

# The Sewanee Purple

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

## Class of 1995: An African-American Perspective

by Rasheid Light

I was asked to write an editorial discussing anything that I thought was important and anything I wanted to share. Many things came to my mind. I thought about how much Sewanee in general has grown during my four years as a student here. Although I am privileged to be returning next fall, I feel like an 'old-timer' and have some insights into the changes in the social climate at Sewanee. The view of Sewanee and the changes I feel that have been important come solely from my perspective as a African-American student.

The social climate during my freshman

year was conservative and distant. Most white students were not into the 'multicultural thing' and had not been exposed to many minority students attending their campus. That fall semester, 1991 was the largest entering class of African-American students in the history of the college. Our numbers were alarming—we had *nineteen!* Hey, that was a big deal for Sewanee then. To have nineteen entering freshman students who were African-American was a miracle in 1991. In the past, there were some committees working hard to get minority students but they met with minimal success.

Then came the work of our former Vice-

Chancellor, Robert Ayres, who was very interested in seeing Sewanee step out on the cutting edge of higher education and start to open its educational enterprise to other cultural groups. Mr. Ayres went so far as to donate his own money to re-build what is now the Ayres Multicultural Center and was then a progressive student hang-out, the Outside Inn. The task force on minority recruitment was formulated and thus came the formation of the Minority Affairs Office. This Office, along with the Admissions Office, were finally able to recruit the largest enrollment of African-American students in the history of the college.

And what a time Sewanee has had enjoying the life and creativity we have given to this environment. In response to much of the conservative policy prevalent at the time, the African American students, Easter semester ('92) produced a play, "African American Voices." The play traced the origin and development of the black African slave experience from Africa to the present. Many of us were frustrated with the idea that Sewanee did not find it important to teach a course in African-American literature. We decided to do something to express ourselves despite the attitude that our culture and where we come from are not crucial elements in understanding the world. The play was produced, written, and directed by us. It was a success and a first step towards us coming together to protect ourselves and our culture from arrogantly being ignored.

The following semester there were many things going on. Many of the conservative era of '91-'92 was coming to a close, and a new generation of white students were entering Sewanee. These white students knew more about other cultures than the previous ones, and they were more open. We started to see

an influx of very talented and creative students and less of the "my mommy and daddy went to Sewanee," or the "I'm rich and I ought to be here" types. In this case, since much more of the general student population was apt to engage in cross-cultural exchange, the conservative elements of the administration could not argue that students were not interested in issues of diversity.

During the fall and Spring of '92-'93 some individual students drew up petitions and got signatures until the English department finally agreed to introduce an African American literature course the following spring semester ('94). There were many teachers, faculty, and administrators serving on boards and committees expressing their concern for diversity at Sewanee. Anything from curriculum, housing, equal employment, minority recruitment and retention, faculty hiring, and public speakers were all brought to the forefront of Sewanee's political agenda. That year Atallah Shabazz, the daughter of Malcolm X came and spoke at Sewanee, a production, "Rising From Within" was performed and produced by women in the drama department, and the completion of the Fowler Center was underway. The whole design and meaning of Sewanee was changing.

By the middle of fall semester ('94), many of the entertainers and speakers selected by the Student Activities Office were minorities. Sororities and Fraternities hired bands that performed African American music (R&B, soul) and had African American members to play at their parties. A student demonstration was held to address the hiring of minority faculty and a step show sponsored by Delta Alpha Phi sorority was put on. The step show was one of the largest and most diverse events on campus, and was a beautiful example of how ready

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Smiling Sewanee babes select the sexiest man during the Chi Psi's Freedom of Expression Party. Photo by Lyn Hutchinson.

## Spring Party Survival

by Edward Flowers

"This whole week is party weekend, man!" I remember one student saying earlier this week. Little has been heard of him since that day, but his comment sums up the general feeling for Spring Party Weekend. With the loss of kegs, students look forward to any weekend where more than one party occurs, and the postponement of this weekend by a whole month made anticipation even greater.

For just about everyone Party Weekend began on Thursday night, and for some reason this night is reserved for formals. Despite ridicule from my fellow brothers, I stayed in for this first night of celebration to get work done. They found it hard to believe that I could pass up something so great as wearing a tux and listening to the stereo. I was a little sorry to be missing the first night of Party weekend, but I knew I would be thankful in the morning. My roommate entered later that night and informed me of how much he enjoyed the formal by jumping up and down on my back. Although I know of several more appropriate ways of awakening someone other than using their vertebrae as a trampoline, I forgave my roommate for he knows not what he does.

The next morning campus was crawling with red eyed zombies and unusually cheerful people. My Spanish class experienced a record high number of absences. For some people, though they made it to class, their attendance was debatable. The teacher, in a fit

of frustration, ended class 30 minutes early after it took one person five minutes to translate one sentence.

After classes, I headed out to the KA lawn party. The music was good, but it had lost its cool and tie tradition. It was about the same size crowd as every year, and still the best way to start off party weekend. The Deltas paralleled the lawn party with a white trash party in their front yard. I preferred sitting in the soft couches to standing so I walked over to watch the TV (no particular channel, just the TV itself) at the Delt house.

The day moved into night and I headed toward the SAE house for Uncle Mingo. The band played some great music and topped off the performance with a hula-hoop contest. Several contestants entered the contest with every ounce of coordination they could muster, yet no one lasted much longer than about 10 seconds. One of the highlights of the evening was a wrestling match between a young lady and one of the band members over a T-shirt. The winner was undetermined. Some other stuff happened... I think. I don't quite remember.

I headed to the Chi Psi house the next morning in anticipation of the Freedom of Expression Party and also so I could get a good parking space before they closed off the entire street. The band "One World" played a great show with a variety of audience participation. For a brief moment I thought I was in Panama

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## Pictures at an Exhibition

The University Gallery is currently showing the 1995 Senior Exhibition. Seniors who comp in the Studio Art section of the Fine Arts Department are required to display a representative showing of their work and to submit a paper which corresponds to the submission. The submission is in the medium in which they specialized in the department.

