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Connecticut College

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The senior editorial staff of the Voice and their new quarters in Blaustein.

## College to Implement New Housing Options

Following the housing debacle at the beginning of this semester, Residential Life has worked diligently over the past few months to propose new housing options for fall 2012. Four have been approved.

First, approximately ten professors will be evicted from Blaustein and Fanning and their offices will be modeled after "capsule hotels." Each capsule will accommodate one student in a 5x12 cage. The capsule will contain a bed and wireless Internet.

A second housing option will be generously offered at the Coast Guard Academy, though only spaces in freshman doubles, with freshmen cadets, will be available. Camels housed at CGA will be stripped of their Camel cards, and can only access academic buildings and Cro. They will dine family-style and wake up at 6:30 AM with the rest of the cadets. These hybrid students are expected to repair the ConnColl-CGA relationship; namely, they will mend the rift caused by club hockey games.

The third option is for Winthrop scholars only – who will be announced early this year due to this exciting new opportunity. These lucky camels will be automatically placed in themed housing in a new addition built off of President Higdon's house.

The final housing option, and potentially the most exciting, is themed: "Perpetual Tent Dance." To introduce the class of 2016 to Conn nightlife, the entire freshman class will be housed under the tent dance tent for the entirety of the year. Sleeping bags and absinthe (the European kind) will be provided.

Lottery numbers for new housing options will be determined by how close you live to Boston.

## Camel Pride Grows with Construction of New Athletic Complex

Inspired by the recent donation to the Athletic Center for new locker rooms, even more athletically-earmarked money has been pouring in from alumni, parents, and basketball super star Jeremy Lin, amounting to a modest 202 million. These donations will go towards the construction of an ultimate Athletic Complex, to be completed by Reunion Weekend this June. This new facility will include an indoor ski slope, reserved for Ski Club only, stables for the Connecticut College Horse Polo and Camel Polo Teams, a sailing museum dedicated to Conn's 2012 sailing team, croquet course, bocce ball courts, a roller rink, a lazy river circling the entire complex, and three coffee shops. For increased convenience, cable cars will connect the Athletic Complex and Cro.

In addition to these facilities, a source within the

Athletics department has confirmed the formation of a Connecticut College Football team. This team will be utilizing the new indoor and outdoor football fields. In reaction to this announcement, Brett K. Murray '13 excitedly responded, "Dude!" To satisfy the need for football players, the Office of Admission is paying close attention to the athletic history of prospective students, being sure to select the best for the up and coming Conn football program.

To make room for this sorely needed facility, the college has decided to demolish the Winchester Apartments, Abbey House, and the River Ridge Apartments. This is being done in an effort to focus the campus community on the importance of athletics while deterring students from desiring a more independent lifestyle.

## Rick Santorum Named New Commencement Speaker

In a stunning turn of events for the class of 2012, the school has hired a new commencement speaker. Louis Susman, the originally scheduled speaker, will be unable to make it to graduation due to "extreme crumpey pain," an ailment that befalls those living in the United Kingdom. Taking his place will be Republican presidential nominee Rick Santorum. "I was very worried about the last-minute withdrawal of Mr. Susman," said President Leo Higdon, "but I think we really hit a homerun with Mr. Santorum."

Mr. Santorum has recently been making waves as the potential Republican presidential nominee. He is a favorite among Connecticut College students for his hard-line stances on birth control, gay marriage and Iran. "I am honored to speak at Connecticut College's 94th Commencement," said Mr. Santorum. "At such a crucial time in our nation's history, it is imperative for the young people of our country to take an active role. I hope to inspire hope and progress with my speech."

Note: Graduation will now take place completely within the Chapel rather than Tempel Green.

## Faculty Invited to Fishbowl

Fishbowl is an annual event where seniors are locked inside of a blacked-out Cro room, expected to dance, drink, and eventually end up naked. As exciting as this prospect is for students, it is even more exciting to announce that faculty and staff have been invited to participate! It was at the persistent urging of the administration that students and faculty have more opportunities for interaction on Saturday evenings that this chance arose.

Professor Chris Cross has been waiting for this opportunity since he arrived on campus four years ago. "I was sitting in my office grading one Saturday night my first year on campus, and I heard a stampede of yelling students outside of my window. At next glance, I noticed naked students sprinting past New London Hall en route to Castle Court to ring the gong. I approached some colleagues the following Monday, and was informed

that Fishbowl is an event they've snuck on campus to watch for years."

"Connecticut College is a really tight-knit community, so why not invite faculty and staff to participate in all social events," said the dean of social life, who also believes in maintaining the intimacy on campus, which includes getting hammered and bumping and grinding with the librarians.

"I am so excited that I can finally participate in this event. We have been talking about it over our dishwashing duties—especially our desire to do the 'Dougie' in our boxers with the college President," said one.

So seniors, get ready to dance, drink, and run naked alongside your favorite professors and staff. Usually Fishbowl is a night that students do not really remember, but this will definitely be an event you will not want to forget.

## Harris Refectory to Introduce Human Meat Mondays to Rotating Menu

The napkin notes were endless: "We want human!" "Is it possible to add human meat to the hotbox? Thanks!" "Why can't I make a foot sundae?" Finally, after months of student pressure, Harris has announced via their Facebook page that they will be adding a human Meat Casserole to the hotline the third Monday of every month. "We found a decent supplier of fair trade human flesh and are really confident that students will love its gamy taste and soft consistency. It is also good source of omega-3 fatty acids and vitamin Q," said the director of dining services.

Students are ecstatic about the new addition, as well. "This is really big news. I have been craving the complex flavors of human ever since I tried it during my semester abroad in Guinea Bissau," said Graham Shipholder '13. "I am usually a vegetarian, but I always make the exception when I am offered a good cut of human," shouted Barbara Tooth '15. Mondays just got a whole lot tastier.

## New Science Center Totally Almost Done

It really is.

## Floralia Lineup Announced

After weeks of suspense, the musical lineup for Floralia 2012 was finally announced via email on Sunday. Ja Rule will be headlining the festivities this year with support from the Venga Boys. Also included on the bill is Shake the Baron, Jon Markson's Shake the Baron cover band (Tree House), Wicked Peach and the Wiggles.

"I can't wait for Ja Rule to put it on us," giggled Jazmine Hughes '12 after hearing the news. "I only wish Ashanti was coming, too." Ja Rule is known best for his crossover singles "Holla Holla," "Livin' It Up," and "Always On Time." Though he has been out of the spotlight for quite some time, Mr. Rule has been steadily touring through the Midwest and will end his 2012 run of shows in New London.

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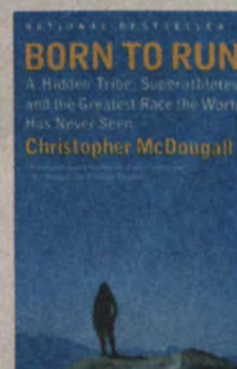
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THE COLLEGE VOICE

## THE COLLEGE VOICE

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## Editorials

In June, professor Tristan Anne Borer emailed me a contact she had gained at the *New York Times* during her efforts to save the readership program from ending, as it nearly did in fall 2011.

I followed up with Christine, the then education manager, to figure out how to best use the resources of the *Times* for the *Voice*. I sent her my best CELS-influenced email—short, light, upbeat and informative—and she sent me a box full of *New York Times* merchandise, the only reason I own a water bottle and Post-It Notes.

In the past, the *Voice* has hosted Journalism Days at the start of each semester, where we would invite local reporters to teach our staff about journalism. My ultimate goal was to bring a journalist from the *Times* to campus; because Conn has no journalism program, the role of the *Voice* has always been to serve as a student-run lab for students to learn reporting and feature writing. Bringing a speaker, I thought, would encourage a dialogue on topics that were otherwise left to the staff. I told this to Christine in August. I wanted a journalist in September; she didn't think it could happen that quickly. In October, she visited campus; we sat in the Coffee Closet and discussed my senior year, working at the *Times*, foliage, Moleskines, the city of Rye and espresso shots—but most importantly, we fleshed out a plan to bring a reporter to campus.

I saw the documentary *Page One: Inside the New York Times* three days after its release, at a ten o'clock showing on a Wednesday, by myself, half an hour away from my Brooklyn apartment. Page One extensively features Brian Stelter, a new media reporter. His resume is impressive (after running a blog on TV and media during his senior year of college, he was sought out by the *Times*!) and he's young (only 26!). I related to him immediately. Now, he's coming to Conn—thanks to the help of my staff and Professor Borer, Brian will be visiting the campus on April 3rd to discuss new media, television, journalism and everything else the young people are into. I hope you'll join.

- Jazmine

## Corrections

### "Professor Profile: Afshan Jafar," Francesca Volpe, March 5, 2012

Political parties, who are often behind violence and riots in cities, run college campuses, which are occasionally used to recruit new members into the parties. The violence and riots cited in Volpe's article, however, were happening in Karachi, not on college campuses.

There were no rules governing interactions between boys and girls in the classroom.

Jafar majored in humanities/classics, along with sociology and women's studies, with an economics minor.

## World News

COMPILED BY IPEK BAKIR

### THE AMERICAS



**UNITED STATES**— After a recent article that came out in the journal *Nature*, some regulators across the country started to discuss whether sugar should be considered toxic and go under serious government regulations. Other substances that are considered toxic by the government are tobacco, alcohol and most things that are harmful to the public health. Some of the potential regulatory actions on sugar include higher taxes, restriction on advertisement of sugar products and an age requirement for purchasing sugary products.

### AFRICA



**KENYA** — The country has lost Sh 2.1 billion in the last seven years from printing currencies. The Central Bank of Kenya decided to print money in order to meet country's currency needs. The bank cannot decide to stop printing currency, since it still needs to keep on printing until 2013 to have enough money supply.

