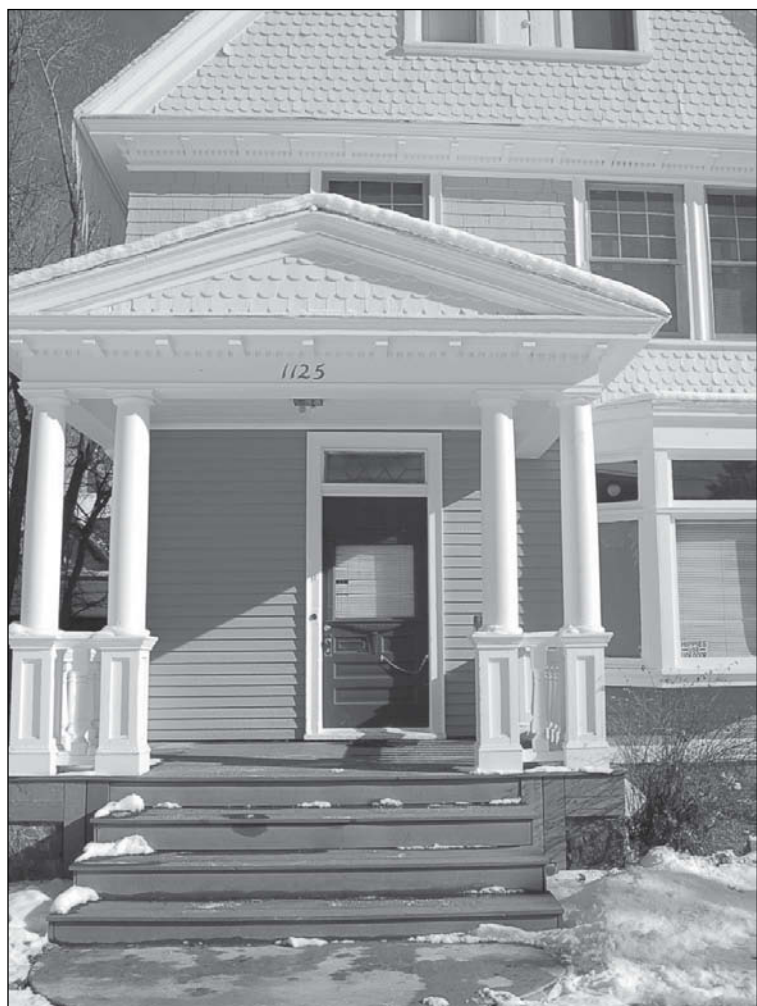




CC PARTY ATTACKED

Gang raids 1125 N. Nevada, students injured



Photos by Ellie Wood

The front and back of 1125 N. Nevada Ave., where a gang of 20 Colorado Springs residents attacked CC students at the end of a party on Saturday, Nov. 18.

ALEX EMMONS
Staff Writer

With the music turned off and the party nearly vacant, a gang of roughly 20 uninvited guests arrived at 1125 N. Nevada at four a.m. on Saturday, November 18.

The gang, with the clear intention of burglary, immediately started to search the home of the five CC seniors. When two friends of the residents confronted them, one was punched in the back of the head.

A brawl broke out, literally throughout the entire house, with the CC contingency drastically outnumbered. The gang blackened the eyes of the two friends who had originally objected, and beat them badly. The fight escalated to a frenzy that left multiple fist- and foot-shaped holes in the walls.

Senior Eliza Outtrim had only returned to the house to fetch a forgotten coat, but instead walked, surprised, into the middle of the fight and was punched in the back of the head.

Not long after, one of the vandals threw a guest of the house through a first-floor window, while elsewhere the bloodshed continued to stain the carpets.

After noticing a call to the police was being made, the gang vacated, in possession of more

than \$2,000 worth of stolen property.

By the time the city police arrived, the gang was gone. The officers mistook friends of the residents for the real criminals, assumed the bloodied complainants had enticed the fight, castigated them, and filed an incomplete report concerning the disturbance. A group of girls tried to reaffirm the trespassing and

The fight escalated into a frenzy that left multiple fist- and foot-shaped holes in the walls.

theft; according to witnesses, the officers did nothing further and left the scene.

One resident asserted, "The cops showed up only because they had to, and basically told us it was our own fault. I had to go downtown later and fill out a police report. Just so everyone knows, if you do see someone suspicious, tell them to leave. I used to be the guy who would say, 'Yeah, as long as you're cool you can stay,' but now I just can't do that."

Another resident, senior Mike Cassidy, was sardonic in his comments. "Basically,

we're not going to be having any more parties for a while."

This incident has only been the latest in a chain of occurrences at 1125 Nevada. One night, an unidentified individual stuck the house's garden hose—running—through a window, then walked away. Many have been asked to stop peeing on the carpet in the middle of parties. Someone once tried to steal the kitchen's fire extinguisher, and when stopped, they set it off. Multiple other fights have begun in the middle of the TV room, and other people have tried to break in. The windows and window blinds have been vandalized; there have been thousands of dollars of irreparable damage done to the carpets; a \$200 stereo speaker was destroyed. One night, a group of boys lit a paper bag of newspapers on fire and apparently tried to burn the house down.

To say the least, the \$2,000 security deposit will not be returned.

For the residents of 1125, this year has had its ups and downs, and while the ups have been sublime, the downs are starting to take their toll.

Senior Tommy Lee proclaimed, "Dude,

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VAT initiates debate about TWIG's sense of humor

JAKE WEISS
Staff Writer

Colorado College's only student improvisational comedy troupe, the Theatre Workshop Improv Group (TWIG), has become the subject of much criticism from students and student organizations such as the Victim's Assistance Team (VAT) for jokes pertaining to sexual assault.

Last block, sophomore Brittany Linton sent a letter on behalf of the VAT to the Theater Workshop's faculty advisor, Andrew Manly, and student head Naomi Botkin. The letter expressed concerns about jokes made during the first performance of TWIG this year, regarding the sexual abuse of freshman girls after an audience member suggested the topic.

In keeping with the pattern of most contemporary comedy, the majority of TWIG's subject matter is highly controversial and could be taken as overtly offensive, depending on the viewpoint of the observer. Nonetheless, TWIG has enjoyed massive popularity on the CC campus since its inception, repeatedly packing the Taylor Theater for their shows at the end of each block.

Linton has attended all three TWIG performances this year and has taken it upon herself to initiate a dialogue with the comedy group about the issue of sexual assault on campus. "The VAT gets a call once a week about an incident of sexual assault," Linton explained, and she doesn't think laughing about it is an appropriate way to deal with the problem.

"I don't want to bash TWIG," said Linton. "I wanted to bring it to their attention that this is not a laughing matter."

Junior Sierra Fleenor, a three-year veteran of TWIG, explained that the role of comedians is not to solve the tough issues that come up in their shows but to make their audiences aware of them. "We don't make a list of things to do before the show. We adjust ourselves to the temperament of the audience. I think we speak to a lot of tensions that happen here on campus."

Fleenor stated that she believes it's important for TWIG to tackle the toughest issues affecting the CC community. "I'm glad people are offended. It's supposed to be like, 'Oh my God, they just said that?' We said it, but it's been done."

Much of popular modern humor is concerned with difficult social and political issues, and sheds light on the absurdity of widely accepted social norms. Often,

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The third installment of urban spelunking.

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An opinions contributor discusses allegations of racism.

Freshman reflects on near-death experience

MATT BAER
Staff Writer

"I don't want to, but I remember it," said freshman Lukas Walton concerning his experience with encephalitis and viral meningitis.

Contracting these viral infections, which affect the brain and the spinal column respectively, was traumatizing and painful for Walton. Despite the difficulty, he was able to share what he does remember of his story with *The Catalyst*.

Walton discovered he had both encephalitis and meningitis during the first half of the second block. Identifying the infection as viral meningitis proved difficult, due to the fact that it was not the more recognizable bacterial meningitis, which all CC students are immunized against.

Although unable to comment about this particular case due to strict privacy policies for students, Dr. Judith Reynolds, M.D., the Medical Director at Boettcher Health Center, explained the difficulty in diagnosing the infection.

"Viral meningitis is an infection of the meninges [the tissues that surround the spinal cord]. Encephalitis is an infection or inflammation of the brain. The problem is that these viruses can present themselves like a simple cold," Reynolds said.

Normally, a bacterial meningitis case would be treated extremely seriously throughout the community; however, Dr. Reynolds acknowledged that the less contagious and more common viral meningitis does not call for such precautions.

The first signs of the infections were when Walton continually felt tired and depleted. "My mind and memory of the whole thing isn't that clear. But I remember I was tired constantly. Sleep didn't help. I didn't eat for almost a day and half," he said.

Walton then began to find cold sores surrounding his mouth, which turned out to be a herpes outbreak. After visits to Boettcher, the herpes were treated, but other symptoms continued.

"I couldn't walk straight at one point. My buddy Miles had to carry me to the front desk of Slocum. From there, Boettcher was called and they brought me to the ER at Penrose Hospital down the street," said Walton.

At Penrose, he was first diagnosed with encephalitis and meningitis.

