

TUFTS OBSERVER

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entrepreneurship
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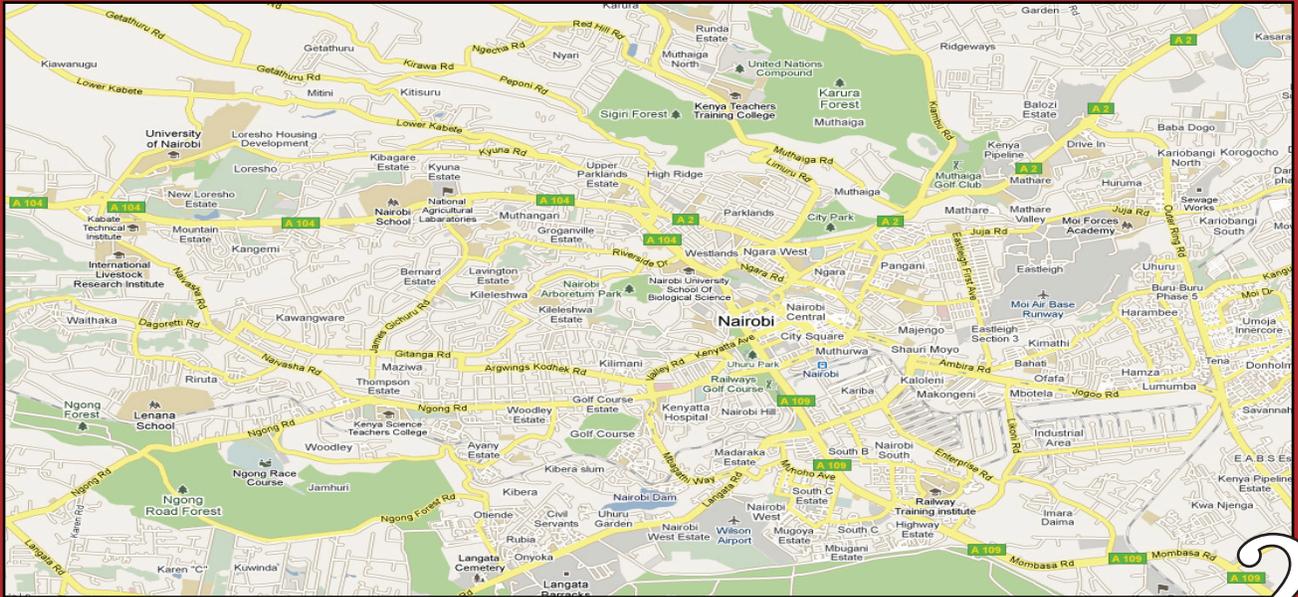


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The Observer has been Tufts' publication of record since 1895. Our dedication to in-depth reporting, journalistic innovation and honest dialogue has remained intact for over a century. Today, we offer insightful news analysis, cogent and diverse opinion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



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Since
1895

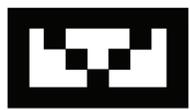


BY ZACHARY LAUB
AND ARIANA SIEGEL

The hope is that by being made aware of each others' work, these peace activists will form a synergy that could help mitigate the political violence that is expected to accompany the upcoming 2012 elections. This method for empowering civil society, however, is the culmination of a year's worth of work that began with a very simple desire.

After studying for a semester in Kenya, Brown was awed by the "innovative people promoting peace and working with their communities. I was amazed by what they were doing and was humbled by them," she says. "When I came back, I thought about what I could do to support the work they were doing." Peace mapping, as they call it, emerged from an exhausting process of seeking out expertise and sources for funding, first at Tufts, and then branching into established non-governmental organizations.

From the very beginning, Brown says, "We just started planning, writing business models, and doing lots of research. We sought out criticism from lots of different people, and



"Just do it."

That is senior Rachel Brown's advice for any student with a seedling of inspiration: go out into the world and put ideas into practice. With that as her guiding philosophy, she and sophomore Cody Valdes started with a vaguely articulated goal to connect peace activists in Kenya with one another. They are moving to Kenya after commencement, where, with \$10,000 in hand, they will be working full-time to put into practice their innovative idea. The Observer sat down with Brown and Valdes to learn about the seemingly daunting process of moving from idea to implementation. ¶ They call their project Sisi Ni Amani, or "we are peace" in Kishwahili. Brown and Valdes hope to disseminate cutting-edge crowd-sourcing technology in which local peace activists are made aware of each other's work through text-message-based GIS-mapping.



DANIEL ROSEN



talked to organizations in Kenya we wanted to work with.” The original business model was adjusted again and again during this process, but the importance of these initial steps cannot be overstated. “When we went to people for institutional support,” Brown says, “they saw that we already had motivation and passion, and the idea had already developed, so they were willing to take us on at the next level.”

The *Observer* sat down with Valdes just after he returned from a World Bank conference in South Africa. Later in the week he would be jetting off to Oslo. “We

eruptions of violence, including riots, rapes, and murder. The locations from which their text messages were sent were automatically plotted on the map. With this valuable information centralized and easily able to be disseminated, other citizens could then be warned of where there were instances of violence so that they could avoid them.

Ushahidi made its platform open source so that others could adopt the technology for various crises, including a crisis-mapping

but they are joined in their single-minded dedication and drive. As soon as she stepped on campus, Brown had a go-get-‘em attitude. Through Tisch College, she organized tenants at the local housing projects, and at the IGL, she

founded a research program on poverty and corruption. While developing *Sisi Ni Amani*, Brown has been writing a senior honors thesis on political corruption and security in Central America. While it might seem that she is all over the place in her interests, there’s a common theme running through it all: “looking at high-level structural things, but looking at how to bring together the people changing it.” In this way, *Sisi Ni Amani* is the culmination of her undergraduate career.

While Brown came to Tufts eager for opportunities to make an impact on the wider world, Valdes had no idea where his Tufts career would lead him. “I came to Tufts with my hockey bag and hockey sticks and was kind of oblivious to what the school had to offer,” Valdes said. “I ran into the IGL. I could’ve run into anything, but I started getting involved and immersing myself in that community.”

Involvement with *Sisi Ni Amani* and the IGL has undoubtedly focused his energies. “To be honest, I’ve really made extracurriculars my classes and classes my extracurriculars. I’d say 85% of my time is devoted to this,” Valdes says. “Without that commitment [the project] would’ve fallen apart five months ago.”

spoke with contacts at Fletcher and the IGL [Tufts’ Institute for Global Leadership] who put us in contact with others involved in Kenya. That’s the way ideas get translated into practice,” he told us. “If it was just the two of us flying to Kenya, we

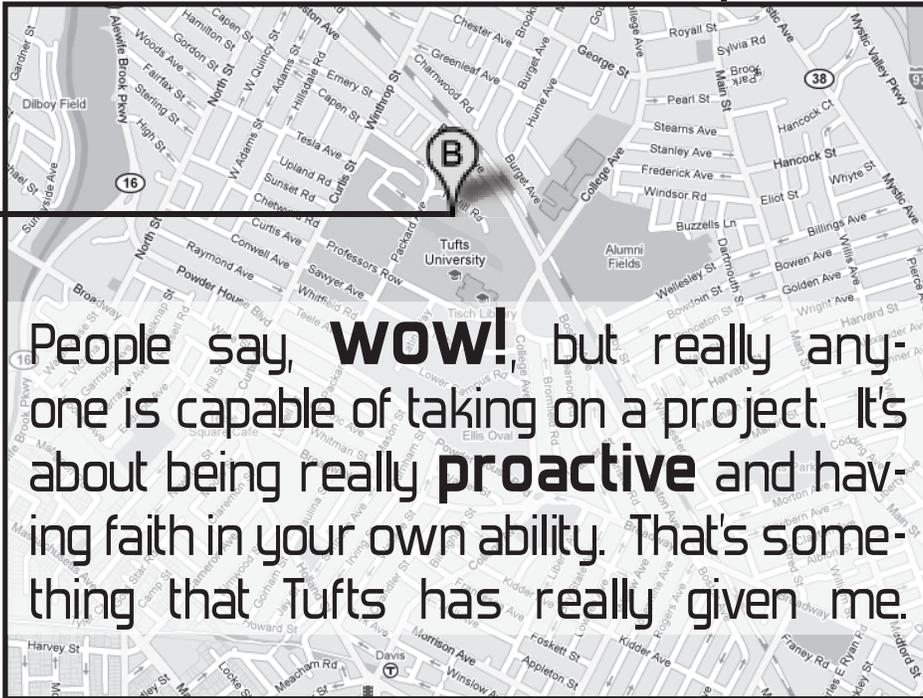
couldn’t have done it. It was sharing the idea with our friends that made it happen. In a matter of days, we were forming this web, everyone connecting us to someone else.”

With unparalleled networks of experts and donors, the IGL is well positioned to nurture student initiatives in their critical nascent stages. As their web of contacts expanded, Brown and Valdes were put in touch with Ushahidi, (Swahili for “*Testimony*”), a nongovernmental organization that developed a groundbreaking technological platform in the wake of violence in Kenya that surrounded the 2008 elections. Citizens only needed cell phones, technology they already had, to report

initiative following the earthquake in Haiti that was run out of the basement of Fletcher. Fostering the entrepreneurial spirit, Brown says, “Ushahidi encouraged me to think bigger, enabling Kenyans to succeed in the work they are doing to promote peace.”

While Ushahidi provided the creative mentoring, Brown and Valdes courted Digital Democracy, an NGO that promotes civic engagement through digital technology, which agreed to sign on to the project as a fiscal sponsor.

Brown and Valdes are indeed a dynamic duo, having taken two very different paths,



People say, **WOW!** but really anyone is capable of taking on a project. It's about being really **proactive** and having faith in your own ability. That's something that Tufts has really given me.



Katie Greenman, a sophomore, can attest to the challenges being of a full-time student while trying to run an initiative abroad. Greenman founded *Hands on Hands*, a project through which she and her sisters raised funding to support vastly un-

derfunded students in Kenya. After travelling there with her family in 2003, they used a connection with the bishop to send funds for toilets, bunk beds, and school supplies that they raised through various means in her hometown of Marathon, Florida. Though initially people brushed her off as “just some kid, who they might “throw a dollar at,” as she puts it, the project succeeded and expanded, and ultimately Hands on Hands raised \$30,000 to build a school in Kenya. However, when Greenman came to college and the bishop with whom she had worked moved to Madagascar, she had little choice but to let the program come to an end.

“The biggest issue was the communication gap,” Greenman said. “Because of where I was and my inability to travel, and because



ZACHARY LAUB

I couldn’t talk with them when I was in the midst of exams, it became too hard to stay on top of things.”

Despite these difficulties, Greenman insisted that being young was not a hindrance, but rather the key to her success. “Probably the main reason it was so successful was because it involved youth, and we had the energy and passion to go through with it,” Greenman said.

The mantra of “active citizenship” is enticing to many prospective students but can be all too easily lost in the day-to-day business of being an undergrad. While such ambitious undertakings as *Sisi Ni Amani* or Hands on Hands may seem daunting, the message of their founders is that anyone can do it. “People say, ‘wow!’, but really anyone is capable of taking on a project,” Brown says, continuing, “It’s about being really proactive and having faith in your own ability. That’s something that Tufts has really given me. It’s not just something that comes naturally to me.”

Of Tisch College and the IGL, both sources of tremendous funding for student projects, “I think both have increasingly made efforts to reach out to the general Tufts population over the years, but you do have to be proactive about it, and you have to be persistent about getting involved,” Brown says.

