

TUFTS OBSERVER

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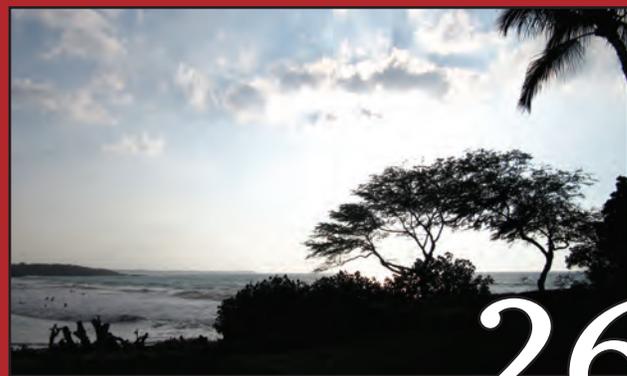
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The Observer has been Tufts' publication of record since 1895. Our dedication to in-depth reporting, journalistic innovation and honest dialogue has remained intact for over a century. Today, we offer insightful news analysis, cogent and diverse opinion 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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Suzi Grossman
Natasha Jessen-Peterson
Becky Plante

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Amy Shipp

CONTRIBUTORS

Avantha Arachchi
Anna Burgess
Peter Day
Denali Hussin
Gideon Jacobs

Ron Lee
Jessica Madding
Nick Perricone
Jordan Teicher

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Cover by Avery Matera and Ryan Stolp

Inside Cover Graphics, Clockwise from Top:
Catherine Nakajima, Catherine Nakajima,
Catherine Nakajima, Gideon Jacobs, Peter Day

Since
1895



CASHING IN

TUFTS' MONOPOLY MONEY

by katie christiansen + david schwartz



There are few sounds that Tufts students hate more than “beep, beep, beep, beep... BEEEP”. We all know it—the warning that our JumboCash balance has dipped below ten dollars, a feat seemingly impossible at the beginning of the semester. It’s easy enough to blow through this modern-day Monopoly money on campus, but now that off-campus eateries are beginning to accept our IDs, using JumboCash has become that much more convenient—and that much more dangerous.

For the most part, students, the university, and neighboring vendors seem to enjoy the services JumboCash provides. While JumboCash has minor associated fees and may not necessarily increase revenue, it makes student meal purchases simpler, thanks to its easy and safe means of transaction. But does this new cushion for consumerism lead directly to the bottom of your bank account?

This year, several vendors were added to the Tufts University Dining Services (TUDS) Merchant Off-campus Partners (MOPs) program, bringing the grand total to 22. Of these vendors, 17 deliver, providing students with more dining opportunities than Dewick or Carmichael. According to the TUDS website, “MOPs was

created as a joint initiative of [the Tufts Community Union (TCU)] Senate Services Committee and Tufts Dining as a way to provide additional food options in the evening and on weekends for students on debit plans.”

While students have been taking advantage of the program since its inception, the recent addition of eateries, such as Tasty Gourmet and Chipotle, have prompted even more students to look off campus for their meals. But as students reap the savory benefits of a

system in order to please the Tufts students, who comprise a significant portion of his business. While JumboCash has been a good ally for Pizza Days, the restaurant has not seen a significant increase in revenue since the partnership began. Perhaps this is because the program is still in its formative stages or perhaps Pizza Days’ revenue stream was strong in the beginning.

Brian Rodriguez, the general manager of Boloco in Medford, talked about JumboCash’s evolution. Back when

merchants could use “points,” before JumboCash was institutionalized, vendors used an inefficient dial-up system that led to long lines and constant frustration. Moreover, merchants had to keep every single receipt from points transactions. “[It was a] much more complicated system back then,” Rodriguez said. In August, Boloco transitioned to the new system of JumboCash. “I like it; it makes it a lot easier for students,” he began,

adding that JumboCash is a safer and easier transaction medium than cash or credit cards. It allows students to “just go in and pay for their food.” While Rodriguez mentioned that the new system increased business, particularly by eliminating the huge line caused by the original system, the increase was only marginal. While having



more robust MOPs program, are businesses feeling the same way?

“I’m happy we made the transition to JumboCash. It’s convenient,” said Pizza Days owner, Hakki Bengizli. He noted that there have been no real issues with tips being left in cash, as is required by the system, or with transitioning into it. Bengizli also said that he signed onto the



JumboCash capabilities was worthwhile for Boloco, the small increase in income is probably canceled out by the fees, according to Rodriguez.

Economics professor George Norman commented on the fiscal implications of JumboCash, noting that, "If there are traders who do and traders who do not accept JumboCash then one would expect that the former would gain more student business than the latter, putting the latter under pressure to accept JumboCash."

This, of course, is quite logical. Students may feel more inclined to patronize an eatery that accepts JumboCash, a currency that is more often than not linked to a bursar account and financed by an even more removed bank account, whether belonging to the parent or the student. As students, we

from Oman to my account (which can take days!)"

It is almost impossible to quantify the ease with which students spend JumboCash. On their end, it acts invisibly and simply, despite the greater complications for merchants. JumboCash might thus be more beneficial to the former. Furthermore, providing the ability to pay with the same card that gets one into his dorm, music locker, and the MAB Lab is an added perk. The system, however, is not without its flaws.

Meredith Goldberg, chair of the Services Committee, told the *Observer* that "there is a charge for the interchange of JumboCash and money. So unless... [a merchant has] a large increase in profit

JumboCash or take it out as a direct deposit." Tufts seems to understand that there are more expenses than just tuition and room and board and, in order to provide its students with a better way of life, the university should make its resources as useful and accessible as possible.

Sophomore Sara

"They're more likely to spend it without really thinking about it."

RACHAEL PLITCH

Golkari mentioned a few other problems with JumboCash, saying, "[JumboCash] is really easy to use, easier

than a credit card. I think it's a great thing, but sometimes it's hard to know what businesses accept it... because they don't always have signs." Golkari suggested increased advertising to the greater Tufts community and maybe even expanding to stores like CVS, which is slated to join the MOPs program later this year.

Overall, it seems that students are satisfied with the JumboCash system. "Students always say on the dining survey how much they like it," Goldberg said. "Especially upperclassmen. It is a way to keep them engaged with the dining services."

It is undeniable that students from the Hill are considering MOPs an increasingly important slice of campus dining. Nothing will ever replace a leisurely Sunday brunch in Dewick, but with time, we might find ourselves heading off-campus for a weekend recap. ☺

Katie Christiansen is a senior majoring in French and Latin American Studies. David Schwartz is a sophomore majoring in International Relations and English.

are all loath to spend the money we have saved up from jobs and birthdays; it only makes sense that we would be more inclined to swipe our ubiquitous ID cards.

Senior Rachael Plitch echoed this sentiment. "I think it's great that a lot of businesses are benefitting because I feel like students have a tendency to think of JumboCash as not being real money," she said. "They're more likely to spend it without really thinking about it."

Yet some students think otherwise. "[JumboCash] does not feel like fake money," said sophomore Taarika Sridhar. "It works like a debit card, and, especially for an international student like me, who has to get my parents to send me money

margin... [it] can lose money."

In response to students who have asked about expanding JumboCash to non-eatery institutions, Goldberg touched on some problems. "Some chains have restrictions," she began. "For example they are only allowed to be open at certain hours and have to deal with regional supervisors." Aside from the red tape that comes with being a chain, Goldberg explained that places like Gnomon Copy are unable to accept JumboCash due to copyright issues. She also mentioned that implementing JumboCash can overwhelm some establishments. "A Chinese food place in Medford," she recalled, "was only on JumboCash for a day because [on that day] so many students went there."

Goldberg did say that Tufts is trying to answer students' demands regarding JumboCash to the best of its ability. "Any student who is on financial aid and has the full package, which is any student in the bottom five percent, has discretionary money," she said. "meaning [he]... can choose to put [the money into]..."



By Jessica Madding

Rice! Paper towels! Lint! Things you can find in your belly button? No! (Well, maybe). Things you can compost? Yes!

This and many other Public Service Announcements will be coming to bathroom stalls, dorm bulletin boards, and other surfaces all over campus courtesy of the Tufts Eco-Reps... We're back! Did you miss us?

The Tufts Eco-Reps are a group of students from different dorms on campus who want to raise awareness about ecological issues, encourage environmentally responsible behavior, and plan green events and activities. We Eco-Reps also organize group activities, collaborative projects, and send representation to the Eco-Reps Program at various campus events. The Eco-Reps received training at the beginning of the semester and now attend weekly meetings to plan our program.

While we have been on hiatus since 2007, we are working hard this semester to reestablish our presence on campus by making students aware of our mission. We are holding dorm events, creating a green dorm room checklist, and reminding people why Eco-Reps should be a part of the campus. Considering the Eco-Reps program started in 2000 by Tufts' very own Anja Kollmuss as part of her master's thesis and has since spread to fifty-five colleges, it seems strange that it disappeared in the first place.

Then again, considering the on-campus environmental cul-

ture—or lack thereof—it is not so surprising that Eco-Reps has taken a temporary back seat to other campus groups.

Tufts is known for its passion for active citizenship and global leadership, and this is the image that the university promotes. We are not a campus known for caring about conservation or for being a particularly “green” institution. “Going green” here at Tufts seems to be more of an afterthought. Sadly, an active enthusiasm for environmentalism is just not ingrained in Tufts culture.

