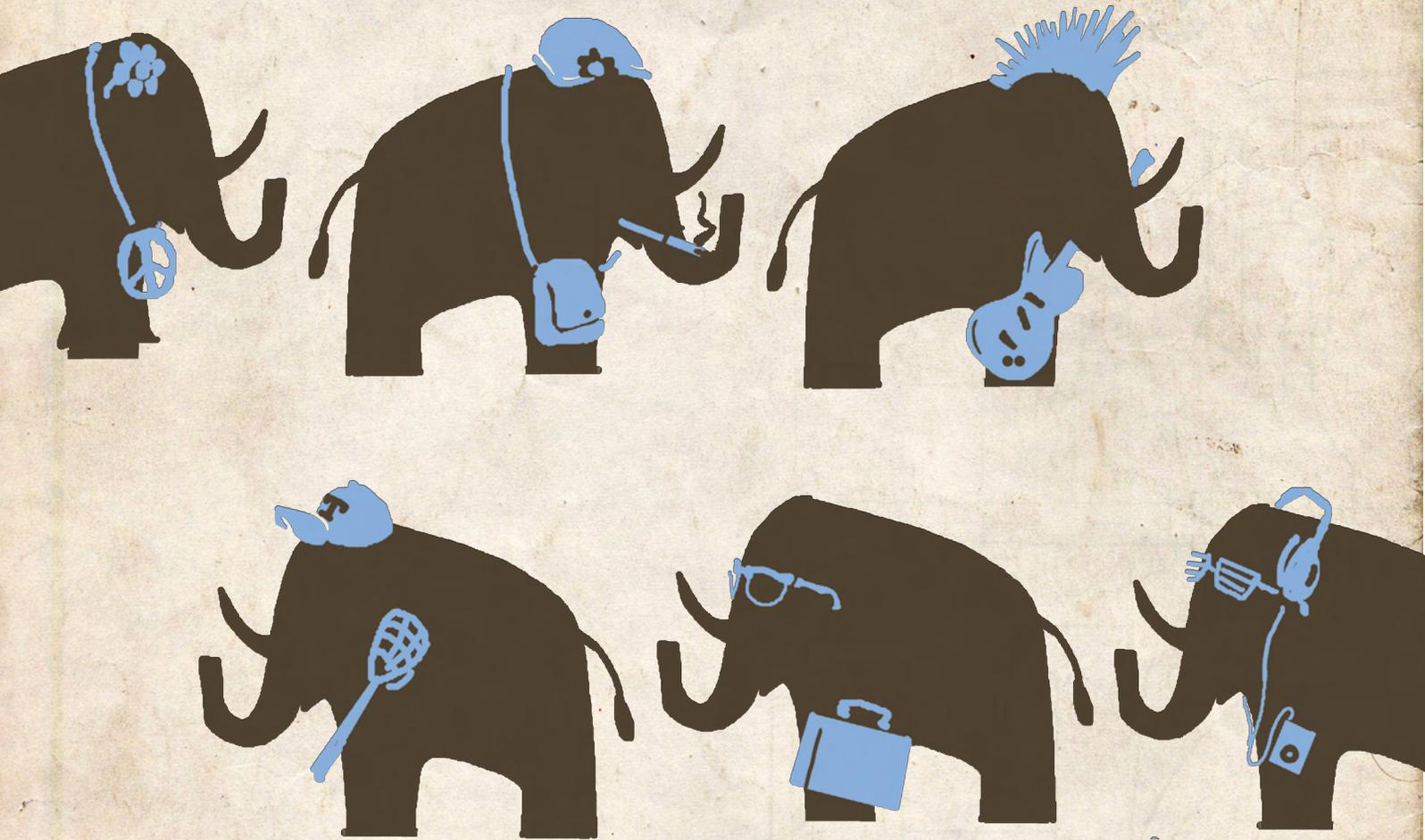


TUFTS OBSERVER

MARCH 14, 2011

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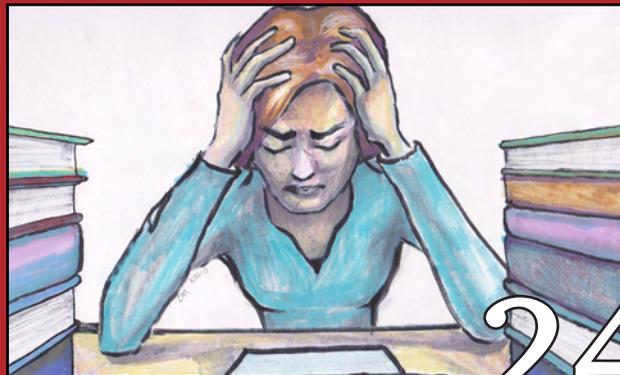
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The Observer has been Tufts' publication of record since 1895. Our dedication to in-depth reporting, journalistic innovation and honest dialogue has remained intact for over a century. Today, we offer insightful news analysis, cogent and diverse opinion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

The Similarities Between Where Tufts is Going and Where it Came From

BY ANNA BURGESS

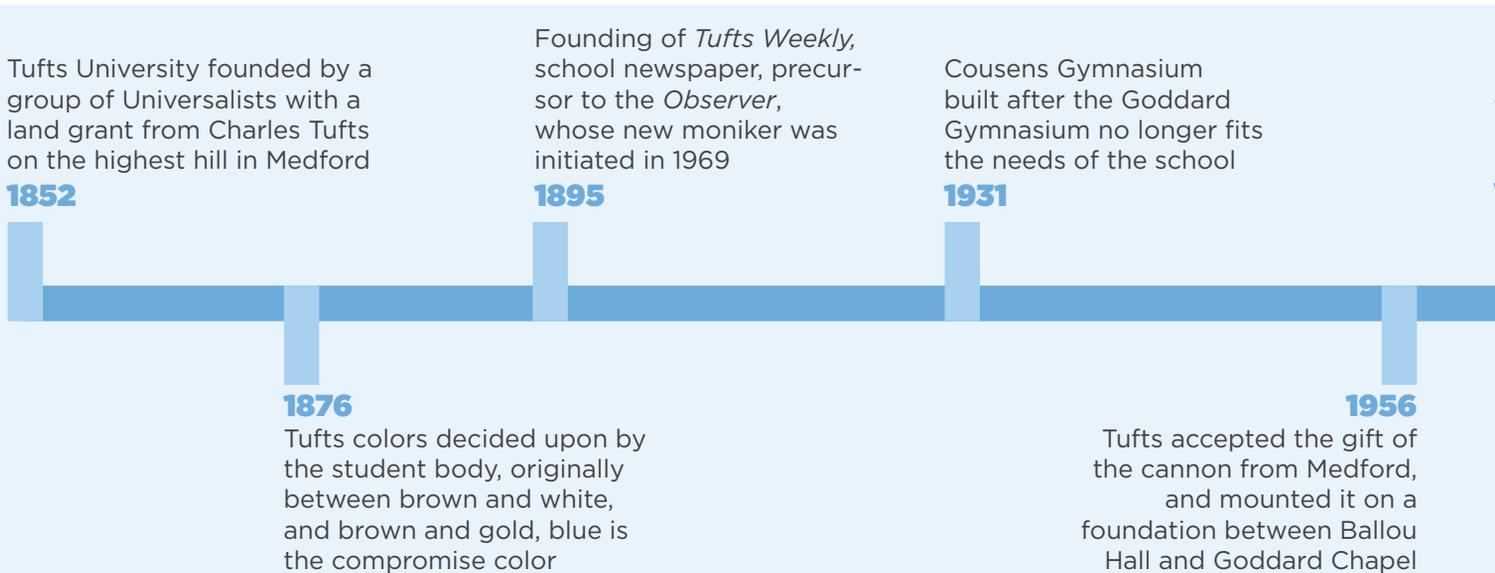
It seems like the future of Tufts University is moving, curiously, backwards. Throughout its history, Tufts was never a ‘big name’ school, often only known for being filled with students who didn’t quite make the Ivy League. To some extent, this is still true—much of the country has never heard of Tufts, or uses it as a punchline to a Harvard joke (à la *30 Rock*). But what is even more strange is that in the seventies, Tufts was all about experimentation, engineering, and health-consciousness. This trend that has cycled back around today: engineering is once again receiving lots of attention, and health and environmental awareness are growing on campus. So what does this mean? Is Tufts doomed to go in circles, emphasizing and de-emphasizing issues as though they are fashion trends?

From the very beginning, Tufts was dedicated to working for things beyond itself, believing this to be a responsibility of

all colleges. When the school was founded, President Ballou’s inaugural address stated what he and the other founders believed to be the purpose of a college: “the College works out abroad from itself, beyond the circle of its graduates, sending its energies forth through all other institutions, and down through all classes, even the most unlettered.” Active citizenship—sound familiar? Even at its beginning, Tufts was big on community service, civic engagement, and helping others. It looks like this will be true in the future, too: Tufts is currently planning several projects that involve helping minority students adjust better to college life. One such program involves the Center for STEM (Science Technology Engineering and Math) Diversity partnering with CELT (Center for Enhancing Learning and Teaching) and the LGBT center. Together, these three groups will run faculty workshops on interacting with minority students and understanding how each student deals with the university differently.

Travis Brown, program manager for STEM, is passionate in ensuring success for all Tufts students, especially those who may be minorities. A lot of what Brown does, in terms of the upcoming projects, is about “recognizing that there’s no ‘typical’ Tufts student. In the past it was more uniform—white student, upper middle class...but now things have kind of changed where if you do a random sample you’re going to pull out a different kind of student. We want to be as inclusive as possible. We want everyone to succeed, and to close the gaps between different groups.” In 1910, increasing diversity meant making Tufts a co-ed university, but today, it means diversity of race, economic background, and ethnicity. The planned creation of an Africana Studies major reflects the university’s recent attention to the increasing diversity of its student body. And now, as then, the school is open and willing to try new things.

Laurie Hutcheson; A’80, describes how during the seventies, “Tufts was still mak-





ing an image for itself. [It] felt a bit characterless to me...it was kind of an underdog school trying to find its niche. We were also a generation that was experimenting with drugs and were one of the first classes with completely coed dorms, so you could say that it felt socially experimental.” Hutcherson adds that the curriculum at that time felt experimental as well, and when she attended school, the Experimental College was in its very first years. The place that she describes—a school open to new ideas, but with no real niche—was physically different from 100 years before, but the ‘feel’ of the school was much the same.

“Everyone was talking about how the new president, Jean Mayer, was so focused on nutrition and health,” Hutcherson adds.

“The environment ‘felt’ healthier...I think we perhaps did all become more health

Culinary Society, Boulud hopes to open a kitchen facility for Tufts students to learn and practice cooking. “Tufts offers students many resources [in preparing for the real world], but the one thing that’s missing is that students don’t know how to feed themselves when they graduate.” Being able to feed themselves is definitely something that students want to be able to do upon entering adult life. Boulud’s kitchen project ties in with the idea of a more health



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conscious.” Forty years later, once again Tufts is extremely focused on nutrition, with healthier dining options, nutrition courses offered, and, of course, the Friedman School of Nutrition. TCU Trustee Representative Alix Boulud has some plans for the future for Tufts’ nutritional policy. A senior at Tufts and co-founder of the Tufts

conscious university—as though President Jean Mayer is looking over our shoulder.

