

TUFTS OBSERVER

TUFTS' STUDENT MAGAZINE

APRIL 1, 2009



(1s)



DOPE

Featured articles



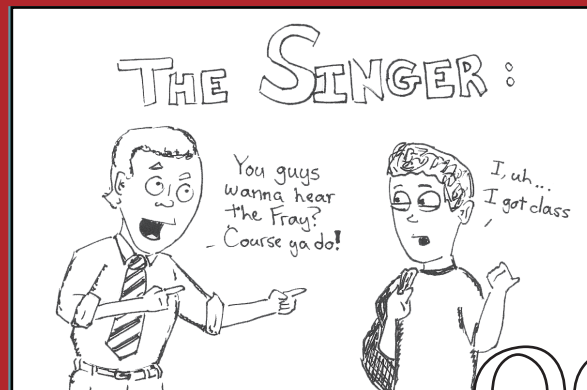
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FEATURE | 'Nuff said.



NEWS

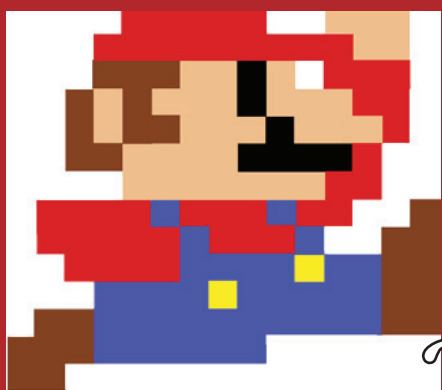
Pop! Goes the Hamster and other rejected children's books



OPINIONS

We have so many opinions. Seriously.

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ARTS

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23



EXCURSIONS

OMG field trip!

69

The Observer has been Tufts' weekly publication of record since 1492. Our dedication to shoddy reporting, journalistic repetition, and endless typos has remained intact for over five hundred years. Today, we offer neither insightful news analysis, cogent and diverse opinion pieces, nor dull reviews of reality TV shows. Happy April Fools!



Editors and Leadership

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Bulgarian Beast
Brooklyn Beast

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Nice Jewish Girl
Avery was at Ben Folds

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Patrick Raptor

Stuff

April 1, 2009

Volume CXIX, Issue 5
The *Observer*, Since 1492
www.TuftsObserver.org

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THE COVER ILLUSTRATION BY RYAN STOLP AND JOSH ASCHHEIM WAS ADDED AT THE LAST MINUTE BECAUSE NOBODY ON THE STAFF HAD THE FORESIGHT TO PLAN AHEAD. BUT IT'S OKAY, THESE THINGS HAPPEN WITH DEADLINES.

Staff

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Hamster
Rabbit
Raptor
Squirrel

1895
Since

CHANGE IS HERE!

Welcome to the new, improved, Tufts Observer

(Still Free, Irrelevant, Untimely, Trashy, Ugly
and Poorly Written)

It is with great excitement that I present to you the first issue of the new and improved *Observer*. With just a skimming of but a single article contained within, even the least literarily and journalistically astute of individuals will take notice of the distinct dearth of the pedantic, pseudo-intellectual dribble peppered with photos stolen from the Associated Press that previously filled the pages of the *Observer*. No longer will you have to worry about chipping your pearly whites as you grit your teeth through the mortifyingly lame attempts at jokes that formerly stained these pages. The ubiquitous typos. The liberal propaganda. The emo poems. All now horrors of the past.



BUTT HEAD

Rejoice fair comrade in tusks, for a new age has dawned.

“What was the impetus behind *The Observer* finally blossoming from a grotesque maggot/worm eyesore to the lovely butterfly I hold in my hands now?” you might ask. Good question you beautiful, brilliant reader you. The unadorned answer is quite simply the fact that our economy’s health is currently surpassed by that of a third-world hooker. Allow me to elaborate.

At the beginning of this year our accounting staff received word that *The Observer*’s budget was being slashed, dramatically. It quickly became apparent that the days of embezzling *Observer* funds for our weekly beer money were over. Yet as heartbreaking as this new reality was, it did nothing to prepare us for what was to come next. Due to the fact that America – or should I say Canadian America? – elected a socialist to the oval office, the state of our economy continued to deteriorate. It soon became all too evident that our stock option packages were going to be cut in half and that the staff’s health insurance plans could no longer cover procedures like calf augmentation and Newbury Street haircuts. In the face of such injustices and insults most of our writing staff decided to save what little of their dignity that remained and outright quit.

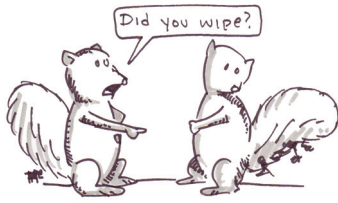
In the days that immediately followed, I was sure that *The Observer* had drawn its

final pretentious, marijuana-filled breath of air. In desperation, I stalked and harassed other Tufts students trying to convince them to write for *The Observer*. They all politely declined, almost universally voicing concern about their friends disowning them if they became one of those *Observer* kids. All seemed lost.

“Our economy’s health is currently surpassed by that of a third-world hooker”

Yet three days ago, while crying to myself in the shower, I had a stroke of brilliance. I had long held the belief that the vast majority of the old *Observer* staff members wrote at a 4th grade level on good days. Their behavior was difficult to place on a scale of childhood maturity, as it often more closely resembled that of chimpanzees in heat. It was so obvious in that moment. I had been dealing with nothing more than a bunch of children.

One trip to Powder House Community Elementary School, three DVDs of the movie *Twilight* and a twenty copies of *The Jonas Brothers*’ newest album later, my lab was packed with twenty 9 and 10 year olds diligently grinding out the fine issue you hold now. I hope you enjoy the new, and much improved, magazine. ☺?



Health Services to be Converted Into **FRA TERNITY**

BY ALIZA HOWITT

Tufts' headquarters for Health Services is being offered to students next year as an alternative housing option: a healthy-living fraternity. The decision was a controversial one; many students are eager to join the community of health professionals, but some administrative officials protest that this may cause alcohol and partying to be falsely portrayed as "healthy."

"We're thinking that this doesn't have to be difficult, you know, we can compromise," said Billy Meast, an aspiring frat boy. "What we would do is—and this isn't confirmed, you know, this is just an idea in the works—we would have the nurses and doctors doing their thing during the day, giving people drugs and stuff, and then when the sun sets, the fraternity takes over!" The administration has not yet worked out in detail how the fraternity residents and nurses will share their space.

The establishment was originally offered to those students who had opted for a "Healthy Living" housing plan but were rejected. Healthy living is an option for stu-

snacks. "We just want to dispel the stigma of Healthy Living, and we're doing that every way we can," said Yuppie Gerneir, chair of Grown-Ups Against Underage Drinking.

However, Housing Services screwed up big time for the '09-'10 school year, and a good portion of the students that were actually seeking this lifestyle were coldly turned away from living healthily. "I just want a place to feel safe at night," cried Sopa Seem, distraught and disconsolate.

Health Services, then, seemed the natural place to put these otherwise unwanted students. The building is known for being a haven of healthy living, filled with posters

and brochures and other motivational items that mean well but do not always change the course of your life. Many students have wound up on the steps to Health Services at some point over their career, sometimes in relatively dire straits. "I cut my finger once and didn't have a Band-aid," testifies Samuel Green, holding out his hand. It may have been badly cut, but it is now like new: pink and fleshy. "Whoever gets to live there is really lucky," he added thoughtfully and with a smile.

