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THE COLLEGE VOICE

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 2010

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HANNAH PLISHTIN / STAFF

OPINION

Learning How to Play Again (with Flubber)

JULIA CRISTOFANO
STAFF WRITER

At first glance, Shauna Merriman's work appears rather grotesque and uncomfortable, but what else would you expect from a body of work inspired by adipose tissue, skin and cervixes? Her sculpture is reminiscent of Flubber, the organic blob-like substance featured in the Disney movie starring Robin Williams. This being said, her work is nothing if not intriguing and thought-provoking.

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Mom, I'm Going to Trapeze School! A look at the Sherman Fairchild Foundation Grant

MELANIE THIBEAULT
STAFF WRITER

On November 13, about fifty exhausted Conn students will pile into buses at 4:30 in the morning to visit New York City. After a few hours of attempting to nap and/or excessively consuming coffee, they will attend trapeze school (not your everyday field trip). Along with their professors, these students will have the opportunity to experience what it feels like to fly (and hopefully not fall). I'm lucky enough to be one of those students.

Now, you may be thinking, "Is this a joke?" or, "Why can't I go to trapeze school?" Only four classes at Conn have been given the opportunity to take part in this unique experience, thanks to a grant by the Sherman Fairchild Foundation. The grant began last year with faculty planning and will be implemented for the next three years.

The grant allows faculty and students to join forces in a cross-disciplinary program involving the arts and the humanities. Both professors and students are given the opportunity to see how people in other areas think and create art, something they may not have the chance to do otherwise.

Why are these fifty students from different classes across different curriculums going to trapeze school? Professor Adele Myers in the dance department says: "[Creativity] is like swinging on a trapeze. You let go, and you're suspended in air. There's a point when you can't tell if you're falling or flying. You're not sure of what's going to happen next, so you stop and appreciate what's going on around you. That's the point of creativity."

Providing resources in a number of areas, the grant allows workshops for faculty enrichment, where the professors learn new skills from each other. It also offers funds for equipment, guest artists and trips, which allow students and professors to participate in events together.

Following this exhilarating, albeit semi-nerve-racking, experience, students will have the opportunity to go to MoMA, as well as the Margaret Meade Film Festival, which is being held in the American Museum of Natural History.

"This trip will allow us and the students to have a shared experience, and will further define what it means to collaborate," said Professor Ariana Hamidi, whose

Documentary Theory and Production class is one of the four participating classes. "For some, this is a once-in-a-lifetime thing to do." She added, "My students have talked to the dancers [in Adele Myers' class] about fears of flying, so this experience with trapeze will allow the filmmakers to feel empathy for the dancers."

In addition to Hamidi's course, two other classes are participating in the program this semester: Professor Blanche Boyd's Narrative Nonfiction class (in which I am a student) and psychology Professor Joseph Schroeder's First Year Seminar on Genius, Creativity and the Brain. The cast of Professor Adele Myers' faculty dance piece is also involved with the program.

Every year, there will be a theme around which the classes will study and focus. Chosen with the idea of particular guest artists in mind, this year's theme is documentary and creative investigation — and the abstract idea of falling and flying.

Each class works with its own syllabus but unites for these trips and presentations. In the past two months, Conn has hosted two renowned artists — writer, director

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Paper or Plastic? Four days of disposable dishware

ADAM MILLER
STAFF WRITER

It's no picnic when something essential breaks. Unless that something happens to be a dishwasher in Harris, then it is a picnic...literally. From Friday evening until Tuesday night last weekend, paper plates and plastic utensils were substituted for the ceramic plates and silverware, but otherwise meals continued to be served as usual.

With the sudden change, some students were unsure of what was

going on. Said Rachael Hurwitz '11, "I know we usually have one day where we have paper plates and plastic, but I was confused as to why it went on for so many days."

Indeed, it was uncommon that a maintenance issue that affected so many students was not fixed for an entire weekend. Director of Dining Services Ingrid Bushwack explained the delay: according to her, the unique circumstances of the incident caused the unusual delay in repairs. "The College

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DUNCAN SPAULDING / PHOTO EDITOR

Dance Club performs *Caught in the Mo(ve)ment*

Seniors Ellie Whiteford and Wayne Ong in *The Strange Meeting of Slim, Ferdinand and Lady O'Neil*, choreographed by Kim Lusk '11.

It's Not Easy Being Green Conn Receives a B+ on the College Sustainability Report Card

CLARA CHAISSON
CONTRIBUTOR

It may still only be the middle of the semester, but all of us on the Connecticut College campus have already received a report card. No, unfortunately it does not mean that the semester has been called off early and we can stop studying; in fact, this particular report card has no correlation to our academic efforts at all. It is a "Green Report Card", the product of an annual evaluation conducted by the Sustainable Endowments Institute of various college campuses' sustainable activities and initiatives. Although it won't be showing up on our transcripts or affecting our GPA's, we should still pay close attention to the grades we received.

The College Sustainability Report Card gives participating

schools a grade in each of nine categories: Administration, Climate Change & Energy, Food and Recycling, Green Building, Student Involvement, Transportation, Endowment Transparency, Investment Priorities, and Shareholder Engagement. Each category is weighted equally, and the overall score is determined by taking the average of the nine categories.

Connecticut College has been included in the evaluation for the past three years, and has shown steady improvement with each new report. This year, Connecticut College received a B+, reflecting major strides since 2008-2009's C, and even last year's B.

Several changes contributed to the improved grades. The installation of water-efficient fixtures, like those nifty "up for #1, down for #2" toilets, has significantly reduced water usage per person.

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THE COLLEGE SUSTAINABILITY REPORT CARD	CATEGORY	2009	2010	2011
	Administration	A	A	B
	Climate Change and Energy	B	A	A
	Food and Recycling	B	B	B
	Green Building	C	C	B
	Student Involvement	B	A	A
	Transportation	C	C	B
	Endowment Transparency	F	D	C
	Investment Priorities	C	A	A
	Total	C	B	B+

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EDITORIALS/LETTERS

NOVEMBER 8, 2010

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THE COLLEGE VOICE

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Editorial

For the supposedly "apathetic" college students we are, my friends certainly "like" a lot: Facebook has recently showed me that about fifteen of them in the Connecticut College network have "liked" a recent report by the Chronicle of Higher Education, published by CNNMoney.com. This report lists the United States' "Most Expensive Colleges," with our school coming in first place, and while I imagine that most of these friends didn't necessarily like the report, they certainly found it worth a thumbs up.

This is one of the few things in which we are Number One. Should we be proud? College tuitions across the country have increased by over 400% since 1982, according to Money Magazine. The apparent cause of this exorbitant increase is supply and demand. More students are demanding higher education (Conn's Office of Admission received 5,301 applications for the Class of 2014, a 71% increase from 20 years ago), and in turn have developed a mildly irrational national perception that correlates a higher tuition with a better education. By this logic, we should be the best, and most valuable, school around.

Right?

But we're not—we're a confused little liberal arts school. Are we the artsy college that boasts its close proximity and free admission to the Lyman Allyn? Because despite my two complete years here and my tour guide spiel about how beautiful the art is, I've never been, and will make an educated guess that I'm of the majority. Are we the athletic school, building a gorgeous—although debatably unnecessary—new fitness center that set us back eight million dollars in donated gifts, money that could've been reappropriated to SGA club funding or Smith Dining Friday hours? Are we a science powerhouse, with four current science-designated buildings and plans to build a fifth? Or are we just the College that can show off its really nice, recently renovated bathrooms?

I know that I am an inartistic Government major blessed with a metabolism that doesn't necessitate a gym routine. I know that I don't represent the opinions of the entire student body. But I am a student here, and my opinion still counts.

Our college is constantly cited as a tuition-based school, meaning financially dependent on student tuition (the remainder of our school's money comes through the Annual Fund and other alumni donations), compared to similar institutions that are endowment-driven. In his State of the College address, an email he sent to me, and practically any conversation involving the financial state of the College, our president Leo Higdon continues to stress our relative economic health. "Connecticut College's conservative financial practices have allowed us to maintain our financial strength during one of the worst recessions in American history. Many of our peer institutions that have larger endowments to draw from still charge a comparable tuition, and they have had to institute hiring freezes for faculty, lay off staff, cancel building projects and cut budgets."

And this is true. Maybe we're being spoiled, protected from the realities that other colleges face, focusing instead on what our college is able to accomplish—the new Harkness hangout, potential digital signage, more seating in Harris—and criticizing that. But we're likely to complain if we don't understand—and the question on our mind continues to be, "Where is our money going?"

First, a lot of money goes into maintaining a school, and I applaud our school's ability to stay afloat. Things could be much worse—the *New York Times* recently revealed that some larger universities, such as the University of Florida, struggle with making classes available to those who need them while providing a viable way for every student to learn. In an example cited by the *Times*, UFlorida has begun streaming some classes online to combat the issue of having over 1,500 students—practically Conn's entire student body—signing up for the same class. The article, entitled "Online Learning is

Growing on Campus," compares the 4.6 million students who have completed an online college course (in addition to taking "face-to-face" courses) to the (infinitely?) smaller number of students in private colleges that take online courses. "Very few attend private colleges," quoted the article. "[F]amilies paying \$53,000 a year demand low student-faculty ratios." Our student-faculty ratio is nine-to-one, a fact not a single prospective student leaves this campus without knowing.

We can assume that our tuition does pay for these benefits, benefits that offer a broader definition of "value" in education: professors know our names,



various interdisciplinary centers and CELS open their arms to us—we're getting an intimate learning environment, close student quarters and college-sponsored playtime. But it's hard to remember that when Harris serves primarily mussels for an entire

month and I lose power in KB at least once a week. Every student has handfuls of complaints about their standard of living or learning, punctuated by our favorite old adage, "...and I pay \$50,000 dollars a year for this?"

Conn costs, roughly, \$53,100 dollars per year—this year. The sticker shock wears off after a few months, but it leads to bigger questions: is our costly education as valuable as we think? What is value? Is it CELS or the Centers, is it about having a casual email correspondence with your college president, or joining the SGA Dining Services Committee and telling Harris to stop serving mussels? Or is it attending a public university like UCONN, well-known and well-ranked, costing just over \$21000 a year in-state? Is it that? Graduating after spending half of the money—and assumedly with half of the debt—of four years at Conn? Presented with a scenario like this, you have to wonder if our school is worth the price.

We, as students, need to develop our own answers to this question. The administration—or whomever has this information—cannot sway our opinion, but they can certainly better inform it. I admit that's a complicated one, and it's more than just a financial issue—value encompasses far more than money. I don't suggest we pack our bags and go to our local state school, but rather that we evaluate our perceptions of worth and value. We need information to back it up. For a school that advocates transparency in every outlet of participation, be it going to a professor's Office Hours to understand a course, attending SGA's Open Forum or chatting with President Higdon in Harris, it's important that the administration practice it more often. If the College wants everyone to be as happy as we seem in our glossy brochures, the lines of communication need to be opened wider: why does our school cost so much, and where is that money going?

This doesn't have to be hard—there are 525 emails from the Office of College Relations in my inbox, and if they sent one detailing where everything goes, it'd be the only one I might read thoroughly. If the information is readily accessible, hold your angry Letter to the Editor and ask yourself why we don't already know how to find it. Our website's information on tuition and fees explains little: "[The comprehensive fee] covers tuition and room and board as well as lab fees, studio fees and other course expenses." We're liberal arts students—we know a bit about everything, from abnormal psychology to Indian history. We should be trusted to know what happens with the money we pay to our school.

- Jazmine Hughes
News Editor

Corrections

In "Pour de Frantz," Lorelei Frantz's name is spelled as above and as the article's title suggests, and not Lorelai.

Letters

To the Editor:

I would like to comment on Julia Cristofano's piece "Harris: end the early bird special!" (Opinions, October 25). Dining Services would like the campus community to know that the idea of keeping Harris Dining Hall open later has been under discussion with the Dining Service Student Advisory Committee. The committee will work to keep everyone informed as discussions continue. Any student is welcome to join our meetings. The next meeting will be on Tuesday November 16, 2010 at 4pm in Harris Dining Hall.

