

# TUFTS OBSERVER

MAY 23, 2010

VOLUME CXX / ISSUE 8

COMMENCEMENT  
ISSUE



# FEATURED ARTICLES



## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The *Observer's* editor emeritus reflects on his Tufts career

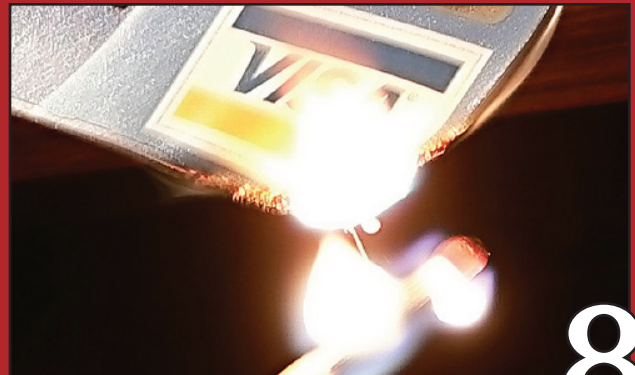
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*The Observer* has been Tufts' publication of record since 1895. Our dedication to in-depth reporting, journalistic innovation and honest dialogue has remained intact for over a century. Today, we offer insightful news analysis, cogent and diverse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



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Since 1895

Volume CXXII, Issue 8

Tufts' Student Magazine

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## CONTRIBUTORS

Alex Blum

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Since  
**1895**



# Notes

BY DANIEL ROSEN

Nearly four years after lining up at the cannon to begin my Tufts experience, I find myself just a few steps away, sitting in a round cubicle in the Tisch Library. To my right, one student nervously bites the straw of a cup of iced coffee while skimming the pages of a physics textbook; to my left, another student designs a flyer for a community health clinic. In a sense, this scene represents the two sides of Tufts—the two reasons we are here. On the diploma that each of the roughly 1200 students of the class of 2010 will receive will be one of many academic degrees Tufts offers its graduates, from a Bachelor of Science in Biomedical Engineering to a Bachelor of Arts in English. Every degree represents the hundreds of hours of classes, reading, writing, researching and late nights that, ostensibly, is the core of the college experience. Yet the diploma represents something more: our achievements outside of the classroom, those that are of equal import and could only happen in a college atmosphere, but are not recognized with a grade. However, these are often the accomplishments we remember and the lessons we carry forward for the rest of our lives.

My time at Tufts began years ago, the moment I was suddenly left standing in my dorm room, awkwardly forcing conversation with my roommate. It was a sobering moment: as I thought about everything I had left behind—friends, family, the comforts of home—I wondered how I could possibly start over again. Then, out of nowhere, a neighbor poked his head in my door and introduced himself. Before I knew it we were running through the hall, door-by-door, introducing ourselves, gathering our hallmates, laughing along the way. The next day I found myself squished into the backseat of a tiny car heading to Tar-

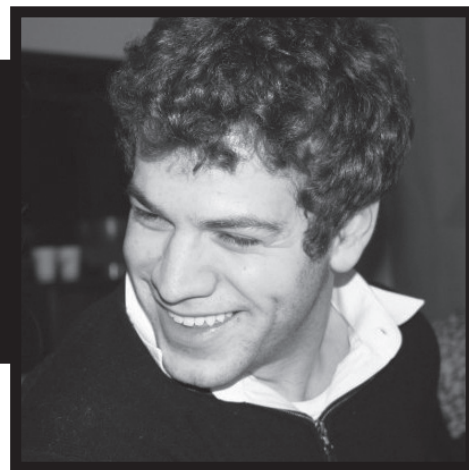
get with four other students, one of whom was stretched across my lap. 24 hours ago I didn't know they existed; four years later I call them my best friends.

Such is the magic of college, an environment where, having abandoned all that we know, we are forced to recreate our lives. In the process we constantly reevaluate and redefine our priorities and identity. With our slates wiped clean and a new array of influences surrounding us—new friends, professors and alternative viewpoints—we find new outlets for our creativity and passion. Soon, we had new ideas about who we are, what we care about and what we wanted to do with our time at Tufts. From these new ideas came many of the achievements we celebrate and reflect on today.

The extracurricular accomplishments of our class are incredible and wide-ranging. One student, for example, created a thriving NGO dedicated to reducing political violence in Kenya. Another helped found an energy consulting group, offering advice on renewable energy sources to cities throughout New England. These achievements, though not tied to the classroom experience, would not be possible without the underlying support that the Tufts University community provided.

In the pages of this issue of the *Observer*, two graduating seniors—Elizabeth Herman and Alex Kahn—write about ideas that came from the classroom but were executed outside of it. They demonstrate that while we've learned a lot about the structural integrity of bridges and the Yanomami people of South America, how we apply that knowledge outside of the classroom matters just as much and, for many of us, will be the part of our Tufts experience that carries on for the rest of our lives.

Of course, some of the most important accomplishments are not necessarily



ones that will be recognized in public. In the fresh, new environment that college provides, the personal transformations that take place are often mind-boggling. One friend transformed from a shy and insecure individual into a confident and effective leader of a large student organization. I've watched students find themselves and help others do the same. Others have become accomplished musicians, writers, artists—all at Tufts, at a pace so rapid it's easy to forget a change ever occurred.

None of these achievements would be possible without the incredible sense of community we have here. As the editor of the *Observer* I often witnessed the power of a strong community. Writers with only the slightest hint of confidence in their own work have become the editors of others. Students with a vague conception of design have helped redesign a 115 year-old publication. Even I, for years reluctant to take the lead or initiative on anything, have managed to develop the skills necessary to be editor-in-chief. All this would not be possible without the encouragement, support and instruction that so many at Tufts are so eager to provide.

To my fellow graduating seniors: As we walk off that stage, diploma in hand, many thoughts will be racing through our minds, one of which may be "it's over." Yes, our time at Tufts may have come to an end, but the lessons we have learned here, the accomplishments we have made, and the transformations that have occurred will endure. Instead of just thinking about the future, think about the past, and how everything that we've learned, done and become in the last four years will affect our next fifty. □





BY KATIE CHRISTIANSEN

**W**e have to come to live in a climate in which graduate school right after graduation seems like an increasingly comforting choice. The job market sucks and every member of the class of 2010 from every college in the country is vying for the same four spots. Real world? Not so much. But for three intrepid Tufts grads, there was a third option: start a company.

"We had the opportunity to delve very deep into the Renewable Energy industry while at Tufts through the Energy Security Initiative (now the Tufts Energy Forum)," said co-founder Jesse Gossett, '08. "Through this experience, we realized there was this massive sector that you didn't learn about in school."

Gossett and fellow starter-up Jayson Uppal '08 recognized a lack of depth in the alternative energy field and from the bowels of Tilton Hall in 2006, Emergent Energy Group was born.