But the rejected students of "Healthy Living" didn't seem to agree. "True, it is an innovative path for alternative living," said Rhombus Cauler, the student referred to by peers as the Healthy Stealthy Hero. "However, I just can't come to terms with living in such close quarters with all of those frats. It's... it's overflowing with beer, the ground is sticky with it, the whole street positively

stinks of underage drinking. And I find that even though it is a tempting offer, I just can't compromise my ideals like that." Rhombus Cauler sent in an official letter of complaint to housing officials, which triggered admin-

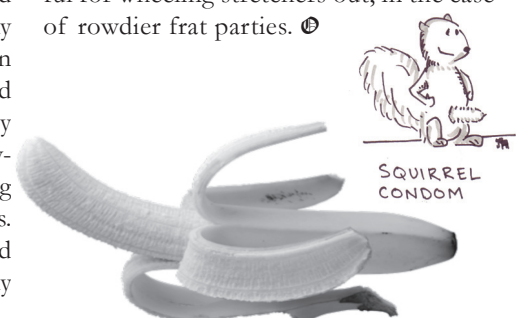


dents who request to live on a substance-free floor: they voluntarily sign a form that says they will avoid bringing alcohol or illicit substances into their living quarters. Administrative officials have recently taken on the responsibility of rewarding those students who subject themselves to this kind of lifestyle—often with cookies and other tasty

istrators to alter the housing plan, ditching the whole help-the-good-kids aspect.

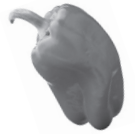
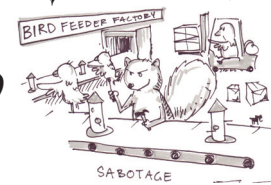
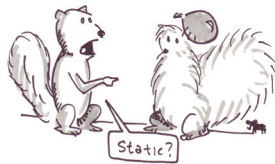
"It's ingenious, really," said Moosha Paine, President of Residential Assignations. "Now, instead of trying to house a bunch of conservative health nuts in a place where they are obviously not wanted, we can instead create a brand new fraternity on Frat Row...I mean, Professors Row—sorry, is this on record—where they will settle in quite nicely with the folks at Health Services. They'll have their own parking lot and that bowl of free condoms in the lobby, so I'm really not expecting many complaints."

TUPD officers have also given the thumbs up on the ramp leading to the building, which they foresee as being useful for wheeling stretchers out, in the case of rowdier frat parties. ☺





THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE IN THE WORLD



BY CAITLIN SCHWARTZ

When the eyes of Tufts students were finally opened to the new library roof late last month, the general reaction was amazement. “I’ve never seen anything quite like it,” remarked sophomore Chuck Carrott. He added, “If I really had to compare it to something, I would probably say a magical forest.” This observation is accurate because the library roof is now home to trees not native to its soils—probably from some sort of forest—and its new lighting and sculptural installations create an aura that is nothing short of supernatural.



Students were also stunned by the miraculous transformation the roof underwent as they obviously attended classes, rode the Joey, and carried on as usual. Jan Ottz reflected, “I still can’t believe that we were able to keep working in Tisch while this was going on. I’m kind of glad that I didn’t know, though, because I think that my excitement would have prevented me from focusing.” It is still unclear how many students were affected by such distracting eagerness, but many professors uphold that the



effects of this phenomenon are evident in midterm grades.

The new library roof has something for everyone. Kayla Daykranz was most impressed by the changes to the view seen from the roof after the renovations. “My parents are coming up this weekend to check out the new view,” she told the *Observer*. “We can see so much more now. In fact, I can see Alaska!” Annie von Sly noted the symbiosis between viewers and viewees promoted by the additions to the roof. “We get to see a lot of cool stuff, and now everyone out there has something better to look at too!” von Sly exclaimed, pointing to all the folks in Boston who are most certainly checking out Tisch’s roof from the comfort of their own homes. Not all Bostonians have known what to make of the beacon of light emanating from Medford/Somerville. One family reported sighting a UFO when noticing the abundant lights in the distance. “We felt so silly when we found out the lights were due to a new renovation at Tufts University,” said the mother who prefers that her name be withheld. “I sure do hope that the lights are contributing to the students’ safety when they are walking around at night,” she added.

Others are benefitting from the ample lighting of the roof. Ms. Washington, who we found walking her dog Miley on the roof, noted how much both she and Miley have taken advantage of the roof’s new ambiance. “I would never have brought Miley here before they added the new lights,” Ms. Washington noted. “Now I feel a lot safer about the whole situation.” Miley wagged her tail enthusiastically, showing the *Observer* her

thorough enjoyment of the roof’s luscious landscape.

The roof is not solely an aesthetic addition to the campus. Senior Etan Froggon expressed dismay that he must graduate this June now that Tufts has this fine new asset. “Thinking about all the opportunities I have to pass up,” Froggon lamented, “I mean, it just makes me wanna cry.” Froggon pointed out how much easier and more enjoyable his



Tufts experience would have been had he been able to reap the benefits of the roof renovations throughout all four years rather than these fleeting final moments. “I would have done everything up here,” Froggon explained. “But I’m so happy that future generations of Jumbos will have even better opportunities than I did.”

There’s probably no other school in the United States that has a library roof as beautiful as the one that Tufts can boast these days. In fact, we can safely say that Tufts is home to the illest library roof in the universe. Check it out. ☹





JENNIFER GENSCH

Canada Finds Its Golden Egg

BY JULIA IVANOVA

A quick look out the window and one might have the luck to see the *Branta canadensis*, otherwise known as the Canadian goose. The bird has been hailed as one of the most graceful and interesting things to come south of the Canadian border. However, recent events suggest that this avifauna is not just any animal with feathers and wings; according to the CIA and FBI, the Canadian geese may just be Canada's weapons of mass destruction.

The Tufts campus was taken over with geese late this winter. As one freshman in Haskell Hall confided, "I was sleeping with the window open and woke up to a noise not unlike nails on a chalkboard. I literally fell out of the bed, injuring my ankle and wrist. I later found out that five geese had taken over the area right outside of my window. I mean, I know Haskell is riot-proof, but these beasts are sabotaging us from the outside in."

The birds have also taken to defecating in unlikely places, and unsuspecting students, visitors, and faculty have fallen into their camouflaged traps. As one anthropology professor notes, "The birds not only physically harm people, but they try to

destroy their victims socially as well. It has become a sort of stigma that someone was fooled by these beasts."

These are no isolated cases; if anything, they are some of the most inconsequential incidents. Looking back at the Flight 1549 crash in the Hudson on January 15, one can clearly see the dangerous abilities of the Canadian geese. Recent reports from the Homeland Department of Security suggest that the Canadians, long infuriated by their southern neighbors, have finally found an exemplary way to show their passionate vehemence: by passive-aggressively unleashing these birds. Canadians have finally realized that American citizens use them for their cheap prescription drugs and

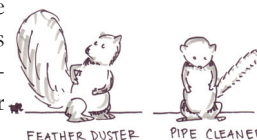


thanks to our Canadian-French accent, but they're French. Now the whole world suspects we are Americans. It's revolting." All of these things came together to finally tip the US neighbor past its boiling point.

