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THE COLLEGE VOICE

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 2012

VOLUME XCV • ISSUE 14

Spring 2012 Dance Club Performance

Dance Like No One Everyone is Watching



MORE PHOTOS ON PAGE 7



MIGUEL SALCEDO

POSSE

Foundation Guides Students Through College

AMBER VILLANUEVA
STAFF WRITER

The Posse Foundation is a scholarship program that trains public high school students with significant academic and leadership potential in order to succeed in four-year universities. Recently featured in the New York Times, the purpose of the program is to identify and train students who succeed outside of the traditional college process, such as being evaluated by standardized testing scores. The students are then offered a full four-year scholarship to a certain university that has partnered with their program in their city.

What makes the program unique is that the selection process is not based solely on the potential of the individual students, but instead focuses on the manner in which the individual will enable the entire group to succeed. Students are chosen based on a combination of qualities, with the goal of having a diverse, supportive and balanced group of leaders, usually consisting of about ten students.

Because of the importance placed on social, academic and emotional success, the Posse Foundation has an overall 90-percent success rate in its nationwide program.

Next year, the Posse Foundation will celebrate the graduation of its first Posse class at Connecticut College.

The Posse program uses strategies to pick students who are likely to be successful based on qualities that are generally overlooked by schools. The program partnered with Conn chooses students from Chicago with

potential who can contribute to the support of the group as well as the campus as a whole, based on different kinds of leadership demonstrated in high school and interactions in group interviews.

Asia Calcagno '14, one of ten students in the second Posse class at Conn, explained that the Posse process is based on helping students thrive. "Posse is highly successful—each Posse scholar has gone through eight months of collegiate training during their senior years of high school and the summer before arriving to Conn their freshman year. The training consisted of weekly meetings where the scholars discuss social/political topics, how to achieve academic excellence and ways to become involvement on campus."

Students in Posse understand that the program has been influential in their life at Conn. "Without Posse, I truly don't know where I'd be," said Anthony Sis '14. "When one of the Posse members is feeling the pressures of academics or social life, we are all there to guide and support one another."

"There are not too many Midwesterners at this school. One of the greatest benefits of being a part of Posse is that we all have a very stable and common ground: we all come from Chicago. Each part of the city, depending on how you grew up, presents different challenges and issues than other parts of the city, which everyone in Posse understands."

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Victim Blaming, Race, Gender and a Little Bit of Kanye

On Chris Brown and Rihanna



IMAGES FROM WEB

SHANNON KEATING
STAFF WRITER

I was never the biggest Rihanna fan, but lately she's been growing on me. I never knew exactly how much I appreciated her fabulous personal style and unabashedly do-what-I-want attitude until the Internet and my friends started to tear her to pieces.

It's been just over three years now since photos surfaced of beautiful Rihanna's broken and battered face. In 2011 we watched her attacker, Chris Brown, appear on Good Morning America to promote his new album, saying that the incident "isn't important to [him] now" and that he is just trying to "move on," after which he broke a window in his dressing room and stormed out in a rage without a shirt on.

This year, Chris Brown is back on top, shining bright at the Grammys as if he hadn't threatened to kill his girlfriend, bash her head into a window and choke her until she nearly lost consciousness. The police report is horrific.

If you followed Twitter during the

Grammys, you would have noticed dozens if not hundreds of girls tweeting the likes of, "what's Rihanna complaining about? I'd let Chris Brown beat me any day." #TeamBreezy was trending. Plenty of young women out there have not only forgiven Chris Brown, but support him; their love and money assure that he is not only surviving in the entertainment world, but also prospering in it.

And, as expected, some people are pissed.

As someone who devotes a fair amount of her time and energies toward fighting sexism, rape culture and domestic violence, I am both relieved and hopeful that so many people in my life are outraged that Chris Brown is skating by with only a few community service hours under his belt after doing one of the most despicable things possible: emotionally and physically damaging someone who loved him.

Everyone is therefore confused that Rihanna has since lifted the restraining order against him, and has even collaborated with him on a few remixes. That confusion has, for many, turned

into disappointment and even outright anger. This is where I come in.

My first glimpse at the hate aimed toward Rihanna came in a letter to the editor in *Vogue* a little while back, after the ever-glamorous singer had graced the front cover. A reader was annoyed at the magazine for giving the coveted cover spot to a celebrity who had not taken the opportunity to speak out against domestic violence after she herself had experienced it, but instead performed songs like "S&M" which, according to the reader, glorify abuse.

The fact that so many people tend to completely misunderstand the concept of sexual consent is a topic for a different article; this letter to the editor in *Vogue*, however, is further indicative of the trend in holding Rihanna to a certain standard of how to be "The Good Victim" — a trend which has blown up since everyone began to notice Chris Brown's voice on Rihanna's "Birthday Cake" remix.

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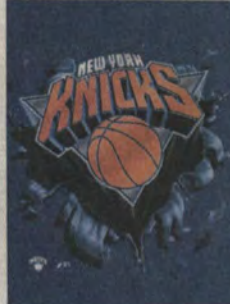
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FEBRUARY 27, 2012

THE COLLEGE VOICE

THE COLLEGE VOICE

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Editorials

There's a new addition to Crozier-Williams: take a walk past the mailroom and you'll find a recently installed automated external defibrillator, or AED. According to a news briefing on the College's website, an AED, which costs about \$1,900, can treat irregular heartbeats that can lead to cardiac arrest.

I spent fall 2011 on the SGA executive board, where the acquisition of an additional AED—Conn has two others, one in the athletic center and one that travels with campus safety—was a hot topic. An email by my house senator, sent to me in October 2010, explained that other NESCAC schools with similar student populations had upwards to five or six devices. "Conn College has two, but one is almost certainly out of batteries and the third one's location is only known by few, thus, if we were to calculate the actual use of these devices, we have zero."

After two years on SGA's agenda, the College finally has a new AED—but not because of SGA. Donated by EMT instructor Chuck Holyfield and the fall 2011 EMT class, the AED is in honor of Elizabeth Durante '10, who served as a student EMT before she was killed by a drunk driver in 2009.

As students, we are promised shared governance, an inflated term that, without context, purports a perfect split of decision-making by students and administrators. This, of course, is not the case, nor should it be; instead, shared governance translates to room for student initiative, for students to activate and advocate for change themselves.

But to what extent can students get involved? A closer look at SGA resolutions shows that, when the Assembly

passes something, they are simply *supporting* the motion—for example, SGA supports designating funds for new furniture in dorms—and, unless the resolution falls directly within SGA's purview, that statement of support travels up the administration, who takes it into consideration of future proceedings. Usually, however, save for email follow-ups and lunch meetings, that's where SGA's role ends.

In November 2011, SGA passed a resolution to support funding for more AEDs. SGA Chief of Finance Taylor Gould '13 told me that another AED is still on SGA's purview—he submitted an ACL, or Above Current Level, funding request for the College to purchase five more AEDs. Admittedly, ACLs can take a long time to process.

I am reluctant to say that SGA "doesn't do anything"—for one, assembling a group of thirty students who are committed to representing the opinions of their peers and changing the College for the better is impressive. We need bodies like SGA because there needs to be a place where student opinions are collected, dissected and sent off to the right people. But that's seemingly it—unlike what most people think, SGA cannot *make* the College do anything.

SGA is not limiting itself, but acting in the prescribed limits set by the school. The direct student-to-SGA relationship is tangible, by means of club creations and SAC funding printer money and event funding; but the student-to-SGA-to-administration relationship, as it seems, is lacking.

- Jazmine

Letters

To the editor,

I appreciate your opinions editor, Jerell Mays, sharing his thoughts on alumni giving in his piece "No Laz Left Behind: The Politics of Alumni Donations." I would like to share a few additional thoughts on the subject.

First, and most importantly, Connecticut College appreciates and values every gift. Connecticut College has a long list of needs—as does every college and university—and works to match these needs with donor interest.

In the past six years, with the generosity of alumni, parents and other friends of the College, we have a new fitness center, Ruane's Den in Harkness House, 12 renovated classrooms, 31 renovated residence hall common rooms, the Linda Lear Center for Special Collections and Archives, the Tempel Outdoor Classroom, completely renovated Johnson and Hamilton Houses, renovated south tennis courts, an artificial turf field and more. Now we are building a new science center.

