Can Harvard Trademark Common Phrases? An ‘H’?

The seemingly mundane (“Lessons learned”). An application is pending for the “World’s thinking.” It also has dibs on the Harvard “H.” No one begrudges Harvard for seeking to safeguard its name; it has targeted a college in Singapore that not only was calling itself Harvard Business School but also selling the rights for the name all over Asia.

But some Harvardians are puzzled by how, exactly, a college can claim domain over everyday language. “Universities should not be in the business of locking words down,” said Harvard computer science professor Harry Lewis, who stumbled upon the remarkable array of trademarks while surfing the university’s website in the spring. “We’re in the business of extending the world. To lock down common English phrases seems to be antithetical to the spirit of what universities are supposed to be about.”

The school rationalizes its unusual protectiveness of all things “Harvard” no matter how seemingly tangential, as a defensive measure, said Rick Calixto, director of the Harvard Trademark Program, perhaps the most robust trademark office among college and university competitors. Calixto said Harvard registers commonplace phrases “for the same reason Nasa registered ‘I love it’,” referring to the slogan from the chain’s international ad campaign.

Since we’re spending so much time and money to promote this phrase, we just want to make sure someone doesn’t say we can’t use it,” he said. There’s the random (“A self-guided walking tour of Harvard Yard”) and the truly oblique (“Power of ideas at work”) and “Managing yourself,” application pending. All are slogans and taglines Harvard uses to promote its various schools.

The line, “Ask what you can do,” from John F. Kennedy’s famous inaugural speech, is used by Harvard’s Kennedy School of Government. To tout everything from the school’s emphasis on public service to its fund-raising efforts. Officials at the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum in Dorchester were surprised when a reporter informed them Harvard had trademarked a key part of the historic speech. The museum director declined to comment. Most of the other taglines are as...

Temp Housemasters Picked for Senior House

The Senior House Housemaster search committee and Colombo declared that when a resident opened it to Harvard University, and also post offices at Logan Airport, Faneuil Hall, and the United States Postal Service announced the closure hastily on Friday July 10, one week prior to the closure, with a sign on the construction work in Kendall Square see http://web.mit.edu/cp/www/bulletins.htm.

Harvard University has sought for decades to protect and profit from its good name, one of the most recognizable brands in the world. Now it is also claiming the rights to a growing number of common phrases, trademarking the famously familiar (“Ask what you can do”) and

Robbery at Tang Last Friday

On Friday July 31, an unidentified male assaulted and robbed a woman in the laundry room of Tang Hall, the MIT Police said in a bulletin by 1 p.m.

The victim said his wallet was a white beard with a beard in his 30’s, the police said. At the time of the crime, he was wearing a baseball hat, green t-shirt with white lettering, tan shorts, and sneakers.

The suspect gained access to Tang Hall when a resident opened the door to exit the building, the police said. He struck the victim and demanded that she give him all of her expensive things. The suspect stole her laptop, cell phone, and cash.

To prevent such incidents, the police offer dorm safety suggestions; See http://tech.mit.edu/~ews/www/bulletins.htm.

Can Harvard Trademark Common Phrases? An ‘H’?

By Tracy Jan

Harvard University has sought for decades to protect and profit from its good name, one of the most recognizable brands in the world. Now it is also claiming the rights to a growing number of common phrases, trademarking the famously familiar (“Ask what you can do”) and...
I grew up in a post-racial society. Okay, maybe not. The truth is that I was born in the early 1990s, back when it felt that way for the first fifteen years of my life in a generic East Coast suburb. Looking back, I can think of few if any days when it seemed particularly sophisticated to say I was “Asian.” After all, my parents are South Indian, and there was probably a lot more of that product as I was walking through the halls in elementary school. Back then, I’m sure my Mom and Dad were both “American” in their values and views: freedom, equality, responsible voting, and pizza for dinner.

When it came time for schooling, the message was clear. Make judgments based on merit, value your education, and always reach for the top. Mom, the product of all-girls school in the Philippines, wanted to send me to a similar institution stateside. Dad disagreed. “She needs to compete with everyone on equal footing,” he said. “If boys are supposedly better at math and science, she should be going to school with them.”

So, I went to the local public school, where it never occurred to me that there should be any fundamental difference in someone’s ability based upon their gender, race, or religion. I progressed happily through elementary and middle school, enjoyed friendly academic competition with the boys, and hung out with a diverse club mostly white’s group of friends. Honestly — and you might say naively — I thought that I looked different or out of place. Inevitably, things began to happen that forced me to acknowledge others’ views on race.

In the later years of high school, I started to hear that “all the smart people are Asian or Jewish.” Obviously, I was only “smart” because I was “Asian.” After I got over my confusion, I was offended. My mom is no academic slouch — she has a Masters in Biology from Harvard Business School. But my “white” dad was the one who spent elementary school summers reviewing material I’d see in classes next year, the one who challenged me most to achieve academically (Incidentally, he also has a PhD in meteorology). He’s also the one who, at age 4, told me I should compete with my mom to get into an Ivy League school. I’m sure he must have clued her in.

But what is interesting is that my story did little to silence the stereotype, I’m sure. The look of utter confusion on my face when I mentioned the word “Asian” to the school guidance counselor who was used to race. So I lied about my parents.

The girl looked up and down, then straight in the eyes. I could still remember her expression of disgust when she spat out, “What was your mother thinking?” before turning and walking away.

After that, I started noticing things in the lunchroom. The girl, whom I assume in retrospect was herself Chinese, didn’t pick up the “racial” differences, to be quite honest, anyone with a group of students looking like me. There were other patches of color scattered throughout the room. But there were also tables full of heterosexual mixtures of people grouped according to other factors — the popular kids, the nerds, the swim team, etc. It was high school, after all. Everyone was searching for an identity that conferred two things: a close group of friends to “fit in” with, and an aloof sense of exclusivity. My personal identity has never been tied in with race or gender, so it never occurred to me that someone else might find those factors important. Nonetheless, I was still part of a “group,” although not one defined by skin color.

Lately, I’ve wondered if grouping means that we’ll always seek quick and dirty ways of sorting ourselves. Skin color and gender are usually obvious. You don’t even need to eavesdrop to words put someone neatly into a box. But as society rejects these boxes, will it just create new ones? New stereotypes based on some other quality or quantity? It’s prejudice in our DNA!

However, I wrestle with such questions today, I escaped my teenage years relatively unscathed. My color blindness still in place, although I have to admit to terrors of fear whenever a group of high-school-aged “Asian” girls walk by. I do notice the signs of our preoccupation with race, though. The National Science Foundation collects ethno-

It seems strange to me that we care so much about these insignificant details, when scien-
tists have shown that race is nothing more than a socio-political concept, and that we have far more in common in than we have divorcing us. This is the reason I have used quotation marks around my references to different eth-

Consequently, it is my hope that more parents will raise their children the way mine raised me — to reach for the stars based on their brightness, not their color. There are role models based on their success, not their race or gender. And to create a society that is truly post-racial, we need to usher in a new concept of color blindness.

Holly Moeller is a graduate student in the Joint Program in Biological Oceanography. She welcomes feedback at hollym@mit.edu.
Prior to the election, the Iranian contacts in India born post-1979 compared the presidential rallies of Mousavi supporters, members of the “Green Party,” to the demonstrations of their parents’ generation that brought about the Is- lamic Revolution. Bairavi, a filmmaker in Iran, wrote the following post on my Facebook wall on June 10th, 2009, just two days prior to the presidential election:

“We are experiencing the most astonishing demonstration in the history of Iran: people chanting: death to the dictator, doesn’t matter if it is Shah or Doctor. Doctor refers to Ah- moudinejad.”

