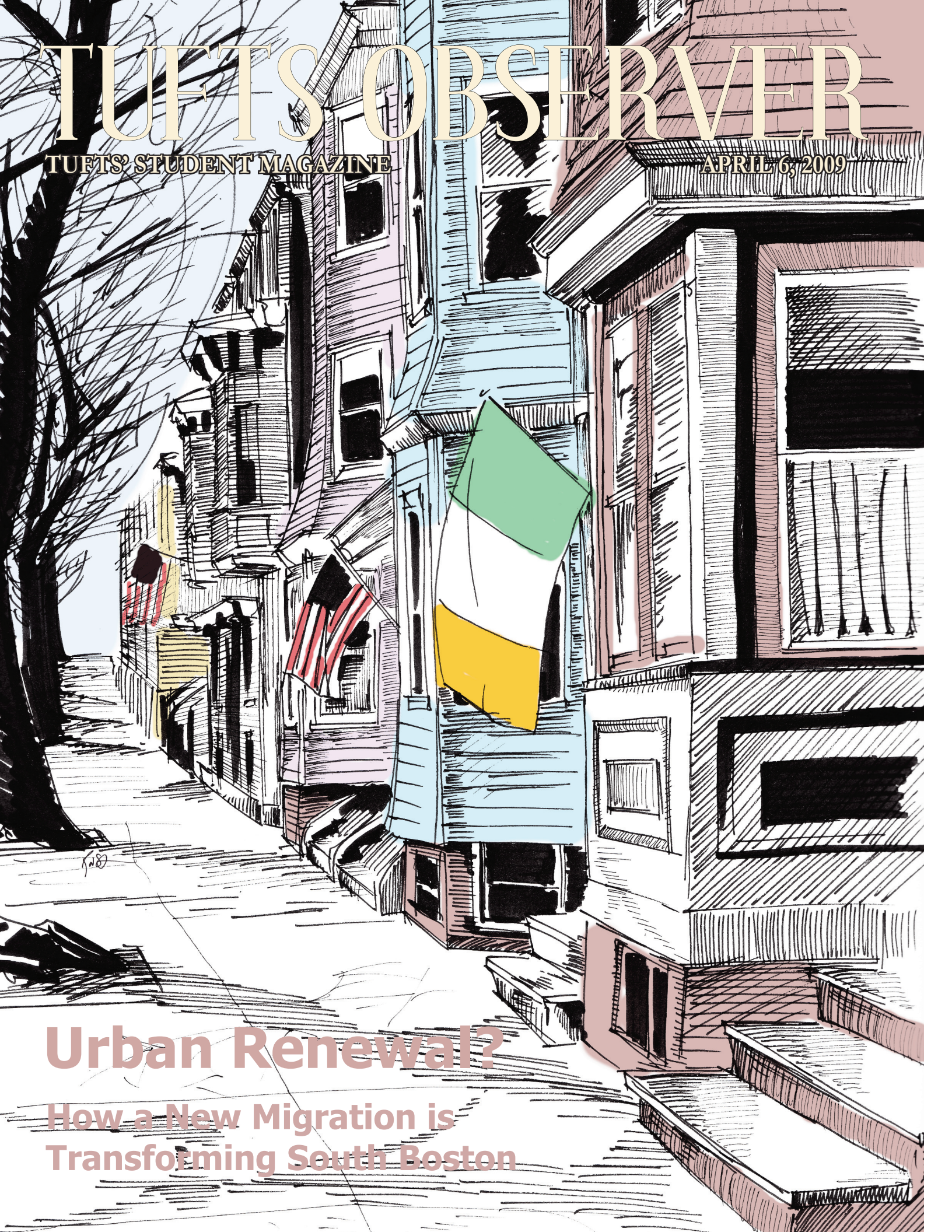


TUFTS OBSERVER

TUFTS' STUDENT MAGAZINE

APRIL 6, 2009



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How a New Migration is Transforming South Boston

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



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Since
1895

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Your recent article entitled “All Bottled Up” (March 2, 2009) was spot-on in pushing Tufts students to drop the bottled water habit. Tap water is highly regulated and thoroughly tested and still usually costs less than a penny per gallon.

From the pristine, well-protected reservoirs—Quabbin and Wachusett—in central Massachusetts, to excellent state-of-the-art treatment, extensive testing, and pipe rehabilitation programs to make sure that the water stays clean as it travels to your tap, greater Boston has some of the best water in the country. As Bob Morris himself points out in his book *Blue Death* (p. 279), the Massachusetts Water Resource Authority is using the best treatment available, ozone, which is more effective at killing possible pathogens (germs) and also reduces the amount of potentially harmful chlorine byproducts.

Over the past decade, MWRA has invested \$1.7 billion in upgrading our system, the largest investments in the water system since the Quabbin Reservoir was completed in the 1930s. The projects improved the water from the forest to your faucet: enhanced watershed protection, more effective disinfection, new covered storage, and hundreds of miles of old pipes updated. MWRA water quality is so high and our sources are so well protected that MWRA is one of few water supplies in the country that is not required to provide expensive chemical filtration.

Tap water is indeed the “green choice.” As water travels eastward through tunnels from the Quabbin and Wachusett Reservoirs, clean hydroelectric energy is produced, offsetting all the energy used in treatment. We deliver clean, fresh water straight to your tap without trucks and fuel or the waste left behind by plastic bottles.

If you would like to learn more about the MWRA, please visit the links below or contact me directly.

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www.mwra.com
www.mass.gov/dcr/waterSupply/watershed/water.htm

From the Website

GOING GREEN: AN ALTERNATIVE CULTURE COLUMN (MARCH 2, 2009)

I thought marijuana made people unmotivated? That's what the ONDCP's been telling us for years. Have we been lied to?

If marijuana doesn't make people unmotivated and it doesn't cause death then why do we pay \$40 billion for its prohibition every year? In times like these that money could stave off bankruptcy or prevent our houses from being foreclosed!

But enough about our problems. The Mexican cartels earn \$10 billion from selling illicit drugs into the U.S. every year, 60 - 70% of that comes

straight from marijuana sales. With that money they bribe their police and government officials—well, bribe isn't such a good word—what do you call it when somebody tells you to accept enormous amounts of money for illegally helping them or watch your children and loved ones be beheaded and soaked in baths of acid?

And while we're on that point, we shouldn't forget about the 6,290 people that were butchered by the cartels last year or the 1,000 that have been murdered so far this year. That's the other thing the cartels send their drug money on.

—”End the Prohibition”

CULTURAL RESTORATION IN IRAQ (MARCH 10, 2009)

The restoration of Iraq has come at a

great sacrifice to many nations. It's nice that someone took the time to point out the positives that have come out of our involvement overseas.

—“Green”

OUR VAGINAS ARE ANGRY AT TUFTS (MARCH 10, 2009)

Thank you for your honesty in refusing to post my comment, which does not contain a single incorrect factual assertion. You have demonstrated the bankruptcy of your position, and I will publicize it.

—“Pierce Harlan”

We took care of the publicizing for you, Pierce. You're welcome. -Ed.

SOUTHIE :

BEYOND STEREOTYPES

Jan McCreary and Suzanne Schlossberg take a trip to the famous Boston neighborhood to explore the history, myth-making, and truth behind Southie.



ALL PHOTOS BY JAN MCCREARY AND SUZANNE SCHLOSSBERG

BY JAN MCCREARY AND
SUZANNE SCHLOSSBERG

When *The Departed* hit theaters in 2006, it showed a stereotypical side of South Boston, affectionately known as Southie, which many are familiar with. An October 2006 review by Ty Burr in *The Boston Globe* noted the bloody but entertaining flaw in its depictions of Southie's history: "The film's only serious flaw is that it establishes a venal and local moral wasteland, crisscrossed by scummy realities of class and race, that it never follows up. What begins as a blood-soaked tragicomedy about our fair town's tribal warfare turns into merely a brilliant B movie."

Certainly, the movie never explains the deep history of Southie's problems; however, it does follow in the media's footsteps of capitalizing on the stereotypes of Southie being deeply Irish, racially charged, and fraught with organized crime. But are these stereotypes justified? Not only then but also now, outsiders' perceptions of Southie focus more on the area's negative past than its current reality. After explor-

ing Southie and talking with current and past residents, it became clear that, though Southie remains aware of its past, it is being shaped and defined by a changing demographic.

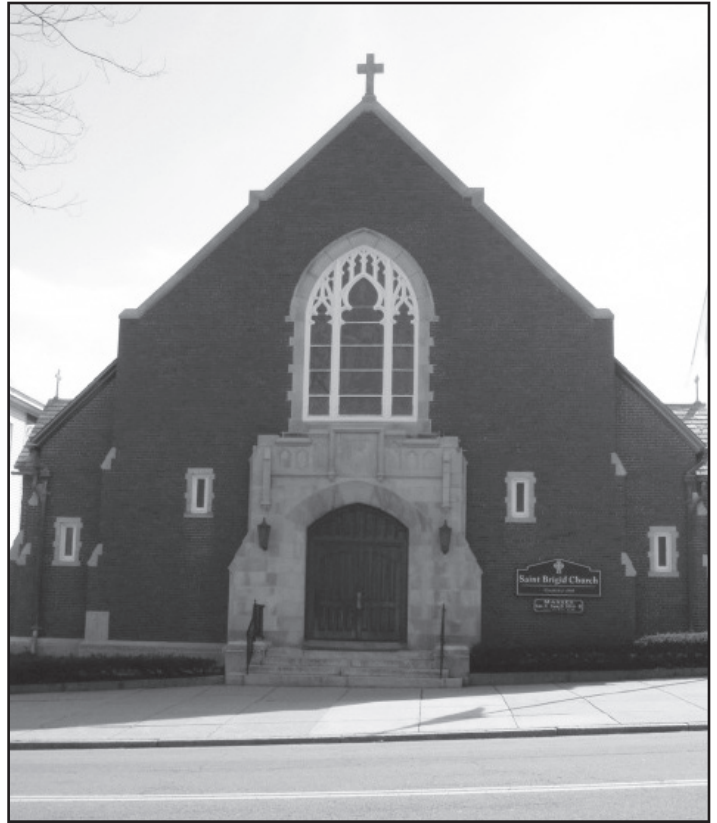
A Contentious Past

It was September of 1974 and the Boston Busing situation had come to a head. For years since the success of the Civil Rights movement, non-white students had been bused all around Massachusetts in order to keep schools from having more than 50% non-white students. However, in 1974 the South Boston school system could no longer avoid this statewide law, and South Boston students, overwhelmingly of white Irish descent, were scheduled to be bused to Roxbury, a mainly African-American area.

The often-violent protests by parents in South Boston caught the attention of not only the Boston School Board but also the national media. An article published in *TIME* magazine in September of 1974, titled "Southie Fights On," described the South Boston protesters as "jeering" and "brandishing rubber hoses" at black stu-

dents who were bused into Southie on the first day of the new school year. The article emphasized the "white" South Boston parents sitting in living rooms, talking with "white" school board officials and politicians whose hands were legally tied. The article is unfortunately reminiscent of the descriptions of white protests surrounding the desegregation of the Alabama school system in the 1960s.

For Dick Kelly, the public attention the busing received is a "black eye" for the people of Southie. Sitting with Kelly in his family-owned restaurant, The Original Kelly located on L Street, we listened as he spoke about his childhood in South Boston. Dick Kelly had grown up in the heart of South Boston on M street, as his mother had before him. Now in his late sixties, Kelly remembers the busing and how Southie has changed since then. To him, the parents of children in the South Boston school system were not outraged at blacks being brought into the schools but rather at the fact that their own children were being sent away to other neighborhoods that had little connection to their own Irish community.



Dick Kelly views the controversy as an unfortunate distortion by the media, one that had lasting implications on the way that outsiders viewed Southie in comparison to the way that South Enders viewed Southie. He commented that the media focused on the racial tensions in the area and not the quality of schools and communities that the South Boston children were being sent to. To the parents of South Boston, the question was, “Why live where your kids aren’t going to go to school?”

Today, the South Boston community and its school system have changed considerably from the local, tight-knit neighborhood that Kelly referred to. The change seems to be growing as more and more parents who can afford to do so push for their children to be put in private schools, feeling that the local public schools are not meeting the necessary standards.

We were able to speak to a postal worker who spent his whole life in South Boston. To him, the emphasis on creating close familial and neighborly relations has changed. People spend a few years in

Southie, he noted, but as their children get older, they look to send them to better private schools outside of the South Boston area. He mentioned that families used to live in Southie for generations, but now the ties of homeowners to the area are fleeting and changing rapidly from the traditional blue-collar neighborhood that he had grown up in.

