the association with eBay or a large sum of money before stopping to think of what kinds of investments on which the Omidyars have spent their time and money. Pam and Pierre Omidyar graduated from Tufts in 1988 and 1989 respectively, and after completing their education, they both turned their sights towards causes that would improve their professional communities and the world at large.

With a B.S. in computer science and experience working as a computer software engineer for Claris, Pierre co-founded the Ink Development Corp., which is now known as eShop and is part of Microsoft. The Ink Development Corp. was designed to facilitate online shopping, and Pierre remained involved in the company until 1996 when it was sold to Microsoft. After starting eShop with a few of his friends, he became more interested in programs and services that could improve online communication and commerce. In 1995, after recognizing the need for an easier medium of buying and selling collectible items, the Omidyars started the online forum now known as

eBay. What started out as a clever idea for connecting people in the auctioning of unique items like Pez dispensers became one of the fastest growing and most successful companies in recent years. While eBay has made the Omidyars billionaires, their most important objective—connecting people via the internet to facilitate business transactions in an easily accessible forum—has definitely been accomplished.

After finishing her graduate work in biology at the University of California, Santa Cruz, Pam also became more interested in the broader applications of her area of study, and like Pierre, she wanted to become involved in projects that would affect the community both on large and small scales. Beyond co-founding eBay, Pam started a program called HopeLab, a non-profit organization that helps children with chronic illnesses by improving their mental and emotional health through unique video games and similar computer programs. The children in the program play games and have fun while learning the facts about their con-

dition and the things they can do to feel better. She is also active in the the Santa Fe Institute Consortium, a group that is conducting studies on cognitive psychology and developmental neurobiology in order to enhance education according to the needs of the developing minds of young children.

Beyond creating companies and organizations that seek to improve global and national community, the Omidyars are very involved in the University College of Citizenship and Public Service and established a fund for the Omidyar Scholars Program, which awards grants to students through the UCCPS in the spirit of promoting active citizenship. What makes the Omidyars so unique is their tremendous success both in their business endeavors and their initiatives to promote active citizenship and improve communities, both global and local. Their contributions to Tufts are multifaceted; the example they set for active citizenship and their encouragement of community building are just as important as any monetary gift they could ever give. ☺



COURTESY OF TUFTS ENEWS

*Pierre and Pam Omidyar delivered the Commencement address in 2002.*



# Brushing off the Dust: A Look into the History of Tufts

BY MICHAEL SKOCAY

Tufts University was founded in 1852 by a group of Universalists, with the mission of being “a literary institution devoted to the higher cultivation of the mind.” These words were spoken over a century and a half ago as the cornerstone was laid for the very first building on Walnut Hill. Today students walk past that same building, Ballou Hall, on their way to classes, to the library, and as they amble downhill toward Davis Square.

While Ballou Hall has remained the same in the 150 years since the school’s founding, the student body at Tufts has changed dramatically. Generations have come and gone, bowler hats—once a fixture on every male student—have long since disappeared, and even the dramatic confrontations of world and civil wars—once life and death struggles for enlisted students—have now elapsed into dates and figures in history textbooks. Despite centuries of change that separate the present from the distant past, students are still essentially the same. While the details may change, students have always felt the same apprehension upon arriving as freshman, the same enjoyment of letting off steam on a weekend, and the same thrill of graduating and moving in the direction of their dreams—whether it be with a class of seven or a class of thousands.

There is much to gain from examining the history that preceded us, to understand what life was like for students who were once the same age as ourselves and lived in such similar surroundings. Documents and artifacts from the Tufts University Archives are one way of discovering what life was like at the university at another time. You can observe both the peculiarities of what will often seem like a foreign culture in language, customs, and dress, but also breathe life and vitality into the Tufts community of the past with documents which may now be weathered with age but were once as new as the paper you are now holding. By understanding the student body of the past

and by knowing the history of the campus where we live and work, we can gain valuable insight and perspective at our own lives and the world that currently surrounds us.

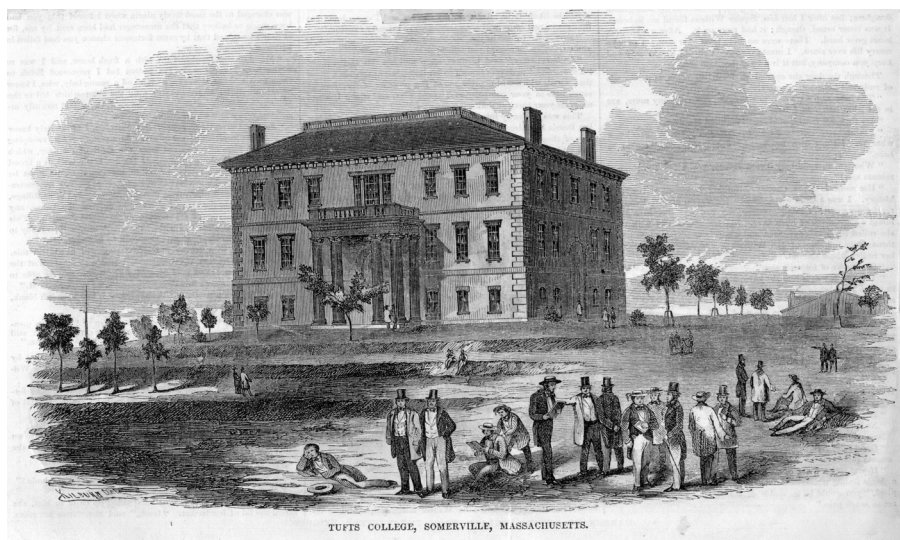
The period of the Civil War (1861-1865) had a tremendous effect on the American people and on the future direction of the nation. Brothers from the north fought against brothers from the south, thousands died in massacres like Antietam, the emancipation of slaves was declared, and a time of revolutionary fervor was weathered by the steady leadership of President Abraham Lincoln. While much of the nation was up in arms, how did the war affect the students and faculty of a small Universalist college in rural Medford, Massachusetts? Further, what was the campus like a decade after its founding and what type of students and faculty resided on the hilltop?

In the 1860s, the campus was an unprepossessing place with only a few buildings, notably Ballou Hall, Middle Hall (now Packard Hall), Building B, and President Ballou’s House on Professors Row. The hilltop was initially a barren patch of pastureland, which had been stripped of trees by Medford residents in need of firewood. By the 1860s, some 400 trees

were given as gifts and planted as part of a beautification effort. The land surrounding the college was dominated by farms and pastureland, fences, wooden farmhouses, and apple orchards. In short, this was not the crowded neighborhood that now surrounds Tufts.

Making one’s way to the college was initially a difficult and messy task. There were no roads leading to the school and the trip required “crossing the fields by any route that suited the fancy of the visitor” and maneuvering through piles of old wood, rubbish, and overgrown weeds to enter some of the buildings. To make the trip easier, dirt roads were cleared, and by the late 1850s, construction of “the College Station” connected Tufts to Boston via the Boston and Lowell Railroad.

From the initial gift of 20 acres, the college campus grew to 120 acres by the 1860s through purchases and gifts from Charles Tufts. The college was planned as a residential institution, which was a challenge considering its rural surroundings. Students were housed in dormitories on campus, and extensive farming operations were required to feed their growing population. In the 1860s, in a mark of true rural self-sufficiency, many students and faculty



TUFTS ARCHIVES

*Ballou Hall, as seen in this image from the archives, was the first Tufts campus building.*



TUFTS ARCHIVES

kept livestock and helped in growing produce on the farm. A dramatic centerpiece to the campus was added with the 1862-1864 construction of the Reservoir, which was built to hold water for Boston and the surrounding areas, and also served to water herds of cattle prior to their slaughter. On a small campus with a handful of buildings, a large body of water in the center of campus (located where the residential quad is today) must have been quite an oddity, and soon became an item of student folklore and a popular spot to spend time.

The Tufts campus of the 1860s was so different from what covers the hilltop today that it is equally important to comment on what was not here at the time. Neither Packard Avenue nor Powderhouse Boulevard had been created, Goddard Chapel had not been erected (for Thomas Goddard lived until 1868), and Jumbo the Elephant had not yet become a famous circus attraction. The view from the hilltop was also dominated by acres of farmland and although the Bunker Hill Monument could be seen, there were no skyscrapers gracing the skyline of Boston.

The community that resided on the small, non-sectarian campus was composed of 53 students in 1861 and a faculty of an even smaller size. Tuition was \$35 per academic year, which consisted of two terms, or about 40 weeks, in residence. To live in the dormitory, it cost \$20 per year with students supplying their own furniture and decoration for their rooms. Board was \$2 to \$3 a week, which did not include the cost of fuel or washing. Other fees included a \$1 library fee and an equally priced bell ringer/dormitory monitor fee. The total cost of a yearly education was roughly \$187 (plus the cost of fuel and washing).

For a typical student, such as Horatio Bisbee (who would become the first Tufts student to volunteer for service in the Civil War), his day might have begun early on a cold November morning much like today. After a hearty breakfast freshly prepared from the farm, he might walk across the quad to Ballou Hall, where his physics class with Professor John Marshall was about to begin. Later in the day he might attend one of the other required courses in Latin, Greek, moral philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, natural theology, revealed religion, ancient history, or physics. After a long day of classes, he would work in his room until dinner. After eating, he would have little choice among the few activities offered on campus. Perhaps he was a member of one of the early fraternities, Zeta Psi or Theta Delta Chi. Had he attended the school a few years later, he would have had the opportunity to join the *Tuftonian*, the first Tufts student publication, founded in 1864. On the following day, he may have class in one of the many elective courses, all with small class sizes, such as French, Italian, German, Spanish, or natural history. If his interest was in history, he might have taken American history with an aged Hosea Ballou, a rare collegiate course in an educational system characterized by conservatism.

While Horatio had left for war in 1861, his companions would likely have attended the July 10 commencement ceremony as the small number of graduates received their degrees. They would hear the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson as he recited his "Celebration of Intellect," and the valedictory speech spoken in Latin.

During the Civil War, several Tufts students either volunteered or were drafted into the Union Army. Horatio Bisbee was the first student to volunteer for service and left the college in 1861 to enlist as a private in the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment. Over the next two years he assisted in raising the Ninth Maine Regiment, where he became a Colonel, and fought in the battle of Bull Run. After his service he returned to Tufts and graduated in 1863, later pursuing a career in law. Smith Goss Bailey was a member of the class of 1859 who entered the war and became the first Tufts casualty. Ezra Newhall Fuller volunteered to join the Union Army and became the first Tufts stu-

dent to lose his life in the war.

While little is known about the student reaction to the Civil War on campus, there is some record of student outpouring following the deaths and casualties of Tufts students. The newly formed alumni association initiated a movement to erect a statue on College Hill in 1865 to commemorate the heroic deeds of their classmates and former students. An 1866 plan to build a "chapel for memorial and literary purposes" was finally acted upon in 1882-1883 with the construction of Goddard Chapel. The building housed tablets that honored those who had died in the war.

The students who attended Tufts University in the 1860s lived and worked in a community that cherished different values, praised different virtues, and often taught different subject matter. The college would be an altogether unrecognizable place to students today, save for a common building or two, and the students would seem like markedly different types of individuals. These students also faced a war that divided the nation, killed their classmates, and left indelible scars upon the history of Tufts, which can still be seen in memorial statues. Why then are these individuals from the past important to students today? The reason is simply that differences between those of the present and those of the past are not great when it comes to one's character. We are all human. In this sense, the traditions of the past no longer seem distinct but part of a continuum, which continues to the present and helps to explain our place here on this campus. In addition, it provides great perspective to examine how others reacted to similar events long ago and how we react to them now, and our differences or similarities can be revealing. ☉

#### Further Reading:

Digital Collections and Archives, Tufts University. Tisch Library basement.

*Concise Encyclopedia of Tufts History*  
Anne Sauer, Digital Collections and Archives, Tufts University

*Light on the Hill: A History of Tufts College 1852-1952*

Russell E. Miller, Digital Collections and Archives, Tufts University





# More Than Just Keg Stands: Cultural Greek Organizations at Tufts

BY CARLY OKYLE

On November 2, Tufts held the second annual “Meet the Greeks” in Dowling Hall. Yet, the Greeks being introduced were not the nine fraternities or the three sororities on campus that make up the Inter-Greek Council (IGC). Instead, 13 cultural fraternities and sororities from the greater Boston area made a series of PowerPoint presentations to recruit members from various schools around Boston, including Tufts. Aside from recruiting possible new members, the event helped to spread awareness of the existence of cultural fraternities and sororities—Greek organizations that have strong ties to specific cultures.

Cheryl Owens, a junior at Lesley University, drove the 15 minutes to Tufts for the event so that she could find out more. “There aren’t any Greeks at Lesley, so I’m just trying to form options,” she said.

