



A cold winter in East campus

Leo, cont. from p. 13

doors at the ends. Ingenious.

Finally, not only are the doors nonsensical, but I'm still confused as to why there is so much space between the dorm's outside walls and the loggia itself. I bring back the prevailing winds argument from earlier; you remember, west-to-east? Well, when Old Man Winter decides to dump two feet of snow on us in January on one of those days when the wind is blowing, I can't wait to see the snow drifts that will pile up after the fine powder swirls off the facade of the dorm building and settles into the loggia. I could be wrong about this, but

I definitely wouldn't be surprised if it happened. Just remember who predicted those snowdrifts. Those little trees sure are nice, though.

Ungrateful? Nah, there's too much to like about East Campus. Would I have done it this way? Probably not. I will concede, however, that it is impossible to please everyone. I suppose I should have attended that feedback session in B Lounge—wait, a bunch of us sort of did. But we all got kicked out because we were watching the Cubs. A crying shame, that. Oh well. I'll just have to hang my hat on the hope that the new PEC will have a hot tub.



The death of the comma

November 21, 2003

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Letters to: The Editor

Dean: a refreshing candidate

If Howard Dean receives the Democratic nomination in 2004, what would Ben Jacobs and Grant Woodard, as Campus Democrats and John Kerry supporters, do? Having published rather venomous critiques comparing Howard Dean to Strom Thurmond, would they argue there is no difference between Howard Dean and Bush? Perhaps not, but in their eagerness to promote Kerry, they prefer to burn bridges by claiming Kerry has defended liberal values while Dean has not. On the opposite spectrum, Meghan Redd writes that Howard Dean's use of a declaration made by Paul Wellstone is fraudulent — "You're not the 'Democratic wing of the Democratic party,'" she writes. "I will caucus for someone who can actually win a general election, instead of rallying the troops for another White House held hostile by the monkey."

Matt Lundberg '05 once wrote that Dean is not defined by the stereotypical "liberal" or "conservative" Democrat values. Matt's right, Howard Dean is a moderate Democrat. Dean opposes the war in Iraq, but supports fiscal balance through elimination of Bush's tax cuts. Dean supports keeping gun regulation in the hands of state legislatures, but also signed legislation allowing civil unions in Vermont. Dean also supports NAFTA, albeit with talk about inserting conditions regarding the environment and labor conditions with our trading partners. What Dean is not doing is calling for \$12 minimum wage (Nader, 2000 elections), elimination of NAFTA (Kucinich) or to polarize my vote by engaging in electoral rhetoric about being the candidate of the NAACP (Kerry).

This college campus seems to believe the ideal "liberal" candidate is one who has opposed every threat to the environment, propose socialized medicine, intervene in every foreign humanitarian disaster, support every piece of GLBT and anti-hate crime legislation, blindly support affirmative action, love campus speech codes and every other thing perhaps 5 percent of this country as a whole believes in. That's not what I believe in and pigeonholing everyone who doesn't agree with this "liberal" position begs the question about who is a liberal.

I respect a candidate who shows he thinks and suggests doing things that will get the general goal—that of great social good—done. I respect a candidate who will change his position to reflect what reality is. Dean calling for greater support from a cross-section of the country is not waffling—but shows that he recognizes the importance of appealing to all Americans *including those you disagree with*. With most of Dean's support coming from those donating less than \$200 a piece, he faces enormous challenges in facing off with other candidates, many of whom receive donations from wealthier individuals contributing more than \$200—even \$2000! It was not a

strike against campaign finance reform to reject public financing so to fundraise enough money to counter Bush's campaign war chest.

When I caucus in January, it will be for Howard Dean. I am an independent Democrat-leaning individual who has voted for Republicans. It's refreshing to find a candidate who is more earnest about his positions and speaks his mind—even if it is politically incorrect to use confederate flag imagery and propose tax hikes. The fact remains Bush is going to win the 2004 election unless those who have religious qualms against gay marriage, those that do support the right to own firearms and don't share in the "liberal" ideology support a Democrat.