Just as gifts support these campus transformations, they also continue to advance the College's strategic academic goals, including providing funding for scholarships, internships, programming in the residences, faculty teaching and research, academic departments, international programming, advising and more.

A revitalized athletics and physical education program

—supported by a new fitness center and renovations of existing facilities—is one of the College's priorities for the Campaign for Connecticut College. The recent gift to add lights to Silfen Field and renovate locker rooms supports these goals and was the result of input from members of the College community—and it matched donor interest.

We are grateful to the people who made this—and all of the progress on our campus and within our academic community—possible. If any students would like to learn more about how the Office of College Advancement builds relationships with these generous donors, please get involved with the SGA Advancement Committee. Or, don't hesitate to contact me.

Sincerely,

Greg Waldron,
Vice President for College Advancement

World News

THE AMERICAS



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA-- It was reported a week ago that the Vermont State Police decals have been played around with. Prison inmates that are in charging making the police decals have been randomly changing the official seal by slipping a picture of a pig onto the seal. Around 30 police cars have decals with pigs on it. The original decal for the patrol car has a cow, tree and snowy mountains.

EUROPE

RUSSIA-- Thousands of Russians were out on the street, protesting against the Russian Prime Minister Vladimir Putin. The protestors in Moscow formed a 10-mile long human chain to show their discontent about Putin running for his third term in the March 4th elections. There were around 34,000 people forming the chain of complaint.



ASIA

INDIA-- The new Guinness World record for the world's shortest man was recently declared in Nepal. The Guinness World Records team was in Nepal with, Chandra Bahadur Dangi, who is 21.5 inches tall and 72 years old. The previous holder of this title was from the Philippines and 18 years old.



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Northeastern University

Uniting Mind, Body and Culture

DAVID LIAKOS
NEWS EDITOR

Imagine a magician who says there is such a thing as "animal magnetism," an essence or element that exists in your body that can be transmitted by a ritual of the laying of hands. Imagine this practice is a descendant of exorcism, the expulsion of demons by a priest. Imagine that people who engaged in such a ritual claimed that they really experienced convulsions and felt waves of electricity flowing through their bodies. And imagine that this practice was claimed to have a medical purpose.

This is an actual case cited by Anne Harrington, a distinguished historian of science at Harvard, in her talk "Bodies Behaving Badly: What the History of Mind/Body Medicine Teaches Us and Why It Matters," who discussed the ways that cultural understandings of how the body *should* work in fact influence the way bodies *do* function.

What she described was not mere intellectual exercise: it referred to a practice known as mesmerism, which had a fervent following in 18th-century

Europe. But as the belief in the practice eroded, so did the actual physical effects of the ritual. This pattern is repeated throughout the history of the body, Harrington argued, and she cited numerous other examples of what are now regarded as crackpot or idiosyncratic practices that had at the time real physical and even medical efficacy.

The talk, which took place on February 23 in Blaustein, was this spring semester's first installment of Pizza and Profundity, a lecture series sponsored by the Philosophy Department. Harrington was introduced by Derek Turner, Chair of the Philosophy Department, who teaches Harrington's work in his courses in the philosophy of science.

This particular lecture, however, was also co-sponsored by the Psychology Department, a fact that spoke to the interdisciplinary nature of Harrington's talk. She began by highlighting the physical distance between the life sciences and the humanities and social sciences on the Harvard campus as

a metaphor for the intellectual rift between the disciplines, and ended with an entreaty for medical-scientific and cultural understandings of the body to unite their efforts to create a fuller conception of how the body functions.

Harrington sought to challenge the notion that the body is a "culture-free zone" that can be studied independently of cultural values and norms. The gist of her argument is that cultural beliefs profoundly influence the actual workings of human bodies.

"History gets under the skin," she said. Bodies "culturally conform" to existing norms and expectations. These norms she termed "learned scripts," likening the expectations surrounding bodies to theater or performance. Bodies, far from being the objective space that medicine traditionally takes them to be, are in fact "narrative and dramaturgical in nature."

According to these scripts, Harrington argued, bodies "really do change." In addition to mesmerism, Harrington also discussed neurasthenia, a condition in the late 19th century that

was caused by stress that resulted in digestive problems and skin rashes, among other symptoms. It is no longer regarded as a real medical condition, yet it was widely documented at the time. A similar contemporary case is *Hwa-byung*, a condition restricted mostly to Korean women who have unexpressed anger and other personal frustrations that results in sight loss and lack of balance.

The point of these examples is that when the narratives or "scripts" exist in a culture that supports the possibility of these conditions, they become possible, and when they stop "feeling plausible" to the culture, they cease to exist.

The medical community, however, regards such cases as marginal. The patients in fact suffered from depression, doctors and medical historians argue, or they "tricked" their bodies with their minds to believe in certain phenomena. These experiences are trivialized as "hysterical" or "psychosomatic."

Against such interpretations Harrington encouraged the audience to "take these bodily experiences

seriously." Harry Rossoff '12 concurred with this sentiment after the talk, saying he was surprised "how we've largely ignored studying culture in the medical science. There's no reason why we shouldn't look at cultural explanations" as well.

In our own culture we see the same pattern as those earlier cited cases, Harrington said: the phenomena of the placebo effect is an example of our bodies following the script of bodies being cured by prescribed pills. Placebos are a "central prop" in the script of contemporary medicine, she argued.

Max Sell '12 said he was sympathetic to Harrington's argument for a union between biological and cultural understandings of the body, which she described as the "bottom line" of her talk. "I can relate to that as a philosophy major," he said.

Mike Natriello '12 agreed, saying he concurred with Harrington that bodies and bodily afflictions are "not purely physical or psychosomatic. It's still a two-way street."

STUDENTS, CIVIL RIGHTS & THE 60s

DAVID SHANFIELD
NEWS EDITOR

On Thursday, February 23, a small crowd of students and faculty gathered in the 1962 Room in Cro to listen to speakers Charles Cobb, Judy Richardson and Bob Moses share their memories and reflections about being college students in the sixties. The speakers did not come to talk about the culture and lifestyle of their college days – instead they spoke about their involvement in the Civil Rights Movement and the role that college-aged youth played in the fight for racial equality.

David Canton, Associate Professor of History and Director of the Center for the Comparative Study of Race and Ethnicity, first took the podium to introduce the speakers. First was Charles Cobb, currently a visiting professor of Africana Studies at Brown University and a former editor for National Geographic. Cobb is also currently Senior Writer and Diplomatic Correspondent for the website AllAfrica.com, one of the largest available sources of news from and about Africa.

Next, Canton introduced Judy Richardson, a civil rights author, documentary filmmaker and former activist for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, or SNCC. Most recently, Richardson co-produced the documentary *Scarred Justice*, which raises questions about the unresolved Orangeburg massacre, which took place in 1968 in South Carolina.

Finally, Canton introduced Bob Moses, a leader of the 1960s Civil Rights Movement. After receiving his B.A. from Hamilton College, Moses went on to study philosophy at Harvard University. In 1960, Moses became a field secretary for SNCC, and later became a central instrument in the founding of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party.

After this final introduction, Canton stepped down and Charles Cobb took the podium. "I'm going to do a couple of things," Cobb told the audience. "I want to introduce you to an

important piece of political history in the United States, and I'm going to introduce you to some people who I think you need to understand, if you want to understand what happened in the South in the 1960s."

Cobb then revealed that the piece of political-history he was referring to was the formation of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. In reaction to the systematic exclusion of black voters in Mississippi, Aaron Henry, President of the Mississippi NAACP, led a group of twenty blacks to a precinct caucus, asserting their right to vote and, in doing so, outnumbering the white voters. The meeting was immediately adjourned and more white residents were brought in for the meeting, which continued after the whites once again outnumbered the blacks.

Cobb added that the next day, one of the white men who had been brought in for the caucus went up to Henry and thanked him, because without the presence of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party he would never have been invited to the caucus. Cobb explained that this incident illustrated the presence of class inequality in addition to racial discrimination.

Cobb then spoke about Julian Bond, who was a student at Morehouse College in the sixties. In speaking to Cobb, Bond recalled sitting in a café one afternoon, when a friend approached him with a copy of that day's newspaper with a headline that read "Greensborough Students Sit In for Third Day." His friend asked him what he thought, and Bond responded that he thought it was great, and that it should happen in Atlanta. Bonds next thought was, "Why don't we make it happen here?" and he soon began rallying and organizing sit-ins.