This year's majors include the following students: James Acken, Rinne Allen, Branan Edgens, Branan Freeman, Bill Jarrett, Nicole Maris, Sally McClatchey, Margaret Upchurch, and Greg Pond. The Gallery will be showing their work until 13 May on which date a closing reception will be held for all Fine Arts majors in the Gallery.

The mezzanine level of the Gallery displays the works of the three seniors, Rinne Allen, Nicole Maris, and Margaret Upchurch, who competed in the field of photography. Predictably, all three women worked in black-and-white images, however, Allen presents a series of compact color photographs. As a whole, the photographs contain undercurrents of life in the South which are not presented in the works in the Gallery below.

The rear wall of the Gallery is filled by Sally McClatchey's vivid canvas which

teems with strong female figures. In fact, all of McClatchey's work displayed deals with the feminine form. Her other canvases are on an equally impressive scale, but are complemented by the smaller nudes. Branan Freeman's canvases (also huge) transform the left wall into windows which open to the sky. These works are darker than McClatchey's and are strikingly similar to Dr. Carlos' "Galaxy Aquarium" presentation in the Gallery earlier this year.

James Acken's series of charcoal drawings are found on the right wall. This series of sizable drawings illustrates a fascination

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PAGE TWO

# Sewanee Shorts



The Grammy-winning Alison Krauss and Union Station played at Cheston near the end of Party Weekend, giving weary students the chance to relax after a long day of merriment.



The Chi Psi keg raft, pictured above, was well-used this weekend, but not by the Chi Psis. Two different groups stole the "party barge" and held it captive until frustrated Chipssis managed to retrieve it.

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# Purple Picks

"What to Do When There's Nothing to Do on the Domain"

**14 May. Graduation, etc.** Even if you don't have a ticket to the actual ceremony, it's worth sticking around for the round of parties that happen in the preceding days. Food can get expensive, of course, but the enterprising student should be able to find a senior or two to latch on to. Milk 'em while you can, kids; they'll be gone soon enough.

**30 April-13 May. Senior Art Exhibition.** The artists include James Acken, Rinne Allen, Branan Freeman, Bill Jarrett, Nicole Maris, Sally McClatchey, Margaret Upchurch, and

Greg Pond (whose 'little creatures' are a must-see.) See article on P. 1.

**6 and 12 May. Time Indefinite.** Branan Edgens, comping film major, will present his latest and greatest film, featuring Anson Mount, Kate Depew, John Piccard, Lisa Keith-Lucas, and Ron Hill, among others. Fans of his previous efforts will not be disappointed; newcomers should expect a real treat. **Blackman Auditorium, 8:00 (both shows).**

## Cheers and Jeers

**Cheers** go to Lisa Manley for throwing what was apparently one of the most eyebrow-raising parties of the year last week. Gotta love those SAE lads, Lisa.

**Cheers** also go to the Sewanee Dogs for staging an amazing comeback during the past several weeks. Apparently the approach of spring-time got our canine friends singing "Don't Fence Me In"...

**Jeers** and the honorary 'buzz-killer' award go to the Deans and other activity planners for placing Spring Party Weekend on the weekend before exams, resulting in a decidedly mediocre event.

**Jeers** also go to the heavily publicized Courts Shrimp and Beer Party last Thursday, where the advertised "200 pounds of shrimp" were conspicuously absent. Oops.

## He's Struck Again

After an extensive hiatus, the "Village Vigilante" appeared again with a message of hope and happiness, just in time for commencement. The following missal appeared just outside the Sewanee Market:

PERVERTS WILL PARTICIPATE  
CEREMONIES THIS YEAR. T  
ELIZABETH TAYLOR, SPEAKING  
OF KEEPING MARRIAGE VO  
WILL SPEAK ON THE JO  
OF BECOMING A CULT M  
SIMPSON WILL DEMONSTRATE

Dateline: University of the Sots (Sewanee)

In keeping with the ultra-liberal policies of the school, the following perverts will participate in the graduation ceremonies this year. The guest list includes Elizabeth Taylor, speaking on the importance of keeping marriage vows, Charles Manson will speak on the joys and advantages of becoming a cult member, and O.J. Simpson will demonstrate the proper use of a carving knife while wearing gloves. Following these speeches, there will be a 2 hour break for marijuana, cocaine, and alcohol, provided by faculty and students. To conclude this sacred ceremony, Saddam Hussein, Ted Kennedy, and "Hanoi" Jane Fonda will join hands in special prayer for the continued success of the the Viet-Cong and all other peace-loving terrorists worldwide. This information provided as a public service by yours truly, the "Village Vigilante."

# Special Events Have Guardian Angels

Special events such as Lessons and Carols traditionally have been headaches for Sewanee's Special Events team. Minor disasters such as choristers who light their hassocks on fire or rich alums without dinner partners have been conveniently solved by the Angel Team during the past school year. The Angel Team was conceived by Dr. Timothy Keith-Lucas and Dr. Gerald Smith (themselves members of the Special Events team) to help Sewanee's public relations productions come off flawlessly. The team is used for large events such as graduation and for smaller formal events such as cocktail parties and dinners at Clement Chen Hall or the Sewanee Inn.

At such functions the Angels are given individual authority to make awkward situations comfortable. Angels attend functions in the guises of both guests and hosts. They interact with faculty who attend the functions, and also visitors and donors who are involved with the University but have a limited opportunity to interact with students. As Cynthia Branley said, "The adults can get a student perspective, the youth perspective on the school."

The perspective the Angel Team provides these friends of the University holds a spectrum of the student body. Madeline Johnson describes it as "Basically an image that the school tries to put out to people who aren't here. I think it's a good image."

At the moment the majority of Angels are rising juniors; however, each class is fairly represented. The idea behind the Angel Team is for the Special Events Team to have a group of students at their disposal who are trained to "work" events. In the fall more sophomores were chosen because it was more practical than

to select mostly seniors (because another crew of seniors would have to be trained each year).

This semester Angels have worked the Donor's Recognition weekend, several events at Clement Chen Hall, the events which surround trustees' meeting, and the Creamer and Stirling funerals.

In the upcoming weeks look for Angel Team members at large events such as graduation and the regents' and trustees' meetings. They may be hard to spot because they try to work inconspicuously, but one can identify them easily by the small purple and gold pins with the Angel Team insignia they wear "on duty."