Vote. But when you vote, consider the issues and question how the general goals of social good can be accomplished by a certain piece of legislation. It's one thing to say there should absolutely be no pollution, until you start looking at the whole picture at what generates electricity and the costs involved. That process seems to make a lot of people more "moderate," but that's probably better for the goals of social good in the long-run.

—Sechyi Laiu '04

Strom returns

In recent weeks, campus representatives of both Dean and Kerry have exchanged blows and have branded each other's candidate as another Strom Thurmond. Although I've been pleased with this political activism, I believe the energy could be put to better use.

Neither Dean nor Kerry bears any resemblance to Thurmond, who was a blatant racist. It would be misleading to say the same of Dean and Kerry considering that Dean has been endorsed by Jesse Jackson Jr. and Kerry has a 100 percent rating from the NAACP. Both candidates also have a strong record on protecting civil rights and civil liberties, although there is some variation in their positions. Intellectual discourse over these ideological differences strengthens the democratic process. Juvenile name-calling, on the other hand, only divides and alienates Democratic voters.

All indications show that either Dean or Kerry will be the Democratic nominee. Needless to say, it will be tough for Democrats to rally behind a candidate who hobbles out of the nomination process labeled as Strom Thurmond. The only winners from such a scenario are the Republicans, some of who are more than worthy of the Thurmond label. Instead of attacking each other, Democrats should be working together to triumph over the tainted legacies of Trent Lott, Rick Santorum and George W. Bush.

—Jason Rathod '06

Concern over last week's B&S piece

The fifth principle of Self-Governance leaves Grinnellians "responsible for addressing situations and communicating concerns about issues that undermine community or individual rights." As an advocate of self-governance and a representative of the community, I am

voicing my concern regarding Dan Grossberg's article in V.I, Issue Three of the B&S. Titled "Love Advice From 'Sketchy Dan,'" Mr. Grossberg created common, dating-themed questions and fabricated responses advocating behavior commonly associated with harassers: "e-mail her... If you don't hear back in an hour, write her again. Give her another hour... try calling... go to her room and wait..." Along with a number of students with whom I have spoken, I believe that the article was inappropriate, disrespectful and offensive.

Mr. Grossberg explained to me that "the B&S piece is a satirical response to spurious rumors about [him]" and that he wrote it "because the harassment stemming from the rumors has at times been unbearable." While "the B&S piece was intended to show the absurdity of the matter," I am indeed "all too familiar" with the abovementioned rumors. People have taken me into their confidence and explained that they felt uncomfortable in Mr. Grossberg's presence and I believe that both the "rumors" and the behaviors described in the article are reminiscent of the patterns described to me. I and others have experienced discomfort from the situation and I feel that Mr. Grossberg's flippant attitude toward the concerns of fellow community members is appallingly callous and blatantly disrespectful and represents a poor attempt at resolving any issues between himself and those of us who may find offense in both his words and his actions. I believe the article only increases the alienation between Mr. Grossberg and a concerned, rumor-addled student body.

Regardless of any interpretation of satire, I believe that the context of the material renders the article inappropriately offensive, an opinion shared by many of my peers. I perceive the rumors mentioned by Mr. Grossberg, the uncomfortable situations with which he is associated and the "hilarious" material he seems to offer as reconciliation to be indicative of a threat to the security of our community.

—Devan Allen McGranahan '04
SGA Vice President

The guy to beat

I find it ironic that many have accused Howard Dean's "politics of anger" as being divisive, when it appears that he is actually working to unite people. He has, in fact, united all of the other candidates (and their supporters) against him. In the debates, in their advertising, even in last week's S&B. Why is that? Is it because Dean is just a terrible guy who kills kittens in his backyard and secretly attends Hitler Youth meetings?

Well, no.

It's because the other candidates see Dean as the guy to beat, and if that means taking things out of context or blowing things way out of proportion, that's apparently fine.

I would encourage everyone to do some independent research on the candidates before the caucuses. I'm not going to tell you who to vote for, I just hope that you make an informed decision when you do vote, and beware of hyperbole from any side.