Faith, Drugs, and Violence

As large families left the area, one repercussion was the decrease of traditional Catholics in the area. Where there were once five Catholic churches supported by the South Boston community, there is now only one: the Saint Brigid Parish of South Boston. In referring to the changing religious atmosphere of the area, a Southie native and bartender at the Cornerstone Pub on West Broadway mentioned that the decrease in the number of Catholic churches may also be due to the overall decrease in highly religious people in the community as its Irish-American roots disperse and a new generation of Catholics appears.

Catholicism is the religion most thought of in reference to South Boston, but the area also boasts churches from a number of different Christian denominations, some of which have been a part of the Southie community for decades.

Churches abound in the South Boston area, and they are surprisingly religiously diverse. One well-preserved and prominently placed church on East Broadway is Saint George’s Cathedral. An Orthodox Church of the Albanian Archdiocese, Saint George’s was founded in 1908 and was in fact the first Albanian Orthodox Church in the United States. Today, St. George’s is located in the former place of worship for the Hawes Unitarian Church, another long-standing religion of South Boston.

These different religious traditions come from other ethnicities and contradict the idea that Southie was and is completely Irish-American. When talking about the demographics of Southie, Dick Kelly stated, “When I was growing up, there were just as many Irish as there were Poles, Italians, and Lithuanians.” These different cultural

FROM THE 1960S TO THE 1980S, SOUTH BOSTON’S IDENTITY WAS LINKED WITH A WORLD OF GANG VIOLENCE AND DRUG RINGS THAT DEVELOPED UNDER THE PRESSURES OF EXTREME POVERTY.

groups have a long history in Southie and were present even in the 1960s while the area became a center for organized crime.

From the 1960s to the 1980s, South Boston's identity was linked with a world of gang violence and drug rings that developed under the pressures of extreme poverty. This world has been retold and explored by Hollywood and numerous publications, including Michael Patrick McDonald's *All Souls: A Family Story from Southie*. McDonald grew up in an Irish-Catholic family living in the Old Colony Housing Projects of Southie's "Lower End," or the Southwestern section of Southie marked by West Broadway and Dorchester Street. He depicts the deterioration of his own family as a result of drug addiction and ongoing violence within the projects.

Indeed, as McDonald grew up in the 1970s and '80s, legendary gang leader James "Whitey" Buglar and the Winter Hill Gang preyed on the markets provided by impoverished families in Lower End public housing and drafted many into lives of organized crime.

Whitey persuaded Boss Howie Winter to enact a revolutionary organized crime policy in which gangs charged criminal entrepreneurs (drug dealers, bookies, etc.) "rent" in exchange for permission to operate in gang territory. Failure to pay "rent" was punishable by death, and, as a result, Southie's Lower End bled with violence.

From Slainte's atmosphere of tipsy

professionals and piped-in pop music, one would never guess that this hip Irish pub was once a favorite hangout of Whitey's and the backdrop for many memorable murders in Southie's history of organized crime. Located on West Broadway and only a block from the Broadway T-stop, Slainte serves as a haven for weekend-bound commuters who are attracted by its glossy black sign, selection of comfort foods, and affordable happy hour drinks.

However, in the '70s and '80s, the space that Slainte now occupies was known as Triple O's Tavern, run by Whitey's fellow Winter Hill Gang member, Peter O'Neil. On April 2, 1980, Whitey brought a bookie named Louis Latif into Triple O's to have a "talk" about his rent payments. A few minutes later, Latif's body was seen carried out of Triple O's in plastic wrap and thrown into a car trunk.

While the natives of Southie's Lower End can easily recall Whitey's notorious crimes, the events serve as nothing more than a faded backdrop to the newly vibrant identity Slainte's represents. The Cornerstone Pub bartender smiled at the mention of Whitey and noted that Southie's violent past is in no way indicative of its pres-

ent state or the way native and new South Enders view themselves. Indeed, a manager at The West Side Kitchen, located on West Broadway, remarked that "the neighborhood around here is a very safe place...I never have to worry about walking around late at night."

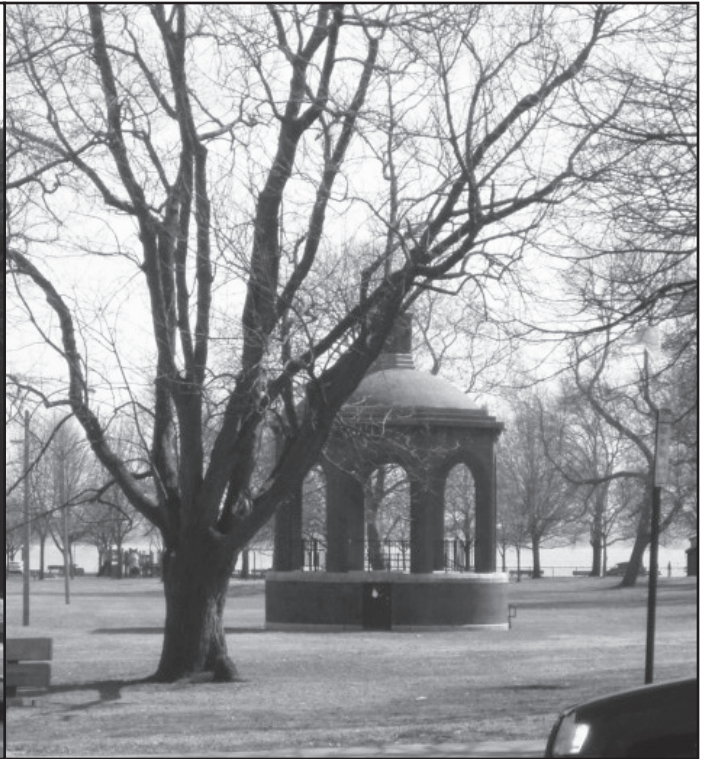
In With the New

For former residents of Southie's "Point" area like Dick Kelly, organized crime was never part of his experience living and growing up. "That all happened down in West Broadway," Kelly said. "That wasn't all of South Boston." Indeed, located on the eastern end of the South Boston peninsula and distinguished by East Broadway, the Point was undergoing more positive changes than its Western counterpart. During the 1970s, East Broadway's "Pill Hill" was home to countless physician and dental offices, a tribute to the middle-class neighborhoods of growing families surrounding it. *All Souls* only gives "half of the story," Kelly expressed.

These days, both areas of Southie seem set on a path of gentrification. Dick Kelly mentioned that the Point has become a magnet for young professionals seeking an easy commute into Boston. Many of the

“These days, both areas of Southie seem set on a path of gentrification.”





19th century brownstones on the oceanside of East Broadway are divided into yuppie-friendly condos, and bus service provides easy access to downtown, the Red Line, and Logan Airport.

Remax Realty of East Broadway indicated that, on average, most of their clientele are young professionals. They advertise accordingly, painting South Boston as a less-expensive alternative to Back Bay, with six miles of shoreline beaches and several public parks. Indeed, Marine Park and Pleasure Bay offer residents a chance to experience the benefits of a maritime setting while still living in an urban environment.

However, this change in demographics has created a demand for more chain businesses. West and East Broadway have become home to CVS, Radio Shack, and H & R Block. The local businesses that have survived and popped up because of the “yuppie” immigration are run by, as Dick Kelly describes, “out-of-towners” who wouldn’t be able to buy a two-bedroom condo in the area, usually in the price range of \$330 thousand.

Like many of the current custodians of family-owned Southie businesses, Dick Kelly no longer lives in the community. Likewise, owners and operators of recently founded stores in Southie cater to a neighborhood they cannot afford to be a part of. Jen, a 30-something manager of B.Y.O.D., a dog grooming business, said “I think

Southie’s awesome. I’d like to live here.”

Unfortunately, the price of entry has been driven up by many of the dog-lovers B.Y.O.D. caters to. “There are more dogs than kids here,” Jen said.

While the Lower End is less gentrified than the historically more affluent Point area, it is quickly becoming a hub for young commuters attracted by its proximity to the Broadway and Andrew Red Line T-stops. Trendy bars like Slainte’s as well as pastel painted condos dot West Broadway, and its former projects now provide retirement housing.

While the Old Colony housing projects of McDonald’s youth still stand on 9th Street, a string of Lower End construction projects indicate that future decades will bring renovations to the remaining relics of Southie’s lower class.

Of the Lower End’s rejuvenation, Dick Kelly noted that South Enders have always taken pride in their community’s appearance: “It’s all about keeping the area looking new and clean.” However, Southie’s changing appearance is also indicative of the demands of the “yuppie” demographic that seem to be pushing the lower and middle-class families of Southie out.

Conclusion

Ultimately, the past stereotypes about Southie may be based in fact, but they distort the extent to which South Boston was a conflict-ridden area. With the 1970s bus-

ing, some of Southie’s residents may have been disturbed by race, but many more were concerned with their community and children’s education. The area, though predominantly Irish, also had and still does have vibrant, ethnically diverse populations. Though Catholicism is prominent, there are many other religious groups long established in the neighborhood. Finally, though parts of the Lower End were violently disrupted by organized crime, other areas such as the Point were still family-oriented communities.

Today, South Boston is changing rapidly with the demand for commuter-friendly and up-scale housing, pushing many of Southie’s traditional residents out; however, with these changes comes the economic opportunity for restaurants, shops, and retail to develop in the neighborhood, catering to a population of young professionals.

As Southie grows and develops, the community that was is quickly disappearing, posing the question of whether or not Southie’s complex history will ever be more than a media stereotype. Movies like *The Departed* and memoirs like *All Souls* depict one aspect of the South Boston community. However, to truly understand the neighborhood that existed, it is necessary to take into account the additional focus on family and community that defined Southie’s past just as much as the nationally highlighted controversies did. ☪

NEW AGE: EXPLORING AMORTALITY



BY MADELINE CHRISTENSEN

Twenty-first birthdays are much celebrated events on college campuses. For many, the date marks the rite of passage when one's very own government-administered driver's license is finally sufficient for the purchase of alcohol. Yet, some call it "the last 'good' birthday," adding such sobering maxims as, "After you turn 21, you're just dying."

According to Anthropology Professor Sarah Pinto, notions of aging vary across societies. "Not only do other societies view aging differently, different societies have different ideas about what it means to be a person over time," said Pinto. In areas that Pinto has worked in South Asia, "there are models of the life cycle in India in particular that say that the final stage of life is a time for renunciation, is a time at which one would put less emphasis on or no emphasis on accruing material possessions or living a worldly life but would instead turn to reflection."

"Obviously that's not everybody," Pinto added, "but nonetheless that establishes that time of life as a time when one becomes more contemplative and one becomes less engaged in the pursuit of material wealth, for example."

Pinto said that, broadly speaking, youth seems to be valued over age in our society, an idea manifested in a "go-get-it" kind of attitude that emphasizes innovation and entrepreneurialism.



RACHEL SADDADINE

"On the flip side of that, [there is] not an emphasis on gradually accruing wisdom or gradually accruing experience or the gradual pursuit of an endeavor, or the idea that a new idea may come from years and years of reflection, rather than from some instant brilliance."

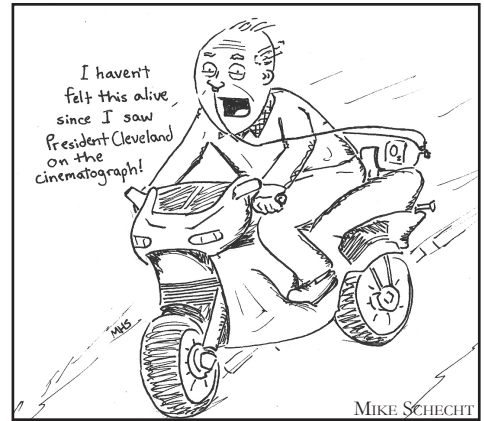
It would seem that few college students look forward to toting the CapriSuns to their future children's soccer games with quite the same anticipation as the prospect of a night of bar hopping with friends. Yet those who wish they could stay young forever are certainly not alone.

Catherine Mayer coined the term "amortality" to describe the craze for defeating age that *Time's* March issue called one of "10 Ideas Changing the World Right Now." According to Mayer, "The defining characteristic of amortality is to live in the same way, at the same pitch, doing and consuming much the same things, from late teens right up until death." Mayer even predicted "notions of age-appropriate behavior will soon be relegated as firmly to the past as dentures and black-and-white television."

Today, we may shudder as we witness "*What Not to Wear*" attempt to reform a 45-year-old mother who insists on wearing mini-skirts and skimpy tube tops. But "amortals" already abound and are often easily spotted in the celebrity world. Simon Cowell has said that he uses Botox to preserve his features in the image of youth and has divulged his plans to have his corpse cryonically preserved.