"At Tufts I took a class called Energy Economics where I saw an opportunity to bridge the gap between finance and renewable energy," noted Patrick Schaufelberger '08 of his entrée into the energy sector. "Emergent is a Tufts startup, so it made sense to start there."

With Earth Day just behind us and promising amounts of environmental legislature on the Congressional table, renewable energy has become one of the most hotly contested and fastest growing sectors of the energy market. While the United States is a bit behind the curve in comparison to European markets in Italy and Germany, two of the largest consumers of photovoltaic energy, it is quickly catching up as both providers and consumers of energy are sitting up and taking notice stateside.

"At Tufts I studied Civil Engineering and Urban Planning," said Uppal. "Through this experience it became immediately apparent to me that there are major economic and environmental hurdles on a regional and local level that are currently hindering growth in this country."

But there's a marked difference between a startup that purports to do something and fizzles out and a startup that actually makes strides in its formative years. Fortunately for this trio of Jumbos, Emergent seems to fall into the latter category.

"Green energy today makes sense from a financial and political standpoint. We help educate our clients on the economic benefits of going green with on-site solar power systems," explained Schaufel-

berger. "The increased complexity of state and federal incentives and regulations governing renewable energy development has created confusion and uncertainty for many schools and universities."

According to the New York Times' "Green" blog, the United States Treasury appropriated \$81 million worth of grants for solar-electric energy in 2009, a move that clearly highlights the U.S.' steady shift toward the use of more sustainable energy. Whether or not renewable energy will one day be the bedrock of American consumption remains to be seen, but Emergent knows where it stands.

"We help to simplify the process by being the one-stop shop that can handle both the technical and financial aspects of a project," said Schaufelberger. "The political atmosphere surrounding renewable energy has certainly worked in our favor. Today, people are truly interested in learning about different technologies like solar, wind and biomass."

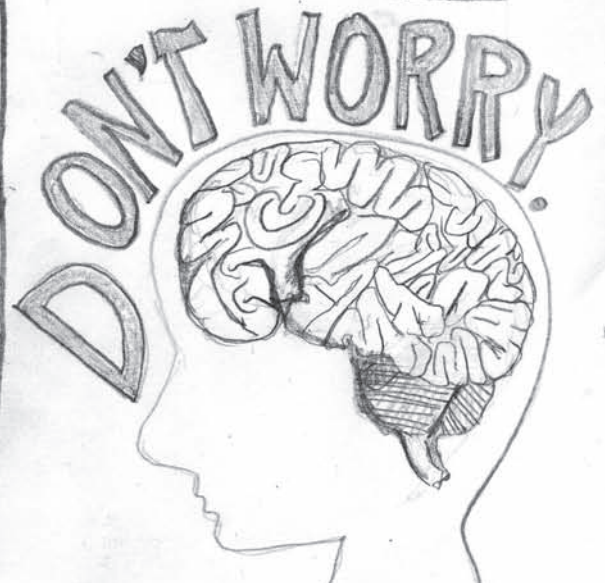
Gossett wholeheartedly agreed, putting Emergent's essence into a tidy phrase: "Our long term goal is to be a holistic, technologically agnostic renewable energy developer." □

*Katie Christiansen is a rising senior majoring in French and Latin American Studies.*





BY: LAUREN







Good Morning!



HERSTIK



Wear these!



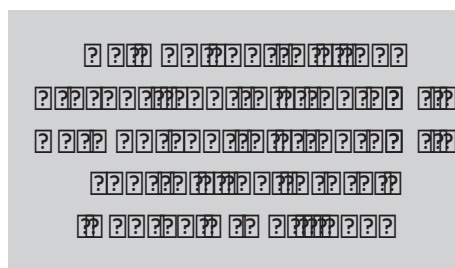
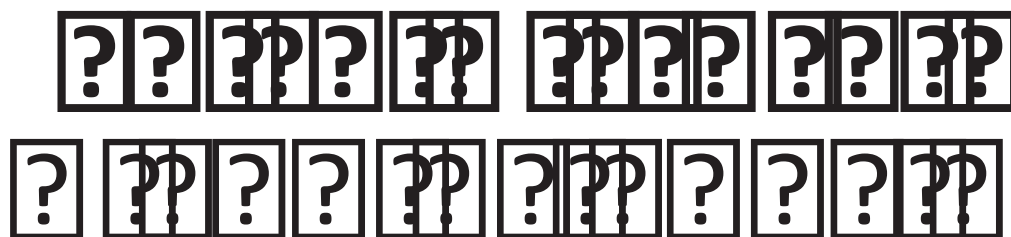
Ready for work?

IT'S ALL  
IN YOUR  
HEAD



Welcome home!





Think back to your high school history textbook. How many hours did you spend bent over its pages, copying “key terms” onto flashcards the night before an exam? How often did you complain of the added weight to you backpack?

How often did you question what was written within its pages?

For me, the answer to that last question was *never*. History textbooks were an authority on their subject. Who were they written by? Teachers and historians, I assumed. People who knew how to write *objectively* on events of the past, to distill the “important stuff” from the rest.

Yet, now on the other side of a thesis written on the construction of narratives of September 11, 2001 in high school history textbooks from ten countries around the world, my preconceptions have been completely erased. Narratives of the past reflect dynamics of the present, as they are constantly “redefined and rewritten based on variables such as changing social mores and political dynamics” (Rossery 2003:2). In *The Politics of the Textbook*, Michael Apple and Linda K. Christian-Smith maintain that “though textbooks pretend to teach neutral, legitimate knowledge, they are often used as ‘ideological tools to promote a certain belief system and legitimize an established political and social order’ (Apple et al 1991:10). Textbooks revisions are frequently employed by political elites to propagate ideas and ideals that will serve important political endpoints, forging new national identities consistent with specific political aims.

