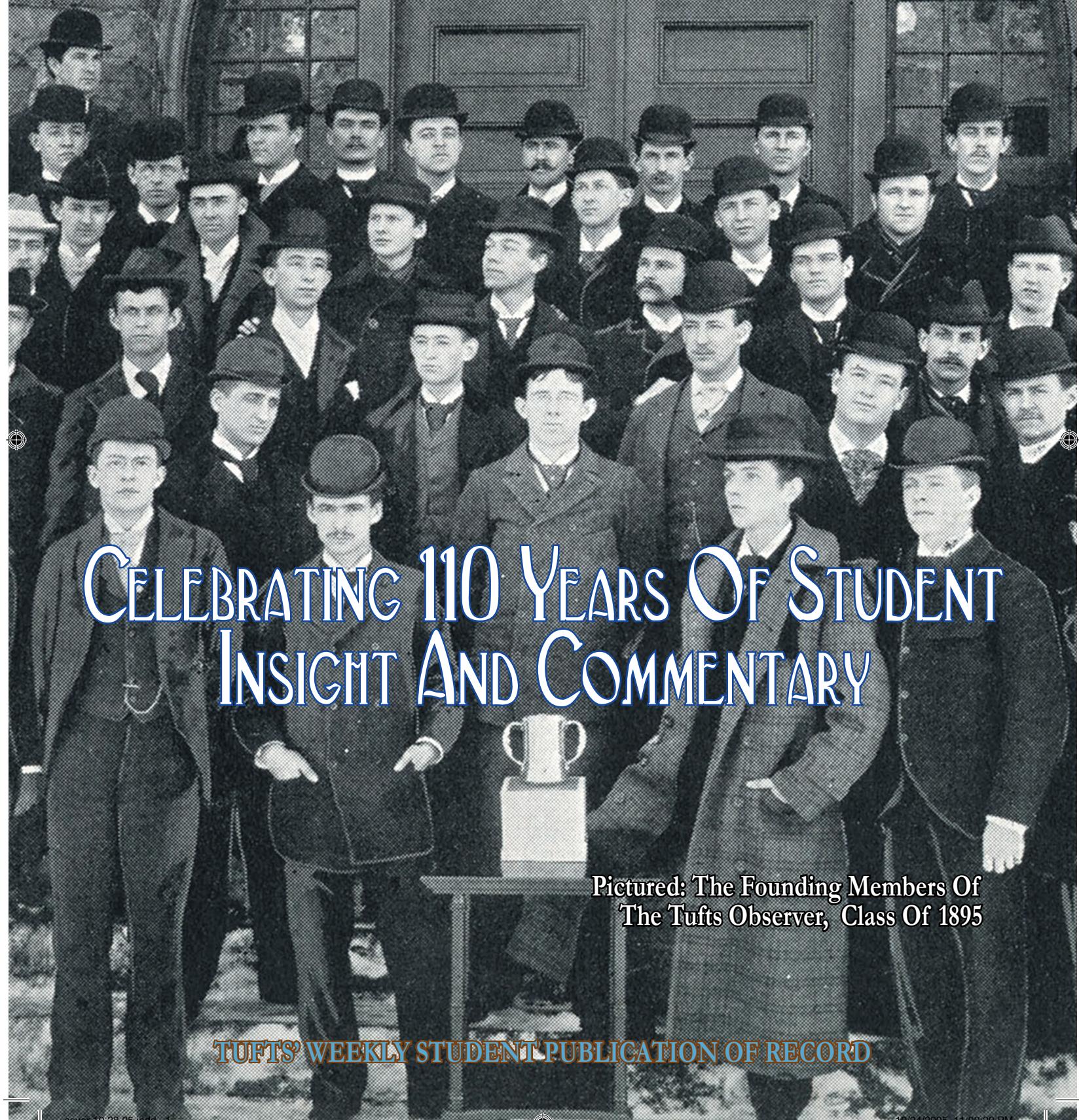




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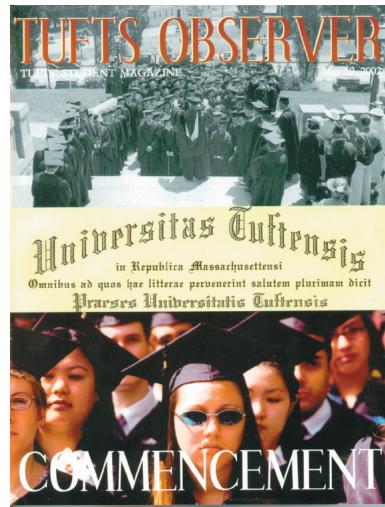
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The Tufts Observer, Class Of 1895

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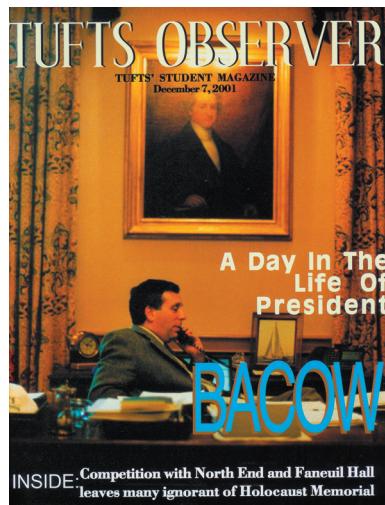
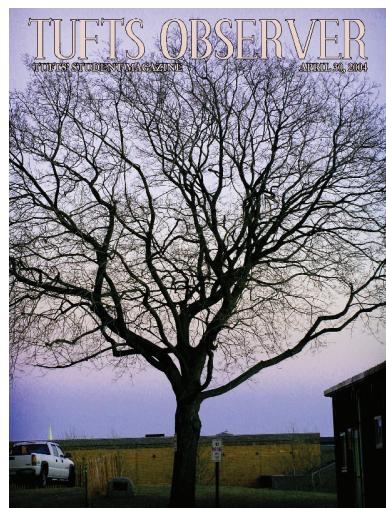
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EDITOR'S CORNER

Define “Well-Adjusted”

BY E. J. KALAFARSKI

Absolutely no one on the planet has even remotely suggested to me that going to graduate school right after college might be a good idea. When I throw the graduate school question out there, they don't even think about it before they answer; hell, they don't even blink. It's a lot like someone visiting Tufts asking what's a better venue for finding some dinner, Davis or Medford Square. The answer's Davis before you even get a chance to finish the question. It's the answer you expect, but you're not really ready for it to be that emphatic, and you're left standing there feeling like Tom Cruise in *A Few Good Men*, right after Jack Nicholson admits ordering the code red. There's shock, a little respect, and just a touch of “that's what I wanted to hear.”

So the answer is invariably, instantly, “take some time off.” Frankly, grad school isn't the more fun, cheaper, or more desirable option to begin with. Hell, you should still apply, but I'm beginning to get the subtle impression that the consensus is to take a couple of years off. It's called deferment, baby.

So current top-ranked suggestions include the kinds of things you won't have



ED KALAFARSKI

bizarre new mac and cheese shapes based on Nicktoons you've never heard of.

By then, however, you may find yourself inadvertently making money. It's a phenomenon known as “that lucky undeserving bastard,” and as best as I can figure it, there are a few indicators that say clearly at your ten-year reunion that you've finally made it. These may differ slightly depending on your personality, but let's be honest, everyone wants at least one of

means it never needs a paint job. There's a company in Texas that will drop a modern engine into that puppy, refurbish the whole thing with catalytic converters, and fix the hydraulics in the door so you're not hitting your head on the way out. If there's a clearer indicator that you're succeeding in life, I have no clue what it is. I'm serious.

A secret passageway in your dwelling or place of work. Nothing fancy like a secret hallway or paintings with the eyes cut out, but something spartan you can use to beat your guests to the Billiard Room. Nothing says “I'm kind of a big deal” like “I'm taking the passage down to the Conservatory, I'll meet you there.” They're practically synonymous.

A Tuscan villa. This one's kind of self-explanatory. And awesome.

A three-letter abbreviation after your name. It's a decent indication that someone should be bowing to you as you pass by ABP every morning, or at least have your “usual” ready for you. Try a couple on for size, see what fits. Edward J. Kalafarski, Esq. Edward J. Kalafarski, KBE. Edward J. Kalafarski, LLC. String them together, creating long but unintelligible titles. Use it to break the ice at parties; the less a girl understands about your title, the more impressed she'll be. Yeah.

You find yourself describing your occupation as “wealthy philanthropist.” Or “space tourist,” if you like. “Circumnavigator of the globe” is also acceptable.

Clearly, if you can't attribute any of these descriptors to yourself by the time you're 30, you should just give up on life and go back to school. Give child development a chance. I hear it's a fun way to kill about six years. In the meantime, if anyone actually has a good reason to go right to graduate school, you should lay it on me pretty fast. Someone left this decision up to me, which can't have been a good idea. ☺

You find yourself describing your occupation as “wealthy philanthropist.” Or “space tourist,” if you like. “Circumnavigator of the globe” is also acceptable.

the balls to do by the time you're 30. Go work for a political party. Wander Europe on \$30 a day. Learn to drive stick. You're not going to want to do it once you start to get scared of new things or change, like

these. It's just a matter of degree. If you can say you've got at least one of the following, you've got it wrapped up.

A De Lorean. Gull wing doors are coming back, and the stainless steel body



POLICE

Thursday, October 20

At 6:45 p.m., there was a report of stolen University property. An officer noticed four or five individuals wearing Tufts Sailing sweatshirts taking boxes out of Carmichael Hall and placing them into a blue Suburban. Upon closer look, the officer discovered that the boxes were filled with toilet paper. The students claimed that they thought it was not a problem. The incident was reported to the Dean of Students.

Friday, October 21

At 1:15 a.m., there was a report of possession of illegal substances. An officer responded to a noise complaint behind Houston Hall. He noticed several individuals suspiciously loitering at the stairway in between Mugar Hall and Blakely Hall. While talking to them, he noticed one drop something onto the ground. Upon closer inspection, the object was a sandwich bag with a small amount of marijuana in it. The officer gathered the students' identification and confiscated the substance. The incident was reported to the Dean of Students.

At 1:45 a.m., there was a report of disorderly conduct in Carpenter House. Residents complained that the occupants of one room were being loud and not responding to requests to quiet down, so an officer responded to the scene. The occupants did not open the door until the officer announced his presence and threatened to unlock the door. When someone finally opened the door, the individuals attempted to act as if they were sleeping. The officer told them to quiet down, and also spotted open alcoholic containers which were confiscated.

Saturday, October 22

At 1:30 p.m., there was a report of erratic driving in the Carmichael parking lot. An officer outside of Houston Hall noticed screeching tires from across the residential quad. He observed a vehicle speeding down the road in front of Carmichael Hall. At one point, the driver lost control of the car, and it swerved onto the sidewalk and onto the grassy area in front of the dormitory. The officer attempted to pull over the driver first by flashing lights, and later by the siren when this did not work. The individual was not a student and claimed to be visiting a friend. He did not appear intoxicated. The officer issued a citation for reckless driving.

—Compiled by Spencer Maxwell with the cooperation of the Tufts Police Dept.

BLO
TER

CAMPUS

COLLEGE BULLETS

Jury Acquits Man in Professor Murder case

On Thursday, October 20, a jury found Jackson Ngai, a former student of the University of Texas not guilty by reason of insanity for the murder of a professor. In 2004, Ngai stabbed and slashed his piano professor more than 200 times, focusing mostly on her head, claiming that she was a robot intent on killing him. He left a note on the body which read, "Computer chip in brain," and actually called the police to assist him in removing the chip. Ngai had been released from a mental institution only a day before the incident. As a result of the verdict, he will probably spend the rest of his life in a mental institution.

Davidson Students Start Their Own Restaurant

On September 23, students at Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina, opened a student-run restaurant funded by a college grant, called the "Improve Davidson Fund." The new restaurant will accept students' meal plans, and will offer a different style of foods every week. The school will pay for guest chefs to teach the student employees, who will be the chefs. The founders got the idea for the restaurant two years ago while on a campfire cookout.

—Compiled by Spencer Maxwell

Tufts Trivia of the week



What was the Tufts Observer called before 1969?

