DISCLAIMER:

The views and opinions found in this zine belong to the individuals who expressed them and are not necessarily representative of HArCo itself. We encourage our readers to practice healthy skepticism and determine for themselves what is true.
A Brief History of HArCo

The HArCo of today had its beginnings as a religious commune founded by ex-freemasons in 1753, in northeastern Connecticut. Many of its members fought against the British in the Revolutionary War, but they switched sides and fought for the British in the war of 1812. This miscalculation unfortunately lead to many of HArCo's members being executed for treason, but the community lived on and recovered from this tragedy. In 1881, HArCo hatched a plan to assassinate president James Garfield so that Chester A. Arthur, a former HArCo member, would take office. But before they could carry out this plot, Garfield was assassinated by Charles Guiteau, the former member of a competing religious community at Oneida which practiced free love and later became one of the nation's largest silverware manufacturers. Later that same year, the HArCo community was quite surprised to discover that their land had been sold to an Agustus Storrs, who intended to build an agricultural college on the site. They were unsuccessful in fighting against this purchase and so they were forced to retreat into underground tunnels, where they continued to live in secret for many decades. They say these tunnels still exist to this day, connected to an entrance that lies underneath the great seal, but this is a story for another time. HArCo did try to take their revenge against Agustus by cursing his newly founded college, but the rite went awry and its only lasting effect was to bring about the powerful winds that torment UConn students to this day. (The story about UConn being designed after a school in Texas, hence causing the great winds, is a later cover-up). At some point, the surviving members of HArCo figured that, since this whole university thing did not seem to be going away anytime soon, they might as well make their peace with it. And so HArCo became an officially registered student organization, deciding a mission statement of promoting the arts and humanities within the honors community would be an appropriate cover-up for their true purpose. This was when HArCo first took on the name "HArCo", replacing its old name, [REDACTED]. Today, HArCo alumni are credited with such inventions as the jpeg, juul, and the Bob's discount furniture retail chain, and several of its alumni are alleged to be current members of the secret one world government. HArCo continues to carry out its stated mission, all the while continuing on its old, unwritten traditions, which are continually passed on to new initiates.
$500 dollars a year. That’s how much you’re paying for the “New Student Recreation Center.” At announcement, that news infuriated many a UCONN student, and understandably so, since the charge applied whether you planned to use the gym or not. After a while though, acceptance prevailed. The state-of-the-art facility wasn’t going anywhere, and it had to be paid for.

Undoubtedly, the biggest perk of the new gym is that it replaced what has for the last three years been a massive construction zone, inaccessible to pedestrians. Anyone who fought through campus navigation during those years can now finally taste what true freedom feels like. No longer must anyone cross the street 47 times to get from Alumni to the Student Union. A new world has been opened, and it is glorious.

Yet some may notice that a single construction zone remains. Beside West Campus lies a dead zone of mostly blank dirt, walled in with banners famously proclaiming the upcoming arrival of a gym that has been open for 3 months. Of course, it’s obvious that for some time after such a major construction project ends, a cleanup area will be needed to tie up loose ends. All the equipment and materials needed can’t be picked up in a day. But this many months after the grand opening, such a place can’t be necessary, can it?

Anyone who has been at UConn for six minutes has encountered the UConn squirrels. They defy the laws of their species. Pedestrians? Nothing scary there. Below freezing temperatures? Nice day for a jog. Terrible drivers? No obstacle. And while they can be found all over campus, there is one area where you will find them without fail - the leftover construction site. Why?

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UConn Uncovered

Three years ago, UConn administrators embarked on one of the most ambitious genetic engineering projects of history – breeding squirrels for clandestine surveillance and mind control. The idea is not new of course, and why they picked squirrels is obvious. Their natural tendencies and reputation on campus meant that nobody would notice subtle changes in their behavior. The construction of the gym was a ruse to cover this up. Large amounts of money were needed for underground laboratories, but they needed a front in order to avoid suspicion, so they took out loans in the name of the gym. Meanwhile, under that patch of land, a laboratory was built, designed specifically to modify these squirrels to become the perfect spies. The above ground squirrel habitat seems normal – some dirt, grass, trees, and a dumpster. Yet it must remain walled in since all the sciencey stuff underneath it probably emits radiation or something.

You're walking back to your dorm, when a squirrel walks in front of you, and you look at it. Step 1 is complete: they've matched you to facial recognition and can ascertain your location.

Then, you notice the squirrel has stopped and looks directly at you with an acorn in its mouth. Step 2 is done. The squirrels have been bred to react to minute facial movements via chemical synapses of electron receptors or something. This data is then relayed back to headquarters and decoded to reveal your most visceral emotions, darkest secrets, and ambitious plans.