—Renata Sancken '07

Kerry assumes ignorance

Katya Gibel Azoulay

guest column

I decided to attend John Kerry's campaign talk on Sunday afternoon. I wanted to see, up close, how he would handle his audience — would he offer the same platform speech heard on C-Span and NPR or something more thought-provoking and befitting an academic audience. I stood, waited and listened and can now confidently declare: the only way I might vote for Kerry would be if the choice is between him or Bush (but since he's trailing in the race for Democratic nominee, I'm actually not overly concerned). If I had stayed home, I might not have had such an aversive reaction — so its probably good that I went. I found both his answer on how Africa would fit into his foreign policy and his answer on Charlie Rangel's proposal for a draft to be an infuriating but instructive example of liberal preconceptions at best and prejudice at worst; either way, he seemed to assume that his audience was not well informed.

1) As a preface to answering the question on Africa, Kerry pointed out that his wife was from Mozambique and lived there until she was 24 when

her family's property was confiscated by the dictatorship. Why should this statement, without qualification or additional detail, be offered as evidence of a commitment to Africa's well-being? After all, anyone with knowledge about southern African history would immediately have known that his spouse's family property would have been lost after the military coup in Portugal led to the collapse of the colonial government in Mozambique.

Mozambique's nationalist movements were organized in the 1960s but negotiations for independence only began in earnest in 1974, after the coup. The country became independent in 1975 under the government of FRELIMO, the leading liberation movement, and was lead by President Samora Machel (his widow, Graca, is a political figure in her own right, is now married to Nelson Mandela).

Those who chose to move from Mozambique to South Africa knowingly chose to live under the white apartheid government and the immediate withdrawal of Portuguese from Mozambique, immediately and aversely impacted the political economy. There were some whites who did choose to remain as committed activists whose lives were literally on the line. But interestingly enough, Kerry never explicitly informed his audience where his

wife's family fit within Mozambique's expatriate Portuguese community. Evidently he did not take into account that some of his audience would be more informed than he presumed — perhaps he calculated, given the packed room and short amount of time, that no one would ask him to elaborate on his parenthetical prefatory remarks that his wife "was born in Mozambique and lived there until she was 24 when the dictatorship confiscated her family's property."

2) I asked Kerry whether he supported Charles Rangel's proposal for a national draft. Rangel (D-NY) is the Ranking Member of the Committee on Ways and Means, Chairman of the Board of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee and Dean of the New York State Congressional Delegation. He represents New York's 15th congressional district. Importantly, Congressman Rangel served in the U.S. Army from 1948-52, during which time he fought in Korea and was awarded the Purple Heart and Bronze Star. Congressman Rangel proposed legislation to renew the draft, noting that few of his congressional colleagues have children serving in the military, while poor and working class American kids are overrepresented in the volunteer forces. In other words, not only would a national draft create a broader sense of national solidarity, but a large sector of the public — those with class leverage — would not be so complacent about how the military is deployed if their children were in uniform and waiting to be sent into battle.

Kerry's lackluster and long-winded response against Rangel's proposal eventually came to rest on a reference to enlisted soldiers from South Central, Detroit and Harlem. In the context of his political speech specifically addressed to an overwhelmingly "white" audience at a well-endowed liberal arts college, Kerry's reply was surprisingly disingenuous. Perhaps he tailored it to preconceptions about how to answer a question from one of the less-than-handful of brown faces in the audience. Did he assume, based on my appearance, that I would have an exclusive concern with inner-cities? Why didn't he include in his examples, rural West Virginia (remember Jessica Lynch), Kentucky or Tennessee? Whatever attitudes were revealed in his reply, the fact is that he skillfully but imprudently evaded the specific socioeconomic and decidedly class issue which Rangel has been promoting for public attention. Moreover, in his (not-so) subtle racialized response, Kerry seems to have forgotten that right here in Iowa, the overwhelming majority of enlisted men and women (not just from the National Guard) are white and working-class.

