Ahoy! Climb aboard the Goodship B, and we’ll take you for a ride you’ll not soon forget. First, have a look at a sorry lot of scallywags, also known as the new BBS class. Visit the World Game, and then listen to exotic music from distant lands. Cook on the high seas, climb in Macedonia, and even seek treasure in ways only a grad student can. If it’s misadventure you seek, you’re in for a treat!

Adding Some New Class

BY R. RABENSTEIN

As the record-breaking nation-wide heat wave has finally subsided, the short attention span of this B Mag staffer has been redirected to another Inconvenient Truth: the arrival of the new class of BBS students. Not that I begrudge the arrival of a bunch of starry-eyed faces running around, but rather, as each ring in the trunk of a tree marks a year, new students mark yet another year I have been here and have not graduated. Our newbies are a special bunch, however, and B Mag is here to give you all the facts, figures, and cheesy Excel graphs you need to be informed.

Our entering class is a whopper by BBS standards, an eye-popping 102 students to be exact, well over the 5 year average of 76. They’re a young lot too; the average age is a mere 23.5 years old. They represent ten different countries, although 88% are U.S. citizens or permanent residents. For the women in the class: if you’re looking to find Mr. Right, you’ll have to fight over him, as once again female entrants outnumber males, 57 to 45. The SuperTrack, MCGD, has by far the most first years, with more than 38% of the incoming students, and Physiology & Integrative Medicine and Computational Biology & Bioinformatics came in with the least at 5 a piece (just under 5%). Pharmacology and Molecular Medicine had the biggest increase in students over the last year, with this year’s class being seven times larger. Immunology was a close
OP-ED
Advice for Incoming Students
By K. Patrick

Ah, the life of a first year BBS student. No thesis committee meetings, no Research in Progress talks, no PI breathing down your neck for results. You have only two major responsibilities: taking classes and working in your rotation lab. Piece of cake, right? As a BBS student, your course load is likely half what you had in college and odds are you will not be working 12 hour days in the lab (yet). The challenge regarding classes and rotations arises when one tries to strike a balance between the two. Indeed, one of the biggest struggles I see 1st year students face is trying to juggle classes and lab. This is especially difficult for students coming straight from undergraduate colleges, who are used to focusing 99% of their energies on studying for classes and exams. A student attempting to devote that kind of time to studying while spending days on the bench in his/her rotation lab will surely become overwhelmed long before midterms. My advice? While classes are important and some will teach you valuable information that you will need to translate to the bench in future years, getting straight Honors (the highest grade given in graduate classes) is not going to guarantee a successful graduate career. Try to meet your class requirements to the best of your ability. If this means going to a few extra help sessions or taking a couple of days off from lab to study for a midterm, go for it - you do need to show a certain degree of aptitude and comprehension. You do not, however, need to spend your entire first year stressing about classes and spending more time in the library than you do in the lab.

That being said, you should not be overly concerned with lab work either. Many students feel an unreasonable amount of pressure to produce data during their rotations. Most of this stress, however, is brought upon oneself, as the vast majority of PI's do not expect you to produce data during your rotation. Rotations are a way for you to determine if you feel comfortable in a lab, to discover if you enjoy working in a particular field, to establish relationships with PI's, and to find one who would make a good graduate advisor for you.

Do not feel embarrassed or unqualified if your rotation project does not produce promising results. As you will learn soon enough, that's how scientific research tends to proceed, especially in a short 10-week period!

Ultimately, your first year is one of transition. It marks the beginning of your training to think and act like a scientist (hopefully you won’t learn to dress like one). Spend enough time on your studies that you begin to feel comfortable talking about science and confident in designing your own experiments. Spend enough time in your rotations to get a real sense of how you might fit into the fabric of a lab, and more importantly, to find out if a lab will make you happy both socially and scientifically. And if you can survive all that, you can pull on another pair of gloves and get started on what is sure to be fulfilling graduate career here at Yale.

B magazine publishes editorials by staff members and guest writers in the BBS community. The opinions expressed herein are those of the writer. B
second, with exactly four times as many students enrolling this year as the previous one. Thank goodness a lot of departments have been or are being renovated, as we will certainly need an increase in mailbox space!

