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INSIDE:



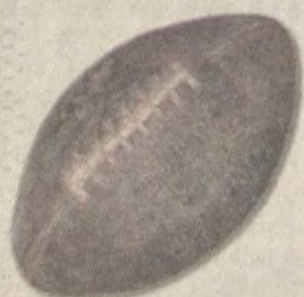
NEWS

Laz Declares Independence from Connecticut College



A&E

God pays surprise visit to Conn to decry current state of the music industry



SPORTS

Conn's undefeated football team discovered by campus at large

Electricity Cut From Budget, Water Possibly Next

By MORRIS BENJAMIN

STAFF WRITER

In what students and faculty alike are calling "the harshest budget-related problem since the price changes on the late night menu at the Oasis (see related article on Oasis price-changes causing a student to spontaneously combust)," Connecticut College's electrical power was cut in the early hours of last Saturday morning.

"It was completely unexpected," remarked Logan McGruff '03. "I got up and tried to turn on my lights, but they wouldn't turn on. I just assumed a transformer blew or something and the electricity would be back on later in the day, but it wasn't."

Nor did the electricity return the next day, or any of the remaining five days of the week that followed. Responding to a confused and bewildered campus community, the office of Vice-President of Finance Paul Maroni issued the following statement:

"As the campus community is well aware, these are trying times for Connecticut College financially. We have forced to make many sacrifices that we haven't wanted to make in order to contain the situation as best we can. In a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, it was decided that electricity, while certainly beneficial, is not essential for life. Furthermore, it was determined that the cost of maintaining working electricity on the campus carries a greater monetary responsibility than the college can afford at this time."

The loss of electricity has caused many students and faculty members to

continued on page 7

Student Spontaneously Combusts in Cro

Obsession Over Late Night Menu the Suspected Cause



At Left:

The scene of Sophomore Francis LeBlanc's (inset) spontaneous combustion, as marked by the white circle, in the Crozier-Williams Student Center. A makeshift memorial has begun to form around the chalk outline where his ashes settled with people placing flowers, photographs and small trinkets. One passerby described the scene as, "pretty tame considering the guy burst into flames."



By PABLO MUERTE

STAFF WRITER

A recent transfer, Francis LeBlanc '04 had become fast friends with Eric Clives '04, Allison Menkins '04, and Charles Ellis '05, all of whom lived down the hall from him in Burdick. Declaring Friday to be movie night, the four would always end up in LeBlanc's room watching the movies and talking.

This past Friday was no different until around 12:30. Menkins and LeBlanc decided they were starving and wanted to get something to eat at Cro. "Francis and I had gotten really drunk the night before and...well, some stuff happened. Anyways, we both got really weird about it and avoided dinner so we didn't have to see each other. He called me later and we talked and decided the whole thing was just stupid, but by then dinner was already closed," Menkins explained, her voice cracking. "If only I'd called first, an hour before even, Francis would still be alive."

Ellis and Clives agreed to come along and the quartet departed for Cro. It was here that the evening took a radical turn for the worst.

Says Ellis, "The first thing that happens is Fran just starts to go on and on about how

little sense the menu makes. He doesn't understand why a tuna melt costs 3.25 while a tuna melt, fries, and soda costs 3.95. Then he started to go on and on about how ridiculous it was that a ham, egg, and cheese cost less than a grilled ham and cheese even though you get more with the ham, egg, and cheese."

"He did that sort of thing all the time," Clives elaborated, "complaining how this or that didn't make any sense. Chuck and I don't even pretend to listen anymore. Allie still does, but I think it is just because it gives her an excuse to stare at him."

Jennifer Zanfardino '03 overheard LeBlanc's monologue and found it to be less than impressive. According to Zanfardino, "He just wouldn't shut up. I guess the menu doesn't make sense, but I think there are more important things like, I don't know, the apocalypse, to worry about."

After LeBlanc's diatribe petered out, he ordered the grilled ham and cheese whose price he had just devoted a minute's worth of his life complaining about. Given that the Oasis was on to the late night menu, they were no longer serving grilled ham and cheese. Disappointed, LeBlanc stepped out of line to reconsider his order.

Behind him was Ashli Eisenmann '03

who, having just completed a dance rehearsal, decided to grab a breakfast sandwich before returning to her dorm. She was closest to the horror that followed. "I ordered a ham, egg, and cheese on an English muffin and he overheard me. He pushed in front of me and starting just interrogating the cashier about how I could get a ham, egg, and cheese when he couldn't get a grilled ham and cheese."

Rebuffed by the cashier, LeBlanc tore into a tirade, yelling and running through Cro. Menkins attempted to cool him, but it did little good. "He was in his own world. He could not hear a word I was saying."

Eventually, Clives and Ellis were able to capture the hysterical LeBlanc and began to drag him, still screaming towards the door. Almost there, the two were forced to let go of him because, according to Ellis, "it was like holding a burning log."

Free once more, LeBlanc ran back towards the counter of Oasis. He suddenly stopped and shook. A bright light flashed through Cro and all that was left of LeBlanc was a pile of ash.

Ambulances arrived moments later and collected the ashes as Menkins fell to her knees and wept. Ellis and Clives were also

brought to Lawrence Memorial where they were treated for third degree burns on their hands and released.

"It is a horrible thing to lose any member of the Connecticut College community," an administrator told *the Voice* after receiving confirmation that the ashes were LeBlanc's early Saturday afternoon, "particularly in such a strange and brutal way."

Clives remains stunned nearly a week later. "It is just so weird, like something out of the tabloids. I still don't know if I really believe he's dead."

"It is a hard thing to accept and I'll miss the guy," Ellis echoed Clives' statement. "But you have to ask yourself, if he was this tightly wound, wasn't it really just a matter of time?"

LeBlanc's parents have asked that donations be given to the Foundation for the Ending of Spontaneous Combustion in lieu of flowers.

All of Conn's Money Problems Seemingly Solved

President Fainstein and Willis Discover Miracle Package on Doorstep

By THE GRIMACE

STAFF WRITER

It was the sort of thing that happens in a Capra movie, not in real life. And yet, when President Fainstein opened his door Tuesday morning to retrieve the paper, he was stunned to find 12 large bags of money on his doorstep with a card reading, "To Solve Connecticut College's Budgetary Problems. From an Anonymous Donor."

"I was stunned," Fainstein confessed, "I mean, I had been praying for money to rain down on the campus from heaven, but I did not expect this."

After he and his dog, Willis, checked the money to verify it was not counterfeit and that no large-scale bank heists had occurred recently, Fainstein felt confident that the money was indeed Conn's.

Bringing the money to Vice President of Finance Paul Maroni's office, the two spent most of the day counting it and, Maroni admitted, "swimming through it like Scrooge McDuck used to do at the beginning of Ducktales. Both of us had always wanted to do that and how many opportunities do you get in a lifetime for something like that." When the swimming and counting concluded the sacks of money came in a just

over 900 million dollars.

Via bulletin broadcast review the campus was informed and spontaneous celebration ensued. "This is amazing," SGA President Anne Baker '02 shouted over the din of one such party, "it is like Conn can start fresh once more. All the things people complain about, the lack of electricity, it is all a thing of the past." (See related story on the termination of electricity to the college).

Fainstein warned not to be so quick to assume that Conn was in fact out of the woods. "It is intoxicating to have all this money, this sweet, sweet money, piles of it, everywhere, far as the eye can see, all of it for Conn, for Conn!" Fainstein paused, regathering himself, "I am sorry. As I was saying, it is intoxicating to have suddenly received all this money, but we must be frugal with it. To spend it all at once may make things better in the moment, but who knows about how it stands to effect the schools future."

"Besides," he added, "there are several properties downtown I have my eye on."

Maroni was then overheard whispering, "Oh good, here we go again."



Scrooge McDuck, whom Fainstein and Maroni could not help but emulate after counting the 12 bags of money totalling 900 million dollars (Disney)

EDITORIAL&OPINION

The Time Has Come For Conn College Students to Toe the Line

Connecticut College has always been a liberal campus. We tend to support Democratic, Green, or Independent Party candidates. On issues, we are generally left leaning. We resist infringements on personal freedoms while calling for the extension of government into areas of business and poverty. Concepts like war, the draft, "shadow government," and military tribunals tend to make a significant number of our campus nervous or angry.

Well, you know what, that is all just too bad.

To quote Ann Coulter, the brilliant syndicated columnist, "When contemplating college liberals, you really regret once again that John Walker is not getting the death penalty. We need to execute people like John Walker in order to physically intimidate liberals, by making them realize that they can be killed too. Otherwise they will turn out to be outright traitors." And she is entirely right.

Being a liberal is, in fact, directly equivalent to denouncing your citizenship and joining a terrorist organization halfway around the world.