Jazmin Alford, a freshman at Tufts hailing from New York, said she came “to see what it was all about.” Specifically, she was initially interested in the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority. When she was in high school, she became familiar with their local chapter, so she was interested to get some more current information.

Joseph Rivera, a junior at Tufts and the secretary of the Lambda Upsilon Lambda Fraternity—also called La Unidad Latino Fraternity—since spring of 2005, organized the event. He was very pleased with the turnout and was optimistic about the effects of the event. “I can almost guarantee that there will be more interest in cultural fraternities and sororities because of the event,” he said. “They’re definitely under-represented.” Rivera says he thinks the lack of presence could be attributed to a variety of causes, such as the small numbers of minority students interested who would spread awareness by word of mouth, a lack of time to advertise these organizations, and the complicated bureaucracy involved to become a recognized group on the Tufts campus.

Rivera, currently working to get his fraternity recognized at Tufts, wants all in-

terested students, including those of a racial minority, to be part of the Greek system, and thinks that cultural fraternities and sororities may be a way for more students to become involved. “I can’t say I’ve seen [non-cultural] fraternities and sororities reach out to minorities,” he said.

Todd Sullivan, Director of Fraternities and Sororities, sees Rivera’s point. “There’s a predominantly white Greek system because of history,” he said, explaining that for a long time there was discrimination in America’s higher education system. When only wealthy, white, Anglo Saxon Protestant males were allowed to go to college, fraternities were made up of those men. Slowly, as people of different races and religions gained acceptance to universities, fraternities began to accept them as well. Eventually, women gained access to higher education and formed sororities.

“There is no formal discrimination, but mixed Greek organizations are not the norm,” Sullivan said. “I think fraternities and sororities can be doing more to make the organizations more open to people with different cultures and backgrounds.”

But is it an institutionalized problem or a personal choice made by the individuals themselves? Rivera sees the issue as a 60/40% split, with the majority of the responsibility being placed on the institutionalized structure.

Shari Ajayi, an African-American senior and member of Alpha Omicron Pi at Tufts, disagrees. She doesn’t see a problem with the structure of Greek life, but rather thinks it depends on each person’s specific comfort level. “I’ve always grown up around white people,” she said. “So, [being the only African American in a group] isn’t weird to me. I’ve always been the minority. It’s what I’m comfortable with. Fraternities and sororities are not off-putting for minorities, but I guess we could actively seek out minority students,” she said.

Sullivan shares this opinion. “I think it’s human nature that like seeks like,” he said. “If people see others in the organization who reflect who they are, they’ll be

more likely to be interested in joining that organization.”

Sullivan and Rivera both stress, however, that a student need not be a racial minority to gain acceptance to a cultural Greek organization. “Organizations have the autonomy to select their membership,” said Sullivan, noting that if a white student showed interest in a cultural fraternity or sorority, he could see no reason why that student would not have an equal chance of getting extended a bid as any other student. This may help to assuage those who are questioning if a culturally-based Greek organization would be self-segregating in its pursuit for brother- and sisterhood. Rivera agrees. “We’re not exclusive,” he says of his fraternity. “We’re pretty much willing to accept anyone who shows an interest in the [Latino] culture.”

Although he did not have exact statistics, Sullivan estimates that there are about a half-dozen students at Tufts who are members of cultural fraternities, and that the numbers have fluctuated from as low as approximately one member at Tufts to between 20 and 30 members in the late 1980s, when Greek life in general was more popular.

So what exactly is the difference between the recognized Greek life on campus and the cultural fraternities and sororities? Origin is one point of difference. While Sullivan points out that many fraternities and sororities started out as literary societies and as a way to gather and discuss matters outside of the classroom as early as the late 1700’s, Rivera says that some cultural Greek organizations started out as reactionary groups or as support groups for minority students. For example, the stated objectives of Lambda Theta Alpha Sorority include “to promote Latino unity” and to “serve as a voice for all Latino students.” Similarly, the Lambda Theta Phi fraternity—distinguished as the first Latino fraternity in the United States—advocates mobilizing the fraternity’s resources “for the advancement of the Latino culture.”

“My brothers can understand the issues that I’ve gone through as a Latino



man,” Rivera said. “A lot of us are the first in our family [to go to college]. I’m the first [in mine]. They understand that.”

Rivera says that the cultural Greek organizations are important because they provide a network for members to fall back on and utilize. Professional networks can occasionally be difficult for minority students to build. “It broadens your horizons,” Rivera said. “I’ve learned things from meetings, like how to conduct myself in an interview, that I wouldn’t have known. [My fraternity] is geared towards me as a Latino man, to help me as a student and as a professional.”

Although the Greek organizations on campus have also been known to create networks for students, Ajayi can see why some students would consider joining a culturally tied organization. “I think the cultural fraternities and the sororities are responding to a need which cannot be satisfied within this Greek system,” she said. Rivera agrees: “I think the differences prevent interaction between the two types of Greek organizations—historically cultural and historically social—to an extent because each one thinks the other isn’t ‘real,’” he said. Ajayi admits that she knows “absolutely nothing” about cultural fraternities and sororities, and has no ideas as to how to encourage the two groups to interact more.

Sullivan—whom Rivera praises for his dedication and his willingness to work with whomever he can to promote all aspects of Greek life on campus in general—has some ideas about ways to create opportunities for the two types of fraternities and sororities to become more familiar with each other. “I would like to see the fraternities and sororities on campus host or co-sponsor events with some of the cultural centers to promote dialogue and students working together,” he said. “We should focus on these aspects more than social events.” Educational forums and discussion panels are also an option.

To be fair, Greek life at Tufts is about more than doing keg stands on weekends. Many fraternities and sororities at Tufts hold community service very highly. “On paper,” Rivera said, “we’re exactly the same. We value community service, and we create a familial bond. It’s a lifetime commitment.” In fact, part of the motto of Rivera’s fraternity includes the words “*para siempre*” which



MARK ADAMS  
*Rivera believes cultural and social frats should work together to increase awareness.*

is Spanish for “forever.”

Rivera, who is majoring in international relations with a Latino studies minor, also believes that the Tufts administration should make a larger commitment to enriching the diversity of the campus. “The administration should make it easier for groups to get recognized,” he said. This would allow groups like Rivera’s fraternity to publicize and put on events as an independent entity, rather than needing another, already recognized group to co-sponsor events.

The difficulty in gaining recognition is one example of the academic shortcomings Rivera sees on campus. “We have diversity in the student body, but what about the faculty?” he asks. Improvements can also be made, he said, in terms of cohesion within the Greek system. “There needs to be a better awareness of both,” he said. “We need to be proactive about learning about each other. People have preconceived notions about what fraternities and sororities are, myself included. I was the last person in the world who thought they’d join a fraternity. The stereotypes are not necessarily true.”

Ajayi concurs. “Sororities and fraternities on campus need to make a bigger effort to dispel stereotypes and make a bigger effort to add to the campus more visibly,” she said.

While cultural fraternities are still try-

ing to break into the mainstream at Tufts, they have been around since the beginning of the 1900’s. Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, Incorporated, for example, was founded in 1906. Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Incorporated followed soon after in 1911. According to the website for Multi-Cultural Greek Organizations, culturally tied fraternities and sororities are expanding rapidly today. In fact, there are “over 75 organizations across the nation, not to mention the organizations who have yet to be formally recognized,” as listed in the directory of [Latinogreeks.com](http://Latinogreeks.com).

Sororities, though they started later than fraternities, have also been in existence for many years. For example, Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Inc. was formed at Howard University in 1908 and became the first-ever Black sorority. Other Greek women’s organizations soon followed, and the National Pan Hellenic Council (NPHC) was established in 1932 to govern the sororities on college campuses. “Today the NPHC organizations are known as the Noble Nine—the sororities are Alpha Kappa Alpha, Delta Sigma Theta, Zeta Phi Beta, and Sigma Gamma Rho,” as noted on the MGC website.

Latino Greek organizations experienced their first boom in popularity and expansion in the 1980’s. It should be said, however, that culturally linked Greek organizations are not limited to African-American and Latino students. The MGC website notes that “in addition to Black, Latino, or Multicultural organizations, there are also Asian and South Asian Greek Organizations that are rapidly growing in popularity.” These organizations include Alpha Kappa Delta Phi—one of the largest Asian sororities in the nation—and Sigma Beta Rho, a South Asian fraternity. For those interested, an extensive list of multicultural Greek organizations can be found online at [Latinogreeks.com](http://Latinogreeks.com). At Tufts, the 13 Greek organizations will be conducting formal recruitment next semester during the week of January 29.

If one chooses to get involved in any Greek organization—be it historically social or historically cultural—there is a large amount of teamwork involved. “There needs to be a better awareness of both types of organizations,” Rivera said. “We both are Greek, and we need to support each other. We need to work together.” ☎

# Wi Not?

Last month, MIT completed installation of a wireless network that covers 9.4 million square feet—making it one of the largest geographic areas covered by a single network. The completion of the network not only sets a new standard by which networks will be measured, as 2,800 access points serve the school's 10,000 students, but it also signals that any university wishing to stay competitive is going to be forced to quickly install a network of its own. And because this publication wishes to see Tufts remain competitive in every facet of education, it is time for the administration to take the steps necessary to make our campus wireless.

This obviously represents a large and expensive undertaking, but it is not infeasible. MIT did not plug all 2,800 points in at once, and wireless should be brought to Tufts in a similarly incremental process. However, that being said, the university should be well on its way to installing a network that covers the entire campus in place when students return for classes next fall.

While the majority of the money for this project should be found in the budget for the 2007 fiscal year, in the meantime the academic quad, residential quad, and president's lawn could all be networked over the semester break. This would not only be the first step towards the goal of having a wireless campus, but also would provide a test case that would allow administrators to establish the positives and negatives of campus-wide wireless. An

editorial in the Oct. 19 issue of the *Tufts Daily* placed the cost of installing wireless networks to cover those three areas at \$12,000. Tufts should have little trouble raising that amount, especially considering that the Alumni Association wants so badly for the school to go wireless that they would likely pay most, if not all, of the bill. And in the context of an institution like Tufts, \$12,000 is a paltry sum. If Dean Reitman could find an anonymous benefactor to spend their money on as poor a service as Cdigix, it does not seem unreasonable for the funds to be found for something that will actually benefit the student body. As for the money for the installation of the rest of the network, there is no reason why it cannot be found in the '07 budget, especially considering the generous \$100 million donation made by Pierre and Pam Omidyar last week.

The cost for installing wireless for the rest of the campus would be a larger sum, but it would be well worth it. In addition to MIT, Dartmouth has also recently made its campus wireless. It is not unrealistic to think that most or even all elite universities will be going wireless within the next several years. In order to remain among these schools, Tufts will have to keep up with the trend. Many people have already realized this, which is why tour guides are telling visitors to Tufts that the campus is going wireless "any day now." There is no reason for the promise of a network to be a selling point when the network itself could be the selling point. And at a liberal arts school that also boasts one of the best undergraduate engineering programs in the country, it is a travesty for the campus not to be technologically up-to-date.

Products conforming to WiMax, a new standard in wireless technology, are slated for release next year. With WiMax, users within 3-5 miles of the access point should be able to have access to levels of connectivity that equal DSL. Ideally, Tufts could eventually use WiMax to provide the whole campus with service. The technology will not be without problems initially, but it would presumably still be better than the current situation. And there is also the possibility that Tufts could present itself as a test case for WiMax, perhaps greatly reducing the costs of installing the network.

In addition to maintaining Tufts' reputation, there are also more substantial reasons for installing a wireless network. We have reached the point that enough services are being transferred to the Internet that wireless is not a luxury, but a necessity. Being able to access these services, which include registering for classes, filling out degree sheets, and soon adding Points Plus to your account, is important enough to make wireless a priority. And if the TCU Senate ever implements its fantastically ridiculous plan to install GPS on the Joey, you can track the shuttle's progress on your laptop.

President Bacow and the rest of the Tufts Administration have been firmly committed to raising Tufts' reputation to the level of schools like MIT and Dartmouth, and they are currently presented with an excellent opportunity to do so. A concrete policy like the installation of a wireless network not only gives the school's reputation a boost, but it also makes students more satisfied. And that is at least as, if not more, important. ☉

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# PHOTOGRAPHER'S CORNER

## Pumpkins Everywhere!



After the Naked Quad Run and perhaps Spring Fling, "pumpkining" is one of Tufts' more memorable traditions. Each year, on the eve of Halloween, a mysterious organization places pumpkins on the tops of Tufts' buildings from Gantcher to Lewis. The effects of their efforts could be seen on Monday, October 31st. Before the pumpkins were taken down, I took some photographs of some of the more exotic and skillfully placed pumpkins.