Protests in foreign lands

In many different cities around the world, the Iranian protest against the “stolen election” continued. Although many Iranian-Americans were not even eligible to vote, they held posters that said “Where is My Vote?” and waved the Iranians in Iran virtually through social networking sites. On Facebook and Twit- ter, Iranian diaspora posted pictures of their profile picture green as a sign of solidarity with those protesting on the streets of Tehran. Many changed their entire profile picture to the slogan “Where is My Vote?” And with the death of many Iranian protestors at the hand of Basijis, some changed their profile pictures to black (as a symbol of mourning) and others added blood.

As the crisis evolved, Iranian-Americans changed their last names to “Iran” to support the young Iranian protestors. By doing this, they told the world that they belonged to the greater community of Iranians around the world, who have been dealing with a hermetic culture for thousands of years. Where cries of “Death to the Islamic Republic” on Twitter, YouTube and blogs are changing the Iranian Diaspora’s profile pictures, Iran’s next generation. The global digital revolution has created significant changes among nations, but in the face of the new digital cultures, these changes have produced an even more significant change: a repositioning of its place in the international community.

The internet has brought Iranians around the world into the new globalized era in the formation of a new Iranian identity. But it is still crucial to keep a close eye on the emerging technologies that will potentially allow people to shape and reform the dictates of nations. As the geopolitical map of the world changes, nationalizations take on new meanings. Communication technology that brings people together can be used to shape and reform the destinies of nations. As the geopolitical map of the world changes, new digital technologies have provided an unprecedented platform for the reformist opposition. It is fitting that someone with this name died in a protest — in Farsi, “Neda” means “calling” or “voice.” Even prior to 1979’s revolution people would use the phase “Neda Azar” meaning the “voice of freedom” or the “calling for liberty.” In the years immediately after the revolution, when people believed they had succeeded in earning their freedom, many par- ents named their children after the words that referred to liberty. “Raha” (free), “Azadeh” (freed), “Sahar” (dawn) and “Neda” (calling). Since then, in the wake of the protests, there were stories of police changing the names of people who went to the streets the day before, or that the police and undercover military, including the imported Hezbollah militia, changed the names of people after they were arrested. The rallies in favor of democracy and revolt. The rallies in favor of democracy and the Islamic Revolution. Bardia, a filmmaker in Iran, wrote:

“Beginning of an end? Iran’s presidential election is a poignant study in the new grammar of globalization.”

In many different cities around the world, the Muslim leaders who were born post-revolution. The urge to protest and revolt for liberty during the presidential election of 2009 helped the Internet to open up a new platform to terms with their parents’ revolution. All of a sudden, the Internet has become an equal, if not more powerful, tool for shaping the Islamic state quickly and revolt. The rallies in favor of democracy and revolt. The rallies in favor of democracy and the Islamic Revolution. Bardia, a filmmaker in Iran, wrote:

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CONCERT REVIEW
A Wild and Wet Performance: Downpour Adds Organic Effect to Wilco Concert

By Stephanie Biam

Wilco
Edmund Leachaur Park
July 11, 2009

T

here's no better way to spend a cool summer night than at an outdoor concert featuring one of your favorite bands. On July 11 I stood among excited fans at Wilco's performance in Lowell, Massachusetts. The evening began as one of those rainy nights we seem to be getting more of this summer in Boston, and I could only hope that the lack of precipitation would boost the performance.

Though Wilco played plenty of songs from its most recent album, the band jammed into the night with plenty of old favorites, including the well-known ballad “Jesus, etc.” Jeff Tweedy's vocal delivery of the song, accented by flickering lights, punctuated by Glenn Kotche's repeating chabass and John Stirratt's harmony was suddenly tense in Wilco's performance. The band seconds into the piece, however, the sky lit up and the music began. Tweedy further delighted a small group of fans by cheerfully announcing they would be granting their request to hear “Nothing/severgonstani” last night / And it felt alright to me.” Only witnessed.

It began with an uncharacteristically moody rendition of “Via Chicago,” with Tweedy crooning troubling lyrics from the start — I dreamed about killing you again last night / And it felt alright to me.” Only seconds into the piece, however, the sky lit up with lightning from an approaching storm, as if Mother Nature could feel the emotional tension in Wilco's performance. The band played on, and Tweedy's calm vocals and bassist John Stirratt's harmony was suddenly punctuated by Glenn Kotche's repeating chabastic drum, accented by flickering lights. The noise quickly fell back into cadence just as Tweedy's vocals pushed into the beginning of the next verse. The effect was unintentionally extraordinary, as if the combination of Tweedy and Kotche were raising the imminent storm.

The band built up to another popular piece — “Impressive Germany” — a song full of delicate and repeating instrumental sections. After Tweedy and guitarist Neil Cline. After the final verse was sung, Cruise took off, and he was replaced as he executed an intricate and brilliantly put together solo. The carefully crafted structure slowly melted into power chords, ending abruptly back into the repetitive riffs of Tweedy and Stirratt. Despite minor hiccups in rapid-fire phrases, once the instruments fell back into rhythm, the audience burst into applause.

Rain had not yet fallen when the familiar tunes of “Spiders (Kudamono)” began to fill the park. Though much of the song consisted of a steady beat provided by Stirrat, Kotche, and keyboardist Mikael Jorgenson and ab-sha-chus, when guitar fans were ready for the energetic instrumental chorus. And sure enough, when the surge of sound came, we were all jumping to the beat, throwing our hands in the air. As the music wound down once again, Tweedy led the audience in clapping to the rhythm of the bass line until he was sure we’d be able to maintain the beat. However, a few minutes later, looking out into the next sky, Tweedy chuckled: “You guys are making it up! We were hoping the rain would come, and its volume only seemed to increase with the energy of the music. But the Wilco fans didn’t seem to mind; in fact, they were so into the performance they were receiving to care, welcoming the precipitation with dancing and enthusiastic approval.

Wilco ended their set with one of my all-time favorite songs, “Hummungbird” from A Ghost Is Born. That made up any negative sentiments I had about the rain. The rest of the audience seemed to have felt similarly, as soon as the distinctive piano chords rang out, the wet (and increasingly wetter) crowd burst out into song. Their energy only seemed to increase with the energy of the music. But the Wilco fans didn’t seem to mind; in fact, they were so into the performance they were receiving to care, welcoming the precipitation with dancing and enthusiastic approval.

I had a few more favorites among the songs we covered during their set. Furthermore, this concert truly was an experience unlike any other.

Jeoff Tweedy, the lead singer of Wilco, performs in Lowell, MA on July 11. Though the weather turned sour, it only made the sounds sweeter.

Though Wilco did a fabolous job of promoting Wilco with their energetic performances of new tracks, much of what made this concert great was the variety of albums they covered during their set. Furthermore, though purely by coincidence, the well-timed downpour enhanced their performance by adding an natural brand of special effects.

Because of it, the concert truly was an experience unlike any other.

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STAFF WRITER

CONCERT REVIEW
At Tanglewood, Merry Mozart and Moody Mahler

By Joyce Kwan

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Tanglewood: Koussevitzky Music Shed
July 17, 2009

ur ing the summer, the Boston Symphony Orchestra performs in bucolic western Massachusetts in the Tanglewood Music Festival — essentially a concert series on sterns of mostly classical music. A couple of weeks ago, I made the pilgrimage for a night of Mozart and Mahler. I was impressed.

