

The Sewanee Purple

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

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Sewanee remembers Anita Goodstein

The influential civil rights leader and honored Sewanee professor passed away this summer

by Kelly Smith, News Editor

"I hope Sewanee stays always a liberal arts society, more than just a classroom or school, but a liberal arts society where so much can be appreciated," said Anita Goodstein at the beginning of the Campaign for Sewanee. "It's a humane society that draws people together around things that are worth doing." Anita Shafer Goodstein, William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of History Emeritus, died on May 12, 1998 at the age of 84.

Goodstein was born in 1929 in Brooklyn, N.Y. and attended Mount Holyoke College for her undergraduate studies, where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. While earning her Ph.D. in history from Cornell Univer-

sity, she married Marvin Goodstein, who was a Cornell Ph.D. in economics. The couple moved to Sewanee in 1955 when Mr. Goodstein was appointed to teach in the economics department. Anita Goodstein began teaching at the University of the South in 1963 and later became chair of the history department and a faculty trustee. She retired from teaching in 1994.

Anita Goodstein was a role model for students, especially minority students, and she was known for making students think critically, demanding that students question writers, history, and even her.

"Thinking about teaching takes a lot of time," Goodstein once said. "The problem often is not the mate-

rial but the delivery - how we get to the students and how we get them involved in what they're doing."

She developed new academic courses including American Intellectual and Social History, Indians and Blacks in America, and Women in History. "I try to help students to see that history is exciting," Goodstein said. "It is concerned with human experience, and they need to be concerned with human experience as they're trying to grow up." Goodstein was concerned with human experience not only in the classroom, but also in the community; an advocate of civil rights, she played a vital role in ending segregation in Sewanee and in the Franklin County public schools.

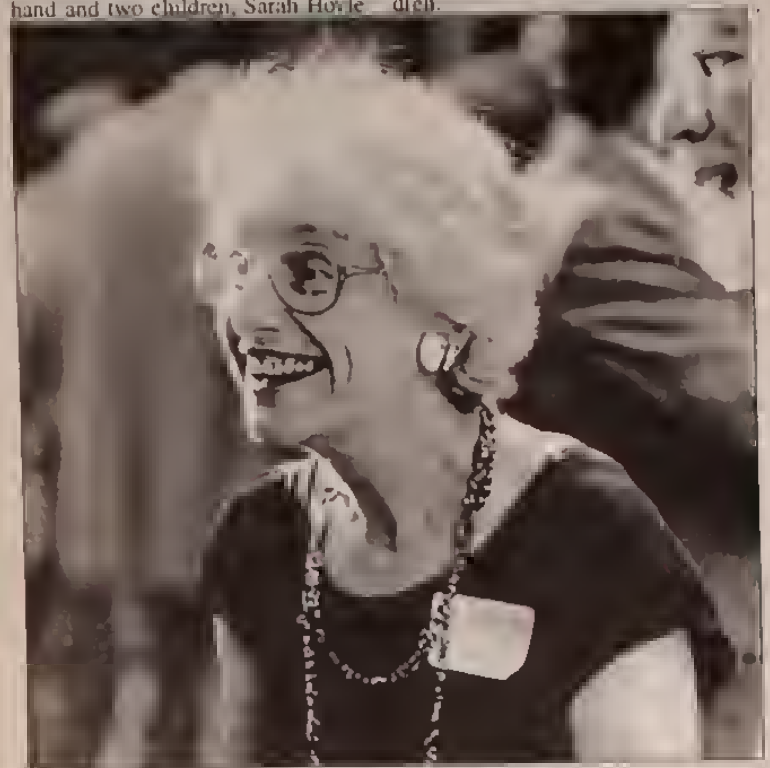
In recognition of her contributions to the University and community, the University honored her with a Doctor of Civil Law degree in 1994. The University has further honored this respected professor with the Anita S. Goodstein Endowed Lectureship in Women's History, a lecture series which promotes her ideals.

Goodstein's contributions to community extended outside the University gates as well. She was the author of *Nashville 1780-1860: From Frontier to City*, which won the Tennessee History Book Award in 1989. She was instrumental in documenting women's history in Tennessee and was a leading organizer of Tennessee's 75th celebration of women's suffrage. Goodstein's latest research focused on southern feminists; she wrote numerous articles on women's rights and completed an article for the May issue of the *Journal of Southern History* entitled "A Rare Alliance: African-American and White Women in the Tennessee Elections of 1919-1920"

just before her death.

Goodstein is survived by her husband and two children, Sarah Howle

of Knoxville and Ehan Goodstein of Portland, Oregon, and four grandchildren.



Tennessee and warm champagne: an interview with Jane Smith

by Charles Fiore

Arts Editor

Two weekends ago, in the continuing celebration of playwright Tennessee Williams's life and works, Theatre Sewanee presented two one-acts and a poem which showcased the development of the character Blanche from "Streetcar Named Desire" (see review, this section.) New York City resident Jane Smith, a highly successful actress and longtime dear friend of Williams, read the role of Lucretia in "Portrait of a Madonna" with stirring results. Wanting to talk to Ms. Smith further, I sat down with her one Sunday afternoon in the Sewanee Inn to discuss her family, her life, her friendship with Williams, and her views on the world of art.

When I met Ms. Smith, I was struck with the amount of class with which she carried herself. There was no doubt, upon shaking her hand, that I was talking to a true lady, one who commanded respect and humbled any pre-conceived notions of my own self-worth. It was certain she had seen and done more than could be discussed in an interview of any length of time, so, choosing my words carefully to match the quiet, comforting tone with which she spoke, we began.

Born in Montana, Ms. Smith studied drama, music and art at the University of Seattle in Washington, moving to New York before completing her degree. After studying opera, dance, and several different languages in the City, she landed her first Broadway role in a piece by Kurt Weill. Ms. Smith went on to play Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House" in her early twenties, was cast in the first showing ever

of "Oklahoma," and eventually assumed the role of Jane Lawrence. She also sang Electra in Mozart's "Idomeneo" in the Salzburg Summer Festival conducted by George Solti. Equally skilled in both the dramatic and operatic arts, Smith smiled when I asked which she preferred. "They're both the same horse for me," she admitted. "I like both equally."

But it was her voice which Tennessee Williams admired. The two met in Hollywood, California, and Williams shortly introduced her to her future husband, renowned artist Tony Smith. Williams, in fact, was the best man at their wedding, an experience Smith recalls with a twinkling in her eye.

"Tony Smith and I were married at the Justice of Peace, and we needed to have two witnesses. Tennessee was there, but we needed one more. So we asked the cab driver if he would mind being the second. He told us he was perfectly suited for the job, because he had five brothers who were all priests."

"Afterwards we went back to our home in a storefront in Hollywood, and celebrated with warm champagne and Devil's Food Cake. Later in the bar, I sang for my husband and Tennessee, and so the bartender told us he would give us free drinks as long as I continued to sing. So I did. But the real reason he gave us all of those drinks was because my husband had a beard, which at the time was considered very unpopular."

"That night Tennessee told me, 'Jane, you've made a great mistake,' referring to my marrying Tony. He later told Tony the same thing. I re-

cently celebrated fifty-five years of marriage, so I don't know how much of a mistake it was!"

They had three children together, two of whom continue the family tradition of artistry with much success. Her daughter Kiki is known internationally for her 3-D work, and her other daughter Seion lives in Paris and is now showing through December at the Whitney Museum. The children, of course, did not come easy, as Ms. Smith gave up her work for thirty years so that she could be with them.

"Tennessee always asked me how I could just give it up for those thirty years," she admits. "But I told him I was busy. And I was."

And "busy" is what Ms. Smith remains. Since 1983 (the year Williams died) Smith has been acting in off-Broadway productions in New York City in such theatres as the Kitchen and the Performing Garage, as well as in independent films. She enjoys the community of artists she now performs with, because, since the theatres are small, there is no risk of losing money, so that actors and playwrights alike are allowed much more creative freedom. One doesn't need to have a hit every time.

"To make a living at this is not easy," Smith explains. "There is not much in the way of financial returns. Many do hold other jobs, but you do it because it's your life, it's who you are. Don't do it if you don't have to, but I feel more alive on stage than off. It's where I live. There's no choice."

"Tennessee Williams had to write. No matter where he was or what he was doing, no matter what sort of review

Continued on page 2

Rare jellyfish discovered in Sewanee's Lake Trez

by Edwin Gerber

Returning from a crowded party, you find the cool waters of Lake Trez strangely appealing. There were just too many people in that small room: a cool dip would be refreshing. Slipping out of your clothes and into the cool waters, you'd probably never notice the translucent shadows just below the surface. First a slight tingling sensation - then blackness...

Could it happen? Are there killer jellyfish lurking right in our midst? Jaelyn Waddey, a senior biology major studying the Lake Trez jellies, assured me that such dire circumstances will never befall any Sewanee student. One could pick up one of the Lake Trez jellyfish with out feeling a thing! While there is no reason for alarm, there is reason to take notice; freshwater jellyfish in the medusa form are extremely rare, and they are right here in Sewanee.

Jellyfish are polymorphic, meaning that members of the same species can exist in two body forms. Jellyfish can be polyps, stationary buds that cling to rocks and plants, or free floating medusa, the translucent shapes we most often associate with jellyfish. There is no interconversion between the two forms; each individual jellyfish is either one or the other for its entire life cycle. While freshwater polyps are not uncommon, sightings of freshwater medusa are rare and sporadic. In a lake or stream containing freshwater polyps, medusa might be seen once every 50 years, if ever.

In Lake Trez, the medusa form of *Craspedacust sowerbyi* have been appearing regularly each September and October for the past few years. They are small, delicate creatures, just the size of a dime, but they possess all the beauty of their larger ocean counterparts. Waddey and Professor McGlothlin of the biology department, however, are interested in more than just the looks of these *sowerbyi* jellies; a regular medusa cycle presents an incredible opportunity for researching these fascinating creatures.