Above: A pumpkin sits atop the spire of Carmichael thanks to some brave (and perhaps foolish) individuals. I applaud their bold efforts.

Right: A triad of pumpkins adorn Dowling's very own Jumbo. Slightly more ostentatious than years past, those decorating the elephant this year decided it was not enough to garnish his trunk.



BY STEVEN ROSS

*Please direct photo submissions to [ophotoF05@gmail.com](mailto:ophotoF05@gmail.com)*



# On Solid Ground:

## An Essay on Residential Life, Part II

BY TIM NOETZEL

In my last article, I discussed the recurrent apathy, incompetence, and dishonesty of the Office of Residential Life and Learning under the leadership of Yolanda King. Given the previous inaction of this administration, however, it is unlikely that Ms. King will be removed from her position of power any time soon; this university has shown a reluctance to take action based on the wishes of its students. There exist, however, a number of possibilities for improving the operation of ResLife, even if Tufts must continue to employ Ms. King. Tufts, like any other private university, is a business. Like all businesses, Tufts has a life and a cycle of development. As businesses begin to reach maturity, they must either cut or repair those divisions which will hinder their continued success. The following steps are necessary if King's ResLife is to outgrow the awkwardness of its formative years.

Upon entering any of the dorms on campus, however, it is clear that the right for cleanliness and safety is not being guaranteed; there are cockroaches in Carmichael, mice in Wren, and mildew on the soap dispensers in South Hall.

First and foremost, Tufts must set new goals for the Office of Residential Life and Learning and clarify old ones. This year's publication of "Habitats," the pamphlet which defines ResLife's relationship with students and the university as a whole, is rife with proclaimed duties that the ORLL does not currently meet. As defined by "Habitats" in the "Residential Bill of Rights," students have "the right to live in a safe, clean . . . environment." Upon entering any of the dorms on campus, however, it is clear that the rights for cleanliness and safety is

not being guaranteed; there are cockroaches in Carmichael, mice in Wren, and mildew on the soap dispensers in South Hall. Simi-

By ignoring the ResLife problem, Tufts is discouraging attendance, lowering its ranking, and deterring the donation of funds.

larly, the document guarantees "the right to assistance in resolving issues or concerns you may have." It is clear from my previous article, however, that ResLife is either unable or unwilling to meet with students in a timely fashion. The failure of ResLife to live up to its stated goals is unacceptable. The university must strive to achieve these goals, and set new ones if necessary, in order to ensure that ResLife realizes its responsibilities.

Likewise, the university must create a system of protocols for responding to and handling housing problems and complaints.

The system should include computerized case files to document progress and detailed timelines to ensure effective responses. Though some protocols currently exist, they are antiquated and ineffectual. Furthermore, the system of protocols must be documented and explained to the students so they may work with ResLife accordingly. While the university has outlined its policies for disciplining students with incredible clarity, it has been noticeably deficient in delineating policies which surround its administrative operations. As such, the uni-

versity has allowed ResLife to reach a state of extreme dilapidation that has forced a call to action.

Finally, the university should require ResLife to update its website. In addition to its general unsightliness, ResLife's website is cluttered and disorganized. Students are unable to find the information they need, and increasingly resort to contacting ResLife. Since Ms. King has indicated in the past feeling overwhelmed by the number of people who contact her, she should consider removing her email and the emails of her key staff members from the website. The website could instead include a form to file complaints. The change would be simple and would aid greatly in improving ResLife's efficiency.

The changes I have outlined must be addressed if Tufts is to continue to uphold its reputation of being one of America's premier universities. Like any business, Tufts is threatened by the negative press it receives. When students complain, as they rightly do about ResLife, it threatens not only the image of those personally involved, but the image of the university as a whole. This administration needs to realize that the problems of the ORLL have far-reaching implications. Prospective students, college reviewers, and future donors are aware of the university's hot-button issues. By ignoring the ResLife problem, Tufts is discouraging attendance, lowering its ranking, and deterring the donation of funds. A poor housing experience is not only bad for current Tufts students; it harms faculty and future students as well. Unless serious, thoughtful action is taken, the already intolerable housing situation will only continue to worsen. ☐

*Tim Noetzel, LA '08, is majoring in English.*



# Blockheads Redo the Block Schedule ... Again

BY AMELIA SINKIN

It's times like these when I wonder exactly who makes decisions around here, and whether they actually think they're helping anybody. Yes, folks, the administration has bungled it once again.

As time for registration approached, I, like every student, began to look for classes

Who came up with this new schedule and whose input did they get? When I asked friends and classmates if they had heard about the new schedule, only one answered 'yes.'

for next semester. Though the administration announced that they would list available courses on SIS, they weren't yet posted. Not a huge deal as I knew that the classes were also posted on the Registrar's website. When the webpage loaded, I noticed the same things that had always been on there, a link to the block schedule, course listings for the next semester, course listings for summer, etc, but with one small change. Under the link to the new block schedule was a short statement telling me that it was the new block schedule for Spring 2006. If that was correct, it would mean that I would be dealing with the third block schedule in my four semesters at Tufts. True, the first change was minor, merely moving class start times by five minutes from 25 after the hour to the half hours, but what could they possibly have changed this time?

I reluctantly clicked on the link, hoping that perhaps the change had been to get rid of that annoying A+ block that begins at 8:05. However, I was to be disappointed on that front. When I first looked at the times on the schedule, I noticed no real difference until I reached the evening blocks, which had been shifted around so that the latest class ran until 9:00 instead of 10:00, and so that classes on Fridays only ran until 4:20 instead of 5:15, two good changes in

my opinion. At first glance I thought that I would like the new block schedule more, until I realized that for some strange reason they (whoever they are) had decided to overlap blocks on Mondays. It's true that there have always been overlaps between lettered and numbered blocks, but students knew that if they planned to take a lab science or seminar, they'd have to give up taking

classes certain blocks to do so. The new change, however, is entirely different. In the current schedule, students are able to take a class every day at 5:30, which means two classes total, during L or M block, which allows students in lab sciences and seminars to have more available class times. However, under the new system, students will not have nearly as many options. Although they are no longer lettered L and M, but M and N, those blocks now meet at the same time on

In this case, as in many others, undergraduate students were not asked for input, and faculty feedback was ignored. There was never a "suggestion box" or forum on how to improve the schedule.

Mondays. Additionally, unlike the current block system, which has a total of three blocks, F, L, and M, that do not overlap any lab/seminar times, the new schedule has only one, F+, which also meets on a Friday, whereas L and M currently do not.

Who came up with this new schedule and whose input did they get? When I asked friends and classmates if they had

heard about the new schedule, only one answered 'yes.' The general unawareness probably occurred because there has been no announcement about a new block this year. Additionally, both TuftsLife and the Romance Language Department still have the old schedule up. In fact, the only mention of a new schedule came from an article in the Daily late last April.

To make matters worse, there was no request for undergraduate student input before changing the block schedule. Furthermore, even input from faculty was negative. This semester, as in the past, professors have complained that too many classes occur during the same blocks. Although the new schedule attempts to fix this problem by scheduling more classes that meet three times per week, several department heads objected because they felt that seminar times were actually being cut short. Similarly, professors commented that students would not be able to make full use of classes because of the potential of labs running longer than the scheduled time.

Although the new block schedule will likely prove problematic, and thus require further revision, my main objection is to the unilateral decision-making of the administration. In this case, as in many others, undergraduate students were not asked for

input, and faculty feedback was ignored. There was never a "suggestion box" or forum on how to improve the schedule. The administration simply expects us to accept yet another faulty schedule. Perhaps next time, they'll ask students what they want before they make such changes. ☹

*Amelia Sinkin, LA '08, has not yet declared a major.*



# The Best Is Yet to Come ...

BY MIKE SNYDER



As a recently-graduated high school senior, life is perfect. You've received your secondary school diploma, been granted admission to Tufts, and, to sweeten the deal, you have all summer to kick back and celebrate. This vacation is typically spent on the beach reminiscing with good friends, cruising the city streets in your dad's sports car, or obsessively monitoring the Connection 2009 forums. The only thing on your mind is whether you've already seen that rerun of South Park, Star Trek, or Desperate Housewives, and for the first time in a long while, you convince yourself that it's okay to eat a Big Mac.

I learned quickly that college life, on the other hand, is riddled with uncertainty. A far cry from the blissfully utopian, totally self-assured lifestyle to which I was accustomed as a high school grad, college immediately presented a million questions—and a million choices. Within a week upon arriving on campus, I had to select four or five classes among a list of courses so huge it made the Yellow Pages look like a children's book. I had to decide within a relatively brief period of time to which clubs, extra-circular organizations, and sports I would commit myself.

Also, since I'm interested in English, philosophy, art history, education, political science, business, sociology, community

health, Middle Eastern studies, and simultaneously stuck in the pre-med track, it's a bit difficult to choose a major (not to mention stay sane). And still I'm left wondering how my life would be different had I decided to attend another university—like one with, say, a beach and palm trees.

My anxiety increases when I realize that this uncertainty will not diminish as I make my way through college, but will grow exponentially. Even though I will have eventually settled upon a major, there's always the minor question of, you know, what to do after I graduate. A grad school is a likely option, but what about deferring for a year in order to volunteer overseas or gain work experience? Where will I live, and with whom? Hopefully not with my parents.

I know upperclassmen have long adjusted themselves, but I continue to find staggering the almost indescribable contrast between high school and college. One day I'm in a rat cage with pre-assigned courses and a life as structured as the military. The next day the world is at my fingertips. I can do anything I want, be anything I want, and talk with anyone I want—including prominent professors, political leaders, novelists, entrepreneurs, and celebrities. But I guess that's the whole point of a liberal arts education, not to mention why we pay the big bucks.

Yet in the back of my mind, I will always be the recent high school grad, blithely cruising the city streets in his dad's sports car.

With uncertainty comes the possibility of regret. It seems that every day someone reminds me to "take as many intro courses as possible," otherwise I might just miss out on my life long passion—you know, the one that will supposedly lead me to phenomenal success and eternal happiness. In addition to the pressure induced by my parents, who keep singing the praises of the medical professions (and the high standard of living that accompanies them), I find that I bully myself into researching and exploring everything and anything, lest I find myself dreaming of what might have been. What if taking that course in cultural

anthropology—or listening to that embedded journalist speak in Cohen, or tutoring kindergarteners at that local elementary school, or whatever—ends up being the irrevocable decision that will permanently and forever alter the course of my life as I know it?

Pretty dramatic, I know. Though in the end, would my life really be that different? While the decisions I make over the course of the next four years might shape my future vocation, my future home, my future wife, and even my future health and wellbeing, through it all will I not continue to be the same person? Had I been raised as a member of a less advantaged socioeconomic class, would I not still within me have a passion for reading? And had I never written a single article, poem, or short story in my life, I'd argue that deep down I've always been a decent writer. All I'd need is a spark to get me going.

Perhaps a distinction needs to be made. I think each of us has a life situation, which is a set of circumstances surrounding our day-to-day existence. Our life situation is ephemeral, transitory: We might be rich, we might be poor, or we might have experienced both states. Either way, it is temporary. Then there is our life, which transcends petty and external circumstances. Our life is constant; it is who we are on the inside,

and beyond that, who we have the potential to become.

When I reflect upon all the privileges and opportunities I have available to me at Tufts, I can't help but be overwhelmed by the sheer possibilities, and feelings of doubt and insecurity continue to crop up when I think about my future. Yet in the back of my mind, I will always be the recent high school grad, blithely cruising the city streets in his dad's sports car, confident and certain that his life—if not his life situation—is perfect just the way it is. ☺

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

# Not Another Lament

BY MARA JUDD

I just finished my Liberal Arts Undergraduate Degree Sheet without emotion, without drama and without lament. There were no exclamations of woe as I outlined my entire academic career on four sheets of paper. Soon my advisors will sign it, I will submit it, and my fate at Tufts will be sealed. So why am I not more sentimental?

I was never a full-fledged Tufts cynic and I will look back on this institution fondly. I've left memories of Jessie, Professor Guertin's dog, in Halligan, I've had coffee with Coriolanus on the academic quad and run to Hillel for a meeting. Perhaps I romanticize these moments through flowery language, but maybe I prefer to put them that way. I find myself neither clinging to these memories, nor am I running from them. For the first time that I can think of, I'm not consumed by the good ol' days of the past and/or worrying too much about the future. When it comes to my time at Tufts, I appreciate that I learned a lot (academically and socially) in four years and I'm ready to take those skills with me.

Yet, a few I think I shall leave with you. I'm not pompous enough to think that my short guide will change your time here, because the bottom line is that we figure it out for ourselves as we live in our own contexts. I think it is good, though, to give myself a bit of a mid-semester report. Trivial and profound, it all makes the experience what it is.

