

# TUFTS OBSERVER

TUFTS' STUDENT MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 24, 2008

The Story of Somerville's  
Winter Hill Gang



DEPARTED  
BUT NOT  
FORGOTTEN

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Since  
1895

# Departed, but forgotten?

ERIC KILBY

—One mile from Tufts, a historic epicenter of organized crime.

BY LOREN AUSTEN

When one thinks of the quaint, collegiate metropolitan Boston area, organized crime is most likely not the first thing to spring to mind. Thoughts of colorful autumn landscapes and covered bridges seem to have more in common with our New England home than contract killings and corruption. Even so, throughout the second half of the 20th century, Boston was home to one of the most successful criminal organizations in the America. Inspiring fear, respect, and eventually the Oscar winning film *The Departed*, the Winter Hill gang ruled the crim-

inal underworld of Boston from 1965 until their disassociation in 2003. If the name Winter Hill doesn't sound familiar to you, it should. This confederacy of criminals got their start in the Winter Hill neighborhood of Somerville, one mile from the doorstep of Tufts University.

The 2007 Oscar winner for best picture, *The Departed*, takes a great deal of inspiration from the Winter Hill gang's operations in Boston. Filmed on location in Somerville and Worcester, the film chronicles the fall of Irish-American mob boss Frank Costello. As outlandish as Jack Nicholson's character seems, he is in part inspired by the criminal legend, and for-

mer leader of the Winter Hill gang, James "Whitey" Bulger. Bulger, who headed the organization from 1979 until fleeing the country in 1994, is currently listed just below Osama bin Laden on the FBI's most wanted fugitive list with a bounty of \$2 million on his head. Like Costello, Bulger was a man with a hair-trigger temper who built a criminal empire around drug dealing and offering protection to local criminals. Bulger's success in creating such a powerful organization, as well as in evading arrest for nearly 30 years, was due to his connections with federal as well as state law enforcement.

Matt Damon's character in the film,



LOREN AUSTEN

Colin Sullivan, was loosely based on FBI agent John Connolly. After making a deal with the crime lord in the mid-1970s, Connolly passed on information to Bulger throughout the 1980s and 1990s. Earlier this year, Connolly was convicted of murder based on his connections to the 1982 murder of gambling executive John Callahan, whose body was found riddled with bullets in the trunk of his Cadillac at Miami International Airport, would probably have provided federal prosecutors with enough evidence to put Bulger behind bars. At the close of the case, prosecuting attorney Fred Wyshak said that “unless we catch Whitey Bulger, this marks the end of what is really a sad chapter for federal law enforcement.”

In the early 1960s, when the Winter Hill gang got its start, Somerville was a far different city than it is now. Composed primarily of Irish and Italian immigrant families, the Winter Hill neighborhood of Somerville was a blue-collar neighborhood centered around a smattering of bars and lounges on Broadway Avenue. After defeating the McLaughlin gang of Charlestown MA, in the early 1960s the Winter Hill gang were not only the most powerful Irish gang in Boston, but the entire east coast. Replacing former boss “Buddy” McLean, who was killed by members of the McLaughlin gang in 1965, was Howard “Howie” Winter. Winter would strengthen the gang’s involvement in gambling in the North End with the help

of the young Whitey Bulger, who carried out hits against rival gangs in the primarily Italian section of Boston.

Bulger joined the Winter Hill gang in the late 1960s when the gang was still based in Somerville. At the time, the Winter Hill gang was making a killing fixing horse races up and down the East Coast. The gang paid jockeys to throw races, collecting huge profits. After one such jockey came forward and testified against the Winter Hill Gang in 1979, 21 members were indicted for racketeering. Notably absent from those charged were Stephen “The Rifleman” Flemmi and Bulger.

By 1975 Flemmi was already feeding information to the Feds, helping them

build a case against Boston mafia boss Gennaro Angiulo. While Angiulo had the local police on his side, the Winter Hill Gang would soon have the blessing of the federal government. In the autumn of 1975, Bulger met with federal agent John Connolly whose goal was to convince the Winter Hill hitman to become a Top Echelon informant for the FBI. Connolly had grown up in the same neighborhood and had even gone to the same church as Bulger. The two men’s common Irish-American roots were also undoubtedly a basis for trust. In their conversations, the informa-

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tion that got the mobster’s attention was purely based on business. Both the Winter Hill gang and the local Italian mafia were feuding over (what else) the placement of vending machines in Boston’s North End, so if Bulger helped the FBI take down the Mafia, all the better for business. Connolly told Bulger, that if the Winter Hill gang and the Mafia began fighting over the issue, the Winter Hill gang would likely lose as they lacked the police protection their opponents enjoyed. When presented with this, Bulger allegedly said that the mafia “can play checkers. We’ll play chess.”

With the federal government behind him, Bulger had no difficulty increasing the Winter Hill gang’s empire. As Dick

Lehr and Gerard O’Neil point out in their book *Black Mass*, Bulger knew that “if [the Feds] were chewing on the Mafia, it was very difficult for the Mafia to be chewing on them.” After Howie Winter’s indictment by a federal jury stemming from his involvement in fixing horse races, Bulger took control of the Winter Hill gang and moved them from their base in Somerville’s Marshall Motors to another car garage in Boston’s North End. Local police quickly set up surveillance of the gang’s new headquarters, but after being tipped off by Connolly, the gang was careful not to discuss any business there. With Connolly’s protection against both local police and rival criminal organizations, Bulger was free to expand his operations far beyond the streets of Somerville.

Thriving in the corruption of 1970s Boston, the Winter Hill Gang concerned itself primarily with illegal gambling and drug smuggling. Under Bulger’s violent regime, the gang flooded the streets of Boston with heroin, cocaine, and prescription opiates. In addition to the protection of the FBI, the Winter Hill gang also enjoyed the protection of the Massachusetts State Senate, which from 1978 to 1996 was led by Billy Bulger, Whitey’s little brother.

Although the gang’s day to day activities of drug smuggling and murder were shocking enough, their most infamous act is one of the great unsolved crimes in United States history. The crime, which occurred the morning after St. Patrick’s day 1990, took place at

the Isabella Stuart Gardner museum near Northeastern University. At 1:24 a.m., two men dressed as police officers knocked on the side door of the museum and were admitted by the security guards on duty at the time. 90 minutes later the security guards had been bound and gagged with duct tape and over \$300 million worth of art had been stolen from the museum. Among the stolen pieces were three Rembrandts, five drawings by Degas, a Manet and a Vermeer. To this day the paintings have not been recovered and not a single person has been prosecuted in relation to the case. Although local law enforcement presumed there would have to be a connection between such a large crime

“The gang also enjoyed the protection of the Massachusetts State Senate, which from 1978 to 1996 was led by Billy Bulger... **Whitey’s little brother.**”

and the Winter Hill gang (as little illegal activity could be carried out without the gang’s blessing), they were unable to come up with any corroborating evidence. This case, which is not only the single largest art theft in history but also one of the greatest property thefts, remains unsolved to this day.

The long shadow cast by the Winter Hill gang faded over time as law enforcement finally caught up with them. While Bulger has managed to elude capture, a joint taskforce of the United States Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) and the Massachusetts State Police managed to bring an end to the Winter Hill gang’s long reign as overlords of Boston’s criminal underworld. The taskforce correctly suspected that the FBI had been compromised, so was able to keep information from John

Connolly and, in turn, from Bulger himself. The Winter Hill gang was in part brought down by the courageous acts of Tim Connolly, a mortgage broker with a history of dealings with Bulger, who risked his life by wearing a wire during conversations with the gang’s leader.

Since the dissolution of the Winter Hill gang, Boston and Somerville have undoubtedly become safer places to live. Somerville’s acting police chief told the Somerville news early last year that “most people who live in the neighborhood now don’t even know those days existed. Nobody thinks about it. All those guys are gone now - dead, in jail, or forgotten.”

Carl Sciortino, the Massachusetts state representative for the area around Winter Hill told the Somerville news that “Winter Hill has an interesting and color-

ful history but the reality is it is now a vibrant community with a mix of young and old families with a lot of neighborhood bonding.”

The Winter Hill gang may no longer roam the streets of Somerville, but new troubles have arisen. The attempted abduction of a female last week is an indicative, if extreme, example of the new nature of crime in the city. “I don’t walk alone, I’m afraid of creepy obnoxious guys” explains Katy Lagone, a Worcester native currently living in Teele Square. The names that were once fixtures of the area—Whitey, Bulger—are slowly being forgotten. When asked about the former leaders of the gang, Lagone stretched to remember their story. “I guess it was my parents who told me about [the Winter Hill gang],” Lagone said. “They’re on the run, right?”



LOREN AUSTEN

# Not Julia Roberts

Erin Brockovich: what can one say about a Midwest-born single mother of three who, through sheer grit and determination, brought down a major California Power Company and won \$333 million for 600 victims of groundwater contamination in Brinkley, CA? And it was all pro bono.

The real Erin Brockovich, who spoke last Monday to a sold-out crowd in Cohen Auditorium as part of Hillel's Moral Voices series, seemed to understand that this is one case where actions speak louder than words. Her speech, which was nothing exceptional, was filled with inspirational platitudes about the importance of believing in oneself and never giving up. She explained how Doctor Seuss's books were rejected 27 times before someone decided to publish them and how some silly idea called "Disneyland" was initially scoffed at. She even borrowed a tune from Barack Obama (or is it Rosie the Riveter?) and said with unabashed enthusiasm, "Yes I can!" These catchphrases might have resonated with a high school crowd, but Tufts students seemed less inspired by the words than by the woman standing in front of them.