Some scientists even claim that aging is not inevitable. According to Aubrey De Grey, a Cambridge University gerontologist, not only is it possible to prolong human life indefinitely, science is within "serious striking distance" of making it happen. Appearing on the program *60 Minutes*, De Grey spoke of a day when average life spans might be around the ballpark of 1,000 years.

Others are highly skeptical of such predictions. Dr. Jay Olshansky, who studies longevity and aging at the University of Illinois, told *60 Minutes* that such life expectancy predictions as De Grey's are inconceivably beyond current life expectancies of around 80 in the United States. According to Olshansky, we are already pushing our bodies beyond what evolution intended. "So it's no surprise that we see things go wrong with these bodies when we use them



beyond their warranty period. And that's exactly what we're doing," said Dr. Olshansky.

There has always been money in the immortality business. In his book *Gunpowder*, Jack Kelly describes Chinese alchemists' tireless search for an elixir of immortality. Their attempts often included such poisons as white lead and arsenic sulfide. Eschewing his minister's warnings that alchemists "have come for nothing but profit," the Tang dynasty emperor Li Chun went mad from the deadly poisons.

Modern elixirs of immortality have also abounded. Dr. Olshansky told *60 Minutes* about his favorite anti-aging product, a supplement called Longevity taken by celebrities like John Wayne as well as many worldwide dignitaries. Dr. Olshansky noted that the users of Longevity "all share one common characteristic. They're dead. They have all died."

According to the *New York Times*, the website RealAge.com offers a free quiz that gauges factors ranging from family history to pet ownership in order to assign a "biological age," or how young or old the test-taker's habits make him or her and then recommends lifestyle changes to become effectively "younger." The test, which requires an email, is riddled with offers of free RealAge membership that may have led millions to unknowingly sign up for emails from drug companies targeting members with their test answers.

Websites like RealAge.com may have some upsides. According to the *New York Times*, they offer the message that it is possible to change, and can suggest healthful lifestyle improvements. Whether good or bad, the oncoming trend of "amortality" carries the likely prospect of bankrolling scientific longevity advancements and drug companies alike. ☐

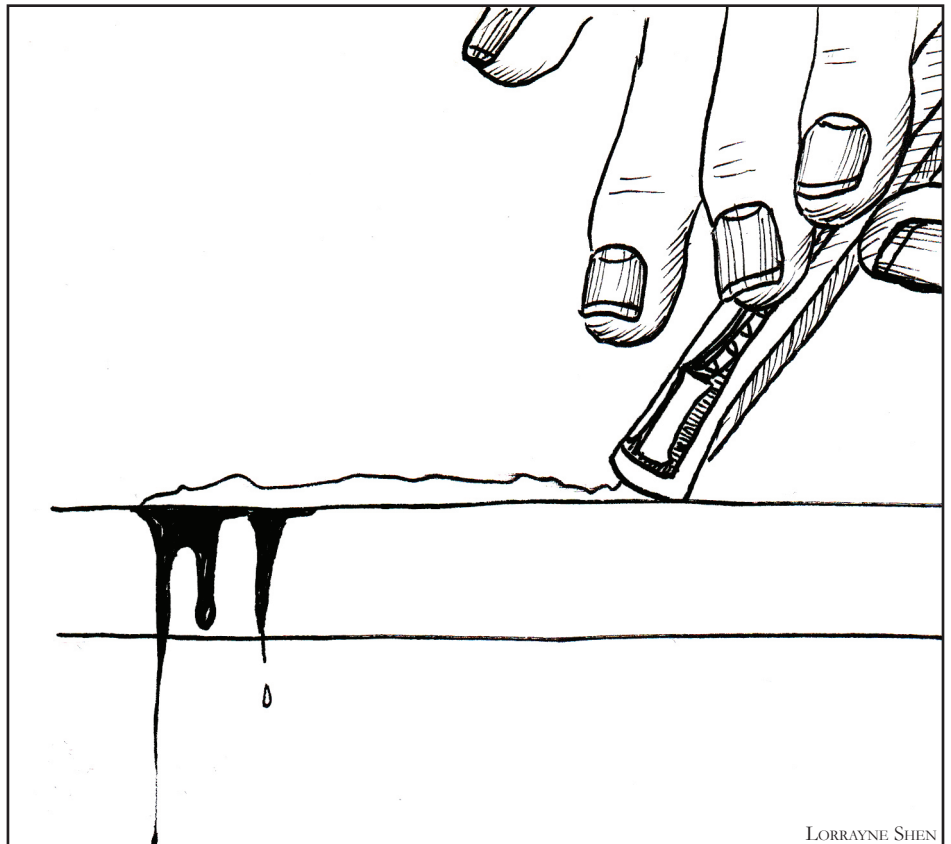
CONTAGIOUS DISASTER

MEXICAN DRUG-WAR VIOLENCE EXPANDS INTO US TERRITORY

BY ZACHARY FOULK

In *Forbe's* most recent tally of the world's richest billionaires, among names like Bill Gates and Warren Buffett appeared a man who has done slightly less philanthropy and book-writing: "El Charo," the billionaire lord of Mexico's largest drug cartel. He may not be a household name yet, but, as his operations and those of hundreds of others like him spill across our borders and into our towns, Americans will come to know just what his industry is capable of doing to the United States.

We have seen recent developments on the news, and his actions have left many Americans stunned. The drug cartels have paralyzed the country, assassinating police chiefs and corrupting the country's officials to an alarming extent. As Professor Amahl Bishara of Tufts' Anthropology Department notes, "This issue calls attention to the ways in which violence abroad is related to our own policies here, and it is helpful to recognize these kinds of connections, so that problems at home and abroad can be thoughtfully addressed." This threat has the potential to cause serious damage not only to our closest neighbor but also to the United States. Moreover, the increasing danger warrants an investigation of the United States' failure to keep this serious threat from spiraling out of control and why its continued failure will cause more damage



LORRYNE SHEN

than it has in the past.

What has led to the rise in drug-related violence, specifically in Mexico where its implications for American security are the largest? The current violence is split into two categories. First, the major Mexican drug cartels are engaged in an increasingly costly turf war for control over access to the United States market. Second, they are also simultaneously fighting with the governments of Mexico and many other Latin and South American countries for the ability to continue to

produce opium and cannabis. At this point, the latter has resulted in widespread corruption and the assassinations of heads of state and law enforcement.

Drug cartels shoot police officers to death point blank in the middle of the day. The death toll has reached about 6,000 people a year in Mexico in addition to nearly 30 to 50 daily kidnappings in Mexico city alone. And it will get worse. Ted Carpenter of the Cato Institute for Foreign Policy predicts that the number of deaths in 2009 will be closer to 8,000. The extent of the violence and corruption is so severe that experts have begun to discuss the possibility of Mexico becoming a failed state. The US Joint Forces Command ranks Mexico alongside Pakistan as one of the states with the highest likelihood of complete failure. According to Carpenter, it is even more likely that Mexico's current government will abdicate its control and allow many narcotics cartels to take over.



CC

Newly-appointed Secretary of Homeland Security Janet Napolitano insists that the violence in Mexico has “not yet crossed the border.” Yet there are reports of kidnappings and brutal murders tied to drug cartels in scattered incidents throughout the country. The Department of Justice estimates that Mexican cartels have a presence in 230 US cities from Anchorage to Atlanta. Thus far, 70 Americans have been kidnapped on both US and Mexican soil. In Phoenix, the city with the highest security threat from Mexican drug violence, kidnappings have risen 40 percent since last year. And if the Mexican government, or currently the majority of the Mexican army, fails to contain the cartels, the violence may spill over in the form of hundreds of millions of refugees fleeing from what is bound to be an international crisis of epic proportions. In addition, as cartels become more successful at manipulating the Mexican government and fighting multilateral efforts to stop the flow of drugs across the border, the market for cartels will only grow larger, wealthier, and more powerful. The implications for the

massive population of drug consumers and ordinary citizens are fearful at best.

What is rather confounding is that as this violence has been on the rise, American money allotted to fighting drugs has radically increased as well. Obama promises to continue the his predecessors’ policy of allotting federal money to fund increased border protection, strengthen the Mexican army, and abate the influx of heavy weapons from the US to Mexican and Latin American cartels. The last stimulus plan dedicated \$600 million to bolster border security, in hopes of preventing a spillover of drug violence and the smuggling of an estimated 28,000 weapons over the border.

Current Mexican President Felipe Calderon has dedicated nearly 30,000 Mexican troops to restore order in the towns that have been the most affected, some of which have been without law enforcement for nearly a year. Calderon himself has claimed that recent years have accounted for the highest drug seizures and arrest rates. Despite the amount of money and effort that both countries have put in, drug

violence will inevitably get worse or at least continue.

As a recent article in *The Economist* shows, the fundamentals of the drug market rest on the presence of immense efforts to curb drug use, thus making the price of the drugs higher as the danger of transporting them increases. The markup on the price of illegal drugs from the risks taken to transport them is the largest source of wealth for these drug cartels. As more and more drugs are seized due to an expansion of efforts, the risk and, thus the markup, grows exponentially.

This can only amount to more wealth and power for men like “El Charo” because demand in the United States for illegal drugs has not declined. According to *The Economist*, the failure to understand this business model of increased profits from enlarged efforts sheds a dim light on Mexico’s prospects for restoration of control. The question that has been left to US policymakers is whether to continue to throw money at what they consider a security threat or to end the age of prohibition for good. ☪



MARCO KALEMAN

MARCH MADNESS



BEN HOLDEN

BY CARA PALEY

After a Tibetan attack on a police station in northwestern China that took place Saturday, March 21, *nearly a hundred people involved in the incident were detained the following day.* According to the *Washington Post*, the attack was directly triggered by the alleged suicide of a Tibetan monk; however, this particular episode marks just one of many tumultuous clashes between the Tibetan population and the ruling Chinese officials.

To the Chinese, control of Tibet is natural and unquestioned. "To most Chinese, it seems self-evident that Tibet is and always has been a part of China; the idea of Tibetan secession is as absurd as Alaskan or Hawaiian secession based on the mistreatment of native populations ... would be to most Americans," said Elizabeth Remick, a political science professor at Tufts.

According to the government-run New China News Agency, though the Chinese police caught six of those allegedly engaged, the remaining 89 who partook in the riots turned themselves in.

The New China News Agency also affirmed that all but two were monks. While less than 100 were arrested, the *Washington Post* cites a Tibetan exile who states that as many as 2,000 people were involved in the protest.

Several hundred people—among them, close to a hundred monks from the Ragya monastery—attacked the police station in Ragya and assaulted policemen and government workers. While some officials were slightly injured in the events, no serious damage has been reported.

The violence during March occurred after 28-year-old monk Tashi Sangpo escaped from police custody and disappeared. According to the *Washington Post*, Tashi Sangpo had been detained due to his involvement in removing the Chinese flag and spreading out the Tibetan national flag over the Ragya monastery's main prayer hall. Allegedly, fearing his arrest, Sangpo fled from the Ragya police station after asking to use the washroom. He was last seen swimming in the Yellow River; his body has yet to be found.

Triggered by Tashi Sangpo's death, protestors violently rallied against Chinese police and officials in the Ragya Township. According to the *New York Times*, such protests also reveal the Tibetan motive behind their actions: a cry for independence against Chinese rule. Through such riots, they lament the day in which China seized control over the region and simultaneously forced the spiritual Dalai Lama into exile in India. Fervently waving the Tibetan national flag and banners, rioters were seen shouting "Independence for Tibet" and "Long Live His Holiness the Dalai Lama."

After the clash that occurred between Tibetan and Chinese groups last March, in which Tibetan riots in Lhasa, the Tibetan capital, resulted in the death of several Han Chinese, China has sent thousands of troops to Tibetan areas. However, despite the increased presence of Chinese security, these areas remain consumed by chaos.

Ragya, a township in the Tibetan prefecture of Golog, is just one of many Tibetan-dominated areas under Chinese rule that has been the location of recurring conflict. In the predominantly Tibetan Ganzi prefecture in the Sichuan province, a bomb exploded in an unoccupied police station. Although it shattered the building's windows, the explosion caused no injuries. Another instance of Tibetan-Chinese animosity was a minor explosion in a Tibetan



part of Qinghai, which damaged a police car and a firetruck.

Also, according to the *Washington Post*, a thousand monks gathered in February at a monastery in Aba county of the Sichuan province to protest a ban on celebrating Monlam, a traditional prayer festival. One monk, in a dramatic public suicide, soaked himself with gasoline and set himself on fire.