## 1. YOUR FRESHMAN YEAR FRIENDS ARE WHERE IT'S AT SENIOR YEAR.

You're a different person from who you were back in 2002. Where your college friends differ from your home friends is that they always had the capacity to see you change. You can be the president of a campus organization and you can have a completely different social life your senior year. Yet, the bottom line is that your oldest friends know you get pissed off, they know you get mopey, and they don't think it is

weird when you do.

## 2. IF YOU LIVE IN A HOUSE WITH YOUR FRIENDS, BE PREPARED FOR IT TO BE A DISASTER.

Those freshman year friends go through their biggest test when you co-habitate outside of a suite in Wren. You're paying bills, you're taking out the trash and you're washing the dishes. Understand that you can be as mature as you want, but undoubtedly the shallowest things will threaten the way you interact. The most important lesson from this experience: Your real maturity is displayed after the fallout. If you pick up the pieces again, the off-campus thing has proved useful.

## 3. LIFE CAN REVOLVE AROUND COFFEE AND FREE SAMPLES.

Danish Pastry Shoppe is steps from my house and over the summer it had air conditioning. Give me some free Florentines and a pot of White Peony and I'm set for hours. Boston Ave. is your best resource and I will forever maintain that it is the best place to live near. There is nothing like the feeling you get when you walk into Campus Mini and the man behind the counter knows you or the owner of the laundromat asks you how that English class you love is going.

## 4. LONG DISTANCE RELATIONSHIPS SUCK.

This was one lesson I never learned, but it is also the one place where the gray area

Your priority should be you. It took me four years to realize that I can take the weekends off.

thrives. I did it freshman year and swore I'd never do it again. Distance does not equal space. But, you can't help it if you actually fall in love the second time around. In that case, you make it work. A wise senior sage put it perfectly to me: a long distance relationship is like a drug addiction. You go through withdrawal, and just as you're in recovery, you get another fix. I've decided that this is one area where drug use is good. Ultimately, the high is worth the intense

cravings and the periodic damage to your heart. Just be mindful of an overdose.

## 5. PRIORITIES ARE REAL.

Out of the entire study abroad experience, this was the number one thing I learned. You cannot please everyone and everyone cannot please you. Ok, you're a big shot. *The Daily* picks your name up every so often and you're classified overall as "well-liked." While all commendable, my semester away showed me that when removed from this bubble of a campus, the people who really know you matter. Thus, I feel, it is important to start now. Tell your close friends what they mean to you and understand that when push comes to shove, the cliché of quality versus quantity is the true judge.

## 6. ABOVE ALL

Your priority should be you. It took me four years to realize that I can take the weekends off. Give yourself a break. Go to Davis Square on Saturday morning. Do some errands. Sit in Starbucks in front of the fireplace. At Tufts we fear two things: being unproductive and being alone. Both are very very necessary for a healthy existence. If I've learned anything, it is that a day off will not kill you or put you behind in your classes. A meal alone is a needed retreat into your own thoughts. You live with people, you study with them, you meet them for lunch. Take a minute to yourself. Truth be told, when this is all over, you will

ship off into that looming "real world" on your own. Understand that you aren't as boring as you think.

Well now. I swore that I would find this all very unsentimental. How ready am I? The fact that I'm tearing up to Guster's "Mona Lisa" (of all things!) makes me wonder. I'm going to send this off and go curl up with Emily and Ana. ☺

*Mara Judd, LA '06, is majoring in anthropology and Judaic studies.*



# Meet ~~Tim Noetzel~~ Margot Rapoport Vinda Rao

BY VINDA RAO

**M**y most faithful readers, it has been a few weeks and you've submitted quite a few more questions for me. Although my last Q&A session went fairly well, some of you have complained that my comments don't make any sense. This time, I'll do my best to answer your questions using short monosyllabic words so you don't get confused.

HOW ARE YOU DYSFUNCTIONAL?

I wouldn't say I'm dysfunctional at all. Dysfunction has a negative connotation. I prefer to say I serve special functions. Some of these functions include but are not limited to: branding cows, branding people, branding pictures of cows on people; translating Morse code into Middle English; whistling T.V. theme songs to large crowds of people; laughing when I accidentally electrocute myself with a hairdryer; folding my clothes and packing an entire suitcase while sleepwalking; having lucid conversations with French paramedics while semi-conscious; singing "To the Moon and Back" to a bar full of rowdy drunk Scots at Filthy McNasty's in Edinburgh; using semi-colons improperly.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE?

That's a tough one. SKYY Blue when I'm feeling weak, L'eau de vie when I'm trying to prove my worth as a human being, and Jack and Diet Dr. Pepper in the company of good friends.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE NEUROSIS?

I have so many it's hard to choose just one, but I would have to say I'm partial to passive-aggressive disorder. I think it's important to have a healthy outlook on personality diagnoses and keep an open mind about things. If you think people with mental disorders are strange, YOU SHOULD BURN IN HELL YOU SICK SON-OF-A-BITCH! But only if that agrees with your beliefs.

DO YOU THINK ALL MARKETERS ARE EVIL?  
Yes. All of them. Every damn one.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE?  
Marketing.

WHAT'S WITH THE HAT?

I get this question all the time. I mean, honestly, I don't wear it all the time, just when I'm thinking about something important. And no, it's not some halfass attempt to show my over-the-top Texas pride, but honestly, could you blame me if it was? Three cheers for three years in H-Town.

WHO GOES TO YOU FOR ADVICE?

People who want help making their resumes look theatrical, people who want to cash in on my inexplicably on-target matchmaking skills, peace-loving hippies, missile defense specialists.

WHAT'S E.J.'S MIDDLE NAME?

John, although kudos to whoever guessed "Janiqua."

WHAT'S YOUR FETISH?

Oh, boy. I hate to be blasé, but I'd have to say I get really turned on by guys who look like they haven't eaten or slept for at least two weeks. It's the whole starving artist angle.

WHAT WAS YOUR BEST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE?

I'm not one to kiss and tell, but let's just say it involved a restaurant in République in Paris, eight flights of stairs, and a six a.m. plane ride.

WHAT WAS YOUR WORST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE, AND HOW DO YOU BLAME IT ON

TUFTS ADMINISTRATION?

Hmmm ... had to do with the Czech Republic in winter, seven shots of absinthe, and the German executive training program at Mercedes-Benz. I blame the Tufts Administration for not providing me with an adequate supply of common sense to last me the duration of my trip.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE FOOD?

Ordinarily I would say my favorite food is nutella crepes, but nowadays some friends have accused me of eating babies, and since I'm not always coherent enough to be able to vouch for my innocence, I believe they may be right. In that case my favorite food is dead babies covered in pesto. Now you know why I dressed my seven month-old nephew up as a jalapeno. He looked delicious.

WHAT MAKES FOREIGN GUYS SO ATTRACTIVE?

If they speak English with an accent, that's incredibly hot. If they don't speak English at all, hell, that's even hotter. And foreign guys are usually more enamored by girls who speak English without an accent, and that's off-the-scales hot.

WHAT'S AN APPROPRIATE BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR SOMEONE I DISLIKE?

Well there's always the option of not giving the person a gift at all, but if you're stuck in one of those awkward situations where you have to be polite and uphold your classy reputation, get them that book on why French women don't get fat. Or buy them a patient's guide to taking control of narcissistic personality disorder.

WHO WOULD MAKE A BETTER DATE, CHRIS OR AARON?

I think this may be the hardest question I've ever had to answer, seriously. With Chris you get that whole sense of Virginia adventure, bright lights big city, and you just feel young and alive when he spontaneously breaks into song and starts knocking over ATMs. But Aaron, ephemeral, frisbee-throwing Aaron, well, any girl or guy would be a fool not to swoon when he walks into a room. Not only can he design websites like a pro, but ahem, with a name like Schutzengel he's gotta be good.

*Vinda Rao, LA '06, is majoring in English, and maybe, just maybe...French. ☺*



# Beyond High-Fashion: The Goth Subculture

BY ANNETTE FARRINGTON

It seems you can't open a fashion magazine these days without coming across some element of gothic fashion. I was perusing through the pages of the September issue of *Vogue* and found some Goth-inspired couture by Marc Jacobs. His models were tall, long and deathly white. The silks, satins and velvets suggested an almost Edwardian fashion sense. Last week, the fashion section in the *Boston Globe Magazine*



*zine* further investigated how “Goth fashion was cleaning up its act.” Well, ’tis the season to don your black fingernail polish, black velvet skirts and bat necklaces! What the fashion industry fails to recognize, however, is that there is an ever increasing population that seriously embraces Goth culture 365 days a year. What exactly is the attraction to this growing subculture?

Having spent at least part of my life as a self-professed Gothic queen—I used to sing in the late 90s underground, alternative, Goth-rock band Opium Den—I can see why the so-called true-Gothers have their dragon and skull chokers in a bind about

as far as to say that Goth culture has come into play because it fills a void. It fills the void of the inabilities of western society to acknowledge the cyclical nature of being human—the natural process of birth, life and death.

It's true that Goth culture plays into the macabre in what appears to many as an obsession.

their fashion being hijacked without regard for its multifaceted subculture.

In the 90s, when I saw another Gothee walking out of a popular Goth hot spot, like Manray in Cambridge, I could be sure that he had the same taste in music, art and literature as me. His CD player would most likely have in rotation Sisters of Mercy, Siouxsie and the Banshees, the Cure, Bauhaus, and maybe some Swans. I could also be sure that he had the latest edition of Shelley or Bronte on his black lion-clawed Edwardian coffee table, with Edward Gorey prints gracing his walls. Today, however, someone could be dressing in Gothic fashion and have no idea of all these underlying suggestions.

It's true that Goth culture plays into the macabre in what appears to many as an obsession. This obsession encompasses death and dying as they are expressed through seemingly endless avenues such as fashion, music, literature, art, film, and home decorating. Some see Gothic culture as scary and potentially dangerous; others may see it as a sort of escapism from the cookie-cutter, name-brand ubiquities of the society we live in. Still others may view Goth culture as a backlash to Warhol's throw-away pop-culture of the American 60s. The Gothic way of life offers a more permanent, deeper way of belonging. It elicits a pseudo-religious fervor and conviction from many hard-core Gothees. I would go

Mexico celebrates The Day of the Dead, and Europeans honor their ancestors on All Saints Day. This is a Catholic holiday, but in Poland they actually visit the graves of their deceased relatives and have picnics. They spend time with the deceased souls, offering them treats and talking with them. Here we bury a relative and never look back. Perhaps as a result we have subcultures that cuddle death with an almost sickly fascination. It is true that Goth fashion can be whimsical and fun, especially around Halloween. But next time you don that black velvet choker and apply that white-powdered and onyx eyeliner, think about why you are really participating in this macabre display; to go out and play or to confront your dead relatives?

Oh, we accept the “birth” and “life” part well, but the exploration of death is shunned, discarded and subjected in our society, perhaps out of fear or juvenile escapism. We'll embrace the endless youth in high-fashion, we'll run around chasing after the latest anti-age serum, and ogle over the botoxed pop-icons in the latest tabloids, but the idea of an old wrinkled woman in a black dress is too much for us to handle. This is what I believe Gothic culture forces us to confront: it presents a subliminal need for our society to come to terms with the cyclical nature of human existence. ☉

# Black and White through the Night: College Night at the MFA

BY MARA SACKS

Although it often seems as though there is no reason to leave Tufts on a weekend, after months of going to frats, on-campus concerts, and special nights at Hotung, a nagging desire to try something new emerges. Newbury Street is expensive. The North End is fattening. Boston Common is sketchy after hours. This leaves one very inexpensive, not-food-directed, un-s sketchy destination for off-campus pursuits: the Museum of Fine Arts. Although many students come to college anticipating an inundation of poetry readings and other intellectual and artistic

opportunities, keg-tapping and party-hopping initially casts a powerful shadow over such events. After awhile, the urge to jump into the other end of the college experience pool materializes. What better way to try something new, get off campus, meet new people and be smart for an evening than to attend a College Night at the MFA? After many years, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has resumed hosting these events which bring students from universities throughout the Boston area together through their common interest in art. Centering on the renowned Ansel Adams exhibit, the first College Night in 20 years, *Black and White through the Night* was held

on October 27th. Open to all students who attend colleges which hold memberships to the museum, these evenings provide the unusual opportunity to meet new people, eat food, and experience art for free.