At this point, Cobb pointed out that one of the main characteristics of the sixties was the communication between students across the country. Without the aid of the Internet, students mainly communicated via phone and newspaper stories.

Judy Richardson stepped up to speak next. Surprisingly, instead

of opening with her background or involvement in the Civil Rights Movement, Richardson first spoke of the Occupy Wall Street movement. "Whatever it does or does not do," she said, "it has already put the issue of economic justice in front of the country." Not only was economic justice an issue in the Civil Rights Movement as well, but also OWS's public relations campaign and engagement with young people mimicked the strategies of the Civil Rights Movement.

Richardson then spoke about her background, growing up "under the hill" in Tarrytown, New York, and attending college at Swarthmore and her involvement in SNCC.

"I was a different person when I came out of SNCC than when I went into it," Richardson explained. "I transformed in a number of ways; I became stronger, I did things I never thought I could have done."

Richardson recounted bussing tables for her work-study at Swarthmore. The entire cafeteria staff was black and Richardson was the only student working at the time. In the kitchen where she worked, there was an exposed hot water pipe, with which workers were constantly coming into contact and singeing themselves on. Though many safety complaints were made, the school never did anything to fix the situation until Richardson herself got burned.

As a student, she found that she was given care and consideration that the black workers were not. This encouraged Richardson to become involved in the Swarthmore chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), and later SNCC.

Finally, Bob Moses took the stage. First, he spoke about Ella Baker, who helped get the sit-in activists to organize themselves into a proper movement. As Moses explained it, "she created a space for something to emerge that she was not going to be the leader of."

Moses also spoke about the role of legal permissibility in the 1960s. He explained that although the Freedom Riders "penetrated consciousness," they could not sustain their "jail without bail" approach when jail time could be years instead of the prescribed thirty days. However, although the Freedom Riders and other protestors were jailed by the state, the Department of Justice would release them weeks later, giving them the "legal crawl space," as Moses described it, to continue to advance their movement.

Additionally, Moses talked about the issue of establishing legitimacy by a movement in order for it to be taken seriously. The authenticity and resilient beliefs of those involved in the Civil Rights Movement, based on their lives and experiences, are what established legitimacy for the movement, he said.

Though many of the cultural issues may have changed since the sixties, it is clear that the same concerns regarding organization, legitimacy and power in a movement still apply today. Once these concerns are addressed, it is clear from the Civil Rights Movement, Occupy Wall Street and countless other social and political movements that the college-aged youth hold tremendous power in the United States.

Posse Foundation Guides Students Through College

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"Posse's program has changed my life completely. I would have never been able to go to college if it were not for Posse," said Calcagno.

Many Posse students express the importance of the program for their ability to attend Conn, thanks not only to the financial support but also the workshops and support of the Posse community.

The Posse Foundation goes beyond offering their students a full tuition scholarship to a four-year university—Posse also offers them support through programs such as biweekly meetings with their Posse group advisor, preparation before college and PossePlus, a yearly conference for all Posse students to discuss typically-ignored campus issues voted on by Posse scholars throughout the nation. Students and professors outside of Posse are invited to attend these retreats in order to educate others about the program and to mutually benefit from each other's knowledge, perspective and experience.

"The PossePlus retreat provides an avenue to talk about things that aren't normally discussed," said Julian Perez '14.

"As leaders, they want us to think about how we want to make change when we graduate, and the retreat helps provide an avenue for that. Posse does a good job of setting up a comfortable and safe environment for some of the difficult topics—the topic themselves make the students open up."

Juan Jose Ramos '15 described the program as preparing him "to have conversations on certain topics that I never would have discussed at home."

"Being mentally prepared to have these discussions helps you know how to take initiative when you see an injustice happening on campus. In that way, it has helped me develop my leadership skills, and increased my willingness to be involved on campus."

The Posse Foundation is a resource for students beyond their success on campus. The program offers a range of help, including workshops to help the students to write resumes, and provide access to a network of Posse alumni both while in college and after they graduate.

Through Posse, many students that might not otherwise have been able to attend a four-year university are enabled to succeed in college, let alone become influential leaders, creating change within their communities.

SGA News & Minutes

DIANE ESSIS
SGA PRESIDENT



increase it to over 300 Mbps for the following year.

- Vice President of Information Services Lee Hisle and his staff came to SGA this week. They first wanted to hear our opinions about the library facilities and how we as students currently use them. With the library renovation project just around the corner they wanted to know how the current library is perceived and what we would like to see in the future in terms of study spaces. The Information Services staff is looking for as much student input as possible so if you would like to share your thoughts e-mail us at sga@conncoll.edu and we'll pass your thoughts on to them.

- We also briefly discussed our current bandwidth saturation and how our wireless network's bandwidth is maxed out. With an average of more than 4,500 devices that use the wireless network at a time, at least two devices per student are accessing the wireless network. An ACL request has been submitted by VP Hisle's staff to not only maintain our current bandwidth level of 280 Mbps, but also to

- We rounded out discussion with Digital Signage. After hearing the cost of maintaining potential LCD stations across campus, a sizeable amount of assembly members believed that the cost outweighed the benefits.

- Honor Council Chair Alicia Cauteruccio '12 brought forth a resolution to increase the Honor Council hearing board from six members to eight. Since there are more representatives on Honor Council in comparison to previous years, the thought is that increasing the size of the hearing board will allow representatives to hear more cases and thus become well versed in Honor Council proceedings.

For any additional information about last week's meeting or anything SGA related e-mail us at sga@conncoll.edu, visit our Facebook page, follow us on Twitter (@ConnCollSGA) or stop by our office, Cro 201. Have a great week!

Oh, the Linsanity!

Can Jeremy Lin transcend race and achieve superstardom in the NBA?

KYLE DAVID SMITH
STAFF WRITER

Let's be up front about something: I don't really like basketball. While it's always exciting to see clips of LeBron James or Blake Griffin throwing down on some poor, unsuspecting chump, I've never been one to sit down and digest an entire basketball game. To be honest, this season in particular has been one I've been unable to follow. The 2011 NBA lockout, a prolonged and frustrating fight between millionaires and billionaires that turned me off of basketball for a while, plus my widening workload has led to me hardly being able to tell you anything about what has happened in the NBA this year.

So you might be wondering what on earth I am doing writing about Jeremy Lin, the un-drafted, Asian-American, evangelical, Harvard-educated ball-player who has taken the New York Knicks, the NBA and the country on the unprecedented ride of a lifetime since he made his first career start earlier this month. If there is one thing I can tell you about this NBA season, it's *Linsanity*. In the past two weeks I've read more stories in the sports section than I have all year, spent countless hours watching Lin highlights on YouTube instead of doing homework and even looked dutifully

for Knicks coverage as if I was from Manhattan instead of rural Maine.

What this all adds up to is that I've been paying attention to a sport that I had no reason to pay attention to before and, unless you've been living in a coma for most of February, you probably have been, too.

While writers and media outlets have been attempting to skirt around the issue of Lin's race, especially in

Lin's race is indeed compelling in a sports league where upwards of seventy-five percent of players are black.

the wake of ESPN.com's "Chink In The Armor" piece and other racially insensitive headlines like "Amasian!" in the New York Post, some of which have cost jobs and led to suspensions, it's impossible to deny that much of the hype can be attributed to Lin's heritage. Lin is one of few Asian-American players in NBA history, and the first to ever to create such a cultural ripple.

On February 13, African-American Boxer Floyd Mayweather, Jr., who is known for making controversial statements, sent out a tweet that said the following: "Jeremy Lin is a good player but all the hype is because he's Asian. Black players do what he does every night and don't get the same praise." In response, Mayweather has been accused of racism from a number of outlets. It's obvious that the American sports landscape and media at large has yet to fully learn how to handle issues of race.

On one front, the attention to race is legitimate. Simply noticing race does not equal racism, and it's true that Lin's race is indeed compelling in a sports league where upwards of seventy-five percent of players are black. However, in another way the coverage is downright uncomfortable. It's true that Lin has received a great deal of media attention for other reasons. Not only did he graduate with a degree in economics from Harvard, but his meteoric rise to star player of the New York Knicks came seemingly out of nowhere. Despite this, no matter where you look, his race is at the forefront.