### ASIA



**CHINA**— After speculations about a coup against the government being planned on several blogs and websites, the Chinese government announced to shut down social media websites. The government closed, sixteen microblogging websites and arrested six people that were associated with the plots. The government has been especially sensible to any sort of information that might undermine the legitimacy of the Communist Party, since a leadership transition is anticipated in a year.



### MIDDLE EAST

**LIBYA** — "Friends of the Syrian people" summit was held in Turkey last week. During the summit, it was announced that rebels fighting the government of Syria would be paid salaries. The money for the salaries will be supplied by wealthy Gulf Arab states. The Syrian National Council will be responsible for distributing the salaries to all rebel fighters.



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# This Week in Athletics

THE COLLEGE VOICE



BOB MACDONNELL



JOHN NAREWSKI



JOHN NAREWSKI



PHOTOS BY HOITT MCALLISTER



## In Loving Memory of

## Dirk Held



COURTESY OF EMILY MORSE

Emily Morse '05, Dirk Held and Emily Huebscher Meyer '05.

*To fear death, my friends, is only to think ourselves wise, without being wise: for it is to think that we know what we do not know. For anything that men can tell, death may be the greatest good that can happen to them: but they fear it as if they knew quite well that it was the greatest of evils. And what is this but that shameful ignorance of thinking that we know what we do not know?*

Socrates

## Elizabeth S. Kruidenier '48 Professor of Classics

### Chair of Classics Department

### With Connecticut College: 1971-2012

**"I like to investigate the value systems of the ancient world, with attention to how they have shaped our own values and how they contrast with them. The modern age learns from both." - Dirk t. D. Held**

I met Professor Held my freshman year. He taught my Freshman Seminar on Socrates, a Wednesday-Friday at 9 AM class that was always inconvenient to attend despite it being only three flights of steps away. Always stumbling in with early morning fog in our heads, we would walk in to see Professor Held sporting a warm smile, poking fun at how hungover we looked or saying something along the lines of, "Hey, nice pajamas." We would proceed to delve into the world of ancient philosophy and Socratic dialogues as Professor Held effortlessly explained the ins and outs of each text while opening up the class for discussions. Always patient, supportive and funny, Professor Held miraculously made ancient philosophy and 9 AM a perfect pairing.

I always promised myself that I would take another class with Professor Held. As the years

whizzed past and I realized that I actually had to fulfill requirements and even pick a major, the prospects for engaging with him in the classroom once more seemed to be slipping away. Through it all, though, our relationship remained intact. We would stop and chat in Fanning whenever we would pass one another and catch up (and it was never awkward!). He had a firm handshake and always seemed genuinely enthused to hear about what was happening in my life. Even though we never met again in class, we maintained a strong bond outside of it.

Additionally, Professor Held was instrumental in restructuring the Arabic program at Conn and was always reaching out to me and my classmates, inquiring how the department could help us achieve our aims. Though he was an unlikely ally in bringing a stable Arabic curriculum to our

school, he was passionate about his pursuits and completely committed. Without Professor Held, Connecticut College would not be nearly as far along in establishing a stable Arabic program.

Professor Held was a friend and a mentor to me. Our relationship, in my opinion, epitomized the small liberal arts college experience. Although I wasn't a classics major and I was only in one class of his during my freshman year, we kept in touch and sustained a valuable friendship throughout my years at Conn. He was one of the only constants during my career at this school, and I could always count on a good pat on the back and a benevolent smile whenever I saw him. I will miss him greatly.

- Ethan Harfenist '12

Last night I learned that Professor Dirk Held passed away. My immediate reaction was shock – this was a man who was supposed to live forever. His spirit was so young and vibrant. He fit right in with us when we, the classics majors of the class of 2005, went for pizza. He'd run into us at Cro and ask how we were doing—but he never meant studies or small talk. He cared deeply about his students and right now I can only hope that he knew how deeply his students cared about him.

I remember one day, it must have been March or April, I was with two of my fellow classics majors, Emily Huebscher (now Meyer) and Jeremy Moore, both '05, on our way into Cro on a break from working on our honors theses. Professor Held was there, and Jeremy told him I was on the verge of a breakdown. Writer's block had hit hard and an illness that I had refused to share with any of my instructors was hitting harder. I'll always remember the words Professor Held said: "Relax, baby, relax!" It was jovial and kind and it made me—made us—laugh. It wasn't long before I confessed my illness to him. I'd never wanted special treatment. But I realized then, in his office at the very top of Fanning Hall, trying to catch my breath from all of those stairs, that Professor Held had probably known all along. He tried to act

surprised. He wasn't.

But he was generous with me. I was the Editor-in-Chief of the College Voice in my junior and senior years. We closed the paper on Thursdays, and there were nights when I didn't get back to my room until 7 AM. So you can see why when one of my required classes—a 300 level Latin class—was only offered on Fridays at 11, I freaked out. But to Professor Held, the solution was simple—he offered to do an independent study with me. A lot of professors might have told me to suck it up, to step down from my position on the paper, maybe. Professor Held got it, though. He got that I wanted to be a writer, that I was passionate about my work at the Voice, that I was going to go into the publishing field and that I needed this as much as I needed my Latin class.

I switched majors twice before I chose classics, but I was a classics fangirl from my first semester at Conn. I remember scrambling around the athletic center during orientation. Maybe y'all have electronic registration now, but back then, freshman could only pre-register for two classes and the rest of our schedule was filled during a mad dash à la Hunger Games. I was in a tear-stricken panic with my student advisor when she finally suggested I check out the classics department.

Professor Held was there, smiling. I wanted to sound smart and confident. I felt like I was trying out for something—Survivor: Registration Island, maybe—and if I didn't impress him he'd snuff out my torch. But my SA nudged me along. There was a freshmen-only Socrates seminar with a few spots left. Flustered, I blurted out something like "I love Socrates! We translated him a lot in my high school Latin class!"

Yeah. Seriously. I'm sure most of you know that a) Socrates did not write, Plato wrote about him and b) he was Greek.

But I got into that class. I met my best Conn friends there in that seminar. And among those friends I do include Professor Held. Who offered to study emotions in classical literature in one-on-one sessions when the seminar I wanted to take was at the same time as yet another Latin class. Who cared deeply enough about my writing career that he came up with some crazy, b.s. letter to the English department to get me into Professor Hay's 200 level Lit Theory class... even though I hadn't met the prerequisite requirements. Who understood my passion for music and not only allowed me to write a paper on Dionysus and '80s hair metal, but encouraged me to do so (For the record, the paper earned an A. I was so proud.)

I cried in Professor Held's office on more than one occasion about things I don't remember. What I do remember is his kind smile, his hearty laugh, his dirty jokes and the fact that he read my music column in the Voice every week. I remember the entire semester we spent on Catullus, in which he taught me not only about the metre and history and literary merit of pieces we were translating, but also told me all about Catullus' sordid love life and the cheeky innuendoes the poet uses to talk about his lovers' lady parts.

Last night, in a room with some of my closest friends, I got the email from Conn about Professor Held. Today, I'm heartbroken. I'm looking for someone to talk to who knew his big heart and his love for teaching and the fact that he was the reason we were classics majors and minors. We were his little tribe. We still are, spread out now across the US, doing our own things.

Me, I'm writing full time. And it wasn't the poetry classes that taught me to write the way I do (although they were invaluable). I sincerely believe that it's my education as a classicist that matters most. Professor Held gave me the passion and confidence that allows me to write the way I do. He made me brave, unapologetic—whether I'm writing memoir in my first book *Dear Teen*

Me, contemporary fiction, speculative stories or poetry. Professor Held didn't just teach me Latin and philosophy and history. He taught me to be a student, an observer, a listener, a human sponge for knowledge and experience. And he taught me to do what I love.

"Classics major?" I remember asking the other Emily shortly before declaring. "What will I do with that?" Emily planned on going to rabbinical school. Jeremy would apply to law school. I was clueless. But Emily knew. "You'll write kids' books," she said, like it was so obvious. She was right. Professor Held knew, too, having made time for the newspaper in my academic schedule. And I want everyone to know what it means to be a classics major from Connecticut College, under the tutelage of Dirk Held: it means you can do anything. I swear. I promise.

Professor Held, I miss you. I always thought I'd see you again, but I hope you're fully enjoying the Elysian fields, perhaps with a mug of Bailey's and that peanut butter and bacon sandwich you always claimed was delicious. I still don't believe you.

- Emily Morse '05



*Man is the measure of all things*

-Protagoras

How simple of a statement, yet it is so undervalued in our society. The sophist Protagoras spread the idea that the universe is a place in which humans have influence. It revolutionized the idea that people have the capacity to shape their own lives as they see fit. Whether your life is good or bad, it has ultimately fallen upon your shoulders. Professor Dirk Held was the man who taught me the doctrines of Protagoras. He shaped my college career in ways that I couldn't even begin to understand. He was a man who measured his steps in helpful and beneficial strides. He was a professor who showed respect, concern, and love for his students. We always dream of college as a place where the big change happens. Where we encounter the moment in our lives in which we see a better future for ourselves. I am proud to say that meeting Dirk Held was that moment for me. How strange it is to know that the man I have come to love and respect as much as my own father is no longer here. No longer to share those Friday tuna melts. No longer to talk about his insurmountable love for his grandson and his students. This man who has educated and loved me with all the affections of a father is no longer at my side. However, this does not mean that he is forever gone. He lives on in our hearts. The actions of my future, the way I treat people - all of these things, I firmly believe, have been influenced by him. And as we all take that hesitant step into the future, we all know he is there to guide us. Thank you for everything, Professor.

- Ben Cheung '12

Dr. Dirk supported the Arabic program and hoped we establish one of the best Arabic programs in the nation. He helped us bring excellent speakers through the Arabic program and the Classics department and he also helped us arrange for extracurricular activities and events throughout the academic year. Dr. Dirk is irreplaceable and we miss him very much. He will always be in the hearts of his students and colleagues.