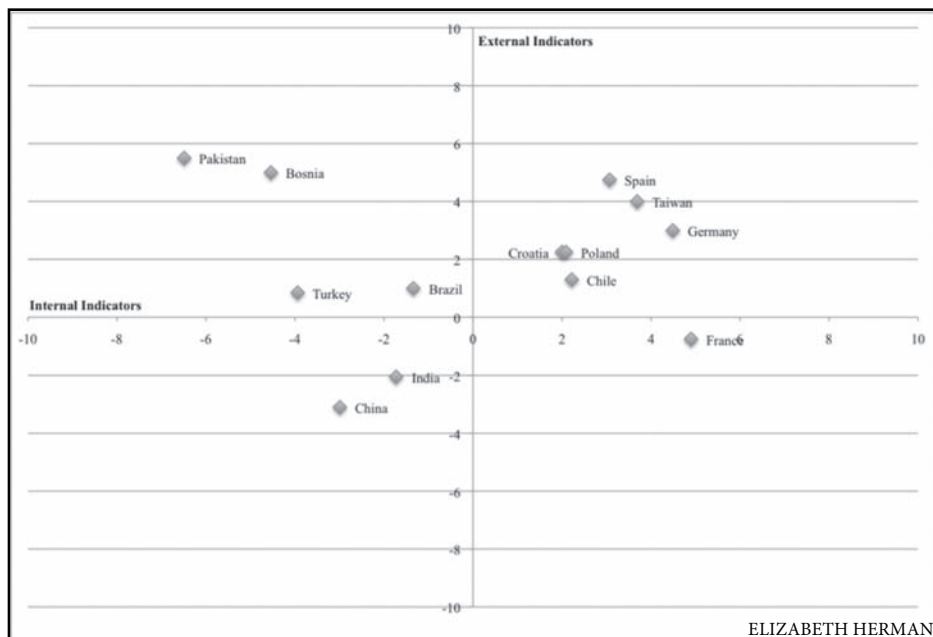
I set out to examine these concepts by studying the differences in the way the events of 9/11 were being written into the textbooks of high school history textbooks from ten countries around the world: Brazil, Chile, France, Germany, India, Pakistan, People's Republic of China (China), Republic of China (Taiwan), and Spain, and the United States. In order to capture these often-subtle differences in textbook narratives, I constructed a typology that consisted of ten questions. Additionally, to measure the political agenda and characteristics of each nation, I established a set of eight indicators, each of which would predict a specific part of the analysis. They were split into two groups, namely (1) **internal indicators**, which measured internal political characteristics of the given nation, such as the effectiveness of its government and the religious composition of its population, and (2) **external indicators**, which measure the nation's political, economic, and military alliances with the United States. In order to ensure the integrity of the study—so I wasn't simply cherry picking measures that would produce results that supported my hypothe-

sis—I selected these indicators before I saw the textbook narratives.

The results were astonishing.

For each nation, the narratives strongly followed the predictions of the set of eight indicators, which encompassing the description of the actors, the number of alternative views provided, the tone adopted in regard to the “war on terror,” as well as the view of the United States and the country’s own standing within the narrative. Deviation from the anticipated results occurred in countries with a higher level of freedom of speech, as textbook from these countries provided a greater number of perspectives and prompts for critical within their narratives. While I could speak to the results for the country-specific analysis for pages and pages, we’ll let a simple diagram do the talking for now.

In the figure below, countries are plotted according to the value of the eight indicators. The narratives of countries in Quadrant I (upper-right) have an emphasis on 9/11







similar to that in US textbooks, and a generally positive view of US actions abroad. The narratives of countries in Quadrant II (upper-left) stress different aspects of 9/11, but maintain a positive overall perspective. The narratives of countries in Quadrant III (lower left) have a more critical position on the United States, and their narratives focus generally on different aspects of 9/11 than the United States. Countries in Quadrant IV (lower-right) have narratives with emphases similar to the US in regard to 9/11, but maintain negative stances on US actions; this is the least common combination of internal and external characteristics.

I have found that overall, the patterns illustrated in the figure to the bottom left strongly reflect those observed in the narratives analyzed. The higher on the Y-axis a given country is situated, the more positive (or conversely, the less critical) its views on US actions in its textbook narratives. The more negative a country falls on the X-axis, the more one-dimensional and divergent from the US with regard to 9/11 its narratives.

In addition to country-specific variation, I found fascinating patterns between regional and political groupings. For example, in South Asia, the relationship between India and the United States is a theme throughout the Pakistani narratives, with the “warmth of relationship” between the US and Pakistan, and the US an India driving a large portion of the narrative, and leading into the description of the events of 9/11. On the other hand, in East Asia, Taiwan uses 9/11 as a metaphor for its own struggle for independence, examining dimensions of ethnic conflict through the lens of the event. In Western Europe, the event is used to highlight Islamophobic tensions, and as an example of threats against symbols of freedom and Western strength. In each regional grouping, the narrative on 9/11 is constructed so as to relate to local events, thereby providing a forum for the dis-

cussion of relevant and politically sensitive issues.

In regard to political and military alliances, all NATO members had narratives that strongly emphasized the importance and success of the Afghanistan war. On the other hand, the rising powers of Brazil, India, and China—three out of four of the so-called BRIC nations—address American dominance in a remarkably different manner than other countries in the sample. All of these countries challenge American authority, strongly rebuking US-led military actions abroad and emphasizing the lack of consensus in the international community. They all speak of the importance of multilateralism. Furthermore, while both Chinese and Indian narratives address US hegemony, they do so in significantly different ways. While the narrative in India’s national-level textbook discusses American hegemony as likely to wane in the future, Chinese narratives speak of waning American hegemony as “an irresistible tide of history”—a process in progress. Strikingly, these tones directly reflect the countries’ current political prominence; both are strong powers, yet China has more influence than India.

How are these narratives constructed? While the substitution of a single word—*incident* for *attack*, *grievous* rather than *horrific*—may not seem significant, the impact on the narrative is substantial. All of the choices made in the creation of a narrative—the space devoted to the event, the phrases, the images, and the sentence constructions—combine to produce a distinct viewpoint and message. Analysis of these individual components and the tone they generate allows for comparison of the messages from distinct narratives, as well as insight into how they can lead to different interpretations of the same events. By choosing to focus on specific aspects of an account, the narrative engenders *selective learning*, creating a distinct dominant narrative, a pattern seen repeatedly throughout this survey. Through selective inclusions, omissions, emphases, and de-emphases, narratives of the past can be molded to directly reflect and reinforce current political agendas and aims.

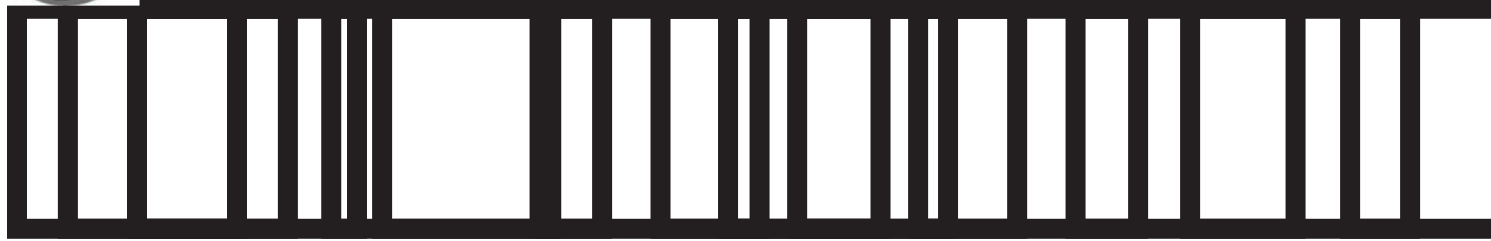
Admittedly, such narrative manipulation is not new; it has been used in curriculum construction to establish and reinforce a national identity since the invention of the nation-state (Anderson 1995). A “stable past” is necessary to “validate tradition, to confirm

our own identity, and to make sense of the present” (Lowenthal 1985: 263). To create this distinct identity, however, nations have often had to define an out-group—the “them”—in order to establish to cohesive in-group—the “us.” While textbooks have the ability to “convey a global understanding of history and of the rules of society as well as norms of living with other people,” the comparison of these various narratives clearly revealed that textbooks of the present are not building bridges, but are rather creating boundaries by emphasizing individual political aims (Schissler 1989: 81). Today, when sustained success requires global cooperation and transnational alliances, textbooks that foster internationalization rather than divisions are not simply an ideal, but an imperative.