Tall and a former beauty pageant winner, Brockovich was voted the girl in her high school class "least likely to succeed." She was an "underdog and underachiever," and her personal life saw two divorces and a terrible car accident. Then, as a file clerk in a Southern California law firm, she got her hands on some old medical records. After she single-handedly investigated the matter, she realized that hundreds of Brinkley residents were experiencing deleterious health effects from exposure to chromium, which had leaked into the groundwater from a nearby power station owned by Pacific Gas and Electric Company. The rest is cinematic history, when the movie *Erin Brockovich*, starring Julia Roberts, hit the big screen in

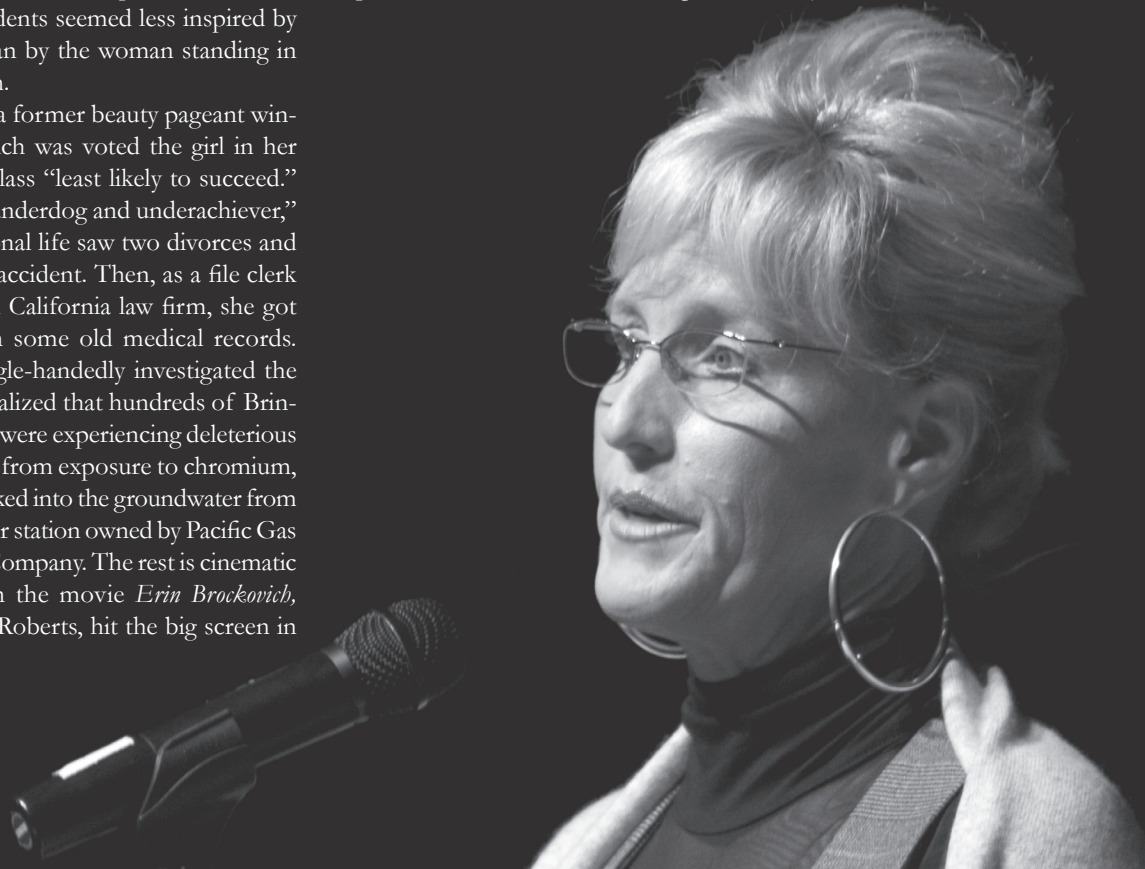
2000 and made Erin's victory against Pacific Gas and Electric famous—indeed, Oscar-worthy.

Just in case anyone in the audience expected to see Julia Roberts, Brockovich made her identity very clear early in the lecture: "My name is Erin Brockovich. I am not Julia Roberts." She also assuaged the audience by explaining that most of the details in the movie were authentic, although she confided that had the "biker dude" been as good-looking in real-life as he was in the movie, she may have married him after all.

Although Brockovich was thrilled about the movie's success, she confessed that the point of the movie is the larger inspirational message. "The moral of the story was more profound than the story itself," she said, pointing out that there are many heroes around us who will never have a movie made about them. Despite her platitudes, Brockovich's most important message to the student body is that, quite literally, anybody can make a difference. You don't need a law degree. You don't need to be a politician

or a community activist. You don't need to be an expert on environmental issues, which Brockovich surely is not. Indeed, she only brought up the "Green Movement" towards the final moments of her speech, almost as a kind of footnote.

All it takes to make a difference against the "bad people of the world" is a little "common sense" and "stick-to-itiveness," as she said, or stubborn perseverance to do what is right. This is useful advice, considering the current climate of overachievement, which forces college students to chase that next degree, award, or scholarship instead of entering the workforce and pursuing their ideals. Brockovich, eternally grounded and down-to-earth, reminds us to stop talking about justice and to start delivering justice. She reminds us that even those among us without a top GPA, a killer internship this summer, or the charisma of Barack Obama can still stand up for what is good and right in this world. And really, isn't that just common sense? ☺



DAN ROSEN

# FILLING UP THE TANK

BY JAKE STERN

Over the past few years, the United States has undergone an identity crisis: our auto-centric nation has seen the fossil-fuel blood that runs through its veins slowly become less plentiful and rapidly become more costly. Even when gas prices were high in recent months, Americans still drove just as much as they have in past years. Clearly, our society is one that is not content to give up the liberties and privileges that come along with owning and operating a personal vehicle.

As such, the amount of fuel that is consumed by Americans is expected to remain constant. But, as the availability of oil diminishes and, subsequently, the cost of oil increases, the cost of driving will rise as well. Many solutions to this problem have been proposed, but few have been implemented. Hybrid cars are one of a select few solutions that have increased the fuel efficiency of the US's auto fleet. Other solutions in progress include electric and hydrogen-powered cars; neither of these has reached the stage in their development where they are prepared to roll off an assembly line and into a dealership. Not to mention that each of these solutions has its own problems: it seems there really is no free lunch.

The use of corn ethanol as a fuel source for America's auto fleet is no exception that adage. Cellulosic corn ethanol is a fuel created by converting the complex sugars known as starch, commonly found in corn, potatoes, and grains, into ethanol. This process is complex but can essentially be used to create ethanol from almost any plant. For example, sugar cane is utilized by Brazil to support one of the largest ethanol industries in the world. In fact, sugar cane harvested in Brazil will be used to create almost 7.3 billion gallons of ethanol in 2008. This ethanol production represents over 45% of the fuel consumed by Brazil's auto fleet.

By contrast, in 2008 the United States will produce 9.25 billion gallons of ethanol, which represents only 4% of the United States' motor fuel consumption. Despite the fact that the US has a larger total level of production, that production still represents

a smaller portion of total consumption. This discrepancy could have to do with the sheer enormity of the amount of gasoline consumed by Americans.

There are, however, several other reasons that Brazil is able to produce and consume so much ethanol per capita. First, over 85% of new cars sold in Brazil last year were Flex-Fuel Vehicles (FFVs). FFVs are cars that have had modifications made to their engines allowing them to operate on ethanol, gasoline, or any mixture of the two. In contrast, General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler have each agreed to make 50% of their vehicles FFVs by 2012. The slow embrace of alternative fuel technologies by American automakers represents just one reason why Americans cannot consume more ethanol.

Another reason why the US has been slow to jump on the ethanol bandwagon is the relatively low efficiency of the ethanol production process here. Corn, as compared to sugar cane, contains much less sugar which can then be converted into fuel. In fact, according to the French National Scientific Research Center, typical American conversion of corn into ethanol yields 1.12 kilocalories of energy for every 1 kilocalorie of fossil fuel input. On the other hand, typical Brazilian conversion of sugar cane into ethanol yields 1.38 kilocalories of energy for every 1 kilocalorie of fossil fuel energy put into the process. So, on average, the Brazilian process of producing ethanol is 23% more efficient than the American process. This is an incredibly large discrepancy when profit margins are involved. The low efficiency of corn as a source of ethanol could be one reason subsidies are needed for bio-fuel production in America.

Even though efficiency is one of the main economic arguments against ethanol production, there are even more criticisms of corn ethanol. First, corn is currently the leading source of livestock feed in the United States and is a major source of food for the American people as well. But the demand for corn has increased for ethanol production. Food prices in all areas have gone up in response to the new stress on corn supplies.

Indeed, the price of corn drives the price of many major foods key to the American diet. For example, dairy prices are influenced by how much a farmer has to pay to feed his cows while meat prices are also influenced by the cost of feeding livestock. Sodas and most other sweetened beverages are made with corn syrup. The prices of cereals and other grains, although not directly linked to corn prices, tend to mirror them. As such, they are also likely to increase given the rise in corn prices. In other words, the increase in corn prices due to ethanol production will likely have far-reaching implications on food prices.

Despite the widely publicized downsides, biofuels come with significant benefits as well. First, the use of corn ethanol represents an important step away from our traditional, fossil fuel-driven economy. It has the potential to be one of the first renewable fuels that could provide a sizable portion of our nation's energy needs especially because it can be easily incorporated into America's transportation sector, unlike wind or solar power. Currently, renewable fuel sources account for only 7% of the total energy consumed in this country. However, if the US follows Brazil's lead and begins to embrace ethanol, that number could skyrocket in the next 10 years. An increase in corn ethanol production would also allow the United States to slowly decrease its dependence on foreign oil.

Of course, fossil fuels are still used to plow the corn fields, make the fertilizer, and transport raw materials for the process of making corn ethanol, and this has been one of the main arguments against ethanol as a fuel source. However, if the efficiency of the process continues to improve, as it has in past years, one can expect drastic increases in investment and use and decreases in criticism.

On the flip side of the food price issue, ethanol production provides much needed financial assistance to corn farmers. The Corn Belt has traditionally been one of the poorer areas in the US and up until now has not really had a major industry to speak of other than food production. So, the growth



# The rising **PRI****C****E** of gasoline is driving America to consider the pros and cons of biofuels as an alternative.

of ethanol production in the US could provide much needed economic support to several states in the Midwest. Besides having an industry to rely on, corn farmers could expect to see a modest increase in their incomes due to a somewhat small price increase on corn and corn products. Even more compelling is that unlike when gas prices rise, the extra revenue from a rise in corn prices stays here in the US.

In fact, perhaps one of the most under covered issues in the recent election was the candidates' different stances on corn ethanol. Barack Obama's support of the ethanol industry may have been one of the reasons he was so popular in Midwestern states. He was able to narrow the margin in Missouri and win outright in Iowa and Indiana. His continuing support of the economic interests of those states was certainly a boon to his campaign.