- Professor Muhammad Masud, Visiting Lecturer of Arabic

Dirk Held was a model teacher-scholar. Among other things, he possessed a capacious intellect; there was hardly anything he hadn't read, or read about. This boundless concern for the life of the mind enabled Dirk to publish widely and well. Dirk was also fantastic in the classroom: with a dry wit and a charming, avuncular manner, he introduced generations of students to the wonders of the classical world and enriched their lives in the process. Above all else, he was a preternaturally selfless man. Dirk routinely did extra work in order to make things easier for others. And he did this without any complaints. For decades, Dirk was the anchor of the classics department, serving as its chair from 1980 until his passing. With all his extra courses, independent studies, and onerous committee service, he possessed super-human energy.

Dirk was my mentor, both when I was an undergraduate at Connecticut College and beyond. Without him, I would not even have majored in classics. He was my chief vision of what a classics professor was, and I knew I wanted to be like him as an adult. It was only when I became a faculty member, however, that I fully recognized how committed Dirk was to Connecticut College, and how blithely he gave up his time to do more for its students.

There are many memories of Dirk that I shall always cherish. I already miss his guidance, good cheer, and friendship. Thankfully, his spirit will live on in the countless people whose lives he touched.

- Professor Eric Adler, Classics

As someone who came rather late to the classics department, I'm probably less familiar with Professor Held than those dedicated four-year majors. However, as Professor Held was part of my inspiration to join the department as a minor and to do my independent study with him, I'll try my best to put into words what made him such an incredible professor. Professor Held always struck me as someone who approached his position both as a professor and as a student. To me, he was someone who was never done learning and exploring. In our meetings for my independent study, he would often grill me about what was going on in my Grand Strategy seminar and occasionally ended up sitting in on the class on a few occasions. I think he also realized the importance of exploration in his students' studies as well. Even though the details of my study changed ten times over the course of my work, he always took my changes in stride and would point in me the right direction. He was incredibly dedicated to the world of classics and realized the importance of a classical education for understanding the modern world. He was someone who realized we shouldn't ignore the classics simply because they aren't new or trendy, but we should make them a cornerstone of our education as these ideas are what make us modern. Professor Held will be greatly missed by both his current and past students, as well as all members of the Connecticut College classics department. I can only hope if I ever have the opportunity to teach, I can be as inspiring to my students.

- Rebecca Bernbach '12

On an academic level, what I will always remember about Professor Held was his deep knowledge of ancient philosophy. I had him for my freshman seminar, a class about Socrates, and hence we read quite a bit of Plato. His treatment of the Socratic dialogues was the beginning of my interest in philosophy. I read more Plato with Held in Greek later on; and this academic year I had been working on a thesis about the philosopher. Indeed, I got involved in the Classics department largely under Held's influence. He was perhaps the most influential professor I have ever had.

On a more personal level, I will always remember Professor Held's sense of humor. This was evident from the beginning, but came into keener focus in last semester's class on Plautus, a Latin comic playwright. Almost every line has a joke of some kind, and quite a bit of time was expended discussing the most humorous way to render a pun. He was also a warm person; the Classics department once held a majors/minors event in which students in the department presented regarding their semesters abroad and work. At the end of the presentation, Held stood up and said, (I paraphrase) that it was great to be a professor of Classics because of authors like Aeschylus and Thucydides, but even more so because of the students. And I believe that Held truly believed this, as he taught at the College for more than forty years, and would have gone on for even longer if given the chance.

- Travis Lynch '12

Dr. Dirk and his wife, Candy Held, were the first two people we met when we came to Connecticut College. We cherish the good times we spent with them and their kindness and hospitality will always be remembered. Dr. Dirk inspired me and supported our move and settling down in New London like a father and a close friend. Right from the beginning of my career here, Dr. Dirk told me that the college is willing to do all it takes to see Arabic flourish here. My experience has been very rewarding and Dr. Dirk's words of love and support keep us all going. Students of Arabic here are among the best in the nation and they very much appreciate Dr. Dirk's and the college's efforts to make this program succeed. We love him so much and without his tremendous efforts and support, the Arabic Program would not have been as successful. His good deeds will always remind us of how wonderful and loving of a person he is.

- Professor Waed Athamneh, Visiting Lecturer of Arabic

*If you would like to share your  
memories of Dirk Held, please visit  
[www.thecollegevoice.org](http://www.thecollegevoice.org)  
and leave your note in the  
comments section of this article.*

My fondest memories of Professor Held are from anytime that I passed him on campus. No matter if he was with a group of people, or seemed to be in a rush, he would always stop and have a conversation with me. These conversations were never particularly deep or intellectual, but they always put me into a significantly better mood than I had been in before. My most memorable interaction with him is from one of those dreaded rainy and gray New London days. It was pretty cold, and pouring

raining. I was walking back very quickly from the library with a friend of mine, trying to get home as fast as possible. Campus was completely deserted, but all of a sudden Professor Held popped out of nowhere. He stopped in the torrential down-pour to playfully jeer at our matching purple rain boots, with that classic Professor Held smirk. All jokes aside, he proceeded to genuinely offer us the umbrella that he was using, citing the fact that there were two of us and only one of him. Per-

sonally, I know that I would never give up my umbrella in that situation, but that is the type of guy that Professor Held was. He went so far out of his way for any Conn student.

Professor Held's dedication to the student body was made manifest in his critical role in the Connecticut College Arabic department. It might seem strange that the head of the Classics Department played such a pivotal role in the creation of a Arabic program, but honestly, without Professor Held, there

would not be one. The amount of time and effort that he put into building a program that was very different than the department that he himself had been working with for the past forty years spoke highly to his character. I never had a class with Professor Held, but I would definitely credit him as my biggest advocate within the Connecticut College community. For that, I will always have a very special place for him in my heart.

- Claire Brennan '13



## Stand Your Ground Picking Up the Pieces of the Trayvon Martin Case

**LIBBY CARBERRY**  
STAFF WRITER

A friend of mine recently explained to a gathered group of friends that simply living her everyday life at Connecticut College was and continues to be the venue of the most intense racism she has ever encountered in her life.

Random passerbys and oblivious professors in the context of a predominantly white school dish out casual racism knowingly and unknowingly, and it was the first time racism was a reality for her. She later went on to say, in so many words, that bravery in personal relationships can ease the pain of racism and give those suppressed by it hope; to be brave and honest and genuine with peoples of all colors, peoples of all personal and psychological nuances, quirks, memories and futures. The bravery to be uncomfortable in a relationship or interaction, to embrace what you were once ignorant of and perhaps afraid of, and realize the beauty in it. I found this very poignant —the simplicity of it especially moved me.

But is it really that easy? Is there a bravery switch one can turn on and off? Ignorance, though controllable, barely seems like a choice any sane person would commit to consciously. But maybe I'm ignorant myself, or at least childish or naïve, in thinking that "finding beauty in everything" is an instinctual or natural occurrence in a world with so many faces and mysterious, unfamiliar, almost alien traditions and histories. In a world of such differences, hatred is also an instinct, a defense mechanism to push away the unfamiliar. Perhaps there is bravery in denial of hatred as an instinct, and replacing hatred with an invitation to what is new and un-

known. A moment of hatred could have defined the moment George Zimmerman pulled the trigger on Trayvon Martin.

On February 26, 2012 George Zimmerman, a mixed-race white and Peruvian man shot and killed Trayvon Martin, an unarmed seventeen-year-old African-American in Sanford, Florida. The details of the case have been hotly debated since the incident occurred, but many feel that the shooting was racially motivated rather than an act of self-defense. Due to Florida's Stand Your Ground law, no charges have been filed against Zimmerman by the state's attorney office.

Reports and evidence, as reported all across the mainstream media and the blogosphere, tell us of a confusing, loud encounter between the two men. To what extent was Zimmerman provoked, many ask. Most stand by Trayvon, iconizing and romanticizing details of the attack. Skittles and hooded sweatshirt hold a new, powerful meaning. It does not matter that Trayvon may have gotten in trouble at school a few times for smoking weed; it does not matter that he was violent before Zimmerman ended his life. What really matters is that Trayvon could have been anyone, the scene of the crime could have been anywhere, and that implication raises tension even more in a country already flooded with racial division and angst.

Allow these scandalous, media-slaughtered stories to spark a conversation in your own life, and understand that bravery lives in understanding and love. That, for whatever reason there is hatred in the world, for whatever reason there is an urge to kill in the heat of our blood,

we have the power to fight that urge; we have the control to manipulate it.

I've watched friends and family pass on devastating hatred through their bloodline, spread it to those who love and trust each other the most. An abusive and absent father manipulates his daughter to hate her desperately hard-working mother and loving brother. Parents, caught in their own abusive cycle, subject their children to the cult of a religion that teaches to hate, alienate and hurt so many populations of innocent people with differing beliefs.

When those we love encourage us to hate, hate becomes a gateway to acceptance. Perhaps when someone we trust promotes hatred, when that someone we trust is the center of our life and defines how we live and why we live it... where are we to turn except that hatred? Too many people are taught to fill the void with fear and ignorance burned inside them with hatred. It does not have to be this way, and it takes personal relationships and trust to heal the wounds hatred, ignorance and fear that is so innate in mass media and social relationships.

I can only hope that the Trayvon Martin case brings people together and starts a constructive dialogue about race relations in the United States. Even though we have a black President and have made incredible progress toward a more free and equal society, we still have a long way to go as a nation.

We all have the power of speech; we all have the power of connection with others, and to unlearn the prejudices bestowed upon us by some of our fellow Americans. We all have the choice to put the gun away. •

## Homeless Hotspots at SXSW

**AYLA ZURAW-FRIEDLAND &  
GREG VANCE**  
STAFF WRITERS

A few weeks ago at the South by Southwest (SXSW) Festival in Austin, Texas, the advertising agency BBH Labs put a radical new idea into action. The five-day festival includes musical performances, film viewings, and perhaps most importantly, a technology forum "offering keynote presentations, panel sessions, book readings, meet-ups, workshops, and conversation that provide hands-on training as well as big-picture analysis," according to their website.