Ingrid Bushwaack
Director Dining Services

To the Editor:

Kudos to Adam Miller '11's article "CollegiateLink: The Weakest Link" (Opinions, September 28) for bringing this issue to the attention of the College Voice's readership. The implementation of CollegiateLink has been directly detrimental to the welfare of student organizations at Connecticut College. The Office of Student Life does not have the staff or expertise required to effectively run such a system. Instead of creating a product that is useful and attractive for the students who would use it, Student Life has attempted to coerce the student body into registering on CollegiateLink by threatening to take away SGA funding and denying students the right to put up posters in Cro. No attempt has been made to increase the appeal or utility of Collegiate-

Link. Instead, the office has attempted to make its use compulsory. The infrastructure of CollegiateLink is buggy, confusing, and unnecessarily restrictive for its users. Unless you know the URL, it is difficult to access the site at all: it is not accessible from the Login page at conncoll.edu, nor is it to be found in the Campus Life section of the college website. Once you've managed to log in to CollegiateLink, it is still not immediately usable. Students cannot join groups without being approved by an administrator, so it is impossible to start using the site right away. Once you are approved as a member of the group, there is no next step—joining is all you can do as a member. Club membership on CollegiateLink is a mere formality for the great majority of its users. The only other feature provided by the site—the bulletin board

featuring posters for upcoming events—is, as Miller remarked, almost entirely redundant. If a club has taken the time to design a flier for an event, then they have surely posted that flier around campus. As Miller correctly states, the student body has no need for a system like CollegiateLink. If the goal of the site is to assist and support the student organizations of Connecticut College, it has failed, and shows no signs of improving. It's time to either fix the system or throw it out.

-Jamison Hermann '11

THIS WEEK

COMPILED BY LILAH RAPTOPOULOS/EIC

ON CAMPUS

"Dreaming in Jewropean: Re-enacting Past Jewish Life Today"

This lecture will address the growing phenomena of 'Diaspora Disneys,' 'Jewface minstrelsy,' and 'Jewfacade display,' in Eastern Europe and Eurasia, where pre-Holocaust Jewish life is re-enacted - primarily by non-Jews, for non-Jews - as well as problems of thinking about "home" for Jews today. The lecture will be given by S.I. Salamensky, Assistant Professor of Performance Studies & Jewish Studies, UCLA.

4:30-6:30 PM, Blaustein Faculty Lounge (1st floor)

Working Memory Networks in the Brain

Psychology Department Fall Colloquium Series presentation by Jennifer K. Roth, Ph.D., Magnetic Resonance Research Center, Yale School of Medicine.

4:30-5:45 PM, Silfen Auditorium in Bill Hall

**Better Assignments for All!**

Smith House's Dessert and Dialogue partners with the Writing Center to host an event that will bring professors and students together to discuss effective (and ineffective) writing prompts. Students can suggest assignments they've received that promote a strong understanding of the material, a well-formed argument and a fun writing experience. Professors can explore why certain prompts don't give them the papers they're looking for, and help students make sense of broad terms like "analyze" and "critically examine." Professors, students and Writing Center peer tutors will be in attendance. Mystic Market desserts will be served. All encouraged to attend.

7:30-9 PM, Ernst Common Room, Blaustein

"Traces of the Trade: A Story from the Deep North"

Katrina Browne is producer/director of "Traces of the Trade" a first-person documentary film about her slave-trading ancestors from Rhode Island. This event features a screening of the film and discussion with the filmmaker, part of a year long Diversity Speakers Series.

6-8 PM, Oliva Hall in Olin Science Center

**Au Cul Du Loup 'Autour de Mouson'**

Through the alchemy of music, song, dance, theater and visual art, the Au Cul du Loup company creates performances out of incessant research with sound objects, their exploration of how to design them and how to make them come to life on stage. Original a capella compositions provide a through-line of emotion.

7:30-9 PM, Myers Dance Studio, (Cro 3rd floor)

Film & Discussion: The Cultural Assimilation of Native Americans

The Unity House interns show clips from the documentary, "Our Spirits Don't Speak English," which exposes the effects of government policy that attempted to Americanize Native American children by requiring them to attend boarding schools. A discussion and food will follow.

7-8:30 PM, Pepsico room, Unity House

**Senior Bar Night**

The 2011 Class Council is hosting a seniors-only bar night downtown at Hot Rod Café. At 9 PM, Rod himself will be serving free wings and pizzas. Get wristbands for the event and free class shirts Tuesday 5-7 at Harris or Wednesday 12-2 in Cro. Don't forget to tip the bartenders.

9 PM-1 AM, Hot Rod's Café

ConnArtists fall concert

One of Conn's 3 Coed a-capella groups will be singing Coldplay, Queen, Creed, Shake the Baron and more. Bake sale to follow.

8-9 PM, Harkness Chapel

Dance Team Jazz Technique Class

The CC Dance Team hosts a technique class focused on jazz dance. Includes stretching and strength training.

5-6 PM, AC Studio 2

Scuds show

The Scuds, Conn's long-form improv comedy group on campus, does their first show of the year.

9:30-10:30, Olin 014

onStage presents "First Love" by Gare St. Lazare Players, Ireland.

Actor Conor Lovett delivers a virtuosic performance in this one-man adaptation of Samuel Beckett's short story. With a fresh and light approach they reveal an accessible and humorous Beckett while retaining the integrity, profundity and, above all, poignancy of the work. \$11 for students.

8-10 PM, Evans Hall, Cummings

**FUSION: Asian Cultures Exposed**

CCASA is hosting its annual performance from all different Asian cultures. After Party, with New-Age Asian and American Pop, Hip-Hop, and House beats 11PM-2AM with DJ AB.

7-9 PM (doors open at 6:30) 1962 room, Cro

New York Bus Trip

One of 6 bus trips the Department of Art History has arranged to New York City this year. \$30 for students and \$40 for faculty, staff and general public. To purchase tickets and additional info contact Debbie at 860-439-2740

Leaves 7:45 AM, returns to campus 10:30 PM

John Clark '90 and The Wolverine Jazz Band

The Wolverine Jazz Band will perform selections from the first fifty years of Jazz. With a mixture of Dixieland, New Orleans, Traditional Jazz and Swing, the Wolverines present an energetic and entertaining program of the music of Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman and more.

8 PM, Evans Hall (Cummings)

A Sense of Place: Painters of Matunuck, RI 1873 - 1941

Each of these painters interpreted the Matunuck landscape in a personal way, yet among them they encompass most of the major trends defining American painting of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—Barbizon School, impressionism, post-impressionism, tonalism and plein-air painting—as well as the creation of the era's predominant artistic institution: a summer school. Free for students.

Lyman Allyn Art Museum, open Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5

Hygienic Art presents "The New Atlantis Collection"

"The New Atlantis Collection" - a rare opportunity to view selections from one of the world's most renowned and influential archives of art and artifact, as well as premier examples of modern and contemporary art. From the shores and deep oceans, to mountains and jungles of the planet, the founders of the collection have traveled over the years, risking life and limb to shed a scholar's light on the world's wonder and mystery.

Hygienic Art (79-83 Bank St)

NEW LONDON

"Danielle Ate the Sandwich" at the Garde Arts Center

Described as "Joni Mitchell meets Sarah Silverman," Danielle "Ate the Sandwich", Anderson, 23, is a solid, young songwriter and YouTube phenomenon armed with a ukulele, loads of original songs and a wicked sense of humor. Anderson tours nationally, has licensed songs to various tv shows and significantly understands and works new media on a generational level. Tickets \$10.

7:30 PM, Garde Arts Center (325 State St)



monday

tuesday

**Mitchell College Hosts Motivational Speaker Series**

The Mitchell College chapter of The National Society of Leadership and Success has landed America's Next Top Model judge and fashion photographer, Nigel Barker, former pro football player and motivational speaker, Shawn Harper, and social networking guru, Tom

Kriegelstein, as part of a national motivational speaker series.

7 PM-8 PM, Mitchell College Weller Center (437 Pequot Ave)

Dr. Strangelove, or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb
The Southeast CT Peace & Justice Network and the Provenance Center co-host a showing of the cold war movie classic "Dr. Strangelove". This is a 1964 black

Dr. Strangelove

comedy film that satirized the nuclear scare and is directed, produced, and co-written by Stanley Kubrick. In 1989, the US Library of Congress deemed the film "culturally significant".

6:30 PM, Provenance Center (165 State St)

wednesday

thursday

**The Suicide Dolls, Estrogen & Tonic, Powerblessings**

Garage Punk from New London and Northampton.

10 PM-2 AM, The Oasis Pub (16 Bank St)

Thames River Wine & Spirits: Weekly Wine Tasting
Every Friday night features a weekly wine tasting with four great wines in our one-of-a-kind wine cellar. Free.

6 - 9 PM, Thames River Wine & Spirits (84 Bank St)

Anne Castellano CD Release Show

WCNI DJ Anne Castellano is hosting a show at Hygienic for the release of her new CD, "What's Been Going On." As written on New London's online 'zine Wailing City, "New London's mysterious songstress does it all -- she sings, plays guitar, plays bass and commands her drummer in a box...Anne is a one woman '77 style punk band with cure guitar tone and Grace Slick on vocals. It sounds strange but it works really well."

8-10 PM, Hygienic Gallery (79 Bank St)

saturday

sunday

all week

**Clowns Make Babies Cry**

Artist Scott Mackenzie displays his latest art work at one of [aticc]'s last art openings in their 18 months of local business. [aticc] is a boutique on Green street that offers fashion, design, art, graffiti and accessories.

Reception 6-8 PM, [aticc] (140 B Green St)

**"One-Man Star Wars Trilogy" featuring Charles Ross**

A high energy, nonstop blast through the original Star Wars trilogy, "One-Man Star Wars® Trilogy" is comprised of a cast of one Canadian actor, Charles Ross. Ross plays all the characters, recreates the effects, sings the music, flies the ships and fights both sides of the light saber battles, making for a side-splitting evening. \$30 Garde Circle, \$20 orchestra.

3 PM, Garde Arts Center (325 State St)

Spirit Gallery Goes 'Little' for Holiday Exhibit

Spirit Gallery presents its holiday exhibit "Little Works," a collection of art pieces all smaller than 14-by-14 inches and all priced under \$100. The exhibit will hang from November 6 to December 23. Designed to give artists an outlet to display their smaller drawings, sketches and paintings, the "Little Works" exhibition also allows focuses on unique artwork at affordable prices, just in time for the holiday season.

Spirit Gallery Tattoo (207 Bank St)

Electric Kool-Aid Loko Test

A closer look at caffeinated alcohol

DAVID SHANFIELD
STAFF WRITER

Two weeks ago I received a short e-mail from my mother. The message contained a link to a *New York Times* article paired with the warning, "Stay away from this one!" After clicking the link, I discovered that my mother thought it necessary to warn me about a highly-caffeinated, highly-alcoholic energy drink named Four Loko.

The *New York Times* briefing stated that a 23.5 ounce can of Four Loko is equivalent in alcohol content to five or six beers. Over the past month, twenty-three students from Ramapo College, NJ, were hospitalized after consuming Four Loko. In one night alone, nine students from Central Washington University, WA, were transported to the hospital after drinking Four Loko at an off-campus party.

The drink has been infamously dubbed "blackout in a can," and "liquid cocaine," and student opinions vary. One Conn student described her experience with drinking Four Loko as feeling as though her "heart was about to beat out of [her] chest." One senior said, "I felt really drunk, but that's because we were drinking a lot. I wonder if I would have felt that way no matter what."

According to Ruth Grahn, Associate Professor of Psychology and Director of the Behavioral Neuroscience Program, the caffeine in the Four Loko counteracts the sedative effects of the alcohol. After consuming a certain amount of alcohol, people



Taste the rainbow. (No, don't.)

will begin to feel fatigued and/or nauseated which restricts further ingestion. However, the high dosage of caffeine in Four Loko "removes the limitation of the alcohol," said Grahn. This allows individuals to consume more alcohol without feeling their bodies' natural resistance to the substance.

The Director of Student Health Services, Catharine Moffett, also called attention to the fact that some people have disorders like anxiety and tachycardia (rapid heart beat), which are made worse with the caffeine from energy drinks.

"Alcohol is a cardiac 'irritant' so it could

make the rapid heart beat worse," Moffett said.

In comparison to jungle juice, Moffett said that Four Loko "appears to be more toxic."

But one senior disagreed. "I don't think Four Loko affects you any differently than what we're already drinking, like rum and Coke or Jägerbombs," she said. "It's a placebo affect. Tell us it'll mess us up and we'll drink it until it does."

Choosing to drink Four Loko is, in the opinion of CC Curtiss, Director of Student Wellness, a "high risk decision because of

the inherent risk of caffeine and alcohol."

