

The Sewanee Purple

THE STUDENT ORGAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

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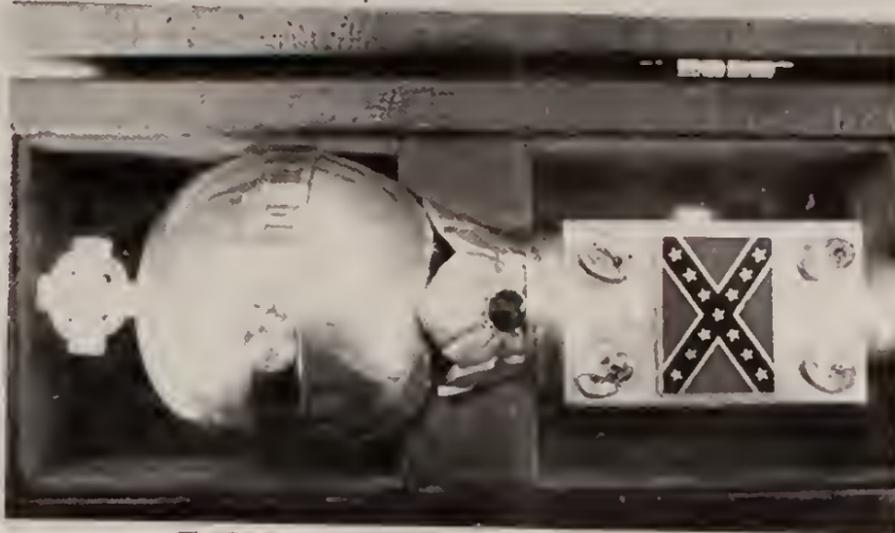
Vol. II Issue VI

Is Tradition Slipping Away?

A Response to New York Times' *In Desire to Grow, Colleges in South Battle with Roots*

In a front page article of the New York Times on November 30, 2005 writer Alan Finder highlighted challenges that southern colleges, with special emphasis on our beloved Sewanee: The University of the South, are facing as they look to appeal to more diverse applicants. This article was most likely sparked by the decision to change our name from simply the University of the South to Sewanee: The University of the South, along with other changes, including the retirement of the ceremonial mace used by the President of the Order of the Gownsmen and the banishment of the university seal on Sewanee merchandise. In performing such changes, Sewanee is "looking to appeal beyond the privileged white children of the South, who have long been the university's base, and become a more national, selective and radically diverse university."

It is understandable that Sewanee desires to keep up with other leading private liberal arts colleges, but it is interesting that in order to do so, administrators believe that they must banish many of the university's cherished symbols and imagery. Some stu-



The Controversial Mace of The University of the South

dents believe that the administration should take the approach of playing up Sewanee's strengths instead of attacking idiosyncrasies rooted in our southern history. For instance, Sewanee was recently featured as one of only twenty schools in a book entitled: *Student Success in College: Creating Conditions That Matter* by George D. Kuh, Jillian Kinzie, et al (Jossey-Bass, 2005). Kuh does a fabulous job explaining some of the most intriguing aspects and true strengths of our university's traditions: "Engagement is a

way of life at Sewanee. It is a small, intimate community with a clear sense of purpose, coherent values, and a collegial atmosphere. Students and faculty members share a moral obligation to make Sewanee an intense, rigorous academic experience. Students want a traditional collegiate experience and find it on a campus that has few outside distractions. From the first week on campus, almost all students get involved in something. The institution instills in its students a sense of collective re-

By Blair Overman

sponsibility for operating important areas of the campus. Students tutor peers at the Writing Center, plan major events, serve on institutional committees and task forces, and hold approximately 700 leadership roles in clubs and organizations."

I went on to discover that students here feel the same way too.

One intriguing statement in the New York Times article is that "[the administrators] say that for the university to prosper in a highly competitive market, it needs to reach out to a broader range of students; only 4.5 percent of the 1,400 undergraduates are black, 2 percent are Hispanic, and 2 percent are Asian-American. To do that, they say, Sewanee needs to draw in students, not provoke them." Many students do, in fact, feel provoked by the changes being made to Sewanee's image as highlighted by the New York Times article.

Lauren Busey, a junior double art and German major, said that she was first attracted to Sewanee because "it was so individualistic, deeply rooted in tradition, and it was a small safe community." She has never found that any of the historically southern symbols

(Continued on page 2)

European Studies

By Sanford Zeigler

As most of the school has already noticed, the start of this semester was marked with a flood of upperclassmen and women returning from a semester abroad. Rather than doing the responsible thing and going straight home after my travels, a study buddy and I decided to go first to our better home, Sewanee. After months of learning about Greek, Roman, and Ottoman culture with the European studies program, of seeing the wonders of Western and Near Eastern civilization, then two weeks of forgetting it all on an independent trip through Central Europe, I was finally coming home. But before I give you my first impressions of Sewanee after months in Europe, allow me to give you a brief rundown of what I have learned while traveling about the British Isles and the Mediterranean.

1. Most everybody who lives north of the English Channel is a complete and unapologetic boozehound.

2. Art History is not just for curators and future caterers, it is actually pretty amazing and worth taking a course in.

3. I'm glad I don't go to Rhodes.

4. British Parliament is more exciting than the WNBA, and only slightly less exciting than NCAA Football.

5. The first true "crunk cup" can be found in the Athens Archaeological Museum. The libation cup is soapstone carved as a bull's head with gilded horns and a lotus flower on the forehead. The cup is a symbol of the cult of the bull, examples of which can be

found in nearly every primitive civilization in the Old World for its virility, its significance in ritual sacrifice, and the role of the bull's sacrificial blood in the ancient ideas of fertility. The East Side Boys would be proud.

6. Most things in England taste like a ham sandwich.

7. I should have been born in Ancient Greek times.

So after inheriting these pearls of wisdom from the finest that Sewanee and Oxford have to offer alongside the venerable Nigel McGilchrest, I went on a trip through a few former Communist countries, the train stations of which are in no way, shape, or form humorous, and came back to the old U.S. of A., to Sewanee, the place I call home.

Zack Leskosky, a fellow lover of chariot battles and European Studies companion, had arranged for Susan Barry, Brita Shaw, Johnny Craig, and Alice Houston to pick us up from the Atlanta airport and take us straight to Sewanee. We hit the ground running by showing up at the Phi house without even touching our luggage and enjoying our first Natural Lights, the first beers we've had in months that didn't sit on the gut like a plate of bangers and mash.

The Sewanee I found was much the same as the one I had left, and I found her as simultaneously comforting and bewildering as I always have. As I stepped into the Phi house to witness

(Continued on page 2)

Stirlings is Fabulous

By David Hellams

Starting on the the first day of the Easter semester 2006, and running through spring break, Stirling's Coffee House gallery will exhibit paintings and drawings by Sewanee students David Hellams and Roger Jones in a show titled "Real Escape Agent."

Juniors Hellams and Jones are art majors in the College, and as their complementary styles will show, have studied alongside one another during their coursework in the department. Hellams recently exhibited with seven other Sewanee students at the I-24 show, hosted by the Secret Show Series in Nashville.