But aside from presenting accomplished artists as well as up-and-comers, the festival also serves as an opportunity for advertising agencies to test new marketing schemes on a highly specific and lucrative demographic: affluent geeks.

Since Wi-Fi has been traditionally difficult to come by at SXSW, BBH Labs hired thirteen homeless people from the Front Steps Shelter in Austin to carry wireless hotspots around the festival and sell Wi-Fi access. They called the initiative "Homeless Hotspots." BBH paid the participants \$20 upfront, plus a minimum of \$50 a day for roughly six hours of work. Interested patrons at SXSW would walk up to the human hotspot, ask for the access code and make a small payment. The recommended donation was \$2 for fifteen minutes of use, and all money paid for the Wi-Fi went straight to the participants.

An important part of homeless culture is the organization of "street newspapers" completely written and circulated by the homeless. These papers aim to raise awareness about homeless issues and collect donations to help fellow homeless people improve their situations, hopefully raising enough money to move from shelters to actual housing. BBH saw an opportunity to modernize this kind of community development program and make it more widespread. The Homeless Hotspots idea was intended as a way to

"bring street newspapers into the digital age," according to the program's website.

The Homeless Hotspots idea ignited a lot of controversy and debate because many found the program to be exploitive. Critics felt that BBH was taking advantage of homeless people by using them to market wireless connectivity. Some saw the program's t-shirts as dehumanizing to the participants because they used the wording "I am a 4G hotspot," rather than "I have a 4G hotspot," reducing the homeless participants to the role of conduits for Internet activity.

However, there were also many other people, including several of the program's participants, who felt that the program was a positive idea. It allowed homeless people, they argued, who would normally be ignored by most pedestrians at the festival to socialize and be noticed, raising public awareness of their plight as well as putting a few much-needed dollars into their pockets.

Clarence Jones, one of the thirteen participants who had been left homeless in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, said in an interview with the /New York Times/, "Everyone thinks I'm getting the rough end of the stick but I don't feel that...I love talking to people and it's a job. An honest day of work and pay."

Defenders of the project point out that BBH could have given the job to almost anyone, paid him or her minimum wage, and raked in a huge profit. But they chose not to; they instead offered the opportunity to needy individuals and let them keep the money they made. "The point of the project is to empower [the homeless participants]," said Saneel Radia, the head of innovation at BBH Labs.

But the possibly dehumanizing elements of the project highlighted by the critics are hard to ignore. People with the means to afford these extremely expensive gadgets, for which the Wi-Fi is necessary, are being served by people who aren't as fortunate. •

## What's Next? Twitter, Facebook and the Future of Journalism

A presentation by  
**Brian Stelter**  
Media Reporter,  
The New York Times



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# Classism at Connecticut College

LALITA RUSS  
CONTRIBUTOR

In recent years, there has been a growing discourse in the United States about social class and inequality. The Occupy Wall Street movement has made phrases like “the 99%” fashionable, and we are finally talking about how much money it takes to run for president and whether wealth is really the best qualifier for leadership. Jazmine Hughes’ editorial “Connecticut College, broken down into numbers” at the beginning of the semester about diversity and tuition reminded me of a question that has been on my mind since my sophomore year here: why aren’t we talking about class?

As any sociology major will tell you, numerous factors make up a person’s social location and that the big three are race, gender and class. I remember one year the campus community received little cards in our mailboxes asking, “What does race mean at Conn?” And sometime later another one that read, “What does gender mean at Conn?”

I waited patiently for the card that would read, “What does class mean at Conn?” But we were too afraid to ask.

To be fair, I would dare say there isn’t a person here who hasn’t at least thought about what class means at Conn. Our extremely high tuition seems to give us a simultaneous sense of entitlement and a feeling of shame.

We’ve all heard someone say “I pay fifty-something grand to be here, so I should be allowed to...” but most of us have probably also done a private face-palm as we see another article listing Conn as one of the most expensive schools in the country. (By the way, we’ve also

been listed as one of the friendliest schools in the country).

When it comes down to a serious or personal conversation, however, class makes people very uncomfortable. For the most part, we don’t talk about class at Conn, and I argue that perhaps we should start to.

When I hear people say “I pay fifty thousand dollars to be here,” my usual response is “I don’t.” My family pays very little out of pocket for me to attend this school, due to the generous financial aid I’ve been awarded by the government, the college and a few outside scholarships. I couldn’t be here without that help, and I remind myself often how lucky I am to be graduating from this beautiful liberal arts college in May.

Of course, a little less than half of us are on some amount financial aid, leaving a little over half of us paying the full tuition to be here. This fact is less immediately visible than race and gender, but it still counts as diversity.

The point is, when I arrived here, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed in August of 2008, I was prepared to come across people who were different from me in many ways, but I found myself facing a different kind of culture shock that I (perhaps naively) had not anticipated. I noticed it slowly at first—when my friends looked up their beautiful houses on Google Earth, for example, and I suddenly felt strange about the two-family house where I live on the second floor with my mom and my younger sister. In one class I took, several people mentioned the women who came to clean their houses once a week—a service I had ignorantly never considered as a real possibility except when I pictured

celebrities and mansions. Little experiences like these slowly made me aware that my family had significantly less money than many of the families of my peers at Conn.

This fact does not bother me in the slightest. In fact, I rarely even think about it anymore. I am deeply grateful for my upbringing and the things that I have, and class was something I had never really thought about before my arrival at Connecticut College. I had never encountered people who lived such different lives than mine and those of the people immediately surrounding me in Keene, New Hampshire.

Suddenly I was unsure of where my voice came in and I was unaccustomed to being the one with a perennially different perspective due in part to my different socioeconomic background. (I later embraced this.)

One afternoon in Harris I brought the subject up and was surprised to find that it made my slightly more well-off friends uneasy. I began to understand that many of us have grown up in relatively economically homogenous areas—the questions I was asking were new to us all. Part of the reason we can get away with not talking about class is because it is largely invisible. I can “pass” easily as a girl from the suburbs. But another thing that distinguishes discussions of class from those about race and gender is the idea that our class is within our control.

Unfortunately, we seem to hold conflicting and equally damaging ideas about what class means in this country. On one hand, the American Dream dictates that everyone who has money deserves it and has earned it, and anyone who doesn’t has been unable to pull themselves up by their bootstraps. A different narrative may be

equally prevalent: that wealthy people must be snobs and poor people must be working-class heroes. Neither is categorically or usually true, and leaves conscientious citizens like us feeling guilty and confused. We are afraid to reveal our socioeconomic backgrounds for fear of what it says about us and how it will make others feel. Let us also remember that since most of us at Connecticut College still depend financially on our parents, our class isn’t even really ours yet, but entirely inherited.

My point is this: our socioeconomic class differences don’t mean anything inherent about who we are or who we will become, despite these narratives which dictate that they must be a part of our personal identity. Most of us are well aware that a great deal of our learning here takes place outside of the classroom. Especially in a setting where education is a great equalizer, we have little to fear from a discussion about class except that our own conceptions about it might be challenged. We do, I’d argue, have much to gain from such a conversation. Not only can we learn, as always, from the diverse population at Connecticut College, but we can also begin to understand how a force, which has massive implications in our country and in our growing global society, impacts our own personal lives. I believe this understanding is vital to being effective and fully educated graduates.

Note: After I wrote this article, I saw a sign for an event called “Classism 101” put on by the Diversity Peer Educators. I was unable to attend, but this event began to address the issue of class. A promising beginning, I’d say. •

## “Could You Enter Your Username and Password, Please?” Employers’ new trick with Facebook

KYLE DAVID SMITH  
STAFF WRITER

Would you give out the keys to your house in order to get a job? Would you let someone go through boxes of personal belongings, mail and pictures? For most people, the answer is an unequivocal “no.” Yet an increasing number of people are facing a question similar to this in their quest to find a job during these difficult economic times. Over the past few weeks, increased attention has been paid to the issue of employers asking applicants for their Facebook login information during job interviews, sparking a debate on whether interviewers are justified in asking, and whether interviewees should be willing to give up their privacy.

Internet privacy wars have been well-documented in the past. Given the business models of social networking sites, which typically rely on using troves of user information to attract advertisers, there’s a clear tradeoff between ease of communication and the right to privacy, something that most users today have come to accept. Users have also become more adept at taking advantage of privacy settings to ward off unwanted posted photos, the release of embarrassing information, or even to entirely cut off the outside world from their content, but the issue posed by employers asking for access to your accounts creates a whole different problem.

What has led many to increase the protection of their online privacy results from the dangers that come from having information out there for anyone—especially employers—to see. After years of being advised by an older and wiser generation, anyone who’s in college today and has a shred of common sense knows about the importance of censoring himself or herself online. All of that gets thrown out, though, if potential employers have the right to dig through your information. While Facebook itself recognizes that the practice is against its guidelines on use and spoils the assumptions of privacy and security that users expect on the site, there

hardly seems to be any legal ground that can be taken if people are voluntarily giving up their credentials. An FCC reform bill with an amendment to ban the practice was shot down recently in Congress. Connecticut’s own Senator Richard Blumenthal has announced that he is in the process of writing a bill to ban the practice, and has appealed to the Department of Justice to investigate it, but it is still unclear what the timeframe would be like on these measures.