Sure, a shadow government consisting of only one branch smacks of being unconstitutional. Yes, a drastically bloated defense budget is what led us to the economic recession in the early 90's. Fine, the government seems to be increasingly random in their declarations of the possibility of terrorist attacks. It is about time we stop questioning these things and just accept that this is what being an American is all about. The strength of America demands that we stop questioning the removal of the rights that made us strong.

Remember, supporting liberal agendas is like supporting the terrorists themselves. To draw on another sage, who shall remain nameless, anyone who feels otherwise is invited, "to leave the country, and, if so willing, find bin Laden and join him in his cave."

POLICIES

Our Only Policy

House of Pain's "Jump Around" is
A Lyrical Masterpiece.
Look upon it and marvel.

Pack it up, pack it in
Let me begin
I came to win
Battle me that's a sin
I won't tear the sack up
Punk you'd better back up
Try and play the role and the whole crew
will act up

Get up, stand up, come on!
Come on, throw your hands up
If you've got the feeling jump across the
ceiling
Muggs is a funk fest, someone's talking
junk

Yo, I'll bust em in the eye
And then I'll take the punks home
Feel it, funk it
Amps it are junking
And I got more rhymes than there's cops
that are at a dunking
Donuts shop
Sure 'nuff I got props from the kids on
the Hill
Plus my mom and my pops

I came to get down (2x)
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around (3x)
Jump up Jump up and get down.
Jump (18x)

I'll serve your a** like John MacEnroe
If your steps up, I'm smacking the ho
Word to your moms I came to drop
bombs
I got more rhymes than the bible's got
psalms

And just like the Prodigal Son I've
returned
Anyone stepping to me you'll get
burned

Cause I got lyrics and you ain't got
none
So if you come to battle bring a shotgun
But if you do you're a fool, cause I duel
to the death

Try and step to me you'll take your last
breath
I gots the skill, come get your fill
Cause when I shoot ta give, I shoot to
kill

I came to get down (2x)
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around (3x)
Jump up Jump up and get down.
Jump (18x)

I'm the cream of the crop, I rise to the
top
I never eat a pig cause a pig is a cop
Or better yet a terminator
Like Arnold Schwarzenegger
Try'n to play me out like as if my name
was Sega

But I ain't going out like no punk
b****
Get used to one style and you know I
might switch

It up up and around, then buck buck
you down
Put out your head then you wake up in
the Dawn of the Dead
I'm coming to get ya, coming to get ya
Spitting out lyrics homie I'll wet ya

I came to get down (2x)
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around (3x)
Jump up Jump up and get down.
Jump (32x)



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Voice is Wasting Newsprint, Reader's Time

To the editors:

Is *The College Voice* even trying anymore?

Last week's issue was a big joke. Some kid wrote about Sylvester Stallone? Yeah, that is not a waste of newsprint. Don't even get me started on that editorial cartoon. Could this paper be anymore in those pinko left-ist anti-American Democrats' pocket?

The worst part is how often they make grammatical errors. Everyone knows when to use "who" and when to use "whom"; well, everyone except the Voice, apparently. Take a look at last week's article entitled: "Masked Assailant Foiled by Meddling Kids." In the second paragraph it reads, "...the the assailant used glow in the dark paint." "The the"? What are these guys, a bunch of third grade idiots? I bet they even credit an article as being written to me this week without noticing.

I cannot even read the Voice anymore between such gross errors and its "let's all live together in peace and harmony" whining. The Voice suckity-sucks-sucks-sucks and I for one cannot wait for that new news magazine to bury them.

-George Walker '02

Student Fights Back Against Mediocrity

To the editors:

I refuse to be repressed any longer. Connecticut College, this prison, will not respect my individuality. Everywhere I turn, I see the walls of social conventions breeding mediocrity, a factory to produce mindless automatons. There is no expression. No cares about the sick in Istanbul or the tired of Madagascar. I think my barrio brothers and sisters know more about this world

than all of my rich, Abercrombie-loving classmates.

It was different when I was abroad, let me say that. No one judged by appearance or how much money you made. I hate this place. Being abroad was so much better.

And what's the deal with the Vegetarian choices lately? At home, our family chef whips me up all manner of vegetarian delight and I never need eat the same meal twice. Here though, it is all pandering to the carnivores. I am so glad Conn endorses wholesale murder.

So now I proclaim my independence. I will no longer suck at the test of conformity. From now on, I park my 2001 Lexus wherever I want. Maybe I'll get my eyebrow pierced...or a tattoo! Why? Because I am edgy! I'll chalk the sidewalks here every Thursday with slogans of protests on my way to the bar. Look out Conn, I make my own rules now, and if you don't like it then maybe you just won't get that new building my father was going to donate all that money for.

-Name Withheld Upon Request

The Beauty of Possessing the Right Beliefs

To the editors:

All my beliefs are correct. It is true, not one of my beliefs is incorrect or in need of re-evaluation. Even better than this is that my beliefs are the only correct ones. There is no room in this world for multiple opinions that could coexist. Only one per issue, and those beliefs are all mine.

You disagree with me? Well then screw you pal. Another beautiful thing about having the right beliefs is that I do not have to rationally justify them. Instead, I can call you names, disparage your family, use threats, or physical violence to make you accept my point of view.

Yup, it is great to be right, and I am putting everyone on notice that it is either my way or you are wrong.

God bless.

-Sally Rodgers '03

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To All Those Lost During Ward's Autocratic Reign, We Salute You

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You know that part in Matrix when Neo realizes he is the One? Remember how cool that was? Writing for the Voice is like 100 times cooler. Really, I'm serious. Call us at x2812 or e-mail ccvoice@conncoll.edu and all will be revealed.

OPINION

You Look So (PRETTY/HANDSOME) TODAY

TIM STEVENS • COMPLIMENT OF THE WEEK



Well would you look at you! Those clothes are great on you. They just perfectly bring out the (blue, green, hazel, other colors) in your eyes. No, I'm serious. You should wear that more often.

Your hair looks wonderful, too. At first, I admit I didn't think you (dying it, getting it cut, growing it out, combing it different, leaving it the exact same) was a good idea, but I was so wrong. Seriously, the (new style, new color, new length, all of the above, same old same old) really works well for you. I just wish I were as lucky as you.

Now I know why when I saw your (boyfriend, girlfriend, spouse, crush, victim of your obsession), (he, she, them) said that you looked the best they had ever seen you look. I told (her, him, them) that (he, she, they) were crazy. I mean, how could you look any better? But (he, she, they) swore, "No, you have to see (him, her). You won't believe it." Guess what...they were right!

But even if (he, she, they) were wrong, even if you did look as amazing as always or if somehow, and through some horrible accident, you ended up hideously disfigured - I mean not just ugly, but elephant man ugly - it would not matter to (me, him, her, them, the campus, your family) because what matters is what is inside someone.

Inside you is an undeniable beauty. The service you provide by (tutoring children, reading to people in nursing homes, cleaning up parks, drinking and doing lines of cocaine in the bathroom) leaves an indelible mark on the world that says, "(Your name) is a great person who does much for (his, her) fellow human being."

It is like that time that you (time you did something great), I mean that was amazing for the (children, senior citizens, homeless, depressed, guy/girl you just picked up at a bar) of course, but it was also amazing for everyone else who witnessed it. It is not often you see such a random act of (kindness, violence) done with such vigor.

Therefore, I salute you. You (your name) are truly someone we should aspire to be.

TAKE BACK THE KITCHEN! (I HATE MEN)

SARAH GREEN • VIEWPOINT



That's it, I've had it. I'm throwing in the towel. Waving the white flag of surrender. Putting my hands on top of my head, getting out of the car.

I just can't fake it anymore—I know my place is in the home. Just put up your feet as I meekly scurry off to fetch your slippers and newspaper, cook your steak, give our eight children a bath, and scrub the entire kitchen floor with a Q-tip. Relax with a beer and the latest Hustler as I bake pies and vacuum. (Nightly fellatio and foot massage to follow, just as soon as I finish washing these dishes.)

Women have done nothing but mess up the whole world. For starters, look at what we women have done with the vote in the 82 years we've had suffrage—Elect that leftist, commie, burger-guzzling, donut-snarfing Bill Clinton. For that alone we should be stripped of the right to vote. Also, I don't think women should retain their property-owning rights. I don't know about the rest of you ladies, but my brain is just big enough for love.

I would also like to give mad props to President Bush, whose towering intellect and oratorical fireworks have won me over at last. Let's bomb the everloving crap out of those Allah lovers, each and every one of them. While we're at it, let's give every male over the age of 14 his own firearm. And outlaw abortion, that sin against God and humanity. And every girl who has sex before marriage (you're not fooling anyone Britney Spears) has to wear a scarlet S—S for slut!

But on second thought...

No, no I take all of that back. In fact, I hate men. I must take a moment to espouse my feminist views for all the world to see. Deodorant and leg shaving are obviously the insidious tools of a repressive regime. Nail polish, too. Heterosexual contact of any kind is inherently demeaning to women, not to mention totally repulsive and disgusting. Just the thought of it nauseates me—ick! yuck! cooties! ugh!