Answer: The Tufts Weekly



110 Years of School Spirit: A Look at the First *Tufts Weekly*

BY LYDIA HALL

October 8th, 1895 was an important day in the history of student journalism at Tufts University. That day saw the release of the first issue of the *Tufts Weekly*, the publication that would later become the *Observer*. Available for viewing in the university's archives, the paper is in such delicate condition that the pages can't even be turned, yet the articles on the first page are still clear and readable, laid out, despite the rudimentary technology then available, in perfect form.

The *Weekly* is very different from the magazine published today. It was a newspaper, presented in a three-column arrangement. The authors of the articles are not credited, and there are no graphics or photos on the first page.

Yet despite these superficial differ-

to the religious moods of man in all stages and varieties of their possible evolution," and "an inspiration."

Another significant part of 1895 campus life was sports. Two of the front-page articles in the *Weekly* are devoted to athletics at Tufts, and are demonstrative of huge school spirit. One talks about the football team, which was in danger of disappearing that fall due to the departure of Whittaker, the team's captain, and Pindar, the manager, from Tufts. "At the opening of the college this year no more gloomy prospect can be imagined than that which confronted the returning students interested in football at Tufts," wrote the *Weekly*. "A schedule of games had been arranged, it is true, but there was no captain to get the men out for practice, and no manager to look out for the thousand and one details which attend the running of a football team." Financial

What was the end result? The team looked good, as the paper reported. The author also noted that "the students [were] taking more [interest] in football this year than they [had] in the several years past." The other front-page article reports amendments to the Athletic Association constitution, which students again helped to work on. Clearly, sports were an important part of life on campus, and a way of demonstrating the enormous school spirit that Jumbos in 1895 seemed to have. This same spirit can be found here today, showing that although Tufts has grown and changed and evolved by leaps and bounds since the late 19th century, some things have remained very much the same.

The rest of this issue of the *Tufts Weekly* wasn't accessible, due to its fragile condition, but one can only assume that the paper continued in the same spirit, covering

The Observer is the oldest Tufts student publication still in print, and looking at its history is both fascinating and important.

ences, some of the events going on back in October of 1895 weren't really very different from activities going on on campus today—visiting lecturers, for example. One article describes a memorial lecture by a guest speaker who came to Tufts and spoke to students in Goddard Chapel. The Reverend C. E. Nash, a member of the class of 1878, gave a speech discussing "The Sufficiency of the Promises of the Gospel to Meet the Reasonable Wants of Man Both in Time and Eternity." Since in the early years after its founding in 1852 Tufts was affiliated with the Universalist Church, such religious lectures were probably not uncommon on campus. According to the anonymous reviewer of this event, the Reverend gave "a clear, concise, and logical argument for the sufficiency of Christianity," stating that as a religion it was "accurate and complete," "adequate

issues—not exactly obsolete today—also plagued the team, as the Tufts Athletic Association had been too "involved financially," and spent too much of its money during the baseball season. "The student body was dissatisfied," proclaimed the *Weekly*. However, school spirit saved the team in this situation, as a group of students organized a meeting of interested people to form a new team. "A mass meeting of the faculty and students was called in the chapel," reported the *Weekly*. "Quite a little athletic enthusiasm was aroused by speeches from Professor Brown, [student] W.R. O'Neil, and [student] C. Stroud." Interested potential players wrote down what they might want to do for the team, and eventually, after several more meetings and a vote, a new football team was created, to be financially supported by a portion of the tuition revenues.

any important or meaningful or amusing event that happened on campus over the years. Indeed, the publication has endured for 110 years. Although its title was changed to *The Observer* back in 1969, the general idea of a weekly news publication remained the same, becoming a magazine rather than a newspaper somewhere along the way. Now *The Observer* is the oldest Tufts student publication still in print, and looking at its history is both fascinating and important. "It's important to understand the history of student newspapers [at Tufts]," noted Liz Chrastil, who works in the Tufts archives. "It's important to see where things came from. And it's great information on 1895." Student journalism is truly an important part of the history of the school. ☩

For those interested, the Tufts archives are located in the basement of Tisch Library, and are open from 9 to 4, Monday through Friday.



Israel's Historic Disengagement

BY RONNIE OLESKER

In three days the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) reversed a long lasting Israeli policy of settling Jews in Gaza. This was part of the disengagement plan adopted and executed by Prime Minister Sharon and his government.

We are undoubtedly witnessing history in the making. Regardless of the future outcome for the region, Israel's unilateral move to withdraw from the territory of Gaza has changed the rules of the game, and hopefully will move the region from a five year stalemate towards reestablishment of a peace process.

I am an Israeli. Israel is my homeland. The term "homeland" is a metaphor. It is used to convey a genuine link between a person and a state that is based on intimate kinship; conveys a sense of security; a group of values, a sense of belonging.

But how can I, how can anyone, feel that sense of belonging in a state where the value of security seems to have superseded the security of values? Where the people who are supposed to constitute the nation are united only by mutual animosities? Where people heading home from work never reach it because a bomb explodes on their bus and where other people no longer have a home to head to? A wrecked home; the wretched peoples of the homeland. And yet, it is our place. How do we take ownership in, and responsibility for, making it a home?

I believe the disengagement from Gaza, while unilateral, is a move in the right direction. There are many political and security implications for such a move, namely, the ability of insurgents to more easily operate in those territories and execute attacks against Israel (as evident from the recent developments), as well as the lack of the necessary strategic depth required to respond to an attack from Gaza against Israel. As a former Israeli soldier myself, working in intelligence, I understand the strategic advantage of having control over Gaza and the security risk a withdrawal entails. The ability of the IDF to operate freely within Gaza to prevent terrorist operatives from planning or executing attacks against Israel, is an important advantage. The capacity to prevent the infiltration of both weapons and people into Gaza from Egypt is also a key security concern of Is-

rael. The creation of enclaves of territory settled by a loyal population in a terrain inhabited by a largely hostile population also provides for strategic advantage when fighting a low-intensity, protracted war in an urban setting.

And yet all of these advantages, available to the IDF during my years of service, and indeed since then, have not managed to provide us, the Israelis, with any more sense of security than we are experiencing today, having evacuated Gaza. We are no more or less of a wrecked homeland than

Prime Minister Sharon's bold move to disengage from Gaza, represents a different conceptualization of security, one which includes a long-term understanding of what security entails. It is true that in the short term, Israel has given up some of its strategic advantages in Gaza, seemingly without any immediate reward. However, both the political and security long-term implications of this policy remain to be seen. The disengagement represents a different view of the conflict, one which suggests that taking short term risks may reward

The disengagement represents a different view of the conflict, one which suggests that taking short term risks may reward long term benefits.

we were three months ago. Having survived the traumatic event of evacuation of Jewish Israeli citizens from their own houses by fellow Jewish citizens, I believe we are on our way to building a homeland in the true sense of the word. One which is built on the kinship between state and all of its citizens, one which can provide for a secure place for its nationals, even if not complete security; one that is based on values that put people first, and territory second. Perhaps then, we can start building a home.

long term benefits. Perhaps it is time to broaden the conservative definition of security in the region to include the promotion of human rights and rule of law, the recognition of national identity and peoples' right to live in peace and security; a concept which promotes ownership of the process by all, not just the extremists. When people have a stake in the process they are more likely to work towards its success. Perhaps then, finally, we can start building a home.¶

Facts About Disengagement

COMPILED BY AMY SPITALNICK

*In December 2003, Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon introduced the Disengagement Plan.

*Started on August 17th, 2005, the Israeli Defense Forces completed the task of disengagement by September 12th. It involved evacuating and dismantling 25 towns and villages in Gaza and the Northern West Bank.

*About 8,500 Israeli citizens were uprooted from their homes and provided with compensation—on average, about \$360,000 per family.

*Over 1.3 million Palestinians in Gaza will no longer be subject to Israeli jurisdiction.

*In the West Bank, an area of close to 300 square miles will be completely under Palestinian control.

*The Israeli government will spend an estimated \$870 million to resettle former Gaza and West Bank residents.

*Israeli security forces will spend about \$660 million to redeploy Defense Force bases outside of the Gaza Strip and build new border-crossing facilities.

*Overall, the disengagement is costing Israel about \$2.5 billion.

*Sharon says future negotiations with the Palestinian Authority largely depend on the PA disarming militant organizations, such as Hamas, within the territories.

*The United States has strongly supported disengagement, with 72 Senators and 281 House Members recognizing the plan as "an unprecedented Israeli step toward peace."
—Courtesy Israeli Foreign Ministry, AIPAC.



Perspectives: the Summer of Disengagement

BY SAMANTHA GOLDMAN

My memories of the summer of 2005 include the cliché long walks on the beach, muggy days by the pool, and afternoons reading in the yard. But, I also recall anxious, heart-wrenching moments sitting in front of the television, heated political debates on the subways of New York, and reading long articles and examining complex maps.

For me, and thousands of others, this summer will forever be remembered as “The Summer of Disengagement”; the months when Israel unilaterally evacuated the Gaza Strip and parts of the Northern West Bank. I read every NY Times, Jerusalem Post, and HaAretz article I could get my hands on; my eyes were glued to CNN; I was eager to discuss current developments in the Middle East with whoever would listen.

My transformation into a media junkie was facilitated by my summer internship in the New York headquarters of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. A political lobbying organization focused on strengthening the United States-Israel relationship, AIPAC educates the legislative and executive branches and encourages grassroots lobbying among its members. My internship was an amazing opportunity for me to organize educational events, including an event about Disengagement and to encourage New Yorkers to get involved in politics by lobbying for Israel.

Along with my other responsibilities, I read articles related to Israel from various news outlets and participated in conference calls where preparations for Disengagement were discussed. I was disheartened to discover that Israel was coming apart at the seams; there were many points throughout the summer where I feared Israel would be engulfed in a civil war. As August approached, the anticipated difficult concession had sparked almost daily protests by those opposed to the withdrawal; concordantly in stages, the Israeli cabinet approved plans for Israeli soldiers to travel door-to-door and expel their fellow Jews from homes they had built themselves and had lived in for decades. The complexity

of the situation led to a plethora of opinion pieces, debates, and discussions in the Israeli, American, and international media about the nature of Israel and her relationship with the Palestinians.

The United States played the important role of mediator by preparing for the “day after Disengagement” by encouraging meetings between Israeli and Palestinian leaders in an effort to ease the transition from Israeli controlled territory to a viable Palestinian home. The U.S. government also closely monitored the events on the ground in Israel. AIPAC assisted with the Israeli-American coordination as well as sought to obtain additional aid for the development of the Negev Desert in the South and the Galilee in the North—locations where thousands of Israeli Gazans and N. West Bankers would be relocated post Disengagement. Other regional threats to the peace and security of the region that were monitored this summer include Iran’s attempt to obtain dangerous nuclear weapons, and Hezbollah’s terrorist activities in Lebanon. Disengagement and preventing Gaza and the Northern West Bank from developing into more sizable terrorist havens immediately following the pullout was top of the



COURTESY ISRAELI FOREIGN MINISTRY

agenda, however.

As anticipation of Disengagement took over my life, I began to count the days in a manner similar to the way one dreads a trip to the dentist or worries about the possibility of an upcoming war. Questions raced through my mind every time I thought about the pending move: Would the government *really* go through with it? Would the settlers *really* have to be forcibly removed, as they had threatened? Would another event intercede and make matters worse? Would people be killed in the process? Would chaos ensue in the territories? How would the world react? Would it lead to more terrorism?

But my distress in the weeks prior to the pullout did not even compare to the grief of watching the actual events unfold. Watching Disengagement, live from CNN, I found myself distraught, witnessing the screams and anguish of those reluctantly leaving their homes. One explanation for this uncharacteristically emotional behavior is the tremendous attachment I developed to the Disengagement process.

Despite my sorrow, I was comforted by the fact that the United States had an active role in this process and recognized the difficulty of the concession and was working diligently to promote a positive future for a secure peaceful Palestinian state alongside a secure and peaceful Israel. I felt even more fortunate to be a part of these efforts through my association with AIPAC.