Most of the students in the incoming class were the only individual from their undergraduate institution to come to the BBS program; however several schools (Emory, Grinnell College, Univ. of Kansas, Kenyon College, Michigan State, Michigan, Peking, Penn, Rochester Inst. of Tech., Smith, Stanford, UCLA, UC Irvine, Univ. of Arizona, and Yonsei Univ.) have two students attending. Alone at the top of the pack stands Brown, alma mater to three of our matriculants, (unless you combine the University of California system, which would then have seven). Of the Stateside undergraduate institutions represented, most are along the East and West Coasts, although there are significant cohorts from the Midwest and Mountain West. The wide range of types of undergraduate institution and their widespread locations mark this class, as in years past, as very diverse.

In sum, all the staffers at B Magazine would like to extend a warm welcome to our newest colleagues, and we hope that your transition into graduate school is an easy one. B

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**Can’t get your paper published in even a mediocre journal?**

Aim a little lower.

Write for B.
AWARDS

Congratulations to all of the students who have brought glory to themselves and to the BBS Program by scoring the awards below.

1ST YR STUDENTS
Philippe LeFrançois, MCGD Track
Fonds Québécois pour la Recherche sur les Sciences et la Technologie (FQRST) Doctoral Fellowship

2ND YR STUDENTS
Catherine Hofler, Genetics
National Science Foundation Fellowship
Kristi Newhouse, INP
National Science Foundation Fellowship

3RD YR STUDENTS
Ben Lacar, INP
National Science Foundation Fellowship
Sean Taylor, MCDB
National Science Foundation Fellowship; National Defense Science and Engineering Graduate Fellowship

4TH YR STUDENTS
Warren Jones, INP
Elizabeth Munsterberg Kopplitz Fellowship

5TH YR STUDENTS
Nii Addy, INP
NIH National Research Service Award

6TH YR STUDENTS
Jeff Barrick, MB&B (Ron Breaker Lab)
RNA Society/Scaringe Young Scientist Award, to recognize the achievement of young scientists engaged in RNA research.

GRADUATES
Hubert Lam, MCDB ’05 (Christine Jacobs lab)
Nat Sternberg Thesis Prize, awarded in August of 2006 for the most outstanding Ph.D. thesis in the field of prokaryotic molecular genetics.

WISE YAY BY H. CHAPIN

Getting your PhD may be the first step toward a life in science, but really all it tells the world is that you have gained a lot of knowledge about an esoteric piece of the scientific puzzle. No class or journal article can teach you how to succeed in the world beyond your bench; you have to take that initiative yourself. The good news is that Yale has a wealth of networking, mentoring and outreach opportunities just waiting for you. One of these is WISE YAY (Women In Science At Yale), an organization that provides exactly these kinds of opportunities for graduate students and postdocs through social events and speakers, as well as a mentoring program.

The WISE YAY mentoring program pairs graduate students and post-docs with under-graduate women who are thinking about pursuing a life in science, with a goal of supporting and encouraging the undergrads as they move toward graduate school. As a grad student or postdoc it’s a wonderful and rewarding opportunity to share your wealth of knowledge with an up-and-coming scientist.

Pairs are matched in the fall (see below for more information about this year’s matches) and can then exchange emails and meet as frequently as they want to. Generally they meet a few times each semester for coffee or a lunch to chat about how life is going; personal preferences guides how much talk there is of science and how much you, as the mentor, want to show her about life in a lab. For example, I mentored a young woman for her last two years here at Yale, and much of our interaction was casual conversation about classes, with occasional forays into more serious topics of science. She was already working in a lab and therefore didn’t need to see mine, but when it came time for her to apply to grad schools we talked about what I looked for when making my decision, and I

proof-read her application essay. Mentees report that this kind of support is very useful and reassuring as they deal with the potential confusions and challenges of choosing a grad school. This year we will also hold coffee hours for informal conversations about relevant and interesting topics of the transition to grad student life and what it’s like to be a woman in science.

WISE YAY also has a wealth of programming specifically for grad students and postdocs, whether you’re looking for advice about life after New Haven or chances to rub elbows with future scientific stars. Previous WISE YAY seminars and discussions have included presentations by former Yale graduate students who have gone on to work in consulting, discussions with prominent female scientists about the challenges of balancing work and family life, and a seminar on how to negotiate a job offer. We also hold social events that give you a chance to talk with fellow female scientists while nibbling chocolate or sipping champagne. Remember that it may be the friends you make now who help you get jobs somewhere down the road, and networking is not just for the business-minded among us.

If you’d like more information about any of WISE YAY’s events please visit our website at yale.edu/wise YAY and you can join our email list for future events. The introductory meeting for the mentoring program was September 12th, but if you’d still like to join us, email hannah.chapin@yale.edu for your application form and to be on the email list for upcoming events.