While Tufts is already very ‘green,’ especially compared to many other colleges, Trustee Representative Alice Pang wants to take environmental consciousness one step further. She has promoted Tufts’ “trayless” efforts in the dining halls and brought the

Dewick/MacPhie Dining Hall with the renovation and merging of Dewick Dining Hall and MacPhie Dining Hall

1959

Lewis hall is the set of numerous race protests and a conflict between students and administration over minority representation on the construction work force

1969

F. W. Olin Center for Language & Culture Studies opened

1990

President Lawrence Bacow saw the re-invigoration of Tufts University and retires at the end of this spring (2011)

2000

2011

1962

Tufts’ all-male a capella singing group, the Beelzebubs, founded, when a group of students sing an a capella rendition of “Winter Wonderland” for the annual Christmas Sing

1975

Fire that destroys “Jumbo” and much of Barnum; “Jumbo’s” ashes placed in peanut butter jar

1999

Gantcher Athletic complex completed, adding an indoor track, fitness areas, and tennis courts to the Cousens Gym. A new 16 million dollar addition to the complex is planned for this spring (2011)



“Hydration Station” to the campus center. Pang’s plans for the future include cross-listing more classes with environmental studies, and subtly integrating environmental teachings into the Tufts curriculum. Tufts also has a relatively new Office of Sustainability, which reflects both the administration and student desire to become more environmentally conscious.

Though environmental science is relatively new, Tufts has always had strong science programs. “I think its reputation [during the seventies] was mostly for its engineering program,” Hutcheson says. “It felt like 50% of my classmates were engineers. Even I took an engineering course to check it out.” Though the popularity of engineering died down somewhat after the seventies, the school has cycled back around again in the past few years. “I think the reason that engineering is sort of blowing up [is that] Dean Abriola came in,” Travis Brown explains. “In the time since she’s been here the school has grown dramatically—it was one of her goals to grow the school. We have more research space, and new faculty who are bringing in more money.”

In terms of specific programs related to engineering, Brown discusses the future expansion of MIT’s MITES (Minority Intro to Engineering and Science) program into Tufts. The program, which has been at MIT for decades, is looking to expand. According to Brown, the program is attractive to Tufts “because we’re trying to reach into different communities and different groups. We’re in the very early planning stages of that program, and shooting for 2012 to have our first group of students come through.” Brown explains that, “Engineering is trying to be the best school it can be, and now when you hear about new research, it’s in engineering, because that’s where the new stuff happens.”

Though Tufts is hoping to become better known for its engineering school, these days most people think of one thing when they think of Tufts: International Relations. This field drew a lot of attention years ago, when the Fletcher School of International Law and Diplomacy opened in 1933. As the first International Relations graduate school in the United States, the Fletcher School brought Tufts into the public eye, as well as brought more prestigious faculty to the university. Despite this, International Relations didn’t become a major at Tufts until 1978. Now, though, more students at Tufts choose International Relations than any other major offered.

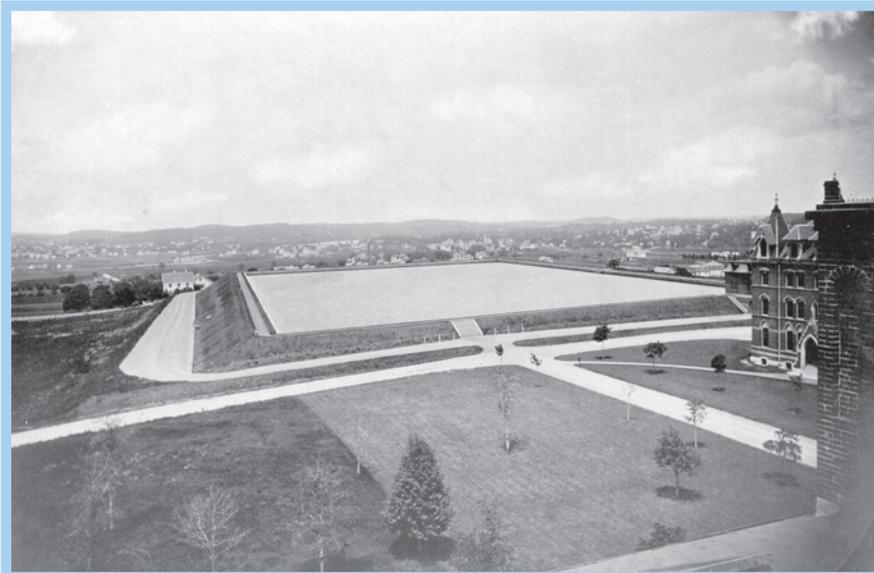
Russell Beck, A’86, describes how, during the eighties, “The defining element [of Tufts] was that it was the great undiscovered school. Most people had heard of the dental school, but not the college.” However, Tufts has continued to expand and make changes, despite still not quite

I made great friends and enjoyed my time in college.”

Fox graduated just over 10 years ago, but if he visited today, he would definitely find that Tufts is still all about balance. For instance, Alix Boulud’s future kitchen facility is meant, in her words, “to perfect the well rounded student idea...it’s adding a piece of the puzzle, definitely to benefit students.”

In many ways, Tufts is trying to extend this idea of a ‘well-rounded’ student into its plans for the future. Tufts is now focused on things like experimenting with curriculum and environmental consciousness—new engineering programs and plans for student kitchen facilities are evidence of this. But these are some of the same issues Tufts has considered important in the past, so does being well-rounded mean trying on whatever is popular at a given time? Are programs and departments at Tufts like leggings and jean jackets—out and then in and then out again?

Not exactly. Even though Tufts has cycled back to some issues that it considered important years ago, it has done so with a fresh, modern perspective. Even as far back as 30, 50, or 100 years ago, Tufts focused on health consciousness (Jean Mayer’s influence) or International Relations (the opening of the Fletcher School) or diversity (the merging of Jackson College with Tufts).



having found its place. Beck goes on to say that when he sees Tufts now, the campus, “is very different. It’s ‘grown up’ since I was [at Tufts]. More school spirit, more globally focused...more academic offerings, the place to be.” Joshua Fox, A’98, explains why Tufts was ‘the place to be’ for him. “For me, the defining element of Tufts was its ‘balance.’ My experience at Tufts was so memorable because, to me, it was a balanced experience. I received a great education in the classroom, while at the same time,

Tufts also focuses on these things today. But the fact that Tufts keeps returning to the same issues is a positive thing, not a negative one. Each generation has a different viewpoint on these issues and the only way that the university will continue to grow and develop as it has so much already, is if each generation’s unique viewpoint is heard. This is what Tufts is all about: embracing the fact that it is not done growing—and hopefully never will be. ©



A WORLD OF KNOWLEDGE



The Intellectual Community at Tufts

BY KYLE CARNES

Attending Tufts University has its privileges. Here, there is a never-ending stream of opportunities to expand one's knowledge of the world and to gain familiarity in any unknown field. With the resources that Tufts has, it is within the university's means to draw any number of people or subjects, such as comedy shows, famous reporters, or ambassadors, to the campus to address the student body or any other interested persons.

Recently, the Fletcher School hosted a symposium on US-China relations and China's status as an emerging world power. Two weeks previous, there was an Education for Public Inquiry and International Citizenship (EPIIC) symposium that spanned four days and included almost 30 speakers, all experts in their respective fields. These two symposiums represented a great opportunity for students to gain a fresh understanding of current affairs from the presentations of experts, specialists, and any number of well-known academics.

Much of the cultural activity at Tufts encourages student discourse and community discussion on some very important matters to the student body. One upcoming event, a presentation by political scientist and former professor Norman Finkelstein may cause considerable controversy, but will also encourage public dialogue on the Israeli conflict. Israel Peace Week, a similar event, will bring multiple speakers to the school to talk about the long struggle. Many weeks, multiple groups, including various language societies (Maison Française, Russian House) show films with presentations by directors or writers who are pleased to share their insight and experience with college students, who are generally receptive to all messages.

These events are not unique. Almost daily there are speakers, lectures, and discussions on a multitude of topics. It only takes the interest of a few students to bring any type of event to the school.

The comedy clubs on campus also advocate and succeed in bringing a number of comedians to Tufts each year. For example, BJ Novak gave a notable performance last school

year. A new event this year, "Pledging Acceptance: The Intersection of LGBT and Greek Life," hopes to address the issue of interaction between Greek life and that of LGBT students on campus. This is a mandatory happening for all new Greek members, and one strongly encouraged for all other members of the community to attend. It only takes moments on the Tufts website or an evaluation of Facebook event invites to see that there are countless cultural, intellectual and moral experiences available every week at Tufts University. ☺

Kyle Carnes is a sophomore majoring in international relations.

Upcoming Events:

Tufts Energy Conference - **March 15th**

Israel & Palestine: Past, Present, Future,

Lecture by Dr. Norman Finkelstein - **March 15th, 7:00PM**

Tufts Undergraduate Research Symposium - **April 2nd**





Aborting the Plan

Tufts Students Support Planned Parenthood

BY MOLLY MIRHASHEM

From Davis Square to Los Angeles, there are over 800 Planned Parenthood clinics around the nation. Every year, more than 500 million individuals turn to Planned Parenthood for their services. But despite this popularity and support, the House of Representatives voted on Friday, February 18th to cut off federal funding to Planned Parenthood. The new legislation would eradicate about \$330 million in funding for preventative health services such as contraceptives, STD testing, and cancer screenings. Funding cuts of this degree would force many clinics to shut down entirely. The outcome of the vote was 240-185 in favor.

Most of the controversy surrounding Planned Parenthood stems from pro-life activists' objections to the organization's abortion services, although abortion procedures account for only 3% of the total services offered by Planned Parenthood.

In the weeks following the proposal, protesters of the legislation and supporters of Planned Parenthood across the nation banded together to make their voices heard before the senatorial vote. Supporters participated in marches all over the country, signed Planned Parenthood's open letter to Congress, and joined various Facebook groups, such as "Stand with Planned Parenthood," which currently has over 260,000 members.

Many Tufts students have participated in these protest efforts. One organization taking action against governmental cuts is Voices for Change (VOX), a Planned Parenthood affiliate group that discusses reproductive rights and sexual health. Isabel Hirsch, the president of VOX, said that, while largely focused on sexual health in the past, "[VOX] has become much more political in the last few weeks."

VOX does all it can around campus to raise Tufts students' awareness. They have stood at dining hall entrances urging students to call their senators and have attended both the Boston Walk for Choice and a protest at Harvard square. "I feel like we should do everything we can right now," Hirsch said.

When she heard the news, Hirsch was completely confounded. "I couldn't believe that the House was able to do that; it shows they don't have the best interests of women, especially poor women, at heart," she said, distressed. "It made me disillusioned about what can happen in the US."

Juli Lapin has volunteered with Planned Parenthood the Rocky Mountain branch (PPRM) for over 15 years. She is currently chair of the Board of Trustees. "The mission of PPRM is to empower individuals and families to make informed choices about their sexual and reproductive health by providing high quality health services, comprehensive sex education, and strategic advocacy," Lapin said.

The proposal has often been masked as a way to help ease the federal deficit, but many skeptics believe that the bill is driven by anti-abortion conservatives who want to make abortion procedures more difficult to carry out. "I believe that the bill is part of a highly orchestrated plan to attempt to put Planned Parenthood out of business for ideological reasons," Lapin said. "I be-



ALL PHOTOS BY JUSTIN MCCALLUM

lieve that if it is successful, it will eliminate jobs and cost the public dearly."

Vicki Cowart is the CEO and president of PPRM, and is very invested in her work. "Every day I know I am making a big difference in the health and wellbeing for the women and families in my community," she said.

When Cowart heard about the proposed bill, she was stunned. She described her initial reaction as, "first, disbelief, then strong concern and anger at the irresponsible effort to undermine women's health."

"It didn't seem possible to me that the services Planned Parenthood provides to millions of low-income women and families could be jeopardized, especially for ideological reasons," she said. "It's difficult to understand why people who say they are opposed to abortion would do so much to undermine the family planning and contraception that prevents the need for it."

Without access to funding many low-income women and families lose their only form of healthcare. "We are their healthcare provider, and if we aren't able to see them, they won't receive the cancer screenings, STD tests, and birth control that will help them," Cowart said.

Cowart offered words of wisdom to Planned Parenthood supporters: "We are watching major changes all across the world, largely because young people are standing up for change and freedom. We have to do that here in the US, too: share information, stand up in your community, share your story, be part of the effort to make sure liberty is part of our American life." ☺





The Sewing and Vacuum Center on the corner of Elm Street, right at the heart of Davis Square, has been in the same spot since the '50s. Though storeowner Russ Gormley has only been there since about the 1990s, he's witnessed a lot of change over the past 20 years.

