

The Sewanee Purple

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, Tuesday, January 27, 2004

Vol. CLXXXII No. 4



**WELCOME
BACK TO THE
MOUNTAIN!!!**

Read about this "Arrow" Sign
Page 5

What's Inside

*Happy Shake Day!
Rush Weekend Forecast*



Friday:
High: 45
Low: 25



Saturday:
High: 47
Low: 45

**Deadly Bacteria,
Cruel Amoeba Intensions-**
*You Might not EVER hold
hands after the things that we
mention!*

...Read Hand Washing Page 3



A NIGHT TO REMEMBER...

One Sewanee Student Meets A True
Iraqi War Hero....Read his story on
the Back Page.....

PHILLIP COLE: REMEMBERED

Molly Smith

Guest Writer

I remember thinking this summer, there is someone I am going to be with and I haven't even met him yet, or even know who he is. I could have never imagined that that person was going to be Phillip Cole, nor could I anticipate the profound effect he would have on my life. I knew Phillip in a different way than his teammates or classmates, but there is no doubt that his effect on most people was equally significant. Phillip was full of life, energy, and compassion and everyone's connection with Phillip made

them happier people.

Before that Sunday morning when I found out, death was a stranger to me. Death was rarely on my mind, and so far from me that it seemed an eternity before it would cross my path. In that one moment, as I lay in my bed paralyzed by the horror and devastated to such a state of overwhelming grief, the reality of death became crystal clear: I had lost Phillip. The truth of such a crime evokes so much pain and so much anger. You know that college students are at risk for car accidents or overdosing, but murder is unthinkable. If I had known on Friday morning that the next time I would see him would be on Tuesday night in a coffin, my world would have crashed in on me, and it has. I don't understand what happened or why it would happen or how to feel, but what I do know is that this empty feeling, because he is not with me, will not leave me. The days immediately after I received the news are a blur to me. I just kept thinking that when he came to me that morning, I should have told him to stay for Mountain Top Ball. I wished I left two minutes earlier on Friday afternoon to say one last goodbye. I know I had no control over what happened, but the "what ifs" are haunting.

I came to Sewanee for an education and I felt prepared, but now I have realize that the most important lessons in life aren't learned in a classroom. There is no way to prepare for such a colossal loss as the loss of Phil and I know that it will take a very long time for me to feel normal again. I find that doing school work seems so trivial, as though something inside me has stopped and everything seems so meaningless. I feel frozen in so many ways because the world around me continues, but I remain tormented by this loss. In hearing of the arrest of the man who stole Phillip from all of us, I only feel numb. The hardest battle for me is accepting in my mind that nothing will bring him back.

My complete lack of understanding as to how such an act could occur has left me questioning. I remember at Phillip's funeral the priest said that senseless acts of violence, such as Phillip's death, can push one far from God or draw one nearer. They can devastate



Lyn Bushman

one's faith or strengthen it. He prayed it would be the latter for us all. I do believe in God, but I will never believe that God chose to take Phillip. I think that in life things happen and God is only here to help those left behind. It is not that the football team has lost a player, or that the school has lost a student, or that so many of us have lost a friend, or that I have lost a boyfriend, it is that this world has lost a rarity. The loss of Phillip was the loss of a lively, funny, outgoing young man who, most importantly, exemplified kindness, affection, and concern. It was that side of Phillip I was honored to have experienced.

I know that many of us who were close to Phillip, the days go by and mixed feelings engulf us. There is a want to leave Sewanee because it calls to mind so many memories we shared here with him, and yet there is a want to be here because this place does have that power. There are times when I can talk about him and feel this rush of happiness at the ability to remember how he made me feel. Then there are those moments when the lack of his presence is so cold and aching that I can't handle it. He won't be coming to see me tonight or waiting to walk with me after class or leaving me his witty messages on my phone, but I know he is with me.