WISE YAY at the orientation fair. Photo courtesy of Doro Blaha.
Ready to Start Making Your Own History?

Start with a membership at Mory’s, the original private social and dining club for Yalies, where—since 1863—countless generations of Elies have sung, dined and shared a college fellowship unknown on any other campus. As much a museum as a restaurant, Mory’s will be open to all students and their parents to see and experience through the end of September.

So come and enjoy. Immerse yourself in the Yale tradition at Mory’s. And then start making some history of your own.

Mory’s
306 York Street
New Haven, CT 06511
(203) 562-3157

Please support our contest sponsor!

Mory’s is conveniently located on York Street, between the Hall of Graduate Studies and Toad’s Place.
Finding the One
By D. Harburger

Incoming BBS students, at the end of this year you will make one of the most important decisions of your graduate school experience: committing to a thesis advisor. When making an informed decision, the best buyers shop around. The shopping period in grad school is called Rotations. You will be able to interview as many faculty as you wish, ask them as many questions as you want, compare which ones fit you best, try them out, and move on to the next one. This is your opportunity to find that motivating mentor who will take you to scientific glory and graduate you in the 4,286 years calculated in your life plan. So, where do you begin? Below are a few suggestions.

What are you in the market for? What are you looking for out of graduate school? Whatever your answer is, keep it in mind throughout your selection process. What field of research do you want to work in? Do you work better with lots of supervision or on your own? Do you want a social happy hour lab, one that celebrates iPads and personal space, or one somewhere in between? Although it might be hard to imagine at this point, where do you think you might want to go after grad school? Having thought these questions through will be important when it comes time to interview the faculty.

Early Bird Gets the Worm. Generally, faculty practice the first-come-first-serve policy. This means that those who ask to rotate first usually have the best shot at being offered a rotation. Another bonus for being the first student to rotate in a lab is that if for some reason a lab has limited spaces and several students are offered to join, the one who rotated first generally has priority.

Consumer Reports. Approach the more experienced students. These veterans have gone to seminars, taken classes, taught classes, passed qualifying, sat through their committee meetings, listened to their peers and PIs rant and rave, and done anything else that happens along the way. Students will often have the scoop on who is a good mentor, a strong scientist, a good teacher, well funded, a prolific publisher, and who prepares students well for after grad school. Also, ask your Director of Graduate Studies (DGS) for frank opinions. That is part of their job. Given your interest, they may advise you on who is capable of fitting your needs.

Kick the tires. After you have thought about your interests, collected insights from others, and scanned the faculty bios, you are down to a shorter list. Now it is time to further evaluate your list to find the handful of faculty that you want to meet. Read the past publications to see if the work excites you. Also note labs that publish often. Publishing in respected journals will give your thesis committee less to argue with and also provide more credentials come job interview time.

New vs. Used. Don’t be afraid to take a gamble with new faculty. You will become their top priority, receive more attention, and experience less competition when selecting experiments - as new labs start small. However, the old dogs have been around a while and have more connections, more experience, often more money, and more ideas floating around the lab.

The Sale. Once you make your short list, you are ready to contact faculty members. Every extra personal effort during this process will only help your situation. I recommend emailing your candidates in order to prepare them for your first meeting, and it would be a good idea to attach a resume. When you meet faculty, ask about potential rotation projects, make sure they will be here at Yale for a while, and meet your potential bench mentor - as they will become your guiding light. Your rotation mentor can make or break a rotation experience. Basically, avoid anyone who treats you like you are taking up their time.

Do not hesitate to ask people for advice. There are a lot of open doors here at Yale. I came here planning to find the cure for cancer and ended up working in an exciting field that I never even knew existed. Keep an open mind, consider your options, trust your instincts, and happy hunting.
The World Game: First Installment