"I've seen a lot of people leave," said Gormley, glancing out the window as if seeing the faces of a bygone era. "Davis Square used to be more retail-oriented," he said. "It was more of a shopping area."

"Now every time something opens up it seems like its restaurant, restaurant, restaurant," Gormley said. With the arrival of bigger chains and corporations like CVS, competition has increased for small independent stores like Russ's.

"There used to be a jeweler up on Highland Avenue," he said, gesturing in the direction of the street. "He closed down, but we still get people looking for him, you know?"

Mike's Food and Spirits, one of the oldest places in Davis Square, is owned by Raymond Terranova. Terranova recalls that in the late '70s and early '80s Davis was busy in the daytime but a ghost town at night. Since the arrival of the T in 1984, the square itself boomed, but the businesses barely did. "More people bring Davis up," he said in a gruff, Italian-accented voice, referring to the increase in housing around the area. "We're the old-timers," he added, his lined face breaking into a smile. "You know, the young people keep moving."

Back in the day, Terranova said, Davis Square was "just a place to get drunk—nothing upscale. Now, it's a destination place." Terranova remembers fights breaking out on street corners and people hanging around bars, which far outnumbered the few present today. On the other hand, Davis Square is now home to numerous cafés, restaurants, and retail shops—a far cry from its past.

Giencarlo Sessa, owner and founder of Sessa's Deli since 1979 ("32 years on May 10," he declared proudly) calls the change in Davis "frenetic." Sessa and Terranova go back 42 years; Terranova gave Sessa his first job in a deli in the North End, which he says used to be much more Italian.

"I was 15, didn't speak a word of English, [and] had been here for less than a year," said Sessa. "It's [Terranova's] fault I got into this business," he joked. Sessa himself is an energetic man, busy most of the day in his deli, which is stuffed with Italian goods from olive oil to fresh mozzarella, as well as sausages and Italian candies in brightly colored packages. "You know what they used to call this place? Slummerville," he said emphatically. "Slummerville!"

Though he conceded that the area has become more popular, Sessa did not entirely approve of the changes in Davis Square. "You mean 'Yuppy-fied'?" he laughed loudly. "I don't know, it used to be more family-oriented, and then some magazine named Davis Square one of the top 10 hippest places in the country. So, of course the people all flock here. But in my personal opinion, I liked it better before."

Aside from the arrival of the Red Line, Sessa attributes the square's influx of people to the end of rent control in Cambridge. As rent limits were removed and housing became more affordable, people moved to Davis Square. But the rush of people into the area inevitably drew rents back up again.

"I can't complain about business. It's not just Italians who eat this food," Sessa said, gesturing around at his deli. "We've got all types of people now. I've got a decent landlord, thank God."

Sessa cites 389 Highland Ave., a house on sale nearby, as an example of the rapidly rising property values in the area. "People who had been here a long time sold their houses and left," he said. "Have you seen [389 Highland Ave.]? It looks like a shack! But it's [worth about] half a million dollars."

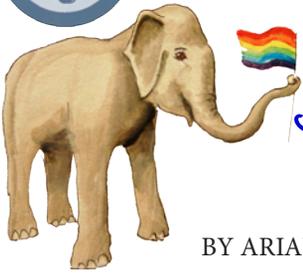
Like Gormley, Sessa has seen the fate of independent businesses in Davis Square. "You can count on one hand the amount of people [who have] been here a long time," he said. As for the future? Opening his hands, he uttered, "I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow." ☺



JUSTIN MCCALLUM



ALL ART BY BECKY PLANTE



Somewhere Over the Rainbow House

The History of LGBT at Tufts

BY ARIANA SIEGEL



The history of LGBT at Tufts is one of empowerment and progress. In the past few decade, queer student organizations have proliferated in an increasingly accepting atmosphere, one that supports the needs and rights of questioning or out students at Tufts. But it was not always this way. Opening Tufts' closet doors required the concerted effort of activist students and professors, all of whom refused to let hetero-normativity be.

Creative Writing Lecturer Jonathan Strong played a key role in supporting LGBT issues, after joining the Tufts community in 1989. At the time, even the phrase LGBT did not exist, Strong said.

"It was a very different world, and the program at Tufts at the time was not very responsive to the notion of having an LGBT center or offices to do with LGBT life," Strong said.

The history of Tufts' Queer Students Association (QSA) is a testament to the changing understanding of sexual identity. According to the LGBT Center's 'Tufts Queer History Project,' the Tufts Gay Community (TGC), Tufts' first queer group, was formed in 1972. But it wasn't until 1981 that the group renamed itself TLGC, when it expanded to include Lesbian students. The group waited until 1985 to receive recognition and funding from the TCU. Then, three years later, they added a B for Bisexual students. In 1997, an extra T appeared to include Transgender individuals. In 2005, the group opened the 'queer' umbrella and the QSA was born.

When Professor Strong came to campus in 1988, he formed the Faculty and Staff Caucus for LGBT individuals and

allies. "We met once or twice a month to start a lobbying group for our own interests and to establish a resource center," Strong said. "Part of our purpose was to offer support to each other because in the 90s, there weren't as many supportive communities. Everyone from tenured faculty members to lecturers attended."

Key points on the Caucus' early lobbying agenda were establishing a resource center with a full-time, paid benefits. This was at a time when the idea of homosexual civil unions had not yet penetrated the national discourse.

Although the Caucus was not initially welcomed, then-President John DiBiaggio agreed to establish a Taskforce to analyze LGBT life at Tufts in the spring of 1992. Since Tufts was the first school in the area to have an LGBT center, Judith Brown, the center's first full-time director, got a grant from the Governor's Office to fund an annual conference for New England college students to learn how Tufts activists brought the center to campus.

"We were on the forefront, we were ahead of the game compared to a lot of schools and legislatures," Strong said. "I do credit President DiBiaggio for being very welcoming and doing what he could to help. Part of it [is that] you need an administration that is welcoming, or you've really got an uphill battle."

But the Tufts community did not entirely accept queer members. History Professor Jeanne Penvenne, an early member of the Caucus, described the early atmosphere as less than queer-friendly. "There were major problems," she said. "[Lesbian] women who were jogging in the area were kicked and punched. In classes [insults] were hurled, like 'dike' and 'bitch.'"

Queer Tufts students also encountered formal exclusion. In 2000, when a lesbian student filed a complaint against the Tufts Christian Fellowship (TCF), a storm ensued. "At that point [TCF] had a policy, although they couldn't ban homosexuals the assumption was they couldn't be full members of the TCF unless they were trying to change."

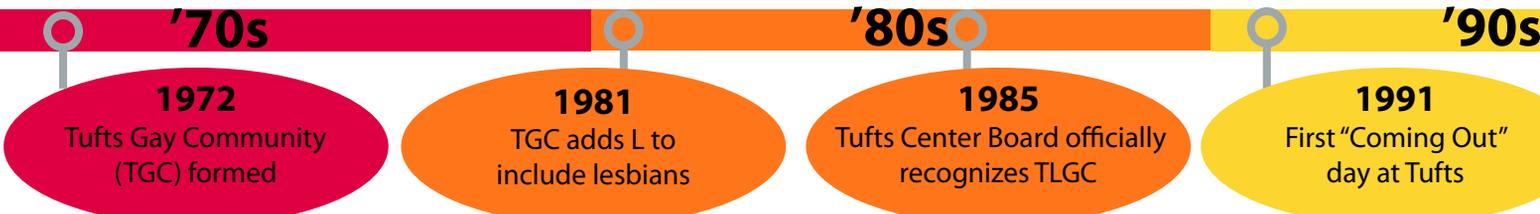
Strong said that one TCF member had been struggling with her lesbian identity. Eventually she decided that Jesus loved her as she was, but when she accepted her sexuality, she was denied TCF membership. The student filed a complaint to bring the issue to the administration's attention.

"The chaplain tried to make it an issue of religious freedom," Strong said. "If [TCF] didn't believe that people could be gay, that's their issue. Our point was that they can't get student funding."

LGBT students and allies conducted a sit-in at an administrative meeting to protest discrimination, blocking the entrance to the building for 48 hours. The policy against discrimination didn't specifically say that groups must 'accept' students, so TCF claimed that they didn't discriminate, but rather that they didn't think those students should 'feel good about themselves.' Strong and Brown worked with President DiBiaggio to write the legal wording for a new acceptance policy. Under the new policy the petitioning student was made a member of TCF again.

Tabias Wilson, a sophomore intern at the LGBT center and active in Queer Students of Color Association witnessed homophobia at Tufts this year when national attention was on LGBT teen suicides.

"In the bathroom of Eaton [someone wrote], 'fuck gays,' and at 51 Winthrop St.





there was anti gay chalk [on the street],” Wilson said. “Outside Pizza Days someone had written ‘fuck the fags.’ [Meanwhile,] a daily article said, ‘Tufts is so gay-positive.’ I sent the Daily an email asking why they had failed to react to the chalkings and how only two fraternities refused to put up LGBT flags.”

Queer groups began distributing rainbow flags and President Bacow ordered the Tufts Police to ignore usual flag-flying rules. According to Martine Kaplan, the current president of QSA, flags had to be re-ordered three times because of overwhelming popularity.

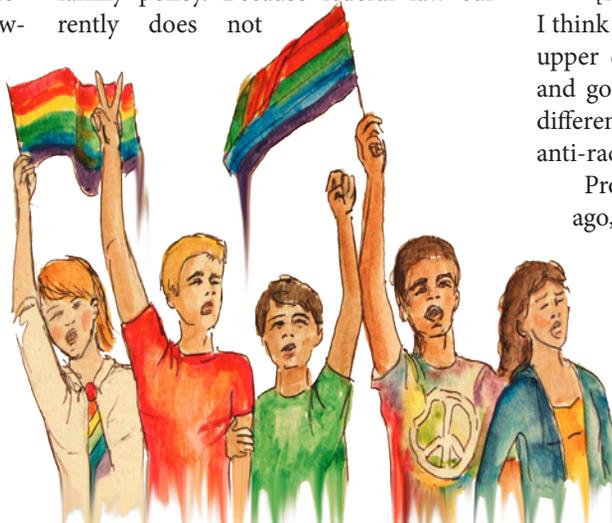
As a class senator, Wilson decided to write a resolution about issues of homophobia in the Greek community. However, Delta Upsilon President Tommy Castle stated his intention to work on the connection between Greek and LGBT communities in the Senate. Cassel then approached the LGBT center to create a program that would educate fraternity pledges about homophobia. Together, Cassel and center director Tom Bourdon decided to invite Shane Windmeyer, the author of *The Advocate’s* college guide to LGBT-friendly schools, to speak on Thursday, March 10. The event, called “Pledging Acceptance: The intersection of LGBT and Greek Life at Tufts” was mandatory for all new Greek members.

Other recent efforts have been directed at promoting LGBT issues in various aspects of Tufts life. One prominent issue surrounds student housing. Tufts senior Tom Calahan is leading efforts to provide gender-neutral housing on campus. The initiative includes a pilot program in which all or part of dorms with single-person bathrooms, like Bush and South Halls, would be made gender-neutral so that students who participate in the housing lottery could choose appropriate housing. According to Kaplan, Tufts is one of the last schools in its tier that does not have gender neutral housing or open housing.

However, Kaplan is optimistic about the possibility of this initiative moving forward quickly.

“It seems really promising,” Kaplan said. “They sent a letter to the administration a few weeks ago and got a response pretty quickly from Dean Reitman. I actually expected more of a fight. [The initiative] might create a few unhappy parents, but it’s not like we would eliminate the option to live with the same gender for people who choose to.”

As students tackle these issues, faculty are looking at how the Obama administration’s recent rejection of the Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA) will affect Tufts’ family policy. Because federal law currently does not



recognize same-sex marriages, professors married to someone of the same gender do not receive tax breaks or benefits for their spouses, causing inequity in the compensation of homosexual faculty. Bourdon explained one possible solution to this problem, called “grossing up.”