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# The Secret's Out

by Kellee Ryan

With the arrival of Fall at Sewanee comes a new Freshman class—eager, naive, and thrilled to finally be on their own. Some things just don't change.

What has changed, however, is the size of the incoming Freshman class to Sewanee: it is growing larger each year. So why this increasing interest in The University of the South? Perhaps it's the rumor that Sewanee was rated the #3 party school in the nation. Or maybe it was the inspirational "Sewanee video" that made up the minds of all those impressionable high-school seniors. The office of admissions attributes this rising interest to the positive media coverage we've been receiving (in national magazines and college guidebooks) and to good, old-fashioned word of mouth. Whatever the reason, Sewanee's popularity is growing at an unbelievable rate.

For the advent semester of 1995, a total of 1,854 applications poured into the school. This is approximately 10% more applications received than in 1994 and 28% more than in 1993. Applications for early admissions have also increased significantly. In 1993, only 99 students applied early, as opposed to the 152 that applied early this year.

According to the office of admissions, this group of incoming Freshmen are not only large, but are "very qualified" in academics and extra-curricular activities. With the growing number of qualified applicants, the standards for admission are increasing. Already, the average GPA (which was a 3.4 last year) and the average SAT and ACT scores of the applicants are higher than those of last year. This means that the requirements for next year's applicants will be even higher.

# Spring Party, continued

City for Spring Break when the hikini contest began. Some ladies jumped onto the stage while others were coyly dragged up to the front. The entire front row of men began their mating dances in hopes of catching the girls' attention. After this competition came the men's contest, and several shirtless males approached the stage in false modesty, and the girls screamed at a noise level above the Shake Day mark. Prizes were awarded to the winners, but I don't remember if it was a bottle of beer or a block of cheese. The music died down at around 5:00 and the crowd moved to other places. I believe the intended destination was the AFO house, but not everyone completed the journey. One ingenious student, upon walking by the cemetery, decided it would be a nice place to rest in peace.

Alison Krauss and Union Station attracted a large crowd of sitting students (I guess everyone needed a rest). The mellow bluegrass was a nice change from the usual bands, but she could have shared her beautiful voice with us a little longer.

Not ready to end the weekend, I headed out to the Phi House for Lefty Johnson. The number of people there made the band somewhat unapproachable, and I was tired of pushing to the front of crowds. Despite my blocked vision, I was able to hear the band and find an empty couch on which to sit. I left the band feeling completely content, and a shared a passing hello with a nearby stranger just before unknowingly stepping off a 3-foot drop onto Alabama Avenue. It is funny how something as trivial as gravity can ruin your entire weekend. I crawled into bed with some difficulty and managed to ignore the pain, feeling lucky to have survived Spring Party Weekend with only minor injuries.

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OPINION

The Sewanee Purple

The Official Organ of the Students of the University of the South
Established 1892

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Unsigned editorials represent the opinion of the senior editorial staff. Signed editorials represent the views of the writer and do not necessarily reflect the editorial views of the Purple.

Letters to the editor are welcomed and should be mailed directly to the Purple, deposited in the Purple's dropbox on the University computer network, or sent via E-mail.

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A Community Recital

by Jonathan Meiburg
Editor

The crowd in Guerry Auditorium fell silent, except for the sound of creaking seats and the whirr of camcorders. The lights dimmed, and after a moment the first of the youngest dancers scurried on stage in her pink tutu, a nervous smile frozen on her face. It was one o'clock on the Saturday of Spring Party Weekend, and this was the place to be.

The last of the dance performances of the week turned out to be the largest informal gathering of the Sewanee community I had ever seen. Parents and grandparents attended in spades, of course, along with a surprising number of students. I was used to seeing many of the faces in the crowd; I wasn't, however, used to thinking of them in more than one role. Dean Penagen is our much-maligned Dean of Students—but he is also a father; he was there with Caroline Grace on his lap. Dr. Yasmeen Mohiuddin, who has set up programs designed to aid women around the world, was there to watch her daughter perform a tap routine set to Bob Seger's "Old Time Rock and Roll." As I sat and watched all these people I tried to think of a few of the changes of the past year that have affected the entire Sewanee community.

The days of the free-ranging dog, for one thing, are apparently over. Once a point of pride mentioned in publicity brochures, the only remnants of the Sewanee Dogs are the occasional sightings of Clara and Pablo slumped in front of Gailor when they manage to escape the McCrady house. I was nearly ecstatic when I spotted a dog on the front porch of the BC the other day—only to discover that she

was tied to a trash can.

At long last, the debate over the Confederate flag seems to have died down; and good riddance, although some of those license plates are still floating around. It also seems that the flags in the chapel are gone never to return, despite the fact that the flags of every state hang in the nave of the National Cathedral in Washington D.C. at all times.

The Christian University discussions, which generated so many chuckles and so little interest, were completed and found, refreshingly, that the University's Christian identity would be best reinforced by a spirit of openness and academic inquiry. We saw a little bit of that spirit coming through in the pursuit of a minority faculty member in the fall, which was heavily advocated by students and staff alike.

For students, specifically, a brief scare about a drug crackdown has proved to be false. Students caught in a drug bust a week or so ago at the SAE house were given a wrist-slapping as usual. In fact, it appears that students can do nearly anything without being punished for it. As long as we have an administration that's more afraid of a lawsuit than of lawlessness, this trend is likely to continue.

The graduating seniors will have to deal with a world that's a bit harsher than the one within the gates of the Domain. Three of sixteen pre-med students made it into medical school. (That's out of a hundred and sixty pre-med freshmen four years ago.) Those staying behind, meanwhile, face a \$3,000 tuition increase for next year.

The issue of whether students are, in fact, community members, is in a bit of a debate: are they real neighbors to the others living on the mountain,

or are they simply four-year campers? Sewanee, like any college community, is interesting in that a sizeable fraction of its residents leave and are replaced each year. The administration, because students go away rather quickly, can choose to ignore them with impunity. The housing committee, for example, has no student representatives. When asked why, Tom Kepple snidely wrote "Students don't build houses." I suppose the Habitat for Humanity houses built by students slipped his mind.