By K. Fakhro

Running up to the World Cup finals (another brilliant curl through 5 defenders and the goalkeeper). Arguably the best goal came from Argentina’s Esteban Cambiasso against Serbia and Montenegro, whose clinical strike was a fitting finale to a 24-pass sequence that had bamboozled the opponent’s defense. In terms of outcome, it is difficult to overlook the disappointment at both Brazil and Argentina being knocked out by the quarter-finals. Moreover, England’s elimination at the hands of Portugal set up the least expected semi-final combination of that bracket (France vs Portugal). And if football can get any more unpredictable, it came in the form of two unlikely teams (Italy and France) making it to the finals despite their struggles in recent tournaments. The final itself was not short of surprises. The traditionally miserly Italian rearguard conceded a soft penalty early in the game. Golden Ball (MVP) winner Zinedine Zidane (Fra) put a clean shot past Gianluigi Buffon, denying the Italian goal keeper the chance to set a new ‘clean sheet’ record, which was a mere 40 minutes away. And the irony continued in the form of Italy’s equalizer - Marco Materazzi heading home an Andrea Pirlo corner. These goals were eclipsed by the literal “clash” of the goal-scorers, when Materazzi’s still obscure sour words prompted Zidane to pull a street-fighter type head-butt, earning himself a much deserved red card during the very last football game of this maestro’s illustrious career. France lost the final and the Italians celebrated by cutting off the ponytail of Mauro Camoranesi on the pitch. Little did the fans know that the Italians would not celebrate for long.

During the course of the tournament, there was talk of an Italian match-fixing scandal. Five top Italian clubs (Juventus, Milan, Fiorentina, Reggina and Lazio) will have points deducted prior to the start of the 06/07 season for apparently fixing matches during the past two seasons. An in-depth investigation exposed Juventus as the chief culprit - a club which saw its entire board of trustees and upper management resign, not to mention a suicide attempt by the general manager and former Italian national team player Gianluca Pessotto. The tribunal also stripped Juventus of the Serie A title for the past two years, and relegated the team to the 2nd division (Serie B) where they face a further 17-point deduction. Last season’s third place finishers, Inter Milan, inherited the titles for the past two seasons.

This decision came as a huge shock to Juventus, of which 10 players played for Italy or France in the World Cup final, not to mention another 5 who donned their national jerseys in earlier rounds. Suffice it to say that these revelations of match-fixing came as a surprise to the entire football community, and left the entire Italian league in disarray. As a result of this fiasco, many top players decided to leave Juventus to join major clubs elsewhere in Europe. Italian captain and Golden Ball runner-up Fabio Cannavaro has found himself alongside Brazilian teammate Emerson in the ranks of Spain’s Real Madrid. Fellow Spaniards

continued on page 8

All photos courtesy of www.foxsoccer.com.
Music for the Soul
Introducing B Readers to New Styles of Music
By B. Haider

Despite the increasingly frenetic pace of life, times for quiet consideration and introspection thankfully and inevitably arrive. Such instances may result from the stress of choosing a lab, difficulty balancing work with life outside of lab, or from the (strangely familiar) anxiety of entering the final years of graduate school. Whatever the circumstances, music that facilitates deliberation is indispensable (for me, at least), and can do wonders for soothing the soul and sorting out cluttered thoughts. Here are two selections of music that I have found myself turning to over the last month when my mind needed to sort itself out:

Ali Farka Touré and Toumani Diabaté: In the Heart of the Moon
Words cannot do this wonderful collaboration justice. The massively influential Malian guitarist Touré, with his distinctive melding of African rhythms and American blues guitar, perfectly anchors Diabaté and his quietly meandering solos on the Kora, a traditional West African stringed instrument. Incredibly, all twelve of the songs on this album were completely improvised and recorded as single takes in a make-shift studio while the musicians journeyed along the banks of the Niger River. Feelings borne of traveling and searching are palpable in the music, with a stand-out moment being “Monsieur Le Maire de Niafunke,” composed by Diabaté and dedicated to Touré to commemorate the anniversary of his election as the mayor of the town of Niafunke.

Shift: Lost in a Moment
Richly layered washes of soft electronic and orchestral sounds, Brazilian samba rhythms, everyday noises of traffic and children playing, along with sonorous vocals in Portuguese, French, and English make this music difficult to classify, but wonderfully easy to listen to. Shift’s debut album fills curious spaces - somewhere between unobtrusive background music and engaging, sweeping personal soundtrack. Rhythm, instrumentation, and lyrics constantly, effortlessly transform and vie for attention; only when you arrive at the last few seconds of the closing track, where the sounds are the very same as those which opened the album, do you realize how skilled and calculated an effort it is to stay so elusive. 

World Game continued from page 7
Barcelona swooped for the defensive pair of Gianluca Zambrotta (Ita) and Lilian Thuram (Fra). The talent was also partitioned locally, as Swedish international Zlatan Ibrahimovich and French midfielder Patrick Viera were both picked up by Inter Milan. Goalkeeper Buffon, Czech midfielder Pavel Nedved, Italian striker Alessandro Del Piero and French forward David Trezeguet are among the top players that decided to remain with a relegated Juventus and weather next season’s mediocre challenges. One should not underestimate the gravity of this situation, in which a team that supplied so much of its nation’s World Cup talent is berated by the media, relegated and stripped of its titles in the aftermath of the country’s winning a World Cup!