"Because these viruses can first present themselves as a cold, we always tell students

to return if more symptoms occur. A lot of students think it is easy to diagnose these things. But diseases evolve," said Reynolds.

Walton was then transferred to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, MD. His mother wanted him to be at the best possible place for treatment.

While it is officially unknown how he contracted the disease, Walton said that it could have been the result of being overstressed, combined with a weakened immune system. Walton said that he had been working himself very hard.

"Encephalitis and meningitis may be contracted because of a depleted immune system. Viruses like these typically show up in close contact situations. Ultimately, these kinds of things are acquired because you are a human being walking in society," said Reynolds.

Once at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Walton was kept for two weeks in the Intensive Care Unit for treatment. He underwent multiple procedures, including numerous spinal taps, MRIs, and blood tests.

"I was constantly connected to an IV and kept in a small hospital room for two weeks. I suffered from what I would call distortions of thought. My mind was not connected to my body, and it would provide visual imagery to stuff. I could hardly walk and move for most of the two weeks," he said.

In addition to cognitive troubles, the virus affected Walton's facial muscles, ability to swallow, and his heart rate. At one point, a pacemaker was required to keep his heart rate up.

"I was angry and frustrated though, because I couldn't do anything. I wanted to help myself, but I couldn't. I was trapped and confused. It was like the complete opposite of the freedom I felt when first coming to college."

Walton felt frustrated at his inability to help himself, but he does remember feeling his mind getting better.

"I was so broken. And you don't realize how broken you are until you begin to heal. It is a beautiful, powerful experience and it is still happening," he said.

Walton said that once out of the hospital, he spent a lot of time meditating, doing yoga, and exercising.

Walton also said that it took a long time for him not to be angry at the hospital and staff; he professes now that they were incredible. He even bought them all cheesecake when he left.

"My family supported me amazingly. All of my uncles, cousins, and aunts visited. It was very powerful. They saved me. The support of everyone here at CC was also amazing. The support really helped me out," Walton said.

Walton is now back on campus for fourth block.

Walton smiled as he said, "I was so excited to be back. I had adrenaline rushing for about six hours straight. On my way to Worner, I left my mom and my girlfriend behind because I was so excited. My hand was shaking when I was opening my mailbox."

Reynolds urged that students be sensitive of sickness. While she said that encephalitis and meningitis are rare, it is still important to seek help early on, come back if you are asked to, and follow instructions from health professionals."

"I am just so happy to see everyone and to be comfortable—to be where I wanted to be. There is so much love from everyone here," Walton said.

"My mind and memory of the whole thing isn't that clear. But I remember I was tired constantly. Sleep didn't help."

Freshman Lukas Walton



Ellie Wood/Catalyst

Freshman Lukas Walton recently returned to CC campus after treatment at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Walton contracted both encephalitis and viral meningitis during second block.

CC comedy club TWIG criticized

>> *continued from front page*

comedians target specific groups of people in order to bring these issues to the fore, as is done in the movie *Borat* or an episode of Dave Chapelle.

When asked about the appropriateness of targeting specific groups of people, Heather Horton, the Sexual Assault Response Coordinator at CC, replied, "I feel like these are really difficult topics to struggle with. I mean, the majority of us chuckle at jokes like these. Still, the argument that 'It's just a joke, so people shouldn't be offended' is not a realistic way of looking at it."

"All the comics that I really like are really smart, thoughtful people, and when they're making a joke, they're really aware of the nature of what they're talking about," Horton explained. She's concerned that many comics rely on shock value to get a laugh, and that their jokes fail to make audiences actually consider the issues at hand.

TWIG member Chip Bagnall does not try to make the group out to be anything that it is. "People have to take note that this is a college improv group—we're not professionals."

Fleenor agreed, and emphasized that the greater point is to make people laugh. "First and foremost, we have fun in TWIG. Life is hard, and if you can't laugh, you're going to cry."

The comics in TWIG are surprised that these jokes about sexual assault have caused so much buzz, because they regularly play on other controversial topics such as race, mental retardation, and religion.

Linton's first priority is starting a dialogue with the comedy group, and Fleenor and the rest of the members of TWIG say they'd be glad to join in.

Violent frenzy erupts at 1125 N. Nevada

>> *continued from front page*

just stop f**king up my house. Try to keep it under control. And try to lay off the walls." The residents take responsibility for what happened the other night, and they still want to enjoy their remaining time at CC, but they feel very threatened by the possibility of future acts of violence and injustice.

Uninvited guests inevitably arrive at CC parties, nearly on a weekend basis. There has always been tension between CC students and individuals such as AFA cadets or roaming and aggressive vagrants. However, many agree that the level of violence that occurred at 1125 N. Nevada on Nov. 18 is uncomfortably rare, and feel that the police's indifference toward the incident is astonishing.

The Catalyst will not print an issue next week. Look for the next issue on Friday, Dec. 15.

Now Hiring:
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Discrimination On Campus:

An issue to be tackled, not ignored

ALBERTO HERNANDEZ
Faculty Guest Writer

If you were not aware that CC has an Anti-Discrimination Policy in place, you are in good company. An unscientific survey among different members of the college community reveals that many are in not-so-blissful ignorance about what to do in cases of alleged discrimination, in order to ensure that every incident is properly reported, documented, and addressed. The fact that so many of us don't know about this policy—contained in the *Pathfinder* pages 62-65—means that this system, designed to foster accountability of the institution and its members, is not being used enough.

This underutilization, on the one hand, promotes a complacent climate of “see no evil.” How can we expect an institution to improve the way it responds to specific incidents in the future if specific incidents are not reported as they occur? On the other hand, a failure to report and follow up incidents of alleged discrimination just creates rumors. But that vague and powerful influence of opinion only undermines the confidence and solidarity of a living community. If acts of discrimination exist among us, how can we hope to eradicate such ways of dealing with one another without confidence in our ability to contribute to changing our institution for the better?

The Anti-Discrimination Policy, in summary from the *Pathfinder*, provides for two types of redress that individuals can obtain when they believe they have been discriminated against: an informal consultation and a formal grievance.

The first involves a conversation with specially designated advisors whose names are circulated to the college community at the beginning of the year. The purpose of the initial consultation is to discuss possible courses of action available to the complainant. These actions could include: direct communication between the complainant and the person who has instigated the allegedly discriminatory behavior, formally called the respondent, asking that person to cease said behavior; indirect communication through the advisor; an attempt by the complainant or advisor to resolve the matter with the respondent's supervisor; or an attempt by the complainant to resolve the matter through mediation by a third member of the community agreeable to both parties.

Formal grievance procedures begin with a formal written

complaint filed with the college's legal counsel, who will immediately contact the respondent. Formal complaints are investigated by a five-person committee selected by the legal counsel with due attention to racial and gender balance, as well as to the constituency to which both the complainant and respondent belong (student, administration, et cetera). The committee's findings are reported in writing to the dean of the college or the appropriate vice president.

The Anti-Discrimination Policy needs to be brought to the foreground of our attention so that the community as a whole can understand it.

If the grievance committee reports a case of discrimination, the dean, vice president, or president of the college will take appropriate disciplinary action up to and including dismissal or discharge from the college. If the respondent is a student, the complainant may pursue student judicial charges, which contemplate sanctions that range from an oral warning to permanent expulsion. Two judicial procedures are available to persons alleging discrimination by a student: an administrative hearing and a Student Conduct Committee hearing.

Since I am personally not in the know about a recent case of alleged discrimination that has caused a great deal of concern among students, I will not comment on it. However, I want to make three points about some ideas that have emerged from conversations I have had with the members of the Minority Concerns Committee—of which I am co-chair—as well as with other groups of concerned students.

First, the Anti-Discrimination Policy needs to be brought to the foreground of our attention so that the community as a whole can understand it. Hopefully, it will then be used every time an allegation occurs.

Second, while institutions seem at times to move at a glacial pace, it is important to remember that institutions are made up of individuals who can guide the direction of that movement. It is often in times of crisis that individuals are energized to scrutinize existing policies and call for their improvement—think of the infamous *The Catalyst* April Fools' Day incident in 2002 and the profound soul-searching to which it gave rise.

Third, institutions and their procedures are perfectible, and

neither the Anti-Discrimination Policy—nor, for that matter, any of the policies published in the *Pathfinder* every year—are set in stone. Indeed, these policies undergo a periodic review, and the next one is just around the corner: February 2007!

Some students have pointed to the system by which the Conduct Committee is selected as an issue that may merit some consideration. Another student has suggested the idea of creating the position of a peer advisor, after the model of a public defender in judicial proceedings. This “public defender” or “ombudsman” could be trained to assist students responding to charges of misconduct. These are just a few of the constructive ideas I have heard that point to the kind of engagement capable of generating positive change.

To learn more about the Anti-Discrimination Policy at Colorado College, consult the *Pathfinder*, pages 62-65.

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Teaching abroad: connections between cultures

CC junior Rachel Deutsch relates her experiences with children in Ghana

TARN UDALL
Guest Writer

Rachel Deutsch, a junior recipient of the McHugh Leadership Fund, will deliver a presentation on Tuesday, December 5, about her experience teaching primary school in Ghana. Deutsch's photography from the trip will be on sale, as a philanthropic effort to benefit the school where she volunteered in Ejura, Ghana.