How can textbook narratives be used in foreign affairs? Firstly, they can serve as indicators of dominant attitudes. This analysis has indicated how narratives reflect political beliefs, and therefore should be a call for additional studies of this kind, incorporating a larger sample of countries. Second, textbooks can and should be used to foster understanding. The negative depiction of US bravado and unilateralism in textbook after textbook should serve as a warning to the US, illustrating the need for increased communication and exchange of ideas. Increased efforts to develop international textbooks, with narratives formulated by multiple countries, would be one way to achieve this goal. Such narratives would incorporate multiple perspectives, providing students with the opportunity to synthesize various interpretations and reach their own conclusions.

It is this last point that holds the most promise—while educators may not be able to much influence textbook narratives written and produced at the state level, they do have the ability to teach students to read beyond these narratives. Even an exercise as simple as providing students with these various narratives of 9/11, and asking them to analyze and consider why different countries would write about the same event in such starkly different ways could be a vital lesson in learning how to read and synthesize history. Teaching students to think critically and to synthesize multiple perspectives on a single issue empowers them to view events from different viewpoints, and is thus central to fostering the “global understanding of history” articulated above. □





might've made some poor decisions recently. A lot of people think so. My parents keep going on and on. "You nearly didn't graduate. Almost ruined your life. Not to mention how much of our money you could have wasted. How could you do it?" Well, I'll tell you. It all made sense at the time.

About a month before I should have graduated, stepped forth into the "real world" with my lofty degree, bent upon changing the world one menial and then slightly less menial job at a time, I had to go to the bank. I had woken up early, 10:33 am, but not early enough to feel that relaxed, ain't-life-grand, sensation I knew so well. You see, I had to shower and sort some issues out at the bank before my 11:30am Cultural Films, Gender, Race, Interpretative Dance Studies class and complete my badminton homework. My father had transferred ("infused" I like to say) \$400 into my credit account the day before. That was nice of him, but I had filed my request two days before and now I couldn't feel certain I would have cash in time to buy tickets to the senior week, all-you-can-drink BBQ. How could I possibly enjoy the week long commemoration of my six hard years of school without attending? The problem was, when he infused me last week and I withdrew the funds, I saw that the damn bank charges a \$10 cash advance fee. It just seems ridiculous to pay my own money to get my own money. That would be like if I lent my friend my bicycle and then when I needed it back he kept the handle bars. I figured that if I went down to the actual bank headquarters, explained what I learned from my Theories of Injustice class, and then smiled and

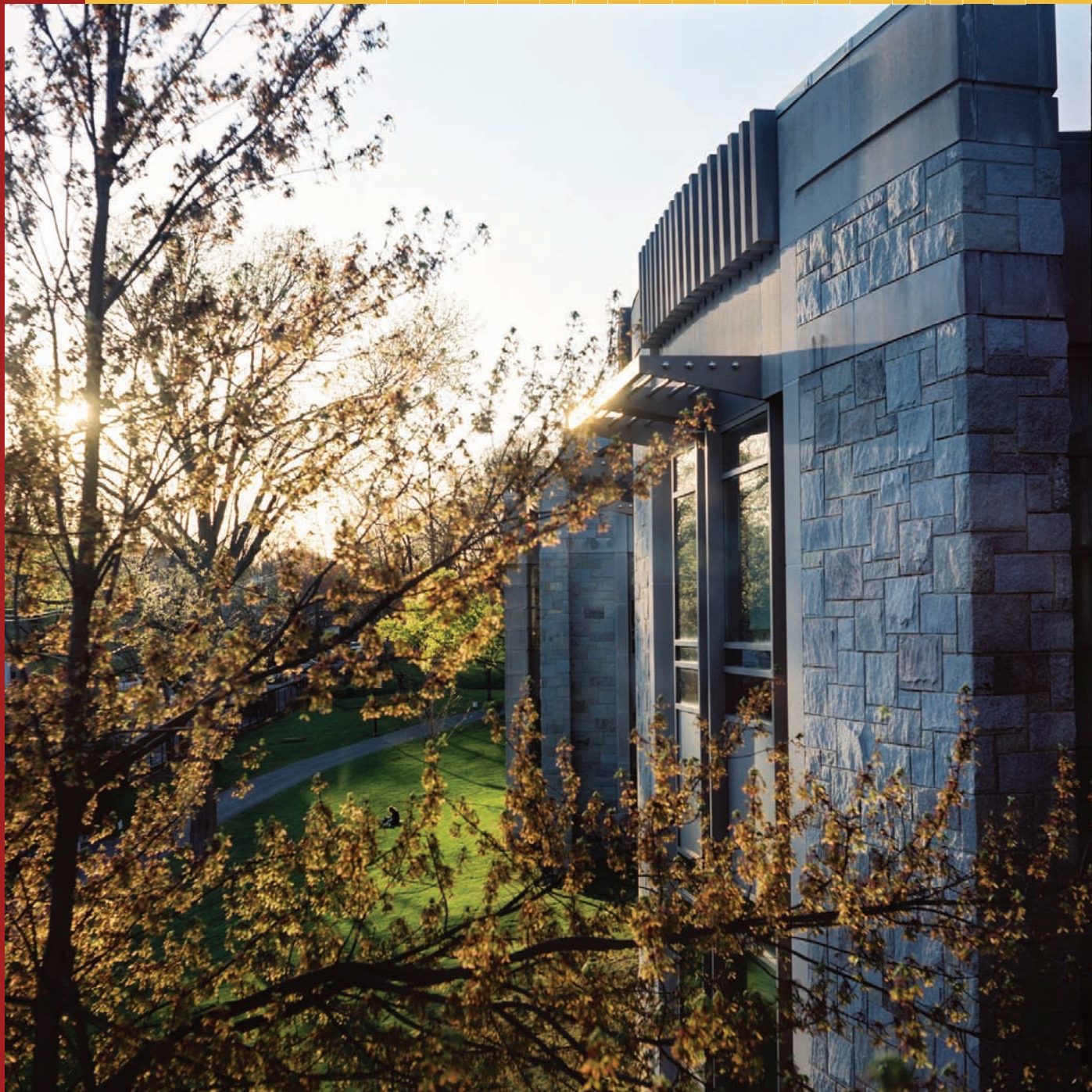
told them I was a privileged, white male with a nearly Ivy League-quality education, I might not have to pay the aforementioned fee. How very wrong I was!