The experience provides an education of its own, one that cannot be learned in the class-

room. “Just this year alone I’ve learned fundraising skills, I’ve learned how to write a business plan, I’ve made institutional partnerships with lots of institutions on the ground, I’ve gotten institutional support, and understood how to budget. The skills I’ve learned are already huge, and I can’t imagine how much more will come from actually being on the ground.”



For more information about *Sisi Ni Amani*’s progress, check out their their blog at sisiniamani.wordpress.com



Home Sweet Home

BY KATHERINE SAWYER

There is no question that it's a tough time for the economy. People watch their homes and retirement funds slip through their fingers with little hope of anything improving in the future. Luckily, one group is helping out. In the midst of the chaos the recession and the housing slump caused, a Boston project helps those in danger of losing their homes.

The housing advocacy group City Life/Vida Urbana is an initiative launched by Boston Community Capital, a non-profit financial institution focusing on community development. Their approach uncovered a surprising fact—intervening after foreclosure best helps homeowners.

“We see a lot of news stories about homeowners in foreclosure—people who were sucked into a predatory loan, were victims of a sudden chill in the housing market, or turn out to have been just one pink slip away from default,” said Tufts Professor of Urban Environmental Policy and Planning, Abi Vladek. “In cities like Boston, more renters than homeowners live in foreclosed properties. Luckily, they're getting some help.”

Because of its growing success in Boston, the program could be a compelling solution for similar areas with housing spikes and sky-rocketing real estate prices.

The success of the program lies in its unconventional approach. Whereas lenders often refuse to assist homeowners with

debt, City Life helps those in danger of losing their homes restructure their mortgages.

Research indicates that lenders' unwillingness to reevaluate balances on homes worth less than the mortgage that they owe is the main cause of foreclosures. When coupled with a troubling economy of job losses, owners often have little hope of keeping their homes once foreclosure is possible.

Vida Urbana buys homes after they

ward Legal Aid Bureau together, allowing bureau students to persuade lenders to sell homes instead of evict homeowners.

The working-class neighborhood of Dorchester hosted a focus of the program. This area saw a 40% decline in housing prices between 2005 and 2007, compared with a 20 percent drop across the state, according to a study by the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston. In Dorchester, foreclosures and delinquencies occur at over twice the average state rate. The area suffers from problems

due to eviction rate—large numbers of vacant properties increase crime and devalue homes.

“There are too many victims in this foreclosure crisis, and not enough heroes,” said Professor Vladek. “Regulation is not the silver bullet that's going to ensure that this kind of crisis never happens again. The only way we can do that is by getting ourselves organized, and making sure anyone who would try to prey on us again knows next

time, we'll be ready to fight back.”

Although the project does not work for everyone—lenders may ask high selling prices that Boston Community Capital cannot afford or refuse the program entirely for fear of giving mortgages to high risk clients with bad financial track records—it offers many a much-needed rescue. Vida Urbana is giving homes back to the people that need them more than ever. With so much turmoil, families have one less thing to worry about late at night. Hopefully, Vida Urbana can help return Boston neighborhoods back to the thriving communities they once were. ☐



ELIZABETH HERMAN

enter foreclosure and rents or sells them back to former owners, giving them new mortgages along with counseling on finances and credit. Throughout the process, families remain in their homes. The organization has almost finished work on 50 homes, and another 20 are underway. The group hopes to raise \$50 million to continue and enhance the program.

Vida Urbana organizes large demonstrations to raise awareness of the plight of homeowners at risk of eviction and persuade banks to sell houses to Boston Community Capital. The blockades outside homes also bring residents and the Har-



THE LONG, STRANGE TRIP

BY MOLLY RUBIN

Turn on. Tune in. Drop out. These six words became the mantra of the '60s counterculture and, more specifically, advocates of psychedelic drug use as a means of finding an elevated consciousness. Timothy Leary, the champion of this movement, became almost a caricature of the psychedelic and the free love, long-haired, peyote-smoking hippies we associate with the time period. Now, they are little more than vestiges of our parents' generation: outdated, over-exposed, and trivialized.

However, while some aspects of the counterculture died with the decade, there has been a renewed interest in psychedelic drugs (psilocybin in particular) in the medical field. Last week, thousands of scientists, doctors, and researchers gathered in San Jose, California to attend the largest conference on psychedelic research since the death of the 1960s hippie movement. The conference, sponsored by the Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies (MAPS), summarized current research being conducted on the treatment of serious mental disorders.

"There's this coming together of science and spirituality," said Rick Doblin, the executive director of MAPS, in an online interview. "We're hoping that the mainstream and the psychedelic community can meet in the middle and avoid another culture war. Our culture is much more receptive now, and we're showing that these drugs can provide benefits that current treatments can't."

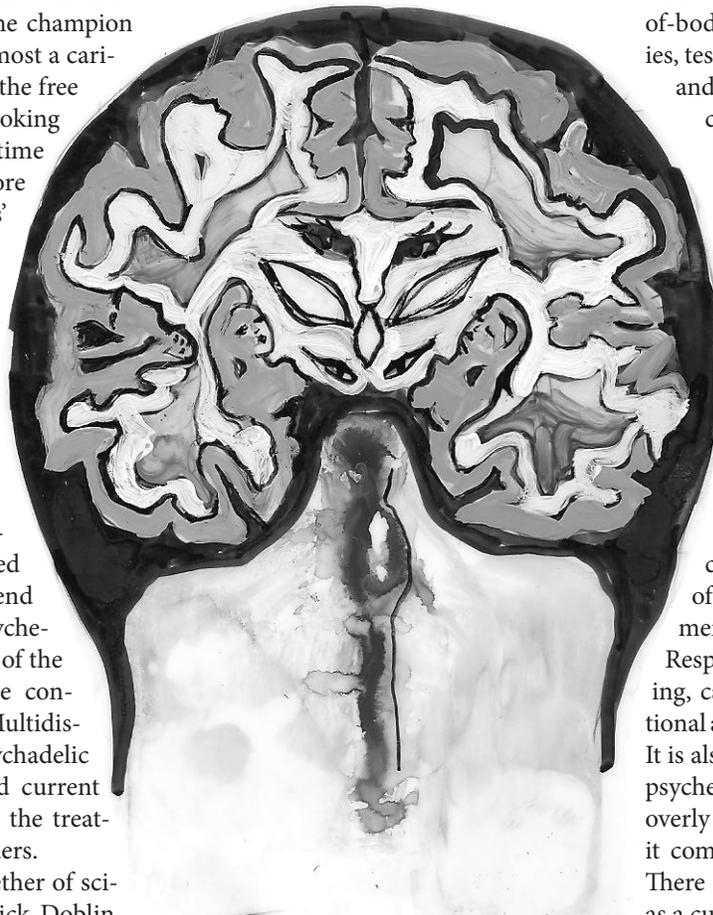
In some ways it's terrifying; in others it's extremely exciting. There is a very vocal and passionate minority of researchers that believe they can truly alleviate some of the most difficult and demoralizing illnesses that currently plague society—obsessive-

Timothy Leary for his belief in the therapeutic aspects of psychedelic drugs). The question that has to be asked, however, is to what end?

On one hand, what could be better? Hallucinogenic trips are often compared with religious revelations and intense out-of-body experiences. In preliminary studies, test subjects with severe PTSD, anxiety, and depression reported considerable change for the better in general feelings and behavior than did those receiving a placebo. Also, in the long term, these subjects expressed more happiness with their lives. So maybe there is a light at the end of the tunnel for those suffering from previously incurable psychological disorders.

Or maybe we're just hallucinating when we see that promising light. Psilocybin and other psychedelics are by no means an exact science. Reactions to the drug can be very much dependent on state of mind, setting, time of day, experimenters, and other subjective factors. Responses, while sometimes enlightening, can also be terrifying and add additional anxiety to an already anxious patient. It is also safe to assume that proponents of psychedelic drug use can often become overly optimistic and slightly crazed when it comes to the benefits of drug therapy. There is a risk in over-hyping psilocybin as a cure-all drug for mental disorders and playing down its negative effects.

However, the facts don't lie. One of the major catalysts for the conference was the overwhelming results of a study led by Dr. Roland Griffiths, professor of behavioral biology at Johns Hopkins University in 2008. Griffiths targeted subjects "with a current or past diagnosis of cancer who



compulsive disorder, post-traumatic stress, drug and alcohol addiction, anxiety, and even cancer.

Though the federal government has only recently approved research on psilocybin and other psychedelics, studies are being conducted at universities all over the country (including Harvard, which fired



TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

have some anxiety or are feeling down about their cancer” and administered either a placebo or a dose of psilocybin. Those who were given the drug reported positive effects during the experiment and 14 months later when they were asked about their cancer anxiety.

Much like a profound spiritual experience, patients almost all said they felt a shift in their mentality and that the psilocybin therapy was one of the five most meaningful experiences of their whole lives. According to Griffiths, most patients experienced an improved outlook on life and felt “the boundaries between the self and others disappear.”

In an interview with *The New York Times*, one patient described his experience as an overwhelmingly positive one, throughout which he reevaluated past relationships with a new lens and let go of past worries and insecurities.

“It was a whole personality shift for me...I could

see that the really good things in life will happen if you just show up and share your natural enthusiasms with people. You have a feeling of attunement with other people.”

After completing this study, Griffiths published a paper detailing guidelines for safe administration of the drug in a controlled setting, opening up the door for further research and clinical therapy.

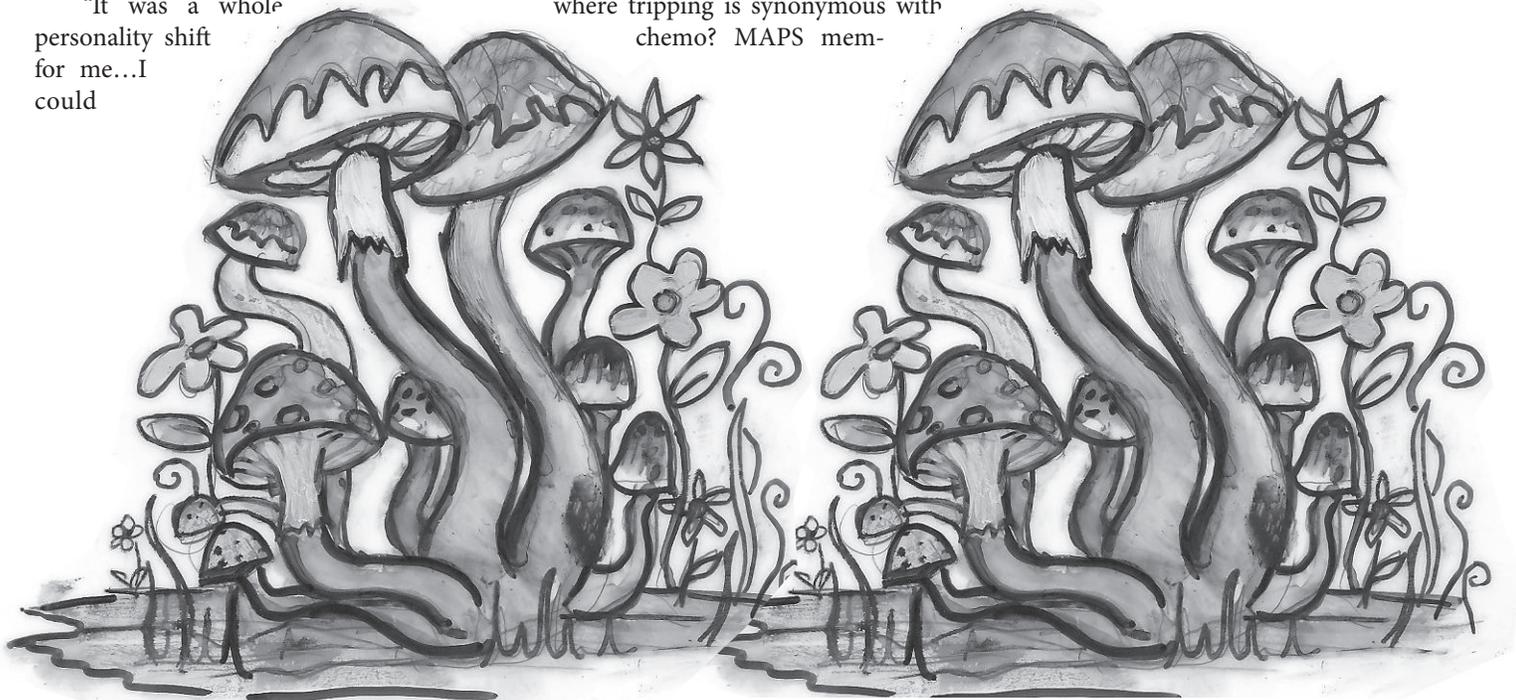
So is this really going to happen? When suffering from depression or anxiety, should we turn to that hippie neighborhood down the hall to see if he can sell us some shrooms? Are we going to live in a world where tripping is synonymous with chemo? MAPS mem-



ALL ART BY REBECCA PLANTE

bers seem to hope so, but the rest of the medical world is still wary.