Based on the black and white nature of Adams' photography, the theme of stark contrasts was carried throughout the night. All of the awards, decorations and food were colored accordingly. Every hour prizes were raffled, including items from the museum shop as well as tickets to The Mountain Goats' sold out concert. In the reception area outside of the exhibition, tables were draped with black and white cloths. Coffee, tea, and hot chocolate were served in formal silver canisters and pyramid-stacked Oreos were placed on large silver trays. While the refreshments and desserts were a nice addition to the ambiance, they also provided a unique opportunity for students from the various schools to interact naturally. The scene contrasted chic artistic décor with collegiate ease which enabled a sense of comfort while challenging the hundred-plus students to embrace a night of maturity and change.

Once people wandered away from the reception area and into the exhibit, perhaps the greatest contrast was perceptible: a desire to analyze and understand Adams' pieces overshadowed usual Thursday night concerns. Conversations about art and culture offset the routine topics of alcohol, love interests, and gossip. Rather than walking through the exhibit silently, as the museum guards would have preferred, students moved from photo to photo examining the themes and style of the artist. They talked excitedly of the poignant insight the shots provided to American culture.

At the beginning of the exhibit, Ansel Adams is quoted saying, "No matter how sophisticated you may be, a large granite mountain cannot be denied—it speaks in silence to the very core of your being." This concept of false grandeur and superiority sets the pace for the works that follow. Ev-

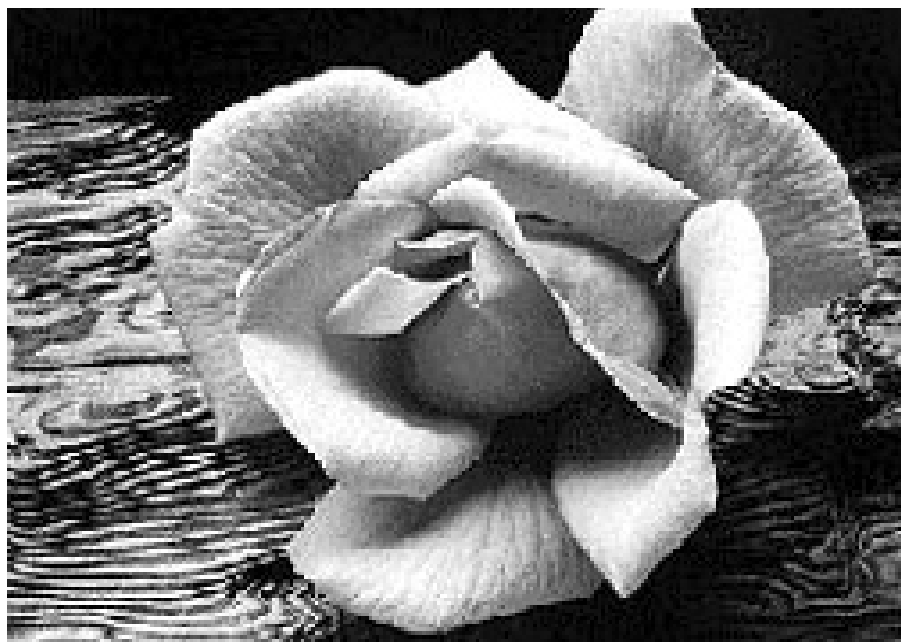


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ery photograph is displayed in the same simple black frames, forcing a sense of continuity between the pieces. Rather than showing the sights of America most students in the Northeast are accustomed to viewing, such as cityscapes, ethnic markets, and classic monuments and architecture, the majority of Adams' pieces center on Western landscapes and culture. There is a prevailing sense that the powerful views of the expansive and unknowable landscapes captured by Adams stand the test of time and would look the same now as they did fifty years ago. This transcendence of time facilitates a connection between all those who view the pieces and every other person in the history of America who has witnessed that same wonder.

In addition to showing great mountain peaks and canyon views, a series of Adams' photos captures the consequence of American expansion and claim to such great sights: the destruction of Native American culture. In these photos shot in New Mexico, Native Americans are shown in traditional attire, attempting to practice sacred rituals and ceremonies. There is a mournful quality to the men and women in these photographs. Although a sense of pride is inevitable when passing the godly landscapes featured at the opening of the exhibit, this feeling is contrasted by the guilt and culpability tied to every person who recognizes the great loss that resulted from the formation of this



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metal wires of an egg-slicer are visible on the egg. This photograph, which stands alone, captures the ephemeral nature of human life in contrast to the eternity of mountains and rivers. Although the scene is perfectly still, the sense of movement and change, created by the impending slicing of the egg, enables an understanding of changes and movement that characterize human existence.

This quality of life is echoed by the photographs shot in cemeteries. The transitory nature of life is presented in the scenes of graveyards in which tomb

of rural Western America. This unusual sense of different experiences and culture was mirrored by the diversity of students in the room. Although all were attending colleges in the Boston area, the backgrounds of the viewers were wide-ranging. Consequently, the focus of the exhibition inspired conversation pertaining to the different America in which each person was raised.

*Black and White through the Night* was an unusual opportunity to embrace a diversity of contrasts. While it was an excellent excuse to venture away from tired weekend

## A desire to analyze and understand Adams' pieces overshadowed usual Thursday night concerns.

country. Adams captures this travesty in every Pueblo Indian face he shoots.

Following the Native American series, another stark contrast is posed to the expansive Western landscapes in a series of close-up photographs of unusual objects. Boots, anchors, beach rocks, and flowers present another aspect of American culture. This series shot in San Francisco is beautifully attentive to the small details that compose American history and experience. One remarkable still-life is so precise and carefully shot that the delicate indents formed by the

stones are shown in fragments. Even these markers of death are unable to withstand the test of time. This destruction further contrasts the powerful and prevailing mountain ranges and land formations.

Photographs of barns, country houses, and churches show another side of American culture and experience that is foreign to Boston. These shots provide unique insight into the world outside of the Northeast. Although there are a few photographs of cityscapes in the exhibition, they are overshadowed by the culture and experience

activities and spend a night being artsy, the show evoked a greater sense of America outside of the experiences of campus life in Boston. In addition to meeting people and trying something new, the intellectual vibes caused by the thought-provoking nature of the exhibit gave all in attendance a unique sense of satisfaction attained from an evening that broke through the confines of campus life. The Ansel Adams exhibit will be on display through December 31st, and the success of *Black and White through the Night* anticipates more College Nights to come. ☺



# Gossip 101: Lessons Abound in Tufts' Fall Play *School for Scandal*

BY SCOTTY KNIAZ

One part outstanding cast, one part professional-grade costumes, one part undeniably intelligent script: the Tufts Drama Department certainly knew the right mix for a masterful execution of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's timeless satire *The School for Scandal*. The play focuses on a group of late-eighteenth century British aristocrats and the slanderous depths to which they will descend for an entertaining piece of gossip. While nothing is what it seems, and the characters are as two-faced as the pound sterling coins for which they sell their relatives, we discover that this humorous school provides a one-of-a-kind education.

Perhaps the first lesson comes early in Act One, when Mrs. Candour, one of the many loudmouth gossips, declares, "People will talk. There's no preventing it." She is, of course, referring to what has become of the Surface brothers. The remnants of a once-powerful line, Joseph (Jeff Beers) and Charles (Nick Jandl) Surface have chosen different paths in life. Given their family's wealth—as well as large monthly sums of money coming in from their aunt, Lady Olivia—it seems that Joseph has chosen the high road and his younger brother Charles, the low. Joseph, representing the Man of Sentiment in England during the late-eighteenth century, spends his time reading books on morality and ethics. Charles, on the other hand, has amassed large debts due to the hedonistic lifestyle he leads. Things get interesting when Lady Olivia returns to England after a 16-year trip, and finds that things are indeed, not what they seem.

Wanting to witness first-hand how her nephews have fared, she devises an elaborate test for them in which she disguises herself as different characters in order to interact with each one separately. Through a series of hilarious scenes, which include hiding under tables and behind curtains,

the auctioning off of relatives, and a game of gossip where characters earn points for having the best "dirt," the scandals prove never-ending and the characters' natures are truly revealed. Lady Olivia comes to realize that what she has been told as gossip could not be further from the truth and that her nephews are, indeed, quite different.

What most impressed me about the play was how it was able to stay true to itself, yet at the same time, it made this



1777 work relevant for modern audiences. When I walked into the intimate Balch Arena, the first thing I noticed was the big sign declaring "Scandal" in very post-modern font. If that didn't get the point across, the first scene where the entire cast comes out while "scandal" and other vices are whispered through the sound system should. And if even that didn't get the point across, the fact that the main gossip of the play, Snake (Lauren Murphy), never actually leaves the stage but is always lurking in the background or behind a screen definitely should. Scandal is the name of the game, and director Sheridan Thomas doesn't let you forget it.

In order to make it appealing for today's audience, aspects of 18<sup>th</sup> century

England are artfully combined with features of modern society throughout the play. To keep up the feeling of old England, the language, costumes and music stay true. All the characters speak as they would have in 1777, and the costumes are impeccably designed. (It looks as if they were stolen off the old Hollywood set of *Restoration*, but fear not, these gems are the ingenious creation of costume designer Luke Brown.) The music serves the essential tool of molding old and new. It comes in mostly for set changes (which are very efficient) and varies from the string section of an orchestra to acid house music to bad 1970's porn music. I kid you not, but somehow it fits. To go along with the contemporary music, the cast smartly sneaks in shout-outs to Harriet Miers, *Entertainment Tonight*, trash-magazine headliners like Britney and Angelina, and more. The comedic value of these quick-witted remarks is only matched by the poise and dry manner with which the cast expertly delivers their satirical lines. This is, as they say, the icing on a truly delicious cake. All of the elements of good theatre come together as the Tufts Drama Department succeeds again, and this time the audience leaves a little more knowledgeable, after attending *The School for Scandal*.

Now I won't lie to you; I don't usually go to plays. In fact, this is only the second one I've attended in my illustrious career at Tufts, but if the Drama Department continues to pump out extremely well-done productions, I might be their new biggest fan. I also know that by the time you read this article, *School for Scandal* will no longer be playing at Balch, so my aim in writing this is to let you, the Tufts community, know of the high quality of these productions. The manner in which all of the elements of theatre came together in *School for Scandal* truly made it fun to watch. You will not be disappointed if you choose to patronize future shows at Balch. ☺

# The Phenomenon of Zorro: California's Masked Protector Rides Again

BY MATTHEW DIAMANTE

The task of creating a new Zorro story, particularly in an epic, blockbuster-ready form, is a tricky one. While the lives of other, later action heroes such as Superman and James Bond (introduced in 1938 and 1953, respectively) have been cheerfully updated throughout the decades, Zorro, like Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, is limited to a specific time and place. The great detective's Victorian London was very real, but Zorro's Hispanic California of the early 19th century has always been an uneasy mixture of historical exaggeration and outright invention. Small wonder, then, that many Zorro-related works have little to do with the original character or setting. The 1944 serial *Zorro's Black Whip*, for instance, neither takes place in California nor involves the original hero at all!

The history of the Zorro franchise is a colorful one. An American pulp writer named Johnston McCulley introduced the enigmatic Don Diego de la Vega (whose masked alter ego is the Spanish word for "fox") in the 1919 novella *The Curse of Capistrano*, but the character didn't fully catch on until the story was adapted to a film the following year. Renamed *The Mark of Zorro*, this picture introduced the franchise's now-fundamental elements of astounding acrobatic stunts and mansions with hidden passageways. And while he has remained a popular hero in his own right, Zorro also influenced many other heroes of the 20th century, of which Bob Kane's Batman is but one example. Introduced in 1939, the black-clad avenger's outfit and foppish, aristocratic alter ego were directly inspired by McCulley's creation. Zorro also suggested Indiana Jones' whip-wielding and Westley's Man in Black look (mustache and all) in *The Princess Bride*. (Watch for subliminal references to both Indy and *The Princess Bride*'s Inigo Montoya in *The Legend of Zorro*!)

Zorro's nationality has often been a vague matter during his 86-year history. While the original Vega was a Spanish gentleman living in California under Spanish, and later Mexican, rule,

the younger mask-wearer introduced in 1998's *The Mask of Zorro* is a young Californian boy, who appears to be heading towards American citizenship in the 2005 film *The Legend of Zorro*. (And that doesn't even include the numerous other Zorronic figures featured throughout the decades.) To confuse matters further, various Zorros have, over the course of 86 years and dozens of films and TV series, been portrayed by Americans, a



Grecian, a Frenchman, an Englishman and most recently the Spaniard Antonio Banderas. (Could this muddle have inspired the quip repeated in both *Mask* and *Legend* that Zorro "could be anybody"?) If the characters' heritages have fluctuated, however, their sense of duty has remained the same: to protect the poor and oppressed people of California by punishing their tormentors.