The NBA, more than any other professional sports league in America, is applauded for its diversity, but the popularity surge of Jeremy Lin has exposed some uneasy truths. Mayweather's comment may have been candid

and a little insensitive, but it strikes at the heart of some of the issues, at least in regard to Lin's own heritage. Even Lin himself talked about the pressures to sustain his performance as an Asian-American basketball player, saying in an ESPN interview, "You can't prove yourself one time. You can't have one good game and have everyone be, you know, 'He's the real deal.' It has to be over and over and over again."

It would be nice if this weren't the case. It would be nice if Jeremy Lin could be rocketed into superstardom solely on his talent and the non-racial aspects of his underdog story, but this is wishful thinking. For the time being, Jeremy Lin is alone in carrying the torch for Asian-American basketball players. While this is no small task, there is hope that if he endures the pressure to succeed, future media coverage will become more normalized not only for Asian athletes, but also for athletes of all backgrounds. While the dust settles, it's important to remember the primary reason for all the Linsanity in the first place: because Jeremy Lin, despite all

the naysayers, is a damn good basketball player who has revived the NBA in the eyes of some, like me, who had lost faith. That alone should earn him some credit. •

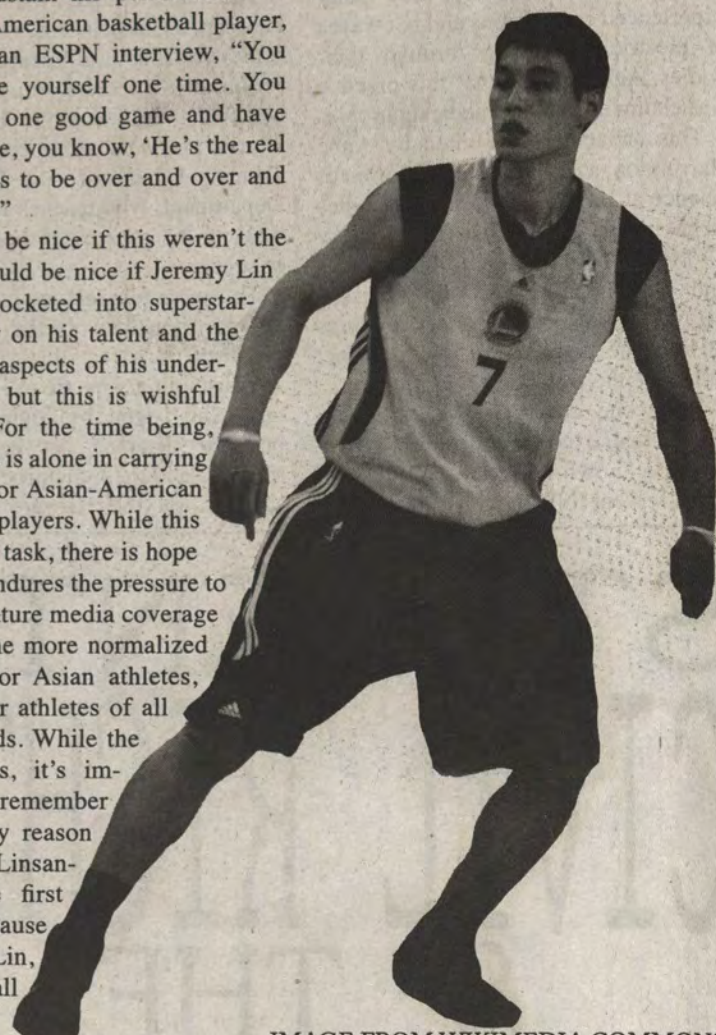


IMAGE FROM WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

Victim Blaming, Race, Gender and a Little Bit of Kanye

On Chris Brown and Rihanna

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The popular, considerably left-leaning blog, *The Daily What*, recently published a post claiming it is "high time" that Rihanna reread the police report from the night she was beaten. "I'll never forget that night," said *TDW* dramatically, finishing with, "and I'll never forgive you for forgiving him."

This sentiment is echoed in the thousands of notes from the post: "She's so fucking stupid. I officially hate her," someone commented. Yesterday I noticed a post on my Facebook newsfeed in which a guy declared he has "lost respect for Rihanna," and a girl agrees with him, calling Rihanna a "dumb, weak, dependent little girl."

There are so many deeply disturbing things about these comments, which are being recycled and reworded each time I refresh my browser. *The Daily What*, especially, is disgustingly infantilizing: Hey, Rihanna, why don't you go back and reread the police report? Remember when that guy beat you up? Dumb little Rihanna, forgetting things!

From the twelve-year-olds on Twitter to the most prominent blogs, the media world is calling Rihanna, a victim of horrific abuse, a "dumb bitch." She is being reduced to nothing more than a stupid, weak-willed child for letting Chris Brown back in her life, however minimally.

As my lovely friend Mollie Doherty '12 pointed out to me, we must remember that Rihanna is unfortunately a product as well as a woman. We cannot possibly know what she is actually thinking or feeling at any given moment, because her life is in so many ways dictated by a business that is infamous for perpetuating oppressive systems of race and gender.

Even if Rihanna is personally allowing Chris Brown some space in her life, there are two things we must remember: the first is that in the cycle of abuse, it is unfortunately not uncommon for a victim to return to her abuser. In this scenario, there are plenty of things to blame: patriarchal establishments of power relations, misogyny, institutional tolerance and structural violence.

But wait! We also have, in this particular case, Chris Brown. Those who choose to shame his victim, in however small a way, are also, perhaps unknowingly, shaming a parent, sibling, colleague or friend. Domestic violence and the cycle of abuse are a reality that tens of thousands of Americans, especially women, face everyday.

An addendum to this point: just because their universes are now overlapping slightly again does not mean she has forgotten or forgiven; perhaps, by taking some control over the situation, Rihanna is coping in the way that

is right for her.

The second thing we have to remember is that a victim, even if she is an international celebrity, does not owe us anything for having been abused.

Maybe this is a radical concept, but I believe we should hold Rihanna to the same standard we generally reserve for the people in our own boring, non-celebrity lives, which is at once simple and revolutionary: the standard of treating others with integrity and respect.

The reader in the *Vogue* letter to the editor, like so many other people I know, wishes that Rihanna would become some celebrity spokesperson for fighting domestic violence. I can honestly count myself among that group: who wouldn't want another strong, passionate voice joining the fight against relationship abuse? But the point at which I leap off the bandwagon is the point at which people are actively annoyed, disappointed and flat-out angry that Rihanna does not devote her young life to continually reliving her trauma, which was humiliatingly publicized around the world.

During the night of the Grammys, interesting discussions circulated the blogosphere about Kanye and Taylor Swift; it has been three years since the "I'ma let you finish" incident, and Taylor Swift fans still hate Kanye quite passionately. What if it were Taylor Swift who Chris Brown beat up, and not Rihanna? Would it be safe for us to assume that if Chris Brown beat a cherished, popularly virginal white woman instead of a famously "promiscuous" and racy black woman, that he would not be winning Grammys—but instead would, in all likelihood, be serving time behind bars right now?

It's impossible and irresponsible to disregard race when thinking about Chris Brown and Rihanna. While it is wonderful and righteous that plenty of us are enraged that Chris Brown has not seen proper justice for his crime against a woman, where is any level of similar hatred toward some of Hollywood's famous white men? Sean Penn beat Madonna multiple times, once with a baseball bat. Michael Fassbender's ex-girlfriend filed for a restraining order after he got drunk and broke her nose because she feared for her life. Charlie Sheen has committed an extraordinary number of documented abuses against women

and is hailed as a cultural icon. Unfortunately, the list is very lengthy.

