

The Sewanee Purple

The Official Organ of the Students of the University of the South
DECEMBER 6, 1994 VOLUME CLXXIV, NO. 7

A Legacy of 103 years of Student Journalism
THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH SEWANEE, TN 37383-1000

Firefighters Battle Brush Fire

by Tanla Samman

At 7:30 p. m. on Sunday the 20th of November, the Sewanee firefighting squad, consisting of eighteen students and ten community volunteers, received a page about a fire near Jumpoff Road. The type of fire was not specified, but as the team neared the site, the glow radiating above the airport provided the clue that it was not simply a house fire. Initially, there was a ten-acre alert, while a fire, believed to have been started by a hunter's cigarette, burned with flames of about two feet. The State Fire Crew, based in Monteagle, was alerted as they were needed to start backfires to stop the fuel load and cause the fire to dissipate. Until they arrived, the eight students on call and the community volunteers, who mainly protect structures and buildings, observed the fire.

Once the State Fire Crew arrived, the winds picked up to about twenty miles an hour and switched, to turn the fire back onto the firefighting team. Once the direction of the flames switched, the team decided to try and protect a small construction site. Ryan McConnell, student fire chief, compared the scene to "Custer's Last Stand" as they attempted to restrain the growing fire. The flames hit a brush patch and jumped up to eight feet high.

While the team attempted to keep the fire under control, the pump

in the fire vehicle failed and forced a hasty retreat. The flames had jumped to the trees, and the firefighters were facing walls of fire, twenty feet high. "We had no water, and the smoke and fire was surrounding us," Mr. McConnell explained as he described the escape. "We threw the equipment back on the truck and started sprinting out of the area. There was smoke everywhere, we couldn't see a thing..." The students were dressed in full turn-out suits, and McConnell estimated it was about 120 degrees, running with the fire rakes. They headed east out of the smoke and regrouped, while the State Crew started backfires in an effort to head off the fire.

Backfires were started facing the approaching fire. These small, controlled fires burn up to the threatening fire, burning away the fuel load and meeting with the fire, hopefully causing both to dissipate. The backfires worked and the fire began to settle down. McConnell described the scene: "The tops of the trees were burning and popping, and crisscrossing fire lines smoldered on the ground. The smoke was still hanging- it looked like a battle zone." By the time the fire was completely, it had covered about 50 acres. There were about fifteen cars parked on the road, as hysterical home owners watched in fear. Yet no one was injured and the students returned to Sewanee at about 11 p.m., only to receive another page



Cigarette Causes Blaze. Last week the Sewanee Fire Department fought a 50 acre fire near Jumpoff Road. Photo by: Lyn Hutchinson

at 3 a.m. and spend six hours fighting a house fire.

The Sewanee firefighting team is made up of student and community volunteers. There are eighteen student members altogether, who are trained to deal with fires, car

wrecks, and rescue missions. All students are invited and encouraged to attend the first training session which will take place in February, and experience the excitement personally.

SPAM Slam Better than Friction

by Jonathan Meiburg
Living Arts Editor

When an event in Sewanee makes it into the Chattanooga Free Press, something big must be happening. There it was on the page, "SEWANEE, DECEMBER 3 - G-LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE." And it was big, all right. The crowd

at the Lambda Chi house on Saturday night got an earful of the funkiest, sexiest, slammest, raise-the-roof, get-down-and-groove band we've had here in at least a year and probably more. (Dave Who? Acoustic What?)

Jeff Swann was a fitting opening act for G-Love. Although it was a little too noisy to hear the subtle-

ties of his soulful slide blues, he remained undaunted, thanked the audience for being 'pleasant,' and let the notes drip out of his Dobro. His mellow voice evoked the soft timbre and delicate phrasing of Mississippi John Hurt's late recordings.

It's from this tradition that G-Love springs. Though the Philadel-

phia based G-Love is already being placed in the hip-hop category, his roots are in the blues. G-Love's gift comes in his fusion of the delta crossroads with stripped-down, New York funk and patois. On his self-titled album, *G-Love and Special Sauce*, there are few effects, no samples, no drum loops—just rambly, loose rhythm tracks with G-Love's relaxed, sweet, mumbly and oh-so-cool vocals resting perfectly on top.

The audience was primed and ready when the band took the stage. At first they appeared to be strange bedfellows, G-Love's 90210-esque good looks didn't exactly jive with drummer Jeffrey Clemens' wild hair and knobby head or bassist Jimmy Prescott's expansive girth and up-right sass. But the three of them displayed an obvious chemistry as soon as the first funky notes boomed from the PA. After slamming through a couple of unfamiliar tunes, G-Love launched into the hilarious and irresistible "Cold Beverage" and had the audience singing along.

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Lessons From the Land

Wendell Berry Receives Aiken Taylor Prize

by John Sullivan

No one scanning the tight semi-circle of literati huddled near the podium last Wednesday night expected the tall, slightly stooped figure seated on the end of the row to stand when the VC produced a \$10,000 check from his inside pocket. Except, that is, for those familiar with the face of Wendell Berry. The Kentucky poet rose from his chair into air thickly set with anticipation and no small degree of irony. This farmer, who writes with a humble clarity some attribute to his efforts at keeping a polite distance from the Academy, was there to receive the Aiken Taylor Prize, one of its highest honors.

After an athletic handshake from Dr. Williamson, Berry approached the lectern shyly. His face was radiant. He thanked each of the poets and critics who helped set the stage for the award, then continued to thank on down the line until he arrived at the ample crowd. His voice a little choked, his eyes a trifle moist, Berry's demeanor seemed reminiscent of the poems he had come to read too up front to feign any casual disinterest. There was dignity in his voice, tinged with enough gee-golly Kentucky phonetics that he almost sounded like a Bible-belt Jimmy Stewart.

With only a breath for warning, Berry ended his appreciations and, summoning his poise, quietly said, "The Record." During the next two minutes, and over the course of the evening, I came to understand why my grandmother only buys two books a year, Berry's newest offering and the updated Lexington Garden Club cook book. And she is not an isolated phenom-

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The Trials and Tribulations of Humanities

by Jennifer C. Fuqua

You have just been accepted to Sewanee. You beg your parents to go ahead and send in the deposit, and then you sit and wait. Day after day passes. You find yourself wondering, Did they get my \$300 dollars? Did it get lost in the mail? Is my Dad going to have to cancel the check? And then, finally, a sign.