“We’re not counterculture. We’re part of the culture,” said Randolph Hencken, the conference organizer. “We want smart and loving studies that will make big changes used for future generations to make their lives better.”





BY DIANA BAIDE

Graffiti has long been considered an underground art. Artists take advantage of night to paint colorful and often controversial images on buildings, walls, and pavement. In a sense, it's vandalism. Graffiti artists don't pay fees to use these walls as canvases, nor is there a thank-you note for building tenants the morning after. Rather, graffiti undermines institutional art to create a message for the public.

But what if there was someone who OK'd this art and even paid for it? What if the sponsor was the government? In an attempt to exert his influence, Hugo Chavez's government in Venezuela partnered with brigades of Caracas' graffiti artists. Their duty is to embellish Caracas with images that praise Chavez' Bolivarian regime. Images range from Caravaggio's David holding the severed head of Hillary Clinton to a depiction of Simon Bolivar crushing a suited demon bearing a grenade and chains.

With its eye-catching color and crude messages, this political graffiti has caught the attention of Caracas' inhabitants and international media alike. But why did the government choose graffiti as its medium? Does the Chavez administration regard graffiti as effective media? Does this communication tool expose the shortcomings of other government attempts of expression?

"Graffiti is an inescapable medium," said Tufts Political Science Professor Conseulo Cruz. "The viewing audience cannot avoid

it. Urbanites are confronted and surrounded by it. In fact, graffiti is an effective and relatively inexpensive way of creating an enveloping public environment in which the government appears to be pervasive and with a strong and assertive set of political messages." The government may have chosen a very wise approach to reach the public. But how much do these images of the Bolivarian revolution resonate with the Venezuelan people?

The concept of the revolution was born out of the new constitution Hugo Chavez introduced when he became President in 1998. Replacing the old constitution of 1961, Chavez revived the ideas of historic revolutionary, Simón Bolívar, who mobilized the public against an imperialist enemy.

Currently, the imperial enemy is the United States. One of Hugo Chavez's redeeming qualities is his desire to unite Latin America around a strong regional identity. However, the problem is that he plans to appeal to anti-American sentiment to achieve it.

"In the case of Venezuela, government-sponsored graffiti is intended to bolster Chavez' image as an anti-imperialist and patriotic leader," said Professor Cruz. "Equally important, it is intended to foster a sense of 'us versus them'—an existential dichotomy pitting Venezuelans against the US government." Because the United States remains the economic powerhouse in the Americas, this has proved difficult.

So he decides to establish this "anti-US" club in the comfort of his own city—Caracas. What would it be like if this political graf-

fiti decorated the streets of New York City or Washington, DC—and was sponsored by the cities themselves? While it might be a bit hard to picture this in the context of an American city, the reality is that the graffiti phenomenon has already begun on our own campus. Exhibited outside JumboMart is an anti-war mural by Shepard Fairey, a talented street artist who gained recognition for his famous Obama poster during the 2008 election. Fairey does not come with the cleanest of records. He was arrested for vandalism when he posted two Boston buildings with graffiti in February 2009, the same month that Tufts' Institute for Global Leadership hired Fairey to decorate the JumboMart wall.

So we see the power of underground art to speak to the public outweigh its illegality. While Fairey got arrested a few days prior to arriving on the Hill, he is now commemorated by a small silver plaque next to his art, sealing the bond between our own institution and anti-war, anti-government graffiti. The words on his mural sarcastically read, "Never trust your own eyes, believe what you are told."

It is clear that our media reports with shock and almost awe what Chavez is doing in Caracas but fails to see that this institutionally funded artwork is slowly emerging around us. Whether used to educate the public, campaign for America's next president, or endorse a socialist movement, political graffiti is becoming a strong communication tool in America, and we do not need government funding to notice it. Just a walk across campus will do. ☺



From Medford to Tanzania:

How one Fletcher student transformed a small village into a thriving educational community

BY CARA PALEY

Most twenty-somethings are battling insecurities of after-college life, agonizing over how to apply that degree to the, *gasp*, real world. But Fletcher student Dory Gannes replaced post-grad confusion with a steadfast mission and, by the ripe age of 24, fully achieved it.

Gannes' joint primary school and community center project—a product of two years of fundraising, labor, and negotiations—opened its doors to Tanzanian children of the Olevolos village on January 11. The institution unites paying students with kids whose families can't afford school uniforms or books. The mission behind her approach was to combat social imbalance around the common goal of education.

"Seven of our top 12 students were orphans who had been sponsored," said Gannes enthusiastically, "It's now clear that there is no separation between material wealth and academic success. All the kids needed was a chance."

Along with a nursery school for Olevolos' youngest kids, Gannes introduced a secondary school program for adolescents, which encompasses a hands-on tutoring resource. To revitalize female empowerment, she also organized an girls leadership program and widows group—a collection of Tanzanian women that collaborate to establish sustainable businesses. To add a little fun to the initiative, Gannes started a recreational program, which had grown to a staggering 92 kids as of last weekend.

"I'd say it all began when I went to East Africa in 1994 with my mom," recalls Gannes. "I continued to think of ways I could give back

that would last longer than things like shoes and other items volunteers hand out."

When she returned the summer after, her ideas led her to chicken coops—an asset to a rural area because of the long lifespan of chickens and the marketable quality of eggs. She accumulated \$5,000 through donations from friends and family, which she dedicated to construction. Gannes was itching to do more. "It was all great until I looked around and realized that where the chickens were

With steep funding under her belt, Gannes began the school's construction. But the task was more complex than locating bulldozers and scrap wood. Gannes had to convince locals *why* resources should go towards an educational facility and *why* the greatest gift to impoverished children would be equal access to knowledge.

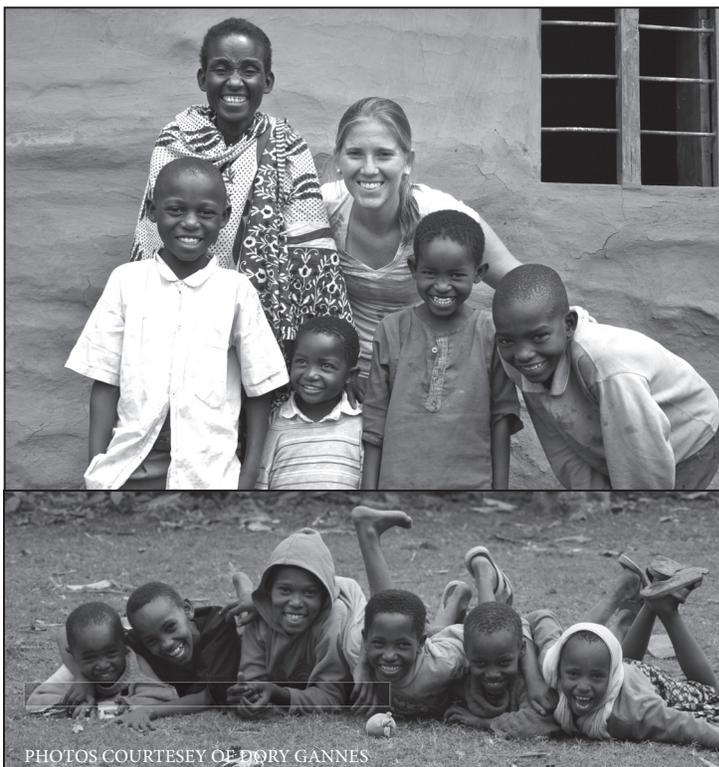
"The village didn't directly understand how this building would help them," said Gannes. "I was so eager to get kids in to show village how important education is and the difference it can make in their lives."

Gannes explained how disadvantaged children have significantly less access to education. "The government says education is free but students must have a uniform and materials," said Gannes. "This makes it impossible for families to send kids to school."

Along with supervising the project's nitty-gritty details, Gannes is a key player in the lives of her swarming young peers. Her intimate relationships with the children has become the very heart of her campaign. "I know when they get As on their exams, I know when they're sick," said Gannes. "It's always important to remember who you're doing the work for."

Despite the project's burgeoning success in Olevolos, Gannes stresses how expansion is not her agenda. "It's important to have long-term commitments," she said. "We have to finish something we started, and I don't want to spread myself thin."

But ultimately, to her delight, Gannes' role is shrinking; local managers and villagers alike are finally taking it upon themselves to introduce educational values into the framework of village society. "This is a community-based project, and ultimately I just won't be needed," she said. "That is the end goal—the very definition of the project having been successful." ☺



PHOTOS COURTESY OF DORY GANNES

staying was far nicer than any school or home for the kids," she said.

That's when she thought of a school. Gannes started a nonprofit organization to raise money, which earned recognition in 2007. Many donations were funded by students, who continue to organize fundraisers for the cause in local communities across the country.

"There's a boy named Ben from Michigan who grew vegetables at a local farmers market and donated \$5,000," said Gannes.



BY MIKE GOETZMAN

MOJAVE

In a perfect world, we would have been orphans. But, embarrassingly enough, we both had parents. I had two. They would never willingly let me go, so I packed a duffel and slipped a note under my father's Stanford Alumni magnet. I signed it, *Your son, Mark*. His name and mine.

On my way to Laura's house, I cashed my graduation checks. Then I sat on her porch, imagining I was ten or twelve or sixteen again. At each of these ages, I had dreamed of this day. I had even dreamed of sitting on the porch, waiting for her for the last time.

Laura's parents weren't like mine. Her father was never around, and if he did visit, Laura never told me about it; she didn't talk much about him or the divorce. Unlike my mom, Laura's would let her go. Her chronic migraines sentenced her to weeks at a time in her shuttered bedroom, where she lay half-awake, suspended in a marijuana fog.

Laura tapped at her window, motioning for me to come inside. She opened the screen door. "Hey," she said in a whisper. "Come in, I'm going to tell my mom."

I followed her to her mother's bedroom; dank air poured out as she opened the door and tiptoed into the dark room. I peered inside, trying to see her mother through the thin layer of smoke that hung like gauze from the ceiling. The little light that risked entry came

through a section of bent shades and stood still, in thin diagonal lines, against the wall.

Barely whispering, Laura said, "Mom, we're going."

I cupped my ear toward the bed.

"Where?" she asked.

"To the Mojave Desert," Laura said.

Her mother writhed in her sheets. "For how long?"

