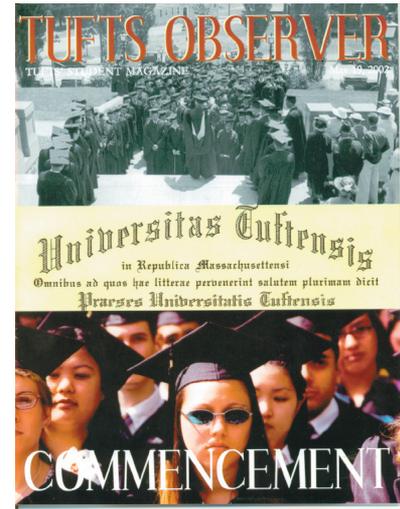
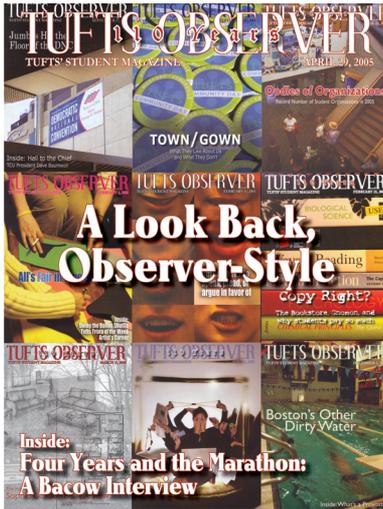


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TUFTS' STUDENT MAGAZINE

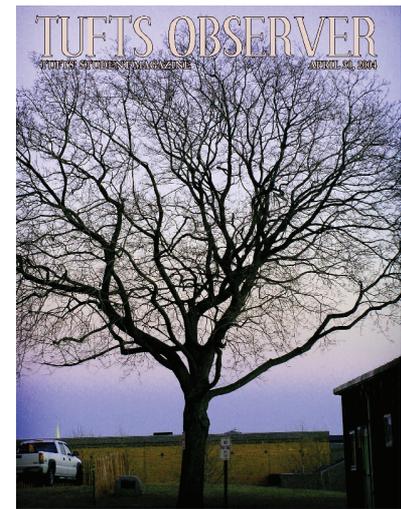
OCTOBER 21, 2005

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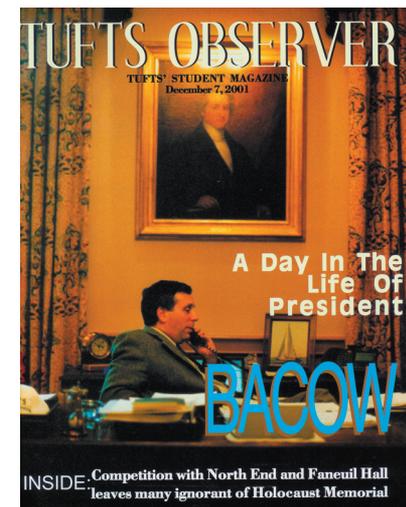


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*Cover Photo by Steven Ross*



# Drop the Ball

BY CHRISTOPHER MUNSEY

If you ever make it down to Arlington, Virginia, you should check out Dr. Dremo's, in Courthouse. They don't serve liquor—a fact I discovered when the bartender responded to my request for Jack Daniel's with “Umm ... we're a *taphouse*,” but it's still a cool little spot. It has got some good beer on tap, pool tables in the back, and a low-key, chill atmosphere. At least during the week; on the weekends, it's popular for a different reason. Then, the bar's lower level is filled with beer pong and flip cup games.

The first time I witnessed this spectacle, it was on an island-themed night at the bar, which basically consisted of the ground floor being filled with sand. And as I watched my buddies get into a near-shoving match over whose turn on the table it was, I began to worry that this might be a glimpse of my near future. By the time my friends had gotten their asses handed to them in their first game—to the great delight of the young professional women they were playing and their assorted young professional hangers on—this concern had grown into full-fledged panic. The two women, each in their late-20s, celebrated and high-fived after every made cup like they were in Vegas had both just hit blackjack. I seriously started looking around for the TV that was announcing their winning Powerball numbers. I couldn't believe that adults cared so much about a game of beer pong. Eventually they were showing up T.O. so much that I had to ask one of the guys they were with, “Hey, are you really taking the game this seriously? Don't you have careers and mortgages and stuff?” Unfortunately, he was not amused. But I wasn't just being a smart ass, I honestly wanted to know. And when I saw him celebrating wins like the slow motion scene at the end of Varsity Blues, I didn't even want to make fun of him. Because when

you take beer pong that seriously at his age, things really just didn't work out the way you were planning.

When I think about what I'll be doing as I approach thirty, I picture myself having an important job, I picture myself grabbing a drink after work with a friend, I picture myself taking supermodels out to dinner; hell sometimes I even picture myself married with a couple of kids. Somehow, no one ever asks, “how 'bout some 'rut?” in these daydreams. Don't get my wrong; I've played a fair amount of beer pong in my time, but I always figured it was something that gets left in behind in college, like people who think there's nothing wrong with wearing pajama pants out in public.

But I guess some people have a hard time leaving the good times that they've had behind. This got driven home when,



RACHEL GEYLIN

looking around Dremo's at the beer pong, the tropical theme, and even the couple fighting in the corner, I realized that it was just a frat party with prices. And I guess

that's cool; I mean if people had money in college this is the type of stuff they'd spend it on. But along with the countless pitchers it requires (granted, it wasn't good beer, I think it was PBR or something), there is apparently a company that sells portable beer pong tables for \$150 a pop. Bing Bong, a Philadelphia-based company, supposedly sold over 2,000 of these tables last year. And that I won't stand for. I mean really, beer pong should be one activity that doesn't involve dropping lots of cash. What, you graduate and get a job and suddenly you're too good for Natty cases and the door you took off your closet?

This would seem to be common sense, but with the first-ever World Series of Beer Pong rapidly approaching, I think it's time to set some ground rules. And I don't mean the World Series' ground rules, although I did enjoy number five, the “Send that shit back” rule. No, I mean some rules for the rest of us, who don't take drinking games more seriously than we should. Don't play beer pong if you are at a bar. Don't play beer pong if you have paid for the beer you are using by the can, bottle, pitcher, and/or glass. Don't play beer pong if you are over the age of 25 (you can maybe get by at 26 if you're in med school or something, but don't push it). Don't play beer pong if you have kids, grandkids, or any job that may reasonably be described as a career. I know that quitting cold turkey is going to be painful for a lot of people, but when your habits are hurting the people around you, it's time to stop. And when I'm at Dremo's and your post-made cup celebrations are pissing me off, you're hurting the people around you. So just fight the urge, put down the ping pong ball, and start sneaking vodka at your cubicle like all the other functioning alcoholics out there. Besides the World Series of Beer Pong doesn't sound that cool anyway; they're not even playing rollbacks. ☹

# My Real World Education

BY ALEXIS TSANG

I have managed to shirk this responsibility for a year by consistently coming up with excuses as to why I shouldn't have to write an editor's corner. I've always felt that writing an editor's corner means that I have to have some cloud-parting revelation or some cynically enlightening comment on life; this overwhelming pressure considered, I prefer to criticize others. But here I am—it's twelve hours to my deadline, and I am lying in bed with my laptop warming my legs and my hands absolutely frigid because they just haven't been moving. It's not that I don't have anything to say. In fact, there are many times in life when I seriously consider (if only for just a few seconds) running to the mountaintops to alert the world of some injustice I've witnessed. The bottom line, however, is that I am lazy. And in the few seconds that I'm thinking about setting off alarm bells throughout the world about the issue of the moment, I am usually also eating, lying in bed, or engaging in some activity that would prevent me from putting on my (old and very unused) running shoes. And so that burning, pressing issue sinks lower and lower into the mess that is my consciousness and no bells are rung.

Sometimes I wonder what it is, aside from being the laziest person on earth, that stops me in my tracks, halfway out the door. It's certainly not my influences; I am surrounded by incredible people that constantly immerse themselves in finding a way to change the world. Tufts University itself is one of the most stimulating environments I've ever been in; in fact, it's the norm to go off saving the world, and if you're not, you feel a bit like an asshole. One of my best friends at Tufts spent the summer in Uganda and Kosovo capturing the lives of some of the most forgotten people with her camera. Another friend of mine dropped his life for a semester to rebuild houses in Thailand. And yet, last summer I worked for The Man of All Men, making myself incrementally richer and making ridiculously rich people even richer. The only charity I did was donating a new Bottega Veneta to myself. I'm exaggerating a lot (okay, fine, just a bit), but the brutal truth of the matter is that I've spent my entire life on a one-way, non-stop track to financial

success, regardless of whether I'll get there or not. My father is a prominent investment banker, my mother is a corporate lawyer, and therefore I grew up knowing that I would go to prep school, attend a prestigious college, work for a big investment bank, go to business school, and then join my father at the helm of his operation.

I've considered jumping this unstoppable train, somersaulting into the grass and running away from the tracks without so much as a glance backwards, but something always keeps me hanging onto the side looking down at the moving scenery; unable to take the plunge. There was a moment this fall when I held the Teach-For-America application in one hand, and my contract for after graduation in the other, and came scarily close to ripping up the latter. If not for the mere technical issue of having already accepted the job, that contract would have been floating to the floor in little pieces. After that intense second of dangling my foot off the train and nearly diving, I pulled all limbs back in, closed the door, and thought, "What if there isn't anything wrong with the way my life has been progressing thus far?" Honestly, what's important is that I have the desire to do something, and at some point in my life I'll act on it. In fact, in a strange twist of events, it's been my family—my professional, practical (sometimes Republican), and stuffy family—that's instilled that very urge to get involved that has kept me tossing and turning at night as I chastise myself for being selfish. My family's only stipulation is that any major differences to be made in this world would have to be done once my own world was secure.

I've come to terms with the fact that right now I'm not finding a cure for AIDS, I'm not rewriting the national health care system, and I'm not deposing a despotic dictator. What I am doing is using Tufts University and its dynamic environment of political action as a vehicle to educate and inspire myself. My four years at this phenomenal institution have been used to develop ideas of how I can really do something, to be stored away and used when the time is right for me. This revelation is definitely a reaction to the acknowledgement that this is indeed my last year of college. There's just not enough time left to worry about

whether I've been selfish or not, there's only enough time to focus on what I can still squeeze out of Tufts and what I want



RACHEL GEVLIN

to remember from my last year here. And trust me, it's not sitting at home on a Friday night getting upset about my inability to save the world. The things I will remember are the shitshow that was homecoming, driving back from UPenn through the New England countryside, staying up late to do homework and smoke shisha, raiding Brown and Brew, late night study at Tisch, some nasty games of Beirut, and the faces that accompany all these memories. Let's face it, it's really the last time that most of my actions will have little to no ramifications. My major obstacle to getting wasted on a Thursday night is the paper that's due the next day at five p.m.—which I can still get out of by pleading "family difficulties." Next year, this will be unacceptable. So enough worrying for now, I have a long and open future ahead of me in which to secure my place in the world and to give back to the community that got me there. In the meantime, I'm going to stop hovering over that line in between the real world and my college career, and remain firmly within the safe confines of Tufts, take advantage of every opportunity to soak up all the knowledge and freedom I can, and then finally, come May 2006, step over the border into the real world with absolutely no regrets. ☺

# POLICE BULLETIN

**Friday, October 14**

At 10:00 p.m., a student reported a past hate crime incident that occurred off campus. While traveling on the Red Line, the student was approached by two strangers who harassed him about his race and sexual orientation and spit at him. The individuals followed the student off of the train at the Davis Square stop, but the student evaded them by running away. The student had already reported the incident to the MBTA authorities.

**Saturday, October 15**

At 4:15 a.m., a student reported a leaking ceiling in a Hillside Apartments tower. Water dripping from the ceiling onto the bed woke the student up. Officers responded to the scene and offered him temporary housing. The student declined, instead deciding to stay with a friend. Facilities was contacted immediately.