Deutsch's presentation has intrinsic worth and appeal to the Colorado College community. It also serves as a lens through which to examine the complexities imbedded in CC students' off-campus experiences. From mountaineering in the remote Brooks Range to volunteering at an orphanage in Central America; from erecting photovoltaic systems in India to working on an organic farm in New Zealand, CC students consistently engage in myriad adventures, volunteer efforts, travel, and study.

Generally, such ventures are considered enriching supplements to our traditional academic endeavors. They often contain the potential for personal challenge, meaningful interaction, cross-cultural understanding, and productive contribution. The danger is that this nearly endemic passion for outside adventures may eclipse the necessary process of extended reflection and digestion.

Deutsch's upcoming presentation hopes to embody and share that reflection. The presentation dem-

onstrates a commendable effort to maintain a conversation between two distinct cultures and communities.

"I wanted to do something to better the world. I was always hearing about others doing big things [outside the small, close-knit CC community]. I realized I needed to take an extra step, to do something like this as well," said Deutsch about her initial motivation for the six weeks she spent in the Ghanaian village.

Deutsch and her friend Jaimie, a student at Brigham Young University, taught at the International Neo-Humanist Primary School in Ejura. They instructed six periods a day, their classes including remedial English, math, environmental science, and reading.

Initially, Deutsch's motivations for the trip were partly self-interested. "Jaimie and I wanted to make ourselves better," Deutsch explained. "As an American, you always get the impression that of course you are going to help, of course you are going to make a difference. Even though I had no experience teaching, I was convinced I would make a big contribution."

Deutsch and Jaimie lived in a home for four orphaned boys. During her interview, Deutsch flipped through her photo albums from the trip and recounted stories, jokes, and memories about each of the children in the images. Deutsch reflected, "The house was always overflowing

with children. They were drawn by the atmosphere, because there was always music and art projects going on, and 'toffee' and 'plasters' to receive."

Deutsch later realized how much she gained personally, and how her time in Ghana wielded fewer permanent changes than she expected. The

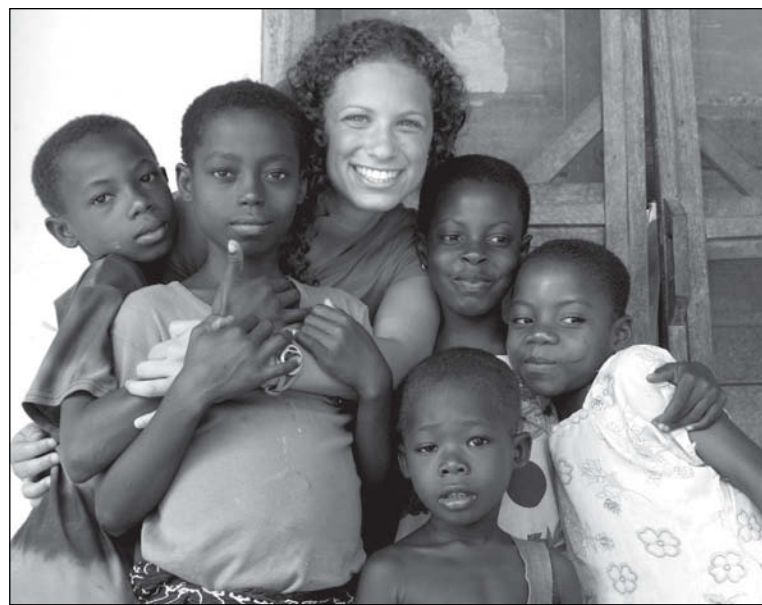
"I didn't expect to learn more than I taught, but they gave us so much—the relationships we built were the mutual gifts."

Junior Rachel Deutsch

philanthropic aspect of her presentation aims to preserve the give and take between her life as a CC student and her schoolchildren in Ghana.

"I didn't expect to learn more than I taught," Deutsch said. "But they gave us so much—the relationships we built were the mutual gifts. It still tears my heart out thinking that I left those boys. I didn't expect to become a mother, sister, tailor, doctor, or nurse for those four boys."

The significance of an off-campus experience does not dissolve upon the return to campus. It is critical to stimulate reflection, to



Courtesy of Rachel Deutsch

CC junior Rachel Deutsch stands with five of her Ghanaian students.

spark conversation, and to maintain the ebb and flow between ideas and cultures, individuals and communities. There will always be taller mountains to climb, more remote countries to volunteer in, and further research to conduct. However, the gravity of past experiences cannot be haphazardly discarded in the haste to plan the next adventure. Take the time to describe the color of the sky as you gain the summit ridge. Attempt to recount the challenges of living in a foreign country. Excavate the conflicting emotions about being an American in the global political and economic climate. Share

photographs, static images that can convey human pain and joy.

At her presentation, Deutsch will be selling 15 different images of the children she taught this summer. A minimum donation of \$35 is requested upon admission, with all proceeds going directly to the primary school. The presentation will begin at 7 p.m. in the WES Room in downstairs Worner. The presentation will detail more of her stories and thoughts about her time in Ghana. Traditional Ghanaian refreshments will be served. The evening will be multilayered, filled with photography, narrative, conversation, and a variety of delicious mashed yams.

Creeking: Getting Your Feet Wet

LEATH TONINO
Staff Writer

Sedona is a town of 7,000 residents located amidst the scenic canyons and red rock formations of central Arizona. My mother lived in Arizona in the early 70s and says that back then Sedona was nothing more than three streets that met in a Y-shaped intersection. Nowadays, there are still only three real roads into town, but these thin, paved corridors provide access for over five million tourists each year. The town bulges with telephoto lenses and t-shirts sporting cheesy animal graphics. New Age crystal emporiums and prickly pear cactus-flavored ice cream stands abound. Only minutes out of town, sheer canyon walls rise into the pink sky.

I was in Sedona for the first time over the Thanksgiving block break. My mom, sister, and I were checking things out, going on short, flat hikes over smooth, wide trails, and trying to avoid the traffic. The first day we were there, we drove up Oak Creek Canyon on a road that has been judged—by somebody—to be one of America's top five scenic drives. Early in the drive, the road passes over an amazing bridge, the silver creek hundreds of feet below. We stopped the car and looked over the edge. I said that I would love to drive further up into the canyon and then bushwack down to the creek and walk 10 or so miles back to Sedona proper. Dessert creeking was on my mind.

We ended up spending most of the afternoon up in the hills rather than down in the creek bed. I led

my mom on a short scramble that resulted in her temporary paralysis on the face of a small rock outcrop, but for me, the day lacked any sense of real adventure. Our explorations were only half as interesting as the people I saw: the Hispanic father taking a picture of his three-year-old son who was dressed like Ali G, the five or six cyborg people with weird

I could have walked for hours, ending up alone in the freezing dark and not even caring, but my mom was waiting somewhere back in the civilized world and I knew the expedition had to stop.

mini cell phones permanently stuck in their ears. That night, I watched a beautiful sunset; the next morning, I saw hot air balloons on the dawn horizon, and then we went on another tame hike. I knew where to find the good creeking in this town, but I doubted that I'd ever feel the icy water sloshing around in my boots. I tried to be okay with that.

Reflecting on all my creeking experiences, I notice a pattern. I start the walks on the edge of the creek, picking my way through brush, muck, and trash. At some point the bank becomes too steep, and I'm forced to hop from rock to rock or industrial trash heap to industrial trash heap. I usually reach a spot where there is nowhere left to step. I stand, water lapping at the top of my boots, and deliberate. Sometimes I fall in the creek before I reach this decisive moment, this question of commitment—but whether by choice or by chance, every creeking trip finds me

wet and happy upon my return to campus, house, or elsewhere. Once my feet are wet, there is nothing left to lose, and the journey unfolds of its own mysterious accord. Only when I'm wet and dirty do I wander with the true aimlessness that yields the most joyous and unexpected rewards.

On Saturday, my last day in Se-

dona, my family and I set off down arguably the region's most popular hike, the West Fork Trail. The West Fork is a small creek that flows, via its own magnificent canyon, into Oak Creek and Oak Creek Canyon. The trailhead is located by a parking lot, which was already full of cars when we arrived at ten a.m. The bathroom that we parked next to reeked of stale piss.

My mom, sis, and I hiked in the cool shadows of the towering walls, deep in discussion, the trail winding through the woods only feet from the creek at some points. Occasionally, our path even crossed the creek by a series of stepping stones or a log that had been strategically placed. I walked carefully at these crossings, aware of the inch-deep water beneath my bridge, nervous about getting the soles of my boots wet. I kept telling myself to get in the creek, but I couldn't bring myself to take the one or two steps away from the beat-

en path. My sister and I got ahead of my mom, and we talked about creeking—about how we didn't need this trail that we were walking, this path that we were clinging to. We'd been told that the trail petered out where the canyon dead-ended, and I decided that on the way back I'd leave the path and spend an hour or two alone. Seven or so miles meandering in the creek bed is what I needed. It was time to get my feet wet.