"Not sure," Laura said.

Holding my breath, I poked my head through the door.

"That's fine, honey. Can you bring me my lighter?"

Laura and I were impatient to start our lives as people who had no people. We weren't going any place in particular. If anything, we were trying to get away from places. We'd just gotten out of high school; we wanted to be in between. We wanted to be nowhere. And the Mojave, the scorched backyard of the glittering Pacific, was the closest no-place we knew of.

When we set out, it was raining sporadically, and Laura gripped the steering wheel until we reached L.A.'s city limits. Once we hit the desert highway, she set the cruise control to ninety miles per hour, and propped her elbow coolly against the window. Dark clouds scattered across the blanket blue and burst as we passed beneath them.



KATIE BOLAND



The wipers smeared the bleak landscape across the windshield. Laura yawned.

“Hey, want me to drive?” I asked.

She gave a tired shrug and pulled the car over. We didn’t want to get wet, so Laura straddled the stick shift and braced herself against the roof and my body. Fumbling with my seatbelt, I felt her black hairbrush across my face as she hovered over me.

“Need some help there?” she asked.

“No, no.” I stammered. “I’ve got it.”

One humid afternoon our sophomore year, Laura let me kiss her under the condition that I was blindfolded and kept my hands to myself. “Wait here,” she said, pulling the handkerchief down over my eyes, “I’ll be right back.” A willing hostage, I sat still at the edge of her bed, occasionally moving my head toward some promising vagueness until, slowly, I could feel her standing right in front of me. Awash in her lavender scent and the warmth of her breath, I opened my eyes and tried to peer through the blindfold, as she kissed my neck and pulled her fingernails through my hair.

Now at the wheel, I pulled back onto the vast expanse of road, careening through cloud shadows as the inside of the car strobed from dark to light, dark to light.

Passing the hardscrabble township of Beatty, whose main attractions included a brothel (trucker friendly) and the world’s tallest thermometer, we eventually drove through 29 Palms, home to California’s largest Marine base.

Laura needed a bathroom, so I pulled into the dust-beaten town and parked at one of the numerous barber-shops advertising a choice between “Marine” or “civilian” haircuts. We got out of the car and looked around; it was hard to believe that we were only a few hours away from home. LA seemed unlikely, a separate world entirely.

“I’m going to use this one here,” Laura said, walking to the nearest barbershop. “You can use that one.” She pointed, directing me across the street.

I shrugged and walked across the street, looking down the town’s main drag—a strip of quiet, squat-looking shops, punctuated at the end by a diner with a retro-looking sign. It was missing an “I.” The jostling of static and human voice sounded from the radio of an open truck window, and sitting just outside the shop was a leather-skinned old man slouched in a white plastic chair. He gave an old fashioned tip of his trucker hat to me, and I nodded back before opening the door. Inside, a gruff barber pushed an electric razor across a Marine’s head. With a sort of brute swiftness, he nearly shaved the whole head in my short walk from the entrance to the restroom.

At the sink, I splashed water on my face and rearranged some unruly hair in the mirror. There were no paper towels, so I walked out of the restroom wiping my hands on my shirt. When I looked up there was the barber facing me, razor in hand, standing by an empty chair. He cleared his throat, and motioned for me; he wanted a word. I took a few steps forward, but made sure to stay just out of striking distance.

“You here for a cut?” he asked.

“No. No, sir,” I replied.

“Well kid, that crapper’s for customers only,” he said, gesturing toward a sign: Restroom for Customers Only.

I glanced outside to see if Laura was at the car yet. She was, only she was talking to someone, a plump man, and I couldn’t get her attention. I turned back to my barber—he held up the smock expectantly, a fat matador with his cape. I looked at myself in the mirror, at my dull brown hair that looked more like my father’s every day, and I sat down. With a flourish of both his hands, he wrapped the smock around me, fastening it behind my neck.

“Marine or civilian?” he asked.

“What’s the difference?” I replied.

“Around here? Not much.”

I shrugged, “Marine, then.”

Quickly guiding the razor back and forth along my head, he sent long strands cascading to the floor. Skillfully directing my head forward, then to one side, then the other, he studied my head from

multiple angles, routinely crouching to get a better view. A calm fell over me as I realized that my head was in a virtuoso’s hands. It occurred to me that he might even be the best at what he does. It was just a passing thought but one that, as he removed the smock from my neck, carried with it some sadness. Who would know him or what he’d accomplished?

Still sitting as he left to ring up the cash register, I studied myself in the mirror, trying to recognize this unfamiliar me. I couldn’t imagine ever getting used to it,

this new look. But I liked it. I felt open to suggestion.

“Hey, kid. You gonna stare at yourself all day or what?”

I walked to the cash register and handed him ten bucks of my graduation money. Then I shook his hand and thanked him.

Back on the road, Laura poked fun at me.

“Jesus, Mark. You couldn’t just tell him no?”

I ran my hand over my head. “It feels pretty good,” I said, leaning toward her. “Touch it,”

She shook her head, feigning disgust.

“Come on. Give it a rub,” I insisted.

Again, she didn’t budge, so I nuzzled my coarse hair into her shoulder until she shouted, “Fiiine,” and grabbed my head with both hands, running her nails hard across my scalp.

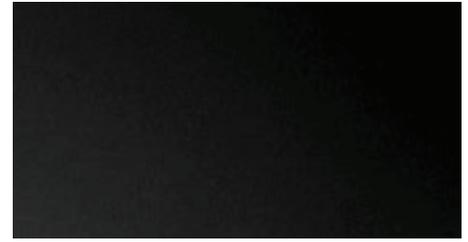
Satisfied, I pulled back with the lingering sting of her nails in my hair and pressed hard on the gas. Flying by the Salton Sea, its banks dotted with ruined motels, we spotted a maimed sign that read “Salvation Mountain, 2 miles.” We followed.

What we found was a vast mound of adobe and plaster painted with every color of the rainbow. At its summit was a cross, and at its base, in huge protruding letters, were the words “God is Love.”

A friendly-faced old man bounded toward us, moving as if the pull of gravity were an option. He welcomed us to Salvation Mountain, this mound that he had built. Stepping out from the car, we fol-

“Careening through cloud shadows as the inside of the car strobed from dark to light, dark to light.”

“



lowed him and began to climb—past flowers, miniature rivers, biblical quotations—to a flight of stairs.

We watched the sun set in burnt orange and blue, felt the desert go cold. I edged myself closer to Laura. Leonard walked to the foot of the cross, looking up at it with an unexpected innocence. I wondered, then, if he was enlightened or insane, or if there was even a difference. He told us that he'd been working on the mountain for the past 53 years. I knew then that he understood what it was to be utterly devoted to something.

"Love," he said, looking down across the desert, "it's the thing that fills the void."

At this, Laura sighed and shifted a little. She excused herself, and walked down the mountain. I apologized to Leonard, and told him that we had to find a motel before it got too late.

"Come back anytime," he said. "I'll be here."

I waved and ran down the stairs after Laura. It was nearly dark. Below, Joshua trees stood silhouetted, their branches splayed against the vanishing horizon. Looking out, I mistook one for Laura waving an arm to get my attention. Waving back, I tripped and fell on the gritty stairs, my head thudding hard against the adobe as I slipped past prayers of repentance and love, past aphorisms and blessings, words of faith and hope; all inscribed by other aimless travelers.

Dazed and aching, I woke up in a purple room with the taste of blood in my mouth. I was lying in a twin bed, and Laura was beside me, running her hand gently over my shaved head.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"The Harmony Motel," she whispered.

"No kidding," I said, smiling.

Leaning toward me, Laura said, "Your lip's still bleeding a little," and touched her thumb to the cut, wiping the blood on her jeans.

"Wow," I said, batting my eyelashes, "You saved my life."

Sitting up in bed, I grimaced, suddenly aware of my battered self. Tentatively lifting my arms, I explored the extent of my injuries, and felt around my aching back and head.

I lay my head back on the pillow. Laura shifted, moving her body nearer mine. She smelled like lavender, and I told her this. Sliding her hand behind my neck, she brought my face to hers and eighteen years were condensed into two excruciating seconds. She kissed me hard

and pulled back, leaving me with a tightness in my chest so intense I struggled to breathe. Reaching my hand around her waist, I pulled her toward me, kissing her desperately, longingly, eyes open, trying to find the delirious joy I knew was there. But she pulled away again. The kiss felt more like a crash.

"What? What's wrong?" I asked.

She turned to face the purple wall.

"Today, in 29 Palms, I called my dad from the gas station."

"So?" I asked.

Turning around, she said, "I'm coming to stay with him out here. We've been talking about it."

"But what about getting away from parents? About being aimless and nowhere?"

"We're not ten anymore. We can't just run away."

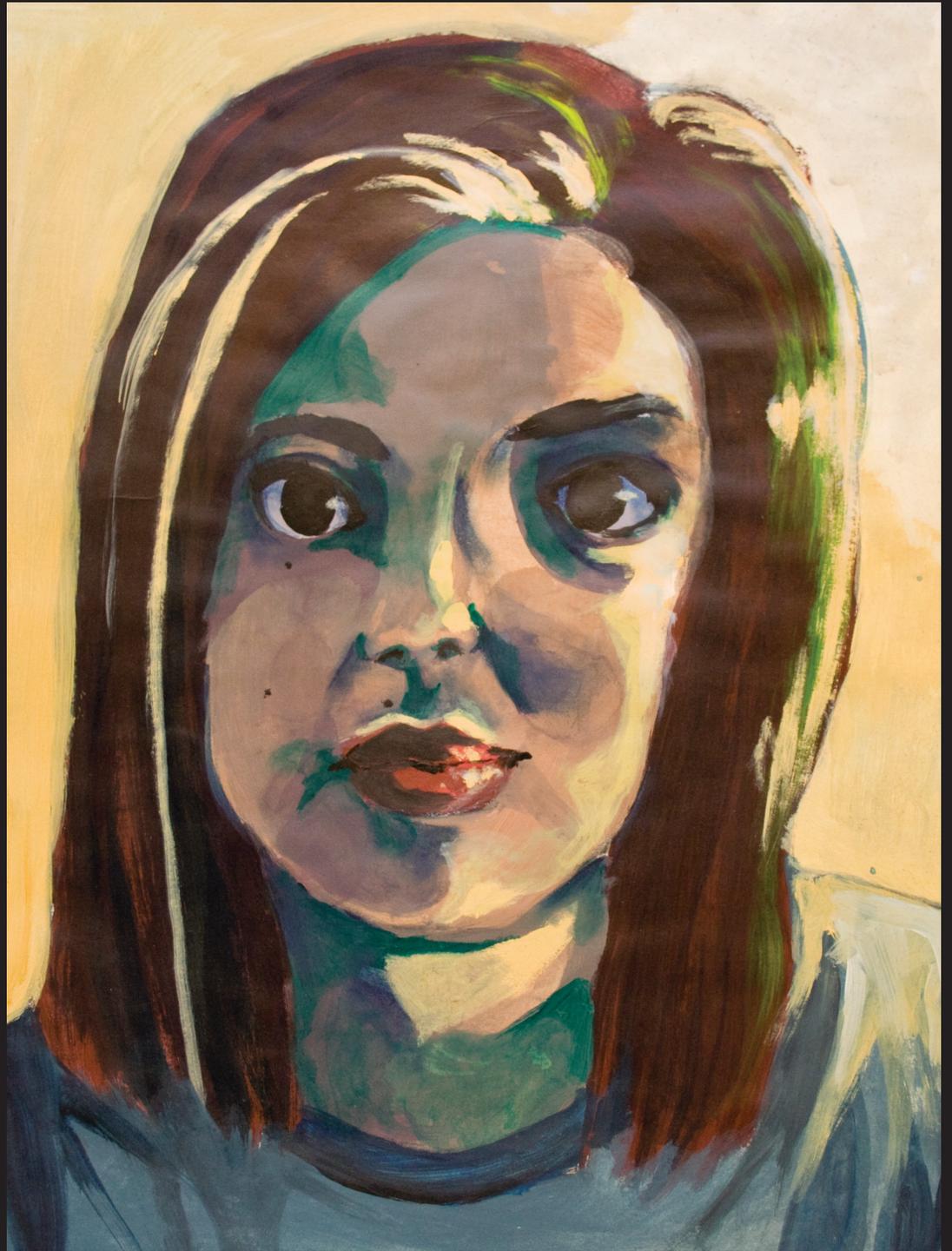
"We can't even try?" I said, realizing as I said it that we had tried and that my hope of leaving home for some enlivening oblivion had met its end, and that its demise was staggeringly definitive. I lay my body back down on the stiff mattress, felt the familiar impulse to get away, by myself, so I might feel less alone. It was this same impulse that I was left with on Laura's bed that one humid afternoon.