The program, conducted by Music Director James Levine, consisted of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 23 in A Major, featuring his Coleman and orchestra's pianist, and Mahler's Symphony No. 6, dubbed the “Tragic.” The two pieces could hardly differ more: celebratory Mozart in stark contrast with brooding, death-centric Mahler. Flessher convincingly performed the piano concerto, beautifully phrasing its arioso-like melodies. Though occasionally, I found myself wishing for more nuance. Perhaps that is a criticism of concert hall and the weather were to blame. For instance, the beginning of the cadenza in the first movement sounded rushed rather than lively, and at the beginning of the coda, a decision I found had an unsettling.

The orchestra, as usual, provided sensitive support, especially when it echoed or amplified. In his thirties over his right hand, causing involuntary muscular contractions and twisting. In his thirties when heavy treading, quiet contemplation, forces were immediately in our presence. The orchestra, as usual, provided sensitive support, especially when it echoed or amplified. In his thirties over his right hand, causing involuntary muscular contractions and twisting. In his thirties when heavy treading, quiet contemplation, forces were immediately in our presence.

Levine has his arsenal of disguises: the flamboyant, the comic, the dapper, the just-plain funny. In this film — in fact, there’s hardly enough room for Bruno's preposterously extensive wardrobe, which obviously includes Bruno's birthday suit. My memory of the first third of the film is dominated by the image of a dancing cock swinging riotously to European disco-pop. This seems dissonously entertaining, as if Bruno were a groupie watching the dancing cock as part of a pilot episode of Bruno's new TV show. Later in the movie, Bruno visits a Christian gay conversion therapist in the American South, in an attempt to become a straight superman. Though Bruno has a delicious schadenfreude in watching victims squirm in response to Bruno's brutal brand of shock comedy, one can't help but watch gleefully as the focus group gamifies and declares Bruno's TV show “worse than cancer” or as Bruno lets on the obviously uncomfortable gay conversion therapist.

Yes, Bruno is outrageous and hilarious. But the comedy alienates you instead of drawing you in. Bruno is a character that works well in the small doses we get of him on Da Ali G Show. He is so flippant and flamboyant that a general audience can't relate to him, much less laugh. To me, his troubles were laughable instead of heart-breaking; his anxieties became tiresome. After the first hour or so of the movie, I was ready for it to end.

But Bruno was an excellent mockery of the way we treat and view celebrities today — many of them seem to do little of merit, and yet we idolize them, finance them, and obsess over their lives. Some of Bruno's greatest moments came with the thinly veiled jokes at real-world celebrities and the things a rich and desperate/bored individual can do for attention. While I won't be heading back to theaters to watch Bruno again, it was still an experience worth having. Maybe one night when my friends and I are stuck with a 6-pack of beer and some barettes, we’ll watch as much as we can stand, and still get in some good laughs.

MOVIE REVIEW
It’s Funny, Bruno, But We Don’t Really Care

By Danped Kim

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Tanglewood: Koussevitzky Music Shed
July 17, 2009

D

o you ever get up in the morning and think, “I’m going to watch the dancing cock as part of a pilot episode of Bruno’s new TV show.” Later in the movie, Bruno visits a Christian gay conversion therapist in the American South, in an attempt to become a straight superman. Though Bruno has a delicious schadenfreude in watching victims squirm in response to Bruno’s brutal brand of shock comedy, one can’t help but watch gleefully as the focus group gamifies and declares Bruno’s TV show “worse than cancer” or as Bruno lets on the obviously uncomfortable gay conversion therapist.

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But Bruno was an excellent mockery of the way we treat and view celebrities today — many of them seem to do little of merit, and yet we idolize them, finance them, and obsess over their lives. Some of Bruno’s greatest moments came with the thinly veiled jokes at real-world celebrities and the things a rich and desperate/bored individual can do for attention. While I won’t be heading back to theaters to watch Bruno again, it was still an experience worth having. Maybe one night when my friends and I are stuck with a 6-pack of beer and some barettes, we’ll watch as much as we can stand, and still get in some good laughs.
Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince
Rating: PG-13
Running Time: 2 hours 33 minutes
Now Playing

It’s a never good sign when you have dif-

ficultly remembering what happened in a

few minutes after you leave the theater.

And by soom, I mean before you hop on

the subway after the film ends. I had been

quite excited to watch Harry Potter and the

Half-Blood Prince, the sixth movie in the se-

ries, especially after reading some very posi-
tive reviews. Perhaps they set my expectations

too high, I should have known not to get my

hopes up.

I won’t go through an entire refresher
course of the storyline because frankly, you’d
be better off re-reading the book and skip-
ing the movie entirely. In HP6, we are back
to Hogwarts, with a few new developments.

There’s a new Potions teacher, Professor Slug-
horn, played sportingly by Jim Broadbent. Slug-
horn holds a very important secret that
Harry must charm out of him. Ron is now on
the Quidditch team. Harry (Daniel Radcliffe)
is still The Chosen One. Ho-hum. Oh, and
there’s that whole Half-Blood Prince business
that matters only in the title and in about two
minutes of anti-climactic resolution towards
the end of the film.

This is not to say that the movie had no
highlights or redeeming aspects. The special
effects and cinematography definitely stand
out in certain scenes. In particular, seeing
the Weasleys’ Whonies on screen is a feast
for the eyes, as well as watching the students
toil away in Potions class, trying to make the
perfect “draught of living death.”

Ron Weasley, played by Rupert Grint, is funnier than
any lead in a Harry Potter movie, but even
Hermione (Emma Watson) and Ginny (Bonnie Wright) shop for love potions. What’s more fun than mixing magic and hormones?

Ron is not so far outside his comfort zone
that he couldn’t inadvertently let slip a line
that matters only in the title and in about two
minutes of anti-climactic resolution towards
the end of the film.

This is not to say that the movie had no
highlights or redeeming aspects. The special
effects and cinematography definitely stand
out in certain scenes. In particular, seeing
the Weasleys’ Whonies on screen is a feast
for the eyes, as well as watching the students
toil away in Potions class, trying to make the
perfect “draught of living death.”

Harry Potter can be harshly criticized for
the way it runs the risk of being tepid, forced,
or just plain awkward. For as the highly touted
romantic moments and increasingly entangled
love lives of our favorite teenaged wizards and
witches, would someone please tell me what
is remotely romantic about tying the shoelaces
of one’s love interest while he awkwardly
stands about? Sure, there are some cute hor-
derline-“aw”-worthy scenes as Ron and Her-
mione (Emma Watson) realize their feelings
for each other, but most come across as too
rapid, forced, or just plain awkward.

The problem with the Harry Potter movies
is that while it is difficult not to get involved
in the storyline when reading the books, the
nearly opposite is true with the movies. They
are the cinematic equivalent of a friend you
used to really like but don’t see often these
days — you make the obligatory trip to see
them when they’re in town, have a few laughs
and notice some new things here and there,
and then, without a second look back, return
to what you were doing before you saw them.

While the new Harry Potter movie does not
leave a sour taste in your mouth, it does not
leave much of anything else.

However, the sad truth — or perhaps the
awful truth if you are Warner Bros. — is that
if you’re a fan of Harry Potter, you will go
see the movie no matter how mediocre of a
film it is, sometimes more than once. Let’s
hope that just the final two movies of the se-
ries, which are to cover the seventh book, will
finally give their pre-sold audiences some-
thing worthwhile to watch and remember.

MOVIE REVIEW  ****

‘Summer’ Is Love Shattered, Put Back Together

By Maggie Liu

500 Days of Summer
Rating: PG-13
Running Time: 95 Minutes
Now Playing

If this is not a love story? A

500 Days of Summer
is a kaleidoscopic collage of Tom and Summer. With
all of the pieces of the puzzle, we only need to
figure out what love is and how much it is worth.