Little is known about freshwater medusa, no one has been able to explain their irregular life cycles, prima-

rily because they are so difficult to find in any given place for a prolonged period of time. Polyps are capable of asexual reproduction; new polyps and sometimes medusa will grow out of the polyp and separate after maturing. Medusa, on the other hand, procreate strictly through sexual reproduction. As they will not reproduce in a lab setting, it is very difficult to research. Waddey and McGlothlin hope that a better knowledge of the reproductive habits of medusa might help explain their mysterious appearances and disappearances.

The daily behavior of the freshwater jellyfish is just as mysterious. Most of the time, they lie hidden in the depths of the lake. The only time to see them is about an hour before sundown, at which point they rise in swarms. As Waddey explained, sometimes she would get out a little too early, and initially find nothing. Then, the next instance, hundreds rise out of the depths.

To keep a full supply of jellies in the lab for research, Waddey makes regular runs to Lake Trez to collect them, and more importantly, to collect plankton for them to eat. Each collection involves a canoe trip in Lake Trez and a few specially designed nets; the jellies are so delicate that a sweep through with a regular net might crush them. The plankton must come from Lake Trez, as each lake on campus has its own form of plankton. This may be one of the reasons that the jellies are only found at Lake Trez. Keeping the jellyfish alive in lab is a whole task in itself, the conditions in the laboratory tank must precisely mirror those of the lake.

For this reason, it is not recommended that jellyfish enthusiasts look to Lake Trez for new and exciting pets. It is nearly impossible to keep jellies alive outside the lake. Waddey credits their success solely to Professor McGlothlin's wizardry in the lab. In addition, tampering with the jellyfish in Lake Trez might hinder the group's research. Those interested in learning more are welcome to approach the biology department, specifically Waddey and McGlothlin, with any questions.

The Good, the Bad, and the Handsome

New contest gets slack for naming Fabio-esque Jon Morris "Ugly Man"



By Ryan Cosgrove

A heated war of words plagued the campus this past week concerning APO's Ugly Man Contest, in spite of which Jon Morris was proclaimed the winner during the Homecoming football game. Numerous students sent out campus-wide e-mails voicing their opinions about the degrading and irresponsible nature of such a competition: to find the ugliest male on campus. To many, the complaints have warrant; after all, who wants to be crowned the ugliest male at Sewanee? However, APO maintains that the contest was entirely good natured and was in no way intended to offend anyone.

The Ugly Man Contest is not just a random idea thought up by the Sewanee APO's to evoke the outrage of students; rather, it is a national APO event that is very common on many college campuses. According to APO Vice-President of Service Ed Gerber, the Ugly Man on Campus is often crowned as a joke at the same time as the Big Man on Campus. At most schools, he explains, the contest is common and expected, and the only source of complaint at Sewanee is misunderstanding.

The spirit of the Ugly Man Contest is not to pick out and mock the most unattractive male at Sewanee. Conversely, says Ed Gerber, the contestants were cho-

sen in such a way that only the most popular and outgoing students, students who would certainly appreciate the humor in the activity, would be selected. Each of the fraternities was allowed to nominate one member, along with one independent chosen by the sororities, for participation in the contest. Furthermore, no candidate could be entered without his consent, assuring that no student would win the contest without wanting to win. As any Sewanee student could see from the numerous esti-

concerning the activity, contestant Jon Morris felt that it would be an honor to be proclaimed the Ugliest Man on campus.

The esteemed participants in the contest were Sylvester Tan, Matt Bartlett, John Henry Watson, Jeff Foster, Dennis McKay, Andrew Ferguson, Scott Polancich and Jon Morris. In order to select a winner, the names of these candidates were printed in jars in the SPO where students could donate money. Of course, the money raised during the contest, which goes towards funding APO service projects, is the real reason for the fun and games of an Ugly Man Contest. During the activity, APO raised an amount of \$126.85 to be used for the good of the community.

In deference to any remaining opponents of the Ugly Man Contest, the winner was announced after the first quarter of the football game instead of at halftime in order not to appear as a mockery of the traditional Homecoming Queen announcement. As for the winner, Jon Morris was thrilled to learn that no man in Sewanee could match his level of ugliness, and he will be awarded a crown and sash at a later time. It is the hope of Ed Gerber and the APO fraternity that in the future, students will appreciate the humor of the contest, and it will become as anticipated an event as it is on countless other college campuses that participate in the activity.

Frats and sororities raise cash for habitat

by Taryn Gassner and Kelly Smith

Tuesday, October 13th marked the beginning of Sewanee's first Greek Week, a week-long community service effort to benefit Housing Sewanee that, according to assistant Outreach director Carlyle Knox, was a "tremendous success." The winners of the Greek Week competition were SAE and Theta Pi, and alumna Abi White won the door prize at the Homecoming game.

Greek Week was sponsored by the Inter-Sorority and Inter-Fraternity Councils and raised over \$1,500 to help complete a Habitat House. Students spent over 200 hours working on the house of Ms. Jerry Gregory and her son Billy, completing nearly all of

the sheetrocking. "This is exceptional," said Eric Hartman. "Especially since this was all during midterms." The Greek Week winners were calculated mostly on their involvement with the Habitat house: SAE spent 48 hours on the house and Theta Pi worked for 40 hours. The money raised will be used to buy cabinets for the house.

The new event proved very successful from an Outreach standpoint. "Students have so many more options now that there really is a competition for students' time," said Knox. "Greek Week brings students that aren't normally volunteers to experience Housing Sewanee."

Greek Week began on Tuesday with basketball and volleyball tournaments.

On Wednesday, the IFC and ISC held the "Greek Olympics" at Manigault Park, where fraternities and sororities participated in events such as the egg toss, tug of war, keg throwing contest, and dizzy bat relay. Trophies and prizes were awarded to the winners. These events were followed by a picnic in Manigault Park.

Greeks also sold tickets for a door prize that was given at the Homecoming football game. The winner of the door prize drive, Abi White, was announced on Saturday at half-time.

Greek Week ended with two bands, Jump Little Children and From Good Homes at Lake Cheston. Nearly 1,600 people attended the concert, which is an all time high for University concerts.

Gone With The Wind and the Strength of Southern Womanhood

by Allison Matlack

Everyone knows the story even if they haven't seen it. Everyone can recite at least three lines complete with dramatic effects. To be sure, everyone knows the characters: Scarlett, Rhett, Mammy, Melanie, Ashley. No one can forget Mammy's pretty red petticoat or the death of Scarlett's daughter and the collapse of Rhett. What is it, though, that has made Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* a timeless classic? Why did they bother to remake it (granted that the original color left much to be desired)? I think I have finally found the an-

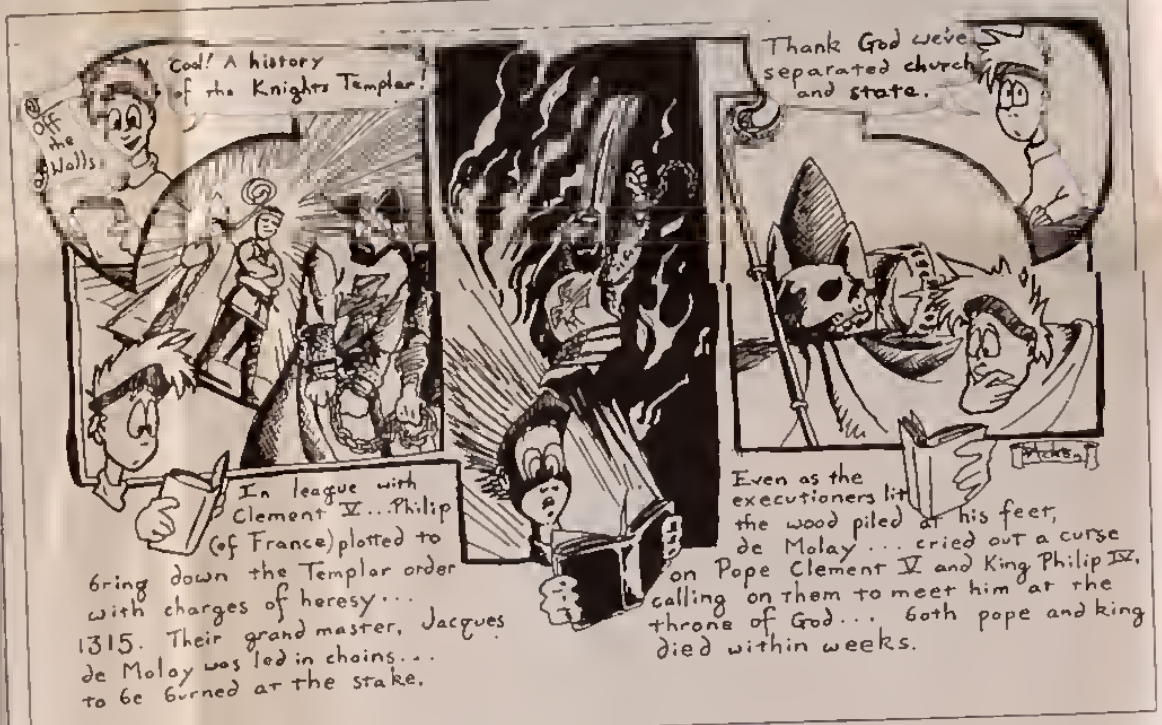
swers.

I was born in North Carolina, but I consider myself to be a southern girl in many ways. I suppose that most of my reasons come from my mother, who was born and raised in Florence, South Carolina, a member of a good old southern family with its roots formed long before the civil war. It is one of those towns where everyone knows your life story and will never fail to feed you dinner, even if you have not stopped by in two years. Everyone is happy to see you. My mother's mother, a sweet southern woman, continues to do all she can for those around her, even though she has dealt with the

loss of her husband to an incurable illness. To be honest, though, *Gone With the Wind* bored me the first ten times I saw it in spite of my heritage, but since it was my mother's favorite movie, it was played at least once a month in our house. Everyone said it was so wonderful, but I could never get excited when I heard the familiar opening music begin to play.