We hiked for another hour, ate lunch, and then continued the last little bit to the end of the trail. The path ended abruptly. The thin creek widened and filled the entire space, about the width of a country road between the huge, orange walls. Clear, ankle-deep water slowly moved between the smooth sandstone. A group of college-aged kids, a family of five, and a few bleach blonde, poofy-haired women stood gazing at the impressive natural passageway. They took pictures of each other with the canal behind them, their faces proud and cheerful.

I walked past the tourists without acknowledging their presence and trod out about 50 steps into the water. My waterproof boots kept me dry, but with each step the water got deeper. My hand against the rough stone wall for balance, I looked at my toes beneath the clear fluid and I anticipated a breach. I took another step, delicately setting my foot down, but the cold didn't flood my sock. I took two more steps and there I was, that heavy moment—I had nowhere left to go. Looking back at my sister, I smiled and beckoned her to follow me. She asked how deep it looked and I said I couldn't tell, then I

sheepishly stepped forward, the water rushing up above my knees.

My sister and I walked for another half hour, the freezing water sloshing in our boots actually acting as insulation, a type of wet suit. We smiled and yelled ridiculous jokes at each other. The canyon wove left and right and the walls rose huge above us. Golden sunlight snuck through the airy pinnacles, dappling the crisp stones of the creek bottom, heating the backs of our necks. We got to a point where the creek bent right and the water flowed a bit faster. I looked around the corner and the canyon just kept going, deeper and deeper into the wilderness.

I could have walked for hours, ending up alone in the freezing dark and not even caring, but my mom was waiting somewhere back in the civilized world and I knew the expedition had to stop. It was a taste of the desert creek, the canyon flow, the wilderness river; it was not the adventure itself. And yet standing there—out beyond the five million annual tourists, in a place unlike any I'd ever been before—I knew that this was an adventure in its own right.

I leaned down to pry a snail off a rock by my foot and my hand almost touched a strange object without my eyes seeing it first. It was exactly what I didn't know that I wanted to find, something of a world that I can't ever really leave behind but that I still try to escape. Rather than take the snail home with me, I reached down and picked up a busted Nokia cell phone. My boots were still soaked on the plane ride home the next day.

The Fountain: Rip runs his mouth off about another movie

RIP EMPSON
Scene Editor

Hello. My name is Rip Empson. You may remember me from such award-winning movie reviews as “Grandma Goes to Rehab,” “‘S’ is for Squirrels!”, “The Korean War: Legend, Myth, or Fun!?!?”, “Unhappy Trees: The Real Story of Bob Ross,” and “Is My Cat a Thundercat?”

In this issue, we will attempt to get waist-deep in Darren Aronofsky’s new movie, *The Fountain*. Aronofsky developed his art house chops in films like *Pi* and *Requiem for a Dream*, and has since become widely recognized for the way in which his films attack the viewer, both through the challenging, provocative nature of his subjects and through the relentless, kinetic visual imagery. The same applies to *The Fountain*, and as with Aronofsky’s previous films, it is very likely that you may emerge from the theater post-viewing with blinking, bovine

eyes only to ask, “What in the Sam Hell just happened?”

The Fountain is a crazed, stream of consciousness visual collage that will leave you confused, but it’s great to see that, unlike other directors, Aronofsky is not afraid to go for broke. *The Fountain* covers some very weighty issues, prodding deep into religion, spirituality, and humanity’s quest for immortality. At film festivals across the world, *The Fountain* has met with mixed reviews; it has been praised for its audacity and dismissed as silly.

Apparently, Aronofsky intended to polarize viewers with his tactics and has succeeded, mostly because of the movie’s principal gamble: its earnestness. The film takes its premise very seriously—which will either cause one to submit to its message and ponder humankind’s eternal struggle against mortality, or to become cynical and laugh it off as just another pretentious, dramatized sci-fi portrayal of a long-exhausted topic. But any film that finishes with

a pyrotechnic display of the vastness and incomprehensibility of the universe is bound to feel somewhat confused, trite, or at least far from perfect.

...It’s great to see that, unlike other directors, Aronofsky is not afraid to go for broke.

As you can see, co-stars Hugh Jackman and Rachel Weisz have their hands completely full. In three intertwining narratives, Jackman and Weisz are introduced as conquistador and Queen Isabella. The Queen sends the ambitious conqueror on a quest to save Spain from the Grand Inquisitor, adventuring deep into the Mayan civilization in search of the Tree of Life. The second narrative is introduced in the present, where Jackman is a surgeon employed

by a pharmaceutical company. He experiments with radical therapy in a philanthropic effort to cure aging and other “illnesses,” as Weisz plays his dying wife, writing a manuscript that tells the story of the conquistador and the queen.

In the futuristic scenes, Jackman travels through space in an ethereal bubble inhabited by a magical tree, which he hopes will aid him in his efforts to bring his wife back into existence. Floating through space, he is haunted by his memories, and like the Buddha, he sits cross-legged, reliving his past lives. The story covers a thousand years, as the three plots twist and morph into each other, slipping from the contemporary to the historical, and back to the future.

There is no way to offer a synopsis of the plot that wouldn’t make it sound completely ridiculous—I mean, the guy talks to a magical tree, for God’s sake. But the acting is incredible, and the contemporary scenes are played out so movingly

(with enough tears to float the Ark) that it allows Aronofsky to interject his over-the-top religious and spiritual motifs fairly successfully.

However, the movie sometimes comes off as a fairly heavy-handed homage to *2001: A Space Odyssey*, especially in the way the film is presented anachronistically. Both movies float through space and time in order to make the viewer understand the universality of its themes—which can often be a quick recipe for preachiness.

The limits of space and the human mind, and the eternal struggle with mortality may resonate as sympathetic cinematic subjects for some, but if you are a movie-viewer that likes your questions nicely tied up in a bow in the end, this movie ain’t for you. Either way, Aronofsky went all out in this film to achieve mind-blowing status, and even if he doesn’t quite get there, I can tell you that you’ve probably never seen a movie like this one—for better or for worse.



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Dr. Love: on Sex

Question:

Dear Dr. Love,
I have a really great boyfriend, but lately we have been having this problem. When we have sex, he can always go for way longer than I can. I know it sounds weird because guys are the ones that usually come first, but we have the opposite problem. He just keeps going and going, and it gets to the point where we just have to stop because I am exhausted and in pain. What do I do?
-Too Much of a Good Thing . . . -

Answer:

Dear Too Much of a Good Thing,
Your problem is more common than you might expect. Everyone is different, and some men can just keep it coming—or not coming, as the case may be. From the research I have done in the field, it seems that the best way to help your sex life, so that it doesn't feel like you are running the Chicago marathon, is to rediscover the magical world of foreplay. Foreplay is a wonderful thing that many of us neglect in our sex lives once we start having sex. It seems to take a back seat when it should be included more often. I would recommend that you experiment with going down on your honey for a little while before you start having sex. Or, if you prefer, you could go down on him after you have had enough sex. Either of these options seems to help with the duration of sex. It really comes down to the two of you experimenting and figuring out what works. So go forth and see what gets him going, and chances are this will help in the other department. Good luck!
-Dr. Love-

Question:

Is it unromantic to have sex while wearing a ski mask?
-Snowed In-

Answer:

Dear Snowed In,
That really depends on what you and your respective partner are into. I think that most people would say that yes, not only is it unromantic but it gives that serial killer feeling that turns many people off. That being said, if you are having sex and your partner asks if you'll wear a ski mask, then there you go. Otherwise, I might just keep that fetish to yourself.
-Dr. Love-



At the end of her senior year of high school, she worked at a five-star restaurant. This was the first job she ever held.

“I had never had a job before this one. My brother’s ex-girlfriend was the bartender and her sister’s best friend was one of the managers. I just went in one day and filled out an application with no prior work experience besides babysitting, and then got hired on the spot.”

Connections

Each and every one of us has used some form of connection to get where we are today. Be it the supportive parents footing your tuition bill or the recommendation of a particular teacher, we can all recognize someone else’s assistance in our successes and achievements.

As many of us approach the annual rite of passage that is the internship job search, we also look for ways to bypass the fierce competition. Students try to avoid the corporate hoops that many companies set up, aiming to obtain a paltry salary and a summer-long relationship with a Xerox machine. A simple phone call or email to a certain someone can secure the most desirable internships without the need to apply or interview.

It is a common conception that knowing someone will immediately lead to the perfect internship, and eventually to the career of our dreams. A connection—through family or friends—allows applicants to skirt the system and earn greater rewards than their peers. Students pursue connections heedlessly, regardless of the obscurity of the relationship.

This is a welcome alternative to traditional job searches for a busy college student, and many can account for the usefulness of connections in furthering their experience and qualification. “I was a volunteer for the EMT, and I had a friend who was on the rescue squad who helped me get the position. You’re supposed to do interviews, but he definitely helped me through it,” said junior Amy Ernst.

The Career Center particularly emphasizes the importance of networking and knowing the right people. “Networking is one of the most effective ways of finding a job, because most employers prefer to hire people who have been recommended to them. If someone they know is willing to vouch for an applicant’s character or suitability as a potential employee, it is like having a stamp of approval,” said Andrea Culp of the Career Center.