Victim blaming not only exacerbates trauma, but also distracts us from the real issue at hand. We must unite against systems of oppression that value whiteness, maleness and the capitalist worth of human beings, because these

systems tolerate and even instigate this type of violence. Remember, Rihanna is one of the people we're trying to help, and her harsh treatment is one among many reasons why American society's relationship with domestic violence and sexual assault is rocky at best, and reprehensible at worst. •

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Samuel Hopkins '98, associate athletic director for external relations, Dartmouth College (sociology-based human relations major)

Madeleine Baldwin '10, marketing specialist for team marketing & business operations, National Basketball Association (economics and theater double major)

Dana Cialfi '02, tournament manager and marketing director, New Haven Open at Yale – formerly the Pilot Pen Tennis Tournament (government major)

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

Flatonia

MICHAEL NATRIELLO
STAFF WRITER

Cynthia McDowd had just about fallen asleep when word came through that a handicapped bathroom alarm went off at the Fat Burger just outside Flatonia. "Why don't you give the boys over at that burger place a call when you get a chance?" the sheriff asked her. Cynthia grunted. She's been working doubles and studying for the state trooper exam nonstop for the past two months. If she passes this test coming up in two weeks she can apply to be a trooper and then maybe get a cruiser out on route 90.

Until then she'll have to idle around the station, passing papers and arguing with out-of-towners who call about traffic tickets, the same traffic tickets she'll be giving in about two weeks if all goes to plan. "Don't get ahead of yourself now," the sheriff says, when he sees Cynthia studying. That was the same thing she heard when she applied to be a Sheriff's Deputy three years back. Cynthia McDowd was the first woman in the county to ever apply for a job in law enforcement. "Don't get ahead of yourself," and "Have you met Candi Slauson?" was all she ever heard back when she was applying for her current position. When she finally got the job she didn't take her uniform off for a week. Then her mimaw said, "Aw Cindy look at you in that thing. Girl you should put a bow in your hair." Cynthia grunted. She gets by now on the dream of bigger and better things: a cruiser of her own, and giving out tickets on route 90.

See, there's not much doing around here, especially on a Thursday. So even though it's not

an exciting task, the alarm at Fat Burger takes priority. These alarms are always going off – usually some teenager messing around. But Cynthia gets a little concerned when no one answers the phone at the burger place. They're all a bunch of drunks and degenerates working there, but they shouldn't be too stupid, or too busy to pick up a phone. Cynthia figures they might have gotten spooked by the sheriff's department number on their caller I.D. since she's arrested at least three guys who work at the establishment, including Carlos – that's Carlos Vega not Brown – who burnt down a barn on the Johnson's farm just a few miles up from the restaurant on route 90. It's a wonder Fat Burger hired half their staff. Not that a conviction on someone's record means much in these parts, Fayette County being as it is.

"Gonna go check on this alarm over at the Fat Burger," Cynthia tells the sheriff after hanging up the phone. He nods, "Go'n now," the sheriff says, barely awake himself at this point.

About a twenty-minute drive later and Cynthia pulls into the parking lot at Fat Burger. Billy Slauson's working the register.

"Hi-ya, Billy," Cynthia says walking into Fat Burger.

"Cindy McDowd, well I'll be damned," Billy croaks from the other side of the counter. "What are you? You a cop now?" Billy's drunk from the looks of it, and in a bad sort too. Cynthia hasn't seen much of him since they graduated back in '93. Her last memory of Billy involves a possum, a '87 F-150, and can of gas. Billy's first arrest is studied by all sheriffs' officers who apply to be state troopers in Texas.

"Yes sir, Billy..." Cynthia starts to say but before she can continue he cuts her off.

"Well, I'll be damned," Billy repeats and then he's cut off himself with a long and wet belch. "What, well - " he continues, "Well, what brings you around these parts? The sheriff's office must be, oh, 'bout thirty minutes west innit?"

"Twenty with the lights on," Cynthia says. "With the lights on. Well how 'bout that. Cindy McDowd, playing like there's any traffic in Fayette County, anyhow."

"Maybe no traffic, Billy. But there's still speed limits," Cynthia says.

Billy nods vigorous. "Dats right. Dats right," he says. "Hey, have you ever met my sister? Candi? I think the two of you might really get along."

"Well, Billy, no need to take up any more of your time here than I have to. I'll cut to the chase. See, I'm just coming through here to check on the bathroom. The alarm went off. D'you know that?"

"Oh yeah a while ago. Nobody wanted to check on it." Cynthia gives Billy a look, and his face snaps sober a second. "I mean, we forgot," Billy says.

"Mhm," Cynthia says as she walks over to the bathroom. "S'locked," she says. "Gonna need a key." Billy makes haste with the keys, and by the time he's five steps away the smell of whiskey is already floating over Cynthia. "Someone in here?" she asks Billy as she knocks on the door. Billy shrugs. No response from inside.

"When was the last customer?" Cynthia asks. Billy shrugs again and then Cynthia looks to the counter where two cooks – one she recognizes as Carlos Vega, the other some Mexican fellar she doesn't know – have come out of the back where the kitchen is. Cynthia keeps looking at them until both of these men shrug as well. After fiddling with the ring of keys Cynthia finally finds the one to the bathroom.

With a push she opens the door and there's Keith-Bob Chandler lying face down on the floor right near the toilet. He's got specks of crude oil all over his clothes and it smells like a mixture between an oilrig and a manure pile. There's what looks to be a Fat Burger clenched in his fist, and a curled up turd has slid half way down the side of his thigh. His ass, white with red blotches, is exposed, and part of his mess is drying in his ass crack. The wire that connects the handicapped bathroom alarm is just at his fingers. "Mr. Chandler," Cynthia says.

"Der, der," is all Keith Bob can manage, struggling.

"Oh he's alive that's good," Billy says. He's followed Cynthia into the bathroom. Afraid to get too close, Sheriff's Deputy McDowd hollers over at Keith-Bob. "Mr. Chandler, you alright?" She covers her face in her shoulder. "You need help?"

"Der, der," he says. He's grabbing his left arm. Looks to be a heart attack. Cynthia radios into the sheriff about it. "We're gonna get you some help there Keith-Bob don't you worry," she says. "Just hold tight," she says.

Billy starts to giggle, "not too tight," Billy says.

Then the sheriff comes through the radio responding, "Keith-Bob Chandler? He's the one over there in that bathroom? What's wrong?" the sheriff asks. "He forgot how to wipe?" The sheriff crackles in laughter and Cynthia has to turn down the radio as static comes out strong.

"Der, der," Chandler say, having heard the radio too. Billy laughs looking at Keith-Bob from over Cynthia's shoulder. He keeps his hand over his mouth.

"Looks to be a heart attack," Cyn-

thia says. "Nothing doing," she says.

"What's that?" the sheriff asks.

"Heart attack," Cynthia says. "Nothing doing," she repeats more clearly.

"Heart attack? Well okay, that's right, nothing doing," the sheriff says. "Just gotta wait. Say Cindy," the sheriff says over the radio once more.

"Yeah?" she asks.

"You wanna call his wife? I'd hate to be the one to have to call Maude on this one."

"Sure thing, sheriff," Cynthia says.

"Alright, well I'll send an ambulance over right away. Prolly take a bit of time, though, Fayette County, being as it is," he says. Cynthia McDowd and Billy Slauson nod. Keith-Bob Chandler does the same.

Maude Chandler was playing the best game of five-card draw in her life when a call came through on her cell phone from an unlisted number. "How in the hell do you work this thing?" Was the first thing Cynthia McDowd heard when Maude picked up her phone.

"Mrs. Chandler?" Cynthia said "This is Sheriff's Deputy McDowd calling –"

"Little Cindy McDowd?" Maude asked over the phone. "Is that you?" she continued as she silently refused a cream puff, which her sister was handing her as the next round of five-card draw was being dealt.

"Yes ma'am," Cindy said, "listen–"

"Ma'am?" Maude interrupted. "Cindy ain't no reason to 'ma'am' me, girl. I known you since you was young. But you listen I'm on a hot streak over here in Schulenberg so you better make this quick cause I gotta go."

Unfortunately for Maude, though, Cynthia wasn't sure how to quickly tell her that her husband, Keith Bob, had had a heart attack in the bathroom of a Fat Burger, and at that very moment his was face down with his ass exposed. Instead, ten minutes and sufficient use of the words "cardiac arrest" and "buttocks" later Maude finally cut Cindy McDowd off. "You mean to tell me my husband had a heart attack?" Maude asked, unsure.

"Yes, ma'am," Cynthia answered.

"Alright, well that's all you had to say sweetie. Listen, then, you flip him over, put a cool towel on his head and tell him to wait, I'm on my way," Maude said and hung up the phone. She had to fold yet another winning hand and then made it out of her sister's house with only a few dirty looks from the Minson sisters who were choking down cigars, a kiss on the cheek from Kathy and Linda, and a tray of cream puffs from her sister to bring home.

