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THE COLLEGE VOICE

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 2010

VOLUME XXXV • ISSUE #3

A Mosque near Ground Zero?

Students and faculty gather to discuss the fuss

SHANNON KEATING
CONTRIBUTOR

Clustered into the Alice Johnson room, approximately fifty members of the Connecticut College community discussed the

proposed Islamic cultural center near Ground Zero. Sandwiched amongst their peers, students and staff quietly enjoyed cookies and coffee as a distinguished panel of faculty members assembled before them.

The panel consisted of Professor Eugene Gallagher, Dean of the College Community Armando Bengochea, Dean of Studies Theresa Ammirati, Religious Studies Professor Sufia Uddin and Dr. Nauman Naqvi, Mellon Post-Doctoral fellow of CISLA. It was a product of the Residential Education Fellows program, launched in the fall of 2009, which aims to enhance the connections between faculty and students. The endeavor involves faculty fellows and student leaders, including floor governor

Lisette Roman '12 who inspired this particular educational effort.

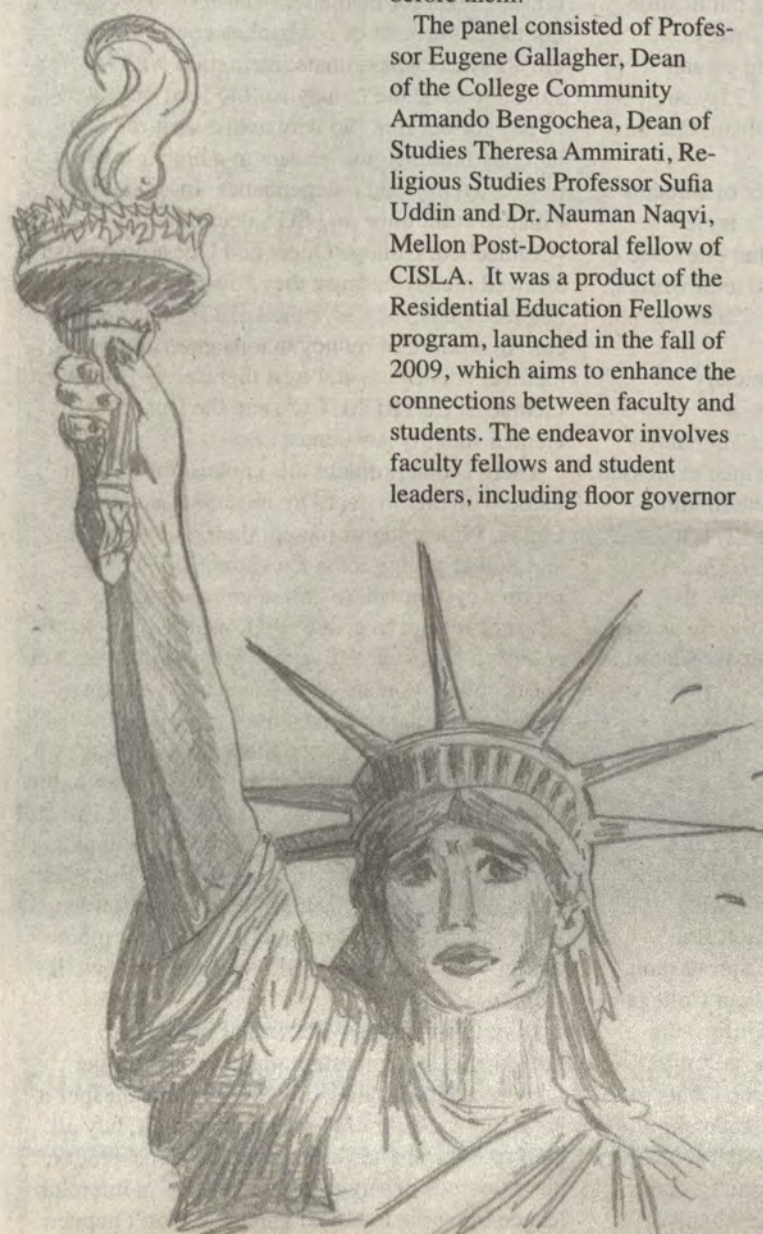
"This summer, in my local newspaper, I read a reader's poll regarding the construction of the community center," said Roman. Disheartened by the responses she saw, she felt the issue would be a hot topic on campus. "The REF program creates opportunities like this one for students and faculty to have meaningful and intelligent discourse outside the classroom," she added.

Dialogue began with Dean Bengochea's take on the controversy surrounding the construction of an Islamic cultural center to be erected blocks away from where the Twin Towers fell. A majority of polled Americans who regard the site as sacred ground are offended. Bengochea quoted televangelist Pat Robertson's sentiment that "Muslim takeover of America is imminent," and proceeded to dissect the connotation of the term "tolerance."

"We tolerate what we dislike," said Bengochea, "and what we wish to regulate." He equated tolerance with a declaration of the non-normative by anti-Islamic bigotry, which has alienated Muslims. They have consequentially become "the new other."

Dean Ammirati discussed what she called "the divide between what we believe we believe and what we actually believe," citing what the Statue of Liberty symbolizes and paralleling it with our current real

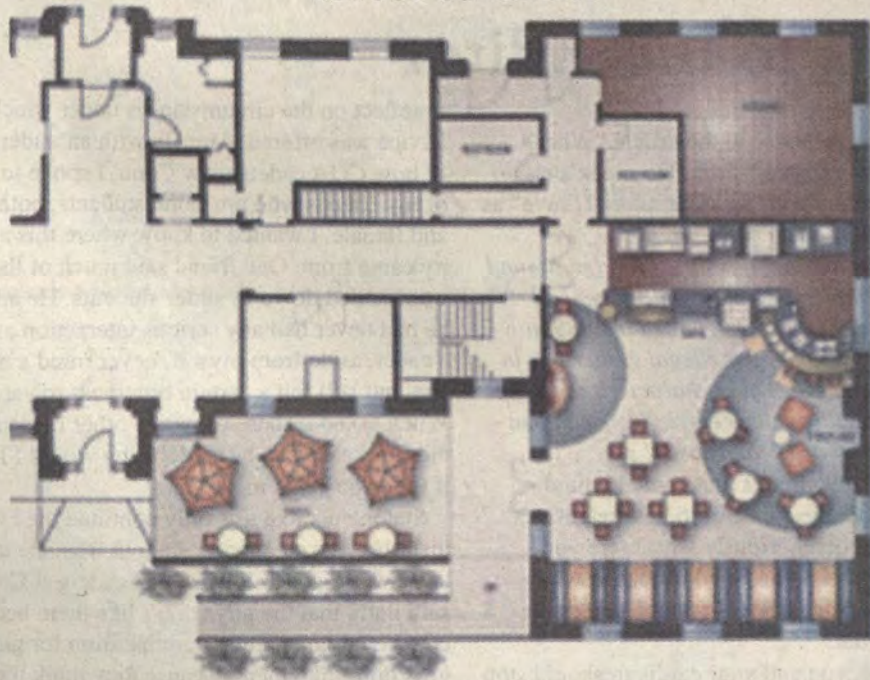
SEE MOSQUE, PAGE 5



ALICIA TOLDI/STAFF

A Brew of One's Own

New Harkness café plans to caffeinate closer to home



The floor plan for what will become the new Harkness Café (photo courtesy of college website)

SARAH KOSOFSKY
STAFF WRITER

For a long time now, the dining area in Harkness House has sat unoccupied and silent, students passing by every day on their way to to classes, meetings and sports practices. Many have wondered why the space has gone unoccupied, and what the college planned to do with the empty, kitchen-equipped room.

This semester, it was announced that in Fall 2011, a new café will be built in the empty space, thanks to a push from the student body and a \$500,000 gift from the parents of a Conn alumna. The café will serve as both a place to buy food and a place for students to gather late at night. In the email President Leo Higdon sent to students, he stated that the café "will be managed by an outside vendor and will offer specialty coffees and other non-alcoholic beverages, light meals and freshly baked goods in a casual, relaxed setting."

The creation of the café in

Harkness began in the Fall of 2007, when Leidy Valencia '09, with the support of Senior Research Analyst John Nugent and the guidance of Dean of the College Armando Bengochea, worked to create a survey that asked the student body what kinds of social spaces they would like to see on campus. According to the survey, the majority of students wanted a "lounge-like atmosphere" located somewhere in South campus.

In 2009, SGA created the Commission for Student Academic and Social Spaces, a committee dedicated specifically to following this project to its completion. Valencia and the committee's co-chair Lindy Nash '11, encouraged other undergrads to get involved, so there would be students still on campus when the café came to be.

Nash, though graduating soon, is excited about the solid plans for the café.

"I definitely think South Campus needs a hang-out spot when

Harris and the other dining halls are closed," she said.

Ulysses Hammond, Vice President for Administration, also played a large role in the project by helping the committee to test the space for sound and architectural capabilities, and aiding in the business proposal process. Outside vendors were encouraged to propose business ideas for the management of the café.

Although Bean & Leaf, a coffee shop in Downtown New London, was an initial possibility, President Higdon and the administration ultimately chose the corporation Sodexo as the most reliable partnership for the project. Sodexo helps manage similar cafés in other institutions. As Vice President Hammond explained, the company will be in charge of managing the café and hiring students. Students will be responsible for the programming of the space.

Hammond says that eventually, once the café has been established for a while, it will

SEE CAFE, PAGE 4

A Camel on the Runway

JERRELL MAYS
STAFF WRITER

Earlier this year, many Conn students received paid internships over the summer.

David Kelley '11 was not one of those students.

"It was a job, not an internship," he remarked. Last summer, Kelley found himself working as a production assistant for the popular reality show Project Runway. How did David obtain this position?

It began with CELS. "I wanted a job, but I kept missing those mandatory workshops," Kelley explained. As any Conn student knows, the CELS workshops tend to sneak up on you, but are utterly necessary hoops that must be jumped through in order to qualify for a paid internship.

During his junior year, Kelley was busy with a variety of projects, and although CELS offers seemingly countless opportunities to make up for missed workshops, procrastination took over until finally...

"I was studying abroad in Scotland when I got an e-mail

informing me that I was kicked out of CELS. Shortly before leaving Scotland, I pretty much got the same e-mail again. So, I was kicked out twice." When he entreated them to let him make up the missed meetings, their response was a curt "No." Clearly, CELS was done with him, but he hadn't lost hope yet.

"[Over the summer] I went to New York and shared an apartment with my friend. No job, no prospects for a job; I got in touch with all three of my entertainment contacts." This list included his aunt, his cousin and a friend.

"My cousin used to work for *Real Housewives of New York*. I gave my resume to him and he said he'd give it out. I had no idea who was going to receive it, but one day while I was in New York I got a call from Josh. He told me that a production assistant job had opened, but that it had quickly been filled. He said he'd keep me informed if it became open again." This was all well and good, but there was one perplexing issue.

SEE ARTS, PAGE 9



KB fights Hamilton for the quaffle in Quidditch while a wizard flies by. See page 3 for more Camelympics pictures.

HADLEY BROOKS/STAFF

Shifting the Judicial System

Alcohol and drug infractions to be separated from Honor Code violations

LILAH RAPTOPOULOS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

A committee of students and deans called the Judicial Task Force has been working since May to redefine our honor code policy. On Thursday, September 30, J-Board Chair Conor Walsh '11 introduced the first of many public conversations on separating illicit drug and alcohol infractions from infractions the College considers violations of the Honor Code.

Currently, illicit drug and alcohol violations are under the jurisdiction of the Judicial Board, and, according to the Student Rights and Responsibilities Handbook, are Honor Code violations. This means that students written up strictly for committing drug or alcohol infractions are sent through the same J-Board process as students charged for violations of academic integrity and civil conduct, violations that include plagiarism, vandalism, discrimination and sexual misconduct.

Last fall, a group of deans and students traveled to Haverford College to meet with its dean of student life, its judicial chair and its honor council to compare procedures. Another group visited Wellesley College in September for a similar meeting, and the Task Force had a conference call with Davidson College last week. "At other colleges, Judicial Boards meet between 20-30 times a year. We see 400 cases a year," Walsh said in his presentation to SGA on Thursday.

"Wellesley did a review 10 years ago, and they're extremely happy," he continued.

"The judicial board we have is an amazing aspect of this

school," said Walsh in a later interview. "Are we really utilizing it in the right way? I don't think we need nine students in a room to figure out many of these sanctions. I think one dean can do the same work we do. With more serious violations, the student opinion really matters. But when it comes to drugs and alcohol, there's not much leeway."

The new Task Force is made up of Walsh, SGA president Nathan Cornell '11, SGA Chair of Residential Education and Living Katherine Nadelberg '11, Dean of Student Life Jocelyn Bridgell, Associate Dean of Student Life and J-Board advisor Sarah Cardwell, Director of Campus Safety Stewart Smith, and Director of Residential Education and Living Amy Gauthier.

Said Randy Lovelace '11, the Winchester/River Ridge senator, "The main problem that we're seeing is that the Honor Code is being undermined on a daily basis. Every time you see someone drinking underage, you are making it less and less strong. When more important issues arise, it's easy to say, I break the Honor Code every Thursday and Saturday night, why not break it now?"

The policy change is still not completely solidified.

Currently, the adjudication process for illicit drug and alcohol infractions runs as follows: a complaint case is filed, often by the Campus Safety officer making the charge. Next, the J-Board chair notifies all students involved, who, if they plead not responsible, are required to submit a written statement to the Chair 24 hours before their hearing, as well as names of any

SEE JBOARD, PAGE 4

EDITORIALS/LETTERS

OCTOBER 4, 2010

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THE COLLEGE VOICE

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Dear Editor,

A good friend of mine recently sent me a link to the article in the College Voice which referred to the incident with a Coast Guard cadet on the night of the Connecticut College rave. As an alum who is no longer on campus I was shocked that members of my college community were involved in such a disturbing confrontation.

I was a diver on the Connecticut College Swimming and Diving team, and got to know many members of the Coast Guard because the Coast Guard pool does not have a separate diving well. Their divers practice at our pool every day for almost four months.

Conn students unfortunately see an extreme subset of the Coast Guard cadets, ones that come over with the stereotype of just wanting to "hook-up" with drunk Conn girls. I have seen them many times, often travelling in numbers or at dances with their hats on the head of their dance partners. Out of the men and women that I practiced with every day, none have ever come onto Conn's campus arbitrarily. The only times they did come over were when they were expressly invited to a room of one of their Conn teammates, or to hang out on the green on a sunny weekend afternoon.

I think it is imperative that Conn students be given the chance to better understand the lives of the Coast Guard cadets, and for them to better understand us. The extreme stereotype that they often see is of a bunch of snotty rich kids who throw vicious taunts and insults at them and undermine the work that they do. A cadet who made a bad decision should not be used as a representation of the entire Coast Guard student body, just as a Conn student who has made a mistake should not be used to represent ours. We should try to work together with both administrations to promote events that facilitate discussions that would allow us to get to know one another better, a forum to interact that is not at a heated hockey match or drunkenly on a sidewalk late on a Saturday evening.

The Coast Guard Academy houses our closest neighbors, and the cadets there present an amazing opportunity to learn from a diverse group of people with many different perspectives. Until we clear the air and actually have a mature dialogue, the tension between the two schools will never dissipate and will most likely lead to even more destructive and dangerous situations.