I always heard the stories of how my mother was stopped when she came out of the theater after watching *Gone With the Wind* and was told she looked just like Scarlett, but I never believed them until I saw pictures of

Continued page 5



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Laughing in the face of Tragedy

Doris Betts teaches Sewanee to enjoy the most "irreverent" form of humor

by Demian Perry

Editor

You know that scene in *Pulp Fiction* when John Travolta and Samuel Jackson are in a car, and they go over a bump in the road and accidentally blow a guy's head off? That scene bothers me. It bothers me because everyone in the theater laughs and I want to laugh, too, but it would be improper. When I watched that movie for the first time with my cousin, she smiled and let out a restrained giggle. Then she said: "Oh my GOD! I can't believe those sick people in the front row just laughed at that!" Until last week, I felt guilty when I laughed at other people's misfortunes. Now, I appreciate that sort of humor without the guilt.

The catalyst for my change of heart was as unexpected as its outcome.

On Tuesday, October 13, University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill English professor and acclaimed author Doris Betts came to Sewanee to receive an honorary Doctor of Letters. In her Founder's Day Oration, Betts discussed the separation of the modern university from its religious roots. Following the ceremony, she hosted an informal discussion with a small group of students in Convocation Hall. Free of the erudite and stuffy jargon that so often plagues academics, she spoke with an easy and smooth demeanor. She discussed her childhood and her early dabbles in creative writing. The critics were not always kind — one said that she wrote "as if she had been kidnapped by a

theologian on speed" — but she eventually earned her place as one of the South's most revered writers.

Then she began to talk about her fascination with the oddity of Fate — what some Southerners might refer to as "God's mysterious ways." She described the theme of her latest novel, *The Sharp Teeth of Love*, as "when bad things happen to good people." Her writing, she remarked, has always contained "a mix of humor and horror... [of] hideousness and hilariousness."

Betts believes her interest in the humor of misfortunes began one day when she was driving down I-501, a state highway that runs through North Carolina. A large chicken truck had overturned and plunged into the median, spilling hundreds of live chickens onto the road. A traffic cop was trying to divert traffic around the wreck, and every time he signaled a car, a chicken flew over his head. It was a tragic scene, but it was humorous nonetheless. Knowing she was touching on an obscure region of the psyche, Betts began incorporating this "tragical-comical" element in her fiction.

Betts is just one of many Southern authors who have invoked the muse of tragic — or, in critical circles, "frontier" — humor. Perhaps Flannery O'Connor expanded the genre more than any other author. The hysterical scene in "Good Country People" when a traveling minister steals the protagonist's prosthetic leg is a shining example.

Betts was not sure why Americans, especially Southerners, find humor in

the misfortunes of others, but she thought it might be one way that we deal with the excessive violence of our society. Of Southerners, she said: "we enjoy freaks 'cause we still know what one is."

Our society does not condone the enjoyment of tragedy. We consider such behavior sick and misguided, and we label the sentiment with such terms as "sadistic" and "masochistic". But if Aristotle was right when he argued that tragedy prompts a cathartic release in the audience, then surely laughter is not an altogether inappropriate response to misfortune. Catharsis, the purging of base and unhealthy emotions must be a somewhat pleasurable experience, even to the most stoic of observers.

Samuel Johnson once wrote, "All joy or sorrow for the happiness or calamities of others is produced by an act of the imagination... by placing us, for a time, in the condition of him whose fortune we contemplate; so that we feel, while the deception lasts, whatever emotions would be excited by the same good or evil happening to ourselves." When we laugh at the misfortunes of others (provided, of course, that art or time has placed those misfortunes at a safe distance), we are not being heartless brutes. Rather, we are preparing ourselves for a time when Fate will cast her cold and blind judgment upon us and send us reeling helplessly to the bottom of her wheel. If we can laugh now at the human tragedy, perhaps we can also laugh when Tragedy visits us.



Honor Code Revisited

By Scott Maule

After publication of my last article on pledging our work, I encountered a few alarming responses. While most seemed to agree, a few had mistaken my article as an attack on our Honor Code. Startled and confused by such a response, I decided to express my support for the ideals of the honor code by proposing a possible reform, rather than be confused with someone that simply tries to tear down a cherished tradition. As a result, I did an internet search to find other possible honor codes and how they are administered. The search proved to be both surprising and revealing.

The surprising news is, contrary to what I had always understood, having an honor code does not really make Sewanee all that unique. While we have had our code longer than many, a quick search revealed numerous schools with honor codes. The administrative part of each school's code varied, while the core principles are similar to our own Honor Code.

The revealing news, however, is that Sewanee has a vast pool of alternative codes to draw from. By evaluating how other schools have dealt with the principles and promotion of honor, I realized that Sewanee might want to evaluate its own code and see if any changes need to be made. In other words, might aspects of other school's codes be advantageous for Sewanee? Is there an alternative to pledging our work?

The evaluations of other codes will not be beneficial, however, if people view such efforts as simply an attack on tradition (as a few misunderstood my last article). Instead, it is imperative that people understand such efforts for what they are: an affirmation of the ideals of the Honor Code. The question is not whether lying, cheating, or stealing is actually wrong. Rather, the question is what is the best method for promoting such an ideal.

I questioned the consistency and value of requiring people to pledge their work in my last article. I found such a practice to be insulting and unnecessary. That does not mean, however, that the intent behind the idea of pledging was wrong. My idea was

to help re-enforce the personal responsibilities of and the familiarity with the Honor Code.

During my internet search, I found a possible alternative to pledging. The University of Virginia's honor code has an interesting provision. Rather than electing all the members of the honor council, UVA's code only requires the officers of the council to be elected. The officers do not have any voting power. Instead, their role is to promote education about the code and help guide the jury, which is randomly selected from the student body for each trial.

This provision of UVA's code seems to offer two advantages that embody the same intentions of our pledging. First, it re-enforces personal responsibility in that all students have to actively promote and participate in the code. Since all randomly selected students for the jury must serve, students are involved in the proceedings of the Honor Code in a very intimate manner. Regardless of other commitments, when the community calls upon a student to be a jury member, that individual has a responsibility to step forward and take part. Second, the jury duty provision means that all students have a responsibility to be familiar with the code and how it is carried out. The Code is no longer just an abstract and complicated set of 15 different provisions that are only learned by a small group of students who, once elected, are never again accountable to their electors. Instead, the code is something real that all must learn. Rather than require people to pledge their paper, perhaps Sewanee could accomplish the same goals by following a similar plan.

At the same time, Sewanee should not be limited to the examples of other schools. Sewanee is a unique and innovative community. Maybe there are other possible reforms of the Honor Code that we should consider. Or, maybe Sewanee will not see the need for any reforms. Regardless of the outcome, it is my hope that Sewanee will be willing to take a critical look at the ideals of our Honor Code and its administration to see if the two are consistent. If they are not, then we need to redefine our ideals or change how we administer our Code. I am simply suggesting that, rather than change our time honored ideal, we change an aspect of the administration of the code that seems to trivialize the ideal.

In the end, my brief internet search was revealing, not because I realized there are many different schools with honor codes, and not because many honor codes do not require pledging, but because I realized that an honest process of critical self examination of our code is what would really make Sewanee unique, not the mere existence of our honor code.

An apology upon the survival of his first fall party weekend

by Robert White

Humor Columnist

Dear Professor Alvarez,
Mathematics Department

Please excuse my absence from class on Tuesday. Missing Thursday's class was just not my fault.

To start with, you, as not only a professor but a math professor and therefore having the idea that a good party involves integrals, have NO IDEA what I've been through this weekend. First, at the pimp n' ho party (that would be where we all dress up as either prostitutes or their CEO's, depending on one's interest), my fish-net hose got caught on some guy's hand

The toga party was great, and I loved some of the detail this one guy went into by bloodying up his sheet to give it that Julius Caesar from the grave look (too bad he lost it. If you hear anything about it, let me know please).

Anyway, I felt so energized and was having such a great time that I decided it was time to go to another

party, that nothing in this world would stop me from partying all night, and that now would be a good time to complete dreams of a whole lifetime of partying; after which I promptly stole a bike and woke up in Prof. Pyser's Psychology 107 class.

At the ATO party I had a great time partying with a member of the class of '33, despite his words being jumbled through the underwear fabric. Doc, you just don't know how great it is that Alumni have kept attached to their school spirits. Anyway, I had such a great time that I decided I would definitely have to party the rest of the year, that, hell, might as well start communion for Sunday early; after which I promptly stole a bike and woke up in Lake Cheston.

Saturday night I decided to take it easy with the partying, drank five bottles of Maddog 20-20, got an inspiration for the ultimate party YEAR, said "screw it," stole a bike

and woke up in Prof. Pyser's arms. He promptly realized I was not Mrs. Pyser, gave me back the quiz I failed on Friday and threw me out.

Anyway, Sunday came as a good time to start doing my homework, particularly for your class, and I realized I still had some leftover treats from the weekend. To make a long story short, I don't know where I woke up, but I apologized to the lady and her mountain goat and went back to my dorm room.

Now would be a good time to ask a chance to redo the internet quiz you gave us for Tuesday, on account of I only recently got my keyboard out of the brass tiger, and still has a tendency to make errors on account of the vomittttt.

Thank you.

<The author would like to assure the events stated above concerning himself did not actually happen. It was a camel.>

The Sewanee Purple

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Sunday 8 - 11 and 1 - 7

Almost Undefeated

Men's Soccer record expands to 12 - 1

by Ryan Mahoney
assistant sports editor

In little more than a week, the Sewanee men's soccer team took out four more opponents to bring their record to 12-1, the best ever in the history of Tiger soccer. The Tigers defeated, in short order, SCAC opponents Millsaps and Oglethorpe, then moved on to crush St. Francis and Hanover. The Tigers' only loss so far this season has been to Rhodes College on Sept. 25.

