



the Herald



By and for the students of Hobart and William Smith Colleges

ISSUE 20

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VOLUME CXXVIII

Spring Fling Announcement

All students are invited to dance under the stars at this year's Spring Fling themed "A Garden Party." Spring Fling is an annual semi-formal dance, organized by your student governments, HSG and WSC. This year's Spring Fling will be held in a tent on **Stern Hall Green** on **April 30th** from **8-11pm**. Lavish decorations, great music and tasty desserts will help make this an exceptional night. The first 350 people will also receive a gift. Tickets are FREE and available in Scandling Center, as well as Student Life & Leadership (2nd floor of Scandling), starting on April 21st. You may come with a group of friends, a date or by yourself, but come looking to have fun! We expect another great night of laughter and dancing at this year's Spring Fling. If you have any questions or are interested in helping with the event, please email Meg Moffit at moffit@HWS.edu or Mark Hallman at JH3199@HWS.edu.



The Faculty Dance Concert

April 22 & 23

Friday and Saturday
8 p.m.

April 24

Sunday
2 p.m.

Winn-Seeley Gym Theater

Weekend Weather

Geneva, NY

Friday:

Partly Cloudy, 54°/32°



Saturday:

Showers, 41°/33°



Sunday:

Showers, 45°/33°



Vatican City, Italy

Friday:

Partly Cloudy, 60°/42°



Saturday:

Partly Cloudy, 61°/44°



Sunday:

Showers, 64°/46°



Alessandro Bianchi / Reuters

Pope Benedict XVI greets the crowd in St. Peter's Square after being elected by the conclave of cardinals Tuesday.

Israeli Students Share Culture with HWS

Alessandra Raimond
Amanda Jantzi

Last Friday evening, the HWS community had a unique opportunity to speak with two young Israelis. Yael and Eli were students both in their twenties brought to the United States to speak with college and high school students by the organization Israel at Heart. Both of them were on a two week tour of New York and Connecticut answering questions about their lives in Israel.

Yael had served in the military in the foreign press corps, and is now in school studying political science. She is also a bartender. Eli related his inspiring tale of hiking for three months from his village in Ethiopia through the desert to a refugee camp where he and his family waited a year for approval to move to Israel. He served in Israel's air force, worked for a marketing company, taught modern hip-hop dance, and owns several of his own pro-

duction companies. He just finished school with a degree in mathematics.

The Israel at Heart program puts young Israeli students in a car with a GPS system and sends them to fend for themselves at a variety of colleges. They spoke to a small group at Hillel's weekly Shabbat about mandatory military service in Israel, and dispelled many myths about Israel. For example, military service can be fulfilled by teaching in schools. They also talked about how Israel is not a dangerous place (all of the time).

One of the more interesting points that they made was that people in the United States don't necessarily have to care about politics – but remarked that when you live in a place like Israel, presidential elections and everyday debates can have a profound effect on your life.

Eli spoke of how one morning he missed his bus to go to work, only to see that same bus explode a few

yards away. However, he did not let this effect his everyday life – he still got on the same bus the next morning to go to work. When terrorism is an everyday occurrence, it gives you a greater appreciation for the life you lead and reminds you that life must go on.

After their talk we got to play with them. The night started to get really exciting when a mishap occurred with some Shabbat candles, and security came to make sure we weren't burning things, like the house. Eli and Yael had told us about Israel's amazing nightlife – clubs and bars that didn't fill up until 1 and parties that go on until dawn. So after some pre-gaming with some cheap champagne, we took them to The Holiday.

They left early the next morning to begin their journey back to Israel. It was a valuable experience to meet them and to get the Israeli perspective on things. We can only hope that we provided them with an interesting peek into life at Hobart.



Fiona Hanson / AP

A fiberglass head of scientist Albert Einstein is delivered to the Science Museum in London on April 13 ahead of a new exhibit, "Move Over Einstein: The Next Generation Is Here," which was set to open to the public on April 16.