Along with numerous other anti-Chinese protests, the Tibetan government in exile in Dharamsala, India released a seven-minute video that reveals Chinese

police officers brutally beating Tibetans following the Lhasa riots. Currently shown on YouTube, such actions further mark the ongoing hostilities between the two groups.

These events, along with the variety of other clashes that have preceded them, vividly display the profound tension that exists between restless Tibetan populations eager for independence and Chinese officials attempting to enforce their power. Unfortunately, as hostilities persist, hopes for peace between Tibetan and Chinese factions remain bleak. ☹

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THE PUBLIC EDITOR

*From the Public Editor's blog, on the topic of
"Reggie Hubbard" and anonymity in journalism*

The Observer has begun running a column entitled "Going Green" whose author—a self-avowed "pothead and legalization advocate" who writes under the pseudonym of Reggie Hubbard—discusses marijuana use amongst Tufts students and relates it back to efforts to decriminalize the substance.

Tufts students are no strangers to marijuana. Some may abstain completely, but I would guess the majority have taken or will take a hit at some point during their time as Jumbos. So "Hubbard's" column will undoubtedly generate a decent amount of interest, especially as he offers to extend anonymity to anyone wishing to share anecdotes or musings about their own usage for inclusion in his column.

My question is: should the *Observer* be granting Hubbard anonymity and regularly allotting him page space? Sex columns seem to be a perennial fixture for the *Daily*, so campus publications already habitually broach topics that would be considered taboo dinner table conversation. But marijuana is illegal, regardless of its prevalence on campus (I know that Massachusetts has decriminalized it; I'm speaking in a broader sense). So could this be seen as an endorsement by the *Observer* of something that is against the law? Or is it a fair representation of the types of issues that are of importance to Tufts students?

—Jeremy White,
Public Editor

Jeremy, I think the *Observer* is making a poor decision with the "Hubbard" column. I do not think it is an endorsement of smoking marijuana, but I also do not think the column deserves page space in such a respected publication. I understand that the *Observer* tries to appeal to a wide audience of readers, but what purpose does the column serve? It would make more sense to me if Hubbard wrote about actual news events such as viable marijuana legalization campaigns or legitimate actions by state governments to decriminalize the drug. This does not seem to be Hubbard's intent, and, as such, I do not think the *Observer* should continue the "Going Green" column.

—Caleb Zimmerman,
Assistant Public Editor

This reminds me of when I wrote a column for my campus paper two years ago about drug policy that was so outrageous that a professor asked me to speak to his freshmen students about it. As I recall, my argument was that there are many, many drugs that are perfectly legal (and socially sanctioned) and a lot more destructive than cannabis sativa, most notably *Nicotiana* (tobacco) and the perfectly acceptable liquors, spirits, and booze.

—Alex Cacioppo

Alex,
In response to your observation that "there are many, many drugs that are per-

fectly legal (and socially sanctioned) and a lot more destructive than cannabis sativa, most notably *Nicotiana* (tobacco) and the perfectly acceptable liquors, spirits, and booze." This is true. And I understand that part of Hubbard's objective is to question the underlying motivations for the laws that leave marijuana illegal and alcohol—with all its pernicious side effects of violence and injury—legal. This is what Caleb drew attention to when he suggested that Hubbard's column focus on news developments in the legalization debate.

Still, an opinion column is allowed to depart from the obligation to find a news peg somewhat, and I think the various Tufts columns collectively offer a cross-section of what is on the minds of Tufts students (even if it's sensational sex columns that frankly don't offer many helpful or useful tips). And I suspect many people share Alex and Reggie's belief about how our legal system codifies a hierarchy of which substances are and are not acceptable. I see a disjunction in President Obama's very candid admission about past encounters with weed ("The point was to inhale. That was the point.") and the overblown criticisms of Michael Phelps for taking a puff after having won seven Olympic gold medals. It seems like marijuana usage has become more acceptable and mainstream, and perhaps Hubbard is in touch with the spirit of the times in this sense.

But as I wrote in an earlier post, a publication should never take granting anonymity lightly. I understand that the *Observer* is trying to protect Hubbard because his reputation in the eyes of future employers or professors could be badly damaged, but at what cost to the *Observer's* credibility? If they are seen to be sponsoring candid debate, that's all well and good, but I fear some people may view them as a typically liberal college rag granting amnesty to a pothead.

—Jeremy White,
Public Editor

You can read the Public Editor's columns and respond at <http://ase.tufts.edu/publiceditor>, and you can reach the Public Editor at jeremybw1@gmail.com or at 301-807-7976.

EDITORIAL: THE LEGACY OF HONOS CIVICUS

Honos Civicus, the newly-formed society to honor graduates who have demonstrated a commitment to civic engagement, has recently come under attack by skeptics concerned about the merits of another exclusive honors society. Although the application period for the class of 2009 has officially come to a close, the idea of a graduating society concerned with civic engagement is smart in theory but complicated in practice, and it raises some tough questions about the definition of civic engagement.

To be sure, Honos Civicus will go far to cement Tufts' reputation as a school committed to active citizenship as well as provide an incentive for students to get involved in the community. There is nothing wrong with students aiming to increase their chances at receiving Honos Civicus if it means more time spent par-

ticipating in campus and community organizations. Realistically, however, Honos Civicus will eventually become a laughable designation unless Tisch College works to fine-tune the application process and define what exactly constitutes "civic engagement."

For example, the Honos Civicus website states that anyone from Pangaea board members to spring break volunteers in New Orleans may be eligible to apply for the award. Under this broad framework, couldn't almost any leader of any student organization—from EPIIC to the Pan African Alliance to the *Observer* itself—make the case that they have furthered the values of civic engagement? In the case of these three organizations, it is not hard to argue that members have contributed to civic-minded goals, from spreading awareness about crucial and relevant topics to investigating important

campus controversies. Might even leaders of fraternities or themed houses make the case that they host community events as well as provide important social and/or informational outlets to the Tufts population?

What Honos Civicus seems to be getting at is not so much the value of civic engagement—an admittedly amorphous term—but the importance of playing an active role in the community via student organizations and co-curricular activities. After all, there already exist awards for academics (such as *cum laude*) as well as a basic recognition of athletic achievements. Although Honos Civicus will have to be fine-tuned in order to stay relevant in the upcoming years, the idea of rewarding students not for being book worms but for active and participatory community involvement, is foundationally a strong one. ☺



A Different Kind of Discrimination?

Race and Hookup Culture at Tufts

The Gender Blender Blog was created by Tufts undergraduate students in an attempt to demystify feminism and explore how the personal is political in our daily lives. Because they believe that the opinions expressed in the blog are more important than the authorship, they are requesting to remain anonymous.

Prevention, Awareness, and Community at Tufts (PACT), a student group dedicated to promoting student health and well being on campus, is interviewing different students about their thoughts on the hook-up culture of Tufts. One particularly interesting issue raised was how race affects the hook-up culture at Tufts. One of the questions student interviewees were asked was, “What are your thoughts on people who exclusively hook up with people within their own race, or people who exclusively hook up with people outside of their own race?”

To build on that, is it problematic if someone consciously chooses to not hook up with someone of their racial group? Is it racist? Is it problematic or racist if someone consciously chooses to only hook up with people of their own racial group?

One interviewed student said that automatically eliminating someone as a potential hook-up simply because of their race is racist regardless of their personal reasoning behind it. Stereotypes about the sexuality of different races can influence people’s assumptions or perceptions of those groups’ sexual availability or desirability. That same person also gave an example of how some of his Asian male friends make it a point to not hook up with other Asian women to avoid being perceived as the stereotypical Asian guy who only hooks up with Asian women.

Many people who choose to hook up with members of a specific race justify their preference by saying that they aren’t racist but rather that they are merely attracted to the features of a certain race. However, is this just a simple case of attraction? At first glance, such assertions may not seem racist, but it is important to consider the underlying reasons behind one’s preference. One may be attracted to pale skin, but what are the implications behind the preference for pale skin?

Western standards of beauty prevail in the United States, and these beauty ideals tend to be unrealistic and unrepresentative of



CAMPBELL KLIEFOTH

the American population. In trying to conform to these standards or outright rejecting them, can we be trying to convince ourselves that our hook-up preferences are not about race but instead just about personal attraction? Completely eliminating a racial group in one’s hook-up pool on the basis of disliking their “features” is an overgeneralization that homogenizes all members of that racial group. In reality, there is a wide range of physical diversity within every race and thus one’s discrimination against that group is unjustified.

By making it an issue about personal attraction to certain features, one is detracting attention away from larger underlying social narratives at play. Saying that one is attracted to certain features that are “characteristic” of certain racial groups makes it seem as though it is about personal taste, not about how there are racial stereotypes that feed into fetishization, exotification, or otherization of certain racial groups.

Many people assume that interracial dating and hooking-up somehow means that the couple has moved “beyond race.” However, often our decisions of who to date or hook-up with are actually highly influenced by race. We commonly hear our peers make statements such as, “I’ve never hooked up with [insert race/ethnicity here] person before!” The statement makes it seem as if hooking up with someone of another race or ethnic-

ity somehow defeats the cultural demons of racism and makes us above the influence of racial stereotyping and racist ideology.

We have also witnessed our peers making statements such as, “I don’t really see you as [insert race/ethnicity here]. I think of you as a person.” While the statement may at first glance seem “beyond race,” it implies an attitude of othering, where an extremely important aspect of the person (their race) is either treated as a sort of liability or is ignored as unimportant. Furthermore, this is reflective of color-blind racism, when we pretend that we do not see race and instead just see everyone as race-less people.

This brings us to the issue of how we define diversity. People tend to think of themselves as diverse simply because their friend group/relationships involve people of varying ethnic groups, genders, and sexual orientations. If they have multicultural friends, then they seem to believe that they are diverse enough. But true diversity involves a much deeper understanding of the pervasive structural inequalities in access to and distribution of resources, power, and wealth among varying groups in society. True diversity involves recognizing this and trying to combat these injustices. ☪

For more discussion on issues of gender equality on campus see: <http://thegenderblenderblog.wordpress.com>

We received over **seventy** submissions for our **first annual** photo contest. Here are the **winners.**



Scattered Yurts in the Mountains
JEFF GREENBERG, '09



Second Place



Untitled (Private lake, Peterborough New Hampshire)
EDWARD Z. WRONSKY III, '12



Third Place



Ladybug Closeup at Trailhead
ISAAC FREEMAN, '12



Honorable Mention



The Beach (Tel Aviv, Israel)
SHAHEEN LAVIE-ROUSE, '11



Honorable Mention



Untitled
JEFF GREENBERG, '09



Congratulations
to the winners
and thank you
to everyone
who sent in
submissions.

Stay tuned for
our next photo
contest.



Fire Tower on Mt. Cardigan
(White Mountains, NH)

ETHAN SETNIK, '12



Sunset in the Winter
(Huntington Beach, CA)

KATELYN PUISHYS, '09



WHAT NOT TO BUILD: A CALL TO MAKEOVER TUFTS

BY RYAN STOLP

Two years ago, when I received my admissions letter from Tufts about this time of year, it stood out from the rest. On it was a large photo of West Hall and the word “Welcome.” Though I had only been to campus for an afternoon, I knew immediately what it stood for. The

niously with the existing structure and at a comparable price. Could the roofline of the elevator not match the style of the front of the building (see figure 1)? What about the windows? The modern floor height of the narrow rectangular windows that they have put in look incredibly out of place compared with the style of the existing ones. It also looks like the uppermost level of the build-

they grow in mounds. Where can I sit on a non-concrete surface to lay out and look at the stars or set up a hookah that’s flat and isn’t covered with mulch and roots? I like grass on my roofs. Stars bring me to my last point. How can I see the stars, or the beautiful Boston skyline, or the person standing next to me for that matter, when there are headlights in my eyes! The new lights are foremost a discomfort, as well as something that really kills the vibe after dark. I can think of few people who would want to socialize and chat on the roof with a bazillion lumens of electric light in their eyes.

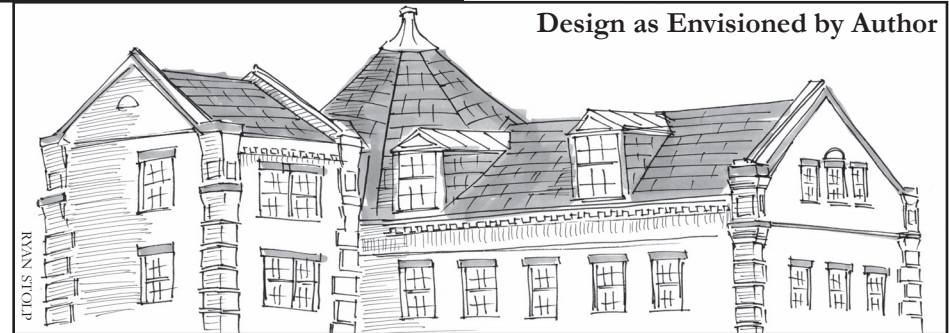
These recent renovations are indicative of a larger problem at Tufts: Tufts has no consistent architectural direction. We have some great new buildings that blend in well, such as Olin and South Hall which even emulate West.