While it was a painful “Summer of Disengagement” for Israelis, there continues to be much pain and suffering in the Middle East as a whole, especially in places such as Iraq and the Palestinian territories. Much is being done on campus to promote peace in the Middle East. Through the combined educational and co-existence events and dialogue among Tufts Friends of Israel and other campus Middle Eastern groups, such as the Arab Student Association and the New Initiative for Middle East Peace and the campus Democrats and Republicans, perhaps future summers will be less trying for both American witnesses such as myself, and those struggling to live in peace with their neighbors in the Middle East. ☽



A Sea of Blue and Orange: Thoughts from Abroad in Jerusalem

BY DANIELLE WARNER

The images from the Disengagement are forever engrained in our memories. The forceful soldiers, the tearful hugs, the half bulldozed homes and the strong willed families sitting outside their homes refusing to leave. It's hard to envision these things when looking back at "the Hitnatkut." Inarguably, the Disengagement was one of the most difficult times for Israel, particularly because, since Yomit, it was the first time Israelis clashed with Israelis.

Living in Jerusalem during the Disengagement was a privilege. First off, I must admit, the majority of the state of Israel did not witness the Disengagement first hand. I, myself, was included, living far from the Gaza Strip. I was constantly bewildered by the ease with which it was possible to forget it was even happening. Sure, I saw the images on the news and in the newspapers, but it was hard for me to truly understand what the situation in Gush Katif was really like. Many of the American students I live with like to joke that we were "disengaged from the Disengagement." However, the distance from the actual pull-out site did not seem to deter Israelis from somehow partaking in what seemed to be one of Israel's largest and most controversial decisions.

The second I arrived in Jerusalem back in July, it was hard to ignore the political buzz that echoed throughout the city. Wherever you looked there were protestors or activists, stating their opinions, spreading their position about the controversial decision. More noticeably, however, one could see there was some sort of color war dividing the city. Everywhere one looked there were orange, blue and white ribbons. From the trees along the main highway to dangling from students' backpacks, these colorful ribbons adorned almost every building and person within the city. The first streetlight I stopped at, a girl gently offered me an orange ribbon, which I obligingly took, still unaware of its true political meaning. Orange, a bold and easily noticeable color, has often been associated

with revolutions, the Orange Revolution in the Ukraine last year being the most recent example. Thus, appropriately, it came to represent the settlers in the Gaza Strip as well as all others who opposed the Disengagement. Here in Jerusalem, it was the color of choice, as extremely religious citizens constitute the majority of the population. Eventually the rival citizens who supported the pullout joined in on this grassroots effort and began to bedeck their property in blue and white ribbons. By choosing these colors they asserted their pride in their Israeli citizenship and well as their trust and support for the government and its decisions. And so the color war began.

I was extremely impressed to see how widespread this trend became and it was inevitable that we foreigners would too eventually have to participate. The blue and white ribbons that adorned my backpack made me a minority within the city, but a proud minority. I was honored to participate in such a crucial political movement in Israeli history. I was sincerely impressed by the significant grassroots efforts that sprouted within the country as they further proved that democratic ethics still reign here. Although citizens disagreed with the government's decision, they tried to work within the system to change or oppose it rather than turning to violence or anarchy. Furthermore, I was touched by their decision in the end to support what "their government" had decided and to evacuate the settlements. Every settler I spoke to repeatedly told me that they would put up a fight until the last minute, but in the end they would go peacefully because ultimately they must respect the government's verdicts. I was awed and humbled by their ability to relinquish their right to happiness in order to ensure that the Israeli government maintains rule of law and respect as a democratic regime.

Although I was not directly affected by the Disengagement, it also has influenced a part of my life here in Israel; almost a month ago the diversity of my new home, Mount Scopus, exponentially increased. Close to

200 families from the Gaza Strip moved into the Hyatt Regency Hotel across the street from my dorm, an interesting addition to the Arabs and foreign students who already reside on the small hill. The Hyatt Regency was completely overwhelmed by the influx of settlers, and many Hebrew University students, including many of my friends, ran across the street to help with registering guests. Families came in their cars, many with three or more children. It was quite an interesting sight, and it was the first time I could directly see how difficult the move was—to pack your life into your car and trucks and have no place to go. Granted being put up in one of the nicest hotels in Jerusalem by the government for an extended period of time is not the worst situation, but I can only imagine the frustration of not having a place to call home.

I continue to swim through strollers and tzitzit as I walk to class every morning. Each week, the numbers of settlers grow smaller but many still have no place to go or are awaiting the construction of their new homes. The "Hitnatkut" inarguably was a difficult time for all Israelis. Everyone felt or witnessed the pain of the settlers as they left their homes. But what I hope the international community takes from this event is not the brutality of Israelis forcefully removing its own citizens from their land. Rather, I want the world to see how truly respectful the Israeli democratic ethic is. The Disengagement ran relatively smoothly, ending impressively way ahead of schedule. I believe this is a direct result of the close ties Israelis feel to each other and their government. They've been through so many other hardships and battles that, inevitably, it is hard to break the bonds that form out of those experiences. Though Israelis may disagree about where the exact borders of the State of Israel should be, they all agree that the State of Israel should exist. And no matter what conflicts may arise, every citizen, regardless of degree of religiousness or political ideology, will do whatever they must, including leaving their homes and comfortable lives to ensure the future of the state. This is a quality that should be valued and, in the case of the Disengagement, lauded. ☩



UCCPS: Active Citizenship at Tufts

BY ALLISON JONES

In its Declaration of Purpose, the University College of Citizenship and Public Service (UCCPS) quotes Thomas Jefferson to illustrate its mission: "I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society, but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education." The UCCPS is a unique part of Tufts that strives to improve education by demonstrating to students the importance of actively participating in the development of our community and the world at large. By encouraging a greater awareness of community issues outside of the students' own world, the UCCPS hopes to make Tufts students better prepared for active leadership and community building, regardless of the profession they choose.

The UCCPS was created in 1999 by a group of Tufts administrators and faculty members who wanted to provide greater resources for teaching the Tufts community about active citizenship and opportunities for putting those teachings into action. The Dean of the University College Robert Hollister said that the founders proposed the UCCPS because of "the urgent need for more effective community leaders to address critical issues facing society, the demand from Tufts students, and the opportunity to make more of what was already a hidden strength of the University." A lot of planning went into the creation of the UCCPS, and while the founding members made a map of goals of the UCCPS, it was built one step at a time, adding new programs and initiatives over the years to build the UCCPS that we know today. In the short amount of time since its founding, the UCCPS has accomplished most of the initial objectives that it set out to complete in its Declaration of Purpose.

Its first order of business was to grant money to students wishing to create programs promoting community leadership and service. These grant recipients were to be given the award of the Omidyar Citizenship and Public Service Scholars, named for Pierre and Pamela Omidyar, the trustees of the Omidyar Foundation, which was created in 1998 to

improve community effectiveness. From the beginning, the UCCPS wanted to focus most on improving the students' understanding of community building and give them the opportunity to learn and demonstrate those skills through student-planned projects. Each year, students apply and are awarded grants of varying amounts to fund their proposed projects. Most of the projects focus on improving the surrounding communities in the Medford, Somerville, and greater Boston areas. Each program is unique in its approach and subject, but the objective is the same: to make the communities surrounding Tufts stronger, safer, and more successful.

Fifty scholars were chosen for the 2004-2005 academic year to receive funds over the course of their time at Tufts to make their proposed project a reality. In addition to those chosen last year, other students continue to work on their proposed projects, and many will continue their work even after they have graduated. Some of the notable projects include Zachariah Baker's work with area high schools and the Massachusetts Coalition on Obesity Prevention and Education, Matan Chorov's cross-cultural education program with both US and Middle Eastern universities, and Lilly Schofield's seminars to educate students about the Chinatown area and the issues that affect the Asian American population there. Other scholars are working on after-school activities for students of all ages in Medford and Somerville schools, lectures series on different cultures, literacy and language workshops, and community improvement projects to educate people on financial matters, domestic violence, and family health.

The grants from the UCCPS given to both students and faculty members are awarded in varying amounts and "come from foundation grants, private donation, and a modest endowment," Dean Hollister said, but these sources of monetary support are not only awarded to UCCPS specific programs but also to related groups and organizations at Tufts. Dean Hollister said that in addition to giving funds to UCCPS students, student organizations and programs like Active Citizenship Summers, Civic Engagement Fund, Citizenship, Public Service Scholars, Tufts Literacy Corps, Hillel, and Science Elemen-

tary Education Partnership. These groups also help promote active citizenship, and the UCCPS wishes to encourage those activities that further the education of students in public service and active citizenship.

Beyond receiving financial grants from the UCCPS, students are recognized for their outstanding service each spring by receiving the Presidential Award for Citizenship and Public Service. Undergraduate and graduate students in the Arts and Sciences, Engineering, Dental, Friedman, and Fletcher Schools received the Presidential Awards this past spring, and their projects and accomplishments range from local achievements in the Boston area to international efforts to improve world health. President Bacow said that the Presidential Awards were "an opportunity to recognize outstanding student accomplishment and to underscore the significance and breadth of citizenship and public service activities at Tufts." These Presidential Awards may be extended to any student in a Tufts University school, and both UCCPS and non-UCCPS students have received these awards since they were first given in 1999.

After their pledge to establish grant programs for students, the founders of the UCCPS said that they wanted to create "a program of institutes and workshops to assist faculty members in integrating aspects of citizenship and public service into courses throughout the University," which would extend the awareness of community involvement to all students and faculty at Tufts. One of the most important objectives of the UCCPS when it was first proposed was to make active citizenship part of the Tufts education, regardless of a student's area of study. Involving faculty from all departments was one way to ensure this. Dean Hollister said that, unlike other schools that have separate schools for public service, "Tufts' strategy is to infuse active citizenship across the curriculum and to achieve far greater scale of impact as a result."

Today, professors can apply to be a faculty fellow to the UCCPS, participate in Civic Engagement Research Groups, publish their research on the web through the UCCPS, or request grants for research or curriculum improvement. The grants offered to professors are not only meant to promote active citizen-



STEVEN ROSS

ship but also to improve the curriculum as a whole. The Curriculum Development Grants fund projects within the requested department for groups of students and faculty in order to help make their public service and active citizenship goals a reality. Some of the departments and programs funded include women's studies, Feinstein International Famine Center, child development, Asian studies, biology, and sociology.

Faculty members from each of Tufts' schools can also apply to be a University College Faculty Fellow, a position that gives professors a chance to work on building active citizenship and community involvement throughout the school. Each year, about 15 UC Faculty Fellows are chosen, and they receive a stipend that allows them to build upon their curriculum or research for active leadership in the community. Dean Hollister said that the UC Faculty Fellows are "chosen through a competitive process by the school deans and the dean of UC," and the criteria they use in this decision are "diversity of fields represented, leadership standing of the faculty member, and the potential ripple effect of the projects proposed." Currently, there are 14 UC Faculty Fellows from six Tufts schools.

Next on the list of the Declaration of Purpose was the establishment of freshman seminars to promote community leadership and service and educate students on active citizenship, while "developing their own personal mission and vision, based on their own individual talents, strengths, and sense of purpose." The UCCPS has named courses to the Education for Active Citizenship (E4AC) list, recognizing elements in this diverse group of course that all teach students about topics related to active citizenship and understanding the needs of a community. However, the seminars are the only UCCPS directed courses, taught by UC Faculty Fellows for the

purpose of promoting the UCCPS's research and curriculum goals. This semester, the seminars offered are "The Presidency of William Clinton" taught by Alan Solomont, "Art, Activism and Community" taught by Mindy Nierenberg, "TV News Reporting" taught by Margie Reedy, and "Innovative Nonprofits" taught by Molly Mead.

What makes the UCCPS so unique at Tufts is its involvement in and connection to all parts of the University; it offers no degree of its own but rather strives to improve the degrees of all Tufts' schools by improving the education of the students in areas that will make them stronger leaders and members of their communities. Dean Hollister said that the "goal is to contribute to existing degree programs," and the UCCPS plans to do this through "working to expand the number of courses that incorporate values and skills of active citizenship." The philosophy of actively participating in the community and taking responsibility for community effectiveness will continue to become a major theme in the Tufts educational experience as the UCCPS continues to "incorporate [those] values."