I have an admittedly low tolerance for people, including politicians, who smugly think they can insult one's intelligence and get away with it. I am consoled by the knowledge that as the saying goes, one can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but one can't fool all the people all the time.



david clark

The History of Doniphan (,) Nebraska

Ten years of shameless adventuring brought Doniphan Nebraska and Davey Crockett to the heart of the heartland: the sweeping prairies of Iowa. They had not tired of their lawless lifestyle, nor had the death-song of danger lost her sweet charm; and yet, inexplicably, a strange new desire had come to oppress their quietest hours. One might call it the weight of history, an aching sense of responsibility towards the species—or, perhaps, just a longing for comfort, maybe even the laziness caused by a senescent sex-drive. Doniphan and Davey identified their discontent with whatever primal instinct or compulsion first prompted our hairless ancestors to quit the wilderness, wild and free and settle down into cramped and raunchy habitations, the greenhouses of civilization.

(From the excrement that lined the floors of those dingy huts so long ago emerged the stalks of luxury, art and industry, cosmopolitanism, progress and democracy, all entangled in an intricate bush that has now, in our lifetime, let bloom its most colorful flower, the omnipotent internet—that ultimate actualization of human potential. All that remains for a species of such accomplishment is to gradually wither and droop as its leaves crisp, brown and fall away. To be replaced, of course, by a super-race of dinosaurs that move things with their minds. So proceeds the course of divine will ...)

At the time of its establishment, Chelsea, Iowa, consisted of one mud hut, two wooden chairs, one hole for dried food and another hole for thoroughly digested food.

Doniphan and Davey wanted to participate in this drama—perhaps that was Doniphan's ambition all along. So, in 1816, they chose a suitable location for a settlement, marked their claim with streaks of urine, slaughtered a few local tribes, intermarried with others and laid the foundations for Chelsea, Iowa. (Yes, yes, I know!—Iowa was not yet a state, nor even a territory and David Clark is a poseur. But wait!—it turns out that the title, Chelsea, Iowa—given by our two gallants, who suffered no poverty of foresight—was, in fact, the source of this state's current title. So proceeds the course of divine will ...)

At the time of its establishment, Chelsea, Iowa consisted of one mud hut, two wooden chairs, one hole for dried food and another hole for thoroughly digested food. Doniphan declared himself "*Il duce*" and appointed Davey "keeper of the peace." The long days of settled life were most often spent drinking and shooting. The long nights were spent pining—Doniphan for his Chelsea Iowa, Davey for another battle with soldiers, natives or bears. Sometimes the pair played a game of cards or went for walks and talked about "feelings," or gave each other back rubs. But most often, as stated, they drank booze, shot guns and pined.

Time went on, the commoners (Davey) grew impatient with their ignorance of the statutes that governed their lives, so *Il duce* (Doniphan) was obligated to engrave a code of law for his kingdom.

As luck would have it, this code, later discarded like used tissue, was well-preserved by the rich Iowa soil, then discovered by archeologists in 1948. It reads:

Il duce, overlord of Chelsea, Iowa, endowed with the wisdom of the sea and the strength of a mountain, declares —

1. That Chelsea Iowa is the most fair, most awe-inspiring, most merciful and beneficent lady to have graced the elements of this earth.

2. That the settlement which bears her name shall be a settlement of humble and pious folk, who love their labor and God above, who ask no special favors of Fortune, who drink at midday and shoot their firearms without shame whenever they please at whatever they please.

3. That the settlers of Chelsea, Iowa shall bear handsome children.

4. That any malformed soul, sick with pride, lust or nihilism, who dares to challenge or violate these declarations shall not only suffer unendurable pangs of conscience, but also shall have his legs broken and his crops burned.

An admirable code of law—all scholars agree. Unsuitable for a society of more than two including anyone other than Doniphan Nebraska and Davey Crockett, but admirable, nonetheless. Worthy, even, of the ire—the envy!—of the American government, who soon dispatched an army to deal with this rising power in the West. Prosperity was short-lived, conflict was unavoidable ... a war that would lead to the final abandonment of Chelsea, Iowa, the death of Davey Crockett and, at long last, the foundation of Doniphan, Nebraska.

carly schuna
with tim hart

the worst case scenario: grinnell

Every so often, Grinnell students end up with prospies. Sometimes they're wanted, sometimes they're not. We are expected to entertain them and give them a good impression of Grinnell. However, what happens when it's your prospie who's unwilling to cooperate and not you? Fear not and heed these guidelines for sure success!