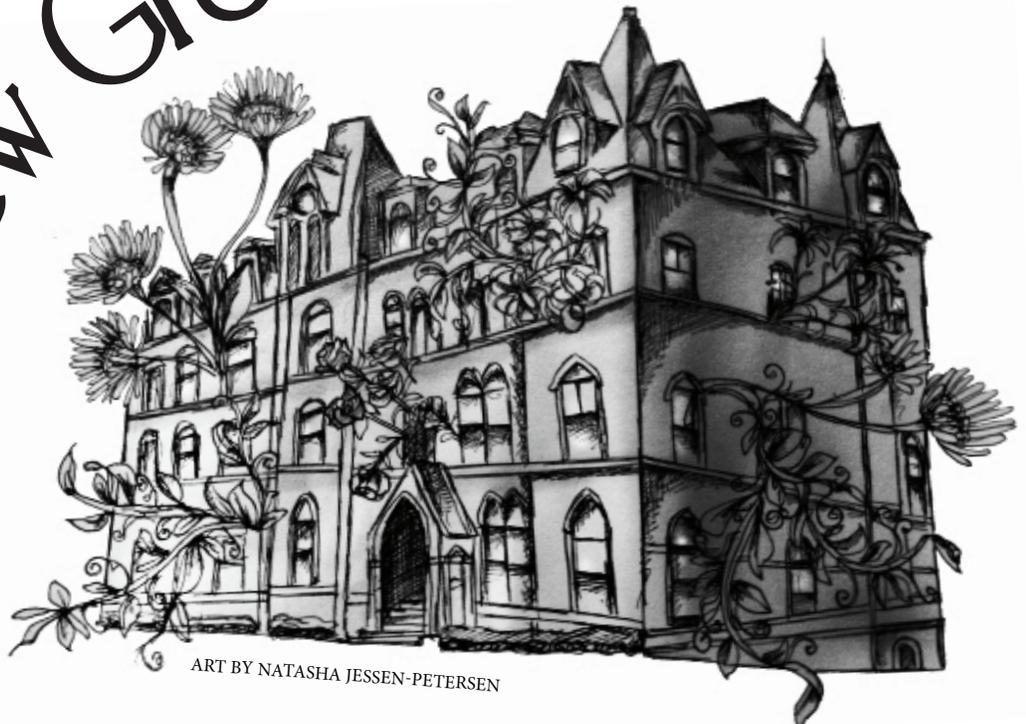
We recently received a ‘B’ from the Sustainable Endowment Institute (SEI) in sustainability rating, and no one is talking about it... yet. Even though this rating is a misrepresentation of our efforts as a university based on vague policies and an unclear ranking system, what is truly bothersome is that no one seems to know that we were rated in the first place. Other than an article in the Daily that has received no comments online, there has been little on-campus interest or discussion concerning the issue. Why is that? Enough talk about sexiled roommates and the dangers of walking around campus; what about the very real dangers of climate change and acid rain?

Enter the Eco-Reps. Al-

though we would like to think of ourselves as a clandestine group of Earth Warriors infiltrating the minds of Tufts students and causing them to slowly become greener and greener, the reality is much simpler: we have formed to aid those who bounce between TMC, TIE, ECO, TWO, and TCI in search of environmentalism. Though the program is still relatively small, hopefully all Tufts students living on campus will soon be aware of their Eco-Representative and will start utilizing their rep in order to help bring Tufts up to its green potential. Using the framework set out by the program that originated at Tufts as a platform, we are now a piloting a new initiative to promote ecologically minded behavior. As employees of the Office of Sustainability, we resist the temptation to guerilla-flier bathroom stalls with unapproved information (although I am not saying it has not happened!) and instead organize events and work within the dorms to green our campus. Watch out... We just might be greening you. ☺

Jess Madding is a senior majoring in English and Environmental Studies. She co-coordinates the Eco-Reps program.

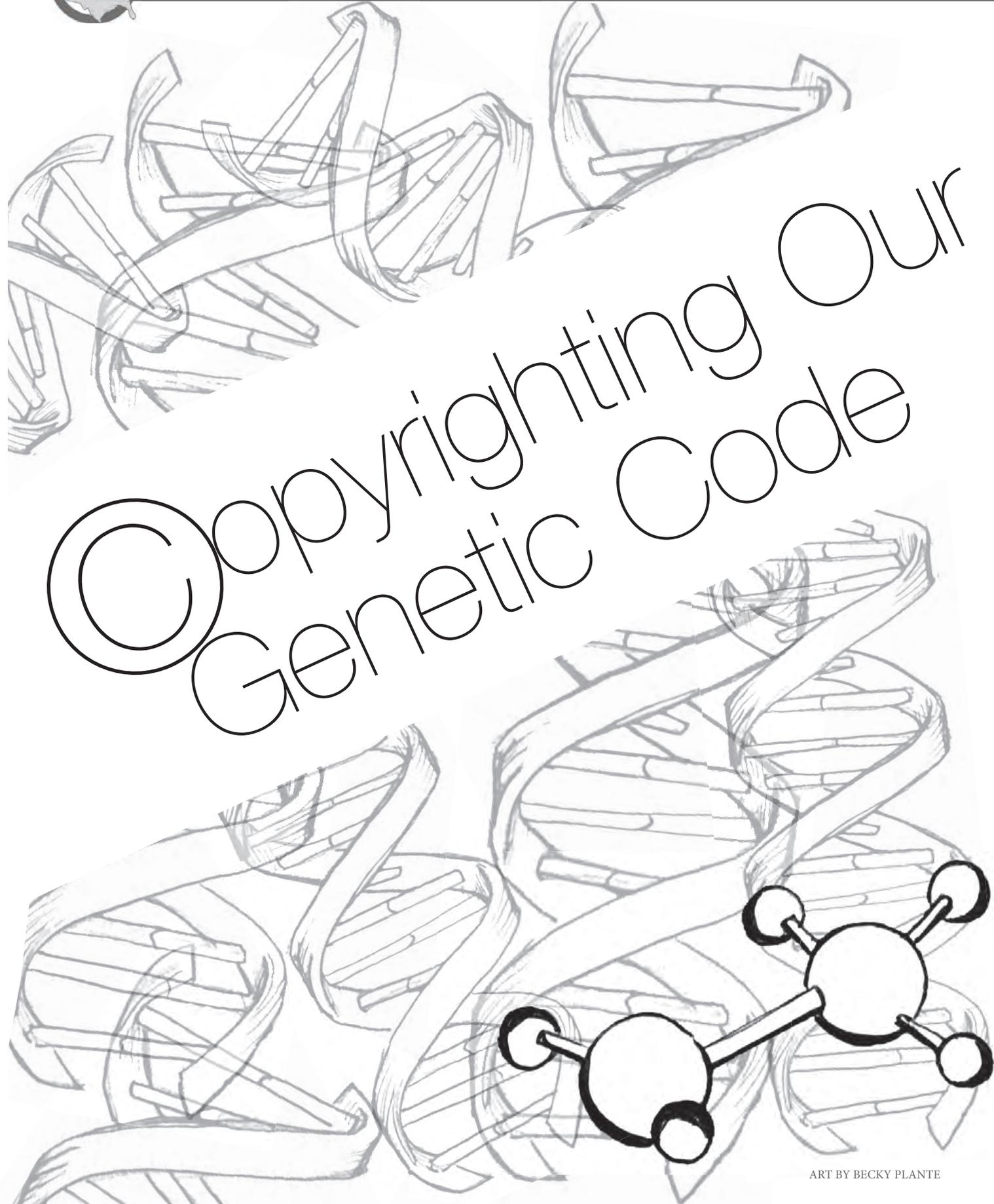
Tufts' New Green Machines!



ART BY NATASHA JESSEN-PETERSEN



Copyrighting Our Genetic Code



ART BY BECKY PLANTE



BY ANNA BURGESS

We hear about it in the news: innovative scientific research shows X causes Y, which means that a new treatment has been found for Z disease. It seems that every day, medical research has led to some breakthrough that is revolutionizing the pharmaceutical field. We assume that it is done to benefit the general public, because it is, theoretically. But what happens when, somewhere between the research and the new beneficial medication, something gets in the way?

That is the question that the United States federal government is trying to answer with its stance on gene patenting and its legality. The patenting of genes has sparked controversy for many years, but has always been legally allowed by the US Patent and Trademark Office. A recent case brought by the Public Patent Foundation and the ACLU has reignited the public debate over whether or not to allow the patenting of gene sequences, and the US Justice Department has gotten involved.

The case, presided over by Judge Robert W. Sweet of the United States District Court in Manhattan, involved a lawsuit challenging patents held by Myriad Genetics and the University of Utah Research Foundation. The patents in question are for two genes, BRCA1 and BRCA2. The genes indicate that someone is at risk for breast or ovarian cancer, and testing for them can give a person vital information about whether she is at risk. The issue that the ACLU, the Public Patent Foundation, and others have with these patents is that since Myriad has a patent on BRCA1 and BRCA2, they are the ones who have developed the tests necessary to find the genes. And they give the test to people who need it—sometimes.

With their patent, Myriad can choose with which health insurance providers they contract; only those providers are allowed to administer the genetics test for BRCA. This, Judge Sweet ruled in March, should be illegal under the United States patent system. His ruling against Myriad said that because the company isolated but did not invent the genes, Myriad should not be able to patent those genetic sequences. The ACLU agreed with this idea, saying that patents should be reserved for when a gene has been modified, or a test

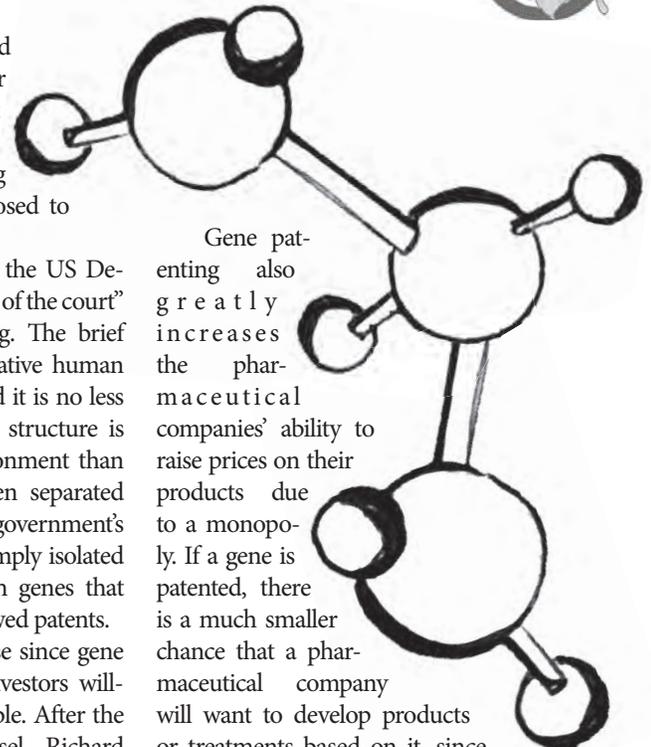
or drug has been developed based on a gene. Sandra Park, a lawyer for ACLU, said that, “that’s what actually happens in much of biotech, they’re actually patenting things they’re creating,” as opposed to discovering.

