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THE COLLEGE VOICE

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 2010

VOLUME 36 • ISSUE 6

Fusion

A preview

EMMA AUGUSTINE
STAFF WRITER

As midterm week gained momentum and students juggled tests and papers, I expected a rehearsal for Fusion, the annual Connecticut College Asian/Asian American Student Association (CCASA)-sponsored, pan-Asian performance, to be tense and low in energy. As I entered the Fusion run-through last Friday, however, I experienced just the opposite. Performers bustled about the 1941 room, discussing choreography while marking dances with their arms in small, dynamic motions. Choreographers and musicians chattered, as other students set up a video camera and the sound system.

The directors of the production, Zoey Gonzales '11, Madeline Noi '12, and Anakena Paddon '12, sat at a long table, giving dancers feedback on their performances. Despite the nerves that come along with performing new pieces, there is a buzz of excitement in the air.

Fellow artistic director Paddon has been involved with Fusion since her freshman year, and commented that as a choreographer, director, and dancer, "the behind the scenes work has been very gratifying." Based on the range of performances included within this year's show, the amount of work and effort from participants and student directors will inevitably lead to a sense of fulfillment.

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CECILIA BROWN / STAFF

Spokespeople's Wheels Keep on Turnin'

JERELL MAYS
STAFF WRITER

Far be it from me to jinx the recent spree of warm autumn weather we've been blessed with, but you have to admit, the timing is quite convenient. With so few ideal bike-riding days left in the year before I have to wrap myself up like a ninja just to keep my face from going numb in the wind, it's a blessing that Spokespeople, Conn's on-campus bike co-op, has recently received a whopping donation of 48 bicycles. That means there may be 48 more students whizzing by you as you trudge to class on foot, unless you're savvy enough to pick one up.

I myself was not savvy enough until last week when I attended Spokespeople's weekly meeting at their headquarters in the basement of the 360 Apartments. These meetings are hardly formal affairs, and in this case it's a very good thing, because a) nobody wants bicycle grease on their dress pants, and b) the atmosphere is pleasant and helpful. I wandered into the low-ceilinged basement, sure that I was in the right place thanks to the helpful signs located throughout, and was greeted with a grin by Celia Whitehead '11, the chair of Spokespeople.

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Concert from Conservation

Environmental initiatives help fund Floralia

NORA SWENSON
STAFF WRITER

Remember how B.o.B. was at Floralia two years ago? You know how he's actually really famous now? Well, clearly Conn is ahead of the curve on the music scene, and it's only going to get better from here on, thanks to the Concert from Conservation system proposed by the Renewable Energy Club (REC) at Connecticut College. This school-wide initiative is hosted in an attempt to conserve energy on campus in a meaningful, effective way while giving something back to the community for their efforts.

When it comes to conserving energy, we all know the routine: turn off your lights, turn down the heat, unplug your chargers, et cetera. And while you might not reap too much from your sowed efforts at home, at Conn, your steadfast efforts pay off, where those simple energy saving efforts add up at the end of the year.

The college and administration annually pledges to give 25 percent of the money saved solely through dorm energy conservation towards the Student Activities Council (SAC). The amount is a number calculated against the past five year averages, and so long as Conn keeps conserving, the amounts will only continue to grow.

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EDITORIAL

Sharing a Hill

Lunch at the Coast Guard Academy lends perspective

LILAH RAPTOPOULOS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

We were late. I forgot my wallet, so I ran out of my Nonfiction writing class to my Jeep Cherokee, drove it onto the grass outside of Windham's front door and left it running downstairs (illegal). I grabbed my license, changed into something as business casual as I could manage (black jeans and buttons?) and sped down to South Lot to pick up Managing Editor John Sherman. We bombed through the Coast Guard's front entrance, where the security guard told me my license was expired (illegal), and then and hugged a left on Harriet Lane to find fourth-year cadet Dan Cahill, who we were meeting for lunch. We were Connecticut College stereotypes, completely disregarding rules and speed limits, our minds focused on everything for which we couldn't prepare.

The second issue of the Voice

included a front-page piece called "Trouble on the Coast," detailing violence between a cadet and Conn students from the perspective of its weekend bystanders. Details woven for the Conn community laid bare our prejudices: Conn students called out offensive phrases at cadets, but held that they came to campus on weekend nights primarily "pick up girls," and the event held blame on both sides: the cadet acted aggressively, but was ultimately assaulted by our students. Our campus community offered little response to the article online, but we received outrage from across the way. 97 "thumbs down" and 79 comments later, I got an email from Dan expressing concern that the event "may have created unnecessary and undesirable tension between our schools," and the Academy wanted to "stem that as quickly possible."

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JULIE MCMAHON / CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Students Trade Sitting in Class for Teaching Class

ADAM MILLER
STAFF WRITER

Sarah Holland '11 wakes up every weekday at 6:30 AM. While most of Connecticut College sleeps off a late study session at the library or the indigestion from an ill advised slice of Cro pizza after bar night, Sarah showers, gets dressed and eats breakfast. She arrives in her classroom around 7:45 AM. This classroom is not in the attic of Fanning or the basement of Olin: it is a bright, cheery kindergarten classroom

at the Regional Multicultural School in New London.

Sarah is student teaching this semester, as part of the teacher certification program at Connecticut College. After working on preparations with the teacher, Sarah's students arrive at 8:30 AM. While the school day lasts until 3:00 PM, having to prepare for the following day ensures she will head back to Conn at 4:00 PM at the earliest and 7:00 PM at the latest.

All majors require a large

portion of classwork to be completed outside of classroom time, whether it be an essay for an English class, studio time for a fine arts class or lab work for a science class. However, there is nothing comparable to the professional experience gained by those in the student teaching program.

Preparation for a career in education through the student-teaching program involves far more than just classroom time,

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EDITORIALS/LETTERS

NOVEMBER 1, 2010

contact@thecollegevoice.org

THE COLLEGE VOICE

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Photographers

Hadley Brooks
Cecelia Brown
Nevena Deligineva
Hoitt McAllister
Hannah Plishtin
Miguel Salcedo
Amelia Smith
Kira Turnbull

Illustrators

Emily Bernstein
Alicia Toldi

Contact Us

contact@thecollegevoice.org
(860) 439-5437
270 Mohegan Avenue
New London, CT 06320

Editorials



Sharing a Hill

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So there we were. We waved at them vigorously, parked and trotted over, *College Voice* tote bags slung over our arms. Daniel was standing with his fellow cadet Allison Murray, both members of the regimental staff, who are responsible for the day-to-day operations of the Corps of Cadets. They wore blue shirts neatly tucked into navy pants, gold stripes on each shoulder, and familiar white hats. We immediately became a jumble of wide smiles and crisscrossed shaking hands.

I always knew the campus was all brick, but didn't realize how much the buildings could change a campus color scheme – our white stone offsets green grass and orange trees – their red brick pulls you into the intensity of autumn. The Thames River is within smelling distance. Boulders sit, unmoving, at dangerous angles, nestled into the buzz-cut grass.

They ushered us to lunch up staircases that snaked along the hill we sit atop. Chase Hall, a mammoth building that houses all 1019 CGA students, hosts the campus's only dining hall: the Wardroom. The Wardroom is wide enough for every student to eat lunch in together, on white tablecloths – nine per table, like a ship – family style, food brought tableside and passed from hand to hand.

"What do we need to know?" I asked.

"Once all the cadets are in the Wardroom," Dan said, leading us through double doors, "I'll wave my big white hat and whoever's at the microphone will call for attention on deck. The cadets will stand at attention and we'll walk up to the head table. Then they'll call a moment of silence, then Seat. That's it! You ready?"

For as long as I live, I will never forget the next fifteen seconds. We entered in a row – Dan, John, and then me, and the silence hit abruptly, like someone had turned off a concert and turned on the lights. The cadets stood straight behind their chairs, eyes glazed forward. John and I tried to keep up with Dan's stride, hyperaware of every small sound, any potential word disguised in a cough. The walk felt endless. John almost fell off the platform we were invited to dine on, which faced the Wardroom like The Last Supper.

When we sat down at the Head Table, Dan turned music over the loudspeaker ("It's a Friday thing – usually it's the radio, but occasionally members of the Regimental Staff will compete over who can make a better CD.") and the room aggressively revived itself. Cadets passed around plates of pizza and ladels of soup, chatting, laughing, occasionally cheering. We talked about what cadets do after the Academy (most are assigned as Engineers in Training or Deck Watch Officers on ships) and what we do after college (a question we tactfully rushed through). We learned that Allison was training for a marathon, and Dan spent a summer on the Coast Guard Cutter Gallatin, traveling through the Caribbean looking for ships that may be carrying narcotics into the US – "400 feet of warship and they let you drive it when you're 19 years old," he said. Allison is a civil engineering major, and Dan majors in Government. They said John's art history major sounded fun, and asked me what "new media studies," my self-design, actually means.

I asked at least five people what they suggested I bring up at this lunch – they all wanted to know, in some form, how living such a regimented lifestyle affected their internal sense of order. They, like I, assumed that cadet training had developed their personalities to be strict, uptight and by-the-rules. I found the cadets I met to be fit, scruffless, upright folks, who walked with purpose and made easygoing, charming company. The Coast Guard, it seemed, gave them the structure and meaning that we

find in our extracurriculars, majors, Centers and campus jobs. But the key difference is that we channel our energy into different causes. For Conn students, college is promoted as exploratory, a place where we find the causes we want to work toward. The primary cause of the Coast Guard is shared: service.

We were also joined for lunch by our SGA President Nate Cornell '11 and Parliamentarian Carson Miller '11, who left shortly thereafter. Dan continued to lead us along paths and through buildings. When we reached the library ("Great if you want to learn about historical naval ships, but I prefer yours"), I broached the topic that had prompted this visit: our social relationship.

Dan told us that the article was on the Admiral's desk by 7:30 on the morning after it was put online, and that it was circulated widely throughout the Coast Guard's Academy and larger community. The cadet in question was treated for his injuries at L&M the night of the incident, and released the following morning, and disciplinary action had not yet been decided on. The real issue, he thought, was bigger: "The article painted a less than flattering portrait of our cadets, and we're a service academy," he said. "When we visit your campus we're representing our institution, and we don't want these interactions to be the basis for our relationship."

One comment on the article's website rings particularly true: "This small group of Coast Guard men reflect poorly on their institution, as the meatheads who assaulted them reflect on Conn." Two weeks ago, Dan tells us, he met a member of the Class of 1955 who had met his wife at a square dance at Connecticut College. The larger history of our institutions is meaningful and rich, and not tainted with blood and beer cans. Whatever biases have persisted throughout our years at Conn, perpetuated and grown through hearsay from 4-year cycles past, stem from random drunk exchanges and aggressive ice hockey games. A two-hour lunch cannot offer any conclusive, simplified declaration of how cadets really are – that's something I can never claim to know. It did encourage me to judge my neighbors on more than their worst weekend miscreants, as I hope they will for me.

Dan and I have resolved to create more opportunities for both institutions to get to know each other—perhaps even when sober. When you get there, we ask you for open-mindedness – a promise to reserve any embedded judgment upon seeing a white hat.

One of our students' favorite complaints pertains to the homogeneity of experience and beliefs on our campus. The Coast Guard has no student newspaper, and Dan suggested that when issues arise that cadets could use a forum to discuss, that the discussion happens primarily "behind closed doors." Despite the anger seen in many of the comments regarding this article, the comment space itself gave cadets an opportunity to make a strong case, one that has led to some actual impetus for change.

As Dan walked us back to the parking lot, I remarked that of all five branches of the military, the job of the Coast Guard seemed the least contentious. He stopped at the spot we met two hours before. "I've always thought," he said, "that no matter what your political beliefs are, pulling people out of the water? Entirely bipartisan in my opinion."

-Lilah Raptopoulos

Corrections

The caption about Connecticut College Rowing's performance at the Head of the Charles stated that the Men's Rowing team placed 30th out of 31. The actually placed 30th out of 41.

Regarding the article "Very Few Rules: An Hour with Wayne Ong," the term for street performing in Singapore is "busking," not "basking."

Letters

To the Editor:

I just finished reading an article written by Julia Cristofano regarding the Harris dining hall as well as athletic meal Vouchers, and it is the latter subject that I take issue with; Ms. Cristofano writes that the only things to eat at The Snack Shop are day-old grapes, Pizzas & ice cream (only pizza is included in a meal voucher). Obviously Ms. Cristofano has not researched her story (or the meal voucher part of it anyway) or she would be aware that with a meal voucher one is entitled to a choice of a (whole) two topping pizza, or a grinder, or a sandwich/burger, or a wrap of choice, or an egg sandwich or a choice of a chef or chicken Caesar salad. Along with these choices the voucher holder is also entitled to a piece of fruit, two fresh baked cookies or a brownie, fries, and a yogurt. Therefore if a voucher holder chooses wisely the meal can be quite healthy, contrary to whatever the uninformed Ms. Cristofano would have us believe.

