seniors
The Best Of Tufts...

by Ellen Spiner

B est Guts: Sol Gittelman's Yid Lit and German 89, Jeanne Dillone's Italian Film, Jack Zarkin's Greek and Roman Comedy; for laughs, for light and interesting reading, a social atmosphere, and great lecturing (and "gut" does not mean you won't learn) . . . Ex-College offers Tufts' most unique courses as well as freshman orientations and conferences. Also one of the friendliest department offices . . . Tuesday nights at the Pub: who says we only party on the weekends? Tuesdays are unofficial pub parties—you're guaranteed to know at least 5 (if not 50) people and if you can fight your way to the bar, the beer is cheap . . . Lunch at Pounds: it may be crowded and the entrees may be mediocre (not to mention the Mexican paint-by-numbers on the back wall), but the atmosphere, fast service, and ice cream are worth it . . . Proximity to Harvard Square: most seniors have gotten over the competition with Harvard (the school) and learned to appreciate Harvard (the square). Tufts is only a 10-minute walk, car or subway ride from the East Coast's hotbed of institutional activity, international cafes, used book and record stores, cheap restaurants. And the bars—from the Hong Kong to the upstairs at Casablanca—can't be beat . . . Spring Fling and Apple Jam: the best days on campus! The sun shines, freshies fly, kegs flow, bands play, and Tufts students feel they're at summer camp again . . . The Goon Squad just debuted our last semester, but the sincere effort to revive school spirit adds badly-needed enthusiasm to the stands . . . Arena Theatre productions: the Drama department does a superb junior year after year, bringing well-acted and directed classics such as Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya" and Sartre's "No Exit" to Tufts . . . Hodgdon Pizza is, on good days, better than Espresso's or Domino's . . . The Common in four years, nearly every campus group has painted the cannon at least once—it serves as a notice board, birthday card and political mouthpiece . . . The Beezlebucks and Jackson Jills: high quality and, together with Cohen in Dewick . . . WMFO-FM: one of the few 24-hours-a-day, 365-days-a-year freeform radio stations left in the U.S., WMFO also provides broadcasting experience for students . . . Campus Publications: the Daily, the Observer, Tufts Magazine, The Primary Source, The Meridian, Hemispheres. The number and variety of publications is astounding for a school of Tufts' size (and the Daily is especially unique, as a college daily with one

... And The Worst

by Ellen Spiner

Job Search and Pre-Professionalism: the obsession with finding a job by May unfortunately dominates too much of seniors' time. Resumes, interviews, cover letters, haircuts and suits become familiar (and dull) topics of conversation, and the importance of finding a career often overshadows the importance of getting an education . . . Dining Services' coffee: 6 years ago, Boston magazine listed Tufts' coffee as the worst in Boston—some things never change . . . Parking: on or off campus, parking is one of the biggest hassles at Tufts. Faced with Somerville guest parking regulations, Tufts' $35 fee, and the unavailability of parking space in the whole Boston area, students wonder why they ever bothered to bring a car to school anyway . . . Registration: endless forms, long waits, trying to find professors to sign add/drops, and thinking up excuses for petition-dropping . . . Study Space: There is never enough study space, especially during finals. Without a doubt, the worst place to study is the Grott Room, from the first day of reading week to the last final. And the dual temperature control in Wessell—tropical or arctic—doesn't make it any easier . . . Housing: the system screwers over every student at least once, and seniors suffer the most unfairly. The housing office's inflexibility of rules makes living off-campus even more desirable . . . Worst dorm: Hodgdon . . . Athletic facilities: Cousens Gym is a shambles; Ellis Oval needs drastic improvements; the tennis courts are pathetic; and teams are underfunded . . . A disgrace . . . The Books: high prices, a lack of used books, late arrivals, and a horrible selection of insignia clothing . . . The Climb up Memorial Steps (especially when late for class) . . . Worst classrooms: Braker 401 and Eaton 134 . . . Murals in Wessell: five stoned seniors could produce better artwork . . . Social Policy: I am in a ridiculously early hour for closing parties, registering parties is a farce (and what's the difference between a beer ball and a keg)?—sometimes we wonder if they want us to have any fun . . . Returning from vacay: It's hard enough to come back to classes and homework but the innane small talk is the worst: "Did you have a good break? Where did you go? Did you have fun?" And all those Florida tans in March . . . Eaton Parties . . . Extended Blocks: One and a half hours of lecture is pushing it, 3 hours is sheer torture . . . Freshman Orientation Week: Gang showers in Carmichael . . . Exam period: the worst week at Tufts—there is no need to describe it, we all know how awful it is . . . The smell in Eaton before, during and especially after parties . . . Tufts in the rain: mud everywhere! . . . Relations with the Medford and Somerville communities: blame can be placed on both sides—Tufts students are guilty of arrogance and apathy towards their neighbors, while some local residents continue to harrass students, crash parties, and commit burglaries. Clearly, relations need to be improved . . . Typos in the Observer. . . Laboratory facilities . . . and picking your last semester's courses: trying to find required classes in a course that you've always wanted to take, and not wind up with 8:30's. Perhaps the hardest part is realizing how last time went and wondering how much you've learned in four years . . .
Before The "Real World"