At 3:30 p.m., there was a report of a student falling down stairs at the Mayer Campus Center. A student slipped and tumbled down a set of stairs in the center of the building. TEMS responded to the scene first, but the student needed further treatment and was brought to the hospital.

At 11:30 p.m., there was a report of a fire alarm at 123 Packard Ave. The alarm was set off by cigarette smoke in the upper levels of the building during a party. All guests evacuated while TUPD and Somerville Fire found the cause of the alarm. Guests were later permitted to return to the house. The next morning at 4:30 a.m., a fire alarm was set off again, this time because someone accidentally pulled the switch. Theta Delta Chi brothers blame anti-fraternity conspirators for the series of false fire alarms this semester.

**Sunday, October 16**

At 3:30 a.m., there was a report of an assault outside of Zeta Psi Fraternity. Brothers working the door during a party refused to let three non-students enter the party. In anger, the three individuals began to vandalize the fence surrounding the front yard. A brother approached the individuals and was struck by one of them. They fled the scene, and the student reported the assault to the police. Shortly after, the police found people matching the description. After a brief chase, TUPD brought the suspect to Zeta Psi and the victim positively identified him. The student decided not to press charges.

—Compiled by Spencer Maxwell with the cooperation of the Tufts Police Dept.

## COLLEGE BULLETS

### Princeton Students Start Group to Support Abstinence

A group of students at Princeton University have started an organization dedicated to supporting students who choose to remain abstinent until marriage. The group, Ancombe, is named after Elizabeth Ascombe, an English philosopher and devoted Roman Catholic. The group is open to all students, including those who were not abstinent in the past and those who simply have an intellectual curiosity about the idea of abstinence. Representatives of the group stated that it was created to let abstinent students know that they are not alone on a sexually active college campus.

### 80 Year Old Student Attends Ohio Wesleyan University

Age is not an issue for Jacob Rubble, Ohio Wesleyan's newest and oldest student. Rubble has already had two successful careers as a Methodist minister and a mechanical engineer. Despite his success, Rubble has always wanted to finish the degree he started decades ago. He recognizes that at this point his degree will not help his career because he is retired but he still wants to be able to say he accomplished something. He plans on majoring in religion or something related to religion because it is his interest.

—Compiled by Margot Rapoport

## Tufts Trivia of the week



STEVEN ROSS

What was the first song Tufts radio played?

Answer: "Here comes the Sun" by the Beatles.

# Dealing With Mental Illness at Tufts

BY JOCELYN EDWARDS

What is it like to deal with mental illness in college? "It's been hard," says one anonymous female student, describing her struggle with clinical depression. "It makes you not want to socialize. There's also the pressure that you have in your life from college, and the pressure to fit in, but not wanting to socialize." Loss of interest in activities you once enjoyed, feelings of hopelessness, poor appetite and difficulty sleeping can all potentially indicate the presence of a mental health problem, according to a screening test administered to students at Health Services earlier this month. Health Services offered this screening test free of charge to students from October 4–6, according to Kathleen O'Dea, Clinic Manager at Health Services.

The screening event was organized by Health Services as part of the nationwide effort of National Depression Screening Day to raise awareness about mental health and reach out to those with potential mental health problems. "It really helps to de-stigmatize mental illness," said Susan Mahoney, a psychiatric nurse at Health Services. "It gets the word out that these symptoms that people are struggling with really need medical attention and treatment, it's not just that people are lazy or weak or wimpy."

About 30–35 students dropped by the screening tables over the three days they were set up, according to O'Dea. While declining to comment on the specific number of students who sought help as a direct result of the event, O'Dea believes that the effort was effective in reaching out to Tufts students who may have mental health problems. "Certainly, some people did get routed in the right direction," she said.

Susan Mahoney concurred with her colleague. "If we get just a handful of people who really feel like 'someone heard my concerns and I've got a plan now to go get some treatment and maybe some medicine,' then it is well worth the effort," she said.

National Depression Screening Day, which occurs on the first Thursday of

every October, was initiated in 1991 by the Massachusetts based non-profit organization Screening for Mental Health. 8,000 sites nationwide participated in the event in 2004, including 509 colleges and universities. A total of 105,000 people were screened last year as part of the event.

Tufts has participated in National Depression Screening Day for 10 years. For the past three or four years, reported O'Dea, the number of Tufts students participating in the event has remained steady at around 30 and 35, up from the five to ten during its early years.

"It is a hard thing because people don't generally flock to tables like that as they might go to get a free [cholesterol test] or a pink ribbon or a red ribbon," said O'Dea, commenting on the difficulty of getting students to participate in the event. "People tend to see that as something that is more accepted, whereas going to a table to see if you have an eating disorder or if you're depressed is a little bit harder for people," she said. She attributes the increase in participation at least in part to increased advertising.

Health Services purchases both the Internet and paper versions of the screening test for the event directly from Screening for Mental Health. A Massachusetts based non-profit headed by Harvard psychiatrist Douglas Jacobs, Screening for Mental Health receives

funding from Eli Lilly, Inc., the makers of Prozac. Additional funding comes from other pharmaceutical companies, such as Forest Laboratories, Inc., GlaxoSmithKline, Pfizer Inc. and Wyeth Pharmaceuticals.

Psychiatric Nurse Mahoney, though, stressed that the screening questionnaire is not an official diagnostic test for specific disorders, but more a way of indicating that there might be a possible problem. She also emphasized that the pharmaceutical companies are not involved in its development solely to gain profits, but rather to reach out and help. "Where they haven't developed the tools and aren't directly involved . . . I am not so worried," she said. "I'm glad that they are kicking back some of their profits to help with the process of de-stigmatizing [mental health problems]."

Screenings on college campuses in recent years have taken place against a backdrop of what many experts suggest is an increase in the rate of mental health illness on college campuses. In a 2004 survey of counseling centers by Robert Gallagher of the University of Pittsburgh, 86% of colleges reported an increase in the number of students with severe psychological problems in recent years. Ninety-one percent of counseling center directors surveyed believed that students with significant psychological disorders are



STEVEN ROSS

a growing concern on campuses. Today, the National Mental Health Association reports that 10% of college students have been diagnosed with depression; at 13%, the rate is even higher among college women. A 2001 study by Shamsah Sonawalla of Massachusetts General Hospital puts the rate of depression among college students even higher at 14% in a survey of students at one Boston area college.

One explanation offered for the increase in mental health problems at colleges is that more students already suffering from mental illness have, thanks to medication, felt more able to come to college. "Certainly there has been an increase in the past several years in the number of students coming already on medication," said O'Dea. "With the medications that have been developed in the past few years, it is a little bit easier for students [with mental health issues] to come to college, where in the past they may not have been able to."

Rachel, who commented on the condition that her real name not be used, is a senior who has dealt with both depression and eating disorder issues, one of the increasing numbers of students who come to college already on anti-depressants. As a freshman, she said, "I was on my own in a new place where I didn't feel I had anyone really close in whom I could confide," she said. "The college environment was very stressful for me because I was surrounded by so many intelligent students and such high expectations that at times it felt difficult to keep up, so that aggravated my depression."

Medication acted as a stabilizing force for her during this stressful transition. "I think it would've been more difficult to come to college if I had never been on medication, because being on medication allowed me to kind of get out of my head and be able to see the reality of my life and my circumstances better," she said. "When I was depressed, that's all I could focus on, but when I was on medication, I had the ability to process my feelings and think about where I wanted to go with my treatment." Rachel also credits her religious beliefs, faith in God, and support from friends and family with helping her cope.

Another factor that may contribute to the increase in demand for mental health services at colleges is a decreased societal stigmatization of mental health issues, suggested Nurse Mahoney. "Certainly there is a lot more accessing of mental health ser-



STEVEN ROSS

vices on college campuses these days ... I suspect that that is related to people having more comfort and less stigmatization around mental health issues," she said.

In previous generations, according to Mahoney, "mental illnesses were more frequently seen as weaknesses. [The view was that people] needed to pull themselves up by their bootstraps and function. Younger generations are much more knowledgeable about the biological aspects of mental illness—that it is often a disorder rather than some kind of personal weakness. Probably some of that is related to the fact that there are many medications that are effective for mental illnesses. People have come to appreciate that this is a treatable medical condition."

At Tufts, Rachel benefited from this new era of de-stigmatization. "I generally felt supported in the Tufts community," she said. "Some of my friends were helpful in talking to me and in getting me connected with a counselor at health services, and neither they nor health services turned me away because they didn't want to deal with me. I never felt like an outcast because I was depressed."

"Going to a counselor seems to be more accepted [today] than ten years ago," said Dr. Mia Medina, a counselor and post-doctoral fellow at the Counseling Center at Tufts. "More and more people are doing it, which in turn reduces the stigma, which in turn results in more people doing it. It's kind of a chicken and egg thing."

Rachel sought help from a Tufts counselor at Health Services a few times and had a positive experience. "She was very nice and seemed genuinely concerned and was very available to meet with me," said Rachel of the counselor.

Other students who have sought out help from Tufts mental health services are also positive about their experiences. Said one anonymous student of the Counseling Center: "They offered me an [objective] view of the problems I was dealing with, and helped me analyze why I was depressed. It was nice to be able to talk about the pressures of school to someone other than my friends."

Other students sometimes find less healthy ways to deal with mental health problems than counseling, however. "One might want to drink to relieve sadness, loneliness and other difficult feelings. Unfortunately, it doesn't work," warns the website of the Alcohol and Drug Prevention program at Health Services. "Since alcohol is a depressant, it can actually exacerbate the problem and intensify your feelings."

"Drinkers who are problematic are often able to be diagnosed with depression anxiety or bi-polar disorder," explained Margot Abels, the Director of the Program, later adding that repeat alcohol policy offenders, if not clinically depressed, are sometime situationally depressed or anxious. "Drug and alcohol abuse is often not happening in a vacuum for people," she said.

In order to address problems, such as depression, that contribute to drug and alcohol abuse, Abels believes it is important to for health educators to build relationships with students. "The work we do is somewhat about the individual and somewhat about the community ... [The goal] is to honor people for their courage rather than isolating them and making them feel ashamed," she said.

As Clinic Manager Kathleen O'Dea summed up, urging students to seek help for any problems they may have, "[Depression] is an illness or a problem just like any other. There are treatments that would be helpful, that would [help students] feel better. They wouldn't let other conditions go untreated."

For students in crisis, there is a mental health professional from the Counseling Center and Health Service senior staff on call 24 hours a day. The counselor on call can be reached by calling Tufts Police at 617-627-3030. The Counseling Center, located at Sawyer House on the corner of Curtis Street and Curtis Avenue, offers free and confidential counseling and sees students for problems that range from depression and eating disorders, to family problems to decisions about choosing a major and career. ☐

# Live From Medford: WMFO-FM, Tufts' Only Student Radio Station

BY LYDIA HALL

**P**op quiz: On what station could you find WMFO, Tufts freeform radio? Don't know? Chances are, you're not alone! Indeed, it seems like many students have yet to discover the university's only radio station. (For the record, it can be found at 91.5 FM.) "WMFO could use a lot more promotion on campus," says Tufts senior Patrick Mangan, also known as WMFO's "DJ White Label." Says another former WMFO DJ, "No one at Tufts even knows it exists."

However, WMFO has been a constant presence on campus since January of 1970, operating out of their offices on the upper floor of Curtis Hall. The first song ever played over WMFO airwaves was the Beatles' "Here Comes the Sun," and since then, the station has rarely stopped broadcasting. They are on the airwaves nearly 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, stopping only if severe weather conditions prevent broadcasting. Besides being available to the Tufts campus, WMFO extends its coverage to the city of Medford, and to parts of Melrose, Allston, and Watertown as well.