Continued Page 3

Back that Thing Up



**Your
Computer's
New
Favorite
Accessory**

Kathryn Larson

Executive Editor

It's *21 Grams*—and we aren't talking about the movie—but if you wanted to, you probably could put it on your new high-tech, James Bond styled, 128 MB USB cord. Starting Wednesday, Sewanee is test-marketing
(Continued Page 2)

She's on to Bigger Rhodes...

ROBIN ROTMAN NAMED SEWANEE'S 24TH RHODES SCHOLAR

Julle Blair

Arts Editor

Unless you've been living under a rock lately, you know that Robin Rotman was named Sewanee's twenty-fourth Rhodes scholar. If you have been living under a rock, Robin can identify it for you and tell you its point of origin. On the evening of November 22, while the rest of us were enjoying the Mountain Top Ball, Miss Rotman was in Atlanta mentally preparing to discuss her future plans with the associated press. Rotman is a senior geology major with double minors in math and Environmental Studies.

To receive a Rhodes scholarship, an applicant must receive the endorsement of his or her school. At Sewanee, this means discussing an essay and application with a panel that includes former Rhodes scholars on the faculty. Endorsement obtained, the applicant moves on to a state selection committee. Candidates choose where to interview the state of legal residency or the state in which s/he attends school. Rotman, a native of Lake Bluff, Illinois chose to interview in Tennessee; this meant traveling to Nashville. After this process, the state committee forwards two candidates to the district committee. For Rotman, this took place in Atlanta. Out of ninety-nine American finalist applicants, thirty-two are selected as Rhodes scholars. Famous Rhodes scholars include Wesley Clark and Bill Clinton.

Rhodes scholars are selected by the qualities outlined in Cecil Rhodes' will. These include physical vigor and excellence in character. The trust provides for transportation, schooling, and expenses

for two years of study in Oxford, England.

After her stay in Oxford, Robin plans to study and practice environmental law. She and Dr. Bran Potter presented a paper at the Geological Society of America conference in Seattle last semester. Robin also gave a presentation on hydrology in Puerto Rico earlier that semester.

I first met Robin in Physical Geology, Advent semester, freshman year. Three days before the longest paper of my life—thus far—was due, Robin said, "How's the paper coming?" I hadn't started. Before I could answer, she said, "The funniest thing happened to me. I'm doing geo-thermal activity in Iceland and I got all my sources through inter-library loan. They were in Icelandic! Good thing I started a month ago. Otherwise I couldn't have translated them and I wouldn't be finished now." She was finished the weekend before I even started. I feel this anecdote still defines both our personalities perfectly; it is only our attitudes toward each other that have changed. Robin's "Mach-Three" drive in academia and all areas of life no longer irks me to the core; on the contrary, it is her drive that I most admire. Rather than rolling my eyes at her inquisitiveness, I am proud to be her friend. Over the break, I got the opportunity to interview Robin via email. Here are the results of that cyber-chat:
1. Why did you decide to try for the Rhodes?



An "A"-typical kinda gal

I tried for the Rhodes because I thought that it would be the ultimate challenge, and because England is arguably the birthplace of geology...and the facilities and

Continued Page 2

Spring is Sprouting With A New Environmental Column...

The NIMBY Complex:

It's Not Just Another Dumb Acronym

Nalasha Cowle

Staff Writer



my article. Thanks. Stick with me, and we'll take a look at this NIMBY thing on a larger scale.

You know the stuff we're bombarded with daily in the news? No, not the latest guy soldiers have fished out of a hole in Iraq or Paris Hilton's contributions to the elegance of the English language. How about these facts: global warming is already causing the spread of infectious diseases, and increasing heat-related deaths. High smog levels cause 159,000 trips to the emergency room each summer. The United States produces 5.6 million tons of sewage sludge annually. Creepy, but hard to notice in newspapers, aren't they?