Current Building



“collegiate gingerbread architecture” (according to Residential Life and Learning’s website,) represented Tufts’ long history in the academic community. It kind of looks like it belongs at Hogwarts. We are lucky to have many historic buildings, like Goddard chapel, Packard Hall, Bendetson Hall, East Hall, and others, that comprise some of the character of Tufts and much of the image. I believe that it is important to look the part when you represent something, especially something as important as Tufts. So excuse my language, but what the fuck is going on?

Packard Hall, which was recently renovated and brought up to ADA (Americans with Disabilities Act) building code looks like an architecture school drop-out threw up on some blueprints and made it happen. Packard Hall has classic and historic elements that are characteristic and unique to our New England history—and they have been terribly botched. I understand the necessity to add an elevator, and I am not disputing the fact that any addition of an elevator would drastically change the building. What I am furious about is the manner in which it was executed. The core problem is, you can tell it’s an elevator; it looks like a middle schooler who can’t hide his boner when he’s giving a presentation to the front of the class—you can’t miss it. A few simple changes to the plan would have made the addition blend more harmo-



Design as Envisioned by Author

ing is attached by a tunnel created from part of a greenhouse that was duct taped to the existing slate roof. I have never studied architecture, but clearly this violates a common sense of congruity.

I also have a problem with the renovated roof of Tisch Library. While I had no problems with the previous roof—I found it quite accommodating and versatile—I understand that the University wanted to make one of the most revered spaces on campus more stunning to the many visitors and students who use the space. Let’s work our way from end to end, shall we? First, we have the new lattice, which serves to demarcate a large space, particularly for events. This is understandable, but why does it look like it was built with cinderblocks? The Campus Center is NOT a building architects should choose to emulate. Tisch is a great looking building, so why not make the lattice a continuation of that style? Next we have the trees. Trees are cool, but the thing with the trees is that

On the other hand, East Hall and even Ballou Hall and Baccow’s Lair, have chipped and peeling paint and are in need of attention before the aesthetic problems lead to rot or structural damage. Carmichael now has a PVC gutter that attaches to a copper one, and Bendetson’s gutters are askew or missing. I can think of more than one crumbling staircase or brick patio (Hillsides dorms, for example). These are small fixes that have the potential to greatly improve our image by figuratively combing our hair or straightening our tie.

This should be a wake-up call for Tufts. Please act more responsibly with your architectural decisions. We have a responsibility, as stewards of our historic buildings, to maintain their nobility and preserve their image as best we can. We all love Tufts and we should be proud of the campus on which we live and study. ☺

Ryan Stolp is a sophomore majoring in Engineering Psychology.



JHEE TOLLININO - CC

Consumerism:

America's Obsession with Spending

BY ARIANA SIEGEL

In the satire fondly known as *Shrek*, a torture scene depicts a knight pummeling a gingerbread man, during which the cookie infamously squeals, “Not my buttons! Not my gumdrop buttocks!”

As economic advisors sit in the torture chamber being pummeled by the ever more depressing economy, echoes of the gingerbread man’s cries can be heard through the halls of the White House, “Not our consumerism! Not our American consumerism!”

Which each passing week, the media rips off yet another bandage and exposes just how deep the wound in our economy is. Unemployment is up, the dollar is down, and states can’t afford the massive amounts of Medicaid now needed by newly-unemployed residents. Amidst all of this, what seems to be the most frightening in the eyes of experts, media correspondents and Americans everywhere, is the decline in consumerism.

In the first moments after the market crash, economists and plebeians alike waited with bated breath to see whether Americans would still have the courage to whip out their credit cards. A collective sigh of relief was issued when, indeed, we did summon our strength and spend. But those sighs turned to gasps as inevitably a lack of spending money did predictably lead to less spending.

This sent Americans into an ideological frenzy. We wondered collectively in our newspapers and broadcasting: would this mean the end of all things American? Would the icons we have come to treasure like discounts and Christmas still exist? Thankfully, resilient Americans still celebrated Christmas, and brave-hearted retailers still held post-holiday sales. And yet, despite this happy discovery, fear of the fall of consumerism has remained so high the government may as well have posted another “orange



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level” warning.

However, I say, the only thing we have to fear is consumerism itself. Americans are notorious for their love of spending, but, under the microscope of economic downturn, our love looks more like addiction. Still, the first phase in recovering from any addiction is admitting to it. So let’s say it together: “Hi, we’re Americans, and we’re addicted to spending.” There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?

Now that we’ve undergone the Confessions of a Shopaholic Nation, we can shed some positive light on this upsetting economic downturn and look at it for what it really is: a stint in rehab.

Sure, it’s upsetting; no one wants to leave the comfort of his or her addictive way of life. Yes, it’s embarrassing—it’s all over the papers, the biggest economic crisis since the Great Depression. But it just may be healthy. Think about it: A few months of smaller credit card bills, as light deflation in the prices of unnecessary products, a vacation to the Jersey shore rather than to Laguna Beach, a visit to the strip club instead of the strip mall.

Though this sounds unpleasant, like chewing lemon flavored nicotine gum instead of smoking a Marlboro light, it’s probably good for us. Unless, of course, you get

addicted to the gum, and then start smoking again to stop chewing the gum, and then starting chewing the gum to stop smoking.. But it hardly seems possible that Americans would become addicted to *saving*, does it?

Recovery hurts. But both of these things can be viewed as positive, and, indeed, their effects have often proven quite constructive. For instance, when the reported “pain at the pump” harassed drivers across the country, a miraculous thing happened: Americans began to change their bad driving habits. People carpoled, rode bikes, and used public transportation more. They learned to coast whenever possible, and refrained from buying the obnoxious gas-guzzling cars they had once admired and loved. This, in turn, made American car and oil companies finally wake up and smell the alternative energy solutions. So, though the terrifying site of \$4.20 gas prices will be forever etched in our collective conscious, we are finally starting to drop some bad driving habits. And now that the pain at the pump has (temporarily) subsided, Americans can look back and say, “That wasn’t so bad.”

If we’re lucky, we may look back at this recession in a few years and say the same of our painful, but powerful experience in consumerism rehab. ☺

SOUND OFF:



On the status of the economy and the AIG cooperate bonus and bailout scandal

Many criticisms of the AIG bonuses were addressed in a letter which appeared in the *New York Times* recently from Jake DeSantis, the executive vice president of AIG's financial products unit. DeSantis' arguments make me more sympathetic to AIG employees. He first states that people who criticize the bonuses for going to "the people who made the mess," fail to realize that most of the employees who were receiving these bonuses were in no way involved in the credit default swaps that hurt the company. Many who made these decisions have already left the company. Furthermore, the current employees of AIG were contractually guaranteed bonuses for their work on rebuilding the company. Though I do not totally support the use of government money for these bonuses, the public outrage that it has created has been over the top. Employees have been receiving death threats, and offices are being picketed. AIG is being scapegoated for the entire economic crisis. Part of the blame should lie with the government, not just with AIG, for failing to foresee the financial crisis.

-Observer's Devil's Advocate, 2011

The recent events that have led to AIG's downfall demonstrate exactly why its executives should never be overly-compensated after the bailout. It is understandable that the bonuses given to these people are a large portion of their salaries and that no one wants them to become impoverished or be denied fair pay, but their wages were outlandish to begin with. No one should earn as much as these executives did, especially not at the taxpayer's expense. The mere fact that AIG failed so horribly is why it's outrageous that their employees still got such inflated salaries afterward. Furthermore, the fact that the salaries were so large is an indication of a greater flaw within the industry: These people should never have been able to receive millions of dollars year after year while many of their fellow citizens starved. On a positive note, it is refreshing to see that the company did ask for the bonuses back and that many AIG employees returned most, if not all, of the money.

- Julie Bloch, 2011



BY ZACHARY FOULK

After the destruction that the financial system has wreaked upon the lives of millions of Americans who have lost their jobs and their homes, we find ourselves at a crossroads, tempted to not only restore these jobs with nationalist economic policies but also to eradicate future jobs through intense regulation and nationalization of the banking industry. These would be grave mistakes. We would inhibit our future growth, which we should begin to see signs of toward the end of this year or the beginning of next. We would plunge ourselves even deeper into this mess, just as our good friends Reed Hawley and Willis Smoot did in 1929 with increased tariffs that restricted world trade.

First, we need to eradicate any inkling of economic nationalism. We cannot let outrage at the injustices of lost jobs lead us to forcefully bring them back. I am referring to the bailout of the American car industry, which has suffered at the hands of competition from Germany and Japan. Though it may be painful, it is vital to let failing American industries run their course. The car industry, if propped up by the government to appease this national sentiment, will forever be reliant on the crutch of government aid. This will force foreign car companies to appeal to their governments and in time global trade across industries will begin to suffer.

It is important to coordinate our efforts to prevent economic nationalism at home with efforts in other countries. World trade is on the decline this year for the first time since the early '80s, and will suffer far more if governments choose to use bailout plans to keep cash and industry at home. A recent issue of *The Economist* depicts a hand reaching out of a grave to symbolize the resurgence of nationalism. We buried these

ideas with the Great Depression.

It is necessary to also eliminate any sentiment that the banking system should be nationalized in order to prevent the entire economy from going under. Finance has done for this country what no industry has been able to do for at least a decade. Millions of jobs have been created by big banks in America, which have emerged as major world leaders. The majority of the large increases in our national productivity can be attributed to the contributions of the financial sector. Consider how the finance industry, in its golden age of the past 25 years, has opened up national borders to capital flows, allowing businesses and ordinary people access to global borrowing and lending. A century ago, we would have never even considered giving our life's savings over to a nearly complete stranger. We have come to develop an immense degree of trust in the innovation and professionalism of our bankers.

I believe that the credit markets will begin to recover by the end of this summer. Eventually, people will see their savings regain value as the market climbs. If the Great Depression serves as a telling example, we are likely to face decades of mistrust and stricter regulations. If we are afraid of anything with the words "credit," "derivative," or "mortgage," the system may falter. Finance has become a necessary industry in this country and to throw it to the wolves of restrictions, nationalization, and demise would be a mistake.

However much America despises its financial sector, we owe much of our economic success as a country to its modern expansion. Before Obama begins the process of imposing tighter regulations, he should consider the intricate ties between the growth of finance and our growth as a country. ☺

Google:

STORY: [An Ode to Voytek]
 MUSIC: [John Cage "4'33"]
 MUSICVIDEO: [windowlicker]
 RADIO: [Some FM]
 UTILITY: [Powerset]

FIG. 1

☞ The evidence in this record clearly shows that marijuana has been accepted as capable of relieving the distress of great numbers of very ill people, and doing so with safety under medical supervision. It would be unreasonable, arbitrary and capricious for DEA to continue to stand between those sufferers and the benefits of this substance in light of the evidence in this record. ☞

**-Francis Young (DEA)
 1988**

I've been writing for nearly a year, and still I haven't yet focused on the idea of marijuana as medicine. That's mainly because up until a few months ago, I actually sided with ex-Drug Czar John Walters when he said in 2003 that medical marijuana made as much sense as "medical crack." I felt then, and still do now, that by looking at cheeba as medical issue, we gloss over the more important civil rights and security issues that I've tried to cover in previous columns.

But one simply can't pay attention to the ongoing marijuana debate as closely as I do and continue to believe that administering crack rocks from the local bathtub-lab to patients has the slightest similarity to suggesting they puff leaf of Mother Nature's homegrown bounty.

As for me, I credit cannabis with helping me overcome long-term anxiety issues that exploded during my first semester. I started smoking daily soon after I had my first panic attack. I haven't had one since. The only times I've felt my classic feeling of anxiety come around tend to be on vacations when I haven't been able to medi ... I mean smoke for several days.

DISCLAIMER: *This is not an advertisement for self-medicating with illegal drugs. Marijuana affects many people poorly, adding additional pressure and paranoia to their lives or evenings.*

GOING GREEN

An Alternative Culture Column
 by Reggie Hubbard



This is just my personal experience, and it should go without saying that you need to find what works best for you—and don't you go blaming anyone else if it your experience is no good, especially not some pot columnist.