Culp added, “Connections are key. You need to find out about the workplace and how it’s set up. . . . In finding this info, the more the company finds out about you, the easier it is for them to hire you. [But] you still have to be qualified for the jobs.” A resource advocated by the Career Center is the alumni network. Culp stated, “CC alumni are a great way to get connected to organizations.”

These resources are available to all CC students willing to develop a potentially awkward but probably rewarding relationship. However, better-connected students are more likely to rely on their closer personal relationships than link with alumni to secure future jobs.

How is this culture of connections impacting American society as a whole? It’s possible that the reliance on connections in securing the best jobs has helped to further the growing inequality between rich and poor in America. American liberal ideals posture that through enough work and toil, all the same opportunities are available to each and every one of us. We believe we’ve overcome many evils of racism and bigotry on a national scale, and that discrimination affects a lesser percentage of the population than it did 50 years ago. College admissions have consistently become more diverse in both race and economic background. The workplace has become a setting where discrimination is minimal.

But how truly equal is our modern society? Recent trends show a growing gulf between the rich and the poor in America. Can we blame the upper crust’s reliance on connections for this corruption of the American dream?

David Alvarez - Sophomore



He got a job at his father’s company locating high pressure gas lines with no prior experience.

“It’s not what you know, it’s who you know. Education is not the most important thing [in] this day and age.”

article: 2006 12/01/06

Dan Siegel - Senior



“Connections are more important than grades. All the jobs that I have gotten have been given by connections. The type of communities we live in, our parents have good jobs and they use their influence to the fullest. When you have resources in your family, you’re going to do whatever you can to get ahead.”

Connections

Ivy league schools are notorious for their acceptances of legacy applicants, simultaneously admitting as few as one out of ten regular students. Despite massive (and rapidly growing) tuition fees, American society still operates under the belief that the American educational system is open to the best and the brightest around regardless of connections, but connectionism cannot be disregarded either.

This culture of connectionism impacts us as college students searching for the perfect job. We use what connections we have to get where we want to go. It is our responsibility to seek the best possible situation for ourselves. However, the far-reaching aspects that this culture has created should also be considered. There is a legacy element even at the top of our governmental structure. Our very own president is an example of a successful politician who has strong connections to a number of prominent figures.

The effect of legacy in the professional world is undeniable, but the power of work ethic, talent, and dedication is not to be discounted. However, it is possible that the espoused value of the American dream has lost relevance in the age of connectionism.

The system of connections can educate college students on the importance of networking or politicizing. However, the fact that this connectionism continually rewards only the wealthiest Americans and those that know them contrasts the liberal ideals of equal opportunity. The U.S. Department of Labor reports that “63 percent of all jobs are found informally, through leads and referrals of other people.” If a small percentage of the population can acquire the best jobs available by virtue of knowing the right people, this could create a situation of further exaggerated economic and social class separation.

America has always had a great deal of economic diversity. This is credited to our meritocracy, and it is insisted that there is enough class mobility to justify an inherently unequal system. However, the data suggests a different story. A study by the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago found that just 14 percent of the men born to fathers in the bottom 10 percent of earners managed to join the rank of the top 30 percent of income-earning Americans. There is increased security for those at the top rung: only 17 percent of the men with fathers in the top 10 percent fell to the bottom 30 percent. Numbers like these suggest an inherent flaw in the supposition of a great amount of class mobility in modern America.

How does CC uphold these ideals of social mobility? Information provided by the Career Center illustrates that CC receives an average of 366 legacy applicants every year, and accepts 60 percent of those potential students. This means that an average of 222 legacy students are accepted every year, which accounts for almost half of the incoming student body.

The Princeton Review cites CC’s acceptance rate at 38 percent. Of that 38 percent, approximately 40 percent are legacy students in any given year. This is not to imply that legacy students lack the proper qualifications for attending CC without their connections. However, connections do appear to play some role in CC admissions.

It has been a constant fact that the doors of America’s finest schools are considerably more open to those with the proper connections.

ell layout: nic bullson

“I was a volunteer for the EMT, and I had a friend who was on the rescue squad who helped me get the position. You’re supposed to do interviews, but he definitely helped me through it. I want to work with non-profit international organizations, and my mom just told me that she has a friend who works for a non-profit. Not sure what that will do, but I’m going to call her soon anyway.”



Tigers and Sioux split games in North Dakota



Sam Cornwall/Catalyst

Five Tiger players celebrate after scoring a goal during a game at the World Arena.

RACHAEL HONICK
Guest Writer

Colorado College hockey's five-game winning streak came to an end on Saturday, as the Tigers succumbed to North Dakota in a 5-2

after the Tigers' tally. One of the goals was due to a miscommunication behind the Tigers net.

"We came out and got the first goal, then had the misplay behind the net, which kind of opened the floodgates a little bit," said Tigers

The team's explosive victory the night before shows they are a team of character and determination.

loss at Ralph Englestad Arena. The Tigers, coming off a stunning 4-3 last minute victory over the Sioux on Friday night, were unable to secure a second win over North Dakota to extend the winning streak to six games.

The Tigers went up early in the game, scoring at 8:16 into the first period. Senior Brandon Polich scored by capitalizing off the deflection from a slapshot by junior forward Jimmy Kilpatrick.

The Tiger goal wasn't enough to deter the Sioux, who quickly struck back. North Dakota answered by scoring two goals just two minutes

head coach Scott Owens. "They stormed us in the first [period], and it kind of set the tone for the rest of the game."

While the Tigers' winning streak came to an end on Saturday, the team's explosive victory the night before showed that they are a team of character and determination. The Tigers fought hard on Friday, scoring three goals in the third period to defeat the Sioux 4-3. The team hopes to battle back after the tough loss, as they prepare this week to play longtime rival Denver Friday night at home.



Colorado College Tigers v. Denver University Pioneers

TELEVISED ON ESPNU

WHEN:

FRIDAY DECEMBER 1 AT 7:30 P.M.

WHERE:

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Where: Ritt Kellogg Climbing Gym in El Pomar sports center.

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Slideshow with Pete Gallagher, featuring a recent climbing expedition in Pakistan with CC alumni

When/Where: 6:15 p.m. in the WES Room

Image courtesy of <http://www.wpclipart.com>

Write for The Catalyst

catalyst@coloradocollege.edu

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Cross Country teams lose shoes, break records at NCAA Nationals

TURNER RESOR
Sports Editor

The CC men's and women's cross country teams finished their season two weekends ago at the NCAA Division III Nationals with broken records, bare feet, smiles, and lots of mud. The championship race was on a Saturday, and the course in Wilmington, Ohio received eight inches of rain on the preceding Thursday.

"It was the muddiest course I've ever run for sure," said junior Ashley Poland. Poland explained that it was a "flat course, so the water didn't drain." The team had the opportunity to run the course on the Friday before the race, and they discovered that the slathering of mud on the course was adding 2+ minutes onto their usual 6 and 8k times.

Junior Julian Boggs showed his teammates the following day that he would not be bogged down. Shortly into the race, Boggs lost a shoe to the heavy mud. After running on for a while with only one shoe, he opted for consistency and removed his other shoe. In this time, over 100 racers passed Boggs. Boggs charged on barefoot, passing all but two of the best Division III racers in the country and finishing in 3rd place out of 279 racers.

For his performance, Boggs received his third All-American certificate. He now holds more All-American honors than any runner in CC's history. To add to his list of honors, Boggs has now ranked higher at a national race than any other student in CC's history.

Junior Kiran Moorty and sophomore Alex Nichols of the men's team also raced well through the Ohio mud. Moorty finished 42nd and Nichols finished 44th.

The entire women's team also qualified for the championships, by placing well in the Western Region race the weekend before. The women's team earned a spot in the national race by beating longtime rival University of Puget Sound and placing second at the regional race in Chino, California. This second place meant a lot for the Tigers after they were turned away from the championships the year before by placing 3rd, missing 2nd place by only five points. For the first time in years, 6 women raced a 6k California course in less than 24 minutes, an amazing accomplishment.

While the women's team may have been overshadowed by Boggs' outstanding performance, they raced hard and accomplished some personal victories. Despite their win



Courtesy of Ashley Poland

The women's cross country team was all smiles after their successful showing at the NCAA Division III Nationals.

over UPS at the regional race, they went into nationals ranked behind this longtime rival. This ranking pushed the girls to show exactly how qualified they actually were.

After duct taping their shoes on to avoid the problems encountered by Boggs, the girls took flight and defeated UPS a second time. They also outran Depauw University, another conference rival.

Now that the season is over, Poland and other teammates are preparing for some long rest—only

two weeks—before "training for track." Over the past months, CC cross country team members have bonded through coach Ted Castaneda's "hammer time" month of October, shared release of endorphins, and 15-hour van rides; it should not come as a surprise that they are a tight-knit, quirky bunch of student athletes. Perhaps Poland speaks for the team when she explains that she's "addicted to running."