The word "community," however, has been beaten to death lately; more often than not it seems to be used as a defense, where individuals hide to escape accusations of wrongdoing. Jim Jones used it as an excuse in his diatribe against Amy Barbour; several students who wrote to the Purple protesting the "Jeering" of the student who stole the Marriott truck did so on the grounds that he was a "community member."

But we're getting lost in abstractions. The Sewanee community is real. It is not a concept. It can't be appropriated as an invisible hackup team for political grandstanding. A University community is unique in that it is also full of a greater-than-average number of inquisitive minds, people with a real interest in life, literature, and art; people who think dance lessons for their children might be a good idea. The recital was a perfect example. Just for a few moments, as we watched the tiny ballerinas twirl about, dwarfed by the suddenly enormous stage, we were equal, and we were friends. Whether we are here for four years or for twenty, we would do well to bear in mind that we are all members of this community; it's up to all of us to make it work.

Letters to the Editor

It's Not Easy Being Green

The 25th anniversary of Earth Day, celebrated April 22nd as part of Earth week on the mountain, was the best ever. The success of this year's event was due largely to the efforts of SEAC and support of Waste Not. I especially want to thank SEAC leaders Chris Johnson, Beeky Rusche, Brian Costlow and Asha Kays for all their work and planning. I have been part of Earth Week on the mountain since it began in 1982. The participation of the University community made this year's event the best. Thanks.

G. Sanford McGee
Earth Week Committee

Bike Race A Classic

The Sewanee Mountain Bike Club would like to thank all of our wonderful volunteers for their help with the 3rd Annual Cumberland Mountain Bike Classic. We could not have possibly conducted this event without your assistance. We had volunteers from several different areas of the Sewanee community: college students, SAS students, police, EMT's, coaches, dentists, residents, etc. Thank you for your time, support, input, expertise, and dedication. We truly appreciate your assistance with the race, and hope that you will continue to support this event in the future.

Thanks also to our local race sponsors who provided much needed funds and prizes: Shenanigan's, Pearl's Cafe, Sewanee Pharmacy, Cloud's Rise Farm Bed and Breakfast, Real Estate Marketing, Good Ole Boys Bluegrass Band, Marriott Dining Service, Four Season's Restaurant, Paul Cross and Danley Heating and AC.

Special thanks go to the University of the South for allowing us to use parts of the Domain to stage our race. We have tried to support appropriate use of the trails in Sewanee by providing money to the Perimeter Trail Maintenance Fund for the past three years. In addition, this spring we assisted in the construction of five bridges on the perimeter trail. We hope that the Cumberland Classic will continue for years to come, and that it will become a Sewanee tradition.

Thanks again to anyone who assisted with the race. If you have any questions or suggestions about the Cumberland Classic, please do not hesitate to contact any of us.

- Cliff Afton, Race Director
Jeff Heltzenrater, Assistant Race Director
Bill Mauzy, Assistant Race Director

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You Never Read My Column

by Walter Hubbell

Oh my gawd, I'm ready to graduate. Perhaps only a select group of students can appreciate these sentiments, but after almost four years I'm beginning to feel like Steve McQueen in the cooler in "The Great Escape." This article is not, however, about how great it is to be getting out. I think that the time has come to stop complaining. I wrote this column if not affect a few changes in the administration, at least to poke a little fun at it. I think I have been somewhat successful on both counts.

My only complaint this issue will be brief. What is with the stupid rule that says parties must cease at 1 a.m.??? I know of no other campus in America where this rule exists. If the Sewanee community doesn't like loud noises after 1 on a weekend night, what the hell did they move near a fraternity house for? Come on, show a little brains; after all, it's the students who keep Sewanee in existence. Let them have their fun.

Enough complaining, though. I think that I should point out here at the end that I love Sewanee, and I wouldn't have changed my experiences here for the world. Sewanee has something unique about it that even the most ardent rabble-rousers cannot deny. Sewanee is friendly! Whether it is students, professors, Vice-Chancellors, Phi's, matrons, or dogs, Sewanee is usually a friendly place to live. Sure, we have our share of fights, brawls, drunks, cliques, and social tensions, but they are all overshadowed by a dominating friendliness to the point of ridiculousness. Let me give you an example. The day after my dad plead guilty to a tax evasion charge on national TV, I was feeling understandably low. I was attempting to drown my sorrows in a pitcher at Shenanigans when an unknown student came up to me and said, "Dude! Are you Walter Hubbell? I saw your Dad on CNN yesterday! Man that is so cool!" I have to admit that this simple gesture of friendliness, albeit extreme naiveté, cheered me up better than all the condolences in the

world. As I return north, to confront Republicans, weird liberals, the media, joblessness, and all of the other pressures of Washington life, I will always remember Sewanee as the only place I have ever been where being friendly counted more than being politically correct, or even being smart. No matter where I go in life, no matter what problems I encounter, I know that I can always come back to a place where people are instinctively nice. That means more to me than any degree.

Now, it is damn time that the administration admit that it runs an illegal bingo parlor in the basement of Chen Hall to raise money which is blown by Dan Backlund and T.K.L. to a private bank in the Caymans in the hopes of one day raising enough money to build a private faculty compound in Palm Beach where they can "rebuild the glory that was Rome," at the careful direction of Dr. Seiters that will culminate in the final announcement that the VC is the only descendant of Marcus Aurelius and therefore the rightful emperor of the world. Or so I've heard...

**SPORTS**

# Coach Huyck Plans Retirement

by **Hollis Duncan** and **Bryan Joyner**

Willard L. "Bill" Huyck will, in July, complete an illustrious career in the field of athletics. Bill Huyck's involvement in athletics started at Carleton College in Northfield, Minn. where he coached both track and cross country. His coaching career at Carleton was highlighted with both a 2nd place finish and a national championship the following year (1980) in the division III national cross country championships. In the mid-80's, Bill Huyck brought his coaching expertise to Sewanee, where he was hired as the athletic director of the university. Any student or coach who has ever participated under the guidance of coach Huyck is struck by his low key, yet honest attitude towards the their overall

well being. The definable point of coach Huyck's 11 year career at Sewanee is not the new multi-million dollar sporting complex, but rather his dedication in preserving Sewanee's deep athletic tradition. Although coach Huyck's largest influence is found in his work with the cross country and track and field teams here at the university, he has throughout his tenure here, assisted each and every men's and women's varsity team, whether through simply giving support from the stands or coaching from the sideline.