After nearly an hour wearing the blindfold, I had insisted that we switch—that she wear it, or that we get rid of it altogether. It became unbearable, minute after minute, sitting in front of her, overrun by the contradictory sensations of anxiety and ecstasy, desire and doubt. That time spent in her room felt like an eternity in an instant, a lifetime of turmoil wrapped into the hours after school and before dinner. I tried to pull the blindfold from my eyes, pleading, "Just for a second." But Laura refused.

It was probably then that I learned that Laura would never need me—she needed something else. And that's why we were in the Mojave, for her father, the Marine.

That night, we lay in separate beds in the absolute silence of the desert. It pressed down on my ears—the kind of silence that makes a mind cast about frantically for something to fill it. I shifted in the tight sheets and felt my aching body rage against itself, against her and the purple walls, against the Harmony Motel, and the whole god-forsaken desert. I've made it, I thought. I am nowhere. ☉





ART

Art to explore the texture and color of people.

It's like... [art].

By Alyce Currier
& Ruth Tam

(Previous Page)

Title:

Tripping down the stairs and eating some pudding.

Acrylic, 2009

By: Alyce [Currier]

Title:

Looking through a foggy bus window only to see that my math teacher has suddenly decided to dress in drag, and I can't help but compare his breasts to my misunderstanding of $\tan(x)$.

Acrylic, 2009

By: Alyce [Currier]

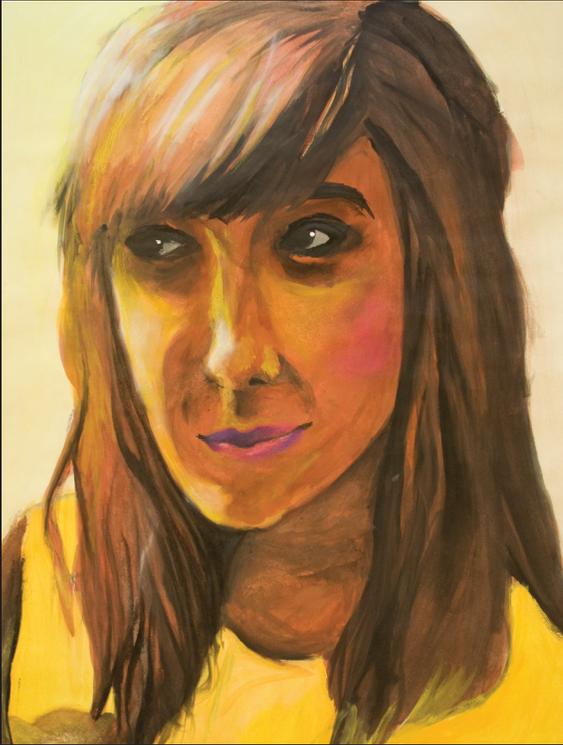


Things not used:
Pants, cantolope grinds, TV dinners, or punctuation.

Chalk pastel, 2008.

By: Ruth [Tam]





Title:
She was suddenly
spiraling through
something. A
dream, perchance?
A nightmare? A
firecracker, it was.
Stop leftward and
move clockwise
before we clock
you. Rapture.

Acrylic, 2009

By: Alyce [Currier]



Things not used:
Your ferret, TCU
presidential candi-
dates, AP Biology,
or plums.

Mixed Media, 2009

By: Ruth [Tam]



Things not used:

Hair dye, a volleyball, paisley print, or your old livejournal.

Mixed Media, 2008

By: Ruth [Tam]



DRESS

for the

TEST

BY MEGAN WASSON

It seems like there's always some sort of test going on. Whether it's midterms, finals, or just a regular old examination, the same ritual gets repeated: procrastinate studying for exam, freak out about studying for exam, stay up until 3 a.m. cramming, and then drag yourself out of bed, throw on some sweats, and run over to said mental torture.

Well, Jumbos, I'm just a fashion blogger, so I can't really help with steps 1-3. However, I am here to help the Tufts population with step four: dressing for an important test. Now, I know what you're thinking. Who cares what you look like when you're taking a test? You just want to get a decent grade. It just so happens, though, that there's a definite correlation between how you dress for an exam and how well you do on it.

Whenever I go to take a midterm or a similar exam, I usually see guys in sweats and girls in Juicy Couture and Uggs. That's exactly what you shouldn't be wearing. Those Juicy Sweats and Uggs were great in 2005 but, guys, it's a new decade. Those are the kind of things that you can lounge around in your room in or watch Gossip Girl re-runs in, but they put you in a specific mindset. Comfy clothes with stretchy waistbands aren't the sort of thing that make you want to sit up and recall obscure dates and facts; they make you want to lie down and take a nap. Plus, who feels cute in lounge clothes? I don't care if they're from Juicy Couture or Target, no one puts on a pair of sweatpants and thinks, "I feel adorable today." You think, "Ugh," or, "I'm tired," or something along those lines.

What if you walked into an exam feeling cute and put-together? Suddenly you are confident and prepared, ready to take on whatever nasty, ambiguously worded questions come your way. When you feel good about how you look, then you often feel good about yourself. Going into an exam feeling confident and chic will get you much better results than walking into a test in what's basically a step up from pajamas.

I'm not saying that everyone needs to pull out a prom dress or six-inch stilettos just to take a chemistry midterm, but there are ways to look polished and still be comfortable. I'll break it down into categories:

First off, if you're going to wear a pair of leggings, wear a shirt that covers your butt. Just do it. For my sake. Either way, if you're wearing a simple pair of bottoms, you can get away with wearing a fun shirt or sweater. I'd recommend a slightly baggy boyfriend v-neck with a fitted jacket or a more streamlined tee with a cozy, oversized sweater on top. Since you want to keep restricting layers to a minimum, you want to make sure that you have a warm jacket or sweater that's easy to take off/put on. Also, the play on proportions between a larger shirt/smaller jacket or little shirt/flattering, as the fitted tee or jacket would ensure that your torso isn't overwhelmed by all those layers.

TOPS

You want to keep accessories to a minimum; this is the worst possible time to wear that new set of bangles or those chandelier earrings. Instead, pick a big, festive scarf for pop of color (it can also double as a blanket if you get cold), and maybe a simple pair of stud earrings or a short necklace that won't get in your way. Rings and bracelets will annoy you and everyone around you, as you try to write.

ACCESSORIES

As much as I love dresses and skirts, I don't recommend wearing them to exams. I can't tell you how many times I've been wiggling around in one of those rock-hard chairs, trying to get comfy, and ended up flashing someone in the front row. Not good. Instead, go for a pair of jeans with some stretch or maybe a thick pair of leggings. Both of those are easy to jazz up and still allow you to move and fidget without difficulty.

BOTTOMS

SHOES

Do not, under any circumstances, wear flip-flops. When you get up to go to the bathroom, everyone in that room is going to want to kill you. Instead, slip on a nice pair of ballet flats for something simple and chic, or a pair of leather boots for a little extra polish (and warmth).



UNDERGROUND GOURMET

Tufts students get creative with their love of food, hosting inspired dinner parties for their peers with homemade meals.

BY ARIANA SIEGEL

The dinner party is an art infrequently practiced among college students. Lack of space, money, and enthusiasm are the recipe for resorting to dining halls and restaurants rather than cooking for friends. But two Tufts students, who have found more than enough enthusiasm and a way to get around the money and space issues, have successfully brought the dinner party where it's (probably) never gone before: 76 Curtis Ave.

The blog dinnersat76.blogspot.com, started by two Tufts students who shall remain unnamed because their enterprise is technically in violation of FDA regulations, extends and open invitation to ten diners on Friday evenings. For \$25, guests get a creative and expertly executed five-course meal with wine, as well as the chance to meet these innovative chefs and nine other interesting people who share an interest in inexpensive fine dining.

The dinners began last January, but the idea had been stewing long before. George, a senior, while studying abroad in Buenos Aires the previous spring semester, had witnessed such dinner parties being held among locals there and decided he would like to replicate such dinners in his house back at Tufts. He and Harris had a farm-share in the fall semester, where they got fresh ingredients that they then turned into creative dishes. These turned out to be delicious, and they decided it would be even more enjoyable to share their creations with others. During the first semester George and Harris toyed with the idea of inviting guests, and then come January they decided to throw caution to the wind.



"We were like, f*** it, let's do it!" George said. "We said that on a Tuesday, and we hosted the first dinner that Saturday."

Both chefs have family background in the food industry; George's mother attended the Culinary Institute, and Harris' mother is a food critic, currently the editor of the food section in the *Boston Globe*. Harris learned cooking skills while apprenticing at an Italian restaurant owned by a family friend in New York City, but he says, "I mostly just play around." George is mostly self taught, though he also picked up skills watching his mother. Both described their upbringings as teaching them to be adventurous with food and also to discern the mediocre from the truly gourmet.

In their inception, the dinners were organized around ethnic themes: there was an Italian dinner, an Indian, a Mexican, and others. (Both claim that the Mexican-themed dinner was their favorite to date,

including a soup that included all of the ingredients of a burrito.) All of the diners are vegetarian, and while both do or have incorporated meat in their diets, both agree that vegetarian meals actually tend to be more creative and outside the box, and not to mention cheaper.

Recently, when they were unable to enter into an Iron Chef competition because they were hosting a dinner, they decided to make their dinner an Iron Chef experience instead, asking every guest to suggest one ingredient that they would incorporate into the meal. The result was so successful that they decided to make it a continuing component of the dinners.

"We get a lot of good reviews," Harris said unabashedly, "but we also like getting critiques. We even hope for negative comments sometimes, but we don't get a lot of them."

It's not for nothing that the dinners are so superb; hosting dinner parties has become something of a full-time job for



the two. On the Tuesday before the dinner, which occurs on Friday night, George and Harris sit down to plan their menu; on Wednesday they go shopping for the necessary ingredients; on Thursday they prepare whatever needs to be done in advance; finally, on Friday they spend much of the day cooking then actually hosting the dinner parties, which often last between three and four hours. How do they find the time?

"I have virtually no class schedule," George smirked. Harris nodded but could not exactly say the same.

"Do I have time for this every week?" Harris wondered aloud. "No, but I prioritize it. I make time for things I really care about."

Toward the end of one such dinner party, after several glasses of wine, Harris revealed that sharing his creations with others are his favorite part of the meal.

"There's nothing better than cooking food and seeing people enjoy it," he said, beaming at his guests.

And enjoy it we did. I attended a vegan Iron Chef dinner party this past weekend and found the experience simply heavenly.