AC Milan (my favorite team) were also found guilty but only marginally, and will therefore remain in Serie A with an 8-point penalty and an extra round of European qualification. This decision comes a few weeks after the Italian giants sold the prolific Ukrainian striker Andriy Shevchenko to Premiership big-spenders Chelsea for a rumored $55 million.

Without a doubt, what happened in Italy over the past two months remains one of the greatest emotional periods in international football. One should realize that even during the course of the World Cup, these developments were pointing towards a nasty fate for most of the Italian squad. Pessotto’s suicide attempt prompted a couple of Italian players to leave the World Cup training grounds in Germany to go home and be beside their former teammate, then fly back to serve their international duties. It seems as though the players used the scandal as an incentive to overachieve, and overachieve they did, adding a fourth star to their national jersey as world champions.

Such is the game of football: dynamic, dramatic, and unpredictable. It is my hope that you continue to follow the thrilling events taking place this season, and feel free to drop me a line if you want to chat or learn more about the exciting moments that shape the World Game.
SCIENTISTS WHO COOK

Iranian Chicken and Sea Cucumber Ceviche

BY R. ROSENDANGEN

I spent my boyhood summers doing double duty for my uncle Christian. By day I would help him collect marine specimens for his embryology experiments, in Woods Hole or at his lab in Villefranche Sur Mer on the southeast coast of France. By night I would clean, chop, and marinate the creatures for Christian’s famous lab dinner parties.

In truth, the comb jellies and sea urchins that proved so valuable as models for studying fertilization and early embryogenesis rarely made it to the table. But any clams, mussels, squid or bluefish that got caught along the way featured prominently. Our chief supplier of fish was Sid Tamm, an expert on myosin and cilia, who kept a line in the water on one side of his boat and a jellyfish scooper on the other. I myself never reeled in a fish with Sid, but the ctenophores always seemed to find me.

When the bluefish catch was lean, Christian grilled chicken. I remember most vividly a delicious dish handed down from a friend named Parviz Sabour, then a graduate student in genetics from Iran. A slight but energetic man with a thin goatee and a piercing gaze, Parviz could have been a stand-in for Lenin. He used to perturb the California health authorities by roasting whole goats in Live Oak Park in Berkeley. His recipe we now simply call Iranian chicken:

Puree onions with olive oil, turmeric powder, salt, pepper, and garlic, and marinate the chicken pieces overnight. Grill them, basting continuously, until the chicken is cooked through and each bright yellow piece is flecked with dark caramelized onion.

Guests would drift on the sea breezes into our rented “glass house” overlooking Falmouth’s Woodneck beach, carried by the aromas of sizzling chicken fat, onion and spices. Our large family swelled to accommodate Christian’s scientific family - the great marine and cell biologists who I aspired to be like. The tables on the veranda were weighted down with Iranian chicken and sides of cucumber-yogurt salad spiked with cumin and Persian rice steamed on top and fried crisp on the bottom. I once made the chicken dish for Shabbat dinner at the Dartmouth Hilliel and the Rabbi called it the best “barbecue” he had ever tasted. When I told him it was Iranian, he grinned and declared, “Even better.”

Another classic is chicken with forty cloves of garlic - a Provencal dish that, in its original, mouth-watering version, calls for rabbit. Chicken does quite nicely:

Gently sauté forty cloves (literally) of garlic in olive oil until their flavor has piqued. Remove the cloves from the oil and reserve them. Brown the chicken in the oil, return the garlic with a handful of rosemary sprigs, splash a bit of white wine to deglaze the browned bits from the pan, and cover the whole mess to cook on a low flame or in a low oven until the chicken has braised in its own juices.

Five years ago I revisited Christian’s lab in Villefranche and tasted the cooking of French scientists on their own turf. The dock at La Station Zoologique was transformed into a great barbecue pit. Rotating on spits over open flames were two whole lambs, their cavities stuffed with couscous that cooked in the animals’ juices. Parviz, now in exile in Canada - the clerics who replaced the despised Shah had no use for the nation’s one and only geneticist - would have felt right at home. That night Christian provided the music, while his colleagues did the honors of cooking and carving the meat. What ecstasy, what pure gastronomic joy I felt the moment the succulent lamb and infused grains touched my lips!