Our entire country suffers from a profound ability to ignore the environment. News about the environment rarely makes headlines. And it often sounds too alarmist to believe: "2003 Called Third Hottest Year on Record" (CNN.com, 12/17/03), "A Climate of Despair" (Time magazine, 4/9/01), "Nuclear Danger Zone, NC" (The Nation, 7/2/01), "Elvis Appears; Wams of Impending Doom Caused by Polluted Fisheries on Texas Coast" (Okay, I made that one up. Sorry.). But Elvis aside, the warnings are not just supermarket tabloid extremism.

We may not notice our environmental impact yet, but it's real. It's time to stop alienating ourselves from how we affect the environment. It's time to stop ignoring what's happening outside the stone gates. As human beings, we are responsible for keeping the planet inhabitable, and as students at one of the best colleges in the country, we are obligated to use our intelligence, training, and resources to help the environment.

This is the first in a series of opinionated but researched articles to increase awareness and generate discussion about the environment, what we do to it, and what to do about what we do to it. Look for more in the next edition of the Purple.

High atop the Cumberland Plateau, surrounded by thousands of acres of lush pine and hardwood forest, the Sewanee campus seems worlds away from the dirty haze of smog over Chattanooga, less than an hour southeast. Our beloved school fits its natural surroundings. Moss and ivy soften elegant sandstone buildings, stately oaks and white pines shade green quads, and students walk or bicycle along campus paths. Yet our beautiful, pristine campus lulls us into a false sense of isolation. The "Sewanee bubble" manifests itself in a new form when applied to environmental issues—it becomes the NIMBY (Not In My Backyard) complex.

Natural resource use and pollution are not hot topics among the student body here on campus. And that's understandable, considering how little we see of their results. We hop in our cars for a late night trip to the library, or for a raspberry muffin fix at the Blue Chair, and think nothing of it—there's no grimy layer of smog over Sewanee to trouble our consciences. We have plenty of water, so why hurry in the shower? And it takes time to sort recyclables—it's so tempting to dump everything in the trash, especially since it soon disappears into an unseen and unscented landfill. I'm not being sarcastic. It's truly hard to see a need to conserve when we don't see any effects of our waste.

Okay, so maybe by now you agree with me that there's a bit of a problem with our tendency to ignore things outside of our Sewanee bubble. Or maybe not, in which case I'm impressed that you're still reading

Rotman Continued From Front Page

research/study opportunities at Oxford are incredible.

2. When did you have an inkling that you would receive the scholarship? I really didn't expect to win...this is the kind of thing that I thought happened to "other people"...so when they called my name, I was like "Did they just say my name? Can this be right?"

3. Are you looking forward/frightened/cager/intimidated by the future in the UK? What are your emotions about studying in Oxford?

Sure, I'm a little bit scared about going to the UK, because I've heard that everything is quite formal over there, and I am not exactly miss prim-and-proper. However, I'm very excited because this is really my first chance to travel through England and Europe. I'm very grateful to have my plans for the future (or, at least, the immediate future) figured out so early in the year, so I can enjoy next semester and just delight in Sewanee and my friends and life here, without worrying about applications and job interviews.

4. Who has been your mentor?

Here at Sewanee, I have been truly blessed to work with so many great people. In particular I am grateful for Dr. Potter, for his unending support and encouragement and for opening my eyes to the mystery and sacredness of geologic processes; my friends, who put up with me and nourish me daily, and who keep me humble; and my parents, who never told me that I couldn't do it.

5. Why did you choose Geology as a major?

I chose Geology because it's fun. I love being outside and trying to figure out how things work. After taking Intro with you (Julie) first semester of freshman year, I realized that this is something I would be happy doing for the rest of my life. Sewanee's department of Forestry and Geology is filled with students and profs who care about the Earth and who have challenged me to become more aware of the natural world...and to have fun while doing it.