Bill Huyck, upon retirement, will move back to Minnesota where he has spent the better part of his life. Although Bill Huyck will be retiring as the athletic director here at the university, he still plans to take an active position in the lives and activities of young adults as a part-time coach

at his alma mater (Carleton College) or at St. Olaf College. One thing is for sure. Come next fall with the beginning of a new school year, Bill Huyck will be dearly missed on the mountain by all those who have worked with him and were coached by him. Whether it was coaching, participating in varsity athletics, or studying, coach Huyck taught patients. Being a "hot dog" as he always said will get you no where. Those who are successful know the limits to their talents and how to make the most out of them. Bill Huyck gave confidence to all those who knew him. No matter what task you were involved in, Bill Huyck took the negative in each of us and made it into the positive.



Both the men's and women's tennis teams came in second during the SCAC Championships to nationally ranked Trinity. Helen Boehme (pictured) scored the only point for the women's team that finished 10th (18-3) in the national and go on to the national championships on May 8th. The men's team also finished 10th in the nation and will find out their post season fate on the 8th. The top 12 teams qualify, so technically they should advance.



## Alumnus Goes Pro

by **Tania Samman**  
News Editor

In 1989 Super Prep Magazine rated Russ Young, of Duluth, Georgia, the 7th quarterback in the nation in the high school league. Young, former quarterback for the University, has recently been signed by the Orlando Predators, an Arena League Football team for the 1995 season. The Orlando Predators finished the 1994 season 11-1, and this year's games begin in mid-May.

Russ Young graduated last year with a Bachelor of Science in Political Science. He was a member of the Student Assembly, Order of the Gownsmen, and was voted Team Captain for the 1994 season. His sporting career at Sewanee is highlighted with many

marks of achievement, Young was the nation's top rated passer during the 1992 football season, and finished ranked number five for passing in 1993. He was selected as College Football Preview All-American in the same year. He was also three time Player of the Week in SCAC for the 1992 and 1993 season. Young, in April, played in the 1995 National All-Star football game in Louisville, Kentucky, where he threw for 143 yards and two touchdowns.

And so Sewanee congratulates one of the few, if not the only, alumni athletes who have made it to the pros. With references on his resume such as Michael Moorer (Former World Heavyweight Boxing Champion and current number one contender), Greg McMichael (Atlanta Braves Relief Pitcher), Derrick Moore (Detroit Lions RB), and our own Dean Pearigen, he should go far.



Chris Rainey and the Sewanee Men's Golf Team swung into action last week when they won the SCAC title. Photo by Lyn Hutchinson

## Sewanee Plays Host to Cumberland Classic

by **Robbie Griffith**  
Sports Editor

On April 2 Sewanee hosted over 250 riders from over 13 states with varying degrees of experience. There was \$5800 at stake in total purse to be awarded and a number of Sewanee students had their eyes on the prize.

The races varied in length from 12 miles to 36 miles with three categories for both men and women: Beginner, Sport, and Expert that was further divided according to age. While outsiders won five of the seven races for the men and three of the five races for women, a number of University of the South riders won their races. Senior Grant Palmer (Beginner

Senior) and Junior Jim Henley (Sport) both won their categories for the men while Freshman LeAnn Foss (Beginner 1st Timer) and Senior Francis Lumpkin (Beginner Senior) won their categories for the women. All in all, over fourteen other Sewanee students participated in the races and none without their own individual accomplishments. Adam Miller (6th place - Beginner Senior), Chad Robbins (5th place - Beginner 1st Timer), Clark Ligon (6th place - Beginner 1st Timer), and Ian Brauner (2nd place - Sport Men) all had excellent races. The Cumberland Mountain Bike Classic was an over-all success and looks to be a permanent addition to the mountain.

### I.M. Corner

#### Women's 3-on-3 Final Standings

1. Delta Alpha Phi (Beat TP in Finals 15-13)
2. Theta Phi
3. Theta Kappa Phi
4. Phi Kappa Ipsiilon

#### Women's 3-on-3 All-Star Team

- Quisha White - MVP  
K.K. Christy  
Chandler Collins  
Elizabeth Nelson  
Natasha Johnson  
Kathryn Ingram  
Sarah Curper

#### Women's Over-All Standings

1. TKP (140)
2. PKI (112)
3. TP (105)
4. DAP (65)
5. Electric Puppies (40)
6. Theologs (15)

## S.C.A.C. Tourney Tops Off Women's Golf

by **Robbie Griffith**  
Sports Editor

Sewanee, in their last year as a varsity sport, had a very successful season by winning their only dual match against Rhodes earlier in the season. It has been very difficult for the Lady Tigers to instill up any competition as no other school in the area plays women's golf, but the team looks positively towards the future and towards building on their program, according to Coach Ladd.

Sewanee finished second to Trinity in the SCAC championship over the weekend of the 24th and 25th, but had a very good showing. Freshmen Rachel Robinson and Mary Beth Donaldson both made All-Conference in their first year of play. Traci Solomon, Kim Harvin, and Mary Caroline Harris have also contributed this season and, along with Robinson and Donaldson, hope to take the Championship in only their second year of varsity play.

## Men's Golf Wins SCAC Title

by **Robbie Griffith**  
Sports Editor

Last season, the Sewanee golf team made a promise to itself - to win the SCAC Championship. They worked hard for it all season and, according to Coach Van Wie, were "determined not to lose." They were not to be disappointed. Sewanee beat highly favored and nationally ranked Trinity with a two day total of 637 to 645 to take the championship. Steve Schole, Rhett Fryward, and Roe Elam played the best golf of the season for Sewanee during the SCAC Championship and Thomas Daniel, Chris Rainey, and Andrew Israel were named All-Conference.