In response to these ideas, the US Department of Justice filed a “friend of the court” brief concerning gene patenting. The brief stated, “chemical structure of native human genes is a product of nature, and it is no less a product of nature when that structure is ‘isolated’ from its natural environment than are cotton fibers that have been separated from cotton seeds.” The federal government’s position is that genes that are simply isolated should not be patented, though genes that have been altered should be allowed patents.

Myriad is appealing the case since gene patents are what keeps their investors willing and their companies profitable. After the ruling, Myriad’s general counsel, Richard Marsh, said, “This [case] really goes to the fundamental question of ‘Does the U.S. patent system work?... we spent hundreds of millions of dollars until we broke even before we got [the test] out, to fund the research.’ Without a gene patent, Myriad researchers and investors would not have the incentive to put in massive amounts of time and money. The patent offers the company security that their work won’t be duplicated elsewhere, and that it will ultimately be profitable since there is no competition.

But who benefits from gene patents and who suffers? In the biotechnology field, gene patents are a positive force. Researchers dedicated to working with certain genes are rewarded for their efforts, and can profit from their patents, funding future research. Also, no one wastes time or money working on the same product. There is less of a competitive attitude among researchers, and no secrecy involved after something has been invented—everyone has access to it. Companies have an incentive to put money into their research if they know they can get something out of it.

On the other side of the debate are those hurt by gene patenting: us. From a purely principled standpoint, not having ownership of our genetic code seems like a limit to human identity. Women wanting to get tested for a potentially life-threatening gene combination face bureaucratic red tape when attempting to read their genetic code. This results in potentially life threatening consequences.



Gene patenting also greatly increases the pharmaceutical companies’ ability to raise prices on their products due to a monopoly. If a gene is patented, there is a much smaller chance that a pharmaceutical company will want to develop products or treatments based on it, since creating said products or treatments is incredibly expensive. The expenses increase further when something called “patent stacking” occurs, which is when a single gene sequence can be patented in multiple ways. For example, one sequence can have separate patents as a gene, an “expressed sequence tag,” or sub-sequence, and an SNP (single nucleotide polymorphism).

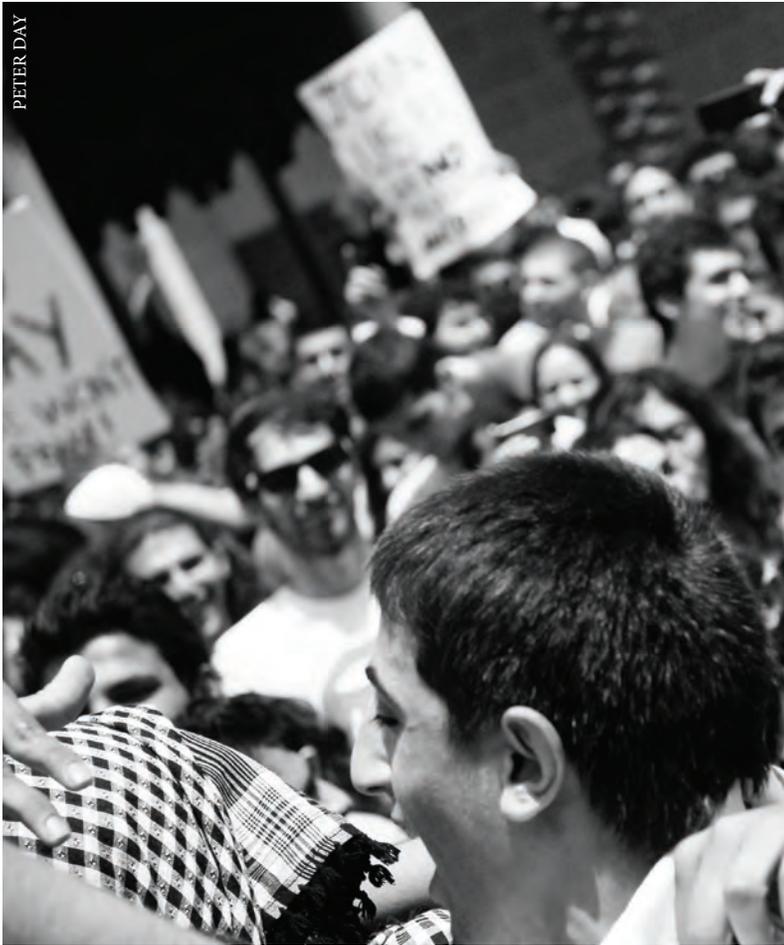
Gene patenting, especially patent stacking, equals much greater costs for third parties working with the genes than if the patents did not exist. And if a third party, like a pharmaceutical company, has to pay more, that means consumers will also have to pay more.

Thus, the questions stand: what happens when gene patents hurt those they are supposed to help? In the Myriad case, what happened was that the patents were declared invalid. But this one case does not even come close to solving the many issues surrounding gene patenting. No doubt, gene patents lead to better, broader, and more research in the field of biotechnology. But theoretically, isn’t all this research being done for the good of the public? If we can’t even afford to use the products that result from the new research, then what is the point? It seems that, in this ongoing debate, the questions just keep coming, and the answers are few and far between. ☹

Anna Burgess is a sophomore who has not yet declared a major.



PETER DAY



ACROSS THE DIVIDE

The legal battle over Arizona's immigration bill rages on in federal court. But will the issue ever be resolved?



BY NEIL ARONSON

Events in recent weeks have given new perspective on Arizona's controversial immigration law, known as SB 1070. The law sparked a national discourse over immigration back in April as supporters hailed a victory for the rule of law while opponents claimed it would lead to racial profiling and increased racial tensions. The heated argument over the law has become increasingly ideological as both sides seek to center the debate on the issue of immigration itself.

Among the most significant provisions of the law is a new requirement that police detain people they "reasonably suspect" of being in the country illegally. This means that anytime a police officer interacts with someone, whether it be pull-

ing someone over for a traffic violation or stopping someone at a security checkpoint, the officer can check the person's immigration status and report him or her to Border Patrol if necessary. It does not mean, however, that police can stop people merely for "looking" like illegal immigrants. The law provides no clear explanation, however, of what might warrant "reasonable suspicion" of illegal immigrant status, leaving it to police officers' discretion. The danger is that a police officer has the power to pull over Hispanic-looking people based on some other pretext and then question their legal status. Once detained, the law mandates that individuals prove they are in the country legally and makes it a crime to not carry the proper immigration papers at all times. Overall, it imposes an unprecedented burden on aliens in the country that

some, including Cardinal Roger M. Mahoney of Los Angeles, liken to "Nazism." A new report found that 100,000 Hispanics have left Arizona since the beginning of the year, possibly because of the law along with poor economic conditions.

The Obama administration filed a lawsuit against Arizona in early July, arguing that immigration is solely in the purview of the federal government and that laws like the one in Arizona would create an unwieldy patchwork of different laws in different states. Arizona Governor Jan Brewer, who was an enthusiastic supporter of the law, contends that the federal government is not doing enough to secure the border and that her state was forced to act out of concern for the public safety. Brewer was elected to a full term as governor on November 2 by a wide margin, riding a



wave of support in the state for the immigration law. Indeed, national opinion polls show that the majority of Americans support the law and oppose the administration's lawsuit.

The courts have seen things differently. District Judge Susan Bolton issued an injunction against sections of the law less than a day before it was scheduled to take effect in late July. In her decision, Bolton wrote that "there is a substantial likelihood that officers will wrongfully arrest legal resident aliens," largely siding with the Obama administration. Specifically, she invalidated provisions that forced police to

criminal offense. While these parts of the law have been in effect since July, no arrests or prosecutions based on its statutes have occurred since then. Law enforcement seems to be waiting it out while the legal battle goes on. Governor Brewer has publicly said that she will take the law all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary, meaning it could still be months until the law's final status is determined.

Adding yet another element of controversy to the law, a recent investigation by NPR found that the driving force behind the bill was the Corrections Corporation of America (CCA), the largest private

tions from prison lobbyists and companies. These revelations naturally raise concerns about the role of business in shaping the legislative agenda to their own ends. NPR's report noted that nothing done was technically illegal, even though the prison industry was essentially allowed to write the bill and pay state legislators for their support. Meanwhile, several other states including Texas and Florida are considering similar legislation. All this means that SB 1070 will continue to cause headlines and shape the political landscape, hinting at the perennial American fixation on defining identity in a nation of immigrants.



check the immigration status of suspected aliens and allowed police to detain these persons until they could prove they were in the country legally.

Arizona appealed the decision, and the case is now in front of the 9th US Circuit Court of Appeals. The court indicated recently that it would throw out the provision that makes it a state crime to not carry immigration papers, but made it clear that the police did have the authority to demand them. Arizona's lawyer, John Bouma, said that this would effectively make the law toothless, since police couldn't detain those suspected of being in the country illegally for any crime. The court also said that it would not approve of the section that makes it a crime for illegal immigrants to seek work, since a prior ruling stated that the responsibility rests only on the employers that hire illegal immigrants.

The courts cleared several parts of the law, including a requirement that all cities and municipalities fully cooperate with federal immigration officials. This came in response to "sanctuary" policies certain cities adopted making it illegal for officers to ask witnesses or victims about their legal status. Other parts of the law make it easier for police to pull over suspected smugglers and outlaw stopping a vehicle in traffic to pick up day laborers. It is now a crime to encourage illegal immigration or to transport, shield, or harbor illegal aliens knowingly, although this only applies if it is during the commission of another

prison company in the country, which saw arresting more immigrants as a good way to expand its market. The CCA worked closely with the sponsor of the bill, Republican State Senator Russel Pearce, and was even allowed to choose the wording. Other legislators jumped on the bandwagon; the bill had an unusually high 36 co-sponsors, 30 of whom received dona-

Filled with so many contentious elements, the debate over the law will likely rage on for months. Whatever form the final law may take, the feelings of violation and distrust it has sparked will linger indefinitely. ☹

Neil Aronson is a freshman who has not yet declared a major.



PETER DAY



Yusef Komunyakaa

Pulitzer Prize-winning poet discusses style, language, and inspiration

An interview by
Katie Boland

Overall, you've led a really interesting life: you were born in Louisiana, you fought in the Vietnam War, lived in Colorado and are now in New York. You've gone all over the country during your life. Was there ever a point when you really started to consider yourself a writer, or even a poet?