What we need to do is spend the next ten years coming up with a way to reproduce asexually—human cloning is a possibility—and then systematically destroy all men. Men—all they do is perpetuate a culture of violence. And I mean, as long as we've got batteries, who needs men? What are they good for? Only two things, and the other one is fixing the VCR. Or DVD player, if you're hip. And don't even think about telling me I just contradicted myself—feminists never contradict themselves, $2 + 2 = 5$, and if you ever disagree with me well you're obviously just another male chauvinist pig who deserves nothing less than castration. Wimmin of the world unite!

Under the new plan, all wimmin will live in communes made from recycled tires and worship the Earth Mother. Great measures will be taken to eliminate all those insidious phallic symbols perpetuating male dominance—starting with the Washington monument, clarinets, oboes, any and all poles, including ski poles, telephone poles, and the entire country of Poland, the very name of which degrades wimmin.

In closing: Hurrah for George Steinbrenner! Long live the New York Yankees!

FAREWELL, CONNECTICUT COLLEGE, THE TIME HAS COME TO PART

BANKS MCDOUGAL • BANK ON IT



This is never an easy thing, but here it goes.

First of all, I wish to stress that it is not you. How could it be? This hallowed college and these beautiful people who populate it have been my life for the past three years. So, please know, it is not you at all, it is I.

The thing is, I feel I have grown as much as I can in this setting. I love it, and it would be so easy just to never leave, just to be that guy who shows up for Homecoming Weekend and parties with the stu-

dents long after anyone who he might have known has graduated. But you and I both know that that just would not be fair to either of us. We have both come too far to cling to the status quo.

And *The College Voice*, what can I say to you? You have been more like my family in these few years than my biological family ever was (especially my cruel, cold father. I would smash him a thousand times! Ahh, but I must apologize, the time has come to let go of even that piece of my past). Many a Thursday night was spent with you fine individuals, past and present, and for this I am eternally grateful. I have had the opportunity to work under the prettiest Editor-in-Chief team ever in Coley Ward and Tim Stevens. You guys are to Editors-in-Chief what Butch Cassidy and the

Sundance Kid were to cowboys, (with Tim as Paul Newman and Coley as Robert Redford of course). However, with Tim taking up the torch alone, the curtain has fallen on my time with the *Voice* as well. It will always have a place in my heart.

So even as I cry writing this letter, we must both be strong for we know this is the right thing. For you, there are other prospective students out there, many of whom are far better matches for you than I ever was.

As for me, please don't concern yourself with my well-being. All sorts of new adventures await me out there in the great big world. As you read this, I am already in Tibet studying under a group of warrior monks who will teach me how to deepen my spirituality and increase the levels to which my body can be pushed. From there, it is off to Scotland Yard to study criminology from some of the foremost deductive minds in the world. After that, who knows? Perhaps I shall search for lost tribal treasures amongst South American ruins or learn the art of spiritual levitation from a wise shaman in the deserts of Nevada. The future, ah, she is stingy with the hints. Still, as you can tell, I will be fine.

Alas, we have reached the part of this column I have been fearing since the beginning: the good-bye. Since the world works in unexpected ways, however, let us not utter that hateful word. Instead let us simply say: We'll see each other again.

LYING PARENTS, LOUSY ROOMMATES, AND CHEATERS

SWAMI OF SMART ADVICE • ASK SWAMI



Dear Swami of Smart Advice,

I'm having a really difficult time this semester and my grades are certainly showing it. One class in particular is looking like a D+ (at best). I usually end up with A's and the occasional B.

My parents hold me to this high standard, but have also said that I can talk to them about anything at any time. Should I tell them how tough this semester has been and give them prior warning of my grades, and if so, how and when?

Suffering Through the Semester

Dear Suffering,

Let me let you in on a little secret not everyone knows: parents are liars. You know how they used to tell you that if you ever drank at a party, you could call them and they would pick you up no questions asked? Big Fat Lie. They are just trying to trip you up, to trick you so they have yet another thing to lord over you, another way to express their superiority.

So my advice to you is this: lie, lie, lie, and when you think you can lie no more, conceal, then lie again. If they ask, everything is great. Hide the report card, plead ignorance as to its whereabouts. If you have a sibling, arrange for your parents to discover what he or she has been doing behind their backs. Keep it up long enough and you will be golden.

Dear Most Well Respected Swami,

My roommate and I just aren't getting along. He brings friends over when I am studying, uses my stuff without asking, always "forgets" to give me my phone messages, and is just generally being appalling. What should I do?

Stricken with Bad Roommate Disorder

Dear Stricken,

Clearly your roommate is a boorish individual not worth investing the time it would take to bring up your problems with his behavior to him. So, I

think the best way to deal with the situation is employing a sort of aversion therapy.

Every time he uses something of yours without asking, sell something of his on the black market. For every phone message he does not give you, call a member of his family and relate to him or her a story about what he has really been doing at college. When his friends come by and party while you try to study, hire someone to break their kneecaps, (I know a guy who does amazing work at a very reasonable price whose number I can give you if you are interested).

I think you will find him much easier to deal with very quickly.

Dearest Swami,

My boyfriend has been working very hard lately and I barely get to see him. When I do, he is always too tired to do anything but sit around and watch TV. I love to just relax with him, but I miss going out. We haven't even been to a movie in weeks.

How do I let him know how I feel without putting him on the defensive?

Madame Lonely and Bored

Dear Sweet Madame,

Don't bother. Just dump him; he is clearly cheating on you. If you need any comfort after the difficult breakup, give me a call sometime. I am up late most nights.

Dear Swami,

Why a mirror?

Random Question Man

Dear Random,

Given the white color of the powder and the vanity associated with that particular substance, the mirror is both practical and aesthetically pleasing. The reflective surface...wait...I mean...what are you talking about?

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ARTS&ENTERTAINMENT

God Visits Conn, Decries Current State of Music Industry

BY CARMEN PRESIDENTE

STAFF WRITER

In a brief address followed by a lengthy question and answer period, God revealed fears about the future of quality in the music industry to Connecticut College students and press corps members.

The press conference, announced by the angel Gabriel, began at exactly noon this past Tuesday on Harkness Field. God simply appeared, explaining that He found flashy entrances, "positively Old Testament and of very little interest to Me these days. I've grown beyond that."

He then silenced the crowd by waving his hand over them and began his address. He spoke of, in no particular order, the rebirth (and seeming inability to be slain) of bubblegum pop, the rampant sampling of previous music or lyrics, sometimes from source material only a few months old, the staying power of "wuss rock", and the faux inspirational songs that have risen out of September 11th not for sentimental reasons but merely to cash in. After dictating the laundry list of His fears he implored the students, "The

future of music falls to you. You are the key demographic. If you refuse to settle for the unambitious, derivative slop that populates top 40 music, you can turn the tide. If you do not, music will be lost...forever."

Following this summation, God opened the floor to questions. After filtering through the "Why do bad things happen to good people," "Why did I never get a pony, even though I prayed for one so much," and "So, just between me and you, why are there so many religions," style questions, each of which He responded to with a curt, "I work in mysterious ways," God declared He would only ask questions related to his speech.

A brief quiet was lifted when Justin Salvo '04 stepped forward and asked, "I know you said bubblegum pop was, 'unholy bad,' but does that include Britney Spears?"

God chuckled and replied, "Well, Britney Spears is one of my finer creations, if I do say so myself. However, her music does remain soulless. And that cover of 'I Love Rock and Roll'...let's just say I wish I was a more interventionist God."

Later, John Haberland '03 questioned God's choice of Connecticut



God implored college students of the world, and Connecticut College in particular to affect change in the current status of music by "buying good, not popular, music." (Michelangelo)

College for the venue of his first public appearance since the Old Testament. God, without hesitation, responded, "First of all, the best place to reach the youth of the world is colleges. After that, it was just a

matter of which one. Conn stuck out to myself because I had seen your football shirts, the one that advertise your unbeaten record, and I thought that any school undefeated in football since its founding had to be

doing something right. Plus, I heard that the Crue would be playing a concert here, so I knew this school had taste." (see related article on Motley Crue playing Floralia in this section).

Haberland, when reached for comment later, was slightly confused by the Deity's response. "I know that being the Lord and all can keep someone busy, but I figured if He knew about those shirts, he would also realize they were ironic. But hey, I was not going to correct him on it."

Although Haberland chose not to confront God, one student decided to do so on another matter. As the conference began to run down, a lone voice in the back shouted out, "What about You, Your Most Holy? Your music used to be great, Amazing Grace, We Three Kings. Even Awesome God is not a bad tune. But now, Amy Grant, Creed, the Monsters of Christian Rock Tour. What happened to You? It used to be about the music."

The voice belong to Noelle Bannister '03 who admits that the moment she said it she became terrified, "I don't know what I was thinking...sure he is all forgiving now,

but you don't wipe out all but two of every animal or rain plagues upon Egypt and not have a bit of temper. Still, he seemed nice enough in his response. I think if I pray a lot from now on, things should be okay."