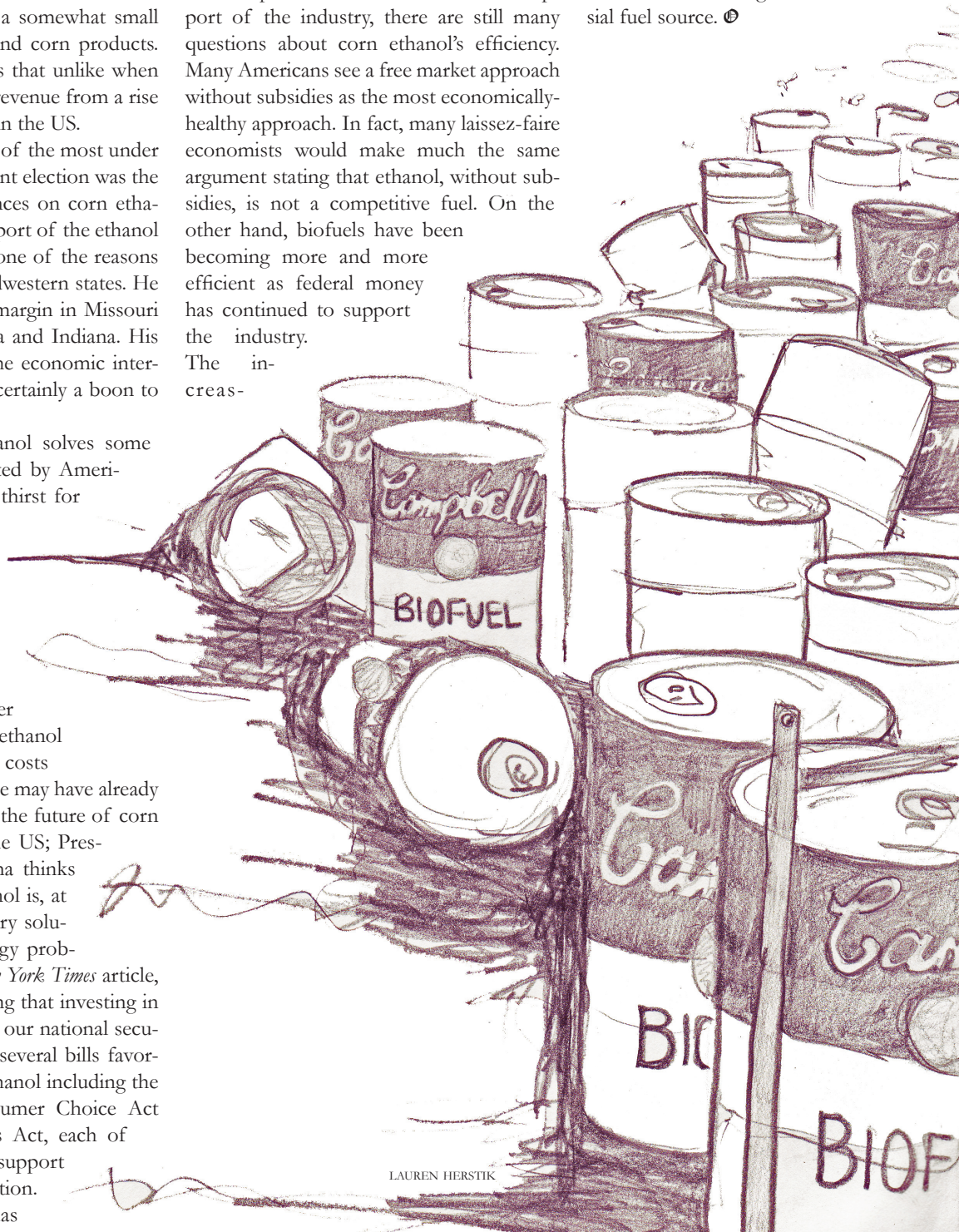
Cellulosic corn ethanol solves some of the problems presented by America's seemingly insatiable thirst for fuel but leaves many others unresolved. Ethanol production also creates many new problems that in turn require new solutions. The question for the United States becomes whether the benefits of corn ethanol production are worth the costs

The American people may have already made the decision about the future of corn ethanol production in the US; President-elect Barack Obama thinks that cellulosic corn ethanol is, at the very least, a temporary solution to our current energy problems. In the June 23 *New York Times* article, Obama is quoted as saying that investing in ethanol "ultimately helps our national security." He has sponsored several bills favoring the production of ethanol including the Fuel Security and Consumer Choice Act and the American Fuels Act, each of which in provide major support for corn ethanol production. President-elect Obama has

supported ethanol since the very beginning of his campaign and is very likely to push for continued subsidies that will encourage the industry's growth.

Despite President-elect Obama's support of the industry, there are still many questions about corn ethanol's efficiency. Many Americans see a free market approach without subsidies as the most economically-healthy approach. In fact, many laissez-faire economists would make much the same argument stating that ethanol, without subsidies, is not a competitive fuel. On the other hand, biofuels have been becoming more and more efficient as federal money has continued to support the industry. The in-

creasing efficiency of the fuel itself will make the corn ethanol industry more competitive with traditional fossil fuels and will perhaps encourage the federal government to continue subsidizing this controversial fuel source. ©



LAUREN HERSTIK

# A Cure for AIDS?

BY EMILY JOHNSTON

**A**uto-Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) is a disease that currently infects 33 million people and claims 2 million lives each year. It is a global pandemic that, while more pervasive in some populations than others, does not discriminate among its victims. Presently, there are treatments available that slow the course of the disease, but there is neither a vaccine nor a cure. Prevention for the uninfected and antiviral drugs for those already afflicted with the virus are the only current medical responses available, but this month a *Wall Street Journal* article published on November 7 highlighted a new direction of scientific study of Human Immunodeficiency Disease (HIV), pioneered by a German physician.

Almost two years ago, Berlin hematologist Gero Hütter treated a 42-year-old, American, HIV-positive patient for leukemia at Charité Hospital. While he was not an HIV specialist, Dr. Hütter saw the bone marrow transplant that he was about to perform was an opportunity to treat both his patient's cancer and his HIV. Hütter, according to the usual bone marrow transplant procedures, first destroyed all of his patient's bone marrow and then transplanted the donor marrow into his bones, the typical treatment for late-stage leukemia. What makes this case unique is the genetic makeup of the donor DNA and the effects that it had on the HIV-positive status of the patient.

There are some individuals, approximately one percent of Europeans, who carry a genetic mutation that makes their lymphocyte cells resistant to one form of HIV infection. The mutation, called Delta 32, prevents HIV from attaching itself to cells by blocking the CCR5 receptor, which is ordinarily where an HIV infection begins. When the receptor on the cell is blocked, the HIV virus has no ability to attack the cell and therefore it cannot infect the individual, making him

resistant to HIV. The cells that are attacked by HIV, the lymphocytes, are produced by an individual's bone marrow. Thus, transplanting HIV resistant marrow into an HIV patient creates a unique biological situation. The donor stem cells will multiply and develop, producing a new army of lymphocytes that are HIV resistant within the HIV positive patient.

The bone marrow donor in this case was homozygous for the Delta 32 mutation, meaning that he or she received the mutation from both parents. Only about 1 in 1,000 Europeans are homozygous for the mutation and it was Hütter's goal to find one of these individuals who was also a bone marrow match with his patient. Out of a pool of 80 matching donors, the 61st person tested carried the necessary mutations.

Twenty months after receiving the bone marrow transplant and being taken off of antiviral medication, Hütter's patient currently shows no signs of HIV. While this is an excellent sign, there is no way to prove that the disease has been cured. HIV has the ability to hide within the body at low enough levels to be undetectable, only to reappear later in full force. Hütter's case in Berlin is not the first instance of a bone marrow transplant seemingly curing HIV.

In 1999, an article in the journal *Medical Hypotheses* reviewed the results of thirty-two bone marrow transplants to HIV positive patients between 1982 and 1996. 2 of the 32 cases reported an eradication of HIV from the patient, though again, a cure of the virus is impossible to prove. Despite uncertainty about the extent of these medical successes, the Hütter case

provides both a direct path of future study and an abundance of questions for the future of HIV and AIDS research.

So what does the Hütter case mean for the future of the HIV virus? The international medical community generally dismissed the results of combatting his case, mainly because there is little potential to mass utilize, or even repeat the procedure. According to Hütter himself, the use of bone marrow transplants to treat HIV or AIDS "cannot be justified ethically" because one out of three recipients will die from the procedure itself. Bone marrow transplants are notoriously dangerous because not only do they come with the general transplant risk factor of

Twenty months after receiving the bone marrow transplant and being taken off antiviral medication, Hütter's patient currently shows no signs of HIV.

rejection but they also have their own specific risks. Bone marrow is integral to the human immune system. Since patients must have their own bone marrow completely destroyed before they can receive the donor cells, patients risk death from even the most minor infections because they have essentially no immune system until the donor stem cells and grow and replace their own lost marrow.

Professor Harry Bernheim of the Tufts Biology Department discussed similar risks associated with using bone marrow transplants to treat HIV. He identified the three primary complications of the treatment as: the possibility of graft versus host disease (GVH, commonly referred to as rejection of the transplant),

*Though the potential for gene therapy treatment for HIV is decades away, the Observer looks into how gene therapy research on HIV treatment may open new doors to scientists.*

the difficulty of finding a donor who is both a good match for the patient and homozygous for the rare Delta 32 mutation, and ensuring that the patient has the CCR5 variant of HIV and not the CXCR4 variant. CCR5 is the main variant of HIV that is spread through sexual transmission and the only type protected by the Delta 32 mutation. The distinction between the two variances is the location on the lymphocyte cell where HIV attaches. Consider a cell with two separate passageways to reach its center, where each variant has access to only one of those entrances. The Delta 32 mutation blocks the CCR5 variant's entrance into the cell, but does nothing to protect against the CXCR4 variant of HIV. Therefore, the use of Delta 32 mutation gene therapy, be it through bone marrow transplants or another form, can only be effective against one variant of HIV. Doctor Ade Fakoya also recognizes the challenges brought up by Professor Bernheim and suggests that because of them, "management is our best option for the near future" of HIV and AIDS treatment.

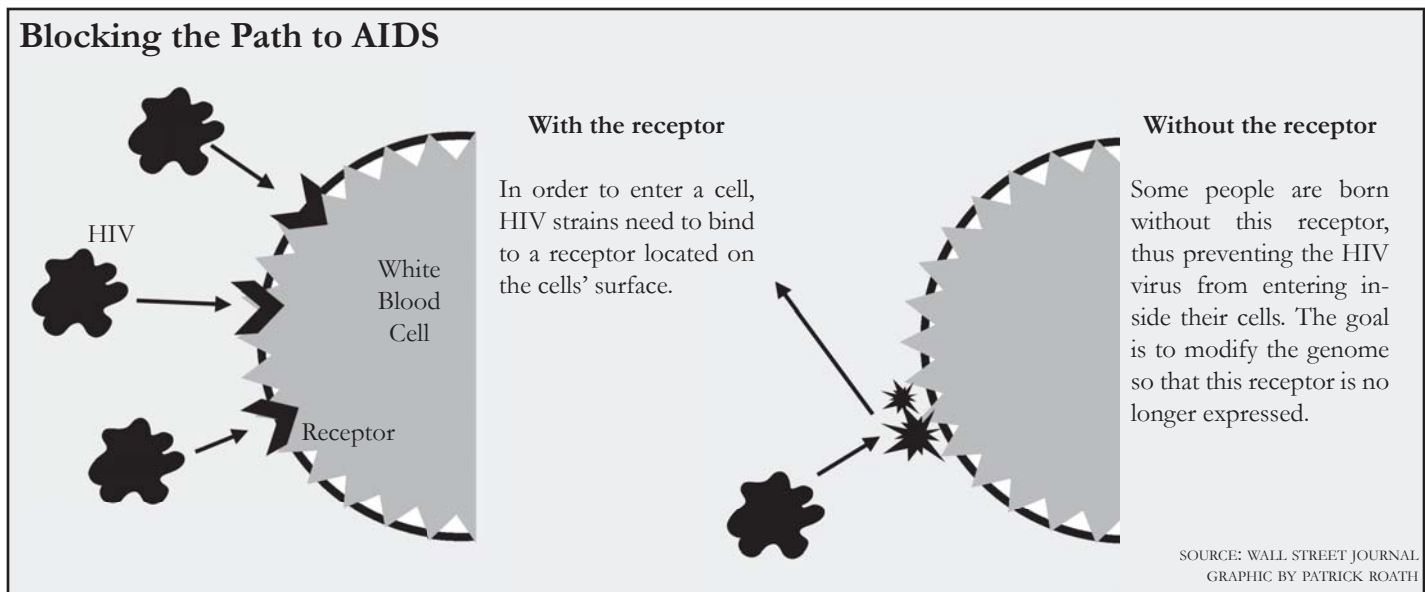
While bone marrow transplant may never be a viable treatment or preven-

tion method for HIV, the Hütter case provides scientists with a new direction in which to focus their research. Anthony Fauci, director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases in the United States, commented that, "it helps prove the concept that if somehow you can block the expression of CCR5, maybe by gene therapy, you might be able to inhibit the ability of the virus to replicate." Similarly, David Baltimore, who won the Nobel Prize for his research on tumor viruses, said that the Hütter case is "a very good sign" and a virtual "proof of principle" for gene-therapy approaches. Though the potential for gene therapy treatment for HIV is decades away and, even if developed, it will be too expensive to be used en masse, research into the gene therapy approach to HIV may open new doors to researchers.