Well there was a moment where I thought I would go back and study psychology more closely. Up until the last fifteen years I entertained that idea, now I think I've given that up. Poetry has been more than just important to me, not in my writing so much as my reading. I love reading poetry. But recently I've been searching for the poetry in experimental modernist prose.

Who are those writers that you're reading? Who do you think influenced you the most, either recently or in the past?

There are numerous. Off the top of my head, I'll name some poets that have influenced me: Robert Hayden is very important to me; Bishop, especially her careful language and conciseness in imagery; Pablo Neruda is more than amazing, he is instructive from a great distance, I feel like he's still alive; Whitman taught me something about exuberance, about a kind of lyrical crescendo in ordinary language. I'm still learning, I'm learning from people around me, I listen to the language of the streets; I also listen to the language informed by scientists and how they tonally relate to each other because they're so inventive.

NANCY CRAMPTON



Going off of Whitman, because that's a good example, your work has often been described as autobiographical. I was wondering, as the author, what would you take that to mean?

Well there are moments of autobiographical sketches, but also my work is informed by the imagination, and that is more than merely autobiographical. I think it all connects to an image. I rely heavily on an image. And I suppose if it's autobiographical because it comes from within one, then everything is autobiographical in that sense. All work is. So, I think maybe I want to say some critics are lazy or perhaps limit themselves.

It does seem to be a superficial term. Going forward, you speak of your time you served in Vietnam, and war seems to be a prominent theme in your work. Dien Cai Dau dealt with your experiences there, in Vietnam, your recent book Warhorses refers to our situation in Iraq, and what you read today, "Requiem," referred to Hurricane Katrina. As a poet, do you think you have a responsibility to respond to these topics of war and violence or do you think it's more of a personal thematic choice that just happens?

There are certain things that beckon to each of us. The whole of the human experience, I'm interested in. I want to be surprised by every day things, such as the maggot or the scorpion, or what have you. But there are those... A good example is Katrina: "Requiem" came about when the editor of Oxford American called me and wanted to know if I would respond to the storm, the hurricane. I meditated on it for a moment and I said I'd try, and in a sense that poem is still in progress because it's a single sentence. It moves along. It may be a very short book that is a single sentence. I was interested in that because of history. It attempts to deal with the storm but also the imperatives of history. I have to respond to those things otherwise I would be untrue to who I am. There's a kind of inquiry... I was born in the deep South very close to nature and from the very beginning there was a certain kind of basic inquiry into the landscape, into the things around me. We internalize a

landscape; I believe that. We are all complex organisms responding to stimuli. We are attracted to the elements within our surroundings like bees to pollen.

You've been talking about how the poem comes from within you, how you're inspired by the landscape around you; describe your process: how you come about inspiration, how you construct your poetry.

That's an interesting question because I guess it has a lot to do with meditation. I am always meditating on what's around me and I care about what's around me. I think it's what singles us out, as humans. How can we not be engaged? So that influences my poetry. A single image... I improvise a lot, like the jazz musician who has a melody and improvises on that melody. He or she travels here and back to the nucleus, to that tonal moment that's necessary, that creates the shape of the piece. That's why I too... well ... I don't even try. I don't even try. It's just a part of who I am at this moment in my life.

A word that you keep mentioning over and over again, even at the reading, is insinuation. What do you mean by that?

I'm thinking about some of the Blues musicians, I'm thinking about how they were able to insinuate in their very simple verse. Sometimes political situations, sometimes social situations, a lot of it is through saying something that is imaginatively minute but at the same time it expands. I like to think about poetry as a celebration in confrontation. Each of us brings something different to a poem. I like poems that I can revisit again and again. We're constantly changing as complex organisms. We visit an image or a poem and it's different each time. And it's the levels of insinuation that keep the image or the poem alive. Innuendo. Language is elastic in its meaning; it isn't static.

You're leaving a lot up to the reader to interpret. Do you ever write with an audience in mind? Or is it purely you on a page?

When I was about four or five I would

sing along with the radio, but I would create my own lyrics. That may have something to do with it. I suppose I'm always reaching for music that I can connect with. I read everything aloud. I suppose from the beginning I have entertained my psyche with questions and answers as well as images that surprise me and even baffled me momentarily. When I write, there's always a philosophical and psychological subtext that creates a dialog that's personal, but also universal.

So you're concerned with an oral tradition.

Yes, but the poem on the page, visually, is also very important to me. But there's a kind of orality that informs everyday speech that someone such as Williams Carlos Williams was aware of. Hughes, in a different way, was also aware of this—the Blues idiom. I think the map that I was attempting to draw for myself early on, for instance in *Copacetic*, comes from that tradition. I think we internalize a terrain, and that terrain becomes a psychological overlay for how we perceive and experience the world; it's the route of our lives. But we are also making necessary adjustments to that map, to that perception.

Music, sound, and assonance very much inform your work. Would you say, if you could define it, you have a style of your own?

It's interesting to say style because there's a book called *Thinking in Jazz* written by Paul Berliner and he interviews a number of musicians who each talk about style. Each musician has his or her own style. And perhaps this is true with all artists. It says something about individuality. I wouldn't even know how to describe my style, but it's informed by everything I've known, everything I've read, everything I've seen, everything I've dreamt. In that sense, perhaps one's style is constantly evolving. ☺

Yusef Komunyakaa gave a reading at Tufts on October 18th. His forthcoming collection, The Chameleon Couch, will be published in 2011.



What Has Kanye West Done to the Music Video?



BY JORDAN TEICHER

The music video is an incredibly odd medium for artistic expression. In its most basic form, it is a short film, but the music video more closely resembles a commercial than any other type of art. Movies, books, and musical albums are all products to be sold and consumed by the public, but the music video is just an advertisement and nothing more. We don't buy them. We just watch them.

And because of this lack of direct profitability, music videos carry a weight of irrelevance. They have become four-minute slices of egocentric branding, comprised of a series of close-up shots of a particular artist's face and body. There is often no plot, no acting, and most importantly, no artistic risk taking.

If one were to go a bit further and focus this analysis on only hip-hop music videos, it becomes even clearer just how trivial the *art form* is. Think of all the hip-hop dances that were popular due to music videos over the past few years: Lean Back, the Cupid Shuffle, The Soulja Boy Dance, and recently, the Dougie, each dance just

as mindless and catchy as the one before it. Yet, nobody does any of these dances anymore, because now they are obsolete and uncool, especially when there are videos on YouTube of grandmothers trying to "superman that ho."

This happens to be a perfect segue into the gender sexism often on display in these videos. You know what I am referencing—scantly clad women whose big, stylish sunglasses usually cover more skin than their boy shorts do. This topic of misogyny in hip-hop has been overcooked thanks to the massive amounts of articles and books put forth in the past few years, which, in my opinion, have actually been effective in limiting the blatant misogynistic sexuality in these videos. But it all boils down to the function of the music video. There is nothing visually appealing about watching an artist stand around and rap a song for four minutes. There is no narrative for the viewer to take pleasure in. Throw in some sex, however, and it suddenly becomes a lot more watchable, even if it remains artistically hollow. This notion of the music video as an empty sexual advertisement for an artist and his (or rarely her) song

has become commonplace in the hip-hop community, and to a larger extent, the music industry as a whole.

Enter Kanye West, who in the past has had no problem challenging convention regardless of the consequences. He is most conveniently described as arrogant, brash, and abrasive, but how about as an artistic genius? After the release of Kanye's 35-minute music video *Runaway* (which masquerades as a short film), people may need to start reevaluating the same man who stole the microphone away from Taylor Swift. What makes *Runaway* such a valuable piece of art is the way it takes the medium of the music video seriously.

Undoubtedly, Kanye took a risk. Not only is he the main actor of *Runaway*, but also the director and creator of the story, an impressive feat considering he is a man with little to no experience behind the camera. It would have been safe for him to dance around for four minutes, rap his lyrics, and push out a typical music video, but *Runaway* is anything but. Instead of using only one song, it incorporates most

(Continued on page 17)



Currency is a manifestation of rationalized faith.

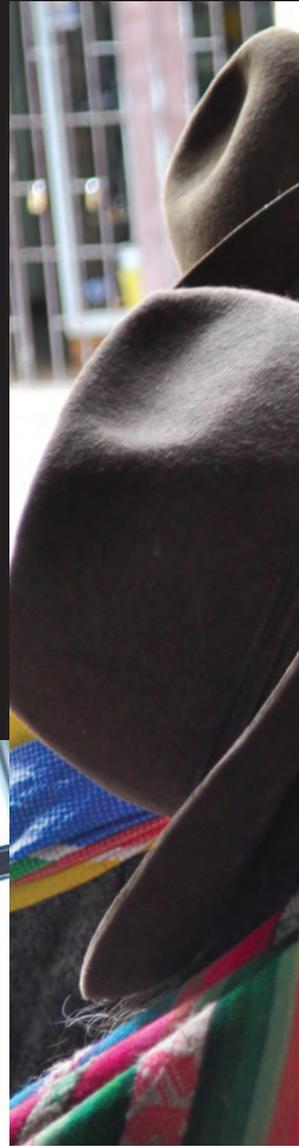
{ Photos taken in Peru and Argentina }

These photographs are meant to illustrate some of the overlap that exists between faith and commerce.





Pieces of paper with old, white faces on them are worth something because we believe **someone else** will value them, and we believe someone else will value them because of **a collective faith** in the government that prints those pieces of paper.





In essence, the term "value" reminds us that in every transaction we make we reaffirm that we are believers in a system.



Photos &
excerpts
by
Gideon
Jacobs



Every time we reach into our wallet to grab some cash or credit card or a student ID card, we take a leap of faith that is so ingrained and ritualized that we don't even register it as a step. In this way, capitalism is a religion of sorts, but it is so institutionalized and entwined in the code we use to build our lives that we often forget that **we are the subjects in its temple.**





(Continued from page 12)

of his upcoming album, *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*. There are some cheesy special effects, some sparse dialogue, and even a lesson to be learned at the end: a phoenix must rise from the ashes (symbolism anyone?). This is not just a commercial for the Kanye brand; this is a work of art.

What truly separates this from other music videos, even the ones that try to be short films, such as Michael Jackson's *Thriller* and Justin Timberlake's *What Goes Around, Comes Around*, is the artistic composition.