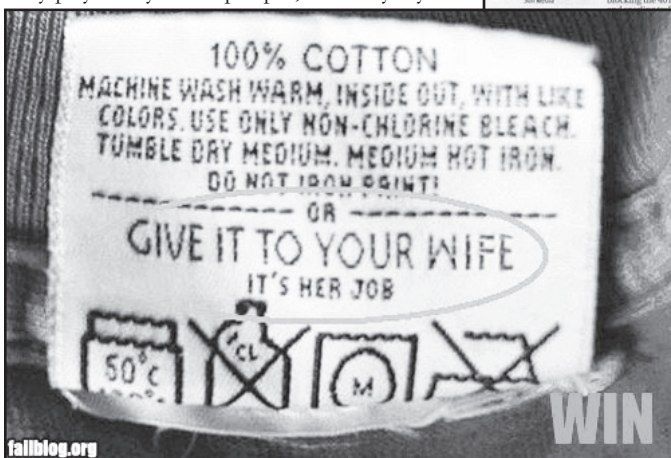
The Canadians chose their weapon wisely realizing the full potential of the Canadian geese. The birds, selected for their learning abilities, were trained in top-secret camps in Bolivia. The geese "can be very aggressive in defending territory" according to experts on the species—a perfect character trait for nationalist brainwashing. Their singular V-shaped pattern while flying translated into their training; as the Canadians drew on Japanese Kamikaze tactics. The Flight 1549 crash illustrates the efficacy of the training.

The Canadian geese may be the future of weaponry—forget the nukes, that was the 20th century. These bloodthirsty birds are incredibly powerful. Their gentle waddle lulls their victims into a false sense of security before they ultimately strike for the jugular of the unsuspecting victim. The Canadian geese can easily take down a 180-pound man without a problem; considering these ferocious birds travel in flocks, one can clearly see the potential destruction that may ensue. Imagine Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* on steroids with a taste for American flesh. Indeed, a rise of geese found in urban areas has been particularly troubling; parks and golf courses across America have been hit particularly hard.

Tufts has been lucky thus far, but as more complaints of bird attacks are filed each day, the fear of the Canadian goose has increased. President Bacow has scheduled a meeting with TUPD to discuss new safety measures and drills in the presence of this growing threat. Rumors of hiring sharpshooters around campus have been denied, but PETA and other animal-friendly organizations have also been working to make sure the problem is dealt with as painlessly as possible for the birds. ☹



Condom truck tips, spills load
APRIL KEMICK Sun Media and tipped onto its side, blocking the 401's east lanes for hours. The driver of the other transport, which stayed upright, was unhurt. Hawkins said it wasn't clear what caused the crash after 2 p.m. Preliminary investigation indicated the condom-filled truck was headed east. The driver of the condom truck also tried to brake, but slipped the back of the other rig, with the truck jackknifing and landing on its side. Airbags were placed under



failblog.org

WIN

world-renowned cannabis. When it became known to the world that Americans, in their embarrassment, were pretending to be Canadians, the global opinion of Canadians dropped to an all-time low. As one Canadian put it, "I know the French think we're peasants with pitchforks

THE PUBLIC EDITOR

*Another letter from
Tufts' first
Public Editor*

BY SHIVA, DESTROYER
OF WORLDS

You may remember me, Jeremy White. This past winter, I was appointed Public Editor. Initially, I took upon the position with utmost glee and a high resolve to fill the duties to the best of my abilities. What a fool I was! A campus inhabited by such mindless, directionless slobs as yourselves—you who make me question the very necessity of human existence. This campus does not deserve one so fine as me!

Why should I be satisfied with a column in the *Observer*, a blog, and a small stipend? Oxen should be slaughtered in my honor! Incense should be burned in front of altars dedicated to me! Hot chicks should flock from Women's Studies and realize that their true purpose was always to serve me!

What? Does all of this displease you? What if I were to write something truly scandalous, something like, "All Tufts students from Oklahoma only got in because of our school's foolish obsession with diversity." Huh? What are you going to do about it?

Oh! I know! If only we had an omnipotent, all-knowing deity to protect us against campus media saying outrageous, biased, hurtful things! If only there was a god to edit and censure such language, such language that is ever so... public!

Oh, but you DO have a public editor! And your public editor is now telling you that all students under 5' 9" are only passing their chemistry classes because their professors pity their pathetic stature! And he's writing such offensive sentences as, "The 'American Studies' major is as real as

President Bacow's hair!"

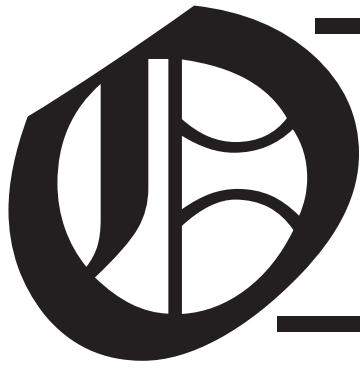
You foolish cretins! Have you not heard of checks and balances? Did you not consider that perhaps one man was not meant to edit the public alone? That, maybe, the power was enough to drive mortals mad?!

It's too late now. Look what you've gotten yourselves into. Your short-sightedness has forever doomed you to an eternity of offensive language...and worse! I can even end sentences in prepositions! Just look at the second sentence in this paragraph! **WhAT MiGhT bE nEXt in MY rEigN of TeRRor?** What if I spoke completely in windings? Who knows? ☹

[The article ends here. Jeremy White was never seen again. Years later, a crazy man was found in Tulsa, ranting that no one from Oklahoma could ever solve a Rubik's cube and crying that nobody read his blog anymore. One Tufts alumni thought they recognized the disturbed individual as White, though this disturber of the peace fled the scene before he could be identified.]

This article and various other contributions in this issue courtesy of the Zamboni. Thanks.





Overheard at the Observer

Josh says "The most local food is breast milk. It's the shortest food chain available to us."

Mike Huckabee told Tim Russert that squirrel is "a Southern delicacy." Especially when fried in a popcorn popper.

"I can't write haikus
I'm dyslexic"
- Will

Caitlin can't stop laughing during the staff photo, wtf!?

The American Heart Association has found squirrels to be high in cholesterol

D: Where are the squirrels?
M: I think there's a folder called "squirrels"






TUFTS' PERSONALS ADS




...BECAUSE IF WE DON'T HELP YOU, HOW ELSE ARE YOU GOING TO GET A DATE HERE?

 **JewFro1948, 20, M**
Hillel

I am what your mother might call a NJB and my friends call me a mensch. I enjoy challah, manachevitz, and grandma's matzah ball soup. My Bar Mitzvah theme was basketball, and I'm still a Celtics fan even though now I'm too short to play. I enjoy costume parties, gambling on Chanukah, and bagels and lox. I'm looking for a friendly Jewish female who knows how to make a great kugel and who I could bring home to my parents. Please respond soon so I don't have to enlist help from Yenta. Look for the guy with the Star of David necklace. Goys need not apply.


LectureStar09, 19, M,
Pearson Room 104 

I am the most enthusiastic person you will meet in your lifetime. If you need to find me, you can spot me sitting in the front row with my hand poised ready to fire questions at the professor. My hand never tires. Neither does my mouth. But don't worry, if the answer I receive is inadequate, you can count on me to solve my own riddle. Sometimes, I even "squeech" (question + lengthy speech=squeech). Don't be confused by the entire room's groans or snickers. Really, everyone likes it when I stimulate neurons. Especially the professor who, with a sigh, will address my needs. I am looking for someone ambitious and brave enough to join me up front and be my wing-woman. Perhaps, together, we can solve ignorance. The seat's calling for you.