by Steven Wilner

It is hard to reflect on our senior year at Tufts University without conjuring memories of good times, pressured times and strong bonds of friendship.

As the summer before senior year ended, we arrived at Tufts for the fourth, and hopefully, final time. Our experience showed: we knew not to drive near campus when freshmen arrived; lines at the Bookstore became routine; our schedules were already completed; and many dropped their meal plans (if not entirely, then almost certainly to the five meal minimum). Those who lived in apartments near campus arrived early to do house cleaning and some interior redecorating. The others, who lived in co-ops and singles on campus, arrived just in time to attend house-warming parties in their newly cleaned and redecorated off-campus apartments.

We all returned to Tufts expecting a "great" senior year. Many of us came back from spending the junior year abroad and had to reacquaint ourselves with Tufts friends and procedures. Even students who remained stateside were burdened with the task of collecting new phone numbers and addresses. As seniors, most felt entitled to be free of studying and academic responsibility. It was not long, however, before the job search became a reality.

Seemingly eons in the future, the "real world" was closer than most wanted to admit. Those looking for jobs had to write resumes "and submit fifteen copies to C.O.P. forty-eight hours before their first interview." Future graduate students had to write personal statements and become friends with their professors in order to get favorable recommendations.

By mid-semester the pressure was really on. Midterms and papers had to be scheduled around application deadlines and job interviews. We soon realized that this was by no means the "easy" semester we had expected.

In addition, as seniors there was an immense amount of social pressure on students. Tufts' new social policy was a cause for concern. As a class we were confronted with the last "Happy Hour" in the state of Massachusetts. The prospect of no Spring Fling seemed almost possible. It seemed, however, that the biggest pressure of all was finding a date for the Senior Gala which was only seven months in the future. Amidst all of this academic and social pressure we still found time to eat and sleep.

We found that our mid-semester vacations had lost the importance they had once had. Thanksgiving break seemed more like a hectic four-day weekend than a vacation. Again our experience showed as we did not even bother to bring books home; we knew better. Our time at Tufts was running out and we all wanted to make the most of it.

Those of us who were still on the meal plan, returned from Thanksgiving break to find our meal cards already on week 13. Eating at Pound was no longer a major event. Seniors not on the meal plan had honed their culinary skills after months of trial-and-error meals in off-campus kitchens. Still others subscribed to a steady diet of Jay's and McDonald's.

As finals approached, even the most studious of seniors began making plans for Christmas break, Spring break and for some, even post-graduation trips. Our last Christmas break would be filled with job interviews, grad school interviews and waiting by the mailbox for some sign of our life after Tufts. We also said goodbye to a small group of friends who graduated in December.

Upon returning to Tufts in January, we found the first major improvement to the campus since Cabot opened during our freshman year: the Elizabeth Van Huyten Mayer Campus Center was ready for use. "Tufts now had a central gathering place. Curtis Snack Bar, Dewick Snack Bar and the TSR Newstand (known now as the Red) were all relocated in the new campus center."