-Katherine Armao '09

Letter from the Editor

There are clubs on this campus with no more than ten active members. Imagine the Voice with each section as a different publication. Each section editor has an average of 30 students on their contact list, so hypothetically, if news, opinions, arts and sports all had individual SGA funding, they'd all have to find individual printers, print out individual broadsheet pages and figure out individual systems for distributing those publications throughout campus. They'd each need a treasurer, a weekly meeting, and a set of computers, photographers and web editors. If I were to wake up one morning and suggest we put everything in one publication, it would be jarring – understandably, every club leader would have trouble letting go and collaborating. But we know from our 35-year history, and any experience in journalism, that this is the way you run a newspaper.

The other day I counted the number of students in the staff box at right for last week's issue – it took 51 students in total to put together one issue of the Voice. Last year, we had over 130 total writers. We're such an active club partially because we were built with tiers.

Last week, 60 clubs received a monetary allocation from the Student Government Association's Finance Committee. At Thursday's SGA meeting, members of the committee expressed concern about how to keep up with the funding requests. In total, the clubs asked for \$211,302.22. The total amount distributed was \$107,871.38. This club funding process is all-inclusive: the Committee gives money to clubs as diverse as the CC Equestrian Team and the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

Said 2012 Class President D'Larys Rivera, "A lot of clubs overlap. We don't have a lot more money to give out, but many of them can collaborate." They're currently looking to reevaluate the standards for sponsoring and approving clubs.

The question is, how do you draw intelligent boundaries? Should REC have a say in what happens in Forest Justice? Probably not. But should REC, Forest Justice, Oceana, Sprout! and Spokespeople all be under a Connecticut College Environmentalist Association? Ian Phillips, the SGA Chair of Environmental Affairs, recently formed an executive board with the presidents of each club called the Environmental Leadership Committee. Great. Now why not take it a step further, where they give themselves one treasurer, and have that treasurer petition a large chunk of money from Finance for all environmental affairs? It'd give clubs more autonomy.

There's nothing if not too much inertia at Conn College. Someone decided on the term "apathy" one day, and it stuck onto this college, like any good buzzword does. But the word feels soulless. We are not emotionally empty, are we?

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

This letter is in response to the article "What's Everybody Raving About?" from last week's issue. I would like to begin with the definition of "rave" as found on urbandictionary.com:

Rave: n. any gathering of people centered around listening to and dancing to electronic music, as played by a set of live djs. Originated in 1989 in the UK as underground, often illegal gatherings in abandoned warehouses. Often characterized by the positive, psychedelic atmosphere, influenced often (but not always) by drugs and casual sex.

There are only two things that come to mind when I think about the WERA article: pretentious and a little bit snooty. Seriously what were you expecting? A 1950's Sadie Hawkins dance where everyone is knocking back fruit punch and doing the twist-and-shout?

This is college, you and your cardigan should stop judging everyone for cutting loose on the weekends. While I personally am not a fan of the excessive groping and belligerent drunks, I also do not go to a college party expecting everyone to be acting like the Queen is present.

I'd also like to respond to the comments about everyone looking like they were Delorianed back from the 1980's. Raves were popular, when? The 1980's. That's like saying you were annoyed that everyone was dressed in poodle skirts and leather jackets at a sock hop. Although your cardigan probably would have fit in better with that crowd. Also, I'd strongly suggest you watch Dirty Dancing (1987) to get a better idea of what dancing was like. Not that I don't love Kevin Bacon.

On a less sarcastic note, I did enjoy your article. Rave on.

-Kelly Franklin '13

Dear Editor,

After being asked to write a follow up to my comment on last week's article, "Trouble on the Coast," regarding Conn/CGA relations, I was excited to have the chance to inspire more discussion on the issues. I ask that you read this with introspection.

Don't go to Conn. You'll only get in trouble. It's not worth it, and you aren't wanted there anyway. This is essentially what every fourth class (freshman) cadet hears over and over again as the school year gets underway. We heard horror stories from the administration of arrests and drunken fights, and for the most part, we took their advice.

But now that I'm on the outside, I am better able

We have clear passion for our endeavors. Read Nora Swenson's article on the newly initiated French Club and see that the students in these clubs have high aspirations. Perhaps a better term is complacency: uncritically satisfied with our routines, comfortably entrenched in our systems and not bothered to turn them upside down. It's left us with 60 clubs, many of which have no more than 10 impassioned members, many of which overlap.

College club funding offers us the rare occasion to interact with money without putting any of it in our pockets, as we vie for funding strictly to create events for the betterment of our community, not the betterment of our bank accounts. Here we are allowed dispassionate interaction with large sums, because the money isn't to feed our family or pay for our rent. So why not re-shift the focus here, by holding club leaders to a higher level of power, agency and independence. Instead of the Finance committee and SGA deciding that CQ² (Connecticut College Queer and Questioning) isn't allowed money because they "discriminate" against heterosexuals, they give the LGBTQ Partnership a certain amount of money that its executive board members distribute amongst themselves (this would include SPECTRUM, CQ², and the Coalition for Gender Identity Awareness).

There is one problem this creates: the constant battle with the Student Organizations Funding Office. With students paying their club expenses and SOFO paying them back, the College has set up a system where unless you can request an advance receipt to give SOFO, wait two weeks to receive a check, and give it to a vendor that accepts checks at all, you are forced to spend your own money ordering materials, only to be paid in check by SOFO two weeks later. (Last week, I spent \$850 of the little money I made this summer to buy apparel the Voice is selling at Harvest Fest. I'm still waiting for SOFO to pay me back.) It's a liability to hand out 60 credit cards for 60 clubs. But credit cards have been the standard method of transaction since the mid-80's. But let more groups combine and give us the responsibility we deserve - we'll step up.

If you want clubs with similar interests to collaborate, it's important that they streamline their operations. The more you buy, the cheaper it gets. Buy food for club meetings in bulk, buy all club sports team uniforms from the same vendor, buy hundreds of vuvuzelas and create an interclub league initiative to attend games. It won't happen overnight, as growing organizations ultimately means relinquishing control. But imagine every year at funding time, instead of competing against each other, clubs were actually pooling together?

-Lilah Raptopoulos

to reflect on the circumstances under which such advice was offered. Already with an understanding of how CGA cadets view Conn, I spoke to a few of my friends who are Conn students, both male and female. I wanted to know where this animosity came from. One friend said much of the distaste was handed down by older students. He added that he had never had any serious interaction at all with a cadet, aside from myself, never mind a negative one, but still felt a certain bitterness toward them. When asked if there were any other reasons he didn't like cadets, he said, "Why would I like them if they don't like me?"

Statements like this only continue the cycle of distaste. I asked another student why she thought there was a general distrust of cadets at Conn. She said flatly that the guys don't like them because they come over and increase competition for girls, and girls don't like them because they think the cadets only come over looking for girls. She said she herself harbored no resentment toward the Coasties, but that her friends had expressed views to this effect. This seems logical, in a twisted sort of way – but I know that the issues aren't so simple.

When I attended the Academy, Conn was the butt of many lighthearted jokes. Even teachers made them. "You have to take this class and get it out of the way now so you can go take basket-weaving at Conn as a senior." (Basket-weaving was replaced on occasion with Bob Dylan or Art). After wishing that I were, in fact, taking a class as interesting as Bob Dylan instead of the drivel that was Differential Equations, I thought about how deep-seated this conflict had become. Some officers (former cadets) who were our teachers reported the same atmosphere between the two campuses from when they attended the Academy. The fact that fifteen or twenty years before we arrived cadets were voicing the same sentiments about Conn suggests our distrust stems from the distant past.

If you view yourself as a mature, responsible student, you have a duty to, at the very least, respect the other campus. Regardless of why there is this enormous divide between them, I think we owe it to ourselves and future students and cadets to work to foster at least a cheerfully tolerant atmosphere. Obviously it's easier said than done, and will be a long process, but I feel it to be a worthy ideal. Maybe you don't – that's up to you. But ask yourself, why shouldn't there be a positive relationship between Conn and the Coast Guard Academy?

-Name Withheld, CGA

THIS WEEK IN PICTURES



ALIVE! Student Mental Health Fair

CECILIA BROWN/STAFF



EMILY BERNSTEIN/STAFF



HADLEY BROOKS/STAFF

Camelympics Quidditch: Students fulfill their Harry Potter fantasies courtesy of Camelympics.

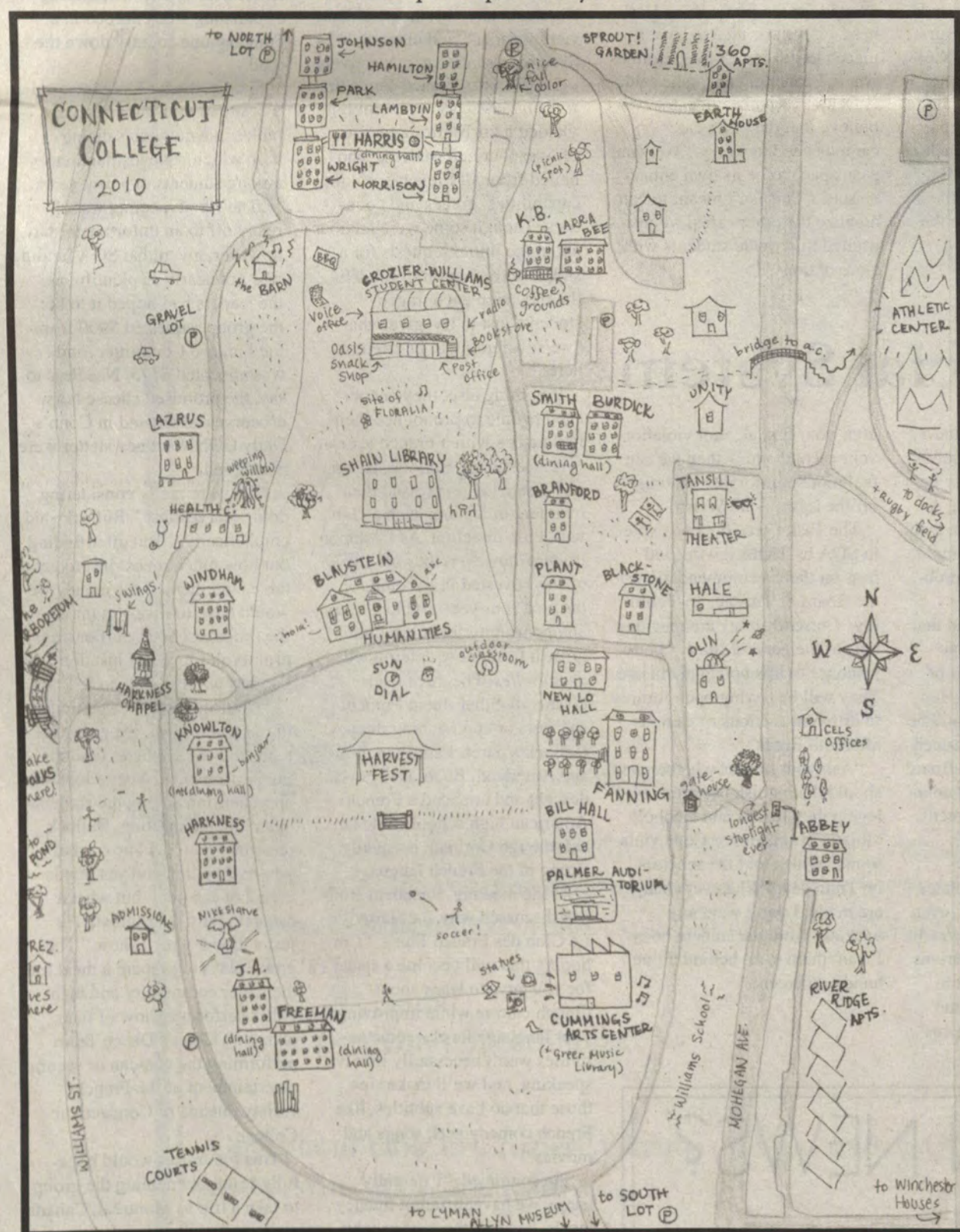


Faculty Art Show: Sculpture professor Greg Bailey's installation is shown here. To see the others, visit Cummings Arts Center.

CECILIA BROWN/STAFF

Parents! Grandparents! Can't find your way around campus?

Use our alternate campus map, courtesy of Alicia Toldi '12



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DAVID SHANFIELD
CONTRIBUTOR

Johnny Borbone arrived at Connecticut College in Fall 2008 intending to major in visual arts while also fulfilling pre-med requirements. He had considered attending both art institutions as well as massive research universities, but decided that a small liberal arts college like Conn was the best place for him "to get med school foundations and the hard core art curriculum."

However, now in his junior year, Borbone is a proudly declared computer science major and a member of the Ammerman Center for Arts and Technology (C@T). This shift of interest occurred the summer before his freshman year, when in a fateful and rebellious act, he refused to enroll in a freshman seminar. Upon arriving at Conn, Borbone was placed in the only seminar that had vacancies: Intro to Robotics.

Having no background in robotics or computer science, Borbone was less than thrilled with his assigned seminar. "I thought, 'this is going to suck, I'm going to hate it,'" he recalled, "but it turned out to be awesome."

As the year went on, Borbone found himself less interested in his biology and chemistry classes and more fascinated by the study of robotics. In fact, he enjoyed the subject so much that rather than pursuing his pre-med requirements, Borbone decided to take on Advanced Robotics the next semester.

Recently, Borbone published his research on flight and wing dynamics in regards to ornithopters. First proposed by Leonardo da Vinci, an ornithopter is a machine that achieves flight by flapping, much like a bird. In the past, ornithopters have been unsuccessful in aviation. Borbone explained the reason for their failure is that their wings only move vertically up and down, while a bird's wings move in "six degrees of freedom." In his research, Borbone simulated flight with an ornithopter he designed that moves its wings in four degrees of freedom.

On Sunday, September 26, Johnny Borbone returned home from an eight day trip to Japan, where he presented his publication to researchers, company representatives and students at the World Automation Congress (WAC). The WAC took place

in Kobe, the sixth largest city in Japan. Borbone was accompanied by Connecticut College professor of computer sciences Gary Parker, as well as Tatsuro Alpert '11.

"Presenting in Japan was absolutely phenomenal," said Borbone. At the WAC, there were conferences on topics from aviation to genetic algorithms to smart homes. While not at the conference, Borbone was able to travel to Tokyo and Kyoto to go sightseeing. His travels were made significantly easier by the fact that Alpert, having grown up in Japan, is completely fluent in Japanese.

Despite his interest and talent in computer sciences, Borbone assures me that he is "not one of those computer geeks who wants to sit on a computer and write code every day." Rather, Borbone wants "to get out and work with people, maybe go into IT." For his internship this summer, Borbone plans on applying to businesses such as Goldman Sachs and Merrill Lynch to work in Information Technology or companies like Google and IBM to work in programming.

Vive le Club des Franco-Fun!

Revival of the former French Club



NORA SWENSON
STAFF WRITER

Parlez-vous français?

If that sentence got lost in translation, don't fret. After a three year absence, Connecticut College finally has revived a club dedicated to helping students experience French culture.

The club is now called Le Club des Franco-Fun, a play on the term "francophone," which signifies its inclusion of all French speakers. It was created by Sybil Bullock '14, Stefany Buchi '14, Norah Hannel '14, the president, vice-president, and class of 2014 SAC representative, respectively.