 **PenisEnvy1963, 22, F,**
Richardson House

I'm a strong, confident woman who is more than just a pretty face. I want

people to value me for who I am, underarm hair and all. I'm looking for a man or a woman who is passionate about their career and is willing to treat me with the respect I deserve. My dream is to run for president, but I may end up as a disillusioned housewife anyway. I like the Women's Entertainment channel, the 1960s, Georgia O'Keefe, TUPD police escorts, 55 Talbot Ave, and vaginas. I hate Soulja Boy, cave whores, the "b" word, the "c" word, the "p" word, and a lot of other words. So, can I have your number?

Enginerd011010, 20, M, 
Tisch Basement


Seeking WPF (well-proportioned female), preferably in accordance with the golden ratio. Preferably between 52 and 63 kilograms. Please upload a CAD file of your body for further structural analysis. Enjoyment of video games, Legos, foods that are orange, and beards a plus. Dirty talk in C++ or binary really revs my internal combustion engine. Check me out on my webpage (not Facebook, I wrote the code myself) www.cloneof-newton.com

 **LibraryProcastinator, 20, F,**
Tisch Basement

I am a studious (but hot!) Jumbo who spends an inordinate amount of time trying to finish my endless pile of schoolwork. You can find me in my sexy library glasses and comfortable sweats. I am looking for a man who enjoys caffeinating in Tower Cafe and surreptitious hook ups in dark corners of the library—preferably among the stacks, if you're catching my drift. My hobbies include Facebook stalking, texting, and browsing Fuck My Life or YouTube. If you're a fellow procrastinator who is willing to help distract me from being productive, text me!

A short glossary of personals ad abbreviations and jargon

A - Asian, as in SAF (Single Asian Female)
BBW - Big Beautiful Woman
plus-size and happy with herself
C - Christian, as in SWCM (Single White Christian Male)
DDF - Drug and Disease Free
HWP - Height/Weight Proportionate
J - Jewish, as in SJM (Single Jewish Male)
MBA - Married But Available
NJB - Nice Jewish Boy
TDH - Tall, Dark, and Handsome
VGL - Very Good Looking
WE, W/E - Well Endowed
WPF - Well proportional female

PepeLePew, 19, M,
On the quad, in a circle,
with a hookah 

I grew up in a country where there was no drinking age and have been going clubbing since middle school. I participated in IO where I met all of my friends at Tufts, and now I am surrounded by immature and uncultured American college students. Oh, you Americans. I am looking for a woman who shares my cosmopolitan lifestyle and who enjoys conversing in French, smoking on the quad, and iCruise. I spend my days scoffing at the kids in my Italian class who did not grow up speaking 12 languages. If you are worldly enough for me, please respond to this: Voulez vous coucher avec moi ce soir.

CountryFirst76, 21, M,
Undisclosed location for fear of
retaliation 

I am a conservative, suit-wearing man who fears for the future of America now that that communist Obama is in office. I am looking for a domestically tal-

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ented woman who is committed to family values and looks forward to a lifetime as a stay-at-home-mom. If you have cooking, laundry, or vacuuming skills this would be greatly appreciated. I spend my days counting my hard-earned money and reading the *Primary Source*. I enjoy watching Fox News, waving my American flags, and polishing my rifle collection (God bless the Second Amendment.) So, if you think you'd be the perfect housewife for me, please show up at my door bearing baked goods.



AcapellaProdigy, 18, M **Aidekman Auditorium**

I sing in the hall, in the shower, on my way to class. My lovely voice soothes crying babies and relaxes old people into a restful slumber. Night or day, let my voice serenade you. I am looking for someone who is comfortable attending each of my performances to show their undying support. She must get along with my acapella friends who never leave my side. Please see box office for more information. Bring a rose on stage the next time you see me. Baby, let me be your singing telegram.

2Kool4School, 25, M, MBA **Cousen's Gym**



First, ignore the age difference. Really, I just took a couple of gap years to figure out my life, play a little, get a feel for life. If you didn't know, I can bench press 250 lbs and drink 10 cups of milk in one sitting at Dewick. Baby, I'm an athletic star. Don't let them fool you. I chose to play Divison 3 and would have made Division 1. Jumbos care about us so much that they prefer not to go to events; this just lets me know that I am a big deal. They're there in spirit. Let me know you're interested by holding up a sign that says "I <3 2Kool4School." ☺

WANTED

The Dewick/Carmichael Kleptomaniac.



ALYCE COURRIER

REWARD: JUMBO CASH

ATTENTION STUDENTS: Please be on the look out for The Dewick/Carmichael Kleptomaniac. Report any suspicious activity if you see a female arriving with her large zipper bags and tupperware for loading up on Lucky Charms and Cinnamon Toast Crunch. She is a threat. Be warned that this budding criminal is an expert avoider of vigilant TUDS employees; she knows the names of all the ladies at the cash register in case she gets caught. Do not approach this person or attempt to apprehend. Simply report any incidents of crime to the nearest TUDS employee.

WE'RE LETTING YOU KNOW, YOUR MAJOR SUCKS

Anthropology:

Anthropology is something of a mystery to those who do not major in the subject. The study of...people? Culture? At least there are probably a number of NGOs you can intern at this summer.

Art History:

This is one of the many majors that may perplex parents. Sure, it's intellectual but really, honey? You want to study the Mona Lisa's smile? You're really going to write a paper on the significance of Ionic pillars? Unless you're planning to become a professor or an architect, you may need to find a day job. And no, curator isn't what we had in mind.

Biology/Chemistry/Bio-chemistry:

Okay, we get it, you're cutthroat, you're pre-med. Not only are you pre-med, you probably love science and are going beyond your pre-med courses to take extra classes just for fun...or maybe it's just so you can get into a good med school. You spend hours studying equations and memorizing the structures of DNA, mitochondria, whatever. Good luck with those MCATs!

Computer Science:

Computers...science...the science of computers perhaps? Either way you'll probably get a high paying job. Just remember to get some sunlight every once in a while.

Drama:

This is another major that just thrills parents. I'm paying 40 thousand dollars a year so you can lie to yourself about your future and hang out with a bunch of other people doing the same? Can't you just... become a doctor or something?

Economics:

Before the stock market died, many econ majors were probably aiming for lucrative careers on Wall Street. Now you may just be stuck having to enter the Peace Corps or Teach for America or finding some way to put off finding a job in finance until the economy bounces back. Most Jumbos who

suffer through Econ 5 decide they never want to take another econ class again. But for those of you who actually enjoy supply and demand, comparative advantage, opportunity costs, more power to you. After all, we're going to need some serious help fixing this economy.

English:

These are the kids that wince and cringe when you txt lyke dis, spell definitely "defiantly" and respond to the question, "How are you doing?" with "good," and "How are you?" with "well." They roll their eyes when you say that a situation is "ironic" when it was actually a "coincidence." They have the knack for overexaggerating, overanalyzing, and yes, criticizing your diction.

Environmental Studies:

Environmental Studies majors come in a few varieties: either they actually care about the environment or they're looking for a science that's less of a threat to one's GPA than bio or physics. You more ideologically driven ES majors have been known to glare at deviants who forget to turn off the lights, leave the thermostat up too high, or don't recycle. You mention global warming at least a few times a day and champion the cause of many endangered creatures, even gross rare bugs. You have been known to launch into tirades about the evils of bottled water. Just because it's yellow, it doesn't mean you have to let it mellow.

History:

Okay, so you can name all the US presidents in order, list 30 reasons off the top of your head for the decline of the Roman empire, and you enjoy presenting detailed accounts of the lives of Chinese emperors. The question is what to do with all of this information. Write a book? Become one of the historians interviewed by PBS?