"If we're promoting smart decisions for drinking for students of age, I couldn't endorse the [consumption of Four Loko]," explained Curtiss.

Part of Curtiss' reasoning lies in the fact alcohol and caffeine are both addictive substances, and energy drinks containing alcohol are essentially a combination of the two. Curtiss also cited clinical research that shows that mixing alcohol and energy drinks leads to a higher blood alcohol content and expounded, "Once you reach a certain blood alcohol content, many people throw out smart decision making skills."

Conn's Health Peer Educators are taking the initiative to put up a series of informational posters about Four Loko around campus so people understand the risks of what they are drinking.

"Our main goal as Health Peer Educators is to inform the student body of the risks of these choices and try and help them to make responsible ones," said Bizzy Gart '11.

Despite their efforts, it seems that health warnings about Four Loko may have had unintended consequences and actually caused more students to consume the drink. Melissa Fopiano '13 said, "Before I heard about the health risks of Four Loko, I had never seen it on campus, but this past weekend I saw cans everywhere." •

Additional reporting by Meredith Boyle, News Editor.

Domestic Violence Awareness Month: A recap of October's events



AMELIA SMITH
STAFF WRITER

October is not only about German beer, painting the world pink or going big on "Halloween." It's also Domestic Violence Awareness Month (DVAM). Throughout the month, Darcie Folsom, the coordinator of the Think S.A.F.E. Project, along with three interns and the peer education group SafetyNet organized four separate events to promote awareness of sexual assault, relationship violence and stalking.

Domestic Violence Awareness Month was funded by the Think S.A.F.E. (Sexual Assault Free Environment) program, which was created by a grant from the Department of Justice last year. The grant was part of a larger initiative by the Connecticut Department of Justice to award money to communities creating crime reduction and prevention

programs. Conn received a three-year long, \$300,000 grant to start up the Think S.A.F.E. Project.

Relationship violence is not only rape, as many people believe. It includes emotional abuse, economic control, physical violence, stalking, harassment and sexual abuse. An unhealthy relationship is not just one that includes sexual exploitation; it can also include verbal put-downs, manipulation and power trips.

The first DVAM event on campus, held on October 21, was the Clothesline Project pictured in last week's issue of *The College Voice*. It was organized by a Think S.A.F.E. intern, Emily Lake '11. Folsom said the project was influential because it sparked conversation between students and, "its not something someone had to attend, you just had to see it."

Lake echoed this idea and explained that they chose the front of the library for the location spe-

cifically because "it is a place that students, faculty, and staff can't really avoid." Folsom was especially pleased because many passerby asked to take shirts home with them to create new ones to add to Conn's collection.

Joy Chiang '14, one student who took the time to browse through the shirts in the wet weather, recalled, "I remember thinking, 'oh, those are really cool, can I buy one?'"

"I really liked all the designs and the display," echoed Sarah Schnitman '14. Other students recall walking past the display, but many could not recollect whether or not they were strongly affected by what they saw.

The second event, a talk by sociologist Allan Johnson, author of *Unraveling the Knot of Domestic Violence*, was very well attended and many people stayed for the resource fair that followed. The night ended well when Johnson announced that he would be re-

turning 25% of the proceeds from all of the books he sold on campus back to the Women's Center of South Eastern Connecticut, the event's co-sponsor.

Susan Cunningham '14 said the talk was especially interesting and important to her because domestic violence is not a typical "dinner table conversation."

Purple Tie Tuesday was the most recent event as part of DVAM, and took place on Tuesday, October 26. It was originally a statewide initiative put forth by the Connecticut Coalition Against Domestic Violence (CCADV) that the Women's Center of Southeast Connecticut helped bring to campus.

Folsom, along with other members of the Think S.A.F.E. Project, sold ties and handed out purple ribbons. "Especially for students who don't usually wear ties to class, they made for good conversation," Folsom pointed out.

TANAHA SIMON / PHOTO EDITOR

Folsom was excited that not only men were wearing the ties. "I saw a lot of women wearing purple, which I was really stoked about!" she said.

These Hands Don't Hurt, the last component of Domestic Violence Awareness Month, was an ongoing event that gave people an easy way to get involved. Folsom and her crew stormed areas of campus to ask members of the community to put their handprints on felt and sign a pledge that stated that the signee "will not use these hands to hurt others."

Quilts comprised of over 138 different handprints are now hanging in Cro, Lambdin, Morrison, Branford and Hamilton.

"My wish for this campus is that everyone can feel safe, and right now, that's not true," Lake said. "We want to really make sure that this is a topic that we're not afraid to talk about." •

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Talking Art with Art Krieger

Profile of an electroacoustics professor

JERELL MAYS
STAFF WRITER

Art Krieger, Sylvia Pasternack Marx Professor of Music, a fellow in the Ammerman Center for Arts and Technology and the Cummings Electronic and Digital Sound Studio, is also a prolific composer who specializes in electronic music. At Connecticut College, he teaches Tonal Theory, Electroacoustic Music and Music Through Time and Society.

"We're a small department," he said on a rainy Friday afternoon in his office. "They move me around a lot."

Krieger was born in New Haven, Connecticut. He grew up in Milford and attended the University of Connecticut.

"I majored in English as an undergraduate. I took music theory courses there concurrently," Krieger said. "I truly like both areas of study, but when I got out of college, I preferred writing music to writing. I have no regrets about that."

Krieger's musical career started long before graduation. "I was a drummer in a number of rock bands, but my heart wasn't in it, and I wanted something more."

After graduating from the University of Connecticut, he earned his Doctorate of Musical Arts at Columbia University. "It was there that I became acquainted with electronic composition, I thrived there and loved it," Krieger said.

In his spare time, Krieger listens mainly to the canon of Western Classical music. He's never been a big fan of rock and roll. "My heart isn't with the mass of synthesizers heard today," Krieger said. "Electronic music is much more timbrelly diverse—it's interesting to me."

Krieger started as a part-time teacher at Conn in 1999, and became a full-time professor in 2004. Occasionally, his music can be heard sweeping through Cummings from his office door, which is usually kept ajar. In his



Professor Art Krieger.

ALICIA TOLDI / STAFF

office, two major objects attract the eye: the piano and the elaborate sound system that decorates his desk. Currently, he is hard at work on a composition for the Orchestra of

the League of Composers, the oldest musical organization devoted to contemporary music. "It occupies most of my time at this point, frankly," he said. "All of my creative time, anyway."

The piece is called "Sound Merger." It is for a chamber orchestra and it will feature electronic and classical music played side by side. He launches into an explanation of the complex cross-fading process that is important to the piece.

"It's been my style to do this kind of thing," he said. "It's about half-done. Gotta hustle, have a deadline in April." The music is written down on large, rectangular sheets of yellowed parchment. "I was trained to write on paper," he says. "I've gotta write it down to tell the conductor, so he can coordinate the electronic sound with the players."

He plays the electronic portion of the piece on the loudspeakers in his room. It is loud, dissonant and at times even startling. As each section ends, he quickly turns another page of parchment to keep up. Chords reach the height of their crescendo and cause the desk to vibrate in response. This electronic sound, as well as the absence of sound, helps to create a dim, dense void.

"This is very different from the music world [at Columbia University], but it's all a digital attempt to replicate the classical techniques found in an analog studio," said Krieger.

It does not appear to be, in any sense of the word, easy. On the computer screen, multiple tracks lie scattered throughout the screen in horizontal bars in complex sequences. "The learning curve from analog to digital is steep," he says. "I'm glad we have an engineer here, Jim McNeish, because most of my questions are, at this point in time, technical. That doesn't mean I don't struggle with aesthetics. I do every step of the way. But that's my own thing." •



JULIE McMAHON / CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Harris, Paper or Plastic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

keeps a number of replacement parts on hand, but this was a major part we needed to have shipped from Illinois. We were forced to use disposable products until Tuesday when the part arrived and the repair was completed." While no students seemed to know the details of the situation, many presumed a broken appliance was the cause.

Because of the environmentally conscious nature of our student body, many were upset at the environmental impact of using paper and plastic to serve so many students for several days. Dana Silverberg '11 said, "I just think that it looks bad because we claim to be so environmentally friendly. Imagine a student coming to look at our school and seeing garbage cans full of trash and wasted food."

However, Bushwack claimed that it was the very fact that so many students eat at Harris each day that made paper and plastic the only solution to the problem. "Based on the amount of meals that Harris serves there really was no other option for us." Ultimately, the environmental concerns were overrun by practicality, as most students contin-

ued to eat in Harris despite the circumstances.

Unsurprisingly, other students actually enjoyed the less-formal dining ware. Justin Shamash '13 said, "I thought it was pretty convenient that I didn't have to wait in the line to put my plates on a tray, I could just throw them away wherever I wanted."

Not every student shared Shamash's positive outlook, but most understood that this was a unique, emergency situation, and was not reflective of the school's commitment to sustainability. Rachel Jerome '14 stated, "Obviously, it was not to most environmentally friendly thing to do, but I don't know if there was another solution. I mean, what were we supposed to do, eat with our hands?"

While Connecticut College students do like to be environmentally friendly, and a few more days of paper and plastic may have caused some protests, most did seem to understand that a few days of paper and plastic was not going to undo all of the environmental progress our school has made over the past several years.

Bushwack appreciated the reasonable approach toward

what happened last weekend: "I was gratified by the support of the students as we worked through the issue. I got the sense that students understood we were doing everything we could to make sure the quality and timing of the meals were not impacted by our dish machine problem."

Bushwack could not specify any numerical figures regarding plates and plastic used, saying, "We did not specifically track the additional waste generated by this temporary paper usage." However, the very fact that any excessive waste raised some eyebrows and made students uncomfortable does demonstrate the degree to which we've incorporated conservation and environmental awareness into our lives.

Ultimately, despite a minor disaster, life in Harris went on as usual: eggs hissed on the gridle, soups bubbled in the pots, and the usual weekend cheer filled our campus' largest dining hall. However, the unfortunate saga of the broken dishwasher did leave the environmentalist in all of us with just a tiny bit of heartburn. •

Conn Receives B+ on College Sustainability Report Card

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

New, porous pavement manages runoff and reduces pollution to groundwater. Starting next year, freshmen will no longer be permitted to bring their cars to campus.

Conn's improvements are reflective of a general trend among colleges and universities around the country starting to take issues of sustainability very seriously. While it is great to see these changes implemented, there is still a long road ahead of us. The report highlights some of the areas the school needs to improve.

Ian Phillips '11, SGA's Chair of Environmental Affairs, argues that we have the potential to realize major changes in the Food & Recycling category. The school has already gotten the ball rolling by making the dining halls trayless, buying fruit and vegetables from local sources, and using cage-free eggs. Conn currently composts about 24% of postconsumer food scraps, but that number should rise. Phillips says the next steps are "meat reduction and sustainable seafood sourcing" which would be "unpopular changes and not in line with Dining Services usually conciliatory approach to students," but are nonetheless essential actions.

Although Student Involvement received an A, thanks to the efforts of groups such as Spokespeople, Sprout, Renewable Energy Club, and the House Environmental Reps, environmentally-conscious students find that this represents a minority of the overall student body. Phillips says it is a small group of dedicated students that work together to run all of the sustainability clubs, attend meetings, and work with the college to affect policy changes. Lily Fayerweather '13, an Environmental Studies major and House Environmental Rep, agrees, and would like to see opportunities to get more students thinking about environmental issues, saying "there is unfortunately no factor requiring those students that are not involved to improve their knowledge of sustainability."

The College Sustainability Report acknowledges that Connecticut College is beginning to take some necessary steps to move towards a more sustainable future. Without downplaying the positive nature of these improvements, it is important to recognize that there is still a significant amount of work left to be done. As students, it is our responsibility to get involved, and to keep the forward momentum that has built up over the past few years going. •

SUNDAYS WITH ALUMNI

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ALUMNI EDUCATORS: CAREERS THAT
ADVANCE TEACHING AND LEARNING

Sunday, November 14

Cro's Nest, 4 p.m.

Refreshments will be served. Hear from alumni
about their career paths and get advice about yours.

Tammie Clayton Reid '01: Education consultant, Foundations Inc.

Mike Anderson '93: Professional development specialist Northeast
Foundation for Children Inc.