It’s obviously easy to see all of this adding up to nothing more than another fringe privacy-hawk issue, an inevitable consequence of what happens when the real world collides with the digital, but it’s also

*As college students, individuals being groomed to soon enter the workforce, there might not be anything more important to us than the state of that workforce when we get there.*

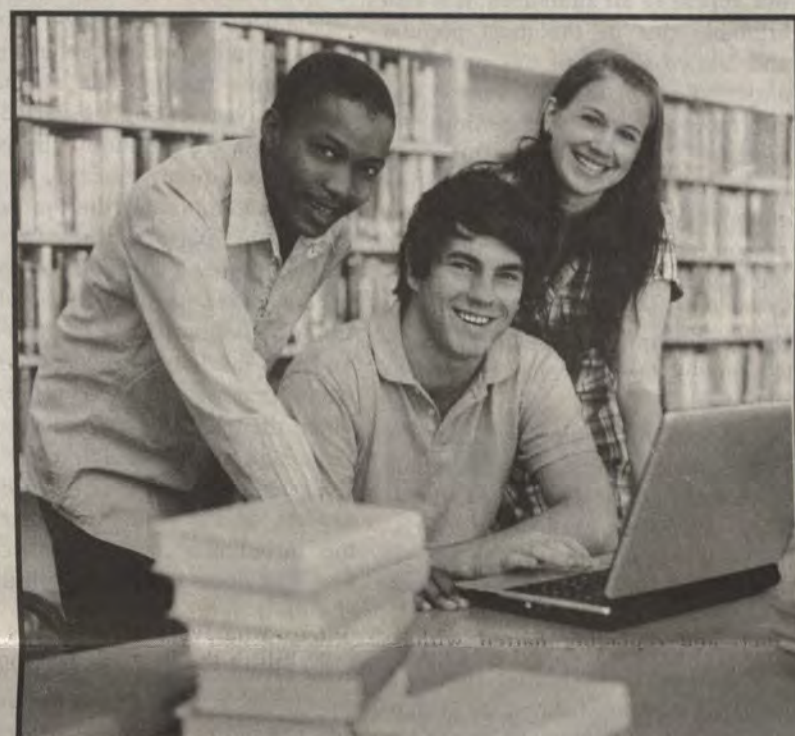
legitimately scary to think about the types of problems that may lead to one giving up their information in less than comfortable circumstances. Senator Blumenthal cites a law passed in 1988 banning polygraph testing in job interviews, the Employee Polygraph Protection Act, as his rationale behind writing his bill. What’s similar about these acts by interviewers is that is that there is an air of coercion in them. When there’s money at stake, especially in the face of bills, debt and everything else that adds stress to our lives, there’s probably many things you can make someone “voluntarily” do that turn out to be a whole lot less voluntary.

As college students, individuals being groomed to soon enter the job market, we might consider the state of the workforce our first priority when we get there. Everyone, to some degree, is worried about the prospects for work in the future,

whether we’re looking for a job three months or three years down the road. Couple this with the fact that we’re going to school—and not a cheap one—at a time when national student debt is higher than ever before while the national employment rate is only beginning to slowly tick up, and it’s easy to see how desperate these times could get. Of course some students at Conn won’t be faced with taking jobs under uncomfortable circumstances, but others definitely will.

Speaking with friends, peers and faculty around campus about the Facebook situation, and about whether they would give out their privacy to get a job, there seemed to be one common thread. Most at first gave a resounding “no,” and talked about how they would never feel comfortable working for a company that didn’t respect their privacy. Some talked about how it was bad enough that employers were already encroaching on the border between online personal life and real-world public life, and how employers had no right to access and judge private photos, friend’s lists and messages meant to be shared only between two pairs of eyes. However, when reminded of the state of the economy and unemployment, most also began to pull back from their remarks a bit, and take a more realistic look at what they would do.

Nobody wants to be that loser who spends the year after graduation living in the room they were meant to vacate as a permanent resident the day they packed up for college. Nobody wants to spend what’s meant to be the best four years of their lives becoming a failure because they can’t hold down a job. These are common truths, facts we can all agree on. In order to help make sure that no one among us degrades themselves in the face of these facts, we all have to be able to take matters like this very seriously, support the right to online privacy and initiatives that protect it, and say no to our personal lives being invaded even before we’re asked the question, “could you enter your username and password, please?” •



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# Bringing the Sixties Back

*Mad Men* season five premiere offers a fresh look at culture of the 1960s

EMMALINE DEIHL  
STAFF WRITER

The wait has finally ended. As of last week, *Mad Men* is back on the air. Following a seventeen-month hiatus, the tremendously popular and acclaimed show about advertising executives working on Madison Avenue in the 1960s returned for its fifth season with a two-hour premiere episode. While *Mad Men* may not appeal to all audiences, it is still arguably one of the most popular and lauded shows of our time. The anticipation for the fifth season was enormous. Thanks to ingenious advertising, the producers managed to build up hype while revealing essentially nothing about the new season, and Sunday's premiere had the highest number of viewers in the show's history. Thankfully, it did not disappoint and reinforced the many aspects of the show that make it so popular.

The season premiere was not the most dramatic or exciting episode that *Mad Men* has produced, but it fully served its purpose of catching viewers up with the characters' lives, introducing new plot-lines and revealing the changing world of the late 1960s. It fit very well with the general tone of the series. One of the great aspects of the show is that it never aims to be melodramatic or sensational. Yes, it is a highly intense

drama, but it is a drama grounded in reality. The brilliant writing, acting and art direction lends the show a completely believable and realistic tone. It is a nuanced, thought-provoking look into the interwoven lives of a group of people, how they react to each other and their struggles to be happy in a society which largely dictates their choices.

*Mad Men* is not a choice about the 1960s, but this historical setting is fundamental to the show's progression. We only find out about historical events through the characters' perspectives, giving us varied outlooks that are unique to the period and often quite shocking. Unlike many contemporary films and shows set in other periods, it does not aim to stereotype, glamorize or change aspects of the past. It is a completely blunt depiction of life in the 1960s, and it is fascinating to see the many ways that society has progressed since then and the many, often unfortunate, ways in which it has not.

The season premiere focused on aspects of the changing times and the turbulence of the mid-to-late-60s. The episode begins with a shot of a civil rights protest in New York City and quickly moves to a scene in an office building of young white men jokingly throwing water bombs out a window onto the protesters. This opening effectively revealed

the changing nature of society as well as the common, and frequently negative, reactions to these changes.

The art direction, sets and costumes of *Mad Men* are impeccable. Besides being historically accurate, each outfit, interior and set is tailored to reveal aspects about the characters and their lives. In fact,

*Each of the characters struggles to find some satisfaction and happiness in their lives, and many fail.*

the costumes and sets are one of the principal reasons for the show's popularity. Older viewers remember living in that time and can remember wearing similar dresses or sitting on a couch that was the same distinct color, while younger viewers appreciate the window into a bygone era. While many of the costumes and sets are indeed beautiful, and viewers may pine over Joan's sheath dresses, Betty's glamorous evening gowns or Don's tailored suits (indeed *Mad Men* has spurred a huge trend of retro fashion), the show is also honest. The young, hip crowd is starting to experiment with their clothing, paralleling their experimental and freer

lifestyles. The prim, conventional dinner parties hosted by Don's first wife Betty starkly contrast with the comparatively wild and provocative party hosted by Don's second wife Megan.

Megan is the prominent new character on the show, resulting from her and Don's impulsive marriage at the end of season four. Besides also being beautiful and glamorous, she is the complete opposite of Betty. She is carefree, in tune with the times, very assertive and seems to understand Don. Whether or not their marriage will last remains to be seen, but for the first time in a long time Don appears to be happy, something that alarms his coworkers. Indeed, most of the characters on the show are not happy or completely satisfied with their lives. *Mad Men*, therefore, should not be watched by people looking for a light-hearted show; it can be fairly depressing.

It does not aim to be a dark or depressing show, and thanks to the writing there is also well-crafted comic relief; it is simply revealing the complex realities of life for these people, many of whom are trapped by the norms of the time. The acting on the show is superb; all the characters seem completely realistic and natural and represent a diverse range of personalities and outlooks. Each of the characters struggles to find

some satisfaction and happiness in their lives, and many fail. So far in season five we see Roger and Jane's marriage falling apart, as he realizes that she is simple and shallow, while she now resents being married to an old man. Peggy is frustrated by her work; she believes she is under-appreciated and overworked. Joan desperately wants to return to her job and is paranoid that she will not retain her power and importance after taking time off to care for her new baby. While she loves her child, she also misses her old way of life and is emotionally strained. Pete Campbell is also frustrated by his position at work and realizes that the American dream of living with his wife and child in the suburbs is perhaps not what he wanted after all.

The general theme of the season premiere was the struggle to gain, regain or retain power, influence or some semblance of happiness. Betty, the notoriously troubled housewife, and her husband Francis were noticeable from the episode, which was slightly disappointing but also built anticipation for this coming week's episode. Besides being a fabulous look at the changing culture of the sixties, the season premiere reminded viewers of why they fell in love with the show and whetted appetites for the rest of the season. •

## Channing Tatum Is Funny?

*21 Jump Street* produces unlikely new comedy duo

CHRIS GIRI  
STAFF WRITER

In high school, Schmidt and Jenko (Jonah Hill and Channing Tatum, respectively) played the roles one might expect. Jenko was the loud-mouthed jock, Schmidt the outcast dressed, as Jenko puts it, "not so Slim Shady." When the two meet again at police academy years later, they realize it's time to put their differences aside and work together to earn their badges. One epic montage later and they're on the force. However, a botched drug arrest gets them sent to the 21 Jump Street office, headquarters for the district's undercover high school operations, to root out a new drug that's surfaced before it spreads to other districts.

*Jump Street* could easily have played out a very different way from this point on.

In fact, the movie's casting really would lead you to think that Tatum would play the alpha leader of their operation, with Hill playing yet another awkward sidekick. Thankfully, the movie turns this notion completely on its head. As soon as the pair returns to high school, it's clear that things have changed. There are new cliques (neither Schmidt nor Jenko is able to identify with the group of kids standing around in thick black-rimmed glasses), and Jenko soon finds out that it's no longer cool to punch somebody in the parking lot on the first day of school. So while Jenko is relegated to hanging out with the chemistry nerds, Schmidt quickly finds

friends and gains a lead on finding the drug supplier.