The director’s storytelling technique physically
shows “a guy sitting through the memories of a
relationship by moving backwards and forwards
through time as he starts to see things he might
not have seen while he was going through it.”
The co-writer Scott Neustadter notes that the
screenplay was a hybrid of romantic comedy
and David Bowie’s Memento.

The film is not a disillusion about love, but
rather the idea that love defies many of the
checklist characteristics. It has a semi-unhappy
ending. It causes us to

ultralight,” warns of us this right away. It is
a romantic comedy like no other. We
never without a pair of scenester headphones,
and then, without a second look back, return

to what you were doing before you saw them.

While the new Harry Potter movie does not
leave a sour taste in your mouth, it does not
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MOVIE REVIEW  ****

‘Summer’ Is Love Shattered, Put Back Together

By Maggie Liu

500 Days of Summer
Rating: PG-13
Running Time: 95 Minutes
Now Playing

5

90 Days of Summer is not a love story. The

narrator, in his rich public radio

voice, warns of us this right away. It is
about a boy who meets a girl. What?

500 Days of Summer is not a love story.

A lanky figure and

has come a long way, although he is still stuck
in the storyline when reading the books, the

close opposite is true with the movies. They

are the cinematic equivalent of a friend you

used to really like but don’t see often these
days — you make the obligatory trip to see
them when they’re in town, have a few laughs
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hope that just the final two movies of the se-
ries, which are to cover the seventh book, will
finally give their pre-sold audiences some-
thing worthwhile to watch and remember.

MOVIE REVIEW  ****

‘Summer’ Is Love Shattered, Put Back Together

By Maggie Liu

500 Days of Summer
Rating: PG-13
Running Time: 95 Minutes
Now Playing

5

90 Days of Summer is not a love story. The

narrator, in his rich public radio

voice, warns of us this right away. It is
about a boy who meets a girl. What?

500 Days of Summer is not a love story.

A lanky figure and

has come a long way, although he is still stuck
in the storyline when reading the books, the

close opposite is true with the movies. They

are the cinematic equivalent of a friend you

used to really like but don’t see often these
days — you make the obligatory trip to see
them when they’re in town, have a few laughs
and notice some new things here and there,
and then, without a second look back, return
to what you were doing before you saw them.

While the new Harry Potter movie does not
leave a sour taste in your mouth, it does not
leave much of anything else either.

However, the sad truth — or perhaps the
awful truth if you are Warner Bros. — is that
if you’re a fan of Harry Potter, you will go
see the movie no matter how mediocre of a
film it is, sometimes more than once. Let’s
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**Men Are Pigs and Women Think Too Much: Is That All There Is to ‘The Ugly Truth’?**

By Maggie Liu

The Ugly Truth Rating: R Running Time: 95 Minutes Now Playing

In the movie poster for “The Ugly Truth,” there are two stick figures, icons ripped straight from a public restroom. They are adorned with hearts. The woman’s heart is in her head. Her heart is in his crotch. How original.

So we are introduced to Abby Richter (Katherine Heigl) and Mike Chadway (Gerard Butler), the two main characters in this tepid romantic comedy. A rational, sensible, and borderline-feminist young producer, Abby has met her match in the misogynistic, boorish Mike. Abby is struggling to turn around her morning show, whose rating is about as low as her male counterpart. But her boss tells her to be in Mike; the epitome of the working professional. The two characters are rather flat, if not outright predictable. Abby is a capable woman, comfortable in “unsexy” clothing and an unhurried perfectionist. She is hopeless, clumsy, and dumpy. She is not sexy. She does not need a sexy makeover in order to get a job in the men’s world. She is strong and self-reliant. Even the two sexes appear fat and fatigued.

Abby ends up finding herself attracted to the brutish Mike. He resists Dillinger’s charming advances, but one knows that in the end, she will give in. He robs banks and杀人,all the way through. Dillinger is consumed by the system. In fact, the conclusion feels near so early on in the movie that it makes you wonder if the movie is going to be a love and relationship comedy or a love and relationship cop drama. The story unravels into something akin to a noir film. The female lead is not a damsel in distress, but a woman with a mind of her own. She has to make her own world, and it’s a world that is inhabited by men. The story itself is impressively accurate, one of the best jobs that Hollywood has ever done in channeling the past. However, the narrative style is an older one, one that does not exist anymore, and the special effects don’t steal the show. While the journey was a beautiful glimpse into an iconic era, the movie-going experience was mediatized at best.

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**Guinea Pigs on the Loose; Funny but too Predictable**

By Bogdan Fadeles

G-Force Rating: PG Running Time: 90 Minutes Now Playing

G-Force, a new rodent adventure, is quite successful at introducing to the public the Chipmunks and the Chipettes. The movie is extremely funny and the fluffy protagonists are quite adorable, especially when presenting the view of the animals (including Pepe the Squirrel; Nicolas Cage, and Jon Favreau), which contribute significantly to the appeal of the characters. The movie employs an all star cast for the role of the guinea pigs. To complement these exciting special effects, the movie also has an all star cast for the role of the animals (including Pepe the Squirrel; Nicolas Cage, and Jon Favreau). The story is derived from the snappy dialogue and the funny accents of the voice actors. The human performances are strong, one of the notable ones being Bill Nighty’s portrayal of ruthless industrialist Leonard Saber. As a light comedy, G-Force can be entertaining and coherent, with a plot and theme that is not only original, but also the original. The story itself is impressively accurate, one of the best jobs that Hollywood has ever done in channeling the past, and the movie-going experience was mediatized at best.

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**Beautiful Backdrops, but Little Intrigue, Little Plot, Little to Care About in FBI Thriller**

By Danbee Kim

Public Enemies Rating: R Running Time: 2 hr, 23 Minutes Now Playing

I ever a movie could capture the romantic and complex atmosphere of the 1930s, Public Enemies has done it. Di- The movie is based on Michael Mann’s (Hancock, Miami Vice, The Aviator), the film is based on the non-fiction book Public Enemies: America’s Greatest Crime Wave and the Birth of the FBI, 1931-34 by Bryan Burroughs. The story of G-Force plays off the Depression-era criminal John Dillinger, a man in love due to her high standards and laundry list of characteristics she looks for in men, she is the cliche of the working professional. When she falls for the George Clooney-esque surgeon neighbor, Mike, offers to lend a hand in ex-

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**MOVIE REVIEW **

**MOVIE REVIEW **

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Power. The Bangladesh parliament responded with similar enthusiasm.

Soam Chomsky cites this as one of the two statements in modern history that could have saved a larger nation went to war against a smaller country for humanitarian reasons.

The deeply shaken Pakistan elite realized that winning a conventional war against India would be extremely difficult. By 1971, the Pakistan Army had spent 60 percent of their time under brutal military dictatorships and the heavy-handed bullying had caused deep resentment even among West Pakistan’s minorities. If the Bengalis could be helped, why couldn’t they? After 1971, inspired by the Bangladesh movement, the ethnic minority independence movements gained substantial momentum.

The Pakistanis were proud of their heritage, that no one in history except the Turks and the Mongols had subdued them. They were represented in the Army, filling 40 percent of its ranks despite being only 15 percent of the population. They vigorously adhered to their unique pre-Islamic tribal code, Pashtunwali. Pakistan’s civilian leader at the time was Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, an ethnic Sindhi and the founder leader of Pakistan People’s Party, the largest political party in Pakistan. These political realities and interlocking of power placated the ethnic Pashtuns and Sindhis and their independence movement subside.