The English director Martin Campbell's 1998 film *The Mask of Zorro*, in addition to being one of the finest swashbucklers since *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, was an inventive blend of Zorronic mythology and actual history that served to further strengthen Zorro's ties to California. Set against a fictional mining operation that could have begun California's 1848 Gold Rush a decade early, the movie broke in a new Zorro in the form of Alejandro Murrieta (Banderas), a made-up younger

brother of the mysterious historical figure of Joaquin Murieta. Murieta (who has a brief role in the film) was a Mexican bandit who was said to have raided towns, stolen cattle and gunned down several men along the Sierra Nevada mountains of the 1850s. Several other elements of this vague tale, including an American gunslinger named Love and a decapitated head preserved in alcohol were also cleverly woven into *Mask*.

The newly released *The Legend of Zorro* similarly dabbles in historical fact. Beginning around November of 1849, the film depicts residents of the now-American territory of California voting on a State Constitution designed to hasten the region's entry to the Union. Alejandro, who has both assumed Diego's Vega surname and married his daughter Elena (portrayed by the Welsh Catherine Zeta-Jones), saves the ballots from certain destruction and presents them to the real-life military governor Bennett Riley before confronting a madman and his deadly supply of nitroglycerin. An 1886 explosion of this extremely unstable substance killed 15 people in downtown San Francisco, making *Legend*'s plot appreciably less far-fetched than it may seem.

While an exuberant romp with crisp performances and rousing battles, *The Legend of Zorro* (also directed by Campbell) lacks the gravitas and finely-honed directness of its predecessor. The film's ideological sympathies are perhaps its most awkward component: although early scenes in which both Hispanic commoners and the Vegas gush about joining the United States so soon after the end of the Mexican-American War come off as more than a little patronizing, the film's only American characters are either unsympathetic or downright murderous. These details and more make for a somewhat convoluted whole, but then, so does the State that houses some of the world's finest schools and yet has elected woefully underqualified movie stars as two of its past six Governors. As for Zorro, California's most memorable fictional character, this San Franciscan has only three words: *más, por favor.* ☛



# An Evening with Joan Baez

BY ANNA FELDMAN

Bob Dylan. Sound familiar? (If you've never heard of him, come out from under your rock). How about Joan Baez? Maybe not? A contemporary of Dylan's, she was and still is as much a musical legend as he. A folk singer and worldwide activist since the 1960s, Baez is known for her soprano voice with its haunting and passionate vibrato, as well as her distinctive songwriting. Her art always reflects the times in which we live and the historical events that have shaped our era. Her repertoire varies from historical folk songs, political songs, and blues, to lullabies, romantic laments, and murder ballads—every song telling a story. While studying drama for a short time at Boston University in the late 1950's, Joan performed in local Boston coffeehouses, and was signed by a record label soon after her first appearance at the 1959 Newport Folk Festival. How fitting it is then that she return to Boston on her current tour. Yes that's right, Joan Baez, now 64 years old, is still singing and writing and sounding as great as she did over forty years ago.

Dressed in brown slacks, a bright orange tee-shirt and a fitted dark orange blazer, her hair now gray and trimmed stylishly short, Joan Baez was looking great in concert at the Somerville Theatre and is certainly the quintessential example of the woman who ages ridiculously well (she didn't sit down once during the show). The same goes for her voice, which has lost nothing of its clear and lilting quality, having only perhaps deepened a bit since her younger years. It was an eerie feeling being part of an audience in the quaint theatre made up of predominantly middle-aged people who had all grown up with Joan's songs and had actually lived through the historic events reflected in her music.

Combining old songs with many off of her more recent albums, *Dark Chords On A Big Guitar* and *Bowery Songs*, Baez gave a well-rounded performance, playing and singing most of the time, but content at other times to merely let the other two

guitarists play while her distinctive voice rang out. Overall, her repertoire was rather anti-war (as it has always been), and many of the songs she penned during the Vietnam era were fittingly relevant in our country's present situation. Baez was also certainly not afraid to speak her mind. Mostly though, she let the music speak for itself with lines such as "Bring the boys back home," and "If God is on our side, he'll stop the next war." One way in which she handles her feelings about Bush, she told us, is by fictionalizing her frustrations. That is, by writing a piece in which she takes on the persona of say, a 15-year old Southern girl named Alice. She has Alice criticize the inadequacy of the Bush administration in every aspect, from its lack of reaction to Hurricane Katrina to

is an incredibly humorous and easy-going person. Whether she was joking about aging and all the accompanying limitations, random go-go dancing, or imitating Bob Dylan, Joan Baez is very comfortable with herself on stage and even more so with her audience. She is known to actively engage her audience and this interaction began right away as we joined Joan in the chorus of *The Night We Drove Old Dixie Down*. The song, about the Civil War, was originally penned by The Band. A gracious performer, Baez smiled and thanked us for our praise after each song, and always gave equal credit to her two accompanying guitarists. And who can't help but love an artist who gives three encores? "You earned it," she said with a smile and a bow,



TREY KIRK

its global warming policy. Before singing *Joe Hill*, a traditional political folk song, Joan commented: "Unfortunately, it is up to us to create a better world." This, coming from a woman who has been trying to do just that with her music since she first stepped on a stage, is both a sad truth and an honest and hopeful message.

What's great about seeing an artist live is that you can discover their real personality, and Joan Baez—let me tell you—

as she strolled back on stage, "You've been a wonderful public. Thank you."

As is written on her website, "Joan Baez was among the singers who... established a precedent whereby the music of a new generation became the conscience for an emerging era of social activism." Her songs tell stories that have lasting power and significance, and will hopefully continue to resonate and speak to the world for generations to come. ♪



*Reluctant Hibernation*

by Chloe V. Green

Imagine railroad tracks and I am ambling  
down the long and the short of them.  
That might make me worthy  
Of playing this guitar so out of tune

But I am not at all  
walking some straight iron line.  
I am in a room with tightly closed windows  
to keep out the coming cold.

The end of October dying,  
Its two O's remnants of oh, oh, oh!  
The last of the yawning days,  
Long echo of a *yes!*

I put them away like clothes,  
my bare skin loves.  
The sun-made sweat, the loose steamy barrier  
between water bodies and atmosphere.

I curl them up  
sink them into the mud  
at the bottom of some icy pond  
where they turn to jelly

in the black hidden places  
down there,  
where slippery tight black frogs  
sleep all winter.

Soon all that once-loose vapor  
will be thunk, thunk creek,  
clear solid unconfused

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



## Spice Up Your ...

## Boston Bar Scene, Part I

BY ADRIENNE ROMA  
AND MELISSA FIORENZA

We admit it. We heart the Joshua Tree, the Burren, even Sligos. We frequent El Guapos and Powderhouse on Tuesday nights. At times, we can be seen at PJ Ryan's quiz night or ordering scorpion bowls at Hong Kong. We know you love these places too. They are the bars that you have heard of throughout your college career. They are the bars where you are guaranteed to see at least 15 familiar Tufts faces. You know the bouncers, the bartenders, perhaps the waitresses. You know what is on tap, what the clientele is like, and when the beer is cheap. So why look further?

Did you ever wonder about that hole-in-wall pub you always pass on Mass Ave? Or did you ever catch yourself thinking, "Do people go there?" or "That looks kind of fun" when you drive through Boston late at night? Well, we did your dirty work for you. As big fans of spontaneity and trying new things and places, we have come up with the following list of Boston's finest bars/pubs that you may have never heard of but should definitely give a chance. Bottoms up!

1. An Tain. Pronounced "on-tahn," (rhymes with BonTon), this one-room bar can be found at 31 India Street in the heart of the Financial District. Despite its fairly small

orders that run from draught beers to house specials such as the "Green Cape Codder." The prices are actually pretty reasonable, but if the ladies impress the working crowd by knowing what a hedge fund is or what an actuary actually does, you may score a free drink or two. As for the interior, it looks like your typical Irish pub, nothing too special. The fact that An Tain (617-426-1870) is just one room actually works to its advantage in that it is cozy, and you cannot help but

Once a meeting place for the participants of the American Revolution, this quaint tavern with its squeaky clean hardwood floors and dark wood cushioned benches makes you feel like you are back in the 1700s.

dance when everyone around you is up and singing along.

2. Green Dragon. Conveniently located on a side street a stone's throw away from Faneuil Hall, Green Dragon is a hole-in-the-wall pub on Marshall Street. As a spot that once stood as a meeting place for the participants of the American Revolution, this quaint tavern with its squeaky clean hardwood

same old Tufts crowd. The band, which is there Wednesday to Sunday nights, will play anything from 80s rock to old-school favorites, and if you are lucky enough to be there on a night when the Miller Girls are there, you'll get to hear an on-the-spot tune made up about them. So if you're in the mood to sit back, relax, and down a few pints, bring your friends and head over to Green Dragon.

3. Beacon Hill Pub. Just because 'Beacon Hill' is in the name, it doesn't mean this is a classy joint. In fact, it is the complete

opposite of its quaint, well-to-do neighborhood. It's the rough-in-the-diamond, so to speak ...and we love it. With its low ceilings, standing room only (unless you get there really early), sticky floors, plastic pint glasses, and endless amounts of neon beer signs plastered on the walls, Beacon Hill Pub (617-625-710) is the quintessential dive bar laden with college students and recent grads. Here are a few tips to make the most of it: First off, don't drive. The beer is so cheap here that there is no way you're leaving without seeing double. Secondly, grab a spot in the back. The constant flow of people entering and exiting won't bother you back there. Third, make friends with the waitress so you don't have to fight your way up to the bar. And lastly, between darts and innings, grab one of the white pencils already there and mark your spot on the wall. Messages range from "AR + DB = LOVE," to "Jeremy was here." Extra spice points if you write a message to us! Anyways, archetypal dive bar? Yes ... but sooo worth the youthful spirit and debauchery.

Stay tuned for next week's continuation of our "bars you've never heard of" list. ☺

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size, An Tain does well for itself as a popular after-work asylum during the week when I-bankers and accountants are looking for anything from burgers to seafood. On Thursdays and Fridays, however, college students and recent grads mix in with these pecuniary pros as tables are pushed to the side and the dance party begins. DJs spin contemporary songs while the laid-back bartenders take

floors and dark wood cushioned benches makes you feel like you are back in the 1700s. Outside it appears to be a typical Irish pub, but inside it's a lively bar with plenty of space to enjoy the live music and atmosphere with friends. Green Dragon (617-367-0055) is the perfect place to go for a relaxed night in Boston, and we promise you won't see the

# Blast from the Past at Andy's Diner

BY ANNA FELDMAN

I fear my penchant for reviewing breakfast joints is here to stay. Not to say that I will limit my reviews solely to breakfast because well, there are two other meals in the day, but just for now, sit back and imagine yourself in a diner, circa 1970, adorned with brick walls, wood paneling, linoleum floor, banquette seating and framed photos of the Celtics in their heyday (think really short shorts and Larry Bird). Now, where would you expect to find said diner? I suppose the Celtics memorabilia gives it away, but it is indeed Andy's Diner of Porter Square that has been serving up a cheap but deliciously satisfying breakfast (and lunch) since 1958. It wasn't what I had expected, décor or ambiance-wise; although I had had in mind a more modern and sleek place, being quite stuck in the 1970's actually adds to the charm of the diner feel. Approximately twenty minutes away from Tufts by foot, Andy's is tucked unobtrusively into the busy strip that is Mass. Ave. (2030 Mass Ave to be exact).

My two friends and I took heed of the "Please Seat Yourself" sign and chose a nice comfy booth in the back corner. Every other booth was occupied, as were most of the tables in the middle of the restaurant. Andy's, a distinctly neighborhood-style eatery (one of the waitresses greeted the man in the booth next to us like an old friend), specializes in good ole bang-for-your-buck breakfast diner food. Now keep in mind, the next is not the most orthodox critics' behavior, but here goes. I sometimes like to check out past reviews or comments posted online about places before I eat there. You must be thinking, this ruins the surprise, but it merely enables me to get an idea of what to expect. And plus, to me, every dining experience is different for every person. That being said, I had read about Andy's seasonal pumpkin and cranberry pancakes, and so naturally

I had to try them (I am also a diehard fan of anything pumpkin, especially in the fall). Although it lacked a bit of the

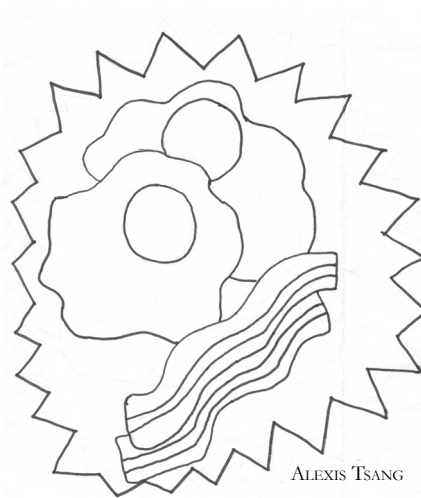
to pull off. The homefries were atypical, simple roasted unbrowned potatoes lacking the characteristic caramelized strings

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pumpkin flavor, it made up for it with the fluffy texture and interesting addition of the tart cranberries. In conclusion, the pancakes were to my liking. Ditto for side order of eggs. They were the best scrambled eggs I've ever had at a restaurant, so perfectly light and soft, milky, and perfectly seasoned. Both my

of onion. The coffee flowed freely into simple white mugs embracing the steaming strongly brewed diner staple. Andy's breakfast menu also includes all sorts of omelettes (Egg Beaters substitution available), different flavored pancakes, waffles, and french toast (chocolate chip, blueberry, apple, strawberry, raisin bread) and other breakfast specials, in addition to side orders of fresh grapefruit, bagels, muffins, toast, juice and hot chocolate. The prices range from \$2.50 to \$9.95. Their lunch menu is, well, typical diner lunch food (sandwiches, burgers, salads) so I won't delve too deep into that area. Let's just say, breakfast is their thing.