But marijuana's beneficial psychological effects—including alleviation of depression, schizophrenia, and post traumatic stress disorder (PTSD)—pale in comparison to its effectiveness in addressing the physical. Pot and its derivatives have repeatedly been proven powerful and singular methods of treatment for pain, nausea, inflammation, weight loss, PMS, and cancer.

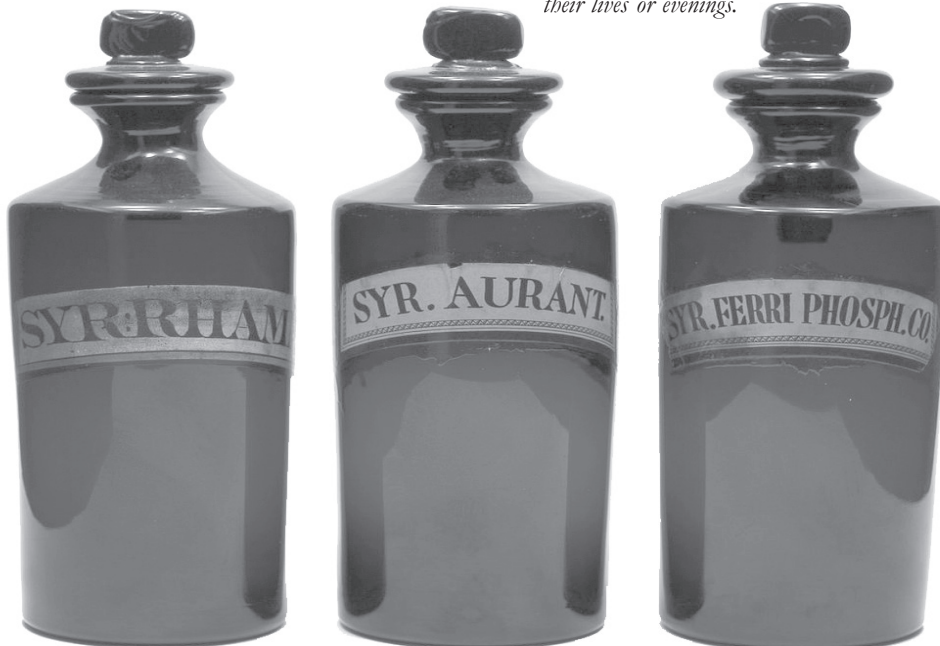
Yes, I did just say cancer. For cancer patients, cannabinoids address the debilitating side effects of conventional treatment strategies in ways that, for some, are irreplicable. While this particular utility is just now gaining attention, older anecdotal and recent scientific evidence has made the beneficial connection between compounds in cannabis and actually fighting cancerous cells themselves.

Much of my anecdotal evidence comes from Rick Simpson, who has been giving out hemp oil (often for free) as medicine for several years. Rick has dozens of patients; patients who were sent away from their doctors with nothing to look forward to but death. These conventionally "doomed" survivors have testified to the power of Rick's medicine. I encourage everyone to challenge their skepticism, check out those testimonials, find out more about Rick at his website: www.phoenixtears.ca and download Christian Laurette's documentary on Rick: "Run From the Cure."

More anecdotal evidence comes from Professor Donald Tashkin of UCLA who recently completed a 30-year study of marijuana users. In 2006, he reported: "We hypothesized that there would be a positive association between marijuana use and lung cancer, and that the association would be more positive with heavier use. What we found instead was no association at all, and even a suggestion of some protective effect."

Concerning the more experimental and

Continued on p.24...





Seller:
GnomeHomes

BY KATHRYN MYERS

This Christmas I was shocked when my sister one-upped me on gifting. Her secret: all the odd little trinkets, so perfectly appropriate, were from www.etsy.com. Similar to Ebay, you interact with vendors, but with one exception—everything is handmade.

The merits of homemade goods and direct contact with sellers are clear, and custom ordering and pleasant vendor-buyer interaction are two to start. Not only are you supporting small mom and pop operations—mom and pop being friendly artists plying their trade—you also indirectly support the values that most crafters live by; these being the importance of individualism, environmentalism, creativity, and opposition to soulless corporate mass production and advertisement driven consumerism. The crafters have given their brand of activism a name—Craftivism.

Crafting is not just a profession or a pastime, but a lifestyle and time-tested culture worthy of preservation. In addition to the usual “giving back to the community and promoting creativity and small carbon footprints” thing, staging a crafty attack on the monopolized monotony



Seller:
Velvetmechanism



Seller:
Goldlocksbarrettes

of consumerist mega-corporations can't hurt.

But you may be asking yourself, “Who on earth opposes something so innocent as knitting, felting, and glue-gunning? Do they really need to be activists?” Well unfortunately they do—ever since the Consumer Product Safety Improvement Act (CPSIA). This act was passed in August 2008 after the Chinese-toys-containing-lead debacle of 2007. This new act bans harmful substances like lead and phthalates, mandates third party product testing and certification for all toys, and requires all toymakers to permanently label each toy with a date and batch number.

Safer toys are a no-brainer, but this act will also eliminate the livelihood of small time artisan toymakers unable to traverse the bureaucracy. All these changes will be immensely effective and easy to implement for huge multinationals. Their large scale means minimal additional expense in the big picture. Sadly, labeling and testing each unique toy will strain many artisans to the breaking point and put them out of business. CPSIA is especially bitterness-inducing considering the fact that literally all the infamous lead-tainted products came from big American companies that outsource to China. For these large companies, third party testing is very cost effective and can be easily streamlined into their factory line model of production where one product tested means hundreds of thousands approved. Crafters are being punished for corporate incompetence that the corporations themselves will never be economically held unaccountable for.

Take the example of a toymaker in Oregon who makes wooden cars out of his garage. Post-CPSIA, he will be subject to \$300-\$4,000 per toy fee because each of his pieces are different, shutting him down immediately. Imagine if these same restrictions were applied to the American food industry; all your local farmers markets would be forced to close down, while Dole and Kraft would reap the glory.

The crafting world—yes, there is a crafting world—is in a uproar about this policy. In response, crafters have taken a page from Obama's handbook and started an online, grassroots Craftivism campaign. Etsy.com, which also functions as a craft-community hub, has published a “CPSIA action kit.” Obama's change.org's “Ideas for Change in

America,” ranked amending the CPSIA at #6.

After a lot of work, craftivism had its first solid victory. On January 30, 2009 the US

Consumer Product Safety Commission voted to issue a one-year suspension of the testing and certification process while they review the act more thoroughly.

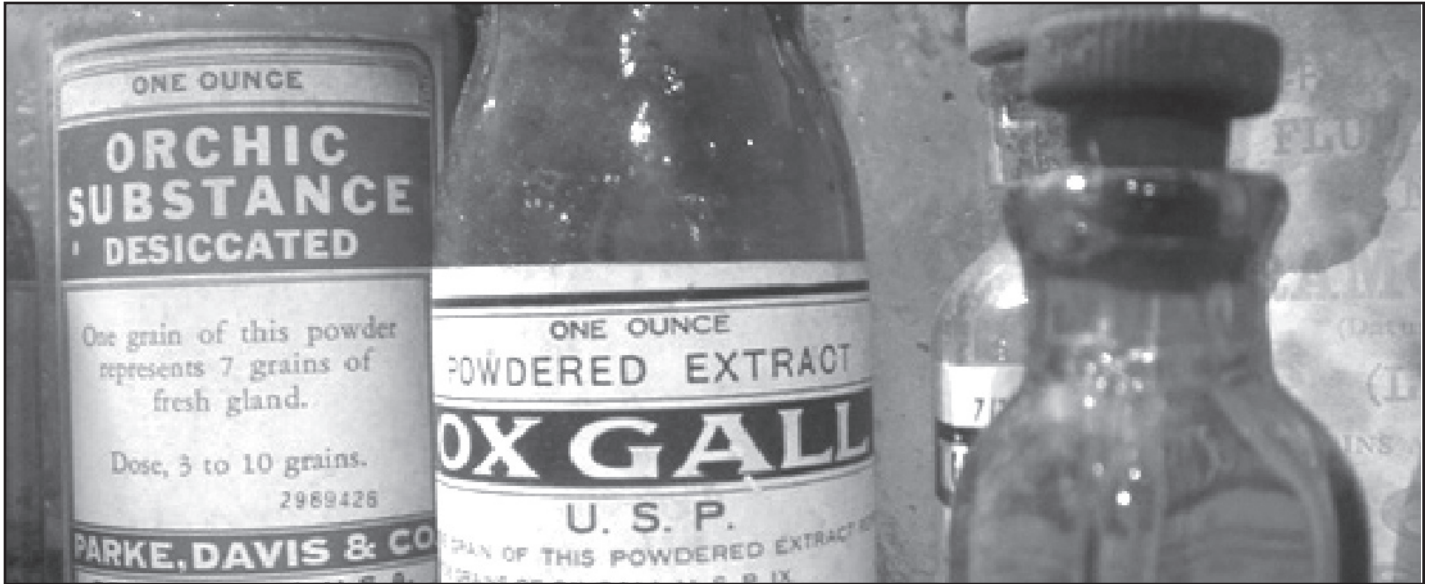
What can you do? —Be a craftivist. Instead of more fashionista coffee table reading and faux-Japanese swag from Urban, buy a knit condom-holder necklace for someone in Africa (or yourself) from a Dutch lady via handmade.org, or keep it casual with a visit to the Crafts Center under Lewis and craft your own goods. Visit etsy.com and have a look around—you won't be disappointed, especially if you browse the “Favorites” list of a seller you like. Use their Shop Local feature to get in touch with your environmentalist roots, or purchase raw supplies found no where else. Use their gift guide, with themes including: equestrian prep, steam punk, noir, geek chic, mother's day, best friend, and a cozy home. Treat yourself to a cupcake or coffee of the month club subscription from a cutie in Seattle or a dream catcher from a hermit in Colorado. Just remember that you can still buy, sell, and live handmade, even at Tufts. ☺

Kathryn Myers is a freshman SMFA dual degree student.

All photos courtesy of respective etsy.com sellers.



Seller: Brainscan



...continued from p. 22

scientific, work is currently being done—almost exclusively outside of the US—to investigate the cancer-fighting properties of cannabis. Manuel Guzman from the University of Madrid has done significant work investigating just how THC kills cancerous cells and if any bio-chem major wants to look it up and give an explanation, I'd be very appreciative. It has something to do with blocking pathways or connections... I don't know.

What's really going to piss you off, if you're anything like me, is that while all of this information seems new, our government has known about the amazing powers of the cannabis plant and its derivatives for the last 20+ years. Did you know that in 1988, a senior DEA judge named Francis L. Young completed a massive study of the

appropriateness of re-scheduling marijuana from class I (no accepted medical use) to class II. He concluded:

"The evidence in this record clearly shows that marijuana has been accepted as capable of relieving the distress of great numbers of very ill people, and doing so with safety under medical supervision. It would be unreasonable, arbitrary and capricious for DEA to continue to stand between those sufferers and the benefits of this substance in light of the evidence in this record."

Over 20 years later, cancer patients are having their homes raided by SWAT teams and sent to prison.

What's keeping reefer unstudied and illegal? I'll leave just one fact: The non-profit group Partnership for a Drug Free America (PDFA) has received millions and millions of dollars from tobacco, alcohol, and phar-

maceutical companies who, for some odd reason, also give money to many of the same politicians opposed to seriously discussing marijuana. *cough* Obama *cough.*

Anyways, I like to end these on a high note so I will say that things are looking better. More and more states are investigating plans to allow the sale of marijuana for medical uses. Eric Holder has announced that the DEA will stop raiding California dispensaries (this has already been violated but at least he said it). Meanwhile, the research is pouring in, showing the power of cannabis to help and heal.

I've been stressed by work all week so I think it's about time for me to medicate. ☺

Stay happy,

—Reggie



The Passive-Aggressive Door-Holding Game: See if you can make an innocent stranger hurry from more than fifteen feet away while you hold the door.

AJ

In 2007, acclaimed director Quentin Tarantino released *Death Proof*, a throwback to the exploitation movies of the 1970s, centering on a murderous psychotic stuntman who targets women. Part of a double feature titled *Grindhouse*, the film only grossed \$25 million despite a \$67 million budget. Though critically well-received, *Death Proof* failed to connect with audiences, unlike Tarantino's earlier blockbusters. Still one of the most recognizable and unique directors in the film industry, some worry that Tarantino has lost his magical touch and needs to do something to regain the richness of 1992's *Reservoir Dogs* or 1994's *Pulp Fiction*. Well, that excellence may be back: on August 21st, 2009 Tarantino's much-hyped newest project, *Inglorious Basterds*, will hit theaters.