God, for his part, seemed rather flustered by the question. After stuttering through an explanation of the Holy Spirit simply motivating people and what they did with that motivation was unguidable, He quickly ended the press conference. In a private interview later, the Deity did confess to being a little surprised.

"Sure, it was shocking. But I appreciate a follower who reflects on his or her beliefs, even if I disagree. I mean, how can you put down Amy Grant. She is just so delightful."

Vowing that he will be more watchful of the music industry, including religious music, in the future, God departed Conn's campus.

Breaking News: See article in Sports page 8 discussing how God's comments led to the discovery of Connecticut College's 91-year old secret football team that has in fact been undefeated since 1911.

Another Pretentious and Shocking Art Show

BY REYE DE IGUANA

STAFF WRITER

Shaman T-Diddy who describes himself as "today's hot underground shock artist" brought his art show entitled Art to Shock and Confuse Suburban Sensibilities to New London this past week. It is the show's first stop on T-Diddy's national tour.

Some may remember T-Diddy from his art tour in 1999, *Deities on a Bad Day*, when he concluded the tour halfway through because art is "bankrupt and America is unworthy of the visions which I have to bring to bear upon their tiny minds." It caused him to be the joke of the moment for many late night hosts for the better part of a month.

When asked why he has suddenly reversed his position, T-Diddy responded in his characteristic near shout, "It was like, I don't know, a dream or something. It came to T-Diddy and told T-Diddy that T-Diddy's art was meant to blow people's minds, to rock their suburban, apple pie eating, Middle American belief systems. Because they are so unworthy, this is why T-Diddy must display T-Diddy's art."

Another member of the press corps pointed out that New London was neither a suburb, nor located in what is traditionally referred to as Middle America causing T-Diddy to fly into a rage and storm out of the building. He returned 15 minutes later and was overheard asking a member of his posse why "there are so many close-minded journalist who refuse to except the power of Shaman T-Diddy's art." Later, T-Diddy flew into a similar rage when a young child asked if he was related to "seminal recording artist P-Diddy, also known as Sean 'Puffy' Combs." Apparently, the two are not.

Visitors to the gallery found the art made them feel, by turns, bored, unmoved, unimpressed, and, in one case, "a might pick peckish."

Ninety-year old Abigail Klein inspected a statue of a muscle-bound figure waving a cross as if it were a weapon against several emaciated figures. She commented, "The symbolism is a very obvious



T-Diddy's 'Untitled #5', one of the less graphic pieces in Art to Shock and Confuse Suburban Sensibilities. The show received lukewarm reviews from visitors, attributed by T-Diddy as being because, "they do not understand art."

and I just do not feel the least bit outraged by the piece."

Connecticut College student Barbara Drier '03 felt very similarly when looking upon a painting depicted several cartoon characters mid-coitus. "I guess it is shocking, maybe. I just get the feeling that this is the sort of thing a 12 year-old doodles in his math workbook."

The center piece of the show, a vast campus covered with six equal shaped dots, two of which were joined by a piece of string, was the piece T-Diddy expected would cause the largest amount of discussion and debate. "It is obviously the deepest piece here. These Philistines are sure to find the subtext they cannot quite grasp overwhelming. I expect many of them will write letters to their local paper decrying its lewdness for they are likely to assume that which they do not understand is pornographic," T-Diddy pontificated as he surveyed the observers of his work from the second floor.

Auto mechanic Eric Haas looked at the canvas and shook his head while walking away. When asked by the Voice about his reac-

tion, he explained, "[The canvas's] attempt at subtext and symbolism is shallow and obvious. Clearly the artist means to argue that human beings must stay connected with one another as exemplified by his use of warm colors for the two linked circles and cold, uglier colors for the four separate ones. Also there is a commentary on the haves and have-nots as the two linked circles are making no attempt to bring others into the fold."

Later, Haas responded to T-Diddy's comments about visitors writing to complain about the nature of the art saying, "What? Not unless someone is going to complain about his sophomoric use of people defecating on pictures of popular historical figures in an attempt at getting a rise out of us. Come on, my 8-year old son knows that religious figures would have been significantly more shocking."

This Thursday, the show departed for Hartford (another city, not a suburb). As the moving truck pulled away T-Diddy cackled, "Hope you all survived this mind-blowing experience," to which an onlooker responded, "Sure, great."



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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Motley Crue To Headline This Year's Floralia



President Fainstein with Motley Crue at a recent concert date. The President's personal connection to the band helped bring them to Conn.

By BEN MORSE AND JORDAN GEARY

NEWS EDITOR AND OFFICIAL CONNECTICUT COLLEGE LIASON TO MOTLEY CRUE, POSION, AND A-HA

A huge void was left in this year's Floralia lineup when the student-composed Guns N Roses cover band, last year's biggest success story, was unable to commit due to a combination of conflicts between the shift schedules at Burger King and McDonald's and several of their parents yelling at them to "get a real job." Luckily, new Connecticut College President Norman Fainstein was able to find a suitable replacement in the form of venerable eighties rock act Motley Crue.

"Yeah, I've been close with the guys in the Crue since my days in Los Angeles in the eighties when I used to hang around the Whiskey-A-Go-Go," remarked Fainstein, "I was actually the original lead singer before that Vinny guy or whatever his name is came along. Creative differences led to me leaving the

group, and I won't lie, it wasn't pretty, but that's all water under the bridge now."

Critics have questioned whether the band is "lowering" themselves to performing at a college festival due to fairly lackluster sales of their latest album "New Tattoo," but band spokesman Mick Mars refuted these claims.

"Who or what killed the dinosaurs?" questioned Mars, "My belief is that it was the Ebola virus, a virus that we are told is as old as the Earth itself."

Early concerns arose among fans of the band's classic lineup as to whether or not the band's current drummer Randy Castillo would be performing, but those fears were put to rest when it was announced that legendary drummer and ladies' man Tommy Lee will take time off from playing with his new band Methods of Mayhem to rejoin Mars, Nikki Sixx, and Vince Neil to ensure that the group playing at Floralia would indeed be the "real" Motley Crue.

"Duuuuude, f**k yeah!" exclaimed Lee, "I'm a hopeless f**king romantic. That's a part of me that a lot of people don't know about. They know everything there is to know about another part of me, but not a thing about my heart. Dude, it's bad, but it's all good. All f**king good."

However, not all of Connecticut College is so excited about the Crue's impending stay on campus. A female professor, who chose to remain anonymous, has come forward and alluded to a brief, but tumultuous relationship with Crue front man Vince Neil in the late-eighties. When informed of the allegations, Neil responded:

"She was your average mud wrestler... When the girls from the Tropicana came back to my house to wrestle for my friends, she was always the most vicious fighter. She won every time and looked good doing it. She was just my type."

When asked to comment further on the relationship's end, Neil pro-

ceeded to grab a female cafeteria worker, wooed her into the backseat of his car, and drove off screaming about "adding her to the Vince Neil fan club," the anonymous professor responded that she would "not be attending the concert...unless they play 'Too Fast For Love,' I dig that tune."

Another concern of some faculty members and alumni is the band's infamous reputation for rowdy behavior and excessive drug use. Bass player Nikki Sixx sought to alleviate apprehension by sharing a tale of the band's fun-loving antics from days of yore:

"Tommy and I began breaking glass bottles over each other's heads and twisting the light bulbs out of makeup mirrors and swallowing them whole just for fun. When Vince was in the bathroom with some groupie or waitress, we'd sneak in, not because we wanted to double-team her, but because we wanted to sneak the drugs out of Vince's pants pocket while he was preoccupied."

The entire band is clearly excited about the impending show, and confident they will deliver one of their greatest performances to date.

"What happened to the chimney sweeps and beggars and housewives? Didn't they get reincarnated too?" concluded Mars. "As for me, I was informed of my past lives by a wise old hippie burnout known as the Midnight Gardener, who used to come to my house in the Santa Monica Mountains and tend to my lawn every night at 1 A.M."

The Midnight Gardener told me that I had been the King of Borneo, a cannibal, and a slave who worked on the Great Pyramids of Egypt."

On an unrelated side note, Health Services has announced plans to implement a new safety precaution this year that will involve distributing Hepatitis C vaccines to all female members of the student body a week prior to Floralia.

Be Kind, Rewind: I Love Black Sheep...er, I Mean the Other One

Hey everybody...I know that I "retired" a mere two issues ago, but since I did, I've had a lot more time to think, and there's been one thing weighing on me. No matter how many people I apologize to, or how many times I put up promotional posters for the movie around I my room, I don't feel that my soul will be vindicated until I get this off my chest in print: I was wrong. That's right, I made a mistake, and I'm man enough to admit it. Now, it's time to make things right...here goes nothing...