Moving Up Day

Katherine Delp
Herald Contributor

It was a beautiful, sunny, Friday afternoon in 2002, and as I watched a long line of women process down the Hill and into a tent, I wondered aloud to a friend what was going on. "It's Moving Up Day," she replied. "I've heard it's wonderful. Let's go." I hadn't actually heard anything of the sort, but agreed to see what was happening. We joined our first-year class as they processed in, and had a seat.

To be honest, I was expecting just a boring awards ceremony. I was a freshman; surely I wouldn't get any awards, so what was the point of going? But while I didn't receive anything tangible, when I left that tent an hour or so later, I had had a realization.

I attend a women's college.

I know it's silly, that it took me most of my freshman year to realize that. But I hadn't gone to any of the other William Smith events, so I hadn't run across the strong feeling of sisterhood present at such gatherings. As I sat in the tent, fanning myself with my program, I couldn't help but be fascinated by the positive energy emanating from the senior class. Most of the awards went to seniors, and every woman received loud cheers as she made her way to the podium. I had never been to an awards ceremony like this before.

It wasn't just awards, of course. There were the class legacies. I still remember several of my friends standing up and giving humorous advice to the class behind them. (The first-year class wishes the seniors well, the sophomores gives advice to the freshman, juniors to sophomores, and seniors to juniors.)

A William Smith senior also gives a speech. Last year's was particularly memorable: the importance of food. (For the record, there will be a reception after the ceremony, and I promise that the food will be fantastic.)

The theme of Moving Up Day is, of course, moving on to the next stage in one's college career, and the ceremony ends with a tangible reminder of that. In processing in, the seniors carry a long garland. At the end of the ceremony, they pass it to the juniors seated behind them. For me, that garland symbolizes the passing on of a tradition and the sisterhood found in our school.

I invite all of you to attend Moving Up Day on Friday, April 29. Gather on the William Smith Circle on the Hill at 4:00. Wear your class color. (First years are yellow, sophomores blue, juniors green, and seniors red.) It's not just for seniors: there are awards for all the classes, and the rising juniors and seniors elected to Laurel Society and Hai Timiai, the respective honor societies, will be announced. Come enjoy an afternoon of food and fellowship at the 2005 Moving Up Day celebration.

HWS Professor Earns Fulbright
Charles Temple earns the Fulbright Scholarship award.

NFL to HWS
A HWS senior looks to the NFL as future career. Get the full story inside.

Summer Flicks
A preview at two expected blockbusters for the upcoming summer.

CAMPUS LIFE

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Professor Charles Temple Wins Fulbright Scholar



Professor Charles Temple

He'll work in Romania to improve higher education and literacy among Roma children.

Office of Communications

Under Communism, education in the Soviet Bloc was colorless—original thought was discouraged.

But with the end of the Communist period in 1989, Charles Temple, education department chair and professor at Hobart and William Smith Colleges, viewed the open door as an opportunity for the re-birth of meaningful learning in that region of the world.

Since 1996, Temple and the 70 volunteer university faculty he and his partners recruited from the U.S., Canada, England and Australia, have helped breathe new life into the educational system in 29 former Soviet Bloc countries by training more than 50,000 teachers and professors to teach more than 2 million students active learning, critical thinking and how to work cooperatively through the highly-acclaimed Reading and Writing for Critical Thinking Project (RWCT) he help found and co-directs.

The recent winner of a prestigious Fulbright Scholar Award, the grant will help fund Temple's July until June 2006 sabbatical in Romania where he will help two universities in Cluj improve teaching and change curriculum. This endeavor will build on the work Temple has already done in higher education reform in Central Europe and Asia.

While there he will also continue work with teachers and psychologists from Romania, Bulgaria, Moldova, Slovakia and Slovenia to develop teaching approaches to help Roma (Gypsy) children learn to read better and stay in school longer. The average Roma child in Romania, for example, doesn't attend school past fourth grade. The U.S. Fulbright Scholar Program sends 800 scholars and professionals each year to more than 140 countries, where they lecture or conduct research in a wide variety of academic and professional fields.

Nancy Santos Gainer, external relations director for the Council for International Exchange of Scholars that administers the Fulbright Scholar Program for the U.S. Department of State, said about 2,300 persons apply for awards each year and grantees are picked following a lengthy and rigorous review and selection process.