6. Where were you when you found out you won and how did you react?

The final interviews for the Rhodes were held in Atlanta, GA on Nov. 21 and 22. After the interviews were completed, the candidates were called in to a conference room...where we waited for over 4 hours while the committee made their deliberations. Finally, they escorted us into another room, sat us down...and simply read the names of the four winners, in alphabetical order.

7. Why do you think they picked you?

That's a hard question. Truly, every finalist deserved the Rhodes...I'm certainly not smarter than any of them. I think that I won because, through the grace of God, I knew the answers to the questions that were asked of me...

8. I know that some of your questions dealt with gender studies and that you describe yourself as a feminist. As a woman, who has been a mentor or supporting force in your life?

My mother is my hero. She became a doctor when it was extremely hard for women to do so...it's weird to think that when she was growing up, the Rhodes Scholarships, and even admission to Sewanee, were exclusively for men. I feel like today, the sky's the limit for women...it's easy for me to forget how recently this was not the case. Here on campus, I am very grateful for Dr. Macfie, who daily shows me that it's okay for women to be strong. Perhaps unknowingly, she has redefined "feminism" for me...and shown me that true "equality" is reached not by women trying to act like men, but by women being free to pursue their dreams regardless of what's expected of them.

9. Your parents are both doctors; did you ever consider medicine as a career?

I never ever considered medicine as a career. In fact, the only reason that I took Earth Science in high school was to spite them.

10. You speak Spanish, play percussion, fly planes, and are an avid outdoors-person. You are a sacristan. You enjoy horseback riding and yoga. Where do you get your energy? What drives you to try so many new things?

I sleep a lot. Also, I am sustained by the love and support of my family and friends, and by prayer... I would say, however, that one secret motivation for my involvement in the community is a fear of impermanence, a fear that this life is the whole show and that once it's over I will be forgotten. I'd like to think that there's something beyond this life, that there's a heaven...but perhaps not...perhaps the only way to eternal life is to live on in the minds of others...and so I try to live each day to the fullest and to remember that our time on Earth is all too finite, and that if we have a divine calling, it is to make the most of each and every moment.

Back that thing Up!

(Continued from Front Page)

the hybrid of what flash cards did for digital cameras. A tiny device that you can attach to your keys or wear around your neck provides you a secure safety net against the circus saga of, "I wrote twenty pages, and I saved it on my floppy/zip and it broke—and it was my only copy!"

Grieve no more fellow Sewaneans, for today the ATC technicians have found you a solution—wiping your mind free of fears and mending those grades tempered by the harsh elements of viruses, broken discs, and simple conversion to Mac or PC. They fit into your USB port (computer illiterate read as: Unidentified Stupid Button) which is on the keyboard for Maes, and on the back of the CPU for IBMs.

The inspiration to offer the novel technology to Sewanee students came after ATC director, Vicki Sells, attended a conference at Depauw. They bestowed upon her the gift of 15MB; however, it was not in countless computer parts but simply shelled on a bite-size key chain.

Although not edible, it certainly can chomp down almost any relevant information pertaining to documents, QuickTime movies, and maybe music (of course, we at the Purple sanctions only legal transactions :)).

About the only concern the lab has about the usage of USB regards the actual trashing of it. That is, when finished with your work, you must eject the USB by dragging it to the trash can on your Mac or IBM. Failure to do so will result in your files landing in hyperspace—where the technicians rarely can intercede to resuscitate them. At the moment, Sewanee is toying with the 128MB style USB, and although these little godsend go up to 256 MB Bobby Lawson, certified Apple and Electronic Classroom support technician insists, "anything higher cannot be tolerated by our lab" for reasons of incompatibility.

Think about it. If the USB keychain does compute with students, then these might one day offer an upgrade from that pen and folder attained by orientation students. The environmentally savvy are sure to enjoy this new endeavor as it would not only cut down on waisting trees, but cut down also on complications and computer glitches because Sells says, "Floppy discs go bad, the zip discs lose their data. It makes back-up files easier to transfer; I think they'll be useful to everyone." And, assuredly they will as Lawson maintains, "the most important thing is the portability compounded with durability." But Sells is quick to add how "these are aesthetically pleasing, too."