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## LIVING ARTS

## Best Perpetual Motion Show in Four Years

by Elizabeth Haldeman

Perpetual Motion's *Dance Festival '95* was their best performance in four years. From the very first piece, *Faust*, I knew that this concert would be different. Initially I noticed the bright vermilion costumes. The highlight of the dance was an elegant point solo by senior Jennifer Wood. Ever talented, I knew to expect beauty and grace from her performance—but I was most intrigued by the lighting. Jennifer's shadow created the illusion of another silent figure in perfect sync with the principal dancer.

The next dance, *All Shook Up*, was modern, a definite contrast from the previous toe piece. Reminiscent of Star Trek uniforms, the minidresses the dancers wore were black to the hip and then varying colors to the shoulder. The costume drew the eyes of the audience to the middle of the dancer's body. This jazz dance included isolation movements of the hips and torso, and could have been performed by the Fly Girls on *In Living Color*. The music was hip and the dancers were in sync. Throughout the dance, Kela Caldwell and Celia Holland stood out as experienced performers.

*Red Hot*, a tap piece, showcased the talent of Jennifer Wood and sophomore Grove Parsons. The seasoned pair worked well together. Their show girl costumes, red satin leotards,

## Exhibition, continued

with the unknown, the uncanny, and the human (and possibly superhuman) anatomy.

Of all the seniors, sculptors Bill Jarrett and Greg Pond took the most marked departure from comps projects in the past years. Both men construe the human body: Jarrett considers smooth, white, almost geometric forms with minor irregularities, Pond's work is generally darker and seems more tactile. On some of his pieces one can almost feel the thumbprints, and his little "demon-men" seem almost ready to spring alive. These smaller sculptures in particular seem to be simply

and flashy sequin headbands complimented the festive music. All smiles, these dancers were having fun and invited the audience to share their mood.



Mary Welsh, the diva, grieves over the loss of her villain Anson Mount. Photo by Lyn Hutchinson.

The highlight of the first half of the *Festival* was a traditional Irish piece entitled *The Slip Jig*. The Chieftains brought a dancer to Sewanee with them who performed this sort of dance. In a beautiful green dress with white satin pleats and a disarming smile, Ariel Bennett looked like a doll. When her feet

models for later sculptures, although both artists' work is suited for reproduction on a much larger scale.

Not in the Gallery, but also not to be missed is Branam Edgen's film production: a full-length movie entitled *Time Indefinite*. The film features Sewanee's own Kate Depew, Ron Hill, Lisa Keith-Lucas, and Anson Mount (who underwent all kinds of uncomfortable situations in the production of the film). *Time Indefinite* will be shown on 6 May and 12 May at 8:00pm in Blackman Auditorium.

slowed down enough so that I could see her legs I was amazed at the sinewed calves.

*42nd Street* was flashy Broadway and Radio City Hall. In Marilyn Monroe-era fash-

just moving in specified patterns or forms.

The second half of the show was unlike any performance I've ever seen at Sewanee. Characters introduced themselves with signs. With the exception of the brilliant fuchsia costumes of the Dance Hall Girls, I was often so captivated by the action that I pictured the scene before me in the mottled brown and grey film of the old silent westerns. Every exaggerated step and gesture helped pull in the audience to the story line of three couples.

The Diva, freshman Mary Welsh, was wonderful, all sass. Every hat of her eyelashes told the audience that we were merely guests in her dance hall. She and the Villain, Anson Mount, were electric, scandalous.

Jennifer Wood was convincing as the Sweet Young Thing. Her sheepish Cowhoy, Richard Baron, lifted her with effortless grace. The innocent interaction of the Cowboy and Sweet Young Thing accentuated the sensuality flowing between the Diva and Villain.

Lest the spectator become too involved in the lives of these two couples, Megan Jackson and Peter Lettre as the Mother and the Old Timer, provide an amusing alternative. The Old Timer fell all over the stage in seemingly unrehearsed abandon. However, even his hiccups occurred at the correct time in the musical score. After he convinced the Mother to get drunk with him, they stole the interest of the audience as they cavorted in their own hysterical floundering.

*Shindig* was one of the most entertaining shows ever to grace the Guerry stage. If you missed it, rack it up as a personal loss.

## The Better Parts of a Life

An Autobiography by Robert S. "Red" Lancaster,  
former Dean of the College.

This and other books about Sewanee are available  
at the University Bookstore

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LIVING ARTS

# Throwing Caution to the Wind

by John Molinaro

Since this is my last column of the year, I have decided to throw caution and objectivity into the wind. Instead I want to rant and rave about the world of popular music for a little while. There are some good reasons behind this desire, but mostly I just enjoy hitching, and so I decided to really put some effort into doing it well. The other reason I came to this epiphany has to do with the CD I had intended to review—quite simply it is not worth reviewing. It's not bad, in fact fans of the Lemonheads, the Indigo Girls, Juliana Hatfield, or the Cranberries may like it. For those interested it is *The Great Subconscious Club* by K's Choice (nicotine addicts may also appreciate the pro-smoking manifesto "I Smoke A Lot"), but that is all I have to say about that. Now on to more important matters. Since I have paid attention to the music world, people have declared that rock music was dead—"nothing good is happening anymore," they say. In a way they are right, but I have also found that if you look hard enough there are a lot of hands that are really pushing the limits. I will return to that train of thought, but first I think a long diatribe about popular music is in order.

I was scanning *Spin* magazine the other day and came across an article on "The Ten Bands that Mattered the Most '85-'95," and as I was reading it I got more than a little annoyed. Just so you know, they were: Nirvana; Madonna; Public Enemy; REM; Prince; Hüsker Dü; Guns N' Roses; DR. Dre; Perry Farrell; U2. At first it seems like a fairly even sampling of bands from different genres, and whether you like them or not all have been influential, but then I realized that what the article should have been called is "Ten 'Alternative' Bands that Sold the Most Albums '85-'95." Madonna, Prince, and Public Enemy have helped shape

popular music, REM and U2 have kept themselves from becoming stale after more than a decade each, but the other groups have really done nothing.