On Oct. 9, Sewanee traveled to Mississippi for a showdown with Millsaps College. After putting up a tough game, the Majors finally fell, due to a goal by Jami Schlichting off an assist by Kevin Rivers. The final score was 1-0. The Tigers' final shot of the season was 1-0, and senior goalkeeper Rafe Mauran had three saves on the day.

The following day, the Tigers took on Oglethorpe University in Atlanta.

For the second time this season, the match went deep into sudden-death overtime. In the 115th minute of play, Sewanee's Josh Mixon found the back of the net, putting the Stormy Petrels

of St. Francis (Illinois). In the first period, Jamie Gannaway recorded a hat trick, including a goal cranked from midfield to open the second half. In the second half, Scott Polancich scored two goals, and Kevin Rivers scored one. Polancich, freshman Andrew North, and sophomore Matt Lozier recorded assists. Sewanee defeated St. Francis to the tune of 6-1.



Scott Polancich prepares to trap the ball to set up a shot on goal. Photo by Lyn Hutchinson

Capping off their six-game winning streak, Sewanee shut out Hanover College (Indiana) last Saturday. Midfielder Polancich started things off with a goal twenty minutes into the first half. Senior defenseman Rivers then scored two more, the first off a penalty kick and the second with an assist by sophomore defenseman

Matt Cole. Ryan Davis capped off the game with two goals of his own in the second half, finishing off Hanover 5-0.

The Tigers next take on SCAC opponents Rose-Hulman and DePauw over Fall Break (Oct. 24 and 25) at home. They then play Southwestern (away) on Halloween, and Trinity on Nov. 1, also away.

away 1-0. Sewanee outshot Oglethorpe 18-11; Mauran, recording his second shutout for the weekend, had six saves. With the defeats of both Millsaps and Oglethorpe, Sewanee brings its SCAC record to 4-1.

Now ranked 22nd in the nation, the Tigers returned to Sewanee for the first two games of a four-game home set. On Oct. 15, they faced the University

Lady Tigers recover from slow start

by Catherine Woody

The Sewanee women's soccer team continued their recovery from a slow start to the season with a home game last Saturday, easily defeating Eastern Tennessee (4-0). Goals came from Noell Rembert, Cathy Schmidt, Jen Simoneau, and Claire Burns. The victory Saturday brings the team's overall record to 6-9, with three SCAC games left to play. Sewanee's SCAC record is 2-3.

On Oct. 9, the team traveled to Mississippi to play Millsaps College, crushing them, 9-0. Freshman Nancy Wilson scored the Tigers' first goal fifteen minutes into the game, setting the pace for the rest of the afternoon. At halftime, Sewanee led the dejected Millsaps team 5-0. Both Linda Millikan and Simoneau had two goals each.

Cathy Schmidt, Kathleen Schmidt, Margaret Boone, and Rembert also scored. Cathy Schmidt and Wilson each had an assist, and Simoneau came away with two assists for the day. The Tigers outshot Millsaps 29-2, with goalies Virginia Talley and Meggie Tujague combining for the shutout.

On Sunday, Oct. 11, Sewanee traveled to Atlanta to face Oglethorpe. The team lost to Oglethorpe 5-2 in a tough game. Millikan and Rembert were the only scorers for the Tigers.

Sewanee plays their last home game of the season on Friday, Oct. 25, against DePauw University. Although DePauw's record is 5-8 overall, they remain undefeated in SCAC play. A win against DePauw would give Sewanee great momentum heading into the

last weekend of the season. The DePauw game will begin at 2:00, and will be the last chance to see the Tigers at home this season. On Halloween, the girls head to Texas, to play SCAC opponents Southwestern and Trinity.

As for the stats on the year to date, sophomore Millikan and freshman Simoneau lead the team in goals, with eight apiece. Trailing close behind is Wilson, with six. Millikan and Simoneau also lead the team in assists, with five each. Wilson and Summer Covington also top the list with four assists each. As for the goalkeepers, Talley has faced 110 shots against, while Tujague has seen 113. Talley has recorded 43 saves with 19 goals against, and Tujague has 44 saves with 17 goals against. Sewanee has outscored their opponents 41-36.

Tigers hope to repeat last year's upset

by Vickie Cogan

The Sewanee Tigers go back on the road to play the Washington and Lee Generals this weekend, in Lexington, Virginia. With a similar record and an ongoing rivalry, this game should be interesting. W&L's overall record this year is 1-5, and they are 0-3 in the Old Dominion Conference. The Generals will be coming off a Saturday loss to Hampden-Sydney (21-14), the only team Sewanee has beaten so far this year (24-14). The Generals must also deal with the recent memory of a big loss to Sewanee last year (48-14), their first loss to us since 1993. The Tigers, however, will not overlook this opponent.

Playing a tough season, the Tigers have a record of 1-5 overall and 0-4 in the SCAC, with close matches in nearly every game. This past weekend, the Tigers

played a good game against Rhodes College. Trying for the win, they brought the score in the fourth quarter to 27-26, with Rhodes in the lead. Unfortunately, the Tigers' two-point run attempt failed, and Sewanee was never able to catch Rhodes. The final score was 34-26.

The Sewanee football team now faces the frustration of finishing

up a season in which a winning record is not possible. This year's team has 31 returning lettermen, and a strong group of about 30 rookies. Senior captain Josh Beddingfield thinks the team has more talent this year than last, but, "the critical plays are not going our way." Beddingfield cites losses to Rose-Hulman (by two points), in overtime to Davidson, and to DePauw (by one point).

All of these were tough teams, and Sewanee came close to a win in each game. The team is playing hard, they have played well, and they will continue to approach each game with plays matched for the particular opponent. Beddingfield expressed the determination and optimism of the team, saying, "We're going to keep playing, and we're not going to give up. It's a matter of getting the job done and finishing out the season."



Brian Morrison fights for a gain against Rhodes. Photo by Lyn Hutchinson

Sports Beat

Field hockey wins two

The field hockey team, now at 11-4 for the year under Coach Chapman Kern, enjoyed a scoring frenzy Friday afternoon. In beating Rhodes 10-1, ten different players either scored points or recorded assists. Several were firsts. Jaclyn Williams and Vickie Cogan recorded their first career assists, while Katherine Kelly tallied her first goal of the season. Seniors Alison Clyde and Liz Dooley, and junior Dervla Delaney all had two goals in the match. The Tigers led 6-0 at halftime and played most of the game with nine players. Sewanee outshot Rhodes 45-7.

In the second match of the doubleheader, Sewanee put together enough offense and some tough defense to beat Transylvania University 2-1 to remain in second place in the overall KIT Conference stand-

ings (8-1). The Tigers led 1-0 at halftime after Nicky Campbell put in a rebound on a Delaney cross. Strong performers Melissa Perry and Stephanie Haikess, in their last career home games, held things together through much of the second half. Tanya Smith put in the eventual game-winner off a hard cross from George with 22 minutes remaining. Transy scored soon after on a corner shot, and pressured Sewanee until the end. The Tigers outshot Transy 21-4.

The Tigers head to the KIT Tournament this Friday, seeded second overall. They will try to bring home the championship trophy, which was last won in 1992. Sewanee will most likely face Rhodes in the first match. Information provided by Sewanee Sports information.

Poor showing at SCAC Divisional

Sewanee volleyball traveled to Conway, Arkansas, over the weekend for final regular-season SCAC action. The Tigers faced the Western Division Schools College, Millsaps College, Rhodes, Southwestern University, and Trinity University.

Friday, Sewanee lost to Hendrix and Millsaps, both by 3-0 counts. Game scores were 15-10, 15-13, and 15-13 in the first game; and 15-10, 15-4, and 15-9 in the second.

Saturday, the Tigers beat Rhodes 3-2 (7-15, 15-4, 11-15, 15-11, 15-

13), and lost to Southwestern 3-0 (15-3, 15-5, 15-7). Sunday, Sewanee fell to Trinity 3-0 (15-3, 15-4, 15-7).

Sewanee hosts Fisk University Wednesday night at 7:00 p.m., then heads west for a trip to California. On "the coast," Sewanee faces the California Institute of Technology next Monday and the University of Redlands on Tuesday.

The final home matches of the season are Oct. 31, as Hendrix, Maryville (Tenn.) and Methodist College visit the Mountain. Information provided by Sewanee Sports information.

This Week in Tiger Sports

Football:	Oct. 24 @ Washington and Lee 1:30 EDT
Men's Soccer:	Oct. 24 Rose-Hulman 12:00 Oct. 25 DePauw 12:00
Women's Soccer:	Oct. 25 DePauw 2:00
Field Hockey:	Oct. 23-24 KIT Tournament @Danville, KY TBA
Volleyball:	Oct. 26 @Cal Tech 7:30 Oct. 27 @Redlands 7:30

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Billy and the Good Ole Boys: a Sewanee legacy

by Will Brown

We talk a lot about tradition at Sewanee. Sewanee traditions are what make this university unique in the face of universal banality among other institutions. We wear gowns, coats and ties, skirts, etc. We stand when the Vice Chancellor is introduced. Some of our other traditions are more subtle: we grab mints on the way out of Gailor, and we avoid treading upon the seal in the chapel. Still other traditions involve remembering our forebears, such as Bishop Juhan, Lionidas Polk, and Bishop Quintard. Remembering such Sewanee legacies causes one to wonder who presently among us will instigate such traditions of remembrance. Doubtless there are those who will become athletic heroes, scholars, leaders, and the like. And there are still others, whom we sometimes take for granted, whose benefit on our lives is perhaps not as apparent as that of Rt. Rev. Quintard and company. Their influence, however, is no less important, and we should be no less grateful for their presence here.