Despite relatively low listener numbers, though, WMFO DJs are passionate and excited about what they do at the station. "I was interested in WMFO since my freshman year," Mangan said. "I'm from Brooklyn, New York and always idolized radio mix show DJs like Green Lantern and Funkmaster Flex. I studied their styles for years and felt that I needed a similar outlet to express myself and do my thing." Sophomore DJ Jimmy Hughes was similarly motivated to join the station. "I joined WMFO because I'd always had a real passion for music," he explained. "I like to think that I know more obscure music than most, and having a radio show is a great way to get the word

out there. WMFO is a great place to be a DJ, especially this year." Another former DJ joined simply because he "thought it would be fun ... and [could use] it as [his] own personal jukebox." Before becoming a DJ, senior Dana Phillips had been listening to WMFO, and found that she wanted to hear things that weren't being put on the air. "Having a radio show really interested me over one winter break, when I realized that my favorite kind of music wasn't being played as often as I would like," she said. "And then once I returned to campus I saw the general interest meeting for WMFO and dragged a friend along, and it was a wrap from there." Since first getting her own show, Phillips has become even more involved in WMFO by joining the station's executive board as the training director.

One thing that appealed to some prospective WMFO DJs is the fact that it is



STEVEN ROSS

*The highly decorated door to WMFO's studios in Curtis Hall. The station is on the air 7 days a week, 365 days a year.*

quite easy to get your own radio show, over which you can have creative control. "It's not hard for anyone to get their own show," Mangan said. "They simply have to take the initiative to express interest and complete some basic training for one semester, and they'll get their own show the following semester, if not sooner. That's how it worked for me." Hughes had a similar experience. "For anyone just starting out, you need to complete a three-session training," he said, explaining the process. "This sounds like a lot, but it's really simple. After that, at the beginning of each semester, a new schedule is drawn up. The whole thing is really flexible." Mangan also appreciates the amount of independence the DJs are given. "I like the freedom WMFO gives its DJs, allowing them to play whatever they want," he said. WMFO bills itself as "freeform radio," which they define on their website as "radio format not restricted to a single genre or by a dependence on a specific format or pre-defined formula." "Freeform is a great concept, [and] gives the station an incredible variety of programming," Mangan said. "[It] gives me the opportunity to run my show however I want." Listeners are also welcome to call in or send an instant message to the DJ during a show if they have a request or comment.

So what exactly can be found on the airwaves at WMFO? Looking at their schedule, a good deal of diversity and variety can be found. Programs include the gospel music show "Sounds of Praise," the sports talk show "Dave and Dave's Sports Report," and the rock show "British Accents," just to name a few. Hughes' show, called "In Town," is of yet another variety. "I play the music of bands that are on tour and coming to Boston," he explained. "WMFO is a freeform station, which means that no two shows are the same, and in many cases, no two songs in one show are the same. The



STEVEN ROSS

*Two students hard at work in the WMFO studios. Students and local volunteers help to run the studio together.*

same goes for my show. If it's live and in Boston in the next few weeks, it'll be on my show—even if it's Avril Lavigne," he joked.

Mangan, or "DJ White Label," hosts a very different sort of show. His is called "The Pregame Show," catering to those gearing up to go out on Saturday nights. "I cut, mix, and scratch hip-hop, doing a two hour live continuous mix every week," he said. "I usually have some special guests rolling through the studio too. We definitely bring the party to the airwaves every week." He encouraged everyone to tune in to his show as well. "Check out my show, it is an innovative program," he said. "I play exclusive remixes that I produce myself and often feature live MCs freestyling in the studio. I'm trying to get the party going on Saturday nights while providing an outlet for fresh new talent. Get your Saturdays started right with the kid White Label!" he added.

Dana Phillips' current show, which she co-hosts with fellow student Shannon Crudup, is called "NeoSoul Lounge, Part II." As she described it, "We play NeoSoul, which is a branch of R&B, as well as other R&B and old school jams. Our goal is to play good music, and play new music first, so that students and the community can get into new music early on, rather than feel left out."

One thing that is unique about WMFO

as a college radio station is the fact that many of the DJs and those who run the office aren't actually Tufts students, but local community members. This creates a bond between students and those who live in the surrounding area. As Hughes explained it, "WMFO is important to the Tufts community because it is a huge bridge between the university and Boston. At least half of the DJs at WMFO are not students but locals, townies, and so it gives

**"WMFO is important to the Tufts community because it is a huge bridge between the university and Boston."**

them and the people that listen to them a sense of what Tufts students are like." This is just one reason why WMFO plays an important role in campus life. Phillips believes it has other benefits as well. "I think WMFO is important to the Tufts community because it is a media outlet for students," she said. "It is a way to learn something new beyond the classroom, and a way to relax and get involved on campus. It provides experience; there are DJs who have gone on to work for other local radio

stations in their hometowns and in the area; also [at] ClearChannel stations."

However, one fact that all seem to agree on is that WMFO listener ratings are not what they necessarily should be. "I think that WMFO could always reach more people through more publicity," Phillips acknowledged. Mangan agrees, and has suggestions for what the station can do to make the ratings increase. "Advertisements for specific shows might be effective, since there is so much variety on the station," he said. "If people knew when to listen to shows that played their taste in music, listener numbers might go up." Phillips, though, believes that WMFO has been trying its best to get the word out. "Publicity has done an outstanding job," she said. "We have many goodies that we hand out with the WMFO logo on it to get the name out. We put a two-page full ad in the Daily of the fall schedule. We sent out press releases to local newspapers and publications." She has been able to get friends to listen to her show, as has Mangan, who encourages his friends to listen while pre-gaming.

Two things that WMFO has done recently that may attract more listeners are to make the shows accessible over the internet, and to make it available through iTunes. As Hughes described the internet availability, "WMFO is streaming on the web and now, new this semester, is operating at 100% power. This means that WMFO is available to anyone with a computer and to

most people in and around Somerville and Medford." Increasing accessibility like this is one way that more people may be able to listen in.

Phillips believes that the iTunes deal is an equally positive thing for the station. "We are one of only 40 public radio stations that you can listen to on iTunes," she said. "So of course, we could always do more, but I think that we have done an excellent job thus far of attempting to reach people and get them to listen." ☺



# A Conversation with Professor Sam Sommers

BY ALLISON JONES

*Sam Sommers is a professor in the psychology department who is doing research on human behavior in situations influenced by racial diversity. He studies and writes about controversial issues that affect how people interact with each other and how the media can contribute to negative associations between groups in society. Dr. Sommers talked to us about his work, why he came to Tufts, his current studies, and the importance of open dialogue in the community.*

Q: What is your area of study?

A: I am a social psychologist, so I'm interested in situational factors that influence human behavior. The typical way that people think about others is to label an individual as a generous person or an honest person or a violent person. Social psychologists aren't saying that personality is not important, but we tend to focus a lot more on how people behave in given situations or circumstances. A lot of the work that I do looks at issues of race and stereotyping, including how people make judgments about other individuals or how they may judge the exact same behavior differently depending on the race of the person in question. I study how people interact in groups and how these interactions may differ depending on the racial composition of these groups. I'm interested in these issues, but I'm particularly interested in the legal system. So, I study a lot of these issues as they relate to how jurors make decisions about criminal defendants or how jury deliberations might differ depending on the racial composition of the juries.

Q: Are there any specific research projects that you are working on right now?

A: One project I'm working on now looks at groups of college students, and how they might process information differently and make group decisions differently depending on whether they find themselves in homogeneous, all-white groups or racially diverse groups. Some of the preliminary data suggests that, depending on what they're going to talk about, students who come into the

lab and expect to be having a discussion with a racially diverse group of people tend to pay more attention and scrutinize more carefully the background reading handed out for the topic than do white participants who come into the lab and interact with a group that is all white. The plausible explanation, I think, is that anticipating interracial discussion and interaction is something that for many white individuals sets off alarms and sends up red flags that say "oh, I better know what I'm talking about and I better pay attention to what I'm reading," or "we're going to talk about affirmative action and there are black people here; I should really know what I'm talking about." This is different from white students finding themselves in a more typical situation, with mostly other white individuals, where they might let their guard down a little and not be quite as concerned about social pressures and normative restrictions against what they have to say and how they say it.

Q: Why did you choose Tufts?

A: I really wanted to be at a school like Tufts. I picked Tufts because in many respects it is a combination of the best aspects of the two academic worlds I have experienced in my own education. I was an undergraduate student at Williams, and Tufts feels very much like a large liberal arts college. Students know each other, many classes are on the smaller side, and it has a historical emphasis on undergraduate education. At the same time it has the advantages of a research university. In my department I am able to work with excellent graduate students and my colleagues are dedicated to excellence in research as well as teaching. So, it's the best of both worlds.

Q: Which classes do you teach?

A: I teach Psych13, Social Psychology. I teach Psych 32, Experimental Psychology, a required research methods course for all psychology majors. I also teach two seminars. One is called Advanced Social Psychology, in which we focus on contemporary topics and debates within the field, and the other



SAM SOMMERS

is called Psychology and Law, which looks at the legal system from a variety of psychological perspectives, including social, personality, clinical, developmental, and cognitive.

Q: How does social psychology explain race relations and the problems that diversity can create in society?

A: It is well documented in social psychology that there are in-group and out-group biases. People tend to respond more positively and generously toward their in-group members and those who are like them; people tend to think less positively and generously about out-group members. Which group distinctions become most polarizing and influential depends on societal factors. Certainly our country has a long history of in-group/out-group issues with regard to white and African American individuals. That's an undercurrent running through our nation's history. In recent years, the tension between the West and Middle Eastern countries, particularly some factions within those countries, has received a lot of attention after September 11. Accordingly, our sensitivity to distinctions along those lines is increased. So societal and individual differences can exacerbate the typical in-group and out-group effects that always exist. Stereotypes are used all the time. We categorize things: tables and chairs as



furniture. And we do the same with people, categorizing them as well.

As far as what leads to these stereotypes and conflicts, certainly early experiences with media play a role. For example, we are exposed to stories about violence and crime on the part of members of some racial groups more than with others. We're exposed at an early age to Disney movies in which we see good guys who are white and speak perfect English, whereas the bad guys have accents and darker skin. This may all seem trivial, but they build up over time in a subtle but reinforcing way and color our attitudes towards certain groups. In times of stress and in times

media were getting there in rental cars? But I'm writing about the media depictions. For example, what does it mean that the word "refugee," which is never used to describe American citizens in America, was used to describe these people for a while until the newspapers decided it might not be appropriate and began using "evacuees" instead? What does it mean that you could find very similar photographs of a white individual who found food in a grocery store that was obviously flooded and deserted and a black individual who found food in a grocery store that was also flooded and deserted, but the caption described the white individual as

dialogue about these kinds of issues, and people need to be receptive to the possibility that some of the decisions they make have been affected by factors such as race, even though they may not want to believe they were. It's not as if we are prisoners to these associations and are completely unable to overcome them, but there are certainly situations where we forget to do so or can't do so. One of the difficulties to studying this topic is that people will tell you one thing and believe that that is how they feel about it, but at the end of the day, their behaviors suggest something different.

## “It’s okay to be uncomfortable in society in discussing these things because it’s important to discuss them and they’re tricky issues.”

of threat in particular, these beliefs, these conflicts between groups will be exaggerated, and in many respects Americans feel as if they have been under threat after September 11. These natural tendencies to see people of different groups in certain ways can be exaggerated by this.

Q: Can you tell us a little bit about more about the current article you're writing on Hurricane Katrina?

A: I'm asking questions about the extent to which race influenced the way people reacted to it and the ways in which the media depicted it. There are broader questions I can't answer because no one knows exactly what went on, but you could ask whether the government would have reacted in a different way if the hurricane had hit in a different area where the people were of a different race and a different socioeconomic status. Of course, everyone in the government would say that they did everything they could in this case, and I'm sure they genuinely believe that they did. But I think we often go above and beyond the call of duty when it comes to helping out people who are similar to us. I'm not suggesting that the government went out of its way to not send help; not at all. But if a hurricane had hit in a different area, would they have gotten those cruise ships there as soon as possible? We can reach any point on the globe in X number of hours, yet we couldn't get anyone to the Superdome for 72 hours, even though the

“a man in New Orleans who found food,” while the caption under the other picture described the black individual as a looter? I don't think anyone is making a conscious effort to do these things, but subtle associations and attitudes affect the way the media depicts these stories, which reflects and also shapes the way we react. Again, it's not easy to look at the different photo captions and say that race caused them, but in the aggregate, look at the evidence. There are differences in the way people make judgments about people of different races, and to suggest otherwise is, I would say, naïve and inaccurate.