The discovery of natural genetic immunity to HIV in the form of the Delta 32 mutation is a milestone in HIV and AIDS research. Scientists are uncertain as to the evolutionary basis of the mutation, but still recognize its importance to the field. According to Professor Bernheim, "the origins of Delta 32 in the human

genome are uncertain; some suggest that it was evolutionarily favored by populations exposed to bubonic plague since the causative organism may use CCR5 to carry out its life history. Others suggest this is not the case, but it is rather the virus that causes smallpox that selected for individuals with the Delta 32 mutation." Regardless of the evolutionary path that led to natural HIV immunity, the presence of the Delta 32 mutation offers promise for potential discoveries of vaccines and cures for HIV and AIDS.

While the Delta 32 mutation was discovered well before the Hütter case, this case is a successful example of how the natural immunity to HIV that some individuals possess can be used to treat other patients. It shows that not only does the Delta 32 mutation have the ability to prevent HIV or the potential to cure individuals already infected with the disease, but also that it has successfully treated, if not cured, an individual of HIV. This new application of the Delta 32 mutation may lead scientists down the path to discovery in the area of gene therapy and its potential uses to treat and cure HIV and AIDS. ☺



# Stay Classy, Tufts

As the economy worsens, Tufts considers how to reconcile ideology with reality.

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BY JULIANA SLOCUM

In the face of the increasingly dire economic crisis, President Lawrence Bacow recently reaffirmed his commitment to establishing a need-blind admissions policy. Although currently the university's official admissions policy is still "need-sensitive," Dean of Admissions Lee Coffin notes that for the past two years, Tufts has actually admitted the most qualified students without regard to their financial situations. Dean Coffin explains, "President Bacow is being prudent and has not officially announced a need-blind policy because we haven't yet secured funds from the [\$200 million] capital campaign. But for the classes of 2011 and 2012, we were need-blind. So basically, we're need-blind in practice." The university is not, however, need-blind in policy. The university hopes to secure the endowment soon and Coffin emphasizes that it is his "sincerest hope" that Tufts will also select the class of 2013 on a need-blind policy.

In the meantime, the university has already achieved a more socioeconomically-diverse pool of applicants. Dean Coffin notes that, "particularly in the past two years, when we've been need-blind, the freshman class has been much more socioeconomically diverse." The university has been able to utilize a need-blind policy and admit students from lower-income backgrounds largely because the budget for financial aid has increased greatly due to the capital campaign. Dean Coffin added that the financial aid budget increased by 35% in 2007, allowing the university to practice need-blind admittance for the first time. Indeed, more than 40% of the class of 2011 received some sort of financial aid during the 2007-2008 year. In total, the university awarded \$13.4 million to the class of 2011, 84% of it in the form of grants.

However, the increase in financial aid and the shift toward a need-blind policy has created complications for the university. For instance, there was not adequate housing for all members of the class of 2011. Dean Coffin explains that "because we had no model

for a need-blind policy, we couldn't anticipate how many admitted students would actually come. So we overbooked." Tufts remains committed to providing financial aid to eligible students for four years. But due to the recent economic downturn, more current students are in need of financial aid. As President Bacow explained in an email earlier this year, the university's first priority remains assisting current students. But such an increased demand puts extra strain on the financial aid budget. Dean Coffin explains that due to the recent economic situation, "there are a lot of wild cards. We're just going to be patient and take it one step at a time."

The effects of the recent shift toward a need-blind policy are already being felt on campus. As Coffin notes, the student body is more socioeconomically diverse. He claims that the university is awarding more Pell Grants, federal grants given to applicants from the lowest income quartile. The university is also actively recruiting applicants from different socioeconomic and geographic backgrounds. For example, Tufts is trying to focus on recruiting students from Western states such as Nevada, Colorado, and California because it does not usually receive many applications from students in these states.

However, the effects of this increased socioeconomic diversity have not been entirely positive. Some students believe that there is greater stratification between upper-class students and financially-disadvantaged students. According to a November 10th, 2008, article in the *Boston Globe*, "economic disparities on college campuses appear to be deepening." The article cited data indicating that there is a wider difference between the family incomes of undergraduates. Furthermore, many members of the middle class are facing declines in their financial aid due to the increased demand. Middle class individuals who might have been eligible for assistance 10 years ago now fall just below the threshold for financial aid. Many complain about the burden of the student loans they will carry with them for the next de-

cade. Dean Coffin acknowledges that there is "tension for the middle groups," but he notes that Tufts does not give extraordinary loans. The university caps its loans at the federal minimum in order to prevent students from having exorbitant debts. He also stands behind Tufts' policy of targeting loan replacement programs toward only the most financially-disadvantaged students, noting that they are the ones who really "need a leg up."

With all of the changes occurring in recent years, the economic profile of the Tufts student body has changed considerably. TCU Senate President Duncan Pickard claims, however, that there has been a lag in terms of adjusting to this demographic shift. Many students are grappling with issues of class and financial aid, and yet there is no forum in which students can voice their opinions. Pickard acknowledges that it may not be easy to talk about class, but he believes that "the changing socioeconomic realities on campus make discussions about class status more important than ever."

This semester, the TCU Senate and Tisch College collaborated to establish The Class Project. The goal of the project is to "enhance the conversation about class at Tufts" and to provide students with a forum through which they can examine and explore class-related topics. According to Pickard, the project is a student-run initiative open to all students who have an interest in socioeconomic issues on campus. Currently, Pickard is working on recruiting more individuals and student groups.

In the future, The Class Project hopes to bring speakers to campus to talk about issues of socioeconomic class and to reach out to members of the Medford/Somerville community. The university has made progress in creating a more diverse student body, but it remains to be seen how class issues will be addressed after undergraduates arrive on campus. The Class Project hopes to accommodate the increasingly diverse student body and spark open conversation about complex social issues. ☺

# AN Aesthetic Eye

A COLUMN BY CATHERINE NAKAJIMA

## {Hair}

When we think of “routines,” the words eat, sleep, brush teeth, and get dressed are the first to come to mind. Add “remove hair” to the list: 21st century America definitely upholds the snip, shave, wax and pluck routine. People pluck and trim their eyebrows, and women often wax their upper lips, shave their leg and armpit hair, and may trim or even remove all pubic hair. Men who opt for something other than the furry facial look must shave frequently to fight the beard trying to grow in (though some have the opposite problem, instead praying for the slightest fuzz).

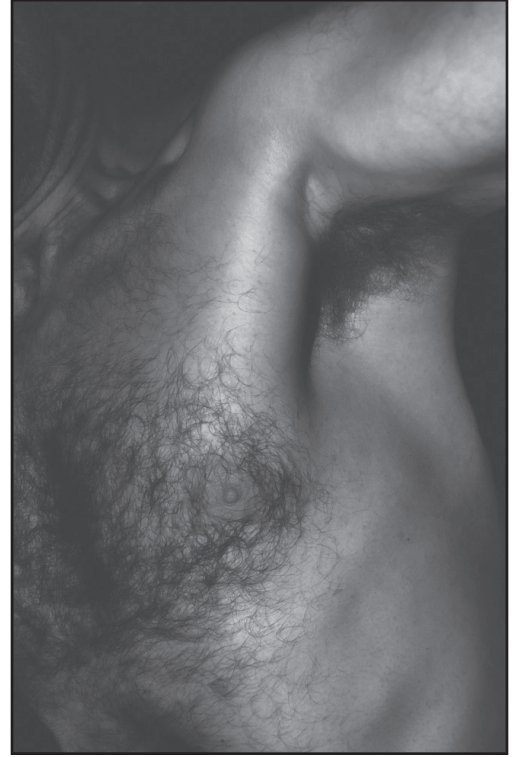
These depilatory (able or serving to remove hair) techniques are norms for me, as they are to most Americans. Thus, during a visit to Japan in middle school, I was surprised to find women’s small facial razors in a convenient store—especially when my dad, who is Japanese, has only one chest hair. On a mole. Apparently, the razors link to a tradition tracing back to the 16th century, when women preferred freshly shaved faces to serve as a smoother makeup base. Today, this tradition has transformed into the habit of shaving off eyebrows and then re-drawing them with pencil, eliminating altogether the tedious (and painful) step of plucking.

My Turkish friend informed me that in Istanbul, both sexes shave their armpits (although he didn’t admit to shaving his own.) Armpits notwithstanding, Turkish depilatory tactics are similar to ours. Of course, much of this depends on rural versus urban centers, which are more globalized and therefore Americanized. In Italy, women of older generations prefer to wait to shave until their stubble grows in fully, making it more acceptable to expose hairy legs. The new generation however, has become obsessed with hair removal, reflecting the trend of Americanization. A new generation becomes more Americanized, our obsession with hair removal is rubbing off on them.

However aesthetic hair removal is to us, it is by no means employed only for vanity. In India, Chudakarana Samskara, or head shaving, is a ritual and long-held tradition practiced on Hindu children before the age of four. Hair is seen as an adornment, and so shaving the head is said to teach humbleness and devotion and to prompt the child to confront his or her “bare ego.” After the process, they are regarded with more respect and are considered innocent, even holy. In contrast, those who follow Sikhism believe that hair’s radiant energy helps one to meditate and become mentally centered. Two of their five items of faith are “Kesh and Kanga,” translating into “uncut hair and a small comb;” they must never cut their hair or beards.

Whether it’s too much or too little of it, hair is a conspicuous element that possesses varied meanings across cultures. Walking down the aisles in drug stores, I never thought I’d be able to associate “Nair” and “Gillette” with Indian ritual, humility, or spiritual purity. ☉

*Catherine Nakajima is a freshman who has not yet declared a major*



CREATIVE COMMONS



# WRITING THE HANDBOOK ON ENDING GENOCIDE

BY SABINA CARLSON

**A**rmenia happened before there was even a definition of the word “genocide”

After the Holocaust, the dictionaries caught up and adopted Raphael Lemkin’s definition of the word “genocide.” Subsequent genocides in Bosnia, Cambodia, and Rwanda reinforced and expanded that definition.

The history books are the great narrative of genocide, where conflict after conflict has burned its name into the pages of our world’s story.