I drove down to a certain hip, modestly sized town square a mere four minutes drive, twelve minutes walk, or, the preferred option amongst students, fifteen minutes wait for the bus and then five minutes bus ride, from campus. I saw weirdos everywhere – middle-aged, chubby, besuited adults nibbling on low-carb wraps and, I hate to say it, working. They looked defeated. They spoke without abbreviations and said absurd things like "please" and "thank you." I started to feel like the world held no meaning, like the future would slowly crush my dreams until I died a slow and painful death, alone. Then I drank a latte and felt better.

Upon entering the bank, in all its right-angled, inside-voices, cream-colored walls glory, it became clear that my plans might not go as planned; there was a line. A three-person line. I don't know if many of you have ever had to endure the indignity of getting money for yourself, but the bank line moves slowly. In front of me, the elderly Ms. Schwartzbaum, all hunched back and shaky, apparently couldn't find her ID and she couldn't deposit her teacher's pension check without it. With rickety hands, she rummaged through the immense, golden purse perched upon her walker like a bum (or to be politically correct, "disadvantaged slob" scrounging for soda cans. Just as I opened my mouth to suggest she phone her hospice nurse for assistance, a teller opened up.























First, I asked her to check my balance. I wanted to find out how thoroughly papa bear had infused me. She glanced at me like I'd asked her to research Eastern European Gold Futures for an economics class.

As she typed away she said, quite passive-aggressively, "How has online banking been working out for you?"

"Great, when I'm in front of a computer," I said.

I explained the fee situation to her and then she explained that apparently the rules did apply to me. But, I still couldn't help but notice that the rules sucked.

I finally assented and asked to withdraw all the money in the account since the fee remained the same no matter how much money I received. One of the antiseptic ATM's could have handled this request, but I felt that I had earned the right to demand a little human labor after my wait. The teller, with a slight sneer that held all the arrogance of a national institution, swiped the card. I watched as numbers flashed across the radioactive green screen before it went black. Looking confused, she swiped my card again, hit a few buttons, and then sighed.

"What's the problem?" I said.

"Machine's out," she said.

"Have you tried turning it back on?"

"It's not that simple."

Quickly, I learned that she needed authorization from "national" to turn it back on. And she didn't know if the charge had gone through or not. I had to stick around to see if it had in order to collect the money once attached to my name and now anonymously floating through the stratosphere. The two ATM machines beside me seemed to gloat and say, "Never depend on humans. You will never be free."

"How long is this going to take?" I said, my badminton homework looming.

"Should be about 20 minutes," she said.

"What is this, The Trial?" I asked.

"You already have the full benefits of a member account," she replied. "You don't need a trial."

Bimbo. I shook my head. "And what benefits they are," I said.

I felt like a prisoner, trapped in a world of fees, compounded interest, and bureaucracy. I wanted more freedom. Then it hit me: I wasn't free at all. My life had followed its expected trajectory from my elite pre-school in the suburbs to my elite college in the suburbs and soon to my elite job in the suburbs or, wildly, in a city. All the while I had sucked at the fiscal teat of my father, unaware of the deadly contract I had signed each day of my life – the responsibility of living up to parental expectations of societal success, smiling and nodding as their stodgy friends offered their slippery handshakes, suppressing the furious emotions that boiled within me for the sake of maintaining a decent reputation. No more! I decided right there that it couldn't go on. I had a miserable reputation anyway. I

licked the complimentary lollipop the bank had provided to ease my wait. Though I sat in a rather cushy maroon sofa, I realized I stood at a precipice. My friends and nemeses: I am proud to say I took the leap.

Immediately, I left that mad money house along with a life of mindless servitude, behind. From that moment forth I would only answer to the big man, the top dog, the creator of worlds: me. I let out three celebratory barks as a homeless man stared at me with scorn. Couldn't he see we were blood brothers, anarchists, fellow revolutionaries in a world of chaos? The sheer volume of saliva he spat mere inches from my feet assured me he could not. I gave him my final 44 cents and prayed he would some day see the light. For a moment, my newfound wisdom seemed to demand I write a manifesto to enlighten the masses, but then dimmed. That sounded like a lot of work and you don't have to work when you're free.

This new freedom knew no bounds. Badminton homework? I scoffed. There would be no more mandated deadlines for me. Class? Hells no. And relationships? Who needed 'em? I dialed my roommate Jonathan. The one who had gotten into Harvard Law, owned more Polo shirts than white socks, and never said a bad word about anyone – a real bastard through and through.

"Hello," he said.

"Your pantaloons smell of butterscotch," I said (The shackles of the hello-how-are-you-greeting orthodoxy held me no more).

"Excuse me?"

"Jonnie boy, I wanted to inform you that I can no longer live under the same roof as you. You snide, arrogant bastard! And I'll have you know that you look awful in pastels."

"Are you on drugs?" he asked.

"Yes, I am Jon. Endless hits of a little thing called integrity."

"And you're the arrogant one. Last week you told me you couldn't decide if you wanted to be president or start a new religion."

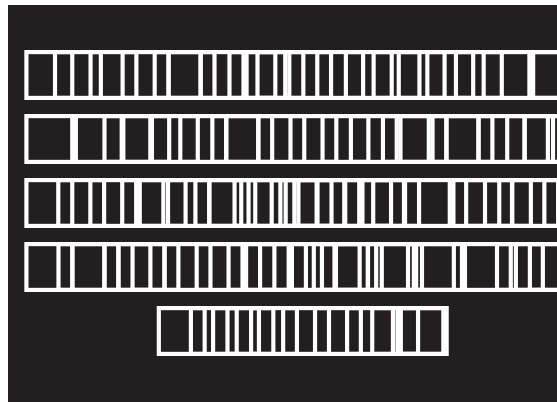
"I've got to go," I said. "There's no time for your nonsensicality."

"That's not even a word."

"Whatever, man. If that's what you need to believe, believe it. Who I am to tell you that you're wasting your life? By the way, rent is due tomorrow."

I hung up. Keep your logic, Jon. I had freedom. And it tasted sweeter than any lollipop the bank ever had.