We just had a debate in one of my seminar classes on this topic, and on the one hand, there's the argument that these associations are culturally learned and people say, “I grew up in this society, but I don't necessarily endorse these beliefs.” At the same time, you could ask students why they believe in whatever religion they follow and many would respond saying “my parents were this religion, but it's something that I believe in, so it's still my own attitude and personal belief.” But, when it comes to issues of race, people want to say “well, this is not my attitude, even though I grew up in this society and was taught this from a very young age.” The motivation to want to be open-minded and non-prejudiced is a good one, but it sometimes prevents us from seeing our own behavior and attitudes objectively. We need to have open

Q: Is there any advice you could offer to help people avoid the stereotypes and become more comfortable in a racially diverse society?

A: Certainly in general, the take home points for the kind of research that I do as a social psychologist would be that race, culture, gender, sexual orientation, and other categories still influence us in this day in age even though many of us, especially college students, would like to believe that they don't. In fact, they often influence us in situations when we least expect it.

That said, it's not something we should be afraid to talk about. We should talk about differences and the extent to which cultural factors affect our judgments and interactions. It is true that what makes the topic so interesting for me to study is the fact that most people, particularly white people, don't want to talk about the issue of race. But from a societal standpoint, it's not something that we should be resistant to talk about—we all have similarities, we all have differences. There's nothing wrong with acknowledging that, and with acknowledging that it can affect how we see others. I think students in class should be uncomfortable, should have uncomfortable conversations. I'm not suggesting that people use hateful or disrespectful speech, but if we talk about affirmative action in class, why not talk about what it means, why it's there, and the pros and cons of it, instead of shrinking away, looking down, and thinking “please don't let him call on me” or “I hope this conversation ends quickly because it's not comfortable.” It's okay to be uncomfortable in class. It's okay to be uncomfortable in society in discussing these things because it's important to discuss them and they're tricky issues.☺



# Sexile Etiquette

BY KIRA DOAR

It is common knowledge that the most awkward moment any college student will encounter is walking in on his or her roommate doing the bootenanny dance with a significant other, or just the kid from down the hall. Though we all partake in the occasional sexual romp with other frenzied, hormone driven university students, it is still fairly scarring to witness the lewd acts of our peers as an outside and unsuspecting party. For this reason I hereby declare the debauchery guidelines which I shall dub "Sexile Etiquette."

## 1. THOU SHALT ESTABLISH A CODE OF WARNING.

The easiest way to warn a roommate they should steer clear of entry is to set up a sexile code to serve as a caution sign. Whether it be writing some seemingly incoherent message on a dry erase board or hanging an article of clothing on the outside of the doorknob, set up a system and don't share it with everyone in your hall. A favorite Houston Hall pastime during the 2004-2005 school year was tampering with other residents' sexile warnings and waiting around the corner to hear the

No matter how boomblickety your partner may be, it is completely inappropriate to do the dirty deed with your roommate in the room.

frightened scream of a roommate walking in on little Susie in 402 saddling up with 250 lbs of DU frat boy.

## 2. THOU SHALT NOT BUMP UGLIES IN COMPANY.

No matter how boomblickety your partner may be, it is completely inappropriate to do the dirty deed with your roommate in the room. Even if he or she is rumored to sleep as heavily as post cocaine detox Kate Moss pumped full of horse tranquilizers, he or she will undoubtedly wake up and

catch you in the act because you were nasty enough to knock boots in a forced triple and think you could actually be discrete about it. Fool.

3. THOU SHALT BE MINDFUL OF TIMING. Should you finally decide to put an end to your crotchal drought with your boonasty

Roommates frequently out of town are another college campus gem; for example, my resourceful roommate has mastered the art of taking advantage of Jewish holidays when I'm out of the room for days at a time enjoying blintzes and challah galore in Newton.

campus stalker, be considerate of your roommate's schedule. If the 50 minute class blocks aren't long enough for a full out whoopee session for you, play it safe, don't start something you can't finish before roommate interruption, just hold out for a plus block when your beloved roomie has class. Roommates frequently out of

town are another college campus gem; for example, my resourceful roommate has mastered the art of taking advantage of Jewish holidays when I'm out of the room for days at a time enjoying blintzes and challah galore in Newton.

## 4. THOU SHALT MUFFLE THEM NASTY NOISES.

I don't care if your boyfriend goes to school in California and you haven't gotten laid since August, take the extra few seconds to turn on some music or shove a towel

under the door to keep the animalistic mating noises your hall or suitemates have to endure at a minimum. Sexiling your roommate to the hallway and then having them hear you play base line coach as your partner rounds third or your Jackson Jills' soprano orgasm is almost as bad as just keeping the poor kid in the room with you

## 5. THOU SHALT TIDY UP.

You can only last for so long blaming the stink in your room on the laundry you've left around since the beginning of the semester. FEBREEZE THAT STANK! You don't want your roommate telling everyone that you and your partner have a distinctive smell, so don't let the odd body odor hover, crack a window buddy. Duvets and comforters are especially hard to wash so pull those to the end of the bed and be sure to change the sheets to hide any post coital mess. Also, even though everyone knows what you were up to in your room for the past hour, it's still polite to hide the evidence. Forcing friends to relive your sexual experiences by having them stumble across condom wrappers left beside your bed is just cruel and unnecessary. Remember, you don't live with your mother anymore, and even if you did ... would you really want her cleaning up your post booty-call mess?

Live 'em. Learn 'em. Love 'em. And after you do ... call me; my roommate will be guarding the cannon all Saturday night. ☺

*Kira Doar, LA '08, has not yet declared a major.*

# Subject to Interpretation

BY MIKE SNYDER



When I first sat down to brainstorm examples for an *Observer* opinion on excessive drinking at Tufts, I thought my article wouldn't carry much weight. Due to my freshman status, I believed my words would be wholly ignored, laughed at, or shrugged off as a shallow attempt by a first-year to change the status quo. Yet what started out as an innocuous 800-word opinion piece questioning alcohol-use on campus quickly became a major source of controversy.

Since the debut of "Undergraduate, and Under the Influence" last month, dozens of students and faculty members have approached me, sent me e-mails, and poked me on Facebook. Some responses—mostly the faculty's—were constructive or congratulatory, either praising my writing style or offering suggestions for improvement. A lot of people, however, thought it best to call me names. In addition to the fact that I've been accused of judging, instigating, and stereotyping, phrases like "portentous douche bag" have found their way into my e-mail. What is this, the seventh grade?

My article, meanwhile, has been thoroughly bashed, beaten, and scrutinized in more ways than I can count—that is, if you can even call it an article. Some people I've talked to say it's "ridiculous" and "offensive," more like a "polemic" than an opinion. Eli Cohn, in the last issue of the *Observer*, called me "high and mighty,"

but at least Eli had the courage to do it in public.

In the future, if anybody has something to say about me or my column, I strongly encourage you to write a letter to the *Observer*, as Eli did. While I do appreciate personal emails—and do my best to respond to them as thoroughly as possible—as a general rule, if you can't tell it to the entire campus, then you shouldn't tell it to me. That is, after all, the point of my column: To observe, as objectively as I can, what goes on around campus, to meld these observations with some bit of personal commentary, and to tell it to the world. Anybody can be a columnist for the *Tufts Observer*, in the form of letters and rebuttals, assuming they have something meaningful to say.

Still, with all this name-calling, I feel like I'm the one who should be offended. Reread "Undergraduate, and Under the Influence," and notice that I do not once insult or intentionally offend anybody (the harshest diction I use is the word "disturbing"); I merely observe what I see—or smell, as the case may be—and pose a few rhetorical and non-rhetorical questions. The rest is subject to interpretation. To quote from my first column: "My intention is not to inflame or instigate, but to enthuse and inspire—to inspire you to take a closer

and pushed for the immediate resignation of Tony Blair. Yet he spoke firmly and candidly with not a hint of regret in his voice. As Krish Kotru stated in the *Observer* last week, "[Rushdie] was undeniably true to himself—he was uncompromising." I cannot agree more.

Yet if I recall, nobody called Rushdie a portentous douche bag. Nor did anybody criticize him for being too forward in his speaking style, too exaggerated in his emotions, or too controversial in his beliefs—well, except for the Iranian government.

I don't get it. Why is it okay for somebody to be firm, opinionated, and "true to himself" as long as the general public agrees with him, but as soon as his words no longer ring true, he is construed as condescending, morally haughty, and even dangerous? I always found it peculiar that, in our society, we praise those individuals whose beliefs coincide with our own, while we attack those who think differently from us. Shouldn't it be the other way around?

How can we possibly expand our minds, how can we possibly "open up the universe," when we only bother to listen to familiar ideologies? Otherwise, what sets us apart from the Iranian regime? The writers and speakers that receive my fullest applause are not those with whom I most agree, but with whom I most disagree—for

## How can we possibly expand our minds, how can we possibly "open up the universe," when we only bother to listen to familiar ideologies?

look at your life at Tufts, as I will be taking a closer look at mine, and all of ours." Unfortunately, most people interpreted my article to be a coldhearted diatribe, not a tool from which to gain insight.

When Salman Rushdie spoke in the Cohen Auditorium, he made remarks that to some people might be considered extremely inflammatory. Among them, he made out politicians to be self-serving charlatans, called Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code* one of the worst books ever written,

they have succeeded in challenging my assumptions.

The next time something controversial threatens your status quo—whether it comes from an internationally famous novelist or a locally infamous columnist—consider it an opportunity to be, like Rushdie, as bold and as free-thinking as possible. And remember, unlike the seventh grade, everything is subject to interpretation. ☉

*Mike Snyder, LA '09, has not yet declared a major.*



# Eating Local: A Grassroots Campaign for Environmental Responsibility

BY SARAH LUCAS

Michelle is a senior at Tufts. She is a member of the Tufts Mountain Club and also attends the occasional Water Watch and ECO meeting. Because of her love for the outdoors and her desire to change the world, she is concerned about the dangers of industrial agriculture on the earth and on her body. To make a positive contribution to this destructive situation, she does all her shopping at Whole Foods and Trader Joe's.

Michelle's concerns are legitimate: current agricultural practices—including pesticide usage, synthetic fertilizer usage, vast monocultures (growing one crop over a huge area of land,) and genetically modified organisms—are contributing to rapid soil degradation, water pollution, and loss of plant species around the world. Corporate farms are destroying the connection that people feel to their food sources by completely separating the majority of people from the land on which their food is grown.

Unfortunately, the solution that Michelle has chosen to combat these growing problems may only be addressing one aspect of a greater problem. For example, let's imagine that she goes to Whole Foods and purchases a box of Kashi Organic Promise Strawberry Fields Cereal. The cereal is USDA certified organic, so she feels like she is contributing positively to the environment when she eats this product. Upon careful inspection, though, this box of cereal is shipped from La Jolla, California. The strawberries are probably grown some 600 miles north of there, in the Watsonville area. The wheat used in the flakes is likely to come from one of the plains states. Who knows where the ingredients are processed and assembled or where the boxes are printed? When the product is finished, it is shipped from La Jolla, probably to a middleman at the Whole Foods headquarters in Austin, Texas, and it eventually reaches our local grocery store (or market, the term the Whole Foods company prefers) in Cambridge.