The world has authored many epilogues—in the aftermath of violence we have analyzed the attacks, graphed the grotesque tactics, categorized the crimes against humanity, and administered aid to the survivors.

The world’s social movements are known for being slow readers—while what we call the “Darfur movement” is millions strong in many nations, it took us five years to get there. In the context of a crisis where 400,000 innocent civilians have been killed, five years is far, far too long a time. The world took 100 days to glance over at Rwanda, open its heavy eyelids, see the dull flash of machetes, register the meaning, and say, “genocide”—and by that time, 1 million sets of bones were already blanching in the sunlight.

And so it falls to our generation to rewrite the role of genocide in our world. The current crisis in Darfur is the only genocide to have been called as such as it is occurring; this means our generation is the first in history with the potential to stop a genocide in its tracks, and that means that our generation is the first in history with the responsibility to stop a genocide in its tracks.

I will be the first to tell you there is no handbook for how to stop a genocide. In all the endless pages of UN resolutions and history books and aftermath analyses, no one has ever bothered to write out a handbook on how a group of students who are deeply convinced that human beings should not be killed because of their identity go about protecting those people.

But there is no time to wait for the experts and professors to write that handbook for us—again, today, 1,000 pairs of feet are running on the sand of a burning desert from the ashes of their burning village in Darfur. And another 1,000 will be running tomorrow.

And so it falls on our generation to write the handbook on how to stop a genocide in its tracks. We have called this effort STAND: A Student Anti-Genocide Coalition. This is a student-run movement of tens of thousands of students across the world who have dedicated themselves to becoming a part of the anti-genocide generation.

We are creating an international anti-genocide constituency: not an ad hoc group of activists that arrive five years after a conflict is started, stays until the first UN peace deal, and then leaves patting itself on the back. We are creating a permanent constituency that demonstrates to our government that preventing and ending mass atrocities is and will remain a priority for our generation.

A key advantage given our generation is the ability to look back on the tactics of older social movements and analyze, apply, and improve them. In our ranks are students who are highly trained in economic advocacy through targeted divestment, students who have significant relationships with their Congressional Representatives, students

who have conducted massive die-ins and acts of civil disobedience, students who have pressured the monitors of the Presidential Debates and students who already have policies in place to target the Transition Team of the new administration and the hearings for key positions.

Just over a week ago, a delegation of more than a half dozen Tufts University students joined 500 students from across the country at STAND’s National Student Conference in Washington DC for three days of demonstrations, trainings, workshops, networking sessions, and panels.

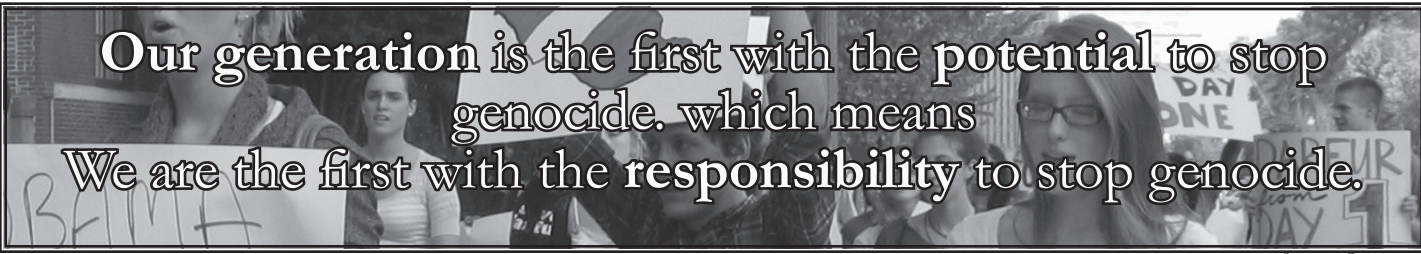
This same group of students, along with the rest of Tufts’ STAND chapter, is going to be writing a critical page in the anti-genocide journals this semester. They will be working towards “STANDFast”, a fundraiser for the Civilian Protection Program of the Genocide Intervention Network. Far too often, the world treats mass atrocities like a natural disaster and ends up simply donating humanitarian aid, which in many senses is like throwing bags of rice in the face of genocide. Often overlooked is the necessity to provide protection to civilians before the moment of violence even occurs.

It is not enough to define the word genocide; our generation has the chance, and our generation has the responsibility, to write the handbook on how to end a genocide in its tracks. Time is running out, and the ink is running dry—now is the time to write into the history books that the genocide in Darfur was the first, and the last, genocide of the 21st century.

If we don’t write the book, please tell me who will. ☹

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*Sabina Carlson is a junior majoring in Peace and Justice Studies*



**Our generation is the first with the potential to stop  
genocide. which means  
We are the first with the responsibility to stop genocide.**





Steven Dyer



Brittany Sloan



Brittany Sloan



Brittany Sloan







Emily Ruff





*Brittany Sloan*

*Emily Ruff*





# FRATS

NO BALLS ALLOWED!

BY MICAH HAUSER

Several weekends ago, I had an epiphany. Not the stereotypical, collegiate one involving Conrad, Descartes, or the fact that if I don't do laundry soon I'm going to be forced to use my winter gloves as socks. No, this was a revelation of a different sort entirely.

It was an average Saturday night, and my friends and I had a few drinks in the dorm before heading out. Word on the street (facebook) was that Theta Delta Chi (charmingly referred to as 123) was throwing a party. After trudging down Packard in the pouring rain, we crossed Professors Row and came to our destination, only to find a sizeable mass of fellow students crowding around the entrance to the aforementioned fraternity. Reluctantly, we joined the blob. Minutes passed, and as my shoes began to fill with water, it seemed that the doorway would never open. Finally, a fraternity brother emerged from inside and, backed by a surge of air saturated with the smell of sweat and spilled beer, proclaimed, "NO MORE DICKS ARE GETTING IN." At first I thought he was using "dick" in the pejorative sense, which would have been nice because, hey, no one wants to go to a party that lets in a bunch of jerks, but luckily he clarified his declaration with a follow-up, "IF YOU HAVE BALLS, GO HOME." Ah, now it was clear. Suddenly, it all made sense—without cleavage, I was of no use.

As I began to trudge off in search of a more egalitarian gathering, I realized that

this particular brother was probably enjoying more power than he will possess at any point in the rest of his life. Like the high school football star who lives and breathes for those four quarters of glory every Friday night, so too the frat brother relishes the weekend hours of 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. For those precious ticks of the clock he is the gatekeeper, the ruler of our collective nightly destiny. We willingly subject ourselves to a perverse Social Darwinism that values breast size and skirt length (an inverse relationship) above all else. This is our demographic at its worst, a level of superficiality so high that the journalistic standards of the National Enquirer pale in comparison.

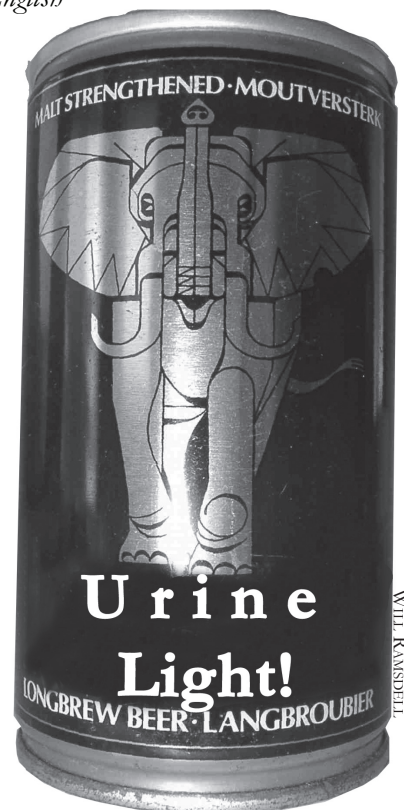
Through the pouring rain and wafting aroma of Mo's kielbasa came the epiphany: that the fraternities dominate the social life of this campus is absolutely absurd. We go to Tufts, not the University of Michigan, and the days of begging a drunken chauvinist to allow us to drink borderline poisonous jungle juice in his disgusting, overcrowded basement should be over. Sadly, we have no one to blame but ourselves, the 90% of the student body unaffiliated with Greek life that perpetuates this cycle. Without us clawing each other's eyes out to get in, that dude on the porch with the list (likely just a picture of Jessica Alba in a swimsuit with directions: "if the girl standing in front of you looks kind of like this, let her in") will lose his sense of mythical self-importance. If we refuse to make the fraternities the centerpiece of our weekend adventures, and if the various theme houses, Hillside, Latin Way, and apartments surrounding campus start throwing more parties, we all reap the benefits of having a night that revolves sub-

stantially less around sweat and the objectification of women.

Yes, my fellow Jumbos, this is a call to action. If you live in a house that doesn't have a Greek letter hanging over the doorway, bust out that keg of PBR, push the furniture to the walls and we're in business. Ask for a one or two-dollar donation at the door, and you'll make your money back easily. I know the frats are free, but I'd be willing to spend a few extra bucks to avoid spending another night with Mr. No-More-Dicks are getting in. ☺

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*Micah Hauser is a sophomore majoring in English*



# Obama Abroad

## THE WORLD WEIGHS IN ON AMERICA'S CHOICE

BY SETH STEIN

On election night in Chicago, my hometown, hundreds of thousands of Barack Obama supporters flooded the city's largest park to watch the election with their favored candidate. If I had been in Chicago, I almost certainly would have been there too. But I found myself in Prague, and had a completely different, and significantly smaller, election night experience—only three bars with coverage and at most one hundred celebrating Americans in the Old Town Square.

Contrary to popular opinion, it is not as if every European sees Obama as the next messiah—as a matter of fact, the diversity of opinions I have encountered about our president-elect show the multitude of ways that our country and we, as a people, are seen abroad. These opinions are personal, and reflect the many faces of our country and what people expect from us.

"Barack Obama is a Muslim, and will never protect us," said a young Israeli soldier with whom I was discussing politics in Israel while on birthright over the summer. When I, an ardent Barackophile tried to convince her that this was patently false and that he was a devout Christian (not that it should matter anyway), she refused to believe me, "Fine. So he's not a Muslim. But he is still not committed enough to Israel. Hillary would be a much better choice."

Although her stubbornness frustrated me, I could understand her position. I had driven along the walls that separate an already tiny country into two halves; I had seen what a beautiful country the Israelis had built, and I understood what it meant to them. Looking through this lens narrow as it may be, I saw that the Israelis I encountered had only one criteria for the leader of the free world—protect Israel. What is normally

a small part of a party platform to us means the world to them.

Another thing I picked up abroad is to never wear an Obama t-shirt if you don't want to get into a few lengthy conversations. It doesn't matter if you're in a hurry to class—they will stop you for a discussion or debate. On the first day I made this mistake, a jovial British man came up out of nowhere from the hordes of tourists in the Old Town Square, "Hey there! Do you happen to be an Obama supporter?" "Of course," I responded. "Well bloody good that is—I can't wait for you to have a real president again!" Now this is the kind of response you would expect from a European, who views Obama not as an American Democrat but as a Euro-style social democrat. To them, he is finally bringing the American electorate into the liberal line that the rest of the developed world has established. Finally, their cousins in the New World have picked up on the wisdom of their elders.