"It's a very big deal! He (Temple) had a number of recommendations that were absolutely glowing. He is a leader in his field with a stellar reputation," Santos Gainer said.

Mark Gearan, president of Hobart and William Smith, agrees.

"Professor Charlie Temple's latest accomplishments reflect his commitment to education and internationalism. He has brought that spirit to our campus and with this Fulbright award, he will be able to share his expertise and enthusiasm with a country that needs and wants our help," he said.

Temple expressed gratitude for being selected for the Fulbright Scholar Award and thanked people who wrote letters of recommendation for him.

"I'm grateful," he said, noting he's also glad to be able to spend the year in Cluj with wife, Codruta and their children Ana, 15, and Iuliu, 8, who are native Romanians. He said the award will help defray their transportation and living expenses.



An example of the art display erected around campus Sunday night. The concept shown here

Photo by Melissa Sue Sorrells

Kim Czong Ho with Professor Ted Aub at the sculpture opening at Houghton House, Friday April 15th. (below)



Seeking Assassins and Hot Hobart Asses

Jen Robustelli
The Herald's Weekend Reporter

Since the remaining weeks before finals have compromised any remaining wit I may possess, a large part of this weekend's report is going to include the Secret Assassins key game rules. Remember kids...if you don't follow the rules you get disqualified entirely! Also, these are not the full set of game rules...you should have picked them up when you signed up for the competition at Student Life. If you didn't...I'd advise picking these up ASAP! Some reminders for those playing:

1. BE HONEST!!
2. Only water can be used to kill.
3. No assassination inside any buildings, on-campus or off-campus, except for the bars.
4. Upon killing, the Life Card of the deceased must be turned into Student Life by the deadline stated in your mission.
5. If there are any further questions after reviewing your full set of rules (these are just quick reminders!) please contact Matt at Matthew.Lyttle@hws.edu. Thanks for playing!

Also, the Second Annual Mr. Hobart Competition is coming up! Nominate some fine, upstanding Hobart Y-chromosome in your life that you think displays all qualities found in a "Mr. Hobart" figure — thong-wearing experience is useful (as seen from last year's show) but certainly not required. In fact, it's not even recommended. The competition will be held in the Barn at 8pm next Friday, April 29 (yes, after Moving Up Day) and will once again be judged by the lovely Saga ladies. There will be tables for nominations in Scandling, but if you really need to get in a nomination and just haven't had a chance, or have a question about the competition, or want a free psychic reading, drop me an email at Jennifer.Robustelli@hws.edu. Have a great weekend, scope out those guys, and please assassinate safely!

Outfit Day

Amanda Jantzi
Alessandra Raimondi

As the weather gets warmer and the days get sunnier, the colors on the students get brighter. Yes, it's time for one of HWS's most cherished events — what has been dubbed by some as Outfit Day. There is no official date for Outfit Day, its arrival changes depending on a variety of meteorological and sample sale factors. But you know when it gets here.

Outfit Day comes when, simultaneously and inexplicably, everyone decides to wear garish pastels. Many times, these pastels are arranged in equally loud patterns: crabs, whales, floral prints, and martini glasses. Accessorizing is also key on Outfit Day: one has to complement the outfit with large sunglasses, large coordinating pastel beaded bracelets, grosgrain ribbons in the hair, and gigantic bags. For the men, Outfit Day is slightly more low-key: they just bust out their favorite pink trousers and those well worn boat shoes.

Many attempt to rebel against Outfit Day, appalled by the effort and time that goes into showing the world you shop through a Lily Pulitzer catalogue. However, they seem to spend just as much effort crafting the most horrifying ensemble possible. Outfit Day becomes a mélange of extremes: pastels contrasting sharply with that guy who insists on wearing his knee high bondage boots with khaki shorts.

Outfit Day seems to be primarily a phenomenon celebrated by underclassmen, who, under a winter of tutelage in the HWS social scene, have finally realized how to

craft the perfect, conforming outfit. They relish the opportunity to show that they now know classic preppy fashion conventions.