I stepped out into the middle of the road and danced the Macarena. Then, I sprinted a quarter mile back to campus and walked briskly for the remainder. On a whim, I entered the monolithic chemistry building, with all its data and experiments and chemicals, or so they would have you think. But I didn't see those things. I saw a three story building of lies and death. We all know





that if there was no chemistry, our bodies would never know they get old. Clearly, these benign-looking, white-bearded men were the gatekeepers of immortality.

Through a door's window, I saw 200 students yawning during an introductory chemistry lecture. I could not let this stand. I barged in with a Cosmo Kramer flourish.

"... and so we see the role of polychromase trichrometer in the malformation of a redacted Krebb's cycle," Professor Boring-face said.

"Professa," I said, 200 lobotomized faces turning towards me in unison. "With all of your supposed scientific expertise, perhaps you can clarify something for me."

He looked slightly befuddled, but couldn't resist my challenge to his authority.

"Yes?" he said.

"Is it quicker to New York or by bus?" I said.

Stumpified, he walked to the board, squeezing his chalk in desperation, as if it was the only thing between him and insanity, and began drawing a diagram.

"Maybe this will help," I said and proceeded to disrobe.

"Yes, yes, I see" he said. "Let me go check something in my office."

For five minutes I lectured the class on the well-documented dairy industry food pyramid conspiracy. Just as I meant to conclude with an inspirational call to arms and a march on the Res quad, the professor returned, but not alone. Two security guards flanked his sides.

"You wanna play it that way?" I said and bolted up the aisle towards the exit at the top, naked as the truth. I would have escaped if not for the bespectacled NERD who tripped me with his friggin loafer.

"Betrayal!" I yelled as the security guards dragged me away. My final words echoed through the halls, "Never forget! Never surrender!" And then all was silent.

Know what's worse than a bank line? Prison. For starters, the metal-and-white-walls aesthetic just doesn't work. They should have gone floral. And the peeing in public. Sure, there's a certain exhibitionist thrill at first, but you eventually start to feel sullied. I hate feeling sullied. Worst of all, you can't leave. How am I supposed to get my cardio in? They should have a lap

pool or something. Whatever. My father posted bail a few hours later. During the drive home he refused to look at me. Maybe out of shame, maybe because I was naked. Either way, he gave me some lecture on responsibility and success and self-control, his steak and beer gut drooping over his belt buckle. Once we arrived home, I couldn't help but feel that I had failed. I would never be free. The odds were always stacked against me. I opened the fridge, the mechanically chilled air rushing over my face, and took a gulp of the pink lemonade my mom gets from Trader Joe's. Delicious. With comforts like these what chance did I have?

My parents worried that I had lost my mind. "Split my gourd," as my father put it. However, I had enough unsplit gourd remaining to recognize that my new position had some leverage with my family. What would the Dunhams and the McNiersons and the Medicis say about them if their golden son didn't graduate college?

"I simply cannot return," I told my father, my voice ululating as our massaging recliner went to work on my lower back. "Now that I know the truth, it's just too hard to go on"

"What's the problem, exactly?"

"Everything, Dad. Everything."

"What if I bought you a car?" he said.

"You don't understand."

"And an apartment for next year?"

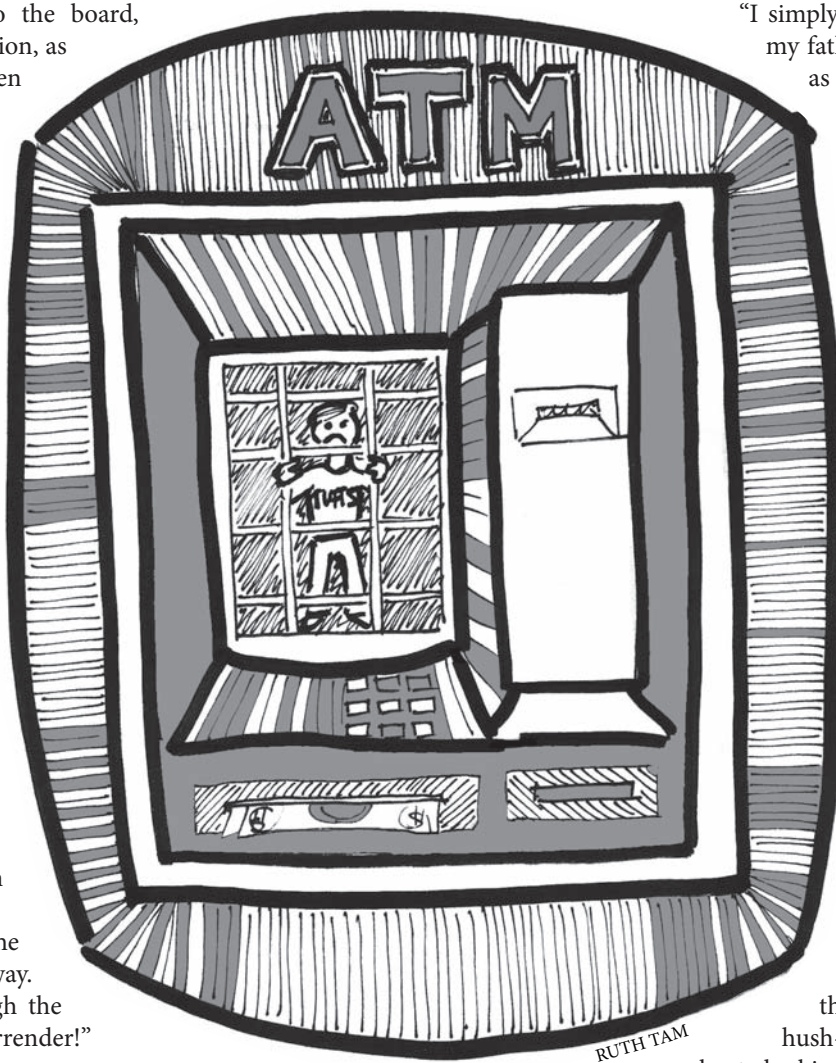
"Deal," I said.

At first, it felt uncomfortable returning to school. Disciplinary action was not a problem. The school's fear of a damaging news story about a de-ranked, fully nude student motivated

them to keep everything hush-hush. But, everyone

kept looking at me. Apparently, word of my exploits had spread more quickly

than that strain of herpes sophomore year. But, it turned out not to be for the reasons I expected. Let's just say no one considered the university the most well-endowed thing on campus anymore: I'm moving to D.C. if you're looking for something to do. Hit me up. □□







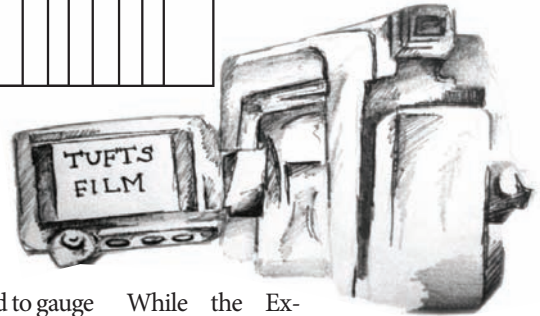
BY ALEX KAHN

This fall semester, world-renowned Argentine filmmaker Fernando Birri decided he wanted to come to America to teach. Widely credited as the “father of the New Latin American cinema”; the founder of two international film schools; and the friend and working partner of Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Eduardo Galleano, and several Latin American heads of state, Birri had his pick of film programs to join, including Stanford and Harvard. Instead, he chose Tufts, and became my professor in the Spanish department’s “Latin American Documentary Workshop.”