Natalie A. Mello '84: Director of global operations and adjunct
instructor, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

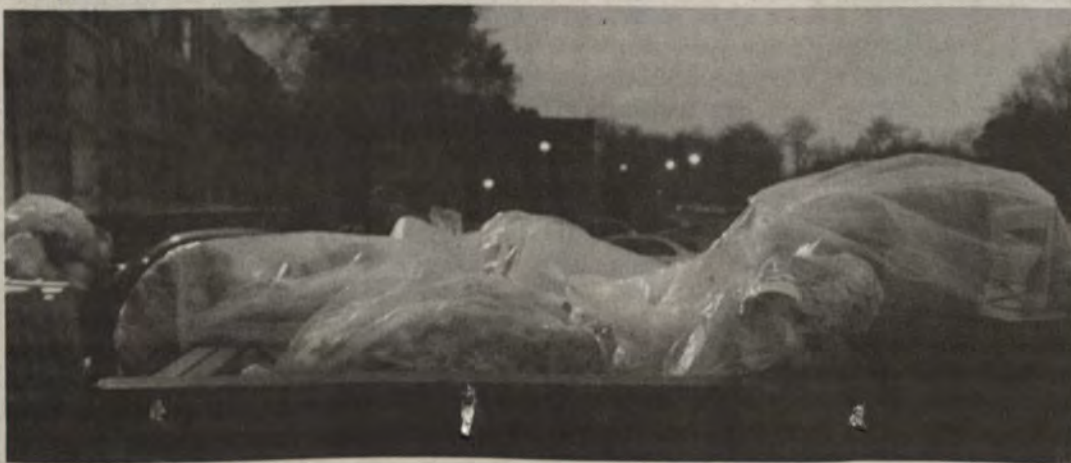
Andrew Poole '01, Academic dean, Elm City College Preparatory
School, New Haven, CT.

Moderated by Lindsay Paiva '12, English major, Holleran Center
student and teacher certification candidate.

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE



Learning How to Play Again (with Flubber)

JULIA CRISTOFANO
STAFF WRITER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

This past Wednesday, I joined students and faculty for a talk Merriman gave about her career and her show *Peripheries*, a series of ceramic sculptures and mixed media, which is currently on display in Cummings Art Center. Merriman was on campus as part of the Weissman Visiting Artist Program, which brings artists to campus for several days to give workshops, lectures or critiques.

First, she explained the process of making her art—something I was dying to understand, as many of her pieces look like the results of some surgery gone awry. Mer-

riman uses only slabs and coils of clay to produce a basic clay structure, which is then fired. She builds up the surface using several different kinds of wax. She describes her process as “an additive one,” and strives to achieve a surface that looks like an extension of the initial form rather than a static coat of wax simply lying on top of the piece.

She began using wax in her work after spending three months at an art school in Dresden, Germany. During this time, she visited the Deutsches Hygiene-Museum, which was created to educate the public about health, the human body and medicine. The museum features wax faces and

full bodies riddled with disease and injury. Merriman’s attraction to wax is primarily driven by the way it plays with light and its ability to mimic skin in a way that is hard to achieve with other media. Some of her first works with wax were based on adipose tissue (body fat) and invite the viewer to consider their own body image.

Another one of her pieces, entitled *The O’s of Character*, consists of six different wax sculptures of cervixes, all different sizes, shapes and colors. She based this piece on diagram of cervixes she saw in Dresden that was once used to evaluate whether or not a woman was “normal.” How one is perceived by our society and our tendency to label people are prevalent themes in Merriman’s work.

Despite her rather abstract and static subject matter, Merriman herself was quite a character. She explained that her work for *Peripheries* was labor intensive and tedious so she made sure to spend time on smaller projects. This way, she could experiment and not feel pressured to create a complete work. As part of this “play time” she began inflating pig intestines with air, covering them in a variety of substances and twisting them to create strangely beautiful shapes. Perhaps this isn’t exactly how most of us would spend our free time, but I couldn’t help but enjoy Merriman’s uninhibited

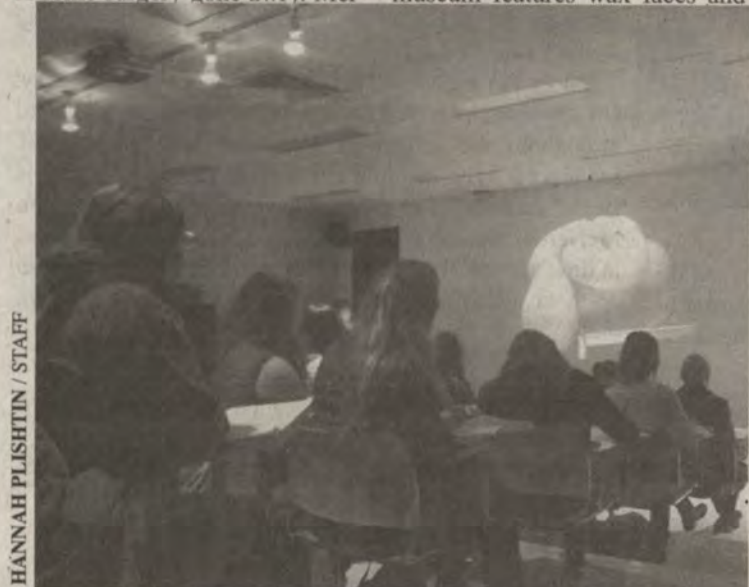
personality.

She went on to describe how she was “pissed off” when she tried to order a speculum (a device used to examine the cervix) from a drug company and they refused to let her buy one without a prescription. Because her work is largely influenced by human anatomy and body image, she was outraged by not having control of her own body, thus being prevented from using it as a tool in her work.

Although the focus of Merriman’s talk was about her art and her motivations, her presentation had powerful undertones of encouragement for all the students in the room. The last slide she showed was a list entitled *Some Rules for Students and Teachers* by John Cage. She explained that though a professor had given it to her a long time ago, it still holds significant meaning to her today. Among these ten rules, number nine summed up Merriman’s overall message: “Be happy whenever you can manage it. Enjoy yourself. It’s lighter than you think.”



HANNAH PLISHTIN / STAFF



HANNAH PLISHTIN / STAFF

Students at Shauna Merriman’s recent *Peripheries* talk. She uses body fat and related structures as models for her clay forms and multimedia works.

She talked about how she “had to teach [herself] how to play again,” because we lose the ability to do that as we get older. Everything becomes one big deadline and one more job to do. Art student or no, Merriman reminded everyone to slow down and make a little time for themselves. Many of us are beginning to get caught up in the craze of November, but if you’ve been working hard all week it’s okay to put down the pen and hang out with your friends, or catch up on that episode of *Modern Family* you missed. •

Don’t Do That!

Kiefer Roberts’ open letters to the campus community



KIEFER ROBERTS
COLUMNIST

Dear Campus Safety,

You and I both know it was only a matter of time before our paths crossed. In the interest of full disclosure, I don’t drive on campus. I find the rules to be absurd and the parking spaces difficult to find. However, something that I’ve witnessed (and that is severely pissing students off) is driving (HA) this week’s DDT: ticketing on the weekend.

I want to say that I sort of understand. There are only so many convenient spaces for faculty and staff to park, so you give them the entire section in front of Shain and Cro. That’s fine because it makes sense, and I’m into things that make sense. However, one of the brutal consequences of this is that my peers and I (I get driven a lot) are relegated to “gravel” and “dirt” lots. Really? Why are those even actual things? Maybe it’s understood that in gravel and dirt lots, students’ cars are way more likely to be dinged or scratched by some idiot pretending they’re Mayhem from Allstate, so you don’t want faculty to park there. So I guess I’m actually still kind of half there with you.

But where you lose many students entirely is ticketing on the weekends in front of Harris, Cro and Shain. I know some devoted professors, some of whom come in on the weekends to get work done, host lectures or help students, but not *all* professors are here. It’s not like faculty are driving around campus, desperately looking for a place to park on a Saturday evening. And it’s not even like we’re parking in President Higdon’s spot (God forbid).

Chances are, if student cars are outside of Harris between the hours of 10 AM and noon, they’re excited about the new daily specials at

the deli and are trying to get some nutrition. Students’ cars outside of Cro on a Friday evening can probably be explained by a Friday Night Live or an ungodly desire for a breakfast sandwich. And giving students tickets because they’re parked outside of the library on a Sunday night at 1 AM makes about as much sense as wearing one of those hooded animal towels to, well, anywhere.

Oh, and by the way, I know a lot of students whose mindsets are something along the lines of *Are these motherfuckers crazy?! Didn’t I just give you \$150 so I could park here in the first place?!? And now you want to ticket me?!? Ridiculous parking tickets in the face of doubling the parking fee seems exorbitant. I’m just saying, stop trying to squeeze juice from fruit that’s already been through a blender.*

And if students are going to get unnecessarily ticketed on the weekends, I think we should have the opportunity to give citizens-arrest type tickets to those cars that creepily drive behind us on the walking paths. *Uh, hi – this is a sidewalk in case you’ve become slightly confused, and I’d appreciate you not driving behind me.* I know it certainly unnerves me, mostly because it’s awkward (am I supposed to move to the side? There’s yellow tape and signs on the grass, so I don’t want to disrespect someone’s work, or get skunk stank on my shoes) and I feel like I’m about to be asked if I’d like some candy or if I want to see someone’s puppy.

Sorry mister, my mom told me I couldn’t talk to strangers, especially the ones mowing people off of the sidewalk. I’m just asking you, C-Safe, not to kick someone when they’re already down. We’ve got other things to worry about besides frivolous parking tickets. Like that unnecessary open container write-up. Thanks.

Serving the Community,
Kiefer

2, 4, 6, 8, Why Don’t We Participate?

JEFF LEE
CONTRIBUTOR

Perhaps you are like me: clinically introverted – unable to speak confidently before a group consisting of more than a few close friends. It could be the case that you are serially uninterested in the course material. Who could blame you? That freshman seminar certainly may not be living up to the standards so illustriously described in that enigmatic packet you received over the summer. Still, maybe this morning’s post-alcohol induced fog has proved itself a more than worthy adversary for that delicate academic sensibility. Whatever the reason, class participation has seemingly reached an all-time low.

I am in no way suggesting that no interesting or engaging class discussions take place. Nor am I asserting that any one of us is incapable of providing insightful and valuable input in any of our scholastic pursuits. Instead, I am only remarking upon the diminishing frequency with which such remarks are made in the context of, at the very least, my own courses. Some days are better than others. The others, however, drag on for a nightmarishly extended period of time. The professor may ask for a basic comprehensive overview of a topic. Or, in an attempt to rouse the class from a non-participatory coma, he or she may wave the smelling salt of devil’s advocacy under our collective noses.

As a measure of last resort, the professor may even drop an atomic bomb of controversy with the intent to incinerate whatever prevents productive discussion. (Good luck burning through the miasma of Friday morning’s hangovers.) The resulting blast does little to unsettle a sea of patently indifferent faces and fails to fix any furtive, text-scanning eyes. Silence hangs for a few insufferable moments longer. Resigned, the professor answers his or her question with another, equally ineffective atom bomb.

Recently, this phenomenon has

gotten so unbearably bad that, save for a few consistently participating voices, I am fairly sure that some of my courses have turned into a practice in rhetoric for each of my professors. In reality, I fumble over words and ideas and forget the main gist of my thought before it has been delivered. I find that I usually wring

I am fairly sure that some of my courses have turned into a practice in rhetoric for each of my professors.

out my thoughts with all the elegance and efficiency of a dirty dish-rag. So much for cogency.

Despite my failings as a public speaker, I find that my newfound zeal for class participation has its benefits. Not only is class now bearable, but I find myself more engaged with readings and assignments than I ever have been before. Additionally, the length of classes has shrunk from the Twilight Zone-esque eternity to a manageable hour-and-a-half or so. Surprisingly, despite my inefficiencies, I find myself actually looking forward to class, eager for discussion.

So, I urge you, fight through hesitations, lack of interest, nausea or some combination of the three. We are fortunate enough to attend a college with excellent and plentiful professors who are, in my experience, more than happy to hear any thoughts you may have regarding course material (despite any similarities your thoughts may share with my own garbled commentary). Participate! Ask questions! The benefits far outweigh any perceived drawbacks. At the very least, I ask you to do so as a personal favor. Please don’t let me go on embarrassing myself, by myself, any longer. •

Musicspeaks Speaks Volumes

SAM NORCROSS
STAFF WRITER

I was almost entirely uncertain what to expect. I knew that there was going to be a classical music performance and I knew that individual pieces would be by Beethoven, Brahms and Copland. But in the event description for “Musicspeaks,” which took place in Evans Hall this past Friday, there was a phrase that tripped me up. It said, “Pianist Patrice Newman presents ‘Musicspeaks’—featuring exciting chamber music performances layered with contextual electronic soundtrack.” “Layered with a contextual electronic soundtrack?” What is that supposed to mean?