Kanye has a knack for visual tone and a color palette that we rarely see in any music video. For example, the opening scene of *Runaway* features Kanye sprinting toward the camera in a forest with a hazy reddish fog behind him. The color red is prominent throughout the short film, often associated with the phoenix and scenes of passion. Yet, the best representation of the music video's visual success comes halfway through, with a set piece that includes Kanye singing on top of a white piano as a troupe of ballerinas dance behind a pastel green wall. The song playing during this scene is "Runaway," which was created as a musical apology to Taylor Swift for the 2009 MTV Video Music Awards fiasco. The camera pans out to capture the entirety of the action before cutting to various angles of the dancers moving gracefully. The scene is elegant and fascinating, and effectively expresses the vulnerability of a man who has hidden behind a cocky public persona for far too long.

However, while the artistry of the music video is outstanding, its main narrative is sophomoric. The plot centers on Kanye and a half-

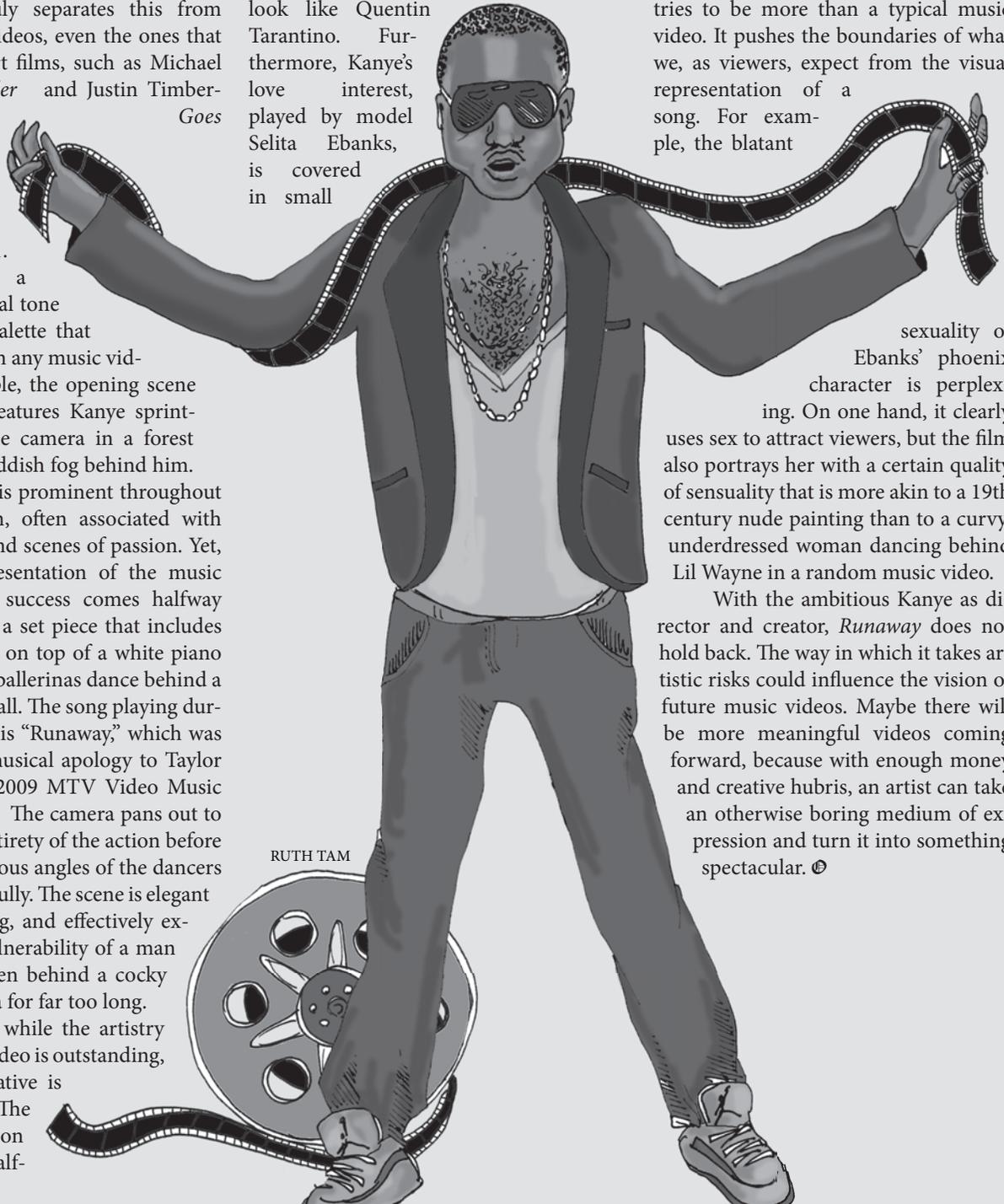
female, half-phoenix supermodel he falls in love with. It's mostly about overcoming differences and ignoring members of society who either do not understand individuality or seek to repress it. And yes, reread that sentence, because the video's message is as preachy as it sounds. Hype Williams, a veteran music video director (and not a screenwriter), wrote the dialogue for *Runaway*, and managed to make Michael Bay look like Quentin Tarantino. Furthermore, Kanye's love interest, played by model Selita Ebanks, is covered in small

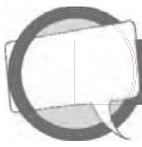
amounts of body paint, and other than her large phoenix feathers attached to her back, is practically naked. Her appearance is distracting and could be construed as typical hip-hop sexism, even if it is not meant to be.

That being said, I present the flaws of *Runaway* to show why it is a significant work of art. It tries, and it fails, and at times, it fails miserably, but it always tries to be more than a typical music video. It pushes the boundaries of what we, as viewers, expect from the visual representation of a song. For example, the blatant

sexuality of Ebanks' phoenix character is perplexing. On one hand, it clearly uses sex to attract viewers, but the film also portrays her with a certain quality of sensuality that is more akin to a 19th century nude painting than to a curvy, underdressed woman dancing behind Lil Wayne in a random music video.

With the ambitious Kanye as director and creator, *Runaway* does not hold back. The way in which it takes artistic risks could influence the vision of future music videos. Maybe there will be more meaningful videos coming forward, because with enough money and creative hubris, an artist can take an otherwise boring medium of expression and turn it into something spectacular. 🎬





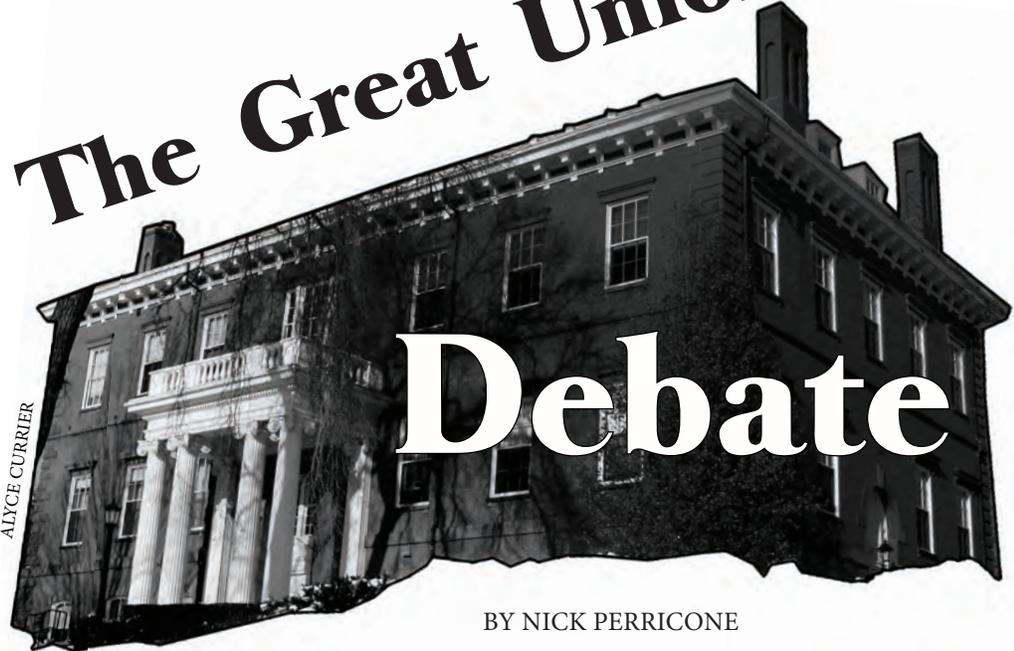
Not a lot of people will gladly talk about unions today. To many, they seem archaic; to others, unnecessary or even harmful. We only ever seem to hear about them being abusive or inefficient. Sadly, the union-friendly Employee Free Choice Act is still held up in Congress, rank-and-file members are reportedly reluctant to engage in politics, and union membership has long been on the decline in this country.

Yet Tufts has been abuzz with ongoing conversations about unions. I have personally talked to friends and peers, faculty and professors, union-workers and administrative officials, all of whom are mostly quite interested in hearing about and discussing what has been happening here at Tufts. The *Tufts Daily* and the *Boston Globe* have reported on the union drive, and President Bacow as well as many others in our administration have been outspoken regarding unions, issuing letters to the community and holding conversations in public forums and private meetings.

Most importantly, Tufts clerical and technical employees have been talking about unions. For decades now, employees here in these services—some 1,200 of them, including Tisch and Fletcher librarians, secretaries, dental assistants, animal caretakers, lab workers, and IT professionals—employed on all three campuses have been considering the idea of forming a labor union. They represent one of the biggest labor organizing drives happening presently in the private sector in the United States.

The idea has only gained public traction since the spring of 2009, when 35 employees signed an open letter to the Tufts community expressing their interest in organizing along the model of the Harvard Union of Clerical and Technical Workers (HUCTW). They identified themselves as the Tufts Employee Association (TEA). Of course, the administration was already aware of the drive. Kris Rondeau, the head of the HUCTW, had approached Tufts' Executive Vice President Patricia Campbell to apprise her of the effort before it was made public, and a response came promptly in the form of another open letter to the Tufts community stating the administration's inter-

The Great Union Debate



BY NICK PERRICONE

est in workers *not* organizing a union. Accordingly, Human Resources issued a Q&A pamphlet entitled "Union Organizing at Tufts: Questions & Answers" featuring six black and white pages regarding exactly how and why a union is not in the employees' interest.