“Grossing up is when an employer realizes that because of this policy certain employees are paying out of pocket, so they gross up the salary of that employee so that after taxes are accounted for, salaries [for individuals in same-sex marriages] are exactly where their straight counterparts would have been,” Bourdon said.

Penvenne said that a committee she sits on is looking seriously into the issue.

“Faculty have all kinds of families,” Penvenne said. “Some are LGBT families and we will certainly address the extent to which DOMA affects them. If Tufts is a progressive institution that believes in active citizenship then it is incumbent upon us to discuss the inequities of the law and the ways it forces Tufts to carry out those inequities.”

Though they describe the atmosphere at Tufts as generally receptive and tolerant, activists recognize that straight students are often reluctant to engage beyond mere acceptance.

“[Many students] are gay friendly, but I think of the civil rights movement where upper class Jews rode in freedom rides, and got beat up,” Wilson said. “There’s a difference between being not racist and anti-racist. The same goes for LGBT.”

Professor Strong says that 10 years ago, the visibility of allies was greater because more issues forced direct action, as with the sit-ins. Still, he believes that the Tufts community at large is headed in the right direction.

“In my own experience as a teacher, if 10 years ago some student had written a story with gay content, the atmosphere would be very nervous. Now when there’s a story with gay content, it seems like it’s not a big deal. That’s a tacit ally, but a very good kind of ally.”

Going forward, Strong says, we must determine what sort of gender and sexuality lines need to be drawn.

“What’s wonderful is that people are talking about the issue. Any kid regardless of sexual orientation, from when puberty starts and beyond, has to sort of work out who they are. Fifteen years ago the idea of marriage was uncomfortable even for some gay people. You’re lucky you’ve grown up in a time when these things are the norm.” ☺

0s

'00s

'10s

1996

DOMA signed into law by President Clinton

2000

Homophobia claim against TCF; Sit in at Bendetson Hall

2011

President Obama rejects Defense of Marriage Act



Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes

Four seniors give their perspectives on how Tufts has changed since they arrived on campus and reflect on how they've changed during their time here.

BY CAITLIN SCHWARTZ

My favorite class freshman year was in the History Department; it was called "1960s." Even now, in my final semester at Tufts, I can still say that that this course is in the Hall of Fame of my Tufts memories. In addition to reading cool textbooks with names like *Takin' it to the Streets* and analyzing all the movements that made the sixties such a dynamic and interesting period in American history, I also learned a lot about what I could expect from my time at Tufts.

At first, I felt completely unprepared. I was intimidated by the absurd amounts of reading that we were assigned for every class, and also by the gems of brilliance that sprang from the lips of the upperclassmen in the class (and also all of the freshmen who I perceived to be upperclassmen for whatever reason). 1960's definitely started out as my scariest class. In the end, however, it gave me a glimpse of what my entire Tufts trajectory would be—the things I could accomplish, what I would end up doing, and the kind of person I would become during my four years here.

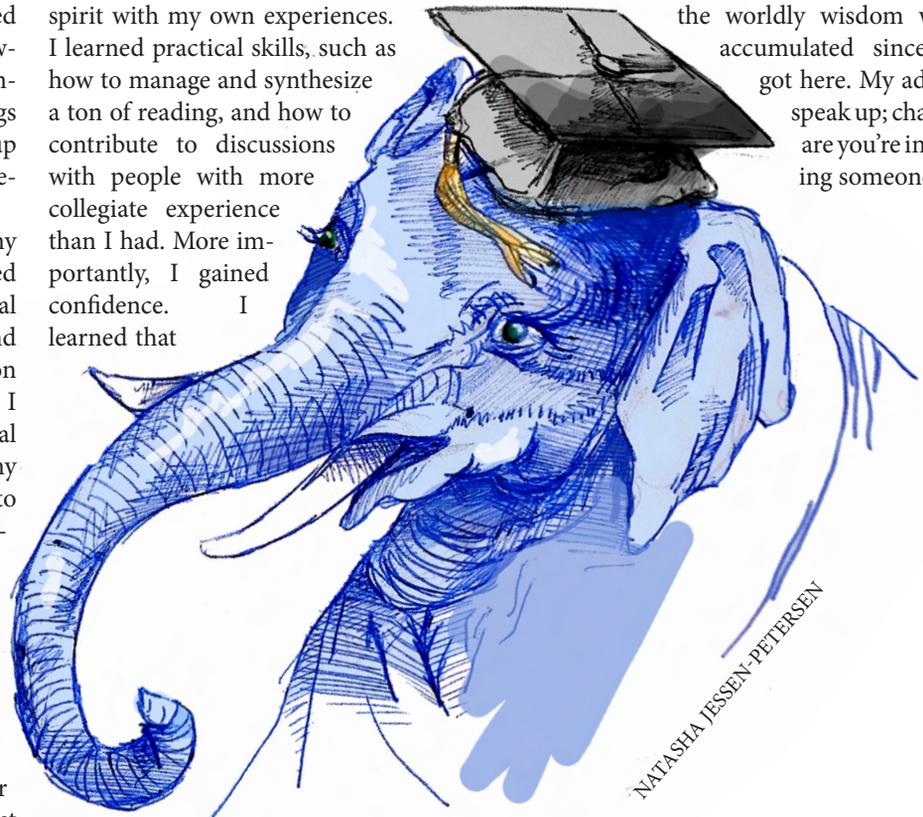
I ended up learning a lot about my new home, in a way that I hadn't expected to. We each researched a socio-political theme of the Sixties—civil, women's, and gay rights movements, etc.—in relation to Tufts and its surrounding community. I learned about protests contesting the racial demographics of the workers that built my dorm, Lewis Hall. Not only did I start to understand more deeply the things college students cared about during the Sixties, I developed an impression of the longstanding culture and values of the Tufts community. I started to get the Tufts vibe, especially when I heard the stories of my peers. On the last day of class, our professor opened up the discussion for people to talk about their personal experiences, the obstacles against

which they struggled and the resources they summoned to overcome them. I was really impressed to hear about their travels, accomplishments, and lessons learned. I was inspired by their sagely worldview. I was just a freshman then and hadn't see much of the world, but it seemed to me that these superstar seniors took on the world in much the same way their counterparts had in the sixties. It seemed like they had approached every experience with an eye for what they could learn from it. They were passionate; they wanted to improve things. They exuded an air of confidence that I hadn't even dreamed of at that point. They made me happy to be where I was.

I was proud, too, that they wanted me to be there to hear their stories. I felt encouraged by how my professor welcomed my contribution and prompted me to discover how I could relate the sixties spirit with my own experiences. I learned practical skills, such as how to manage and synthesize a ton of reading, and how to contribute to discussions with people with more collegiate experience than I had. More importantly, I gained confidence. I learned that

what I had to say mattered, and would only gain more relevance the more I learned. I crafted my own worldview, and now I feel like I am worthy of carrying on the legacy of the kids that inspired me that class my freshman year. I am also still friends with the other freshmen who took the course with me. After all the frantic Facebook messages we exchanged at 4:30 AM we exchanged in the fleeting hours right before the papers were due, we formed a bond. Unfortunately, I haven't completely abandoned my haphazard style of writing papers, but I've at least learned how to get things done. I've also come to expect the same kind of nurturing experience from my classes that I got way back when I took 1960's, and which I believe students at Tufts got way back when in the *real* 1960's.

I like to think that here at Tufts, we like to pass down our lessons and share the worldly wisdom we've accumulated since we got here. My advice: speak up; chances are you're inspiring someone.





BY RYAN STOLP

Tufts is a good place with super people and pretty good food — if you have a meal plan. You can tell the people are neat because a lot of them seem to do things because they like to, not because they're getting a grade or because someone told them they needed to do it.

I'll be the first to admit that when I was in high school, I felt a *need* to go to college. It's just what a lot of people like me tended to do. My hats off to all those high schoolers who stopped for a second, perhaps to smell the roses, and wondered if college was *really* what *they* wanted to do. Looking back on my time at Tufts, though, I have no regrets. It's been a pretty productive four years.

I became infected with climbing-itis while in college (Health Services still can't find a cure) and occasionally a thought pops in my head, that says, "Hey man, why do you commute to New Hampshire all the time? You should have gone to a school near the mountains, you dummy!" I get the same internal nagging when I think about the parallel universe in which Ryan goes to art school. Yet, here I am, after four years at Tufts and I have no regrets.

When I step back and look at it all I realize Tufts isn't about the degree (that I'm not too enthused with) or the prestige (in-

competence will still always seep through a shiny diploma) but about putting a bunch of really enthusiastic and talented people all together on a hill in Medford/Somerville. When you live day in and day out in an environment like that you feel like you're king of a much bigger hill. You can do anything. Tufts, you guys, not the classes and buildings, showed me how to pursue what I want.

It seems to be the trend that nothing in life is free, (except maybe credit reports). If you want something, you need to pursue it to the end. And you can. Tufts showed me that. I do draw cartoons and I do climb in New Hampshire, even though I don't go to an art school in the mountains.

So, if you'll still be around come September, don't get discouraged about learning a piece of software that won't be relevant in 20 years, or about memorizing a poem in Arabic. Instead, smile about getting to live with such interesting people and know that if you want something badly enough, you have the smarts to do anything.

I've got my career path all picked out, though Tufts doesn't officially offer it as a major. I'm going to be a cartoonist mountaineer with a flowing mullet and teal shoes. Because I want to. Thanks, Tufts!



RYAN STOLP



BY ALEX GOMEZ

I am a doodler. In the margins of my lecture notes—even back before I called them *lecture* notes, there have always been sketches of oozy, lumpy monsters with bugged out eyeballs and three-quarter profiles of big-nosed dudes. Sometimes I'll just practice my shading and draw three spheres in a row. (My crosshatch technique improved drastically during Comp 11.)

So, in a community of hyper-literate, poor-postured students whose backpacks bulge with the weight of three to five textbooks, I always expected my doodles to remain in the margins. College is about reading: texts, documents, exegesis, Adderall, skimming, cramming. Basically, your eyes, like the lump monsters, will turn to goo from word overload. Not nearly enough picture books make it into Tufts syllabi. But that's what I expected, scarred as I was by the unforgiving scorn of my second grade teacher, one Mrs. Cranker-Beight, who returned my collected math assignments with red ink slashes bleeding through every single doodle.

Still, drawing made its way into my academic life. I found that the more oppressive the reading load became and the more often my "Intro" classes were replaced by "seminars," the more I felt the burning *need* to draw. There I was, reading *The Theory of*

the Leisure Class, and suddenly I would find myself reaching for my felt-tipped Crayolas, *needing* to illustrate some lawn chairs and macabre Barbies in Tupperware containers. Instead of growing out of doodles, I managed to jump on the vandalism-cum-viral marketing wave at Tufts (and most urban spaces). I turned my sketches into stickers that advertized the eternal radness of Tufts' radio station, WMFO. Now my eye-roll-inducing illustrated puns are plastered around the campus. Some of these dopey cartoons grin at me from the backs of laptops, while others have made it as far as Davis Square. That's about as far as the WMFOregon Trail goes, but it's still impressive, considering that crappy covered wagon started in the margins of my math homework.

Perhaps sticker campaigns have always been around at Tufts. But the flash mob-like, guerilla marketing phenomenology that student groups have begun to employ for publicity has exploded during my time here. I especially appreciate stencil campaigns because they often appear overnight and apparently unattached to any hype other than the pure, enrapturing buzz of DIY phenomenology. Though spray paint on Tufts bricks is 'graffiti,' it looks so snazzy and contemporary that no one really considers it vandalism—we just end up really curious and either attend the event, or feel inspired to try making our own stencil. I myself once tried my hand at

a hype-geist once, putting up GIANT MAN RETURNS block letters teetering next to a silhouette of the legendary Tufts ogre/vagabond. I'd hoped to inspire a Giant Man revival at Tufts, but I suppose there's only room enough for one giant in the realm of visual phenomena iconography, and Shepard Fairey is a lot better at art than I am.