Before I went to see the show, I contacted the two Conn students tasked with creating this “electronic soundtrack” and asked them about it. Jon Markson ’12, was happy to explain. “[The program] contains three different pieces, which are all interconnected by an electronic soundscape that both contextualizes the pieces in culture and history with text, as well as breaks the mold of what you expect when you go to a ‘piano recital.’”

This made me believe that electronic music and sound was being played over, or alongside the classical music, which caused me to ask whether it felt weird altering or adding to the music of some of the greatest composers of all time. But Eli Mangold ’11, clarified the event further for me: “We didn’t add any sound to the pieces, what

we did is compose interludes between each piece.”

“The electronic portions are very musical and engaging and utilize a wide variety of sound sources such as the human voice, cannon fire, or heavily processed electric guitar,” added Markson, “Anything goes, really!”

Now I was intrigued. I’m actually into classical music, so a live chamber performance would have been enough to pull me in. Also, anything by Brahms in instantly awesome, and listed in the event description was a four movement Quintet in f minor, so I was sold from the start. But this “electronic soundscape” thing had me wanting to go even more, especially after talking to Markson and Mangold. I was still uncertain as to exactly how it would contribute to the performance, but I had to see if they could pull off incorporating cannon fire and human speech into complementary musical interludes.

I braved a chilly trek to Cummings on Friday night and took my seat in the center of the auditorium. Patrice Newman, an award winning concert pianist and member of the music faculty at Conn, and Krista Buckland Reisner, an established violinist and the concertmistress of Opera Boston, silently took the stage. The audience clapped, the lights dimmed and our applause melded with that coming from the speakers on either side of the stage. There was silence, and then the sound of footsteps. Brief laughter. Distorted smatterings of music. A

build up of many sounds that died down to the reading names over a simple piano tune. And then the playing began.

It was a strange prelude. Clever in the way it overlapped manufactured audience sounds with our own, and definitely interesting, but I did not understand how it contextualized the Beethoven sonata that followed—which, by the way, was played beautifully. I have never seen a live performance of chamber music, unless you count the quartet from my high school (which you really shouldn’t). It’s a much more personal experience than seeing an orchestra.

The solo violinist, in an elegant black and red dress, seemed to quiver along with her vibrato as she swayed with the music, and Patrice Newman at the piano had a constant look of intense concentration. It all sounded flawless, as far as I could tell; a cascade of notes flowed from the violin to the piano and back again. You could hear the sharp inhales of both musicians punctuating the rests during the Adagio, and melodies and crescendos were skillfully traded back and forth during the Rondo.

The piece ended, and toward the tail end of our applause the sound of a type writer started up. A letter written by Copland about the making of the piece we were about to hear was read while piano music intermittently bloomed and faded in the background. Headlines from the news were read about Stalin and a new president of NBC in a crackly an-

nouncer voice. With this interlude I finally understood what they were going for. The historical and personal context being presented in such a unique fashion served to compliment the classical pieces with both its modern and abstract musical style and the information it conveyed to the audience.

The night continued in this way, with the unique electronic interludes enhancing the overall experience. There were sounds of rain and thunder, gunfire, birds chirping and notes that sounded as if they were flying backwards. There was even a pretty funny interlude after the slowest movement of Brahms Quintet in f minor with a murmuring audience and a woman asking loudly, “Is it over yet?”

Mixed in were more dates and headlines, melodic fragments, and excerpts of letters written to and from the composer that helped the audience understand the processes and motivations behind each piece.

The performances themselves continued to be awesome. There was an element of subtle theatricality that pervaded the show. During Patrice Newman’s solo performance of Copland’s *Piano Variations* she seemed as angry as the music sounded, frequently slamming her fingers down on the discordant notes and then removing her hands from the keys completely, in apparent frustration.

Holgen Gjoni, who played cello on Brahms’ Quintet, was so expressive that it looked like he was talking to his sheet music.

Stephanie Fong, the viola player, stretched her left leg in front of her and turned, eyes closed, toward the audience whenever she had a solo. The music was amazing, and Brahms’ heavy climactic style was a perfect end to the show. All of the musicians, including Mangold and Markson, received a well-deserved standing ovation.

One of the questions I asked Mangold was whether he thought that the melding of modern sounds and classical music should happen more often. “Classical music performances carry the negative reputation of being boring,” he responded. “A lot of young people, me included, don’t have the desire to attend these performances very often, and I think having a more varied sonic experience could interest our generation.” I completely agree.

This idea is something that has the potential to revolutionize and revitalize classical music performance. I already had an interest in classical music before attending this show, but the electronic aspect of it added a thick extra layer of interest. Perhaps this is just the thing to get young people to at least try listening to Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Bach and the rest.

Experiments with music such as this one can often be overly ambitious, and turn out very poorly. All I know is that later that night I found myself wishing for an electronic soundscape to seamlessly connect one song in my iPod’s shuffle to the next. •

Riches among Rags

India’s richest man has built the world’s largest home in poverty-stricken downtown Mumbai

HENRY ROSOFF
CONTRIBUTOR

Let’s talk about moderation and excess for a few minutes. Over the past few days I have thought about the completion of Mukesh Ambani’s skyscraper-mansion with great distress. For those who haven’t been following this story, here’s a quick synopsis: Mukesh Ambani is the fourth richest man in the world, and the richest in India. He, along with his rival brother Anil, inherited Reliance Industries from their billionaire father. Reliance Industries later turned into Reliance Anil Dhirubhai Ambani Group, one of the largest private conglomerates in the world, after a splitting of the former company by the brothers.

In 2008, Ambani began construction of a twenty-seven-story condo tower in downtown Mumbai. Ambani hired Chicago-based architects Perkins & Will to design the structure called Antilia, named after a legendary Spanish island of gold. The building soars more than 550 feet in the air and resembles Lego pieces piled unevenly upon one another, without the variation in color.

Of all the questions that could be asked about this structure, the most important and obvious is why? Why choose to build a twenty-seven-story mansion in downtown Mumbai, among the slums and poverty? Since Ambani has refused to comment on his personal motives or the building itself, we can only speculate.

Ambani wanted to build a home for himself, his wife and his three children. Like many rich families in the market for a new house, they wanted to create something that would be a custom-made utopia. Naturally,

he decided to build the most expensive home in the world in downtown Mumbai. Sources have listed the value of Antilia to be around \$1 billion, although this is a disputed price.

Mumbai has a dynamic unlike any city in the world. Recently, the great metropolis transformed into a destination for India’s upper class. A good friend of mine, Jeremy Cramer-Gibbs, spent this past summer working at the stock exchange in Mumbai. He described the city as a “massive slum with nice neighborhoods, but few and far between. When you’re walking through the city you feel the dichotomy between the rich and poor. It’s unlike any city I’ve ever seen.” He pointed out the fact that Ambani’s mansion is not the first or only lavishly designed home in the city.

The appearance of mansions and upper class displays of wealth in India’s metropolis is a recent phenomenon that has changed the dynamic of this terribly confusing city. I acknowledge that plenty of billionaires in America and abroad have mansions that are worth upwards of \$200 million, but this particular mansion is significant because of its location and worth. To me, this is like the completion of one of the pyramids in ancient Egypt, a landmark structure that I doubt any other billionaire will surpass in value or audacity. More importantly, Antilia brings up difficult questions about what moral responsibilities the world’s elite have, if any.

I think the fact that Ambani is able to create this structure is an insult to the impoverished citizens in Mumbai. I believe that this structure will create resentment among citizens of Mumbai and possibly establish Ambani as a tyrant. This is exactly the kind of lavish display of wealth that the richest man in India should not be displaying. He has a responsibility as a role model for his people to display moderation and understanding rather than excessive greed. Do the unthinkable rich have no responsibility to display moderation? Or is it all relative? Should we not consider Antilia an insult to the poor since he spent a relatively small portion of his wealth on the building? Or is this enormous house, rising high above a vast slum city of unthinkable poverty, a potent symbol of the excesses the rich will indulge in when unconstrained by any moral code?

It seems that this example is especially egregious due to the proximity of the slums. It’s not the same as Bill Gates building a compound in a wealthy suburb of Washington. Furthermore, if we look at this outrageous display of wealth and tell ourselves that we don’t care, what do we care about? If this particular display of wealth does not trouble us, then do we agree that the rich deserve to do whatever is within the means of their bank account? Think about it and get back to me. •

Kids Know Best

Student teachers learn lessons about life, phonetics

RACHEL JACOBSEN
CONTRIBUTOR

If you find yourself needing both your shoelaces double-knotted in less than ten seconds, I’m your girl. If you need to learn geometry in Spanish, give me a call. If you need a good laugh, come spend a day with me and I guarantee you’ll walk away with some material for a standup comedy routine.

I am not your typical college senior. I am a student teacher in a bilingual second grade class. I have twenty-one little darlings who demand my undying love, attention and guidance for seven hours a day from Monday to Friday. As you can only imagine, there is *never* a dull moment when you have a class full of seven-year-olds.

The kids never cease to amaze me with what they are capable of. However, just when I find myself impressed and inspired by their abilities and depth of understanding, they will say or do something so completely off-base and hilarious that it requires every ounce of self-control to maintain a straight face. On multiple occasions, I have been presented with wildly inappropriate demonstrations of their phonetic awareness, of which they are actually completely unaware. One girl was trying to sound out horse, and kept repeating the first syllable very loudly, over and over again (hor, hor, hor-s). When I asked where you could find a liquid, one boy proudly wrote “hoes” in bold letters. My all-time favorite, however, was when a student was supposed to write “I counted pennies.” Instead, I found myself with a paper that read “I cunted penis.”

One day, after I read a book that challenged the common belief that Columbus discovered America, students were debating issues of power and questioning why the Europeans thought that they could show up and take land from the native people. The thoughtfulness and passion that the students had about the issue was amazing. Afterwards, though, I felt a tap on my leg and turned to find a pensive and thoughtful boy looking extremely confused. “But Miss Rachel! Where do people *come from* in the first place?!” he asked me. Shocked and stuttering, I carefully chose my words and asked him to clarify what he meant. “I mean, there are little people and they are like kids,” he continued, “But then they grow up into big people and they are grownups. But how do the kids *get here* in the first place?” Still not wanting to say anything wrong, I asked him to clarify one more time. “Do you mean, where do babies come from?” I asked

him. “YES!” he exclaimed, exasperated. I told him to go ask Mom. So much for that lesson.

The kids can tell you how to write descriptively using their senses, how to say “peace” in fifteen languages (Danish, Russian and Tibetan to name a few), and even had the maturity not to laugh when we learned that fiber makes you poop. However, when I look back on these past few months, what’s a lot more impressive is what these kids have taught me.

The biggest demonstration of this came when we were doing a unit on peace. It made me think that we should just let children solve the world’s problems, because their solutions are so much simpler and more logical. For our culminating project, the kids all wrote about what peace means to them and how they can make peace in the world.

Show and tell people that you love them. Learn new languages. Take care of your environment. Take care of each other. Help your friends. Share – especially your smiles and laughter. Say you’re sorry and mean it. If somebody apologizes you should forgive and forget. Hold somebody’s hand. Hugs are really important, too.

It’s important to note that these ideas are coming from a very demographically diverse group of children. Eleven of my students speak Spanish at home, while ten speak English with their families. One student has Asperger Syndrome, one is autistic, and one is highly medicated for ADD. We suspect that one of our students is bipolar. One little boy has a serious growth issue which means he will die at a young age. Some of the students are upper-middle class from nearby suburban towns, while others live in housing developments in New London.