In addition to these main objectives of the UCCPS, the founders also wanted to create a governing or overseeing body of the UCCPS to evaluate its progress and "channel additional support to the most successful components." Thus, the University Board of Overseers was created to run the UCCPS and direct its many programs and projects. The board members attend regular meetings, and most meetings consist of conversations with students and faculty participating in UCCPS programs, updates and presentation on the UCCPS progress as a whole, and evaluation of the specific components and goals. The board members come from different universities, areas of study, and organizations to assess the UCCPS and make suggestions about future projects and improvements in the initiatives to promote active citizenship throughout the University.

In accord with the desire to reach out to communities on a global level, the UCCPS recently organized a conference in Talloires, France to bring professors and administrators from schools around the world together to discuss "civic engagement roles and responsibilities of higher education." Dean Hollister said that the 28 participants from 22 countries were heads of their universities, and "the evaluation forms they completed documented these outcomes: they learned

a lot from each other, got ideas on how to strengthen the civic engagement activities of their home institutions; they identified opportunities to collaborate; they launched a follow-up alliance, the Talloires Network, to foster continuing dialogue and action; they agreed to encourage other university heads in their regions to co-sign the Talloires Declaration and participate in the Talloires Network; and they agreed to identify a common global project, a community service/social change theme to work on together." The conference was a success, and the UCCPS hopes to organize more conferences like it and incorporate even more schools and countries in the future.

While not every student or faculty member can be a scholar or fellow, there are many ways for everyone in the Tufts community to get involved with the UCCPS and activities that encourage active citizenship. The community service oriented groups on campus like the Leonard Carmichael Society, Hillel, Jumpstart, Science Elementary School Education Partnership are a great way to get involved with community building, or students can apply for an Active Citizenship Summer grant or a Civic Education Fund grant for their individual projects or ideas regarding active citizenship and community improvements. Upperclassmen can apply for the post-graduate internships with the Canal Alliance in San Raphael or the Dutko Fellows, a 10-month public policy internship in Washington, D.C., and any student can speak with a UC Faculty Fellow for individual advice on becoming involved in the UCCPS.

With regards to the significance of the UCCPS on a national and even global scale, Dean Hollister said that "an increasing number of other schools see Tufts as the gold standard in civic engagement, innovating a distinctive new approach to civic education, one that is uniquely comprehensive in its involvement of all disciplines. At a recent meeting of research universities from across the U.S. that we convened at Lincoln Filene Hall, the Stanford representatives said, 'We're glad to be visiting Tufts, the "temple of university civic engagement," you may not be aware of how much buzz there is in our region about Tufts' pioneering active citizenship work.'" The UCCPS has quickly become one of the most unique and defining strengths of Tufts, and it continues to make Tufts a center for new and innovative approaches to education. ☀



110 Candles

This month, *The Tufts Observer* celebrates its 110th year in production. That number is more than enough to make it the longest-tenured publication on campus, and although current staff members have been at Tufts for just a fraction of that time, the magnitude of this legacy is enough to force us to stop and consider the current state of the magazine. This anniversary seemed an appropriate time to reflect on where the *Observer* is, and where we would like to see it go.

A great deal has changed about the *Observer* since 1895. For one thing, the first issue, which appeared on October fifth of that year, bore a different name. The publication was called the *Tufts Weekly* until 1969, when the production of several issues a week necessitated the change. Neither was the inaugural issue in the same format as is used today. Instead, it was in newspaper format, like every issue was until 2001. But while aesthetically the *Observer* has undergone some radical changes over the years, the current magazine does not stray from the ideals upon which it was founded and produced for more than a century.

First and foremost, the *Observer* is dedicated to the principles

Information and Policies

The Observer is a student-run newsmagazine of Tufts University. Published weekly, *The Observer* welcomes letters to the editor and opinion editorials from anyone in the Tufts community.

Letters must be received by Tuesday at 4 p.m. in the week of production, and *The Observer* reserves editorial authority over submissions. All letters must be signed, although names can be withheld upon request. Subscriptions cost \$25 per semester for 11 issues, \$40 per year for 22 issues. For a subscription, please send a check to *The Observer*, P.O. Box 92, Medford, MA 02153.

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of responsible, ethical journalism. Its staff members strive to ensure that all facts printed in magazine are substantiated, and that all aspects of each news story have been given due consideration. And while serving the Tufts community is the publication's first goal, we recognize that implicit in this goal is the reporting of issues of both national and international significance. Tufts University does not exist in a vacuum, and the *Observer* will therefore continue, where it is appropriate, to relate those topics of importance to the school community to the Boston area, country, and world.

While our commitment to the truth is complete, an important goal of the *Observer* is the presentation of more than just the facts of the story. Our format and frequency of publication prevent us from reporting on every event that occurs at Tufts. Our contribution to the university will therefore be not our breadth, but our depth. To put it bluntly, the staff of the *Observer* would rather not run a story than print just the facts. We expect every news article to have a level of analysis that sets the magazine apart.

We also remain committed to being unbiased in our reporting. Although we understand that the *Observer* operates in a politically charged environment, we view this as a reason not to embrace any particular ideology. In short, we are not the answer to the *Primary Source*. In order for the *Observer* to best serve the Tufts community, we recognize that it is important to be dedicated to creating informative content, not forwarding any particular agenda. This space in each issue is, and will continue to be, reserved for advancing the opinion of the magazine determined on the sole basis of what is right. This is independent of any prejudice, bias, ideology, or political view.

Although the *Observer* will always remain fair and unbiased in our reporting of the news, we remain likewise committed to printing the opinions of Tufts students as they are submitted. No article will ever be altered or rejected on the basis of ideology. While our intention is never to offend any individual or group, we also strongly support the maintenance of a free press, understanding that it is vital to the vitality of a democratic society.

The magazine will be in no way limited to news, but rather will continue to produce well-rounded content. This includes sports, arts, and culture, as well as the art of the Tufts community. A wide variety of content is necessary for the maintenance of a healthy intellectual environment, and its continued publication is another responsibility of the *Observer*.

The past 110 years of issues of the *Tufts Weekly* and *Observer* constitutes to the publication's success. The current staff is dedicated to its continued success, which will depend on the continued adherence to the principles of the *Observer*, while at the same time remaining open to new ideas. ☐



PHOTOGRAPHER'S CORNER



Students and faculty celebrated United Nations Day in front of the Ginn Library at Fletcher on October 24, 2005. Here, members of the ROTC color guard raise the UN flag.

BY RACHEL GEYLN

Please direct photo submissions to ophotoF05@gmail.com





Liars and Thieves in our Homes: An Essay on Residential Life, Part I

BY TIM NOETZEL

From the moment Yolanda King became director of the Office of Residential Life and Learning, permanent ORLL staff members, Residential Assistants, and students alike have raised countless concerns about the inefficiency, poor leadership, and miscommunication of the ORLL. In April of 2004, the *Tufts Daily* reported anonymous claims by several Residential Assistants that the office was in a continual state of disarray. Similarly, in May of 2004, several former senior staff members publicly vocalized complaints regarding King's lack of professionalism. Likewise, in November of 2004, the *Observer* reported that several students found the ORLL to be uncommunicative and inefficient in responding to questions about housing. According to the article, the students alleged that Yolanda King failed to respond adequately until their parents became involved.

Despite claims by the ORLL and the Dean of Students, Bruce Reitman, that they were working to address the

Many students at Tufts have complaints about the ORLL; few stories, however, are as appalling as that of sophomores Jessica Scott-Dutcher and Qian-Qian Ye. Scott-Dutcher and Ye decided at the end of

ResLife, however, is neither fair nor honest; it has placed liars on our doorsteps and thieves in our homes.

last year to room together. After completing the housing lottery during the spring semester, Scott-Dutcher and Ye received receipts from the ORLL for a double in Carmichael Hall. The situation began to change, however, when Ye received a phone call from ResLife over the summer. A ResLife employee asked Ye if she would accept a single, instead of rooming with Scott-Dutcher, in exchange for a better lottery number at the end of the 2005-2006 school year; ResLife wanted to use Ye's room as a forced triple for incoming freshmen. Because Scott-Dutcher was out of the country at the time, Ye responded that she could not comply. Neither Ye nor Scott-

Despite two months of complaints to ResLife—during which time King was recurrently unavailable and even missed a scheduled appointment—Ye and Scott-Dutcher have been unable to resolve their problem.

complaints, little actual progress seems to have been made. The ORLL is entrusted with providing safe and clean living spaces for students. Such a goal would inherently include timely responses to questions and concerns about housing, an accurate and efficient system for assigning housing, and honesty in dealing with students. Given the ORLL's well-documented history—a past which includes almost a dozen articles of complaint printed in student publications in the last year alone—it is clear that ResLife has not been living up to its mission statement. But despite the ORLL's claims, the situation only seems to be getting worse.

Dutcher had any contact with ResLife until they returned to Tufts. When Scott-Dutcher and Ye arrived at their room in Carmichael Hall at the beginning of the semester, the two found that three freshmen had been living there for several days. Upon further inspection, the two discovered that ResLife had moved them into singles, both without their consent and without even bothering to notify them. To make matters worse, ResLife charged both Ye and Scott-Dutcher the additional \$500 fee for single rooms; Ye, a work-study student, finds the added fee particularly difficult. Despite two months of complaints to ResLife—during which

time King was recurrently unavailable and even missed a scheduled appointment—Ye and Scott-Dutcher have been unable to resolve their problem. Furthermore, the Office of the Dean of Students has failed to

respond to the letters of complaint that Ye and Scott-Dutcher sent in over a month.

While ResLife has never been free of student complaints, Ye's and Scott-Dutcher's story illuminates the true extent of the problem; in this case, ResLife has not only been incompetent, but dishonest as well. When Ye and Scott-Dutcher signed their forms during last year's housing lottery, they received receipts promising them a double in Carmichael Hall. Although ResLife reserves the right to make adjustments to student housing locations, students understand that the right is withheld unless there is truly a need; that numerous doubles are currently vacant demonstrates clearly that there was no need to relocate Ye and Scott-Dutcher. Similarly, the very act of asking the students to move implies that they could decline to do so. Both acts demonstrate dishonesty on the part of ResLife. Dishonesty, however, is only the beginning. Forcefully moving both students and then charging them each an additional \$500 for rooms they did not want is more than dishonest; it is an act equivalent to theft. At this point, ResLife has yet to redress its actions.

Tufts University is responsible for the well-being of all the members of its community, a responsibility which includes fair and honest interactions between the Office of Residential Life and Learning and Tufts students. ResLife, however, is neither fair nor honest; it has placed liars on our doorsteps and thieves in our homes. Such a state of affairs should not be tolerated, but the numerous cries for the resignation of Ms. King have been wholly ignored. ☩

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



Bearing the Storm

BY MIKE SNYDER



I'm a California kid. Born and raised in the place where they film the OC—no joke—one quickly notices my tan skin and long, curly hair. I live five minutes away from the beach, 45 minutes from Hollywood, and an hour from Disneyland. Somehow, Arnold Schwarzenegger is my governor.

Despite all this glamour, the initial reaction when I reveal my West coast identity to people has nothing to do with movie stars, body boarding, or other exciting conversation starters. Instead, much to my chagrin, I am greeted by the ever-so-

While the East coast folk slip on their scarves and throw on their fleeces, I like to meander around in cargo shorts and flip-flops.

cordial remark: "You're *going to die* come winter time!" This commentary is usually followed by a mischievous smirk, a slow rub of the hands, and an additional "Yep. You're *screwed*."

Frankly, I'm not so sure. Even though the thermometer consistently reads 45 degrees—and the baby blue sky has mutated into an ugly, off-white horror—the cold hasn't bothered me much. While the East coast folk slip on their scarves and throw on their fleeces, I like to meander around in cargo shorts and flip-flops. Although my

roommate likes the window shut, I can't help but thinking, *isn't it a little stuffy in here?* I guess I came into the fall season thinking that I would be the one wanting to stay indoors, that I would be the dude with the down while everyone else wore a sweater.