What's excellent about 'doodling' on Tufts is that the craft of the campaign lies more in its concept and execution than in its aesthetic complexity. My all-time favorite campaign happened right here at Tufts, back in 2008. In the days leading up to Obama's election, a witty stencil-maker sprinkled the Hill with *Star Wars* icons (both the Good and the Evil), creating an elaborate parallel between *A New Hope* (i.e., Luke Skywalker, Obi Wan, the Jedi) and the HOPE campaign (i.e., Shepard Fairey feat. Barack Obama.) It got people talking, and for a week Tufts seemed pleasantly nerdier, more supernatural, and, of course, satirically political.

Harmless mystery/mischief is a rare thing in this world, and the tininess of Tufts means you can make your mark be a lot more stimulating than a crudely drawn penis on a bathroom stall. Maybe social media has replaced flyers, but Tufts students have found that the delinquent rush of graffiti can't be translated to a Facebook Wall. Sometimes drawing outside the lines is the only thing that's real. ☺

"WHEN I GROW UP, I WANT TO BE..."

Katie Christiansen's past and future career goals according to her Tufts course load:

Biology 3 — Veterinarian

Biology 14 — Masochistic Veterinarian

Intro to Yiddish Culture — Sol Gittleman
(at this point I have declared majors in French and Latin American Studies)

African American Music — MTV Jamz VJ

Intro to Hinduism — Brahmin Shaman
Special Topics in French: Baudelaire and his Readers — starving French poetry freak

Private Lessons: Cello — Professional Mstislav Ros-

tropovich impersonator. He's a badass. I really wanted to work parties and channel Slava.

20th Century Mexican Art — Oaxacan gallery curator
Latin American Politics — something fancy-sounding at the U.N. (this is probably the closest I've coming to taking a marketable class for my major)

Portuguese 1 — at this point, I've seriously considered abandoning Medford and becoming a professional Creu dancer in Rio de Janeiro

Native Peoples & Indigenous Peoples in S. America — just kidding, I'm going to conduct hardcore anthropological research on obscure Amazonian tribes

Special Topics in Spanish: Cuban & Argentine Film — Juan José Campanella and/or professional groupie to the band from Habana Blues.

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O
K

jumbo



1914

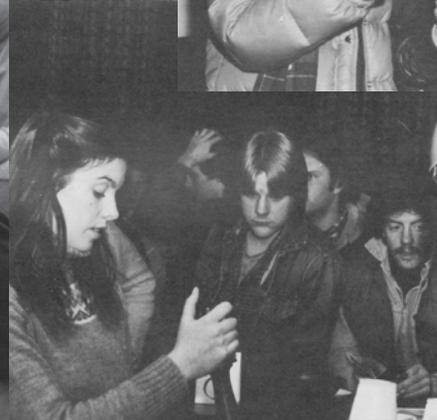


1960



1967

1970



Tufts University. Digital Collections and Archives. Medford, Ma

Strawberry

Arts Festival



1985

Tufts University. Digital Collections and Archives. Medford, Ma

Alpha Phi Tropical
May 1st, 1982



Spring
FLING!
1982



Houston Hall,
1981

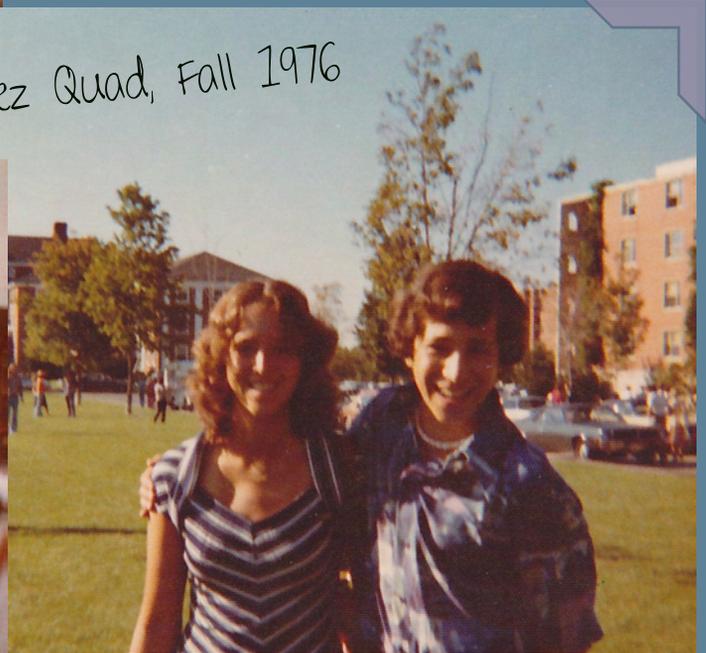


MacPhie Pub, 1978

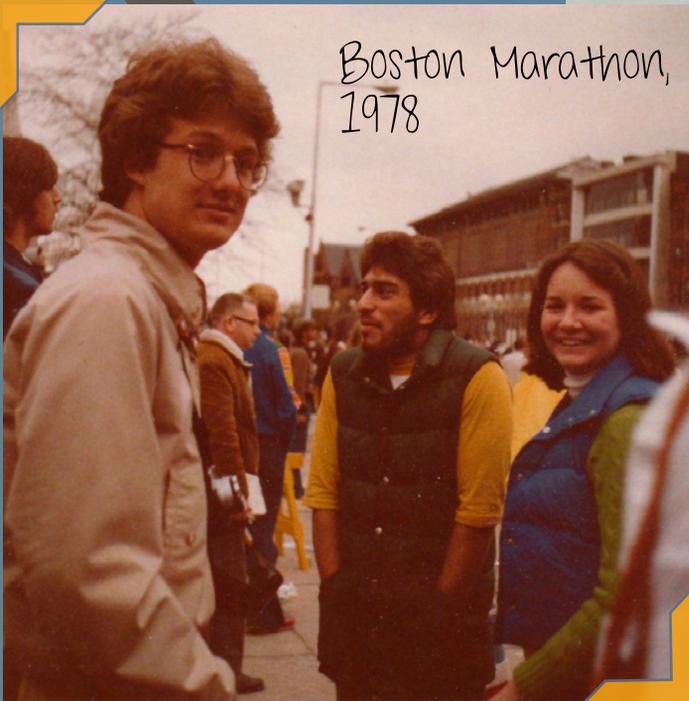


Bush Hall, 1977

Rez Quad, Fall 1976



Boston Marathon, 1978



Orientation Keg Party, Fall 1976



Fletcher Field, 1981





by Katie Christiansen

Yellow Light on the

GREEN LINE

The Green Line. That wonderful corridor that connects east with west, north with south; a shining beacon of electric transportation that positively sings with promise. And after almost a decade of delays, its extension is finally slated to arrive in Somerville and Medford within the next couple of years. This is great news for those who look forward to easier and shorter commutes, cheaper transportation, and quicker access to Boston. But for a significant part of the community, the Green Line also brings anxiety and uncertainty.

A bit of background: Somerville is the most densely populated city in New England, with right around 78,000 citizens. That means the population density is about 18,000 people per square mile. According to a 2008 study by the American Community Survey, 28.5% of Somerville's citizens are foreign-born and concentrated in neighborhoods such as East Somerville and Winter Hill. Given that Somerville pays roughly the same amount to the MBTA as Newton, which is served by the Green Line and three commuter rail stops, it's high time that Somerville gets a re-up on its public transportation.

For many of these local families, the Green Line extension would be a blessing. Those who work in Medford, Boston, or any town serviced by the MBTA would benefit greatly from shorter, more cost-effective commutes that would also be more reliable than taking the bus or relying on carpool networks. According to the Somerville STEP project, Somervillians are the second-most dependent on public transportation in the greater Boston area.

But if Davis Square is any indication of what MBTA proliferation means, then the areas to be serviced by the Green Line will become hotbeds of such gentrification. When the Red Line first arrived in Somerville in 1984, there were no Diesel Cafés, no Starbucks, no million-dollar properties (yes, they do exist in Davis). I imagine it was much like East

Somerville, Union Square, and Winter Hill are today: populated by family-owned businesses, longtime Massachusetts residents, and immigrants. While these neighborhoods have certainly seen change over the last 15 years, the introduction of a major artery like the Green Line is bound to change the socioeconomic cross-section of the areas. Landlords will raise rents in anticipation of the influx of young professionals who will be able to afford to pay substantially more than the immigrant worker supporting a family on a low-paying job. Real estate prospectors will snap up buildings occupied by small businesses. Chain retailers will inevitably crop up.

Edson Lino, owner of International Optical on Somerville Avenue in Union Square, is excited about the prospect of the Green Line, but notes that because he owns his building, he doesn't have to face the problems faced by his neighbors who rent.

"New businesses will definitely open in the area. I don't know if they're going to be chains or if they are going to be owned by Brazilians like me," he said. "But with more stores and people come more problems, like maybe more shoplifters."

Many other local business owners have similarly mixed feelings. Rosemary Park of the Reliable Market, also in Union Square, said, "Most of the business owners in the area have been here for so long, and they would love to see Union Square turn into a more vibrant area, but they want to be here for it. It's no good for them if they're not around to witness it."

And that's the problem that faces many of the small business owners, both immigrant and non-immigrant. The Green Line certainly brings with it potential for increased foot traffic and a new clientele. But, as Ms. Park emphasizes, the challenge for these businesses will be to endure the speculation and construction. Some business owners in the area, like Carlos Borges of Wagner's Jewelers, have long-term leases whose expiration dates are well beyond that of the Green Line's arrival. But for those

who renew their leases on a biennial basis, rent spikes are a serious concern. Landlords who are looking to increase profit on property are allowed to up monthly or yearly rent prices when contracts are up, and in all likelihood, there will be takers.

Construction is another concern for both residents and business owners. Borges explained his experience during recent work on Somerville Avenue.

"When they start this construction, I feel my business goes very slowly. [Nowhere] to park, the people [don't] come from the street any more, and I get kind of desperate and well, what am I going to do, just live from this? So I [opened] in Everett another place, to survive."

The opening of another location was a financial strain on Borges, but he says that revenue from his new location allowed him to keep his storefront in Somerville. Lino shared a similar experience, noting that the road blockages and elimination of parking caused by the construction also seriously impacted the number of clients he saw.

"I don't think it was so good for business, especially in front of [my building] here in Somerville Avenue... [they were] doing construction here for two years and so parking was a problem. [It] wasn't before then, when there was a meter there and... no construction so people could park, do whatever they had to do, and then leave," he said. "With the economy the way it was—or is still, I guess—and the way the construction was for two years or so going on, that really affected not just my business but all the businesses out there."

But Lino and Borges, both residents of Somerville themselves, are guardedly optimistic and cognizant of the potential benefits to their businesses and their families. The Green Line isn't going to be a panacea for Somerville's suffering economy, nor will it be the end of ethnic culture in the city. What remains to be seen is the effect it will have on us students and on our neighbors, both foreign-born and otherwise. ☺



THE BATHROOM REVIEWER

...TAKES ON THE GREAT UPHILL VS. DOWNHILL DEBATE



She was a freshman of Miller, he a freshman of South Hall. She liked the Quad, he Ellis Oval. She liked Carm, and he liked Dewick. While such allegiances may have been arbitrarily determined by Yolanda King and the freshman year housing selection, the Uphill vs. Downhill battle rages in the heart of every Tufts student.

So, we're taking this debate to the seats—toilet seats, that is—of Carmichael and Dewick. With bathrooms as our proxy, we are prepared to end this debate once and for all. Does the expansive, well-lit Dewick do it for your dump, or does the dark, cramped intimacy of Carm contain a better crapper? Spoiler alert: They both suck.