Basterds takes place during the end of WWII and focuses on eight American soldiers forced into a risky undercover mission in France. Their objective is simple: kill 100 Nazis each and make life miserable for German forces. The plot incorporates a few minor storylines that intersect with the main one towards the end, paralleling his earlier works. However, all of Tarantino's other movies have a contemporary feel to them. This is a period piece, a WWII action thriller, and wholly different from any movie he created in the past.

In the mid 1990's, Tarantino was at the pinnacle of his career. In

1992, he burst onto the scene at the Sundance Film Festival with *Reservoir Dogs*. The tale of men involved in a diamond heist took a conventional plot archetype – the heist – and spun it on its head. He filled the script with snappy dialogue unlike anything people had ever seen before and set

a high standard for his future works. In 1994, he directed *Pulp Fiction*, widely regarded as one of the greatest movies of all time, and resurrected the careers of Bruce Willis, John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson.

The film's razor sharp dialogue won him an Oscar for Best Original Screenplay, and the movie was both a critical and financial success. Both of these films have a powerful commonality beyond high production value: they are extremely focused. Both stories utilize exceptional pacing and development, and although they tiptoe towards absurdity, they also have a heightened sense of realism.

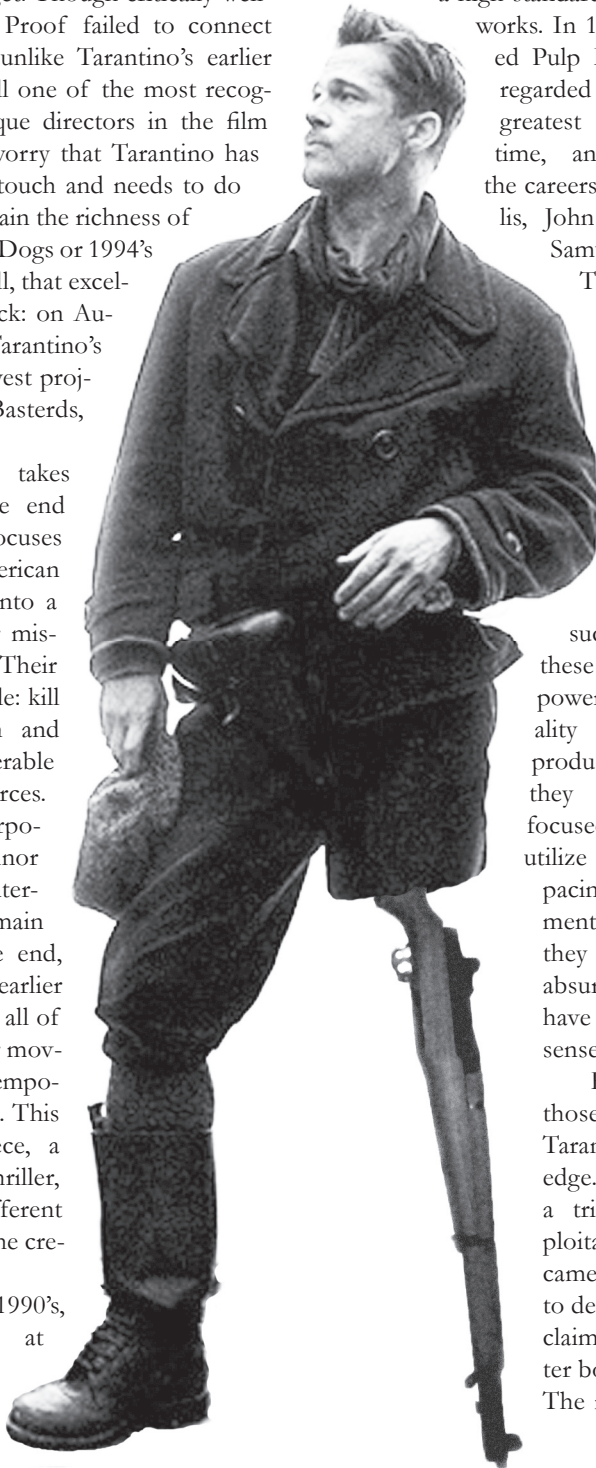
Following those two works, Tarantino lost his edge. *Jackie Brown*, a tribute to blaxploitation films, came out in 1997 to decent critical acclaim but a lackluster box-office gross. The movie is about

a flight attendant who gets involved in a police investigation against arms dealers, and appeared on screen as a watered down version of his first two movies. Then after a six-year hiatus, he came out with *Kill Bill: Vol. 1* followed by a sequel a year later. More style than substance, the *Kill Bill* films brought him back into the spotlight, but by this point he had become a caricature of himself. Arrogant and frighteningly talented, he let his reputation coast him along. Centered on a female assassin's quest for vengeance, Vol. 1 made substantial money and is still well regarded, but Vol. 2 had a serious drop off. The dialogue lacked freshness, the plots grew more unreasonable, and the action overpowered the realism that had brought him his initial success in the early 90's.

So now, after the 2007 *Grindhouse* debacle, Tarantino is at a vital crossroads in his career. He can continue on his current trend and ease into mediocrity or he can recapture the greatness he once had. The good news is, signs are pointing towards greatness. He worked on the script for years, and in a *USA Today* article called it "some of the best writing [he's] ever done." Released a few weeks back, the trailer shows a realistic intensity that has been missing from his works for over ten years. Brad Pitt dominates the trailer as the mustachioed American Lieutenant Aldo Raine. He commands his eight soldiers with the background premise; Nazis are bad guys, let's make them pay. However simple this may be, the quick cuts of film footage show something much deeper. *Basterds* potentially offers a wicked brutality rarely seen in movies. The film deals with death, but Tarantino no longer uses assassins, he uses soldiers. He uses soldiers pitted against the greatest villains in existence, and promises mass death and great dialogue.

Could this movie continue Tarantino's current unsatisfied complacent trend? Maybe. But deep down, it could be more: a return to the top. Quentin Tarantino's comeback. ☺

Jordan Teicher is a freshman who has not yet declared a major



TARANTINO'S REVIVAL

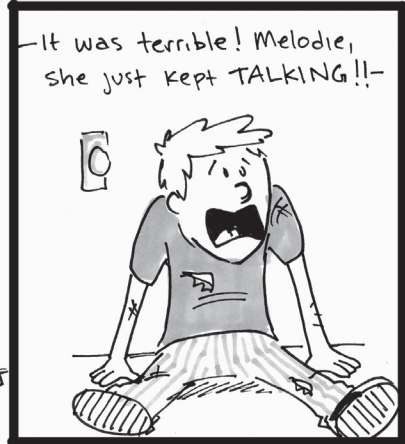
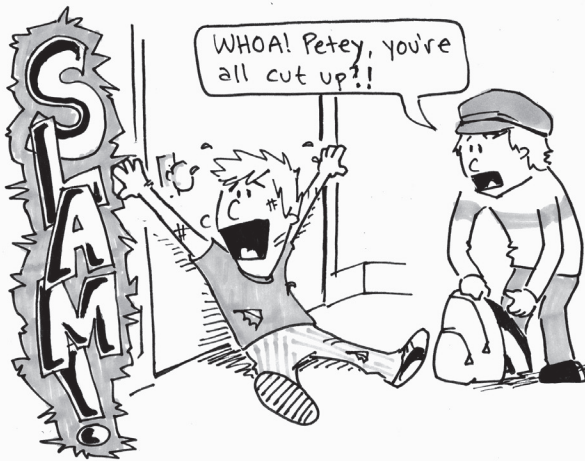
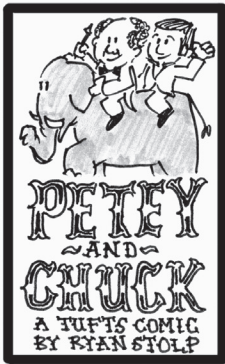
BY JORDAN TEICHER



BEAR CAVALRY

Yeah, you're pretty much fucked.

SOMETIMES, IT'S NICE TO HEAR THE TRUTH



HENRIETTA'S TABLE

Most of us Tufts students can't claim to have grown up on a farm before we moved to the bustling metropolis that is Boston. Yet on some level we all (or maybe it's just me), possess an imagined nostalgia for the countryside. If you seek to indulge such an idyllic whim, head to Henrietta's Table, a charming restaurant located in the Charles Hotel in Harvard Square. Graced by a huge brass pig in the entryway, an open kitchen, and rustic decor, Henrietta's has a homey, country-chic kind of feel that would suit any occasion.

Henrietta's, above all, is lauded for the fresh, wholesome ingredients it uses in its wide range of creative dishes. Though the "slow food" movement seems to have risen to prominence only in the last few years, Henrietta's Table has been using locally produced fruits, vegetables, meat, and fish to stock its kitchen since it opened in 1996. Menu items like Baked Gloucester Scrod and Vermont Chevre are indicative of the restaurant's dedication to supporting local farmers and fishermen.

It was terrific to have a meal that came with a mission statement: "Fresh from the farm and honest-to-goodness New England cooking." After months of winter hibernation that necessitated reliance upon dining hall food and frequent delivery orders, it was refreshing to eat food that I knew had not been sitting in a refrigerator for days on end. The proof is in the Chocolate Bread pudding. The organic, fresh products make for a decidedly spectacular meal that Michael Pollan would give two thumbs up. The spinach salad with goat cheese, roasted pears, and spicy maple pecan vinaigrette, served in a wooden bowl, was a perfect blend of sweet, salty, and tangy. It was simply stunning. My polenta cake, topped with roasted carrots, tomatoes, and caramelized onions, was nothing short of heavenly.

Though my friend and I went for lunch, Sunday brunch is what it's all about at Henrietta's. Though you have to part with \$45, you will be regaled with an all-you-can-eat buffet, which has been awarded "Best Brunch in Boston" by the Improper Bostonian every year since 2001. A bit more conservative is their Saturday brunch, in which you pay \$28 for a three-course meal. Though a tad pricey, it is well worth it. Sitting down to brunch at this picturesque spot is an ideal way to welcome the coming of spring. ☺

—CHELSEA BROWN



EAT BRUNCH Harvard Square



ALL PHOTOS CC

HARVEST

At the risk of beating the moribund "get out of Carmichael quick" horse one too many times over the head, I must once again extol the merits of getting off campus to relieve your poor, depressed 'buds.

Brunch has long been a favorite meal of mine; the sweetness of breakfast treats with the savory goodness of lunch offerings makes any sad, dreary Sunday morning a little brighter. Nestled behind City Sports, Harvest offers very traditional American fare at prices that even AIG execs might find a little astonishing.

Not immune to the organic movement of recent years, Harvest is just one of many upscale eateries that boast local, fresh ingredients in support of local farmers and fishermen. While Head Chef Mary Dumont was trained as an artisan cheese maker, she brings unparalleled insight and creativity to the restaurant's dishes.

Touting its offerings as "contemporary cuisine inspired by American classics," Harvest does not disappoint in the brunch department. Although you may scoff at the \$35 price tag, the three-course prix fixe menu for Sunday brunch is full of options that are well worth the price, including amazing Huevos Rancheros with avocado, black beans, farm-fresh eggs, and "grilled salsa".

While you can't order à la carte on Sundays, the combination of appetizers, entrées, and desserts are truly unique and quite delicious. I started with the Toasted Steel Cut Irish Oatmeal, replete with dried fruit and maple syrup. For my entrée I chose the Challah Bread French Toast with whipped cream and caramelized apples. The outside was perfectly crisp with a soft, cinnamon inside. Because brunch isn't complete without dessert, my waiter kindly rolled a Tahitian Vanilla Bean Crème Brûlée out for me. Admittedly, I gravitate toward sweeter items in the morning but I stole bites of my friend's savory dishes, all of which were well-balanced and completely delicious.

While a bit pricey, the three-course Sunday brunch is a great way to sample the best of Harvest's menu for what ultimately amounts to a leisurely Sunday morning in a lovely, relaxed setting. ☺

—KATIE CHRISTIANSEN

Want to contribute to Excursions? E-mail Kathryn.Christiansen@tufts.edu!



TUFTS CULINARY SOCIETY

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY MELISSA LEE

Remember the good ol' days in elementary school when kids celebrated their birthdays by bringing in those 12-packs of dry cupcakes with the stiff frosting from the supermarket? Those cavity-inducing confections have really grown up since then. Coming in individual servings that beg to be personalized, cupcakes are the hottest dessert trend of this decade. They're fun and cute, and you can eat them with your hands. Who doesn't love finger food? Cupcakes have spawned many upscale bakeries that are devoted entirely to this sweet concoction.