Why Tufts? The limited group of students and faculty who were actually aware of his presence couldn’t wrap their heads around it. But for Birri, the choice was obvious: our creative and talented student body, our humble self-image and hard-working faculty, and our emphasis on active citizenship make Tufts one of the best incubators in the country for documentary filmmakers. Yet herein lies the problem: nobody knows this yet.

Then again, “nobody” is an exaggeration. The hundreds of Tufts alums who hold top media positions in Boston, New York, and Los Angeles already know that our school has something special. And, of course, professionals worldwide are, like Professor Birri, already aware of Tufts’ capabilities. It seems that the only group that isn’t already harnessing Tufts’ massive potential in the field of media production is Tufts itself.

How could a school with so many resources and such a high success rate go under the radar for so long? For my Communications and Media Studies senior project, I set out to fix this problem. First, I had to gauge what the student body thought about media production on campus. I took several surveys, and what I found was startling: at this moment, our campus is home to dozens of students actively involved in “new media” production; hundreds more who’d be interested if given the chance; and thousands more who would want to watch, share, or actively participate in stu-



**// Tufts has a film school, it just doesn’t know it yet. //**

dent media. However, those producers don’t have a system for collaboration and resource sharing, those hundreds of prospective filmmakers often wonder where to find support and training, and those thousands of potential media consumers aren’t aware of the multitude of outlets through which they could view content created on their own campus. Could

this haphazard approach to media production keep Tufts from being relevant during the “new media” revolution of the 21<sup>st</sup> century?

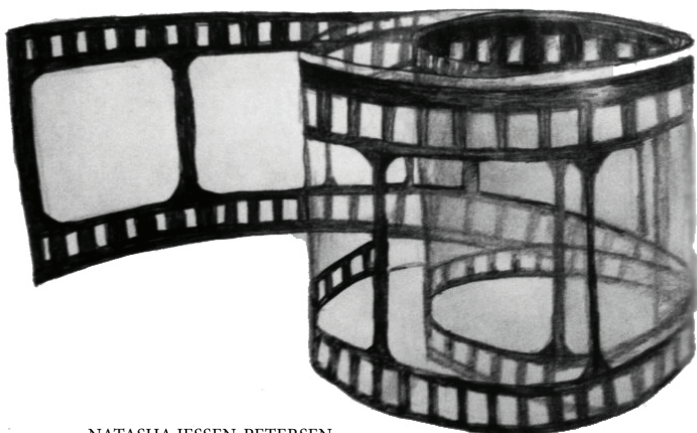
It’s clear that Tufts needs a centralized organization for media: a place where students can go to create, faculty can go to teach and get support, and the outside world can find student portfolios and, eventually, interns and employees.

While the Ex-College offers top-notch introductory classes for both fictional and documentary filmmaking, there is a lack of curricular structure beyond that level, leaving many experienced and enthusiastic students with limited opportunities to pursue their passion for credit. And although the ExCollege also has great equipment and lab space, resources still lacking are collaboration and communication between filmmakers and info/tech support for students and faculty.

The answer that my partner Scott Leighton and I came up with was a new multipurpose website for Tufts Film Works. Together with the creation of a new filmmaking minor, the site will add legitimacy to filmmaking as a curricular option at Tufts. For the hundreds of Tufts students who don’t know where to start, the site provides official information on the classes, labs, and equipment available at the ExCollege. For those already involved in filmmaking, the site provides a forum so that producers can troubleshoot problems, and links to social media so that they can share information about existing projects and collaborate on new ones. And for those looking to watch their friend’s or relative’s or potential employee’s work online, we’re providing easy links and embedded videos.

The tagline for our project has been “Tufts has a film school, it just doesn’t know it yet.” This alludes to not only our knowledgeable faculty and great resources, but also what Tufts something else we have that is even more special: smart, talented, and fiercely independent students who will stop at nothing to create great work. Tufts Film Works will foster discussion and contribute to the formation of a filmmaking community here on campus, which will help all media creators once they reach the working world. □

*Alex Kahn is a graduating senior majoring in international relations.*



NATASHA JESSEN-PETERSEN



## DRESS

*for the*  
INTERVIEW

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As a college student, I'm starting to get used to going to interviews (for jobs I will probably never get, but still), and answering awkward questions. The hard part is deciding how to dress. You want to be cute and stylish, but you can't be too stylish or show too much skin. I've put together a few choices for job interviews that I think fit the bill.

Obviously, this is not the time or place to get all fancy with your eye-makeup, not in the least. No going-out smokey eyes or blue eyeshadow here. Instead, I'd go for something really simple, yet chic. A wash of taupe across the lid and blended into the crease gives definition and just a hint of interesting color, and a thin line of black gel liner across the upper lash line makes your lashes look pleasingly full and lush. I like gel liner for this because it won't smudge like a pencil liner might, and a smudgy eye-makeup look is so not appropriate for a job interview. As for perfume, don't wear anything overpowering or intense. You don't know if your interviewer has a sensitive nose or stomach, and the last thing you want is for them to associate you with a head or stomach ache. I like a light, girly perfume; something polished and feminine but very light and clean. You'll smell naturally good, not like you're heading to a club.

I'm really not a formal pants sort of person. I'm not really a pants person at all, actually. So I'd lean towards wearing a skirt or a dress to a job interview, just because it's easier to dress around and still look feminine and chic.

If you're planning on wearing a dress, try combining a conservative pattern with a modern fit. The traditional print will contrast with the contemporary cut of the dress for a put together look. If you're worried about looking a little too racy for a job interview, pair your dress with a slightly oversized, boyish cardigan, which will give just enough coverage without taking away the shape of the dress.

If skirts are more your thing, I'd recommend a pencil skirt. They're inherently formal, so they're seen as appropriate for most job interviews, and they're very simple to jazz up and make fun. You can also go with a slight A-line cut, or to spice things up, something with pleating, adding some subtle detail but still maintaining the professional vibe. I'd combine such a structured skirt

with a softer, draping top in another neutral. Contrast a feminine top with a more masculine accessory like a braided belt to draw attention to your waist and add a fun, witty twist.