SPORTS DISPATCHES

Waking up on Pikes Peak: An Early Morning Adventure Shines Light on a New Day

ROB ANDRE
JAKE O'BRIEN
Guest Writers

Freshmen—pay attention. Pretty soon, that Ten High hangover will be gone and you will find yourself out of college. Now breathe and take this piece of advice: Your free time at CC should not be spent purely between Cache La Poudre and Uintah. Not to deny that we also frequent potlucks, dance parties, and the occasional clam-bake—but your soul (and liver) should desire more.

Our pharmaceutical of choice is transcendental escapes to the mountains. Last Tuesday night, we found ourselves slowly making progress through a snowstorm that promised bad roads and face shots.

By 1 a.m., after getting stuck twice, we managed to find Mueller State Park on the northwest side of Pikes Peak and a wind chill that would make anyone yell profanities. Camping site #8 seemed to be our best option, so we decided to hunker down for the night around 2 a.m. We huddled together for necessary warmth.

A steady ringing noise woke us after what seemed like just a few moments in our sleeping bags. Was it 4 a.m. already? That is how it goes when you want to get an alpine start.

But we were not fazed by the lack of sleep. The excitement of adventure is always enough to get us on the trail in just a few moments. One by one, we stomped our way

up the steady incline, sometimes crossing sketchy streams and other times getting our skis caught on rocks or branches. We used climbing skins to allow us to get up the hill with skis on—this involves a sticky carpet-like material that, when attached to skis, gives them enough traction to traverse upwards.

After seeing heavy snow flutter through the beams of our headlamps for almost two hours, we paused and

began to soak in our surroundings. It was the time of day before sunrise when you cannot see colors, making out the shapes around you that seemingly develop like a Polaroid picture.

We split up, choosing different spaces for personal meditation. It was there, sitting alone, that our surroundings came into focus with the first sliver of dawn and created a sense of awe that will surely be with

us forever. It is instances such as this that drive us to these wilderness areas and erase any memory of discomfort. These lessons are best illustrated in Dogen's *Mountains and Rivers Sutra*: "Therefore, investigate mountains thoroughly. When you investigate mountains thoroughly, this is the work of the mountains. Such mountains and rivers of themselves become sages and teachers."

Returning to CC later that morning, we rejoiced in our short excursion to Pikes Peak. While students walked by us, wishing they had not stayed up so late looking at Facebook, we stood in Worner grateful and satisfied, ready to begin another day and another adventure.

"Chas" says...

Tutt Library is now open until 2 a.m., Sunday to Thursday!



Tutt Library Tips

Snow Report

Next time you go skiing or snowboarding, take a moment and try to remember what it was like when you first started riding. It wasn't about looking the coolest, impressing the people around you, or going the biggest. Skiing has always been about the smell of a wood burning fire, frostbite on your nose, the smiles on your friends' faces, and a general unspoken purity in the air. If it weren't for this spirit, we'd all just be a bunch of assholes bumping down a mountain with wooden planks on our feet. So if you go riding this weekend, enjoy a hot cup of cocoa, eat some snow with pine needles, and smile as you sit on a chairlift in a cold blizzard next to someone you love.

- Captain Carver

Arapahoe Basin

24 hrs: .2" 3 days: 8"
Lifts Open: 5/6
Acres Open: 346
Conditions: powder/
packed powder
Depth @ 30"

Beaver Creek

24 hrs: 1" 2 days: 10"
% Open Trails: 42
Conditions: powder/
packed powder
Depth @ mid: 41"

Breckenridge

24 hrs: 1" 7 days: 9"
Lifts Open: 9
Acres Open: 618
Conditions: powder/
packed powder
Depth @ 36"

Keystone

24 hrs: 1" 48 hrs: 6"
Lifts Open: 10
Acres Open: 1076
Conditions: powder/
packed powder
Depth @ mid: 29"

FUCC van to Breckenridge on Sunday. Sign up at Worner Desk — \$8. fucc@coloradocollege.edu

The 2007 International Service Trip to India would like to thank:

The Asian Studies and Women's Studies Departments, Dean Edmonds, the Chaplain's Office, the Center for Service & Learning, Mountain Chalet, Dominoes, CC Facilities, Pita Pit, and Office Max for their generous donations.

A special thanks to Seth Kassels, Dipti Vaghela, Walt Ratterman, Jacqueline Lundquist and President Celeste for their invaluable guidance and support!

Come support the trip at the Arts and Crafts Fair
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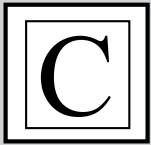
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WRITE FOR
 THE
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The Unknown Environmental Costs of Food

How the Production of Meat is Decimating the Environment

MAT ELMORE
 Opinions Editor

Most of the talk about global warming these days is centered on the pollution caused by automobiles, power plants, and the doomsday scenarios that will play out if something isn't done soon to fix these problems. Those seeking to combat global warming are right to focus on these areas, because they are the most urgent, damaging,

Meat is just one of the many causes for water scarcity in these areas of the world, but when it takes over 2,500 gallons of water to produce a single steak, something needs to be changed.

and universal expressions of global warming. But one area does not see its fair share of attention: food production.

In the United States, according to the Union for Concerned Scientists (UCS), 12 percent of greenhouse gases, 38 percent of water pollution, and 73 percent of habitat alteration is caused by food production. Along with transportation and household operations, food production is one of the three most harmful human activities. It is obvious that food production will always be necessary and that some pollution will inevitably result from this, but there is a certain area of food production that causes the large majority of environmental damage.

The production of livestock is scientifically proven to be the most environmentally degrading aspect of food production. Nearly 800

million acres—40 percent of U.S. land—is used for grazing livestock, as well as 60 million acres for growing grain that is fed to that livestock. Although wildlife can undoubtedly exist on croplands, and in some circumstances even flourish on land used for grazing, the UCS estimates that “household meat and poultry consumption alone is responsible for about a quarter of threats to natural ecosystems and wildlife.” Beef is the most destructive type of livestock, while

chickens and pigs come in second and third, respectively.

In addition to habitat alteration, water scarcity is becoming an increasingly serious problem that is on the verge of becoming a global catastrophe. Almost 18 percent of total consumptive water in the United States is attributable to feed for livestock. Not only is this a significant strain to resources in the United States, recent articles in *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker* explained the dire consequences of increased meat consumption in countries like India and China. In some areas of New Delhi in India, water arrives once a day via a tanker to the relief of local citizens. Some days the tanker never arrives. As Mahesh Chaturvedi, a hydrologist quoted in *The New Yorker* article, says, “It is a fact of the human condition that we can achieve none of our goals

without water.”

Water has been a sustaining force in civilizations for all of history, and there is no exception today. Meat is just one of the many causes for water scarcity in these areas of the world, but when it takes over 2,500 gallons of water to produce a single steak, something needs to be changed. In the case of India, China, and many other countries, water scarcity is not only a matter of environmental degradation, but of life and death.

Two billion tons of wet manure each year results from livestock. That amount of manure is nearly ten times as much as the amount of solid municipal waste created each year in the United States. In a Department of U.S. Agriculture report, the seriousness of this problem was illustrated when a “dike around a large hog-waste lagoon in North Carolina failed, releasing an estimated 25 million gallons of hog waste—twice the volume of the oil spilled by the Exxon Valdez—into nearby fields,

I have a strong feeling that the 7-10 million vegetarians in the United States do make a significant difference.

streams, and a river. The spill killed virtually all aquatic life in a 17 mile stretch of river.” In addition, federal and California state authorities recently found the source of the recent E. coli breakout at a cattle ranch near the spinach fields. Although they are still trying to determine how exactly the spinach fields were contaminated, they are positive that fecal matter from those ranches were the cause.

Many will say that eating one less burger a week won't make a

difference. It's not particularly hard for anyone to adopt this nihilistic view, although it may be a little lame. I won't lie, though. I don't think that one person eating one less burger a week will make a difference. But I have a strong feeling that the 7-10 million vegetarians in the United States do make a significant difference, and that doesn't even count the additional millions who abstain from eating red meat and other meats for one reason or another. No matter what the reason for their vegetarianism, the millions who abstain from eating meat are hugely beneficial to the environment. Eating a little less meat each week won't stop global warming, but it's probably one the easiest ways to join the cause.

If you aren't down with being a sexy vegetarian, try eating one less burger a week, or eating more turkey and chicken instead of beef. Even if you don't care about the environment, eating less meat will certainly benefit your health, as

long as you are substituting it with something. If you don't care about either, please roll into the fetal position and stay there for a long, long time.

If you have a further interest in vegetarianism, you can contact Mat Elmore at mat.elmore@cc.edu for an extended conversation. He also enjoys conversation about Wiccan rituals, 1970s antique Gi Joe figurines, and aged Mango Rum.

The Divine Art of Door Slamming

ALEX EMMONS
 Staff Writer

Before I run out of breath, I need to tell you about the beauty of opening and closing doors as violently as possible. There is simply no other way to travel through a doorway. The surge that rises up through the wrist, elbow, and shoulder while slamming a door open or shut is a supernova of euphoric bliss. I can't really think of many more things in my day that are more gratifying.

I honestly don't know what I'd do without it. The door whooshes open or shut and gives me the feeling that I've just accomplished something extraordinary, even if all I've recently done is brush my teeth. Slam! Take that, you son of a bitch of a bathroom door! And the ordinarily ordinary ritual becomes tight—no pun intended. When I slam a door, no one can beat me in the whole world, and when I slam a door, I can have anything I want.

