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HOT NEIGHBORHOOD The West Side of Southie

Despite the economy, you can't swing a granite countertop in Southie without hitting a new luxury loft development. You've got the Court Square Press, the Macallen (New England's first "green" building), Lofts at 36A, the Allele Boston and 321 West Second. The whole block opposite Mul's Diner is under construction as the 50 West Broadway project takes shape. The Quiet Man pub is closed, and the Franklin Café is open. Which all means it's time to create a contrived shorthand for the 'hood. We vote for "NeSoWeSeaPo": Neighborhood Southwest of the Seaport.

CON ARTIST Clark Rockefeller

Catch him if you can: Last July, Christian Karl Gerhartsreiter, aka Clark Rockefeller, kidnapped his daughter, Reigh, in front of the Four Seasons. While he implied they'd fled on a yacht, the pair were found in Baltimore—where ol' Clark was trying on a new alias, "Chip." Whatever you call him, Crockefeller was a hell of a con man until he blew his own cover. His wife, the ironically named Sandra Boss, was pulling down \$40,000 per week but couldn't afford to sue him for divorce because he controlled all the couple's bank accounts. His sugar momma, rather than his imagined trust fund, probably helped him acquire the 300 one-ounce gold coins that the police discovered when they caught up with him. (Someone may have watched *Pirates of the Caribbean* a few too many times.) While this whole saga is rife with whoppers, our favorite Gerhartsreiter fib

would have to be one he told his wife about a childhood accident that left him mute for almost 10 years. According to Rockesreiter's account, he was cured when he saw a dog and spoke the word "woofness." Germans have such a strange sense of humor.

DJS Toucher & Rich, WBCN

You've got your iPod, your Sirius XM, your iPhone with Pandora and even a few old Warrant CDs kicking around. But Toucher & Rich give you a reason to add terrestrial radio to your audio rotation. Since they moved to mornings last December, Toucher & Rich have been even more cranky than they were before—these are two guys who sound like they hate early wake-ups as much as we do. But that adds to their appeal. They're not zany, they're contemptuous, a mood that fits right in with the morning commute. There are plenty of