For upperclassmen, Outfit Day is a more haphazard affair. Many might choose to break out their new favorite skirt, but on top is a raggedy hoodie from some other college. The sunglasses are not a compliment to the ensemble; rather, they are there to hide under-eye circles and broken blood vessels (they also prevent headache from outfit glare, especially offensive to those in a more delicate state that morning from the previous night). The coordinating Boston Red Sox cap is not so much a social statement but rather hiding a mop of unkempt hair because they didn't wake up in their own room that morning.

Outfit Day is not just for the "preppier" members of campus. Everyone breaks out their own favorite warm weather ensemble. Whether it's just a cute terry cloth skirt or maybe the first time you get to wear shorts, everyone on campus is a participant, at some level, in Outfit Day.

What is most perplexing about this event is that participation is almost guaranteed on the same day by everyone. Are we like menstruating women, so in tune to one another that we operate on similar dressing cycles?

Whatever your fashion inclination, Outfit Day is coming. Embrace it. Enjoy it. It's likely that it will have already occurred between this article's submission and its publication. In that case, we hope no one broke a Jimmy Choo or found themselves in the same sundress as that girl in their art history class.



THE HERALD

Established 1879

By and for the students of Hobart and William Smith Colleges

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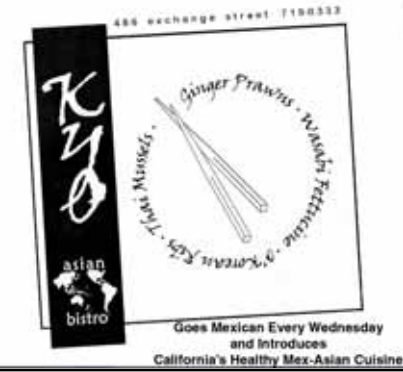
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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The Herald is currently accepting submissions for our coming issue. The Deadline for this issue is Sunday at 7pm. All submissions left in the drop box MUST include the name and phone number or e-mail of an individual person that The Herald can contact regarding the submission. BOTH a hard copy and disk copy must be left in the drop box. If you are submitting by email, please make your submission an attachment. If criteria are not met the Herald may not be able to print the submission.



The Herald
Last Issue

April 29th

Anyone looking to submit articles needs to have them to the Herald by Monday, April 25th at 8:00pm.

Corrections:

We wish to acknowledge that there were some errors in last week's issue of the Herald. However we do not wish to release any further information on these errors but rather apologize for them and bring you a sparkling new edition.

Contact The Herald:
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OPINION-EDITORIAL

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Eat it

Brian Wills
Op-Ed Contributor

I've never been a big dreamer. When I do dream it's usually about sex anyway, so I've never had much reason to complain. However, as of late, I find that having an enormous and scrutinizing poster of my three (admittedly gorgeous) housemates on the wall above my bed pretty much guarantees that my dreams remain chaste, so my brain has to dig deep to find something more interesting to dream about than sex.

The last three days have been pretty good though, I have to say, despite the inability of my unconscious self to get laid. You see, for the past few nights, I've been dreaming of fish. Delicious, sweet, pink-fleshed salmon. With their silly jaws and fat soft bodies, they're the perfect food. Heart healthy, too. And I simply cannot get enough of them. I have these wonderful visions of rushing into a crystal clear brook, bear-like and covered in hair, to gnash about expertly gathering enormous and flavorful salmon from the waters.

I want to eat salmon so very badly. Every time I wake up I'm starving, and I'll go ransack the fridge, but to no avail. It's far worse than a wet dream, because we never have any salmon, so I never get any closure. All this changed on Sunday morning, when I woke up to the sweet smell of Lox wafting in from the porch. My housemates are probably the best people in the world, and they

knew of my secret, uncontrollable quest for salmon which was climaxing just that morning. I have never been so hungry and bear-like. And they delivered. What better way to end a night of battling impairment than a bagel covered in thin-sliced fish flesh? Anyway, I had a glorious breakfast and now I feel like I'm supposed to spread some kind of gospel of the fish. So I'm going to. Plus, there is a sale on salmon at Wegman's right now, so there isn't any excuse (that may be a blatant lie).