Le Club des Franco-Fun's first meeting last Tuesday evening, yielded a fairly strong turnout of over fourteen students who hailed from all French-speaking capabilities, grades and countries. Though some were anxious about the initial requests for a simple introduction in French, the freshmen encouraged students just to try, given that "we're all going to be friends here!"

If nothing else, they encouraged people to pronounce their first names with a French accent.

As freshmen, Bullock, Buchi and Hannel all expressed their own fear of leading such a club with little direction. As freshmen leaders, however, they are likely to stay invested in the club for the next four years, which offers an opportunity for substantial growth from these determined *demoiselles*. The three leaders are all either fluent French speakers or approaching fluency. Bullock's parents are French and American, Buchi is of Swiss descent and attended a French-American high school, and Hannel, though German, is equally strong in the French language.

At the meeting, President Bullock discussed why she started Le Club des Franco-Fun's. "I'm hoping this will become a space for you guys to learn about French culture while improving your language level – some activities won't necessarily involve speaking, and we'll make sure those that do have subtitles, like French comedy acts, songs and movies."

She continued, "I'm really happy we have different fluency levels, because those of us who speak more easily will be able to help those who are still learning."

Possible activities Bullock proposed include cooking and enjoying Francophile food like Swiss fondue and French pastries, a professional French chef demonstration and learning and singing French drinking songs. As Bullock commented, "Singing is so much more fun

than those weird ball games with cups... singing gets you so pumped up!"

Bullock also mentioned possibly Skyping with a wine connoisseur to learn the art of drinking wine, as it is very prevalent in France, followed by French folk tale storytelling read by her French *grandmère*, which students could attend in pajamas.

Exposing the group to contemporary music, movies, French slam poetry and French slang lessons is another goal – a considerable help to anyone thinking of pursuing study abroad in a Francophone country down the road.

Finally, the leaders expressed a desire to revive the language tables in Knowlton's dining hall, which have lost familiarity among students in recent years.

Their first meeting was already off to an unfortunate start, however, given that SGA funding was not nearly as plentiful as the leaders had hoped it to be: the group requested \$900 from the Finance Committee, and was allocated \$175. Needless to say, the promised cheese hors d'oeuvres advertised in Conn's Daily CONNtact newsletter were not served.

"We were really considering doing Harvestfest," Bullock said emphatically. "But after finding out how much it cost just to get a table, and then all the money we would have to invest in making the [popular choux puff pastries] profiteroles to sell, I just don't know if we'll be able to."

Therefore, in lieu of participating in Harvestfest, the group intends to hold a cabaret fundraising performance. After a look of apprehension among the students attending the meeting, Bullock reassured them, "I know what you're thinking, and yes that is a kind of cabaret – but what a cabaret really is, originally, is just a dinner with a show." The group plans to prepare a meal for the wider community and then either perform a show of their own with Conn's Dance Team performing the can-can or secure entertainment of the French variety outside of Connecticut College.

This fundraiser would hopefully result in enabling the group to take a trip to Montréal, Canada at the end of the year.

To close the meeting, Bullock expressed her desire to continue to increase the amount of French spoken throughout meetings, insisting that it truly helps to hear the language spoken outside of the classroom, and would ultimately make the French club experience that much more enjoyable.

Harkness Café

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

become a viable enterprise for both the college and the contractor. He is clear, however, that the café was brought about not by the administration, but the students. "I think this is going to be a great venue for students looking to have a relaxed and fun experience," he said, and explained that the café will have an atmosphere much like an urban café, where students can not only plug in their computers and study, but also socialize with friends.

There is concern, however, that the new café will take away some of business from the other three cafés on campus. In particular, Coffee Grounds'

manager Joshua Gottesman '11 and previous manager Ileana Herrera-Vasquez '12 are both concerned about the new café's presence on campus.

Both worry that the corporate-managed café in Harkness will prove to be too competitive to the other cafés on campus. Herrera-Vasquez was surprised that there was such a big push for the café in Harkness, as Coffee Grounds sells much of the same goods. She worries that the new café will "pit different parts of the community against each other," as some students will flock to the new café and others will want to remain loyal to the community run and centered Coffee Grounds.

"It feels like there's a du-

plication of efforts here," said Gottesman. "And this is a very small campus; we have a very small target base. It would be more understandable if this were a university."

Alternately, Marisa Trevino '13, an avid coffee fan and a resident of South Campus, is excited for the new café in Harkness. "It will be nice to have a place closer than Coffee Grounds where I can hang out," she said.

Dean Bengochea doesn't believe that the other cafes on campus need to worry. "We want each space to be its own entity," he said. "This isn't meant to cannibalize the other cafes, we just wanted to provide students with more options."

Shifting the Judicial System

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

witnesses they want to speak on their behalf. At J-Board, the accused are asked to read their statements and respond to questions from Board members and their advisor. This hearing is tape-recorded. The dress code is business-casual.

"I think there's value in students coming to the Board," said Cardwell at Thursday's SGA meeting, "but I think a lot of times there are critical conversations that are absent from the hearing. If drug and alcohol violations are dealt with separately, we could create a space for those conversations to happen."

"It's not easy to go in front of your peers to talk about drugs or alcohol," Walsh said in the interview. "You're really revealing a personal side of your life, and because we're dealing with policy, we're not giving you an

option. We need to determine a sanction. Some of these alcohol and drug cases should really be dealt with an administrator. A student is not likely to go in front of 8 other students, for example, and discuss their drinking problem."

The Task Force suggested that illicit drug and alcohol infractions would be called issues of "college policy" instead of Honor Code violations, and would be handled administratively instead of through the traditional J-Board process. Most likely, it will entail a one-on-one meeting between student and dean.

They also hope to put a framework in place that dictates how violations are handled, even within these meetings, which will maintain a student say in various issues. "If we use our voice to implement some structure and framework – like what happens

after your first alcohol violation, your second, etc. – then we can feel more comfortable handing off the reins," said Walsh.

The Task Force hopes to vote in SGA by Thanksgiving and pass on their recommendations to the Board of Trustees by February. Currently, they are reaching out for the general student body response to this potential change. They will be having open forums in different sections of campus after Fall Break.

"Ask your houses whether we should distinguish between college policy [drugs and alcohol] violations and Honor Code violations," Walsh told the senators on Thursday. "Whatever changes are made, I don't want any backlash from the student body. I want them to be behind it one hundred percent."

INTERESTED IN NEWS?

Email us at
news@thecollegevoice.org

Or stop by our meeting next week:
Monday 10/11, 10 PM, Cro 215

A Mosque Near Ground Zero?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ity. It is the reality of fear, both the "fear of other" and the fear of a world thrown out of whack.

Dr. Naqvi spoke passionately on that same subject. "I am sorry for all of us," he said. Spirits undoubtedly sunk throughout the small conference room as he lamented the worst century in human history, out of which humankind limps into the unknown of this new millennium. Citing numerous natural disasters that have plagued the globe of late, as well as referencing the human tendency to use the planet's resources with careless abandon, he demanded to know why this issue – born out of what he calls "identity politics" – is clamoring for center stage on the social agenda.

Professor Uddin talked about the hurt she'd felt. "It's a painful experience," she said. "I am personally pained." She spoke highly, and at times tearfully, of Park51, informing the audience that it will not be a mosque, but a community center with a gym and a pool, as well as a place for Muslims to pray, and where individuals of all religions can gather.

"Imagine you're born and raised in a culture," said Uddin. "You go to school with the other kids, you go home and you might do a few things differently, but you're still an American. These protests challenge [Muslim] identity."

"I hope you are seeing the passion of the faculty participating," said Professor Gallagher, who further acknowledged that tensions over the construction of the center are testing the strength of our pluralistic society.

The discussion whipped through the political, the personal and even touched upon the philosophical. "If we are indeed hurtling from catastrophe to catastrophe," asked Charles Barstow '12 in reference to one of Dr. Naqvi's more dire revelations: "What compels us not to despair?"

"Nothing compels me," said Naqvi. "I despair all the time."

Professor Fred Paxton, chair of the history department, offered a more positive response, reminding the crowd that before the twentieth century, human rights virtually did not exist at all. Beyond the pity Naqvi expressed, Professor Paxton sees compassion, "old as Buddha." He spoke of American history and the number of times things have looked pretty calamitous. "But in the words of the Grateful Dead," he said, "We will survive."

Students who attended the panel discussion felt enlightened and inspired.

"I really enjoyed being able to listen to educators of different disciplines offer their insight," said Katie Pearson '14.

Sophomore Leah Feutz said, "I try to stay passionate about enacting change when some people seem so resistant. Having discussions like this really help me to stay motivated and informed."

We Are What We Eat

Changes in Dining Services can be costly endeavors

ELLIE BENNER
WEB CONTENT EDITOR

For better or worse, the Dining Services team knows that they will always be on the minds (and stomachs) of the almost two thousand students that eat breakfast, lunch and dinner on campus every day. By senior year, eating in the dining halls begins to get a little tiring. Fortunately, just in time for the 2010-2011 school year, Dining Services changed food providers, giving students some small changes to relish in as they dig into another meal in Harris, Smith, Jane Addams, Freeman, or Knowlton.

The Director of Dining Services, Ingrid Bushwack, said the decision to change food vendors was based on making sure that the school is "getting the most variety/options, good/dependable service [and] the best pricing for the volume that we buy." Many other departments at this school can make substantial changes without any financial consequence but Dining Services is feeding in bulk; this gives every decision a very specific cost.

This monetary concern stands in the way of many suggestions students make on Napkin Notes and pin to the dining walls, which are carefully read and considered by Dining Services. "Sometimes students might see quick changes because the suggestion was a great idea and something that could easily be changed or added," said Bushwack. "Other times, the suggestions are more complex. We have to always weigh the ramifications of making a change and the impact it can have on the department."

Dining Services sent out a survey to the school several weeks ago, asking questions concerning the quality and sustainability of the food served in our dining halls. They are still waiting for the results enthusiastically.

"We receive consistent feedback from a variety of small, vocal groups that may not represent the majority of the students," Bushwack says.

Ryan Callahan '12, a member of the Student Government Association's Dining Services committee, acknowledges the difficult situation that Dining Services is in, as they are motivated by profit.

"We may forget that it's hard to make large quantities of food and keep it warm and of a consistent quality," he said.

Callahan's largest achievement as a member of the committee has been improving the chicken fingers. He advocated for all-white meat chicken breasts and said his key to success was being persistent and bringing up the idea a number of times. His suggestion for Dining Services is to "eliminate dishes that are less popular and to improve middling dishes."

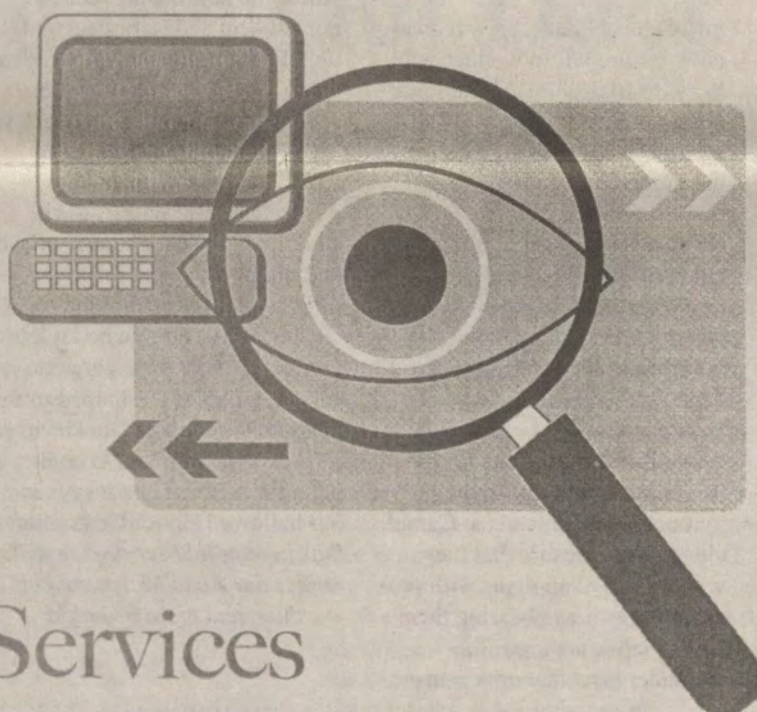
While it would be virtually impossible to satisfy every student's palate, there are some small changes that Dining Services has made to improve the quality of food and the satisfaction students derive from it. Maisie Sargent '11 is lactose intolerant, making her limited dining experience more difficult than most. She noticed that the wraps this year are now lactose free, when there were previously only two bread options for those who can't eat dairy.

Peter Collins '11 would like to see pesto in the sandwich bar every day, instead of just once or twice a week. Jennifer Saner '13 wants to bring burrito night back, and Kate Weymouth '11 misses the honey mustard salad dressing. Brian Dell'Erario '12 notes that "you still have to be creative sometimes and bring out your inner chef."

While these changes are small, they might make a world of difference to someone who knows that their voice was heard by Dining Services and their suggestion was incorporated into the dining halls. As our school emphasizes the importance of student involvement and participation, this notion should also be extended to the quality and quantity of food we eat on campus every day.

Information Services News and Events

Do you know
how to stay
secure on the
web?



Information Services
can help you!



October is National Cybersecurity Awareness Month. We all have a shared responsibility to do our part to protect our computers, devices, and networks. This month, Information Services is working to raise awareness of online safety issues on campus.

Stop by Shain Library on Wednesdays in October [details about when Newell will be there?] to learn more about cybersecurity. Or visit Moodle (<http://moodle.conncoll.edu>) to take a short quiz and enter a drawing for prizes – including

- flash drives
- iTunes gift cards
- a \$100 Best Buy gift certificate.

Or visit our table in Crozier-Williams on Wednesday, October 27th, to play a game, win candy, and learn more!

More information is available on Connecticut College's Facebook page, or at <http://cybersecurity.conncoll.edu/>.



CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

I Am Not an Ash-Hole

Lack of ashtrays and butt cans force smokers to litter

MIGUEL SALCEDO / CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHER



EMILY BERNSTEIN
CONTRIBUTOR

It's not a good time to be a smoker. We've been pushed to the outskirts of society, outdoors, twenty feet from dorms, huddling in the rain under awnings and leafy trees. We endure the pitying glances of passing peers in windbreakers, the occasional scrunched nose glare, usually administered by the same people who, under the influence of cheap, light beer, will attempt to bum half your pack on Thursday night.

But we are not bad people. All we want is to enjoy a pre-class cigarette, a post-class cigarette, a mid-paper cigarette or a coffee-and-cigarette in peace. Like high school outcasts forbidden to sit with the cool kids at lunch, we've come to terms with our exile.

What I have not come to terms with, after four short weeks at Connecticut College, is the disgusting lack of ashtrays on campus. I've watched in dismay as butts accumulated, first merely sprinkled among the wood chips outside my dorm and now beginning to form a thick carpet.

One day sitting on a bench, my fellow smokers and I commiserated: We felt like animals, wallowing in our own filth. Why were we being forced to litter our country club-esque surroundings with the leftovers of our bad habits? I poured out the dregs of my coffee and wedged the paper cup

between bench slats. Voilà! An ashtray! Perhaps it was unsophisticated, but it was a small step toward civilization.