You get your Humanities brochure in the mail along with a nice letter telling you that they would love to have you in the program and to sign up for it as soon as you get to registration. Actually, the program is called "Tradition and Criticism in Western Culture," but that's too long to say and to remember after a Sewanee weekend, so you catch on later that Humanities is the accepted euphemism. You read the flyer and think, "this is pretty cool," because it will satisfy all of your requirements except math and science. So, you rush to the Humanities registration table and sign up.

But for those of us who have not taken the course and to the seniors who did not even have the option, Humanities is a sort of ethereal notion. We have heard our classmates talking about the seemingly never-ending papers and we know that it is a huge class in Blackman, but that's about it.

Here's a little basic background. In 1989, a planning committee was formed to discuss the possibility of an interdisciplinary program. The committee, which included the then Dean of the College Brown Patterson, spent about a year assessing the interest level of both faculty and students alike. The committee approved the program in the spring of 1990 and a syllabus was officially decided upon in the following spring. To accommo-

date pitfalls and problems, the program was approved on a three-year contingency basis after which it would be decided whether the program would continue. The committee and faculty involved has met for about a week every summer to assess the previous year of the program.

Professor Patterson explained that the premise of the program was to teach a basic course spanning six disciplines: religion, philosophy, history, literature, music, and the visual arts. The emphasis in humanities is to bring these disciplines together to show the connections and interrelationships of each subject. The students in Humanities read classic historical, religious, philosophical, and literary texts. Art and musical pieces, like Handel's *Messiah*, round out the texts studied. Because of the interdisciplinary nature of the course, Dr. Patterson says that the program is largely self-selective when it comes to the faculty. The faculty that are best qualified to teach in the program—those with in-depth knowledge of another discipline—are the professors that are naturally drawn towards involvement in Humanities. Since the premise of the program involves lectures and then weekly discussion meetings on the text of the week, a history professor might find himself leading his group in a discussion on a work of music or a book on philosophy.

The original problems with the program then stemmed from its basic approach. The faculty members involved were "intoxicated with the idea of an interdisciplinary program," says Professor Pamela Macfie. As Director of the program, she feels that perhaps the first year was too ambitious. The four core professors were excited by the prospect of working with their colleagues

and, at first, struggled to find the balance between making the program accessible to the students and lecturing on the subjects they were involved in. After the first year, the committee met and decided to drastically reduce the amount of reading assigned, to change certain texts studied, and to consider how to better relate the disciplines to each other.

One student I spoke with said that she "definitely felt that the program was still in its beginning stages, but that it was moving in the right direction." Some students have complained that they did not see the connections between the subjects as clearly as they should in an interdisciplinary program, a problem the professors are aware of. Drs. Macfie and Patterson both said that the faculty are trying to bridge the gap by sitting in on each other's lectures so that they can refer to back in their own lectures and make the all-important connections. Another student said that she went into the program thinking it would be more discipline specific, although she has realized that the point of the program is to serve as an introduction to the departments at Sewanee and to give a broad base of knowledge. She also said, interestingly enough, that because Humanities is such a broad program, it seems to be better suited to potential math and science majors than those

students who have great interest in English or Philosophy because the program is not geared to the in-depth study of any one subject.

Since this is the third year of Humanities, it has come up for review. While each semester students have been filling out evaluations of the program and the faculty has been trying to accommodate their responses and maintain the integrity of the program, this is the deciding moment. The curriculum committee has given the program its continued blessing, and it awaits the approval of the full faculty. Both Professors Macfie and Patterson have high hopes, though, and are confident that it will pass inspection with flying colors. The kinks are being worked out, the transition period drawing to a close. A sophomore remarked, "Humanities gets better each semester. Besides it's a great way to get rid of your requirements." The committee seems to be realistic about the program and realizes that the first few years of a course so unique at Sewanee will obviously not be perfect from its genesis, but the challenges they have to face—how to balance the number of lectures allotted to each professor, how to keep the program "fresh", among other things—are welcome to those that are truly committed to the ideals of Humanities. The students find that they feel the same way—if you want to get something out of Humanities, you will.

Nightstudy on the Move

by Dana Van Camp

Has it ever happened to you: You've been frantically studying all afternoon for a huge midterm. You've got just three more lectures to cover when, suddenly, you hear those all-too-familiar chimes followed by the librarian's tired voice reminding you that the library will close in five minutes. "Hmm," you say to yourself, "I can go inhale stale smoke and mildew in the night study until I cover the rest of my notes, or I can go to bed now and try to get up early tomorrow to finish studying." If you're like the majority of the students at Sewanee, you opt for the bed. The night study, with its moisture and acoustics problems and lack of computer hook-ups, simply is not user friendly.

At the close of his tenure as the University's head librarian last year, David Kearley recommended that his predecessor permanently close the library's night study. Mr. Kearley came to this conclusion after conducting numerous student surveys about the usefulness of the night study. According to the results from surveys, an average of six students per night were using the night study. Mr. Kearley reasoned that since the library needed additional floor space and since students were not regularly using the night study it would be advantageous to close this area as a 24 hour study room. But Tom Watson, Mr. Kearley's predecessor, realized that permanently closing the night study was not feasible, as students would be denied a place to study when the library was closed. Mr. Watson conferred with Dean Pearigen who

agreed that the night study could not be closed until the University provided students with a comparable 24 hour study room.

Dean Pearigen and Mr. Watson began to explore the possibility of establishing a night study in one of the new rooms being renovated on the third floor of Woods Labs. They approached Dr. Timothy Keith-Lucas about using one of the new psychology class rooms on the third floor as a 24 hour study room. Dr. Keith-Lucas agreed that this would be a suitable place, and plans were made to furnish appropriately the new night study. Dr. Keith-Lucas said that the room would contain approximately fourteen Macintosh I.C. II computers as well as several of the oak carrels that are in the present night study. In addition, a copying machine and printer will be located in a hall closet near the new night study, and both will be accessible to students twenty-four hours a day. Students will be able to use these machines by punching in a code that will charge their University accounts so that they do not have to bother with loose change. A concession area, again open all the time, will be located in the psychology/anthropology reading room just around the corner from the new night study. The reading room will contain recliners and lapboards for a more relaxing academic environment. Mr. Watson said that using the psychology classroom and reading room as twenty-four hour study areas will be a one semester experiment, at the end of which time Dean Pearigen, Mr. Watson, and Dr. Keith-Lucas will evaluate the situation to determine whether or not improvements or adjustments need to be made.