And yet, everybody is friends. If you watch the children at recess you will not notice any divides among the students. The students don’t group themselves based on socioeconomic status, gender, race, or developmental abilities. And every Monday morning during our bilingual sing, I look out into a sea of faces singing “queremos paz, y libertad en este mundo” (we want peace and liberty in this world) and I really do believe it. So even though I may come back to campus at the end of the day completely drained physically, mentally and emotionally, I wouldn’t trade this experience for anything. It recently dawned on me that while I have been busy trying to teach these kids all about life, they have been teaching me what life is really all about. •

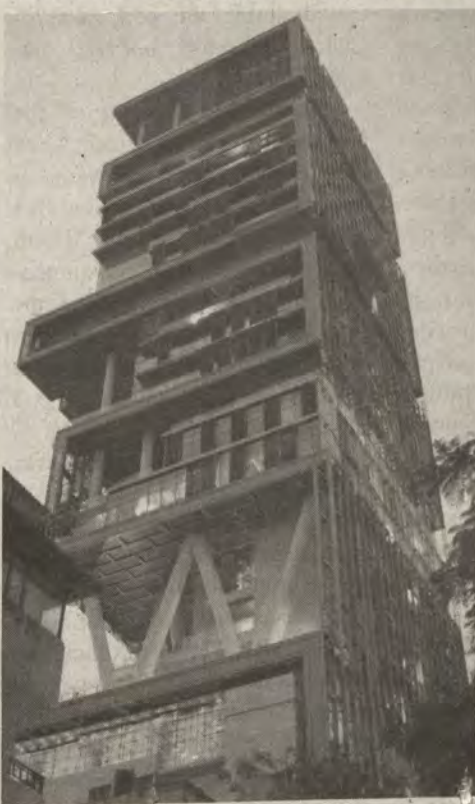


PHOTO FROM WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

POINT/COUNTERPOINT:

The Merits of Daylight Savings Time

CON: Stop Playing God with the Space-Time Continuum

QUINN MENCHETTI
CONTRIBUTOR

Every year on the first Sunday in November the clocks are set back one hour, returning the world to the comfort and consistency of Standard Time. But what were those last eight months of chaos? Who decided that we could just tell time to move an hour faster for three quarters of the year? I think it's about time that we abandon this archaic system of time-meddling and allow our clocks to tick away freely, safe from the oppression of our tinkering hands.

The history of Daylight Savings Time (DST) is essentially this: some guy decided he could control the sun, and therefore time. As a result, he would then be able to control our lives. Let's think about how DST works. During those eight miserable months we all go to bed and wake up an hour earlier than we have to. Why? Because the government said so? Because your mom reminded you to reset your alarm clock?

Well those excuses just don't sit easy in this cowboy's saddle. I, for one, am not about to give up an hour of raging in return for an hour of mind-numbing hangover.

But those are just the practical problems with DST. The philosophical

I, for one, am not about to give up an hour of raging in return for an hour of mind-numbing hangover.

dilemmas are much more immediate. According to my understanding of Ashton Kutcher's movie *The Butterfly Effect*, we are irreparably changing the true destinies of our lives every time we try to change how time works. What happens to that "lost hour" when you set your clocks ahead? It doesn't just disappear into nothingness.

Somewhere in another reality you are using that hour to surf Facebook

or completely blast your quads. But until we realize the absurdity of this system, you will never know whether other people commented on your wall post and your quads will remain completely unblasted. But things could be different.

We have the power to stand up and say, "Hey! Quit messin' with my space-time continuum!" The power of Daylight Savings Time lies in the hands of the people, whether the fat cats in their ivory towers like it or not. This March, I say we don't change our clocks. I say we show up an hour late because we know it's truly on time. Will the aristocrats like it? No. But will they respect it?

Ben Franklin once said, "The immense stock of wax and tallow left unconsumed during the summer will probably make candles much cheaper for the ensuing winter, and continue them cheaper as long as the proposed reformation shall be supported." What a stupid jerk, right? •

PRO: I'm DTS (Down to Save) with DST

HAILEY FYFE
CONTRIBUTOR

While Quinn has made his points well, let's just take a moment to appreciate his stupidity and laugh at his ignorance. Now that that's done, let's talk about Daylight Savings Time (DST).

Originally proposed by Benjamin Franklin, an American forefather, November 7 marks the end of DST—giving us an extra hour of night. Do your research, Quinn. The switch on November 8 marks the end of long days and short nights. What does that mean for us? Short days and long nights—without a "butterfly effect" (source: history). It's really as if the government were saying, "Hey kids. We know you're in school now and don't need long summer days, so we're going to give you more nighttime! Party on, brothers and sisters!"

Quinn said that he was, "not about to give up an hour of raging in return for an hour of mind-numbing hangover." What he is forgetting, however, is that night now comes sooner. Therefore, you can start partying sooner. So, you do get an extra hour of raging. Whether or not you have a mind-numbing hangover in the morning is up to you and your ability (or inability) to party with a plan, Quinn. So, imagine it's the beginning of

February. It's 5:00 PM and you're exhausted and hungry after your Thursday afternoon government class. What are you, an old person? You can't eat dinner at 5:00. Think again. It's dark out, and dark out means dinner time. You eat and feel so much better, but you are still so stressed out and want to have fun tonight. Funny you should mention that—you can start having fun sooner: it's darker out sooner! The winter may be miserably cold, but with the extra nighttime hour you can spend your time making a fire and drinking hot cocoa with your friends (who would want to do that in the daylight?), studying (if your into that), raging, whatever.

The most important aspect of the end of DST, however, is the extra hour of sleep. As DST falls on a Sunday this year, the magicians of the calendar have given students a present. Sunday is probably the day you most need an extra hour of sleep. After your hangover in the morning and the five-page paper you were saving for the last minute, you want that extra hour. Your "I hate Mondays" mug might just turn into one that says, "I usually hate Mondays, but not this one because I'm well rested." So bask in the end of DST. Quit complaining and love the extra hour of sleep/recovery you have been given. •

Conn Gets Caught in the Mo(ve)ment

JERELL MAYS
STAFF WRITER

Around here, one sees art every day, whether in the form of a meticulously detailed portrait of an apple, a flawlessly executed and choreographed dance performance or that blue twisty thing near Fanning. However, should the art of dance not jump out at you, so to speak, it can be pretty easy to start feeling really uncultured really fast. And around here, being uncultured is like wearing a Jersey Shore t-shirt in public: it says a lot of (mostly negative) things about you.

So, when I went to see *Caught in the Mo(ve)ment*, Conn's Dance Club's first major performance of the year, I didn't know what to expect. Being a prospective English major, (sorry, *Literatures in English*) the only impulses to dance I ever have usually come from finding (and buying) superfluous hardcover reissues of books that I already own. What I mean to say is that my sedentary life, devoid of dance shows, ensured I held no negative or positive bias. I only expected impressive choreography, well-trained dancers and a dubstep remix of a popular radio hit to weave itself somewhere into the performance. I'm glad to say that all three of these initial expect-



DUNCAN SPAULDING / PHOTO EDITOR

tations were readily met.

Either the turnout was far beyond what they planned for, or all the chairs were on the other side of the veil that cut the room in half; in any case, there weren't enough seats. But that was hardly an issue, as I could see just fine from the floor. If anything, it gave a more intimate view of the dancers. While we waited for the performance to start, a few members of the Dance Club came out and, oddly enough, asked us to please return the programs at the conclusion of the show. It wasn't too odd a request considering a sparkling donation hat was passed through the audience during intermission. Whether or not anything made it into that hat that night seems unimportant, because when the

performances began, the dancers more than earned their keep. And thanks to the program I may or may not have filched, I can provide a brief description of some of the performances in Show A in order and by name.

Caught in the Mo(ve)ment, aside from having a really clever way of spelling itself, also makes some other clever decisions. For example, instead of putting the inevitable eccentricities that are, in my opinion, inherent with almost any form of physical performance at the middle or the end of the show, it gets the majority of them out of the way in the beginning.

"It's not me," choreographed by Jackie Smith, was more of a short film than a dance performance, although there was danc-

ing involved, as well as a red balloon and some nice music. It was all well filmed and very carefully done, but it was also very abstract and slightly confusing.

The performance following it, "Last of a Dying Breed" by Alex Hsu '12, was pretty much the exact opposite of the one prior to it. Hsu came out and

proceeded to pop-and-lock harder than anyone I've ever seen, and I lived in Brooklyn for several years. "Last of a Dying Breed," by Ludacris, blared in the background, and I'm happy to say only a quarter of the piece went by before I realized that every one of Hsu's movements was representative of the lyrics being rapped. It was pretty damn impressive.

The next song was a dubstep (told you so) remix of La Roux's "In for the Kill," and for once, to me anyway, the accompanying glow sticks actually felt appropriate instead of obnoxious.

"Pockets" is best described as personal, at times painfully so. A very nervous (part of the performance, mind you) Ana Fiore '12 came out and asked the audience some very strange questions, including, "How long are my legs?" and "Are any of you still listening?" It was disorienting at first, as she performed her dance three times, twice in total silence. Her own nervousness leaked into the audience each time when, during a particular portion of the performance, she nearly slipped out of her dress; in fact, a certain sense of deliberate vulnerability was omnipresent. It all came together somewhat wonderfully in the end, however, and she did in fact, answer each of the questions she asked.

"Title Me" was funny. Five dancers, all wearing bright red noses came out as solemnly as coffin bearers, before the performance turned sassy and hilarious. Their impromptu clown-make up was also pretty impressive. It ended with each of the danc-



MIGUEL SALCEDO / STAFF

ers doing a sort of non-stop relay race that didn't end until one of the dancers left the stage and told the light board operator to stop the performance. If dance has a fourth wall, it was broken that night.

"Dangle to Break" took the cake for me. It was the most outlandish performance of the night, and I mean the good kind of outlandish. Uptight, schoolmistress-type dancer? Check. Oppressed women dancers who become liberated during the performance? Check. Cryptic, uneven dialogue? Check.

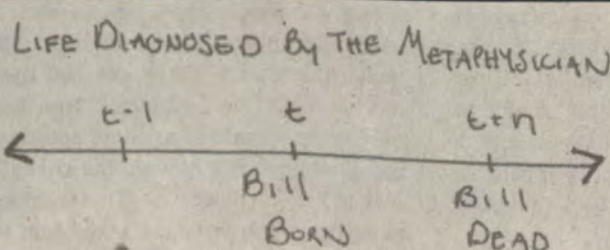
My favorite moment of the night was during this piece, when the mistress-type dancer was pacing back and forth behind the shirtless dancers, saying, "I will not raise my voice," at exponentially increasing levels of volume until, finally, she is screaming it at the top of her lungs. If dance is about conveying a message, I almost think I get it.

All in all I had a good time; a better time than I thought I would. The highly spirited closer, "Gertrude and the Paper Dolls," put a much-needed spring into our step as we walked out. Some parts ran a little long at times, and there were some squirm-worthy moments, but I think that we only squirmed when the dancers wanted us to, which is good. •

DUNCAN SPAULDING / PHOTO EDITOR

Philosophy
(in Graphs)

by Jeff Lee '11



ARTS

NOVEMBER 8, 2010

Editors: Racine Oxtoby & Matthew Gentile

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Mom, I'm Going to Trapeze School!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

and actor Ain Gordon and dancer, choreographer and filmmaker Yvonne Rainer. Also involved is an investigative theater group from New York called the Civilians.

While having these esteemed and highly creative people visit is certainly a privilege, coming together for their events is the only time the four classes have collaborated. Even then, there hasn't been too much interaction among the students.

Gordon worked mostly with the dance students, and as a member of the nonfiction class, I didn't feel like I had much of an opportunity to learn from him. Rainer also focused mostly on the dancers, and

the discussion with her was well-attended by Schroeder's class but very few people from the remaining three classes went.

While it's great that these artists are visiting, as a writing student I feel slightly neglected. The concentration has thus far been on performers, but a quarter of students involved are writing students - I can see the benefits of learning about other forms of art and performance, but having an artist from our field would be more relevant and enriching to our experience in the collaboration.

From Schroeder's perspective as a psychology professor, the events and guest artists that have graced the campus are a "good oppor-



PHOTO FROM WEB

No Cracks In These Sidewalks

Matt and Kim continue their tried and true formula on new album



PHOTO FROM WEB

CAROLINE MILLS
STAFF WRITER

Matt & Kim have never been shy about where they come from.

The title and cover art of their new album *Sidewalks* as well as 2009's *Grand* reference Brooklyn, their current place of residence. This is probably a smart move on their part. Brooklyn currently has an immense amount of indie music cred, home to cool kids like The National, Grizzly Bear, and MGMT (as well as insufferable wannabe hipsters). With *Sidewalks*, Matt & Kim seek to cement their place among these trendsetters, and succeed. They stick to their familiar Mates of State-meets-Passion Pit sound, but this isn't a retread. Rather, it's a fresh batch of hugely energetic, danceable songs about where we live and where we've been.