Jones' work in "Real Escape Agent" will include several abstract landscape drawings in ink wash, charcoal, and other media; a series of graphite portraits of friends and family, and a dramatic fantasy-landscape in oil paint.

Hellams will exhibit his series of six small (8x10) oil paintings from family photographs. In addition, several larger realist paintings will be on display, along with a detailed ink and graphite drawing culled from family photographs but distinctly altered to create a scene reminiscent of a mythological illustration.



Roger Jones' artwork is both abstract and deeply personal.

The Office of Admission's Response to the NY Times Article

The method behind the madness of University changes...answers to many up in the air questions provided by Jason Hamilton, Director of Admission:

"First, I think it's important to point out that the things we've done in the past two years in terms of marketing the University have little to do with changes and everything to do with making Sewanee better known to students who would benefit from the kind of education we provide.

Decisions about flags in the Chapel or the ceremonial mace were made many years ago in the mid 1990s and are unrelated to our current work. Second, the name of this institution remains the University of the South, it has not been changed nor does anyone plan to change it. We've simply connected Sewanee, the familiar name that most alums use when referring to the school, with the formal name, the

"In the past two years we have enjoyed record numbers of applications, our largest class ever, and strong numbers of minority applications." - Jason Hamilton

University of the South, because many who hear of Sewanee don't always realize that it also is the University of the South. The familiar wordmark which incorporates both names, by the way, has been in use since the early 1990s,

so this really isn't all that new. Use of the University Seal has been somewhat restricted because in recent years it had been used on everything from golf balls to cocktail napkins, and this seemed inappropriate. The seal is the University's imprimatur and we believe it should be reserved for items requiring just that, such as diplomas, official documents, or invitations. The crux of what we are trying to do is to ensure that the messages we deliver about Sewanee are consistent and ones that emphasize the excellent education one can obtain here. That means talking about Sewanee's dedicated faculty, the student faculty relationships, the advantages of the domain and many other benefits that I'd bet you could recite off the top of your head. And, while increasing our recruitment of minority students is one goal of our strategic plan, it is not the only one. That said, in the past two years we have enjoyed record numbers of applications, our largest class ever, and strong numbers of minority applications. We are also trying to ensure that our publications are not only consistent in messaging, but also in terms of the graphic identity, so that all look like they are part of a family. We hope that by continuing to talk about the great things that are possible through a Sewanee education that this place we all love will continue to thrive, to be stronger in the years ahead and to attract those students who can enrich and who will be enriched by this special learning community."

NY Times Response Continued

that are so often seen around campus offensive as she claims that "they are in the past and no one uses them in a negative way." Along those same lines Kaitlyn Stavish, a sophomore, "believes that there has been an outcry from the student populations for the administration to explain the changes they are making to the university. In the end it is a slippery slope as to how far the administration is willing to go if there is no police on their actions." Furthermore, junior political science major Annie Cheek affirms that it is important to keep in mind that the foundation of Sewanee is built on traditions of all types put into place by the founding churches from various southern states. "How does one go about determining what symbols, imagery, and traditions to change?"

On the other hand, some students feel that changes were necessary in order for Sewanee to keep up with other leading competitive liberal arts schools. For instance, Loren Peterson, an Asian-American freshman, can see how Sewanee's strong southern image might deter people. He is not personally offended by any of the symbols or imagery around campus because "they are a part of southern heritage but one cannot hide that such imagery as the Confederate flag represents a dark time in our history and could be offensive to some." He can see that minorities might feel isolated here and that is enough to deter people from enrolling. Raven Oyedeji, a junior African American psychology major, acknowledges that "every school has blemishes." Specifically in the context of changes

in Sewanee, she believes that if you take away certain things you are taking away what makes Sewanee unique. She applauds that the administration is trying to rid Sewanee of things that might appear blatantly intolerant, but getting rid of too much will be bad for Sewanee in the long run. Additionally, junior art major, Merrill Stewart recognizes that "every generation likes to feel that their institution has activities that transcend time; however, this mind frame is a myth because Sewanee is not a static place. Traditions and

"There has been an outcry from the student populations for the administration to explain the changes they are making to the university," - Kaitlyn Stavish.

customs have been changing since the school was founded and they will continue to change. Traditions represent an idealistic past to most but Sewanee must evolve in order to compete in an ever-changing field as one of the top liberal arts schools. There is a thin line between changing aspects of Sewanee to compete with other academic institutions and changing things that affect its core values. Most importantly, diversity for the sake of diversity is inherently defeating. Sewanee should try not to attract diverse populations just for the sake of claiming to have diversity; it should strive to attract the best students, no matter who they are."

European Studies Continued



Staying true to their Sewanee roots, Patrick Morrel and Sanford Zeigler enjoy a day at Blenheim Palace with Aristotle and on afternoon drink.



It's true: one can never escape the Sewanee Bubble, not even in Yorkshire, UK

my first party inside the beloved Fratican, I decided the best way to see the place I loved was to climb up on the pool table and drink her in. And drink her in I did. She was so intoxicating that I lost my sandals (mandals to those on European Studies) and danced on stage with a soul singer as old as my mother until I could dance no more.

The rest of the weekend followed suit and gave me the perfect welcome back to the land of the free and the home of the cheap fast food, the place where the boys are boys and the girls are girls and I can tell the difference between the men's and women's clothing departments. I will not hesitate to recommend a semester abroad to anyone; there are certain things that one cannot learn from a book, and the time away grants the students involved a much broader perspective of human experience around the world. However, as progressive and intimidating

as Europe was with its socialized healthcare and millennia of history, America has something that Europe never will: Sewanee.

Sewanee is a uniquely Southern and thus uniquely American place in the world and it will never be duplicated. It is an environment in which one has the freedom to make mistakes but has friends that will hold him to the line when the consequences knock. It is a place where one can learn the value of a true education, not a Business degree with a minor in Accounting, but a degree that shows we know the value of a person and the greatness that our world holds for us to discover. And when it is all said and done, if you leave, Sewanee is a place that will welcome you back with open arms and a few cold ones to help you pick up where you've left off.

News in Brief

By Sam Currin

Kringle ready to call it quits, "getting too old for this."

Kris Kringle, the man most people know as Santa Claus, is ready to hang-up his boots. "I'm getting too old for this crap," he said in a recent interview. "I've been defying all laws of physics and gravity for so long that it's catching up to me. I'm tired, people. This is an all year job. When I'm not researching new toys or training the elves, I'm flying all over the freakin' world in one night! Trust me, it wears on you." Kringle is looking forward to retiring sometime soon, once he can "find a suitable substitute." Claus states that it is crucial to hide from his potential replacement the fact that "I don't even get paid for this ****."

Old Man Winter tired of people doubting him.

With the fluctuating weather that we've seen this winter, many students have questioned whether or not winter is getting too mild. Old man winter, the bitter old man behind the season that we know as winter, is tired of being underestimated. "It's so frustrating having kids question the season just because the temperature has been above 50 a few times this year," he said. "Do these people not know that I can barrage them with snow, sleet, hail, fog, freezing rain, and depression at the snap of my fingers? I can't remember the last time Sewanee had an "average" winter, but what the hell is an average winter anyway! I guarantee you that it's not going to be this year, especially with everyone doubting whether I've still 'got it.' Of course I've still got it, and fie on those of you that doubt me."