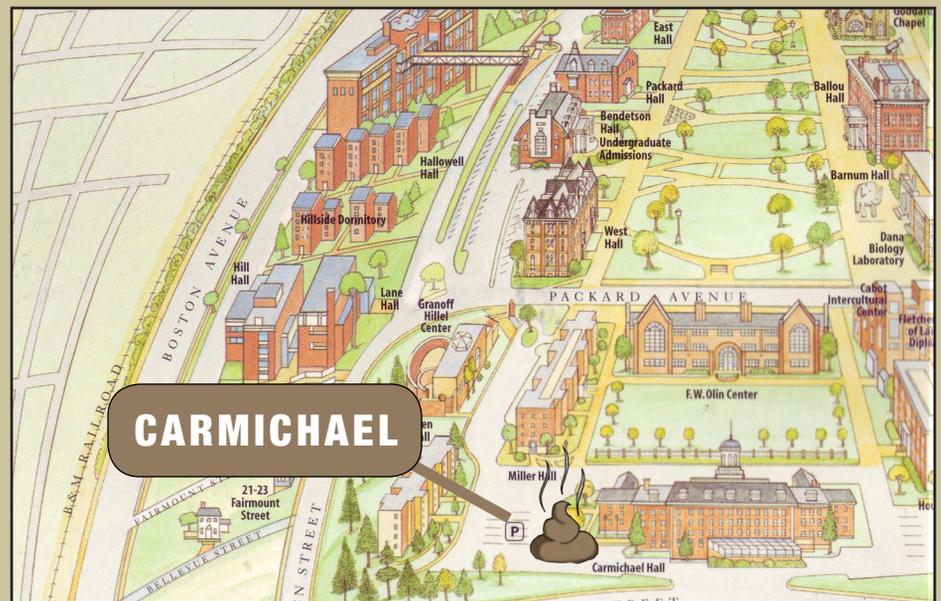
CRAPPIN' AT CARM

Men, here is all you need to know about the Carm bathroom: Don't try to take a poop there because someone else already has tried to and their turd is sitting in the bowl. When I lived uphill, the same baby-sized turd (baby as in "the size of a baby," not baby as in "small") clogged the toilet for three weeks! The same turd for three weeks! You might be reading this on March 14, 2011 or January 27th, 2015—it doesn't matter. If you go to the Carm bathroom, the toilet will be clogged and it will smell terrible. These are just facts.

Given that my formative experiences freshman year were as an uphill resident, I must confess an allegiance to the cruise-ship-like atmosphere and cozy sense of intimacy in Carmichael. The john is in a land far, far away from the dining hall—one could go as far as to say *too* far, far away. While it's nice to put some physical distance between what goes in and what

comes out, the location of the Carm bathroom is an isolating trek from the social scene. And do you tell the card swiper what you're doing? Do you trust she'll recognize you? It's all very unclear. The real pain-in-the-butt aspect of the Carmichael

bathroom is simply the stench. Why must it always smell so foul?! Never have I ever entered that bathroom without holding my breath. And I that recall after certain themed nights, my lung capacity was simply not enough to last me.





DROPPIN' DEUCES AT DEWICK

Entering the Dewick men's bathroom is sort of like stepping into a bad smelling cubist painting. The hallway is an inverted triangle, getting narrower from the door inwards. A bright halogen glow illuminates the short, narrow entryway. The farther you go back, the dimmer the light and danker the smell. Despite the number of patrons who frequent Dewick, the bathroom contains only two sinks, two urinals, and two stalls. Despite this apparent shortage of facilities, the bathroom is never crowded, likely because people know to stay away.

There are two major points of caution regarding the Dewick bathroom. We all know it's important to wash your hands after you use the bathroom, probably even more so when at a dining hall, but heed my warning—don't get near the sinks in Dewick! You know those sinks where you accidentally brush up against the counter top and get your crotch soaked? The Dewick counter tops are perpetually covered in water, so the possibility of pant-soaking is always imminent. If you are trying to avoid looking like you just pissed yourself, avoid the sink and head for the hand sanitizer (or, if you really did just piss yourself, simply tell your friends you brushed up against the sink—works every time). Second, the Dewick bathrooms are grimy. How grimy? Grimy enough to have rust on the stall dividers. And how might this rust appear inside a bathroom far away from the harsh corrosive elements of nature? People peeing on the walls. That's right. Instead of using the urinals, people pee on the Dewick stall walls. Gross!

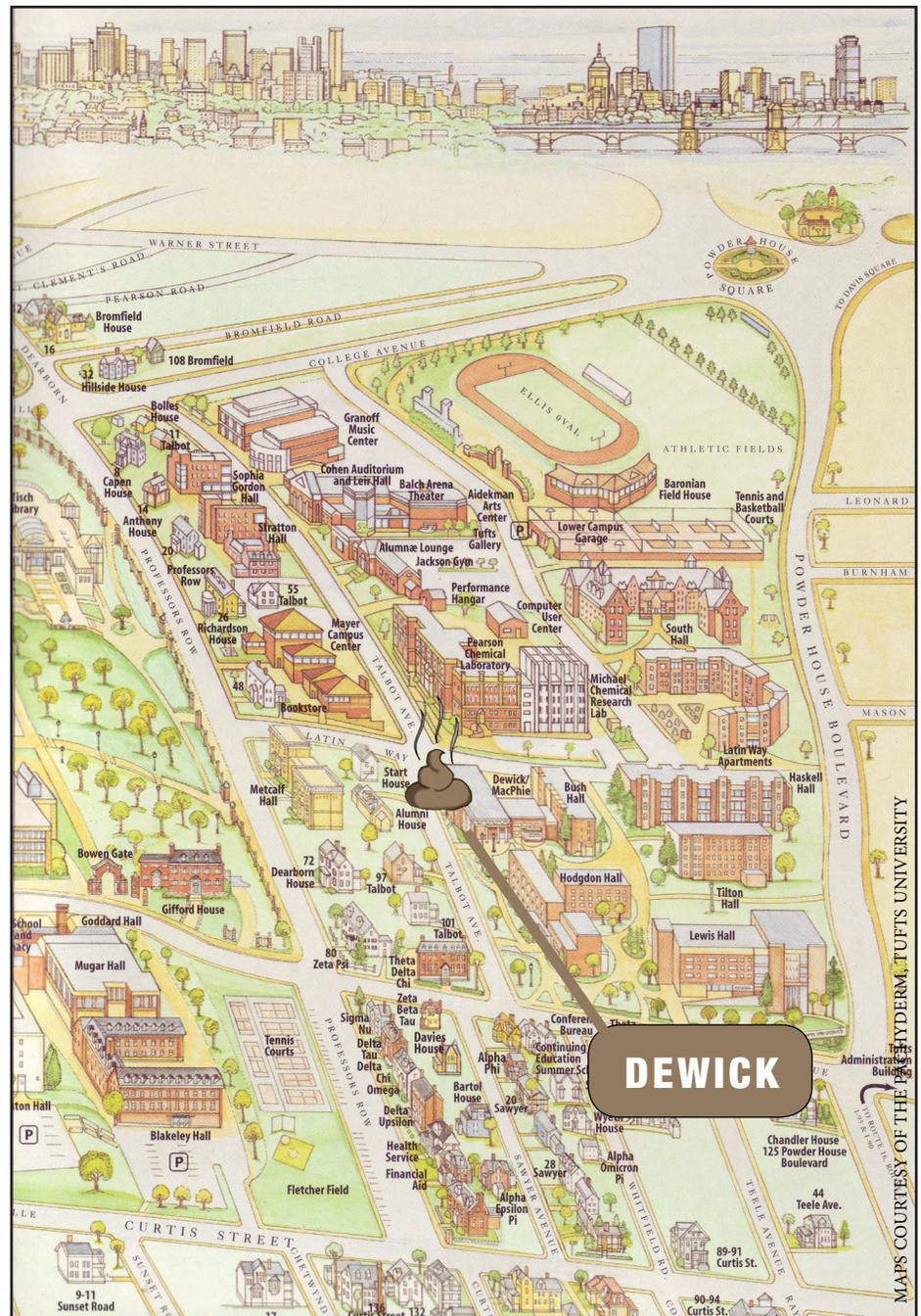
The Dewick women's bathroom is both reasonably sanitary and well tucked away. A small half-wall obscures the entrance even more, as if we girls were supposed to exhale a geisha-like giggle before rounding the corner to powder our noses. Inside, the design does nothing to deny bodily functions, as there are seven (!) stalls for our releasing pleasures. Is this some sort of Princess and the Pee trick? Real royalty will not be pleased by the abundance of toilets but

rather irritated by the little things: frappucino-colored doors, the lack of interesting graffiti, the ad for "The Keeper" inside the big stall, and the mismatched faucets (how does that even happen?).

However, I have a proclamation. I have discovered a hidden, less-than-crap-py crapper! To the far right of the bathroom, there's a stall so private that you must shimmy your way into it (not recommended if you brought your backpack along for the ride). Out of all seven stalls, it was the only one with the toilet seat still

up. This means no girl has sat her fanny on this royal chamberpot all day: tis clean, tis fresh, tis the spot to make a royal flush.

Nonetheless, I can't deny the strong bond between the Dewick bathroom and post-Spring Fling puking, as I myself most associate this bathroom with that fateful afternoon freshman year and the Jack Daniels that put me over the top. To this day, I can't enter without feeling like I'm choking back the vom, and so the Dewick bathroom's pros, if not outweighed by its cons, are at the very least cancelled out. ☹





Indie ain't dead yet,

On January 28th, at the first of two concerts at the House of Blues, the Decemberists apologized for killing indie. They were referring to a headline on the front page of that week's *Boston Phoenix*, titled "How the Decemberists Ruined Indie Rock." The headline was for an article by Luke O'Neil, a freelance arts and culture writer and opinionated music blogger in the Boston area. In his article, O'Neil treads a delicate line between irony and obnoxiousness, and, along the way, alienates much of his audience.

but **npr**
is certainly
trying

by
Ellen Mayer

to kill it.

O'Neil opens the article with a glib oversimplification of the history of indie rock, eventually concluding that it was never about defiance. Rather, "it was about indifference, and this was a good thing. Because, to be honest, music is a pretty stupid thing to spend so much time thinking about." This is an unfortunate position for O'Neil to take, considering that he gets paid to think about music.

When he finally gets down to talking about the Decemberists, O'Neil frames each of their successes as unfortunate and all of their endearing traits as obnoxious. He actually has some nice things to say about their newest release, *The King is Dead*, a simple record with a new sound rooted in Americana music. He manages, however, to make phrases like "well crafted, precisely played and really, really nice and good" seem like horrible insults. Finally, O'Neil delivers on the promise made in the headline—he blames the Decemberists. He blames them for having literary pretensions, he blames them for being successful, and he blames them for ushering in the "era of NPR rock," in which artists care *too* much.

I hated this article. I thought it was smug and condescending. As much as it pains me to write this, however, there is actually some merit to what Mr. O'Neil has written. I have been listening to the new Decemberists album a lot. O'Neil would be pleased to know that I have in fact been listening to it ever since its release on NPR First Listen. Though I love *The King is Dead*, I have to admit that "really, really nice and good" is a pretty accurate description of the album. It might even *be* a bit insulting. I say this only because the Decemberists are beloved for being morbid, strange, and sometimes bloody, not for being nice.

O'Neil also points to a development in indie rock that I have been bemoaning for months. Everybody is going electric. Electronic bands like Sleigh Bells dominated the best of 2010 lists, and old acoustic stalwarts like Sufjan Stevens and Iron & Wine both recently released electronic albums. In reaction to this expansion of electronic indie, everyone else seems to be going folk. On this end of the spectrum are the bands O'Neil thinks "care really

hard about caring really hard"—bands like Fleet Foxes, Mumford and Sons, the Tallest Man on Earth, and now the Decemberists. This Americana renaissance is great. The bands mentioned are making really great music and some, like Mumford & Sons, have even garnered Grammy nominations for it. But maybe the problem with the Decemberists' new album is that everybody has already *gone* folk. With bands like The Avett Brothers and Fleet Foxes already established in the genre, the Decemberists are behind the curve and their new album will only ever be "nice."