There's no telling what I might do next when I slam a door. Every time I slam a door, it rains and thunders on people who really, really suck, and there's a hard rock band out there that is mysteriously inspired to compose the greatest ballad of music history ever, and about a hundred Brazilian women dump their superstar soccer-playing boyfriends due to some distant but telling intuition. As the door confidently swishes, the gods and goddesses indulging in ambrosia and all that other crap on Mount Olympus look down on me and cry in happiness. Sharks think I'm pretty cool, too. Ghosts are terrified. Children know better than to clap their hands in applause. And that really hot babe whose name I don't know yet kind of thinks I'm okay.

A real artful slamming of a door merits entrance into the Baseball Hall of Fame, where your name will appear on a plaque saying, “this guy might not have hit a lot of home runs, but he sure as hell could slam the shit out of a door better than that tough-looking guy at the gym, who probably deep down really sucks anyway.”

I think if I had to pick one thing and one thing only to have on a deserted island, it would be a door so I could really master my form. That way—in case I was ever rescued—in addition to telling people about how

I'd been deserted on an island for so long and how much it sucked, I could also be a sort of motivational speaker or something to help people fine-tune their door-slamming capabilities.

After all, the key to a real good door slam comes from the heart. It isn't just a muscular action. It's also very, very spiritual. You have to believe in your inner door slam, because if you don't, you'll never be much more than an average door slammer and no one will have ever hear of you—outside of, perhaps, your local door-slamming circuit. To gain a deeper sense of the door slam, you have to imagine you're a wolf chasing a deer through the woods. You know the deer is dead meat, but you let him think he's got a chance, because there's as much mercy in a big awesome wolf as there is also total awesomeness.

These are the kind of words I abide by while perfecting my door slam. I am the wolf and the deer is the deer, and there is nothing the door can do but become victim to my—yes, sharp and cruel, but yes, also wise and understanding—fangs of door slam.

If you want the honest to god truth, there is nothing more natural than slamming a door for the fun of it—because it should be no surprise to the experienced door slammer that in some small and maybe unseen way, the whole world gets better and better every time you slam a door open or shut. Chances are, slamming doors will probably cure the human race of terrible things like AIDS, wimps, and stupidity.

I once heard that slamming doors caused a space-time continuum to reveal itself, and as a result, we were able to develop advanced technology like microwaves and hot pockets. I also heard that slamming doors open and shut—especially if done underwater—can cure people of their emotional problems, like how much I hate it when the TV guide magazine and the TV guide in the newspaper don't match up. There's one thing we can all agree upon, and that's that a day without door slamming is a day without meaning. There's nothing more meaningful and better for the individual than a good healthy slamming of a door open or shut, because nothing really makes me feel so goddamn good.

So go on and slam away, door-slamming fans. The world is your doorway.

Giving As We Buy: Why I'm Not Sold on (PRODUCT) RED™

BRENNA SWIFT
Staff Writer

On the morning after Thanksgiving, I joined some other weary travelers in our hotel lounge to watch the news. Denver's Fox channel was airing a story on "Black Friday," and the anchormen seemed to narrate it with the same energy as they would some dramatic emergency. One clip showed the rolling door at Macy's being opened at 6 a.m., to the great delight of a group of eager customers waiting outside. Another focused in on mobs of shoppers in a department store, ending with a shot of one person's merchandise-

coverage of Black Friday, the ad for (PRODUCT) RED™ simply added to my festering guilt over the clothes I buy. I thought about it long after the morning news had given way to the Tyra Banks show—"Beauty nine-one-one! What's your emergency? Oh, you want to copy my Oscar look?"—and it led me to some interesting conclusions. I'll try to explain why it disturbed me so much.

First of all, there is my suspicion that quite a few people contribute to these important causes only when they receive something tangible in return. The developed world has been

should we devote so much effort to problems in other countries? It's not our responsibility! There's plenty of suffering here at home.

So to engage the average American with vague foreign problems that increasingly warrant some attention, public figures are offering us cute little incentives in the form of (PRODUCT) RED™-branded clothing. We generously fork over around \$10—an estimate of the net amount donated to charity from the sale of, say, a shirt—for the benefit of AIDS-stricken communities and are immediately rewarded for the sacrifice.

It strikes me as mockery, a cruel joke of some sort—even downright disgusting. Would a shirt with the label Product Red endear me to a group of young women in Africa? Certainly not.

laden arms.

Now, there's no way I can lie. Shopping is always cool, and looking for "that perfect gift" can be especially fun! Though I've never quite understood Black Friday—why not avoid the crowds and wait for a less popular day?—I certainly do enjoy going to the mall. But lately, I've gotten more than a little uncomfortable about my eagerness to buy stuff. It contrasts so starkly with the anti-materialistic essays that I like to write for my sociology classes. So watching the morning news that day, I wondered whether shopping with all the other greedy consumers out there actually makes me a hypocrite.

Pretty soon, the perky folks at Fox News offered up an answer to that very question! In a product endorsement that made no attempt at subtlety, they described the (PRODUCT) RED™ apparel currently being sold at GAP stores. Half of the proceeds from the sales will go to programs helping women and children in Africa. I'm pretty sure I was supposed to think that the (PRODUCT) RED™ initiative is just amazingly cool—a sign of our new awareness of suffering in other countries, a corporate-powered effort that surely deserves my money, too.

Above all, I was supposed to feel absolved of all doubt and culpability in collecting things for myself. But I wasn't. I was not impressed. Combined with all that

much too late in dedicating its resources to the battle against AIDS in Africa. Why? Because the plight of orphaned children and even the decay of entire communities, both of which are wrought by the increasingly deadly AIDS epidemic, are of little direct consequence in our lives. While the AIDS virus has changed the very character of life in many African nations, our policy is to treat the issue as a secondary problem—secondary, that is, to our own everyday concerns.

I am not trying to discount the achievements of the many dedicated individuals who have created programs and generated the initiative to fight AIDS. I'm simply attempting to describe the attitude I perceive among middle-class Americans like myself. *Yes, I know entire villages are decimated by AIDS. But I have other things*

to worry about right now. The economy is shaky, and I'm concerned about my money. Even politicians have more urgent things to address at this point—like the war in Iraq. Don't try to tell me what to prioritize.

I've also heard this indignant argument: *Why*

Cool! How sad that we don't show interest in these enormous problems until we've got carrots in front of our noses.

This relates to my second misgiving about the ad for (PRODUCT) RED™. Not only does the campaign highlight our shortcomings as genuinely concerned "world citizens," it is a direct reflection of inequality on a grand scale. In keeping with current styles, the Product Red clothes for sale at GAP are emblazoned with phrases like "Inspi(red)" and "Desi(red)." Like so many other garments, they are designed to convince buyers that wearing them is the key to a unique and attractive personal image.

Do African AIDS patients have opportunities for this type of "self-expression?" Nope! Can they afford, like us, to be extremely concerned about the brands of attire

they purchase—"in" or "out," expensive and chic or just plain? Do they have enough spare energy to worry about who dresses fashionably and who doesn't? Not at all! So why should we advertise this inequality in our very effort to eliminate the problems of poverty?

The Truth about Malcom's Allegations of Institutionalized Racism

ANONYMOUS

There has recently been an uproar around the Colorado College community concerning Marquis Malcom and allegations of institutionalized racism. Virtually every student within the CC community has seen Malcom's petition in Worner to end alleged racism, calling to reinstate Marquis Malcom as part of the Colorado College community. Recently published articles in both the *Cipher* and the *Colorado Springs Independent* have been written about Malcom's allegations of racism.

The origin of Malcom's charge of racism stems from the punishment he received following an off-campus fight with Kyle Bauser, another CC student. Although the Student Conduct Committee originally recommended probation for the students—a slap on the wrist in disciplinary terms—the powers that be altered this decision, extending Marquis Malcom's punishment to a semester suspension and exonerating the other student completely. This is the origin of Malcom's charge of institutionalized racism. Based on the changed sanctions, Malcom claims the discrepancy in punishment was rooted in the color of each student's skin, rather than matters related to the case itself. According to the *Independent*, Malcom claims he would have tacitly accepted his punishment had the penalties been equivalent.

There are, however, a number of unusual circumstances that call for further investigation. Primarily—even according to Malcom's account—the central administrative figure involved in the purported racism is Dean Edmonds, who coincidentally happens to be black just like Marquis Malcom. While Edmonds and Malcom sharing the same skin color does not rule out the possibility that the administration's actions were motivated by racial issues, it does raise some doubt. After all, a claim of racism is not simply to say that an injustice occurred to someone of a different skin color, culture, or background, but that the injustice was motivated primarily by race.

Further investigation into the case brings to light a number of startling discoveries. Roughly one month prior to the fight that set these events in motion, Marquis Malcom authored an email to Kyle Bauser, some of Bauser's housemates, and a number of football players. Within the bluntly homophobic email, Marquis makes threats to Bauser and his housemates essentially promising physical violence.