The trend began with Magnolia Bakery in New York City. While Magnolia was a local gem in the 1990s, *Sex and the City* made this place a cultural icon in 2000. Carrie and Miranda were chowing down on these cupcakes during the pivotal moment when Carrie revealed her crush on Aidan. In 2005, Magnolia's cupcakes were also featured in the popular Saturday Night Live digital short "Lazy Sunday," in which Andy Samberg and Chris Parnell rap, "No doubt that bakery's got all the bomb frosting/ I love those cupcakes like McAdams loves Gosling!" (Oh, those days of *The Notebook*).

Part of the appeal of cupcakes comes from their cutesy decorating potential. A cupcake is essentially a slice of cake that looks like a miniature cake, and miniature things are always cuter. The frosting and toppings are equally as important as the cake itself. Some bakeries are even pushing toward a 50-50 ratio of frosting to cake. Mere sprinkles are no longer sufficient decoration, either. Now, cupcakes can be topped with espresso beans, chocolate frogs, tortilla chips (I actually saw this online), diamond-encrusted tiaras—whatever your little heart desires. Designer cupcakes can even up the classy factor with patterned wrappers. The over-the-top creations that we see on the Food Network can become reality in our hands. If you haven't yet jumped on the cupcake bandwagon, here are a few places where you can check out all the hype:

Flour Bakery + Café
12 Farnsworth St
1595 Washington St. Boston
\$2.75

This café is best known for its sticky buns, which are so legendary that they warranted the bakery a spot on *Throw-down with Bobby Flay*. After I discovered that Flour was located around the corner from my internship, I stopped by one morning only to discover that the sticky buns were already sold out. Instead, I was drawn to the platter of enormous vanilla and chocolate cupcakes. They looked simple yet luscious. The whipped frosting was soft and delicate with the perfect amount of flavor—not too sweet but not too light. The cake rises above all other cupcakes by being moist, dense, and fudgy but not heavy: a taste of pure heaven.

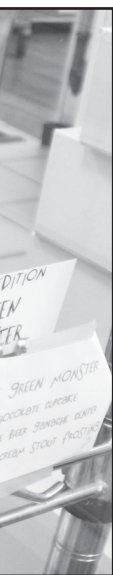
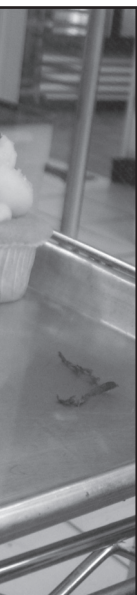
J.P. Licks
4A College Ave
Somerville (Davis Square)
\$1.99

The shop where everyone waits for the Joey serves so much more than just ice cream. Vanilla and chocolate cupcakes are a recent addition to the menu but look just as lavish as the fancier flavors served at cupcake bakeries. The wrappers are thick and sturdy with pretty gold designs, and, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, the cupcakes came topped with a large green shamrock made of creamy white chocolate. The perfectly swirled frosting is thick and rich. While slightly denser than the store-bought kind, the cake part



is just as dry as its supermarket cousins or the ones served at Dewick. The cupcakes are an impressive size, but, in this case, bigger is not better. By the end, chewing on a sponge gets pretty tiring. These cupcakes are cheaper than most but with good reason; if you need to satisfy your sweet tooth at J.P. Licks, you're better off sticking with the ice cream.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CUPCAKE AND EAT IT, TOO



ALL PHOTOS MELISSA LEE

Kickass Cupcakes
378 Highland Ave
Somerville (Davis
Square)
\$2.75

As the only true cupcake specialist in Boston, Kickass Cupcakes really knows how to pull out all the stops. Each day features a different flavor; when I went, the Sunday feature was the Coco Kick, a yellow cupcake filled with a white chocolate cream core and topped with cream cheese frosting dusted with coconut (feel the Freshman 15 piling on, yet?). The sweetness of the frosting overpowered the coconut, but the creamy filling was the most chocolate-y, deli-

cious white chocolate I have ever tasted. Catering to the loyal Masshole, one limited-edition flavor is The Green Monster. The frosting on this chocolate cupcake is made with Samuel Adams Cream Stout which I couldn't actually taste, but the chocolate-beer ganache filling is rich and delicious. Probably the most infamous flavor is the mojito cupcake, which is soaked in rum and topped with sugar cane lime frosting and mint. After trying this flavor twice, I have never really been able to discern any of these flavors. Since Kickass seems to kick the most ass on the fillings, maybe they should stick a shot of rum in the center of the cupcake- I think that might be more widely appreciated. While slightly moister than commercial cupcakes, Kickass cupcakes are still on the dry side, although they're so small that this wouldn't be such a problem, except for the fact that they cost half of your college tuition. Kickass is the kind of place that you should only try sparingly for the novelty.



For both practical and fun reasons, cupcakes have become the "it" dessert. They're relatively inexpensive and easy to eat. They bring out our inner child as we remember those classroom birthday parties of long ago (because who doesn't want to remember the awkwardness of elementary school?). At the same time, like Sex and the City, the newest cupcakes are couture, sexy, and trendy (you didn't think eggs and flour could be fashionable or seductive, did you?). Cupcakes are becoming more like works of art rather than just simple desserts. Boston has been lagging behind a little bit on the this cultural phenomenon, so if you want to catch up, you know where to go to spill about your crush on the furniture guy or to pregame the Chronic(what?) cles of Narnia. ☺

VERMONSTERS

BY ALEX GOMEZ

Everything is there.

It was decided, by Shaheen, that this would be our mantra. Somewhat stuck in the slushy world of Putney, Vermont, Shaheen Lavie-Rouse and I spent our spring break feeding wood into the stove heater and wildly discussing all the intricacies of titties. Only sometimes did he break out into mock seriousness to lower his voice and say it: “Everything is there.” Of course, I’d dismiss it with a little chuckle and chanting of the phrase, not knowing at all what it meant, but that’s what hanging around with Shaheen is all about. Sometimes I did decipher what he meant, his thick Ray-Ban specs glinting in the white light of the window, as he said, “I am seeing the wood, not the trees.” “Oh, buddy. Drink your kefir,” I said. “We’ve got some



walking to do.”

After a few days surrounded by the deep monotony of the Vermont calm, my friend began to slide into the quirks of his natural Hebrew-style English, ending every sentence with, “– no?” He relaxed into this distinct blend as he awoke each day to the

sight of serene birch trees, instead of the high-strung violinists of the New England Conservatory. He was in his element, so to speak.

“It is really such a pity that we only have size to measure them,” he said to me as we played Dominoes one night. “There is more to titties than that. You know, we should, like, bake some bread...” and Shaheen went on to explain to me how we could learn more ways to describe girls’ breasts, if we only understood the varied doughiness of rye, sourdough, and multi-grain breads. According to him, there’s no word in Hebrew for *awkward*, so in theory, I suppose his system might’ve worked. So with *awkward* out of our vocabulary, Shaheen spiced up our late-night games of Domino with obscene commentary about what he boasted he’d done with my mother.

“Ahh, the beauty of Chinese torture,” he sighed, giving me the willies at the thought of what that could mean. But it was late, and I was too tired to put up a fight and defend my mom’s dignity. He’d go on and on about his fictional deviance with Momma Gomez, wearing me down, and taking advantage of my waning consciousness to win game after game. I think I remember hearing him say, “In Israel, we leave the slow and tired behind,” before finally giving in to sleep.

Most days he slept until eleven. That was when I’d wake him up, out of loneliness, only to remember minutes later how exhausting being with Shaheen can be. As I slept I had forgotten. I must have recovered from my fatigue each night. I think it’s the same fatigue and temporary regret the new owner of a Labrador puppy feels during that second week.

But he really did keep me alive. He would run about in the kitchen, wearing his Cuban factory owner muscle tee, waving his hands as he panicked over his chicken sauté, unable to find his lemons. He was *all about* the fucking lemons. I loved that, and I learned I love him, the frantic cloud of unique charm that he is.

“I am a garlic lovrerrrr,” he said, as we laughed at the label on our hummus.

As we walked back from downtown Putney one afternoon – about an hour walk, in the gritty silt of Vermont back roads – we were almost entirely silent. We shared the space around us, and I knew it

meant a totally different thing in each of our eyes. I told him that this past year, I had never before been so invested in the seasons, how they grew and faded like the life of a human being. He just couldn’t wait for winter to be over. Halfway up the hill home, a little miracle was born between us, though. An old hippy Volvo station wagon slowed down next to us and out peered a smiling 24-year old girl, cute and ruddy-cheeked as any hippie princess should be.

“Do you want a ride?” she asked us.

“No, walking is fine,” I cheerfully replied. The sassy look of surprise that sprouted on her soft face made me immediately wish I hadn’t said that, and she sped away.

I turned to Shaheen. “She was cute, huh?” I pointed out, as my imagination, my fantasy-self began to kick me for what we’d lost.

“Yah, definitely.”

“Man, that really could have changed our whole week, couldn’t it? Meeting her.”

“It’s okay, I, too, wanted to walk.” In that moment I knew Shaheen and I were seeing the world in the same way, playing out scenes of passionate wilderness romance with some earthy Vermont beauty, laughing freely under warm blankets, between cups of thick coffee. We shared the imagined world I had accidentally lost for us. But I guess if I’d said Yes, then we would have lost the perfection of that special harmony for something undoubtedly too real, too plain.

That night we were too pooped to do anything but lay back and watch a VHS copy of *Yellow Submarine*. As Shaheen mush-mouthed the words of John Lennon tunes, I did push ups next to the bed. Suddenly I stopped, too wowed by the situation – the lyrics and the cellist who was channeling them – to complete another crunch. Splashing in rainbows onscreen were the words THERE’S NOWHERE YOU CAN BE THAT ISN’T WHERE YOU’RE MEANT TO BE. Oh, buddy. Lennon and Lavie-Rouse were in cahoots that night, leading me to woody epiphany.

I try not to be sad that the world is so big. There are so many littler worlds within it, and I can never know them. I can never know them in a way that is deep and true. I can only know what I have. Everything is there. ☺

I had wine in my eyes, tears on my toes
While I drummed out an impossible grammar
Into every lit cigarette and through every blink
I saw mutations of nouns gravitate closer
Towards my weary head –
Was it some wild premonition that brought me
In front of that burning skyline?
Was it a vision of hanging clauses and misplaced periods
Which gutted my memory?
Yes, life slumped next to me on that bench that night,
Both of us slurring our conjugations, mere semicolons against
A foreground of skyscrapers and stars,
Their lights simmering in the distance
While the tenses grabbed me by my earlobes,
Yelling their incessant, chanting question –
You? You? You?
I had wine in my eyes, tears on my toes,
And as I chewed every pronoun, bit every adjective,
The city bled into the words dripping off my fingertips.

BILINGUAL

By KATHLEEN BOLAND



SEND THE OBSERVER YOUR POETRY AND/
OR PROSE!

FOR THE

UPCOMING SPRING LITERARY ISSUE

PLEASE SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO:

MICAH.HAUSER@TUFTS.EDU

OR

MICHAEL.GOETZMAN@TUFTS.EDU

POLICE BLOTTER



Friday, March 13

"Ode to a Craigslist Date"
(based on an actual crime)

Craig hooked us up
The internet, it's great
We met up at a frat
You looked like jail bait

Things were going well
the beer lines weren't long
Until we went to my room
And I went to the john

I came back all excited
Not wanting to be apart
Until I realized you had bounced
With my Macbook and heart



Sunday, March 29

An incredibly tense situation unfolded at 12:25 a.m. on Sunset Road after Tufts Police received a call about a loud party. Police from both Tufts and Somerville rushed to the epicenter of the cacophony. They asked the residents to please turn down the music. The residents complied. Fortunately, no police negotiators were required.

Monday, March 23

A curious case of "Who Dunit" arose in Anderson hall on March 23 around 12:31 p.m. when three pairs of InfTech glasses were stolen from a room that is only accessible via authorized card access. The glasses, which were likely not as fresh as a pair of Versace or Dolce & Gabbana, were valued at \$525 a pair. It has been suggested that at least one person who currently has card access gets their privilege revoked.

Friday, March 27

Between 10:30 and 11:00 a.m. a student, clearly wishing to empirically test the laws that govern our society, left her purse unattended in Carmichael dining hall. As was to be expected, it was taken. Unfortunately for the experiment, the researcher did not see who took the purse.



Saturday, March 28

In a follow-up study, another student decided to set her bag out in Carmichael Dining hall. Her results differed slightly from previous findings in that only a wallet was taken from the bag. Statistical tests have yet to be run to discern if this is a significant finding.

—Illustrated and Compiled by Ryan Stolp

PARTING SHOT



Daniel Rosen

Tufts Observer

Since 1895

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