Call me crazy, but something about enjoying the cold—that's right, actually *taking pleasure* from the cold—appeals to me.

After all, a cold day in Cali (FYI, few people in California actually say "Cali") is 65 degrees with a chance of cloud cover.

Call me crazy, but something about enjoying the cold—that's right, actually *taking pleasure* from the cold—appeals to me. Having lived in a temperate environment all my life, the sensation of "coldness" is new and stimulating, and not at all harsh or biting. Still, I recognize that the fall is just a precursor to the real test in December and January. Then I'm really in for it.

None-the-less, I never thought that something as ordinary as weather could have such a profound effect on people. Sometimes, when walking to my evening classes or Jumbo Express for a late night snack, I look around and observe my classmates. I am dismayed by their often negative reactions to the rain and cold. Shivering and uncomfortable, students make their way to

see students anxiously scurrying about the campus like headless chickens in an attempt to escape the inescapable. Our talking about it, thinking about it, and complaining about it will not change it. Why even bother to ask, "How's the weather?" Believe me, the

weather is doing just fine.

One afternoon, I must make the long, uphill walk to Cousins Gym for tennis practice. The sky is grey and unwelcoming, and it's a chilly 50 degrees. Shortly after I leave my residence hall, rain begins to fall and a heavy wind picks up, blowing about leaves and pieces of debris. However, as I pass by the steps leading up to Paige and Miner, I spy something extraordinary. Sitting on the fifth or sixth row of steps is a young woman in light clothing, her body thoroughly soaked, her wispy black hair a tangle in the wind. Yet she is totally at peace with herself. Her face is serene, and she exudes an aura of calm and solidity whereas the people around her move hastily to find shelter. Maybe she is thinking. Maybe she is meditating. Maybe she is listening to her iPod. Either way, the weather does not perturb her; it is her friend. Watching her, one might think it is a warm, spring day in southern California—the air kind and inviting, the breeze gentle and cool. In her mind, perhaps, it is.

We can all benefit from such an attitude. Every time you become cold, ask yourself what it feels like. Is it really that unpleasant? Is it really so hard to relax, let loose, and have the air caress your body? Like the young woman on the steps, we must stop resisting the weather and instead *surrender* to it, whatever it might be. Boston rain or Los Angeles shine, why struggle against what we cannot change? Maybe I'm just a crazy California kid, but I believe that every one of us should make friends with the weather. Then, come winter time, we might not be so screwed after all. ☺

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



My Corner of this Gray City

BY AMANDA GLADIN-KRAMER

The square window of my single room here in London looks onto a rubberized roof surrounded by straight white walls and the brick of the hostel next door. Just above the brick, I can see one of the turrets of St. Pancras Train Station on Euston Road. I like my turret, and check the weather each morning against its point. Weekend nights, you can hear glassy thuds as my fellow students drop wine and vodka bottles onto the rubberized roof. Drunken guffaws of surprise follow each unbroken bottle, every time. Soprano sax and electric guitar drift across from the hostel sometimes. I am across the pond, but it's still college.



At the corner of Chalton Street is the Rocket, a pub popular for its weekend DJs and cheap pints.

I live on a residential block in Bloomsbury called Bidborough Street. On one corner is Mable's Tavern, a small pub, and Cartwright Gardens, a semicircle of shaded green fenced in wrought iron. Down to the left is the corner Ethio Store, run by Pakistanis, which has replaced Tufts' Jumbo Express in my late-night sprints for caffeine. Just behind Mable's Tavern, there's a cobbled pedestrian alley with sandwich shops called Chives and Wot the Dickens. I get eggs on toast and strong, frothy coffee for under three pounds.

Three pounds is about six bucks. With two-pound coins, a pocket of change means more here. But I'm fed up with converting every pound I spend into American dollars. It's not worth it. Just be thrifty and come what may.

towers. Save the night buses whizzing down Euston, it's a pretty safe stumble, well under three minutes, back to the dormitory after a few too many. And there are always eggs on toast come Sunday morning.

With no meal plan or dining hall, I'm

For thriftiness I love the little market on Chalton Street every Friday. Chalton Street, with its Lebanese restaurants, sari dress shop, and newsstand, is a quiet estuary to the madscrabble of Euston Road, where black cabs speed with double-decker red buses that barrel by on their own tall gusts of wind.

For thriftiness I love the little market on Chalton Street every Friday. Chalton Street, with its Lebanese restaurants, sari dress shop, and newsstand, is a quiet estuary to the madscrabble of Euston Road, where black cabs speed with double-decker red buses that barrel by on their own tall gusts of wind. The market is a row of tents offering kitchenware, bolts of cloth, cheap women's clothes on swinging racks. There's one vegetable stall with binsful of produce, soggy plantains and spanking crisp red peppers. I poke through the goods with women in hijabs and old men with crusty accents, then dodge back across Euston bearing mangoes, knitting needles, toilet paper.

At the corner of Chalton Street is the

learning to cook for myself on a budget. Spices are important. Some kids on the hall are Brits with Chinese or Ghanean roots. They cook up a storm of ginger soups, stir fries, whole chicken carcasses boiling in stews. When I caught the flu that has stormed all the fresher (first-year students) like the Plague, I chopped peppers, potatoes and carrots into a soup with beans, seasoning the vegetable broth with black pepper, garlic, and onions. It tasted good and I was damn proud.

London is massive, grand, teeming, full of gardens where pigeons preen in the fountains, columned buildings, leafy squares, glass and granite, the furry-hatted guards in front of Buckingham Palace. Mu-

London is massive, grand, teeming, full of gardens where pigeons preen in the fountains, columned buildings, leafy squares, glass and granite, the furry-hatted guards in front of Buckingham Palace.

Rocket, a pub popular with students for its weekend DJs and cheap pints. It's got a yellow sign with gold lettering, housed in a Victorian brick building with domes and

seum after museum, the oily Thames curving between the North and South banks, the bright lights of Picadilly, the clash of nightclubs in Leicester Square. Seeing the



dome of St. Paul's Cathedral lit up over the Thames at night, a quiet and commanding sentinel, that's the sort of singular sight that takes your breath away. It's dizzying.

But it's my neighborhood, the trappings of everyday living, that most shape my experience. Nearby Marchmont Street with its halal market, where I buy rice and

at night, buying Bacardi Breezers, and sipping them as we walk past the train station and casino at nearby King's Cross, which is supposedly a red-light district. The voyeur in me wants to see a girl in fishnets climbing into someone's car, something unsavory, a street deal, but I've been disappointed so far. Often on these dark walks, misty rain

Nearby Marchmont Street with its halal market, where I buy rice and spices, and the hardware store, owned by an old man with spittle on his lips who slowly examined every cup and plate I bought from him when I moved in.

spices, and the hardware store, owned by an old man with spittle on his lips who slowly examined every cup and plate I bought from him when I moved in. He'd turn a mug over and say "This is seventy pence but I'll give it to you for fifty, alright, love?" Down the block is the Lord John Russell, a wood-paneled pub with a stout, bearded man painted onto the blue sign. It's bustling by noon, serving stiff pints. I hear the inflections of British accents, see

hits our skin. It's a strange little ritual that somehow makes sense. Maybe it's just the sweet taste of freedom in a city without Somerville's open-container laws. Tufts, the Dunkin' Donuts on Boston Ave., the quad touched with autumn, walking to Davis Square to catch the Red Line into Park Street for a movie: all that feels very far away now.

In a wooden case in the marbled cloisters of the University College of

In a wooden case in the marbled cloisters of the University College of London's main building rests the stuffed corpse of Jeremy Bentham, the Utilitarian philosopher who helped found the school. The corpse's head is fake, but they bring out the real thing once a year.

the *Guardian* open on sidewalk tables.

On the walk to the university down Euston, I pass St. Pancras, an Anglican Church. Its side columns are Greek statuary, robed men supporting the roof with their heads. Their soft stone faces, greased with exhaust fumes, have become familiar, like the lone turret in my window view.

My friend Christine and I have taken to walking to the corner store at ten or eleven

London's main building rests the stuffed corpse of Jeremy Bentham, the Utilitarian philosopher who helped found the school. The corpse's head is fake, but they bring out the real thing once a year. I think of one elephant's ashes, safely ensconced in a peanut butter jar in Tufts' athletic office. Jeremy's head and Jumbo's remains, strange little rituals both. Two schools, two cities, which I am lucky to witness. ☺

Pissed Off?

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Apologies to the Competition; Wolf Parade Shatters Expectations

BY MATTHEW DOYLE

With roots in Montreal's increasingly enviable indie scene, and an impressive array of collaborators and influences, Wolf Parade has a lot to live up to with their debut album, *Apologies to the Queen Mary*. The buzz has been out of control, with praise coming from such unlikely sources as *The New York Times* and *Canadian Time* magazine, but it is far from undeserved.

Wolf Parade's sound relies heavily on the new indie music stand-bys of new wave influenced synth keyboards, off kilter vocals, and driving drums, but their songs have a depth that sets them apart. The vocals, a collaboration between keyboardist Spencer Krug and guitarist Dan Boeckner, add weight and character to the band, perhaps because of the fact that they are not conventionally good. They hit notes, but barely, faltering and wavering, close to cracking but never quite there. Heavily influenced by Modest Mouse and David Bowie, they are the kinds of voices that conjure urgency, melancholy and passion. There seems to be a lot of life and hardship behind every note. While at first listen, the vocals seem incongruous with the well arranged and generally melodic songs, by the second listen everything seems to coalesce into its own particular beauty.

The emotions run the gamut as the album progresses and the band chases its tail in a nearly manic depressive fashion. There are clear anthems of lost loves and lost dreams; like the beautiful "I'll Believe in Anything," with awkward synth keyboards, uplifting guitars, and frantic vocals saying, "I could take another hit for you/ And I could take away your trips for you/ And I could take the salt from your eyes." Then there's the disaffected "Modern World," with its repetitious conclusion, "Modern world, I'm not pleased to meet you/ you just bring me down," sung in uncharacteristically relaxed

tones over harmonious minor chords.

Apologies to the Queen Mary is the culmination of two years of work, and its polish and power belie the band's nonchalant beginnings. In 2003, Krug was invited to open for The Arcade Fire (who performed at Tufts last semester), and he agreed to play despite

Mouse front man, Isaac Brock, and his influence is obvious, but not overpowering.

Now on tour, Wolf Parade came through Boston last week, playing a sold out show at TT the Bear's in Cambridge on Thursday. The crowd was lively as the band delivered a mix of covers, new songs, and

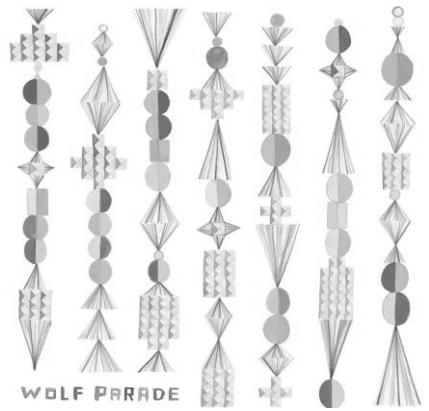
Wolf Parade's sound relies heavily on the new indie music stand-bys of new wave influenced synth keyboards, off kilter vocals, and driving drums, but their songs have a depth that sets them apart.

the fact that he did not have a band together, or anything to perform. He gathered drummer Arlen Thomson, along with Boeckner, and rehearsed on borrowed equipment for two days before the show. Hadji Bakara was later added, and is described as the band's "electronic manipulator." Now, two years and two self-produced EPs later, the band has delivered *Apologies*, their first full length work. Released last September, *Apologies* was largely produced by Modest

highlights from their album in the intimate venue. Tufts sophomore Ellie Lammer described the show as, "amazing. They were really energetic and the crowd was crazy."

Some have said that Montreal is approaching It-City status the likes of which haven't been seen since Seattle in the early 90's. This may prove to be a fair claim, with bands like The Arcade Fire, The Stars, and now Wolf Parade winning over critics and fans alike.