Greg C. Marchenkoff
Supervisor
Dining Services

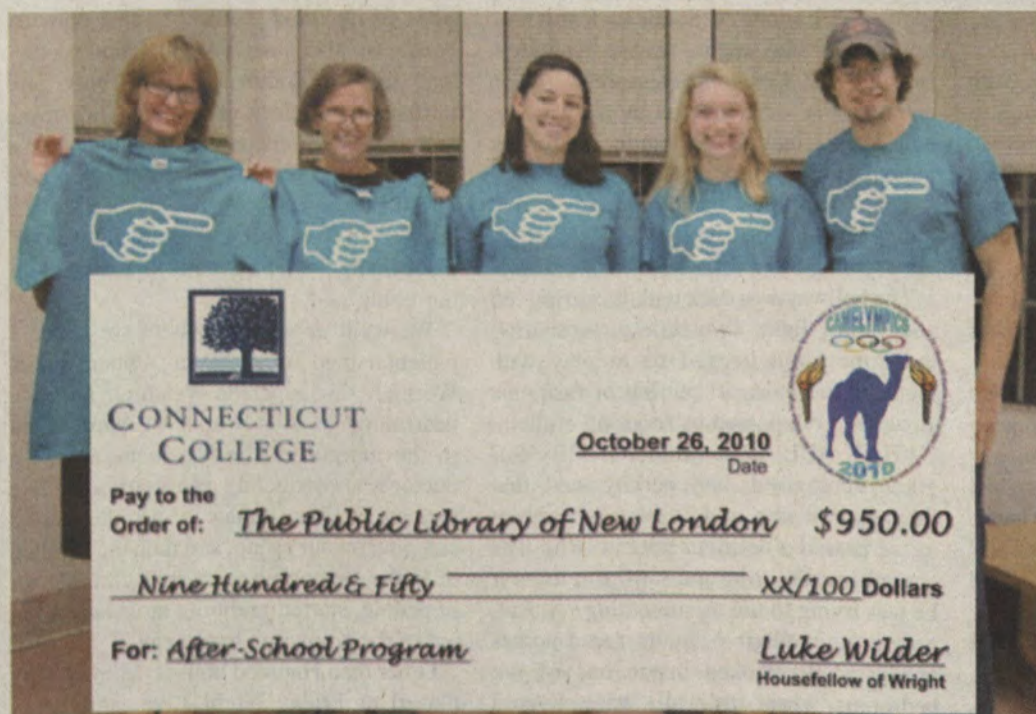
THIS WEEK IN PICTURES



PHOTOS COURTESY OF MIGUEL SALCEDO, DUNCAN SPAULDING, TANAHA SIMON AND OUR GOOD FRIEND FACEBOOK.

HALLOWEEN

The Voice Editorial Staff applauds Conn College on its all-out attitude this Saturday night. Staff costumes included a creepy gym teacher, a Furby, a banana, a male stripper, a female "Lax Bro", the Monopoly man, Roxy Richter, Felicity the American Girl Doll, and a Sourpuss.



Remember the spare change you threw into that water jug to vote for your favorite dorm t-shirt on Camelympics? On Tuesday evening, members of the winning Wright house hosted a reception for the New London Library After-School Program to present them with a check for the \$950 we raised in total.



Another photo of Fall Foliage, because we can't get enough...

CECILIA BROWN/STAFF

Pour de Frantz

Lorelei of the Blue Camel



Lorelei in a familiar place.

KIRA TURNBULL / STAFF

KIEFER ROBERTS COLUMNIST

She is the woman who smiles and wishes you good morning on your worst day, and she's already been up for four and a half hours. She is the woman who pours you a mean cup of coffee or a startlingly delicious pumpkin spice latté when you have too much work to handle. She feeds you delicious Asiago bagels in the morning and afternoon. Her name is Lorelai Frantz, she is the caffeine rushing through Shain Library's veins, and many people can't imagine their daily routine without her.

After two minutes with Lorelai, I was immediately put at ease. It's a calm that's hard to explain, not unlike the one you feel when speaking with an aunt or therapist who gets you just a *bit* more than your parents do. The interview, meant to be pretty little simplistic Q&A, turned into *our* discussion. When you're speaking with Lorelai, as long as students and faculty aren't hungry or thirsty, you have her full attention. She apologizes each time she has to break away, something I didn't mind at all. But it's important to mention that we were interrupted not only by order requests, but by students who just wanted to chat. She's popular, she's busy and she's so adored. Before meeting

with her I spoke with some of the people she employs. Erik Kartowski '12 informed me that Lorelai is often the best friend of her employees. Fellow Blue Camel worker Nicole Moomjy '12 jumped right in: "Lorelai works a lot – she wakes up at 4:00 in the morning every single day just to get her butt here and serve people coffee, and to be really friendly and happy. She's awesome."

Lorelai has been working at Connecticut College for seven years now. "When I came here, Blue Camel wasn't anything like it is now," she told me. Starting in 2003 after a terrible family loss, Lorelai quit her job managing the Saybrook Fish House in Old Saybrook, CT. Tired of people complaining about their undercooked fish, and feeling a bit detached, she listened to a friend's advice and took the job at Blue Camel after the now defunct café at the Lyman Allyn museum didn't do well. At first it seemed that the same fate would befall Blue Camel.

"I didn't have a lot of business... only the freshmen came because everyone had their own thing, you know? And I used to cry all the time, so I'd cry and then someone would come down and I'd have to pull it together and say, 'Hi! How are you? What can I do for you?'" Lorelai laughed.

The space now occupied by comfy chairs and circle tables was a lifeless landscape of bookshelves – the café's introduction encouraged the college to bring life to the area. Soon, people were stopping by more often, and those members of the freshman class became fixtures in Lorelai's daily life.

And her daily life it was. Lorelai had no student workers, and was the only person manning the counter, from the morning shift until midnight. This from a woman who really does get up at 4:30 every morning. It's time, she says, she gets to have to herself – to get some household chores done, play with her

two dogs, a Great Pyrenees and a Bouvier de Flanders, and her new kitten.

A student leaving the library told her to enjoy her weekend, and to have fun. When I inquired as to what fun tonight and Saturday might bring, she offhandedly said, "I'm going to a wine tasting and having my tires changed. Life is *so* exciting."

Born in the Chelsea neighborhood of Manhattan, Lorelai moved to Old Lyme with her grandmother and grew up primarily on her farm, because her parents didn't want her to be raised in the city. Lorelai eventually returned to her birthplace of New York City, where she met her husband. She was a seamstress at a sale loft at the time, and he was in sales. Ten years later they got married – they celebrated their thirtieth anniversary this year. Now she works here with us, and he builds houses and in his spare time plays country music. "Don't get married fast," was the advice Lorelai gave me. "Just hang out for a really long time. See what you guys are about." Sound advice from a woman who spends her days around college kids.

Still residing in Old Lyme, Lorelai also lived in New London in the 1980s with her husband. "We lived by the beach. I love New London, I really do," she said, making coffee for a student who walked in on us talking. She loves its art and music scene, recommends the Dutch Tavern and

agrees with me that Exchange isn't the best place to be spending your Fridays. She doesn't think the New London Police are incredibly effective ("Whatever happened to protect and *serve*?") but believes that New London is getting better and better each year.

Lorelai has a self-described addiction to gum and an affinity for the word "delicious." In the face of Cro and Harris, Lorelai *is totally hooking us up*. "We try everything – we try a lot of different things, and whatever works we keep," she said. The soups she serves comes from Hale and Hearty in New York City, as do some of the baked goods, which also come from Coffee's Country Market in Old Lyme. She's environmentally conscious, and aware of different eating styles. Lorelai loves all different kinds of food. Should she take over Harris? Probably. But those who know Lorelai like her exactly where she is.

"I was kind of scared of Lorelai last year," Moomjy admitted with a smile, "Because she really... she gets it done, you know? If you mess up she's going to let you know, and she's going to give you a heads up. But that's why things work, and now I'm here all day, every day and I love her. She solves my problems and she has lots of great gossip. She's great."

It's invigorating to know that so many individuals here have been affected by the calming, funny, genuine person Lorelai is. Throughout the interview, she scanned the room continuously, either looking for people she had yet to greet, or people who needed help. She's open and candid, so I knew it wasn't a fear of being overheard as much as a double-check that everyone was okay.

Lorelai said that Conn students haven't changed that much since she started, and that she doesn't know a lot of people at Conn, just that population of students to stop by. She knows more faces than she thinks. She attends graduation every year, sits there clapping, her eyes misting occasionally – a happy kind of cry – as she watches another group of people she's grown to know leave. "I have a great time here, I meet great people, I learn so much," she said. When asked what she would change about Conn if given the power to do so, she offers me an honest and earnest answer. "I think I would make sure that everyone really got along and didn't just fake it, instead of saying it for the face value. People I get down here are real, but I hear stories sometimes of unhappy and unpleasant experiences that students have had with others on this campus that I cannot believe. Maybe I believe it, I just wish it wasn't like that."

With her finger on the pulse of the school, it's fascinating how well Lorelai understands this stage of development. When a student realizes that places like Blue Camel exist, run by people who listen to you and who actually care, they forget the faux coziness (and pumpkin flavor) that a mammoth chain like Starbucks recreates and start appreciating the dedication and efforts of individuals like Lorelai, a real person.

One of the items on her bucket list is to travel to the Mediterranean – Lorelai's of Greek ancestry – and to Alaska. She loves music from the late 70s and the 80s like David Bowie, Iggy Pop and The Clash, but also listens to LCD Soundsystem and Amy Winehouse. I wonder if she'll let me come on her next trip. We could eat delicious food and laugh about the time her husband chased a New Londoner into the bathroom at a bar for grabbing a CC senior's butt. These stories, her stories, are among the many things she offers if you ask. Until we get invited with her to the Mediterranean, I suggest you join me in visiting her in the basement of Shain to just eat soup and listen. •

Five Nights of Halloween, Brought to you by SAC

ALEX SCHWARTZBURG STAFF WRITER

Halloween Week 2010 kicked off last Tuesday at 4:00 PM. Hundreds of students lined up in front of Crozier-Williams Student Center to make caramel apples, courtesy of Conn's Student Activities Council (SAC). Geoff Taylor, Chairman of SAC's Variety Events Committee, said they hadn't expected a big crowd, but that the turnout was a good thing. "It means PR is doing a good job," he said. Reviews all around were positive.

SAC President Julie Sizer was very enthused about the event. "SAC is amazing. Student Activities Council is really great, I'm not biased at all in saying that... Happy Halloween!"

But as always, Halloween is not just about candy apples, it's about tricks and scares, and Haunted Houses.

After going to the Korova for a nightcap with my three droogs on Friday, I got a text that Blackstone was having a haunted house. I had heard a little of Blackstone's plan. From what I had been told it would be a guided tour through a bunch of foggy hallways, and the theme would be vampires. In an early interview for this article, Blackstone's House Fellow, Sally Zuar, told me "Yeah, it's gonna be pretty amazing, really scary, really cool and really intricate." I was intrigued.

So I figured we'd check it out.

We were ushered into the room. The theme was clearly vampires. Sophomore Shiva Krishna Goud, a very slick Indian gentleman, rockin' an awesome grey suit, and Senior Sally Zuar, a slender brunette in a glimmering purple

dress, bearing a wooden cross and garlic, were our guides. Our hosts told us about Blackstone, "As one of the oldest dorms, we have some of the stranger residents compared to other dorms. And some of our residents do bite. We have 99 residents, and room for one more. Any volunteers?" As our garlic-clad friend continued her speech, we noticed a vampire, who, until that moment, had been playing the organ. Suddenly, he reached out to bite one of the girls in our group. Shiva interjected, "Please keep your hands and feet within the tour group," and we left the common room.

The tour had begun.

The first floor hall was strewn with cobwebs. As our guide continued to tell us about Blackstone, a fanged Asian woman leapt out at us from room 106. Then another vampire, sophomore Bo Xiong, jumped out at us. He was far more touchy, and he disappeared. When he returned, he tapped me on the shoulder. I freaked, let out a loud scream, pushed to the front of the group and raced to the stairwell.

We continued to the second floor, where we saw Blackstone residents snacking on live victims—Glaring at us with hungry eyes, and sharp fangs... The hallway had been decorated as an ornate foyer with hand-painted portraits of most distinguished and very creepy looking characters mounted on the walls. I couldn't help but admire the craftsmanship. There were life-sized portraits as well—they were so realistic that I could have sworn I saw the eyes move.