I have a simple poached salmon recipe for you all, and it's so easy that there isn't any reason not to make it tonight. You could probably even cook it in a hotpot, if that was all you had access to. Anyway, first procure about twelve ounces of salmon. Whether you go to the grocery store to do this, or wade into a stream and tooth about aggressively, I leave up to you. Next, acquire some shallots, some infant carrots and an onion.

In case you're confused as to the nature of the shallot, I will provide some facts. They are a mild, somewhat more expensive member of the onion family. They're small, about the size of a Beirut ball. You can substitute an onion for them if you wish, but I'll judge you. You're also going to need two bottles of white wine, the drier the better. The only other resources you need to gather are some garlic, dill weed (saga has it) and Dijon mustard. Again, be resourceful. Follow the free. Oh, and you're going to need

some cream and butter. This is a small price to pay for eating something incredibly tasty.

Anyway, add equal portions of water and wine together in a container you can heat. I would suggest a pot. Three cups of each seem to be a fairly good starting point. Dice the carrots and onion, and add them to the mixture. Begin to drink the remainder of the wine (this is important), and heat the water to a simmer. Remove your fish from the deli paper it came in, or if you used the bear method, fillet it first. You'll want to divide it using the greed/friends method. Weigh your options. Questions to ask: Do I have any friends? Do I care enough to share with them? Things like that. If you suffer from kindness, use a fillet of about six to eight ounces. Score the skin side with long shallow cuts, otherwise the fish will curl when heated, and your parents will tell you the truth about how you were adopted.

Now, add the fish to the water. A good guide is about eight to ten minutes per inch of fish. Test it with a fork if you're concerned about sly germs, though I like to gamble. While the fish is poaching, simmer in butter the diced shallot and the garlic. Add a teaspoon of dill weed, one of mustard, and then turn down the burner. Slowly add a cup of cream, stirring it as you do. You may be drunk by now, so this step is important to follow correctly. What you're making is a cream sauce to bathe the fish in before you inhale it.

When the fish is done, remove it from the water and arrange it on a plate. You're nearly ready. If you haven't burned the cream, your sauce should be nearly done. It should be a little bit thicker than the original cream, but I suppose you can thicken it to your own preference. Carefully bathe your slice of fish in an appropriate portion of sauce, and top with a sprig of pars-

ley. Open your second bottle of wine now if it isn't already, and sit quietly in the dark, alternately sipping wine and eating fish, communing with your inner Gollum. And there you have it. You may wish to lock your door as well, because if I smell salmon, I'll be coming for it, and I'm pretty good with a broken wine bottle.

Where Are All the Feminists?

A Call to Action by a Concerned William Smith Student

Anonymous
Op-Ed Contributor

Three sexual assaults on campus this year—Hobart and William Smith cuts down trees, gives out whistles, and adds security guards. How have you reacted? Women of William Smith: These assaults have proved that as women we are unsafe, here and everywhere. Have these assaults not made us afraid? Have they not made us change the way we think, act, dress, and protect ourselves? After the assaults, I wanted to scream and shout my anger! They robbed me of my personal freedoms: My freedom to walk alone at night; my freedom to feel safe and secure in my surroundings. Did anyone else feel the same way? Why didn't we speak up? Aren't there

any feminists on this campus? It's understandable that the feminists out there want to keep quiet: what woman would speak up for herself if she thought it would make her appear less sexy, less attractive, and less desirable in the eyes of men? This, the women of William Smith appear to think, is how men view feminists.

Everyday women suffer verbal and physical assaults. Even we fail to resist, we allow the violence to continue. Women, we are being held hostage. We are suffering in the ongoing battle against male domination. Our silence is our approval. We are in fact assaulted twice, first in our minds then in our bodies. Women, it's time for our feminism to come alive. Speak up and we can help each other. End violence towards women.

SPORTS

Stallone Pulls no Punches in Hard Hitting Show

John Rosenbaum
Sports Editor

Dubbed by the Olympic ring network NBC to be "The Next Great Human Drama" (alas, I thought any twist of the title 'Great Human' now belonged solely to the humanoid raptor of his Donaldness, Donald J. Trump), the Sunday evening "The Contender" is a reality show in the now fully accepted sense of the term, which is to say, it bears no relation to any known reality.