But our feeble attempt at campus beautification soon devolved into a wilted mess overflowing with engorged, rain-soaked cigarettes. We were relieved when a

I've watched in dismay as butts accumulated, first merely sprinkled among the wood chips outside my dorm and now beginning to form a thick carpet.

gusty storm finally blew it away. Now we are left to wonder why. Why do Blaustein and the library possess the only ashtrays I've seen? Is it because they house the French department, a country that is hard to see from space because it is obscured by a thick cloud of cigarette smoke? Why am I charged nearly ten dollars to buy cigarettes on campus? Surely the extra dollars being squeezed from my desperately depleted bank account can be put towards a handful of flowerpots for me to ash in. Perhaps I should get in touch with someone at Camel cigarettes? I'm sure that they would gladly supply us with promotional ashtrays bearing their (or perhaps *our*) logo.

I understand that on a cam-

pus of athletes and other lung-conscious types, I'm a minority. But just as my peers are provided with ample trashcans to throw away their Gatorade bottles, I hope one day to be provided with enough ashtrays to do my part in keeping my campus tidy. Until new legislation pushes us out of society completely, forcing us to travel to Canada to smoke, we must find a way to coexist, smokers and non-smokers.

It shouldn't be hard to find common ground — we all eat the same dining hall "food," breathe the same air (albeit some prefer to breathe it through a tube of burning tobacco) and inhabit the same bubble of greenery and fun, where the honor code tells us not to cheat and to respect and uphold the principals of our *alma mater*. Perhaps this mutual respect for our campus can draw us together in the fight for ashtrays.

So take pride in your campus foliage, becoming slowly smothered beneath a layer of ash and filters. Or picture a sweet little bunny rabbit choking on a cigarette butt. Or maybe look to your peers, haloed in cigarette smoke, guilty and ashamed of the mess they've made. Do whatever it takes to inspire you to complain for ashtrays. As it says in our hallowed Honor Code: *And thus in manifold service we will render our Alma Mater greater, worthier, and more beautiful.*

Don't Do That!

Kiefer Roberts' open letters to the campus community

KIEFER ROBERTS
CONTRIBUTOR

Dear Inconsiderate Groups of Individuals in Harris,

Guess what's not a fantastic idea: standing in the middle of our largest and busiest dining hall discussing the events of your day or plans for later this evening!

Aren't you hungry? Isn't that why you've come here? Aren't the intoxicating aromas of Taco Tuesday the Sirens to your Odysseus?

Either way, the best way to get nutrients into your egress-blocking body is not through your decision to apathetically stand in my (and others') way, barely moving as I dish out one after another unnecessary and completely fake utterances of the phrase, "Excuse me."

In truth, you're the one blocking the way to all that the salad bar has to offer, which is so rude. I don't come to your room on Friday and Sunday mornings and block your arm from desperately reaching for your Brita pitcher, so why in God's name have you decided to choose the drink line to discuss your shameless adventures when all

I need is a cup of Gatorade and some ginger ale to soothe my hunger headache that began *well* before I walked into Harris?

Please realize that anywhere from 6 to 7 PM, Harris should be a buzzing madhouse, with everyone aggressively throwing their IDs on tables or coveted booths and then rushing off to Barefoot Contessa the holy hell out of the non-hot line ingredients.

Why in God's name have you chosen the drink line to discuss your shameless adventures?

Harris is not your arena to languidly stand in line deciding whether or not your bagel sandwich really needs those bean sprouts. Also, walking around Harris in a *Sex and the City*-esque line with a group of friends is completely fine, even somewhat reminiscent of high school, when entering a place with a group indicated how socially well-adjusted you were in the wake of that awkward phase called middle school.

But it's neither fine nor cute when you expect others to step

aside as you can-can all the way to your damn table.

So don't be surprised when other people (because, you know, there are other people in Harris) bulldoze right through your red-rover chain of friends because they're blinded by the need to reach the new batch of french fries coming out of the deep fryer.

Fried food does crazy things to people, especially at Harris, so consider yourself lucky to only get a shoulder bump or be pushed aside.

This is just some advice from someone who has been here for three years already, and of course has been (rarely, though) guilty of the same morally reprehensible behavior.

After all, Harris is a place of engagement and community — it's a dining hall for goodness sake! But the main and most important part of that is the dining aspect, so move your ass out of the way when someone wants frozen yogurt. Talk about what he/she/they texted you last night at your own table—not in my way and not on my time.

Best,
Kiefer

Are We as Involved as We Think We Are?

AMELIA SMITH
CONTRIBUTOR

"Most of all, I love that Connecticut College students want to get involved with everything that is offered to them."

Sometimes I wonder if this statement, the last line of my "Why Conn Coll?" essay, is what really got me in here. The admissions office seems to pride itself so much on students' involvement, especially in international affairs. As the website proclaims, "Going to Connecticut College means going global."

I loved the idea of SATA, CISLA and multiple other internationally minded opportunities I read about. All year, new e-mails and letters poured in about the huge percentage of students that studied abroad, joined centers or created their own "global" majors. Honestly, most of the time when family and friends asked me why I wanted to come to Conn, I would cite one or more of these programs.

Needless to say, I arrived with high hopes of stepping into a world where everyone I knew would read the

New York Times and donate all their spare change to causes halfway across the globe. Imagine my surprise when, three days after stepping foot on campus, I walked up the front steps to Cro and found myself staring at a table with a sign that read "2,000 people already died. 20,000 more partially or completely displaced. PAKISTANIS NEED OUR HELP." The table was completely deserted.

The Connecticut College Students for Pakistan movement is the brainchild of Conn alumnus Nayan Bokherel (class of 2010), an international student from Nepal. Over the summer, he recruited two other Conn students, Munib Khan '13 and Ali Agha '12, to sell t-shirts and solicit donations.

The Pakistan aid movement is not affiliated with any on-campus clubs and is not registered or recognized as an official college organization. However, the "club" has verbal approval from both SGA and SAC. Khan says, "I don't see the point of taking the initiative for such a limited effort."

"We only have 100 shirts left," he points out. "If we talked to them now they would be gone in a day. Why bother?"

Currently, Khan and Agha estimate that they spend about six to seven hours every week manning the table. They have recruited around fifteen other friends as well, who cover whatever shifts they can. They guess that they can raise around \$2,000 by the end of Harvestfest.

In the grand scheme of things, though, is this really enough? Does \$2,000 and a few hundred shirts really give us the right to claim that we are "globally minded"? When I first started doing research on the effort, not one of the students I spoke with was aware that anyone at Conn was involved in aiding Pakistan.

Where were my *New York Times*-obsessed classmates that only a few weeks ago I was dying to meet? Where was Conn hiding all of the selfless international volunteers who couldn't wait to graduate and join the Peace Corps? Where were all of these "globally minded" students?

This sentiment was only intensified when I began to hear about the lack of participation in a campus-wide "Hope for Haiti" effort last spring. A comment on a similarly themed April 2010 article in the *College Voice* blamed "disorganization, confusion about the charity, bad communication," and implored the administration to "let the students plan events next time."

Yet here we are with a disaster, as Khan describes it, "the size of Hurricane Katrina and the 2005 Pakistan earthquake combined," and barely fifteen students are taking action to help the twenty million displaced Pakistanis.

Sure, this apathy could be blamed on poor publicity. In fact, as Peter Herron '14 points out, "the entire situation in Pakistan right now has been grossly ignored by most media sources." If we're so globally minded, then shouldn't we be — forgive the narcissism — different than "most people"?

Who should be taking initiative for this, then? Should it be the administration, the ones who advertise our "global mindset"

to anyone who will listen?

Should it be those students who chose to publicly whine about how the administration didn't do

a good enough job with the last school-wide effort? Or should it be pre-existing human rights groups on campus, who apparently have the most passion about issues like these?

Just last week, a proposal to fiscally connect all of the environmental organizations on campus was passed by SGA. This will, in effect, make it much easier for the groups to come together and run multi-faceted events that would unite the green movement rather than divide it into too many specialized segments. Why couldn't all of the human rights organizations on campus form something similar to this?

Human Rights Now and COAST (Coalition Against Slavery and Human Trafficking) stand among others as some of the campus's many human rights organizations. Their commitment to education and awareness on campus leaves little to be desired. Yet there is not one humanitarian aid group to be found, letting huge crises like these simply slip through the cracks.

I am not going to claim to know everything about the inner workings of this school yet. I do love it here, and every day I look around me and see amazing things happening. The massive efforts by the OVCS program and the resulting influx of volunteers still impress me, and prove that we can still comprehend a world outside of Harris. However, for some reason, we are still a few steps behind in the global humanitarian sphere.

True, I'm only a freshman. So, as many people are probably thinking: what do I know? Really, I've just finished unpacking. Still, I've lived in a bubble before, and I'm not ready to walk into another one. I only hope that by the time I roll up my last suitcase and hide it away under my bed, Conn can prove itself to be just as aware and involved as we claim to be, if not more.

Let's start by heading over to Cro and buying one of those t-shirts.

There is not one humanitarian aid group to be found, letting huge crises slip through the cracks.

Embracing Doubt in the Ground Zero Debate

JAZMIN ACUNA
STAFF WRITER

Our college touts its “Commitment to Diversity” in large font on a colorful corner of the homepage of our website. Tangible proof of this commitment can be found anywhere: the presence of students with an international background to the myriad academic and social initiatives that endorse integration. And yet while we celebrate “difference” through cultural shows or heritage months, we tend to leave out a fundamental discussion on how diversity is not just about joyous exoticism.

The seemingly benign, Kum-baya-style pluralism that the College advertises is not the whole picture. Last Tuesday’s panel discussion on the debate surrounding the building of a “mosque” at Ground Zero touched on the often-unresolved issues that lurk under shallow representations of diversity.

While in essence the panel discussion was a reassuring hour-long talk, it was also a sobering event. It was comforting in the way that panelists and audience members talked a lot of “sense.” Professor Sufia Uddin of the Religious Studies Department made it clear that the mosque at Ground Zero will not be a “mosque at Ground Zero.” In actuality, it would be built two blocks away from the site where the World Trade Center used to stand. It is also meant to be a multi-faith community center that will have a gym and a pool for the recreation of the members.

Clearly, as Dean of the College

Armando Bengochea said, the real cause behind the anti-mosque protests stems from outright American-style bigotry. Be it against Muslims, Latinos, communists, Native Americans or fries that are openly French, this kind of prejudice has become as traditional a feature of American society as McDonald’s.

The lesson: even the country that most actively pursues the spread of liberal tolerance around the world – the most tangible effort being felt right at this moment in the geography of Iraq – cannot put this principle into practice. Tolerance has its own restrictions and reservations, and they fit according to what is convenient for those running the country. The limits are handed to people in the form of pathological depictions of the current enemy on television. Or, as Mellon Postdoctoral Fellow Syed Nauman Naqvi pointed out, in outlandish theories that forecast how the end of the world will come as soon as Obama raises taxes on the rich.

“The U.S.,” says Dinesh D’Souza in an article for *Forbes* magazine, “is being ruled according to the dreams of a Luo tribesman of the 1950s.”

This type of language reveals disconcerting truths – the truth that you can be part of a so-called educated elite and still be dangerously ignorant. Or that you do not need to be coherent at all when you have economic power to back up any of your delusional assertions.

But the most unsettling part of the debate for me related to the makeup of people in the discussion room. Surely, it was

consoling to be surrounded by like-minded individuals, but it was equally upsetting to become aware that the debate was limited to a room full of nodding heads in sound agreement. There were neither radical Tea Partiers nor Islamophobes in that room. This realization brought up a closer and more poignant truth: we are only a few.

The few of us at that panel discussion are a product of a

Being doubtful, skeptical, and curious is what sets the ground for mutual understanding and responsibility.

liberal arts education that does everything to shake up any signs of absolute certainty in us, thus knocking out any possibilities of blind fanaticism.

Upholding doubt rather than hanging on to unfounded convictions makes respectful coexistence possible. To be doubtful is to be humble and open to the possibility that the real enemy might well be within you rather than outside of you.

It’s a quality that lowers one’s defenses and makes way for bridges of constructive dialogue.

But we are members of a tiny group at the tip of the social pyramid that can afford a \$54,000 a year education.

The ones who took to the streets to protest the Ground Zero building do not represent the majority of Americans, but they are the radical and visible elements of a type of social mindset that

has bled into the mainstream.

It is the mindset that keeps people racing against one another in fierce competition to achieve an unsustainable lifestyle fueled on carbon. It is the mindset that leads people to glorify individual advancement even if it comes at the cost of collective decay.

They point to the illusion that we live in a meritocratic America to justify their negligent carelessness. Their narrow judgments reflect their vision of reality, which only extends as far as the length of their noses allow.

The streets are packed with people who are being bombarded with myths that are covered under the façade of factuality. Democracy is so generous that it even allows them to vote. And politicians know that. They press the fear button, and voilà! A mass of conscience-stripped individuals will adhere to strategically exclusionary political agendas without a speck of remorse or doubt.

“Is there anything that we can hold onto amidst so much despair?” asked a member of the audience.

Oh, great. Here comes the cheesiness, I thought, expecting the typical you-are-the-bearers-of-change type of answer. But the reflection that came from Naqvi struck a chord in the room.

“There are definitely all the reasons to believe that there is nothing to be hopeful about.” I felt an invigorating rush of fresh blood with this observation.

Finally, somebody that finds hope and happiness to be largely overrated and unnatural when literally all the arrows point in the opposite direction – the house of

doom. Our generation must be told a different story this time, and we might see some awakening.

We ought to be told that we suck big time.

We need to hear that as things are. We are actually a lost generation of Blackberry-driven, pathologically self-centered individuals with an acute deficit of empathy.

We ought to be confronted with the fact that the community service we do every week is at best only contributing to our CVs and our self-esteem. We must be told that we are going to be no different from our monkey-ancestors – my apologies to the monkeys – and that we will be the shame of the century that our grandchildren will look down upon.

It takes courage to sit down and look at despair in the face, but it is what we need. A large dose of its unpleasant company might just be our last source for change. We need to feel unsettled.

There has got to be something wrong with you if you do not feel like your head is about to explode when the rhetoric of hate becomes acceptable, even normal. But it is easy to tune out and lose sight of the ugliness of the “real” world in a place like Conn, where pretty much everybody is on the same ideological boat.

“It hurts,” was Sufia Uddin’s last comment, and I wholeheartedly agree.

To be cast as different in this country is still a source of indelible harm, and it is a fact that has to be put on the table for frank discussion.

Let despair take over.

In Through the Out Door

A look at President Higdon’s goals and objectives for the academic year

JULIA CRISTOFANO
STAFF WRITER

On September 9, President Leo Higdon sent a message to Conn students that outlined the college’s goals and objectives for the 2010 – 2011 academic year. He wants the college to remain “one of the pre-eminent private liberal arts colleges in the country.”

In the introductory paragraph of this three page game plan, the document covers its tracks by stating, “There are a number of other important ongoing goals and initiatives not on this list.”

The paper is divided into six main sections, some of which are more vague than others, which include topics like “Educational Programs,” “Diversity in People” and “Environmental Stewardship.” From the headings alone, one can gather that the document is not the most riveting work, but I’ve condensed it into some key points.

The first few goals listed are on educational programs and continuing their “refinement and implementation” on campus.

One proposal is to develop a pilot program such as a “sophomore experience” that would be akin to the Freshman Year Seminar (FYS). This may seem like a good idea in theory, but I don’t think it would be very successful in its execution.