Summer after summer of great meals in the company of brilliant scientists fed my passions for both biology and cooking. During my most recent stint as a professional cook I realized that I didn’t know any other cooks who studied biology, but I knew loads of biologists who were avid cooks. I made a choice to become a scientist who loves to cook, knowing I could not be satisfied as a cook who dabbles in science. I have followed in Christian’s foot-steps, occasionally even bringing specimens to the dinner table. Last year, for example, while taking an embryology class at the University of Washington’s Friday Harbor Laboratories, I dissected the longitudinal muscles from three large sea cucumbers, Parastichopus californicus, and made a fine ceviche with lime juice from the cafeteria.

I was reminded of my Parastichopus ceviche, and of Christian’s urchins, by a recent essay by Alexandre Trudeau, whose father, the late Prime Minister of Canada Pierre Trudeau, was a friend of Fidel Castro:

My father once told us how he had expressed to Fidel his desire to do some diving in Cuba. Fidel took him to the most enchanting spot on the island and set him up with equipment and a tank. He stood back as my father geared up and began to dive alone. When my father had reached a depth of around 60 feet, he realized that Fidel was down there with him, that he had descended without a tank and that there he was with a knife in hand prying sea urchins off the ocean floor, grinning. Back on the surface, they feasted on the raw sea urchins, seasoned with lime juice. *

Ms. Trudeau didn’t stop there. “In private,” she declared, “Fidel is not a politician. He is more in the vein of a great adventurer or a great scientific mind.” Castro, of course, is many things to many people: tyrant and savior, oppressor and teacher, relic of a failed ideology, and harbinger of a better future. If we had gotten him to trade his military beret for a chef’s toque, Fidel could have been a welcome addition to our summertime fetes, where we imbied the good company with as much gusto as we devoured the food. #

*The Toronto Star:
http://www.thestar.com/NASApp/cs/ContentServer?page-name=thestar/Layout/Article_TypeId=4&cArticleId=11554 20635589&call_pageid=96822188492&col=968799721 54&fl=TS_Home
Dear B
Got a problem? Got questions? Just ask B. (Advice is for entertainment purposes only, and you have only yourself to blame if you follow any of the stupid suggestions.)

Dear B,
I worked so hard for so long and finally got my first paper published. So....is that it? Is this publication my only reward?
-First Author

Dear First, 
...........yep.

Dear B,
I have a question: Why do they call it a thesis “defense”? It looks pretty easy, so why the emphasis on defending oneself?
-Fearless in Fitkin

Dear Fearless,
Are you kidding?? Did you ever notice the frequent blood drives on campus? Or how about those ambulances that seem so common at the med school? Hello?! Not a coincidence.

A thesis defense will be the fight of your life. I’m talking triage nurses, trauma surgeons, living wills. You need to walk into your defense so completely wired and so utterly terrified that even the slightest motion from a committee member sends you lunging behind the podium. Evasive maneuvers, verbal counter assaults, and Kevlar underwear are pretty much the only things standing between you and an ignominious death. Honestly, your cavalier attitude about getting a PhD is disappointing.

Dear B, 
I’m one of the new students. Any advice for us newbies?
-Excited!

Dear Excited, 
Have you considered med school?

Dear B,
One of my classmates has a better apartment in a nicer neighborhood, and hence she’s able to throw bigger parties than I can.
What can I do to compete?
- Unpopular

Dear Unpopular,
Does your classmate spend so much on rent that she has to serve Milwaukee’s Best at parties? Does she buy it in the can? See what I’m getting at? If you even so much as buy beer in a "bottle*, you win! Maybe in real estate “location, location, location” is everything. But in grad school, it’s “libation, libation, libation.”

Dear B, 
I’m tired of the drudgery of going to lab and planning one experiment after another. What should I do? 
-Dragging my Butt

Dear Dragging, 
I say stop planning. Everyone needs a little spontaneity now and then. Just go to lab and start pouring the nearest reagents together. See what happens. Plate your cells in whatever’s handy - coffee, Mountain Dew, whatever - something’s bound to grow. Take your animals for an unscheduled walk. Write a paper on something you know nothing about and submit it to Nature. Stop using a timer and guestimate. Finally, record your lab results in a stream-of-consciousness podcast instead of a notebook. Nobody likes reading those things anyway.

Dear B, 
My benchmate plays the absolute worst music in the world on our lab CD player. My iPod broke, so I can’t tune him out. What do I do?
-Going Nuts

Dear Going,
Be like my Uncle Lester. Be JUST LIKE him. You see, Uncle Lester just loves to whistle along to music. The thing is, though, he is completely tone deaf. He also has absolutely no sense of timing. Plus he’s a little hard of hearing and therefore tends to whistle so loud you’d think he’s hailing a cab. Aunt Ida doesn’t allow music in their house anymore. 