Only time will tell if Wolf Parade can surmount the comparisons and commentary to have their music stand for itself. Thomson discussed the press buzz in Seattle newspaper, *The Stranger*, saying "I guess Montreal is, whatever, the city right now, but really, a lot of these people are just our friends. We've played shows with the Arcade Fire to 20 kids in someone's front living room." He continues, "We're just going to keep doing what we're doing and not pay too much attention to it. I think if you start taking that stuff too seriously, you end up burning out eventually." ☀



COVER ART BY MATT MUROZ



Kurt Vonnegut's Last Hurrah

BY MARK PAGLIA

In the late nineties, Kurt Vonnegut declared that his writing days were finally at end. To be certain, anyone with credentials including *Cat's Cradle* and the celebrated *Slaughterhouse-Five* should, at the age of eighty-two, be allowed to rest on their laurels. More recently, however, Vonnegut has seen fit to return from his literary retirement with his new book, *A Man Without a Country*.

"Book" is the proper term for the work. It's certainly not a novel, and yet it manages to blur the lines between essay, autobiography, and history. The one constant throughout the book is Vonnegut's personal philosophy and his call for tolerance and compassion in the world. Accompanying this message are admirations for great humanists, appreciations of great authors, and musings on the state of our country and our world.

Vonnegut approaches the world with a viewpoint that is forever oscillating between optimism and pessimism. He cannot help delving into the wide array of disasters, scandals, wars, and greed present in the world today. Ever the social critic, Vonnegut deplores the state of America and the presence of corporate scandal, racism, fundamentalism, and above all the military-industrial complex.

As anyone who has ever read *Slaughterhouse-Five* knows, Vonnegut witnessed the firebombing of Dresden during World War II and was profoundly impacted by the horrific experience. Hence, his opinion of war is omnipresent throughout *A Man Without a Country*. In particular, he concerns himself with nuclear proliferation and the use of science and industry to advance war-making. Much of his pessimism is derived from society's tendencies toward destruction, and at times the book paints an exceedingly bleak picture of the world. Yet from these pits of despair, Vonnegut envisions humanity's ability to overcome such dangers.

There is a select group of historical figures chosen by Vonnegut for admiration and set up throughout the story as models of humanism and kindness. He exudes great respect for men such as Abraham Lincoln, Mark Twain, Jesus Christ, and Ignaz Semmelweis. The latter two are perhaps the more interesting examples of Vonnegut's worldview. Though Vonnegut

The common thread throughout these heroes of his is their compassion for humanity, which he takes to heart in his description of humanism. Vonnegut explains himself as a humanist, which entails acting with kindness without expecting rewards in an afterlife. This stance is the basis for all optimism contained within this book. In his heroes, Vonnegut finds a willingness within

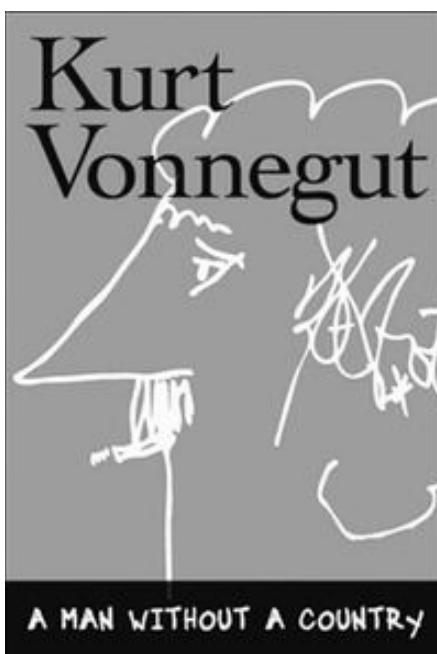
In his heroes, Vonnegut finds a willingness within humanity to do good in the face of overwhelming corruption and hatred.

follows no organized religion, he admires the founder of Christianity as an ordinary man who merely possessed compassion. Semmelweis holds a similar role as a nineteenth-century doctor whose innovations in operating room cleanliness saved countless lives but were spurned by more cynical adherents of the status quo.

humanity to do good in the face of overwhelming corruption and hatred. In light of his long taxonomy of human cruelties, this is a most encouraging thought.

When he is not expounding on the nature of human kindness, Vonnegut digresses into matters of literature and his life as a renowned master of fiction. Chief amongst his literary comments is his analysis of the elements that make Shakespeare the undisputed standard of all authors. He notes Shakespeare's lack of formulaic plot structures and willingness to explore all facets of human existence. He then ties this in with his own undergraduate training as a chemist at Cornell and the need for literature to encompass a broad cross-section of the world in which we live.

In many ways, this principle guides the structure of *A Man Without a Country* itself. Vonnegut manages to deftly touch on all aspects of life, both in contemporary society and in that which shaped his upbringing. There truly is no proper way to describe this presumably final work. It is in part a parable, in part a critique, and in part a guide. It needs no plot, no firm structure, and is in no way limited to a single main thesis. Rather, this stimulating work is, just like its author, content to merely exist. ☀



VONNEGUT.COM

October 28, 2005

THE OBSERVER

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Russian Spoken Here: A Review of *The Stories of Vladimir Nabokov*

BY NIVEDITA GUNTURI

It has been said that there is no real difference between good poetry and good prose. The best poetry tells a beautiful story, and the best prose has a lyrical and sensual quality. Where would you encounter such writing that walks the fine line between the two worlds? You might look for an author who has been praised as a man who can turn language into an instrument of ecstasy, a writer who produces sumptuous creations that are almost tangible, a storyteller who has captivated, shocked and delighted the world with his works. Vladimir Nabokov, a Russian novelist who wrote seventeen novels and over fifty-two short stories, fits this description.

Nabokov's most famous work is *Lolita*, the story of the disgustingly likable Humbert Humbert and his perverted sexual obsession with 13-year-old Dolores. A few weeks ago, the 50th anniversary of *Lolita*'s publication was celebrated. However, Nabokov wrote more than just pedophilic erotica, a fact that is

sometimes overlooked in the American public and Hollywood's obsession with sexuality (a film based on the novel was made in 1997). *The Stories of Vladimir Nabokov*, a collection of Nabokov's short fiction, showcases the author's brilliant versatility in narrative style as well as plot content. I happened across the volume as a junior in high school, was mesmerized by Nabokov, and became an instant devotee. However, five years later, I still cannot claim to have absorbed even half of what is contained in this treasure-trove of storytelling. A magician with words, Nabokov paints imaginative pictures with his expressive constructions and brings his characters and settings to life with his extraordinarily evocative descriptions.

The volume is a comprehensive compilation of Nabokov's short fiction, combining four previously published collections—*Nabokov's Dozen*, *A Russian Beauty and Other Stories*, *Tyrants Destroyed and Other Stories*, and *Details of a Sunset and Other Stories*—with thirteen newly collected, previously unpublished stories. The anthology is edited by Nabokov's son Dmitri

Nabokov, who also translated the Russian-language stories into English. Dmitri worked with Véra Nabokov, Vladimir's wife, to compile and edit this particular anthology. Published in 1995, the volume presents the stories in chronological order, allowing the reader to follow Nabokov's development as a writer. It is not unusual while reading to come across a highly evolved and polished work amidst several simpler stories, an ostensible breakthrough in Nabokov's creative talent.

Nabokov, a Russian émigré to the United States, was one of very few well-known authors to have been proficient in multiple languages. This close familiarity with language turns Nabokov into a raconteur of rare talent, and every story evinces a different

voice and character. The sheer scope of the subject matter makes it a stimulating read, covering the entire range of possible genres. Each story stands alone in its self-contained splendor, requiring no literary prerequisites, so to speak. No familiarity with Nabokov's other works is required to appreciate a single one of these stories. He touches Gabriel García Márquez's brand of magic realism with stories in the vein of "La Veneziana," a story of a man wholly taken with an intriguing Italian seductress. Stories like "The Dragon" seem at first glance to possibly be children's lore, but on closer examination reveal profound social commentary disguised as fables, in the tradition of the Grimm brothers. He portrays a fleeting tryst with romance ("The Seaport"), a horrific retelling of terror ("Revenge"), a political commentary on society ("Russian Spoken Here"), and pure lyricism, with no apparent agenda ("Sounds"). He dallies with fanciful imaginative pieces like "The Wood-Sprite," a story vaguely reminiscent of Poe's "The Raven," delves into the consciousness of a neurotic writer in a Wodehouse-esque "Lips to Lips," and covers effectively every bit of literary ground in these fifty-two stories. His beautiful use of language mesmerizes the reader into a state of awe. His recurring engagement with hallucinations and the uncanny begins to drive the reader into a state of altered being as he reads. Even throughout Nabokov's filial channelling of canonical writers of eras past, a new and remarkably clear voice of insubordination breaks out. One can never be sure whether his writing is poetry, prose, or an entirely different genre of ethereal writing that reaches the reader on a supernatural plane. The flights of his fancy satisfy the reader with a robust use of the English language that a tamer fiction would not be able to accomplish.

Vladimir Nabokov is a twentieth-century writer that any true lover of literature must know and absorb, but not all of us have the time or patience to plod through his seventeen novels. For the rest of us, we've been given a priceless gift in the form of this collection. These stories enchant, disgust, shock, startle, and provoke, but most of all they fascinate—and no matter how deep you think you have gone, there are still depths to be explored. ☀





A Very British Show at the MFA

BY SHAWNA RUSSO

A man is attached to a ceiling above two bathtubs, one filled with yellow water and the other with green. He's velcroed to the ceiling and gradually losing his hold on the wall. As he falls into the green water tub, a crowd cheers.

It's one of the bizarre ads viewers were greeted with at *British Advertising Films of 2004*, showcased at the Remis Auditorium at the Museum of Fine Arts. The auditorium was packed with spectators of all ages at eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning: kids as young as seven with their parents, teenagers with their parents, high schoolers, college kids, and adults. The focus of everyone's attention was a 68-minute feature film that compiled award-winning British ads from 2004.

Of 50 ads shown, about 15 seemed to stick out and represent the best of British advertising. Many of ads were funny, many very random, and some just sad. Most, however, provided social commentary or were just plain cool, and all were in some way thought-provoking. What it ends up as is a testament to the British genius in the field of advertising.

Many ads had nothing to do with the product advertised and were honored at the MFA show simply for their insane creativity and imagination. One depicted Asian cowboys dragging a dying jelly fish through the desert, hanging it up, and nursing it back to health with a drink. The jellyfish starts to glow and twitch its tentacles while the cowboys dance crazily to background music. The product? A digital music sharing company.

A sample of the adverts represented today's cutting edge advertising. In one memorable deodorant commercial, a good-looking couple are in bed. They get up and leave their flat in their undergarments. For the next couple of minutes they walk around a city gradually finding missing bits of clothing, a sock on a stoplight, a

pair of pants on a soccer field. They arrive in a grocery store where they find the final pieces of their respective outfits and grab two shopping carts. As they walk in separate directions a voice-over proclaims: "Because you never know when. Axe deodorant for guys." And like an M. Night

topic from child abuse to social commentary perception of beauty to drunk driving. The child abuse ad showed a girl puppet being controlled by her father. The girl is in school being called on by the teacher. After a few seconds her "controller" speaks for her. The ad continues in this

Many ads had nothing to do with the product advertised and were honored at the MFA show simply for their insane creativity and imagination.

Shyamalan movie, it makes sense at the end.

A Volkswagen commercial takes viewers on a crazy, fast-paced ride with rapidly edited scenes of engineers and receptionists in different eras. We watch as time passes and the company develops the Golf. At the end of the ad a voice says "The new Golf: 30 years in the making." The rapid editing makes the point gracefully.

There were serious ads intercut with the random and funny. These ranged on

vein when a classmate goes up to the girl to asks her to come play with her; her dad says "no." When the man and girl puppet get home, it is dinnertime and the "girl" doesn't eat. Her mother asks what's wrong and the kid replies "Can I just go to my room now?" Then a voice-over announces: "An abused child can't speak up. Help stop this." The ad takes a clever approach: the abused child is a puppet being utterly and absolutely controlled by her parents.





In a Dove lotion commercial, a camera shows women who have been scarred in interesting ways: one has a star-shaped scar on her thigh and many have thick scars running down the length of their stomachs. They are unsightly, and they make viewers wonder what could have happened to these women. However, they are showing their scars proudly and agreeing to be filmed for a national campaign. The slogan "All skin is beautiful" forces viewers to come face to face with the way they define beauty.