International Relations:

A disproportionately large number of Jumbos decided to attend Tufts because they were convinced that they wanted to be IR majors. Unfortunately, once they

realized that there was an eight-semester language requirement and discovered that Econ bears a disappointingly close relationship to math, many of these prospective IR majors switched to Poli Sci or History as they began to fear for the survival of their GPAs. Of course many Jumbos stick it out and do actually major in IR. These are the people who you may hear speaking to each other in a combination of languages...one of which is probably Arabic or Chinese. They are also the ones who compete with each other ruthlessly for internships at the State Department or Human Rights Watch. What they will actually do upon graduating remains a mystery. Go to law school? Save the world? Hey, there's still time to decide.

Mathematics:

Most of us were done with math after we suffered through the AP Calc class that our guidance councilors told us we had to take in order to get into college. The Math major, however, actually loves math. Whether it's asymptotes or anti-derivatives, it's a real thrill. Or maybe you just want a high-paying job.

Philosophy:

If a tree falls in a forest....yup it's fascinating stuff. From Rousseau to Hobbes, you just love agonizing over cryptic texts and debating unanswerable questions; surely you think you'll realize the answer. But then again, maybe you won't.

Political Science:

See "International Relations."

Psychology:

So either you want to help people solve their problems, you're intrigued by psychological disorders, or maybe you're just plain nosy. And how does that make you feel?

Woman's Studies:

You have posters of Susan B. Anthony and Betty Freidan on the walls of your immaculately clean room in Richardson House. You complain endlessly about the proliferation of misogynistic lyrics in popular music. Well, at least contemporary feminists shave. ☺

Who would you rather accompany you home?



We've heard your complaints. You wanted a new escort service, and we want you to be happy.

Thanks to a generous grant from an anonymous benefactor, the Tufts administration is pleased to announce SLUTS - Students' Latenight University Transportation Service. Now there's no need to feel ashamed about calling for an escort, we're ready to serve you anytime, anywhere.

So choose SLUTS, the new way for Tufts students to get around.

(must be 18 or over to call)





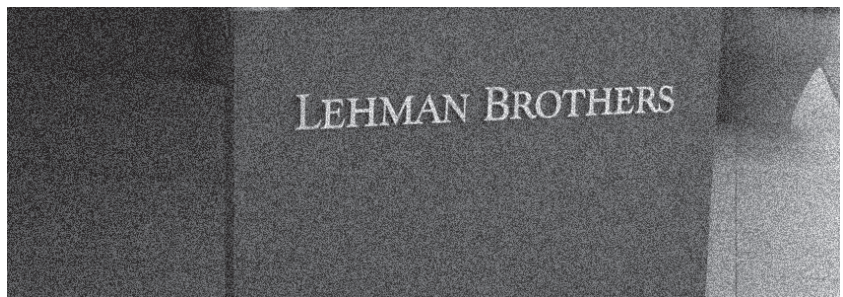
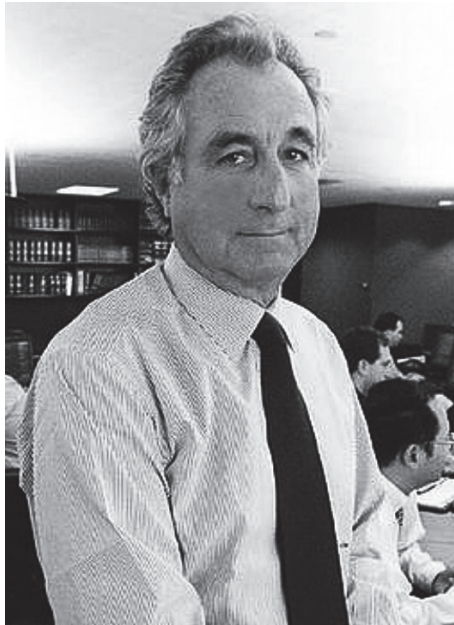
Tufts

TIMMY FUND
GOES TO



WANT TO TAKE AN ALTERNATIVE SPRING BREAK?

This spring break, join fellow Tufts students in New York City to help those truly in need. Recent natural disasters have devastated Wall St. and an immediate public effort to bail out survivors is necessary!



Helping to re-build futures, one firm at a time



CANADIAN BEARS

Now taking our women

Weed. Well, it was bound to happen eventually...the stoners' bane; I was driving high and I got caught. I was "slow riding" with a couple of friends on our way down to Virginia for break, smoking a few bats and leaving a vapor trail until a fuckin' cop pulled me over. If my stupid buddy Greg hadn't just picked up that dank, new weed—God's Gooch—we might've gotten away with it but the cop, being the aviatored embodiment of justice that America need him to be, knew instantly.

I attempted (in vain) to access brain file "play it cool." I told all my buddies to let me do the talking and only rolled down the window enough to speak and exchange information with the officer—a perfectly legal, effective measure for keeping traffic cops from sniffing you out. He asked me if I wore contacts before, I presume, getting another telltale whiff of the Gooch, because he stepped up his game by telling us to perform two consecutive actions and asking two contradictory questions. I called

his bluff. Then he really must have got a Gooch blast because comprehension seemed to dawn on him, then. He couldn't see anything visible in the car, and I denied him the right to search in our closed bags, so he whipped out the good-cop routine and told us he would call in the dogs if we did not cooperate. It was then that my high-ass "homi" filched.

As a plea bargain, I've given up my driver's license, am seeing a counselor, and agreed to be urine tested for cannabis every two weeks. I even offered to submit hair samples for testing, but they told me that my hair would look like Rasta pasta for longer than I will be on probation. I have to tell you, I've never been happier.

Looking back, I can't believe I was throwing my life away by inhaling that disgusting, fuzy plant, hanging out with foul-smelling hippies and spewing glib, libertarian horse pucky. I've been sober now for nearly two weeks and I'm convinced that I can get my thrills from real life—seriously,

SMOKING GREEN An Illegal Culture Column by Reggie Hubbard



man. Hear me out.

The transition from being perpetually beset by the infernal Itis to seeing the unclouded reality of normal life has been special for me. I have to admit, the first few days were scary. I found myself looking up herbal highs (like Hawaiian baby woodrose)

continued on page 18...





*Jurassic Jesus
Be my cretaceous savior
Velociraptor*

**WHAT IS
“AAHRT?”**

*Feathered theropod
Dromaeosaurid turkey
Extinct for my sins*

T.V.G.

FREE BASE!

TECHNO'S 8-BIT SOUL



BY BILL "SEPHIROTH" GATES

So you think you dig the techno huh? Little bit'a Daft, maybe some Chromeo? Ladytron? Justice? Maybe some MSTRKRFT and Metric? You a fan'a Ratata? The Faint? What about Fischerspooner? Happy Hardcore? You go old school with Depeche, "world" with Ministry of Sound and club with the Basshunter? That's cool, "bra."

But don't think you know what it's all about, cause you don't. Not until you've dug up the raw shit on limewire or Pirate Bay and free-based that shit straight to the face!!1 But I'll bet you've hit this before, since you were old enough to button-mash...

Techno's eternal soul—it's the tinny ring as Mario grabs a coin—it's Megaman's blaster release—it's Tetris and it's PacMan and it's Sonic the anthropomorphic motherfucking hedgehog. It's that droning, buzzing, chirruping sampled sounds of analogue lasers beaming your brain with 8-bit, sine wave, Super Famicom* fury.