O'Neil writes about the natural progression of indie rock cycling back around to his preferred genre, "music that doesn't mean anything." I find this puzzling. If that is really how he feels, perhaps O'Neil should abandon indie rock altogether and start listening to Ke\$ha. Despite my continued annoyance with O'Neil's condescending editorial style, I do at least recognize the cyclical nature of indie rock to which he refers. I would argue that once the waves of electronic indie and Americana indie have passed, it will be time for a return to the basics of indie rock, with electric guitars and catchy hooks—music with meaning but with less pretension.

Certainly there are young groups that fit this bill, like the upstart L.A. band, Wavves, darling of the indie blogs, who just released a new single, "Horse Shoes." Or for the less beach-inclined listeners, there is always the Arctic Monkeys, whose odd new single "Brick by Brick" is now on YouTube. The album I am most anticipating this season, however, is the first record in five years from the quintessential indie rock group of a generation: The Strokes. Even just the brilliant introduction of their catchy new single, "Under Cover of Darkness," promises greatness for the forthcoming album.

The Strokes are back in full force. *Angles* is slated for release on March 22, and the band is going on tour, playing South by Southwest on March 17 before their enormous show at Madison Square Garden on April 1. They will be headlining Coachella in April and then playing Bonnaroo in June. I have a good feeling that The Strokes are about to bring us back to the basics of indie rock. Is anyone else excited? ☺



bunchofguys

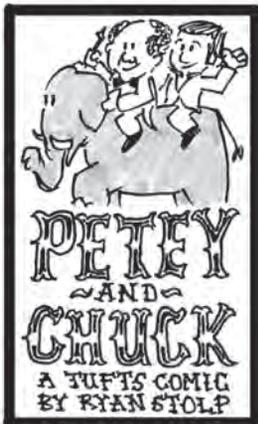
by alyce and malcolm



this would definitely be better without that obnoxious lizard

hey now, calling jar jar a lizard is a gross oversimplification

i believe the preferred term is "gungan"



www.ryanstolp.com



Whoa man! Why the knife? What are you doing in the closet?!



I'm leaving my mark on Tufts! 100 years from now someone will know the world famous Chuck [redacted] was here!



That's just classless middle school Graffiti! why here? why at all?!



Historical Precedent!

P.T. BARNUM WUZ HERE

CHARLES TUFTS SMELLS



Throughout the month of March, stop by the Campus Center, Dewick, Carmichael, Hodgdon, Hillel, and Tisch to donate to the Moral Voices initiative, which is hosting a drive for a women's shelter for homeless and/or sexually abused women. Possible donations include: mini-sized toiletries, spring clothes, rain boots, umbrellas, first aid kits, Charlie Cards, new socks, undergarments.



Big Cars, Big

Even as American voters become more liberal socially and express their support for democratic revolution in other countries, they vote conservatively with their wallets. The consistent rise in the number of SUVs sold in the United States is reflective of another America: a country that is neglecting its global responsibility.

BY MICHAEL BENDETSON

The Department of Transportation should consider taking a page out of the FDA handbook and employ cigarette style warnings labels to slow—or halt—the continued influx of SUV buyers. Imagine if each gas-guzzler sold in the US were accompanied by the grinning face of Hugo Chávez or a horrid image from the Gulf oil spill. The truth of the matter is that while most Americans voice great concern about the environmental and national security dangers of our reliance on oil, few actually adjust their actions to these concerns. Although in this day and age of political cynicism it is the norm to fault Washington for all of our woes, the blame for our continued addiction to foreign oil lies first and foremost with us—the American people.

American energy policy is a broken record and hypocrisy double-threat. Even though during the past several weeks, Americans have remained aghast that their ‘government of the people, by the people, and for the people’ could support the Mubarak dictatorship, we continue to support similar regimes in Saudi Arabia and Venezuela. Americans select their elected officials by voting, but more importantly, select their policies by *consuming*. Nowhere is this dichotomy felt more than with our addiction to oil.

While auto sales of small and fuel-efficient cars remained flat in 2010, sales of both trucks and SUVs increased by about 20%. This trend shows no sign of slowing: the two highest selling cars in January were the Ford F-150 and the Chevrolet Silverado, both

SUVs. With the governmental and corporate restructuring of the past couple of years, the Big Three have offered a wide variety of fuel-efficient vehicles and hybrids to the American consumer. However, this green initiative has inevitably failed, thanks to a marketplace dictated by size. Sales for hybrid gas-electric vehicles declined by nearly 8% this past year, despite intense advertising and public awareness.

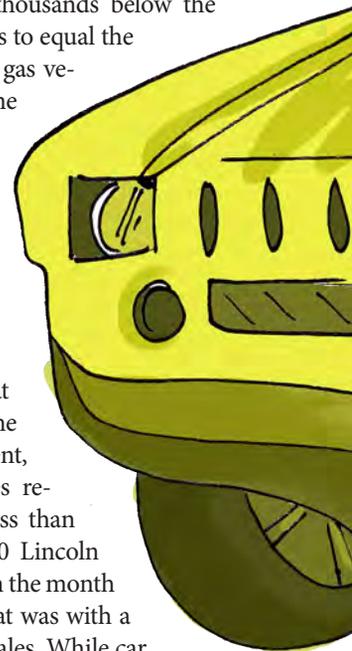
Gloria Bergquist, vice president of the Alliance of Automobile Manufacturers, provided an accurate overview of the situation. She argued, “We have the technology, but what consumers choose is another matter.” However, she remains committed to green technology and innovation, noting, “We *need* to get the technology out on the road.” Despite the fact that the federal government’s 2011 Fuel Economy Guide lists 160 car models that are fuel-efficient and log at least 30mpg, the American consumer continues to opt for standard car muscle. As long as hybrids continue to consist of a mere 2% of all market sales, auto manufacturers in the US are sent on a fool’s errand when designing new fleets.

The tough and everlasting political rhetoric about the need for a green generation of automobiles polls well among independent voters. Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) regulations to push fuel efficiency has been flawed since its inception. Rather than alter consumers’ incentives for green automobiles, our legislators have established a system in which car manufacturers are destined to fail. Former General Motors Vice Chairman Bob Lutz stipulated, “General Motors (GM) will lose money on hybrids.

We will continue to build them—they are required by [CAFE standards]—[but] the cost will be spread across other cars.” The former auto executive comically compared these efforts to fight obesity by requiring tailors to make only small-sized clothes.

The most recent example of this troubling situation can be found with the Ford Motor Company. In an attempt to increase interest in its premier hybrid model, the 2011 Lincoln MKZ, Ford executives lowered the asking price thousands below the profit margin, so as to equal the cost of a standard gas vehicle. For the same price tag, the consumer has the choice between a hybrid vehicle of 39mpg and a standard gas vehicle of 21mpg. As with other companies that have conducted the same experiment, Ford’s hybrid sales results have been less than pleasing. Only 370 Lincoln MKZ’s were sold in the month of January, and that was with a small increase in sales. While car companies seem to be willing to lose their profits for greenness, Americans are not willing to lose their engines.

Although Gallup cites 82% of Americans as supporting the Egyptian protesters in their quest for democracy, these same citizens continue to assist in propping up





Energy Problem

similar (and even worse) regimes around the world. As the largest importer of Venezuelan oil, the US provides economic might to Venezuelan President Hugo Chávez. Well versed in Marxist tradition, Mr. Chávez has few qualms with imprisoning his political opponents and dismantling the independence of the judiciary. Likewise, as the second largest importer of oil from Saudi Arabia,

potential shock in oil prices from the world's largest oil exporter.

This same disconnect between political and consumer preference is evident in environmental policy. After last year's Gulf of Mexico oil spill, 55% of Americans supported prioritizing environmental protection over energy production, according to Gallup.

more excitement as of late, thanks to the recent introduction of new drilling techniques that obtain access to once out of reach oil in the western states including North Dakota, Colorado, Texas, and California.

In an era where the federal government has seen some of its lowest approval ratings in history, it has become all too easy for

Americans to shift the



RUTH TAM

Americans continue to support a regime the 2010 democracy index has ranked as the seventh most authoritarian in the world. While a political survey would surely show American support for protests for equal ethnic and gender rights in Saudi Arabia, in reality, our greater focus is on maintaining stability and avoiding a

are preparing to hand out drilling permits for the expansion of oil extraction in Alaska and for its reintroduction into the Gulf. The 'Drill Baby Drill' proponents have incited

However, a year later, the focus has already shifted strongly back to energy production. Federal officials

blame to their elected officials.

However, solving our problems is actually more complex. Should the government raise its artificially low gas tax? Yes. Should the government invest more in the research and development of green alternatives? Yes. US energy policy will only change for the better when Americans identify themselves as citizens rather than consumers. Energy policy is not created in Congress, but rather at your local car dealership. ©



OFF-CAMPUS

Tufts



Working for the Weekend

The Best Off-Campus Study Spots

BY MEGAN WASSON



1 Boston Public Library:
 700 Boylston St. (Copley T Stop)
www.bpl.org
 Free WiFi with library card
 The giant, peaceful reading room makes you feel smarter as soon as you walk in. You can try the interior courtyard during the warmer months.

2 Café Deia
 394 Main St., Medford
www.cafedeia.net
 Free WiFi
 Close to Tufts, this quiet café has the perfect combination of lots of seating, a great ambience, and an extensive and delicious breakfast menu.

3 Voltage Coffee & Art
 295 3rd St., Cambridge (Kendall T Stop)
www.voltagecoffee.com
 Free WiFi
 This coffee shop-meets-art gallery is large and has tons of seating. Plus, if studying gets dull you can try one of their creative lattes, like the Atticus Finch with burnt sugar and vanilla.

4 True Grounds
 717 Broadway, Somerville
www.truegrounds.com
 Free WiFi with purchase
 A five minute walk from Tufts, great coffee, and you can always find a seat. What more could you want?

5 Bloc 11 Café
 11 Bow St., Somerville
www.bloc11.com
 WiFi \$5/hr
 Indoor and outdoor seating, paid WiFi, and a huge menu of drinks, exotic salads, and sandwiches mean that you'll never have to leave.

6 The Biscuit
 406 Washington St., Somerville
www.visitthebiscuit.com
 No WiFi
 When you need a place to escape the temptations of WiFi and Facebook, this quiet café is perfect. The wide selection of baked goods will keep you more than entertained.

7 Danish Pastry House
 330 Boston Ave., Medford
www.danishpastryhouse.com
 WiFi \$5/hr
 Literally across the street from campus, quiet, and with a disturbingly good selection of food and drinks, Danish is a great place to actually get some work done.

8 The #1 Place to Avoid: Starbucks
 260 Elm St., Davis Square
 Free WiFi
 If you want to be productive, don't come here. There are never empty seats, and it's louder than Dewick at dinnertime.



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SUMMER

BY ANNA OHARA

It was close to 110 outside and the air was thick with moisture. Summer recess had begun a week ago, and the months ahead loomed like giant mountains made wavy from the heat. The house had two rickety fans. One was in Elizabeth's parents' room, and the other was in the kitchen, where her mother stood in the same four-foot radius she always occupied in front of the sink and the range and the fridge. The linoleum there had sunk a little under her constant weight. The air in the house was stale and moist, and the fans did little to change that: they made noise more than they did anything else. A constant buzz. Everyone and everything had a layer of sticky sweat. Even the walls, unable to absorb any more, oozed moisture. Clothing had shadows of sweat at every joint, large wet circles radiating out from armpits and backs. Her mother had a sweat stain that began between two rolls on her stomach and spread across, like a wide smile.