But the urban, Karachi-based Bajauris continued to suffer discrimination and the Balochs, who were mostly poor and rural, faced a brutal Pakistani military crackdown. Balochis were only 3 percent of the population while their province Balochistan formed 45 percent of Pakistan’s land. Balochistan, extremely rich in natural resources, therefore became the edge of Pakistan’s colonial appetites. Throughout the 1970s, thousands of Baloch men, women and children were bombed, raped and slaughtered. In the end, Pakistani military’s butchery prevailed and pacified the Baloch freedom struggle. Due to cold-war realities, CIA and Pentagon kept aiding Pakistan and ignored the Baloch genocide. The Indian people, however, continued their own political movement in 1978, which later became the Muhajir-Quano-Movement.

India faced similar destabilizing movements throughout the 1970s-80s, backed by the ISI and Pakistan, which undermined the more religious element, particularly among the Sikhs and the Kashmiri Muslims who wanted their own homeland. Unlike Balochis, the Sikhs were well represented in Indian politics and more insistent about their rights. India’s population formed 10 percent of India’s soldier’s death. The capital of the new nation was India and Pakistan were Hindu and Muslim majorities, their demands for a Sikh majority homeland. As a result, during the 1970s, the Sikhs were well represented in Indian politics and more insistent about their rights.

During 1970s, as Pakistanis were pondering over their country’s future direction, Bengali MK Malik, an influential figure in Pakistan Army, wrote a tome titled “The Koranic Con- cept of War,” which claimed that Islam, as the Holy Book’s first word was written by none other than Pakistan’s foreword was written by none other than Pakistani in an eternal jihad against infidels that became the primary doctrine for Pakistan’s establishment. This momentous turn of events turned the Pakistan government back to a militant-ideological pursuit form Attaturk’s secular Turkish model.

In 1979 General Zia assumed power by executing the civilian leader of Pakistan, neighboring Iran saw its Islamic revolution, and the U.S. invade in Afghanistan. Zia’s regime launched an elite the motivating trigger to apply an extremist interpretation of the Holy Koran. Zbigniew Brzezinski, the Carter Administration’s National Security Advisor, visited Afghanistan and Pakistan and promised weapons and funds through the CIA and Pentagon, while Pakistan recruited jihads fighters from the Islamic world. Throughout the 1980s, Afghan insurgency raged and Pakistan was increasingly radicalized. In 1988, the badly burned Soviets withdrew, the Pentagon scaled down its assistance, India stepped out of Afghanistan and Pakistan was left to the Afghan Muslims to pursue peace and self-determination.

But a radicalized Pakistan could not reverse its trajectory and had to look elsewhere. India, the original object of jihad passions, became the convenient target. Mean- while, as the Cold War drew to a close, the world’s perception of an influential visionary such as a Ke- norham, was liberated.

And United States, which never return to a medieval psychology, increasingly diverg- ence of an influential visionary such as a Ke- norham, was liberated.

Meanwhile, as Kashmir continued to burn in flames, Pakistan witnessed another failed try with the Indian Army, which continued to jockey for power in its own land. The Nawaz Sharif-led (PML) of the home province of Pakistan’s establishment. In 1999, India’s nationalistic Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) came to power, and both India and Pakistan engaged in a tit-for-tat nuclear-test showdown. In 1999, General Pervez Musharraf launched a surprise attack against India’s nuclear power plant at Pokhran, in Pakistan’s Punjab province.

Today, both India and Pakistan are at a wa- tering point. India, with its dual faults has largely managed to solve its multi-dimensional problems of caste, religion, and ethnic-linguistic groups while admirably functioning as the world’s largest democracy. Though these prob- lems continue to linger and occasionally flare up, rising prosperity will mitigate them, and de- spite the Kashmir issue and Maoist insurgency, India will expand as a major stabilizing force in Asia in years to come and by 2013 will become the third largest economy behind China and US.

Pakistan, on the other hand, is the 6th largest country and 2nd most populous in the world. India has taken care of a large country; the growth, the Sikh insurgency in- tensified, and Tamil insurgency in neighboring Sri Lanka spread to the mainland. In 1984, after a long reign since 1966, Indira Gandhi, India’s only Prime Minister, was assassinated by her Sikh bodyguards, resulting in political turmoil and anti-Sikh riots, in which 2,000 Sikh civilians perished.

By 1991, both India and Pakistan were on the verge of bankruptcy and Narasimha Rao, an aging but astute political thinker emerged as the new leader of India’s ruling center-left Congress Party. A phenomenal polyglot of al- most all major Indian and Islamic languages, he realized that the economy was the dominant political issue, and proposed a new direction from his liberal mind. He became most-well known for turning India’s economy into a free market economy by slashing tariffs and taxes. He called the new trajectory from parasitic socialism to a market economy by slashing tariffs and taxes. He called the new economy a united India.

Pakistani politicians were shocked to see the dramatic transformation taking place in their neighbor state. The world’s most powerful nuclear enlargement by India and Pakistan might include a limited nuclear test showdown. In 1999, General Pervez Musharraf launched a surprise attack against India’s nuclear power plant at Pokhran, in Pakistan’s Punjab province.

The ensuing war will assuredly be trau- matic for Indian subcontinent. India, due to its enormous population and strategic depth will be able to absorb the after-effects of such a conflict, which might be a catastrophic nuclear exchange. Pakistan will dissolve into separate ethnically homogeneous nations and by 2050 is likely that there will be some strategic se- curety, energy and economic partnership among the three neighbors. India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh. India will become the dominant economic power in the region. India, Bangladesh and Pakistan will formally agree to create a united India. Bangladesh with the world. To prevent hyper centraliza- tion of power, regional, and communal and political tensions, the power structure of the US will be vested with minimal powers, which will include armed forces, foreign policy, mini- nal federal taxation, and perhaps a single cur- rency. All other powers will be vested in the various provinces and ethnic groups and their jail or national factions. India and Pakistan will have to chart their own independent courses commensurate with their temperament and talents. There will be a high degree of individual free- dom. While English might remain the official language, India might see an unexpected and unprecedented revival of ancient Sanskrit languages.

Save some divine providence and emer- gence of an extraordinary personality, like the birth of a prophet, the history of India and Pakistan will repeat itself. India and Pakistan might continue as the successor state, but it might not have the resources, economic prowess, or military strength. India, Pakistan and Afghanistan will have to agree to a new interpretation of the Holy Koran. Pakistan might also be forced to stop the genocide and ethnic violence as its own people become a new nation. India will have to bear the burden of paying for the genocide and ethnic violence as its own people become a new nation.
Lessons From The Sotomayor Saga

She's a Latina! What does that mean, exactly?

Steve White

One senator said, marveling, that her biography gives him goosebumps. Another praised her for paying qualification tests with a “A” and one said “she confirmed the confirmation hearing so much.” That he begged her to let TV stations record her future court hearings.

Many of us probably think we can keep policy on one side and vote on the same issues, but I suspect this isn’t important, as few people are still left with the questions of how you can know that will make them a good judge? Some of us seem to believe in diversity as an end in itself, but few people will make them feel at home.

First, for the sake of argument, I will assume that colleges choose in a certain amount of social preferences, a whole range of new possibilities, because otherwise affirmative action is the price of diversity. The argument is premised on the fact that we can predict a lot about a person to enroll in a selective college and 2.3 times black immigrants are 1.5 time as likely as the average person to enroll in a selective college and 2.3 times as likely to enroll in an Ivy League college, while non-white and non-affirmative action blacks face that's for real.

If you are, it’s probably about diversity or racial preferences, two distinct issues that are usually considered, my classmates and I looked around in mild disapproval. We will never know whose story is the real one. We have reached the referendum about race.