The opening track, "Block After Block," provides as good a mission statement as any for the album, with an infectious beat underneath lyrics about living as you move through your neighborhood. Like "Don't Slow Down" from *Grand*, it's an optimistic anthem urging you to "Go too far, live too long." In a similar vein, "Cameras" comments on the way obsessive documentation gets in the way of having actual experiences. The message is made very clear in the chorus: "No time for cameras / We'll use our eyes instead / No time for cameras / We'll be gone when we're dead." A fat, brassy bass line adds some intrigue to the beat. The next track, "Red Paint" proceeds at Matt & Kim's familiar urgent pace, suggesting "Let's make a mark."

"Where You're Coming From" shows up at the midpoint of the album and changes things up a bit. While the drum beat continues hard and fast, echoing chords on piano as well as backing horns help reinforce the vocals. During the chorus, this is (almost) the closest the album comes to a ballad. "Good For Great" uses strings to similar effect, in yet another song about living life without worrying so much. Perhaps the first major misstep on the album is "Northeast," an incredibly spare track that feels unfinished. Matt's voice sounds strained singing so loudly over simple chords on piano and some sleigh bells. Not until the last forty (purely instrumental) seconds does the song feel filled out.

Luckily, "Wires" picks things back up, with more signature cheerleading: "It's burning down / Let's keep it up / Flames they grow strong / The louder the song." All this optimism could get tiresome, but it's not blind optimism. "Silver Tiles" acknowledges that life's not all days full of fun and frolic; it's long and tough. The delightfully danceable closing track, "Ice Melts," will at least ensure that you have a good time. This overarching sort of carpe diem message is refreshing in its sincerity as well as the uncomplicated fun it delivers. There are no real love songs to make your mind wander, just the overwhelming urge to get up and dance.

Overall, Matt & Kim does a pretty good job delivering a solid third album. If you're a fan of their catchy electro-pop, you'll enjoy this. If not, don't expect anything radically different.

On a Connecticut College Camel Rating Scale, out of a possible four, I'm giving Matt & Kim's new album 3 Camels. •



tunity to put to use what [the students have] talked about in class," but there's also a downside for his students.

Being the only scientist in a group of artists has proven difficult. Bringing his class to observe artists like Gordon, Rainer and The Civilians, is helpful to the class, but it also leaves out the scientific perspective that is vital to his course. To remedy this, Professor Bevil Conway from Wellesley College, a dual neuroscientist and artist who studies the visual system, will be visiting Conn soon. The students have also noted the futility of some aspects of the program. "I think the [collaboration] is effective in that it brings together disciplines that might not have collided otherwise, but it's ineffective in that every event isn't guaranteed to be stimulating for each discipline," said Ryanne Davis '14.

According to the chaotic plan the professors have for the collaboration, interviewing and conversing with the artists should bring about a better understanding of the creative process and how it works. But as Geoff Phaneuf '14 sums up, "The activities, especially interviews, have yielded some insights into those creative minds, but sometimes those people are so nice that they are too modest to call themselves creative. Or sometimes their creative processes are too subconscious to verbalize."

It's clear that students are left slightly confused about how these artists create their masterpieces, which may seem counterproductive to the goals of the program. Maybe this simply proves that art cannot be explained in an empirical, mechanical way.

While the professors have an idea of what they want out of the program - collaboration between their classes, a better understanding of what it means to be creative and how one achieves creativity - no endpoint seems to be in sight.

"We're kind of stumbling through it, but that's fine. The point of the program is to wake everyone up creatively," Boyd said. "It gets people to think outside the box."

The other professors agreed that everyone working in the program was mostly "rolling with the punches," as Myers put it. "We're just using our imaginations and seeing where it leads us. When you just roll with it, something sparks. We have no idea of the outcome, but the process is fascinating."

As a student of the collaboration, I can attest to the fact that we are all blindly staggering through this search to collaborate and define creativity. Would I say that the collaboration is itself falling rather than flying? I wouldn't go that far. But while everyone's intentions are honorable, and as this is the first year of implementation, I question

whether we will ever reach enlightenment on the subject. I'm not alone.

David Kelley '11, a member of Hamidi's class, has been working on a documentary film as a part of this project. On his progress, he says, "It's hard to say as of yet, but the initial plan was to make a documentary that showed the success of the whole project. But as the professors don't have goals, it's proven hard to make. The classes haven't collaborated that much, and we haven't interviewed anybody yet."

Hopefully, the film will come together during the trip to New York and he will make more progress next week.

Another film student, Matthew Gentile '12, sums up the ideal goals of the program. "I think it's effective for all the classes to collaborate. It's nice to be able to fulfill the interdisciplinary agenda that is Conn," but he also added, "I wish we would collaborate more. If they continue with the grant, I think that will happen."

Perhaps, once allowed more time to blossom, this collaboration will run more smoothly. As for now, everyone is just along for the ride. We will go wherever that takes us—whether to Cro's Nest for a discussion with a famous dancer or to New York for a thrilling adventure at trapeze school. •



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A Day at the Faire

A trip filled with jousting knights and fair maidens makes for the ultimate medieval experience

NORA SWENSON AND
SARAH WEISS
STAFF WRITERS

Once upon a time, in a far away land, a fanciful world was created. Driving up through the enchanted gate, we entered into a realm full of knights and fair maidens, wondrous magicians, scoundrels and wenches galore. Was this the Connecticut Renaissance Faire, or had we actually stepped back in time to a medieval world?

The Connecticut Renaissance Faire at the Lions Fairgrounds in Hebron, CT, a fifty-minute drive from Connecticut College, surpassed all expectations we had preconceived.

Now let me make it clear – I, Nora, am not the kind of person to frequent medieval establishments on a regular basis. I might read up on my horoscopes on the occasion, and I did even consider minoring in Medieval Studies at one point in my Connecticut College career. But to be honest, the idea of attending an actual faire had been slightly fearsome to me, unaware of what I might encounter.

But after being coerced by Sarah, and our fellow attending friends Laura Makl '12 and Sarah Kosofsky '12, there was no doubt about it. We *had* to go.

This was the twelfth annual King Arthur's Fall Harvest faire. The event's tagline, "Escape to the Past," where one could "leave thy cares behind," advertised itself as being New England's largest Medieval Marketplace with jousting competitions to boot.

After stepping into the realm, we underwent a transformation that undoubtedly let us leave the present-day worries behind. Upon entering the Faire, we were greeted by the mayor and baron of the land, each asking for our vote in their election against one another. The pope and his bishop sat at their pulpit, while another mysterious man approached us with a live rat hidden beneath his cloak. After the initial surprise,



SARAH WEISS/CONTRIBUTOR

we proceeded to our first show of the day, Zoltan the Adequate, a skilled fire-eater, magician and comedian all in one.

From there, we migrated to the jousting arena, caught up in the fervor of the crowd. Two gallant knights competed on horseback, sending blows at one another with their jousting sticks. After our knight of choice suffered a terrible defeat, we moved on to console our woes in New England's largest Medieval Marketplace.

While considering whether corsets or swords would best complete our outfits, we strolled the marketplace haggling with the peasants for the best price. A dispute went too far and a member of our party was thrown into the stockade.

Upon release, it seemed best to settle down for a wholesome show. The Poprah Show, complete with a raunchy and R-rated panel that included the pope himself, was not what we expected. The scantily clad women asked

the crowd to pull "free sinning" passes out of their blouses, while the bishop and pope told dirty jokes to the crowd. Then a nun was brought in to be the designated "swearer," while a half-man, half-dog, and perhaps "Furry" was added to the panel.

The eventful day ended with a show by The Lost Boys, performing a mélange of Renaissance pop music to the overwhelming glee of adolescent girls wrought with admiration and excitement. We regret to mention we were not as esteemed by the kilt-sporting males, but enjoyed the performance nonetheless.

And so we finally made our way back to the gate to leave the land, the sun setting and zombies stalking our paths. The time had come to head home, and so we bid farewell to the Renaissance, but with every intention to return.

After the outing, Makl commented, "I had never been to a Renaissance Faire and I was surprised at how everyone, even older people, got super into char-

acter."

So, perhaps all those stigmas about the creeps lurking about might not be too far off. We certainly witnessed far more sagging cleavage than any person should be exposed to over the course of their short lifetime. And it probably wouldn't be too bold to think that a fair number of souls in attendance were members of online dating sites like Zoosk.com. But



NORA SWENSON/CONTRIBUTOR

Brains with a Side of Popcorn

Welcoming *The Walking Dead* to my TV schedule

RACINE OXTOBY
ARTS EDITOR

As I write this, an unpredictable horde of bloodthirsty (brainhungry?) zombies are currently running around on campus, feasting on the flesh of their brethren and stabbing unlucky neighbors and roommates in their figurative backs. Humans do whatever they can to survive, traveling in packs to Harris and avoiding Shain Library and its one exit at all costs. So it only seems right that a brand-spanking-new zombie adventure show called *The Walking Dead* has premiered on my fall TV line-up.

The Walking Dead tells the delightful tale of a group of good friends as they embark on a wonderful romp across America – who am I kidding? These are zombies we're talking about. Zombies aren't delightful and wonderful and they don't romp. They're bloody disgusting and so is the show.

As an AMC production *The Walking Dead* pushes about as many boundaries as it possibly can. AMC has proved, with past shows like *Mad Men* and *Breaking Bad*, that it's as close to premium channels like HBO and Showtime as it can get before leaving the comforts of basic cable. This is not a safe show. In the first five minutes, the series' hero, Rick Grimes (Andrew Lincoln), shoots a bullet through a little zombie girl's head, splattering a funnel of thick, ugly blood behind her. If they kicked the gore and violence up just one more notch, we viewers would be forced to fork over \$14.99 a month to keep up with Grimes and his weekly zombie-killing antics.

Grimes' tale begins like many other familiar zombie tales. After slipping into a coma following a shooting while on the job (he's a police officer), Grimes wakes up to find that the world has gone to shit. (Sound familiar? Well, it's a coincidence – 28 Days Later was filmed at the same time that the first comic of *The Walking Dead* was being written.) The hospital is deserted, bodies are strewn everywhere, and an ominous pair of doors have been chained shut, with the message "Dead Inside! Don't Open!" written across them. Returning home, he finds that his house is empty, with his wife Lori and son Carl missing.

With the help of a father and son squatting in his former neighbor's house, he deduces that his family has headed towards the city and decides to find them there. Once arrived, he finds that the city is the last place anyone should go, as the streets are swarming with the undead leftovers. As they tear apart his horse, he seeks shelter in an abandoned tank, about to give up hope when a cheerful voice is heard over the tank's intercom, asking him if he's cozy in there.



PHOTO FROM WEB

The Walking Dead is based on Robert Kirkman's ongoing comic series, to which I am currently addicted. Since the idea of basing a movie adaptation off of an ongoing series is silly – as there would be no guaranteed conclusion in sight – a television series was definitely the best choice, filling that much-needed zombieapocalypse genre gap that network television has failed to fill before.

The ongoing nature of the series – and, hopefully, the show – means that characters die off as quickly as new characters arrive. No one, except perhaps Rick, is blessed with plot armor; anyone can, and probably will, die.

After the first episode ended, I was pleasantly surprised to realize that the pilot only covered the first twenty or so pages of the comic's first book. This worries me, since only six episodes will air this first season. At this rate, *The Walking Dead* will be moving at a zombie's pace, and the season finale will probably coincide with the book's climax. There are twelve books thus far, with a November 23 publication date for the thirteenth. As optimistic as I want to be, I doubt AMC is willing to spring for thirteen-plus seasons; it's expensive and risky to make such a decision, especially for a channel which has only started its reinvention.

However, if the show continues to move at this pace, it will never catch up with its original source. I want us all to meet fan-favorites like Michonne, Tyreese, the prison inmates and, God forbid, the Governor. The characters are

what make the story so good; the zombies only add to the scenery.

With only one episode to base my opinion on (one more will air before this review is published), I can safely say that *The Walking Dead* is a breath of fresh air. Thank God AMC is willing to take risks with the show, giving the producers (including *The Shawshank Redemption* director Frank Darabont, who wrote and directed the pilot episode) some freedom to display whatever guts and gore they please. While this might mean that the show is not for the squeamish, don't be fooled by the zombie tag – the heart of the show is the human survivors, who are, at times, the most dangerous part about living in a zombie apocalypse.