As much as I like Nirvana, they did not "invent" grunge, the credit for that really goes to the Melvins or to Mudhoney (who first brought the major labels to Seattle). Nirvana did not introduce punk to the mainstream, U2, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and Jane's Addiction (and many others) had already broken into the Top 40. Nirvana just sold more albums than they did, which hardly makes them an important band. I think that they are a great band, but they just are not innovative, nor have they drastically transformed the rock n' roll world; in fact the only lasting effect I have noticed is that they paved the way for Stone Temple Pilots and Candlebox on MTV, which is reason enough to hump Nirvana off the list. Guns n' Roses ?????? Whatever—this is their contribution to pop music: they played loud and fast and sang about sex and drugs. Wow, not too many other bands like that; all Axl Rose did was get Poison, the Crüe, and the other glam bands to take off their makeup for their next videos (all right, I will admit that watching him have nervous breakdowns on MTV is entertaining, but still...).

Obviously, Dr. Dre was put on this list to satisfy some PC desire to be inclusive, but there are too many good rap groups out there to count this shmuck as an important artist. The last ten years have given us the Beastie Boys, De La Soul, NWA, Beck, Boogie Down Productions, as well as Run DMC (who get dubious credit for introducing rap to suburban mall rats). Other MCs like Ice-T, DJ Qmk, or Old Dirty Bastard have also taken the gangsta rap stance that Dre touts and have done much more interesting things with it. Essentially, Dre like most of these others were included for one reason—they are big sellers, but

they are not important. So yeah, people are right. If rock is not dead maybe it should be, because as a genre it is confining. Nothing sells unless it has been done before and then watered down to reach the maximum number of consumers without offending them. On the fringes though, where the music can just barely be called "rock" there is good stuff happening, so I have decided to print *The Best Albums You Don't Have, And Probably Haven't Bothered To Even Listen To*. (Just as a disclaimer, these are not the best albums of the decade, but just a number of albums that have taken popular music in new directions.)

1. **Billy Bragg**- *Talkin' Poetry with the Tassman*. Bragg is a British urban folk singer who comes across as a post-modern Woody Guthrie or as the Clash minus its rhythm section. This is probably his best album, blending his socialist propaganda, "Ideology" or "There is Power in a Union," with ballads of working class life, "Levi Stubbs' Tears" or "Greetings to the New Brunette."

2. **Pylon**- *Hits*. Athens, GA's Pylon took New Wave art songs to a new level. *Hits* collects their early singles and best album tracks, which lack conventional song structures. Instead Pylon offer absurdist lyrics wrapped in three minute packages of alien music (complete with whirring and beeping sounds).

3. **Bob Mould**- *The Poison Years*. Mould's first band Hüsker Dü was the only merited *Spin* choice; they defined speedcore punk, then helped expand punk's scope with *Zen Arcade*. *The Poison Years* collects Mould's post-Hüsker live and studio recordings, which set the stage for Nirvana with its melodic, tormented punk spirit and acoustic arrangements.

4. **Uncle Tupelo**- *No Depression*. On their debut, Uncle Tupelo added traditional folk, country, and blue grass to garage punk angst. Their cover of "John Hardy," especially, links the new and old aspects of Uncle Tupelo—traditional strumming on electric guitars, vocal harmonies and guitar feedback all on a four minute song.

5. **X**- *Los Angeles*. Like the Ramones, X brought rock music back to its roots. Backwoods rockabilly got transformed into L.A. punk with political and social commentary. X set the stage for the Clash, the Cramps, the Butthole Surfers, and even the Rev. Horton Heat. Unfortunately, their music lost its redneck overtones when the original drummer quit, but *Los Angeles* catches them at their best.

Alright, well that's it for today. I could go on for a while, but I'm out of space and you're

Recently Released...

**Pavement**- *Wowee Zowee*. Pavement have become critical favorites as leaders of the low-fi pop school of indie music, but now they seem to be rebelling against this label. Lacking a MTV single ala "Cut Your Hair," *Wowee Zowee* explores the more dissonant side of Pavement's sound.

**Chris Whitley**- *Dia of the Heavy*. Whitley is an urban blues man in the tradition of Jimi Hendrix or Steve Ray Vaughn. After causing an uproar with his debut album, Whitley disappeared for a couple of years, but now he has returned. Less polished than Clapton, Whitley adds the sloppy energy of rock and roll to the blues.

**The Muffs**- *Blonde and Blonder*. Coming from the same California suburbs as the O'Jays, the Muffs add another twist to the punk pop formula. Their sound is actually closer to the style of Green Day, only their lead singer is a horny, angst-ridden woman rather than a horny angst-ridden male. Interesting side note: she also has an exhibitionist streak which makes for a stimulating live show.

**Roky Erikson**- *All That May Do My Rhyme*. Erikson and his band the 13th Floor Elevators helped create the acid-rock sound that Janis Joplin and others would eventually popularize, but while they have become cultural icons he has been in and out of psychiatric wards hoping to finally find some of the fame that has eluded him. Erikson has decided to enter the recording studio for the first time in over a decade.

Fueled by the garage band roughness that he defined, Erikson's lyrics career between the domain of Brian Wilson and Sid Barrett. **Railroad Jerk**- *One Track Mind*. Just as the John Spencer Blues Explosion tosses traditional blues through the indie rock blender, Railroad Jerk manipulates and deconstructs country music. Low-fi recording techniques abound as Railroad Jerk makes country palatable for indie rock purists.

probably bored (but keep an eye out for upcoming articles on "Top Ten songs that sucked the least '94-'95" and "Top Ten overrated bands '90-'95"). I honestly don't care if everyone here chooses to listen to The Melrose Place soundtrack twenty-four hours a day, so don't waste it if I knocked on a group that gives meaning to your daily existence. This is just a chance for interested people to see what else is available to them, other than the pre-packaged crap they try to sell to our important Generation X consumer demographic.

Perspective, continued

and excited the students at Sewanee were about cross-cultural exchange. One of the highlights of fall semester ('94) was the production, "Daughters of Africa." This play was important because it succeeded the step-show and demonstration, and acted as a reinforcement of the point that we African-American student's ain't tryin' to hear no stuff about not changing! The play was an affirmation of our struggle here as students. Unlike the "African-American Voices" production, this play focused on the artistic, political, and social aspirations of black women. Although the expression of black womanhood was central to the theme, the play was also about the role black men have in defining black women.