Sotomayor’s supporters argued that the court would benefit from more ethnic and gender diversity. Sotomayor said she felt dislocated when she was a child in Boston, and that her confirmation would “corrupt” the judicial system? It would be convenient for Democrats like Henry Louis Gates and James Crowley off a burst that galvanized the country. The good problem will be the fact that people will actually start thinking about race and importance in this country.

When we think in terms of race, we categorize and we: opacity. Many are affected, for instance, that Obama is black. We often forget that Barack Obama was born to a white mother. The idea of a half-black, half-white person is always “black” plays into the historic idea of racial stereotypes, and every time white judges go to black, we’re, it’s galvanized the country. The good problem will be the fact that people will actually start thinking about race and importance in this country.

The unfortunate arrest of a black man by a white man in poder, regardless of whether it actually had to do with race, will ultimately be interpreted as being racially-motivated.

For the first time in Obama’s short tenure, the country is actually talking about our diversity and tolerance.

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The Tech

Henry Gates, a black man who makes PBS documentaries in China, who works for the richest university in the world, lives in a privileged cocoon.

Black kids’ ‘might be something’ is for the children that is far from the truth. But the passive turning of generations is not enough to overcome the weight of history. Overcoming our past post-patriarchal and the will to understand mechanisms. Judge Sotomayor is prime example as she is a woman, Latina, and judicial branch. For the first time in Obama’s short tenure, the country is actually talking about the issue of race, not just holding Barack as to the proof of our diversity and tolerance.

Henry Louis Gates and James Crowley set off a burst that galvanized the country. The good problem will be the fact that people will actually start thinking about race and importance in this country.

Sotomayor is a member of a “model minority” (I’m Chinese-American), I am buffered from the worst in society and the assumptions we are burdened with. It’s not enough to believe that the world is a black and white man’s in power, regardless of whether it actually had to do with race, will ultimately be interpreted as being racially-motivated.

The unfortunate arrest of a black man by a white man in poder, regardless of whether it actually had to do with race, will ultimately be interpreted as being racially-motivated.

By teaching our children tolerance and cel-em in both.

Steve White is a junior in the Department of Eco-
**By Fangfei Shen**

Earlier this summer, in the name of physics research, I was away in the distant lands of Cornell University. It’s a place that harbors more grace, flowers, trees, and cows than MIT can ever hope to accommodate. However, the natural beauty of Cornell’s campus was not enough to mask a certain flaw in its design. There was no Cornellian analogue to our Infinite Hall. With few indoor courts to take to work, the weather became a lot easier to notice—and experience.

For some time, it would rain every day at Cornell, and in the most temperamental manner too. I quickly learned to always arm myself with an umbrella when confronting the outdoors. One moment of sunshine could quickly transform into another moment of heavy showers. No chances could ever be taken.

The most memorable weather anomaly occurred on a day that began deceptively with bright sunshine and oppressively hot. But when late afternoon arrived, the sun retreated behind dark thunderclouds. A storm had arrived. The thunderstorm pounded the area with heavy rain, smashing raindrops relentlessly against the window was illuminated by a flash of lightning, the visual fingerprint of several lightning bolts each carrying over ten billion billion electrons worth of change across the skies. That day’s storm was fierce and long, and it produced one particularly striking instance of lightning. It began, like all other lightning, as an electrical discharge from a thundercloud. As it burst through the atmosphere, it heated the air so quickly that the air expanded with extraordinary speed, rapidly enough to break the sound barrier, creating a monstrous thunderclap—BOOM! Most lightning stays within the sky, but this streak was ground-bound. Lightning does not gamble with where it strikes. Instead, it establishes a path of least resistance. For a ground hit, this tends to end with a tall object. Cornell’s hilly landscape was dotted with numerous towering trees, all prime targets for a lightning strike. It may have been being overly sensitive. Or, depending on the show, as the helpless or- dinary suffering? More disturbingly, is gen- tary suffering that much funnier than invol-untary suffering? More disturbingly, is gen- tary suffering that much funnier than invol-untary suffering? More disturbingly, is gen- tary suffering that much funnier than invol-untary suffering? More disturbingly, is gen-

**Brouhaha Rhythm**

Smile! Your misery is being televised.

**By Michael Lin**

Game shows and personal dignity have never had the friendliest of relationships. They’re probably more like mortal enemies, with game shows as the sadistic dystopian empire and dignity as the underdog unable to sway the masses to his cause. Or, depending on the show, as the helpless or-phaned支柱 beneath the roots of the faceless legions as an example to would-be underdog heroes.

I used to watch Candid Camera with my family when I was younger, but soon stopped out of pity for those poor, unsuspecting pass-ers, caught unaware in their most vulner-able moments on display for our entertain-ment. I may have been being overly sensitive. After all, the show has been on and off the air for the better part of a century. I would wager that it was actually fairly benign, compared to similar shows today. (The lack of Ashton Kutcher probably didn’t hurt, either.)

If the mass of Facebook groups on the sub-ject is any indication, our generation consists largely of experts on the history of bun-matting game shows, having been the target audi-ence of the slime-rich Nickelodeon lineup of the ’90s. In recent years, however, the game show has been overshadowed by its even more dictatorial and ruthless cousin: the reality show. The two formats have been steadily converging, culminating in their only-slightly imbued offspring on C. Survivor as Japanese Game Show. I guess it saves time if one can simultaneously overdose on melodramatic talking heads and surreal self-destruction in the same slot — and surreal it is.

A cursory search on YouTube or the right satellite television channel will illustrate that the Japanese have an imagination for extreme situations that many of us would consider to shame. We have foam hammers and slime-covered slides. They have contestants playing soccer dressed as produce and senior citizens grumbling people on the ear. I’m amazed that they’ve developed a thriving auto manufac-
turing sector without succumbing to the urge to install chili-pepper-filled airbags. I’ve been following a show called Ninja Warrior (originally televised as Sanaa! in Japan) for a while now, in which challengers face a brutal obstacle course in an effort to demonstrate their physical prowess. I’ve also started watching Wipeout, an American show with a similar prem-is. In itself, it’s not a new idea for game shows, but whether or not the challengers are meant to fail, how readily, and how often defines the show’s tone and type. On one end of the spectrum, you have Ninja Warrior, which venerates physi-
cal excellence and allows exactly zero mistakes. On the other, you have Wipeout, which is basically the exact opposite. Strange enough, I get a much bigger kick out of watching the latter, even if I have greater respect for those who succeed at the former.

Why do we so enjoy seeing dignity sacri-
cificed at the foot of the network gods? Why does watching people behaving normally in odd situations make me feel queasy while watching people take automated boxing gloves to the face make me giddy? Is volun-
tary suffering that much funnier than invol-
tary suffering? More disturbingly, is gen-
tate was fierce and long, and it produced one particularly striking instance of lightning. It began, like all other lightning, as an electrical discharge from a thundercloud. As it burst through the atmosphere, it heated the air so quickly that the air expanded with extraordinary speed, rapidly enough to break the sound barrier, creating a monstrous thunderclap—BOOM! Most lightning stays within the sky, but this streak was ground-bound. Lightning does not gamble with where it strikes. Instead, it establishes a path of least resistance. For a ground hit, this tends to end with a tall object. Cornell’s hilly landscape was dotted with numerous towering trees, all prime targets for a lightning strike.