Fortier hasn't fallen down lately.

Via "face plant" Fortier has been defying her namesake as of late. "It's probably been two or three weeks since I lost my balance and busted my ass." The student body has also noticed this long streak of fall-freeness. Jeffrey Connelly, a sophomore acquaintance of face plant notes, "yeah, I guess it's been a while since I either saw her fall or saw evidence of a recent fall in the form of a huge gash on her face." Face plant has adopted a new attitude, and has promised to be "fall-free" for as long as possible. Friend Catherine Jones is skeptical though. She says, "Via can't go three weeks without falling on her face. The only reason she hasn't in a while is because she hasn't been at school, in her element. Once she gets back into the groove, I give it two days before we see evidence of an extreme loss of balance." Fortier's roommate Katie Van Cleave also gave an insight as to Via's supposed fall-freeness. "Via falls down all the time, everyone is just not around to see it. In fact, come to think of it, she might not have ever learned

to walk properly."

Houston "can't believe Brown snagged the bottom bunk."

Junior Hunter Houston can't believe that his temporarily handicapped roommate Emerson Brown has abused his condition in order to "snag the bottom bunk." Brown, who tore his ACL in a tennis match against Houston last semester (which Houston won), recently had surgery on his knee, resulting in a brace, a limp, and a temporary handicapped-parking sticker. Houston, however, doesn't see how his condition justifies an "overthrow of my residence in the bottom bunk." He said, "I mean, I know it's hard for him to get up on the top bunk with that knee, but who said life was easy?! I get really bad vertigo, and sometimes I wake up on the top bunk and freeze up and have to get [suitemates] Roger [Jones] and Patrick [Byrne] to talk me down, since Emerson is 'handicapped'." Brown, however, feels that his actions are justified. "He had bottom last semester. I can't even bend my knee. How the hell am I supposed to climb up on the top bunk?" Houston predicts that he will wait until Brown is "close to 100%" before "bum-rushing him for the bottom bunk."

Renegade Lambda Chi steals all of the new KA pledges.

It wasn't Phi or SAE that stole any KA pledges this year. It was Lambda Chi Steve "Steve-O" Smith. Using a high concentration tear gas grenade, Smith rushed KA on shake day, knocked out all the members, and loaded up all the KA pledges into the back of a used '94 Chevy flatbed before he fled the scene to an undisclosed location. Smith somehow believes that these pledges can help him to win the coveted Forestry award next year. Being one of only three junior Forestry majors (Megan Morris and high-school dropout Dawson Smith are the other two), Smith has upped the ante in the race for academic domination of the Forestry Department. High-school dropout Dawson Smith, upon hearing the news, revealed that he had "no intention of one-upping Steve-O", assuring me that he would take a "purely academic" approach to "righting the wrongs that [Steve-O] has committed."

Pequod gets first ever student-band groupie.

The student band "Pequod," composed of Gray Murray, Wilson Bonner, Roger Jones, and Jack West, have been welcomed into the annals of student band history with the emergence of their first groupie. Junior English major Floyd Turbo expressed a great interest in the band after their first gig at Delt, and since then, has been ever-present in the development

of what he calls "perhaps the greatest band Sewanee has ever seen." He commented, "Pequod is the perfect combination of artists. All of these guys are straight as an arrow and musically gifted. I predict superstardom in the next few years." Turbo was recently seen front and center tossing up words of encouragement and shouts of ecstatic support at Pequod's Pub show. Turbo said, of the show, "Pequod was on that night. Roger's riffs were catchy and energetic. Wilson was splitting his time between the keys and the harmonica. Jack's solos were crisp and full of life. And Gray took the bass for a walk of such funky proportions that I nearly fainted." Turbo has since then failed out of school because of his obsessive desire to download the Delt show off of the internet (he insists that it can be found).

Zeigler "unimpressed with Underworld: Evolution." (contribution by Townsend Zeigler)

Respected movie critic Townsend Zeigler was recently "unimpressed but expectedly amused by Underworld: Evolution," which he reviewed during a recent foray to Chattanooga. The film tells the story of two immortal brothers, one the first vampire and one the first werewolf or "Lycaen." The two try to reunite and conquer all with cruelty and destruction after being kept separate for centuries by their father Corvinus, played by Sir Derek Jacobi, the great Shakespearean actor who took on the role after being relocated through the Witness Protection Agency. To stop the brothers, a leather-clad Kate Beckinsale, a vampire with a heart of gold, shoots, detonates, and dismembers throngs of immortals in her finest role since Serendipity, where she played a whimsical nut bag that put up with John Cusack's BS. Zeigler claimed the plot of "Underworld Evolution" had many flaws and grew hazier after drinking much of the wine that he snuck into the theater. Fortunately, the werewolves were hairy, which made it easier to identify the two races and who was killing whom. Zeigler was especially confused by the sex scene between Kate Beckinsale and her hybrid vampire/werewolf boyfriend but did not mind the blurry shot of Beckinsale's breasts. "Though the flick was mind-numbing, hookers hunting werewolves has appeal no matter who you are" Zeigler stated, also giving kudos to the final scene, which involved werewolf boxing and death by helicopter blades, which he described as "dank dank gnar gnar." All in all, though the movie was ultimately disappointing, Zeigler recommends purchasing a bottle of wine, halting all thought processes, and letting Hollywood take over for a delightful evening of intrigue and passion.

Bursting the Bubble

By Jacob Lewin

I feel fairly safe in saying that not many people follow the news at Sewanee. Let's face it, we're all far too busy going to class, doing work, and engaging in mass weekend debauchery to really peer outside the "bubble" (am I allowed to say "debauchery" in a school publication?). There's even a Facebook group devoted to that very concept ("Willingly Trapped in the Sewanee Bubble" is the name of the group, for those of you who don't know what Facebook is, you prove my point). On one hand, this is exactly what makes Sewanee so unique: once we set foot on campus, we don't have to pay attention to what's happening outside of it. Instead, we get to spend our free time cavorting in an idyllic environment straight out of C.S. Lewis (minus the fauns and talking animals... well, most of the time). Who doesn't

like being cut off from society? There are so many problems out there that we don't even have to think about, much less deal with. But that's precisely the issue. By sequestering ourselves in this blue-domed, occasionally foggy snow-globe, doesn't our awareness of the outside world suffer? Don't get me wrong, apathy (political and otherwise) seems to be symptomatic of our society in general, but it seems even *more* apparent in a place like Sewanee, where the natural insularity of the environment just compounds that same apathy (multi-syllabic words – rock).

Allow me to just run down a list of current events that people should know about (keep score at home, folks): Hamas won the Palestinian parliamentary elections last week; Samuel Alito has been confirmed to the Supreme Court (and will join Clarence Thomas'

Antonin Scalia Fan Club); George W's sixth State of the Union was Tuesday night; the BoSox traded for Indians' outfielder Coco Crisp; Kobe Bryant scored 81 points versus the Raptors, the second most single-game points ever (behind Wilt), and attempted to change his name to "Black Mamba"; and the Oscar nominations just came out. Yeah, yeah, those events were a little politico-centric, but that's just how I think about things. Besides, "Black Mamba" is just side-splitting.