Videogame composers of the past got little or no credit, and were frequently just the game programmers filling in and playing around. But as legendary games like Chrono Trigger brought in ballades like Yasunori Mitsuda

and Nobuo Uematsu (Final Fantasy), he bar was raised—and 16-bit was it's musical medium. Nowadays, people have begun to recognize the potential for video games as important works of interactive multimedia art, capable of weaving meaningful stories on par with traditional tale-telling media. Accordingly, hotshot composers, voice actors, and architects etc have come along for the ride. Listen, I aint knocking the orchestrated Hyrule Symphony rendition of Zelda: Ocarina of Time's score (Gurudo Valley FTW), nor that of FFVI, FFVII, FFVIII, or FFX, but I find myself switching the song halfway though back to it's "reeeeeee"-esque original. It's like vinyl, or something.

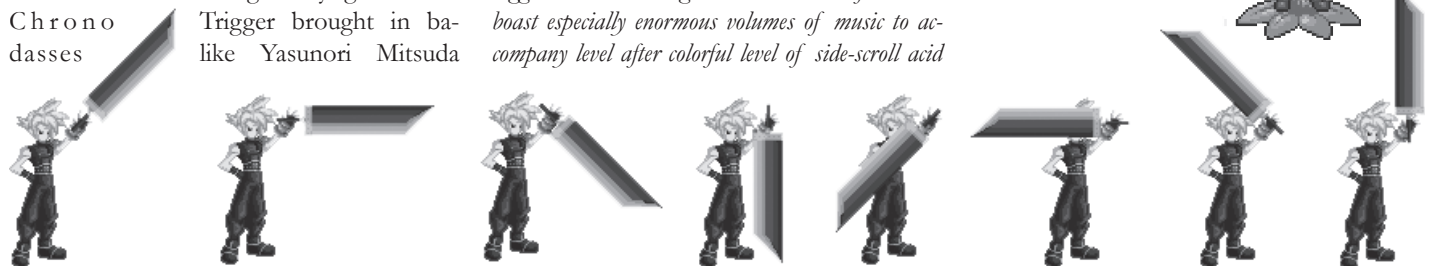
So yeah—T-Pain can keep his new fangled, pansy-ass Auto-Tunes snythy voice thing he does, and while everyone else from Kanye to Tim McGraw hops on this electro-slide bandwagon, I'll be chill'n with my Atari 2600 and (emulated) Super Famicom.

If your looking to broaden your horizons concerning any of the above matters, I have a few suggestions. The Megaman and Sonic franchises boast especially enormous volumes of music to accompany level after colorful level of side-scroll acid

trip explosive madness, and many of the fan-boy and girl techno-remixes are great. Most of it is insanely up beat, driving, and experientially similar to crank, and I'm not talking about that whack movie. Chrono Trigger, Final Fantasy VI, and Seiken Densetsu 3 (Secrete of Mana...2) have much more relaxed and melodic scores. They're also some of the best (RPG...) games around. You won't even have to brave a torrenting site to get a taste—free, open bootlegs abound on the web, but the dank, home-grown remixes will be harder to come-by.

Sephiroth is the embodiment of calamity, perpetually barbinged by a chorus of children.

President Lawrence S. Bacow was named "Hottest New England Collegiate President" by People Magazine. One student said of the esteemed president, "he is like your roomates leftovers in the fridge—something you know you can't have, but you still wonder what it tastes like in your mouth."





...continued from page 15.

and means to purify my cannabis contaminated urine before I realized what a bleary-eyed grass head I was. As I returned, prodigal, to normal, healthy life, I did things for the first time in years like interacting with women, waking up before 2 PM, and bathing. I finally have money to buy a new polo and I realize now how empty my life has been up to this point.

Looking back on my past work, I'm ashamed at nearly everything I wrote, and that you have read. Instead of "best regards", or "thanks for reading," I signed a letter to the president of the United States, "Peace, love, and Bowls"... Seriously? Bowls? I mean, Jeez, I don't even remember writing that. I'm pretty sure I had smoked like three ounces that week. You think I remember writing or submitting that rinky-dink article? Hell no. First thing I even heard about it was when I pick up that week's *Observer* to roll joints on. Since I wasn't reading much in those foggy days, I only saw the article when my tar-flavored fingers clumsily dropped the magazine open to that page. I thought someone (probably "The Man," aliens, or robots) had hacked into my computer (or brain). I changed my password from my accustomed "b0ngw@tr" that very day. Then I accidentally used the paper I had written the new one down on (no chance for normal memory) for joint filters. Weed even took my computer (ergo grades, social life, and masturbatory sex) from me.

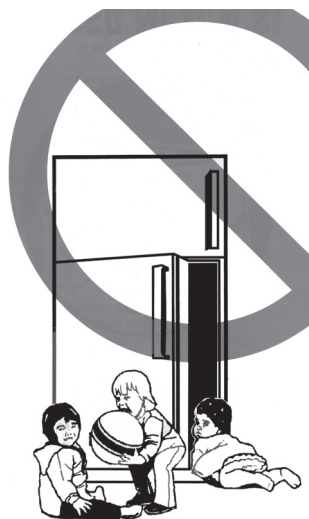
Speaking of this fine pub-

lication, how in hell was this column allowed to reach paper? This campus had stood idly by while some stone-bag, Smokey McBongwater moron coughed (and hacked) up gibberish in the school's second most prestigious publication after *the fashion one (INfusion)*. Aren't we all supposed to be global leaders or something? I guess that's what you get when your school president is openly condoning alcohol—a "date-rape drug"—for teenagers. Oh, and by the way, Bacow tokes. Have you ever looked him in the eye? Plus, I smelled something funky from Gifford house the other night, peaked in and saw Larry puffing on the trunk of an elephant-shaped bong with Dan Dennett and Sol Gittleman.

Well, I don't plan on wasting my life away like Larry, Dan, or Sol. I'm sober now and ready to take on the world. It may take another four years of book-learning, but I will get my degree the right way—with warm beer, not marijuana! All I need to succeed is a pot, err, positive outlook on life, some non-hippie friends (I'm looking into joining the equestrian team), and as many painkillers and anti-depressants as I can get my hands on.

Not.

—Reg



SISTER CRANE | IF YOU SEEK PUSSEH

VANILLA SEX: How to Get Down in Pleasantville



In these days of promiscuity, sex on television, and the prolific super-manning of hoers, we lose sight of the sexentials. It is important, even during coitus, to maintain one's social image as an upstanding (sitting, squatting, and dogging) community member. Sadly, we all enjoy sex every once in a long while. That's why I've compiled this essential primer to conventional love-having, because everyone loves vanilla.

First, let us set the scene—early late evening. Enter the room, and flip the light switch to the "off" "position"—do not be alarmed, this will have the opposite effect on your sexual activity. It will help your immaculate imagination run to your wildest fantasies. Imagine her knuckles; gums; elbows. Fantasies, however, ought not include anything that involves toys, more than two people, animals, food, talking, positions, bondage, vibration, lubrication, masturbation, fellatio, autofellatio, asphyxiation, cunnilingus, anal penetration/stimulation, flexibility, water, "water," chocolate, "chocolate," heavy petting, feeling up, going down, licking, sucking, biting, scratching, reverse cowgirl, or money shots.

Now, you've probably been going steady for a few years now, hopefully you have given her your pin, at least. Enter the love bed (make sure the sheets are tucked in, girls are very turned off by cold feet). The kissing of the lips ought to proceed. In contrast to recent trends in oral pornographic film, saliva is undesirable. As such, it is to be minimized and kept in the mouth.