I know that, so far, this opinion seems a little militant. It is not an attack on organic farming, Whole Foods, or Kashi. Organic farming is an important attempt at environmental responsibility, and Whole Foods is an effort to market organic products available to a fairly mainstream audience. Additionally, I am pretty much the number one fan of Kashi Organic Promise Cranberry Sunshine Cereal. It simply seems necessary to point out the fact that these courses of action may not be the most effective solution to the problems with corporate farming, natural resource allocation, and forming a stronger bond with our food sources. While Kashi may grow its crops in an organic and environmentally friendly manner, the environmental cost of transporting their products thousands of miles does not align with their original goals. The enormity in size of both Kashi and the Whole Foods Corporation reinforces the anonymity of producers in our society.

In attempt to better strive toward socially and environmentally responsible goals for the food industry of the United States, many people across the country have begun grassroots movements to encourage the consumption of locally produced food. Each Wednesday during the spring, summer, and early autumn, Davis Square hosts a farmers market at which small farmers from

jubilee, garden peach, sun gold, and many others. Small farmers see their profession as an art form; they take pride in bringing interesting and flavorful products to their customers.

Another opportunity to buy locally is facilitated through a program called Community Supported Agriculture (CSA). CSA links local farmers to residents who are interested in buying locally produced, environmentally sound food. At the beginning of the growing season, people from the community can buy shares from the farm. This entitles them to the weekly delivery of a surprisingly large quantity and variety of fruits and vegetables. Too expensive? You can work in exchange for food! If you choose to participate using workshares, you spend a few hours a week working on the farm in exchange for a share from the farm's bounty. Think there are no opportunities nearby? Try the Busa Farm less than 15 minutes away in Arlington, the Drumlin Farm or the Food Project in Lincoln, or the Waltham Fields Community Farm in Waltham. Too much food? Try splitting a share with a roommate or inquire about a half-share.

Eating locally is difficult; with the food industry as it is today, it is basically impossible to eat all food from local sources. Still, by making some effort to reconnect

By making some effort to reconnect with our food sources, we can benefit the agricultural community, the earth, and even ourselves.

the area sell their produce, flowers, and even baked goods! By visiting this market, you have the opportunity to purchase your plum tomatoes directly from the man or woman who was responsible for planting the seeds, weeding the patch all season, and eventually picking them. Tired of the bland, watery taste of the beefsteak tomato normally found on sandwiches or in salads? At a farmers market, you could find hundreds of different varieties to try, including the

with our food sources, we can benefit the agricultural community, the earth, and even ourselves. Local food is fresh and full of variety. So go ahead and give it a shot. Shop at the local farmer's market, visit the Busa Farm, or simply find a nearby orchard and go apple picking. If nothing else, at least you'll end up with some great ingredients for your next apple pie. ☺

*Sarah Lucas, LA '06, is majoring in sociology.*

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# An Immodest Proposal

BY JARED RUBINSTEIN

Let's face it, Tufts is losing the competition with Harvard for most prestigious school in Boston and no paint-filled cannon can change that. Although we jumbos are proud of our alma mater, we know we deserve better than a number 27 ranking and a second-rate reputation. It's time for the Board of Trustees to get their act together. Take a lesson from corporate America and merge.

Tufts needs to join forces with a peer institution, someone with similar qualities who shares our ambition to climb the rankings and obliterate the competition. The Ivies are out, they already have the prestige. The ideal merger candidate should be in another East coast city so we can retain an East-coast identity while diversifying our local contacts and expanding our national exposure. It must be of a similar size and reputation so that neither school crowds the other out. Finally, the names of the two schools must blend naturally so that people can pronounce the name of this great school with dignity and pride. There is only one possibility: Tufts-Hopkins.

The most obvious benefit is financial. Tufts would see the endowment triple to a cool \$2.8 billion. Even Johns Hopkins would see endowment jump overnight by 68 percent—not too shabby. The cost savings are also substantial. Getting rid of

Getting rid of one president alone can shave \$350,000 from the budget. Then, of course, we can cut out a provost, a few deans, and an entire office of residential life.

one president alone can shave \$350,000 from the budget. Then, of course, we can cut out a provost, a few deans, and an entire office of residential life.

This goes beyond a simple financial transaction. The merger will create a great research institution tour de force. Both

schools already have top-notch programs in international affairs and biomedical sciences. Think of the two powerhouse programs our merger will create. Tufts' European center in Talloires, France will go perfectly with Johns Hopkins' center in Bologna, Italy. Having twice as many

Alternatively, upperclassmen can spend fall semester on the Boston campus and spring semester on the Baltimore campus while underclassmen do the reverse.

students will allow us to offer more classes and more specialized course offerings. No more waiting till spring semester for Intro to Mass Media!

Skeptics may object that Tufts and Johns Hopkins are too far apart to form an integrated community. This is not a reasonable objection. Modern technology makes video conferencing a cost-efficient alternative to costly air travel for faculty and administration meetings. There are several options for keeping the entire student body integrated. Students can spend freshman and sophomore year on one campus and junior and senior year on the other. Alternatively, upperclassmen can spend fall semester on the Boston campus and spring semester on the Baltimore campus while underclassmen do the reverse. The undergraduate experience

would be deeply enriched by exposure to two great American cities: one being the intellectual capital of America and the other right next to the political capital, one in a great college town, and the other with not quite as much snow.

Other skeptics purport no school

would be stupid enough agree to a merger with Tufts. This is simply hogwash. A merger with Tufts would be the best thing to ever happen to Johns Hopkins for so many reasons. First of all, they would get rid of that silly name. Who is this Johns any way and why did his mother make

his name plural? Secondly, they would get a decent study abroad program. Finally, they would actually have a decent social life complete with a Naked Quad Run and Spring Fling. As for us, we would finally get an endowment big enough to get some Nobel laureates on our faculty.

Students who would have picked Tufts over Johns Hopkins or vice-versa will no longer have the option and our matriculation rates will rise so we can lower our acceptance rates. This, combined with the higher endowment will raise our rankings and prestige. A thousand bucks says rank number six is just a simple merger away. Awareness of the two schools would soar with all the publicity from this famous first merger of two universities. The mutual benefits are endless.

Perhaps I am getting ahead of myself, but I think this merger will become so successful that it will inspire further consolidation in the education industry. We may one day see competitors such as Stanford-Rice and Vanderbilt-Georgetown Universities or Williams-Swarthmore College. When that happens, Tufts-Hopkins must be ready to stay ahead of the pack by raising a vast capital arsenal. I suggest issuing an initial public offering for Tufts-Hopkins University Incorporated, a leader in the world of knowledge. ☺

*Jared Rubinstein, LA '06, is majoring in quantitative economics.*

# Selective Discrimination

Last weekend, ROTC from Tufts took part in the Ranger Challenge Competition at Fort Devens. They attended the event as part of the Paul Revere Battalion, which also includes students from MIT, Wellesley, Harvard, Salem State, and Endicott. Unfortunately for the students from Tufts, when the competition was over they could not return to their facilities on campus, because there are none. They could not receive congratulations from their commanding officers on campus, because there are none. Unfortunately for them, there is no ROTC at Tufts.

There was a time, a few generations ago, when ROTC proved to be the university's saving grace. During the Second World War, with attendance lagging as more young men chose to be GIs than students, the school faced serious financial trouble because of the lack of tuition. Enter ROTC, which in its first year of existence brought 1,000 students to Tufts.

However, ROTC has been banned on the Tufts campus since the Vietnam era. This ban has been reaffirmed several times, including in 1990 and 1997. At issue recently has been the non-compliance of the U.S. Military's "don't ask, don't tell" policy, which prevents openly gay individuals from serving in the armed forces, with Tufts' anti-discrimination policy. This was the subject of debate as recently as 2004, when the TCU Senate adopted a resolution recommending that cadets gain Tufts credit for the military science classes they take at MIT. Currently, they receive no such credit.

Although upholding the school's principles is an admirable and

important goal, the policy regarding ROTC should be changed. It is at best inconsistent, and at worst hypocritical. A program cannot be integral to the university's mission, as President Bacow described ROTC in 2002, if it is banned from campus.

The administration has in the past pointed to a lack of interest in the program as the primary reason behind ROTC's exclusion from Tufts. And it is worth noting that the participation of Tufts students in the program at MIT has dropped in recent years. However, far from being a reason to keep ROTC off campus, it is evidence that the current policy does not work and should be rethought. Prospective students who plan on pursuing an ROTC scholarship are far less likely to choose Tufts when another school would allow them to receive academic credit for their military science classes and not force them to commute to another university for these classes. By deciding to join ROTC as Tufts students, cadets are taking upon themselves a greater workload than the average participant in the program. For this they should be lauded, but it is not difficult to see why more students do not sign up.

There is also no reason to equate the inclusion of an organization on campus as a tacit endorsement by the university of everything for which that organization stands. If that were true, an institution like the Catholic Church, which has policies that are just as discriminatory as those of the U.S. Military, would have no place at Tufts. After all, according to a recently published article in the Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera*, a heavily anticipated Vatican document dealing with the inclusion of homosexuality in the Church sets up policies similar to "don't ask, don't tell." The document, while allowing celibate gay men to become priests, will reportedly ban men from the priesthood who have engaged in homosexual sex in the three years prior to their ordination. Individuals who openly declare themselves gay or are uncontrollably attracted to homosexual culture would also be barred from ordination. If the school applied the same standard to the church that it does to ROTC, they would have to ban Mass on campus. But this is plainly absurd.

As ridiculous as it might be to suggest that Catholicism be banned from Tufts, it is equally ridiculous to ban ROTC from campus. How committed to the anti-discrimination policy can the school really claim to be when other organizations that have a place on campus are just as discriminatory? Additionally, it is ludicrous to suggest that the school currently has no ties to the United States Military. The school pays MIT something in the neighborhood of \$50,000 per year so that Tufts students may take part in the program there. And, as various university websites attest, the school has no problem cashing the military's scholarship checks.

When it comes down to it, the decision to ban ROTC from Tufts University is arbitrary for a number of reasons. While as recently as two years ago cadets fought to gain credit for the military science classes they take at MIT, there is no reason that they should be taking them there at all. It is time for the school to make its policies consistent. It is time to bring ROTC back to campus. ☐

## Information and Policies

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# PHOTOGRAPHER'S CORNER

BY MARA JUDD



Ana

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# The International Poster Gallery: A Rendez-vous for Poster Freaks, Art History Nerds and Ordinary Folks

BY JOSEPHINE CHOW

Whether you're an art history major, a poster lover or just another financially-challenged college student procrastinating on an uneventful afternoon, the International Poster Gallery in downtown Boston promises an interesting adventure.

After 12 years of history and over 30 exhibition shows, the Gallery has gained both national and international recognition for its large collection of over 10,000 vintage posters. It is said to have the most extensive collection of Italian posters in the world. While the gallery specializes in Italian, Swiss and Soviet posters, it also boasts a wide inventory of miscellaneous categories ranging from travel, film, cars, sports, to food and beverage. The current exhibition Masterpieces of Graphic Design focuses on the stylistic development of posters from the late 19th century flowery Art Nouveau school to the post-war photographic emphasis on orderliness, to the present-day, more complex post-modern designs.

Due to the large sizes of the antique posters and the relatively small size of the gallery, only a select few can be displayed at a time. Thus, the exhibited posters are extremely diverse. For example, after viewing a Soviet propaganda poster employing

the rigid and industrial Futuristic style, you may see a French cabaret poster shrouded in flowery Art Nouveau décor on the next panel. Hence, compared with larger galleries and museums where groups of similar artifacts are assembled in one place, there is not a lot of visual unity in its exhibition. Nevertheless, this also maximizes its international representation of various artistic poster styles and offers important

With collectors and buyers shuffling through the inventory and ordinary people observing the exhibition in the same space, the gallery is unique in that it has an essential, personalized chaotic touch of home.

cultural and historical information about different time periods in various countries.