As we went down to the basement, our guides assured us that we might survive if we did as they said. We went through

the basement where more vampires were feeding. Suddenly, they began clawing at us—"You seemed to have gained some attention," Shiva said, "you need to leave right NOW!!!"—and they chased us out of Blackstone. It felt like we barely made it out alive.

They did not disappoint.

Blackstone owned up to its tradition of over enthusiasm. In an effort to scare this reporter, one vampire accidentally broke a glass window in Blackstone's entry way, which I caught on film.

After being chased out of Blackstone, my party and I ventured South to Knowlton, known, for the night, as the Knowlton Institute for Cosmetic Research. Upon entering, we were greeted by a vivacious and very enthusiastic guide, a former patient of the Institute.

There was loud banging on the door, our guide popped his head behind it, "Everything ok in there?..." We went in.

The hallway was dark with flickering red and yellow light. Two little girls, sharing the same outfit begged us to play with them, in the most off putting of fashions. A surgeon ran passed us shouting at them, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!?" Our guide apologized, and perkily said that they were in the middle of a renovation as we passed a delirious patient, who was convulsing, drooling and staring at us as if he was trying to tell us something. Ahead, a dark, unintelligible, figure raced across our path. We looked inside one of the bedrooms, where the walls were covered in blood writing, "Get out while you still can!" The staff explained that patients are allowed to decorate their rooms as they see fit, due to "long term stays from

complications."

We went back into the hallway where two doctors were dragging a patient, who broke free of their restraint and ran towards us. We ran outside and went up the stairs.

The second floor was divided into several segments with ripped trash bags that hung from the ceiling. Our guide apologized for the corpse laying on the medical table, when all of a sudden it began to cough and convulse. "Get away quickly, he's contagious," he shouted. We passed a bathroom, where a woman shouted at us "AM I BEAUTIFUL YET?!?" Beneath piles of rags and clothes, bodies crawled at us. We also passed an "abortion room," and then a doctor drinking beer and performing surgery on a man with three feet. We then encountered David, at the top of the stairs. "Don't mind him he's afraid of heights." As we descended the stairway, David threw dolls in nooses off the balcony. "Don't mind these things," our guide said.

We went downstairs where we heard a patient named Tomo playing a piano again. We then saw a person watching his own heart surgery, after which we were taken to the morgue in the basement, where a doctor was conducting an autopsy on a live patient. A skinny inmate in shackles started creeping on our group, and then the bunch of limbs, belonging to an indiscernible set of people, started grabbing at us as we ran out of the Knowlton basement.

Other than Haunted houses, Mighty Tiny played at Friday Night Live, and many people showed up to the Halloween dance Saturday night. •

Celebrating a Century

DAVID SHANFIELD
STAFF WRITER

To introduce the college community to the work being done to mark the school's centennial year, the Centennial Committee, comprised of staff, faculty and students, held a Common Hour on Friday, October 29. The three co-chairs of the Centennial Committee Vice President of College Relations Patricia Carey, Associate Professor and Chair of the Theater Department Leah Lowe and Associate Professor of Music and Chair of the Music Department Midge Thomas directed the discussion.

"The biggest celebration of the year will be 2011's Fall Weekend," promised Carey, "[as] all alumni, parents, and everyone on campus is invited." Other, "[as] all alumni, parents, and everyone on campus is invited." The three co-chairs of the Centennial Committee Vice President of College Relations Patricia Carey, Associate Professor and Chair of the Theater Department Leah Lowe and Associate Professor of Music and Chair of the Music Department Midge Thomas directed the discussion.

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Perhaps the most prominent work done by the committee is the recently launched Centennial Song Contest. It is open to all students, graduates and current and former faculty members. "It's not a replacement to the alma mater," said Thomas. "It's an updated song, a way to celebrate the second century."

The winner of the Centennial Song Contest will receive a cash prize of \$1500.

Lisa Brownell, Director of College Publications and Chair of the Centennial Committee's Publications and Visual Identity subcommittee, introduced the most visual aspect of the centennial celebration. "The new logo serves as a symbol of the journey every student takes at Connecticut College, starting with convocation and ending with commencement," explained Brownell. The logo was designed to represent the Conn's own "humble" beginnings, as well as each student's beginning to "their life long connection to the college."

Merrill Collins, Director of the Office of Events and Catering, and Chair of Staff Council, as well as Chair of the Centennial Committee's Commencement subcommittee, elaborated on the centennial events surrounding graduation. For example, the diplomas for the Class of 2011 have been resized and redesigned and will include a centennial tagline. The decorations for and layout of commencement have also been redesigned and events throughout commencement weekend have been added and altered.

The 2011 Commencement speaker, Cynthia Enloe '60, is a renowned political scientist and, in the words of President Lee Higdon, was chosen as someone who "exemplifies both our founding values and our highest aspirations for academic excellence and global perspective."

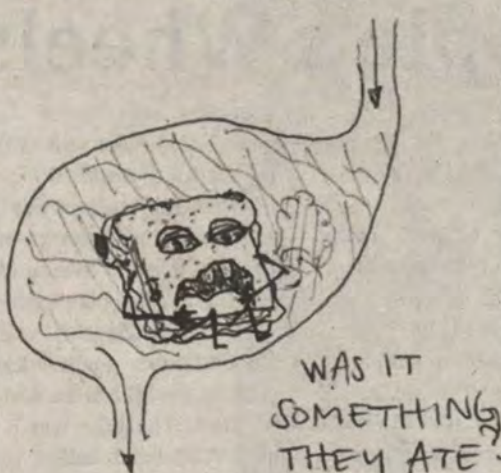
Benjamin Parent, senior designer and art director of *CC Magazine* and Chair of the Centennial Committee's New London and Community Outreach subcommittee, established the Linking New London and Connecticut College Communities (LINCC), photo contest, which "explores the relationship between the college and New London."

Parent also explained Honor New London Day: "Folklore has it that on March 1, 1911, the residents of New London had a spontaneous parade through the streets of New London because they had raised the hundred thousand dollars necessary to bring the college to New London." In celebration of the hundredth anniversary of that parade, Connecticut College is holding a function downtown with a walking parade, food, and entertainment.

A book of stories written by Emeriti faculty will also be published in observance of the Centennial year, and a permanent history exhibit will be displayed in Fanning Hall.

IT'S GASTRONOMICAL!

SARAH KOSOFSKY
STAFF WRITER



JOHN SHERMAN / MANAGING EDITOR

It's that time of year again: you're sitting in class, taking a test, and someone behind you begins to cough. The person next to you sneezes. You begin to pray that you will not contract any illness, since it's only Monday and your teachers have strict attendance policies.

Recently, Student Health Services sent an e-mail to the college community, warning of a gastrointestinal illness that was going around the campus. The message explained that some students had contracted a stomach virus, and that if a student felt very ill and could not keep down fluids for more than an hour, they should call the Health Center. Students with the virus were suffering from nausea, vomiting and diarrhea.

In the e-mail, the health center also reminded students about preventative measures to keep from getting sick, including frequently washing hands, especially after going to the bathroom and before eating.

Students on the men's and women's soccer teams and the field hockey team became sick after traveling to Connecticut for away games. Those that had contracted the virus were symptomatic for about twenty-four hours; some students went to the ER and were released, having been treated for dehydration.

"Sunday afternoon brought the first sign of it," said field hockey coach Debbie Lavigne. "After that, it spread to seven other players. Women's soccer had about the same number of players get infected, men's soccer was a little slower. The Connecticut Department of Public

Health is looking into it. Because men's soccer, women's soccer, and field hockey all got it, so they're looking into common things we all eat."

Fortunately, Cate Moffett, Director of Student Health Services, said that the virus is on a decline. Most of the students that had come down with the gastrointestinal illness have already fully recovered. Moffett said that the virus had mostly been concentrated within the soccer and field hockey teams, and luckily hadn't been spread elsewhere.

"About five years ago, we had another bad stomach virus that spread quickly throughout campus," Moffett said. "This time, we were lucky, and the virus didn't spread as quickly. We were also able to catch it early, which helped us with containing it."

Moffett sent the e-mail this time to attempt to contain the virus, an attempt that at the moment, seems to have been very successful. E-mails were also helpful in preventing the spread of H1N1, or swine flu, last year.

The local health department, Ledge Light Health District, helped to investigate the origin of the gastrointestinal virus, although it was quickly realized that the virus was first contracted at some point during the trip to Colby. The health center also follows the trends of illnesses on campus to help students prevent the spread of sicknesses.

This year, SHS has already encountered many cases of strep throat and mono. These cases mostly involve freshmen, who often cannot escape illness because they have a sick roommate. Lack of sleep and excessive drinking lowers the immune system's ability to fight off illnesses.

Moffett suggests that students should also get their flu vaccination early, so that the campus can be more protected against seasonal flu and H1N1 thanks to "herd immunity." If most of the students got their immunizations, there would be a much lower chance that anyone on campus would contract the flu. The flu shot this year includes protection against H1N1.

Moffett says that the best protection against illness is to take care of ourselves. "I would say that the highest at risk we have here are students who don't get enough sleep. Students need to sleep well, eat well and be healthy for when [cold season] gets worse."

Concert from Conservation

Initiatives help fund Floralia

NORA SWENSON
STAFF WRITER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"Essentially, the more energy the student body saves throughout the year, the more financial support we get for our favorite concert series Floralia," said SGA Chair of Environmental Affairs Ian Phillips '11.

Over the past three years, \$10,551.90 has been saved through Concert from Conservation, with last year alone accounting for over \$3,700 that will be allocated towards Floralia. This significant amount can make all the difference in the quality of bands at Floralia—"equivalent to the difference in quality between Raffie and Pee-Wee Herman," according to Phillips.

There were some challenges in the past with Concert from Conservation, such as the miscommunication in finances that resulted in two years without properly funding the students' conserved efforts. Emily Conrad '11, Environmental Coordinator Assistant, spoke of the incident, insisting that although it was a minor slip up, the finance department was sure to reprimand the situation, and within three days, all of the money was effectively transferred. "As a result, we now have all the money we should, and things are just going to get better from this point." House Environmental Representatives make an earnest effort to keep students in the know by posting environmental boards, posters and signs by light switches, but it's ultimately up to the students to heed their messages. All of these efforts are amidst last week's Brumalia and Blackout Night events,

put on by the various environmental clubs to begin to raise awareness for energy conservation.

"Brumalia and Blackout night were, in years past, considered kick-off events for Concert from Conservation," said Erik Karwatoski, Co-President of the Renewable Energy Club. "In previous years, Concert from Conservation ran from November until late March; yet, this year, groups

of students from the environmental clubs, as well as SGA and SAC, decided to expand the reach of Concert from Conservation from September to May. These events are still in the same light as past events where they are kicking it off and letting people know about Concert from Conservation."

Conrad mentioned that in addition to this outreach, once a year, "the Renewable Energy Club instigates a pledge students can sign outside of Harris that says 'I'm conserving energy for

Concert from Conservation.'" REC hopes that the visual piece further instills a sense of conservation.

Just how well is Conn measuring up against other NESCAC schools? "We always submit to the Environmental College Sustainability Report Card, and have always gotten As in participation," Conrad noted. On the other hand, lower marks in Endowment Transparency and Transportation are what result in the overall B grading Connecticut College received for 2010. All results can be found at greenreportcard.com.

"If saving energy in our dorms helps both the environment and raises the bar for the performances at Floralia, it's definitely something we should implement," said Phillips.

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Student Teachers Tell Stories

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Holland says. "We have two seminars that are paired with our student teaching: one focusing on practice and the other focusing on theory, specifically critical pedagogy, and applying it in our classrooms."

Despite the five day per week commitment in the classroom and the two seminars back at Connecticut College, there are still more steps that one must take to become a certified teacher, Danielle Green '11, who has been teaching both band classes and music theory classes at Lyme-Old Lyme High School in Old Lyme, CT, explains that "to become a music teacher, one must fulfill all of the State of Connecticut's general education requirements, as well as taking music methods classes in woodwinds, brass, percussion, vocal, strings, and piano," noting that all this must occur prior to beginning student teaching." If certified in the State of Connecticut, Green would be eligible to teach music at any level, from kindergarten through twelfth grade, though she has chosen secondary education for the time being.

Not all student teachers plan to jump right into a public school teaching career. Holland lists "taking some time off to be a ski bum out west and teach skiing (preferably to people with disabilities), living abroad and teaching English for a couple of years, and ultimately earning my master's degree in special education in order to work in an inclusive setting with children with disabilities" as part of her post-graduation plans.

Undoubtedly, these students are as open to a wide variety of opportunities and experiences as those in every other area of study. Lily Holland '11, who teaches second grade at the Regional Cultural Magnet School in New London, reflects on the variety of options still open to those who will complete the certificate program. "I had an internship this summer at a non-profit that was more centered around policy and I loved that too. I know I want to be in the sphere of education and I will teach at some point, but I hope I'm not limited to just that."