So, what's my point, right? I'm getting to that. I had originally intended this article to be some sort of impassioned plea for individual responsibility and a conscious effort to increase awareness on the part of everyone... but then I realized that there are at least three reasons that wouldn't work. First, I would probably sound so agonizingly

condescending that no one would listen. Second, most people just aren't as interested in this stuff as I am. And finally, impassioned pleas tend to be rather dry and boring to read (which isn't to say that this is wholly captivating). So my columns aren't going to deal with any of that garbage. I figure that since I try to stay informed, I could pass that knowledge on to you (I know, I'm a nerd). Just consider it a service (which conveniently leaves more time for drinking).

That said, I certainly hope that at least some of you take it upon yourselves to find out more about issues I mention, but I'm also going to attempt to focus on stuff that keeps us in the loop, so to speak. It probably won't always be serious or even good, but it's going to be here, for your enjoyment, laughter, and ridicule.

Police Blotter

By Jacob Moore

Chief Parrot sat across from me, racking his brain for stories of humorous crimes committed in the past two weeks. Shake Day went surprisingly smoothly, perhaps suspiciously so. "I don't know if people are committing their antics off campus or what, but up here it's been pretty quiet." Aside from a few glass bottle violations and a stolen banjo, the weekend was without much interest. Even the friendly neighborhood flasher from last year had seemingly disappeared. What was a police blottist to do? At last, a story sprang to his mind and my deus ex machina came in the form of streakers. According to the Chief, the highlight of the weekend's rascality was a group of three young women who, having suffered at least a dozen minutes of abject boredom, felt compelled to liven up the night with a cool, brisk jog in the buff. Operating under the imperfect assumption that it was late at night, they streaked the quad right into the clutches of the police. It was approximately 9:30. "Thankfully, the young women surrendered," explained the Chief, and the officer was not forced to give chase.

"In retrospect," began one of the apprehended nudists in an anonymous interview, "we should have just kept running. It would have been a little awkward hanging out naked in Woods Lab, but at least we wouldn't have had to speak to the Po-Po with our shirts in our hands." Evidently, the officer was not the only person the streakers encountered. Dean Loyd was also present at the scene. One of the streakers admitted, "When I saw Dean Loyd was driving around with the cop, I thought, if we're going to have to talk to her eventually, why not talk to her now?"

The offending birthday suit enthusiast then proceeded to converse with Dean Loyd and ask how her night was going, a course of action she does not advise one undertake while dressing. In their defense, the young ladies claimed a deep respect for the traditions of our esteemed University. According to the visionary gymnosophists, "We're just trying to keep Sewanee traditions alive. Save Sewanee, Save Streaking. Can you really damn us for that?"

Indeed, the art department may be the only power capable of answering that question, and the Chief speculated that "the art class may get a few more volunteers this year." The girls returned to ATO with their tails between their legs and



Rising gas prices have recently caused a Sewanee 5-0 fund crunch.

their underwear in their arms, but despite the naked tomfoolery of the evening, Chief Parrot was pleased to report that, "Shake Day was much better this year from the standpoint of people taking care of each other." The Chief expects post-comp seniors to pick up the slack and be the source of most future shenanigans. You have your challenge, seniors; go to it.

Smoothie Explosion

By Jacob Moore



Looking for afternoon delight? Try a McClurg Smoothie.

I'm sure we've all had this conversation towards the beginning of the semester:

"Hey, have you seen the new smoothies?"

"The what now?"

"The smoothies, have you tried one?"

"We...have smoothies?"

"Yes."

"In McClurg?"

"Uh-huh!"

"...Oh sweet Jebediah's cornfield, SMOOTHIES!"

Well, that's how it went for me, at least. The addition of smoothies to McClurg is just one of several delightful changes that have brought smiles to our faces. Who isn't excited about the presence of chicken in the salad bar or the new, late weekend hours? These are fantastic improvements, to be sure, but the thing that has people most excited is the frozen, fruity, sugary slush that some of us (me) consume up to three times a day. Severe risk of diabetes aside, the smoothie is all good, and in interviews with various patrons and employees of McClurg, this frozen delight is a hot item.

Junior David Martinez remembers the first smoothie he ever had as "a little ray of sunshine in a cup." When asked how the smoothies here stack up, he responded, "They're not *as* good, but they're pretty damn good."

Freshman Evan Judge described his first smoothie experience at age seven as "a mix between uncontested

bliss and the greatest moment of my life." For many, this bliss becomes addictive. Sophomore Clay Stewart has been chasing the fruity dragon since the smoothies were introduced. The disheveled, bleary-eyed smoothie junkie admitted to consuming at least five a day.

"It's where I get my fruit for the day," he revealed, adding, "They're the best thing to happen to McClurg since Magic Bars!" Clay was able to name off every flavor he had encountered so far at the smoothie line: "There's Banana Frost, raspberry, strawberry, Mango Madness, piña colada-I had like five of those the day they had piña colada, I don't even know if that's a fruit...dude, I want one right now." Clay's struggle with his addiction may allude to a darker side to the smoothie explosion.

Sheila Layne, a McClurg manager and wounded smoothie smith told me about her harrowing ordeal with the first machines used in McClurg. According to Sheila, the blenders that had been scheduled for use didn't make it in time, and the staff was forced to improvise or face a smoothie drought. While assembling a mixer, Sheila was attacked by an errant blade and suffered a severe cut to her thumb. "I swore I'd never work with the smoothie mixers again," she said in an exclusive interview beside the sandwich line. Even as I interviewed her, however, she was mixing a peachy delight for me, having courageously overcome her fear of the blender's whirling blades. "It's like a baby learning to walk. I have to learn to do everything left-handed." Sheila estimated that she had served fifty or sixty smoothies by noon that day, and that was a slow day.

The demand for smoothies is on the rise here at Sewanee, but with the sacrifices of dedicated dining staffers like Sheila Layne, no man, woman or child on the mountain need go without that icy goodness. Here's to you, McClurg, and to you, Sheila; that was a damn good smoothie.

WUTS 91.3FM Jingle Contest to Commence 10th Anniversary Festivities at Stirling's

By Eleanor Lacy

On behalf of Stirling's Coffeehouse I would like to invite the general Sewanee public to engage in a competition of musical wit in honor of Stirling's 10th anniversary. Ms. Alvarez and I have been bending our thoughts towards how best to celebrate our campus coffeehouse on its birthday and have come to believe that it can best be done in song. We have decided to hold a Jingle Contest.

We urge everyone who holds any affection for Stirling's to search his heart for a catchy melody and a funny rhyme, to put them together in glorious tribute, and then (here's the hard part) CALL them into our local radio station. Having found ourselves ill-equipped to accomplish this undertaking on our own, we have convinced the Andrew Moser and Austin Lacy Radio Hour (tentatively named "The Schopenhauer Hour, or, Is this Real?" Thursdays from

4pm to 5pm on 91.3 fm) to sponsor this contest. They have very kindly agreed to do so and will be waiting for the first jingle calls this Thursday, February 2nd.