Just as Maude Chandler left Schulenberg on route 10 going east, Raul Gomez was heading west on the same road. The hardest part of his journey, crossing the border between Juarez and El Paso was already over and all he had to do now was drop off his truck at the safe house just outside Flatonia, and then after almost a week of driving he could finally head up north to his place in Italy, Texas.

Raul is always delighted by the fact that he can tell anyone, especially the border patrol that he's heading to Italy – which according to locals he mispronounces because it should be "Itly." "Italy?" one of the guards today asked, confused. Raul nodded and explains that it's actually a town in central Texas, at which point the second guard who had circled around the truck slapped and said, "yeah don't you know nothing?"

Usually this type of little exchange is enough to distract the guards and he's able to cross without much more than the normal inspection for trucks. If not, the pounds of cocaine that he's driven up from Colombia are usually well hidden enough anyway.

Raul felt an excruciating tightness in his lower back just as he exited route 10 and headed onto route 90, but he tried to ignore it for the next two minutes until he would get to the Fat Burger on the other side of Flatonia. •

This is the second of three installments of Flatonia. For more, visit thecollegevoice.org.

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Analyzing *The Artist*

Silent black and white film proves to be thoroughly entertaining

DAN WHITE
CONTRIBUTOR

It has been widely praised for its artistic choices, superb acting, screenplay and score, was nominated for ten Academy Awards and won three Golden Globes (including Best Comedy), but is *The Artist* truly deserving of such accolades, or is it just an overhyped, pretentious gimmick? As cynical as I sometimes am, I entered the theater worrying that *The Artist* would turn out to be one of those films that critics love for its stylistic choices, but that sends most people to sleep. I worried that nostalgia and the excitement over seeing something different — a film that dared to be black-and-white and mostly silent in the world of modern 3-D blockbusters — might be blinding critics. I assumed that there wouldn't be any more to it and that the film as a whole wouldn't be deserving of such honors. I was proven completely wrong.

Directed by Michel Hazanavicius, the movie takes place between 1927 and 1932 and follows the antics of a much loved silent film star, George Valentin (played by Jean Dujardin). At the onset of the film, George falls for an extra named Peppy Miller (Bérénice Bejo) who is just breaking into the business. The story of their troubled romance continues throughout the rest of the film but, despite what Fandango's plot synopsis led me to believe, it really isn't the film's central focus. At its core, *The Artist* is a movie about what happens to a man when the world he knows ceases to exist, when it outgrows him and his pride won't allow him to adapt to the times. Two years after George's initial meeting with Peppy, she has skyrocketed along with the popularity of the newly invented talkies. Meanwhile, George suddenly finds his talents and life's work to be thought of as

an inferior relic of the past. His stubborn insistence that the talkies are just a fad, along with the public's desire for new faces, leads him on a self-destructive path as he slowly loses everything he cared about.

I'm sure there are those who will dismiss *The Artist* as soon as they hear that it's a silent, black-and-white film. As someone who has had to watch a fair number of silent movies in my film classes, I completely understand why some moviegoers would immediately assume that such a film would be boring. That's actually a big part of what impressed me so much about the film. Without any dialogue, *The Artist* managed to keep me completely entertained from start to finish. There are no long, drawn out or confusing parts, largely due to Ludovic Bource's magnificent score. It ranged from catchy and peppy to appropriately dark when the scenes called for it. The score kept viewers awake, alert and invested in the drama. Despite being labeled a silent film, *The Artist* actually uses sound in some interesting ways. A major theme of the story is the interplay between sound and its absence. In one particularly interesting scene, sound was used to dramatically show George's inner fears about the rise of sound within the film industry, as he alone cannot be heard.

Though the directing and stylistic choices were incredibly well-executed, the real reason that this film works is Dujardin's performance as George. His acting is often over-the-top, but that's exactly what works in a silent movie, and at the appropriate points, he is subtle. At the beginning of the film I was struck by just how perfectly Dujardin portrayed George's sense of pure, childlike joy. He made it clear that George loved every minute of his work and reveled in his fame. As the film progressed it was unnerving to see how Dujardin could bring such a joyful character to a dark place.

As Peppy, Bejo played quite well off of Dujardin. She was able to capture a magnetic character that was both sassy and lovable. I particularly enjoyed her character's confidence. She was smart, in control and did what she needed to get her way but she never lost her innate sweetness.

Dujardin and Bejo had excellent chemistry together. The film's acting and writing is such that the silent nature of the film does not hinder their connection at all. Dialogue is unnecessary because the two characters seem so comfortable and at home in each other's presence. Though I still feel as though they fell for each other a bit too hard, too fast (in typical Hollywood fashion), I was glad that there were time jumps to break up the progression of their relationship.

As much as I loved *The Artist*, it isn't a perfect film. Though it's labeled a comedy-drama, I'd say its comedy is lacking in some ways. There are fun gags throughout the film (many of which involve George's lovable dog) but these are mostly cute and smile-worthy, not laugh-out-loud funny. More troublesome than the comedy, however, is George's overall character. I wouldn't be surprised if some people found him slightly annoying near the end of the film, if not downright unlikable. His pride continuously makes things worse and worse for him. The choices he makes later in the film are upsetting to watch, and I can see how it might become annoying for some viewers.

Despite these flaws, the film overall is expertly crafted — a very different experience than most cinema today. It's an entertaining ride that will have you feeling nostalgic for a time when films were still a new and exciting phenomenon. •

Even Superhero-bros Can't Save This Film:
Why *Chronicle* isn't worth your timeCOLIN PUTH
STAFF WRITER

When making a "found footage" film, the trickiest part is ensuring that enough information is revealed without defeating the notion that what is documented is reality. Because the consistent point-of-view shots grow quickly tiresome, the film should also provide an innovative plot to keep the audience intrigued. Unfortunately, *Chronicle* fails to deliver in both of these aspects, and what results is an anticlimactic story with poor character development.

While this may be the film's attempt at depicting life as it really is, the audience too quickly loses interest in its protagonists to care about their outcomes altogether. *Chronicle* focuses on the life of Andrew Detmer, a whiny teenage introvert who, for no explained reason, begins to document his day-to-day life. From the first few minutes of recording, we learn that Andrew is an only child with an alcoholic father, a dying mother and a cousin who serves as his only friend. Despite this somber introduction, excitement sparks somewhat when Andrew records the discovery of an underground tunnel with Matt, his cousin, and his classmate Steve, the presumed most popular guy in school. While strange discoveries and even stranger behavior occur in the tunnel, Andrew's camera disappointingly stops recording before anything particularly extraordinary is shown. I guess that's the price we pay for

seeing a movie where less is supposed to be more.

The recording eventually resumes, displaying Steve and Matt unharmed in the light of day. However, due to the baseball hovering over Matt's face, it appears that both characters have suddenly acquired supernatural powers. Although its reasons are unexplained (which seems to occur much too often in *Chronicle*), we are left to assume the findings in the tunnel have granted these boys telekinetic strength. Their abilities are weak at first, enabling them to do such things as levitate objects, create force fields and remain unharmed by physical damage. Luckily, Andrew develops the ability to hover his camera over him and his friends, so that he is no longer a teenage voice behind the camera. A series of documented pranks and experiments serve as a montage of their developing skills, showing the guys telekinetically moving a parked car to eventually being able to soar the skies of their Seattle suburb. It seems to be all fun and games for this pack of superhero-bros; that is, until they begin to realize the potential consequences of their powers.

Once problems at home worsen, Andrew inevitably begins to recognize the dark side of his abilities. What results is an uncontrollable abuse of power, which continues to strengthen until lives are lost and mayhem ensues. As Andrew becomes more familiar with his supernatural traits, he assumes the position of a villain who will let nothing stand in his way. However, while Andrew's hostile abuse of his superpowers amounts to the most exciting part of *Chronicle*, he is all too

soon defeated, thus ending societal chaos and the film itself.

My biggest objection with *Chronicle* is its wasted potential of a truly awesome concept. With the portrayal of fairly relatable twenty-first century teenagers, I feel *Chronicle* should have been chockfull of moments where my peers and I could rave about how those guys could be us on the screen. Unfortunately, it is seventy-five minutes of three unlikable characters prancing with joy about their superpowers one minute, then regretting ever having them the next. Andrew's shift from good to evil happens much too quickly, and even with such a short runtime, there is little use of superpowers that actually takes place.