The reason the FYS program works is because freshmen are being thrown into a new environment. Their seminar ensures them at least one class that may be more relaxed and discussion-based than others, so first-year students can get to know their classmates. By sophomore year, most students have already established a group of friends. They don’t need the kind of social support that freshmen seminars provide. In addition, these classes are a way for freshmen to dabble in different fields, as the majority of them are generally undecided about their major.

By the beginning of sophomore year, and certainly by the end, students have usually found the area they want to focus on.

This makes the implementation of a “sophomore experience” program difficult; students will either want to pursue their major or continue to fulfill general education requirements, and unless the “sophomore experience” will differ drastically from the FYS, some of these courses won’t even fulfill a requirement. Needless to say, this would not work as a required course for sophomore and I have significant doubts as to how successful this program would be.

On a more positive note, the college seems already to be meeting its goals of educating students about alcohol and general wellness. Organizations like CC Peeps, a group of students who educate their peers on a various wellness related issues, and 1 in 4, an organization that educates men on sexual assault prevention, are visibly active on campus, even so early in the school year.

The mandatory Camel 101 alcohol talk for freshmen had the potential to be yet another lecture that encouraged us to abstain from drinking (or we will surely die), but it turned out to be a rather entertaining event. Instead of staring at a PowerPoint presentation full of statistics about student drinking, each student was given a bottle of water and a Solo cup and was asked to measure out the amount of liquid they thought was equal to one shot. Many people severely miscalculated, some pouring almost three times the amount of an actual shot. This was quite an effective eye opener.

Director of Student Wellness and Alcohol/Drug Education CC Curtiss made trips to individual houses to talk about knowing your limits. She passed out blood alcohol content cards based on gender and weight to make people more aware of how to drink safely. This friendlier approach to alcohol education makes students more receptive to listening and learning, which will hopefully bring down alcohol-related incidents on campus.

The paper also gives substantial attention to diversity on

campus, which is an important issue to discuss, as the majority of our students are white and affluent (with about 60% of students paying full tuition). The college is making an effort to increase diversity in the entire population including students, faculty and staff. Currently, on the college’s homepage, a prominent link suggests our “commitment to diversity and equity” including race, ethnicity,

The one example of a campus project Higdon cites is the renovation of the Crozier-Williams entryway. Don’t even get me started.

class, gender, sexual orientation and religion. Efforts towards this goal were also prominent during freshman orientation, which featured discussions about race and educating people about sexual orientation and LGBTQ events and groups on campus.

Up until this point the goals and objectives are mostly on-par. However, when we encounter the “Environmental Stewardship” section, things begin to

unravel. Apparently, the first step to becoming a “greener” campus is the “advance conservation and efficiency through various campus projects and renovations,” which is incredibly vague. The one example of a campus project that Higdon cites is the renovation of the Crozier-Williams entryway.

Don’t even get me started. If there is any entryway on campus that is more dysfunctional than the one at Cro, please tell me.

The outer set of doors is both an exit and entrance, but with the exception of the door on the right, the entire inner set of doors is exit only. So now you’ve found yourself into this little glass cage where you can see the golden light of Oasis and the post office but you have a one-inch plate of glass preventing you from getting there. Fighting off claustrophobia, the only way to actually get inside Cro is to navigate through a flood of people exiting the building and go through the two “entrance” doors on the far right side.

This is apparently some genius way of reducing the heating and cooling cost of Cro. But if that’s the case, then why are the doors always propped open? If this is the college’s idea of environmen-

tal stewardship, we’re not off to a good start.

There is always controversy surrounding different renovations on campus and how that money could be better spent. Personally, I would love common room furniture that doesn’t feel like it’s made out of leftover shower curtain material from a hospital, but you can’t always get what you want.

The college also plans to use some of this money to build up its reputation through “media placement,” which would hopefully help to lower the number of times you have to explain, “No, I don’t go to UConn.”

The year’s goals and objectives were rather unremarkable and straightforward. Even after reading them several times I still could not remember anything that was proposed except for my outrage at the reference to the Cro doors. They were unspecific and lacked any unique and creative solutions to making enhancements in the college’s programs and improving the public’s perception of Conn. We are one of the most prestigious liberal arts colleges in the country; I am disappointed we could not come up with anything better.



Seeing double: the remodeled entryway in the College Center at Crozier-Williams.

DUNCAN SPAULDING / PHOTO EDITOR

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

Fall Weekend

OCTOBER 15, 16, 17

2010

CELEBRATE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE TODAY

HIGHLIGHTS

"Beyond Borders:

Claiming our Place as Global Citizens"

Ned Colt '79, international correspondent with NBC News from 1997 to 2009.

Saturday, 3 p.m., Cummings Arts Center

Harvestfest, soccer games and a picnic on the Green

Saturday starting at 11 a.m.

Alumni Filmmakers

"The Rescuers": Discussion, Saturday at 2 p.m. in Olin; see schedule for screening times (Michael King '75)

"The Prep School Negro": Screening and talk, 2-4 p.m. Friday in Cummings (André Robert Lee '94)

State of the College with President Higdon

Saturday, 1:15 p.m., Cummings Arts Center

Ice Cream Social in honor of the Class of 2014

Saturday, 3:30 p.m., Tempel Outdoor Classroom

Tackling the Transition from Backpack to Briefcase

Alumni share tips on finding a job you'll love

Saturday, 4:15 p.m., Blaustein 210

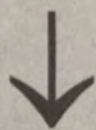
All-Group A Cappella Concert

Saturday, 8 p.m., Harkness Chapel

Visit <http://fallweekend.conncoll.edu> for a full schedule.

On- and Off-Campus Recommendations from your Friendly Neighborhood Voice :

Conn's men's water polo team takes on MIT on Friday at 8 PM. Cross Route 32 and head to Lott Natatorium at the athletic center to show them some love.



Find out what the faculty are working on: Saturday at 10 AM, report to the 1962 room in Cro for "Face Time with Faculty." You know that anthropology professor that your kid keeps telling you looks like Indiana Jones? Here's your opportunity to ask him about the 14 months he spent living in southern Sudan with the Atuat hunter-gatherers.

Listen to philosophy professor Andrew Pessin discuss "Philosophy for All and All for Philosophy" on Saturday afternoon from 4:15 to 5 PM in Ernst Common Room on the ground floor of Blaustein. He'll be drawing from (and signing) his two most recent books, *The 60-Second Philosopher* and *The God Question: What famous thinkers from Plato to Dawkins have said about the divine*. Ask him about being a regular "genius" on David Letterman - he got the gig after joining Mensa to try and meet girls. His faculty quote: "What if the Hokey Pokey IS what it's all about?"

Meet at *Synergy*, the big, blue, swooshy sculpture in front of Olin Science Center at 2 PM on Sunday for a tour of the Arboretum Native Plant Collection. The Arbo contains *acres* more than what



will give a 5 PM gallery talk on the Faculty Art Show on view in Cummings Art Center. See a photo of his installation on page 3.

meets the eye. 750, to be exact.

After Professor Pessin's talk, professor of art and resident dreamboat Greg Bailey

If you're itching to get *off* campus, take a drive to Ocean Beach or Harkness State Park in Waterford, home to a beautiful beach along the Long Island Sound. While you're there, check out Mary Harkness' summer home, Eolia Mansion. She was an important donor to the College -- two campus buildings bear her name. The *New York Times* once called her "genial and delightful," but we know her primarily for the legend that she banned varsity sports that weren't allowed to be played by women - hence, we're the only NESCAC without a football team.



In the market for media? Check out The Telegraph, the new record store on Golden Street in downtown New London, or the Niantic Book Barn at 41 West Main Street in Niantic. You'll find six buildings filled from floor to ceiling with used books. And cats.

ARTS

OCTOBER 4, 2010

Editors: Racine Oxtoby & Matthew Gentile

arts@thecollegevoice.org

A Larger Town Than Usual

A first look at the upcoming production of *Our Town*

BAILEY BENNETT
CONTRIBUTOR

In the old DNA EpiCenter across the street from campus, rehearsals are well underway for this year's first mainstage production: Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*.

The nineteen-person cast, an unusually large number of actors for a play at Conn, rehearses weeknights and Sundays in just one room of the building, marking out their minimalist set with tape on the carpeted floor. The classic play will be performed this fall in the Tansill Theater on campus from October 21 to 24.

After an exciting and intense audition process earlier this month, the final cast was decided. The cast is both talented and diverse, spanning all grades and experience levels.

Julian Gordon '14 is one of the few freshmen to be a part of the production, having received one of the play's main roles in his first show at Conn. Said Gordon, "When the cast list went up I was actually ecstatic. Getting 'George' felt so good and it also made me thankful that I graduated from a high school with such a great theater program."

Older cast members, like Talia Curtin '13, are just as excited about *Our Town*, saying, "I love theater and am a theater major, so I definitely wanted to continue participating in shows at Conn. *Our Town* is a great play, and is the kind of show that can really hit home with a college com-



Hailey Fyfe '13 rehearses with Julian Gordon '14 (with Alex Marz '13 in the background). **CECELIA BROWN/STAFF**

munity."

Director Leah Lowe chose this show for the campus community this year, explaining, "I've loved this play since I first encountered it and I've never directed it before. It's been a couple of years since the theater department directed a show with a large cast, so we felt like it was about time to do so."

Auditions were held in the first week of classes. Students were asked to prepare a contemporary realistic dramatic monologue and later were given scenes to read in callbacks. Since then, rehearsals have moved efficiently. Said Lowe, "The rehearsal process is

busy! We are working quickly and with a great deal of concentration. I am fortunate to have a talented, dedicated and good-natured cast and crew."

Each week, the cast is given a specific schedule and certain actors are called each day, ranging from only a few people to the entirety of the cast. In rehearsals, Lowe works one scene at a time, making sure that the actors understand how each scene should look and progress. On Sundays, the entire cast assembles to piece the scenes together, slowly completing a complicated three-act production in just a few weeks.

The play centers around the

small town of Grovers Corners, a tight-knit community of colorful characters. The play exhibits the common, everyday lives of the members of the community.

However, Lowe knows the play is much more than that. She explains, "*Our Town* is about living in a community with many different moving parts. It's about being a part of something that is greater than the individual." She goes on, "The play also addresses the everyday routines of ordinary life and the way that their predictability dulls our eyes to the extraordinary beauty and comfort these routines encompass."

Mikey Harris '11, one of the cast members of *Our Town*, agrees, "[The show] doesn't have a lot of bells and whistles and is just a play where we get to see the humanity of Americans. The main point of the play is that life is sacred and that you should recognize the beauty of it every single second."

Harris goes on to describe how the play invokes an "immense sense of community, something that is extremely important here at Conn." The cast knows that the issues portrayed in *Our Town* are similar to what students here deal with everyday.

"I think that Wilder uses little Grovers Corners, New Hampshire as a stand-in for any town, any neighborhood, any group of people who are bound together by sharing the same space," said Lowe, "So I hope that people will recognize their situation in the production's depiction of Grovers Corners."

Everyone involved in the production hopes that audience members feel this sense of community. "The audience should take away an overwhelming love for life," said Gordon. "I know that since I read the play, I've tried to appreciate the things life has to offer."

The cast hopes that *Our Town* will prove to be a moving and meaningful production, and one not to be missed.

A Camel on the Runway

Senior David Kelley "makes it work" as PA on *Project Runway*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"Josh was not the name of any of the resume recipients as far as I know," Kelley said. "In other words, I have no idea how I got this job."

Still, a phone call was a good sign, and rather than look the gift horse in the mouth, David waited patiently for another call.

Then, in the midst of a seemingly normal night, Kelley awoke and quickly discovered two things: his knee was bleeding, and his phone had seemingly exploded and was lying in pieces on the ground. There was no time to worry about the knee, however. That phone was the only line of communication between Kelley and potential employers.

"I ran to the nearest T-Mobile (which wasn't particularly close-by) to try and get it fixed. Afterwards I saw I had two new voicemails."

The calls were from the company behind the hit show *Project Runway*. His new employer told him to arrive at Parsons in Times Square at 4:30 AM sharp. "There was no interview or anything," he said. "I just had the job."

Kelley's first day of work was interesting. "The crew was filming the show's contestants walking out of the subway. They were just walking out of the subway, kind of looking around and then going back and doing it again. This took hours," Kelley said. "It was my job to track down the stray New Yorkers that wandered into the shots and get them to sign a release form that was made up of four pages of fine print. As you can imagine, New Yorkers are not very cooperative at 6 AM." A dirty job, but someone had to do it. That someone was always a production assistant.

"Production assistants are pretty much the bottom rung of film jobs," Kelley said. "I got paid \$9.50 an hour, and people told me that was horrible, which it probably was."

After a twelve and a half hour shift, Kelley got to leave. "They told me my hours the day



Photo provided by David Kelley.

before work, never any earlier." The same went for his days off; weekends were no exception.

"At one point," Kelley said, "some co-workers and I were like, 'What are our lives?' We're up from 10 AM to 10 PM and we don't see anyone from our [non-work] lives. Every morning we're getting models French vanilla creamer (they love it), a San Pellegrino for Heidi Klum (who is very attractive, by the way; her calves literally glow!) and delivering envelopes on foot."

Not all of the tasks were without reward, however. "They always ordered too much food at the catering tables," Kelley said. "So one of our jobs was to eat whatever was left over, and throw out what was left over from that. There were many days where I did nothing but eat, throw out trash and repeat. My job was basically to do whatever it was that people told me to do, and if I had nothing to do, then I had to at least look busy."

Despite the obvious trials, Kelley still looks fondly on the highlights. The shining moment

of the summer was found in none other than *Project Runway*'s very own silver fox: Tim Gunn.

"I met Tim Gunn in an elevator while holding a bag of trash. The doors opened up. Then I looked up. He looked up. He said, 'Hi!' I said 'Hey!' and then I ran out. Minutes after this happened, I was walking up the stairwell, and there he was again. He said he was hiding. I said, 'I completely understand.'"

This encounter would not be the last. "One day a co-worker and I were walking, and then out through a curtain comes Tim Gunn! He immediately said 'Hi, how are you, good!' There was no time to answer in-between any of this."

After a summer of performing countless perfunctory and offbeat tasks and sharing an elevator with Tim Gunn, Kelley's experience working on *Project Runway* is likely to stay with him for the rest of his life, whether he likes it or not. Luckily, he does.

Wig & Candle

Rebooted club hopes to reinvigorate student theater

ANNA KAUFMAN
CONTRIBUTOR

Theater guru Bertolt Brecht once said that, "From the start it has been the theater's business to entertain people ... it needs no other passport than fun." This is the goal of the theater group on campus, Wig and Candle: to revive the spirit of artistic expression on the Connecticut College campus.

Founded by sophomores Molly Clifford and Grant Jacoby, Wig and Candle is an attempt to draw students – who may not have the opportunity to perform in a main stage production during their four years here – into the spotlight. Their unique name was found in the school's archives and was the name of the first theater group at Conn. With the centennial celebration approaching, the duo found it only appropriate to give some credit to the founders of theatrical expression on campus.

Previously at Conn there have been two other theater clubs that have since fizzled out; the first being Group Art Attack, the second being last year's Theater Foundations. Although Clifford calls the task "a little daunting," she has been inspired by all the interest the club has received. She hopes to promote different styles of theater than are typically shown on campus. For example in the beginning of December the club will put on the small two-person show *The Last Five Years* by Jason Robert Brown. The show, completely student-run, will be directed by Clifford, star Jacoby and fellow sophomore Talia Curtin; musical direction will be done by Ben Zacharia, also a sophomore.