Allow me to explain the process. Mr. Moser and Mr. Lacy will have you perform your jingle over the phone and will record it as it is broadcast over the air. The contest will run from now until March 9th. Ms. Alvarez and I will sort through the hundred of recorded entries and select a number of finalists. Finalists will be invited to perform their jingle at Stirling's 10th Anniversary Party (Friday afternoon, March 31st). First, second, and third place winners will be chosen by the Applause-O-Meter system at that time. In addition to being awarded very exciting prizes, the winners will be granted the distinction of having their jingles played as a soundtrack to Stirling's soon-to-be-up-

dated website. So please gather some thoughts about Stirling's (they must, please, be FCC clean), join them to a melody, and screw up your courage to sing it over the air this Thursday (or

some future Thursday) between four and five pm.

We look forward to numerous and enthusiastic entries and may the best jingle win!

The Sewanee Purple

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Men's Basketball: Future Looks Bright

By Katy Bosse

"It's a building year for us," said Sewanee Men's Basketball Coach Joe Thoni. While this may be true, this does not mean that the team has not shown Sewanee some excellent basketball games. All of the winning games for the Tigers have taken place on Sewanee's home court at the Fowler Center. Some have reasoned that these home wins can be attributed to the Sewanee fans or perhaps the presence of the new Tiger Girls Dance Team.



Junior Joey Garcia has got GAME.

The team consists of one senior (Captain Ben Campbell), four juniors (including Captains Chris Eddy and Spencer Rowland), two sophomores, and nine freshmen. The boys practice at least two and a half hours a day, six days a week. The team also returned to Sewanee Dec. 28th (weeks before comping seniors returned to study) to practice twice a day.

According to Coach Thoni, the team's strengths lie in their ability to work as a team, especially by allowing each player to have some game time. Junior Joey Garcia currently leads the team in scoring and in the team's im-

proved shooting game for the year. Another strength for the team is the fact that it is comprised of nine freshmen, which makes this team one of the youngest to come through Sewanee. A young team can only mean good things for the future, especially with this year's upperclassmen serving as role models.

What motivates these sixteen college students to give up so much of

their free time for a sport at a Division III school? Coach Thoni believes, "They have to love playing the game and competition more than anything. I am particularly proud of this group of guys. They work really well together and are just fun to be with." The team's last home game is February 12th, against DePauw University. The team also hopes to qualify for the SCAC tournament, which is held February 24 - 26 in Memphis, Tennessee.

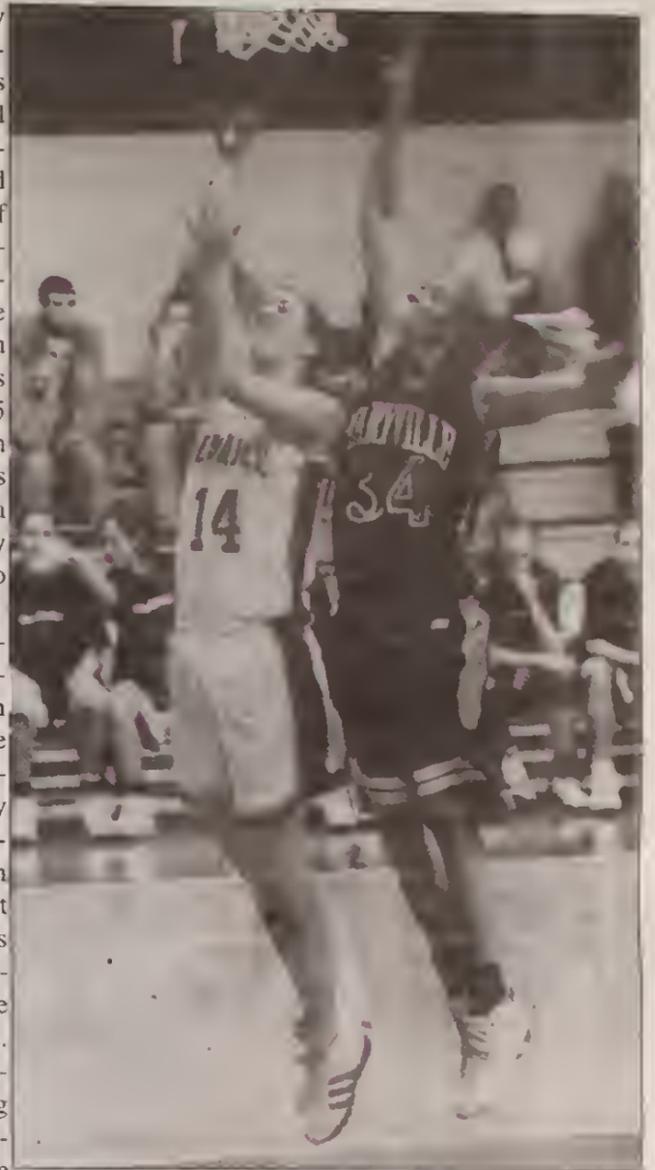
While the outcome of this year's basketball season is unknown, one thing is for sure: the future looks promising.

Women's Basketball: Tigers are Hungry

By Sally Lewis

With February right around the corner, conference play is in full force. The road to Sewanee's 10-8; 2-5 record has provided an exciting display of women's college basketball. With a grueling SCAC schedule remaining, which boasts two teams ranked in the top 25 and one other team with top 25 votes, it is worthwhile to take a peek at how the Lady Tigers have fared so far this season.

Under the leadership of 2004-2005 SCAC Coach of the Year Dickie McCarthy and assistant coach Emily Cline, the Tigers began the season with a promising 8-2 start and were picked as one of the five "super-sleepers" in the country (d3hoops.com). The season debut included a strong road win against in-state rival Maryville College in the



And One!

Transylvania tip-off tournament. One day later, the Tigers took home the tournament trophy as they conquered Indiana University-Southeast in the finals. The trophy is not the only thing they brought home. Courtney Childress, a sophomore, continued her dominating ways from last season and was voted as the tournament MVP. She was also selected to join the D3hoops.com national team of the week following the tournament. In addition to Childress' honors, junior guard Danielle Pettay was named to the all-tournament team. The Tigers would get the best of their next three opponents before dropping a close match to Emory University. In the midst of this, Sewanee senior Sally Jackson became the program's 11th player to reach the 1000th career point total. Just before Christmas break, Sewanee made a victim of Maryville College once more, but dropped a match to the solid Division I team UNC-Asheville. Immediately following their short, ten-day vacation, the Tigers picked up two more convincing wins against Worcester State College and the Huntingdon Hawks.

With the Huntingdon win came the devastating loss of Childress to a shoulder injury. The Tigers struggled a bit in her absence, but continued to exhibit hard work and determination in a difficult series of conference games. Although they have lost six out of their last eight games, four of those losses have been by a mere five points or less, and two have been to national powerhouses such as Trinity University and DePauw University. Things are looking up. Childress is back and healthy. Sally Jackson and Jamie McConnell,

an unstoppable combination of post players, are playing very well. Danielle Pettay has consistently shown her ability to score and play solid defense. Additionally, Rachel Miller and Paige Lind have proved to be a dynamic duo of freshmen point guards. Their playing style, which consists of outstanding court vision and dependable ball handling, resembles that of New England Patriots' quarterback Tom Brady. Many others on the team have also revealed their capability to step up when needed.