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OPINION

The Sewanee Purple

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The Sewanee Purple is printed bi-weekly; subscriptions are available for \$12 per year. The University of the South
735 University Avenue, Sewanee, TN 37383-1000
(615) 598-1204 E-mail: purple@seraph1.sewanee.edu

Southern Hospitality

by Kevin West
Editor

AM I THE ONLY Borachio out here who thinks George Core, editor of the Sewanee Review, should be "writ down an ass" (to tinker a bit with scene ii, act V of *Much Ado About Nothing*)? If Mr. Core has not embarrassed himself, he certainly has made this writer regret the peculiar form of southern hospitality extended to Wendell Berry at his reading last week in Convocation Hall.

Mr. Berry, a very interesting and well-known essayist, poet and teacher (in some broad sense of the word) was in town to be honored as this year's recipient of the Aiken Taylor Prize, awarded by the Sewanee Review. The award is one of the more prestigious and lucrative awards for poetry in the country. In addition to joining the ranks of prior recipients including

Howard Nemerov and Antony Hecht, Mr. Berry received a cash prize of ten thousand dollars.

Therein lay the first obstacle to Mr. Core's debilitated tact. In his introduction, Mr. Core repeatedly mentioned the Check as if the prize money were being peeled out of his own wallet (the prize was endowed by Aiken Taylor in memory of his brother, the writer Conrad Taylor). While, without a doubt, the Aiken Taylor prize is noteworthy in part because of the prize money, Mr. Core's fixation on the Check was beyond the limit of good taste. The capacity crowd turned out to hear Mr. Berry's poetry and to honor his literary achievement, not to bear notary witness to a poetic mercenary's payoff for a job well

for his poetry suggest that he is a poet of broad, if not universal, critical approval. But for the reading public at large, I dare say that Mr. Berry is best known for his wise and provocative essays which critique the dehumanizing materialism and mechanization of late twentieth-century life from deep Green or, perhaps, a broadly Agrarian perspective.

Because he is a hero of the ecological movement, the capacity crowd in Convocation was full of faces not usually seen at poetry readings. Mr. Berry's work, like that of, say, Edward Abbey or Alan Ginsberg, is a felicitous mix of literary talent, charismatic personality, and relevance to the social worries of the day. His work has

Mr. Core presided over the reading like some puffed-up potentate of a backwater fiefdom.

You Won't Read This Column

by Walter Hubbell

BEFORE I BEGIN my weekly diatribe I would like to express my support for Lisa Mills. She has done an excellent job at the B.C. with little resources and support. She took a beating in this paper last week from a jerk who didn't have the guts to sign his name. Lisa deserves credit for her hard work (she works 20 hour days sometimes) and a good effort at improving our lot at Sewanee.

Well gang, I hate to remind you, but it's here, the anniversary of the last time a keg appeared on campus legally. A year ago at this time we were celebrating with all our might the final days of kegs at Sewanee, or were we? Most fraternities on campus, including mine, have been caught with a keg this year. Those who haven't are treading on thin ice. I have been to a keg at every fraternity house on campus this year except one and they know who they are. So where have we gone? While most students have gone through the various stages since kegs were taken away. I think we are all at the point of acceptance. So rather than lament the loss of our dear friend, I am offering up a few ways that students can use the new drinking policy to their advantage. Even though those damn university lawyers took our kegs away this campus can still be a lot of fun. Here are a few tips (no pun intended):

1) If you are under 21, rejoice! It is easier for you to drink beer at Sewanee now. The old system meant that at parties with registered kegs you had to be 21 to get the bartender to give you a keg beer. Since most bartenders actually followed the rules, it was actually a little hard to get a keg beer. Under 21's had to convince over 21's to stand in line and get them a beer, which wasn't always easy. Now, all you have to do is get a 21 year old to bring the six pack in for you. It's a lot easier.

2) Under 21's also no longer need to worry about being ID'd at a big party. It is impossible to have an ID checker at every entrance to enforce the law. The FIJI and Delt houses both have three entrances that I know of. Hell, the Sigma Nu house is one big entrance, so bring that 12-pack right on in.

3) Don't worry about party monitors. The role of these constables of sobriety has never been clearly defined, and since all the former party monitors of last year are no longer authorized, thanks to TIPS taking over BACCHUS's job, no one knows what they are supposed to be doing. So unless you get some prohibitionist member of the religious right coming after you with a bible and a cop in tow you are probably okay to get as sloshed as you want right in front of you.

4) Don't become a fraternity president or social chairman, you are

liable if someone tries to sue because of an injury incurred while drinking at a house, and I don't think the university would have much trouble letting you take the blame if something happened.

5) RIDE THE BACCHUS MOBILE!!!! Even though the new alcohol policy encourages you to drink and drive, please don't. The new policy encourages you to drink and drive because you can't possibly carry around all of the beer you might need in an evening. So you throw it in the trunk and take off around Sewanee. Trust me, no one in the Bacchusmobile is going to mind if you ask them to drive you out to Trez to grab another 12-pack. The alternative is much worse.

6) Finally, attend all of the university sponsored common sources that you can. Wine and cheeses, senior socials, events at the Vice-chancellor's house in the spring, Marriott dinners behind the pub and rebel's rest, all of these events are apparently exempt from the new policy. I don't know why, I guess the administration doesn't really take the new policy seriously.

So drink up Sewanee! You study as hard as an Ivy leaguer and get worse grades because of a university quota. You deserve to overindulge yourself, and while you're at it, write to Marriott and beg them for pitcher night at the pub. Imagine.

done.

Were this the extent of Mr. Core's unpleasant behaviour, one might have forgotten his presence—or at the least excused his lapse in taste as the regrettable after-effects of a luxurious supper. But Mr. Core's closing remark was even more crass and thoughtless. After the audience warmly honored Mr. Berry's reading with its applause, Mr. Core took the podium. For the first three years that the prize was awarded, he said, he gave the audience a chance to ask questions of the poet after the reading. (In case the audience had forgotten, it heard yet again that previous prize recipients included the modern poetic masters Howard Nemerov and Antony Hecht.) Mr. Core said, though, that questions spoiled the occasion of a reading (one wonders why). Therefore, this year he would like to offer the audience the chance to ask Mr. Berry to read a favorite poem, as an "encore" to use his choice of words.