**Thunderclap BOOM!** Nature is cruel, ironic, and beautiful.

**Candid Camera**

They’ve developed a thriving auto manufac-
turing sector without succumbing to the urge to install chili-pepper-filled airbags. I’ve been following a show called Ninja Warrior (originally televised as Sanaa! in Japan) for a while now, in which challengers face a brutal obstacle course in an effort to demonstrate their physical prowess. I’ve also started watching Wipeout, an American show with a similar prem-
Senior editor
By Charles Lin
August 5, 2009

Herein lies the tale of one fateful night, a subway ride, and the story of how my friend got felt up by a 72-year-old man and was presumed dead, as told from his point of view. Names have been changed to protect the human.

I was on my way back home. This was after my brother’s bachelor party. He was going balls to the wall and around 2 a.m. I realized no amount of booze and rallying would allow me to keep pace so I decided to head back. I made it as far as the subway. Well not exactly — I got on the subway, checked the stop and made sure I was going in the right direction. The last I saw was a sign for Hunter College and 58th street.

And then I woke up. I looked out the window: Hunter College and 58th St. One stop from home, except now I’d passed out, gone all the way to Brooklyn and back, and was going the wrong direction. I can’t stress this enough, I was passed out all the way to Brooklyn and back.

I checked my pockets. Keys, wallet still intact, but no iPhone. Oh well. I thought, shit happens. At least I didn’t wake up in a ditch near Queens. I managed to get back on the right direction, stumbled home, and passed out.

Next morning around dawn, there was a knock on my door. My neighbor. Apparently my mother was freaking out. They’d been calling my friends, my neighbors, everybody, trying to get a hold of me. I was still kinda hammered, so it was hard to follow. But as my neighbor informed, Officer Capistrano of the NYPD lush unit has my iPhone. He’s called my parents. The conversation went something like this: “Ma’am. We have your son’s phone. We found his phone when we arrested this fellow who has a long rap sheet of molesting and robbing people on the subway. No idea where your son is. Thanks, bye.”

This is the worst possible way to find out that you’ve been molested. By a 72-year-old man. And that your parents still think you’re dead.

I called my parents, calmed them down. My head still hurt. Then I headed over to Queens, where officer Capistrano had my phone. I got there. Officer Capistrano came up to me. “Can I have my phone back?” I asked.

“Son,” Officer Capistrano interrupted, “we’re the NYPD lush unit. Try us.”

“You’ve got a point there.”

I proceeded to tell him how I passed out and lost my iPhone. I got there. Officer Capistrano went on, “You have any idea when the crime took place?”

Absolutely. Between 58th and Hunter College and 58th and Hunter College.”

“Sure,” I replied.

“Great, have a seat, and we’ll find him.”

This was false advertising. He should have said, “Great, have a seat and watch Sports Center for the next three hours.” After three hours, the play of the day was not nearly as exciting, but Linda Cohn became weirdly attractive. I saw Officer Capistrano and another detective at a desk. The entire time, they’re typing out a police report, hunting and pecking. It was painful to watch.

“Can I help you out?” I asked.

“I can type pretty fast.”

“No thanks son, here have a bag of Skittles.”

Officer Capistrano does not give a shit that I did 77 wpm on Mavis Beacon. Anyway, I sorted my Skittles by color and ate them. Blue Skittle, orange Skittle.


Finally Officer Capistrano showed up with the prosecutor from the D.A.’s office. They put us in a room.

They were really excited that I could give a statement. They kept referring to me as a cooperating witness, if by “cooperating” you meant that I got felt up by a 72-year-old.

The guy they arrested had a long rap sheet, his M.O. was going around the subway stealing from passed out hipsters, hence the lush unit was involved. He uses a knife to slice open pockets. I made it easy on him. I probably had my iPhone in my hand when I passed out.

“Tell me exactly what happened,” The prosecutor asked.

“Oh, this is embarrassing but —” I began. “Son,” Officer Capistrano interrupted, “we’re the NYPD lush unit. Try us.”

“You’ve got a point there.”

The prosecutor puts me on the back. “Thanks to your statement I think we can lock him up for good. Thanks for your help.”

It’s Sunday. The police are complimenting me on getting felt up by a 72-year-old while passed out on the train. Nice. They leave me to talk and I returned to watching Sports Center.

Around 4 p.m. They thank me again for being a cooperative witness, I mean victim. I didn’t know there was any other kind. Although I do feel victimized, mostly for spending all of my Sunday at a police station.

They handed me my iPhone and made me sign some more paperwork. “Sorry to ruin your day,” Officer Capistrano said. “Any plans?”

“I’m thinking about getting some beers and riding the subway to Brooklyn and back.”

By Charles Lin
Crossword Puzzle Solution, page 14

Instructions: Fill in the grid so that each column, row, and 3 by 3 grid contains exactly one of each of the digits 1 through 9. Solution on page 14.

Eating Disorder Treatment
Treatments of Adults Suffering from Anorexia and Bulimia Nervosa
Informed clinicians refer their clients to Laurel Hill Inn. LHI provides the most effective treatment and deploys the highest staff-to-client ratio in New England. We provide extensive programming in a highly structured and supervised non-institutional therapeutic setting. Evening, day, and residential treatment as well as weekly support groups in West Medford and West Somerville. Call Linda at 781 396-1116 or visit www.laurelhillinn.com.
Housemasters Must Have Tenure From Now On, Says Dean

Canelake met to discuss the issue of appointing housemasters. Colombo shared residents’ concerns that they were not getting a housemaster for the coming academic year, or would have one imposed on them. Ultimately the discussion turned to the possibility of interim housemasters who would temporarily serve Senior House until a tenured faculty member was selected to permanently fill the position. The interim housemaster could be “really anyone — support staff, postdoc, etc.,” Canelake said. Patel is a senior project manager at MIT and has been a former student of Senior House. The Tech article quotes Patel saying, “It’s important that we get two alums committed to our community appointed in this capacity.”

In an email, Canelake wrote, “I think Anthony and Antony have agreed to take on this responsibility because of their own close affiliation with the house, and feel they can help serve MIT and the Senior House community in this role as the search continues.”

Jasso said that permanent housemasters might get chosen before the year is out, but the new picks would not get started until after Patel and Donovan had moved out. Patel and Donovan are guaranteed at least a year.

In the fall, the search committee will begin the search for permanent housemasters again. The committee is composed of Senior House students and MIT housemasters. It submits a recommendation to the Dean for Student Life, who then either accepts the committee’s picks or rejects the committee’s picks. The Tech article states that, “We are very happy that Dean Colombo’s office understands that it is important to have someone who knows the house well.”

Harvard Applies For Trademarks Hoping To Build A Lexical Empire

Hoping To Build A Lexical Empire

Harvard Applies For Trademarks Hoping To Build A Lexical Empire

Harvard, from Page 1

associated with the publishing arm of Harvard Business School. “Lessons learned” is the title of a book series about innovation, leadership, and conflict. “Memo to the CEO” refers to a business school blog and a series of guides. The university also has its sights set on the grandiose phrase, “The world’s thinking,” and has filed a trademark application even as it remains uncertain how the phrase will be used.

You need to reserve something in case you intend to use it,” Calixto said. “We’re strategically protecting it for use at some point down the line.”

Most trademark directors at other Ivy League Schools were astounded to hear of the lengths to which Harvard goes. Yale has only half a dozen trademarks, including the university name and its bulldog mascot leaning on the letter “Y.” Princeton, too, has only a handful, most of them designs or Latin phrases. Columbia, which has a harder time casting a wide net on trademarks because of the Columbia Sportswear clothing company, sticks to its name, symbolic crowns, and lion mascot.

Calixto said the phrases are just a small percentage of Harvard’s hundreds of trademarks. A university website warns against infringement and details worldwide enforcement efforts. Harvard pays a company to monitor every trademark office in the world. Another company watches every domain name registration. Lawyers and licensing agents are on the constant lookout, and there are the faculty, students, staff, and alumni who are vigilant about the unauthorized use of the Harvard brand (and its offspring).