The clinking of silverware and spatulas on the back grill, the plates coming up regularly and crowding the hutch from the viewable back kitchen, the sit-and-eat-at counter, and apron-clad waitresses all screamed diner, and sadly reminded the three of us of our own beloved but now defunct Jay's Deli. Open from 6 a.m. to 3 p.m. Monday through Friday, 6 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. on Saturdays, and 6:45 a.m. to 1 p.m. on Sundays, Andy's is definitely worth checking out, especially on a nice sunny weekend morning when the walk from campus would be delightful. And come on, who couldn't use a blast from the past, 70's style? ☺



friends ordered the Lumberjack Special, a plate filled to the brim with the best of everything: three eggs, ham, bacon or sausage, homefries, toast, juice and coffee for only \$6.75. They too raved about their perfectly cooked eggs—over hard and over medium are not easy feats



# Senior Pub Night at The Big Easy: Not the Easiest Journey but a Damn Good Time

BY SCOTT ARMSTRONG

Last Thursday night was Senior Pub Night, and OH SIX rocked out. It wasn't your usual rocking out either where there are just a few people going hard in the corner. In fact, I was thoroughly shocked to see almost everyone I knew, and even some people that I had never seen before, decked out in full Halloween gear celebrating their last year at Jumboland in a drunken revelry.

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The event was held at the Big Easy, but it was anything but easy to get to. Although the first bus left at 10:30ish, I was against taking it because I thought that "cool kids" don't take the first bus—they make an entrance. After many beers, however, I got the itch to leave, and my posse and I rolled over to the campus center "on the hop," as it is always more entertaining to jog it out when drunk than to walk leisurely.

Getting there early was, in fact, the best decision I have ever made; the place was a mob scene filled with drunken ninjas, inebriated firefighters and policemen, and intoxicated aerobic instructors. When the first bus pulled up to collect the drunkards, there was almost a riot as people stormed the buses as if the party was to be held in the Playboy Grotto. I saw one Rocky give a knockout punch to some girl in a bathrobe just to get on the bus two seconds earlier. In two words, total chaos.

Once I had trampled young ladies and thrown wicked elbows to unsuspecting fools that Mr. T would pity, I was psyched. I had a solid buzz going and I was next to my partners in crime, Dan "Thunder" Martin and Brian "Young Fitz-Kanye Fitz-Blitz" Fitzgerald. Unfortunately, the ride to the Big Easy was terrible. Being stuck in

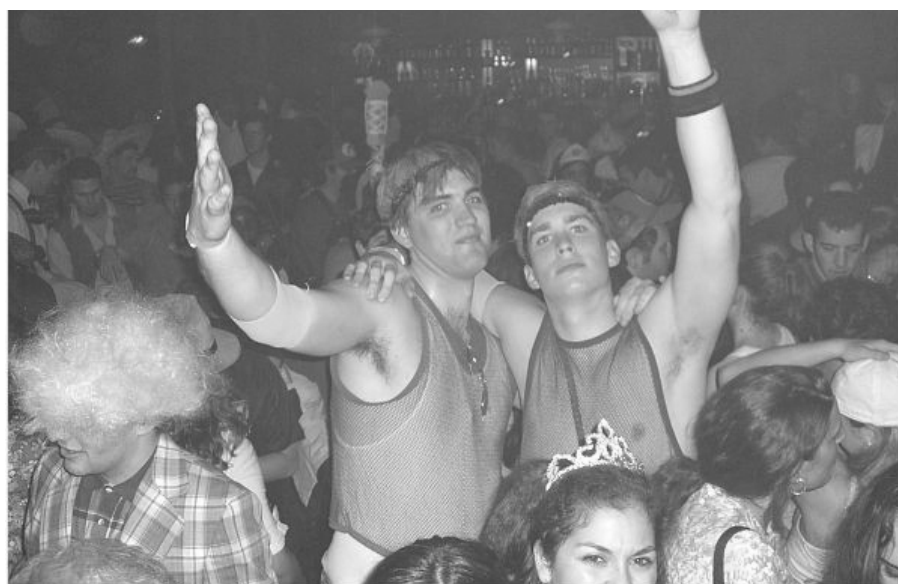
traffic, it took us a solid 45 minutes to get there. The traffic was so terrible and bladders were so weak that people would get off the bus, pee on some unsuspecting building, and run back onto the highway to catch up with the bus. One Japanese soldier almost didn't make it back. Fortunately, we hit a light and he was able to get back on board.

We finally made it at around 11:30 and were once again ready to rock out ...

when we discovered that we would have to wait in line for ten minutes to get into the club. It would have been much longer, but we were able to cut the line because I happened to know Zorro who let us butt in the line. The line was being run by some short, bald asshole who thought that he was the best thing in the history of the world.

After asking him if he was Mr. Clean for Halloween, he replied that I wasn't going to get in all night. I guess if I heard that line 10,000 times in my life, I would be an asshole too. Much to his chagrin, he was overruled and I was in the door five minutes later, giving him a little wink to let him know who was boss.

Once inside I was greeted by a dancefloor packed with dancing, sweating people. The dancing was so ferocious that I dropped five of my drinks. My wallet hated me, but the ladies loved it. I'm just putting it out there, but no one can Harlem Shake like the Hamma and Thunder. If you think you can, come to 351 Boston Ave or any club in the greater Boston area and prepare for a ferocious battle. It is rumored that Thunder Dan Martin won the Dance-Dance Revolution on the East Coast and went to a worldwide competition in Tokyo where he finished sixth. On the whole, despite the long and not-so-easy journey to Senior Pub Night, the actual event rocked, and if you missed this one, make sure you attend the next one for a scrumpulescent time. ☺



ALEXIS TSANG

Columnist Scott Armstrong (right) and friend Dan "Thunder" Martin (left) show off their aerobic instructor costumes at Halloween Senior Pub Night at The Big Easy.



# You and Me, Baby, Aint Nothin' but Mammals

BY BRADLEY SCOTT

A young man wakes up in a sea of confusion and amnesia ... in a bush. Elsewhere, another young

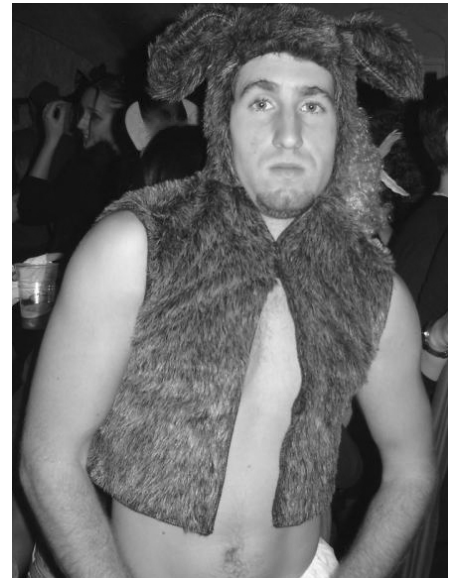
mate. This is commonly referred to as a party. Recently, my pack has entered conflict with a rival, sober pack. You may or may not know them, depending on your campus/off-campus habitat, but I know we're not the first to encounter these

Here it is, plain and simple: We like the sauce. We are completely incoherent to the sober individual. We are the few, the proud, the boozebags.

man climbs through the window of a woman in a drug-induced slumber. He is soon joined by a small pack of friends, foaming beer at the mouth, who proceed to wake her up with the same substance that put her to sleep. Three other members of the same clan are doing things with and to people they'll certainly regret in the morning, if not already. What's the point, you ask? I live with all of these animals. Lately, I've read a few articles by people who've observed specimens like us in our natural state and habitat, and who are utterly appalled by our wild behavior. My response? You mustn't fear what you don't understand, my friends. Do you ask the mighty caribou why he walks with such indignance? Do you ask the graceful male seahorse how he gets pregnant? Do you ask the absurdly designed duck-billed platypus why it has a beak and beaver tail? No! My dear abstainers, here it is, plain and simple: we like the sauce. We stumble, and sometimes we fall. We dance like wildly inappropriate maniacs, myself included. We're completely incoherent to the sober individual. We are the few, the proud, the boozebags.

Sometimes we congregate in even larger numbers, with many packs gathering in a common location to socialize and

brutes. They are commonly referred to as our infuriating, early-to-bed early-to-rise, cop-calling, fake-fight-reporting, fun-spoiling, can't-handle-one-party-a-month neighbors. It's enough to raise the hair on Jon Dimsdale's back (who I must say has an awe-inspiring and coveted coat). They strike silently, anonymously and with little warning. Not only that, but they appear to have hired a gang of wild rhinoceroses to do their dirty work. They have been engaged to eradicate our species with their abusive and dominating behavior. As ordered by our aforementioned neighbors, they come to our home in uniform and impose threats of legal action and fines. You see, we've struggled to achieve a state of coexistence with our neighbors. We aren't an antagonistic species, although we will occasionally disrupt an innocent bystander or two, but for the most part we provide a humorous water-cooler anecdote. The self-appointed queen of the jungle, V.C., encourages us to make peaceful relations with our cohabitants. However, our neighbors have commanded control of this security force and are fully aware that this regulatory gang views us as second-class "renting" citizens. Therefore they refuse to negotiate terms of treatise under any conditions



COURTESY OF BRIAN POTSKOWSKI

*Brian Potkowski, demonstrates his pride by showing that we ain't nothing but mammals.*

other than their own. On behalf of my fellow boozebags, I beseech them to allow us one night under the full moon to roam freely in our territory without fear of reproach, for if we are stifled and restless, our animalistic impulses will take control of our good judgment at an unpredictable hour. The tension building inside every one of us will explode into a sea of crushed aluminum and dried vomit on some Wednesday morning as the members of the sober tribe drowsily make their way to their (possibly) still intact automobiles to drive to "work."

To conclude this brief and spatially restrained exploration into these two separate worlds, I beg of you all, please be tolerant of our different lifestyles. All we ask is an honest attempt to understand. To whomever the mysterious cop dialer may be: one night a month, just one night. May the great elephant in the sky shine down upon you with his trunk and tenderly nudge you in the right direction. Respect. ☺

# Hot Stove Preview

BY EVANS CLINCHY

The winter of 2005 will be an active one on Major League Baseball's Hot Stove. Almost 200 players have filed for free agency, several teams have made major changes in their front offices, and the past two World Series champions, the Chicago White Sox and Boston Red Sox, both have serious questions to be answered before the first pitch is thrown in 2006.

**Boston will now have to address the Manny situation, while at the same time attempting to retain All-Star outfielder Johnny Damon—both without the help of a general manager.**

The White Sox's first order of business is the re-signing of star slugger Paul Konerko, who led the team's offense with 40 homers in 2005. Konerko, now a free agent, will most likely either stay in Chicago or head to the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim, who are looking to add a big bat to put alongside Vladimir Guerrero.

Chicago GM Kenny Williams is also hoping to hold on to designated hitter Carl Everett, and to re-sign Sox legend Frank Thomas. Thomas, whom Williams considers "the greatest hitter in White Sox history," had his contract bought out by the team last week, but may end up returning to the South Side for a lower price than the \$8 million he made in 2005.

If the White Sox manage can keep their lineup intact, they could contend for a repeat performance in 2006. However, the Angels are working on putting together a pennant-winning lineup of their own. If they can't land Konerko, they will try to pursue Red Sox superstar Manny Ramirez, who has asked to leave Boston.

The Red Sox have several chinks in their armor, as GM Theo Epstein has resigned and his former assistant

Josh Byrnes is now running the Arizona Diamondbacks. Boston will have to address the Manny situation, while at the same time attempting to retain All-Star outfielder Johnny Damon—both without the help of a general manager.