What's best, according to Darabont, the show's already been renewed for a second season. This means that, unlike personal beloved shows like *Arrested Development* or *Life on Mars*, I don't have to watch with crossed fingers, praying that it'll be back on my television screen the following year.

I give *The Walking Dead* 3.5 out of 4 camels – it would be a perfect show if only it wasn't moving at such an undead pace. •



Dale Robinson-Gervais

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

or freezing cold, and giving up much time with my family.”

She continues, saying, “I try to do two things in my work: to show every person great respect, and to teach people how to deal with adversity.” Modestly, Dale mentions that she is “not always successful, and Cathy and John can probably attest to my being as cranky as anyone they know. But the truth is, it’s a great feeling to get your own puny egocentric self out of the way once in awhile and see what little bit you can do to make life a little easier for someone else.”

Dale certainly does that. She has the uncanny ability to make you feel as though you are the only wounded athlete in the room, as chaotic and crowded as it may (and probably will) be on any given day. She focuses in on the injury at hand, making sure to heal not just physical, but mental wounds as well. Somehow, she is able to remember not just the names of all her frequent visitors, but to also really get to know them all on a personal level. Having an injury is one of the most frustrating instances that an athlete encounters, and Dale combines an amazing amount of empathy with a rare ability to make athletes feel better, even if their injuries are painful and chronic.

Dale rewards her athletes with her knowl-

edge, patience, and care. But for Dale, her profession is a two-way street. She is able to list numerous rewards she reaps from her job every day.

“That athlete that comes in with a chip on his shoulder and leaves smiling; or the one with a demanding whine that learns to let someone else go first; or the athlete that blows me away with all their dedication and learns to take care of themselves so well that they come to me with a plan for their workout that I couldn’t shoot holes through if I wanted to. And this: that beautiful day on the field when a badly injured, well disciplined patient forgets for the first time to flinch or hesitate or favor that old injury they worked so hard to get over, and is just in the flow of the game using the skills they know so well and love so much.”

“Going home to see my grandchildren ain’t so bad, either,” adds the smiling trainer as a good-natured afterthought.

As the last of the fall sports wrap up and the winter teams begin to practice, a new crew of athletes begin to dominate rush hour in the trainer’s room. However, one thing remains constant. Like always, Dale is in the trainer’s room, around the athletic center, and on the fields, perpetually helping CC athletes get healthy, stay healthy, and do what they love. •

Cross-Country

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

the Camels at NESCACs, finished the race with a time of 26:43. He came in thirteenth overall, just twenty seconds behind his freshman teammate. Wright’s All-NESCAC selection was not the first of his Conn career. In the spring of 2009, he was named to the All-NESCAC track and field squad in the 5,000 meters.

Adding to the team’s accolades, LeDuc’s fifth overall finish was not only good for best on the team, but also good for best out of all competing freshman. As a result, LeDuc was named 2010 NESCAC Rookie of the Year.

Co-captain Shawn Mulcahy ’11 also placed well for the Camels at NESCACs. Mulcahy ran a time of 27:08, good enough for a 30th place finish overall.

“All three guys ran a heck of a race,” Head Coach Jim Butler said after the game. “Mike and Doug ran a long way together

and Shawn was able to come on late in the race for us. Mike’s Rookie of the Year finish was just fantastic to watch, as he ran with some of the best guys in the country. We’re very pleased to have two All-NESCAC finishers in such a tough conference.”

The Camels accumulated a total of 179 points, placing them 7th out of 11 squads. In the ECAC Division III Championship, Conn tallied 677 points as a team, placing 25th out of 44 teams.

Ross Peterson ’13 ran to a 73rd place finish with a time of 28:00. Tristan Cole ’13 and Patrick Myers ’13 came in a little while after, finishing in 114th and 219th, respectively.

Next weekend, the Camels will travel to Williamstown, MA to compete in the New England Division III Championships on Saturday. •

Be a team player.
Write for us.

Mondays @ 10 PM, Cro 215
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POWER RANKINGS

compiled by the tufts daily

Two title-winning efforts from the Panthers weren’t enough to vault Middlebury into the top spot in the final NESCAC Power Rankings of the fall season. Amherst held on strong to the top spot thanks to balanced efforts across the board, while Middlebury was ultimately undone by its football team despite capturing NESCAC Championships in volleyball and men’s soccer.

After taking the women’s soccer title, Williams moved into third place, just ahead of Bowdoin, whose field hockey team beat Tufts in the finals and sent the Jumbos to fifth place overall. Spots six through 11, as usual, remained unchanged.

Check back next week for the preseason installment of the winter sports’ rankings.

THIS WEEK	SCHOOL	FOOTBALL	MEN'S SOCCER	WOMEN'S SOCCER	FIELD HOCKEY	VOLLEY-BALL	AVERAGE	LAST WEEK
1	AMHERST	2.43	3.29	2.14	3.71	2.43	2.80	1 ↔
2	MIDDLEBURY	6.14	2.29	3.57	3.57	1.43	3.40	2 ↔
3	WILLIAMS	1.14	3.29	1.71	9.57	5.14	4.17	4 ↑
4	BOWDOIN	7.29	1.29	7.29	1.43	4.57	4.37	5 ↑
5	TUFTS	8.71	6.86	3.00	1.57	2.14	4.46	3 ↓
6	TRINITY	2.43	8.57	5.14	3.57	1.43	5.69	6 ↔
7	WESLEYAN	4.57	5.57	6.86	5.57	8.00	6.11	7 ↔
8	CONN. COLLEGE	—	9.29	9.29	7.00	5.29	7.71	8 ↔
9	COLBY	4.43	5.71	9.71	9.43	10.86	8.03	9 ↔
10	BATES	8.43	8.86	6.29	8.00	9.14	8.14	10 ↔
11	HAMILTON	9.43	—	—	—	9.86	9.64	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), Dave Meisel (Hamilton Spectator), Katie Siegner (Middlebury Campus), Ann Curtis & Emily Gittleman (Trinity Tripod) and Alex Prewitt (Tufts Daily).

DESIGNED BY STEVEN SMITH/TUFTS DAILY

CONGRATULATIONS



Fall 2010

CAMEL ATHLETES

Tufts Downs Volleyball in NESCAC Quarters

Camels hope for NCAA bid to extend season

MELANIE THIBEAULT
STAFF WRITER

After a season of 19 wins and only six losses, women's volleyball headed to Amherst College on Friday to play in the quarter-finals of the NESCAC tournament. The Camels went head-to-head with Tufts, but lost a tough 3-0 match. Conn had previously lost to Tufts earlier in the season as well.

Going into the match there was a lot of hype. The Camels looked strong all season long, and hoped to send their seniors off with a memorable tournament run.

"It's going to be a really exciting game, especially for all the seniors," said Co-captain Chelsea Manning '11. "In my four years, [Tufts] are the only team we haven't beaten, and this will be the only time we have to beat them."

"We've done really well as a team this year," said co-Captain Marissa DeMais '11. "We started out very strong, winning the Johnson and Wales Invitational and beating Williams in five at home. We struggled a little bit in the middle of our season, but now we are definitely back on track and ready for the NESCAC weekend."

"It would mean so much for us to win NESCACs," DeMais continued. "We work so hard, and we want it so badly. But we know that winning will not validate our season. We have accomplished so much as a team this year and are proud of the suc-



MIGUEL SALCEDO / STAFF

Women's Volleyball plays hard against Salve Regina.

cess we have had already. Winning NESCACs would just be an incredible way to finish out our season."

Having a short period of time to prepare for this monumental weekend did not impact the Camels' confidence.

"We've worked really hard this week with some fast-paced, fun practices," said Manning before heading off to Amherst.

"We're pumped about this weekend. Everyone's going to bring everything they've got."

However, the match did not go as well as planned. The Camels lost 25-19, 25-23, 25-18. The usually powerful Camels only managed 26 kills as a team, with star Amy Newman '12 delivering almost half of them with 12.

Ally Terlizzy '12 and DeMais also played well in the loss. Terlizzy had 5 digs in the match, while DeMais served up 24 assists with 11 digs.

The loss does not automatically end the Camels' season, however. Because of the team's wins against Endicott and the Coast Guard Academy on October 23, Conn is in the running for the at-large wildcard bid in the Division III NCAA tournament.

"When I first found out [about the wildcard bid], my immediate reaction was to yell, 'I'm going to Disneyland!' Then it occurred to me that we don't play football. And then things got awkward," said right-side Sarah Shankel '14. "But in all seriousness, it's going to be stupendous."

Nevertheless, teamwork was the key for the Camels' success all season, one that they are very proud of.

"Our success is definitely a result of our hard work. We know what it takes to be the best and we try every time we step on the court to reach that. We always work as a team to better each other and ourselves, and I think that shows when we are playing in our more difficult matches," said DeMais.

Hundreds of Camel fans will be hoping for that at-large bid to the NCAA tournament, but no matter what, it has been a great year for Conn volleyball. Despite the loss this weekend, the team made us proud to don blue-and-white and clap thundersticks together this season. *

Why I Love My Job

Veteran athletic trainer Dale Robinson-Gervais

MOLLY BANGS
STAFF WRITER

To any Connecticut College athlete who frequents the athletic training room down at the Athletic Center, the hustle and bustle met upon opening the door is to be expected- especially in the weekday rush hour from 3:15 pm to 4:15 pm. Scores of different athletes pour in and out of the cozy room, utilizing cold laser and ultra sound machines, heating and icing different muscles, taping various body parts, delving into both hot and cold whirl pools, and undergoing painful Graden treatment. At the center of all the activity, along with counterparts John Heck and Cathy Horne, is beloved trainer Dale Robinson-Gervais.

Dale has been working at CC for about seventeen years. When asked why she decided to get into the field of athletic training, Dale responds that many factors "have made the job 'fit' over the years," even her early childhood.

Raised on a farm, Dale learned "all about team work and work ethic right there. I learned too, how much fun it is to become physically skillful and how easy it

is to wreck yourself when you get faster, stronger, and more daring." Reminiscing on her childhood, Dale says she "pulled a million crazy capers I won't tell you about

that should have killed us as kids."

"A lot of people in my family were involved in medicine and I was always interested in that. I remember seeing injuries at



ALICIA TOLDI / STAFF

hockey games my brothers played in and thinking I should know how to fix them," she says.

Prior to gaining her degree at the University of Connecticut, Dale broke racehorses to make serviceable hunters and jumpers. Working with live animals, "injuries were very real and sometimes very bad."

Dale also spent some time as a children's gymnastics coach, but it wasn't the "kind of challenge" she was looking for. Eventually, she decided to become a trainer.

"Athletic training provided the opportunity to use a little grey matter in helping other people get back into doing what they love," Dale says. "The medical field is changing all the time and lends itself to constant learning. I love problem solving."

As anyone who knows Dale would attest to, her job is certainly not easy. The hardest parts of being a trainer, she says, is "seeing someone in severe or chronic pain and knowing I can't fix it; finding it in myself to treat the fortieth athlete of the day with the same attention and care as I give the first one; standing in the sleet, rain, wind,

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Camel Runners Win Accolades



WILLIAM TOMASIAN / CONTRIBUTOR

MIKE FLINT
SPORTS EDITOR

I guess you could say men's cross-country had an exciting week. On Tuesday, Doug Wright '12 and Mike LeDuc '14 were named to the All-NESCAC squad. On Thursday, LeDuc was awarded NESCAC Men's Cross-Country Rookie of the Year, and on Sunday, the Camels competed in the Eastern College Athletic Conference (ECAC) Division III Men's Cross Country Championship in Bristol, RI, where Hoitt McAllister '12 finished in an impressive 65th place, with a time of 27:54.

Wright and LeDuc were named to the All-NESCAC team after their top finishes in NESCACs the previous weekend. LeDuc, this year's stand-out freshman, finished the 8k race in 26:23, placing first on the Camels and fifth overall out of 127 runners. LeDuc was one of the strongest runners for Conn all season long, making him well-deserved in All-NESCAC selection.

Wright, who finished second on

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IN CASE YOU MISSED IT SCORES

Volleyball (19-7):
11/5 Conn 0 - 3 Tufts

Women's Cross-Country:
11/6 17 out of 39 teams @ ECAC Championships

Men's Cross-Country:
11/6 25 out of 44 teams @ ECAC Championships