The education certification program is not something that can be taken up at the last minute. The crucial advice from these seniors in the program seems to be getting involved during freshman year and deciding to make a full commitment or none at all. "I've been part of the certificate program since spring of my freshman year," said Sarah. "If students think they are interested in getting certified, they



JULIE MCMAHON / CREATIVE DIRECTOR

should start early and plan ahead!"

The large time commitment does indeed take a toll on student teachers. "Student teaching requires a lot of discipline, especially waking up so early in the morning," said Green. Sarah describes the challenges of maintaining a college social life while student teaching. When she does have the time to hang out with friends, "I am typically too exhausted to be any fun anyway," she said. However, Sarah, Danielle and Lily all have had positive experiences in the program and all seem to feel that it has been well worth their time and energy.

There is a fun aspect to getting to spend a significant amount of time in a school environment. "One thing that I can definitely count on I that something funny occurs almost every day, especially when it comes to over 100 high school kids and band instruments," said Green. Sarah's class, after learning about the letter D, experienced a pleasant surprise. "My cooperating teacher and I asked a teacher at the school to bring her dog into our classroom. The kids freaked out, they were blown away!" What student teachers are guaranteed is that every day at work is different.

Lily mentioned a time when a student inquired if she slept on a table at night. Lily said, "When I asked what on earth he meant, he explained that since I 'lived at school' he figured I probably didn't have a bed. So I had to explain to him that I live at college which is different from elementary school." While Lily was undoubtedly amused by the question, perhaps the student was more intuitive than imaginative; after thinking about the countless hours that go into being student teachers—on top of the burdens associated with being students themselves—to say that this dedicated group of teachers-in-training 'live at school' does not seem so silly after all.

Spokespeople's Wheels Keep on Turnin'

JERELL MAYS
STAFF WRITER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

She saw the pen and notebook in my hands and immediately knew why I was there. Before we could speak, however, I stood aside as students arrived one after another. Some of them had bikes, some had come to obtain bikes, and others simply came to help fix whatever needed fixing. After about five minutes of introductions in what bordered an uncomfortably close proximity, I had a chance to talk to members of Spokespeople about the influx of new bikes and their ideas for the future.

"We're mostly known for bike rentals. We also help people repair bikes and teach bike repair," said Whitehead. "People will [sometimes] bring a bike from home. As problems progress, they're addressed." Spokespeople is funded by the SGA, but they rely heavily on donations from the New London area. She suggested that the mission of Spokespeople was to promote bicycles as an alternate form of transportation, which makes sense, as the group is one of five environmentally-focused groups on campus, and is represented on the Environmental Model Committee (EMC).

Spokespeople also focuses on closing the gap between Conn and the rest of New London—a gap that seems much larger than

it actually is. "We have rides into New London, and a lot of these rides help people realize how accessible New London really is. It's so easy to bike downtown. People think it's so far away," said Whitehead. I asked how often they go out on bike rides and Andrew Greaves '13 answered, "[We] had a few rides for Fall Weekend, and a volunteer ride to clean up the beach." Before the donation, the group had been out of bikes to lend. So where did all of these bikes come from?

Ola Rys '13, a member of Spokespeople and the EMC, explained the story to me: "Bikes for Kids donated the bikes." Bikes for Kids is an organization that operates out of Old Lyme, Connecticut and, among other things, donates bikes to children. They recently sent 140 bikes to Haiti to help with the relief efforts since the earthquake earlier this year. "But the shipping rules changed, leaving [those] bikes stuck in storage. These left over bikes," she said, gesturing to the row of multi-colored bicycles that lined the perimeter of the room, "were relegated to Conn Coll."

This was done in an attempt to make sure that no more donated bikes ended up sitting in boxes somewhere. "Most of them are in used but very good condition," she tells me. Her smile reassures me of this, somehow. And what better way to become completely

assured of the new bikes than to rent one for myself?

Whitehead was happy to oblige, and after a brief signing of forms, I found myself twenty dollars poorer and one bike richer (the twenty dollar deposit works as collateral—you get it back after returning the bike at the end of the semester). The bike was a faded blue; Whitehead called it "The Nomad." I wondered why, and then I looked at the bike's frame and realized the name was painted on the side. The next day I took it out for a ride, and honestly, I was impressed. The seat was a little high but that was easily fixed, and the brakes were in great condition, ensuring that I didn't go sailing over the handlebars even as I sped down wet concrete roads.

There's no questioning whether the donated bikes are dated. They definitely are. But thanks to the dedicated efforts of Spokespeople, they remain in sound condition. "My bike is working better than it ever has before," said Eleanor Baumgarten '13, another member of Spokespeople. The group has already set plans in motion to take full advantage of the new bikes, including a possible bike-share program that would allow students to rent a bike on a less-committal level, as briefly as a day, from the library.

"[A] spring semester pilot program would make six bikes available during library hours,"



CECILIA BROWN / STAFF

Celia Whitehead gives some tips on bike repair.

Whitehead explained. Should the program take off, more bikes would doubtlessly become available over time.

This recent generous donation makes this idea a possibility, and it seems like a significantly wiser

idea, both for your wallet and for the ozone layer, than driving one's car from Harris to Cummings out of sloth. Whitehead added, "It's all about being healthy, outside and connected to our environment."

Don't Say That!



KIEFER ROBERTS
COLUMNIST

Dear Connecticut College Community,

In addition to the slight variation in this column's title this week, please notice my lack of descriptors. That's mostly because I've been doing some quality thinking, and though my somewhat socially-informed and often accurate calling-outs might be funny and are meant to embarrass a little, I try not to overgeneralize about the lovely community in which I live. Last week, a really good friend made a rather asinine comment.

"Hey, I'm surprised you're not wearing purple today," he said to me.

Confused as to his motives, I asked why my lack of purple/periwinkle/lavender attire confounded him. "Because you're gay," he matter-of-factly replied. Well...I'm aware of that, but does that mean I have to be all triangles, sparkles and rainbows like an acid trip-inducing Lisa Frank folder? It was later brought to my attention that that particular day was designated as an LGBTQ support day, and lots of individuals on campus, gay and straight, were wearing purple. But the thought had already crossed my mind—do we as a community always do this? Do we all generalize based on superficial attributes that actually hold no meaning whatsoever? And the answer, my friends, is yes. Yes, we do.

Ever see a young woman wearing heels in Harris on a Tuesday afternoon or evening? Chances are someone else has too, and they've called, are calling, or will call her a whore. Why?! They're really nice shoes! But it doesn't matter, because people are guessing who she is based on what she looks like.

What about a boy in skinny jeans and a flannel shirt? Probably a hipster from Brooklyn who loves Sleigh Bells and probably watches Whale Wars. It's the beginning of November, so flannel shirts are kind of the item to be wearing in 40-degree weather. It happens everywhere, and almost everyone is guilty of it, myself included. I can't count the number of times I've heard that someone didn't belong here because they're more of a

"Trinity girl" or that someone with a beard and an appreciation for music that doesn't sound like it was produced in an electronic club in Berlin should "go to Wesleyan."

This mentality, which is insane, is incredibly prevalent on our campus. And sure, categorization helps us make sense of our world—we automatically assign everyone a gender, a race, and more than likely a sexuality. It's what is instinctive and what allows us to move through our environment—it's nature!—but why go the extra mile to assign someone a personality characteristic (tramp, idiot, misogynist, homophobe, potential grand imperial wizard of the Klan) based on their superficial appearance? Yes, she might walk into class with a lacrosse stick or he might be wearing a v-neck but you have no idea who they are, so to assume that she's a douche and he's a skank is like, *real rude*. Switch the gender in the previous sentence, and the same is true.

I know that college is a weird, drunken, often hazy (especially after Halloween) place. I know that we all enter college as eighteen-year old clowns, people who think they know things and "how people are." I know that more than one of us has believed, within two months of being here, that there are actually only twenty-three people who go to Conn, and that the other 1,832 are just cheap minimized and maximized carbon copies of the originals. And I know that it's difficult in a place as small as Camp Conn Coll to believe that there are lots of new and interesting people out there, waiting to meet their kindred No-way!-I-really-like-the-smell-of-new-rugs-too! spirit.

But trust me, there are people here who, despite a perception of their outward selves, would blow your mind if you simply engaged them in conversation rather than spitting out that nasty comment. I'm just saying, the next time you start to make an assumption about a stranger, make sure it's not a gross categorization and instead is a pointed, honest, and specific scathing comment. It makes you feel smarter and slightly better that way. Trust me, I know.

Think About It,
Kiefer

More AEDs ASAP!

TARA LAW
CONTRIBUTOR

There are 190,000 Google results for the phrase "student died cardiac arrest." Many of these stories quote devastated friends and parents who describe the victim as healthy and athletic. They say that they cannot believe that their loved ones are gone.

Why would Conn need to worry about heart failure? This is the same logic that stops people from taking steps to prevent future catastrophes. While most people die in the event of cardiac arrest, immediate treatment substantially increases chances of survival.

Emergency defibrillators are used when the heart stops beating completely—what is called cardiac arrest. Cardiac arrest can occur due to blunt force, intense physical activity, or if heart rate is disrupted in some other way. An automated external defibrillator (AED) is the best hope of survival for someone experiencing cardiac arrest, although every passing minute decreases their chance of survival by ten percent.

There are only *two* AEDs on our campus, one in the Athletic Facility and one with campus safety. These were added after a professor died ten years ago. It is conceivable that if there had been a defibrillator nearby, he may have lived. While the defibrillators we have now are valuable, it is shocking that out of all the NESCAC schools, Conn has by far the fewest. I asked Catharine Moffett, Director of Health Services, about the statistics for other similarly-sized schools.

She told me that as of 2009, Bates, which has fewer students than Conn, had eleven AEDs. Trinity, which is much closer to a hospital than Conn, had fifteen. Of the NESCAC schools, Middlebury has the second fewest, although it has five in total. This seems like a glaring problem. A lack of smoke detectors would not be tolerated by our school or by the law and would be fixed immediately. Deaths from heart disease are far more common among college students than those caused by

fires. Everything possible must be done to prevent unnecessary death.

It is important to remember that not every person who comes onto our campus is a twenty-year-old in perfect health. Countless alumni, visitors and teachers, many of whom are older or might already have heart conditions, also need to be protected. Even students are more vulnerable than they would like to assume. It only takes a quick search on the Internet to find stories of talented athletes dropping suddenly on the field, who die because they do not receive immediate medical attention. Cardiac disease, which often does not appear until after puberty, can easily go undiagnosed. Not every congenital heart disease can be picked up by routine cardiac screenings, and it is impossible to protect someone with a heart condition from every possible accident.

If the AED with campus safety happens to be by Cummings Arts Center when someone in the Plex goes into cardiac arrest, how long will it take campus safety to reach them? What if classes are letting out, and there are students all over the road blocking their path? Or, what if a team is running on the track, someone falls and no one has the key to the Athletic Training Room where an AED is kept? And what if it happens to be off campus with a different team?

Five minutes may sound innocuous, but five minutes equals a 50% lower chance of survival when it comes to cardiac arrest. Other colleges have solved this issue by installing public access AEDs around their campuses that guide users step by step. Such units can cost a thousand dollars or less, which is a small price to pay when it comes to safety. Conn should not wait until someone dies to install more AEDs on campus. The community must know what to do in these situations, and be given the tools to act.



Half of Conn's stock of automated external defibrillators. This one is kept with Campus Safety.

DUNCAN SPAULDING / PHOTO EDITOR

Inside Masako Inkyo's Inspiring Ink

SAM NORCROSS
STAFF WRITER

Can text be considered art? Words, in any language, are still just words. Sure, I can appreciate the intricacies in the letters or symbols of a certain language, but can I bring myself to call them art? I kept that question in mind while attending Masako Inkyo's Japanese calligraphy demonstration, held in the Charles Chu Asian Art Reading Room last Tuesday. Even though I went in a skeptic, I came out with a new appreciation for Inkyo's craft.

In my sixth grade social studies class, we did a unit about Asian culture. As part of this unit each student was tasked with choosing and painting three Japanese characters. I hated it. The study of culture I found fascinating, but doing the calligraphy was unbearable. I was a twelve-year-old whose English was barely legible and my teacher wanted me to paint complex foreign figures

was even hired by Nissan to help design the ad campaign for their Infiniti line of luxury cars. Those car commercials on TV and in magazines with the slogan, "Art and motion elevated by human touch," feature brush strokes from the hand of Masako Inkyo herself.