This semester the club will put on two one act plays directed by seniors Kristen Kerr and Adam Berard. Kerr will also be directing a Stephen Sondheim Cabaret, which will be performed at the end of October. Berard is excited about the new direction the club

is taking. "[I] am excited for Wig and Candle to put life in the theater department." He was also happy to note that the theater department has completely backed the student endeavors.

Clifford says she was inspired to start the club because, "I think it is important to involve people who might be intimidated by main stage productions and want to take a stab at any area of theater." She emphasized that it will be nice to give the opportunity in the fall for those who cannot be involved in the main stage productions to have their chance.

Jacoby is thrilled with his role in the club.

"There is a lot of interest in theater on campus. We want to build up that community." He is confident from the overwhelming student interest shown so far that, "slowly but surely this group will become its own entity. I am excited to see where the future is."

Clifford has similar visions for the club. "It is important for a club like this to develop that student talent," she said. "The only way to have powerful productions in the senior directed slot is if people have experience and develop that skill."

The Last Five Years :
December 2, 3, 4.

Sondheim Song
Cycle :
Friday, October 29

A Night of One Acts:
Date TBD

"The Lives of Giants"

Cambodian dancers hit the stage for first OnStage performance of the season

JAKE LANDRY
STAFF WRITER

When watching a piece performed by the Khmer Institute, co-founded by Sophiline Cheam Shapiro, it's easy to become tantalized by the graceful dance and melodic atmosphere that the Cambodian dance offers. Enjoying the performance is easy, but it is difficult to write a review.

The talent and grace of the Khmer Institute is undeniable and even someone with an untrained eye, such as myself, could tell that I was viewing years of practice and tradition. I cannot critique the performance further than to say it was a beautiful visual and auditory experience that left me with a sinking feeling of regret for the characters and a deep curiosity of Cambodian culture.

What struck me about this performance were two facts that seemed contradictory: the first was that this was a Cambodian dance ensemble, and the second was that they were performing a Hindu story. The little I remembered learning about Cambodia involved the Khmer Rouge, a terrible era in Cambodian history from 1975-1979 in which an estimated 1.7 to 2 million people were put to death in "killing fields."

The Khmer Rouge believed that they were going back to the glory of the Khmer empire, and in many ways tainted the word "Khmer" for any that are only familiar with modern Cambodian history. My first goal was to set out and discover the connection between Hinduism and Ancient Cambodia.

In his recent book *Stories in Stone: the Sdok Kok Thom Inscription and the Enigma of the Khmer Empire*, John Burgess discusses his most recent findings of the Khmer Empire. He estimates that the empire began around 802 AD and continued for six centuries, ending around 1431 AD. The empire was spread throughout Laos



CECELIA BROWN/STAFF

and Vietnam. The empire was strongly influenced by Indian Hinduism.

In many of the major cities of the empire, they built great temples. Burgess describes their efforts as "trying to build cities in stone so wonderful that the gods would come down from heaven and live in them." This passion in their religion carried over to their daily lives.

As described by Barbara Landry, a second-year seminary student at the Tree of Life Temple, "Daily life and practices were about communing with the Divine, the Divine wasn't something separate but instead was infused in daily life."

Traditional Khmer dance was a common way to commune with the Divine. This passion has lived on through Cambodian culture even through the occupation of the Khmer Rouge. The Khmer Rouge set out to erase this history. During their

occupation all dance schools were closed and dancing became illegal.

By 1979, when the first school of dance reopened in Cambodia, Shapiro was eager to enroll. During this time in Cambodian dance there was an underlying urgency to perform internationally. It took the dancers less than two years to begin touring internationally, which was a defining moment in Cambodian dance history. From there Shapiro has had an extremely successful career, leading up to her most recent piece, "The Lives of Giants."

As the main lights cued that the performance was beginning, the band took the stage. Five men dressed in traditional Cambodian attire entered towards the back of the stage bowed to the audience and sat down. The lights began to dim as the beautiful melody and reverberating percussion lightly filled the

room.

At the back of the stage there was a blue glow directly behind five tall lily pads. The giant Akaeng Khameaso was laying on the ground near center stage, and became visible as the main lights came on. From the right side of the stage entered Uma, who slowly made her way over to the giant where they greet in a warm, graceful manner.

This opening scene foreshadows the inevitable end of the giant that is to come. After Uma exits, two groups of four beautiful women, each dressed in identical attire, take the stage and begin to taunt the giant. For his whole life, these women, who represent angels, taunt the giant and make his everyday existence a challenge. The giant must find a way to free himself from this torture so he calls on Preah Eyso, the form that Shiva is currently taking, and pleads for some type of relief. Shiva

grants the giant a powerful magic finger. At first, he is afraid of his new power, but soon he is bothered by the angels once more.

Unable to resist the urge to use his new power, he breaks the angels up into many pieces. The giant realizes his potential and becomes drunk with power, taking several minutes to celebrate, and then he takes the throne in the middle of the stage representing his desire to take the throne of Shiva. There is great pressure from the fallen angels for Shiva to destroy the giant, but he fears for his own power and decides to flee in the opposite direction. Uma looks to Vishnu for assistance, but his only answer is to destroy the giant.

Tension begins to build as Uma pleads for the giant's life, but Vishnu knows that the giant cannot be allowed to survive with such power. He allows Uma to attempt to change the giant one last time and promises that if she fails, he will destroy the giant. What ensues is a final epic scene in which Uma seems to turn the giant back towards the light of morality, but Vishnu is not convinced and takes the giant's finger and points it inward. During the last moments of the performance, the giant promises that he will return in the next life even more powerful, and as he dies, Uma laments the dominance of violence over compassion.

One cannot help but consider the proverb "Does art imitate life, or does life imitate art?" when observing the expression of archetypal ideas and struggles as portrayed in this powerful dance. The universal concepts of morality and power continue to be acted out on the human stage, and this beautiful form of expression through dance not only serves to entertain, but also to inspire us to explore the impact of these ideas in our own life and world today.

A glance at the television season ahead

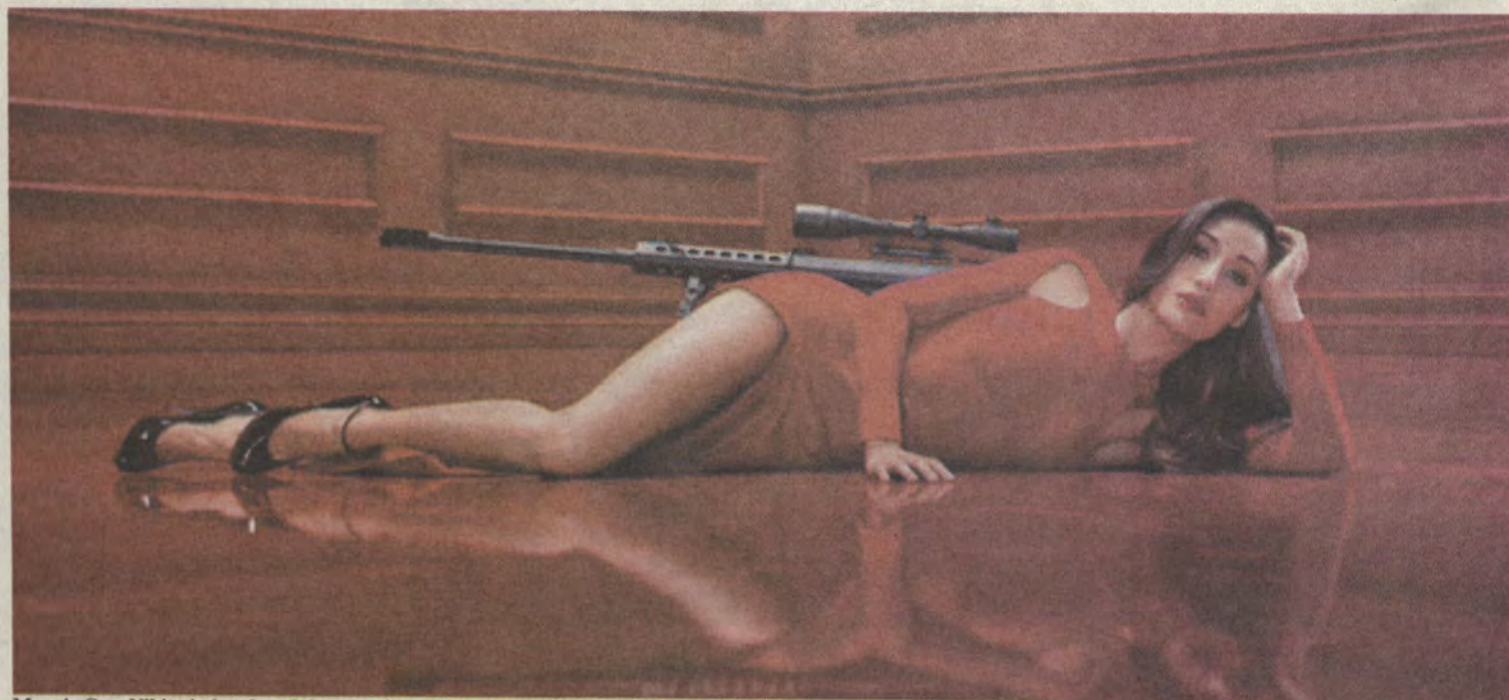
COLE DELBYCK
CONTRIBUTOR

For most, September means the start of the school year: fall weather, new friends and distant memories of summer. For the TV obsessed (don't judge), it means the start of a new season. Old favorites return and new shows try to fill the void of ones lost last year. Not only was I the president of the *Lost* Club at my high school, but I'm still emotionally fragile from the series finale. So, how are busy college students supposed to pick and choose which new shows to add to their TV schedule? I've made it easy. In no particular order, here are five new shows to definitely check out this semester.

THE EVENT

Or the *THE EVENT*, as NBC wants me to spell it. I love high-concept mystery television shows. I was there for *Lost*, *Alias*, and regrettably watched all of ABC's *Flash Forward*. I wish I could rewind and get back those 22 hours of my life. Anyway, *The Event* is supposed to fill the *Lost* sized hole in your heart. There is a plane crash, island scenery, unanswered questions and almost three WTF moments in the first episode alone.

The show centers on an ordinary guy named Sean Walker (Josh Ritter), who is searching for his missing fiancé. Somehow this is tied to a global conspiracy, a newly elected President (Blair Underwood), a mysterious Alaskan prison and an EVENT. I'm not in love with any of the characters and some of the dialogue reminded me of a Steven Segal movie I watched this summer, but it kept me interested. Do I know what the Event is? No idea whatsoever. I'm completely in the dark, but I kind of like it.



Maggie Q as Nikita in her fourth incarnation. Photo from web.

NIKITA

After watching Bruce Willis kick Maggie Q down an elevator shaft in the incredibly enjoyable *Live Free or Die Hard* (it's on my DVD shelf), I knew I had to check out her new show on the CW. CW haters be warned.

This isn't *Gossip Girl* with guns. It's more like a highly trained and attractive assassin took out a hit on the *Gossip Girl* cast and completed the mission in two minutes flat and without breaking a sweat. Don't believe me? In the third episode, Nikita dislocates her own arm to win a fight. Total badass.

She may not be Buffy Summers or Sydney Bristow, but Nikita can certainly hold her own and keeps me entertained.

MY GENERATION

I thought I was going to hate this yuppie mockumentary show that follows high school graduates in 2000 and revisits them ten years after graduation. Instead, I

found a unique, smart and well-written drama.

The show sticks pretty closely to the high school archetypes. There's the "Beauty Queen," "The Overachiever," "The Jock," and "The Punk," but the clever writing and a few surprises elevate these conventions.

The show brings in real life events like the Enron scandal, 9/11 and the war in Iraq to show how life changed for this group after 2000. However, *My Generation* does ask the viewer to take some leaps of faith. Somehow this group is still extremely connected and for the most part lives in the same area.

I liked high school too, but that doesn't mean I'm going to be neighbors with the weird kid who sat behind me in Geometry. Give this one a chance because it needs some love. The first episode didn't rate too well, but I'm determined for *My Generation* to survive.

THE WALKING DEAD

Zombies? Check. Mysterious disease? Check. Based off an ongoing comic book series? Check. Girl from *Prison Break*? Check. Halloween night premiere? Check.

I've only seen the INSANE promo for the new AMC show on YouTube, but I'm already hooked. It's like *Zombieland*, but instead of Woody Harrelson's tricked-out ride, *The Walking Dead*'s sheriff protagonist rides a horse. Could this get more awesome?

The show follows a group of survivors trying to find a safe haven from the zombie apocalypse. The preview had tanks, bullets, dismemberment and a multitude of zombie violence in the five-minute trailer. For those not zombie inclined (WHY NOT?), the main character is played by Andrew Lincoln, the guy who held up signs for Keira Knightley in *Love Actually*. The comparisons end there.

The Walking Dead has already

built up enough buzz that it has been renewed for a second season, so make sure you watch!

RUNNING WILDE

This one I'm not so sure about, but the ardent *Arrested Development* fan in me keeps me tuning in. Gob Bluth, Tobias Fünke and Felicity Porter on my TV again? Miracles do happen. The show centers around an incredibly rich and egotistical billionaire (Will Arnett) who tries to win the affections of his eco-friendly childhood sweetheart (Keri Russell).

The pilot was just okay, but the show gets better and better. Anything created by *Arrested Development* genius Mitchell Hurwitz is good in my book, and I need something to tide me over before the eventual *AD* movie comes out. Stick with this one for a while, but if it doesn't get better, I won't judge you for switching back to *Glee*... much.

The Middle Ground

New York and Boston sports fans clash at Conn

MOLLY BANGS
STAFF WRITER

With football season underway and the playoffs rapidly approaching in the world of Major League Baseball, Conn students are blatantly displaying their sports allegiances across campus. With New London conveniently located between two of the Northeast's largest cities, these loyalties most often lie with the sports franchises of New York City and Boston.

So, to whom does Connecticut belong? As both a member of the tri-state area and a segment of New England, it's hard to say. Patriots and Giants fans alike agree that it is hard to draw a line, but both are staunch in staking their own territory no matter the opposition.

True to a historic, deep conflict and arguably the biggest rivalry in all of sports, Red Sox and Yankee fans at Conn come head to head — a commitment to diversity indeed! Native New Yorker yet Boston resident Blair West '14 said that she finally felt safe enough in the Connecticut College environment to express her Yankee pride. However, the Boston fan base is noticeably heavier than the pinstriped portion.

But with most of Conn's students coming from Massachusetts, Maura Hallisey '13 pointed out that Conn's campus isn't an accurate representation of Connecticut. "Having lived in Connecticut, I can tell you it's definitely really mixed. Where I'm from, central Connecticut is definitely Yankee territory."

A few brave sports enthusiasts have attempted to draw the border of Red Sox Nation and Yankee Country. In 2006, New York Times sportswriter John Branch traveled across Connecticut to

lay "baseball's bitterest border."

Putting to test the theory of supply and demand, Branch did a little investigating in the field of baseball hats at Connecticut malls. At the Connecticut Post Mall in Milford, almost forty different styles of Yankee caps were displayed on a wall, while the few Red Sox hats were nearly out of sight on the bottom sales racks. However, an hour away at the Crystal Mall — just five minutes from Conn in Waterford — the hat shop, Lids, sold predominantly Sox hats. Various attributes accounted for where loyalties laid in different towns Branch visited — in Middletown, it is the Italian-American generation that once rooted for Yogi Berra that sways this town into Yankee Country. In Rocky Hill, it is the number of team door magnets in the town's post office that proved loyalty lay with the Sox. Branch concluded after touring New England that "there

were no exact answers. Only debatable ones. As it should be."