Oh, and the acorn? That's Step 3. That acorn is produced to emit an odorless toxin that influences your subconscious mind to do things in the economic interest of UConn, like buying more merchandise, eating less at the dining hall, and not using the gym you are paying for. Squirrels are the perfect vessel for transport of these mind control devices, and we're none the wiser.

Some may ask, who cares? What does it matter if UConn big shots are watching our expressions, reading our minds, and sapping the very concept of free will from humanity, one tree nut at a time?

To those people I simply say, it's already working.

–Anonymous
the scarecrow to the climbing vine

you do not mind the sweet hay
I know because you said I smell
like summer evenings, as June fell.

you never saw me once as tinder
as with a strike I’d burst to flame
instead, we softened at the rain.

you couldn’t stand I had to
but held my hand as I faced
this vast and unforgiving place.

but you outlive the season
and though I was their martyr born
it’s all for you, my crown of thorns.
peanut butter chocolate chip mug cake

INGREDIENTS

4 tbsp all-purpose flour
1/4 tsp baking powder
1 tbsp granulated sugar
1/4 cup fat-free milk
3 tbsp creamy peanut butter
3 tbsp chocolate chips

DIRECTIONS

In a microwave safe mug, add all ingredients except the chocolate chips. If you happen to keep a small whisk in your dorm room, use that to mix vigorously until the batter is smooth and no flour chunks remain. If you don’t own a small whisk, a spoon will work fine.

Stir 1 tbsp of chocolate chips into the cake batter. Dump another 1 tbsp straight into the center/middle of the batter (so that when you dig into the center of your cake when it’s finished, it has a nice pool of chocolate). Sprinkle the remaining 1 tbsp on top.

Cook in the microwave at full power for about 1 minute. If your batter is still gooey, cook for an additional 15 seconds. Allow cake to cool a few minutes before eating so you don’t burn your mouth. Cake is best eaten warm.
Conspiracy playlist!

Scan below to access the playlist on Spotify

Featuring...

"Breakfast in America"- Supertramp
Did Supertramp predict 9/11? According to many conspiracy enthusiasts, yes. As you can see, the album cover features the island of Manhattan. However, upon closer inspection, it becomes clear that when flipped, the letters U and P disappear behind the twin towers, creating the numbers 9 and 11 right above the two towers. Coincidence? Absolutely not.

"Enjoy the Silence"- Depeche Mode
For many of us Twilight lovers, the thought of vampires might conjure images of Rob Pattinson, and sexy werewolves coming to our rescue. But, what if the vampire were to be Dave Gahan, lead singer of Depeche Mode? Apparently, he sleeps in a coffin, has pale, shimmery skin, and has even bitten a journalist on the neck. Very suspicious.
GANT 4TH FLOOR

EMPTY OFFICES. ABANDONED LABS. WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
swipe - or no swiping?

There is a list of things that all students do to prepare for the coming months of the semester, some voluntary, and some not. Most buy books, new pencils, and renew their Chegg subscriptions, and others do none of those things, planning instead on diving headfirst into their nearest package store. Regardless of the things that make us different, there is one thing that changed for everyone this semester, one thing that almost no one questioned. Here, I suggest that we begin to ask those questions.

The semester: fall 2019. The place: UConn. The weather: raining. There is a line outside of the old rec center, made up of soggy students staring at their twitter, instagram, and costar, mildly dissociating from the grey world around them. What are they waiting for? Why, to get their brand new, shiny student IDs, of course, free of charge. Life will be easy, they promise. You will spend 5 less seconds each time you swipe into a dining hall! You can visit the new rec center without the hassle of human interaction! You can be the only one to ever touch your ID, possibly avoiding the exorbitant medical costs of treating countless diseases!

I will be the first to admit that this sounded fantastic. So I, like the others, waited in line for my ID, and did not blink an eye when they informed us in the side effect deadpan of a commercial for arthritis medication that our old IDs would not work anymore after we had chosen the new. And just like that, by the end of the first week, most of us had come and gone from the gym without a thought.

Thereafter, things were good for a time. But we all remember one day when we went to go tap into a dining hall, and were suddenly jarred by the realization that the tap scanner was gone. We reluctantly handed over our IDs to a student worker - who was as uncomfortable as we were - to be swiped in. What had happened here? As most of us probably assumed, did we dream too big? Was the technology just simply unable to keep up with us?

I propose instead, something radical: what if the new IDs were never about the tap in the first place? What if the chip, instead of being a ticket to the future, is actually a way to track the movements of each individual student at all times?