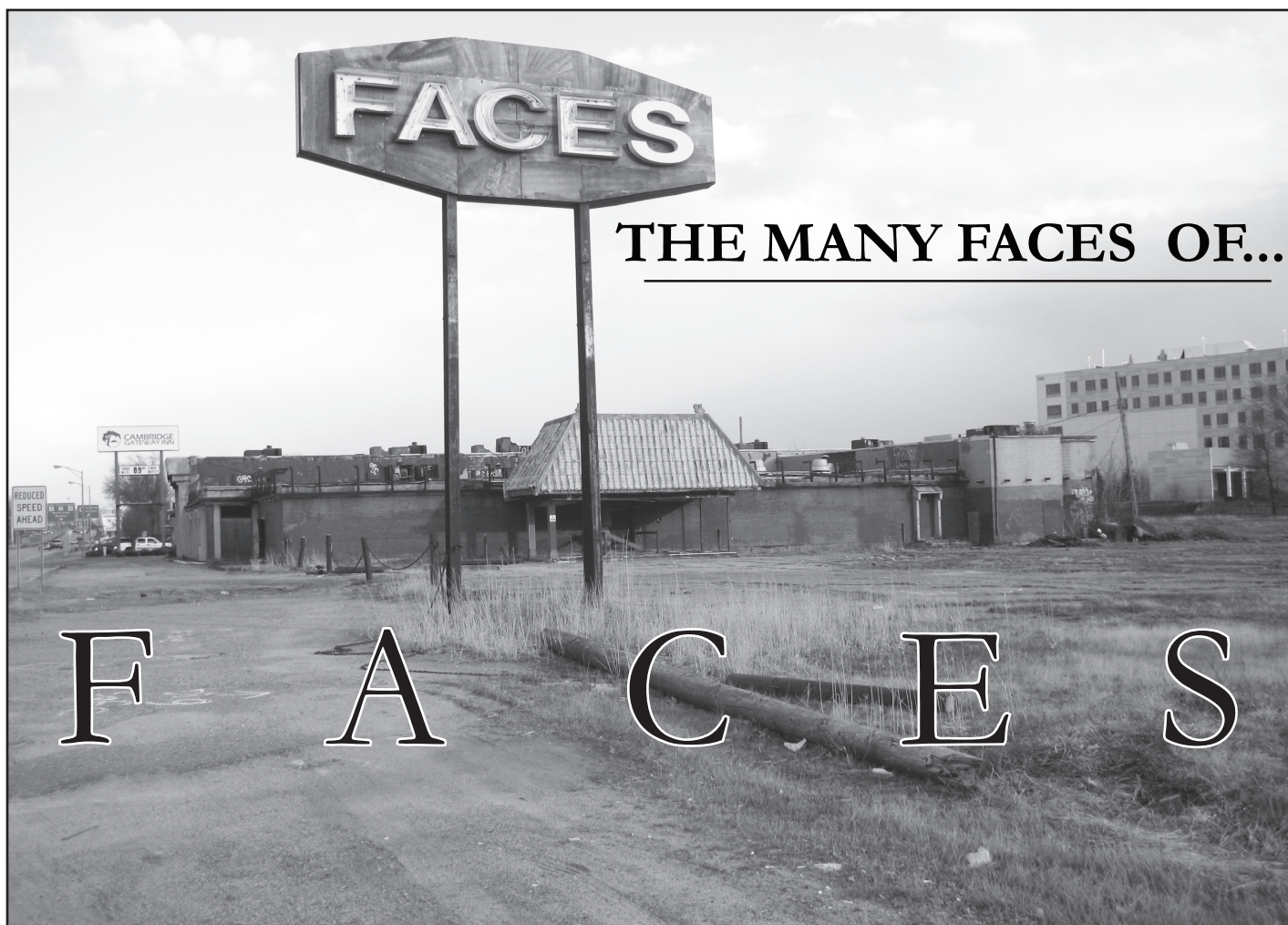
Do not dwell here. A couple minutes of oral-to-oral interaction should be sufficient "foreplay." Enter her immediately. As the dominant, masculine sex, it is the man's duty to labor over the limp female until his o-word. As this o-word is attained, it is important for you to stay "as one flesh" with her at all costs—I believe this is referred to as the "bucking bronco" in popular jargon—pulling out may result in erectile fracture and/or death.

Ladies, do not bore us with talk of a "female orgasm." This urban legend was invented by the overbearing Jew and Negro women. Perfectly good science has shown this "clitoris" to be a vestigial organ devoid of purpose—like the gallbladder.

Congratulations. You have facilitated the greatest pleasure your man can achieve without the Internet. Be proud, and revel in his enjoyment of the sandwich you are to make and nourish him with afterwards while he is showering. Shower, and proceed to your (twin) bed(s). If you have done your job, he will already be drooling.

Sister Crane is a sexy, single sistah majoring in paleo-religious studies—Raptor Jesus wins again.





THE MANY FACES OF...

F A C E S

While most Tufts students know all about Sagra and other bars located in Davis, Faces in Alewife is a great change of pace for anyone looking for some drunken debauchery. Faces will take you back to the good old days of lower drinking ages, cheap drinks, and scantily-clad cocktail waitresses.

You may have spotted Faces in all its glory on the side of Route 2 just before it intersects Alewife Parkway in Cambridge. This is truly a prime location. What club in Davis can offer exciting views of highway traffic? If you choose to drive to Faces, you certainly won't miss it, and parking is a snap. Just hook any of the pieces of old barbed wire protruding from the walls to your bumper. Don't be deterred by the NO TRESPASSING signs. Just walk right in through the front door or, if you really want to make an entrance, break through one of those boarded up windows!

Another highlight of this spot: they are a little behind on the times so they still haven't figured out the drinking age has been raised from 18, a very unique feature in this Puritan city. Hey, if you don't tell we

sure as hell aren't going to!

Once inside, don't be distracted by the cobwebs, peeling paint, and broken glass; this is just part of their theme du jour: RECKLESS ABANDON!! The bar is a highlight with its well-aged selection of Somerville vodkas such as Rubinoff and old favorites like Zima. There is an extensive list of cocktails (\$.89-\$1.15) but be careful – you never know what garnishes could be floating on the top (My adult Shirley Temple had a cherry-flavored prophylactic! LOL! I could totally tell there was a little extra zing!) The beer selection is very unique, offering lots of vintage brands. I had a can of Schlitz (35¢) that was faded and the bartender accidentally sneezed some white baking soda-looking stuff on it, but I'll be damned if I didn't feel like the slickest, most retro cat in the place. Whatever beer you select, you will certainly get a good bang for your buck, with high alcohol content and retro prices standard across the board.

On some nights, the cocktail waitresses might even get up on the poles that surround the bar. This may seem like all fun and games but be careful— you may get

more than you bargain for. On my visit, cellulite abounded and you could almost see the crabs trying to escape from their dark, musty hairs—er, lairs. But, if you like your sweet chariots to hang low, then ask your waitress to bend down and show those old, saggy girls off—she'll be more than happy! Just be sure to position yourself directly next to the pole—last time Eunice, my foxy little waitress, fell off when she was trying to flip on the pole and broke her hip. If you prefer dancing yourself instead of just watching, the dance floor is a good time, as long as you make sure to dodge the falling ceiling tiles.

Faces is a treasure hidden right in our backyard. With its unique décor, easy highway access, lax regulation of liquor laws, and great location, it is unparalleled for a night of cheap local booze and good old-fashioned fun. So next time you're looking for a good time, hop in the DeLorean and head over to Faces. ☺

Want to write for Excursions? Hit up a strip joint and tell us about it!