As mentioned before, the gallery is not unreasonably large. There are two levels and each is a vertical progression of a three-roomed space. The catch is that there are neither walls nor doors to separate the rooms. At the same time, on the first floor, the gallery shop and inventory spreads over two open rooms amidst the displays on the walls. With collectors and buyers shuffling through the inventory and ordinary people observing the exhibition in the same space, the gallery is unique in that it has an essential, personalized chaotic touch of home. In addition, the friendly staff and the owner also eagerly encourage discussions about their collection as well as general small talk. Thus unlike most museums or galleries where I feel a chronic pressure to either whisper or remain silent, I actually feel comfortable enough to speak normally and raise questions in this place.

With limited display room, I find that the most interesting posters are those elusive gems hidden away in the gallery shop. There, one can find almost any random poster subject: it can be a monkey, a typewriter, cabaret dancers or cigars—anything. According to gallery owner Jim

Lapides, "Sometimes I even surprised myself [with what we can find for buyers]"

My particular interest was chocolate. I found two that I am in love with: Cacao Lacte by Lucien Lefevre and Igeha Schokolade by Ludwig Hohlwein. Cacao Lacte features a stingy little boy resolutely holding his bowl of hot chocolate away from his dog. Because it is a lithograph (lithography is a printing technique that is done by treat-

ing limestone with ink and grease and then applying paper onto the stone; each color requires the use of a different stone), the colors are much more concentrated and vibrant. With the primary focus on the child, the rosy ad reminds consumers of those good days of indulgent innocence through enjoying a simple cup of hot cocoa.

Produced 30 years later, Igeha Schokolade is entirely opposite. Since it is a precursor to the ordinary printing technique used today, it lacks the saturated color consistency of the previous poster. With a subdued color palate that features an adult enjoying a piece of chocolate, the ad immediately takes on a more mature theme.

In addition to its wide range of subject categories, the International Poster Gallery certainly offers diversity within the same subject. With such a low-key, relaxing ambiance and a fascinating inventory, this gallery is definitely worth a visit for both arts lovers and culture-phobes. ☺

*The International Poster Gallery can be found at 205 Newbury Street in Boston. It is opened Monday to Saturday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Sunday from noon to 6 p.m. Visit [www.internationalposter.com](http://www.internationalposter.com) or call (617) 375-0076 for more information.*



INTERNATIONALPOSTER.COM



# J.T. LeRoy's New Novella Overwhelms through Emotion, Dark Storytelling

BY MATTHEW DOYLE

Two bright blue eyes peer out of a mess of straw colored hair on the cover of J.T. LeRoy's new novella, *Harold's End*. The boy has a look of intensity, like he's ready to cry, or scream, or explode. A brown snail is crawling out of a Starbucks cup and up the boy's finger. The boy is Oliver. The snail is Harold.

*Harold's End* is a gorgeous portrait of a child's search for a tangible connection in the darkest corners of society. It is the third piece of memoir-style fiction the twenty-five year old LeRoy has given us. His previous works, a book of short stories, *The Heart is Deceitful Above All Things*, and a novel, *Sarab*, were international best-sellers. A new publisher, Last Gasp of San Francisco, along with a new format, set *Harold's End* apart from LeRoy's other books; the writing, however, is similar to his earlier work in that it probes the dregs of human existence, touching on topics ranging from pedophilia to drug addiction to child prostitution.

The novella is the first of a series in which LeRoy collaborates with Australian artist Cherry Hood. Her heart-wrenching watercolor portraits seem ready to drip off the page, as if weighed down by the emotions they depict. They are a perfect

complement to LeRoy's dark storytelling. He clearly feels she's the perfect fit for his work, saying, "Her ability to breach the inner worlds of people locked within themselves is unflinching. In the eyes of her subjects, she mines the unspoken,

## He drives our emotions to a point where we are nearly overwhelmed.

unguarded moments, what lays beyond their layers of fortification." The portraits are beautiful, arresting, and intense. They add a new sensory level to LeRoy's work. Twelve of Hood's portraits are featured in the novel, depicting the narrator, Oliver, and a number of his friends.

The novella follows Oliver as he careens and crashes through drug abuse, predatory friendships, and bizarre sexual encounters. These elements combine to give a picture of a young boy carried through life on a wave of very cruel circumstances. The tone is similar to LeRoy's earlier work, with the same understated retelling of shocking and appalling events.

However, there is a new element to *Harold's End* that differentiates it from LeRoy's earlier books. The focus is less on the

abhorrent situations and more on an internal struggle as the narrator tries to build a relationship with his first pet. This struggle for responsibility draws empathy from readers in some of the novellas most poignant scenes. For example, Oliver neglects to

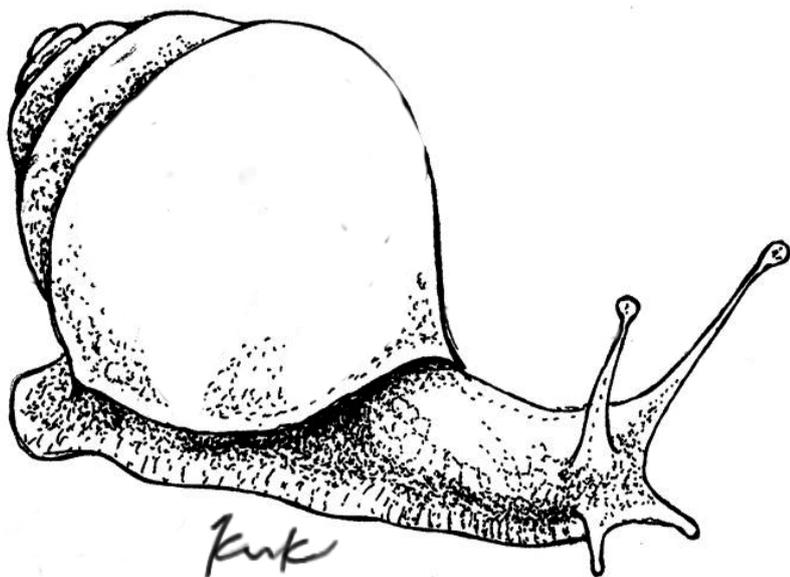
clean Harold's cage while in a heroin daze, and Harold appears to develop an abscess. Oliver rushes to the SPCA, and has the following conversation with the receptionist:

*"It's Harold. He's in there, see him." I press my thumbnail into the cup wall, underlining his body with a white vein. "See all that black-green stuff?" "Are you high?" She looks at me. "You're high, aren't you?" I try to shake my head no. "Get out of here. We don't have time for this! You think this is funny?" She flexes a mound of papers on her desk. "I don't think this is funny," I whisper. I wipe at my face. "He's my pet."*

LeRoy vividly illuminates Oliver's sadness and desperation, while the consistently authentic dialogue is punctuated with brief but imaginative descriptions.

The biggest shortcoming of the novella lies in its brevity, with only about 50 pages of large text. There is no exposition, and no extended resolution. There is only the story of a boy searching for a tangible grip in a world that is perpetually sliding away from him. The anxiety of responsibility is portrayed with almost unbearable intensity, but that is the beauty of reading J.T. LeRoy. He drives our emotions to a point where we are nearly overwhelmed, either by the horrors of the circumstances, or by the power of our empathy for the characters he has created. The feeling of catharsis that comes out of this experience is the gift LeRoy gives to his readers.

All of LeRoy's books are weighty and dark, even hard to take at times, but his beautiful prose and mastery of emotional tension are truly remarkable. *Harold's End* is no exception. ●



# Dead Can Dance Bring Together a Goth Crowd at the Orpheum

BY ANNETTE FARRINGTON

On a fittingly blustery and dark October night, I arrived at the Orpheum Theater in Boston. Bedecked in my black lace, velvet and china silk attire, I was there to attend the Dead Can Dance concert. I was not alone, but rather in the company of throngs of young gothers dressed in their black and ruby velvet gowns and goblin chokers sporting their Celtic and Wicca tattoos, as well as older numinous types with gypsy scarves and crystal balls. We were all clamoring to take our seats and partake of the mystical, exotic and hypnotic music of Dead Can Dance.

The Australian duo consisting of Lisa Gerrard and Brendan Perry came together in the early 80s; I remember seeing them at the Berklee Performance Center 10 years ago, on their last tour. Despite their long absence, they still have what it takes to be a pleasing, if not an electrifying live band.

The legacy of Dead Can Dance was evident from the numerous hard core fans in the audience. Some younger audience members couldn't contain their zeal and spent the entire show undulating and swaying up and down in the isles to the pulsating beats of the five-piece band that Lisa and Brandon are touring with. The appeal of Dead Can Dance is perhaps stronger now than ever with their mystical incantations and exotic musical wizardry on disc and on stage. They are gratifying to the 80's Goth crowd, the Harry Potter and Tolkien fans, as well as the newer Goth generation. There's a hint at a sense of apocalyptic doom in a biblical way, but they balance it out with soaring orchestral melodies and interjections of hopeful lyrics.

What it all adds up to is a distinctive sound. Although many bands list Dead Can Dance as an influence, it has been difficult for other artists to compare without sounding derivative. DCD draw on musical influences including medieval chants, folk ballads, baroque styling, Celtic flavors, rock, electronics and ambient. Whatever style they choose to incorporate, however, they

manage to remain consistently unique and instantly recognizable.

During the nearly two-hour set they played songs from their entire discography drawing from their impressive 9-CD career. Lisa Gerard sang "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" from the album *Into the Labyrinth*, and Brendan queued up "How Fortune the Man with None," before announcing *Saltarello* as

Some younger audience members couldn't contain their zeal and spent the entire show undulating and swaying up and down in the isles to the pulsating beats of the five-piece band that Lisa and Brandon are touring with.

being number one on the charts in 1492 and proceeded to play a very Elizabethan-looking instrument akin to an accordion that he cranked to the beat of the cacophonous percussion.

Lisa, in a gold, silk flowing Roman gown, maintained an almost stoic stage presence, not once addressing the crowd. She stood behind a podium, on which sat her signature hammer dulcimer that contributes to the authentically Elizabethan sound. Carrying the banter angle of the evening, Brandon provided some

comic relief, and went beyond the expected "thank you" and pre-song babble. He has proven himself a musical virtuoso, and has mastered many different instruments, from the exotic and unusual to the standard rock instruments such as bass, guitar and drum. He weaved back and forth seamlessly from one instrument to another during the course of the show. His smooth crooning voice felt less

smarmy than 10 years ago, but still preserved a passionate intensity.

Lisa sang a few songs that didn't match the standard repertoire, gleaned from her soundtrack work from the late 90s on films such as *Gladiator*, *Ali*, and *Whale Rider*. Though she has an amazing siren voice in the Celtic style, a pure tone with a very colorful warm bouquet, she can sometimes—especially on her slower songs—evoke a little too much of an Enya-esque vibe. She was lacking an engaging emotional depth fans have come to expect. (Although rumor has it that she was suffering from a cold that night.)

This time around Dead Can Dance are touring Europe and the US after the release of their *Best of* CD. When I went to buy the album after the show I was informed that none were for sale that night, but for only \$30.00 I could receive a recording of the show I had just seen by mail. It was a frustrating cap on the night for the fans but a shrewd marketing strategy for the musicians. Though there was a tempting array of select alternative merchandise, I sadly walked away empty-handed.

In a progressively chaotic world, Dead Can Dance emerges as a relevant band for increasingly nefarious times—and just in time for Halloween. ☉





# The *Northwest Artists* Exhibition Presents Arts and Crafts under a New Light

BY HANNAH WEAVER

In my metalsmithing class last year, our teacher gave us readings on several occasions about the border between art and craft. Some contemporary craftsmen urged reclamation of the word “craft,” in much the same spirit as the gay community attempting to take back the word “queer.” Others gave the word up for lost and encouraged people working in media under the craft umbrella to start considering themselves artists rather than craftsmen. In current vernacular, the word “craft” has become equivalent to basket-weaving, or flower-pot-painting; in other words, “hobby” and “craft” are often perceived as the same thing, as illustrated by such superstores as Michael’s. However, in the sphere of historical craftwork—ceramics, fiber arts, metalsmithing, and glass—*craft* tends to align more directly with its original meaning of skill or education in a medium. In fact, “arts and crafts” is a whole historical art movement that began in Britain and was spearheaded by William Morris in the mid-to-late 1800s. The Boston Society of Arts and Crafts actually sprang directly from that movement’s jump across the Atlantic. Its original purpose, according to their website, was to “develop and encourage higher standards in the handicrafts.”