HUCTW has been successfully bargaining with the administration at Harvard since 1988, and is a part of the landscape there. Nearly two hundred clerical workers at Harvard were laid off during the current recession. The Director of Labor Relations at Harvard told the *Harvard Crimson* that despite "challenging" times, "[both] parties worked together respectfully" and came to a "successful agreement" on their most recent contract negotiation, which, according to the *Crimson*, "includes strong language that seeks to ensure that the Union and the University work together to manage layoffs." The union leadership concurred.

The Tufts Employee Association is not officially affiliated with Tufts. In fact, the Human Resources brochure repeatedly reminds, "The Tufts Employee Association is not a university-sanctioned organization." Accordingly, union organizers are treated as third-party solicitors. This means that they are technically not allowed to solicit—in other

words, to talk about a union to workers at the workplace. Perhaps those of you who have been at Tufts for a couple of years noticed when, all of a sudden, little metallic "No Trespassing" signs appeared in the corners of every door of every building on campus. These were put there as a direct response to TEA organizing. The university treats union organizers as they would loitering salespeople: ideas and products alike violate the university's no-solicitation policy.

What's more, employees themselves are technically prohibited from discussing the idea of forming a union except during "non-working time." I asked Patricia Campbell what "non-working time" meant, wondering if it included, say, a casual discussion with a colleague in between tasks. She assured me that Tufts has no interest in this sort of policing, and that of course workers could talk about the union with each other, so long as it did not interfere with their work. Her statement is at odds with the official position of Tufts, as laid out in the Human Resources Q&A, which states, "solicitation is not allowed unless both employees are on non-working time."

This is not President Bacow's first experience with unions or anti-union campaigns. In 1982 he authored the book



Bargaining for Job Safety and Health, in which he argues that organized labor is a vital ingredient to workplace safety. Two decades later, however, when graduate students at Tufts attempted to form a union, Bacow apparently felt differently. According to a *Daily* article from February, 2002, Bacow wrote on the Tufts website that, although he was explicitly not “anti-union,” he believed “it would be a mistake for graduate students to unionize,” arguing that “the relationship between faculty-member and graduate student is not one of employer to employee.” Fortunately for Bacow, the votes were eventually invalidated by the National Labor Relations Board under President Bush, and the union never formed. But it should be noted that the line of reasoning used then is akin to that being used today. Unions are fine, just not here at Tufts, and not in this case.

The term “anti-union” is once again being disputed. When a friend and I had the pleasure to sit down for lunch and a chat last spring with Dickens Mathieu,

Tufts’ senior legal counsel, he told me he was unhappy that we would refer to Tufts as being “anti-union.” Presumably, there is a difference between a public announcement of disapproval of something, and being against that thing. Mathieu put it to me thus: Suppose I, your humble author, were courting Mathieu’s sister, and Mathieu wanted to know if I were of questionable character. Hasn’t he the duty to impart to his sister his opinion, so long as he claims only the right to persuade, and not to decide?

The Jumbo-Janitor Alliance (JJA), of which I am a member, has taken it upon itself to get the community talking about this union drive. You may have seen the JJA outside Tisch Library, offering free cookies or brownies to anyone willing to endorse the position that free choice is a good thing, whether it be over baked goods or forming a labor union. The JJA has also been collecting signatures for a petition calling on the incoming administration to change course. “We’re committed to the rights

of all the workers at Tufts, not just the janitors,” said senior and co-chair of the group Phil Bene. “And for that reason we feel that it’s necessary to call on the next president to clear the air and end the anti-union campaign against the clerical and technical workers.”

In recent months, the administration has been conspicuously silent on the issue. The union has busily solicited and won letters of support from Senators Kerry and Kennedy, Mayor Menino, and Tufts alumni in an open letter to the *Daily*; launched a new website; and shown no sign of shrinking the campaign. The administration has stepped back, claiming in effect that it has said what it has to say, now let come what may. Meanwhile, the Tufts community is anticipating a new administration, and while the dust settles from the initial anti-union campaign of the current administration, the conversations continue. ☺

Nick Perricone is a junior majoring in philosophy.





TAKING
BACK THE

F - word

BY NATALIE SELZER

Listing Feminist Philosophy amongst the courses that I'm taking this semester has garnered more than a few interesting — and upsetting — responses from male friends and acquaintances who have asked about my academic schedule. The one that topped the list, I think, was the guy who thought about it for a second before saying that he "lived with one of those," as though a woman in college today that considered herself a feminist was some foreign, unexpected, unnamable phenomenon. Other responses have mostly been 'good-natured' variations on the *feminism as the butt of a joke* theme, followed by the assertion that they are, of course, just kidding around with me. The biggest problem: These responses aren't from assholes. Far from it. They are from good guys that I wouldn't think to pair with the words sexist or misogynist. They are from guys that, *I think*, respect me. So if they are good guys, why should I care? I care because I can't write them off as

douchebags whose opinion doesn't matter to me. I care because the underlying message, intended or not, is that to be a feminist is to be strange or to be a joke. I care because I had to qualify the statement that they respect me with the words "*I think*."

In their defense, the meaning of the word feminist got lost somewhere along the way between the second-wave feminist movement of the 1960s and the world of 2010 that we live in today. And then again, the word feminist never really meant any single thing—it has ranged from a focus on equal job and education opportunities all the way to radical lesbian separatist movements. But the term, in its simplest form, has been appropriated and polluted to the point that college-aged women of today have very little interest in associating themselves with the word, and men are not sure what holding feminist beliefs even means exactly. Where being a feminist should mean a firm belief that systematic social, eco-

nomie, and political inequalities should not exist between men and women, it has come to be, for many, a caricature of angry, inflammatory women insisting on their own oppression where they appear to enjoy fairly equal rights. Or, if you are like Rush Limbaugh, you might be under the impression that "feminism was established so as to allow unattractive women easier access to the mainstream of society." I'll just point out that if a woman looked half as unattractive as Rush Limbaugh, the media would never have let us hear one peep from her. And yet Limbaugh never seems to be shut up.

But I digress. The point I'm trying to make is twofold. First, I want to emphasize that feminism does *not* have to mean an attack on the individual, its main goal is to criticize the social *system* that continues, today, to shape us into strictly defined feminine and masculine molds, where compulsory femininity (which morphs somewhat over time and space but can be understood almost always to



include service to the masculine) is valued less than masculinity. To pick up on the stereotyped roles available to us: Qualities like nurturant, docile and communal, though usually expected from a woman, are always regarded as having less value than qualities like authoritative, strong and independent, which are expected from men. Just think about how you felt when reading those separate lists of words, what kind of images they evoked. Women are required to fit a certain niche and are then devalued for holding the qualities associated with it. And then again, if they demonstrate masculine qualities, they are also ridiculed, but for being argumentative, bossy, angry, selfish, or a flat out bitch.

Again, I do not, by any means, want to attack the men that I mentioned earlier who made offhand remarks or jokes about my Feminist Philosophy class; I want to attack the social environment that shaped their responses, and the idea that somehow the idea of feminist is not entirely pressing or relevant. Because although the responses themselves are not very important, they *do* reveal a sort of disregard for the ideas behind feminism. Which leads to my second point, which is that the system that inflicts harmful and hurtful inequality between men and women absolutely exists here on campus, and in places that are, apparently, not immediately obvious to everyone. To be a feminist is to shed light on these inequalities and, hopefully, to combat them.

The sexism that I see rearing its head on the Tufts campus takes an almost exclusively social form, showing up in the interworking of personal interactions. We are all lucky enough to live in an environment where the injustices done to women are not, by and large, institutionalized; women have an equal chance of being admitted to college; they have the right to vote, learn, own property, hold a job, and all those other things that we take for granted living in the country that we do. But in focusing only on the abolition of institutional injustices (which have been incredibly hard won), we ignore the sexist expectations and actions in our everyday lives that have an enormous impact on how we treat and perceive one another.

Tufts women go to class, jobs, and extracurricular activities and expect to be treated with respect, and to have their ideas and contributions taken seriously. And really, I think that they are. Yet when the weekend rolls around, everything is thrown out the window; we find ourselves dealing with a whole new set of social norms that are supposed to define our social lives and relationships. Systematically



Where being a
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and without fail, within sexual relationships and in the things women hear from friends and the media, they are told that their most valuable characteristic is their physical appearance and their desirability to men. Sure, other qualities like intelligence or kindness or any other personality trait someone might prefer are good and sought-after, but when it really comes down to it, what is implied in so many varying ways is that sexual desirability and availability, as defined by men, is the

single most important thing for a woman to possess. You can't tell me that so many women fret over clothes, make-up, sexy underwear, and well-waxed pubic hair because they are intrinsically narcissistic or vain—they fret because the *jokes* and the *feedback* create doubt about whether they will, in the end, be considered valuable if they don't put on the perfect, pretty face. And the thing is this: I'm not saying that all men value looks above everything else and disregard personality and intelligence. What I am trying to say is that the system around us, repeatedly and systematically, tries to tell us that they do.

The classic party theme that must always end in a clever pun on the word 'ho' is just another obvious example. Sure, I'm ruining the silly fun by saying anything. I'm being too politically correct, too uptight. The problem with these arguments, though, is that my frustration or my anger is being *silenced*—it isn't allowed. I can object to the fact that these party themes imply that you are only welcome or fun if you expose yourself *and* make yourself sexually available to the men who—surprise!—can wear whatever the fuck they want without thinking twice about it. But my objection in many, many circles would be met with a glib 'joke' or a rolling of the eyes. But not a counter-argument. The objection would not be engaged, just ignored. Sex, sexiness, and tossing aside inhibitions are all wonderful; I don't mean to say that they aren't. I mean only to say that this type of situation, this informal yet socially coercive sexual service does not constitute the positive aspects of sex, sexiness and tossing aside inhibitions.

In the end, I just want to say that we are not living in a world where feminism is superfluous. We do not live in a world of sexual equality, especially in the most intimate of relations. We live in a world where sexism is very much alive, and yet people think the best way to deal with it is to shrug it off and make a joke. But in doing so, the systematic inequality is subtly reinforced. Feminism is silly, and so your frustrations are silly. Well, I want the word Feminist back. ☺

Natalie Selzer is a junior majoring in English and Environmental Studies.



Want a Permanent Seat at the UNSC? Just Get Nukes...