WINNER OF THE WEEK: TOMMY BOY (Chris Farley and the most talented supporting cast in the history of the film medium)

Yes friends and readers, I have reconsidered my feelings on this classic by the late Chris Farley, and I have seen the error of my ways. Upon first viewing, I just didn't appreciate "Tommy Boy" for the layered Machiavellian classic that it truly is. The metaphor, the poise, the human drama...it's all there. It is truly an emotional roller coaster, causing you to laugh one minute and cry the next. Don't believe me? Here's what my close, personal friend, Academy Award-winning actor Russell Crowe had to say:

"Yeah, great film, truly deserved the Oscar it won," snorted Crowe, "What do you mean it didn't win? It did win! Why? Because I said so! I'm Russell Crowe dammit! The only reason you don't think it won is because you don't comprehend my genius! I pity you and your misbegotten ilk...if you'll excuse me, I'm going to play with my Denzel Washington dartboard..."

Was David Spade in this? I'm pretty sure it was either him or Kenneth Branagh...their styles are so similar. It's a shame to see that



By BEN MORSE

Spade has been reduced to sitcom work after playing a prominent part in this loose adaptation of Citizen Kane that takes Orson Welles' concept further than he ever could have imagined.

The plot is the most intricate piece of work I've seen this side of JFK assassination theories. The John Williams-produced score would bring even the jovial Mr. Clean to his knees. The special effects are second to none, and the cameo by Dame Judi Dench is electric in her role as Farley's senile British grandmother. Here's what my buddy Chris Kleine had to say:

"Keanu Reeves is probably my biggest role model," deadpanned Kleine, exhibiting his famed reputation as the proverbial enigma wrapped in a riddle, "Yo, go see Rollerball...L.L. has been crying for weeks."

I eagerly await the upcoming Tommy Boy 20th Anniversary DVD, which I understand will include the director's plans for the proposed trilogy of which "Tommy Boy" and "Black Sheep" composed two par...aw screw it. I can't do this anymore. With Coley Ward gone, somebody on this paper needs to maintain some shred of integrity under that nut Stevens. Tommy Boy still sucks, April Fools.

Student Film Languishes in Development as Deadline Draws Near

By GEORGE WALKER

STAFF WRITER

Three years ago, Hans Gruten '02, Delilah Orderfer '02, and Wendell Hasinstanz '02 decided that they would write, direct, produce, and star in a movie that would be shown prior to the conclusion of their senior year. The news was met with much applause and excitement, mostly by Orderfer's "perpetually happy" freshman roommate Alisha Clive.

As graduation day approaches, the Voice decided to check back with these burgeoning filmmakers.

"What? Oh, that," Orderfer puzzled out when the Voice first contacted her, "I don't think we were serious about that. Why, did Hans think it was serious?"

Gruten did not, echoing Orderfer's statement, "Sure we all said we were going to do that, but we all knew it was not true. I guess it would be cool, but it is a lot of time I could spend doing anything else. I don't know anything about

movies and I know Del does not either. She likes Batman and Robin for god's sake."

However, when Hasinstanz was reached for comment, he told a decidedly different story.

"No, we were serious. We all signed a contract and we brainstormed out a story and I started to write the script. Finally finished it last semester. Then I started to call them, but they never seem to be there. Sometimes someone answers the phone that sounds like them, but it is either a wrong number or it is a relative answering the phone while Hans or Del is out of the room."

"Oh, poor Wendell," Orderfer sighed, "yeah, we have been avoiding him. I love him to death, but he is just so weird about this movie thing. It is all he has talked about since that day which is bad enough. But then I read some of the script and he had a love scene between his character and mine. So sad."

Hans has found Wendell similarly difficult to deal with as of late, "I don't even answer my phone any-



From Left: Hans Gruten '02, Delilah Orderfer '02, and Wendell Hasinstanz '02 in a time before Hasinstanz's "obsession" with making a movie they talked about once Freshman year drove Gruten and Orderfer to avoid him (Grutem).

more. It is too much. It was obvious it was just something to do, but no, Wendell didn't get that. He keeps telling me to bring my camcorder to Cro on Thursday. I think I broke that camcorder like three weeks after we talked about the movie three years ago."

Wendell remains dedicated to

the project and arrives at Cro every Thursday in the hopes that his friends got the message in time to meet him this week. "I hope we figure it out soon. I mean graduation is coming up in just a little while and I want to make sure my classmates can see it. I know Hans and Del are just as excited as I am."

MOVIE TIMES

Hoyts Waterford 9

Clockstoppers (PG) Fri-Thu (12:00 2:30 4:50) 7:20 9:45
The Rookie (G) Fri-Thu (12:20 3:20) 6:30 9:20
Panic Room (R) Fri-Thu (1:00 3:40) 7:10 9:50
Blade II (R) Fri-Thu (12:40 3:15) 7:00 9:35
E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (PG) Fri-Thu (12:30 3:30) 6:45 9:30
Sorority Boys (R) Fri-Thu (4:00) 9:55
Showtime (PG-13) Fri-Thu (12:50 3:50) 6:50 9:40
Ice Age (PG) Fri-Thu (12:10 2:20 4:40) 6:40 8:45
Resident Evil (R) Fri-Thu (1:10 4:10) 6:55 9:25
The Time Machine (PG-13) Fri-Thu (12:45) 7:30

Hoyts Groton 6

Panic Room (R) Fri-Sun (1:00 3:45) 7:00 9:35
 Mon-Thu (3:45) 7:00 9:35
The Rookie (G) Fri-Sun (12:30 3:15) 6:30 9:15
 Mon-Thu (3:15) 6:30 9:15
Clockstoppers (PG) Fri-Sun (12:45 3:00 5:10) 7:20 9:40
 Mon-Thu (5:10) 7:20 9:40
Blade II (R) Fri-Sun (12:50 4:00) 7:15 9:45
 Mon-Thu (4:00) 7:15 9:45
Sorority Boys (R) Fri-Thu (3:40) 9:50
Showtime (PG-13) Fri-Thu (3:10) 9:20
Resident Evil (R) Fri-Sun (1:15) 7:30
 Mon-Thu 7:30
The Time Machine (PG-13) Fri-Sun (12:40) 6:50
 Mon-Thu 6:50

Hoyts Mystic 3

Death to Smoochy (R) Fri-Sun (1:00 4:00) 6:45 9:30
 Mon-Thu (4:00) 6:45 9:30
Monster's Ball (R) Fri-Sun (12:45 3:45) 7:00 9:25
 Mon-Thu (3:45) 7:00 9:25
A Beautiful Mind (PG-13) Fri-Sun (12:30 3:30) 6:30 9:20
 Mon-Thu (3:30) 6:30 9:20

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Lazrus No Longer Recognizes Conn's Sovereignty

By PETER NEDRY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

On Monday, in a move that stunned the campus community, Lazrus declared itself an independent state responsible only to itself. Following the announcement went into a complete communications black-out with the college, broken only by a fax to every office on campus.

The fax read, "Lazrus is no longer under the control of Connecticut College or its honor code. We refuse to recognize the sovereignty of the administration, particularly Fainstein's dog whom we believe unfit to guide the college during this difficult time. We will send two representatives of our choosing to the SGA meetings. They will be our only link to the campus community. They are not to be harassed, kidnapped, or otherwise

impeded from the fulfilling of their duties and returning to Lazrus unharmed. This is all."

All interview requests from the Voice and other news organizations have been heretofore ignored."

Principle negotiator Victoria Soonda admits that she is at something of a loss about how to deal with the situation. "Beyond their declaration on Monday, they have not done all that much different than they would any other day or any other week. Technically, they really have done nothing wrong."

When asked to elaborate, Soonda explained, "All of them are still attending classes, they are all paid up on their tuition, some are even paid through next year. Although they claim to no longer recognize the college's honor code, there is little evidence to indicate that. None of them

appear to be cheating, there has been no discernible increase in underage alcohol use or drug use, and no member of Laz has perpetrated any vandalism in or outside the dorm since Monday. An infrared scan of the dorm revealed several lit candles, but we are fairly certain that contraband was there and already being used long before their separation from Connecticut College."

"I mean, I guess we could kill the power," Soonda went on, discussing some possible approaches, "but that seems a little extreme given the circumstances. I mean, I can walk in and out of the dorm no problem. All they do is ignore me, which kind of hurts, but hardly seems like grounds to use siege type tactics. All we do at this time is just hope they decide that Conn is worth being a part of again."



An artistic rendering of the Dark Camels. This is the only medium the Camels will allow for the depiction of their images (Geary).

Junior Admits to Less Than Life Altering Abroad Experience

By RENEE MANOVICH
STAFF WRITER



"One day, it just got to be too much," Bopsie Jessup '03 explained, "I had to stop living a lie."

The lie in question was telling anyone who cared to listen how much she loved her time in France, how much better it was than Conn, and how she wished she was back there. It was a lie she told because she "thought that was the way it was done."