Billy says, "She sang in church and that's where I first learned music."

Many excellent traditional musicians cannot read a lick of music, so I was not surprised to learn that Billy cannot either. "I can't read music, but if I sit down in church and listen to a song, I can usually figure out how to play it after hearing it once or twice," he said.

Then there's Billy's hand. The Good Old Boys are quite a lively and talented bunch. The group features a number of some-time members (John, Bobby, Mark, Tom, Ken, Denis, Jim, Carl and, of course, Billy) playing mandolins, fiddles, banjos, guitars, and basses. Billy describes the Good Old Boys as "a country band with bluegrass instruments," adding modestly, "I am the worst musician in our band." Sure, Billy. One thing is for certain: having heard them play, I know that the Good Old Boys can really pick out some tunes, and I am pretty sure there is not a bad musician in the lot.

The Good Old Boys play every Thursday evening, if its warm enough, at what they call "the barn" at the home of Tom and Esther Hembree of Tracy City. Apparently, the barn is just what it sounds like: a barn. This is bluegrass the way it's supposed to be experienced: agriculturally. Along with a stage on which the Good Old Boys play, there are about a hundred auditorium-style seats and even some farm animals and hay. They play from about 7:00 till about 9:30 or 10:00 and Billy tells me that students are more than welcome to come and listen or even play (if you think you can keep up). If you're interested in hearing the Good Old Boys at the barn, swing by the B.C. on a

Thursday and ask Billy for directions.

When Billy is not making music or working, he is advocating students' causes. We discussed some of the changes he has seen over the years at Sewanee. "One thing that I have really noticed," Billy says, "is that the students get brighter every year."

Billy does have a rapport with students that seems to surpass that of most other university employees, including professors. When walking down the sidewalk, one is likely to get a friendly "Hello!" from Billy or perhaps a "Sure is beautiful weather!" even if you don't know him.

While visiting the SPO, you are likely to run into one of Billy's greeting/admonition signs. I think the most recent sign read something like "Have a GREAT party weekend and have lots of FUN!!! But be very CAREFUL!!!" The capitalized letters - I think Billy actually had them underlined - are illustrative of his attitude toward the students.

What, precisely, is this attitude? Billy answers, "I think the world of the students. They make this job worthwhile. If I can make somebody's day a little brighter or cause someone to smile, I've done something important."

So the next time you see Billy sweeping in front of the library or playing his guitar in the B.C., remember that you're looking at a living Sewanee legacy, a mortal institution (though he explicitly denies it). Take a hint. Remember where you are, how blessed you are to be here, and uphold tradition by reciprocating affability. Then you can rest easy, smoke a cigarette (or suck on a Gailor mint) and Ecce quam bonum.

Wal-Mart: a Southern shopping experience

by Kelly Smith

News Editor

When students arrive on this Mountain, they learn about many idiosyncratic traditions ingrained not in the University itself, but rather in the lives of the students. One of these is Wal-Mart. Held in high esteem by students needing a break from this Mountain existence, or just needing shampoo, Wal-Mart is a den of vitality and a reminder of the life that goes on below the clouds. This sentiment is not singular to our own experience, however, Wal-Mart exists as a central part of every small Southern town.

Wal-Mart contains nearly all Southern idiosyncrasies under one roof -- complete with drive-in automotive service and a chicken-fried delicatessen. It is one of the few places in the world where you can buy 24 Moon Pres all wrapped up together in one cellophane package. Wal-Mart also carries a keen sense of the humanities, with a large literature section featuring the Top 100 Bestsellers and, if you're lucky, every Danielle Steele novel in her ample collection. We lucked out with our own favorite Wal-Mart in Winchester. Definitely a jewel, this Wal-Mart is the only place I have ever seen with a bait machine out front. With all the things stereotypically Tennesseean that I have seen, the bait machine may top them all.

It may seem ridiculous to view this megacorporation as essentially and beautifully Southern. Many people see Wal-Mart as a bully who has destroyed the American Main Street ideal, and they are right. Even in my experience growing up in a small town, I have seen small specialty shops close in the wake of the new corporate frontier that has Wal-Mart as its leader. The idea of having separate shopping venues has been replaced by an older



system, like the plazas of the ancient societies, where everything necessary to daily life could be found in one block (and some entertainment, too). It is the center of existence, the nucleus of a small town. For many people looking for hunting gear, a good book about Leonardo DiCaprio, or just some bait, Wal-Mart is Mecca. Undoubtedly, Wal-Mart has unearthed its own place in Southern society, whether you see this progression as good or bad. On the one hand it is almost funny the things you see at Wal-Mart on Saturday in the South, but from another perspective, it is quite sad -- a loss of something genteel.

But we on the Mountain sometimes get enough of genteel. We go to Wal-Mart not only for the physical necessities for sale there, but for a look at the life from which we are estranged. Most of the people I see at the Winchester Wal-Mart, many of them citizens of the real South, don't care that William Faulkner tried to chronicle their ancestors' lives. They don't care that the spandex/polyester blend leggings that they found for \$6.99 were fashioned by harefoot eleven-year-olds in Bangladesh. They don't ponder over whether or not that live bait gets scared in the dark. They live in a plastic-laden, peroxide-tressed bliss. And we love it.

Finger lickin' Southern food

by Sally Ann Cassidy

What is so great about food in the South? The rest of the country certainly has its flavors: Chicago has hot dogs, Brooklyn has pizzas, and New York has cheesecake; but deep down South, we are famous for so much more. Take, for instance, cheese grits and fried green tomatoes, tumip greens and Mississippi catfish, shrimp Creole and gumbo, pimento cheese and chicken salad, moon pies and Krispy-Kremes. From "Soul Food" to Cajun food, the South definitely has flavor. Where else are there at least seven completely different styles of barbecue? There just are not too many foods out there that are associated with our fellow states to the north. You can't use the term "Ohio Fried," to describe chicken. It just doesn't have the same ring to it.

In this eat-and-run society in which we find ourselves, the modern convenience of fast food has not been untainted by the tastes of the South. There are numerous establishments that originated down here, in hot competition with their Northern fast food brothers. Kentucky Fried Chicken, Bojangles, Popeyes, and Chick-Fil-A, all have a common theme between them: fried chicken, the ambrosia of the South, incomplete without biscuits, cole slaw and sweet tea. Thinking back to my childhood, I can remember stopping by Popeyes on the way to church pot-lucks and picnics to buy a bucket of the greasy stuff. You could get it mild or Cajun (my father always opted for the latter). Daddy always got Cajun rice and red beans too, as if the chicken wasn't heaven enough. The scent remained with the car for weeks.

The other chicken cousins of Popeyes still have a spot in my heart because they are famous for their own specialties besides just the bird. KFC is the father of these establishments and has crept far beyond Kentucky and

the Mason-Dixon Line. I actually saw one in Heidelberg, Germany, as well as on 125th Street in Harlem, New York. For me, though, it's almost impossible to pass a Chick-Fil-A without going in for that sandwich and some waffle fries. This chick's flavor, which originated near Atlanta is somebody's grandma's next-door neighbor's recipe, and is the best one known to man. Last but not least, who can resist a Bojangle's Bo-Berry biscuit and sweet tea?

No matter where the fried chicken comes from though, there is only one thing in the South that is as much a tradition, tail gates. The tail-gate party is the place, other than my grandmother's house, where Southern food dominates. When I was a child, my family used to drive up to Oxford, Mississippi, for Ole Miss home football games in October and November. For us, along with thousands of other fans within the Southeastern Conference, as much thought and worry went into that picnic basket as into the actual game. Along with the endless supply of fried chicken, which more often than not was the home-cooked variety, our fare included a plethora of sandwiches all cut up into triangles. They were pimento cheese, chicken salad, and ham and turkey, all made by my grandmother in Okolona, Mississippi, not too far from Tupelo. We had sweet pickles and Zapps potato chips, caramel cake, pecan pie, boiled peanuts, devilled eggs, and tomatoes with salt, pepper and homemade mayonnaise. While my aunts, uncles, mother and father sipped Bloody Marys with celery sticks, cold beer and bourbon, we children indulged ourselves in frothy Barq's root beers and Cokes in the tall glass bottles.

Lots of families brought barbecue to those games instead of the standard party sandwiches. In Oxford, the barbecue was Memphis style -- tiny pork ribs, dry-rubbed, smoked and brought

from the Rendezvous in downtown Memphis. Memphis barbecue is only one of seven styles of barbecue in the South, three of which the Carolinas claim. East of Raleigh, N.C., is home of a vinegar-based pulled pork and Brunswick stew. In Western North Carolina, headquartered in Lexington, a little tomato sneaks into the sauce. Lexington boasts sixteen BBQ joints, one per thousand residents. In South Carolina, the pork is accompanied by a sweet, yellow mustard-based sauce. On July 4, 1994, Piggy Park, of Columbia, served a record 9,725 pounds of pork. Now that's hog heaven.

Elsewhere in the South, you find a generic, but delicious, red-sauce barbecue piled on sandwiches or plates and served with cole slaw, baked beans and hushpuppies. This style is common throughout Tennessee, especially at Jack's in Nashville. In western Kentucky, they barbecue mutton, and down in Texas, they eat beef brisket (because everything's bigger in Texas).

It would not be fair to have an article about food in the South without mentioning my personal favorite, seafood. I come from Gulfport, Mississippi, and all my life, ruby red Gulf shrimp, crawfish, speckled trout and blue crab claws have been eaten in my household just as often as any other Southern cuisine. Whether eaten at a shrimp boil in the summer time or enjoyed at a five star French Quarter bistro, seafood is divine -- fried, broiled, grilled or otherwise.