Shoes are an important part of dressing for your interview, and flats are key. If you're tottering around on heels or wearing intense platforms, no one will take you seriously. Only wear heels if they're elegant and you can walk in them like nobody's business. A ballet flat is easy to walk and move around in, and looks much more polished than a sandal. Try a patterned flat to compliment a neutral pencil skirt ensemble; the color will add a lot of punch to the outfit. For a printed dress, try grey flats, as they'll tie in with the neutral cardigan and help tone down the fun pattern on the dress. As for jewelry, keep it simple, very simple. No dangling earrings, giant bangles, or crazy layered necklaces. A simple pair of stud earrings adds a little extra glamour to your outfit and a little extra color, but still keep everything very understated and chic.

Remember: your clothes can help you make a good impression, but the real key to nailing a job interview is to be calm and poised. Whatever you wear, wear it with composure and confidence! □

Don't worry boys, we didn't forget about you! Guys actually have a much easier time than girls because it's a lot harder to go drastically wrong. Think about what you would wear to a bar mitzvah or dinner at your great aunt's house, and wear that. That means no flip flops, no ratty, torn-up jeans, and no hoodies. Go for a clean-cut pair of khakis or chinos, a button-up shirt, and nice pair of dress shoes, or even boat shoes. Keep the man-bling to a minimum and take it easy with cologne. If you're interviewing for a more formal job, throw on a tie in a neutral color and some sort of blazer. It's totally foolproof.

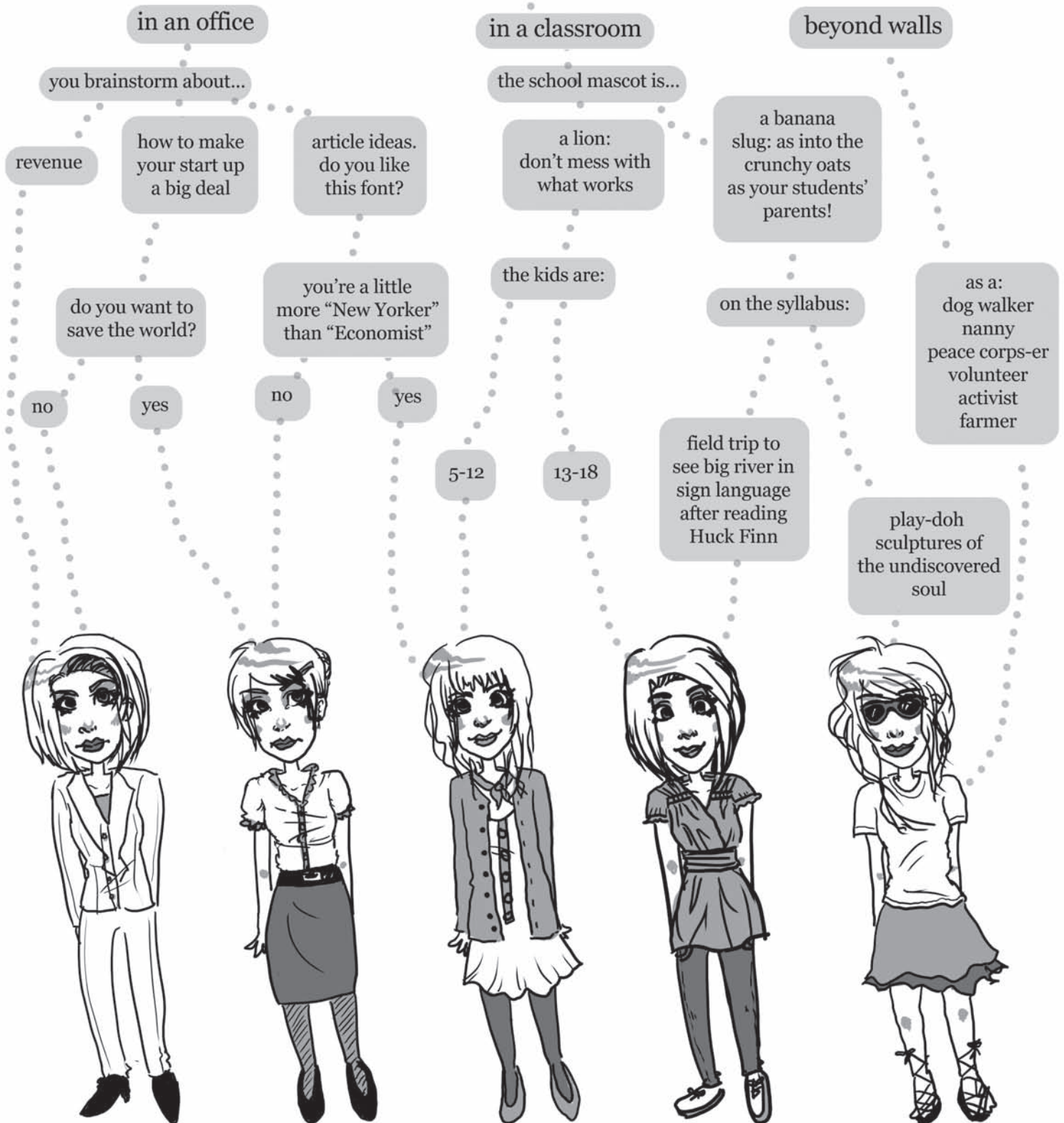




# On the Job:

Outfits that look great all day long!

*You're working...*





# POLICE BLOTTER



**Saturday, May 1**

At 2:05 a.m., a party at 123 Packard Ave. was shut down by TUPD officers. While searching the house for any lingering guests, TUPD officers happened upon several stolen street signs on the third floor. After writing up a report, TUPD officers received some cheek from a resident. "You have no business being on the fourth floor," he informed them. Sassy!

At 3:40 p.m., after Spring Fling festivities, TUPD officers found a severely intoxicated girl on Packard Ave. When the officers asked for her birthday, she responded with two dates: December 1992 and April 1992. This means that the girl is either a junior in high school or a genius who entered college



*Written and illustrated by Ruth Tam.*

early. We're putting our money on the latter, but Sergeant Robert McCarthy doesn't agree, "You should probably get the year right," he said. "Or at least rehearse it before you lie."

**Wednesday, May 5**

At 12:30 a.m., TUPD officers spotted three male students at Tesla Ave. and Winthrop St. They were carrying a variety of street signs and an American flag. All had been pilfered from the neighborhood. Realizing they had been spotted, the thieves ran, dropping the signs on the sidewalk. One was caught and admitted to being a brother at DU. TUPD officers searched the DU house and found several local business signs, which were later returned to their owners. □

bunch of horses  
by katie christiansen & david schwartz

episode 6: new girl









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