After Sayumi Harb, an East Asian studies professor who teaches Japanese language and culture classes, gave the introduction, my interest was piqued. I was most impressed by the demonstration itself. There was a small circle of chairs surrounding a blanket that Masako Inkyo and her assistants had spread out. On top of it were ornate brushes of various sizes lying beside four long pieces of paper (maybe one foot by four feet each).

After greeting her audience, the artist slipped out of her shoes and silently knelt over the first piece of parchment. Her strokes were

Kaisho and Gyosho, seemed to require a slow and delicate precision. The third style was called Soshō and involved heavy dramatic strokes that left thick black scars on the white paper. The final style, called Kana, reminded me of a doctor's scrawl, with thin, messy strokes. Watching her write the characters was fascinating as her hand quickly cascaded down the paper.

Next, Masako sat surrounded by her tools at a table. While writing a poem on a smaller piece of rectangular cloth, she braced herself on the table with her left hand; entirely still except for her head, which bobbed slightly with each stroke. Taking an even smaller square of paper, she wrote a poem for a little girl who came with her mother, and then took requests from students (many of whom chattered with her in fluent Japanese) for specific characters that held special meaning to them.

Each student who received some of the artist's work was beyond grateful, and the faculty members were thrilled when Inkyo announced that all the work created in the demonstration would be donated to the library. I, too, found myself surprisingly excited by her work. It may have only been words on paper, but they were beautiful, and obviously made with a great deal of skill.

When I asked senior Ryan Love if he thought that Masako Inkyo's calligraphy was art, he immediately responded, "Yeah, absolutely." When I asked him why, it took a little more thought. "I'm not qualified to say what's art and what's not," he said, "but I'm an upper-level Japanese student, so I can read most of the script." He pointed to the scrolls lying on the floor, "But even what I can't read, just looking at it, I



HANNAH PLISHTIN / STAFF

can sense that there's a lot more going on than just writing."

I guess that's when it hit me. I could understand much less of what Masako Inkyo had written than Love (exactly none, to be precise), but I was spellbound watching her write and found each character and style intricate and beautiful. Five of her pieces were on display in the Chu room, and we were all invited to view them after the demonstration. My favorite was called "Love Story," which helped to solidify my new opinion of calligraphy. It was thirteen lines of characters in the scribbly doctor's note style, each set against a different shade of either yellow, pink or green with gold flecks sprinkled throughout. Even though it was just a transcribed poem it looked to me like sunshine showers on a spring

hours a day."

I then asked if she thought mastering Japanese calligraphy is similar to mastering other art forms like painting. After some thought she said, "There is no standard way to compare art forms within Japan, but there are big differences between painting and calligraphy. You cannot go back and paint over a stroke in calligraphy, and you have to memorize the stroke order of each style."

"You also need a deep understanding of the language," added Professor Harb.

Lastly, I asked her something that I couldn't help but wonder as I watched her paint. Is there any emotion involved with calligraphy? She let out a big sigh and said, "It's so emotional. Basically you need a deep sense



HANNAH PLISHTIN / STAFF



HANNAH PLISHTIN / STAFF

with a tiny brush. I failed the project and perhaps it's this dark childhood memory that led me to walk into the demonstration with my cynical face on.

But if anyone were to convince me of Japanese calligraphy as an art form it would be Masako Inkyo. Her work has been displayed in galleries across the world and she holds the highest rank possible in Japan for calligraphy; she is literally a calligraphy master. She

slow and deliberate. Once she reached the bottom she carefully stamped her signature into the work with a small rectangular peg that she had carved herself. She moved from one piece of rice paper to the next without a word, and the only sounds in the room were the occasional interjections from Professor Harb, who explained what Masako was writing and in what style.

The first two styles, called

Miss Lily's Classroom

LILY HOLLAND
CONTRIBUTOR

My days this semester begin at 6:30 AM, around the time that I would generally get back to my apartment in Spain this time last year. It is this aspect of student teaching I still find hardest to get used to. Every morning that feeling of dread I had forgotten about since the early start times of high school creeps over my body: *ohmygod I have to get up and it's still dark outside.*

A half hour later I am dressed in my most professional attire (much to the amusement of my non-student teaching friends), pouring coffee down my throat and enjoying the few minutes I will have in the day to socialize with people my own age. A small group of other early rising student teachers and two insanely loyal (and probably a little crazy) friends of mine are, for the most part, the only people in the JA dining hall. Seven thirty rolls around and I get to school with enough time to put up the morning chart, photocopy the day's sheets and set up any lessons that need preparation.

Eight thirty is go time. I meet the munchkins in the gym; most of them have more energy than I

would have if I robbed a Dunkin' Donuts. My absolute favorite part of the day (besides recess) is morning meeting. All nineteen of my students sit in a circle and each student greets the person on their left, then the person on their right. It is the end of October and still somehow they forget each other's names. It's a simple routine, but hearing their small voices deliver such sweet and sincere "good mornings" centers me for the day. It reminds me just why I'm doing this in the first place and how much I genuinely care about each of them.

I teach second grade, so my students range from a very astute six-year-old to a handful of eight-year-olds. What fascinates me most about this age group is the irony of their abilities. We've discussed issues of sexism, prejudice and discrimination. My students got fired up when I read a story to them about deforestation and passionately told me how important trees were and that "the man" shouldn't cut them down.

Yet somehow the phrase "put your hands in an appropriate place" registers blank stares. The most common phrase that comes out of my mouth Monday through Friday is "take your hands out of your nose [or ears or mouth

or pants]." I have found myself begging students to take off their shoes just so they stop playing with them and then begging other students to put their shirts back on as they stare off into space, unaware that they are removing it in the first place. I could start a museum with the collection of things students have handed me that they found in the bathroom. I had one boy come up to me and place a misshapen paperclip in my hand. It touched my palm just as the words, "I found this in the toilet," came out of his mouth. Oh good, thanks. Just what I wanted!

And I'm fairly sure I perplex them just as much as they perplex me. After learning I lived at school, one of my students asked if I slept on a table. In another instance, a girl asked me if I was really twenty-one. When I said I was indeed, a little boy confessed he thought I was sixteen. From across the room another girl exclaimed, "I thought you were ten!" Yes. I am a very advanced fifth grader who did such a good job at multiplication and division that they decided I could teach downstairs.

All in all, it's been an absolute roller coaster. One day I love it and can't wait to have my own classroom, and the next day I'm wondering if add/drop forms were really due in September or if I can somehow get out of this. And it's usually at the point when I'm about ready to cry with frustration that a wide-eyed second grader will come up to me and ask sweetly, "Miss Lily, can I have a hug?" And that makes waking up before sunrise not seem so bad after all. •



Lily Holland patiently explaining that she doesn't sleep on a table.

JULIE MCMAHON / PHOTO EDITOR

day. I know that sounds really cheesy, but that's exactly what I saw looking at these thirteen lines of minimally decorated Japanese text.

After most of the audience left the room, I got the chance to have a quick interview with Inkyo with a bit of translational help from Professor Harb. I asked her when she started calligraphy.

"It was my mother," she said. "I was three and she had to force me," she explained, laughing. "It did not come easy. It took lots of practice. When I was younger I had to practice for at least three

of peace and tranquility."

It's surprising to realize how ignorant you are on a subject once you're actually exposed to it. I had a very weak and uninformed opinion of Japanese calligraphy before meeting with Inkyo, but in just over an hour my opinion was transformed after I saw this art form up close. Speaking with a real master certainly didn't hurt either. Although calligraphy works within the constraints of a language, it involves just as much creativity, emotion and beauty as any other form of art. •

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Why I'll Be Nervous on Election Day

ELLIE BENNER
WEB CONTENT EDITOR

I just sent in my absentee ballot for the midterm elections on Tuesday and for the first time I have to admit I'm nervous. Massachusetts has a gubernatorial election that makes our normally confident Democrats a little shaky in the knees; while my 10th District, made up of the fairly Republican old-timers of Cape Cod, is electing a new representative to Congress. While the Tea Party rhetoric has not taken a strong hold even on Massachusetts' most conservative citizens (which isn't much), our traditionally liberal haven does not have the confidence it had two years ago.

This past January, Massachusetts elected Scott Brown to fill Ted Kennedy's vacant Senate seat. Despite Democrats' fervent efforts to retrace their steps to see where their voters fell through the gaps with Martha Coakley, Brown has proved himself to be a crucial swing vote in the Senate. Coakley's election would have affirmed the Democrats' super majority. This crucial vote that Massachusetts now holds in the Senate has turned out to be a blessing in disguise, as we have a senator (Brown) who is not willing to vote blindly by party lines, Democrat or Republican.

This precarious situation will soon be blown open by the midterm elections. Both the Senate and House races that seemed all but locked by one candidate have been shaken to their core by the emergence of a Sarah Palin-esque candidate with the Tea Party's blessing, or

the blunder of an incumbent to associate themselves too closely with the follies of the Obama administration. No one could have imagined a few years ago that there could be a candidate for the Senate in Delaware who garners such media attention as "I Had a One Night Stand with Christine O'Donnell," the state that Joe Biden previously represented.

What has happened in America for such a polar opposite climate to emerge only two years after a landmark election for Democrats? There are thousands of answers to this question. The party in the White House always loses Congressional seats during the midterm elections, the war in Afghanistan is still raging on, the economy is looking as bleak as ever and there have not been as many jobs created as Obama promised there would be. Despite the many legitimate claims of the 180-degree change in the political mood of the country, there is one change that worries me the most.

In January of this year, just two days after Scott Brown's election to the Senate, the Supreme Court decided the case *Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission*, which held that the First Amendment could not limit corporate funding in independent political advertisements. This decision vindicated the role of the First Amendment in saying that it had no role limiting corporate free speech.

While this decision was praised in many conservative circles, some politicians and citizens alike felt that this decision gave a voice to those

whose voices were already too loud. President Obama called the decision "a major victory for big oil, Wall Street banks, health insurance companies and the other powerful interests that marshal their power every day in Washington to drown out the voices of everyday Americans."

This decision allows voters to see some of the most biased and misleading political advertisements whenever we turn on our TVs, and makes me feel like the voices of our country's largest corporations are making more decisions than our elected officials ever could. With this court decision comes a virtually unlimited amount of money with the goal of influencing politicians, nonprofits, research organizations and undecided voters.

I want to hear what a candidate running for office has to say for himself, not what his corporate backers have to say for the candidate or his opponent. I feel as if original thought and inquiry is being constantly drowned by dollars, misleading statistics, and quotes taken out of context, then put through a video editor to make a candidate sound like they support something they don't. Democrats are nervous this election cycle — and this is why: the Supreme Court gave a loudspeaker to corporations that can be heard from sea to shining sea, but America is already sick of what they have to say. I have a feeling that this constant stream of misrepresentation and bias will not stop after November 2. It might just get worse. •

A Tale of Two Rallies

SETH NIGROSH
BLOGGER

Editor's Note: This article is reprinted in a slightly different form from the College Voice's 2010 Election blog, which can be accessed from thecollegevoice.org.

Yesterday, I went to the Obama rally in Bridgeport. It was your typical political rally, with the statewide Democrats giving speeches and encouraging voters to mobilize for the election. The keynote speaker was President Obama. This was the first time I had ever seen him in person and I was excited. The president did not disappoint. His speech was smooth, energetic and clear. He encouraged everyone to get out and vote and to speak out against the Tea Party.

A few of my friends went to Washington, D.C. for Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert's rally, the Rally to Restore Sanity And/or Fear. It seems to have been a success, with an estimated 215,000 in attendance. This is great news for liberal groups, who have been hoping that the turnout would exceed that of Glenn Beck's rally a few months ago. The crowd didn't merely exceed Beck's numbers; it was about two and half times as big. For liberals who have been worried about a gap in enthusiasm between the left and the right, this figure is at least a little encouraging.

Obviously the two rallies had many differences. The Obama rally was a regular political gathering, while Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert were rarely serious. The D.C. rally was full of entertainers and musical guests like the Roots. But the rallies had some similarities as well: both illustrated the point that there are plenty of liberals and moderates who

are by no means staying silent. The way the crowd reacted to Obama, with thunderous applause and all the whooping and hollering you can imagine, reminded me of 2008 when an ascendant Obama captivated the nation with his promise of change.

While the D.C. rally was not strictly partisan, I think it's safe to assume that most of the participants weren't Tea Party sympathizers. Yes, people are angry at the government, and even diehard liberals don't agree with everything that has occurred over the last two years. But that doesn't mean that the abandoned population has entirely abandoned the Democratic Party. Obviously there are problems, but there are still plenty of liberals and Democrats who are excited about the election. There seems to be a narrative in the media that liberals are disheartened and alienated from the rest of America. If these two rallies are any indication, that storyline is simply not true.