After a pause too brief to allow audience members to search their memories for some favorite poem—all the while giving us a haughty stare—he slammed the lid on the event. With a look equal parts smug and disgusted, he left the podium with some comment about there being no encore. He took a stand near Mr. Berry and challenged the audience to a second round of applause with his own hard clapping. Folks sitting near me in the audience sat stunned, exchanging that look of "did that really just happen?" He made the audience look like a bunch of ignorant, poorly-read fools, and it must have been embarrassing to Mr. Berry that no person in the audience could name a favorite poem off the tops of their heads.

By all accounts, Mr. Core appreciates the poetry of Wendell Berry and was pleased that he should receive the Aiken Taylor Award. The other awards Mr. Berry has received

been appreciated or appropriated by an exceptionally diverse reading audience. He is a populist intellectual and, perhaps not surprisingly, prose (not poetry, which always has a more narrow reading audience) is the vehicle through which most readers know the Big Themes of his literary corpus.

Even in the mandarin world of the Academy, Mr. Berry's poetry is not universally known as is Howard Nemerov's (a previous recipient of Prize, remember?). Even one of the best-read members of the Sewanee English department said that he was going to the reading not because he knew Mr. Berry's poetry, but because he found Mr. Berry's critique of modern urban, industrialized society worth considering. This is probably all the more true for the long-haired, bearded, wool-wearing students and community members who attended the reading.

It seems that Mr. Core had an axe to grind on precisely this point, although I suspect his bad attitude was directed at the "unwashed masses" rather than at his colleagues. It seemed that he wanted to prove to the audience members who were not of his mandarin literary sect that they were in over their heads. Mr. Core would not allow audience members to ask questions, to taste a little more of Mr. Berry's rich country personality, to draw him out on the issues that are most relevant to our own times—that pleasure was reserved for Mr. Core and his cronies at the supper with Mr. Berry earlier in the evening. Mr. Core presided over the reading like some puffed-up potentate of a backwater fiefdom. How ironic that the newest glittering trinket in Mr. Core's literary court is the populist intellectual Wendell Berry.

Mr. Core, when you tire of Mr. Berry, release him from the Ivory Tower. The rest of us would like the chance to know him.

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SPORTS

I.M. Corner

Women's Ping Pong Results

1. Brook Vaughan (PKE)
2. Kim Harrin (PKE)
3. Sammy Kell (TP)
4. Betsy Pottett (PKE)
5. Stacy Thompkins (ADT)
6. Jeanne Porter (TKP)
7. Natalie Sparks (ADT)

Men's Soccer Final Standings

1. Staff
2. Party Dogs
3. Phi Delta Theta
4. Kappa Alpha

Men's Team Handball

1. Sigma Nu
2. Phi Delta Theta
3. Phi Gamma Delta
4. Staff

Overall Point Standings*

1. Phi Delta Theta (41.0)
2. Kappa Alpha (32.5)
3. Alpha Tau Omega (19.0)
4. Sigma Nu (20.0)
5. Phi Gamma Delta (13.5)
6. Staff (12.5)
7. Chi Psi (2.5)



Keith Minnifield looks to drain the left-handed baby hook over the Fisk defender in Sewanee's big victory over Fisk. Photo: Lynn Hutchinson

Men's Basketball Looks Strong

by Clayton Haden

Discovering that perennially elusive combination of experience and youth is a gold mine the men's basketball team has already stumbled upon. While preparing for Fisk on November 30th, the team's record stood at 1-2, but was hardly indicative of what they've already achieved. In the first three games of the season, the Tigers have run up against some over-bearing competition.

The inaugural game of the season pitted the purple and white against our cross state neighbor Tennessee Wesleyan. The men displayed opening day jitters in the first half, but the second half was all Tigers. Improved shooting and, more importantly, a stalwart defense led the team to a 66-39 victory. Cutting off passing lanes and denying the ball inside continually frustrated the Wesleyan offense while Sewanee bombed away from outside on the offensive end of the court. For the first eleven minutes of the second half, Wesleyan was held to only two points; indeed, that's the type of pressure defense that wins games. It was a mixture of youth and experience that got the job done on the offensive end. Team co-captain Hunter Connelly led the charge with 21 points while Freshman Turner Emery came off the bench and displayed the poise of a seasoned veteran while knocking down 13 points. Unfortunately, the celebration soon ended.

On the 22nd of November, Sewanee

played the part of Goodwill Ambassador, as Bayside Blues (of Australia) decided to stop their tour bus on top of the Mountain. The players on their team ranged in age from 16 to 30 and contained some former Division I players. In the end, the team from down under got the upper hand, escaping to the bus with an 82-73 victory. The Tigers were plagued by poor shooting and numerous turnovers. But, in the end, the visitors emerged victorious because of their ability to exploit Sewanee's weak defensive play in the low post and their success from the charity stripe.

Finally, in probably the toughest opponent the Tigers will see all year, Wofford provided the team with a not so thankful Thanksgiving. Making the jump to Division I next year, Wofford handed the Tigers a 95-80 defeat. However, the men were only down eight points with 2:30 to go in the game before Wofford decided to start making their free throws. While the team gave up a lot more points than Coach Thoni would like to see, the offense seems to be running on all cylinders. In the loss, Senior co-captain Eric Ochel found his stroke while draining 18 points.

It was nice to get the first win of the season. The two losses served as leaning experiences. Now, with new faces not just contributing but making a serious impact, and the experience of the returning players, the Tigers should be poised for an extended win streak.

Spotlight on Coach Sue Behme

by Polly Bass

The new women's head soccer coach and assistant women's basketball coach, Suzanne Behme, has enjoyed her first soccer season at Sewanee and is positive about the basketball season in progress. She was a successful collegiate soccer and lacrosse player, as demonstrated by her position on the 1992 Division III Women's Soccer National Championship Team and being named All-American in lacrosse twice. She has joined the Sewanee staff after coaching at Washington and Lee as the assistant women's soccer coach and lacrosse coach in her first post-collegiate year. Commenting on her new home, she thoughtfully says, "Sewanee has a relaxed, different kind of atmosphere. I am very comfortable here. The people and players are great."