I can't imagine their disappointment when Obama, though delivering change I am sure, will still be too far right for their taste. The conservative nature of our system precludes such drastic change. But again, we can see through this what America means to the Europeans. They want to see us as connected, part of the same tradition. American exceptionalism is distasteful to them, a relic of European attitudes before the Wars. It's not that Europe dislikes the American superpower, they just feel we don't use our power responsibly—a point our current president no doubt drove home. They prefer another idealized image: America as the liberator, the first among equals and a partner Western culture.

Here, in the Czech Republic, I encounter that same European attitude quite often. Although the native Czechs were not glued



to their TV sets until 5

a.m. as we were, this election meant quite a bit to them too. But what fascinates me the most is when I hear wholly different opinions, like from my Czech history teacher who also happens to be a reporter, "Central Europeans would not have elected Obama. I like him, yes, but we would not have elected him. Many wanted John McCain. He is committed to free trade; Obama is not." Again what is just one issue among many in America comes to the forefront abroad. In this small, post-Soviet bloc country, free trade and capitalism have served them well. Prague is a rich city, and the nation's economy is catching up. In their eyes, America is still the opponent of their hated oppressors, the Russians. And the most visible symbol of America is its economy, the slow weapon that proved more resilient than Soviet steel. Another view of American emerges—a bastion of capitalism.

These small case studies cannot capture the range of views and opinions our election elicits from the world. I left out the racist Turkish man in Germany, convinced a black man was unfit to lead, or Czech newspapers calling Obama a "black Kennedy." What these small interactions do show us is how important our election is around the world—everyone has an opinion. Sadly, although our new president has brought hope, it seems impossible that he can live up to all these contradictory demands. We can only hope that he will restore faith in the world that America, imperfect as it is, will once again be the leader the world wants—and needs. ☉

*Seth Stein is a Junior majoring in Political Science. He is currently abroad.*

# THE HORROR! THE TERROR! THE EVIL!



PHOTO BY SAGE McALLISTER

## REEFER MADNESS

**W**hat's the worst thing about the war on marijuana? It's not that I can't smoke because of it; I'm able to find weed pretty much everywhere I go without even looking too damn hard. The worst thing about the war on drugs, for me at least, is its creation of an unjust contempt for the legal system and the people who are a part of it.

I shouldn't hate the police. I'm a white, upper-middle class student who obeys every law, except the occasional parking ticket... and the whole weed thing. Any decent society would probably embrace me as an example for the masses of how to abide by the rules.

Unfortunately, however, that's obviously not the case. A lot of time and effort (and money, lots and lots of money) have been put in by law enforcement agencies to vilify and eradicate my drug of choice. As a result, I'm scared of the police and have grown to feel nothing but disdain for them.

Of course my story is still a happy one (knock on wood for me). I have yet to have any serious confrontation with a police officer, aside from a minor brush in with a rather portly Somerville fuzz who told me

that my disrespect was the reason he "was going to go home and choke [his] wife."

I am the majority; the dope toker who has never been forced to grab his ankles by the system. But many have. The two cases I often point to are those of Cory Maye and Ryan Frederick.

On the surface, these men have little in common. Cory is a poor black single father from Mississippi who worked hard to get himself and his daughter out of the slum they were living in and into a better, safer neighborhood. Ryan is a white guy from Chesapeake, VA who was an avid gardener and worked for a soft drink merchandiser.

In early 2001, Cory Maye was at home with his infant daughter when a group of men burst through his front door. Maye rushed to his bedroom and loaded a legal, registered pistol he kept in the house for protection. He then ran into his daughter's bedroom, where he hid with her in a corner. One of the men then kicked in the door to the room, and was shot by Maye.

The man who burst into the room was a police officer, and he died. He was serving a no-knock warrant on the wrong apartment

**GOING GREEN**  
An Alternative Culture Column  
by "Reggie Hubbard"



in a duplex. Corey Maye was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. The death sentence was overturned, but he will rot for life in a Mississippi prison. His daughter was turned over to the state.

Ryan Fredrick was sleeping in the back of his house when a drug enforcement task force kicked in his door. A burglar broke into his house a few days ago; the criminal was later caught and made a deal with the police. He told them that Fredrick was growing marijuana plants in his home, and that he had seen them when he broke into the house.

As the SWAT team worked through the house, Fredrick shot one man through a door, killing the officer. The task force then found the grow-room. It was filled with Japanese ferns. Fredrick is being held without bail on first-degree murder charges. If guilty, he'll clink in the stir for 25 to life, if they don't course potassium chloride through his veins instead.

...continued on page 22



# A SPY'S SONG

## The Music of Bond, James Bond.

BY MATTHEW DIAMANTE

He shoots and scores with thrilling frequency, but the open secret of James Bond movies is that they're rarely genuinely good flicks. Somewhere between the demands of formula, two-hour-plus running times (this year's *Quantum of Solace* is the sole exception) and the perceived need to top prior excesses, most 007 installments fall rather short of our hopes.

Bond songs, however, are another matter. Short, stylish, and exciting, the themes that play over the opening credits are often more fun than the films that proceed them. For your maximum M16 enjoyment, I've ranked all twenty-one songs from the twenty-three official films in a list that won't self-destruct anytime soon.

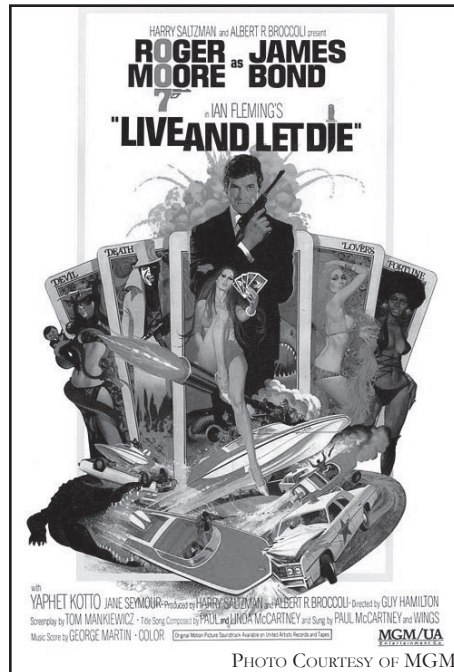
21. "For Your Eyes Only," Sheena Easton (1981). Easton has the honor of being the only Bond singer to actually appear in the credit sequence that features her voice. Trivia aside, however, this hopelessly maudlin track has no redeeming qualities at all.

20. "Moonraker," Shirley Bassey (1979). Even classic Bond chanteuse Bassey can't save this listless intro to an equally deadly film, Although we should, in fairness, observe that she tries.

19. "Die Another Day," Madonna (2002). Easily the worst of the Brosnan lot, Madonna's track introduces an intriguing violin riff and then buries it with unwelcome techno effects and lyrics that proclaim, for no discernible reason, "I'm gonna avoid the cliché." Huh?

18. "Tomorrow Never Dies," Sheryl Crow (1997). A groaner. This last-minute addition to the film is a decent if understated tune, but those lyrics! "Darling I'm

done/It's no fun/Martinis, girls and guns"? Excuse me Miss Weepy, it *is* fun; that's the whole point. K.D. Lang's "Surrender," the original song (which plays over the end credits), is a far better effort.



17. "Diamonds Are Forever," Shirley Bassey (1971). If not for the sparsely peppered signature horns, this forgettable ode to the titular jewels could be mistaken for a song completely unrelated to Bond.

16. "You Only Live Twice," Nancy Sinatra (1967). Sinatra's song also boasts a memorable violin phrase that's quickly abused by an electronic sampling of it. The vocals are unremarkable and so is the rest.

15. "Live and Let Die," Paul McCartney and The Wings (1973). This is one of the most famous Bond themes, largely

due to the former Beatle member. But the abrupt shifts from eerie ballad to frenetic instrumental to blues-y rock jar as well as the lyrics are wan at best. Wildly overrated.

14. "License to Kill," Gladys Knight (1989). Gladys Knight is a fine singer, and the slow-burn sampling of the "Goldfinger" horns is a neat homage, although the muddled chorus lyrics and overlong duration cripple an otherwise promising effort.

13. "All Time High" from *Octopussy*, Rita Coolidge (1983). A blatant excuse to sing something—*anything*—that doesn't feature the titular noun. This appealingly kitschy track makes up in syrup what it lacks in bite. Still, it should never be mistaken for a classic.

12. "Another Way to Die" from *Quantum of Solace*, Jack White and Alicia Keys (2008). Although the series' first duet has a perversely seductive raw sound and zippily frenetic lyrics, it's burdened by a misplaced polish that muffles its impact and Keys' annoying R&B interjections. Judicious editing could have brought out this cut's considerable yet unrealized potential.

11. "From Russia With Love," Matt Munro (1963). Bond's first theme with vocals (yet not a title credits track) is a dated and unremarkable if offensive ballad. The delivery is oddly gentle, but the orchestral accompaniment satisfies.

10. "The World is Not Enough," Garbage (1999). This theme feels like the auditory definition of playing it safe. Shirley Manson's vocals are generic, and the lyrics, a litany of obvious contrasts, are one of the series' most mundane. Still, the song has a

nice sultry vibe and the music is suitably grandiose.

9. "The Man With The Golden Gun," Lulu (1974). A guilty pleasure, this track features ridiculous lyrics ("love is required whenever he's hired") and an equally vampish delivery. But it's catchy and fun, which is more than one can say for a number of its peers.

8. "You Know My Name" from *Casino Royale*, Chris Cornell (2006). Cornell, the first male Yank to sing a Bond song, does a pretty creditable job. The electric guitars mix with the classic horns far more coherently than in "Live and Let Die," and the lyrics slyly wink at Bond's iconicity.

7. "We Have All the Time in the World" from *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, Louis Armstrong (1969). Though not a title song *per se* (it played over the end credits), *OHMSS* only had an instrumental opening theme, so let's include Mr. Armstrong and his delightful piece. A melancholy tune set to ironically upbeat lyrics and backed by some classic Bond orchestration, this one deserves a high place on any Bond music list.

6. "Nobody Does It Better" from *The Spy Who Loved Me*, Carly Simon (1977). A fun little ditty that practically fetishizes the alluded-to hero; though somewhat lacking

in the classic Bond sound, it's a nice addition to the series. The best, poignant lyric: "nobody does it better...though sometimes I wish someone would." What happened to good men who *won't* get you shot?



5. "Thunderball," Tom Jones (1965). Overcooked? Sure. But Jones' bombastic delivery, the sly lyrics and the always-fun integration of the classic Bond theme more than overcome any faults.

4. "Goldeneye," Tina Turner (1995). Named (like the film) after Ian Fleming's villa, Turner's theme is a clear (but not *too* obvious) homage to "Goldfinger". Alluring and determined, this one's a keeper.