What to do if your prospie doesn't talk

1) Make polite conversation.

Ask simple things such as, "What's your name?" "Where are you from?" or "How was your trip?" Your prospie should be able to comprehend and respond to such questions. Stay away from inquiries such as, "So, what do you think of the dining hall food?" or "You're not going to become another pretentious first-year, are you?"

What to do if your prospie talks too much

1) Get rid of it.

There are several ways to do this:

2) Make it do your laundry.

Hand it your laundry basket, give it your P-Card and detailed instructions on how to get to the laundry room and say, "You know, it's a tradition we have here at Grinnell—all visiting students do their hosts' laundry, in return for getting a place to stay. Isn't that nice?"

3) Teach it to meditate.

Toss it a few comfy pillows, dim the lights and tell it, "Remember what matters above all is that you're quiet."

4) Take it to the dining hall and convince it to eat something like a "Krusty Burger" or a half-pound hot dog.

The hard part will be the convincing, but you have the upper hand there, since you are older and, theoretically, wiser. The easy part will be watching the prospie stop talking abruptly after it bites into the food.

What to do if your prospie is overly bookish

1) Try not to give up.

Keep asking, "What do you like to do for fun?"

over and over again, until you get some kind of answer other than, "I like to compute pi in my spare time" or, "Well, I once wrote a novel in a month."

2) Try taking your prospie to Harris.

Get it to hook up with another prospie or, if the situation is really bleak, with a senior.

3) Give your prospie a tour.

The key here is to show the prospie sights that are, shall we say... not frequented on the traditional campus tour. For example:

1) Bob's.

South campus people love and live at Bob's and North campus people should too. A visit to Grinnell just wouldn't be complete without a visit to Bob's.

2) Burling Basement Bathrooms

Make sure to bring plenty of Sharpies.

3) Harris party.

The hook-up part is optional, but your prospie should at least be exposed to the experience of a Harris party before it even considers coming to Grinnell for real.

4) The pub.

Swing a fake ID or two and show your prospie what a measurable percentage of Grinnell does on the weekends.

5) Norris.

Take your prospie on a short walk through Norris and explain that, if it does decide to come to Grinnell, its lifelong mission should be to avoid living in Norris at all costs.

What to do if your prospie claims to be uninterested in Grinnell

1) Do not try to sway its opinion.

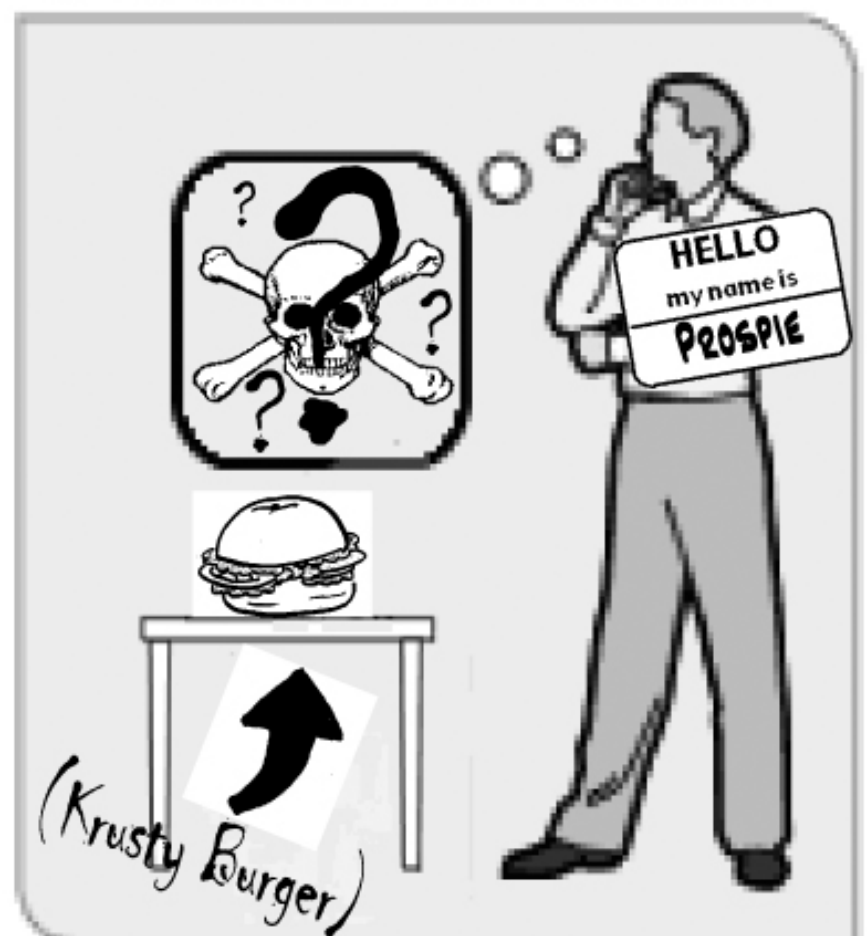
It would be fruitless to ask questions such as, "Why are you here if you're not even interested?" Instead, take your prospie to somewhere like Norris or East Campus and "lose" it accidentally.