Regardless of whether or not you agree with the Democrats, it would be a serious folly to ignore them. There is a tendency in the public mind to focus on the Tea Party and the resurgent conservative movement, but it's important to recognize that just because a group is snagging the headlines doesn't mean that they are the most important force in the election. There plenty of us liberals alive and kicking, and the outcome of this election really won't change that. Those who say that liberalism is on its way out are just plain wrong. To say that Democrats are outside the mainstream is a gross misrepresentation of the country as a whole, and an insult to millions of liberals. No matter what happens this Tuesday, we'll still be there on Wednesday, trying to save our country from the misguided policies of modern conservatism. •



Photos from Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert's Rally to Restore Sanity And/or Fear in Washington, D.C. on October 30.



ANDREW NATHANSON / CONTRIBUTOR

Anyone Can Have a Cock!



EMILY BERNSTEIN
STAFF WRITER

"Anyone can have a cock," chirps Dvora Walker '11, gesturing with an iridescent strap-on modeled after Edward from *Twilight*. She's a small, pretty girl in an oversized sweatshirt. She stands next to a coffee table spread with nipple clamps, dog collars, bondage tape, handcuffs and pretty much every other object one might use to punish, restrain or torture. I, personally,

have never wanted to have a cock. I've also never found bondage sexy. In fact, it kind of scares me. But when asked to attend a BDSM workshop (an hour-long how-to on bondage, discipline/submission/sadism, and masochism) hosted by a girl who worked at a sex shop in Amsterdam's red light district, my curiosity got the better of me. Perhaps, I thought, she could even convert me.

I have to say that I'm still not a believer. And after absorbing a 45-minute-long PowerPoint, if I were ever going to be one, I would be now. But the point of the workshop was not to convince everyone to run out and buy ball-gags. Walkerspoke frankly and casually about issues of safety and consent and encouraged people to laugh about sex, something that most sex-ed talks have taught us is a solemn and dangerous affair. Communication was a theme of the talk, as something that allows consent, improves sex in general, and allows people to deal with the feeling of guilt that can sometimes come from

liking or taking part in something that is socially stigmatized.

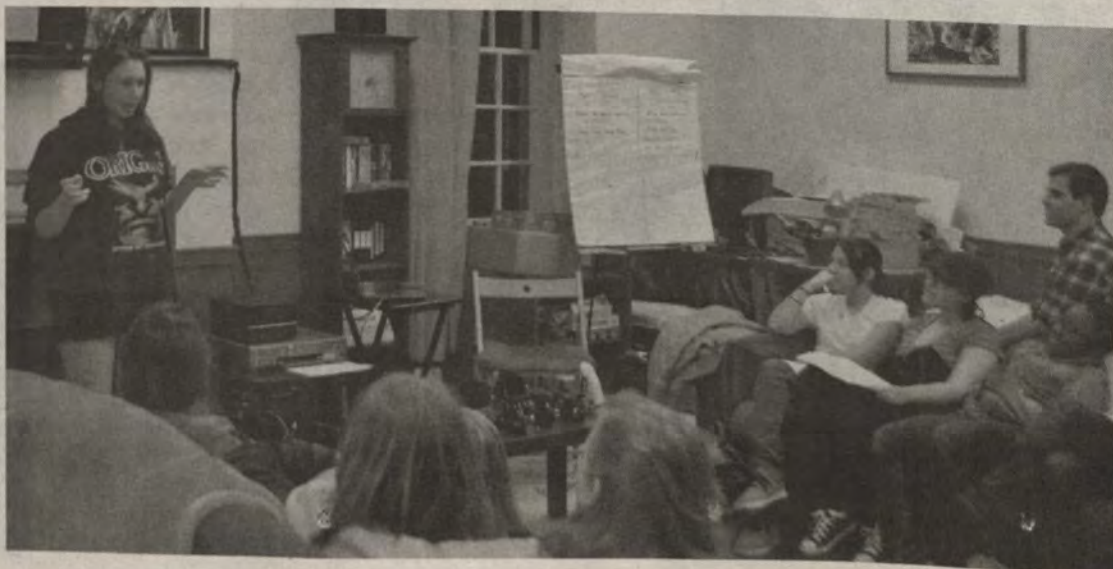
Because of this stigmatization, BDSM can be a mysterious thing. I was surprised, when I entered the brightly colored LGBTQ center, that the workshop was not being hosted in a candle-lit dungeon. Walker dispelled the mystery, walking us through the proper procedure for nipple clamping (apparently more complicated than one might think), and tying up your partner (never use silk scarves). She showed a diagram of a vulva and pointed out the location and importance of the clitoris. She also introduced us to the traffic-

light code of communication: green means go, yellow means slow down, red means stop. It was everything you ever wanted to know but were afraid to ask, and then some.

What struck me about Walker's message was the importance of trusting and communicating with your partner. She suggested talking extensively about what you are going to do before you have sex, voicing likes and dislikes during, and talking about it again afterwards. At a time when casual sex seems to be conceived of (or misconceived of) as the norm, this sex is anything but casual. You could argue

that communication is more of a necessity when there's a risk of serious injury, but Walker's advice applies to sex in general — no matter how you like it.

Walker's BDSM workshop was educational, entertaining, and maybe even radical. Perhaps I'm making too much of the copious of barely-there Halloween costumes still fresh in my mind, but sex, it seems, has become trivialized. We sometimes forget that it's a shared experience, not a selfish one. Walker reminded us that thoughtful sex is good sex, with or without paddles and whips. •



IPEK BAKIR / STAFF

ARTS

NOVEMBER 1, 2010

Editors: Racine Oxtoby & Matthew Gentile

arts@thecollegevoice.org

HvZ: The Zombie Outbreak Begins

Conn's semi-annual game of Humans vs. Zombies kickstarts the fall season

SAM NORCROSS
STAFF WRITER

It's not hard to notice that zombies have become a pretty big deal over these past few years, lumbering their way into almost every form of media. In movies, there was last year's *Zombieland*, *Resident Evil: After Life* last month and a new George Romero film slated to come out in spring. Video games have seen a massive spike in undead activity with two *Left 4 Dead* games out within consecutive years, and zombie-related add-ons having been released for everything from *Red Dead Redemption* to *Borderlands*. Even our classic fiction isn't safe from infection with Seth Grahame-Smith's *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies*, published in 2009, a movie version of which is due in 2011.

And now the zombie apocalypse has reached Conn, as our fifth semi-annual game of Humans vs. Zombies, or HvZ, began at noon on Sunday. Don't be alarmed if you see your classmates sprinting across the green with a bandana tied around their arm and Nerf guns attached to their belt; it's all part of the campus-wide game that has spread to colleges around the world.

For those of you who have no idea what I'm talking about, here's a brief overview of HvZ: it's an elaborate game of tag that takes place 24/7 across the entire campus. Players designated as zombies tag humans to infect them. Humans are marked by a bandana around their arm, zombies by a bandana around their head. The only defenses humans have against the zombies are to stun them with Nerf guns and socks, the latter of which are thrown at zombies.

Don't worry about having to dodge stray Nerf bullets in classes or balled up socks during lunch – safe zones for humans include academic buildings, dining halls

and dorm rooms. The game ends when either all the humans have been successfully infected or when all of the zombies have "starved."

From these rules alone, HvZ might sound like total chaos with a potentially huge amount of students playing, but it's an extremely organized chaos. The whole game is supervised by an administrator who runs the event through a website set up by HvZ's original creators. Who's a zombie, who's not, a wiki and a more specific overview of the rules can all be found at conn.hvz-souce.com. Players even have a personal code that they have to give to zombies upon infection, which is then entered on the site to register kills.

Where did such a bizarre and ingenious game begin? It all started in 2005 at Baltimore's Goucher College. Two students, Brad Sappington and Chris Weed, wanted a fun way to unite the campus, so they created a zombie outbreak. The game spread like wildfire as pictures and blog entries were posted on the Internet. Students who studied abroad used simple word-of-mouth to take HvZ across seas, and now it's played in countries such as Brazil, Denmark, Australia, England and Canada. The game has since been covered by *The Associated Press*, *The Washington Post*, *The Boston Globe*, *ESPN Magazine*, and was even listed as the number one threat on Steven Colbert's "Threat Down."

Yet even with all this exposure,



DUNCAN SPALDING/PHOTO EDITOR



EMILY BERNSTEIN/STAFF

many first time players aren't sure what to expect. "I don't know how crazy it's going to get," said Sarah Hitchcock '14. "You're supposed to register online, and not that many people have registered so far. But it's such a cool

thing that I think a ton of people will sign up last minute."

Another freshman, John Dronzek, is more confident about the game's intensity. "My whole dorm pretty much is playing, so once someone in my dorm is turned [into a zombie] it'll get crazy," he said. "I'm going to have to start watching myself just walking to the bathroom."

When asked how involved he plans to be in the game, Dronzek replied, "I'm not sure. I think I'll get pretty into it. I have three Nerf guns ready and I'll definitely hunt people down if I become a zombie."

Rich Spoehr '11, the administrator of this year's game, who participated in the first ever HvZ at Conn three years ago, also had doubts before his first game. "I didn't know what to think. I wasn't sure how exciting an elaborate form of 'Tag' could be," he said. "I thought it would be a sort of low-key thing with only a handful of people who would be really into it. I was wrong."

Spoehr explained how the game was far better than he expected, and how it became a sort of bonding experience. "I found myself running around campus with my adrenaline pumping at all times... doing quasi-commando missions to help people who were besieged by zombies and escorting people from point

A to point B. Plus I met a lot of new people. To put it simply: the game was fun."

Registration is closed now, but even if you're not playing, be sure to keep an eye out for the awesome moments that are sure

to abound for those who really get into the game. Dan Whittington, a senior who's helping moderate this year, described being head-butted to the ground after being shot with a Nerf dart during an ambush that he and two other zombie friends set up for a human walking alone to the library.

Spoehr had some choice moments of his own, such as one in which he had to hold out on the green with a small group of humans as they waited for rescue. "Needless to say, we managed to survive by enclosing our position with soccer nets while fighting off the zombie horde," he explained.

According to Spoehr, the game is only as crazy as the players make it. HvZ adds an extra layer of stress and excitement as you walk from class to class, but it doesn't have to consume your life. "The point is," said Spoehr, "while it's played at all points of the day, you can devote as much free time to it as you want and play at whatever intensity level you want."

As of the writing of this article, there are over sixty players signed up, which is more than double what it was just two days ago, so it's ramping up to what will hopefully be a pretty large game. As the week progresses, you may notice friends hopping from building to building, hiding in bushes or discussing strategy during lunch for the best route from South campus to the Plex.

Who will come out the winner? Only time will tell, but make sure to look carefully as you're walking to class and you might be able to notice bandanas slowly shifting from arms to heads. That's how you'll know that the infection is spreading. •

Emily Asen Bares Her Bones *To the Marrow*

Local artist's second album proves a welcome slice of indie folk music

JERELL MAYS
STAFF WRITER

If you've ever wondered where the forefront of Connecticut's indie-folk-pop scene was, and if you're a college student there's actually a pretty good chance you have, then wonder no more. It's in Fairfield, Connecticut, and it's currently being championed by none other than Connecticut native Emily Asen.

Asen is a singer-songwriter with an impressive resume and, apparently, more instrumental versatility than you can shake a glockenspiel at. On her second studio album, *To the Marrow*, she lays down the tracks for the acoustic guitar, vocals and pretty much everything else. This includes electric guitar, cello, bass, wurlitzer, synthesizer, lap steel, the aforementioned glockenspiel and more. In fact, the only instruments she doesn't contribute to this album are the drums and percussion, which are provided by Dennis Arcano from Bethel, Connecticut. She even mixed and recorded the record as well. She's practically a one-woman band (she literally sings alongside herself in the track "Under My Tongue").

As if this wasn't impressive enough, she also started her own independent record label, Violent Maiden Records, out of her own home. She released her first full length album, *Proof LP*, in 2008, and prior to that released a few EPs. These accomplishments have not made her conceited, however. Rather, while listening to *To the Marrow*, I got the exact opposite vibe. The lyrics have a personal, introspective quality that belies the sometimes grand, sweeping sound of the music behind it. This sweep is inevitable with the sheer number of tracks playing on each song. The layers here are thick and it's almost fun just listening to the album a few times to notice which instruments you can hear playing in the background.

Each track tends to start out sparse before becoming more detailed as layers of music are

added, and by the end, the sparseness often returns. The opening track, "Baltimore," begins lightly enough. The strings of a cello can be heard throughout the song (and most of the album). The song describes a lover that has left for Baltimore.

The title of the album comes from one of the more poignant lyrics, "From my skin to my bones/I am cold as hell/But the sight of you still warms me/To the marrow, to the marrow." It's a sweet, folk-y song, tinged with the sadness of separation. Asen's voice is clean and piercing and it leads every song, heading the cornucopia of instruments that play behind it.