Academically, we opted for the "gu"* semester. For many, German Expressionism was standard fare. One thing was certain: we all tried to ease the load for our last semester at Tufts. As the semester wound to a close we were hit with a feeling of nostalgia. Everything we did at Tufts was considered to be our last collegiate endeavor; our last Spring break, our last midterm exams, our Spring Fling, all-nighters.

While we were concerned with our own futures, we realized that we would be together as a class only a few more times. We enjoyed Senior Class "get-tiggers" and Class Day. When we had taken our finals, we had at last reached the end.

Senior week was upon us—the last six days that we would spend together as a class. Clip-ins were non-existent as we saw the Boston Pops, went to the Clambake and, of course, the Gala. It was an exhausting week but there was much to look back on and so much to look forward to. The reality was, however, that we would probably lose contact with all but our closest friends. Our experiences, academic and social, will always be a valuable part of our lives.
After Tufts

by Karen Plants

The class of 1985 was divided during their final year between those who knew what they were doing P.T. (Post Tufts) and those who wore the "Don't Ask" buttons distributed by the class of 1983.

Everyone visited Career Guidance to pick up pamphlets on how to write a resume and set up interviews. Engineers strode into Bolles House confident that June would bring them large salaries in manual labor occupations. They allowed companies to fly them to California and Texas for interviews knowing full well that they would end up working in Waltham. These former engineering students perpetuated the rivalry against liberal arts students by creating robots to fill any job for which a graduate with a B.A. would qualify. While engineers boasted early offers and high salaries, liberal arts graduates kept an eye on the unemployment rate.

To put off having to find a job immediately after May 19th, seniors made plans to invade Europe after graduation instead. Amid jokes that McDonald's was still hiring, "leisure" arts students (as they were known to engineers) wondered for which if any jobs they would be qualified. They sent resumes to every connection their parents had. Many discovered that four years at Tufts prepared them to be waitresses, bank tellers and retail clerks.

After hours of Stanley Kaplan and months of filling out applications, many students set their sights on graduate school. They pursued graduate degrees not only in law, business and medicine but physics, international relations and psychology. Although some wanted to be doctors, lawyers and teachers, others just wanted to delay entering the real world for a few more years.

Everyone fell victim to the latest fad: After Tufts. The Yuppie syndrome knew no major nor sex; all became upwardly mobile. Brooks Brothers suits and Sony Walkmen became necessities for the first job much the same way that Levi's and L.L. Bean boots were musts for Tufts. And, eventually, everyone finally got their own American Express Card.

Graduation from Tufts had profound changes on everyone's life. Thursday night no longer started the weekend and people began to socialize before 11 p.m. Daytime soaps had to be missed and getting sick at the Hong Kong had to be forgone for Friday Happy Hours. Instead of watching people study in the observe room, people looked at each other working out at health clubs.

Finally, the real question seniors had concerning their future lives after Tufts was not where they would live or what they would do, but how they would live without the original Steve's Ice Cream.
Margaret Buckley
Mary Buckley
Liz Burkemper
Thomas Butler
Christine Button

Karen Buys
Sarah Byck
Diana Byrnes
Martha Caldenon
Heather Callahan

Joseph Callahan
Lisa Campbell
Ann Cannistraro
David Cantor

Kathleen Canty
Wendy Carlson
Joseph Carraro
Elisabeth Carr-Jones
Laurie Griffin
Jennifer Griffin
Jeffrey Grinspoon
Eileen Grivers
Allan Gross

Jeffrey Grosser
Bruce Grossman
Elisa Guarino
Elaine Gurwitz
Alison Guss

Timothy Haas
Francine Halson
Stephanie Haldiday
Heidi Halpern

Frances Handler
Michele Hanna
John Harding
Douglas Harby
Lisa Stone
Laura Streetsfield
Mary Sullivan
Sheila Sullivan

Donald Sussman
Kenneth Swanson
Madeleine Svientil
Douglas Sylvia

Colette Symon
Dean Taglafaro
Kurtis Tai
Nakul Talcherkar
Danita Tankersley

Eric Tannenbaum
Clifford Tassner
Barry Taylor
Michael Ternee
Corlisse Thomas