The heat and silence combined to make an oppressive pressure that made Elizabeth feel like she was drowning. She was going to be in fifth grade once the school year began, six and a half hours of government-sanctioned escape every day. In school she could read the books with rainbow colors on their covers and pictures of dinosaurs and princesses and smiling kids all in a gang, having adventures. The books were her favorite. Daddy didn't like books. One time he got mad about it, said books filled kids' heads with things that "never happened to nobody that lived in this shithole." During the school year she spent recess in the library, reading and re-reading the same shelf of books she had read for years. There was a small house-turned-public library on the other side of town, but she knew not to ask to be taken there.

Her Daddy worked at the small water treatment plant in the next town over. He would come home smelling like chalky metal and chemicals, a smell that always got caught in the back of her throat. He smelled like the water that came out of the tap.

Elizabeth's mother didn't talk much. She moved slowly and quietly. Sometimes if you looked at her and unfocused your eyes she would

blend right into the faded pastel flowers on the kitchen wallpaper. Sometimes she didn't speak for a couple of days at a time.

Sometimes Elizabeth was afraid that her mother had forgotten how to speak, that the gears that made her voice work were rusting. She had a two wheel bike that her daddy had brought home from the recycling center, but the spokes on the wheels were flaking orange and red and were rusted through, and they broke after the first hour of her trying to ride it.

There was no family nearby; there was no one to call over for barbeques like the Argentinean family next door that had a yard full of screaming kids every Sunday. After the noon bells tolled at the chapel down the street, a tide of people (the whole town) would spill from its big white belly. Daddy didn't like church but he wore a cross on a long chain around his neck. Elizabeth only saw it when he worked on the lawn and it shone out gold against his peeling pink skin.

Elizabeth once asked her mother if she had any cousins, or aunts or uncles, but she shook her head. She paused after a second though, tried to speak but only managed a croak, cleared her throat and then said, "Your daddy's momma, your gran, lives in Austin, but they don't talk much anymore," and then she turned back to the sink full of dishes.

Elizabeth would take a shower every night, the only relief from the torturous heat. Though it was an intense pleasure to feel the cool water hit her skin and pull the heat out like poison from a wound, it also smelled like her daddy when he came home from work. It made her want to wash her skin to clean off the shower, but in the end she would just have to leave and step back into the house. She began to sweat as soon as the door from the bathroom was opened, and the hot air would meet the cooled bathroom air and the two would steam and condense and swirl in a dizzying cloud until the heat had squeezed every cool bit of air into itself.

One day, her birthday, Elizabeth was alone at home. Her daddy had left early in the morning. Her mother had come in while she was lying on her stripped bed, trying to forget the heat long enough to fall asleep. Her mother was going out for groceries. She sat down on the edge of the bed, making one side of the stiff mattress sink down and the other lift off the bed frame.

"Happy Birthday. I'm baking a cake for tonight." There was something in her mother's eyes that showed Elizabeth that she was

alive, a spark that Elizabeth almost never saw. Before she left, her mother brought a small wooden trunk from around the doorway. She didn't lift her eyes from the weathered top, but as she placed it she said quietly, "don't let him see this."

Elizabeth waited until she heard the front door close before slowly rolling off the bed. She approached the small wooden box like it was a rattlesnake. If her mother didn't want Daddy to see, then there was something he wouldn't like in there, and that was always dangerous. She inspected the trunk. The wood had turned almost grey—had puckered and bunched in places—the black metal clasps and hinges were stiff from disuse. She tugged it open.

It was as if all the color in the dull world had been drained and put inside the trunk. Bright blue, red, green, yellow cards that were so brilliant, they seemed to have captured light in the fibers of their paper. There were toys too. There was a string of emerald green wooden ducks all in a row, when she rolled them on their wheels they quacked cheerily, breaking the silence so suddenly that her stomach dropped, and she waited a second to make sure no one had heard before carefully turning back to face the box. She lifted all the cards into one pile, and left the rosy-cheeked dolls and plush stuffed animals in the trunk, not trusting them to stay silent. She also pulled out a thick heavy postage envelope.

She looked through the cards. They contained birthday wishes from all nine birthdays leading up to today.

"Happy 5th birthday my sweet darling Elizabeth, I hope I get to see your face soon. I think of you every day. Love, Nana"

"Happy 2nd birthday little Liza, I still remember holding you in my arms like it was yesterday, I'm sure you've grown so much. I hope I get some pictures of you soon! Love, Nana"

And so they went. Elizabeth worked her way through the cards. Each insisting that someone she didn't remember meeting loved her. When the cards were all opened, she laid them out in an arch around her, each open with the words looking up at her. She picked up the package.

It was addressed to her and had a return address from her Nan in Austin. She had never opened a letter; she only remembered all

the times daddy had opened bills and him yelling around the house for the rest of the day.

When she pulled open the sealed flap, a book and a card fell on her lap. The book was *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. She had never read it. She opened the card.

"Happy 10th birthday Elizabeth. I don't know if you will get this, I hope so much that you will. I have included a copy of my favorite book from when I was your age.

I love you and think of you always, Nana"

Elizabeth looked around at all of her cards, all of the birthday wishes. She fingered each card in turn, running her hands over their rough stock surfaces. She packed all of the cards away in the trunk except for the one for her birthday today, which she slipped inside the cover of her book.

She pushed the trunk as far as it would go under her bed, and pulled her sheet so it hung down over the crack between her bed and the floor.

She went out into the backyard, the weedy grass prickled underfoot as she made her way to the far corner of the fence. The neighbors had planted trees on their lawn, and at some points along the fence, the big leafy palms hung over and created shallow pockets of shade. In the corner she huddled into a ball, pulling even her toes into the criss cross lattice of shade. She cracked the book and began to read.

She was lost, far away, the summer noises and smells and heat were no more. She did not hear her mother returning, she did not hear the rumble of daddy's approaching car.

She was falling down a rabbit hole, the air whistled in her ears, and something else too. She heard her father yelling, heard snatches of sentences over the rush of air. "What the fuck... Who do you think... My house..."

The card had slipped from the book.

She was coming to the end of the fall; she could feel the ground closing in. There was a loud crack, like a steak hitting the counter.

She crashed to the ground. ☹



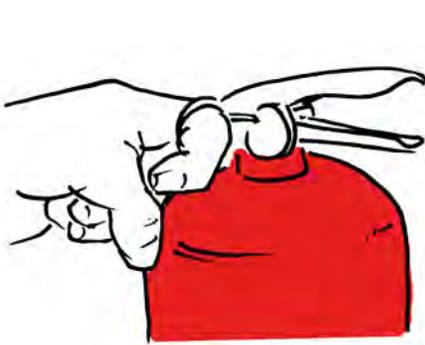


POLICE BLOTTER

1 HOLD UPRIGHT.
PULL PIN FIRMLY.

2 START BACK 10 FEET.
AIM AT FACE OF
SLEEPING PERSON

3 SWEEP SIDE-TO-
SIDE UNTIL FIRE
ALARM SOUNDS



Monday, February 21 • 4:37 am.

"The Extinguisher and the Extinguished"

Police, never the ones to sleep, responded to a fire alarm at the International House. There seemed to have been a slight confusion as to the sequence of events during a fire situation. First the fire extinguisher was discharged on a sleeping visitor on the couch. Then, the fire alarm went off. Curiously, never was there an actual fire. The two people, the extinguisher and the extinguished, were visiting a friend and will be charged for damages.

Sunday, February 27 • 11:33 am.

"The Prequel"

This week's binge drinking crown rests on the dizzy and drunken head of a resident from Hodgdon, who downed a reported 12 shots during a party at Theta Delta Chi.

Sunday, February 27 • 12:30 am.

"The Sequel"

Seeking the epicenter of the drunken debauchery, police followed the slurred trail to Theta Delta Chi at 123 Packard Ave. The trail was cold, but they did find a suspicious looking ice luge shaped like the Red Bull mascot, a bull, along with a selection of vodka, whiskey and beer. Residents of 123 claim that the luge was *not* provided by the frat, but instead *bestowed* by a Red Bull distributor.

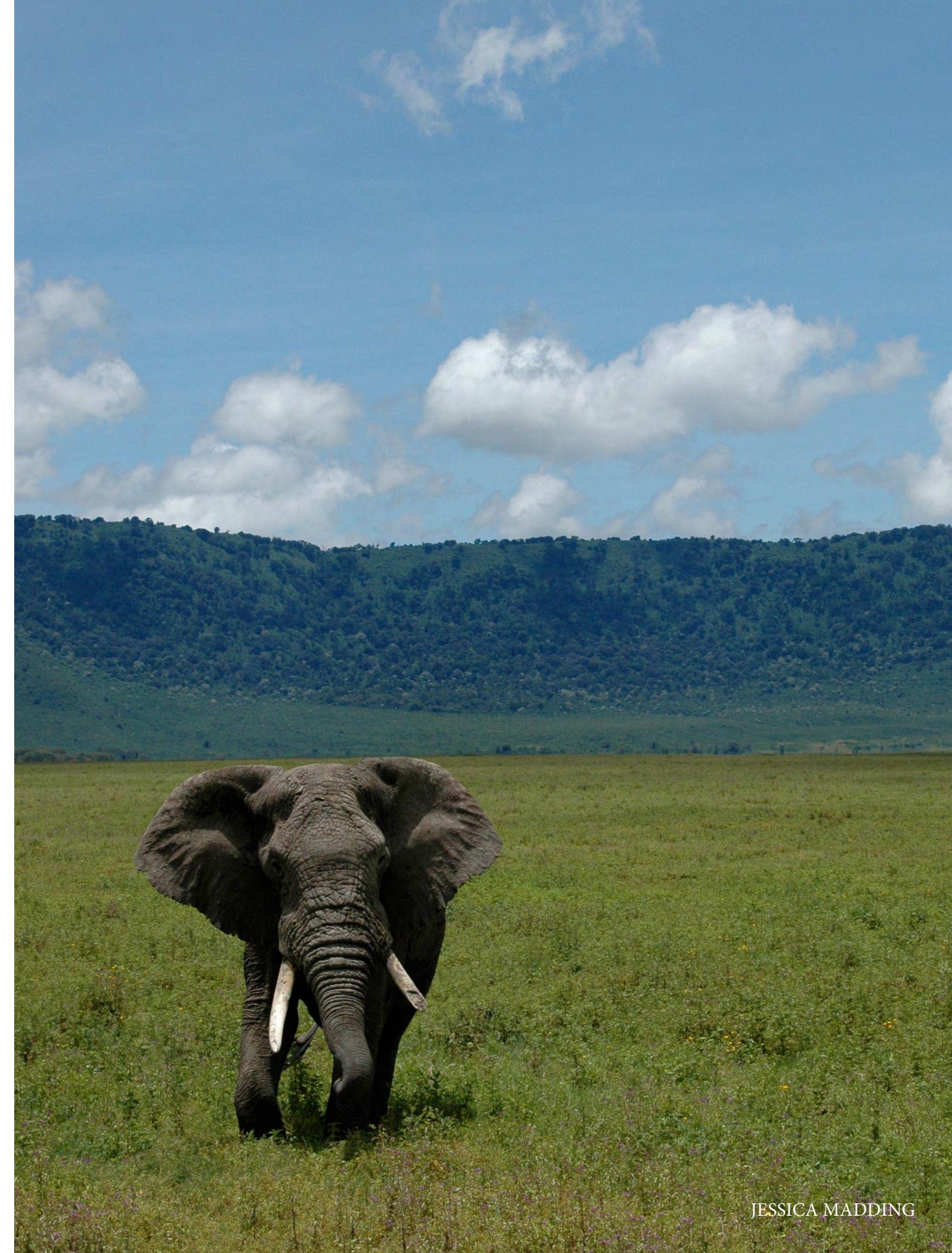
Sgt McCarthy's Crime Summary

When someone drunk tells you they had 3 - 10 drinks, interpret that as closer to 10.

9 number OF TEMS CASES IN TWO weeks

By the way, Tufts, you drink like fish. Fish that get TEMSed constantly. You clocked in 9 TEMSes in 14 days. A point of pride? Perhaps— if you're comparing the number of holes in your liver.

—Illustrated and compiled by Ryan Stolp



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