Who would've thought Tatum could pull off being the foil in a comedy duo? Though Hill may have proven his acting chops lately, even grabbing an Oscar nomination for his role in *Moneyball*, it's outstanding that Tatum is able to be the "funny guy" in a movie where his opposite is one of the major players in today's comedy.

Though *Jump Street* is a comedy through and through, the buddy-cop angle requires at least some car chases and gunplay. To my pleasant surprise, the action in the movie was crisp and stylish. However, even these scenes rarely take themselves too seriously. While a character taking a bullet looks hyper-realistic, *Jump Street* has no problem pumping other characters with dozens of bullets just for the absurdity of it.

I won't bother recounting the jokes in *Jump Street*, but suffice it to say that they're consistent and, more importantly, consistently funny. The jokes provide a great blend of slapstick, pop culture references and plenty of the "random" jokes of which more recent comedies are so fond.

Though high production value and a great script do carry the film far, it's the

casting that makes it remarkable. Even aside from Tatum and Hill, the supporting cast is remarkably solid. Rob Riggle plays a perfect track and field coach, Brie Larson evokes the high school comedies of the '80s and more minor appearances from Ice Cube, *Parks and Recreation*'s Nick Offerman and YouTube star Dax Flame help to elevate *Jump Street* beyond typical comedy fare.

Though I've never seen the source material, a bit of Googling suggests that the original *21 Jump*

*Street* T.V. show was a far cry from comedy, instead serving as more of a PSA about controversial topics of the time. So why remake the show into a comedy film some twenty years later? Honestly, it seems to be for the clever premise. *21 Jump Street* openly mocks the film industry's recycling of old properties for a quick buck; save for the basic structure the movie feels completely fresh. In terms of substance, perhaps the only major carryover from the 1980s is the film's sincerity; the performances by Brie Larson and others really do call to mind the emotional character of a John Hughes movie. Lately, it seems a comedy that packs both laughs and substance is few and far between.

Thankfully, *21 Jump Street* boasts plenty of both. •







# “The World Will Be Watching”

## Racist *Hunger Games* viewers take to Twitter to express their disgust over casting choices

MELANIE THIBEAULT  
ARTS EDITOR

You would think the biggest issue with a dystopian movie about adolescents who have to kill each other in the woods *Battle Royale*-style would be the fact that adolescents have to kill each other in the woods *Battle Royale*-style. But, no; disgruntled movie-goers, some self-proclaimed fans of Suzanne Collins's *Hunger Games* book series, are more upset with the skin color of certain actors than the gruesome, violent acts that children are forced to commit for survival, which is ridiculous since Collins explicitly describes the racial makeup of two of these three characters in question in the book. Some people, who clearly did not read very well, are so upset about the presence of black characters in *The Hunger Games* movie that they've taken their disappointment and disapproval and put it in the best place possible: on Twitter for the whole world to read.

These so-called fans' biggest issue happens to be with one of the most lovable characters in the book: Rue, a twelve-year-old girl from District 11, played by Amandla Stenberg. There are also complaints about Lenny Kravitz, who played the role of Cinna, one of the stylists for the *Hunger Games*, and Dayo Okeniyi, who played Thresh, the other tribute from District 11. Their concern? All three of these characters are played by black actors. The horror!

In addition to personal and societal issues, there are two main problems with the racist backlash. First, the skin color of the actors should not matter. In the *Hunger Games*, Rue is a sweet badass whose personality and demeanor remind the

heroine Katniss of her younger sister Prim. In the book (spoiler alert), Katniss develops such a close bond with Rue that she's naturally broken-hearted when Rue is killed, and as readers, we tear up a little (okay, we bawl) when we read about her death. Should we care what Rue looks like — if she's a pale, blonde-haired girl or a dark-skinned brunette? No. We care about Rue as a character because of the qualities she possesses.

Second, Collins writes explicitly in the book that Rue has dark skin and eyes, but that didn't stop readers-turned-movie-goers from expressing confusion and disapproval of the casting. One Twitter user wrote, “Uuuuhhhhh, Rue looks NOTHING like I imagined her. Isn't she supposed to be a pale redhead (or was that just in MY head?)? Why is she black?!” Uuuuhhhhh, no, that's definitely just in your head. Apparently a lot of people didn't read closely enough. Though, I suppose “dark skin” could easily refer to the tan cast of *Jersey Shore*. So, the real question is, why doesn't Rue look like Jwoww?

Milan Saunders '13 pointed out the obvious misreading of the novel. “I think people need to read the book. It's clearly stated in the book that the characters from District 11 are people of color. It just shows how far we haven't come when people make stupid comments to degrade someone's life work because of the color of their skin. I couldn't believe people were upset about that.”

People weren't just upset; some were outraged. One young, ignorant Twitter user claimed that the casting of Stenberg as Rue “not gonna lie kinda ruined the movie.” Not gonna lie, you're kinda ruining my faith in

the American youth. Another moviegoer wrote, “Kk call me racist but when I found out rue was black her death wasn't as sad #ihatemyself.” How can a person in 2012 honestly believe that the death of a character is less sad simply because the little girl was black and not white? Worse than that, how can they consciously post that thought on a PUBLIC site and expect the rest of America to jump on their bandwagon? #BlazingStupidity. At least he acknowledges with what little intelligence he has left that he should hate himself for such a racist, ignorant comment.

Lauren Rosano '14 said, “I'm just horrified that people not only have those thoughts in the first place, but that they are ignorant enough to post them on social networking site where anyone can see their comments.”

The fact that these casting choices have caused such uproar is cause for alarm. As we've seen, it wasn't just one bigoted movie-goer who had a problem with it; there are a whole lot of Twitter users (some now former Twitter users after closing their accounts, hopefully in shame) that voiced their disgust. Have we really regressed that much as a society that our current generation of adolescents will only enjoy a movie if the characters are all white? #SeriouslyAmerica? To make the color of someone's skin a meter for how sad you are when they die is disgusting. I don't even want to know what these people had to say about the death of Trayvon Martin. “Not gonna lie kinda ruined the news for me.” One Twitter satirist went so far as to reference Martin when he wrote, “Those people were confused because Rue and Thresh didn't wear

a hoodie in the book.” I'm sure some people out there were offended by his comment, but the sad fact is, he's probably right; the characters didn't seem black, which brings up the issue with stereotypes. They're not real, and shouldn't be used to clump groups of people together, but in our society, people still use stereotypes to generalize certain groups of people. So if these racist readers “happened” to skim over the line where Collins described Rue and Thresh's dark skin, they just assumed they were white.

Speaking of stereotypes, one tweeter wrote, “awkward moment when Rue is some black girl and not the little blonde innocent girl you picture.” The association with “innocent” to “little blonde girl” deeply disturbs me. Why can't a little black girl be innocent? Rue's character is definitely innocent, and per Collins's description, she is also black. Why is that so shocking? For those who seriously buy into racial stereotypes, let me put this into perspective for you. Remember Raven-Symoné's character on *The Cosby Show*? Innocent, adorable black girl. Remember Kate Sanders from *Lizzie McGuire*? Bitchy, blonde white girl. Want more? Watch *Toddlers and Tiaras* on TLC and you'll find the phrase “little blonde girl” to be the least fitting modifier. I'm not trying to generalize or say that all white girls are bratty; I'm trying to provide a counter to the ignorant, primal “white, good; black, bad” mentality. Innocent white girls do exist (Dakota Fanning, Abigail Breslin, the girls on *Full House* before they grew up and did lots of drugs), but innocent black girls exist, too, so get over the “shock” that Rue could ever

possibly be black and awesome, and enjoy the movie like a decent human being.

The gross misreading of the characters' physical descriptions underlies an important, albeit disappointing, truth about readers' subconscious minds. Since these readers didn't catch what Collins explicitly wrote about the District 11 tributes' dark skin, the readers' subconscious minds automatically assumed that the characters were white. Why? I'm willing to bet (and thanks to modern technology and Twitter profile pictures, I'm confident in my assumption) that many of these confused readers are white themselves. They assume that these characters are white like them because they want them to be white; they want to look up to these characters, and the only way they can identify with them is if they have the same skin color. Again, why? Why can't a white girl or boy look up to or identify with a black character, particularly since the opposite is expected all the time? I'm white but growing up, I looked up to Tia and Tamera Mowry and watched *Sister, Sister* religiously. I identified with their awkward, hilarious teenage selves. I didn't care if my skin color didn't match theirs. What was and is important is a deeper, personal connection to the characters.

I'd just like to say two last things before I wrap this up. To the politicians in America who seriously want to cut funding to our educational system, DON'T. And to Amandla Stenberg, you could take any one of those haters in a *Hunger Games*-style competition, so just keep acting and don't give the idiotic critics a second thought. •

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# The Vagina Monologues



## Taking On the *Vag Mons*

DAVID SHANFIELD  
NEWS EDITOR

I did not plan on attending the Vagina Monologues. As a man, I found the title less than welcoming. It sounded exclusive, as though it was a performance solely for women and by women, and I suppose it made me squeamish as well. I had no intention of overstepping my own boundaries.

Upon expressing my decision not to attend to my friends performing in the Monologues, I was immediately bombarded with opposition. I tried to explain that I was uncomfortable with the subject matter, and that I didn't think I belonged in the audience. They scoffed at my discomfort, and told me to suck it up. They told me that the Vagina Monologues is important, relevant and pivotal in the movement to stop violence against women. They also told me that I was a shitty friend if I didn't attend and support their hard work. And so, on Friday evening outside of Evans Hall, I found myself with ticket in hand, waiting to enter the Monologues.

The Vagina Monologues was written in 1996 by American playwright and feminist activist Eve Ensler. The monologues are based off of the stories and experiences of over 200 women who Ensler interviewed about their views on their bodies, sex and relationships and violence against women. The monologues are also the foundation for V-Day, established in 1988. V-Day, which takes place on February 14, is a movement to end and raise awareness about violence against wom-

en. The Vagina Monologues is performed annually in conjunction with V-Day in order to raise money for the cause.