Coach Emily Cline explains that Sewanee's best playing has yet to come: "We are a young team with our best basketball ahead of us. We are hoping to play well going into the conference tournament. Getting into the tournament and doing well in the tournament is the single most important thing for an automatic bid to the NCAA National tournament. I am confident that with our solid senior play and improvement of the younger players, results will show our true potential."

It has been a wild roller coaster ride thus far, but there is no doubt that the Tigers have yet to play their best basketball. Coach McCarthy always reassures his team that when everyone plays to the best of her ability in the same night, the other team better look out. Through consistent heart and dedication, the Lady Tigers are slowly beginning to wake up, and their "super-sleeper" status is establishing itself. A fair warning to the Southern Collegiate Athletic Conference to watch out; Tigers are always hungry when they wake up!

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Junior girl looking for more than just a freshman hook-up. I know how to handle a stick and ball. Come fly away with me in my spaceship.

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X2751

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I am a wide shouldered man with a smile that brightens a room (it is wide too!). I'm looking for a young lass with a beautiful soul. I believe love can move mountains, and I can too (literally). Must be into songs written about and for you. And stalking.

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DESPERATELY SEEKING REPLACEMENT BOYFRIEND, SENIORS PREFERRED. MUST LOVE TO DISCUSS BUGGIN' OUT AND BE PASSIONATE ABOUT TOPICS CONCERNING FECES. MOST IMPORTANTLY, MUST HAVE PLENTY OF HEART AND PLENTY OF HOPE. DON'T WORRY; HE'S TAKING SICK PICS ON THE MOUNTAIN RIGHT NOW.

Tiny dancer seeks ballet partner. Come pas de deux.

SEEKING A HOT LADY TO KEEP ME WARM SINCE THE RADIATOR IS BROKEN. NUT ENTHUSIASTS ARE HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. MUST WORK WELL WITH HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES, BUT I CAN HANDLE THE VACUUM. WARNING: MUSCLE FLEXING WILL BE A DAILY ACTIVITY.

Dirty hippy seeking Amazon woman to share shack of jungle love. Must be into smelly dreds and running from the cops. Passed out in a ditch near you!

I am easily the most "robust" person in my froternity. If you go out to eat with me, I will definitely finish your dinner. Make sure you bring a box of candy because it is a weakness of mine. I love munching the whale box... of Twinkies. My job of making sure Facebook is always up and running is quite an endeavor, but keeps me "active." I am seeking a girl with similar attributes to mine. Facebook me!

The ICP is now offering new memberships to freshmen this spring. Applicants must be able to wield a knife and use it with extreme prejudice. Also, the ICP must be able to trace your lineage back to any Lacoste, Polo, or Burberry outlet. High IQ's and those with personality need not apply.

I am a Southern gentleman and a merit scholar. Come away with me on a weekend getaway to search for the elusive black panther of the hills of southeast Virginia. I'll bring the magnum to shoot the panthers.

I am looking for a man who is tall, handsome, with an air of confidence; who has a goatee mustache look, who is always up for some scrobble, and is not afraid to go to the basement with me. I need someone who is strong, like a boy pitcher from the baseball team, and who will be by my side every night (and won't hog the covers). If you fit the bill and know who you are then know that I love you and can't wait for our next adventure together. From your Sewonce Baby.

Single White Male seeking alternative butch far well dressed Martha Stewart. Must enjoy interior design and trips to club 212.

Like enormous groups of dull-witted, obnoxious frat stars? Group of 26 guys, all of whom are exactly the same in terms of personality, interests, and style. Usually referred to as "Klones." Strong wrists and low standards throughout. Call for a good time.

"It's about glow and lines." Intelligent, fun-loving male sophomore music major seeks attractive, white, preferably freshman female with a flair for designer clothes, fine dining, and art. I'm a cunning linguist, with flawless skin tone and an impeccable taste in jeans. I like a cheap date who enjoys salads (no dressing) and water, and who doesn't mind my voracious appetite for red meat, cookies, ice cream, and "testosterone enhancing supplements." My favorite pastimes include pumping iron, tonguing my sax, exfoliating my skin, changing my underwear seven times a day, tearing pictures out of the latest swimsuit magazine at six am to tape to my wall, reading erotic poetry, and sketching off at parties. Facebook me.

Wild brunette who likes booty poppin' on Bacchus, bathing in shoes, and taking gnarly spills down hills seeks a guy who really enjoys spending quality time in Walsh-Ellett and/or Lake Cheston.

You met me in Key West, and you thought I was something I'm not. I had a little surprise. Thanks for playing with me.

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Letter to the Editor

By a loyal reader of the Purple

I have just finished reading the November 4th issue of the Purple and I must say it is by far one of the worst student publications that I have ever read. I understand that many of you spend a great deal of time in composing this paper but if you are going to do it, make it worthwhile. Many of the articles are sophomoric and atrocious. Most of them seem to have been pulled from a middle school publication.

With articles addressing, "The Sewanee Crud," handholding, the relationship between Emory and Sewanee, all of the idiotic stuff by "Sam Currin," the "Rugby Mascot," more grumblings about McClurg, and the intelligence vacuum of whatever the "Greek Mythology" thing is about are what I am concerned with.

I would love to read about Understanding Sexual Assault Week, the Gay-Straight Alliance, The Police Blotter, The outreach programs, and the reviews of Tubby's and the "Restaurant." Those were articles worth being included in a student publication and have great merit. I applaud the students that submitted those articles, give them more space in the newspaper instead of squeezing them around the idiocy of the other articles. You have people who can write, let them do it.

Stop letting a few KA's and Phi's play to their buddies and tell inside jokes that just really are not that funny and have no place in anything with the school's name on it.

We are one of the top liberal arts colleges in the nation, let's start pretending to be one. Let's stop using the Purple as a publication of mindless banter and putting your friends names in the paper. Let's make it something great that we can be proud of putting the school's and our names to.

I do not mean this as an insult as I respect and support the Purple, but I mean it as a wake-up call to the Editors. You can change this. Make it better, you have the potential to do something great. If you don't have enough material, leave some pages out. Please don't ever again stuff it with needless article written by talentless people. I look forward to the Purple every time it comes out, I just want to see you take advantage of your strengths. Go out there and do it. Never cease to ask for more writers from the student body, there are those of us who want to help but don't know how!!! Good luck and I anxiously await your next edition.

No Three Piece Suits in the Admission Committee

By Alex Pappas

I can remember the days as a high school senior, receiving what seemed like a dozen letters a day from various universities across the country. Aside from the name of the university, the brochures all seemed to be strikingly similar. The pictures throughout all the literature seemed to show a student reading a book in the grass on a sunny day, smiling co-eds eating in the cafeteria, and an ambitious student laboring in the biology lab. The text of the brochures all attempted to persuade me, the prospective student, that their particular institution of higher learning was the ideal place for me to matriculate.

When I thought about the admissions process, I think I imagined an admissions committee much like the one portrayed in the movies, where a dozen old men in three piece suits formally decided who to admit to the university while smoking a pipe and speaking in a British accent. I think I also imagined that all those brochures I received in the mail everyday were sent out by a large mailing house. I definitely didn't think the thousands of packets that the school had to send out were stuffed by undergraduate students who happened to work at the admissions office in between their classes.