Now, I am sitting out on the lawn looking at the sun, thinking to myself while watching a white face pass, a short stubby fellow walk by, or an oriental, or an east-Asian student, or an old woman and her dog. For all the hickering in the papers about who's right and who's wrong, tradition and change, and for all the times I've sat in a class and felt the chilling cut of alienation and isolation because I was the only black student or person of another culture in the class, why do we spend all of our time and energy trying to be different and separate? Our similarities and differences as people are not the issue; the most obvious thing about people is our unity, those times when we realize that we truly are one with everything in the universe and that our small differences are only as important as we make them. The scary thing about watching all of these different people pass me by as I gaze across to

Woods Lab is the thought that we all live on this mountain and somehow get along. We don't even realize that Sewanee is already diverse and is constantly redefining itself and its traditions. The only constant I've experienced at Sewanee is change.

As an African-American student, I feel that my struggle for identity and desire for cross-cultural exchange has contributed to the idea of change at Sewanee. Like many other African-American students here, I know that to celebrate what is African, black, southern, and down home is to celebrate life itself. Joy, laughter, pain, and understanding is our experience as black people in America. But this experience is not just limited to black people, it also extends to any. After all, the black experience is an American experience.

To the graduating class of African American students I would like to extend my deepest appreciation for the humanity everyone of you have shared with me and the community. You all are living proof that black students can make it here, and that as a collective body, we can make history! All of us as young African American students have showed this place what it means to know and live in the African way. To love, promote harmony, express peace, and desire understanding are things we have shared here, things that were passed down to us from the mother land. To all of my friends graduating, you all have represented 'da hood' well and I continue to pray for our peace, liberation, and prosperity. Much Love from your brother, Rashied.

Babe(s) of the Week

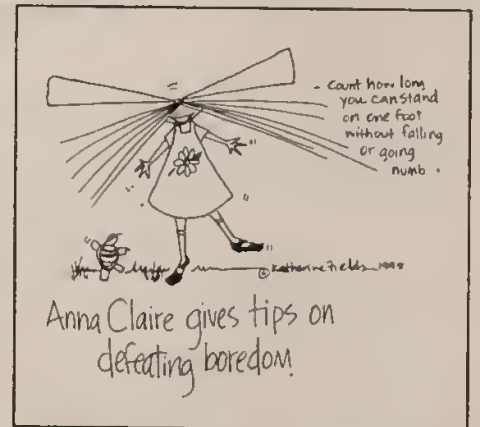


Sexy Sewanee Sirens strut their stuff. Photo by Lyn Hutchindon.

# BACK PAGE



NON SEQUITUR BY WILLY



## The Year in Retrospect ... Why Do We Bother?

by Trace Roquemore

"Weary" is the word for those of us who try really hard not to be melodramatic in disclosing how many people we want to kill before we extirpate ourselves from this sunshine-polluted bleakness some call civilization, or "happy land." In April we saw the women activists on TV violently protest violence. What I mean by "violently" is that you could see it in their eyes. One of these "altruistic broads for a cause" phoned a female journalist who had written an article in a magazine (the names have been kept secret to protect the guilty) concerning domestic violence against men, and threatened to kill her children. It seems that the word "hypoeritic" has come to mean natural, human, virtuous, or Emersonian in our country. Anyway, of course all of these marching women had a right to be angry. The majority of them seemed to be overweight and/or ugly. If you can't join 'em, hate 'em. Anyway, *National Review* informed us this month that every 15 seconds a woman is beaten by a man in the U.S., and of the much ignored fact that every 14 seconds, a man is beaten by a woman. Enough of this!

What else? (It hurts to extract this informa-

tion, by the way) A new species of animal, which makes us even more aware of our animal-like natures and stupidity, was discovered (oddy enough by *Discover* magazine) in the antarctic. These despicable rodents are called "Hot-Headed Ice Borers," because we (all of us united by the unseen spirit) have no dichotomous name for them yet. Basically, they aren't aware of God's "Ten Commandments," because they kill penguins indiscriminately. Not only that, but they're sneaky about it, too. For instance, six of these six-inch long worms with red heads (due to a cornucopia of blood vessels in that region for elevated body temperature for the purpose of melting ice) gather under a penguin, melt through the ice, pull him down slowly as they eat him inch by inch, and leave nothing but a beak and webbed feet.

Newt Gingrich is this guy who smiles a lot, sometimes when he doesn't feel like it. He's also on the cover of some periodicals. People think he's powerful because he has such a large torso and cranium.

Acquired a girlfriend last semester. Only to lose her to some French guy.

It's been two years since David Koresh enter-

tained us with something new...well, thanks for the car bombing...that was sort of cool...I guess.

I think all of you who read my articles throughout the year, but I do not know why. Perhaps, I am grateful.

Did Marriott change or improve? Did they need to? It's all so confusing. Well, it's not my job to make anything clear to anyone. Why should I? It seems that the older I get, the more my fellow humans become dull, confusing, esoteric, repressed, and slippery as snakes (willy, that is). For example, a while back an anonymous female asked me at lunch if I knew if Daylight Savings Time ever started in June, if that was possible, and that she thought it may have in '92. I told her that I didn't know how any facet of the calendar worked, and that I was currently eating my cereal. She apparently ignored my need to be alone in my thoughts because she continued, "Well, I think they add up the days and minutes and pieces of wood on the abacus...and the sun has to be shining on the fourth quadrant of the moon...and the groundhog has to pop his head out and smile...and then, like, you've got this day that's...like...the daylight savings day." Frankly, my difficulty is that I can't learn anything

in this world because my teachers talk and communicate in the same fashion as this lunatic I just mentioned. Here's what some more thoughtful people have to say:

"Well, you've got the millenium coming up...and like, whenever these big numbers roll around, everybody's like, 'whoa 2000!'...and various cults sort of prime the pump for the apocalypse...essentially blowing things up and what have you...kind of like when the year 1000 hit...everyone went crazy all over Europe." - Chance Robert Algar, stepping out of the lime-light.

"It's all a farce," said Margaret Parsell, a disillusioned, cynical, intelligent, yet frightened, creature of non-habit.

"I hate the fact that humans look at the passing of the years with sorrow...because they can never overcome their personal pride and be able to see time as a whole with wise eyes. Go to sleep, Mr Froggy Head." - Warren Holt