Hemispheres, the Tufts Undergraduate Journal of International Affairs, is seeking submissions for its 2010-2011 journal, pertaining to this year's theme of Development & Inequality. Submissions from all majors and class years are welcome. Please see <http://ase.tufts.edu/hemispheres> for more information.

BY AVANTHA ARACHCHI

Recently, President Obama openly supported India's bid for a permanent seat on the UN Security Council. There is much backing for the idea, as it somewhat updates the world order to take into account the large population and economic ability of India. But there are numerous ramifications emerging from President Obama's endorsement which this year's EPIIC (Education for Public Inquiry and International Citizenship) theme examines in depth.

Not only is this a renewed movement against our cooperative actions with India's nuclear neighbor, Pakistan, but I posit that it gives a message to the world: nuclear weapons give you power. Though this may seem like a given, it actually is an idea that the world has been steadily moving away

from. Experts state that in today's globalized world, deterrent capabilities against other states are diminishing, and the destructive force that nuclear weapons yield makes them obsolete. The Cold War is over; there's no need for an arms race. Furthermore, key events like the failed Soviet invasion of Afghanistan signal to the world that a non-nuclear weapons state could defeat a nuclear weapons state, a phenomenon that Ambassador Bonnie Jenkins calls "the reduction of the nuclear mystique". Because nuclear weapons are not shown to be related to the amount of power and security a nation accrues, there is a much lesser chance that a non-nuclear weapons state will proliferate.

Joseph Cirincione, President of the Ploughshares Fund, agrees, stating that there are five main factors that affect a state's decision

to proliferate: prestige, security, domestic politics, technology, and the economy. By endorsing India, the sixth nation to proliferate (the first five being the P5, comprised of the United States, the United Kingdom, France, Russia, and China), Obama signals to the world that there actually are reasons to proliferate. What remains to be seen, however, is whether Pakistan, Israel, and North Korea will be given permanent seats on the UN Security Council. Regardless, the international community received the message loud and clear: if nuclear India receives the prestige of a permanent seat on the UNSC, proliferation might yield similar progress. Especially for nations like Iran who are on the edge of proliferation the nuclear mystique must be addressed. Obama made a rather large mistake, and may have unraveled a lot of the work the nuclear proliferation regime has put forth. He says he's working towards global nuclear zero, but don't actions speak louder than words?

Avantha Arachchi is a sophomore who is majoring in International Relations and French. He is the Communications Coordinator of Hemispheres, the Tufts Undergraduate Journal of International Affairs.



CREATIVE COMMONS





NINE WAYS TO LIVEN UP YOUR BOSTON WINTER

BY MEGAN WASSON

Winter and fall in Boston got you down? Beat the doldrums with these nine activities around Boston.

Skate on the Frog Pond in the Commons

Open almost every winter day, \$12 for admission and skates. Après skate, you can hit up the café for some hot chocolate. The café also has a great view of the rink, and is the perfect place to take incriminating pictures of your friends while they skate.

Bostonfrogpond.com

Public Open Night at BU Observatory

Wednesday nights from 7:30-8:30 in the BU Observatory, 725 Commonwealth Ave. Play Galileo for a night and stare through some ridiculously expensive telescopes for free. This would also make a great date—just don't mention the free part.

Bu.edu/astronomy

Make a gingerbread house at 75 Chestnut

Scattered Fridays and Saturdays throughout December and November, you can head over to 75 Chestnut and fork out \$25 to make a gingerbread house—supplies and a \$5 charitable donation included. Their regular menu is also available if all that gingerbread sparks an appetite.

75chestnut.com

Pajama Brunch at Tremont 647

Every Sunday, Tremont 647 has a pajama brunch where diners and staff alike show up in their pajamas (or last night's walk of shame ensemble). It's like Sunday morning at Dewick, only with things like "white chocolate cherry almond pancakes."

Tremont647.com

Take Rockport commuter rail to Salem

The crowds are significantly smaller after Halloween, and the historical town offers a wide variety of events throughout the year, like a Ghost Stories film festival.

Salemweb.com

Get dinner at Henrietta's Table

With all fresh, locally sourced ingredients, this cozy little restaurant is one of the best, most affordable restaurants in Harvard. New England Pumpkin Indian Pudding? Yes, please.

Henriettastable.com

Hit up the Skywalk

\$10 a ticket gets you a spectacular view of Boston from the top of the Prudential building. Wait until the first snow settles, and then come up here to see the city in a completely different light.

Topofthehub.net

Go sledding

Doing this on campus has gotten a little trickier since the sleds—I mean trays have disappeared from the dining halls. Grab yourself a trashcan lid or a toboggan, and make your way over to the Boston Commons to sled/roll down some hills.

Thanksgiving Dinner at Omni Parker Hotel

Your parents not flying you home for Thanksgiving? Guilt trip them into giving you \$52 for Thanksgiving Dinner at the Parker. With dishes like roasted butternut squash soup, pumpkin ravioli with sage brown butter sauce, and apple cranberry crisp, you might not feel so homesick. ☺

Omnihotels.com



10 WAYS TO EAT ALONE... AND GET AWAY WITH IT

The article below was first printed in a 1982 edition of the Observer. It was written by Ron Lee. Apparently social awkwardness in Dewick has been around since before you were able to stalk last night's blackout hookup on Facebook.

There are some things in life that people hate to be caught doing. Playing Andy Gibb records, for example, is definitely a no-no. And picking your nose in public won't exactly make you the life of the party. Yet, without a doubt, the biggest social taboo around is eating alone in the dining halls. People don't understand that friends are capable of forgetting lunch dates, or that sometimes you just don't feel like being sociable. They will readily assume that people who eat alone are inadequate smucks who wear day-glow leisure suits and shop at K-Mart.

But there are ways to eat alone in the dining halls without suffering social embarrassment. Here are ten ways to look like you're not eating alone when you actually are.

THE "TOFU STAND-IN" PLOY.

The salad bar can be your ally. Using tofu as your foundation, construct a dining hall partner that suites your individual tastes. Give him olive eyes, a carrot nose, and a jello Afro. Beets make perfect earrings this time of year, and let me suggest a lettuce blouse for those quiet Friday diners. Ask the dining hall lady for specials on three-piece macaroni suits and potato salad evening gowns. They're all just fa-biola.

THE "HELLO, I MUST BE GOING" PLOY.

This scheme is a specialty for amphetamine addicts. People in general can accept the fact that college students are very busy individuals. So when you get your lunch and beverage, gulp it all down, look at your watch, and yell, "I've got a 1:05!" This ploy is

especially effective around 12:30, but tapers off in success for 1:30 and on weekends.

THE "I'M READING THE PAPER" PLOY.

This one's a classic. Take a newspaper with you for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Read it from front to back, back to front, then translate it into German. Check for typographical errors and uneven headlines. Become so engrossed in your reading that people will think that you are too intellectual to have a real life. Just make sure that you're holding the paper right side up. Otherwise, they'll think that you're a bat with dyslexia.

THE "BOY, I'VE GOT SOOOO MUCH HOMEWORK" PLOY.

See Joe Throat eat dinner. See how he brings his knapsack to all his meals. Watch him Hi-Lite many textbooks and write



THE "MUSICAL CHAIRS" PLOY.

This is a variation on the "Hello I Must Be Going" ploy. After you get your food, change seats every few minutes. That way, people near you won't even notice that you were there, never mind even sitting alone. This works particularly well in Dewick and MacPhie (Pub side included), and fairly well at Carmichael. **WARNING:** Do not try this ploy in Hodgdon! If you change your seats too often there, people will readily notice you, and they will assume that you can't sit down because you have hemorrhoids.

THE "DRASTIC DIVERSION" PLOY.

This ploy is a quickie for rich kids. Hire a person to do a Belly Gram at one end of the dining hall. Once he or she gets started, quietly eat your meal in the opposite corner. People will be too busy seeing what's going on to ever notice that you're eating alone. Other forms of distraction that can be affective are stripteases, singing telegrams, and Margaret Thatcher.

THE "DINING HALL GROUPIE" PLOY.

This one best suits the conversationalist. After you get your lunch, got to your favorite dining hall lady and eat your meal with her. Talk to the Roses at either Hodgdon or Carmichael. Ask Lil about life uphill. Say "Hi" to Dot at Curtis. Inquire about Becky at Dewick. And ask all of them why they wear those silly Chef Boyardee hats.

THE "FLETCHER-IN-THE-ROUND" PLOY.

Get out your argyle socks, put on your cardigan sweater, borrow a nerd's brief case, and wear a thin bow tie. Walk into the Fletcher dining hall (known as "the Pound") and eat dry chicken with black coffee. Gaze into the fluorescent lights and scratch your chin a lot. If you do this convincingly, the undergrads will think that you're a Fletcher student, and Fletcher students will ask for your bow tie. ☺



careful notes. Hear him scream, "God, I hate midterms!" Does anyone notice that Joe Throat eats alone? Joe Throat doesn't really give a crap.

THE "LOVE EM AND LEAVE EM" PLOY.

This one's really sneaky. Find a large group of people and sit down next to them. Little by little, pick up on what they're saying. Laugh along when they do. Nod in agreement as they speak. When no one in the group is looking, move your mouth as if you're saying something to them. That way, people at a distance will think that you're part of the group, and the people near you will think that they have a hearing problem. Either way, they won't notice that you're really eating alone. Then when the group gets up to put away their trays, follow them over, wave goodbye, and then go your separate way. Politically speaking,

Jerry Brown's been using this ploy for years.

THE "HARVEY'S GETTING COFFEE" PLOY.

Schizophrenics will love this one. The first time you go through the chow line, take an extra tray for your imaginary friend. Get him or her coffee, a plate of Beef Chow Yuk, and a colorful salad. Feed your makebelieve friend and have a wonderful conversation. When people ask who you are talking to, introduce Harvey or Harriet, and then continue your conversation. After you and your friends are done eating, go shake hands with Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. The men in white coats will show you where to meet them.



Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill.

This is a parable, or may be. It has archetypes; it has symbols; it has a moral. It has geographical points of significance. It may be “a story told to illustrate a spiritual or moral truth.” Spiritual or moral, but probably not both. We’ll have to see.

Now bring yourself to the sea.

Klaus is a sailor. More specifically, he is a lobsterman, which is somewhat less romantic. He doesn’t wear yellow oilskins, alas. Klaus favors heavy, greasy woolen sweaters that keep off the cold if not the damp, and waders that keep off the damp, if not the cold. Klaus is a deep thinker. There are certain things he knows,

Now bring yourself to the forest.