Coach Behme points out that any team has difficulties adjusting to a new coach as she reflects on the soccer season. "Our 7-13 overall record is not indicative of how we did. Each player improved and they went out to win every game," said Behme in admiration of her team. While in college, Behme was a fellow soccer teammate of Carol Janine

Bennett, who held the position of head women's soccer coach the year before. Coach Behme feels this may have made the transition in coaches easier for the players since she and Bennett played under the same collegiate coach and therefore have similar tactical philosophies on the game. Additionally, she feels that she can relate to the players, being a recent college graduate.

Collegiate basketball is a new sport for Coach Behme. Head women's basketball coach, Gabby Lisella, also has past ties with the new coach as Lisella was Behme's assistant lacrosse coach in college. Coach Behme says it's fun to be able to work with someone who has once coached you.

In view of the program at Sewanee, Behme states, "We need consistency in players and coaches. That will make a difference." She cites the advantage of a stable team rather than one in which half of the players play together for only two years and then are diverted by some other endeavor. There is a great need for committed athletes who play during all four of their collegiate years.

Sports Update

by Robbie Griffith

The Sewanee Men's Tennis team finished 12th in the nation through the fall / non-traditional season. The 12th place finish is very important to the tennis team as the top 12 seeds qualify for Nationals in the Spring. Coach Shackelford is pleased with team's current position, but also looks to move the team up in the ranks after break. Sewanee has a number of opportunities to do just that as they are scheduled to play 6 of the current top 20 teams in the spring. Look for the Tigers to move up in the rankings and on to the Nationals come the traditional season.

On the individual level, K.C. Horne finished 9th in the nation and Brian Morrow finished 51st. Tyley Vaughney also finished 18th in the south. The double's team of Morrow and Horne finished 12th in the nation.

The Fowler Center Revisited

by Robbie Griffith
Sports Editor

In light of the responses I have gotten since I ran the article in the last issue, and in light of the fact that several other students have presented me with some new thoughts and opinions, I thought I might run a few more comments for the betterment of our Fowler Center. After all, nothing can be done unless we first address the problems. Hopefully things can be done to make the Fowler Center more student-friendly. Thanks to all those who responded and if you still have comments please e-mail me (griffirc0) back or drop a line to the athletic offices in the Fowler Center.

As a varsity diver I must tell you that the Fowler center is wonderful. I don't think I could possibly be diving now without the new facility. Besides the fact that the indoor court isn't the proper length I haven't heard any other complaints.

-David Burger

- 1) Parking is obviously in short supply.
- 2) The Administration claims the gym should

be a social center for students, yet there are no features that you generally find in a 'hang-out.' For example: no snack bar or concession stand. There are food machines, but no tables to sit around on and eat a snack. There are also no real convenient places to sit and watch friends play in the forum or racquetball, etc. Until there are some creature comforts for those actually not on the court, the center will not be a social hangout.

3) The glass walls to the racquetball courts end about three-four feet from the ceiling. This often interrupts play as the ball flies out of the court. The stupidity of the mistake makes the situation even more annoying.

4) The use of glass in the breakaway doors on the pool deck is another example of idiocy. The one pane glass only creates insulation problems all year round. The presence of the glass also represents a safety problem.

5) There are not enough lockers.

6) The forum is great. We needed something like that.

7) The motion sensor lights are quite impressive.

-Randy Odle

WRANGLER FLY FISHING GUIDE

PRIME MONTANA GUEST RANCH IS SEEKING COLLEGE STUDENTS TO WORK FOR THE SUMMER OF 1995 AS WRANGLERS AT OUR CORRALS OR AS FLY FISHING GUIDES UPON THE SMITH RIVER. MUST HAVE HAD GOOD EXPERIENCE IN EITHER FIELD AND MUST BE WELL ABOVE AVERAGE IN PEOPLE SKILLS. SPECIAL CONSIDERATION GIVEN TO GRADUATING SENIORS. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, PLEASE WRITE TO ELK CANYON RANCH, 1151 SMITH RIVER ROAD, WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA 59645.

LIVING ARTS

A Day Without Rob Moore

by Jonathan Meiburg
Living Arts Editor

On Thursday, December 1, the University Art Gallery closed its doors and shut down for the day. This event wasn't due to lack of interest, or staffing problems, or insufficient funds—it was part of the international commemoration of World AIDS day. One part of this event is the "Day Without Art" program, in which museums and galleries worldwide closed down or shrouded certain works in memory of the artists who have died of AIDS. How fitting, then, that the Gallery should close down during Rob Moore's exhibition; Mr. Moore was a respected and loved teacher, artist, activist, and friend, and the first graduate from Sewanee to hold a Fine Arts degree. He died of AIDS last year.

Mr. Moore was a native of Sewanee - his father was an instructor at the Military Academy, and his mother still lives in the community. In his time at the University in the 1950's, Dr. Ed Carlos recalls that he "exuded a sort of *joie de vivre* and pleasantness - he was always fun to be around." This spirit and energy was also appreciated by his students at the Massachusetts College of Art, where he became head of the painting department in 1970. He was a demanding and enthusiastic instructor, who encouraged students to have "faith" in their work and abilities in exploring two-dimensional space. He was dashing and charismatic, fond of making grand entrances and paying individual attention to each student. He developed "quite a following," according to Dr. Carlos; his class on color was the most heavily audited course in the history of the MCA.

But it was in 1970's that his commitment to social and environmental causes and to his students began to deepen. In the wake of the

Kent State killings, he and a small group of students created the Graphic Workshop, a printmaking outfit dedicated to artistic expression with a social conscience. The Workshop wanted to create prints that could be accessible to a broad audience, and for years it operated on a shoestring budget, printing posters for, among other jobs, the original Earth Day celebration in 1971 and for the MIT Dramashop. But in 1980 the Workshop began printing Endangered Species posters and, as the environmental movement gained momentum, the artists found themselves selling thousands of prints of, among others, sea turtles, polar bears, garter snakes, and Rob Moore's famous "Common Puffin," which should be familiar to patrons of Shenanigans. Throughout all this, Mr. Moore often served as a mentor, even a sort of parent, to the artists. In the early days he set up the print shop in his own loft in Boston when there was no other space available, and brought doughnuts and coffee to students who had been working all night. In an article in *Print* magazine, Kevin McCollough, who helped organize the Graphic Workshop into a financially stable entity, described it as "really subsidized with sweat, blood, friendship, and everybody living cheap."