This sadness is then all but thrown aside in the next track, "The Fool," which takes a darker turn. The electric guitar arrives here, buzzing in the background during the verses, and becoming more prominent during the choruses, which have Asen repeating, "I figured you out/I'm bringing you down." The folk elements are all but lost in a much denser sound. The cello strings are eventually introduced in the song around the three-minute mark. It sounds more like a pop-rock radio hit than anything else on the album.

The folk returns full force in "In the Marrow," a playful, cheery song that is the closest thing the album comes to having a title track, but "I'm Sorry" once again reverses this train of thought with a melancholy melody that suits the guilt-ridden lyrics. Although "I'm Sorry" is hardly an inspired line, she delivers the chorus with such sincerity that you get the feeling she really means it, especially in the lyric, "Now I'm the reason you don't talk/I'd break my bones to know your mind." The second half of the song kicks up, putting an electric guitar over the acoustic one plucking in the background. The sound doesn't get too big here, and there are some interesting things done with the keyboard that are, sadly, far too faint in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



PHOTO FROM WEB

A Review of a Revue

Wig and Candle's first event wows crowd with strong performances and short rehearsal time

ELI MANGOLD
STAFF WRITER

On Friday in the Harkness Chapel, the student theater group Wig & Candle put on "Sondheim Ever After: A Musical Revue," a collection of songs from Steven Sondheim's illustrious career. The revue included samplings from some of his more popular shows, such as *Into the Woods* and *Sweeney Todd*, as well as smaller productions like *The Frogs*. Director Kristin Kerr '11 listened to almost all of Sondheim's body of work, and after whittling away dozens of potential choices, finally arrived at a list of about forty songs. After getting a sense of the vocal strengths and range of her cast, she narrowed the list again to a final fifteen songs.

The songs varied widely in terms of complexity and emotional effect, but they are organized in a coherent way as to retain energy and momentum. Each song selected was compelling and had a pleasing melody and cadence. The vocal strength and stage presence of the cast varied, but not along purely upperclassmen/freshman lines. There are some standout freshman, including Julian Gordon and Andy Savage, who both had solos. Seasoned performers included Kerr (as a soloist in one number), Susanna Kavee '11 and Grant Jacoby '13, who can really sell you a character in less than four minutes.

In speaking with Kerr, I got the sense that organizing the production was no easy task. In addition to her own hectic senior schedule, she had to corral a cast of twenty-two to find rehearsal times that would work for everyone. Further complicating matters was



Susanna Kavee '11 and Cassie Haines '14 perform "Not While I'm Around" from *Sweeney Todd*.

ANDREW NATHANSON/CONTRIBUTOR

the timing of the major fall production of *Our Town*, which closed only one week prior and involved many members from this cast. However, because the show was just a revue and not a full production, the performers only needed to worry about their singing and minimal blocking. There weren't any costumes, only a few props and no sound or lighting effects, so the company was able to work with scant rehearsal time.

The performance was a bit rough around the edges; it's difficult to perfect things under such stressful conditions. I noticed that the actors lacked urgency in many of their movements and there was also weak chemistry in some of the group pieces. The combination of the chapel's acoustics, a loud piano accompaniment and soft enunciation and projection made it very difficult to hear the words in most songs, even from a front row

seat. This difficult listening experience was particularly frustrating, given that the nature of a musical revue is basically a group of songs linked together with little relationship to one another. Deciphering what each song was about was difficult and it detracted from the overall experience of the piece.

Still, this was an impressive feat for Kerr and Wig & Candle. Keeping twenty-two college students organized without faculty assistance is not easy. It is unreasonable to expect a perfect performance, and although the show wasn't perfect, it retained its energy and spirit throughout. •

Fusion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1



PHOTO COURTESY OF ADAM CAMPOS

Most students who have choreographed for this year's performance have been avidly involved in the production since their freshman year. Sally Zuar '11 is choreographing a piece to a Hindi song from the film *Dil Se* called "Chaiyya Chaiyya." She described where she got her inspiration for the piece. "'Chaiyya Chaiyya,' literally means 'walk in the shade.' It is one of India's most popular songs and also very popular in the United Kingdom. You will often hear 'Chaiyya Chaiyya' played during cultural and festive events throughout India. 'Chaiyya Chaiyya' was featured in the opening of the second act of the musical *Bombay Dreams*, and much of the choreography for the piece was taken from this sequence. The most challenging part of performing this piece is reenacting the movement atop a vehicle, as this scene of the film was recorded live on a moving train."

The most important part of the choreographic process, adds Zuar, is spending time and getting to know the dancers better. Similar to Zuar, Fusion has provided Tremana White '11 and Penny Jade Beaubrun '11 with a learning experience as teachers and dancers. This year, they choreographed a belly dancing piece. Although belly dancing originated in the Middle East, it has transformed due to influences from central Asia. This year's belly dancing choreography incorporates a variety of styles.

Bollywood and belly dancing are just of a taste of what Fusion has to offer. Fusion showcases classic styles of dance that have been in past performances, such as Bhangra and martial arts demonstrations. The program is packed with contrasting energies, from a graceful and light Chinese Water Sleeve dance to upbeat K-Pop (the K stands for Korean).

It is also refreshing to see a large number of students involved in the production, rather than seeing the same cast members in each piece. There is variety between performances, and performers. The show does not cut students. Many participants have a great deal of experience performing while others have never been exposed to the style of dance they are performing until this year. This is a valuable aspect of the show, considering how many Connecticut College performances showcase similar casts who are used to performing the same styles.

If this were not enough incentive to attend, CCASA and co-sponsor SAC donate the majority of profits to a different charity annually. This year, Fusion is partnering with a social cause through Enlightenment Through Books, or ETB, a program that aims to build a school for girls in Pakistan, where women's education is discouraged. This school will be built by an organization called "Developments in Literacy" with help from Connecticut College student fundraising. Supporting the ETB program was an idea proposed by Karam Sethi '12, who is currently studying abroad. Knowing directly where the money for tickets is going is rewarding for the cast as well as the audience.

So if Pad Thai and performance sounds like a great combo, buy tickets in Cro or Harris for Fusion November 13. The show is intimately arranged with a small stage in the 1962 room in Cro and circular tables will encourage a social atmosphere as you enjoy a savory dinner catered by Jasmine Thai. Mark the date on your calendars and see what all the excitement is about! •

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Combining Past and Present

Christopher O'Riley's OnStage performance wows with Radiohead and Elliott Smith covers

CAROLINE MILLS
STAFF WRITER

As I waited in my seat in Evans Hall for Friday's

Christopher O'Riley concert to begin, I overheard a conversation behind me. A boy pointed out that O'Riley had set up a laptop on the piano in place of paper sheet music. He explained that his school was switching to a completely paperless report card system as well, and noted to his grandfather, "When you were my age, they thought there would be flying cars and robot maids." Sometimes, things just don't change as much as we thought they would. Certainly this is the case for music.

Christopher O'Riley is a classical pianist, which to most evokes an image of stuffy concert halls and music written by dead European men. He is, however, a classical pianist who plays Radiohead. Cover songs certainly aren't a unique concept, but typically they're within the same genre - if not the same century - as the musician's regular repertoire.

In addition to his piano playing, he is also the host of the most popular classical music show on the air, NPR's *From The Top*. The show highlights the future of music in the form of the best young musicians from around the country. These students play all kinds of music from all periods, sometimes skillfully accompanied by O'Riley himself. A recent episode featured a 16-year-old Hawaiian slack key guitarist, as well as a classical flautist from New Jersey. The diversity of the music performed on the show is reflected in O'Riley's own versatility.

The concert on Friday began with four Radiohead covers back-to-back. He mentioned that one reason why he was drawn to the alternative rock Brits was the complexity of their layered music. The way that his transcriptions highlighted these layers was incredible. Breaking down a full band song to be played on a single instrument is no small feat, even for someone with O'Riley's skill. Occasionally, three distinct parts would be going on at once and he would have to juggle two, going back and forth with one hand in order to keep them all together.

The next set of songs was by Nick Drake, a singer-songwriter who O'Riley pointed out was one of Radiohead's Thom Yorke's biggest musical influences. Revealing himself as a huge music geek, he explained how he would be playing two versions of the same song, "Place To Be," based on Drake's

studio and home recordings. This obsessive geekiness also led O'Riley to find and transcribe an unreleased Elliott Smith track entitled "True Love" that was deemed too dark to be included on either of Smith's posthumously released albums. This song, as well as "Cupid's Trick," had an eerily beautiful quality that is quite different from the original song, yet both still captured their essence. O'Riley closed the first half of the concert with Nirvana's "Heart Shaped Box." The energy and power of the original was kept intact in the cover, and the dissonances added a fitting feeling of anxiety.

The second half of the concert began with covers of songs by the Cocteau Twins and Pink Floyd. Then O'Riley closed his laptop and began Maurice Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," widely considered one of the most difficult solo piano pieces. Three movements told stories of a water sprite luring men into the water, a dead man hanging from the gallows and an evil spirit called Scarbo. O'Riley's hands crawled back and forth across the keys as well as over and around each other, displaying the sort of technical skill for which there is no technological substitute. He closed the set with "Let Down" and "Paranoid Android," both by Radiohead, then quickly came out for an encore of Elliott Smith's instrumental "Bye." The latter sounded as if it could have easily been an old piano etude, but for the hint of dissonance creeping in at the edges - an appropriate metaphor for Smith's life and music.

There's a lot of talk about how music is dead, given the state of the Billboard charts these days as well as the steady progress of technology in making music less economically viable. I disagree. Music has been an integral part of the human experience for thousands of years, it's going to take a lot more than the Ke\$has and Justin Beibers of the world to bring it down. Because, really, things haven't changed all that much. We're still moved by this thing that has been around for centuries, and it brings us out to sit together and listen in a way few other things can. The crowd at the concert on Friday was a pretty even split between Conn kids and senior citizens. Somehow, between playing a 1909 Ravel piece and Radiohead songs from 1997, O'Riley made the differences irrelevant. Things haven't changed much -- we have a lot more in common than we think. •

Emily Asen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

background to really appreciate.

The entire album has a very nature-bound theme wrapped around it (in particular, "Evergreen" and "Seasons Song"), from the lyrics to the album cover, which depicts the artist in the autumn weather.

The song "Under My Tongue" strays from this path briefly, and deals with the topic of marriage equality; namely, Asen's own desire for marriage equality. She even pledged to donate a portion of the proceeds from the album during the month of October to the Human Rights Campaign, an organization dedicated to achieving equal rights for the LGBTQ community.

Considering that Asen practically works alone, this is a very impressive album. Nothing

about it comes off as cheap. Every song has a polished feel. There are no lazy moments; no tracks go neglected or unloved. The only real oddity to me is the cover of Gnarls Barkley's "Crazy." It seemed, to me, somewhat of an afterthought, more suited to an EP. This isn't to say that the track is bad, or poorly performed or arranged. On the contrary, it's as well done as the rest of the album. She certainly deserves to be commended for the sheer daring of it; "Crazy" is by no means an easy song to cover, and in her defense, it's certainly the best cover of a contemporary R&B song by an indie-folk-pop artist that I've ever heard - or at least the most interesting.

Even if this isn't your kind of music, I think there is a little

something everyone can appreciate in this album, if not in Asen herself. This is not shallow music. That is not to say, though, that Asen is trying to change the world - I don't necessarily think she is - but she is certainly pushing the limits of what she is musically capable of. There is something terribly endearing about Asen and her music. Her voice is sincere, honest and quite charming.

If this is your kind of music, then I would strongly suggest checking Emily Asen out (notable tracks include "The Fool," "I'm Sorry" and "Overdue").

I rate this album three out of four camels. •





MIGUEL SALCEDO/STAFF

Conn's club hockey team took down the varsity Coast Guard squad on October 23 in Dayton Arena. Although the home fans were less rambunctious at this match than they were at last spring's match, the Camels were still unstoppable on the ice. The team came away with a convincing 7-1 victory over the Bears.

Rugby Falls Short Against Merrimack

ELI MANGOLD
CONTRIBUTOR

I nervously walked into Henry Rossoff's '12 room. I had heard he was in seclusion following the men's rugby team's devastating defeat at the hands of Merrimack College. Michael Natriello '12, another player on the team, was also in the room, attempting to console him. Henry looked haggard; his normal Grecian complexion was marred with jaundiced skin and mysterious bruises. When I walked in, he looked up at me with eyes glazed and apologized for the fetid defeated smell.

Despite high expectations, the Men's Rugby team failed to advance in the Division Four playoffs. I interviewed Rossoff, one of the integral members of the team, as well as Natriello, regarding their playoff loss as well as their season as a whole:

What is a day in the life of a rugby baller all about?