Tell us about ways graduate students can have fun on the cheap. We’ll feature your story in ‘Lifestyles of the Poor and Academic’.

Happy picking! B

New England’s Bounty

BY R. ROSENGARTEN
I feel the days getting shorter. The temperature at night has been dropping into the mid 40s. By the time this is published, Labor Day will be a memory. Where ever did my summer go? To this Southern boy, the saddest part of living in the northeast is the brevity of the warm months. But I have learned to enjoy the dynamism of the changing seasons. September in New England is a bit too early for the drama of the leaves turning to their autumn palette, but it is just the right time to reap the magnificent bounty of our local farms.

In Connecticut, peaches and pears run from late August through September. Apples and pumpkins begin in September and are abundant until late October. Raspberries also flourish around this time. There are several farms in the area that let you pick your own fruit. The biggest and most commercial is Bishop’s Orchards, just up I-95 in Branford. Bishop’s not only supplies fresh fruit, but fruit in every possible iteration, from pies to preserves. You can also buy other gourmet items, like wine, to round out any meal. Lyman Orchards in Middleton is a big one too, with 28 varieties of apples and 25 kinds of peaches. For a slightly more down-home feel, make the short trip to Cheshire, CT, to Hickory Hill Orchards. They also have baked goods and treats of all shapes and sizes, not to mention hay rides.

If you are willing to go for a scenic drive and seek out fruit further afield, you will find no shortage of smaller farms and down-home fun throughout the state. For a (nearly) complete index of the pick-your-own locations in Connecticut, visit:

http://www.pickyourown.org/CT.htm

Happy picking! B
MAKING MONEY
BY C. MENDENHALL

Being a poor graduate student wasn’t so bad at 26. My friends were largely unemployed or living with their parents, so my lifestyle wasn’t any less glamorous than theirs. We all ate at one-star restaurants and shamelessly took home doggie bags. At 31, however, it’s a little more trying on the ego. My friends invest in independent films for fun, just so he can hang out with the actors. My other friend is taking a year off to study Spanish in Brazil. And the guy who was living with his parents? Now he owns his own house and pulls in a sweet salary as a computer programmer. Meanwhile, I’m still without real estate, a car, children, or even a dog. So this summer I decided that I was going to earn some extra cash.

Attempt #1: Selling CDs. I used to work as a DJ, and got sent a ton of CDs every month from artists trying to make it big. I usually never played them, but it seemed wrong to throw them out. So I gather them into a box and take them to Cutlers, where the sign outside always says, “CASH FOR USED CDs!!!!” The guy at the counter takes one look and says, “No cash, only credit. Cash is gone for the day.” First of all, that made no sense— I saw the person ahead of me in line pay in cash. Second of all, why advertise that you pay cash when you don’t? Realizing that arguing might result in less credit, I put my box on the counter and keep my mouth shut. The guy then looks through the box, taking out only five CDs. He hands the box back to me. “We don’t need those,” he says, openly smirking at my bad taste in music. I guess the problem with selling CDs is that if you don’t want them, probably nobody else does either. I get an eleven dollar credit. I wander around the store aimlessly for twenty minutes and then see the new Ladytron album. It’s $13.76. I leave the store frustrated and nearly three dollars poorer. Summary - Time Spent: 1 hour. Money earned: $2.76. Frustration (on a scale of 1-10): 8.5.

Attempt #2: Selling books. I am a pack rat when it comes to literature. That said, I also don’t have time to reread anything. I load up 3 boxes of non-textbooks and head to the Book Barn in Niantic (look up the details at barnniantic.com). If you are selling more than three boxes, an appointment is required. It’s really a fabulous place, with five barns filled to the brim with used books, cats lounging everywhere and three very overweight goats hal- heartedly fighting with each other. I go with two of my friends and hang out for the entire afternoon. Afterwards we stop down the street at the Lyme Pub for a hotdog and pitcher of beer. Summary - Time spent: 6 hours. Money earned: $50.00. Frustration: 0.