While *Chronicle* certainly has some "ooh, ah" moments, I found myself constantly begging for more. With so many opportunities to dazzle the audience, the film unfortunately sticks to its cop-out everyday-life approach. For critics, I am sure its realism is what granted *Chronicle* its 85% Rotten Tomatoes rating. However, I feel that a "found footage" film like *Cloverfield* certainly has the same realistic effect while successfully breaking the norms of reality.

Perhaps I approached *Chronicle* with too high expectations, anticipating a full-fledged action flick as opposed to a relatable documentary with only a slight twist. However, when a seventy-five minute film appears to take twice as long as my seventy-five minute Macro class, I know I can't be the only one who found this movie to be a let down.

Directed by Josh Trank, *Chronicle* is rated PG-13. •



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In Good Hands

Connecticut Poetry Circuit winners show off their skills at Conn

AYLA ZURAW-FRIEDLAND
STAFF WRITER

As 4:30 approached on Thursday, February 23, people began to trickle into the quiet of the Chu Room. Students greeted professors as they arranged themselves in the empty rows of chairs in preparation for the event: a poetry reading by the five students selected for the 2011-2012 Connecticut Poetry Circuit.

Five students are selected for the Connecticut Poetry Circuit from all of the participating colleges and universities in Connecticut — each school can nominate one person — to travel to various schools in the state and give readings, according to Andrea Amulic '12, the student selected from Conn. Each school's nominee is asked to submit five pages of poetry, along with a letter of support from the nominating faculty member, to be judged by a panel of poets and professors.

The five poets who were selected each exhibited various styles of writing that ranged from the use of a conceit throughout the poem, or a simple verse that evoked dramatic imagery of everything from a dog lost in its own home to the arching walls of the Coliseum. Before each reading, the poet was introduced by one of their fellow honorees. Each spoke of their peers with a great deal of esteem and respect for the others' work.

The first to read was Leslie Ahlstrand, a senior at Trinity College. The inspiration for much of her poetry was memory or feeling; she then found a way to move away from the specificity of that memory to something that was not tethered to it completely. The six poems she selected were titled "Small Talk," "Sublet," "Flash," "Architecture," "Soundcheck" and "Composition." Each was a word or phrase that spoke to the original inspirational memory, and still managed to speak to the divergences of the word. The poem "Flash" centered specifically on our society's need to associate a photo with a memory so it doesn't get lost. "Soundcheck"

was about the specific memory of growing up around her father, a musician, as he set up his performance spaces in bars. The link to music that was developed, along with the advice her father gave both her and his music students offered some of the most important influences to her philosophy on writing: "You can only play or write what you know. So experience everything."

The next reader was Jared Coffin, a senior at Southern Connecticut State University. His poems spanned a wide range of topics and issues, many of them linked to memory as well. Perhaps what defined his writing the most was his use of metaphor to describe greater concepts. In his poem "Come Quick," he explored the role of the reader. Coffin read three other poems: "My Father's Chest," "Hollandia," a poem about the stories his grandfather told him from serving in the Ghanaian province and "I Have A Solution To Oppression," which he opened with the quip, "Which in case you're wondering... I don't." When asked about his writing process, Coffin said that instead of forcing himself to write all at once, he waits until something solid has formed in his head.

Jemel Nejaime was the third reader of the afternoon and a student at Manchester Community College. His first poem, "Blank Document," was inspired by the frustration many writers feel when contending with writer's block. His other poems focused on the innocence of a snow fort ("Regency") to the loss of the same innocence in his poem "Losing," which is concerned with the disillusionment of growing up and accepting the connections that have been made may actually not exist. His final poem, "O.C.Dog" was simple and light-hearted. There is a candidness to writing about every day events, about ironing boards, obsessive dogs and cold sores. His style speaks directly to the advice he said had guided him through the process of learning to write poetry: "Don't be sentimental and pollute the poetry; let the words speak for themselves."

Felicity Sheehy, a senior at Yale University, was the fourth reader of the program. Her poetry focused on the description of the landscape of her home in upstate New York, in the poems "Driving North of Green Country" and "Lockport." The poems evoked nostalgia for her home and the atmosphere of belonging that she felt in that terrain. The other poems focused on the relationships between people and how they are maintained. Her final poem, "The Lighthouse Keeper's Wife" was inspired by imagining herself as part of a painting. Sheehy said she typically didn't have an audience in mind, but if her poetry could strike the interest of someone who typically did not read poetry, she would consider it successful.

The final reader was Amulic, who is studying creative writing and psychology at Conn. Most of the writing she shared was part of her senior thesis on personal and cultural identity in Yugoslavia. She described her own poetry as a sort of "imagined dramatic monologue." She can only attempt to understand everything she wants to write about, as evidenced in the poems "Exhuming," "To My Sister" and "Baby Brother." She explores different perspectives within her own family, such as her mother's point of view. Two of the other poems are about her experiences traveling to Europe: "The Trevi Fountain" and "Built for Discomfort."

Charles Hartman, English professor and Poet in Residence at Conn, made a pivotal observation at the beginning of the reading. He said that not only was the existence of this award for young writers a victory for the promotion of the arts, but it was an opportunity to see where poetry would be going in the next generation directly from the poets that would lead it forward. After listening to these talented artists read their work, it is certain that the future of poetry is in good hands. •

Dance Like Everyone is Watching:

Photos from the Dance Club Spring Show

ALL PHOTOS BY MIGUEL SALCEDO



Sophomore LeDuc Sets School Record

JEFF BELING
SPORTS EDITOR

Friday, February 24 was a great day for Camel runner Mike LeDuc. LeDuc ran a personal best in the 5,000 meters, netting a time of 14 minutes and 38 seconds at the All New England track and Field championships. This performance earns LeDuc another spot on the Track and Field School record board for the indoor season. LeDuc qualified for this meet with a 14:48 effort at the same location: Boston University's Track and Tennis Center. Hallowed throughout the track and field world as one of the fastest indoor tracks in the country, the indoor 200 meter banked track houses some of the best collegiate meets in the country.

Three weeks ago, LeDuc was able to capitalize on the stiff competition across all three NCAA divisions to qualify for this championship meet. Prior to this race, LeDuc was aware of the conditions of the day: "I was excited, it was a good opportunity, and I was nervous because it was such good competition".

The competition included many division one athletes who had personal bests faster than LeDuc. However, "Big Meet Mike" was able to take down almost all of them on the way to a third place finish in what can only be described as a stacked field of serious runners. LeDuc was able to put his own signature on the race, when at the two mile mark he "[...] took the lead for 2 laps, and I had to make sure I was in the lead pack when the race began to break [up]". Taking the reins gave LeDuc the edge he needed to slash his previous personal best over the twenty five grueling

laps that make up an indoor 5,000 meter footrace.

The road to a personal victory was not covered in roses, however, as LeDuc experienced distress early on: "I got stepped on, and my heel was out of my shoe for the majority of the race"

Prior experience in this respect helped the sophomore phenom, as his freshman year at the New England Regional in Cross Country, he lost his shoe to the spikes of another runner well before the mile mark of a 5 mile race. Regardless, he still was able to pull out an excellent effort over grass and mulch.

Immediately following the race, LeDuc reflected upon his new Personal Best, while still looking ahead: "I didn't know if it was going to put me on the nationals list, but I was happy with my performance."

LeDuc's performance puts him in a tentative thirteenth on the Division III Indoor Track and Field Nationals list, which gives him a possible bid to the national 5,000 meter race at Grinnell College in Iowa. To solidify his chances, Mike will race at the only other indoor track on the East Coast that is purported to be faster than BU: The New Balance Armory in New York City, new home to the fastest indoor 5,000 in American history, set by Bernard Lagat three weeks ago.

LeDuc likes his 5,000 meter chances at the ECAC meet as well: "I think I can go 5-6 seconds faster next week, and if I do that, I think I have a decent shot [at Nationals]."