There are literally a million foods that are attributed to the Southern states. Vidalia onions, watermelon, corn bread and black-eyed peas are as much a part of the South as good manners. The list of foods could go on for volumes. These foods are the heart, soul, and stomach of what makes our region great. So bow our heads, we all are fed, thank you God for Southern bread. Amen.

Wind continued

my mother when she was sixteen. Being the perfect southern woman, she always took it as a compliment. Their similarities were not only skin deep. I have come to discover. My mother not only wanted to look like Scarlett, but to have the freedom to be able to act like her as well.

It was not until the movie was released that I actually wanted to go see it of my own accord. I thought that maybe it was finally time for me to understand why my mother so emulated Scarlett. I sat through the entire show and watched my mother as she saw her favorite movie in surround-sound with brilliant colors in a stadium-seating movie theater. (Hooray for technology!)

When the movie was over and we were sure Scarlett would never be hungry again or have to deal with Rhett's constant attitude, I asked my mother why she loved Scarlett so much. Her answer was a simple one, but it was one that I had always taken for granted. Scarlett was the brave-hearted girl who dared to do whatever her heart led her to do, who was intelligent, and who ran her own business (even if she hunted it with a man). Southern women were expected to stay at home in my grandmother's time, to follow the orders of the man

of the house, never to think for themselves. I had never realized that these values were forced on women close to my era. My mother has always worked and has definitely thought for herself, so I had never known any other way.

My mother had more to say about the movie this time, however. It was not Scarlett that she looked up to now that she was completely grown, but rather it was Scarlett's mother. She noted that so many of the decisions that Scarlett and her family made later in life were affected by the lessons learned from living with her mother. Scarlett's mother stayed within the bounds of her society, yet she still managed to be in complete control of her environment. Scarlett never cared what anyone thought of her, but her mother still managed to retain others' respect.

So why was *Gone With the Wind* redone? Why is it considered a classic? All of the good southern women wanted it to be. Scarlett and her mother were women that they could admire and secretly desire to be. As my mother so eloquently stated, "we need to leave behind the characteristics that limited what we could become, but not the heritage that makes southern women strong in character".

Smith Continued from page 1

had just been written on one of his plays, he would always be at his typewriter the next day, typing away. His letters were always marked "in-transit", and he devoted his life to his passion."

I mentioned that I had found the plays through high school, and that he had a very large influence on me in crucial stages of my development.

"High school is really the time to get into Williams," Smith agreed. "But all ages respond to his work. His most important legacy was his compassion. He identified with people who suffered, because his true muse was his sister Rose, who had a lobotomy as an early age and lived until she was 80. This is who I think about when I read "Portrait of a Madonna," because I believe Rose would have ended up very much like Lucretia had she not had that operation."

"But because of this compassion, he touches all ages. Chekhov was his inspiration, and his plays are done in many languages because of their universality."

And as for her stay in Sewanee, a place Williams held very dear to his heart all of his life?



Sculptor Tony Smith, Jane Smith, and Tennessee Williams

She nods and smiles. "People here are so generous and kind and appreciative. I'm very impressed. I am in awe of the trees in this part of the country. There is a wonderful tradition here, and I hope what Williams has given to the theatre will help nurture many more playwrights and actors in the future."

For a woman who has done so much, has met so many people, I wondered what she considered the pinnacle of her career. Was it

"Idomeneo?" Perhaps one of her many Broadway roles?

"I mean this very sincerely. The pinnacle of my career was reading the part of Lucretia in "Portrait of a Madonna" by Tennessee Williams," Smith admitted, and so wished me a good night.

Williams chose writer Lyle Levrich as his biographer because, as he said, "Lyle will tell the truth, but he will also be kind." I hope I have done the same.

Art is dead and we have killed it

By Charles Fiore

Arts Editor

No one dances anymore. We have allowed the theatre to die. Hand your soul to the T.V. screen, and as soon as people begin to talk, turn the music off. Don't think. Let's keep the plot simple and the philosophy down to a bare minimum...none if possible.

Don't take the time to stop at a framed work of art and allow yourself to be lost in it until you understand. Give your attention to nothing unless it has lasers and bright colors, and only then until something bigger, better, bolder, brighter comes along to take its place.

Set your three-year-old before the computer and allow him to splatter huck-ets and buckets of virtual paint across the screen but for God's sake never, NEVER, allow him to handle real paint because he might spill or splatter a little bit on his bedroom floor and that would make a mess. God forbid your child should feel the paint on his skin, the smell of it in his nose, the way it feels as he runs his brush along the canvas. Remove the artist's hand and allow the wires and pixels to manipulate the artificial depth and save him the sweat and mess and labor and soul wrenching taxation an artist feels when he has completed a work and is exhausted.

Crank 'em out, baby! Who's next in line to have a top 40 song and then be thrown away by the teeny boppers we've raised with attention spans that are so minute they cannot even read a book anymore? And who cares anyway, because we just spent 200 million dollars on recreating the most disastrous shipwreck of all time and everyone came to see it because we had this pretty boy in the leading role, just like we knew they would. His picture was scattered across

fourteen hundred teeny magazines the next week, and countless young girls he looked to bed thinking how handsome he looked when he was drowning.

What the hell do you want, anyway? Do you want meaning? Do you want ingenious? I bet you like Oscar Wilde. I bet you like classy lyrics too, lyrics that mean something. You are so old-fashioned. Wake up! It's the nineties! This is the century we have killed God DEAD and with him all those ridiculous things like morals and universality and purpose and everything that could lead us to a better existence. GOD BLESS MARK DAVID CHAPMAN!!

Whose next in line? Step right up! We'll give you a million bucks and leave you dissatisfied 'cause next week we got a band of glamorous fourteen-year-old girls who play swing--and hey, swing's back these days so we better drain it for all its worth before somebody thinks of doing something original and realizes looking to the past is a fairly tricky endeavor. See, this is the trick, see? If you can be convinced art was better way back when, then maybe you'll spin your wheels trying to figure out why, instead of taking the bull by the horns and showing something new.

BE QUIET! So what if all the true genius out there today is somewhere off to the left of recognizable? Most people don't even realize this, because we pound their television waves and radio sounds with such pathetically superficial sounds and images that make them shake their little rumps and give 'em something to talk about in school. This way they roll along with the mainstream, and in the process give us a whole lot of money, while the true artists of today fulfill the artistic requirement of starva-

tion and deprivation, sacrificing all for their art and the freedom to take chances.

Do you think art should show beauty? Do you think it should show something new? Do you think it should portray a real human emotion? You fool. That was what Van Gogh probably thought, too, and we all know what happened to him. You gotta hit 'em hard, hit 'em fast, hit 'em with the newest bit of technology you can get your hands on. Get yourself an actor with pretty little lips, grab that hippest band before next week comes and they're off of the charts, and throw your work out there to the public so they can rake in your share of the dough before somebody else comes along and does it instead.

Because what do you think you are anyway? An artist? I am so sorry. Enjoy your artistic devices, son. Keep chnging to some hope that people might span a day have a longer enough attention span to notice what you're doing. I hope you enjoy being a waiter.

Because I AM what matters now. I began as a good looking young man gyrating his hips in front of the unbelieving eyes of your parents, and have translated myself into so many different forms I am now unstoppable. Some people would call it "gimmick"...I think that is such an ugly word. I prefer the term "marketability." Or something along those lines.

There is beauty in seeing an actor's spit and the sweat pour down his face from the heat of the lights on the stage. There is beauty in the layers and layers of paint on a Freud. There is purity in the sound of a human's breath amidst the notes of a flute, and there is something distinct and indefinable about the feel of a page and the poetry in the perfect word.

But we can keep that our little secret.

The Evolution of Blanche -- fantasy or reality?

By Tara Thompson

On October 9 and 10, *The Evolution of Blanche* was performed in the Studio Theatre of the Tennessee Williams Center. Consisting of a staged reading of two short plays and a poem by Tennessee Williams, the pieces showcased the evolution of the character Blanche Dubois before her actualization in "A Streetcar Named Desire." The setting was intimate, and the lighting and scenery minimal, which provided the perfect backdrop for the character-driven pieces which highlighted Williams's genius in creating great characters.

The first piece, *The Lady of Larkspur Lotion*, set in a boarding house in the French Quarter, dealt with the intertwining of fantasy and reality. Mrs. Hardwick-Moore, played by Kim Burke, portrays herself as a wealthy southern lady, but she possesses no money to pay the rent. A struggling character who is known only as a writer was played by Jeremiah Murphy. Mrs. Wire, played by Katie Shannon, is the snooty landlady who thinks she knows the realities of both boards. As these three characters clash, painful truths are revealed that threaten to crush their fantasy worlds.

Shannon's Mrs. Wire was harsh and cruel, an unshakable reminder of reality for the other two characters. Shannon played the part very well, with stubbornness and fire as an "all-business" woman. This contrasted nicely with Burke's more timid Mrs. Hardwick-Moore. Burke's character seemed fragile yet also willing to stand her ground. Murphy added both intensity and humor to the show. His monologue was passionate and unique in its delivery, and his humorous lines were delivered with flawless timing.

However, *The Lady of Larkspur Lotion* had a few weak points. At times the pacing seemed slightly off, and at several points the actors seemed to stay too intense or emotional for too long. Nevertheless, the ensemble worked well together. They were not hampered by their scripts or by the minimal movement, as so many actors seem to be when performing staged readings.

The next piece performed was Williams's poem *Lament for the Moths*. This poem is a somber and sad piece, written in beautiful language, which mourns over the dying moths. The work was read by Corey Brown and Kristine Laudadio and served as an effective transition between the two longer plays. The actors alternated lines of poetry as they read, but the piece was easy to follow. Brown and Laudadio seemed to have a

good grasp of the underlying themes of the poem. Laudadio's quiet and soft performance was especially effective. These two actors also narrated the setting and introducing the shows.