The Red Sox are also one of several teams—among them the New York Yankees, the Philadelphia Phillies, the Toronto Blue Jays, and the Texas Rangers—who may look to add an arm to their starting rotation. The Blue Jays

are the front-runners in the fight for ex-Marlin A.J. Burnett, who is possibly the best starter on the market. But there are several other starting pitchers on the market this winter that could be changing uniforms.

Matt Morris, an eight-year veteran of the St. Louis Cardinals rotation, is a free agent. The Cards just exercised their option to retain pitcher Jeff Suppan, and the 24-year-old Anthony Reyes is waiting in the wings, so it appears likely that Morris is on the way out.

Angel pitchers Jarrod Washburn and Paul Byrd are also on the free-agent market, and both appear unlikely to return to Anaheim. Other free-agent starters include the Indians' Kevin Millwood, the Yankees' Kevin Brown, and the Rangers' Kenny Rogers.

One factor that sets this winter's free agent market apart is the depth of available relief pitching. Billy Wagner, one of the game's premier closers, is on the market, and both the New York Mets and Detroit Tigers are in the hunt to land the powerful southpaw, who is still going strong at age 34.

If the Mets don't sign Wagner, they

will pursue Tom Gordon, who is currently the setup man for Mariano Rivera of the Yankees. Gordon is a free agent, but Yankee GM Brian Cashman has expressed interest in re-signing him. In addition to Wagner and Gordon, a plethora of other relievers are on the market this winter. Trevor Hoffman is considering leaving San Diego after 13 years of service with the Padres. The Orioles' B.J. Ryan, the Pirates' Jose Mesa, and the Phillies' Ugueth Urbina are all free agents, and the Mets are in danger of losing their entire bullpen trio of Braden Looper, Danny Graves, and Roberto Hernandez.

Billy Beane of the Oakland Athletics could be in the process of completely rebuilding his pitching staff. In Oakland's small market, Beane has been known for dealing big-name players away before their contracts expire, in order to stay afloat on a small budget. The As now look poised to build their bullpen around 22-year-old Huston Street, as former closer Octavio Dotel is on the way out. The one question remaining is: is Barry Zito the next man to go? Zito has been the staff ace in Oakland for years, but his contract expires next winter, and Beane doesn't have the money to retain him. Zito may end up being the biggest name on the trading block this off-season.

Another big name in the trade rumors is Philadelphia first baseman Jim Thome. Thome still has three years remaining on his contract, but the Phillies are ready to invest their future in youngster Ryan Howard at first. Not many teams can afford to pay the superstar Thome, but the Minnesota Twins are rumored to be interested.

Other position players who may appear in the hot stove rumors are Padre outfielder Brian Giles, who may end up in Cleveland, Atlanta Braves shortstop Rafael Furcal, who is being pursued by both the Mets and the Chicago Cubs, and the Cubs' Nomar Garciaparra, who would like to play on the West Coast.

Several of baseball's big-name free

agents are players nearing the ends of their careers. At age 37, Mets catcher Mike Piazza has taken a turn for the worst defensively, and is looking to sign with an American League team who can use him as a DH. Journeyman second baseman Roberto Alomar is a free agent again, after leaving the Tampa Bay Devil Rays. Alomar will be 38 when spring training begins next season, so it remains to be seen whether he will catch on with the ninth team of his career.

The Baltimore Orioles are losing a pair of sluggers this offseason in right fielder Sammy Sosa and first baseman Rafael Palmeiro. Sosa had a miserable first season in Baltimore and appears unlikely to stay, while Palmeiro, who at age 41 lies at the center of baseball's steroid controversy, may never play again.

As the game's superstar sluggers, ace pitchers, and seasoned veterans begin to change hands this offseason, Indian Wells, California is the center of the baseball universe, as baseball's general managers meet this week for this offseason's winter meetings. Now that the pennant races are over and the world champions have been crowned, baseball's real drama is ready to begin. ☉



COURTESY OF CNN.COM

*David Ortiz may not have the bat of Manny Ramirez to protect him in the lineup next season.*

# NFL Mid-Season Review

BY SARINA MATHAI

There was once a time when Pat Tagliabue could boast of the parity in the NFL and how unlike other leagues like MLB and the NBA, any team had a chance to win the illustrious Lombardi Trophy in February. However, as the 2005 NFL season comes to its halfway point, fans have a good idea of the teams that will stick around for playoff action and the teams that will start looking at the draft quite soon. Let's just say that those on the Detroit and Arizona bandwagons at the start of this season should speedily start to scramble off before the wheels fall completely off. Then again, a team could completely melt down and all I can say about that is its just another case of the NFL being the NFL.

## GET THEE TO AN INFIRMARY

When the New England Patriots opened the 2005 NFL season with a 30-20 victory over the Oakland Raiders, Rodney Harrison, Kevin Mawae, Kris Jenkins, Chad Pennington, Ed Reed, and Priest Holmes were just among the NFL super stars eagerly waiting to create some carnage on the football field while Tedy Bruschi was presumably going to have to watch from the sidelines.

As it turns out, the NFL proves itself once again to be one of the more unpredictable leagues in sports as all of the aforementioned players have seen their fortunes reversed. Harrison, Pennington, Reed, etc. are only a handful among the many, and I stress *many*, injuries that have plagued teams across the league. Other notable players who are out for the season include Jevon Walker, Deuce McAllister, Takeo Spikes, Flozell Adams, and Michael Lewis.

The biggest surprise injury-wise may not be who is off the field this season but who has returned to the field. New England Patriots linebacker, Tedy Bruschi,

shocked all of New England and most of the football-viewing world when he announced that he would return to the field after suffering a near fatal stroke and surgery that repaired a hole in his heart this February. There were some who even thought that the 32-year-old Bruschi might never grace the gridiron ever again.

Yet if one looks closely at the entire situation, there have been hints from the beginning of the season that Bruschi would return. Eyebrows were raised at the announcement that Bruschi would be played on the PUP (Physically Unable to Perform) list instead of the Injured Reserve that would have ended Bruschi's season from the start. By placing him on the PUP list, it gave Bruschi the option of returning at Week Six of the NFL season if he chooses. If Bruschi hadn't given the indication that he would be returning this season, why would he be placed on the PUP instead of the IR? Furthermore, the Boston media noted that Bruschi would be seen working out continuously at Gillette Stadium and with the team.

Bruschi's return has basically wrapped up the Comeback Player of the Year award in a nice, little package for him. What Bruschi did this season shows the kind of player he truly is. It is amazing that his immense and unconditional love for the game and his team has willed him back to the field that he has championed and conquered for the past 10 seasons.

## EVERYBODY HATES TERRELL

His sudden suspension has been long overdue. What a long, crazy trip it has been for the Philadelphia Eagles organization and fans that have had to deal with this prima donna on and off the field.

Poor Donovan McNabb. Due to the lack of a strong running game and Andy Reid's insistence on passing the ball a league-high 73% of the time, he has been forced to throw over 40 attempts per





game while simultaneously dealing with a blindingly painful Sports Hernia. Why not top this so-far dreadful season off with a little bit of Terrell Owens drama?

McNabb diplomatically has repeatedly addressed his situation with Owens since questions of their relationship flared midway through last season and especially after Owens made disparaging remarks about McNabb after the Super Bowl. The boiling point came this past weekend when it was reported that Owens and Hugh Douglas engaged in a locker room fisticuffs and then Owens continued to challenge anyone who talked behind his back (most believe this was directed towards McNabb himself).

Enough is enough. It's time for the Eagles to ditch Owens and frankly, good riddance. Yes, he is a phenomenal talent who has the ability to single-handedly change the course of a football game, but one could argue Terry Glenn had been a similar player a couple of seasons ago. Like Owens, Glenn became a locker room cancer and Bill Belichick was not going to have any of it and discarded him as soon as he possibly could. And the rest is how New England fans know, history.

Honestly though, do you think that Terrell Owens would have lasted this long on a Bill Belichick-coached team? Would Terrell Owens even make a Bill Belichick-coached team? The answer is no because it seems like players like him do not seem to learn. Eagles fans should not lament this loss, but instead should embrace it because its time to take the spotlight away from the attention-craving two-year-old that is T.O. and put the emphasis on the team like it should have always been.

#### SPEAKING OF THE EAGLES ...

For the first time in the Andy Reid era in Philadelphia, the Eagles might not make the playoffs. Right now, the teams sitting on the top of the NFC are the New York Giants, Carolina Panthers, Atlanta Falcons, and Seattle Seahawks.

Eli Manning is quickly turning into the quarterback the Giants hoped they had drafted. On Sunday, his late game management kept the San Francisco 49ers from pulling off an upset. The fate of this team rests on his shoulders and now the only question is whether or not he can

support of that weight.

The earthquake that was felt in NFL nation in week three of the season was actually not an earthquake at all. Instead, it was the rush of all people jumping off the Carolina Panther bandwagon. Now it seems as if everyone's trying to rush back on considering they have turned it around and are tied for the NFC South lead with the Atlanta Falcons. The Tampa Bay Buccaneers are close behind, but by the end of the season, it will be a two-team race for the NFC South title and the higher playoff seed. However, with the MVP caliber year Steve Smith has been having so far, Carolina could possibly have the first seed in the NFC. Seattle has an outside chance of grabbing the number one seed considering the strength of their

## Is this the year Peyton Manning and the Colts win it all?

5-3 record is questionable. Time will tell, as it often does with the Seahawks, whether or not they are for real or not.

#### AND LET'S NOT FORGET ABOUT THE AFC

I think I am not going out on a limb here when I say that the Indianapolis Colts are the best team in the NFL. For the first time in a long time, Peyton Manning does not have to worry about carrying the entire team on his back. In fact, fantasy football geeks are complaining about the lack of "production" from Manning this year despite his 7-0 record this year. Since most defenses tend to concentrate on the Colts' passing game so much, they leave the running game wide open and as a result, Edgerrin James is leading the league in rushing and Manning and his receivers have a slight drop in their numbers.

More importantly, the Colts' defense is much better than in years past. Dwight Freeney will get all the ink, just as he deserves to since he is such a massive force in the Indy D-Line but he doesn't even lead his team in sacks. That honor goes to Robert Mathis who leads the entire league in sacks with eight. An underrated and surprising player this year has been linebacker Cato June who already has five interceptions, two of which have

been run back for touch downs. With their speedier defense and more balanced offense, it's going to be hard for any team, even the Patriots who seem to rattle Indy every time they play, to beat them. The Jacksonville Jaguars could pose a threat since they are in the same division, but they might just end up as a wild card team. The Jaguars have been disappointing anyway. They have underachieved despite the talent they have on the team. Every game seems to be a struggle when they should be beating teams like Houston by 20-plus points.

The rest of the AFC is a toss up, especially the AFC East where the Patriots could possibly win the division with an 8-8 or 9-7 record. The once powerhouse division is one of the weaker divisions in football this year where every team seems to have been decimated with injuries.

The AFC West still stands strong with the Denver Broncos leading the way with their impressive 6-2 record. Their running game is solid as usual and while their defense can be susceptible to the pass at times, they are balanced on both sides of the ball. However, I cannot fully trust a team led by Jake Plummer, despite his impressive statistics this season. Coach Mike Shanahan has purposely limited Plummer's attempts this season to minimize his exposure and I do not blame him. The Chiefs and Raiders also pose a threat but neither team seems as balanced as Denver.

Besides the Pittsburgh Steelers and Cincinnati Bengals, the rest of the AFC is pretty much mediocre. Many of the teams have either been disappointing (Baltimore, New York and the rest of the AFC East), have been inundated by injuries (Tennessee, Oakland), or just do not have the talent (Cleveland, Houston).

The Super Bowl this year in Detroit will probably be a match up the current best teams in each conference. Peyton Manning could have his first chance to win a ring and mix-up the Brady vs. Manning argument even further, or the Carolina Panthers could try to win the Super Bowl Championship that they were one Adam Vinatieri field goal short from winning.

But then again, knowing the NFL and its oscillating nature, I could be completely wrong. ☹





# pen Forum

If you were in charge of allocating Tufts recent acquisition of \$100M, what would you do with it?



“Squash courts and escalators on the Memorial Steps.”  
—Sarah Lucas and Sarah Rothstein, '06



“I would donate it to the severely underfunded athletics department.”  
—Steve Poon, '08



“I would buy all the houses on College Ave. and make them upperclass housing.”  
—Brian Yun, '06



“Redo jumbo. He’s falling to pieces and that makes me sad.”  
—Debbie Sleeper, '07



“I think our campus needs some art; a giant modern sculpture for example.”  
—Jared Rubinstein, '06

—Compiled by Rachel Geylin





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