LeDuc will travel with men's distance Coach Jim Butler as well as Head Coach Ned Bishop to New York City to compete at the Eastern Colleges Athletic Conference championship meet next week. •



BRIAN MURTAGH

Michael LeDuc '14

This is a team that will more likely be the fifth or sixth seed in the East than the second or third and that is fine. I'd rather the squad enter the playoffs having each player know their role and be committed to winning than having Jeremy Lin scoring 40 points a game in losses. I hope the media and consequently every human being living in New York jump off the bandwagon and we can slip into the playoffs sitting on a lower pedestal and with a smaller target on our backs.

I am by no means confident with the state of the Knicks right now. Rather, I am cautiously optimistic. In time and with smart decision making, this is a team that can compete for a title. If D'Antoni can foster a Doc Rivers-like sense of brotherhood and commitment to winning I predict that this team can go on to play with the Bulls and Heat deep into the playoffs. Lin, Carmelo, Stoudemire and a deep bench can push the pace and put up points and wear out the best in the conference.

Still, if everything goes according to the perennial Knicks plan, Carmelo will test positive for steroids, Stoudemire and Landy Fields will get into a locker room fist fight over a poker game, Steve Novak will have an affair with Coach D'Antoni's wife, Jeremy Lin will get sick of the bad puns and retire at the ripe age of twenty-three, and I'll spend another long summer thinking what could have been. •

Quieting the Hype

A lifelong Knicks fan examines the current state of the team, its fans, and its future

JESSE MOSKOWITZ
STAFF WRITER

As a New York Knicks fan since about 2003, I've been conditioned to doubt every promising thing that happens to the team. I don't really believe that the NBA is "Where Amazing Happens." I don't buy those ads on the 1 train that try to convince me that Carmelo Anthony and Allen Houston share some warm, yet awkward and shallow New Yorker nostalgia. If it were up to me, there would be a 250 foot billboard outside of Madison Square Garden that says "Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Hatch," and I'd slap a picture of Isaiah Thomas cackling with Stephon Marbury on there to pour salt in the wound. This is a team that, despite relentless media hype, a huge market, and deep pockets, has failed to live up to high expectations and more importantly, ruined the state of New York basketball for the past decade. Since 2003, the team has endured eight sad seasons, only two playoff appearances, a winning percentage below forty percent, zero playoff wins (0-8), and fourteen trillion bad transactions (source: my tear-stained diary).

Because of this sad reality, I cannot say that I have felt truly confident about a single significant decision the team has made in a very long time. When they tried to field a backcourt of Starbury and Steve Francis in 2005, I didn't buy that the two would be able to coexist. A twenty-three win season later, my point was proven. After David Stern uttered the names Renaldo Balkman and MarDy Collins in the '06 draft, I sat confused on my couch wondering what they were thinking. Collins was out of the NBA by twenty-six and Balkman was just waived by the Knicks after six underwhelming seasons. Even after the team acquired Carmelo last winter, I insisted that they may had given up too much of their core foundation for too little. Lo and behold, the post-Carmelo Knicks have played well under .500 ball and were embarrassed by the Celtics in a four game sweep last April.

I use these instances not to imply that I should take the job of the general manager of the Knicks, but rather to highlight the impulsiveness and naivety of New Yorkers and the New York media. Most current Knicks fans (read: Jeremy Lin fans) have started following the team because of the novelty of Lin and his resulting surge in the media. In the past few weeks I've met more lifelong Knicks fans than I have in the past ten years of my life combined.

The Knicks will not continue this pace for the rest of the season and it's very important that these fans and analysts can handle that without losing their control. Playing on such a big stage makes the team as vulnerable to criticism as it is accepting to praise. The team

faces a tough March schedule and if they drop three or four in a row, the city cannot turn their back on the squad. The worst thing you could possibly do to an inexperienced and vulnerable player like Lin is attack him. If ESPN New York starts pushing "Trade Carmelo" stories, 'Melo is only going to hog the ball and force up bad shots to prove his role as top dog.

As basketball guru John Wooden said, "there is no progress without change, so you must have patience." Baron Davis has only been practicing with the team for a few weeks. J.R. Smith was signed about a week ago and immediately inserted into the lineup. Carmelo and Stoudemire have not gotten ample practice time with Lin due to their injuries. There hasn't been a team since the 2006 Miami Heat to win a title without playing cohesive team basketball and at this point in the season the Knicks are far from there.

As we saw in the Heat game last week, this is a team that still has many fatal flaws. Lin has turned the ball over at a historic rate. Carmelo is filling up the stat sheet but isn't even in the top fifty players in efficiency on the season. Stoudemire has often looked out of plays in the scheme of the offense, and his drop in scoring and rebounding reflect that.

As cliché as it may be, I believe that the long term success of this team falls on the shoulders of Coach Mike D'Antoni and his ability to manage the obvious talent that the Knicks possess. When Lin is playing well, the Knicks have one of the best starting lines in the NBA. With the sudden addition of Lin and J.R. Smith on top of Baron Davis coming back early from injury, the Knicks can comfortably run ten men deep. If this is the case, the issue becomes control of personnel and making sure that everyone is embracing their roles for the betterment of the team.

Carmelo cannot be playing point guard. Iman Shumpert cannot be coming off the bench and taking twelve shots. Steve Novak should remain outside of the three point line at all times. The Knicks have become a team of very specialized players and if D'Antoni can maximize these specialties, they will be in good shape. Novak and Smith are excellent from beyond the arc. Keep them there. Lin and Amare can be deadly off of the pick-and-roll. Make that a focal point of your offense. Carmelo can abuse smaller defenders on the low block. Run sets that end with Anthony in the post. If I see another possession where the ball sits in Melo's hands for twenty seconds before he jacks up an off-balance fadeaway with a hand in his face, I'll turn off the television. This team is far too talented to be wasting possession not utilizing the unique skills of each player.

But I digress. The Knicks and New York need to keep their cool.

NESCAC POWER RANKINGS

COMPILED BY THE COLLEGE VOICE

This is the first installment of the NESCAC Power Ranking. The Power Ranking will be posted weekly and will rank the eleven NESCAC schools based on basketball and hockey.

An overall strong record has given Amherst a powerful lead, holding a tight grip on the top spot. Just below, Bowdoin and Tufts continue battle for the second position, with Tufts taking honors this week. The rest of the conference has solidified their positions in the rankings.



SCHOOL	MEN'S BASKETBALL	WOMEN'S BASKETBALL	MEN'S HOCKEY	WOMEN'S HOCKEY	AVERAGE	LAST WEEK
AMHERST	1	1	1	2	1.25	1 ↔
TUFTS	4	2	4	—	3.33	3 ↑
BOWDOIN	6	3	2	3	3.5	2 ↓
MIDDLEBURY	2	11	3	1	4.25	4 ↔
WILLIAMS	7	5	5	6	5.75	5 ↔
WESLEYAN	3	6	6	9	6	6 ↔
BATES	5	9	—	—	7	5 ↔
TRINITY	9	8	7	4	7	8 ↔
HAMILTON	8	10	8	5	7.75	9 ↔
COLBY	10	3	10	8	8.25	10 ↔
CONN	10	7	9	7	8.25	11 ↔

The poll was devised as follows: Sports Editors, Amanda Nadile and Jeff Beling ranked all NESCAC schools in each sport. These rankings were based on NESCAC standings as well as quality wins and influential losses to NESCAC opponents. These scores were averaged to create a composite overall ranking for each school. Bates does not participate in men's hockey or women's hockey. Tufts does not participate in women's hockey.

DESIGNED BY STEVEN SMITH/TUFTS DAILY

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT SCORES

Fri, Feb 24

Women's Squash
Howe Cup at Harvard
University vs. George
Washington 0-9

Sun, Feb 19

Men's Squash
CSA Championship at
Princeton University vs.
Hamilton 2-7

Women's Swimming and
Diving

NESCAC Championship at
Wesleyan University - 7th
place out of 11, with 725.5
points

SO YOU DON'T MISS IT GAMES

March 2 Fri

Women's & Men's Squash
CSA Individuals All Day, Location TBA

Men's and Women's Indoor Track &
Field

ECAC Division III Championship All
Day, New York, NY

March 3 Sat

Women's & Men's Squash
CSA Individuals All Day, Location TBA

Men's and Women's Indoor Track &
Field

ECAC Division III Championship All
Day, New York, NY

March 4 Sun

Women's & Men's Squash
CSA Individuals All Day, Location TBA