Bard is a hunter. A trapper, in fact, who wears brown and red flannel day in and day out. It makes him blend into the forest like a wild turkey. He likes whiskey and rich molasses (though not together). He doesn’t know how many women he’s slept with, but he’s paid for a few (and good value, they were). He doesn’t know if he has any children. He prides himself on his toughness, his hairy arms, his broad chest (and broader belly). He knows that he is six feet two inches tall, and Klaus knows it, too. He only cries when he’s deep in his cups, and once, when his dog, Jip, who was never bright but who adored him, stepped into one of Bard’s fox traps. He doesn’t know why his stomach turns when he eats cheese, but he keeps a hard green-gray block of it in his cellar “for guests.” He doesn’t get many guests. He doesn’t know how his brother can stand the sea.

CATHERINE NAKAJIMA

Home to the Hill

Denali Hussin

infallibly. He knows that he is five feet and ten inches high in his stockinged feet. He knows that he is a teetotaler. He knows that he takes oatmeal and black coffee each morning for breakfast when he rises at 4:30. He knows that cats make him sneeze, but are good luck. He knows that he has slept with exactly three women, and paid money for none of them. He knows that the best place to set lobster pots is just leeward of Isle au Haut.

He doesn’t know why each year he returns to the grey house on the hill.

He knows that every year he makes his way back to the grey house on the hill.

Now bring yourself to the grey house on the hill.

Sarah is an old woman. She used to be five feet and four inches, but now she is four foot eleven. She’s not German but her first husband was, and it was in his memory that she named her sons Klaus and Bernhard. She thought they were good German



names. Sometimes, separately, the sons feel they have more of Ernst Kessler in them than they do their own father. Their father was a drunk.

Sarah used to drink “a thimble or two” of rum before bed, until the drink turned her husband dark and brutal and corroded and she never touched the liquor again. When she found out one cold March morning that her husband had died, face down in the cranberry bog, she said, “God be praised,” and swept her kitchen until the stiff straw bristles of her broom frayed and split.

She always welcomed wayfarers in for the night when her boys were still young and she was single once again, twice widowed but still merry and appealing. Sometimes she’d welcome these wayfarers up to her bed: a land bound sailor, land drunk and sea-longing; a French-Indian trapper who spoke no English; and once, the peddler, a Jew who sold tin lanterns punched with stars that made the grey kitchen into a constellation.

Sarah is an old woman, buttercup-colored, and dressed in fine white hair. She knits one year into the next. For Klaus she knits woolly mufflers 365 days long—long enough to moor a lobster boat. For Bard she knits 52 pairs of bulky, turkey-red mittens. The mittens pile up in his cabin, find their way into squirrel nests, and sometimes turn up in bear scat. Sarah knits away the year with the grey and red yarn she buys each year from the now-stooped peddler. She knits the year away until her boys come home to the grey house on the hill.

When the sons come home they bear gifts, like two magi. Klaus always brings three weighty lobsters, their claws threatening unwary fingers, their tails curling and uncurling like angry palms. Sarah will take each lobster firmly in hand and plunge it headfirst into the great pot of boiling water, then deliberately fasten down the lid and leave the kitchen with lips tightly and solemnly folded together.

Bard always presents his mother with a luxurious beaver pelt. Sarah strokes it lightly with the tips of her fingers, her calluses snagging the soft fur, and then she gingerly lays it away in an old steamer trunk, where it sits with dozens of its fellows until the next year, and a new beaver skin.

Sarah is 363 days through the muffler, and on the 52nd pair of mittens.

Klaus is sitting in his straight house, watching his hands. Klaus is a deep thinker, and a slow thinker. His thoughts are long in coming, and when they do, they stay a while.

“Why,” he says to the cat that makes him sneeze, who is curled in the windowsill, “do I go back?” The cat doesn’t answer. He never does.

“Why,” says Klaus to the cat that makes him sneeze, “does she always cry over the lobsters?”

He unwinds the year-long scarf from the peg it hangs on. It stretches across the room, envelopes the cat, encircles the table. He takes one end and walks with it sliding behind him like a dutiful python, to the wharf. The cat follows too, less dutifully. Klaus binds an end in a sailor’s knot to the mooring, and drags the rest of the scarf towards him. He takes it in his arms, a vast,

scratchy, grey mass, and heaves it into the water. He walks back to his house. The cat stays at the wharf, and watches. Three days later, when Klaus pulls the scarf from the sea, it is covered with clinging, glistening, shining black and purple mussels.

“Klaus always brings three weighty lobsters, their claws threatening unwary fingers, their tails curling and uncurling like angry palms.”

Bard is sitting in his rocking chair, scratching his dog behind the ears. Bard’s thoughts are quick in coming and quicker in leaving. They tumble like juggernauts around his head and then, it seems to him, rocket out his ears and are lost. He can slow them down and pin them if he stupefies them with whiskey, but all too often he’d rather go farther than that and kill them outright with it. Tonight, though, his glass is untouched. His thoughts tumble, but he puts his hands over his ears and doesn’t let them out.

“Why does she want me to come back?” he asks his dog.

I love you, the dog replies. That is all the dog ever says.

“What happens to all the damn beaver skins?” he asks the dog. “I could get good money for them, you know.” The dog closes his eyes and dreams of grouse.

With a whuff, Bard heaves himself from his chair and goes over to a corner. There is a pile of old mittens, spare mittens, mittens with holes, mittens whose partner is lost, mittens full of moths, mittens never worn. Bard sits with the pile of lonely and ugly mittens on his lap, and begins to unravel them. When he has a pile of yarn on the floor that all but covers the dog, he takes up a pair of rough-hewn, hand-whittled needles, and begins to knit.

The sons arrive. Klaus clutches a pail of mussels, kept fresh with brown kelp. The kelp sizzles and hisses as it dries. While Sarah watches from her rocking chair, Klaus steams the mussels in salt water and hangs the dried seaweed from the windows. He ladles the pungent mollusks over slippery noodles and presents it to his mother. She closes her eyes as she sniffs and then eats. She smiles as butter runs down her chin.

Bard holds a bundle in his large, awkward hands. He proffers it to his mother. Sarah raises her arms to help him pull the red, lumpy sweater over her head. It is the color of waiting and wild animals, and as warm as a year of her love for him.

So the truth is: sons return to mothers. Whether it is spiritual or moral is for you to decide. And grey hills send roots to both forest and sea. ☺



POLICE BLOTTER



The Doppler 9000 shows a high chance of getting caught for theft if your getaway car has a vanity plate

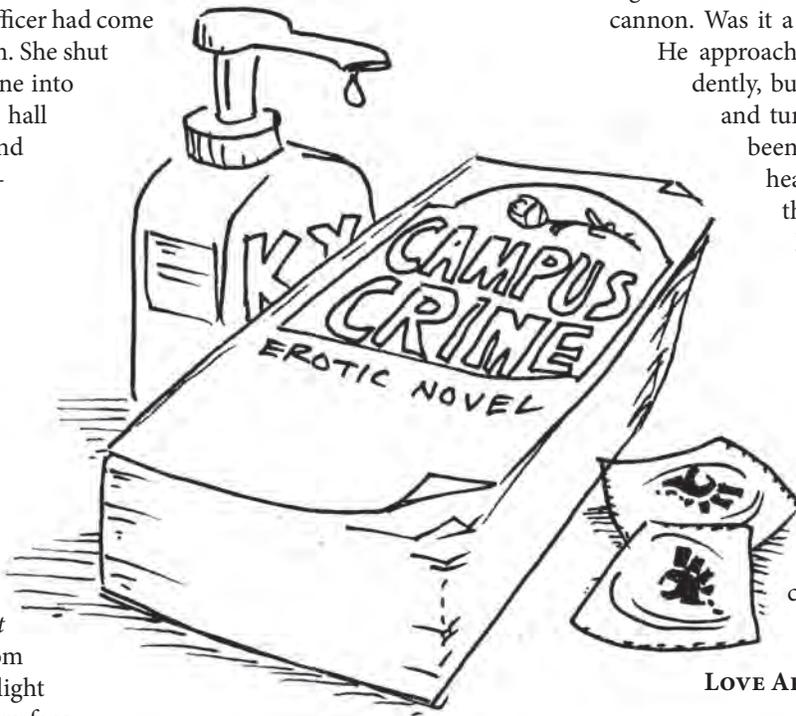
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 12:45 AM

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2:21 AM

The two strangers locked eyes, one a forbidden police officer, the other, a love struck student. *If only we could run away together*, she thought, but knew it couldn't be. The handsome police officer had come for the resident of the dorm. She shut the door and ran away alone into the depths of the Lewis hall room, the odor of pot and cheap perfume disorienting her senses.

Again, the officer knocked, thrusting his shapely knuckles upon the hard wood of the door. Another lost lover came to his call, but this time the officer could not resist the temptation to enter her portal.

"Get out," the officer pleaded, but inside rang the silent plea, *get out of my broken heart*. The room was set up for love. Candlelight played softly on the officers face and flowing fabric shaded the windows. Long, erect extension cords peeked out beneath clothes, violating the laws of the dorm. Pot hung in the air.



Crisp, lonely wind caressed the officer's face as he strolled along the quad in the night. *What's that*, he thought, spying a message of love on the asphalt near the phallic cannon. Was it a message from his lover?

He approached, smoothly and confidently, but only found a crosswalk and turning arrow that had not been there the day before. His heart sank as his lips traced the painted words, "Theta Delta Chi 123."

Arriving at Theta Delta Chi the officer uncovered several brushes made of hard wood and a paint roller, moist with its white pigmented juices. "You'll pay for this," the officer let out through clenched teeth, his heart cold as ice.

LOVE AFFAIRS WITH LAWRENCE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Thursday, November 11, 2:01 am
A student from Carpenter was found in LMH's marital bed!

Thursday, November 11, 11:37 pm
A student from Lewis and LMH were getting hot and heavy in the detox ward!

Monday, November 14, 2:54 am
A student from South and LMH were caught in the act!

Get hot and sweaty with TUPD?

Relationship counseling from judicialadvocates@tufts.edu

—illustrated and compiled by Ryan Stolp and Avery Matera



Katie Christiansen

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