Kindly direct all complaints about this column via planlove to [acebomb]. Thank you!

How to survive your own personal prospie

Getting Rid of Your Talkative Prospie, Method III:

- Convince it to consume a 'Krusty Burger,' or other Dining Hall Horror. All speech will cease due to fear.



The Snedge

This question caused a great deal of consternation.



Cowles and Quad go head-to-head

Christena McIntyre asked 202 people at Quad and Aly Beery asked 104 people at Cowles the following question this week:

Is our faculty diverse enough?

Quad	36% yes	64% no
Cowles	41% yes	59% no

Sorbet vs. Sherbet

Many dictionaries define sherbet and sorbet as synonyms. Some list sorbet as a Britishism and sherbet as an Americanism.

Some sources distinguish sorbet from sherbet by stating that sorbet cannot contain dairy products.

Julia Child claims that the two are the same "except that sorbet is contemporary cuisine chic-speak."

Quote: LaBelleCuisine.com



peter leo

the shakedown

No dancin' around the fire today. This week's edition addresses the design oversights of East Campus. The last thing I want is for anyone to think I'm ungrateful, it's hard to complain about living in a brand new dorm, but the designers and architects clearly forgot some important things when they put the whole project together.

First of all, as a lifetime resident of this great state, it has become apparent to me that the prevailing winds here in the heartland blow from east to west. No problem, right? Hardly. You see, for some odd reason there is an archway (if you can call it that, because it doesn't really "arch" at all) that contains two doorways into Rose Hall's first floor. Both doors are equipped with electronic open/close mechanisms for the disabled, as well as the lazy. Great idea? Sure, that is unless the aforementioned wind is blowing 25 miles per hour and gusting to 40. On those days, this "archway" takes that wind and easily accelerates it to double its speed, thus creating a vicious and unforgiving wind tunnel from which there is no escape. It also conveniently holds those aforementioned doors open at a 90 degree angle, making the lockdown mechanism ineffective. As a result, FM had to barricade the doors closed with massive quantities of caution tape and signs that said: "Do not use in the event of an emergency."

Now, let's move indoors. Someone once told me that for as nice as the dorms were, it wasn't my place to com-

plain about the furniture in the lounges. I'm going to anyway. It's unbelievably uncomfortable. I challenge one and all to try to prop your head up on one of those armrests while you watch television; pretty difficult, eh? But that isn't the half of it. The first floor lounges themselves have many shortcomings. For starters, there's the gigantic framework of glass and metal that makes up the western wall of each building. I'm not going to lie, that really looks cool from the outside. You can see if someone's in the lounge. You can see what they're watching on TV. And so can our newfound friend, the setting sun. Apparently here in Grinnell, just like the rest of the Earth, the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. Thus, it creates an unavoidable glare on the TV screen that made is unbearably painful, whether one is watching the play-offs or some other form of primetime television programming. Clever.