The 'endangered species' prints from the Workshop on display in the upper level of the University Gallery are marvels of color (and, frequently, of whimsy). A panda with a bamboo branch in its mouth turns to look directly into the eye of the viewer; a mosaic of rain forest frogs chase each other around in the dirt; a sea otter clutching an abalone pauses for a minute to rest amid the fronds of a kelp forest; in a more pointed poster, a whooping crane is shown as seen through a gunshot. One wonders if the 'endangered species' motif might also have something to

do, however, with the work downstairs. There's no 'endangered artist' poster - yet - but it's implied.

As a painter and sculptor, Mr. Moore's work comes out of the abstract minimalist tradition. His works are collections of usually rectangular geometric shapes, which form a space in which he can explore texture, line and color in a minute, exquisitely detailed fashion. Dr. Stephen Vroom described the works as "definitely more conceptualistic than naturalistic...each work is a microcosm of color and line." Mr. Moore's work is in the permanent collections of the Museum of Modern Art, the Philadelphia Art Museum, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to name a few, but many of the works exhibited here come from the collection of his brother, Blake, who is a prominent Chattanooga attorney. Against the back wall is one work from his collection that has never been exhibited before, that is very different from all the other works in the gallery. It is an enormous woodcut of two organic, humanoid figures locked in a painfully twisted but loving embrace. Rob Moore created this work shortly after he left Sewanee; it's called "Dead Brother."

The response to the exhibition, according to Dr. Vroom, has been "exceptional...Rob Moore was very well known and respected in this community. Attendance has been very, very good." The installation also dovetails nicely with the gallery's previous exhibit, the Marlowe Room, a study of the relationship of AIDS to art. The Rob Moore exhibit is a celebration of an artist who happened to die of AIDS. His spirit, however, is still evident, in broad, joyful strokes of color, in the bright faces of the animals, and in the recollections of those who knew him and mourn the loss of a talented artist, friend, and teacher.

G. Love, continued

Sometimes a huge grin spread across G. Love's face as he played and stepped back to share a laugh with drummer Clemens. For a mere 21 years of age, he had an astonishing sense of stage presence; he was comfortable and charming on stage, never obnoxious.

The audience was ready for bit of a break when G-Love sat down to play the second track off his album, "Blues Music," a laid-back sort of homage to the artists who inspired him. During one part of the song he simply recited a list of them, from "the 1920's to the 1970's...Blind Lemon Jefferson, Albert Collins, Leadbelly, Aretha, Mississippi John Hurt..." He paused for half a second, and then proclaimed them "Cool...coool, cool." The end of the set featured a 12-minute version of "This Ain't Living," into which the band had cleverly worked references to Sewanee and the slightly condescending but good-natured proclamation, "We love you in the South!" Though they didn't honor shouted requests for "One more song!" the band left a satisfied audience that had grown addicted to the groove. Taj Mahal said it best when he exulted, "These cats are slammin'!" Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah.

G-Love is about to be anything but a well-kept secret. Last week's *Billboard* magazine rated the band as the hottest band in the Northeast. *Rolling Stone* gave the album four stars. All indicators suggest that Mr. Love and company are poised for major success. That they came to Sewanee at all is thanks to the efforts of Franklin Sames and the often-neglected Student Popular Music Association (SPAM), who deserve ample credit for the arranging the show. Towards the end of the night, G-Love, smiling into a crowd of cheering female admirers, gleefully proclaimed, "We'll be happy to come back, anytime you ask us." Unfortunately, he'll probably be priced well out of Sewanee's range from now on.

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Different Voices

A Traditional Way of Looking at a New World

by Skye Howell

In a sometimes dazzling display of cultural roots, Theatre Sewanee and the African-American Alliance presented *Daughters of Africa* on the Guerry stage last Thursday night. The show celebrated African-American experience in the United States through the performing of the prose and poetry of Black women. Theater major Lonette "Nikki" Robertson directed the show as part of an independent study project. *Daughters of Africa* featured ensembles, duets, and monologues by such renowned Black writers as Maya Angelou, Zora Neale Hurston, and Sojourner Truth.

The performers presented pieces that were both touching and biting. Yvonne Hill presented a hopeful, joyful monologue, while Chan Roberson turned down a begging woman because she had places to be and "a world to save." Nicole Driggins and Michelle Parks explored the Black issue of "passing."

As the feminine can never be separated from the masculine in the grand human experience, Robertson included three men in the performance. Impressively, these Brothers of the Daughters of Africa wrote their own text for these parts. After Quisha White explored new motherhood, Keith Minnifield presented a touching, funny portrayal of a new father, which became the vehicle for explaining Black man's place in the universe just as the mother had explained Black woman's role. Keith and Kent Underwood wrote and performed "The Flip Side," a piece

demonstrating different perspectives on the treatment of women. The man who respects Woman and the man who wants to bed Woman represented conflicts within the Black man. Rashied Light's degenerate, intoxicated bum dispensed wisdom about relations between the sexes much in the same way that King Lear's fool did about real love.

The dancing and singing proved to be the most exciting and impressive aspects of the performance. Quisha White's vocals recalled soulful gospel hymns. When the company sang, they warmed the house. The dance pieces were moving, graceful and natural. One particularly adroit company member, Gabby Hill, mesmerized the reviewer with the languid way she danced with her whole body, extending the movements through her fingertips with a serene smile. Watching the company move together was a pleasure, as they danced the way only Black women can.

All the chorus pieces were wonderful. The piece in which the women sprinkled glitter as they gave gifts from the heart literally dazzled the audience. The chorus carried candles and sang sweetly for the last piece; they all blew out their candles for a potent conclusion and a profound moment.

After a season consisting of *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Death of a Salesman*, Theatre Sewanee and the African-American Alliance presented a much-needed culturally rich production from the perspective of the Black community. Hopefully the African-American students will continue their tradition of



African-American song and dance were an integral part of the show. Photo by Lyn Hutchison

honoring their heritage, allowing other community members to share that rich experience that touches American life. Collaborating the

talents in this community could produce a more diverse theater that might be able embrace subject matter other than "white" America.