Portrait of a Madonna was the last piece performed. It focused on an elderly woman in a boarding house. Miss Lucretia Collins, played by actress Jane Smith, who knew Williams personally (see "Interview" this section) has delusions and dreams that affect all those around her. The story opens with the porter and elevator boy, played by David Berry and Jim Rich, coming to check on Miss Collins, who claims she has been raped. It soon becomes apparent that she is confused, as she is living in a world of the past and dreaming of an old lover whom she has never gotten over. Through these painful memories the truth is slowly revealed to the two men and to the audience. Her landlord Mr. to Abrams, played by Dr. David Landon, decides she should be committed, and at the end of the play a doctor and nurse, played by Will Hudson and Jennifer Campbell, come to escort Miss Collins away.

This piece was absolutely wonderful. Berry played his character as supportive of and sympathetic to Miss Collins, while Rich, much more irreverent, added humor to the show. Both actors were unfaltering in their performances and reacted well to each other. Smith's performance was remarkable. She portrayed the ideal southern woman. Her voice was extraordinary, and her timing and gestures were perfect. Smith brought the entire audience deep into the show and into the character. One example of this effect occurred in a Miss Collins's walk home from church. As Smith described the blistering sun and the horror she felt as she was forced to walk in front of her love, red-faced and fainting, the audience could almost feel the heat on their backs. Smith's performance was beyond impressive, and it was a show that was not to be missed.

These were the first of Williams's works to be performed in the new theatre, an idea spearheaded by Dr. Landon, who wanted to pay tribute to Williams and his career. Continuing in that spirit, several of Williams's short plays will be performed in the spring in the Proctor Hill Theatre, including *The Lady of Larkspur Lotion*, which will be staged again with more elaborate blocking.

Rush Hour: This ain't no stand-still

by Lisa McDivitt

Movie Reviewer

Rated: A-

Jackie Chan never fails to deliver. This light hearted (although at the same time testosterone-packed--don't jump to conclusions here, guys), entertaining, and fun movie was one of the best I have been to in a while. Granted, it probably will not sweep the Oscars, but they weren't aiming for these goals when they made this movie a blast to watch.

Jackie Chan, plays his usual adorable character, this time as Lieutenant Inspector Lee. Straight from Hong Kong, he comes to America to help save the life of the Chinese Constable's daughter, Sou Young, who has been kidnapped by an evil Chinese criminal. The complication, is that the FBI doesn't want Lee to help them; so they stick a loud-mouthed, hyperactive Los Angeles police officer with him to keep the kung-fu expert out of their hair. Alone, this officer (played by Chris Tucker), is way too much, but pairing him with Lee really makes for

some funny scenes. Not only do they work well together, but they help counter-balance each other as well.

The fighting scenes are no less entertaining.

These are always a nice change from the typical action movies in that what Chan and others do takes actual skill and talent. A very unassuming nature gets our hero Lee into some unpredictable situations. Unfortunately, the suspense was not all there for me because I know what our Hong Kong superstar is capable of, but although I was never that concerned about his well-being, I was constantly impressed with his skill and artful delivery.

So, the plot probably would not translate into a 400-page novel, and the acting was not quite that of a Shakespearean acting company, but I

honestly was not out to see a movie that was. I enjoyed the entire film and just had a good time. I did, however, have contentions with other members of the audience who were constantly getting up and walking around the theater, sometimes traveling downstairs, sometimes visiting friends who just happened to be located directly in front of me. And the young adolescent boys sitting nearby, who would not laugh at any of the jokes unless they contained a four-letter word, always managed to divert my attention. Other than that, the entire experience was thoroughly enjoyable.



EXPRESSIONS



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CD Review: COMBUSTICATION by Medeski, Martin and Wood

Neo-Jazz With Soul— Medeski, Martin, and Wood's "COMBUSTICATION" *** & 1/2 *
By Pete Thompson ('00)

The Good: The new Medeski, Martin, and Wood CD is terrific "neo-jazz". The bass guitar, organ, and drums work so well together, it's amazing. The effects that they use are fantastic, and the musical talent of these guys is incredible. They've added record scratching into some of their songs, which blends in very nicely.

The Bad: Sometimes the carrying beats get a little redundant... other than that, there's not too much wrong with this CD.

The Ugly: I miss the older MMW. It's not as good as their more 'jazzy' CDs.

Medeski, Martin, and Wood in three words: NEO-JAZZ WITH SOUL. There's nothing like a jazz-organ, a bass guitar, and a driving drumbeat to make your day. You can create some of the fly-est sounds with those three instruments alone. It can really change your attitude.

I think it was Trey Anastasio from Phish that got people to notice this band. In an interview, someone asked Trey which bands he liked and he replied "Medeski, Martin, and Wood". Since then, their popularity has been spreading like wildfire. You'll see people walking around

with the MMW logo on their shirts, or a window sticker on their cars right next to a Phish sticker. A lot of people who like Phish also happen to be in to Medeski, Martin, and Wood. It makes a lot of sense— when listening to this CD, it seems that you're supposed to be enjoying the same kind of 'refreshments' enjoyed by Phish-heads. The type of ambient-jams that Phish and the Grateful Dead are known for also appear in the style of Medeski, Martin, and Wood.

Lately, you can look at just about any CD or popular radio song and see the influence of techno and electronica. There was never any big electronica movement like some people said there would be, but you can nevertheless hear its effects on today's music. DJ Logic does some sampling and record scratches on three of the songs, and quite honestly, fits in very well. It's such a good addition to the band that they might want to consider making a part of every song. And to think that jazz may one day have a DJ as a staple musician is really kind of weird, but after listening to this CD, it could see it very well making the jump to the general public. What's next? Country? Classical? It could happen... trust me. It's already made a jump into alternative and

harder rock and roll. "COMBUSTICATION" is great for studying. It's great to put on when you've got people over. It's good background music for just about anything. But I find it really hard to listen to this CD (or most jazz, for that matter) by itself. Aside from the one spoken-word poem in one of the songs

I've heard people who've seen Medeski, Martin, and Wood live say that they are the most amazing band that you can see. One of my close friends saw them in Nashville and has sworn to me that they are the best live act around today. You can listen to "COMBUSTICATION" and feel the energy of the band.

One thing that I will have to say before I continue is that I think Billy Martin is one of the most incredible drummers I've ever heard— not because he's doing some incredibly fast or supremely complex drumming, but because he can make every single song sound so incredibly good. The rest of the band (John Medeski on keyboards and Chris Wood on bass) complements him very well. He also uses some bizarre percussive instruments like pots and other metal objects to achieve different effects with his drumming. It's good to see someone trying something different and actually making it work.

The CD starts with some really cool electronic effects by DJ Logic and a driving drum beat. The first song, "Sugar Craft", is fast-paced. I can't tell you how much the DJ adds to the song. It's a strange feeling to have record scratches in the background. It almost sounds like hip-hop. The second song is entitled "Just Like I Pic-

tured It" and is a slow groove. John Medeski on piano does a fantastic job. "Church of Logic" is really incredible too. DJ Logic comes up with some really good scratches from chinese fiddles and other exotic instrument loops to fill out the song.

But my favorite song on the album is by far "Coconut Boogaloo". It's such a happy sounding tune with all of the sound of the old MMW. There are some really funky song names on "COMBUSTICATION" too— "Hey-Hee-Hi-Ho" (modeled after the sound of the piano in one part of the song), "No Ke Ano Ahahi", and the like.

All in all, I'd have to say that this is one of the better CD's that I've heard lately. God knows there's a good share of crap out there. But it's a different style from what I'm used to. And I think that's good. To MMW fans, I'd recommend it just for the record scratching and new ideas that these guys have come up with—they make it work. If you've never heard of MMW, you owe it to yourself to get an older Medeski, Martin, and Wood CD like "Shackman" before giving this one a whirl. Nonetheless, this is a quality CD for just about anyone.

You can check out this CD for yourself Sunday night at 10:00 PM at your hosts, Sir Peter Lettermanfortersonson and Johnny Stanwick on the riotous WUTS album show, 91.3 FM.



(Whatever Happened to Gus'), the entire CD is instrumental music. So, it's not like these guys have some deep philosophical or political statement to make through their music. Even the spoken word is pretty jazzy. The guy that's reading this thing has a really "scat-cat" type of voice. Very chill. "Dem cats... coming out of Pittsburgh via-rail Kansas city" It's a coffee-house song that makes me want to snap my fingers in applause.

Great effects, but don't commit Hari-Kari over Ronin

By Shap Sweeney

Shap's Grade: B-

According to Japanese legend, the ronin were 47 samurai warriors in feudal Japan who, after their master was killed, wandered the country as freelance mercenaries before regrouping at the palace of their master's murderer, defeating him and his warriors, and then committing ritual suicide together. The new action movie, *Ronin* (directed by John Frankenheimer, most famous for *The Manchurian Candidate*), however, is about a suitcase

Robert De Niro stars in this tale of international intrigue. On the surface the plot is mildly original, but just beneath the surface details *Ronin* is a rehash of plots and characters that any action and suspense movie fans will immediately recognize. One almost wonders if the script's reliance on secrecy as a necessary element in international mercenary work is just an excuse to leave character development and interesting dialogue completely out of the picture.

The basic elements of the plot concern a group of aging mercenaries who are hired by a pretty young Irish

woman (one immediately suspects I.R.A. involvement) to rob the previously mentioned suitcase from an unknown party on the streets of Paris. The identity of the young woman's employers is at first kept secret, and the contents of the suitcase (clearly very valuable or very dangerous, and probably both) remain a mystery throughout (anyone recall the suitcase in *Pulp Fiction*?). De Niro plays Sam, a former CIA agent, and the supporting cast includes Jean Reno (probably a former NATO agent), Stellan Skarsgard (as a former Russian intelligence agent in West Germany), and world champion figure skater Katarina Witt as...a world champion figure skater (and the girlfriend of a Russian mobster who wants the suitcase himself). The connection with the legendary ronin, as the movie would have us believe, is that the super-agents on both sides of the former "block" having served their countries valiantly, have no real cause to serve now that the Cold War is over and thus work as mercenaries for the highest bidder (and thus are a sort of modern day ronin). The movie would perhaps have been a good deal more interesting had its creators played this con-

nection out in a meaningful way, which they do not.