Several ads framed drunk driving in the same thought-provoking way. In one,

says "You did not!" in an incredulous tone. When the lead investor says, "Oh yes I did," Troyer flips them off. Right then, the voice-over urges viewers to not "let a mobile phone ruin your movie," which prompted intense laughter from the audience.

In another notable, people are playing tennis. One man is shirtless, overweight and sweating. It is obvious that these are beginners: they constantly miss the ball and send it over the fence, and one girl even tries to hit a forehand while on her cell phone. Viewers are wondering why these people are torturing and embar-

with these ads at an "international" level.

What the film results in is a fascinating look at what sells across the pond, and the sample provided here will most likely shock anyone a little too used to FCC-style political correctness. Am I glad that I got up to see this movie a scant five hours after I went to bed Sunday morning, waiting for a half hour in the cold for a late Joey, then riding the T for another half hour? You bet. Go see this film. ☺

British Advertising Films of 2004 will be running until November 4, 2005, with the next show time on Saturday, October 29, at 12:30 p.m. Tickets are \$8 for MFA members and students; \$9 for general admission. Call the box office at (617) 369 3306 for ticket orders.

"This is a moment to be savored in the PlayStation world." The ad cleverly plays on the ability of video game players to manipulate video game characters into alternate universes.

three guys are at a bar drinking, and one says: "I shouldn't have any more, I have to drive home." His other friend insists that he will be fine and hands him another beer. The next scene shows a pretty girl making eye-contact with the man and walking towards him. Right when she is about to talk to him, the camera motion speeds up and the girl is thrown violently forwards and back, ending up in a pile. She is lying on the floor, bruised and bloody and perhaps dead. The camera cuts to the man, who looks cut up and bloody in a shocked state, as if he had just been driving her in a car and they were both in an accident. When the viewer makes this connection a voice says, "It takes more than you think to be a drunk driver."

One hilarious commercial involved Verne "Mini-me" Troyer making a pitch for his new movie. Investors tell him he should instead do something with mobile phones that has nothing to do with his movie pitch. Predictably, Troyer doesn't want to. To make their point, the lead investor puts his pinkie up to his mouth like Dr. Evil in Austin Powers and says "one million pounds" in the now-famous accent. Troyer has this really angry look on his face and

rassing themselves until a voice explains, "It's that time again. Get your guide to Wimbledon in this week's *Guardian*."

But the most memorable and impressive ad of the film was a gem from PlayStation. In it, normal people act like animals in the wild, and a group of porn stars lounge in a river in a wild plain. The narrator describes as they "start to get excited." To add more humor to the film, the camera cuts back and forth between two men and a "passing football mascot" in a squishy costume watching the porn stars. Then the point of the advertisement: "This is a moment to be savored in the PlayStation world." The ad cleverly plays on the ability of video game players to manipulate video game characters into alternate universes.

Most of the ads were extremely entertaining. The fact that the audience laughed at almost every ad shows how Americans view British advertising techniques. In a sense, the audience was probably appalled at the sheer audacity of British advertising. Nothing like these would ever air in the United States. Perhaps only the famed Super Bowl ads—which represent the best of American advertising—would be able to compete

Arts This Week

Acoustic Series:
Kenneth Kang

@ Brown and Brew
November 2, 9 p.m.

The School for Scandal:
(Drama Department's Fall Show)

@ Balch Arena Theater
Oct. 29, Nov. 3, 4 and 5 at 8 p.m.
Matinee Nov. 5 at 2 p.m.
Tickets are \$7

Warren Miller's High Ground:
The Somerville Theater
Nov. 2 and 3
Tickets are \$19.50



Spice Up Your ...

Birthdays

BY ADRIENNE ROMA
AND MELISSA FIORENZA

What do cakes, presents, and candles all have in common? If you don't know the answer to that, you don't deserve to be turning another year older. That's right, kids, it's birthday season. ("Whhhhat? There's a season for that?" Adrienne says.) So here's the scenario: you, or one of your friends, or anyone else, is about to get down for growing up, and you're in the market for some unique outings. Who better to help you out with some spicy on-the-town birthday suggestions, than washed up seniors like us, with 21 celebrations under our belts? Here are the top three ideas:

1. The Blue Man Group. You've heard about them, you've seen the advertisements, but what the hell are they exactly? Located at the Charles Playhouse in downtown Boston, the Blue Man Group is a trio of cobalt painted performers and a rock band. Their sole purpose is to entertain you, and they do so by incorporating totally random items such as food, music, and members of the audience into their show (extra spice points if you're the person they bring on stage to be painted). Here's why it's fun for birthdays: if you call ahead, you might be able to get the Blue Men to announce your friend's birthday on stage. Since they only announce a couple

per show, make sure you remember to call. What happens during and after the announcement? You'll just have to go and find out. Also, stay after the show and meet the Blue Men in the lobby, grab an autograph, and if you're lucky, a very blue picture. Call (617) 931-2787 or visit

lous and embarrassing things, such as "I was the first in the group to lose my virginity" or "Father John's favorite little altar boy." If you think that's extreme, tell them it's your birthday—the consequences are too R-rated for this article. Call (617) 267-8080 or visit www.dickslastresort.com for more

The most fun part about Dick's, especially for a birthday crowd, are the condom hats ... yes, you read that correctly.

www.bluemen.com for more information and hope your birthday makes you laugh until you're blue in the face.

2. Dick's Last Resort. Perhaps the most infamous restaurant for collegiate birthdays in the Boston area is Dick's Last Resort. We couldn't say it better than Dick himself—according to the restaurants website, "The massive appeal of Dick's is hard to put your finger on. We don't know if it's the wacky tacky décor, the sometimes sassy service, or the bountiful buckets of fabulous food. We do know the food is hot, the beer is cold and if the music is too loud ... you're too damn old. That's right, we're Dick's ... where it's fun for all, all in fun for all that dare to enter." So basically, it's loud by either the crowds or the live bands, the food ranges from Mumbo Jumbo Chicky Wings to Tomater Cream Pasta, and the service sucks ... intentionally. Ask for straws and they will throw (literally) too many of them on your table; ask for a refill and they will roll their eyes and tell you to get it. Remember, it is okay to laugh, they are only kidding. The most fun part about Dick's, especially good for a birthday crowd, are the condom hats ... yes, you read that correctly. During your meal your waiter or waitress will craft large paper hats for you and your friends. On the hats, they will write ridicu-

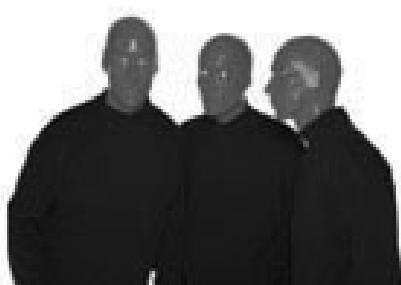
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If you think that's extreme, tell them it's your birthday—the consequences are too R-rated for this article. Call (617) 267-8080 or visit www.dickslastresort.com for more

information and have a smart-ass soiree.

3. Improv Asylum. Who doesn't love comedy? The North End's own little comedy club, the Improv Asylum, is guaranteed to have you laughing until your next birthday. The awesome thing about this is that every show is different. There's a different theme every night, and the majority of the skits are constructed with audience input, so when the comedians ask you for your suggestions, yell out "It's my birthday!" Hopefully, you'll be the one brought out on stage to be laughed at by everyone. Since the show starts promptly, make sure you get there on time ... So the comedians don't call you out for being late. Aside from improv, they sometime have prepared skits or songs on Boston-related topics—it's "wicked" hilarious. Call (617) 263-NUTS (6887) or visit www.improvashylum.com for more information, and we hope your birthday is insanely funny.

To anyone that actually takes our advice and celebrates his or her birthday at these places, we hope you have a great time. To everyone else that doesn't, you're missing out. Also, know that you don't have to be 21 to get into any of these places. And on that note, happy belated 21st birthday to Jill, happy 18th birthday to Adrienne's little sister, Caroline, and happy 17th birthday to Melissa's little sister, Cassandra! ☺



COURTESY OF WWW.BLUEMAN.COM

Make sure to call ahead in order to have the Blue Men announce your friend's birthday during their performances.



Forbidden No More: The Apple in All its Glory

BY ANNA FELDMAN

With fall finally here, what's more appropriate than an article dedicated to the fruit of the season? Apples! According to archaeological evidence, humans have been enjoying apples since at least 8000 B.C., but it wasn't until the Roman era when Roman and Greek horticulturists cultivated the original eastern Kazakhstan sour apple into the sweet juicy apple we know today. European settlers brought apple seeds with them to the New World and the Pilgrims planted some of the first apple trees in the Massachusetts Bay Colony around 1630. Today 2,500 varieties of apples are grown in the United States, though only 100 are farmed commercially. The healthy qualities of the apple have been recognized for centuries. Hippocrates himself boasted of the digestive and fever-reducing benefits of sweet and tart apples. Hence the classic phrase: "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

So that's a little run-down of the history of the apple. Now for the real fun: In my opinion, the best thing, hands down, about apple picking is what you do with the delicious crunchy fruit afterwards. Here are a few of my favorite recipes. Nice and simple, they're sure to warm you up on those cold winter nights just around the bend, as well as lend a wonderful smell to your kitchen.

RUSTIC APPLE TART

Preheat oven to 375°. Thinly roll out one sheet of purchased frozen puff pastry and place in a buttered round tart pan or rectangular baking sheet (the difference lies in what pattern you want to lay the apples—rows or concentric circles). Press the overhanging dough onto the sides of the pan with fork tines and pierce bottom. Peel, core and thinly slice four Golden Delicious apples (or whatever other types—try mixing varieties!). Brush apples with two tablespoons of melted butter and toss with one tablespoon of lemon juice and a

bit of cinnamon sugar. Sprinkle sugar on bottom of puff pastry, arrange apple slices in overlapping rows or circles, and brush outer edges of pastry with a beaten egg. Bake for 40 minutes. Brush with heated,

ter bath (place baking dish in roasting pan with hot water coming halfway up side of pan) for about 40 minutes. Optional: brown under broiler for a few minutes and serve with homemade whipped cream.

Today, 2,500 varieties of apples are grown in the United States of which 100 are done so commercially.

strained apricot jam. Bake for additional five minutes or until tart is golden and apples are cooked through. Sprinkle with crumbled pecans and serve with vanilla ice cream (both optional).

HOMEMADE APPLESAUCE

Peel, core and cube eight apples (again, mixing varieties produces a tastier sauce). Place in a large saucepan with one tablespoon of either water or apple cider. Cook over medium heat for about 30 minutes until apples are very tender. Add half a teaspoon of cinnamon, one tablespoon of sugar and one fourth teaspoon of vanilla. Mash with a potato masher or fork.

APPLE BREAD PUDDING

Place cubes of preferably stale challah or whole wheat bread in a buttered dish. Melt two tablespoons of butter in skillet and sauté over medium heat two peeled, cored apples cut in half inch wedges. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cook for six more minutes. Spread apples over bread, along with one tablespoon of raisins or currants. Bring two cups of milk to boil. Whisk two eggs and four tablespoons of brown sugar in bowl to blend. Gradually whisk in hot milk, one teaspoon of vanilla extract, and one fourth teaspoon of cinnamon. Pour over bread and apple mixture. Let stand until almost absorbed. Preheat oven to 350°. Bake in wa-

MULLED CIDER

Combine purchased apple cider with one cinnamon stick, ten whole cloves, one navel orange (peeled and sliced crosswise), and a sliced a two inch piece of fresh ginger in a large saucepan. Simmer for 15–20 minutes. Strain and discard cinnamon, cloves, orange and ginger. Serve warm.

ENDIVE, APPLE, WALNUT, AND ROQUEFORT SALAD

Pretty self-explanatory. Place endive slices (or torn romaine lettuce leaves if endives aren't your thing), peeled apple cubes, crumbled Roquefort or Stilton blue cheese, and crumbled walnuts or pecans in a salad bowl. Toss with mustard cider vinaigrette (whisk one tablespoon of apple cider, one tablespoon of cider vinegar, one teaspoon of Dijon mustard, two teaspoons of lemon juice and one tablespoon of minced shallot, add one fourth cup of olive oil in stream, and salt and pepper to taste).