3. "The Living Daylights," a-Ha (1987). A splendid number with a funkily propulsive rhythm, an addictive chorus, and some fine nonsensical lyrics: "Hey driver, where're we going?/I swear, my nerves are showing... Hundred thousand people, I'm the one they frame." The romantic pathos of being a pawn in the worldwide spy game has rarely been so finely crooned.

2. "A View to a Kill", Duran Duran (1985). The only theme to hit #1 on the Billboard chart, this excellent track starts off with a terrific synth effect and only gets better. And what do action heroes *do*, really, but "dance into the fire?"

1. "Goldfinger," Shirley Bassey (1964). This track's reputation as the series' finest is hard to argue with: snappy lyrics, a first-rate melody, and an integration of the Bond theme make it an undisputed classic. No other cut focuses so completely on the villain, but it works here. 🎧

*What's your favorite James Bond movie or song? Are you as suave and debonair as the world most infamous and beloved spy? Go to [www.tuftsobserver.org](http://www.tuftsobserver.org) and comment on this article.*



Continued from page 19...

Anti-reefer advocates say that no-knock raids are necessary in order to prevent destruction of evidence. I don't know if you've ever seen a pound of marijuana (if you haven't it's beautiful and stinks up a room really nicely for hours), but it would be damn near impossible to get rid of a pound or even a couple ounces in a panicked rush. I can't say the same thing of quantities of pills or powders which are small, scent-free and easily hidden or disposed, quite possibly a reason for their growing popularity with the youth these days.

I have a different hypothesis for the no-knock raid. Over 90% of cities with more than 50,000 people in them have a SWAT team, a SWAT team that requires training and funding that might all go to waste if it's not used. Of course, these cops-with-slightly-better-guns would never go after dangerous gangs, but overblown raids on soft targets like pot-pushers seems like a nice way of justifying all that extra funding.

Of course, there's never any punishment, at least not against the police who are on the raid and bust into the wrong houses, or the misinformed judges who sign off on

warrants.

There are internal reviews, but they function as less of a check of power and more as a public relations stunt. A SWAT team raided the house of the mayor of Berwyn Heights, MD, Cheye Calvo, and shot his two black labs.

These incidents are normally reviewed internally and all too often all parties are found to have done their jobs properly despite some horrific outcomes. Even if someone was found to be at fault, there are comparative slaps on the wrist only reached after years of bureaucratic bullshit.

How is it that a judge who approves a warrant for a raid on an innocent man's home is not held accountable? How can that judge be allowed to go back to work the next day to continue to make these decisions? Note that I only mentioned cop killers; there are dozens of 100% completely innocent people killed "accidentally" by police in their war (for the only story where justice has been even close to served, google Kathryn Johnston).

I bring these stories up to show the horrific incidences that happen to law-abiding

citizens in the name of combating a weed in which the only argument ever given by any of the pathetic politicians, or district attorneys or police officers is that it will send a bad message to children. Speaking of agents of the government benefiting from this worthless war, the group that donated the most money to oppose a California law that would have resulted in more rehabilitation programs instead of prison time for drug offenders was the California Correctional Peace Officers Association (i.e. prison guards).

All is not lost on the quiet front of the drug war. Hunkering down in the trenches with us is Law Enforcement Against Prohibition (LEAP), a group with many thousands of current and former police officers who have seen and been on the front lines of the government's war. They've got their heads on straight, but I'm off to get mine twisted.

A Zen quote courtesy of Jimmy Carter: "Penalties against drug use should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself. Nowhere is this more clear than in the laws against the possession of marijuana in private for personal use." ♪

## OFF THE BOOKSHELF

"HE'S MAINLY A MACHINE."  
An Arts & Culture Column  
by Thomas Sutherland



Last week I wrote about the future of television. Now I'd like to explore classic retro entertainment: books.

From writer/illustrator duo Jon Scieszka and Lane Smith comes *Cowboy & Octopus*, a children's book that's sure to please adults and youngsters alike.

The first page explains that the two protagonists are cutouts from a Western comic book and an undersea picture book, the strangest of bedfellows cropped from the

page and forged into friendship.

The majesty of this book resides in the stark simplicity and childish innocence of its dry witticism.

The finest example of this is when the Cowboy cooks dinner. He makes bacon and beans, beans and bacon, and plain beans with a side of bacon added. The octopus doesn't like either, but licks one spoonfull to avoid hurting cowboy's feelings.

The two then travel to Venice, where

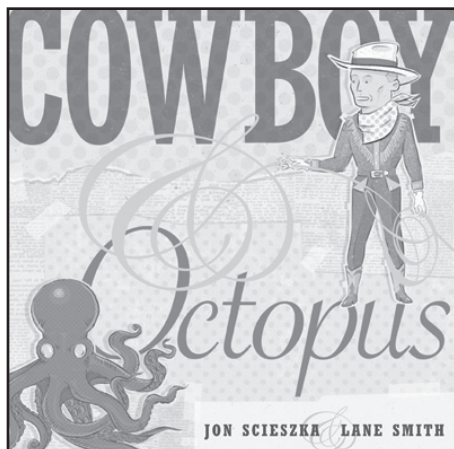
they marvel at the beauty of the canals.

"Isn't this beautiful," remarks octopus.

"Something smells funny," replies the cowboy, and then the pair are off to their next adventure.

In the humorous literary world where the mordant tomes of David Sedaris and Augusten Burroughs are on top, it won't hurt to try out this trenchant duo. ♪

PHOTO COURTESY OF PENGUIN BOOKS



JOKE DRY LIKE DESERT



# All dogs go to heaven.

Even Hitler's.



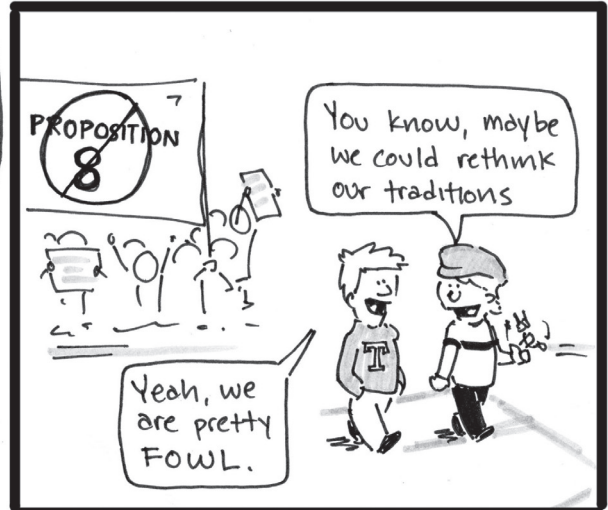
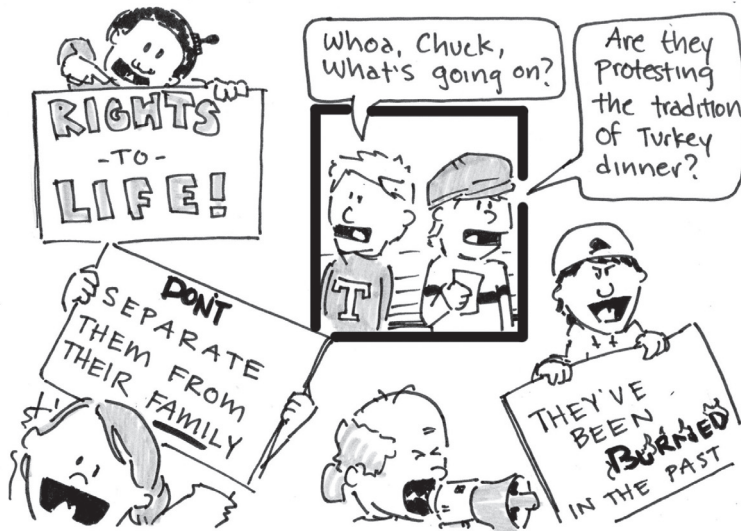
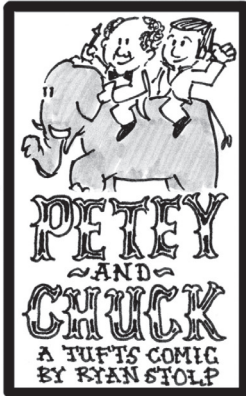
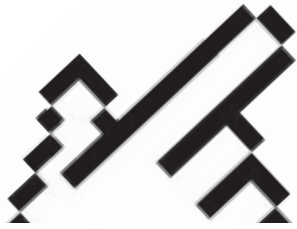


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# Ice Cream Not Just a Summer Treat

BY EMILY ROITMAN

While some Bostonians have already traded in their ice cream cones for cups of hot cocoa, others nostalgic for summer treats are frequenting the city's best creameries. Three of Boston's choice ice cream shops are located a short T ride or drive away from the Medford/Somerville area. These include Davis Square's J.P. Licks, Christina's Ice Cream, and the famous Toscanini's.

On hot summer nights, the line for Somerville's J.P. Licks weaves out the door and passes the open windows of an Italian trattoria. The shop, which was originally located in Jamaica Plains before it became a chain—hence, the J.P.—offers an array of options that appeal to the masses. Inside, a wall-length chalkboard displays the flavors of the month: in honor of Thanksgiving, J.P. will be serving flavors like “Wild Turkey Bourbon,” “Pumpkin Cheesecake,” and “Carrot Cake” throughout the month of November. For less adventurous ice-cream goers, the shop's “Black Raspberry” ice cream offers a nice balance of tart fruit flavor and sweet cream. Another crowd favorite is “Cow Trax,” a concoction of vanilla ice cream swirled with fudge and bits of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. The shop prides itself on its homemade bittersweet hot fudge that tops football-sized banana splits, and rightly so—the sauce bears no resemblance to Nestle's “Magic Shell” or any other store bought chocolate syrup. And while some creameries may limit their frozen delicacies to human customers, J.P. Licks offers a special treat for canines—“Cow Paws,” a peanut butter sorbet made especially for four-legged companions. The ice cream prices are a bit steep at \$3.50 for a small cup and just under \$9 for a banana split. Beware the family-friendly clientele that pours in around 2:30 p.m.; when school is out, some customers feel the need to bring along their earplugs.

While J.P. Licks may have six locations throughout the Boston Area, a home-style creamery in Cambridge named Christina's

focuses all of its energy on its sole locale at 1255 Cambridge Street. The shop, which is located next to an ethnic spice market, serves up flavors like “Kaffir Lime Leaf,” “Kahlua,” and “Honey Lavender.” Whipped cream is made by hand in small batches at Christina's while customers relax in wooden booths. Ice cream sundaes cost \$5 apiece. Although J.P. Licks has Christina's beat for homemade hot fudge, the latter is a clear winner for their chocolate ice cream. Homemade with a softer consistency, Christina's chocolate ice cream is an ideal choice for those seeking a single scoop. The store also offers a large variety of health-conscious sorbets; waist-watchers can choose from flavors like “Pink Grapefruit” and “Kalamansi Lemon” to satisfy sweet cravings. Unlike in Davis Square, clients with access to a car will find it easy to locate street parking. The store isn't T-friendly; however, clients who do make it to Christina's will be rewarded with short lines and fast service.