Although it looks as though the Red Sox Nation's 2010 season may be coming to a close, their spirit will be carried through the offseason by their fans, no matter their proximity to Yankee Country. And although Yanks fans on campus are a definite minority, it is certain that they will stand their ground — foreign soil or not.

For all the Mets, Jets, Celtics, Knicks, Nets, Eagles and Phillies fans — your allegiances certainly play their own roles within the intricate story of Northeastern sports rivalries; however, there are only so many spotlights. We'll see who shines in this year's upcoming championships, all the while rooting passionately for the old home team.

KIRA TURNBULL/STAFF



For the Love of Baseball

ADAM MILLER
CONTRIBUTOR

Michael Boswell '10 sits in his office in the OVCS suite on the second floor of Cro. He is one of many alumni who have decided to join the staff at Connecticut College after graduating. After his long workday is done, four times a week, two hours at a time, Boswell gets to be a Conn student again. He's a member of Connecticut College's club baseball team.

Club baseball is one of the lesser-known athletic organizations on campus, but it is one with a deep and rich history that can be traced back to the school's founding. The main reason why Connecticut College does not have a varsity baseball team is because the school does not allow varsity sports that traditionally exclude women. Thus, all interest for baseball on campus (aside from the Red Sox fanaticism, of course) is channeled into club baseball.

Says senior Nate Goldman: "The guys who do play, they played growing up, maybe even played in high school, and they really enjoy the sport." This has changed from years past when a lot of the players were, according to Boswell, "looking to play baseball in between seasons of their varsity sports." Interest in the team extends beyond the alumni community that lives on or relatively close to Conn's campus. Boswell says, "A lot of alumni look forward to coming back and seeing how we're doing." Along with games against schools such as Fairfield and Yale, the alumni game is an annual staple of the spring season.

While the players seem satisfied with the team, the most common complaint seems to be that the team is ineligible to join a league that would allow for more regular game play due to the fact that it does not have a reliable field space. Says Alex Domeniconi, a team captain this year: "It was a goal of mine to enter the club baseball team into a league by my senior year, and unfortunately I haven't been able to make that happen." Making matters more difficult, a high turnover rate has resulted in a much smaller team this year than in years past. "So many players were from the Class of 2010; it was a big loss," says Goldman, adding, "also, a lot of players are abroad now." Still, Boswell, Goldman, and Domeniconi seem confident that the team will continue to thrive and grow when they are no longer a part of it. Boswell remarks on how easy it is to join the team: "My freshman year I noticed a student who lived in my hallway going off to practice with a glove. I went and grabbed my glove, and I have played ever since." Domeniconi has a similar story; he found club baseball while he was walking by the chapel green one day during his freshman year.

Despite these present difficulties, the team seems bolstered by a positive attitude and good camaraderie. Domeniconi says, "I played baseball in high school, and I'm having more fun playing now than I ever did then." It is clear that one of the greatest aspects of the club baseball team is that it is made up of people who know how to have fun. "There's a lot of tomfoolery," says Boswell, conceding that players feel comfortable joking around and making fun of each other. In discussing team dinners, he remarks with a smile, "Somebody cut into their Chicken Cordon Bleu the other day, and it just exploded all over him. It was just hysterical." Sports teams at Conn are infamous for their family atmospheres, right down to post-practice team dinners in Harris, and club baseball seems to be no exception.

Ultimately, club baseball's most glaring weakness seems to also be its greatest strength. For all its informality, it is an accepting and amicable environment for students who love to play baseball. Says Boswell, "Campus safety officers have come and hit; a professor once pitched in a game." Domeniconi offers a challenge to those who shun the club on the grounds that it is not serious enough, saying, "I'm quite proud of our club's inclusiveness and our interest in helping everyone to improve. To the baseball players out there who think our level of play is below them, I'd encourage you to come out. We're doing things a little differently this year." In the overwhelmingly competitive world of sports, it is refreshing to see a group of athletes take the field, not for screaming fans or the hope of hoisting a championship trophy, but simply for the love of the game.

NFL Predictions: Week 5

JESSE MOSKOWITZ
CONTRIBUTOR

Tennessee Titans at Dallas Cowboys — 4 PM, October 10: The Cowboys are coming off their bye week and welcoming Chris Johnson and the Titans into Cowboys Stadium this weekend. The highlight of this matchup should be the strong Tennessee secondary and their reaction to the potent passing offense of Tony Romo and the Cowboys. Look for Titans' cornerback Cortland Finnegan to contain Miles Austin and let Romo work underneath with Jason Witten and the running game of Marion Barber and Felix Jones. On defense, expect the 'Boys to bring pressure and stack the box to force Vince Young to make throws under pressure. The Titans have shown a commitment to running the ball, keeping it on the ground 102 times through three games; third most in the NFL. Nothing should change this week, as they're sure to run their offense through playmaker Chris Johnson and keep their defense off of the field. With both teams well in the hunt for playoff spots, expect a dogfight, with the Cowboys offense being too much for the Titans to handle. Cowboys: 30 Titans: 17

Kansas City Chiefs at Indianapolis Colts — 1 PM, October 10: Upset Alert! One of the biggest surprises of the 2010 NFL campaign has been the

Chiefs starting off the season with three straight wins. They slipped by, defeating their first two opponents by a total of nine points, before pounding the 49ers by 21. What they lack in a dominant passing attack, they make up for with an excellent running game, above average defense, and solid special teams play. This is why I believe they have all the tools to play up to and beat the 'almighty'

Colts. I expect them to control the clock through bruiser running back Thomas Jones and speedy, change-of-pace back Jamaal Charles. This keeps Indy's future Hall of Fame quarterback Peyton Manning off the field and forces the Colts to play a type of defensive style of football that they don't want to be playing. The Chiefs' eight sacks through three games place them sixth in the NFL in that category and they've also scored twice with defense and special teams play. I think they're able to do to just enough to shock the world again this week and grind out another victory. Chiefs: 16 Colts: 14



POWER RANKINGS

compiled by the tufts daily

Look out NESCAC — here come the Lord Jeffs.

Amherst traded places with Williams, leap-frogging No. 2 Tufts to move into the top spot in this week's installment of the conference power rankings. The Jeffs hold the top spot in both football and women's soccer, and have top-five composite rankings in the remaining three sports. The Ephs, who were in first place since the beginning of the season, slid down into third, thanks in part to its field hockey team, which holds an average ranking of eighth.

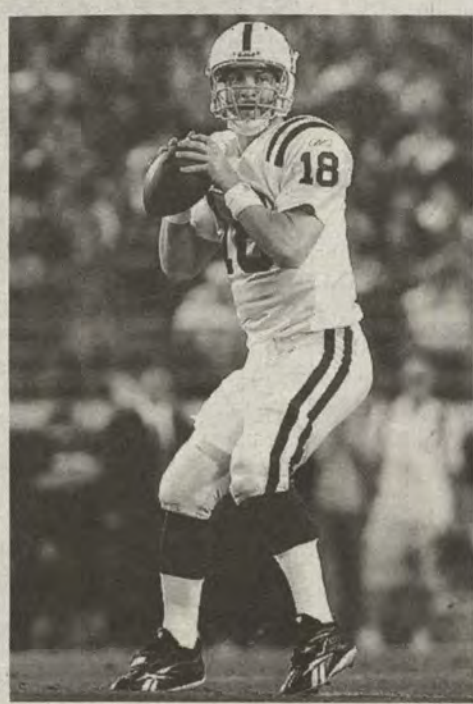
The Bowdoin Polar Bears vaulted from sixth to fourth, bumping Middlebury and Trinity down in the process. In this week's top eight, only Tufts is in the same spot it was last week.

THIS WEEK	SCHOOL	FOOTBALL	MEN'S SOCCER	WOMEN'S SOCCER	FIELD HOCKEY	VOLLEYBALL	AVERAGE	LAST WEEK
1	AMHERST	1.25	4.13	1.38	4.75	5.00	3.30	3 ↑
2	TUFTS	7.25	4.38	3.75	1.38	1.13	3.58	2 ↔
3	WILLIAMS	1.88	1.88	3.25	8.00	4.75	3.95	1 ↓
4	BOWDOIN	8.50	3.25	5.00	1.63	2.63	4.20	6 ↑
5	MIDDLEBURY	5.00	1.88	6.13	5.63	3.38	4.40	4 ↓
6	TRINITY	3.13	9.00	2.13	5.38	6.88	5.30	5 ↓
7	WESLEYAN	5.00	8.75	7.00	3.13	8.13	6.40	8 ↑
8	CONN. COLLEGE	—	7.25	9.38	6.13	4.25	6.75	7 ↓
9	COLBY	6.00	6.38	8.75	9.00	10.13	8.05	9 ↔
10	BATES	6.88	8.13	8.25	10.00	10.00	8.65	10 ↔
11	HAMILTON	9.38	—	—	—	9.75	9.56	11 ↔

The poll was devised as follows: Each voter ranked all NESCAC schools in each sport, and those scores were averaged to create a composite ranking for each sport. The composites were then averaged to determine each school's overall ranking. Note that Hamilton does not compete in field hockey, men's soccer or women's soccer in the NESCAC, and Conn. College does not compete in football.

This week's list was determined by polling Amro El-Adle (Amherst Student), James Reedy & Seth Walder (Bowdoin Orient), Rob Yee (Colby Echo), Nick Woolf & Mike Flint (Conn. College Voice), Katie Siegner (Middlebury Campus), Ann Curtis & Emily Gittleman (Trinity Tripod), Alex Prewitt (Tufts Daily) and Whit Chiles (Wesleyan Argus).

DESIGNED BY STEVEN SMITH/TUFTS DAILY



Tony Romo (left) and Peyton Manning lead at quarterback for the Cowboys and Colts, respectively. Photos from Web.



Men's and women's sailing leans wit' it, rocks wit' it.

KIRA TURNBULL/STAFF

Rulers of The Thames

Sailing teams impressive thus far

JENNA O'NEIL
CONTRIBUTOR

Despite having lost significant upperclassman talent to study abroad this season, the sailing team is making waves in its division. After placing first out of nineteen teams at the Dartmouth Inter-divisional on September 19, the women's team is seeded sixth, an impressive feat for a team with a lot of young talent.

"It's a younger team, and I think it shows a lot of promise," said Captain Maggie Shea '11. With nine freshmen on this year's crew, Shea is "happily surprised" that the team is performing so well.

Shea also attributes Conn's success thus far to the attitude shift she has felt within her crew. "It seems like everyone is willing to work hard and put in the time," she says.

This team certainly does work hard. The crew spends four days per week practicing on the Thames River, where Shea and fellow captain Mike Marshall '12 work to create as competitive an atmosphere as possible to simulate upcoming events.

For Gabe Salk '14, a newcomer to the team, the aggressive atmosphere of college sailing is his favorite aspect of the sport.

"The whole team is so competitive with each other that if you aren't on the ball that one day, you'll get your ass kicked," said Salk, who, along with skipper Katie Andril '13, placed third overall in the B Division at the URI Salt Pond Invitational.

For Atlantic Brugman '13, the best part about

sailing is the drive to improve.

"The good thing about sailing is you never stop learning," says Brugman. "It's not a sport where you think, 'I can't do any better.'"

Beverlene Elmer '14 shares Brugman's mentality.

"Getting better is definitely the most rewarding thing," Elmer says. "There's something about the feeling of being able to work the boat and make it the fastest boat on the water that is absolutely incomparable to anything else."

For Elmer and Brugman, this attitude has undoubtedly paid off. At the Dartmouth Inter-divisional, Elmer teamed up with Shea to win the B Division and gained the Camels 37 points. Brugman and Katrina Salk '11 placed third for the A Division, contributing 47 points to the team's victory at the event.

Last weekend, Conn attended the New England Championship for keelboats—a bigger boat with space for four crewmembers. The regatta was a match-racing format in which only two teams compete during each race. Coming in fourth place in the co-ed races were Shea, Marshall, Kevin Lau-Hansen '11 and Tim Clark '13.

Connecticut College and Mitchell College hosted their own regatta on the Thames this past weekend. In addition, the top women's sailors from a handful of schools all over New England will have competed for five spots at Nationals at the regatta taking place on the Sound. Shea narrowly missed out on placing last season and hopes to qualify this year.



MIGUEL SALCEDO/STAFF

Down, But Not Out

Women's soccer takes new approach this season

MIKE FLINT
SPORTS EDITOR

Since my freshman year in 2007, the women's soccer team has gone 2-26-3 in NESCAC. Yes, that's a winning percentage of .071. And, yes, both of those wins came in 2007. Meaning the ladies haven't won in conference in two and a half years (they were 0-8-1 in 2008, 0-9-0 in 2009, and are currently 0-3-1 in 2010). Honestly, it's pretty brutal.

But those stats don't paint the whole picture.

A little fun-fact for ya: the women are 13-4-0 over that same time period out of conference. That's a .765 winning percentage! That's really good! Since 2007! That's three and a half years! What gives? How are they that good out of the NESCAC, but so atrocious within it? What's going on here?

The obvious answer, of course, is that the NESCAC is the strongest D-III conference in the country. In other words, Williams and Amherst are a little better than Mitchell and Mt. Holyoke. But it has to be more than that. Conn's not just in the wrong league—we compete well in every other sport, so what should make women's soccer any different?

According to senior captain Candice Clark, it all has to do with mindset. In years past, she says, the Camels have gone into games "hoping not to lose by too much," instead of actually thinking they could win. Approaching matches with little hope unsurprisingly turned into a self-fulfilling prophecy. If you don't think you can win, you usually don't.

This season, such a mindset has been the main issue Clark

and her fellow seniors, Emily Webb and Chelsea Johnson, have tried to fix. Instead of hoping not to get blown out, the Camels are preparing for games like they should win.

So far, it's kind of worked. Emphasis on the "kind of."

In 2010, the women are 0-3-1 in the NESCAC, and still looking for that elusive conference victory. On Saturday they fell to Bowdoin 3-1.

But the loss came just a week after the Camels tied league-leading Amherst, 1-1, in a game many of the ladies thought they should have won. So we are making some progress. A tie against the Lord Jeffs a year ago would have been nothing short of a miracle. This year it's a little less surprising.

So, the new attitude, although not solving all of the Camels' issues, seems at least to be helping. And with a strong freshman class, things should only be getting better.

In the words of Clark, the Camels "love their freshmen." All eleven of them. Kate Wegener '14 is tied for the team lead with two goals, and fellow newbie Celia Alvarez '14 has their only assist. The upperclassmen made a point since the beginning of the season to be welcoming and inclusive with the freshman, and so far the team chemistry has benefited greatly from it.

With a new attitude and an influx of new faces, the Camels are looking and playing like a new team, even if their record doesn't show it. There is a lot of hope and confidence on the 2010 squad, and all of that should lead to good things. In fact, I would bet on a NESCAC win by the end of the season.

I think.

Want front-row seats?

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Photograph for sports.