Another Day at the Office

by Peter Lett

Eric Bogosian's *Talk Radio* is a comedy which focuses on one evening's broadcast of a talk show hosted by the cynical and outspoken Barry Champlain. Champlain ravages the show's callers whose conversation topics range from a woman's uncontrollable fear of her garbage disposal to a man's concerns for his cat's eating habits. Throughout the course of the show we learn of Champlain's rise to success, the possibility of his expansion to national syndication, and we attempt to find some sort of justification for his constant pessimism. The host is cursed with night after night of neurotic callers, but we notice a mutual dependency between them. Champlain appears to be on the breaking point, shuffling between moments of complete control and moments of chaos, and right when we think that he is over the deep end, we realize that this is just another day at the office.

The Dionysus & Co. production, directed by Charles Temple and staged in Lower Cravens, was quite entertaining. David Roark was given the difficult task of tying all of the evening's madness together. Half of the cast is represented only by the individual's voice, spoken offstage into a microphone, therefore sound becomes the most important element of the show. Roark's resonant voice was the perfect instrument to conduct this vocal orchestra. The on-stage characters remained seated during much of the hour and a half run of the play, some of the only movement coming when the characters refilled their coffee cups. This stillness was broken by several short monologues delivered by the show's producer, the technical director, and the office assistant, played by Alex Brown, Robert Claycombe, and Ashley Johnson respectively. These moments showed the ability and range of actors who otherwise spent much time on-stage with sparsely placed dialogue.

The on stage cast was effective, but the true stars of the show were the offstage callers, played by Bridget Bennett, Alex Brown, Katherine Kellogg, Chris Mahoney, Kiley Miller, Stephanie Perry, Craig Schmidt, Angela Waud, and Hayden Ward, who provided much of the humor. These actors created vivid characters whose faces and movements were truly alive in the audience member's imagination. Considering the fact that the offstage and on-stage actors could not see each other, the timing was particularly difficult, but the cast pulled it off with ease. The audience member felt a connection with the callers, as they are both outsiders looking into the world of Barry Champlain. When the gap was bridged by Kent, a drugged-out symbol of wasted American youth played by Chris Mahoney, the show only became better.

The show, however, wasn't without its faults. Some of the movement seemed strained and unnatural, taking away from the effect of the dialogue. During several of the more revealing scenes, the actors forced intensity, using stereotypical versions of common emotions, which may have distracted the audience member and caused him to miss some of the underlying message. Finally, during the curtain call, the cast seemed almost apologetic in their actions. This is the final moment, the time for the cast to be proud of their accomplishments, and this cast should definitely be proud of theirs.

Berry, continued

anon. Berry's collections of poems sit on many a poetry hater's shelf, keeping odd company beside John Grisham and Danielle Steele novels. His voice is clear and measured, never hurrying toward an ending but never delaying one to squeeze in a last metaphor. Gone are the verbal pyrotechnics so many modern poets employ to disguise their lack of insight. He avoids ambiguity like a plague, addressing it outright when it presents itself as unavoidable.

Berry's poems represent, at their best, a near-perfect art. As Maupassant did for the short story, Berry does for verse, refining and infusing a bare-bones approach until it hits heavier than the boldest, most outrageous language. Where many poets strive to soar, Berry digs, like a hoe. And his verse shares a quiet, utilitarian aesthetic with that farming implement. Words are a tool for Berry, a vessel, and never an end unto themselves. He achieves at times the ultimate goal of modern poetry, that of elevating to its proper status an important idea which has been beaten and abused into a cliché.

If the reading suffered any weakness, it was an occasional misstep over the pencil-thin line dividing simple from simplistic. A newer poem Berry read toward the end of the night about a dinner in Greece came off as a sophisticated version of "How I Spent My Summer Vacation." As well, a poem entitled "Anglo-Saxon Protestant Heterosexual Men" was a real mood-breaker for me. I didn't object so much to its forthright political incorrectness as to the way in which it approached a tender, complex idea with a posture that could only be called coy. Berry's mention of artistic "risk" in conjunction with the poem seemed a little extreme, since a

quick glance about the hall revealed precious few faces likely to take offense to a poem celebrating WASPdom. He would have done well, on those instances, to follow his own poetic advice and remember that

"Nothing is simple,
not even simplification."

But those were only two breaks in an otherwise uninterrupted string of often aching beautiful work. I almost had to slap my own face and remind myself that poetry is dead when I saw the audience thronging around the book table.