"I remember when my sister came back from being abroad when I was in 10th grade, and all she ever said was how great it was, how refined the people were. Then, I got to Conn and it seemed like everyone who came back from abroad said the same sort of things. I just figured it was natural."

Yet, for Jessup, France proved anything but an oasis. She found herself unable to say anything useful with her "marginal at best" French language skills and missed her friends from Conn very much. As time wore on, she became more comfortable in France and met several people involved in the same program that she became friends with. However, she did still anxiously await returning to Conn.

"I think it was all I talked about that last month," she says, smirking in embarrassment, "my friends must have been so tired of me."

Jessup stresses that the experience was not bad, that France proved to be a fun time. That being said, "I am glad to be back, I love Conn. Maybe I missed something, but being abroad was not so much better than being here."

Her confession has stirred up much controversy since she announced it nearly a week ago. Numerous detractors, including her freshman roommate Claudia Baces '03, have criticized Jessup's "closed-mindedness." "It is just so sad," Baces told the Voice moments after Jessup's announcement, "she had this chance to grow as a person and she didn't. I know I certainly did. Having grown, I find it hard to hang out with people like her, who just didn't."

Despite such harsh criticisms, Jessup has also

found several allies. Cristobal Jenkins '04 visited Portugal to see where his mother grew up and insisted to friends for almost a year that it was "a breathtaking, life-affirming experience." With Jessup blazing a new trail, however, Cristobal finally felt he could tell the true story.

"Don't get me wrong, my mother's village was beautiful and Portugal and its people have a rich tradition. But really all I did was drink with American students, travel Europe with American students, and skip classes with American students. I can do two of those three things here and I can do them with people I like more. Going abroad was great and all, but I really do like being here. I just said all that stuff because I thought you were supposed to," Cristobal admitted.

He added later, in response to Baces' comments, "I don't know what she is talking about. My friend Bob was in Germany with her and he said she was in the internet cafes everyday, IMing her friends, and crying about how she could not wait to go back home." Baces declined to comment on the allegation.

"I think going away is a very important thing," Jessup concluded, "I just wish people would also realize that no one has to pretend like they hate being at Conn or living in America when they get back."

Conn's Own Football Team Revealed

continued from page 8

game." The coed team has yet to lose a game either.

Jacobs refused to theorize why the team had been kept secret for this long, saying "I don't really know, and don't wish to guess. What is important is that everyone knows now."

She went on to confess the years of isolation, "were sad, but we knew coming to this school that we would be hidden and we accepted that stipulation. Still, it just tore your heart out any time you saw someone with one of those undefeated shirts."

No plans have been announced about what is to be done with the team now that it is out in the open.

Quick Looks

News From Around Campus

Girl Falls Down Stairs, Feels Need to Tell Class

An unidentified female student arrived to a History class and informed her fellow classmates that the reason she was late was that she had fallen down the stairs in her dorm.

The professor, who also declined to be identified, described the situation to the Voice, "The whole thing was bizarre. She showed up about ten minutes late and I commented that I thought she maybe she was not going to be in class because she was sick. All she had to do was say she was fine, or apologize, or even just nod. Instead she tells us all how she fell. If I was here, I would want to keep that quiet."

Student Cannot Understand Why Roommate Insists on Putting Tests on Refrigerator

"It is just so creepy," Paul Stanovich '05 says, shaking his head. "At first I thought it was a joke, but here we are a semester later. If he is joking, it stopped being funny a while ago."

The "it" in question is Stanovich's roommate Hood Beatty's habit of displaying his recent tests on their refrigerator. According to Stanovich, it began after Beatty received his first test back in their Spanish 101 class and has yet to stop since.

"He's a cool guy, we get along great, and he's a lot of fun. But with him putting up his tests all the time, he must have a screw loose or something, right? I am thinking of not moving with him just because I don't want him to kill me in my sleep."

Beatty, when reached for comment, was surprised to hear that his roommate was uncomfortable with his displaying of tests. "I get good grades, and I like to see them to encourage myself to keep at it. My mom always did it at home for me. Anyway, if it is really an issue, I can make room for him to be his tests up there too."

"God. Every time I bring it up to him he always offers that," Stanovich said, exasperated, "He doesn't get it. I don't need to put mine up. I need for him to stop being so freaky."

Parents Send Empty Package as Cruel Joke

In what Senior Selma Puren's friends are calling, "the meanest thing ever. Totally not cool," Puren's parents sent her a package, which turned out to be a box filled with packing peanuts.

"I was so excited," Puren revealed, "My parents almost never send me anything. Then, I got home and opened it. If it was supposed to be funny or something it definitely was not."

Puren's mom Sandra admitted to be the mastermind behind the "gag." "We thought it would be cute, Tom [Selma's father] and I. She always gave us a hard time about never sending anything so we sent her an empty box. Then, a day later, I sent her a box filled with chocolate."

Selma confirmed that such a package did arrive two days later but by then, "the damage was done." Tom Puren could not be reached for comment.

Harris Walls Actually "Magic Eye" Mural

Gina Jaloffy '05 was just zoning out one day during brunch when she suddenly realized that the pink wall she was staring at was no wall at all. A 3-D mural of dolphins cavorting through the surf seemed to have appeared, vision-like, in the mottled sponge-painting. "One minute I was eating my eggs McConn, the next I felt like I was at Sea World," said Jaloffy. "It was crazy, man. Absolutely surreal."

Since Jaloffy's startling discovery, other students have reported seeing space ships, sailboats, and bunnies munching on carrots.

One student, who wishes to remain anonymous, claims he even saw the words, "You Will Work For Dining Services," spelled backwards. Since making this disclosure, the student has found threatening messages baked into his helping of green bean casserole, as well as an ever increasing feeling that he is being watched whenever he enters any of Conn's dining halls. To date he has been unable to document any of these occurrences. According to him, the wall was repainted later the day he saw it. Dining Services has responded that any painting was completed during Winter Break or Spring Break and none was done while students were on campus. Despite this, the student stands by his story, "I know what I saw, and I know what is going on. Nobody is fooling me."

Dining Services has denied all allegations of involvement, except for the bunnies. "We thought it would make students feel more at home," said Harry Hoffstader, Harris's executive interior decorator. "We never meant to hurt anybody." Hoffstader attributed the other students' claims to an "unfortunate batch of baked cod."

New Campus Vows to End Conn/UConn Confusion

By ELIZABETH NIGHTINGALE
STAFF WRITER

It is a common mistake many Connecticut College students make at least once in their lives. When asked by family friends, at job interviews, or sometimes even by high school classmates where they are going to school, Conn students will often be met with a response of, "Oh, Uconn." Most politely explain that Connecticut College and the University of Connecticut are, in fact, two different institutions. It is an annoyance, but rare is the individual who feels the need to escalate the situation beyond that simple correction.

That is, until now.

A group has quietly assembled itself, recruiting members in secret from the campus community. They have trained for weeks without making themselves known. In a Voice exclusive this past week, they chose to reveal themselves for the first time.

Calling themselves "The Dark Camels" the group of roughly a dozen members have dedicated themselves to the cause of ending the Conn-Uconn problem. Refusing to speak to the Voice without their masks or having anything more than an artist's rendering taken of themselves, it is easy to label them paranoids. Steel Hump, the group's designated leader and spokesperson, would take umbrage with such a statement. "There are certain forces that will always attempt to slander and bring low people like ourselves. We are soldiers of truth and cannot afford to expose ourselves to any possible distractions," he explains.

While their dedication is clear, what is less clear is what exactly their motives or goals are. Golden Hooves, who seems to be Hump's second in command believes that their motives should be fairly easy to discern. "I went to a comedy show last year and someone made a joke

about calling Conn Uconn. Everything thought that it was very funny. I did not. I refuse to stand idly by while my school's good name is bandied about like some sort of gag," she offered, but would explain no further.

Hump claims that the goal is to "end the system that allows people to identify Connecticut College as the University of Connecticut." When quizzed on how exactly the group intended to do this, Hump would only reply cryptically, "Our methods are none of your concern. You need only know we do this for your own good."

Calculator, who identifies himself as the organization's treasurer, stressed that this is not a war against Uconn itself, "I have no problem with Uconn. Several of my high school friends go there. Their basketball program is top notch. But we clearly are not them, just as surely as they clearly are not us. What we, the Dark Camels, wish to do is let the rest of the world know what Conn and Uconn students already know."

Doctor Rasputin Rapunzel, author of The College Identity, finds the Dark Camels' behavior to be nothing particularly noteworthy. "The vast majority of college students have much invested in their college and will identify themselves as members of its community for most of their lives. We see this most prominently in Ivy League graduates impressive ability to drop the name of their alma mater without a moment's notice. All these students are trying to do is secure that identity as being unique. They are doing so in a way that is entirely anti-social and really more befitting of a 10 year old, but this is not unheard of either. They are probably all comic book fans. Dorks."

Hump and the rest of "The Dark Camels" were unavailable to respond to Doctor Rapunzel's theorizing.