When Eve Ensler launched V-Day, an activist movement, in 1988, she stated that the purpose of the Vagina Monologues had changed from a celebration of femininity to a campaign to end violence against women. This transformation seemed to be reflected in Conn's performance of the monologues, as the performances after the intermission confronted much heavier and graver topics than those that had been performed before. These topics included the rape of twenty to seventy thousand women, who were raped during the war in Yugoslavia, and also the horrifying experiences faced by a male-to-female transsexual.

After an initial introduction by Megan Reback '12, this year's producer of the show, Cyndi Lauper's ever upbeat "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" came on over the speakers, and the entire cast took over the stage and aisles of Evans, dancing to the music in their red and black garb. When the music faded out, the cast proceeded to introduce the vagina by its several different nicknames. The first few nicknames were relatively familiar and straightforward, such as "pussy," "cooch" and "punani." However, as each cast member contributed their own label, the names began to get progressively more flavorful, with a handful of crowd pleasers such as "It's Britney, bitch," "Justin Beaver," and "Notorious V-A-G."

The first few monologues elicited many laughs and applause from the audience. "The Flood" was performed by four

different women, speaking with slightly varied but equally hilarious New York Jewish accents. The monologue described one woman's embarrassment after having had an accidental "flood" on the passenger seat of her date's car. Because of her embarrassment, and her date's less than kind reaction to the situation, the woman, as she put it, "closed up shop down there."

Molly Bienstock '14 was one of the performers in "The Flood." Bienstock described her experience performing in the monologue as "empowering, in a really tangible way. You hear your own words, but you also see your hard work reflected in the other performers on stage with you."

Bienstock also explained that over the course of their rehearsals, she had become extremely close with her cast mates, and that she knows of girls in other monologues who feel similarly about their co-performers.

As for the audience, Bienstock said that she hoped that other women came away from the performance feeling more aware of their bodies and more comfortable with themselves.

"It's helpful for other women seeing one story, one perspective, told by four different people. All the same fashion, but a little bit of distinction," concluded Bienstock.

The next monologue involved a "Vagina Workshop," where with the help of an instructor and a mirror, women would learn to explore and pleasure themselves. At this point in the monologues, I began thinking about my penis, as is often the case. For men, masturbation is somewhat

less than ceremonious. It's relatively easy, can be done quickly and is unaffected by time or place. This monologue, though, is told from the perspective of an adult woman who, up until that point, had never masturbated and had only experienced an orgasm on accidental occasions, such as riding a horse.

However, while a woman's orgasms may be fewer and farther between, the performers in the monologue described it as a transcending, spiritual and empowering event. While the anatomical differences between a man and woman are obvious, for me, this monologue brought to light the vast differences between a man's and woman's sexual experiences.

Until intermission, the monologues continued in their lighthearted and celebratory manner, save for a more weighty performance called "What if I Told You I Didn't Have a Vagina." This piece brought to light the horrors faced by women in the Congo, where a war over minerals has resulted in hundreds of thousands of women being sexually attacked and tortured.

Still, there were plenty of laughs to lift some of the weight of the more intense monologues. One of the most memorable pieces was titled "The Woman Who Loved to Make Vaginas Happy," recounting the life of a woman who left her corporate job to work as a dominatrix. This scene, performed by Catherine Monahan '12 and Eliza Bryant '12, concluded with the two women passionately reenacting the different types of moans that the dominatrix had induced in her clients.

Though The Vagina Monologues and V-Day undoubtedly support an impor-

tant cause, there is some controversy surrounding the play, much of it focused on one piece in particular. The piece follows one woman's childhood where, after being raped by her father's friend at the age of ten, she hides her sexuality and isolates herself from men. In the piece that was performed at Connecticut College, the woman recalls that, at the age of sixteen, she had an affair with an older woman which helped her rediscover and heal her sexuality. In the original version that aired in the 90s, however, the affair takes place when the girl is only thirteen. This piece is also controversial because critics believe that it associates heterosexuality with violence and favors homosexuality, even when involving a thirteen (or sixteen) year old.

Even though Ensler wrote the play in the early nineties, the play maintains its timelessness by including recent events, such as the earthquake in Haiti and controversial Facebook "Rape Pages."

As a man, I went into the play thinking it would make me uncomfortable. I was right. However, more than that it made me blush, The Vagina Monologues made me understand the depth of the issues that women face, and brought to light obstacles that women overcome that I did not know even existed before.

"I hope that the Vagina Monologues shows that feminism can become something that isn't intimidating; rather, combining activism and art helps both women and men relate to feminism," said Reback.

I agree. So, to all the men that did not attend for any variety of reasons, I say this; next year, grow a pair and see The Vagina Monologues. •



# A Must-Read for Runners: Christopher McDougall's *Born to Run*

MOLLY BANGS  
STAFF WRITER

As a life-long distance runner, I understand the ins and outs of running and everything that comes along with it. Trainers' rooms have become my second home, as strained Achilles tendons, pulled hamstrings, SI misalignments, popped-out hips, broken toes, shin splints, collapsed arches and most severely, bilateral compartment syndrome, have required constant attention and even, in the latter case, surgery. I am not alone, either – there comes a point in each of my cross country or track seasons that the “injured reserve” grows to encompass about half the team. Throughout high school, my coach's favorite phrase for any injured student-athlete was to “look down,” which typically meant she believed that the cure was new running shoes, with more cushioning and orthotics. A lack of stretching, warming up, cooling down, heating or icing are additional common explanations for aches, pains and injuries. I have always accepted these prescriptions as sound; that is, until reading Christopher McDougall's book *Born to Run*, on “A Hidden Tribe, Superathletes, and the Greatest Race the World Has Never Seen.”

A journalist and runner who was really built more like a basketball player and had encountered many injuries himself, McDougall writes about his journey to Mexico's Copper Canyons, where he journeyed to meet the Tarahumara Indians. These runners can run for two full days without stopping or getting injured. What's more, they don't stretch, and they run either barefoot or in homemade leather sandals. Even more shocking, McDougall explains, is how “the only thing that rivaled their superhuman serenity, it seemed, was their superhuman tolerance for pain and lechugilla, a horrible homemade tequila... Cancún at spring break had nothing on the Barrancas under a harvest moon.” Following these nights of partying, the Tarahumara run hundreds of miles on end – on steep canyon trails, no less. The habits of the Tarahumara challenge absolutely everything that most sports doctors and cooperations such as Nike tell us about running healthily and preventing injury today.

McDougall spends a large portion of his book challenging the modern running shoe created by Nike three decades ago. The point he makes is that before the invention of the modern running shoe, modern running injuries did not exist. The amount of support in shoes that runners wear today actually weakens the foot. He advocates running barefoot or running in shoes that make the foot feel as though it is barefoot. McDougall also seeks to dismantle the idea that you stop running because you get old. In reality, the more you use your feet, the stronger they get. Distance runners do not reach their peak until they are in their twenties, and they can hold this pace for decades, quite contrary to popular belief. He leaves us with the sentiment that in fact, we get old only because we stop running.

The book explores America's fastest ultramarathoners and extensive races, comparing and contrasting different top runners and their unique practices. It is quite clear that from barefoot tendencies to drinking Coca Cola as a substitute for Gatorade, unorthodox methods can yield by far the healthiest and most competitive runners. Now, beyond running without injury for

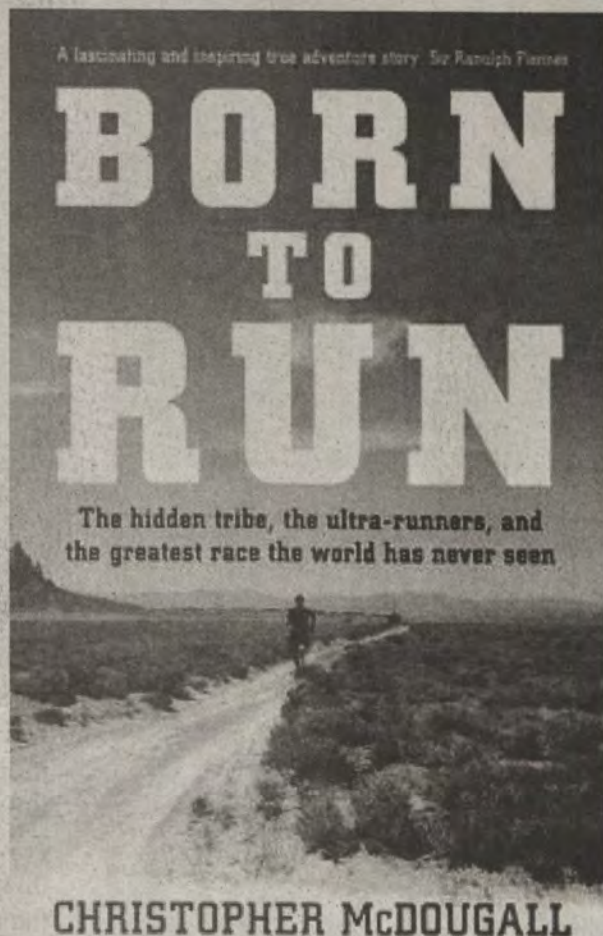
enced runner. It's kind of hard to believe that he's lost. We just need to get out there and track him down.”

Blanco is such an experienced runner that he had long since established a relationship with the Tarahumara by the time McDougall got there. Blanco always had a dream to bring together the fastest Western runners with the Tarahumara and host an ultra marathon there, in the Copper Canyons. The book comes to a climax as McDougall – who at that point has been training to run ultramarathon distances himself in minimalist running shoes, and for the first time in his life is not encountering injuries – gathers America's top ultra marathon runners to return to Mexico and run with the Tarahumara.