But the beef with the lounges doesn't stop there. Unlike our older, more seasoned dorms on North and South campuses, the first floor lounge is wide open to all the rooms on the first floor and connected by a large hallway; the point being there is no door that separates the lounge from students possibly studying in their rooms on the first floor. Consequently, on a night when Kerry Wood was mowing people down and Randall Simon hit a HUGE home run, the RLC was forced to come out and inform the elated crowd of Cubs fans that some students were complaining about the noise level. At first I thought he was kidding,

but slowly the above shortsightedness about the way the first floor is laid out came to mind. How can one expect 20-plus people to watch the playoffs or any athletic contest for that matter, in complete silence?

Last little bit about the first floor lounges before I move on. Who is the genius who decided to put the thermostat in the doorway, near the outside? Bad idea. It's cold out there and thus the thermostat is about 10-15 degrees cooler than it actually is indoors. To put it mildly (excuse the pun) the temperature in the lounge is about 10-15 degrees warmer than it needs to be. Not surprisingly, the excess heat rises to the second floor, where it can oppress unsuspecting students who have to have their jar of salsa con queso opened by Keith Gray, who gets the credit for pointing out this fatal design flaw.

I want to move back outside now and discuss the so-called "East Campus Loggia". This is where I start to wonder why there are doors at both ends. Yes, bikers, I'm thinking of you when I point this out. Not that I ever ride my bike anywhere; it's safely locked up at an undisclosed location. It just seems like overkill to install doors (wide enough for just one person at a time to pass through) at the end of a walkway that is wide and tall enough for me to drive my Explorer through it with room to spare. I was ecstatic when I found out that the bike racks were out of the way, however. One of my biggest pet peeves is that it's impossible to walk more than two people abreast in the other loggias without blocking everyone else's way (don't deny it, you HAVE noticed that). I thought this nice, wide loggia would allow free-flowing travel for all, but they had to go and put

Leo, cont. on p. 14

Apparently here in Grinnell, just like the rest of the Earth, the sun rises in the east and sets in the west.

random rants

Students speak out about what's on their minds in 142 words, and you're invited! If you have a random rant, email it to me at anderseb@grinnell.edu. After all, complaining in a public forum is always more fun than doing it alone.

Spicy rant, with sentence fragment

Dale Mackey '07 is right — our rants have been rather lame. Let me spice things up by ranting about two things at once.

Offensive cock-blocking. Defensive cock-blocking (i.e., protecting one's friends) is okay, but interference, rather interceptions, at Harris parties are unacceptable. Even worse are hand-offs, passes and assists. (Yes, guys see this as a sport.) These are grown women, let them decide for themselves. Luckily, I saw my friend, and not the offender, eating a late breakfast with her the next morning.

People who cannot write in corrected English still, despite having been from the U.S. for their entire whole life. Hey, learn some basic fucking syntax already. MS Word's grammar check would be a nice start. Proceed to *Elements of Style* by Strunk and White. Lawyers may write cryptically, but at least it's English.

And screw this asinine 142-word limit. Here's 145.

—Dan Grossberg '04

Flooding in fine arts

To the person who broke the urinal in the Fine Arts building on Friday:

I don't know if you did it on purpose or not, but the only way I could see this happening by accident is if, while peeing, you slipped and fell, and in falling, you grasped for anything and everything, including the handle on the urinal, pulling it away from the wall. If this was the case, why didn't you just call security which would have stopped the flooding, instead of running away or watching from a distance as the building filled with stagnate water? It doesn't make sense. I hope you feel bad. For shame! The damage you caused hurt a lot of people.

For those of you who stayed to help, I thank you. You people rock my face like Jesus!

—Christena McIntyre '07

Calista's got nothing on me

I am often told that I need to eat more, that I should take Dan's fat and put it on me or that I need to end my hunger strike (even though I'm not on a hunger strike). However, these statements are misguided, because being twig skinny is awesome. Marvel at my tendons that should be covered by layers of chub. Be inspired by the 'A' shapes in the joints of my hand. Take joy in the shrieks of pain coming from those that I accidentally jab with my boney-sharp elbows. I, as Hank Williams would say, see the light, and it's in my 130 pound stature. I will never listen to those who say I look really gross and need to put some pants on. I will just sit over here and count my ribs through my shirt... I count 16.

—Joe Jankolovits '07