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Student Activists Growing Accustomed to Political Inactivity, Slothfulness

By T-BONE
STAFF WRITER

With the tragedies of September 11th and the events that have followed, many groups and individuals have had to alter their behavior out of respect and to fall in line with the new wave of patriotism. None have been so affected as the college student activist, and Conn has not been spared this trend.

"Sure, it was tough when Claire [Gaudiani] left because it did leave us without a readily apparent villain. But we all quickly bounced back from that. After all, evil still existed in the world even if it was not connected as intimately with our school anymore," Youths for Justice member Patrick Eumacks '03 said, explaining the status of activism on campus prior to September. "It felt as though we were finally getting our legs underneath us."

As America's innocence was put on notice, activist organizations on campus found that developing comfort ripped away from them. Brenda Puzzo '02, a member of both SEAL and

SOUL, quickly realized that the "normal way of doing things needed to be changed. Being pro-animal or for the equal treatment of individuals of all sexual orientations was not anti-American, but no one was really interested."

Eumacks found a similar truth in the activities of his group. "At first we tried to protest, while stressing the fact that we were pro-American and pro-New York and so on, but apparently, as that guy in the bar explained to me with his fists when I questioned the necessity of invading Iraq at this juncture, that cannot really be done. So we, like so many groups decided it was time for a little lie down. Give everybody some quiet time for healing."

Six months later, many believe that although American remains forever altered, a status quo has returned to society. For activists, this should mean a return to protests, posters, and petitions. However, after several months of video games, reading, exchanging in friendly non-political conversation, and other leisure activities, student activists have found an increasing appreciation of down time.

An unidentified member of the Feminist Majority clarified, "Look, it isn't that I am saying I will now stand idly by while women are oppressed worldwide, but it was nice to have some time off. Like maybe now I'll concentrate on just one issue."

Puzzo has found herself increasingly energetic "because, as I have realized, being outraged all the time is a lot of work. It is nice to look at the paper and not see twelve different stories that make me want to scream. Who knew that 'Fox Trot' could be so pleasantly amusing?"

Eumacks attempted to summarize the new attraction to political disinterest for the *Voice*, "We all used to look down on our classmates who were so politically lazy. It turns out though that they might all have been on to something. Doing things like smiling and playing frisbee without also worrying about the homeless in America's cities, the threat of nuclear war, or the government's exploitation of third world countries is a lot of fun. Who knew?"

Woody Named Sports Writer of the Year

continued from page 8

ties."

I drifted into thought, wondering whether or not he too belonged among that list of greats. He drifted back to his work. While focusing on the screen like Tiger Woods over a ten-footer he blocked out all distractions. "All distractions" included balance; he nearly toppled backwards, and we were both thrust from our inspiration.

I decided he did not belong in that esteemed company, instead he belonged right where he was: with me.

He was now six hundred and seventy-seven words deep, just over one hundred shy of his desired length, and things were beginning to wind down. He still worked with the greatest of ease, and I still enjoyed every second of it. Observing his excellence gave me the burning desire to achieve greatness of my own; it was my turn to set out and

follow his size eleven and a half footsteps with size eleven and a half footsteps of my own. Without a handshake, and without him taking his eyes of the screen, I issued him the sincerest "Thank you, Woody."

And almost as though he was trying to further prove his greatness, he went off in the third person, "Oh! Woody doesn't mind. As a matter of fact, Woody thanks you, because if it weren't for young guns like yourself, Woody never would have made it this far. Woody owes you!"

I marveled at the idea of Woody, the man, the myth, the legend, owing his successes to someone like me. The interview was over, and if it was possible, he had become even more My Hero. I longed to be like him, but as I finished things up, I could not help but wonder if I, Ryan Arthur Woodward, could ever write an article good enough to do this man justice...

Electricity Cut From School Budget

continued from page 1

improvise solutions to what would normally be routine problems such as the storage of food and maintaining light by doing things like building igloos and working under the moon. In the early days of the blackout several students attempted to start fires in order to see and to keep warm, but Campus Safety officers who deemed the incidents "flagrant violations of the Honor Code" quickly put out the blazes.

The most serious challenge to plague Conn: in the wake of the electricity loss is the outbreak of what the Health Center is referring to as "Acute AIM Withdrawal" or AWW. Symptoms to watch for are a tendency in people to respond to questions such as "what's up?" with "I am playing a game that takes up most of my screen" or incessant attempts to imitate the

IM sound.

Obviously the loss of electrical power has hit the educational process hard as well, as professors are unable to utilize any sort of electrical devices in teaching their classes and are often forced to lecture in darkness.

"Frankly, these are not problems I anticipated facing when I became part of the faculty here," complained Professor of Psychology Macarena Vogue. "I have tried to bring flashlights from home to class on occasion, but they have been repeatedly confiscated by Campus Safety officers who have accused me of 'stockpiling portable electricity'."

Maroni's office has been contacted for comment, but will be unable to provide any until the carrier being used in place of telephones reaches Blaustein.

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SPORTS

Woody Named Sports Writer of the Year

He got back to me rather suddenly. Just before Spring Break 2002, I tried to contact him about setting up an interview for my next article, but he hadn't gotten back to me until just now. He told me that the Internet connection in his dorm was down, and consequently his social life was

too, so as far as the interview was concerned, it was now or never. I dropped my video game remote and rushed down to his room; it is not every day that you get to interview your idol, especially when he has just been named Sports Writer of the Year in a unanimous vote by his peer, his fellow sports columnist for the Connecticut College Voice.



RYAN WOODWARD
Reading the Break

"You can just call me Woody," he said with the air of arrogance that comes with knowing that you are the best, "but I'm not exactly sure how you want to do this."

I told him that I just wanted to be there while he does what he does; I wanted to watch him caress the keys as only he can; I wanted to watch him grapple with the thoughts and then finally pin them onto the page. I told him that my goal was to get into his head.

"Well alright, I guess..." he rubbed his fingers over his well-shaven head. I knew that that head would be hard to penetrate, but I had to give it a shot. "I have to write a rather juvenile article for the April Pools Day edition of our paper, but I suppose you can sit in on it. It really shouldn't be anything too great - I'm just writing about some clown who may as well consider himself the greatest man on Earth... Not my forte, if ya' know what I mean."

I didn't know what he meant, but I pretended. Without another word spoken, we both sat down and began working. He immediately fell into the zone: his MP3 player softly laid the rhythm that he worked the keys in; his eyes gazed at the monitor the way innocent girls long to be gazed at; a bead of sweat dripped down the right side of his forehead, then his cheek, before plummeting rapidly to the desktop analogous to the way that the words flooded onto the page; the cursor on the screen seemed to have trouble keeping up with him, and so did I.

I began to sweat too. Proving to me that we were on the same wavelength, we both dabbed the next drop of sweat with the right sleeves of our T-shirts at the same time.

I couldn't help but wonder how ridiculous this would look to an outsider; for so long I have admired him, and made efforts to be like him, and it has now gotten to the point that we are now almost the same, right down the mesh shorts and Heather-Grey athletic T-Shirts we both wore.

It had only been fifteen minutes, and he had scrawled out five hundred and three words. I knew I was in the presence of an amazing individual. I asked how exactly he could write so much so quickly about such a boring individual.

I had killed his flow; he leaned his desk chair back onto two legs (a move that he may have actually picked up from me!) and nonchalantly answered: "I've studied the best: the late Dick Schaap, Bill Reynolds, Mitch Albom, Bob Ryan, M.W. Preston... If they have had any great influence on the sporting world, then whether they know it or not, they have positively effected my abili-

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Conn's Athletic Center Roof Disintegrates

By GAGE

STAFF WRITER

The event that many have been predicting for quite some time finally manifested in the early hours of Saturday morning. The Athletic Center roof, one of the larger ticket items on the deferred maintenance list, became a problem that could no longer be ignored.

It did not, however, occur in a way anyone expected or could have predicted. It did not collapse, nor did small holes become giant ones. Instead, simply put, it just ceased being.

New London Building Inspector Courtney Skilling whistled and proclaimed that she had never seen anything like it when she was first shown it. "It is like it was never there. There is no debris on the ground, no small pieces of it still above. I just can't explain that."

Neither can anyone else its seems, although this has not prevented several guesses.

Chuck Fastow '05, who first noticed the loss of roof Tuesday afternoon, (although photographs taken be a visiting family confirm it was there Friday, but gone by Saturday), sat down with the Voice to describe his discovery and his own theory on the roof's fate.

"I was just shooting jump shots, trying to get in shape so I can go out



The athletic center roof, in happier days, prior to its degeneration Saturday morning. It went unnoticed until Tuesday evening (Sultan).

for the basketball team next year. One shoot bounced way high off the rim, so I had to look up and get under it to catch it. When I looked up, all I saw was sky.

"It was weird, because I had gone Saturday, Sunday, and Monday and not noticed it. It was colder, but I thought with the electricity being off (see related story on the front page), maybe they had stopped heating the athletic center, too.