Take advantage of the fact that apples are now in season because even though they are available year round in the supermarket, they are never as good as during the fall. So find an orchard, pick a bushel, and make something delicious! And don't be afraid to wow someone cute at a party with a historical fact about apples. No one can resist a culinary intellectual. ☺



NBA 2005: Eastern Conference Preview

BY EVANS CLINCHY

The NBA's Eastern Conference, while traditionally the weaker half of the association, is nevertheless set for a competitive season in 2005-2006. With the Detroit Pistons, Miami Heat, and Indiana Pacers gunning for the conference title, and the Cleveland Cavaliers poised to take the next step, the Eastern Conference should be very entertaining to follow this season.

The Atlantic Division is most likely the NBA's weakest division. The New Jersey Nets, if they can remain healthy, should be the favorites to cruise to a division title in 2006. However, health is always a concern in East Rutherford, where Richard Jefferson missed half of last season with a wrist injury, Jason Kidd's knee is troubling, and Vince Carter can be hit-or-miss. But if the Nets bring their A-game, they should have no trouble winning a division title.

New Jersey's stiffest competition will most likely come from the Philadelphia 76ers, who are led by a duo of superstars, guard Allen Iverson and forward Chris Webber. If Webber, a mid-season acquisition from this past February, can learn to work with Iverson, the two can lead the Sixers into playoff contention.

The defending division champion Boston Celtics have been—for the second time—weakened by the offseason loss of star forward Antoine Walker, this time to the Miami Heat. The Celtics will now rely heavily on guard Paul Pierce, who will need to become a strong leader among a group of young players that includes Al Jefferson, Kendrick Perkins, and first-round pick Gerald Green.

The final two teams in the Atlantic—the New York Knicks and Toronto Raptors—both have big problems to resolve before they can think about playoff basketball. Center Eddy Curry is at the heart of New York's troubles, as his health is a major concern. Curry suffers from an irregular heartbeat, and it remains to be seen whether he will be able to play this season. Legendary coach Larry Brown will try to lead the Knicks in their time of need. Meanwhile, the Raptors are similarly in big-man trouble:

they don't really have one. Chris Bosh and Jalen Rose are a talented pair of forwards, but Rafael Araujo is untested and unreliable at the center position. Both New York and Toronto are facing steep odds against a playoff run.

In the Central Division, the Detroit Pistons are the defending conference champions and are still the team to beat. Detroit lacks a major superstar, but an ensemble cast of Chauncey Billups, Richard Hamilton, Tayshaun Prince, and both Ben and Rasheed Wallace makes the Pistons the best team in the league defensively, and a major threat to return to the NBA Finals. Assuming incoming coach Flip Saunders makes a smooth transition into Detroit, the Pistons should go far.

Meanwhile, the Indiana Pacers are looking to recover from a troubling season, and return to their winning ways of seasons past. The heart and soul of the Pacers team is the trio of Ron Artest, Jermaine O'Neal, and Stephen Jackson, all of whom missed most of 2004-2005 due to suspensions stemming from their brawl in Detroit on November 19 of last year. If the three stars come back rusty and inconsistent, the Pacers will struggle, but if they come back strong, this Indiana team is as good as any in the NBA.

While all eyes are on Indiana and Detroit, the two rivals, to dominate the Central, the Cleveland Cavaliers are a team that can't be counted out. Twenty-year-old LeBron James has the potential for an MVP-caliber season in 05-06—there's no telling how far Cleveland can go once LeBron hits his prime. If forward Drew Gooden steps up and plays the Pippen to LeBron's Jordan, then a Cavalier dynasty could be in the works. The supporting cast is now in place, in the form of Larry Hughes, Donyell Marshall and Damon Jones, while fellow newcomer Mike Brown prepares for his first season as head coach. The Cavs should make the playoffs—if not much, much more.

The Chicago Bulls have been hurt by the loss of their Curry, their former center, and will have to count on Tyson Chandler, Ben Gordon, and Luol Deng to overachieve if they want to make the playoffs. The

Milwaukee Bucks have a powerful scoring machine in guard Michael Redd, but former college superstars T.J. Ford and first-overall pick Andrew Bogut are both still young and inexperienced. Both Chicago and Milwaukee have potential further down the road, but don't be surprised if both teams turn in off-years.

In the Southeast Division, the Miami Heat walked away with the division title by 14 games in 2005. Thanks to a productive offseason, there appears to be no reason they can't do the same in 2006. Shaquille O'Neal and Dwyane Wade are back and are as powerful as ever, only now, they're accompanied by new acquisitions Antoine Walker, Gary Payton, and Jason Williams. The Heat, with their stacked lineup, are heavy favorites in the Southeast, and should contend for a trip to the NBA Finals.

The Orlando Magic have had a strong preseason, led by Dwight Howard, the first overall pick in the 2004 draft. Howard and point guard Steve Francis are an explosive duo, but if Orlando wants to go far in the playoffs, it will take a contribution from the aging and injury-prone Grant Hill.

For the Washington Wizards, a return to the postseason is quite possible if Gilbert Arenas follows through on the breakout season he turned in in 2004-2005. Arenas, along with Antawn Jamison, will lead the Wizards this season, and with the recent additions of Caron Butler and Antonio Daniels, hopes are high in the nation's capital.

The Atlanta Hawks and Charlotte Bobcats, both Southeast cellar dwellers, have each found fresh young talent, in the form of the Hawks' Joe Johnson and the Bobcats' draft pick Raymond Felton. But both teams are still far from a playoff run, as both are still immersed in the process of rebuilding.

The Pistons and Heat are the early favorites to make a return to the Eastern Conference Finals, as both are ready to avenge losses from last year's playoffs. However, with rise of the Cavaliers, the resurgence of the Pacers, and the constant threat of the Nets, no lead will be safe. 2005-2006 should be a fiercely competitive season in the NBA's Eastern Conference. ☀



NBA 2005: Western Conference Preview

BY MALCOLM CHARLES

After winning two of the past three NBA championships and three of the past seven, the San Antonio Spurs are poised to continue their dominance. The Spurs have one of the deepest teams in the league, play unselfishly, are great defensively, and have one of the league's premier coaches in Gregg Popovich. They added Nick Van Exel, Michael Finley, and re-signed the clutch Robert Horry to give them a ridiculous amount of talent. Everyone else in the Southwest Division will be playing for second.

The team with the best chance to take that spot is the Houston Rockets. The addition of athletic Stromile Swift will help Yao Ming, who is often maligned for his stamina, in the post. If his back doesn't become a chronic problem like it was in Orlando, Tracy McGrady (25.7ppg, 5.7apg) will have a typical year. The roster was always in flux last season, so stability this season will lead to greater success.

For the past five or so years, the success of the Dallas Mavericks has been attributed to three players: Dirk Nowitzki, Steve Nash, and Michael Finley. Nash left for the Phoenix Suns last year, and Finley was waived as part of the "amnesty clause." Now it is up to the versatile Nowitzki to lead the team alone and last year's playoffs don't bode well for that. His field goal percentage dropped well below his season average and he tended to disappear in big spots.

At the bottom of the division will be the Memphis Grizzlies and the New Orleans Hornets. The Grizzlies performed much better when Mike Fratello took over for Hubie Brown in the middle of last season, but they made little improvement in the off-season. Their starting players, save Pau Gasol, are better suited coming off the bench. The Hornets will be playing their season in Oklahoma City. They traded away their franchise player, Baron Davis, last season and replaced him with top draft pick Chris Paul. However, Paul has not been sufficiently surrounded by scorers.

The Denver Nuggets will top the Northwest Division. After George Karl

took over as coach, the Nuggets finished the 2004-2005 season with a 26-4 record. Carmelo Anthony has been criticized for being aloof at times, but Karl seems to get the best out of him. Center Marcus Camby showed that he could remain healthy last season, and if that continues the Nuggets will have an extremely athletic front court. That athleticism will be crucial in a conference filled with low-post scorers.

It's hard to see how the rest of the division will play out because no team is lacking significantly in talent. The Seattle Sonics are entering the season with the core of last year's playoff team intact. Their leading scorer and team leader, Ray Allen (23.9ppg), was retained with a big contract and the bench is also deep with talent. A

Are the Spurs poised to repeat in the Western Conference this year?

lot of the credit for the Sonics' resurgence has to go to coach Nate McMillan, but he jumped ship to the Portland Trailblazers and new coach Bob Weiss will struggle to fill his shoes.

The Minnesota Timberwolves struggled with chemistry problems all of last season. The departures of Latrell Spewell and Sam Cassell mean that the team will be re-focused with Kevin Garnett as the undisputed leader. Garnett is arguably the best all-around player in the league, but he hasn't had much help. Rookie Rashad McCants has the potential to be Garnett's running mate. The biggest hit to the Timberwolves was the departure of coach Flip Saunders to the Detroit Pistons, but Garnett is so good that a playoff berth is possible.

Though Carlos Boozer (17.8ppg, 9.0rpg) had a good 2004-2005 season statistically, he faced the brunt of the criticism for the Utah Jazz's 25-56 record. This year should be different with a healthy Andrei Kirilenko. Coach Jerry Sloan couldn't decide on a starting point guard this year and that situation hasn't changed. Without a leader

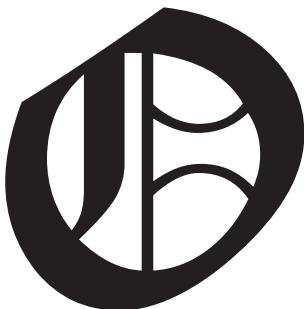
in that position, the Jazz will crumble. The Portland Trail Blazers are still trying to rid themselves of their image as a team full of immature and out-of-control players. However, they still have one of the youngest rosters in the league and also one filled with players who don't seem to mesh as a team.

A few weeks ago, the Phoenix Suns would have been the unanimous choice to runaway with the Pacific Division. Then came the injury to star-forward Amare Stoudemire. The Sacramento Kings are poised to take the division title in their place. Mike Bibby is one of the league's best point guards on both offense and defense and his leadership will be important in the absence of the traded Chris Webber.

Prior to Stoudemire's injury, the Phoenix Suns made some significant roster moves. A max offer from the Hawks pulled sharpshooter Joe Johnson away, and swingman Quentin Richardson was traded to the Knicks for forward Kurt Thomas. The Suns were trying to improve their dismal defense with the trade, but it could hurt their fast-break offense. Stoudemire will be out for at least four months, and even that is an optimistic estimation. However, the Suns could still make noise in the playoffs with a healthy return by Stoudemire.

The return of coach Phil Jackson will help ease the lingering pain of Shaq's departure from the Los Angeles Lakers. Kobe Bryant is so good that the Lakers will remain in the playoff hunt despite a lackluster supporting cast. The Lakers are rolling the dice with forward Kwame Brown, but they seem to be asking too much of him.

Point guard Baron Davis energized the Golden State Warriors after being traded from the Hornets before last year's deadline. With Jason Richardson as the two-guard, the Warriors will have an athletic and high-scoring backcourt, but the success of the team will be hindered by its weak front-court. The Los Angeles Clippers, though having a solid starting lineup, will struggle as a result of an extremely shallow bench. Swingman Corey Maggette is a proven scorer, but like many of his teammates, is poor at shot selection. ☀



Open Forum

What is the oldest student organization on campus?



“Leonard Carmichael Society.”
—Heather Kurt, '07



“The Daily.”
—Lyndsey Gibbons-Neff, '08



“L.C.S.”
—Dan Rogers, '07



“I would assume its LCS, but maybe the football team.”
—Tiffany Chen and Cathy Lu, '06



“Do it in the dark. No, just kidding. The oldest student organization? I would have to say ... man, I can’t think of anything funny. Protestant Club maybe?”
—Bradley Scott, '06



“The longest running or the oldest? The Bubs are the longest running organization. I don’t know who the oldest is, but all the other groups broke up in the 70s.”

—Chris Van Lenten, '08

—Compiled by Rachel Geylin



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