The solitary, almost frugal business of preparing a professional fighter for combat has now been cheerfully refashioned for the average American TV-watching, Greek-life, beer-bellied, ham-fisted 20-year old.

Paradoxically, boxing is perhaps the most individualist sport known to man, but "The Contender" makes the bizarre supposition that the route to boxing prominence lays within team games, featured as the "East vs. West". The shows no-introduction-necessary host and executive producer, Sylvester 'Sly' Stallone (Did I mention that Mark "The Apprentice" Burnett, reality TV lands own Aaron Spelling, created the show), has the contestants doing a vigorous aerobic exercise, followed by a giant picture puzzle game (?) to be completed on the grass fields of the Rose Bowl stadium in Pasadena, California.

Could this get any worse? Well, perhaps if Paris Hilton shows up looking for her Chihuahua Tinkerbell, finding herself being helped by TV's most pretentious host, Blind Date's Roger Lodge. Perhaps then would I be in more excruciating pain.

If this was not peculiar enough – as it cannot have escaped even the most enthusiastic boxing fan – all

of the contenders, who frequently appear in tender embraces with their children, wives, or any other present family member, are ALL relatively handsome, and look shamelessly unscathed by boxing's otherwise characteristic facial abrasions.

And if that's not enough (I borrow this incomparable phrase from the saucy accented British VH1 narrator of "the fabulous life of..."), to keep you watching this highly illusory and antipathy of a 'real' boxing show, Stallone does his best to keep you riveted and fastened to your chair swinging your 'Bud' light as you simulate your best inebriated uppercut.

In the first episode he told the assembled flotilla of playgirl pin-up looking fighters: "If you blow it, you blew it". Simply put, you lose and you are out. And although 'Sly' himself has never claimed to be a linguistic this was quite eloquently put. Perhaps the biggest farce of all is the coarse consideration that any one of these fighters are going to be either broken or made by losing or winning some fights to their fellow boxing contenders, who are not even ranked in any of the official major boxing associations. And the pretense of the show, to make one of these fighters a world class boxer, is as bad as the showmanship of Stallone who tries to act as forcefully and flabbergasted as he did in Rambo III, when he took on 200 Russian elite commandos and several attack helicopters with missiles and automatic machine guns on his way to freeing American hostages left behind after the Vietnam War.

However, Rambo was pure fiction, and unlike "The Contender" no pretender, it was just patriotic mildew. In this show, the performed feats

of acting make the Baywatch casts of old look like Emmy award winners.

To further spur the show on, a couple of weeks back, some of the contenders were allowed out of the state-of-the-art compound they call home, to enjoy a barbecue in the company of grill-master and former Heavyweight Champion of the World, George Foreman. Foreman, who nowadays goes by intrepid acronym "The Punching Preacher", and whose other esteemed accolades include promoter, meat-grilling aficionado, household cleaning system and super disinfectant spray inventor (yes you did read correctly), greeted his understudies with that familiar and legendary showmanship, enthusiasm and eccentric wit. Nonetheless, George was probably not as happy entertaining his fellow craftsman, as he was when he learned of the free commercial airtime his new line of disinfectant products would receive.

The interaction between Stallone and Foreman leads me to believe that a grammar show with the aforementioned would be far more amusing than anything "The Contender" has to offer. A man that named his four sons; George, George, George and George, is a must see on national TV. And although Stallone shared the "Heavyweight Champion of the World" title on several occasions, at least on the silver screen, he has far more impressive and less publicized accomplishments to his name, including being married to VH1 reality show "Strange Love" star and walking alcohol advert, Birgitte "Foo-fi-Foo" Nielsen. In its defense, "The Contender" is of course obliged to cater to the average TV watching individual, and herein lies the limitations of the show; boxing is a violent sport, and

what's more, an acquired taste. Hence, in the mass market of television where people and stories need to be kept simple and at the same time appealing for both advertisers and the viewing audience, the show succeeds yet fails miserably. There is nothing real about this show. The fights might not be fixed, at least no more than in 'real' professional boxing. But the acting, original score, environment, and pre- and post-game roundups are so passionately and absurdly orchestrated and staged, that it is like watching old revamped versions of "Rocky", albeit with skillful product placement and a weekly diminishing cast, as the losing boxer must leave the show.