Not only was I not bothered by the fact that the meal was made without eggs or dairy (I had had my doubts), but I had a more varied and innovative meal than I have in any omnivorous restaurant recently. I suggested the ingredient jasmine and was ea-

gerly anticipating the result, but even my most creative imaginings were surpassed. Jasmine first appeared in a soup, where the tea was used as the broth in an intriguing take on a miso soup, and then, even better, it appeared alongside my roommate's ingredient (ginger) in a spicy-sweet vegan ice-cream!

While George and Harris' cooking is certainly a cut above what many college students eat on a Friday night, they don't claim to be the sole proprietors of this ability.

"Everybody should cook. Always." Harris insisted. "As long as you have the basic skills, like knowing how to cut and sauté, you can make really good meals in relatively little time. You have to be an idiot not to know how to follow a recipe." ☺

More information about the dinner parties can be found at <http://dinnersat76.blogspot.com>.

All photos gathered from website.

THE BANKSY MOVIE

BY ELIZA MILLS

When most people hear about an art heist, they tend to picture masked men in black sneaking into museums in the dead of night and dodging high-tech security devices. This was absolutely not the case earlier this month in Los Angeles, when, in broad daylight, two distinctly unmasked men "stole" a recent Banksy piece. The artwork lasted less than 72 hours before the heist took place. Sound implausible? This was no museum piece; the stolen art was, in fact, part of a wall where Banksy had left his mark. The "thieves" simply took apart the wall and wheeled the artwork away.

The recent release of Banksy's film *Exit Through the Gift Shop* has sparked an even greater interest in the already famous artist's work. Banksy's notoriety comes as much from his mysteriousness as from the

intensity of the sociopolitical implications surrounding his work. Banksy's anonymity has allowed him to dodge the consequences of his controversial pieces and, on occasion, avoid arrest. Banksy is, at the core, a guerilla artist. His art belongs to the street. Many of his pieces are in Bristol, his assumed hometown, or London. Cities worldwide have been graced with their own Banksy glory; LA, New Orleans, Tokyo, and even the Gaza Strip have lent their streets as canvases in the past. Banksy has no mercy; his work often aims to promote alternative thought or poke fun at others. His pieces have referenced everyone from Los Angeles artist Jeff Koons to the Queen of England herself. His art can be as lighthearted as two kissing policemen on the side of a building or as heavy as a blow-up doll turned Guantanamo Bay prisoner on a Disneyland ride.

There is no doubt that Banksy's counterculture artistry attracts attention, but can he really hold onto his status as guerilla street artist with a film in theaters and artwork selling for tens of thousands of dollars? *Exit Through the Gift Shop* is shown through the eyes of Thierry Guetta, a Frenchman turned Los Angelino whose handheld camera is permanently attached to his hand. Banksy becomes Guetta's subject in the film; his anonymity is preserved with a fuzzed-out face. Still, some of the magic is gone. Even though the promotion for the movie has been more artistic than commercial, the idea that you can watch Banksy work onscreen instead of hearing about his pieces through the grapevine or waiting for one to pop up near you is a bit of a disappointment. As cities worldwide wait for his film to come to theaters, more and more Banksy pieces are popping up on the streets—catch them while you can (they tend to be stolen or vandalized pretty quickly) but don't worry if you miss them, you can always see the movie! ☺



DISPATCHES FROM CAMERA COUNTRY

ALEX GOMEZ



I'm sitting in a pub in London. Really one of the best spots in the city, but it gets me thinking: This place, London, is ruthless, it has its own agenda, and we are subjects of its immutable strength and growth, bombarded by dampness, relentlessly offered a "Free Evening Standard" hundreds of times each day, and there is nothing more crippling constant than the uniform Gray. An emulsion of sadness seeps into all stones of this city and the skies above London are drenched in it.

It even leaks into the Blackfriars, the beloved wood-carved monks shuttling about inside the spaces of my favorite pub. This little drinking hole is a wedge of charisma jabbed smack into the heart of industrial London. Yet this cheese-slice oasis, a rebel building in the middle of the City of London, it, too, broadcasts a message responsible for the woes of modernity that sicken this town: Industry is All. Motto and morals carved deep into the woodworked walls, the humble dominican friars scurry with as much industry and determination as the diligent cranes that overlook us today. Or at least, with as much economical toil as that which compels the fat-necked capitalists who greedily build and endlessly build their buildings, if not the breathtaking sovereign loom of giant construction cranes. Monks can't be that evil.

But even so, this little pub I never want to crawl away from, not back to my flat, certainly never to another pub. I feel almost safe from the sovereign glare here. Not to mention the cameras. First thing I learned about London, friends, is that it is riddled with watching eyes: hundreds of thousands of security cameras. You need not look far for the black and yellow signs, stinging like hornets on every streetcorner; WARNING: YOU ARE ON CCTV. Sometimes even followed by a cheeky "SMILE." It was this blatant disrespect, this tone of a feudal property owner disconcertedly throwing anyone and everyone in the dungeon filled with suspicious characters—it made me think about the power dynamics in the Panopticon, Britain's own theoretical super-prison. Basically, the bounty of texts I discovered through academic research convinced me of the legitimacy of my regard for the CCTV ubiquity

as a new, terribly modern form of discipline and punishment. As Foucault said of modern humankind, "the spread of disciplinary power invests itself deeper into the social body in creating hundreds of tiny theatres of punishment within the geography of the punitive city." Not wanting to sound too pretentious about the whole thing, I kept my complaints lodged within a highly-marked 5,000-word essay, then pulled on tight my urban boots, my cement-gray Nikes, and said stealthily to myself, "This here's Camera Country."

There's something unsettling about how really all is Industry here. Call it the Prison Industrial Complex of the Panopticon Neoliberal City. Call it capitalism, call it the free market. Don't get me wrong, I have catalogued literally countless informative experiences in London, and stupid fun ain't hard to have around here. The thrill of exploring London, however, has shuddered its last down my spine. My curiosity burnt out its naïve energy, and settled my focus squarely upon the corruption of this neoliberal metropolis, and I plummeted into scholarly research and reveries. Outside my window I watched a light flicker out, dying for a full week, and found myself unhappily married to London.

Stifled, I get up to walk home along the River, the air too cold and wet, but still black, deep, and open. Space limitless, wind unrelenting, the night crossing of Waterloo Bridge...Remember, this is the bridge I cross every morning, every night, each rainy afternoon. Obeying the pact I made with myself to greedily consume my visual diet, my eyes drink in the old city surrounding me. In contest with the security cams, I am simply trying to out-watch the fuckers. But bad blood aside, as I walk back on my bridge at 12:44 in the a.m., I realize how incredibly, bafflingly gorgeous London is. I stow what I see tonight securely in my mind. My mind's eye is no panopticon, though—it's open circuit television.

First and most noticeable is the National Theatre: illuminated, swathed in vivid light, the squat blocky building entirely a liquid magma red color. As I look left, there's the old OXO tower, still alive and burning brightly, left on for some Friday reason. Along the water's edge, between OXO and me, a double row of sparkly trees are glittering, too, their perennial strings of lights nested softly in their branches. Each Christmas bulb is a small solar system, the trees themselves whole galaxies each, crowded with stars of hazy electric blue and cloudsilver. The great austere ivory of St. Paul's Cathedral is dimmed now, but imagine how still and peaceful it is! Undisturbed by visitors, photons, Paulie can sleep at last. Its dusk-colored dome is sort of lit from above by the all-night lights on construction sites in the surrounding commercial area.

On my right-hand side Big Ben is also unlit, except for the clock itself, which glows like a moon against the thick stone tower. Behind it all the turrets of the silhouetted Parliament House stand black and ominous, like the dark castle it really is. And quietly, the London Eye beams that dawn-ish color like a halo, reflected on the wide, inky river below.

I've been thinking about getting a tattoo to remember this place. Don't know where I'd put it, but it'd be this: the stark insignia of the CCTV surveillance camera, the Panopticon Brand official logo, but beneath it I'd ink a new tagline—The London Eye. Because I'm just trying to out-watch the fuckers. So, SMILE. ☺



Holy Silence

BY WILL EHRENFELD

Over the past weeks, a furor has arisen over new revelations in the Catholic priest abuse scandal. According to reports, one Cardinal Ratzinger purposefully looked the other way on reports of sexual abuse, going so far as refusing to take any action against a Wisconsin priest who abused over 200 deaf boys and, in another case, valuing the “good of the universal church” against the defrocking of another American priest, dating back to 1985.

Then-Cardinal Ratzinger, better known as Pope Benedict, was the Vatican’s chief doctrinal officer at the time, and internal communication shows that he received reports on multiple cases of priests abusing kids and repeatedly failed to take the swift action—or any action at all, most often—necessary to protect children who have been abused by officials of the Catholic Church.

First, this was just an American problem. It was only in the US that these types of priest abuse cases were occurring, and Europeans preferred it that way. But since the first stories of child abuse came out a few years ago, reports have come from Ireland and several other European countries, most recently Germany, where Ratzinger was Archbishop from 1977-82. This raises a new, even more worrying question about the Pope: did he look the other way when priests under his direct supervision were sexually abusing children?

Time after time, the Pope declined to take disciplinary action either within the church or in the legal system. He took actions only to protect the church and its reputation, totally ignoring the needs of



Catholic children worldwide who have been abused. Through its long history, the Vatican has always tended to focus on secrecy and protecting its own privacy at the expense of everything else, including morality and safety. This has gone on long enough.

This whole scandal amounts to church-sanctioned sexual abuse, and it cannot be tolerated. If any secular institution engaged in such a massive cover-up to protect pedophiles, the people responsible would be swiftly brought to justice. Yet, the Catholic Church occupies a rarefied zone above the law where it is apparently impervious to justice. More importantly, the church and priests around the world have effectively ignored any and all ideas of common human morality. Of all institutions, one expects a religious body to hold itself to a higher standard of morals, but when pedophilia runs rampant and is then covered up, we have to question this belief.

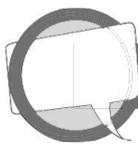
Noted British atheists Christopher Hitchens and Richard Dawkins have called for the arrest of Pope Benedict when he visits the London in September. Human rights lawyers have begun examining the arguments advanced by Hitchens and

Dawkins, agreeing that the Pope could be charged with “crimes against humanity” as a result of the church’s cover-up of child abuse. They cite a principle of international jurisdiction that was employed in 1998 to arrest former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet during his visit to Britain in 1998.

The likelihood of the Pope being arrested is extremely low, but, historically, Britain has been unafraid of defying the Vatican. I hope something happens, because thus far the church has allowed child abuse to continue without consequences for the responsible parties. No one should be above the law, and the Catholic Church especially should be held to a higher moral standard. The conduct of Pope Benedict and others in the church’s hierarchy is nothing short of unconscionable.

The Pope’s claim of a close personal relationship with God—or is it Jesus?—is, in addition to being silly, not part of the equation. Child abuse is separate from religion. No matter what you believe, as a society we agree that sexual abuse of children is not acceptable. It seems obvious, but pedophiles should always be held responsible and, in my opinion, locked up for a very long time.

The Vatican has a long history of doing terrible things and getting away with it, from the Inquisition to the Crusades. Political clout and a legion of followers long insulated the Vatican from repercussions for their actions, many of which violated standards of international law that have existed for centuries. That time has passed. Hold the Pope and his cronies accountable for turning a blind eye to the sexual abuse of young children and show the Vatican that no one is above the law. ☺



BY SOPHIA BOUDOIR

Last weekend, my friend Aphrodite, encouraged by the consumption of boxed wine and a circle of giggling girls, told us about the kinky sex she'd just started having with her new boyfriend. We had always known that this particular friend was on the raunchier side, but we were all surprised when she told us about her new favorite activity: rough sex. She told us about how she would leave her door unlocked and have her boyfriend come into her house, burst into her room, rip off her clothes, and physically restrain her during sex. In discussions that followed, the general consensus was that, although we were surprised, her stories excited us and turned us on. Walking back home, I was flabbergasted at my friend's capacity for seemingly deviant sexual behavior. I started wondering how common this kind of violent role-playing was and if any of my other friends and acquaintances secretly engaged in it.