Henry: Very similar to Hahn Je's description of a water polo baller. Except we do harder P90X exercises, including the notorious Ab Ripper.

How close to home did this loss hit?

Michael: What does that question even mean? It was an away game, so technically, not very close.

Were you devastated?

H: It was disappointing, but there's a solid crop of freshman boys that we look forward to getting into scrums with in the future.

M: Although we lost, there were some positive takeaways.



JULIE MCMAHON/STAFF

Who is better out of the two of you?

H: We're not answering this question.

M: I am. Henry's a better tackler. But we play different positions. But overall I think I could take him one-on-one.

What position do you guys play?

H: I play flanker, which is a loose forward position.

M: I primarily play fullback.

Are fullbacks as useless in rugby as they are in football?

M: I'm the last line of defense, and the first line of offense, so you tell me.

What is the most glamorous position on the team?

M: Outside center, or fly-out.

Are you jealous that you are not one of these positions?

M: I've played both of those positions, so no.

H: I am jealous, only because they get to score more tries.

An upbeat song comes up on iTunes. Henry immediately changes it, preferring to dwell in a post-match stupor. He switches on Notorious B.I.G.'s prophetic album "Ready to Die." He says, "This really embodies what the New York City experience is all about."

What is the most embarrassing sports injury you've ever given or taken?

M: I did a triple off the high dive and landed directly on my ear. I couldn't hear for a while. I didn't go to the doctor for it. My equilibrium was all thrown off, and there was pus coming out of my ear. One morning I woke up next to a busty blonde and my ear was stuck to the pillow because

there was so much dried pus.

H: I gave a kid a concussion in our last home game. He couldn't stand up for 10 minutes, and the NLFd had to come take him off the field.

That's not very embarrassing. It actually makes you look good.

H: That's the only thing I want readers to get out of this interview. It was embarrassing for him, though. I have a question for you. How do you feel when you're watching a rugby match? Having only ever played in them, we have no concept of what it's like as a spectator.

Primarily, I feel pretty inadequate as a male. I'm usually hungover, so it's difficult for me to process things clearly. Do you ever feel like a fucking animal out there on the pitch?

M: I feel like a hyperactualized version of myself.

Do you ever feel like you've died and gone to rugby heaven?

M: After a try (sort of like a touchdown in football), you feel like you've done something really great for yourself and for your team. And if there is a rugby heaven, I hope it is saturated with this sort of emotion.

Henry turns on "The Homeless and the Hummingbird" by Alaska in Winter and says "This song adequately expresses how I feel."

As I leave, he cryptically calls out to me, "This is going to be a long winter." •

In Response to "Down, But Not Out: Women's soccer takes new approach this season"

In the October 4, 2010 issue of *The College Voice*, an article was published in the sports section entitled "Down, But Not Out: Women's soccer takes new approach this season," by Mike Flint. This article was anything but flattering for the women's team and contained a message indicating that the team was down and out (despite the headline).

While it is no secret that the women's team has had difficult seasons in the past, in the week leading up to its publication, *the Camels tied Amherst College, the first place team, 1-1 on Saturday, September 25*. Since October 4, the team also pulled out ties against Trinity College (Saturday, October 9), and against Middlebury College (Saturday, October 16). To put these ties into perspective, last fall the Camels fell to the Lord Jeffs 2-0, to the Bantams 4-0, and to the Panthers 6-0. If that is not remarkable improvement, I do not know what is. Even more importantly, during the weekend of October 23, 2010, the team defeated the Colby Mules 2-1. This marks their first NESCAC victory since Fall 2007. It seems that this year's team is not quite down or out.

Beyond the misunderstanding of the women's soccer program, there is a larger issue at play in Flint's article. This is the blatant lack of support for the women's soccer team, and by extension, athletics at Connecticut College. Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems that one of the duties of the Sports Section of a college newspaper is to rally school pride and increase the support of Camel athletics. The overall negative tone of his article was far from encouraging. Sports teams at Connecticut College have a difficult enough time gaining support without *The College Voice* sending unflattering messages to the entire school in the form of an extremely negative article.

I do not mean to ask the paper to lie about the team's record; however, dedicating nearly half of the article to the team's losing record is not necessary to make the point clear. *Furthermore, indicating that the team should be kicked out of NESCAC is insulting*. Every sports program goes through its ups and downs, and the women's team was in a two-season lull. Every game from this season indicates that they are leaving that rut and moving forward to a more successful future.

In the future, the team and the Student Athlete Advisory Committee hope that *The College Voice* will write articles with the intention of raising school support for teams rather than discouraging it.

-Emily Webb '11



POWER RANKINGS COMPILED BY THE TUFTS DAILY

The Lord Jeffs rule the NESCAC Power Rankings once again, this time separating themselves from the rest of the pack by just under two points. Thanks to its football, volleyball and women's soccer teams, all of which were ranked first by the voters, Amherst now sits comfortably atop the standings.

Williams continued to slide down the list, tumbling from third to fifth and being supplanted by Tufts and Bowdoin, who took over third and fourth, respectively. Middlebury remained in second, thanks to a solid, all-around showing from its five fall sports.

Spots six through 11, as usual, remained unchanged.

THIS WEEK	SCHOOL	FOOTBALL	MEN'S SOCCER	WOMEN'S SOCCER	FIELD HOCKEY	VOLLEYBALL	AVERAGE	LAST WEEK
1	AMHERST	1.14	3.43	1.86	4.00	1.00	2.29	1 ↔
2	MIDDLEBURY	5.71	2.57	3.86	3.29	2.00	3.49	2 ↔
3	TUFTS	8.43	5.71	2.29	1.43	3.43	4.28	4 ↑
4	BOWDOIN	8.00	1.43	7.00	1.57	3.86	4.37	5 ↑
5	WILLIAMS	1.86	3.57	2.43	9.57	5.71	4.63	3 ↓
6	TRINITY	3.00	9.29	4.57	4.71	6.86	5.69	6 ↔
7	WESLEYAN	4.00	3.57	2.43	9.57	5.71	6.23	7 ↔
8	CONN. COLLEGE	—	9.14	9.00	7.00	5.14	7.57	8 ↔
9	COLBY	5.29	5.57	10.00	9.14	9.29	7.86	9 ↔
10	BATES	8.14	8.14	7.43	7.86	8.86	8.09	10 ↔
11	HAMILTON	8.86	—	—	—	10.00	9.43	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), Rob Yee (Colby Echo), Mike Flint and Nick Woolf (Conn. College Voice), Katie Siegner (Middlebury Campus), Ann Curtis & Emily Gittleman (Trinity Tripod), Alex Prewitt (Tufts Daily), and Meghan Kiesel (Williams Record).

DESIGNED BY STEVEN SMITH/TUFTS DAILY



The men's and women's cross country teams traveled to Hamilton College for the 2010 NESCAC Championship race. The men's team came in seventh out of eleven teams, while the women's team came in eleventh out of eleven teams. This weekend, the teams will run in the ECAC Championship race at Colt State Park in Bristol, RI.

HOITT McALLISTER / STAFF

Cantering Toward Victory

Equestrian Team off to a great start to their season

MOLLY BANGS
STAFF WRITER

Connecticut College Equestrian Team (CCET) does not receive nearly enough credit on campus for their competitiveness, despite the recognition they've gained for their talent at recent Intercollegiate Horse Shows.

Conn's team is a member of Zone 2, Region 5 of the Intercollegiate Horse Show Association (IHSA). The other eight teams that comprise this division are UConn, Sacred Heart, Yale, Central Connecticut State, Post, Trinity, Wesleyan and Fairfield. CCET competes at six shows in the fall and four in the spring.

Different from other equestrian shows, the school hosting the meet provides the horses for all competitors. Riders randomly pick a "mount" (the horse that they will be competing on), and once on their horses, they are immediately judged. There is no time to warm up and familiarize oneself with the unknown horse!

"This really evens the playing field, since how well you do depends purely on your ability as a rider and not on how nice of a horse you can afford," says CCET President Nicole Adduci '11.

This year, CCET's competing team, made up of seventeen riders, has gone to



Kate Boudreau '14 rides at the Yale-Sacred Heart Show.

NICOLE ADDUCI / CONTRIBUTOR

three shows, competing in five different divisions: Open Flat/Over Fences, Intermediate Flat/Over Fences, Novice Flat/Over Fences, Walk-Trot-Canter and Walk-Trot. The divisions are based off of the level you are competing at. The divisions with the word "Fences" in their title include jumps, whereas the divisions without them are completely flat and riders are judged on their walking, trotting, or cantering. The Open level is the most

advanced. The season opener over Fall Break was at Post University. Conn placed fourth overall. Luciana Rivera '13 won her individual class in the Walk-Trot division and Kate Boudreau '14 won Walk-Trot-Canter.

The team's second show was on October 17, hosted by Yale and Sacred Heart. CCET tied for first place with UConn for High Point Team. Standout freshman Kai Bresciani '14 qualified for a ride-off, a tie-

breaker for High Point Rider (a sort of MVP for the day). Although she did not win, she did place first in the Novice Flat and second in the Novice Over Fences events. Overall, it was an extremely successful collegiate debut. Other key contributors included Captain and Secretary Katie McCarthy '11, Luciana Rivera '13 and Captain and Treasurer Katie Lynch '13. Adduci called the show "a great success."

Because of the cool weather and some bad luck drawing mounts, Conn did not place as high at the Trinity Show on October 24, finishing fifth at the end of the day.

There are thirteen other members of the CCET that do not ride competitively. All together, there are thirty riders representing Conn this year - this season, in fact, brought sixteen new members out for the squad. The girls practice at the nearby Mystic Valley Hunt Club with their coach, Richard Luckhardt. He is also the IHSA Regional President.

"One of the main goals I have for the team this year is to increase knowledge of our activities on the College campus and in the community," said Adduci.

CCET's home show is on November 6 at the Mystic Valley Hunt Club in Gales Ferry. •

Water Polo Team Gets Serious

ADAM MILLER
CONTRIBUTOR

When Coach JJ Addison was named coach of the year at the Division III Eastern Championship, it was the fitting end to what has been a season of progress for Connecticut College's men's water polo team. "This is a testament to how hard he's worked this season," said Hanh Je '11. The success the water polo team has had this year started with their coach, and how they feel about him, but it certainly did not end there.

The water polo team does not have a winning record, but there seems to be a new positive attitude that has caught onto the entire squad. "Four wins don't reflect how much we've improved," said Je. Improvement seems to be the greatest

theme to the team's assessment of its season. Though Je is graduating this year, he is happy to be ending his Connecticut College water polo career this way, saying that "It has been a fantastic senior season." Connor O'Brien '11 feels the same way. He says that, record aside, "We've gotten better, better and better." Neither senior can emphasize enough the differences in the team from years past.

When asked what he thinks has changed, O'Brien said, "Everyone is more serious, and that's really a good thing." O'Brien mentions a third-place finish in the Division III Eastern Championship as one of the highlights of the season. However, the main highlight of the season was clearly the two wins over Washington and Jefferson College of Washington, Pennsylvania. Je

said, "Beating Washington and Jefferson twice was the icing on the cake." He added, "We have never beaten them as long as I've been here, and they are our biggest rival." O'Brien mentioned the first Washington and Jefferson win was a sign that this season was going to be different than years past. "That was really a big game for us." It's clear that the Washington and Jefferson win meant almost as much symbolically as it did as a "W" on the team's record.

The seniors on the team include Je, O'Brien and Carson Miller. While they will no longer be Connecticut College students next fall, they will always be fans of Connecticut College water polo. They see the improvements made this season as seeds planted for a future of team unity, improved work ethic and overall success.

"We are only graduating three seniors. We are a young team, and we are only going to grow. The future looks absolutely bright," Je said. One thing that the water polo team would like is more publicity. "Hopefully next year we'll be getting a lot of attention," said Je, adding that he meant both team attention and personal attention for the players.

It is fitting that Je and O'Brien had to stop answering questions due to the fact that they had a team dinner to attend. They and all of the water polo team have something to celebrate, and the youngest members of this vastly improved squad have much to look forward to. "Make sure to wish the team good luck in the future for me," Je said before leaving for dinner. "Give them a little shout-out." •

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT SCORES

Volleyball (19-6):

10/30 Conn 3 - 0 Bates
10/30 Conn 3 - 0 Colby

Field Hockey (7-8):

10/31 Conn 0 - 2 Bowdoin
10/29 Conn 1 - 2 Wesleyan

Women's Soccer (5-6-3):

10/29 Conn 0 - 3 Wesleyan

Men's Soccer (5-7-1):

10/29 Conn 2 - 3 Wesleyan

Women's Cross-Country:

10/30 11 out of 11 teams @ NE-SCAC Championships

Men's Cross-Country:

10/30 7 out of 11 teams @ NES-CAC Championships