It is no coincidence that Hans Zimmer, (Gladiator, Black Hawk Down, Pearl Harbor, The Rock) composed the shows majestic but pompous score, accompanying slow-motion sequences of fights, training sessions, and close-ups of the winners and losers with their

families. These modern ring gladiators are by Zimmer given life and emotion, which envelops the viewer just as it is intended to do.

Although reality shows like "A Simple Life", "The Surreal Life", and "Growing Up Gotti", are all ghastly bits of entertainment, "The Contender" is even more bothersome. This is intentional fabricated television muck, while the aforementioned shows are just a shaggy dog story (no pun intended, Paris). And although many people will undoubtedly continue to congregate in couches across America to watch this self professed "Next Great Human Drama", with its many celebrities in attendance (Sharon Stone, Melanie Griffith, James Caan), skillfully manicured fights, and Sugar Ray Leonard as expert and mentor to the fighters, I would much rather watch the Stallone of old belting out "Adrian", than watch this pathetic attempt to give the world its next great boxer.

SENIOR ALEX BELL GETS SHOT AT NFL

Office of Communications

NFL combine.

After a four-year career marked by several Division III all-America awards and championships as an offensive lineman senior Alex Bell recently signed with an agent to check out his prospects for the NFL. The 2005 draft begins on April 23.

So far, Bell has done a workout for the Green Bay Packers, which included an interview before testing his bench press, 40-yard dash, vertical jump and other standards measured at the

"It was a good experience," Bell said of working out for the Packers. "I got the butterflies out at least. I didn't know what to expect."

Bell's agent also said the Edmonton Eskimos of the CFL have also shown interest, and his highlight video made the second phase of the New England Patriots' evaluation process.

Bell has been featured in the Middletown, N.Y., Times Herald-Record, the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle and D3Football.com.



“Sith” and “Wonka” Headline Summer Film Medley



Kailey Voellinger
A+E Contributor

Well, soon it will be summer, and for those of us not attending hot and trendy internships, there won't be much to do, except maybe take summer courses and work for peanuts at the jobs we had in high school. So for some summer fun, scrape together your money from your minimum wage job, grab a few of your friends, and possibly see one of the following movies, coming to theatres this summer.

Coming out May 18, *Star Wars: Revenge of the Sith*, the third and final installment in the prequel trilogy, is bound to be an exciting adventure. It features Anakin Skywalker's turn to the Dark Side of the Force, the continuing Clone Wars, and the final fate of the Old Republic. I probably will not see this movie, as *Star Wars* isn't really my thing. But, I bet if you have to have it, it will be awesome.

On June 3, *The Sisterhood of*

the Traveling Pants opens. I have already seen previews for this movie. I'm not going to lie, it definitely looks cute. It is based on the best-selling novel by Ann Brashares, about four best friends who find a pair of thrift store jeans that fit them all perfectly. The girls decide to buy the pants, as it will be a way for them to keep in touch during their first summer apart.

Also on June 3, *Cinderella Man*, starring Russell Crowe, opens. The film is about a second-rate boxer literally fighting for survival in depression era New York City. Rene Zelwegger plays his loving and supportive wife. This film looks like a tear jerker, as the family struggles to make ends meet, and deals with James Braddock's (Crowe) growing fame. I think I might like to go see this film as it looks emotional and powerful. It doesn't seem like your typical summer film, but it should be good. I

On June 10, maybe lovers Brad Pitt

and Angelina Jolie (if they are, damn her for ruining the chance for the most beautiful babies ever created EVER), are the stars of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*. The film is about a married couple who lead double lives as assassins. Everything is going well for the two, as they travel around the world taking their shots, until each gets an assignment to kill their own spouse. This movie seems somewhat interesting, but cliché in a way as well.



I think it would be a good one to go to if you don't want to think too much.