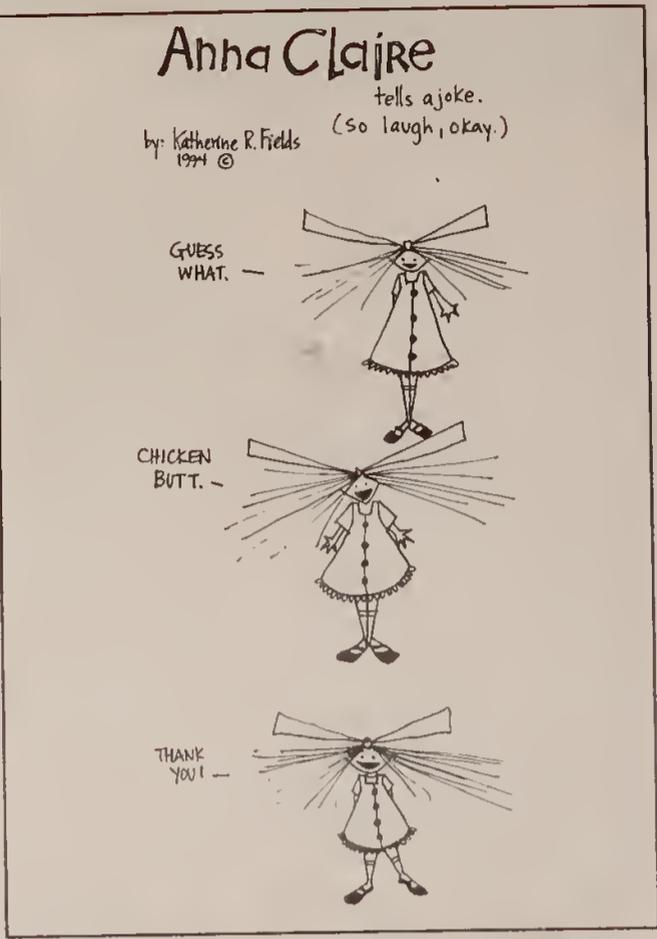
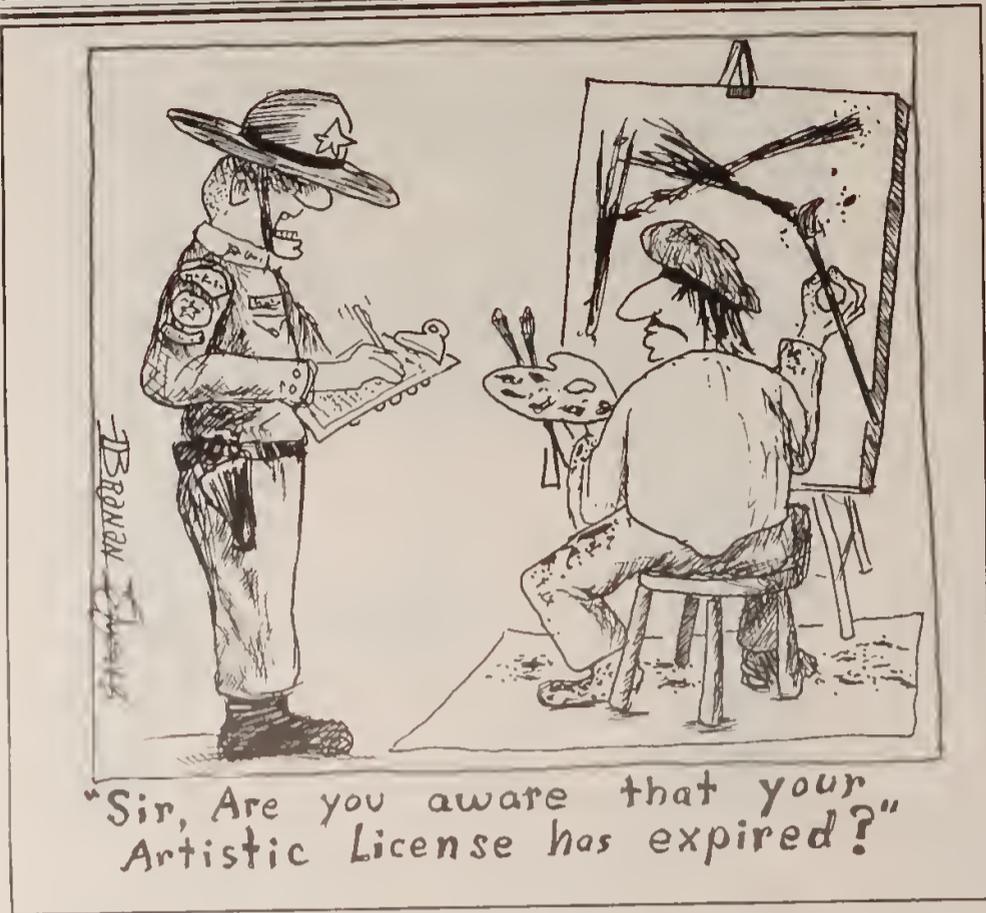
Wendell Berry restores important ideas that have been beaten into cliché. Photo by Lyn Hutchison

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BACK PAGE



Non Sequitur by Wiley



Roommates From Hell

by Tania Samman

Hearing some people bitching about their roommates inspired this latest collection. Besides the various "my roommate sets the room on fire" stories, there were a few shockers. We thought you'd be interested to hear some of the funniest of the tales that were printable... TRUE TALES FROM SEWANEE... all names have been changed...

Undoubtedly the Best. Last year Sarah was on the phone talking to her friend when her roommate Jane's huge drunk boyfriend from a nearby county stormed past the window. She was so frightened as he walked into the study room, that she backed into the bedroom where her roommate was carousing with her new man, and gurgled, "Scott's here." Chaos ensued as the infamous "Scott" stormed over to the bed and decked his competitor sitting on the bed, breaking his nose and spraying blood all over the floor. Jane and Scott went outside to chat about the latest development in their relationship, and the guy with the broken nose was led into the bathroom and locked safely inside. Two weeks later, Sarah had to accompany Jane's new flame to court in Winchester,

as he pressed charges against Scott. Jane could not testify as she was not a credible witness: she had been arrested a week earlier for halfway ripping another girl's ear off at a party off the Mountain...

Several students complained about their roommate's shacking patterns. One female student was forced to go and sit in her suitemates' study room while her roommate entertained her boyfriend. One male has come home several times from parties or studying in the library to find a note taped to the door asking him to find other overnight accommodations...

A few bathroom locational problems were also noted. One student complained that his roommate got up in the middle of the night, and in a drunken stupor, "pissed in the middle of the floor." The same male complained that his roommate's friend passed out over there and woke up in the middle of the night, to throw up all over the bathroom floor and left without telling them. So the next day he went to take a shower and took a slide first...

One female student reported stories that similarly incoherent friends had "gone to the bathroom" both in the sink of the bathroom and squatting next to their roommate's

bed!!
An interesting twist to the usual "borrowing clothes" issue. One girl's drunk roommate and her visiting friend "borrowed" her bras, and raced around the room wearing them in her absence. The reason for this is yet to be known.

Elizabeth's roommate used to read her diary, and leave it in various places around the room, like on Elizabeth's desk or bed, as a sort of trophy to her dishonesty. Roommate swapping ensued.

Another girl's roommate set the room on fire twice, once when hairspray was on the floor and she lit a candle, and the other when she placed her pillow over her lamp to give the room mood lighting... not advisable.

Some people's roommates have a lack of modesty problem, and are completely comfortable cavorting around the room completely nude. Their roommate's visitors do not inhibit them.

Lauren complained that her first roommate had a pink fixation, and wanted the carpet to be pink, and for them both to use bright pink comforters and pillows. One problem Pepto couldn't solve.

Babe of the Week



Rico, suave....As a farewell to our beloved departing Editor (Shhh! He doesn't know).