The Boston Society of Arts and Crafts (SAC) provides a good introduction to the art vs. craft conflict within the contemporary art world, while also carrying on the “arts and crafts” movement’s traditions. Plus it’s been around since 1897, so it must know what’s up! The SAC is comprised of a store downstairs, which features work by many of the artists involved in their exhibitions, and a gallery upstairs. The store nearly functions as another gallery in terms of the quality of the work, but is displayed in the more purchase-oriented format of display cases. Upstairs, the gallery presents work in a fairly typical Newbury Street fash-

ion, formally displaying it on pedestals and walls. The exhibitions usually have themes of region, concept or medium. The current exhibition, *Northwest Artists*, shows a broad spectrum of media and pieces that can align with either art or craft, depending on the definition the viewer uses. It features all media usually classified as craft media: metals, fibers, ceramics, glass, and some installations, making it an excellent show to present the art/craft conflict and duality of these media.

Some of the pieces shown in *Northwest Artists* do seem to fall in with basket-weaving. In fact, the piece chosen as the exhibition’s calling card is the dominant example of this kitschy, “craft”-y subgenre. The ugly, leering face of Patti Warishina’s *Plum Beautiful* doesn’t give you a good idea of the remainder of the exhibition at all. Many of the other pieces transcend the limits of contemporary craft by having advanced concept and design. For example, Andy Cooperman, a metalsmith, shows three pieces that all have specific concepts behind them. One, *St. Patrick’s Reliquary*, invites intimate examination through its use of a spyglass element. Made originally for an exhibition of chess pieces, the piece magnifies a fang through the peephole. Cooperman, in his artist statement, says that this piece—a chess bishop—was meant as a metaphor for the recent scandals within the Catholic church.

Other artists similarly rise above the traditional confines of their respective media. Junko Iijima explores traditional Japanese bronze vessels but alters them just enough to make them non-functional in *Hybridization: Object Study*. Jacey Dunaway constructed medicine-cabinet-like structures that contain row after row of ceramic “plugs.” *Plugs IV* reminds the viewer of test tubes, pods, drain plugs, and typical body-inspired installation art. Jeremy Lipisto has also created some very hip glasswork in *Between Destination-Tower Series*.

The slightly frosted teal rectangular block of glass contains lines describing a traffic light, signposts, and power lines, and seems like a relic for the future of contemporary urban/suburban landscape.

The standout of the exhibition is the work of Jisoen Lee Isbara. His *Cube Series*, supposedly about cities, actually does remind the viewer of office buildings at night. The negative space between the wire mesh cube complexes—which themselves form a series of squares roughly 10"x10"—seems like the lit windows among the darkened ones. The choice of the ethereal-looking, yet sturdy, mesh reinforces the idea of cities as Italo Calvino conceived them in *Invisible Cities*. The cities to which Isbara refers are not the concrete-and-glass cities of America, but the cities which are constructed in dreams: the cities that can cast multiple, faint shadows behind them and still be tangible upon awakening. *Drawing Perfect Circles*, Isbara’s second piece, echoes the idea of dreaming with its repetition of somewhat circular forms drawn in thread on silk and cotton. The minimalist, repetitive quality of this wall hanging recalls the spots on the inside of sun-dazed eyelids.

All in all, the current exhibition at the Society of Arts and Crafts gives a great whirlwind tour of contemporary craft as art, or simply craft as craft. With its convenient location on Newbury Street, there is no excuse to miss the SAC, now that you know it exists. The staff is inviting and friendly, and it makes a great break in between shopping stops—not to mention the quality of the place itself. Also, admission is free! So next weekend, get thee to Boston; and while you’re there, stop in at 175 Newbury Street. ☎

*Store Hours: Monday to Saturday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Sunday from 12 p.m. to 5 p.m. The Northwest Artists exhibit is on display until October 30. For more information, visit [www.societyofcrafts.org](http://www.societyofcrafts.org).*

# What Coolidge Corner Has To Offer

BY ANNA FELDMAN

At what T stop are you welcomed by an aesthetically pleasing yet out of place Tudor-style building? Why, Coolidge Corner, of course, home to the bustling intersection of Harvard Street and Beacon Street. Located in the historically rich district of Brookline, Harvard Street boasts three blocks jam-packed full of diverse historical landmarks, eclectic shops, and myriad restaurants. Won't you take a walk with me down Harvard Street?

**Peet's Coffee and Teas:** So much better than Starbucks, this coffeehouse brews full-flavored, fresh-roasted coffee (real good cappuccino) and a plethora of tea selections. Granite countertops and tables, gray tiled floor, hanging inverted lamps, high ceilings, framed tapestries, and classical music playing in the background all add to the ambiance. Make sure to take a peek at Peet's yummy pastry selection and boutique. Don't forget the friendly and efficient service.

**Brookline Booksmith:** Voted "Best Bookstore" in Best of Boston 2005, this general interest independent bookstore (with another location in Wellesley) offers a wide selection of titles and is manned by friendly staff who really know their stuff. There's also a used book cellar in the basement where you can rummage through the immense selection. You can also sell your books at the UBC for cash or credit, Tuesday to Saturday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

**Float and Simons:** You can browse both these stores without walking out the door. Float sells eclectic clothing and accessories for women, while Simons is a shoe store specializing in comfy shoes and funky socks and tights.

**The Upper Crust:** Voted "Best Gourmet Pizza" in Best of Boston 2005, this spot is always packed. Specializing in Neapolitan-style pizza (thin crust, chunky sauce), The Upper Crust has remarkably trendy décor for a pizza place. If in a hurry, you can grab a slice to go; if not, sit and relax with a cold beer or glass of wine while watching the game on one of their three HDTVs.

**Coolidge Theatre:** This place is so cool, and a historical landmark too! Believe it or not, it was a church in the early 1900s until 1919 when the Beacon Universalists Church had to sell the space due to fiscal problems. It became Brookline's first theatre in 1933 and remains the only operating Art Deco theater in the Boston area to this day. Coolidge Corner Theatre takes pride in showing primarily independent, art and foreign films, and even first-runs. Tickets are \$9, matinee \$7.

**Zathmary's Specialty Foods Marketplace:** Whether you're there to shop or grab lunch, this place has it all. This uber-healthy (i.e. kinda pricey) supermarket features pastries, breads, a deli counter, salad bar, fresh fruit and veggies, specialty items and beverages, as well as an ice cream station and espresso/tea bar. A few tables outside make for a nice lunch spot.

**Bottega Fiorentina:** A quaint specialty food store (strictly Italian fare) and food counter offering a reasonably priced (although limited) menu of hot dinner type entrees and fresh bread. The unique thing about this place was the picnic table and umbrella inside the eatery.

**Delhi International Boutique:** I was immediately drawn to the shop by the distinguishable fruity aroma of burning incense, but what I found inside was a clothing store (typical Indian garb but also other eclectic Chico-esque clothes) run by an old Indian couple. Other items included bags, authentic jewelry and figurines made in India.

**Rami's:** This kosher café and takeout counter specializes in falafel, but also offers chicken kabobs, shwarma, and baba ghanoush, all of which can be stuffed into pita with deliciously appropriate condiments. Also available are borekas (flaky filled turnovers) and baklava. And remember they're open Sunday to Thursday (not Saturday!) 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

**Matt Murphy's Pub:** This place may not look impressive from the outside but it

holds within its small but inviting confines a first-class restaurant and live music venue. The restaurant and Irish pub serves traditional but creative cuisine with fresh ingredients (many supposedly imported from Ireland). Their free nightly musical performances range from Brazilian vibes and alternative-country soul to funk, reggae and improv jazz. Check out their website ([www.mattmurphyspub.com](http://www.mattmurphyspub.com)) for info on shows.

**Zaftig's:** So good! But you would know that if you read the review in the *Observer* issue four weeks ago.

**Grand Opening:** Voted "Best Sex Boutique" in Boston for five years in a row. For someone who doesn't frequent sex shops very often (or at all), I was rather impressed by the bright, clean and welcoming atmosphere of this superbly named little place, discreetly located in the bottom of an office building. The staff is also known to be really friendly and helpful. Unique gifts (not just toys) ranging from cards and massage oils to books and candles make this more than just your average sex shop. They also offer rather interesting and informative health classes and special events, which you can check out on their website ([www.grandopening.com](http://www.grandopening.com)).

Harvard Street becomes more quiet and peaceful as you walk farther down. Once you pass Zaftig's, you enter a mainly residential area, alive with people languidly strolling about or rolling by on bikes. Kehillath Israel, Brookline's first synagogue and a genuinely impressive structure, is also located in this section of Harvard Street. Harvard Street is an ideal place to amble on a sunny fall afternoon. Benches strewn randomly along the street afford you a nice place to sit and read, or to enjoy the breaks in traffic.

Beyond the residential neighborhoods lies the truly Jewish shop sector, all squished into about one block of this more tranquil sector of Harvard Street. At this point, it's safe to turn back around and retrace your steps, perhaps discovering something new of your own along the way. ☺



# Spice Up Your...

## Hungover Mornings

BY ADRIENNE ROMA  
AND MELISSA FIORENZA

**O**n weekend (or weekday) mornings, many students wake up feeling invigorated. They wake up ready to start a day of productivity, their to-do lists in hand, their complete breakfasts eaten, and will be making their way to Cousens gym with a huge smile on their faces. To those people, we ask, can you please stop by and give the other half of the student body a few bottles of H<sub>2</sub>O and some Tylenol?

You all know what we are talking about. The intangible—and often unavoidable—dark cloud of hell that lurks in your room at night and hovers over your head (so, over the toilet bowl) in the a.m. It's cruel. It's spiteful. It's a veritable punch in the face. It just plain sucks. It is ... the hangover.

Judging by the eerie silence that permeated the Tufts campus the Sunday morning after Homecoming, it is probably safe to say that many of you got a little intoxicated during the festivities. We are sure you had fun that day, but not so sure you had fun the next morning. For the next time you find yourself facing this typical college pest, here are some tips acquired through experience and research that seem to be fail-proof.

### LIQUID

Since not everyone remembers to chug a bottle of Poland Spring before they hit the sack, here are some suggestions and warnings for the morning.

Try some Gatorade when you wake up—it has a lot of electrolytes, the very things you lost during your power hour or whatever got you inebriated in the first place.

Ditch the coffee. Coffee does have caffeine, a stimulant that helps you get moving faster, but after the caffeine wears off, you will feel the pain again. In addition, caffeine, like alcohol, is a diuretic, and can make you feel even more dehydrated (read: an even worse hangover). Therefore, either go for a decaffeinated coffee, or no coffee at all.

There is an old wives tale which sug-

gests trying “a hair of the dog that bit you.” In other words, it is the common belief that the best way to eradicate a hangover is by having a bit of the same alcoholic beverage from the night before (the one that had you calling Ralph on the porcelain phone in the morning). While this sounds like hogwash, it does actually help.

If the sight of your night's biggest nemesis makes you green in the face, then try the universal alternate—a Bloody Mary.

The intangible and often unavoidable dark cloud of hell that lurks in your room at night and hovers over your head in the a.m. It is the hangover.

Believe it or not, Bloody Marys contain many vitamins that will help ease your pain (but beware, it may only be a temporary relief). Here's how you make it: two ounces of Vodka, six ounces of Tomato Juice, four teaspoons of Worcestershire Sauce, and two to three drops of Tabasco Sauce. Don't forget to complete the drink with a celery stick ... consider it the breakfast of hangover champions.

### FOOD

First thing you should know: do not avoid meals the next morning/day. Even though you might feel like you want to keep things as far away from your stomach as possible, it is actually better for you to eat something. Here's the skinny on hangover foods ...