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IN CASE YOU MISSED IT SCORES SO YOU DON'T MISS IT GAMES

Volleyball (9-5):

10/2 Conn 2 - 3 Bowdoin
10/1 Conn 0 - 3 Tufts
9/28 Conn 3 - 0 St. Joseph's

Field Hockey (5-2):

10/2 Conn 0 - 3 Bowdoin
9/29 Conn 3 - 2 Wellesley

Men's Soccer (3-3-1):

10/2 Conn 1 - 2 Bowdoin
9/28 Conn 3 - 0 UMASS-Dartmouth

Women's Soccer (2-3-1):

10/2 Conn 1 - 3 Bowdoin

Men's Water Polo (0-5):

10/3 Conn 6 - 24 Fordham
10/2 Conn 5 - 19 Iona

Rugby (2-1):

10/3 Conn 46 - 10 Wesleyan

Volleyball:

vs. WESLEYAN: Saturday, Oct. 9th @ 2:00 PM in Luce Field House

Men's Soccer:

vs. TRINITY: Saturday, Oct. 9th @ 2:00 PM on Tempel Green
vs. MIDDLEBURY: Saturday, Oct. 16th @ 2:00 PM on Tempel Green

Women's Soccer:

vs. Rhode Island College: Wednesday, Oct. 6th @ 4:30 PM on Tempel Green
vs. TRINITY: Saturday, Oct. 9th @ 11:00 AM on Tempel Green
vs. MIDDLEBURY: Saturday, Oct. 16th @ 11:00 AM on Tempel Green

Field Hockey:

vs. TRINITY: Saturday, Oct. 9th @ 12:00 PM on Silfen Field
vs. TUFTS: Wednesday, Oct. 13th @ 4:00 PM on Silfen Field
vs. MIDDLEBURY: Saturday, Oct. 16th @ 11:00 AM on Silfen Field

Water Polo:

vs. MIT: Friday, Oct. 15th @ 8:00 PM in Lott Natatorium
vs. Harvard: Sunday, Oct. 17th @ 12:00 PM in Lott Natatorium

Men's/Women's Cross Country:

Connecticut College Invitational: Saturday, Oct. 16th @ 12:00 PM at Harkness State Park

FICTION SECTION

Edited by Jeff Baird & Eva Jablow

Rain
by Michael Natriello

What’s that smell? That’s where it all starts. Always. You sniff, and you need to know. Some do it better than others. Me, I do it decent. I’m not like one of these guys who can identify every little particle. I wish. But I get a whiff of it, and I need to know. Like now. What’s that smell? I can smell it. Raw as fuck, it floats into my nostrils. All of it. But I can only maybe name part of it. There’s the first layer- these things come in layers, smells do- and the first layer is the pine. That pine nut oil. That’s the first layer, and it sort of lingers there lowest and softest. The smell drifts out from the Pine Barrens, man, and it comes up to you salty and low hanging. It’s the sweetest and it’s got memories with it too. Memories of the long bike rides to the beach, sunburn, and Grandma’s house. All the little five dollar bills Grandma would pull from her purse back in the olden days- even though I’m only twenty you’re damn right I got olden days- well, all those little five dollar bills would always smell like that pine nut oil.

When I feel that scent kicking up, I can touch my fingertips and they’ll stick together a bit like there’s actual pine oil on them. My mouth dries out. My shoulders tighten. Then the wind blows and you can pick up a stronger kick of that sand scent, which is probably travelling with that pine oil all the way up from the coast. The sand is drawn out, real thin. It might not even be there, it might be only imagined. But I can still sense it, and with it a hint of cheap cigarettes and the boardwalk. Only the cheap cigarettes are actually right next to me because Johnny’s smoking while we sit on the bench. But the boardwalk is miles away, so that just must be an association with the cigarettes. They’re real though, I know that, because I’m getting itchy not having one, and I have to pop a piece of gum in my mouth to avoid asking to bum one of Johnny’s. That’s one of the thicker layers of the smell; the cigarettes are. But it’s not the thickest. See cigarettes, they ebb and flow out of the scent. But I bite my teeth and I can tell that there’s sand between them, even though there isn’t any, and I remember hang-overs, and Frisbees, slices of pizza the size of my chest, paddle ball, ski ball, beach volleyball, and then my actual balls shrivel a bit like the way they do in sticky saltwater.

There’s brine in the air too. It smells like the car does post coitus, and it’s warm and it’s calm like the ocean at sunset, not at sunrise, and I want to grab a bite. But then I think of the other day when I was in the gym and was hit with another briny smell. I was crunching out my biceps and this girl comes over decked out in the fitness fashion. She bends over to stretch after the elliptical and I’m just sitting there curling and wham. It hits me. Vagina. Like, I’m talking some sharp cheddar vagina. Not that it was cheesy, just that it was some sharp cheddar vagina. My face nearly snapped off. To my own disgust I cranked out like ten more reps than I normally do. I was horny as shit. That briny vagina smell is fucking disgusting, but sometimes you have to embrace it.

If I’m not mistaken there’s a little bit of brine in the air right now. I get flashbacks to that day at the gym, the subsequent masturbation session that I rushed home to after I left, and to steamy scenes from my ex girlfriend’s old mini van. I ask Johnny for a butt and then I have to hear about how I have weak will power. But I don’t care because as soon as I light up I feel the delights of empty stomachs, grain alcohol, hey misters, and old parties where I always seemed to end up on the lawn.

I would smell like grass the whole next day until I made it into a pool or a shower, or worse, a classroom. If option C happened, I would end up just smelling like body odor and testicles, the reason for which is obvious if you’ve ever been to public school in the late spring or early fall. Anyone unfamiliar with the logic behind this combination in nasty smells can fuck themselves, because I feel no need to further explain or justify such a stench to a bunch of ignorant assholes anyways. Excuse me. Sorry about that.

But yeah that’s there too- the smell of grass I mean. That’s a layer too, that’s a damn obvious part of it. And dew as well. You can sort of smell it already forming even though the sun has just set and there’s not gonna be an honest dew for some time. You can still smell the dew and that’s a flavor that doesn’t really have a weight. It comes with more of a tambour really. It’s a lilting smell. Sort of virginal; spring-like. Reminds me of concerts and being sore after a good game of something.

On the opposite side of that smell is the dust. I think of nose-bleeds, and good sharp punches to the face, and getting water thrown on you. All of that is because of a fight me and Johnny had one time that I can’t really talk about without grinding my teeth. Those smells are only the layers underneath, though. They’re mostly present with the shifting of the wind. They’re the rhythm guitars in this jam. The lead is the restaurants out here on Main.

The Cuban chorizo grilling from down the block, the melting

The Cartographer’s Son
by Katie McCain

The cartographer’s son both young and bold
Found enchantment in his father’s art
So he took bee’s honey, burnished and gold
And applied it with care to an abandoned chart
He spread thick sweetness, end to end
Encompassing meadows and the village crops
For long he labored, and when finished he penned:
“A treat – for those tired of mere water drops.”
Later that night, as the sky grew dark
Villagers appraised the heavens with startled eyes
For among the rain, dull, dreary and stark
Fell drops of honey from conventional skies

The very next day he again took a map
Finding refuge under a plentiful tree
There he cradled ripe apples, filling his lap,
And balanced a single plump orange on his knee
Squeezing juice from the apples he soaked the orange seeds
Until each glowed with a wine red hue
He tossed them over the map where they rattled like beads
Before all found their place, planted roots, and grew
When dusk was approaching and shadows were high
The villagers gathered and gossiped, gay by the chapel
There they gazed on a miracle through astonished eyes
A tree with two fruits: both oranges and apples

For the third day that week the boy took a sketch
Of mountains and rivers and deserts and seas
He flattened the parchment till it smoothed and it stretched
And gathered in hand, sage, basil, and parsley
With the finest of knives he shredded the herbs
Till a dust had formed and coated the paper
There he left it for hours, alone, undisturbed
Until up rose a pungent yet quite pleasing vapor
When night again came the village pulsed with new life
Sharing hopes that again blessings might come to pass
No rain, no trees, yet the crowd remained blithe
And soon came sweet smells: hay, blossoms, and grass

When the fourth day had come the boy finally grasped
An acceptance to forge even more than he’d sown
From the shed he gathered: hammer, chisel, and rasp
And took from the garden a large rounded stone
The boy carved his own map with its meadows and seas
Gave it mountains, wetlands, grasslands, and dunes
Covering the stone, yes, that was the key
For its circular nature would be the earth’s boon
That night lost sailors knew death was near
To the edge of the world they each tipped their hat
Yet their ship did not slip at the edge of the sphere
And brave men soon learned their world was not flat

Dream
by John Kelly

The night after the race, I went to sleep with violent dreams. They crashed against my consciousness, dark waves against a lone lighthouse in the night. I held on, terrified that the light would be extinguished.

I awoke with a start. I was trembling; my covers were soaked. I looked out my window at the cold full moon, and then there were only dark tidal waters. I was in the boat with the rest of my crew as we moved, our rhythm perfect against the stillness of the night. Our oars swept through the water, then moved back again, slow above the rapidly passing water, slow as a building spring. We swung forward in perfect unison.

Lights glimmered from the shore. We could see the submarine base, a familiar sight, although nothing around us was familiar. Our world was only dark silhouettes and a night sky filled with low-hanging stars. But there wasn’t a soul in sight as we pushed through the misty waters, past those slumbering metal beasts that hung below the surface, waiting.

“Know where we’re going?” I said.
“We’ll know when we get there,”
“And when might that be?”

cheese coming from just about every open storefront. The onions, and the peppers, and the hint of some fresher herbier flavors. They smell like nighttime and cold beer and sandals and chlorine drenched water from the fountain illuminating your pale ankles with the lights from the bottom of the fountain, which only further confuse your already blurry vision. These are the heavy smells. The ones that you don't need to guess about. These are the ones that can be determined with one hundred percent proximity and certainty. These are the smells you go to bed with.

But then it starts raining. Down it drips, and clips my bangs, and the top of my dome. Then it runs down sprinting, sprinting, sprinting, bringing spring time into real time. Then it's all ragtime baby, and people are going nuts. Some are dancing. Some are running. All are reacting. Except for me. The smells are gone. Johnny's gone. "Hurry the fuck up," he shouts. He's running to his piece of shit. I wait there. I smell pavement, and street pebbles, and it's black and there's an obvious chemical aspect to all of this. No weight involved, no feeling to it, no tambour, or sound of any kind- just scampering- just giggling. Just the acid on the tips of these rain drops. How did I not smell this coming? How did I not recognize this before hand? This is the smell. This is what I couldn't identify before. Now I remember candles, and salty wet tee shirts that grip my abs and chest and which ask to be chewed on.

Johnny shouts at me, "I'm leaving you dude. I'm not trying to get wet out here. Damn it Jimmy, never mind, come help me!" His windows were down and they're jammed now as he tries to roll them up. I run to help him. We get them up. We get in the car. There are food wrappers everywhere. Sand in the seats. Cassettes line the dashboard. We bottom out over three speed humps as we pull away out of town. I roll down the window. The rain has slowed to a dull pitter-patter. With the streets wet, my arm gets splashed as we roll through puddles. The streets glimmer when we pass over oil slicks, and we get onto the highway. "You have to be home at any time?" Johnny asks. I don't. We have nowhere to go. Nothing to do. No plans. "You mind just driving then?" I don't. We pass by oil refineries, we pass by farms, and we pass by America and all of its great wontedness. We pass by all of New Jersey, and we roll into New York City. Johnny puts in Simon and Garfunkel. The trip in and out of the city takes us thirty minutes. We only went ten blocks up and five across in the city. Traffic.

We had traveled forty miles just to turn around. Johnny drops me off at my house. It's three o'clock in the morning. We had been cracking each other up the whole night. Singing. Ripping through butts. He cranked the crackling speakers when, "America," came on. We roared. "Counting the cars on the NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE, WE'VE ALL GONE TO LOOK FOR AMERICA." In the driveway he grabs my arm, before I'm able to get out. "You smell that?" he asks. I don't at first. Then I hear him giggling. His face looks like it stalled out. Then it hits me. The sound comes first. Then I get it- right in the face. Then the smell comes too. It's vile. Putrid. It's a fart that's got weight, it's got tambour, it's got texture. I can touch it, I can taste it. "Smells like America," he says. I laugh. But whenever I smell that fart again I know it will smell like tonight. I close the car door behind me. I still feel Johnny's hand on my arm even though he's pulled away. The rain has stopped.

I get to the garage door. The rubber buttons on the touch pad door opener feel like spider webs, and bee stings, and tears. Every time after this they'll feel and smell like far away fires, and farts, and nighttime. They'll sound like Johnny's "Cuccaroacha" car horn, and giggling. Never all at once, though. Never with any sense of entirety, or romance, or completion, and that's what gets me.

There was no answer, except for the rhythmic rocking of the oarlocks and the trickle of the dark water sliding past. The long and ghostly drone of a nearing train wandered through the air. It was a familiar sound, and close, but there was no sight of land. Only water. Again it sounded. The rumbling began, deep and powerful. I could feel it in my body and in my hands. The rough wood of the oar's handle felt good in my hands. The rumbling suddenly grew more audible, and a blinding light emerged from the dark waters ahead, rising steadily, growing closer. The horn sounded again, nearly deafening, no longer a distant part of the night, but now right upon us.

A hulking metal body emerged from the water, charging, steaming, its blinding light glaring at us. The noise was overwhelming. There was no changing course as it plowed through the water, gaining until it was right behind us. Its horn blared as it closed within a few meters from our stern. It moved straight and unchanging. No sooner did we pass through the water was it pulverized with miles of tempered steel, charging relentlessly after us. The train was upon our fragile boat, but for all its power it could not destroy.

My heart pounded, but its beat no longer came from within—or was it a mate in front or behind me whose heart I felt? Every stroke we took so that we could but only take the next one, clinging to life beat by beat. We pressed on, somehow knowing that peace would come soon. We passed through the arch of a wrought iron gate. Our pursuer did not follow. One last tremendous blow of its horn and it vanished beneath the water with remarkable grace, leaving a hissing wake as far as I could see. It was gone but for the distant rumbling that grew weaker and weaker... Relief. My blade swept through the water and cracked hard on something beneath. The stone head of an angel emerged above the surface, then another. They became higher. Their chiseled wings had grace and strength. The tip of a stone marker nudged its head up from the receding grey waters. There were many of them in perfect rows, growing more and more visible. The statues grew higher and higher as we descended. Then the water was gone, the boat with it. The earth felt damp but solid beneath our feet, as if it were well trodden. Waves could be heard crashing in the distance and the smell of salt consumed us. Around us in the overgrown cemetery, the angels, with their stone wings, looked down upon us with somber gazes.

I awoke in the dim morning light to the sound of a coastal train. My body was sore, stiff, well rested. I felt alive.

A Beautiful Morning
by Jeff Baird

High above fields of hay and squandered pastures,
A brooding sun rises
Its orange navel glows as crests of light shine
Off, sinking into my eyes and
Warming my feet, cold
In the dew-glazed grass of morning

The sun hangs up in the sky
The same one whose bright, bright stars
Handed me strength in the night
Through old town streets, and the roads in between
It follows me, past mileage countdowns and all-you-can-eat crab buffets
Always, across these bridges of waterless lakes and fogged distance
views

I stare up at the sky, as the heat channels off
That bright orange peel,
Its orbs of light shine, down
To where they find me, grant light to my path
Let the road kill and cigarette ads glimmer in its gaze
Let the sun be my guiding light home

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