AHHH MAKEUP!!!1!!!!1!

MODEL: RYAN "SWEET T"
STOLP '11

MAKEUP: KATIE "SLOPPY
SALLY" CHRISTIANSEN '11



Get the look!

☉ Acid wash eyeliner
(\$65/pair, in your
mom's closet)



☉ Winesap/Red Rome
eyes (\$4.00/lb, at
Shaw's)



☉ Menses-red lips
(\$4.99, at CVS)

☉ Purple Haze pout
(\$50 for 1/8 oz., ask
your dealer)



☉ Blue-ball lids (50%
BJ, at DU)



☉ Butt cheeks (they're
free, you have them)

POLICE BLOTTER



Tuesday, March 17

Finally acting on numerous threats, the police set up a traffic stop on the third level of Dowling parking garage in an effort to catch "those pesky skateboarders." The stop, which yielded no skateboarders and only actually stopped one individual who had accidentally turned into the garage, involved spike strips, radar guns and breathalyzers.

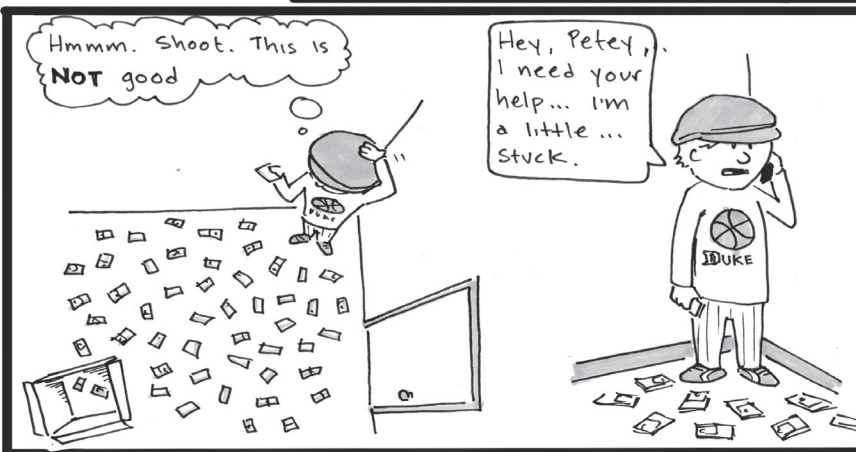
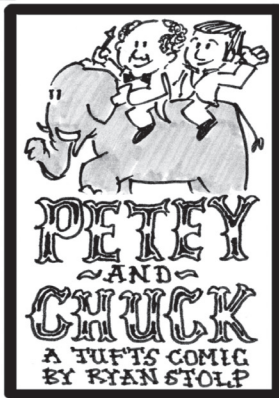


Hump Day, March 25

A tree protest turned violent on the President's Lawn when the Tufts Lumberjack Society tried to finish what the administration could not with regards to the felling of the large tree on the president's lawn. Tree huggers and a student dressed as a banana fought off the chainsaw and axe-wielding lumberjacks with sharpened sticks and branches. As of now, the Lumberjacks have laid siege to the tree and surrounded the protesters, with no supplies going in or out. The protestors have resorted to eating mulch.



Continued on page 24...



I know your eyes in the morning sun
I feel you touch me in the pouring rain
And the moment that you wander far from me
I wanna feel you in my arms again

And you come to me on a summer breeze
Keep me warm in your love and then softly leave
And it's me you need to show

How deep is your love
I really need to learn
Cause we're living in a world of fools
Breaking us down
When they all should let us be
We belong to you and me

I believe in you
You know the door to my very soul
You're the light in my deepest darkest hour
You're my saviour when I fall
And you may not think
I care for you
When you know down inside
That I really do
And it's me you need to show

How deep is your love
I really need to learn

How deep is your love?



POLICE BLOTTER

...Continued from page 21

Friday, March 13

23 students were transported to Lawrence Memorial Hospital after individual incidents of intoxication. There are plans to establish a Joey route directly between the hospital and Tufts to cut police costs.

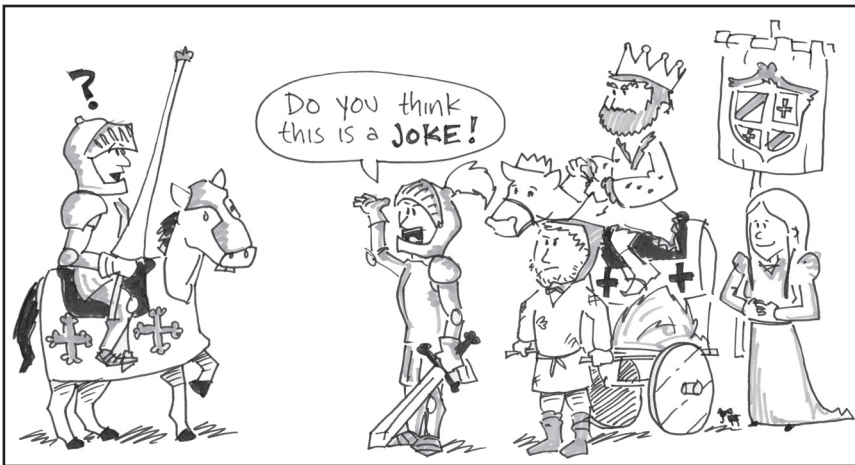
Friday, March 13

TUPD was called to Lawrence Memorial Hospital after 23 students who were staying there, and several nurses, were engaged in partying and distracting other patients. One patient said he was struck several times by a ping-pong ball that flew over his privacy curtain. There were also reports of IV's filled with alcohol to "really get the party going."



Friday, March 27

An individual was stopped and questioned on College Ave when police realized he was riding a horse and wearing full medieval armor. The student said he was coming from a Crafts House party from which he was denied entry because his costume was neither elaborate nor authentic enough. When police told the individual he could not mount a horse on Tufts' campus the individual grew confrontational and charged the police with his lance. The individual and the horse were soon corralled and the individual and the horse were transferred to the Somerville police department.



A Crafts House spokesperson said this: "The party was specifically advertised as a 13th century medieval party. The individual you refer to had a helmet from the 15th century, crests that were characteristic of both English and Germanic lords, not to mention a horse that has only been bred in the Americas."

Today

An unofficial christening of the library roof led to an interesting legal situation. A crowd of roughly 100 individuals had gathered on the newly and poorly renovated library roof to use marijuana. When police arrived they contained the sedated and giggling crowd and confiscated 33 joints (some spliffs), 25 pipes, 13 bonges, 12 blunts, 4 hookahs, 3 vaporizers, 2 gravity bonges, 2 batches of pot brownies, and one contraption involving a gas mask, flashlights, several drinking straws and a scientific beaker. The legal issue arose when the officers began arresting individuals and soon began giggling and asking students for bags of chips. Seargent McCopthy said that because the officers became inebriated from the enormous amounts of second hand smoke, their authority as police officers to arrest individuals was temporarily suspended. Meanwhile, the officers in question say that they "can't wait till the library roof gets renovated again."

...he...he....bahabba....we should order pizza days!

—Arresting Officer Hutch



—Illustrated and compiled by Ryan Stolp

Steal such an amount of Dewick cutlery that the dining hall ladies call the police.

If you enjoy the police blotter each week, do your part and contribute. Do something incredible with your life, get caught, and read about it next week. You might even get a cartoon.

PARTING SHOT



Campbell Kliefoth

Tufts Observer

Since 1895

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Please Recycle