Anything fried or greasy. Grease might freak you out, but it's medically proven to help. At this point, you have a lot of acid in your stomach. Grease acts as a cover for your stomach lining, and the carbohydrates help to correct the blood sugar drop you experienced while drinking. So head to Taco Bell if that's what your little heart desires.

Fruits. Bananas are especially good, because they essentially calm your stomach. They provide electrolytes, and they replenish the potassium that alcohol took away

from you. So ... go b-a-n-a-n-a-s. (Or if you don't like bananas, apples work well, as do other fruits like kiwi that are rich in potassium.)

Add some honey to your fruit. It has fructose in it, which helps the body metabolize the alcohol you ingested.

Similar to when you have a fever, chicken soup works wonders. We're sure you never thought you'd be calling Grandma for help with a hangover.

### ACTIVITIES

Cold showers don't work. And in this New England weather, a cold shower will only increase your shakes.

Exercise. Some body movement, even if it's just a quick walk around the block or a trip to the gym with Suzy Sober-And-Smiling, will help rid your body of toxins, increase circulation, and give your brain the oxygen it's aching for. Your sweat might have a similar odor to the alcohol you consumed, but trust us, you want it out of your body more than you wanted it in the night before. The fresh air will also help you feel less nauseous.

As simple and as much like common sense (we hope) as it sounds, brushing your teeth when you are hungover is like jumping into a pool on a mid-August day. The mint flavor and scent of the toothpaste will make your mouth feel cool and eliminate the cheap beer taste lingering on your tongue.

These are only a few of the myriad of suggestions out there to assist you in your morning struggle (we didn't mention pain relievers, because that's pretty much a personal, at your-own-risk kind of a deal). On that note, we're off to Taco Bell. Good luck in your next hangover encounter! ☺



# Instant Replays

BY JEREMY WHITE

There are instant replays in baseball. I have seen them. Last Tuesday night, the night that a slow grounder through Tony Graffanino's legs sealed the fate of the 2005 Boston Red Sox and made Bill Buckner era fans shudder, I obsessed myself with them. I sat at my computer and watched again and again, thinking that maybe, one time, he would scoop it up and make a play. But history repeats itself, especially when it's condensed into a haunting ten-second clip that fans can agonize over indefinitely with a simple click of the mouse.

That is exactly what Angels fans are no doubt occupying themselves with in the wake of the Game Two controversy. The story has become familiar: thinking reliever Kevin Escobar had just ended the inning with a strikeout, Angels catcher Josh Paul rolled away a ball he ostensibly did not have control of, prolonging the inning and allowing the White Sox to bat in the win. The umpire decided that Paul hadn't caught the ball; having no way to review or challenge the play, the frustrated Angels had to return to the field and watch a key win slip away.

In this situation, the validity of the umpire's call rests on the assertion that he is the absolute authority. So the umpire watches a 90-plus mile-an-hour pitch spin into the dirt, or so he claims, and has to make a split-second decision. Meanwhile, I am joining hoards of Angels fanatics in watching this play and expressing my righteous indignation as a fan of baseball in general. I have reviewed the play, and my ruling is that the ball, though it dips low, lands in the catcher's glove.

Regardless of how the play actually went, it has become the cynosure of a newly raging debate on introducing the instant replay into baseball. On one side, supposed purists such as commissioner Bud Selig argue that it will slow the game down and interfere with traditional baseball as it has been played for years. On the other, furious and disillusioned fans claim that human error is not a necessary component of baseball, and that if football, basketball and

hockey can have instant replays, surely so should baseball.

Included in this debate are two people who will be affected more profoundly than the organizations they serve, more than the fans. The first is a third string catcher who did not apply a routine tag, who was also making his first postseason start against a team he rooted for as a boy, who could be vilified for the rest of the existence of the Angels franchise now that they have dropped the series. The second is an umpire who will draw a similar amount of animus from fans and become a prime example of the fallibility and human shortcomings of umpires.

## A fan's plea for instant replays in America's pastime. The credibility of the game is now at stake.

Baseball is a sport of grace and a sport of precision, so every gaffe or miscue carries dire repercussions. One passed ball or badly executed play could entirely determine the outcome of a game, and in the postseason can cement a team's fate. These are human errors, necessary components of the game that inject life and vitality into it, make fans able to connect to players. Removing this element or making the game mechanical would indeed rob it of its fundamental spirit.

Along the same lines, the rule makers need to recognize that umpires bear the same capacity as any other person on the diamond to commit one of these errors. The fact that they have donned the black of an officiator should not make them immune to error, and instant replays acknowledge this. Their calls are almost always correct, and should not be subject to debate, save one play a game that a team can challenge. That is all that teams should be allowed, and that is all it can take to determine which team breaks open champagne and which one breaks out the golf clothes.

Momentum also has a significant impact on how teams perform in baseball. When a team is hot, they can ride that to function as a more cohesive and effective organization, to drive in clutch runs and turn plays; conversely, falling into a slump can doom a team. The bats of the Angels fell silent in the latter games of this series, best exemplified by the suddenly anemic bat of the usually stellar and dependable Vladimir Guerrero. Vlad finished the ALCS batting .050.

Staunch traditionalists like Selig have a point in saying that baseball must be preserved as it is, not enhanced and revamped for the pleasure of viewers. However, unswervingly defending methods that are not only outdated but that will irrevocably damage careers moves from tradition to backwardness, from conservatism to obstinacy. If the Angels lose this series, if the White Sox ride a bad call to their first word series in half a century, if Josh Paul is condemned by a bad call, the blame rests squarely on the narrow-mindedness of those in charge.

As to the argument that baseball is slow enough already, and that instant replays would further prolong the apparently agonizingly long games, those people simply do not appreciate baseball. Fans of other sports may need uninterrupted action—touchdown passes, long three pointers, and hard checks—to keep them satisfied, but baseball hinges on subtleties and the potential therein. If someone is not patient enough to watch a baseball game, or to realize the explosive tension inherent in every single pitch and every swing of the bat, the lack or presence of an instant replay will do little to alter their perception of the game.

As for the rest of the fans—the ones who bite their lips and clench their fists at every pitch, who feel their blood pressure rise at every bloop single in playoffs—they understand what is at stake. Selig and his cadre have placed baseball's integrity at a tenuous point, and they need to do something to ameliorate the situation fast, while the umpires still have credibility. Otherwise, I'm just going to tape my games so I can rewind them and make the calls myself. ☉

# Basketball and Ethics

BY MALCOLM CHARLES

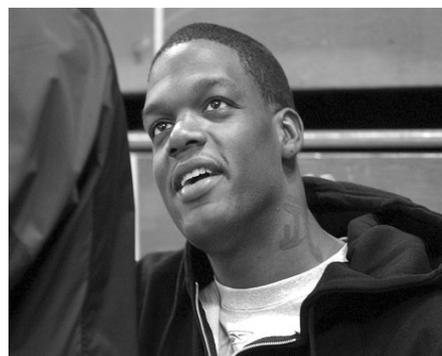
A guaranteed salary of four hundred thousand dollars a year for fifty years—who wouldn't take it? Wait, there's more. You wouldn't have to do a single thing to earn your paycheck. That's 20 million dollars until the year 2055. Sounds great, where do you go to sign up?

Professional basketball player Eddy Curry was offered that exact deal by the Chicago Bulls during this NBA offseason. He turned it down. The catch was that he had to take a DNA test to determine if he had a genetic pre-disposition for a heart arrhythmia he suffered in the 2004-2005 NBA season.

An arrhythmia is any irregularity in your heart's natural rhythm. Factors in its occurrence could be heart disease, high blood pressure, stress, caffeine, smoking, etc. But it could also be congenital. The DNA examination would be to see if Curry is genetically disposed to a potential fatal condition, hypertrophic cardiomyopathy.

Like many professional athletes, Eddy Curry turned out his best season in a contract year. He averaged 16.1 points per game, 5.4 rebounds per game, and shot over 50% from the field. In a sport where big bodies, especially ones that can score in the post, are always in demand, the 6'11" Curry was sure to get a big payday this offseason.

However, after Curry had to remain on



COURTESY OF PAULA ILLINGWORTH AP

*The New York Knicks took a huge risk in signing Eddy Curry. Time will only tell as to whether their big risk turned into some big rewards for this beleaguered franchise.*

the sidelines during the Bulls post-season run because of the arrhythmia, the team was hesitant to give him a large, long-term contract. Unlike in the NFL, NBA contracts are guaranteed. No matter how many games a player may participate in, they will receive the money promised in their contract. Are the Bulls to fault then? Wouldn't it be fiscally irresponsible to give millions of dollars to a player whose health is questionable? What about morally irresponsible? Putting Eddy Curry on the court could mean putting his life in danger. It's quite possible that the

Is it ethical for an employer to request an employee to undergo a DNA test? Would it violate a citizen's right to privacy? But this is just a basketball player, right?

physical stress of being a basketball player was a trigger for the arrhythmia. However, Curry's cardiologist has cleared him to play and said that a DNA test would reveal nothing conclusive or definite.

The request for the DNA test was motivated by both of these responsibilities. If the test was positive, the Bulls would make sure Curry was financially secure for the rest of his life and would not have to endanger his health by playing again. But Eddy Curry is only 22 years old. He has the talent to become a star (with an improved work ethic), and stars in the NBA get *paid*. Twenty million dollars could turn out to be a paltry sum. Eddy Curry's love of the game should also not be disregarded. If the test was positive, would the NBA even allow him to play another game? The consequences for Eddy Curry do not even begin to touch the surface of this controversy.

What sort of precedent would the Bulls and Curry be setting if the DNA test was conducted? Could DNA testing become a

required part of the physical players are required to undergo? Professional athletes are paid millions of dollars a year, isn't it a team's right to make sure that the money won't go to waste. And wouldn't players want to know if they have or could develop a serious disease? If Curry took the DNA test, it is very possible that other teams, including those in other sports, would make similar requests. Atlanta Hawks center Jason Collier died of a presumed heart attack at age 28 only days ago. What if a DNA test had shown that the physical stress of basketball could trigger a congenital condition? More important than money, he could be alive today. In the NFL, Tedy Bruschi had a tear in his heart that led to a stroke, causing him to miss all the games in the New England Patriots' season so far. His life was in danger, and the reason could have been a congenital condition that a DNA test could have picked up on.

Is it ethical for an employer to request an employee to undergo a DNA test? Would it violate a citizen's right to privacy? What if the employee was piloting a plane or a soldier operating weaponry? It would be potentially dangerous to employee someone in that sort of occupation who could suddenly become incapacitated. But this is just a basketball player, right? The Eddy Curry incident will have repercussions far beyond basketball. It could alter the entire sports landscape and possibly make this an issue for all employees in the world.

The NBA hasn't forgotten the 1993 on-court death of Reggie Lewis, a star Boston Celtics player. Perhaps the NBA needs to step in here and not keep this a team issue. The NBA has responsibilities, too. For now, the issue has subsided. Eddy Curry was traded to the New York Knicks who signed him to a new contract without requesting a DNA test. The Knicks' doctors conducted a physical and cleared Curry to play. But what if there is another arrhythmia? Then the issue of DNA testing will explode. Regardless, the Chicago Bulls and Eddy Curry have made the sports nation and beyond aware of some crucial and looming questions. What will it take for those questions to be definitively answered, though? Another death? ☹



# Open Forum

What would Tufts radio have to play to get you to listen?



“They don’t play enough good Indie and Progressive Rock. If they played more of that, I’d probably tune in more.”  
—Irene Epshteyn, '08



“Tufts radio would have to play GTD Radio from 7-9 on Wednesdays and from 12-2 on Thursdays to get me to listen. And they already do play it.”  
—Mitch Robinson, '07



“Something I can dance to.”  
—Lina Ngo, '08



“Does anyone listen to it?”  
—Jennifer Bailey, '09



“80s love songs and Bradley Scott.”  
—Nimrod Hashinovsky, '06

—Compiled by Rachel Geylin





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