I hear the doubts. First and foremost being, there is no technology to support trackers small and undetectable enough to fit in a flat, flimsy piece of plastic. Well, we are a university funded by the government. If they had the capabilities to replace all of the birds with robots back in 2002, they have far beyond the resources to do something as simple as building a tiny tracker. But consider for a moment, that this is a new prototype. The government would certainly have a vested interest in a control group for this new technology, especially when they could offer something as innocuous (to the outside viewer) as an increase in federal funding to the university that would give them access to such a group.

Perhaps UConn agreed to this as well because they, too, had an interest in knowing the whereabouts of their student body. But why would they want to track us? Simple: we are easier to control. Perhaps they even sell this information to pay for renovations to the vast system of tunnels beneath campus. Regardless of who or how or why, though, we need to face the fact that we are being watched.
Believe me, I also did not want to think this was true at first. They gave us enough of an illusion of choice to swallow this poison pill, after all. We had the option to vote on the design of the new student IDs, even though most of us definitely did not. They gave us the golden opportunity to change the photos that our parents took of us in front of the whitest background we could find before orientation. They asked our preferred names. And they said, here: we will keep the old swipe technology, just in case you feel inclined to live outside of the gleaming light of progress.

And now, we rely on them. With our old IDs defunct, we cannot move through life at UConn without our new IDs on our person at all times, likely snug and safe in a complimentary phone wallet. And they keep enough of the tap technology around - at the gym, in and out of the dining halls, and some cafes - that we will still find them useful. But if they really cared about the “tap” function of the cards, wouldn’t they still be everywhere? Instead, wouldn’t they like it if we viewed the technology as spotty and unreliable, because then we underestimate what else they are capable of? What if this was intentional, bugs and all?

There is little that can be done. We cannot cut up our IDs with abandon, cast them into the wind tunnel, give them to Jonathan the 14th as chew toys, or fling them off of Horsebarn Hill. They are simply too ubiquitous to destroy. But it is worth it to ask ourselves: if we are the control group, what are the real plans for this tracking technology? What if Susan Herbst was trying to protect us from this fate, failed, and was then ousted? How high does this go, and who knows about it?

Which is all, of course to say: what is the real cost of the Husky OneCard?
Freedom?

Mia Ruefenacht
the shower in your dorm room is always dripping. drip. drip. drip. it keeps you up at night. you call in a work order and they tell you maintenance is coming. maintenance has been coming for eight months. maintenance never comes. you fall asleep to the sound of water. when you wake up, the shower is dry. you complain to your roommate about the sound in your room and she says "what shower?"

there has been a construction site in the same place ever since you arrived. what are they building? you ask around. no one seems to know what you are talking about, but you hear the drilling constantly.

the squirrels know things about you. their eyes follow you when you walk. they show no fear.

all the students have begun packing their things. you look around, confused. class began five minutes ago. all the students maintain eye contact with the professor while slowly, slowly, slowly moving their laptops towards their bags. the professor continues on, oblivious. there is still 40 minutes left of class.

your professor begins class by talking about michel foucault’s panopticon. the student next to you has discipline and punishment in size 36 font on her google doc. you are in bio 1107.

you watch someone distracted by their phone approach the seal on fairfield way. their foot touches its circumference. everyone on fairfield way screams, frozen in place. the student does not seem to notice. you never see the student on campus again.
JONATHAN THE HUSKY IS AN ELDITCH BEING.

Both the mascot and the dog are split as body and soul. They are an immortal being. This is evident in the fact that we have 14 Jonathans who all look the same, and the fact that the Mascot clearly has no soul. As evident during the Fall First Night event, the mascot was soulless in his ritualistic dancing. He is goading students into pure destruction.
OR IS HE A BEING THAT MAINTAINS BALANCE AT THE UNIVERSITY?

Jonathan has a keen nose for those whose GPA drops below a 2.0 average. If Jonathan sniffs you and finds that you are at risk at failing, you will be visited by the Mascot at night, staring you down through your windows, eyes glowing. He then runs away on all four legs into the night. I have seen this myself, as a student who is failing. I am one of the few survivors hidden on campus, with others not sharing the same fate.

If you continue to fail, eventually he will come for you. At night, the body and soul are combined into the mascot costume, as Jonathan drags the victim down into Mirror Lake on all fours. Some say on rainy nights, you can hear a howl if you get close enough.

- unknown

P.S.

WHO IS UNDER THE MASCOT COSTUME?
You're invited to HArCo's annual

Open Mic Night

Friday, Nov. 15 | 7:00 - 9:00pm
Buckley Classroom

To perform, RSVP at bit.ly/openmicnight2019
or just drop in!