This perception of the admissions process changed after my first week of school, when I entered the doors of the admissions office in Fulford Hall for my first day of work. To my great surprise, I was given a manila folder of address labels and told to stuff the packets full of Sewanee literature. Honestly, I couldn't believe the University of the South was trusting a freshman to handle what I always considered an extremely vital part of the recruiting process. After proving to the admissions staff that I had the intellectual capability of matching the address label posted on the packet to the address on the letter inside the packet, my fellow workers and I have taken on the duties of filing test scores, opening up the hundreds of pieces of mail a day sent to the office, and even assisting in gathering all the necessary contents for each prospective file.

So big deal, you are probably thinking. I thought it was a big deal, though, when I failed to see any three-piece-suit-wearing Rhodes Scholars attempting to determine the fate of the thousands of students attempting to gain admission to the University. What I noticed instead were friendly admissions counselors and a dean who are real people, who wear regular

suits, and do not seem to fit the part of the mystified admissions committee. Putting a face to the name "Dean of Admission David Lesesne" that was always printed on the brochures and letters that I received from Sewanee over the years seemed to demystify the process even more. After getting to know Dean Lesesne and the other counselors over the semester, I finally realized that the admissions committee was not comprised of people to be scared of who loved to stamp a red "rejected" on every possible application, but rather a group of friendly counselors who have a great appreciation for Sewanee (some even graduated from Sewanee a few years back).

What I am attempting to prove through this article is the fact that the admissions process (at least here at Sewanee) is really not as intimidating a process as previously thought. The admissions office is full of capable, friendly people who are happy to assist a prospective student in any way. As a result, when talking to a prospective Sewanee student, tell them that they do not have to worry about the three piece suit wearing admission committee they saw on *Legally Blonde*.

Snowshoeing in the San Juan Mountains

By Emily Martinat

Have you ever experienced silence? Not the kind of silence that you hear when you are alone in your room before you go to sleep, or the kind of silence when you sit in the middle of the vast Sewanee forest... but the kind that is so strong you can hear the person next to you breath ever so lightly.

This past winter break, a group of ten, led by John Benson, Amy Johnson, and Emily Martinat, experienced this silence during a six night, seven-day snowshoeing trip through the San Juan Mountains near the quaint town of Lake City, Colorado. They explored the endless wilderness of these mountains, carrying their lives in their backpacks along the Continental Divide Trail. The first three nights were spent outside in tents, cooking inside the vestibules, sleeping in sub-zero temperatures with nothing but body heat radiating in one's sleeping bag, and enjoying the abundance of stars unmasked by city lights. Each

day the group walked between four and six miles, usually gaining, on average, 2000 feet in elevation while admiring the scenery that only a select few are able to see.

The next three nights were spent in two different yurts, small huts that provide a wood-burning stove and shelter from the cold. Reaching these two yurts, especially the first one, was a bit more challenging than the already grueling hikes of the previous few days. Reaching elevations of 13,600 feet and encountering harsh winds up to 70 miles per hour, the group finally stumbled upon the glorious yurt near the end of the day.

Each day gave way to new challenges and scenery that surpassed the day before. The group tackled the vast wilderness of the San Juan Mountains, often called the "Avalanche Capital," and covered a total of 30 miles throughout the trip. With a blanket of at

least five feet of "sound-proofing" snow, this group experienced the beauty and serenity that is the outdoors.



Stopping for a quick cig break

Letter From the Editor

By Patrick Byrne and the Purple Staff

I would first like to thank you for sending in a letter to The Sewanee Purple. We appreciate feedback, concerns, and even ideas for articles from all students and faculty members here at the University. This is a student-run newspaper and is for the students at Sewanee. Saying that first, I would also like to address a couple of points you made in your letter.

The students here on the mountain devote most of their time to their schoolwork. We are fortunate to have a great staff of students who devote some of their precious time to the paper. That being said, I also would like to note that many of these students like to let loose and write articles based on their interests. We have writers on our staff that not only excel in their English classes, but appeal to many of the students here at Sewanee. We take our schoolwork here very seriously, so that is why the Sewanee Purple is sometimes an outlet for less serious material. I would also like to mention that since the "Purple Cow" is no longer in publication, the Purple includes parody as well as straight news articles. Our paper has a great mixture of news, sports, editorials, features, and reviews.

We take pride in what we publish. Our section editors tirelessly edit each article before the paper goes to print. Admittedly, we make the occasional mistakes and errors. We enjoy putting students' names in the Purple. I think most students enjoy seeing their name in the paper, even if it is in one of Sam's funny articles. Maybe if you would have provided us with your name, we could have put it in the Purple next to your letter.

My last point is that a couple of years ago this paper was on the verge of extinction, but now we are on track to improve things dramatically. Not only do we have a staff that contributes directly to the Purple, but we also have a class taught by Dr. Virginia Craighill (Literary Journalism) that also contributes to the paper each Easter Semester. If you want to help, you can either join this class or contact us directly (x1204). You said, "there are those of us who want to help, but don't know how!!" If anybody else wants to contribute to the Sewanee Purple, there are many ways to help. You can e-mail articles or article ideas to our address at purple@sewanee.edu, you can call us on our extension (x1204), or you can even befriend us on Facebook. All correspondents who wish to be published must put their names on the submitted letters or editorials. Thanks for your contribution.

Top Ten List

By Sam Currin

There are a few things in the world that scare me more than anything.

I would also argue that some things are universally scary (sharks, spiders, cholera). However, I have isolated my ten biggest fears into a list, which I will give you now, under the pretense that you (Pat Morrell) don't abuse this knowledge in order to scare me half to death (if you do, Pat, I will immortalize lies about you in the Shenanigans bathroom via Sharpie). Also, these are not in any order of importance/fear (mayonnaise doesn't scare me as much as Terminators do, etc.).

1) Mayonnaise

I can't remember when I started hating mayonnaise, but it was at an early enough age that it has been the subject of many nightmares over the years. Mayonnaise is not only scary because of its consistency, but also because of its implied use as a condiment on many foods (it is exactly this unchallenged use as a condiment that scares me the most). People should always question something that doesn't have to be mentioned in the ordering of food for it to be included (if I order a burger, and I'm not specific and say "no mayonnaise" three times, it could come with mayonnaise on it, and therefore it would be inedible). Also, take a look at who makes mayonnaise- Hellman's. I've never seen the devil's work so blatant than in his creation of the "company" Hellman's. It's obviously a product of Satan (hell.....man, don't you get it!!!!).

2) If Tool doesn't come out with another album

This fear has its source deep in my soul. The current trend is for Tool to come out with a new album every four years, and since the last album came out in 2002, our time is running short! I can't go on.

3) Sharks, spiders, and the bottom of lakes

Sharks- they're huge, stupid, have sharp teeth, rule the ocean, and can (and will) eat me (or at least get a limb)

Spiders- they're small, virtually undetectable, they have 8 eyes, sometimes venomous, and they can wait in my shoes to bite me. Their motive: an unexplainable hatred for human beings that probably stems from the fact that the nickname "black widow" has become synonymous not with fear, but with a female competitive eater.