As it happens, Aphrodite's story is not uncommon. In fact, Matthew Hutson, a psychologist with degrees from Brown and MIT, reports that between 31 and 57 percent of women have had violent fantasies and that, in 9 to 17 percent of women, acting out this roleplay is their preferred

Love *at first* Fright

means of sexual arousal. He also indicates that these are probably low estimates, as women are often ashamed to admit these desires. In fact, incorporation of violence into one's sexual routine in neither a new nor uncommon phenomenon; a nationwide survey by Janus and Janus in 1993 reported that 16% of men and 12% of the women they surveyed agreed that "pain and pleasure really go together in sex."

The idea of a "rape fantasy" is a contradiction—no woman actually wants to be sexually assaulted. Rather, they want the intensity of the situation while maintaining a level of control and safety.

What is it about imagined violence that gets women going? Why do women have these fantasies? To answer that, let's examine the psychological principle of excitation transfer. Excitation transfer happens when the arousal triggered by one stimulus can be transferred or added to the arousal from a second stimulus. The combined arousal is then perceived as having been caused only by the second stimulus (psychologist Dolf Zillmann is credited with this theory). For example, if you are on a date and watching a scary movie,

you may misattribute your psychological arousal symptoms (racing heart, shortness of breath) that the movie causes as attraction for your partner. In this way, you transfer your excitement from one stimulus (the scary movie) to a second one (your date).

Several studies have been designed to test this hypothesis. In a famous experiment conducted in 1974 by Dutton and Aaron, men were approached after crossing one of two bridges. The first one was a narrow suspension bridge swaying 230 feet above rocky rapids, with only a low handrail. The other was a wide, sturdy wooden bridge that was only a few feet above the ground. Whenever an unaccompanied young man walked across one of the bridges, an attractive woman asked him to fill out a questionnaire and subsequently gave him her phone number, encouraging him to call her in case he wanted more information about the project. The results of the experiment showed that men who crossed the scary bridge were more likely to call the woman, as opposed to those who crossed the safe bridge. Dutton and Aaron suggest that the men who were physiologically aroused by fear subsequently felt more attracted to the female researcher. This study has been repeated in different forms, but the principle is always upheld. Researchers Cindy Meston and Penny Frohlich found that men and women rated the photo of a person of the opposite sex as more attractive just after they got off a rollercoaster



ride as opposed to just before. And the situation doesn't have to necessarily be scary to prompt this phenomenon; in an experiment conducted in 1981 by Gregory White, it was reported that men who had just run on a treadmill for two minutes consistently rated a photo of a woman as more attractive than did men who had only run for fifteen seconds. Thus, there is a definite correlation between physiological arousal and sexual attraction.

In his book, *Sex and the Psyche*, Brett Kahr refers to this phenomenon when discussing individuals who participate in sexually violent roleplaying. He calls it "Sympathetic Activation," and explains that sympathetic nervous system becomes engaged in times of stress or danger, activating a fight-or-flight response marked by increased heart rate, respiration, pupil dilation, and genital arousal. Since fear and excitement go hand in hand (think about a rollercoaster), a perceived threat, even if it's fabricated, can be highly sexually arousing to women.

Kahr also offers other possible explanations for the popularity of this behavior. One of them is the notion of desirability, where he suggests that part of the allure of these fantasies for women is that they like to believe that they're so attractive that men cannot resist the urge to overtake them. Supporting this theory is research suggesting that women who are clingier and needier (for those of you familiar with attachment styles, these are the "anxiously attached" women) have more sexual fantasies featuring submission. Kahr also proposes a "sexual blame avoidance" theory, where he suggests that because women are socialized to not seek out sex lest they be considered too promiscuous, they participate in these fantasies to avoid guilt (since they can pretend that the sex is against their will).

Paul Joannides, author of *A Guide to Getting it On* who spoke at Tufts in October, ardently stresses the distinction between fantasies and role-plays and actual violent sexual acts. Referring to this distinction, he says: "the woman with the fantasy is in control by virtue of who she has 'raped' her or because she's the one scripting the scenario, while control is the last thing that a woman who is being raped has any of." According to him, the idea of a "rape fantasy" is a contradiction—no woman actually wants to be sexually assaulted. Rather, they want the intensity of the situation while maintaining a level of control and safety.

Contrary to popular notions of violent sex being enjoyed only by those with a history of abuse or other sexual problems, it seems that these sexual acts are usually practiced by otherwise ordinary individuals. According to

a popular sexual education textbook (Bruce King's *Human Sexuality Today*), the only common feature among individuals who participate in and enjoy these activities is their "strong desire to control their environment." Acting out these often-scripted and highly structured scenarios becomes

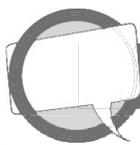
a manifestation of this desire. According to the textbook, most participants are heterosexual, middle or upper class, and well educated.

They are almost always socially and emotionally well adjusted individuals and adds that their behaviors do not appear to be "pathological or a symptom of deeper problems, nor do they generally involve wish for injury, punishment for sexual guilt, or self-destructive impulses."

Many women are understandably uncomfortable expressing such a kinky desire to their partners; this has led to a new niche in the market of escort services.

Companies have started to provide violent "designer kidnappings"—elaborately constructed situations where women pay to be realistically abducted and "raped" (no, this is not legal). All things considered, it seems like although this behavior might initially seem extreme and sexually deviant, it is undamaging and not indicative of other psychological problems. Many women find it highly arousing to hand over control to a partner they trust. And as long as these women are safe, consenting, and in trusting relationships, it seems that incorporating a little pain and forceful restraint into a bedroom routine is a harmless way to spice things up in the bedroom. ☺

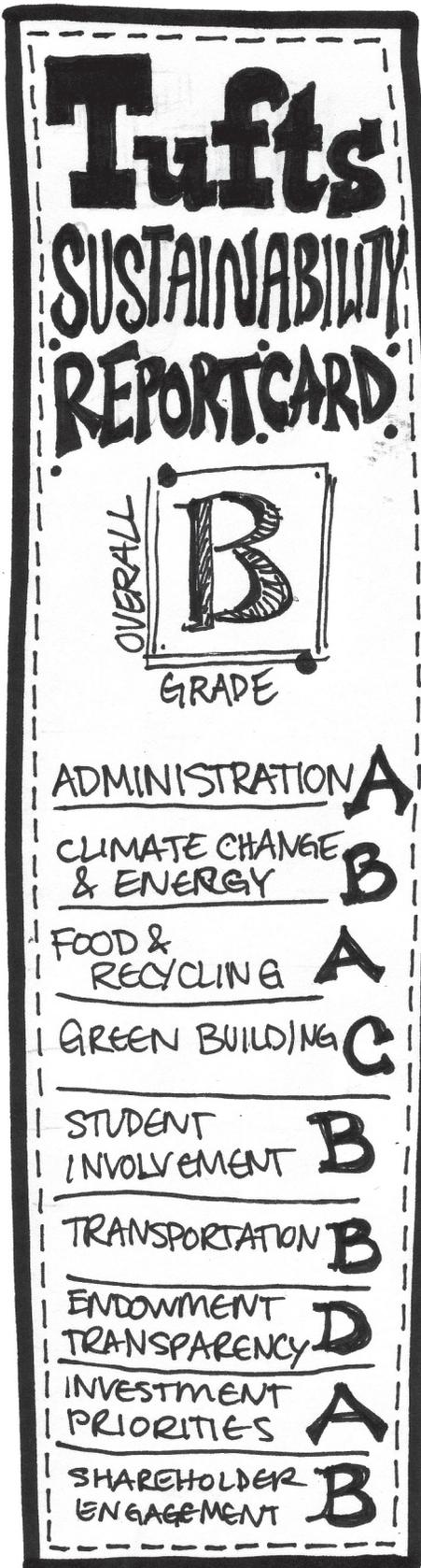




Making the Green Grade

The Future of Sustainability at Tufts

BY RACHAEL WOLBER



SOURCE: THE COLLEGE SUSTAINABILITY REPORT CARD
GRAPHIC BY RUTH TAM

In 1990, University President Jean Mayer created and signed the first commitment towards environmental sustainability in higher education, the Talloires Declaration. Since then, over 350 colleges and universities have signed this pledge. But if we fast-forward 20 years, how do things look? As much as we like to tout our “green” credentials, Tufts has fallen behind. We received a “B” ranking in the 2010 Green Report Card, a well-known metric for university sustainability. So what are we doing wrong?

If you break down this report, our administration is getting an “A.” With more and more sustainable commitments each year, this grade is well deserved. For example, Tufts recently joined the Sustainability Tracking Assessment and Rating System, or STARS, a nationwide program that helps universities improve sustainable practices in their education, administration, and operations. This program also allows for comparisons and information sharing with other universities, so that Tufts’ practices will always be up to date.

So where is Tufts lacking? It’s in the “Student Involvement” section of this report that we fall behind our neighbor schools such as BU, BC, Brandeis, and MIT. When I first came to Tufts, I was frustrated by the lack of student support toward environmental issues as well as the disorganization of well-intentioned but ineffective environmental groups. Recently, the campus has been improving in both of these areas, but we are still not where we need to be.

How can we pull ourselves out of this slump? First, we need collaboration.

There are many environmentally minded student groups on campus, but they lose their strength by splintering into small groups. We need to create an overarching body for these groups that functions like the Leonard Carmichael Society does for community service groups. With this increased collaboration, we can focus on the quality, not the quantity, of environmentally focused events and sustainable initiatives. In addition to this body, we need TCU Senate support, which could be gained by creating a senate position dedicated specifically to these issues.

Secondly, we need to build an environmental community at Tufts. Student support for these issues extends beyond “hippies” and Environmental Studies majors, but the current campus atmosphere often falls into this stereotype. We need better resources—access to supportive professors, community events, and speakers to foster this community. For example, the Office of Sustainability is working to bring back the Eco-Reps program, in which students would be paid to teach their peers about environmental issues. Programs such as this one would nurture this new environmental community.

Things have already started to change for the better. The student-run Tufts Energy Conference was a great success this year, attracting nearly 400 guests with two days of speakers, panelists, and workshops. For all the debate that surrounded it, the Carmichael tray-less pilot showed the power of student-run initiatives—and got people thinking about the impact of their everyday habits. But in order to keep these fires going, we need institutionalized change so that projects don’t just disappear once students graduate. Only then will Tufts make the grade. ☺



facebook Jumbo's Live Feed

 **Jumbo and 3,478 friends** are attending **Spring Fling: A Hypothetical Exercise in Responsible Drinking.**

 **Jumbo and 11 friends** are attending **2nd Annual Springtime Mass Casualty Incident.**

 **TEMS seriously, guys?**

 **Dean Sternberg** joined the network **Oklahoma State University.**

 **The Stork** sent **Dean Sternberg** a **gift: Bun in the oven.**

 **April Open House** wrote on **Prospective Jumbo's** wall: beautiful weather today!

 **Tufts Admissions** likes this.

 **Adele Fleet Bacow** Tanning on the lawn, who's bringing the SPF?

 **President's Marathon Challenge Team** attended the **Boston Marathon**

 **Reggie Hubbard's** birthday is April 20.

 **Lauren Levine** Enjoy the grilled cheese, vote for me!

 **TDC** tagged **Larry and Adele Bacow** in a video: **A Sassy Surprise.**

 **OK GO** looking for four treadmills. Please return ASAP.

 **Sam Wallis** changed his current location from Tel Aviv to Medford.

 **Sam Wallis** Surprise, bitches!

 **Tufts University** gave **Class of 2010** a gift: Senior Week

 **1,302 friends** liked this.

 **Class of 2010** is now in a relationship with **Unfulfilled Fantasy Screw** and it's complicated.

 **Unfulfilled Fantasy Screw** feeling a little hungover.



A Taste of the Tavern

The Observer Reviews The Russel House Tavern

BY CHELSEA BROWN

When Z Square Café in Harvard Square closed its doors in January 2009, the prime little slice of real estate at 14 JFK St. sat empty for months. Its destiny was uncertain. What godforsaken chain would swoop in next?