The humble Christina's is a far cry from Toscanini's, a Central Square creamery that boasts numerous accolades from accredited food critics. The *New York Times* has deemed Toscanini's the home of the “best ice cream in the world.” Recommended by *Bon Appétit* magazine, the shop serves gelato-like ice cream flavors to a diverse crowd of clients. With their eyes glued to computer screens, students sip lattes around a large common table with built-in outlets. Meter maids take a break from writing tickets to grab a cone of the eatery's famed “Burnt Caramel” ice



cream, which tastes less like burnt caramel and more like perfectly-cooked butterscotch. Neighbors in house slippers swing by the creamery late at night to pick up a pint of “Cake Batter,” a sugary creation that—shockingly enough—really does taste like a blend of sugar, butter, and eggs. The store opens early for clients looking to get their sugar fix at 8 a.m. and closes at midnight during the week, which is later than the aforementioned creameries. Late at night on the weekends, the staff frequently offers up doubles on hot cocoa and generous scoops. Toscanini's also offers a weekend brunch around the big table, where customers can enjoy brioche French toast and creamy egg sandwiches on toasted ciabatta bread.

Ice cream fans looking to embark on an expedition may also want to try Colleen's Ice Cream and Sandwich Shop. The shop, located in Medford, offers up classic sundaes and resembles a 50's ice cream parlor. Others within a 15-mile radius of Arlington can indulge in the delivery services of Arlington Café. The restaurant will deliver flavors like homemade Oreo and mint chip ice cream directly to your door. Lacto-holics rejoice—unlike white after Labor Day, ice cream will never go out of season. ☺

# Learning to Cook Cuisine of the “City of Lights”

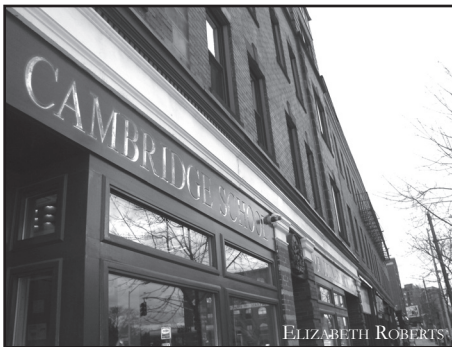
BY EMILY ROITMAN

Last Saturday, I had the pleasure of taking a recreational cooking class at the Cambridge School of Culinary Arts (CSCA). The school, which is located three blocks from the Porter Square T-stop on Mass. Ave, offers courses in a variety of cooking disciplines. After debating between courses—which included “Knife Skills,” a three-hour seminar dedicated to honing cutting abilities, and “Cooking Couples Cook Tapas,” a pairs-only introduction to Spanish food—I decided on a class called “Favorites from the City of Lights.” Coming into the course, all I knew was that my fellow classmates and I would learn how to create a few classic French dishes. I had no idea that we would be thrown into the kitchen with few instructions and ten pages of recipes.

Upon our arrival, my boyfriend and I grabbed name tags and signed into our 12-person class. We snagged two recipe booklets from a small stack on the demonstration table. After our classmates joined us around the dining room table, our lead chef introduced herself as Hong. She is a 2004 graduate of the CSCA who has previously worked in restaurants like Boston’s own Rustic Kitchen and the Craigie Street Bistro in Cambridge. She explained that we would each be choosing recipes to contribute to our group’s four-course dinner. In the interest of saving time, each of us would create two dishes. After skimming the recipes, we volunteered for “Individual Beef Wellingtons” and “Strawberry Salad.” Individual Beef Wellingtons are small filet mignons topped with mushroom duxelles and foie gras and wrapped in puff pastry. They sounded delicious—and the strawberry salad merely consisted of quartering strawberries, then sprinkling them with powdered sugar, and soaking them in red wine or balsamic vinegar for half an hour. After a brief description of the culinary methods we would use for these fabulous creations, we moved our class into the kitchen.

After we wrapped ourselves in aprons and washed our hands, my classmates and

I were stationed around a large counter. Hong gave us a tour of the kitchen and its myriad ingredients before we began to cook our dishes. We started by chopping garlic, shallots, and mushrooms for the mushroom duxelles. Our beef was already portioned



for us so we could begin seasoning the meat right away. After dotting the filets with pepper and salt, Hong swung by our station to let us know that most chefs like to season their beef heavily. After watching our seasoned chef (pun intended) pour two tablespoons of sea salt on one filet, I redid the rest of the beef. We then sautéed the mushrooms in butter, finely chopped the foie gras, and started cutting the frozen sheets of puff pastry. At the other end of the stove, we stirred veal broth with veal demi-glace for a simple sauce to top off our beef. Around us, our classmates were hard at work making dishes like “Mussels in Cream Sauce,” “Chicken Fricassee with Cognac,” and “Pommes Dauphinoise” (a fancy version of potato gratin). The kitchen smelled incredible, and Hong was on hand to answer

all of our questions. The atmosphere was extremely relaxed, and our lead chef guided the different groups and offered advice and tips for all.

After wrapping our beef in puff pastry and brushing the filets with an egg wash, we set to work on the strawberry salad. The CSCA provided us with tiny paring knives to hull the strawberries and lovely boxed wine in which to saturate the berries. Afterwards, I pitched in to help a classmate pipe pastry cream in miniature cream puffs which we later covered in homemade caramel glaze. The dish, named “Croquembouche,” is a popular dessert in France. Spinning the caramel took some practice, but we were experts by dinnertime.

Soon enough, the demonstration table was filled with our creations. I grabbed a plate and headed straight for the Pommes Dauphinoise, which looked and tasted like cheesy potato lasagna. After a mesclun salad, a cup of French Onion soup, and a piece of Wellington made it to my plate, I sat down. Filling our glasses with Cabernet Sauvignon (no, there was no carding, young ones), we sat down to sample the food. Everything truly did taste like restaurant-quality French food—and I might be biased, but I think the beef Wellington was a hit. We had been liberal with our foie gras, so the filets were super-rich in flavor and the puff pastry was a sweet juxtaposition to the peppery beef. I was also a fan of the Dauphinoise (potatoes) and the red wine strawberry salad. Our croquembouche was by far the grande finale of the meal. Everyone pulled a puff from our caramel-laden pyramid and bit into the cream-filled treats.

The class and resulting four-course dinner was a great experience—and even at \$80 a pop, our amazing meal was worth every penny. I highly recommend a class at the CSCA for all Tufts foodies—but register soon, because classes book up to six months in advance! ☺

*The CSCA is located at 2020 Mass Ave in Cambridge. Visit [www.cambridgculinary.com](http://www.cambridgculinary.com) to register for classes.*

POETRY AND PROSE

# Ha1



MEENA BOROLOUCHI

f-lit

and

shimmering

With carnal thoughts and celestial dreams  
we'll rouse a celebration for some premature dawn.

Half-lit and shining we'll dance  
in the weak flames, in half-lives;  
we'll deny the forthcoming day.

In some shimmering mystery, some constant shadow  
we'll revel in the mist of artificial sunrises.

And as the morning comes fully 'round  
we'll be confronted by the light,  
the bright, natural day.

We'll fall into misery at the sight,  
and crouch hidden, starved for nightfall.

We'll cower in the corners, under the sheets,  
shrouded in reveries of the dusk,  
the blurred, the hazed.

We'll be young, we'll be old, we'll be everything in between;  
recklessly tethered to the dark  
we'll be camouflaged, catastrophically comfortable  
in the obscurity of the transition,  
the grey, the flux.

We'll sell ourselves for the elixir of the twilight,  
for the flickering, fleeting loves  
found in the cracks of life.

We will be nocturnal.

—KATHLEEN BOLAND

# Lookin' Ahead

## When You Can't Eat

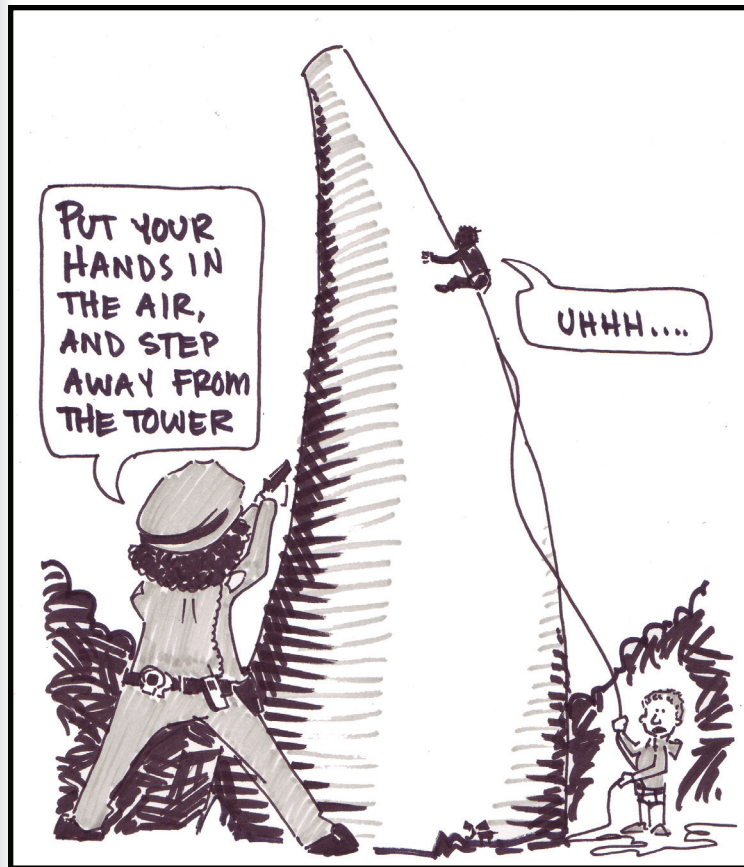
Dining halls close at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, November 26. Other on-campus dining options have shorter hours as well.

## When You Can Eat

Dining halls reopen at 5:00 p.m. on Sunday, November 30. Most other locations will be closed.

Saturday, November 8

At 3:28 a.m., Tufts police were asked to assist Somerville police with an intoxicated student on Upland Rd. The individual, calmly relaxing in the chair of a stranger's porch, was at a loss for words, and instead compliantly repeated the phrase, "A-OK, Chief." Residents called the police when



# POLICE BROTHER

they awoke to the student banging out a cacophonous melody on their window. He was transported to Lawrence Memorial Hospital for care, where police supervision was again required to prevent more disruptive behavior.

Tuesday, November 11

At 3:24 a.m., an astute officer heard voices from the area of the Tufts smokestack and investigated the situation. The police-turned-sleuth was intrigued by a hanging rope, which was attached to a rather acrobatic individual nearly halfway up the tower. At the other end of the rope was a team of three vigilant persons managing the belay. Backup was called. One backpack contained a large pumpkin, though it is unclear as to if this act of pumpkining would be classified as two weeks late, or 50 weeks early.

Saturday, November 15

At 5:05 p.m. Tufts police were called to Hill Hall after a devastating defeat in a video game led a student to begin a destructive rampage. He kicked his door repeatedly, to the point that it cracked and the lock jamb became broken. Facilities was called.

—Illustrated and compiled by Ryan Stolp



Elizabeth Herman

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