Two superhero movies come out this summer, *Batman Begins* (June 17), and *Fantastic Four* (July 8). *Batman Begins* appears to be another “prequel” type movie that examines Batman's origins, and the death of his parents. This film, starring Christian Bale, should also be a good one. But, as one of a slew of superhero movies either already released or on their way, the film may disappoint. Not counting the

Adam West 1966 version (which is in my opinion the BEST) this will be the fifth Batman film, although one hasn't been made since 1997. I would make an effort to see this movie, as the trailers look good, and who doesn't love a superhero?

Fantastic Four is the second superhero movie of the summer. I don't imagine it will be as good as the Batman film. It is about four astronauts who get superpowers from being contaminated while in outer space. It seems to me that it also would be clichéd but I could be wrong. I suppose the special effects for this film will also be really good. I think it would be fun to go see if you are really into the comic, or the superhero genre.

Lastly, movies based on classic books are going to be big this summer. *War of the Worlds* opens on June 29. This film, starring Tom Cruise, should be exciting and action packed. The film is loosely based on H.G. Well's classic novel, and the story takes place in contemporary society. The special effects look really good, and I'm sure Cruise will be good in this role as well.

My most anticipated film of the summer, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, opens July 15. The updated version of the Gene Wilder film from 1971, promises to be anything but a remake. This movie is supposed to be closer to the original text by Roald Dahl. Johnny Depp plays Willy Wonka, and the film is directed by Tim Burton. The combination of the two (again) should prove to have fantastic sets,



acting, and a great story. I'm excited for this film because, well, Johnny Depp should be incredible in this role as it is a quirky, funny, and weird. Those types of roles seem to be designed for him. Also, Tim Burton is a phenomenal director, who should be able to produce an amazing result to a story almost everyone has loved from childhood.

These aren't all the films that will be coming out this summer, but this is the list of films that I feel will be well attended and well admired for the season. Go out and enjoy them, before some of you head off to real jobs, grad school, or the rest of us return to campus and start hitting the books.

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-ROGER EBERT

KUNG FU HUSTLE
●1:00●3:05●5:15-7:25-9:35 DTJ R

●SIN CITY ●2:05●4:40-7:15-9:45 DTJ R

ROBOTS ●12:10●2:25●4:35-6:40-8:45 PG

●HITCH 7:00-9:25 WILL SMITH PG-13

DISNEY'S ICE PRINCESS ●12:45●2:50●4:55 G

BEAUTY SHOP QUEEN LATIFAH
●12:05●2:20●4:45-7:05-9:20 PG-13

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Artist Collective Show
Friday, April 22
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Attention Poet Laureates: You Could Win at Poetry.com

The International Library of Poetry has announced that \$58,000.00 in prizes will be awarded this year in the International Open Poetry Contest. Poets from the Geneva area, particularly beginners, are welcome to try to win their share of over 250 prizes. The deadline for the contest is May 31, 2005. The contest is open to everyone and the entry is FREE.

“Any poet, whether previously published or not, can be a winner,” stated Christina Baylon, Contest Director. “When people learn about our free poetry contest, they suddenly realize that their own poetic

“Smashing the Ceiling” Magdalen Hsu-Li Plays Live at HWS

A+E Editor

With the release of her newest CD “Smashing the Ceiling,” recording artist Magdalen Hsu-Li, already an acclaimed performer on the college, festival, folk, and club tour circuits, offers rebellion in sexy, soaring vocals and superb lyricism. Hsu-Li strikes each key with a passion that could evoke both tears and ecstasy.

Magdalen has sold over 8000 records through her own independent label and has a fanbase of over 5,000.

Magdalen Hsu-Li will grace the



Magdalen hsu-li.com

Geneva Room Stage on April 28th at 8:00 p.m.

Dish Magazine: “credits Much of the fire (chickpop) of her debut album to the writings of Rilke, the su-

preme poet of love. Her lush voice and evocative piano needle through the complexities of relationship and “compassion” with a clear-eyed poise and assurance. She has an oil-based eye for texture and brush-stroke; the beautiful titletrack conveys a silken sensuality and the come-hither of an alluring flame to a moth, moving between grandeur and delicacy. Ellalament.”

Rockrgrl: “Musically hsu-li withholds nothing. She shows her piano no mercy with a rare and relentless fury that earns her infinite comparisons to Tori Amos and Ani DiFranco.”

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