The bottom of lakes- Nobody knows what's down there! Mud, sure, but probably some corpses too, and we can't forget about that hell-bent former camper, Jason. He came from a lake. When you're swimming in a lake, with your feet dangling down in the murky water, just waiting to be grabbed by a member of the living dead, or bitten by a huge snapping turtle, you can't help but consider the pros and cons of your situation. Pros: refreshing swimming sensations, bath substitute. Cons: Death, loss of toe and/or more important body parts, possession by a demonic spirit. Life is short friends, and I'd much rather die in my sleep than die at the hands of a dead camp counselor who 'just happened' to be lurking in the bottom of some lake.

4) Evil, murderous clowns

This is almost self explanatory. Why is it that clowns, perhaps the most jovial of all circus folk, always seem to go crazy and start killing innocent people? I'm at a loss for words. It's not your average clown with balloons and a red nose that scares me. It's the psycho ones that are just hell bent on being evil and killing (all the while smiling). It's almost too difficult right now to consider the clown a legitimate vocation. There is a huge market for evil, murderous clowns, but nowadays, the birthday party clown has been replaced by modern equivalents like petting zoos and magicians. WHY, STEPHEN KING.....WHY?!?!?

5) Terminators

The fact that I'm scared of Terminators should tell you a few things:

I) my existence in the future is vital

and necessary

2) I have, in the past, and probably will again, come in contact with a Terminator

Terminators are scary because of a number of reasons. First of all, they're virtually indestructible. Also, they have no feelings. These characteristics make them hard to detect. I'm pretty sure that Matt Phelan is not a Terminator, or at least he hasn't proven himself to be yet. Like evil, murderous clowns, Terminators only exist to kill. I personally don't want to be involved with a cyborg that has been programmed to kill me (or any cyborg for that matter).

6) World War III

I don't know when it's going to happen, or even if it's going to happen. I don't know who the bad guys are going to be or who the good guys are going to be. But I do know one thing: if it does happen, we're probably all going to die.

7) The "real world"

The real world doesn't *really* scare me. My fear of it has to do more with responsibility and the things that the 'r' word implies. I'll have to get a job, a house, pay bills, and virtually erase "throw down Thursday." I'll have to soberly interact with people (some of whom I won't know) on a regular basis, and I won't be able to resell my books for a profit that the parentals don't even know about (I won't even have ANY books for that matter). My fear of the real world really has more to do with a fear of leaving Sewanee. But, it's got to happen sometime (or *does* it?).

8) Sewer Grates that the city puts on sidewalks and forces people to walk over

This fear is similar to the fear of the bottom of lakes. First of all, there is no telling what is below these sewer grates: rats (probably), sewage (surely), evil, murderous clowns (maybe).

Secondly, what if they break, and you fall down into the sewer. If that happens, you have given the clowns the upper hand, because when you were on

the sidewalk they had to come after you to get you (and murder you in heinous ways while laughing). Now, you've fallen right into their hands! They don't even have to go out of their way to kill you. I always avoid walking on these things, and although sometimes it forces me to step into moving traffic and/or switch places with someone close to me and put their life in danger, I feel that it's vital to my personal safety to avoid sewer grates and the terrible things below them.

9) Where reality television is going

There's no telling! Five years ago it was Temptation Island. Nowadays it's Beauty and the Geek 2. For all we know, in ten years there will be a show, hosted by Ted Nugent, called Human Hunt, in which contestants will hunt a washed up celebrity. My best guess at a season finale will involve the hunting of Steven Seagal, a finale that will disappoint many people that expected Seagal, who's only on-screen death ever involved flying out of a tube connecting a stealth bomber to a 747, an event that personally changed my life forever, to put up a better fight (he'll be pretty old by then). Some of you might argue Seagal is already a washed up celebrity (touché). However, the possibility that someone might get to hunt Steven Seagal doesn't scare me. What does scare me is if someone tries to hunt and kill Will Ferrell (I'd die for you Will).

10) Lists of ten

Nothing scares me more than lists of ten (be they top ten lists, lists that describe favorites or least favorites, etc.).

There you have it, a list of ten things that scare me. If anyone abuses this list in order to see me wet myself, once again, I will write mean and hurtful rumors (or truths) about Pat Morrell on the crimson red walls of the men's bathroom at Shenanigans. I've got to go check my shoes for spiders now.

Interview with a Pirate

By Patrick Solomon

Many of the student body, particularly the freshman, may have noticed some new faces on campus. They are arrogant juniors returning from spectacular semesters abroad in strange, frightening, and foreign locales like Babylon or Valhalla. While I would recommend getting to know these intrepid juniors, especially if you are a soon-to-be pledge, there is one person worth avoiding. Actually, he isn't a junior returning from abroad - in fact he isn't even a member of the student body - he is a real life pirate. His name is Vicious Ned the Ripper. His current residence is the pirate ship in between the book store and the Fiji house. This marginal journalist took some time away from staring at himself in the mirror in order to beef up his resume by writing for the Purple. After carefully avoiding his assortment of booby traps and warning devices I sat down with this salty cur.

Me: *(A rare Bruce Springsteen bootleg*

sea shanty is playing in the background) So, let's start with the basics. What should I call you and how did you get here?

VN: *(His voice is a low, guttural rumble with frequent crossing of the eyes)* Well, you have no business knowing my real name, but you can call me Cap'n Vicious, or some call me Mr. Ripper. How I got here is a long story.

Me: You are surprisingly articulate for a pirate, where did you learn to speak so well?

VN: I learned here, at Sewanee, for no lasses want to talk to a man who can't speak proper English.

Me: So is that why you came here, to find a lass?

VN: You're one hell of an investigatory journalist.

Me: Arrgh.

VN: It was a matter of circumstances. My crew, crazed by scurvy and the fact I don't let women on board, became mutinous. I was cast away on a

dinghy, bound and given a few days supply of water.

Me: Your story isn't as long as you led me to believe.

VN: As I was sayin', I decided to broaden my horizons by attending a top notch liberal arts college before returning to the sea and seeking revenge. Of course they (Sewanee) wouldn't accept me...so I came anyway.

Me: Have you learned a lot?

VN: Not really, I've been spending most of my time chasing skirts.

Me: Any luck?

VN: No dice. The girls here have no appreciation of square knot, the hoopline, or the clove hitch. They also don't have the proper sea-legs. Wouldn't last a week out at sea. I don't think too many girls here are interested in a pirate.

Me: Are you regretting your decision to come here?

VN: No, not yet. I still have hope for finding someone willing to shiver m' timbers and share a hammock in

my quarters, but I've started recruiting a crew of hearty maties for my next ship. They help me wash my loneliness down with excessive amounts of grog.

Me: Do you regularly attend any functions at the school?

VN: I like the frat scene; however I usually am in disguise.

Me: I'm surprised you haven't found a woman at the parties. What are you looking for in a mate?

VN: *(He shifts uncomfortably in his hammock)* Ay the yardarm needs a waxing

Me: What? Is that pirate-speak?

VN: I like the cut of your jib.

Me: The feeling is mutual. Well, I guess that's all of the questions for today, Sir Seadog. Thank you for your time.

VN: And really bad eggs.

*The names, locale, and commentary have been tampered with in order to protect the true identity of the pirate