McDougall writes in an informative, direct, and quirky manner that quite effectively communicates and explores the intricacies of the modern running world. Perhaps most significantly, though, his voice is sincere. With every turn of a page, I felt the urge to go on a run myself, despite the toll that injuries have taken on my body. I am not pretending that I now have all of the answers that McDougall himself was able to figure out, in terms of correcting his running style and becoming an ultra marathon runner himself. I am not sure if minimalist running shoes or Vibram Five Fingers are just a fad either, as so many different forms of flashy running shoes have been in the past.

However, I do believe that McDougall has given us the tools we need to challenge the instructions on “how to run” that we have accepted as true for the past few decades. No longer will I go straight to my local Fleet Feet to buy \$100 running shoes every three months, just because the people that market those shoes declared that it is in the best interest of runner's feet. I do not think that multiple surgeries can solve nearly all modern running injuries. I think that there is a lot of merit in taking different precautions such as stretching, icing and heating, but that they must be determined by the individual, as no sports doctor knows your own legs as well as you do. *Born to Run* has taught us to think for ourselves as runners and challenge the norms that have been embedded in this incredible sport contemporarily.

Perhaps most significantly, should running ever begin to feel like a chore or more pain than it is worth, I will think of the ultra marathon runners who are happiest just to be in the company of other runners, even at the end of a high profile race with many records and publicity at the finish line. So, I call upon Connecticut College's runners, other athletes and joggers alike to pick up this national bestseller in order to find out who won the first ultra marathon in the Copper Canyons of Mexico (the 2012 version of which was just held on March 4!), to discover new approaches to training and running injuries, and if nothing else, to remember why it is that you love to run. •



miles on end, the Tarahumara runners are fast. On McDougall's first trip to Mexico, he meets a man, Micah True, who goes by the name of Caballo Blanco, who interestingly enough, was reported missing on Wednesday after going on a run in the Gila region of New Mexico on the morning of March 28. Jane Brummer, the owner of the lodge where Blanco was staying, said of her friend to the *Denver Post* on Friday, “We don't know if he got turned around or if he's injured or what. He's a very experi-

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## Camel Swimmers Take Home Four All-American Hon- ors At NCAA Divi- sion III Nationals

JEFF BELING  
SPORTS EDITOR

On the campus of Indiana University, in the pool more specifically, a group of men's Camel swimmers put the team on their back en route to a 20th place finish with 42.5 points amongst all Division III teams. This finish proved to be the highest finish since 2009, where the men's team came in 16th overall.

Coach Marc Benvenuti's squad of swimmers has a lot to live up to now that these athletes have set the standard for Camel swimming. His evaluation of the biggest performances for his team includes a look towards next year's season.

“Tim's 100 Back finishing in 7th was a huge performance and scored a lot of points for us, but equally important was Sam Gill's 100 back performance. With Tim graduating and Sam swimming within a second of Tim's time, we found an heir-apparent for next year”

Senior Tim Walsh and sophomore Sam Gill both earned All-American honors. Walsh swam a time of 49.55 seconds in the 100 yard backstroke, placing seventh overall. Gill had two honorable mention All-American performances, one in the 100 yard butterfly, where he swam a time of 49.21 for tenth place. His other event was the 100 yard backstroke, where he swam a 50.05 to tie for 11th place.

In the relays, the Camel men posted honorable mention All American finishes in the 200 and 400 yard medley relays, respectively. In the 200 yard medley relay, Tim Walsh, Sam Gill, Kirk Czelewicz, and Pat-

rick McGinnis collectively swam a 1:32.68 for 11th place. In the 400 yard medley relay, the four swam a time of 3:24.79 for a 14th place finish.

Next year's team will miss Tim Walsh as a major points scorer, as well as many other main contributors to the team. Coach Benvenuti, however, is optimistic for the future of Connecticut College Men's Swimming and Diving.

“Next year should be exciting. We will certainly miss Tim (13x NESCAC Champion, 8x All-American, NESCAC 4 Year High-Point Winner), but also Harry Beauregard and Albert Perley. Their leadership was incredible this year. With 10 freshmen on the team and only nine upperclassmen, leadership was probably the single biggest factor in our team performance this year. With those ten freshmen becoming sophomores next year, we should be in a great place for Matt Newton and Chris Pielock to lead the team. We already have five freshmen committed for next year, but are hoping for a few more in the regular decision process.”

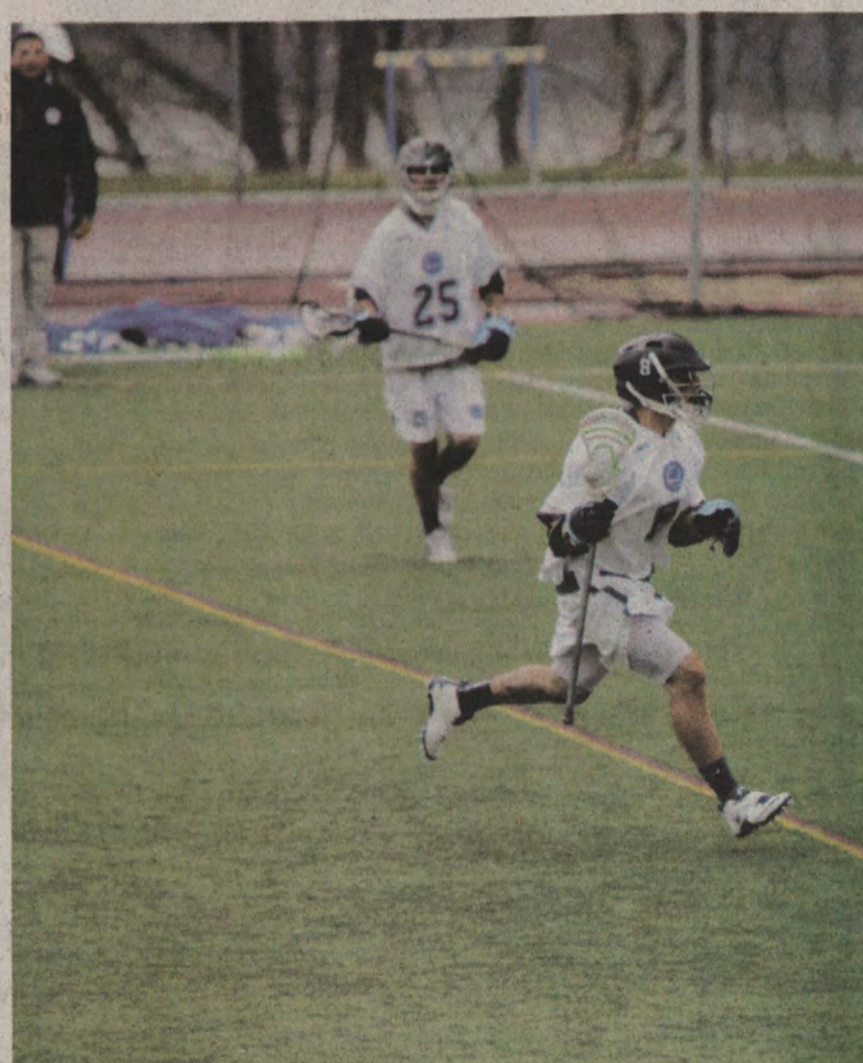
Prior to next year's National competition, CCMSDT has their eyes on a more local prize: the NESCAC Championships. Coach Benvenuti believes that he will have the depth to catch rival Tufts University.

“To catch Tufts at NESCACs, we will need to be close to or right at the full allotment of twenty-four swimmers”

With the performances of this year's team at the National level, Connecticut College Men's Swimming and Diving is sure to hold momentum for next winter. •



# Men's Lacrosse Pulls Away with a Nail Biter



The Camels Men's Lacrosse team defeated the Colby College Mules in four overtimes on Saturday, completing the longest game in the program's history. The Camels came back from a deficit to force the game into the eventual 4 overtimes. Colby took home more ground balls, but the Camels held a shooting advantage after the final overtime. This improves Connecticut College's record to 3-4, and 2-4 within the NESCAC. Both teams have multiple games this week to try and improve upon their records and make a bid for the playoffs.



ALL PHOTOS BY JOHN LYONS

## 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 lacrosse and tennis, the two most prevalent sports across the NESCAC. This week marks a strong performance for Amherst, Bowdoin and Colby, which currently hold the top three spots in the conference.

MEN'S LACROSSE	WOMEN'S LACROSSE	MEN'S TENNIS	WOMEN'S TENNIS	AVERAGE	RANKING
5	5	1	1	3	1 ↔
3	4	3	3	3.25	2 ↔
9	2	4	4	4.75	3 ↔
1	3	8	8	5	4 ↔
6	1	7	7	5.25	5 ↔
11	8	2	2	5.75	6 ↔
8	6	6	6	6.5	7 ↔
7	10	5	5	6.75	8 ↔
4	7	9	9	7.25	9 ↔
2	9	10	10	7.65	10 ↔
10	11	11	11	10.75	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

Sat, Mar 31  
Men's Lacrosse  
vs. Colby College  
Win 8-7 (4OT)

Sat, Mar 31  
Women's Lacrosse  
At Colby College  
Loss 7-9

Sat, Mar 31  
Women's Water Polo  
vs. Utica College at Penn  
State  
Win 27-10

Sat, Mar 31st  
Women's Tennis  
at Mount Holyoke  
Loss 2-7

## SO YOU DON'T MISS IT GAMES

April 10th  
Men's Lacrosse at Keene State College  
Time TBA

April 10th  
Women's Lacrosse at Amherst College  
7PM, Amherst College

Women's Sailing  
Women's President Trophy  
11:30 am, Cranston, RI

April 7th  
Men's and Women's Rowing  
Clark University and Amherst College  
at Lake Quinsigamond  
All Day, Worcester, MA

April 7th  
Men and Women's Track and Field  
UMASS Lowell Invitational  
All Day, Lowell MA