Attempt #3: Pimping my body to Science. I show up at the VA not really sure what I’m in for, though I know there is the potential to earn $450 if I pass the pre-screening tests and am selected for the study. After a full 25 minutes of answering a questionnaire, I’m sent downstairs for an EKG and blood test. The nurse misses my vein while drawing blood and I look like a heroin addict for the next three weeks. After the EKG, I don’t get all of the jelly goo off of my body, and I stick to my clothes for the rest of the day in lab. Two days later I get a message telling me that I have not been selected for the study. I then decide that the moral of this story is to get back to work in lab and stop wasting time trying to get cash on the side. I’ll only be a graduate student for another year or so. Summary - Time spent: 5 hours. Money earned: $0. Frustration: 10. Lesson learned?: Priceless. b

TRAIL MIX
BY E. WURTLMANN

Northwestern Connecticut is rich with good hiking; one example is this day-hike on the Macedonia Ridge Trail. Within Macedonia Brook State Park, follow the blue blazed loop of the Ridge Trail by heading west/northwest from where the trail crosses the main road. The trail immediately switchbacks upward, criss-crossing the brook. As the sounds of the water are left behind, the overlooks into the valley and the rolling hills begin to the east. Reaching the summit of Cobble Mountain provides two rewards: first, a laugh at a superfluous ‘no vehicles’ marker from a nature preserve group, and second, truly expansive views to the west and north of the Catskills and the Taconic range stretching out in the distance. After moving on from that first view, the trail curves along the edge of the ridge, leading you around more of the panorama. The descent off Cobble is a long twisting series of rock faces and ledges that call out for scrabbling. The trail heads upward again, yielding more views, this time of the north end of the valley that the loop encircles. Making that ascent, I came upon three vultures perched on a rock in the trail. Two quickly flapped into the air and began riding the air currents. The third held its place on the rock, and we observed each other for several minutes before it joined the others circling right along side and then beneath my place on a ledge. Back in the lowlands, the trail passes and crosses the brook and a couple of back country roads, then rapidly switchbacks all the way back up the eastside ridge line. After curving through quiet woods for a while, the trail pushes to the top of the ridge, and is paralleled both to the east and the west by other ridges, which were exploding in vibrant spring green on the day I was there. Cruising along the ridge flanked by these other valleys and hills and recognizing points on the ridge-line that began the trail, I was struck by how the shape of the landscape reveals itself here as easily as you can trace your hand along the curve of a rock. As I descended and lost those views, I found a red-spotted newt along the trail, and sat a while to watch it and forestall finishing the lope down the hill back to the starting point. But I should not have worried about ending the hike, because the brook is good for a wade, and a few picnic tables in a grove of trees persuaded me to sit a while.

Directions: 34W to 84W to 7N to 34W then right onto Macedonia Brook Road into Macedonia Brook State Park. The 6.4 mile loop trail takes ~ 3 hours. There is camping in the park, as well as trout fishing in the brook. b
The BUZZ

Monica Vella, MCDB ’04 and postdoc in Internal Medicine, and Peter Angelastro, MCDB, married on May 6th in New Haven.

Best wishes to Kumar Narayanan, INP, who married Asha Bhandary on June 24.

Word has it that Stephane Budel, CMP, married Betty Liu, former postdoc in Neurology, on August 11.

In MB&B news, Chad McCormick married Kelly McGovern.

In more MB&B news, Amanda Solem married Patrick Nyman.

In yet more MB&B news, Nick Last married Julie Pliner.

Congratulations to Sorin Fedele, Genetics, who recently married Antonia Ciricumarescu.

Congratulations to Kristi Newhouse, INP and B staff member, on her engagement to Ben Rudenga

Wedding plans are in the works for Yeqin Ma, MCDB, who recently got engaged to Zhenning Kong, Electrical Engineering.

Keith Gipson, INP ’06, and Angelique Bordey, Associate Professor of Neurosurgery, welcomed Alexie, 6 lbs 15 oz, 20 in., into the world on June 28.

Jeff Knight, Pharmacology ’06 and his wife Becca said hello to new baby Alexandra. Several days later he defended his thesis, and a few days after that they moved to Colorado, whereupon he began his postdoc. And you thought you had a busy week.

The B magazine “Is it Real or Is it Photoshop” Contest

We realize that First Place went to a B staffer, but he really went to town with this contest. We are indebted to Mory’s for sponsoring our prizes. See their ad on page 5.

1st Place
Michael Seringhaus, MB&B
$30 gift certificate to Mory’s

2nd Place
Tim Shutt, postdoc in Pathology
(a photo of his PI, Gerry Shadel)
$20 gift certificate to Mory’s

3rd Place
Jill Rubinstein & Sebastian Szpakowski, CBB
(a photo of them in the lab)
$10 gift certificate to Mory’s

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