"That is why I am pretty sure it was alien roof theft. They clouded our minds for a few days so they could escape without being fol-

lowed. When they were sure they were safe, they let us 'notice it.'"

When asked why aliens would steal Connecticut College's Athletic Center roof, he responded, "Jeez, I don't know. What do I look like, their biographers or something?"

Although Fastow's speculation has gained support with many, the most popular theory by far was first voiced by Veronique Jertob during an impromptu rally on Larrabee Green. Shouting into a megaphone, she declared, "Don't you people see what is happening here? The power goes out and our roof disappears, on

the same day! Isn't that a little too convenient? It is a conspiracy!"

A passer-by shouted, "Done by whom and for what purpose," to which Jertob snapped, "You can't even see what is right in front of your nose, man." At a later interview, she confessed that Fastow's hypothesis, "seems more likely, but I just know in my gut that what I am right here. I can't explain it, but I know the evidence is out there."

An administrator who wishes to remain anonymous assured the Voice that no such conspiracy existed and that, as far as she knew, "it

has been at least seven years since aliens had any interest in this campus, and they tend to be pretty consistent about this sort of thing."

As to what had in fact occurred, the administrator would not speculate. "We have spoken to Ms. Skilling and she would no evidence of any prying, use of acid or gasoline, or anything else that might clue as in to the roof's fate. As far as I am concerned, it is all a moot point. What matters now is the building a new roof which will not disappear in the early hours of the day without warning."

Another administrator, who requested he be referred to in print only as 'Max Power,' disagrees with this viewpoint. "It is very important to figure out what happened to the old roof so it does not happen again. Whether it is aliens, a vast right or left-wing conspiracy, or my personal theory, small fairy creature armed with an undetectable magic acid, it matters not to me. All of these things are preventable in the future, but only if we know what to prevent."

As of press time, it was unknown which issue, the rebuilding of the roof or discerning the cause of the former roof's disintegration, would be pursued first. An open SGA meeting will be held Monday night in the 1962 room of Cro to receive student feedback on the issue.

Conn's Football Team Discovered Chimpanzee Awarded Basketball Scholarship

By UN GAGE

STAFF WRITER

Connecticut College's darkest secret has been revealed. It has had a football team since its founding in 1911.

Following God's visit to Connecticut College (see related story in Arts and Entertainment) where He explained his choice of Conn as the location for His press conference was "because I had seen your football shirts, the one that advertise your unbeaten record, and I thought that any school undefeated in football since its founding had to be doing something right," five students became curious.

"I was talking to someone afterwards and he thought it was so odd that God could be fooled by such an obvious joke T-shirt and I got to thinking," Stewart Ripley '04 uttered, narrating how he decided to pursue the issue, "I know from 'Dogma' that God can't be wrong or all of existence is negated. And we were still here."

Ripley's friend, Sal Agelo '05, added, "So unless Connecticut was heaven, which is impossible since Dennis Leary says in 'The Ref' that Connecticut is one of the rings of Hell, that meant God was not wrong."

"Exactly," Ripley replied, adding, "And good call on 'The Ref,' that movie is so funny."

At the same time, unknown to the duo, a trio of women was going through much the same thought process. "It just did not make sense. Surely, a deity who delivered such an eloquent and accurate speech on the current state of music would know that we did not actually have a football team," Caroline Lugreen

'03 mused moments after God concluded His press conference. Gladys Smith '02 and Janet Hatleli '02 concurred with her opinion and three planned to raid all the files on athletics to see if they could find any clues that night.

As they slinked across campus, they ran into the aforementioned duo of Ripley and Agelo. Agelo described their meeting as occurring while "we were just wandering around. They were all like, 'you must keep this secret, we are trying to find out if we have a football team.' And Ripley was like, 'Cool. We were wondering about that, too.'"

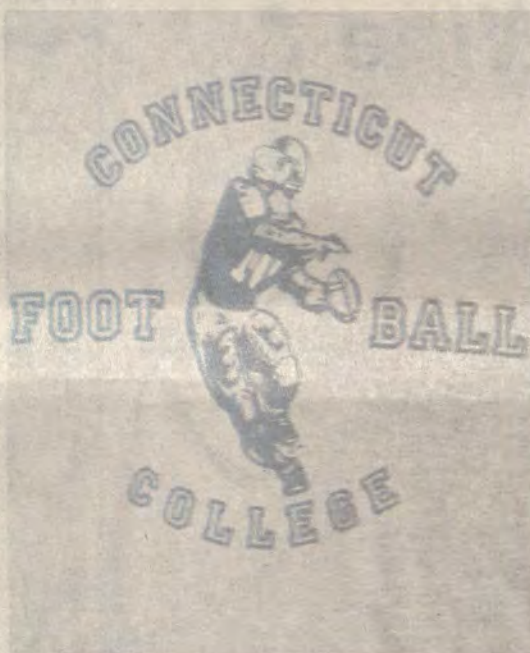
"So then one of them asks, 'What were you going to do about it?' and we were just like, 'Nothing, but do you mind if we come with?' Then they had some big fight, and decided to let us go with them."

"I couldn't believe it," Hatleli hissed, shaking her head, "Gladys was actually saying they should come. I mean, look at them."

"What was the big deal? I would have felt bad if we didn't bring them," Smith said, defending her choice.

After two hours of searching, the students discovered a map, which led them to a hidden, floating football stadium. It was here, for the first time, members of Connecticut College's campus met Connecticut College's football team.

"We had all just gotten to bed,



This popular Conn College joke t-shirt proved to be more aware of campus goings-on than most students when it was revealed Conn has had a football team since 1911 (Sultan).

when all of the sudden this guy bursts into the barracks and starts shouting, 'Eureka, we found you!' It was frightening," Fred Rudolph '03, running back, described the first encounter.

"I yelled 'Eureka!' It was pretty cool," Ripley claimed.

The women quickly met with the newly discovered football team and arranged for a press conference in the morning while Ripley and Agelo, "ran circles around the field for an hour," explained Lugreen.

At the press conference, team captain Jolene Jacobs '02 revealed that the team had existed since 1911 when it was entirely women players. Much like the school, it became coed in 1969 and remains so to date. Even being the only women's team in football, "they did not lose a

continued on page 6

By B.J. MOORE

STAFF WRITER

In a surprising move, Connecticut College President Norman Fainstein and Head Men's Basketball Coach Lynn Ramage announced last week that the college has awarded its first ever full athletic scholarship in the school's history to a three-year old chimpanzee named Archie.

Though historically the college has not given out athletic scholarships in accordance with NESCAC regulations, that all changed after Fainstein and Ramage got together one night and rented the 1997 Disney film *Air Bud* in which a stray dog became a star basketball player. Thinking this was the perfect way to put the Conn. Men's Basketball program over the top, Fainstein and Ramage set out on an intense canine recruiting mission. However, they were stopped abruptly by Fainstein's top advisor, his dog Willis, who reportedly "did not want the competition" to his position as top dog on campus.

Their initial plan spoiled, Fainstein and Ramage traveled to a series of zoos until they found the perfect monkey for the job.

"We found Archie in the Chimp exhibit at the Bronx Zoo," said Fainstein, "In addition to his excellent accuracy percentage from three point range, he has a warm personality and near perfect standardized testing scores. I am certain he will make a valuable addition to the campus community."

As a result of having awarded

the scholarship, Connecticut College has been kicked out of the NESCAC intercollegiate athletic conference, which it has been a part of for years.

Animal Rights activist Lorraine Perez had the following to say:

"I applaud the actions of Connecticut College. For years chimps and non-human mammals have been completely shut out of higher education. I personally look forward to the day when apes and their brethren are accepted into schools like Conn. On their academic merits, but until then we will settle for seeing them enrolled under whatever circumstances are available."

Archie will be enrolled as a freshman and have the same academic requirements as other students, despite his status both as a scholarship recipient and monkey. He will also live in a triple or double with other male members of his class and be subject to all rules and regulations of the Honor Code.

"Archie is a very special student, but that doesn't mean we're cutting any corners for him," assured Ramage, "Rest assured, he will have to work just as hard as other students both on the court and in the classroom."

Fainstein concluded by stating that "losing the support of the NESCAC is a small price to pay to bring Archie into the Connecticut College family."

Archie could not be reached for comment, as he was busy flinging his own feces.

Parting Shots

In case there are some of you out there who did not get it, we'll do what any comedian should never do and give away the joke...

APRIL FOOL'S

We hope all of you enjoyed it and that you had a good chuckle. Feel free to let us know what you thought by e-mailing us at ccvoice@conncoll.edu and pick up an issue next week when *The College Voice* returns.

P.S. Yes, the movie times are real.

P.P.S. The heartwarming stories from those loveable, wacky scamps in Motley Crue come from The Dirt: Confessions of the World's Most Notorious Rock Band, available at several online bookstores. Buy it today.