The elements of international intrigue and the constant double crossing and confusion as to who "the man behind the man behind the man" is will no doubt remind the viewer of two relatively recent movies: *Mission Impossible* and *L.A. Confidential*. Despite *Ronin*'s lack of substance, visually it is one of the most excellent unoriginal-action movies in years. The cinematography of the car chases, ranging in location from the highways of Paris to the narrow streets of Nice, and the shootouts, ranging in location from the ruins of a Roman Coliseum in a small French town to the banks of the Seine in Paris, are truly impressive. At the same time the complete insensitivity of all of the characters (including De Niro's) to the destruction and injury they wreak on innocent bystanders is unappealing.

Those who only enjoy intellectual movies should stay away from *Ronin*, but fans of old school action movies will not be let down by Hollywood's latest attempt to recapture the freshness and suspense of the early Hitchcock and James Bond movies.

Bela Fleck adds a new twist to familiar sounds

by Douglas Waterman

Students, professors, youngsters, and many others filled the seats of Guerry Auditorium on October 8 to witness the spectacular trio ensemble of Edgar Meyer, Mike Marshall, and Bela Fleck. Each of these performers brought a unique sound and personality to the performance, blending a wide variety of musical styles including jazz, classical, bluegrass, and country.

Bela Fleck is well known for his work with Bela Fleck and the Flecktones, whose first and second albums earned them Grammy nominations. Fleck was twice voted "Best Miscellaneous Instrumentalist" by *Jazziz Magazine* for his phenomenal banjo talents. He has toured with such artists as the Grateful Dead, Bonnie Raitt, The Newgrass Revival, and Leon Russell. In 1995, Fleck released the highly-acclaimed album, *Tales From An Acoustic Planet*, which is a collaboration with musicians including Branford Marsalis, Bruce Hornsby, Ricky Skaggs, and Edgar Meyer.

Edgar Meyer, bassist of the trio, was described by *San Diego Magazine* as "quite simply, the best bassist alive." He has composed and performed at popular musical events such as Asoen, Chamber Music Northwest,

Tanglewood, and the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival. He joined the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and plays regularly there with this particular trio.

Guitarist, mandolinist, and violinist Mike Marshall regularly performs folk and bluegrass music with the musical group *Psychogross*. His name first became known when he joined the original David Grisman Quartet at the age of nineteen in 1979. Presently, Marshall is working in the area of Brazilian choro music with Choro Famoso.

The trio's performance conveyed to the audience a very casual and relaxed atmosphere. Aside from the music, the performance was also very conversational and even comical—all three members of the trio talked and joked freely among themselves and the audience.

The group's first set consisted of several songs from their 1997 album *Uncommon Ritual*, including their signature piece, "Sliding Down." Other selections from this album included Bach's "The Art of the Fugue" and "Frogs on Ice," a song which gave each of the artists a chance to show off their talents by playing improvisational solos

The highlight of the second set was probably Bela Fleck's solo banjo piece, which incorporated elements of the Rolling Stones' "Paint It Black," "Amazing Grace," and the "Beverly Hillbillies Theme Song." The audience looked on in amazement as Fleck demonstrated his agility on the banjo. The trio also strayed somewhat from their album and played some of Mike Marshall's earlier works. This gave the audience a sense of how each of these different styles of music can be interwoven to produce a distinct, quality sound.

After a rousing standing ovation by the audience, the trio encored with an all out jam session. This encore was a bit peculiar; Edgar Meyer switched to the mandolin, Bela Fleck jumped on the bass, and Mike Marshall started picking the banjo. It was a very entertaining sight to see the diversity of the artists' talents. The jam lasted between twenty and twenty five minutes. The Sewanee audience applauded in awe of the trio's gut-wrenching final performance. It was a show that was appreciated by all in attendance. Fleck, Meyer, and Marshall will continue to tour into the New Year in both the United States and Europe.

Diane Jones featured at Shenanigans

By Elizabeth Van Hoose

If you have held a 1996 Festival of Lessons and Carols Program, peeked at the shields on the candles surrounding the altar in All Saints Chapel, read the labels of the Cumberland Plateau formations ascending the stairs in Snowden, or received a recent Easter card from the School of Theology, then you have encountered some of the fine calligraphy created by Diane Jones.

As this month's featured artist, Ms. Jones is displaying her work at the Shenanigans Gallery in downtown Sewanee. With texts ranging from Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 to the slogans of area businesses, Jones's calligraphy enhances language through letters and images elaborately drawn in gouache, Chinese stick ink, colored pencil, and watercolor. While she usually uses quills, steel nibs, and brushes, Jones has also experimented with such unusual writing utensils as bamboo reeds and popsicle sticks.

Enhancing significant words with different colors, arranging verse in elaborate patterns, and accompanying letters with images, Jones depicts familiar texts in new and striking ways. In one of her pieces, the lines "And he answered them and said, / The Kingdom of God is within you" form a square in which the verse's lines overlap each other. The first line, drawn vertically in green gouache and repeated across the page, forms a grid-like pattern with the second line drawn horizontally in purple gouache and repeated down the page. Together the lines form a square, the riddle of the words well depicted in the complex visual pattern they create. Jones turns words on their sides again in her calligraphy of Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 ("To every thing there is a season...")—the angled positioning of the letters, combined with the variety of lettering styles, colors, and media, enhance the notion of different roles of time in the quoted passage.

Ms. Jones's work also includes,

among others, depictions of a passage from Tolkien's *The Fellowship of the Ring*, a passage from Hildegard, and an exquisite poem written by her husband Bob. Because her combinations of different media, letter styles, and colors are unique to each piece, no two works repeat themselves in appearance.

Since bottled ink cannot produce opaque lines, Ms. Jones prefers to work with gouache and Chinese stick ink, whose thickness gives a stark contrast between ink and paper and between one ink color and another. Gouache, a very high grade tempera paint, maintains its color even when it is written directly on top of a color darker in tone. Chinese stick ink comes as a brick, which is rubbed on an inkwell-shaped stone containing water—the water slowly dissolves the powder



until the desired consistency is obtained. Chinese stick ink is sometimes preferable to gouache because it is not as thick and gummy as gouache; furthermore, its being oil-based allows the artist to wash over it without smudging its lettering. The effects of both types of media add a crispness to Jones's work; every line of every letter seems to rise from the paper on which it is drawn.

The Shenanigans Gallery will be displaying Diane Jones's calligraphy until October 26. Prices range from \$24 for unframed prints to \$190 for framed originals. Visitors may enter the gallery during the restaurant's opening hours, beginning daily at 11:30 a.m.

Purple Picks

What to do when there's nothing to do on the Mountain

GO HOME!!!

Guys, it's fall break this week-end! Get in your cars and your planes and your trains and go home for once!

A ROCKIN GOOD TIME

Seanachie Irish Pub and Restaurant is having a Rockin' Halloween Bash featuring Dimestore Freud on October 31 at 7 pm. It is located on 327 Broadway in Nashville. Let's do the Monster Mash!

HAUNTED HOUSES: Open Until 10/31

Death Valley Haunted Woods of Hendersonville, located at 769 West Main St. in Hendersonville, TN, will haunt you at the time of your choice. Check it out Thu. 7-11 pm, Fri-Sat. 7pm-1am, or Sun. 7-11pm.

Death Row: Haunted Prison at 3250 Ezell Pike in Nashville is open from 7pm to 11:30 pm on Fri-Sat, promising a hauntingly good time.

The Theater of Blood in Old Cinema South Building on Nolensville Rd/Windlands Shopping Center in Nashville is open from Tue-Thur. 7-10pm, Fri-Sat. 7-11:59pm, and Sun. 7-10pm. Get \$2 off on Sunday with a Pepsi bottle or can!

JAZZ IT UP

Check out the Chattanooga Choo Choo Holiday Inn any night up until the 31st for "Track Tunes," a free Jazz, Bluegrass, Pop/Rock concert. Offered from 5-8 or 6-9 pm.

FOR THE ART FREAKS

"Wish You Were Here," a photography and media exhibition, is going on now until the end of October. Check out pictures and more of regional landscapes from Mon-Wed. 10am-5pm, Thur-Sat. 10am-7pm, or Sun. 1-5pm. It is located at the River Gallery in Chattanooga.

Great Halloween Sites:

For great Halloween fun and facts on the web, check out www.spooky.org.uk. Jokes, recipes, and everything you could ever want to know about Halloween!

The most awesome web site I have ever seen just happens to be a Haunted House! Block out about 30 minutes of free time and explore www.bonegarden.com. It's worth it!

We at the Purple would like to wish everyone a great Fall Break (we know you deserve it!) and a happy Halloween. Have fun and be safe!

No Pun Intended

Why did the ghost cross the road?
To get to "THE OTHER SIDE!"

What do you call a person who puts poison in someone's corn flakes?
A cereal killer!

How do you make a witch stew?
Keep her waiting for hours!

What do birds give out on Halloween?
Tweets!

Did You Know...?

Black Cats are the symbol of Halloween because it was once believed that souls could travel back into the world of the living in the body of an animal -- usually a black cat!

It's no coincidence that witches are never seen riding vacuum cleaners. The Broomstick is symbolic of the magical powers of females because they were employed in the cleansing of ritual places.

"Trick or Treat" originated in Britain where it was first known as Mischief Night. In Sewanee, of course, it is more common to hear "Trick or Beer."

BABES OF THE WEEK



Winners and runners-up in the homecoming court: (left to right) Kris Kimball, homecoming queen Katie Daughtrey, Brooks Orrick, and Worth Jones

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