Notably absent from any of Marquis Malcom's accounts of the transgression is any explanation of why the fight transpired to begin with. According to the email, Malcom was angered to the point of physical violence because Bauser and his friends had recently signed a lease to live in the house previously occupied by some members of the football team. Despite his junior standing and consequent inability to live off campus, Malcom was so upset that Bauser and his companions were slated to live in the house that physical violence was the only option.

In the American judicial system, punishments are often predicated more on motives than action. Arbiters view premeditated crimes as being especially grievous, since the perpetrator of such crimes consciously decided to enact a crime in a sound state of mind and had ample time to deliberate and weigh the planned actions.

The undisputed facts of the Malcom's case are as follows. Marquis Malcom wrote an email threatening to assault Kyle Bauser. Marquis Malcom then later assaulted Kyle Bauser. There are reports from both sides that Bauser threw a punch at one of Malcom's friends, but no one has confirmed that. There are also claims that, earlier in the night, Malcom threw a beer in the face of one of the other students he had threatened in his email.

All of these claims are based on hearsay. Whether or not any one of them is true is really irrelevant in regards to the allegations of racism. The simple fact that Marquis Malcom threatened a group of people with physical violence and later acted upon that threat shows that Malcom's actions were premeditated, warranting a discrepancy in punishment between the two individuals involved.

Ultimately, Marquis Malcom may have received a harsher punishment than he was due—maybe not—but a premeditated crime certainly deserves a harsher punishment than a similar unplanned crime. Thus, the examination of Malcom's allegations of racism confirms that he is the architect of his current plight. Perhaps in the future, before making accusations of racism when faced with an unfortunate set of circumstances, Malcom will remind himself that it is not acceptable to threaten people and assault them.

It strikes me as mockery, a cruel joke of some sort—even downright disgusting. Would a shirt with the label (PRODUCT) RED™ endear me to a group of

just provides us with another image-booster to lust after.

As I recalled the news coverage and the (PRODUCT) RED™ ad throughout the day, I became

much rather see the big corporations funnel money into desperate areas than continue doing nothing at all.

Though it's easy to scoff at the \$10 donated from a single purchase, the fund will surely accumulate rapidly. But it's no substitute for the direct, concentrated, and large-scale projects needed to alleviate suffering in Africa. I hope (PRODUCT) RED™ won't fool us into thinking that the horrendous AIDS problem will be solved, with none of our own direct involvement, by the self-promoting and shifty benevolence of the private corporation.

Meanwhile, I've got my own consumer guilt to deal with. Nothing that GAP might slap on its shirts will make me feel better.

young women in Africa? Certainly not. I know what might, though: Genuine compassion, respect, and sustained dedication to the improvement of life in poor African communities. I'm convinced that (PRODUCT) RED™ does nothing to promote this. If anything, it

more and more irritated by our commercial culture and its shallow attempt to address problems that demand much more comprehensive solutions. At the same time, I realize that I could be quite mistaken in condemning this nationwide effort. All said and done, I would

Horoscopes

By Madames X, Y, and Z

SAGITTARIUS

November 22-December 22

Las Vegas attracts Sagittarians like sugar attracts flies. – Linda Goodman, *Star Signs*

CAPRICORN

December 22-January 20

I thoroughly disapprove of duels. If a man should challenge me, I would take him kindly and forgivingly by the hand and lead him to a quiet place and kill him. – Mark Twain

AQUARIUS

January 20-February 18

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing in particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to the sea as soon as I can. – Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

PISCES

February 19-March 20

The liberty of the individual is no gift of civilization. It was greatest before there was any civilization. – Sigmund Freud

ARIES

April 20-March 21

"Why! Why!" he exclaimed with disdain. "Can't a man do anything without a why? Just like that, because he wants to? Well, take me, shall we say, as cook. I can make soups you've never heard or thought of . . ." I started to laugh. His bluff ways and trenchant words pleased me. Soups pleased me, too. It would not be a bad thing, I thought, to take this loose-knit fellow with me to that distant lonely coast. Soups and stories . . . he looked as if he had knocked about the world quite a lot, a sort of Sinbad the Sailor . . . I liked him. "What are you thinking about?" he asked me familiarly, shaking his great head. "You keep a pair of scales, too, do you? You weigh everything to the nearest gram, don't you? Come on, friend, make up your mind. Take the plunge!" – Nikos Kazantzakis, *Zorba the Greek*

TAURUS

April 21-May 20

I wish you woulda treat me like ya yacht. Keep me wet while the waves them a rock. – Tanya Stephens

GEMINI

May 21-June 21

"Well, don't you think guts and curiosity are kind of similar?" said May Kasahara. "Where there's guts there's curiosity, and where there's curiosity there's guts. No?" "Hmmm, maybe they are kind of similar," I said. "Maybe you're right. Maybe they do overlap at times." "Times like when you sneak into somebody's backyard, say." "Yeah, like that," I said, rolling a lemon drop on my tongue. – Haruki Murakami, *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle*

CANCER

June 22-July 21

. . . he said with a disarming candor. "I have seen it all. She was a fine person." I knew that it was meaningless to argue, but was angry with him for touching that sore spot in my life and I said that the girl in question was not such a fine person after all, that in my opinion she was rather weak. "So are you," he said calmly. "But that is not important. What counts is that you have looked for her everywhere; that makes her a special person in your world, and for a special person you should only have fine words." – Carlos Castaneda, *Journey to Ixtlan*

LEO

July 22-August 22

Courage! What makes a king out of a slave? Courage! What makes the flag on the mast to wave? Courage! What makes the elephant charge his tusk in the misty mist, or the dusky dusk? What makes the muskrat guard his musk? Courage! What makes the sphinx the Seventh Wonder? Courage! What makes the dawn come up like thunder? Courage! What makes the Hottentot so hot? What puts the "ape" in apricot? What have they got, that I ain't got? – The Cowardly Lion

VIRGO

August 23-September 22

I bet you think that's pretty clever, dontcha boy? – Radiohead

LIBRA

September 23-October 22

A chief event of life is the day in which we have encountered a mind that startled us. – Ralph Waldo Emerson

SCORPIO

October 23-November 21

I have a theory that truth is never told during the nine-to-five hours. – Hunter S. Thompson

Recipes

Courtesy of Ariela Friedman

DIVINE SQUASH SALAD

Ingredients:

1 small zucchini, thinly sliced crosswise
1 small yellow squash, thinly sliced crosswise
1 small red onion, thinly sliced
1 green chile, chopped
2 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
2 tablespoons Nama Shoyu
1 tablespoon grated Ginger
2 teaspoons fresh lemon juice
1/8 teaspoon cayenne pepper, to taste

Directions:

Mix and serve
Serves 4

Sidenote:

Nama Shoyu is a raw, unpasteurized soy sauce that contains less salt than the standard soy sauce one might see in the grocery store. It is prepared as it traditionally was, through a slow brewing process in which the Nama Shoyu is naturally aged in cedar wood kegs for four years.

Recipe courtesy of *The Joy of Living Live: A Raw Food Journey*

HO CAKES

Ingredients:

1 teaspoon shortening (use vegetable)
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
Enough boilin' water to make a batter

Directions:

Preheat oven to 375°
Mix ingredients together well and knead for a minute or so
Roll the dough out with a ol' Coke bottle (ok, you can use a rolling pin)
Cut crisscross with a 'nife, like diamonds
Place on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake fo' about 20 mins, or so . . .

Sidenote:

Hardly anyone knows what a ho cake really is these days, especially if you're not from the south. A ho cake is cornbread that is made like a pancake. You mix cornmeal and water (some people add spices or cracklins) with a little salt and pepper, then you fry it up in a pan of bacon grease. Hot, crispy, and delicious.
Recipe courtesy of: http://groups.msn.com/VegetarianSOULFOOD/_whatsnew.msnw

SOUR CHERRY AND APPLESAUCE BROWN BETTY

Ingredients:

One 24-ounce jar unsweetened applesauce
1/2 cup dried sour cherries
1/2 cup sugar (vegan granulated sweetener)
1 teaspoon cardamom (or use 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon and 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg)
2 medium-sized apples or pears, peeled, cored, and finely chopped
1 tablespoon lemon juice
12 medium graham cracker squares, crushed into fairly uniform crumbs (about 1 1/4 cups)
2 tablespoons soy margarine, melted (optional)

Directions:

Preheat oven to 350°. Blend the applesauce, dried cherries, sweetener, and cardamom. Set aside. In another bowl, combine the apples or pears and lemon juice. In a 2-quart casserole dish, spread 1/3 of the graham cracker crumbs, 1/2 of the applesauce mixture, and 1/2 of the apples or pears and lemon juice blend. Repeat layers. You will have 1/3 of the graham crackers left. Combine this with 1 tablespoon melted soy margarine for a browned and crispier topping, if desired. Sprinkle the last of the graham cracker crumbs over the top and press down lightly. Bake at 350° for 35 minutes.

Serves: 8

Recipe courtesy of *The Vegetarian Journal* <http://www.vrg.org>

QUOTE OF THE WEEK:

"Charlie's turning 22, and thus crying will ensue."
Charlie Meredith, Features Editor