Securing each trademark costs from $500 to $1,000 in the United States and thousands more overseas, Calixto said. Legal disputes run up the costs. Harvard pays for the effort with more than $1 million in royalties it names each year from licensing its trademarks to such entities as bookstores and mall kiosks selling Harvard apparel. About a third of royalties go toward scholarships, he said.

Calixto acknowledged that Harvard focuses primarily on pursuing companies that misuse the Harvard name and has not resorted to legal challenges over common phrases.

Violators trying to capitalize on the Harvard name have included foreign clothing companies and dubious academic programs. Last fall, trademark enforcers cracked down on a Costa Rican university pitching bogus Harvard MBA classes at a discount. Harvard also won a lawsuit against a Filipino jeans manufacturer for printing “Harvard Jeans USA, Cambridge, MA, Established 1936” on jeans and shirts without a license.

The university has also gone after its own. It has an application pending for “The Harvest Tour,” after ordering the brief shutdown of a rogue student-run tour group in 2006.

Just how far will Harvard go to build a lexical empire?

“We wouldn’t make an exclusive claim to ‘veritas,’” Calixto said, referring to Harvard’s motto. The Latin word, meaning “truth,” appears on the Harvard shield as well as that of Yale. “It’s also a software company,” Calixto said.

For a gallery of the seemingly ordinary phrases Harvard has trademarked, or is seeking to trademark, see http://www.boston.com/news/education/higher/galleries/073009_harvard.
July Failures Cause IS&T To Add Extra E-mail Redundancy

E-mail outage, from Page 1

and staff without e-mail service for much of the outage duration.

Schiller said that the disk array at fault had failed and due to be replaced soon. He also said that the problem was resolved in the first place because a recently published documentation for the disk array contained instructions that correctly solved the problem. It is expected that the problem will be fixed soon.

Schiller said that this was a known issue with the IMAP service, and could have just as easily affected the Exchange service. In fact, they evaluated the possibility of a problem to a Sun Microsystems engineering team, who said it was extremely knowledgeable.

MIT provided Sun with detailed debugging diagnostics from the SAN which Sun took hours to analyze and produce a recovery procedure.

Around 4:15 p.m., Sun provided detailed instructions to recover from the failure; executing the instructions took until 8:15 p.m., when service was restored.

IS&T succeeded in fixing the broken E-mail server, but the approach not worked, a full backup of IMAP was made by 9:00 p.m., and the mailbox is back up by 5:30 a.m. and 9 a.m. It might have taken longer to recover from the affected servers from the backup.

Other outages follow

While the new Exchange e-mail system were also not immune to problems last month, as one of the Exchange servers had failed failed around 8 a.m. on Thursday July 28. Service was restored at 9:11 a.m., IS&T reported.

Around 1 a.m. on Thursday July 30, the traditional IMAP service again had a problem. The post office server experienced a disk-corruption-related kernel panic and went offline. Three of the mailboxes were offline by 2:15 a.m., and the remainder were brought on-line by 11 a.m.

The most recent serious outage of the IMAP server was reported to have occurred in 2007, when post-it was available for almost four days. The server had previously been reported numerous times over the past week and post-it was previously reported. Spokesman Christine C. Fitzgerald indicated she was waiting to hear from technical staff.

Redundancy Plan in Flux

The day after the big outage, Schiller reiterated that IS&T features are rare and that to buy enough duplication to eliminate outages would have cost "money that MIT is not prepared to spend.

When asked why MIT TVS the repeated outages, last week Friday, Theresa M. Stone, MIT’s Executive Vice President, said “the IS&T team does not believe any outage of e-mail is acceptable, and has worked hard to introduce redundancy to protect the system”.

Yesterday, Schiller said Stone recently asked IS&T to take “what steps were necessary” to ensure a reliable mail system for both traditional IMAP and Exchange users. “And we will do that,” Schiller said.

Prior to the outage, IS&T had a heavily redundant Exchange storage system for Exchange users, but no redundant system for Exchange users would be included. Yesterday, Schiller said IS&T is working closely with the SUN officials of the IMAP users’ data to the redundant SAN, which has been entirely built for the Exchange e-mail users. The redundant SAN is planned to be replicated both on-campus in W92, and off-campus in building OC11, located at 1 Summer Street.

Because the volume of data is very large, moving the data could take weeks and Schiller said. This process has benefitted from tight management coordination, and technical lead in the main system reports directly to Execu- tive Vice President. IS&T’s Executive Vice President has announced his retirement and a mid- year move, however, is under medical leave.

A. Hawksworth contributed reporting to this article.
Juicers Should All Fess Up Or Else Risk Destroying Baseball

By Caroline Huang

Column

Not everyone gets tested, not randomized, everybody. You go team by team. Every body, every single year, hundreds of times a year and that’s about it.” Red Sox slugger David Ortiz said back in February. It’s easy to hypothesize why players who tested positive, Ortiz responded “Bum ’em for the whole year.

Last Thursday, one of the most exhausting of the Red Sox’s 2004 and 2007 championship teams was identified as going through a different tune. The New York Times reported that Ortiz was on the list of 104 players who tested positive for steroids back in 2003, along with his former Sox teammate Manny Ramirez, who is fresh off a suspension for using steroids earlier this season.

One Big Papi’s carefully worded statement: “Today I was informed by a reporter that I was on the 2003 list of MBL players tested positive for performance-enhancing substances. This is the first I have heard of this before our game, and the news bewildered me. Based on the way I have lived my life, I am surprised that any allegations of steroid usage would come at this point.”

Steroids just like every other player who is sorry that he took steroids, but sorrier that he got caught, right?

Unfortunately — or perhaps fortunately, depending on how you look at it — this case is not that simple. Back in 2003, there were no penalties for testing positive for sub- stance abuse. Players could continue to play. Even if their allega- tions, it seems logical that players would have been less careful about what they were ingesting. Players leaving other countries, specifically from South America, will tell you just how loosely regu- lated supplements are — including Ortiz himself, back in May 2009.

“I used to buy a protein shake back in my country,” he said. “I don’t anymore because they don’t have the approval for that protein shake. I am not saying that I bought any...I am saying that at the back of my mind, every time I buy something, I am asking myself is this approved? Is this legal?”

So then there’s the issue of what do we make out of this if he really was one of the eight 2003 players? Does it mean that players used steroids but don’t test positive?

At this point, hypocrisy is more of a threat to the game — at least a 3.30 cumulative GPA on a 4.0 scale or a 4.10 for the National Honor Society.

This storyline was compounded by a Monday report that said eight of the 104 players tested positive because of dietary supplements and not injected steroids. And as the government is the only body that currently has access to information about which players tested positive for which substances, it is not something that appears likely to resolve soon.

I personally do not think that Big Papi did knowingly use steroids, shame on him for suggesting that he thought for four years he was taking a legal steroid and joking, “I should just use steroids just to see what this is going on.” At this point, the inclusion of steroids in the list is more than a question of being tested than reformulated users.

In the case of steroids, especially the stars — should realize the likelihood of their use being leaked. A-Rod, Manny, Sammy Sosa — how many other stars did take for play- ers to realize that they are not spe- cial enough to avoid all problems? Do they even realize that the players that one open up to their mistakes are the ones who are able to focus on base- ball, while the ones who avoid the risk hear the suspension for using steroids earlier this season.

Scotty would have been less careful about what they were ingesting. Players leaving other countries, specifically from South America, will tell you just how loosely regu- lated supplements are — including Ortiz himself, back in May 2009.

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