Luckily, the space was snatched up by the same all-star restaurant team that owns Redline, Temple Bar, and Grafton Street, three highly successful Boston restaurants. Their latest brainchild was a contemporary American gastropub called The Russell House Tavern, named after Thomas Russell, a furniture dealer who set up shop at 14 JFK in early 1800s. While playing up its nostalgic appeal, RHT simultaneously rides the mod-ish Green wave with its sustainable, buy-local ethos.

Right off the bat, I would characterize RHT as one of the best date restaurants in Boston. On a slightly awkward second date? Grab a spot in the upstairs tavern, where the lively blend of music, chatter,

and people-watching can easily occupy any uncomfortable silences. Got an anniversary coming up? Request a table in the downstairs dining room, which has a bit more of a sultry, sleek atmosphere. Stuck in the friend zone? Head to the bar where the full restaurant menu is available and perhaps things might start going your way.

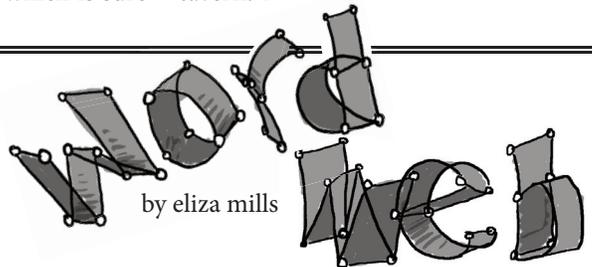
Right off the bat, I would characterize RHT as one of the best date restaurants in Boston.

The menu is similarly versatile with a mix of affordable small plates and more decadent ones, in addition to a raw bar that features oysters, clams, crab claws, and shrimp. For appetizers, I would definitely go for the crab salad (\$16), which is sandwiched between petite homemade biscuits. If you are feeling adventurous, order the steak tartare (\$6), which is sure

to prove itself as the best in town. Among my favorite entrees are the pork trio (\$23) served with cheesy grits and the lamb shank (\$22) served atop stewed black lentils. If you are on a budget, the \$10 R. House Burger is the way to go. Served in the traditional tavern style, it comes on an English muffin along with a generous heap of fries.

As if the food weren't enticing enough, the cocktails, beer, and wine selections are all stellar. Going along with its speak-easy ambience, its drink list includes American classics like the Vieux Carré, conceived at the Monteleone Hotel in New Orleans, and Prohibition-era favorites like the Moscow Mule.

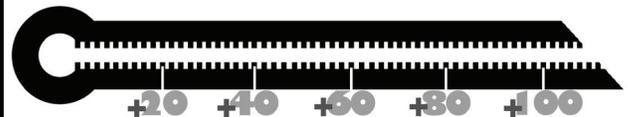
Given the exceptional quality of the food, the kickin' atmosphere, and the attractive All-American essence, I would bet on Russell House's long and happy tenancy. Stop by soon to support this terrific tavern. ☺



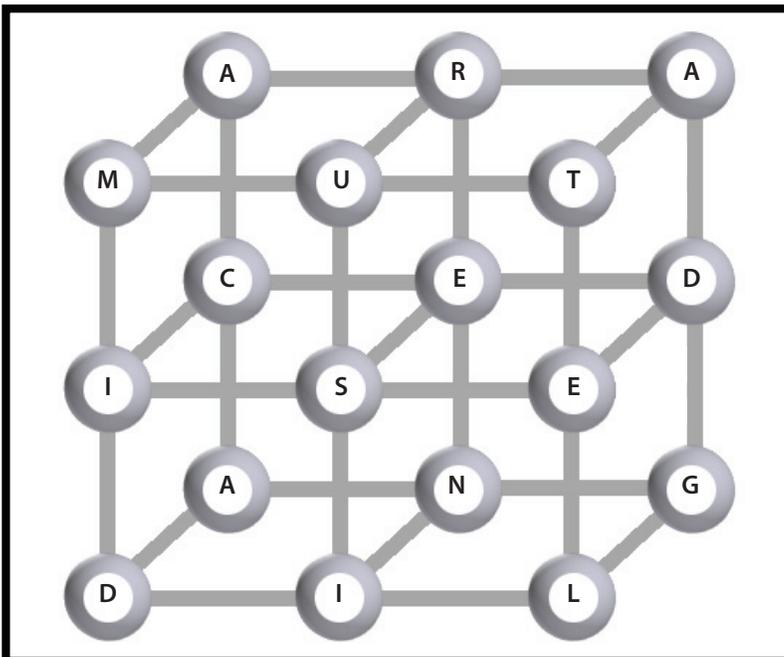
Find 5-letter (or more) words by using the letters in circles that are connected by lines. You can go up, down and sideways. For example, M-A-C-E-S. You can use the same letter more than once in a word, but cannot double up on the letter. For example: R-A-D-A-R is okay, but T-A-R-R-E-D is not.

- ★ 5 letter words are 1 point
- ★ 6+ letter words are 2 points

In this puzzle, at least 100 points are possible



Got what it takes? Keep track of your score by connecting the dashes on the **wordmeter!**





A Date with Danny & Dan

“The Tearful Goodbye”

BY DANNY WEINER & DAN RIZZO



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH HERMAN

The last issue of the year seems to be an appropriate occasion to wrap up all of the amazing places we have eaten over the past semester. We ate at one of the best-rated and most respected (for good reasons) restaurants in the country, Oishii, where we indulged in Kobe Maki topped with sweet red wine pear—enough said. We ventured over to the quaint and delightful Tibetan restaurant in Teele Square (House of Tibet) and warmed ourselves with a hearty and tender yak and cabbage stew. We discovered Guru the Caterer, a small family-operated takeout restaurant that serves the best curry in Somerville. We woke up early and

headed into Chinatown to what is objectively the most authentic and best dim sum in Boston, Hei Lei Moon.

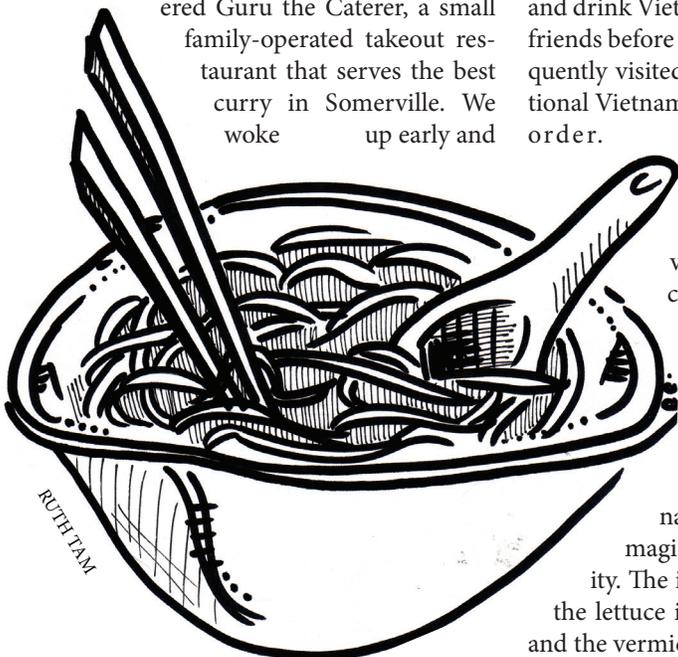
But, looking back on all the food we have enjoyed this year, we would just not be doing our due diligence if we did not write an entire article about the restaurant that has provided us with excellent food, quick service, and most importantly consistency—Pho Pasteur in Chinatown.

Pho Pasteur is located right behind the AMC Lowes at the Boston Common. It is the perfect stop to eat some phabulous pho and drink Vietnamese beer with a group of friends before a movie. Both of us have frequently visited Pho Pasteur, yet the traditional Vietnamese dishes seem to be all we order.

I typically enjoy the bún, which is a hearty piece of charbroiled pork placed over a heaping pile of rice vermicelli noodles, lettuce, carrots, and bean sprouts. I pour a little fish oil, hoisin paste, and chili sauce in the bowl and lightly toss all the ingredients with my chopsticks, creating a simple yet delicious Vietnamese salad. Herein lies the magic of Pho Pasteur: its simplicity. The ingredients are always fresh, the lettuce is crispy, the pork is tender, and the vermicelli is perfectly al dente.

Perhaps the most typical of Vietnamese dishes, and the most popular among Pho Pasteur frequenters, is its namesake, pho. Pho is a traditional and hearty Vietnamese soup made with beef-stock broth, thin slices of beef, tripe, and rice noodles. Though the dish sounds simple, finding good quality pho in the city can be problematic. Many restaurants, especially in Chinatown, serve their pho with extremely thin and fatty slices of beef, chewy noodles, and grimy broth. With their beef selection, Pho Pasteur consistently strikes the perfect balance of meat and fat. There is plenty of meat to enjoy, while just enough fat to infuse the flavor into the broth. Their broth is neither oily nor thick and grimy. Quite the opposite, the aromatic broth is fresh, crisp, and steaming hot! Accompanied with a generous helping of bean sprouts, basil, lime, hot peppers, and fish oil, Pho Pasteur's quintessential dish is one Boston's finest.

And so, loyal *Observer* readers, we wrap up this year with soup in our bellies and warmth in our hearts. With these, we shall muster the strength to weather the transition to off-campus housing this summer. But of course, in spite of the trials of adjusting to a new house and neighborhood, and fending off homesickness, we will continue our pursuit of new restaurants. ☺





POLICE BLOTTER

Sunday, April 11

At 10 p.m., a student living on College Ave. called TUPD to report that at 1:10 p.m., he had found a man between 40 and 50 years of age in his house. The man repeatedly muttered to himself, mentioning that he was in the house to purchase drugs. The student insisted there were no drugs to be bought. According to Sergeant Robert McCarthy, the man's story "made no sense."

Thursday, April 22

TUPD officers were uphill when they heard yelling by Ballou Hall and Goddard Chapel. Following the noise, they found 15 to 20 students gathered by the cannon, includ-

THINGS YOUR PARENTS DON'T WANT TO HEAR...



ing members of ATO who wanted to paint it. The students were upset because members of Sigma Nu were threatening to paint over the cannon. According to Sergeant McCarthy, there was "a little pushin' and a few swears." Calm down, kids!

Saturday, April 24

At 11:40 p.m., members of Zeta Psi called TUPD to report two males students who had entered the fraternity's house uninvited. One of the trespassers had attempted entry through the fire escape. A resident of the house chased the trespasser from the fire escape. While fleeing the scene, one of the trespassers dropped his phone. After collecting the phone, TUPD received a call on it. It was the trespasser's father, who volunteered his son's name. ☺

Written and illustrated by Ruth Tam.

bunchofguys

by alyce and malcolm





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