Donning a silver shell complete with the imprinted traditional Sewanee deep purple logo, these USB's are equipped with password protection and a string if you wish to tie it round your neck (this new trend could easily replace the bowtie!) The Sewanee USB 'lives' for about 10 years, and gets it's juice from the electricity of your computer. It needs no watering and actually isn't water resistant. On a good note, it only requires the occasional cosmetic cleaning.

Originally, 50 were purchased for the RCC's to aid them in their endeavors of transporting virus patches to your computers. But now, for a short introductory time only, you can purchase one of the remaining 25 on the market. Send check or cash down to the ATC lab as quickly as possible. (OK, maybe that was a little much, but one day the ATC could become the QVC...who knows.)

The USB costs around \$50.00 plus that good old 9% sales tax. If this pans out, then the ATC promises to keep a ready supply. Remember, always back that thing up in style!



Police Blotter

Wil Oakes

Assistant News Editor

In the course of our lives, it is always important to remember the past. If we do not look back to the events that have shaped our lives, we will surely fail in moving on into the future. They say that history repeats itself, and if this is the case, then we clearly have insanity to look forward to. This is the conclusion that I have drawn as I compile this, the second edition of the Police Blotter's greatest hits. These top ten stories of the past few semesters fully exemplify what crime at Sewanee is all about. I hope that you enjoy them...

10. Sewanee students terrorize local Taco Bell, authorities called in to restore order
9. Chief Parrot enjoys vacation on the beach; watches TV while rain pours down outside
8. Cannon fired in fraternity house, sets off smoke alarm
7. Drunken student sleeps on porch of BC, "waiting to check mail"
6. Prospective student mistakes Benedict for Elliot, falls asleep in stranger's room
5. Flasher leaves Sewanee campus; likely due to warmer weather and departure of trench coats from day-to-day style
4. Marijuana forest found growing behind Sewanee Cleaners, removed
3. Decapitated hog's head placed on campus monument, as police officers watch from across street
2. Student steals piece of art from library, vandalizes it, and then returns it to display
1. Student found hanging and swinging from street sign arrested for public intoxication

Congratulations to the students whose stories appear in the list, you have truly become a part of history. We at the Police Blotter office appreciate your work, because your tomfoolery is the stuff a good blotter is made of. Until next time, be safe, don't park illegally, and remember, "it is through the blotter that we all become who we are."

What's Going Around

-Sore Throats

-Nausea and Vomiting

Don't forget to NOT drink out of the same cups on SHAKE DAY!

The Sewanee Lilly Blooms

Summers Flourish with The Lilly Summer Discernment Institute



Lacy Johns
Staff Writer

For students feeling financially limited in their search for summer internships, the Lilly Summer Discernment Institute provides an eight week, paid internship program funded by the Lilly Foundation at the University of the South. Established in 2002, the Lilly Foundation provides the opportunity for students to spend their summers in the services of others by working in a faith-based vocation or in a needy community.

Students from colleges and universities around the country come to Sewanee for an initial week of immersion in a service project and meetings with mentors and representatives of churches and non-profit organizations. After six weeks at the internship, students return to Sewanee for a final week of group discussion and reflection.

There are two possible internship tracks available to applicants. Track one is a parish-based internship in which the student works for a community parish in a number of capacities. Track two internships are service-based and allow the student unlimited opportunities to experience a career with organizations, such as animal sanctuaries, battered women shelters, schools, and hospitals.

Jill Sethness, a senior psychology major, participated in track one of the program this past summer as a youth intern at St. David's Episcopal Church in Austin, Texas. She said the program had a tremendous impact on her future plans.

"It was a great learning experience and inspired me to look into youth ministry after I graduate," said Sethness. "We can gain some experience

with programs that can't normally afford to pay an intern.

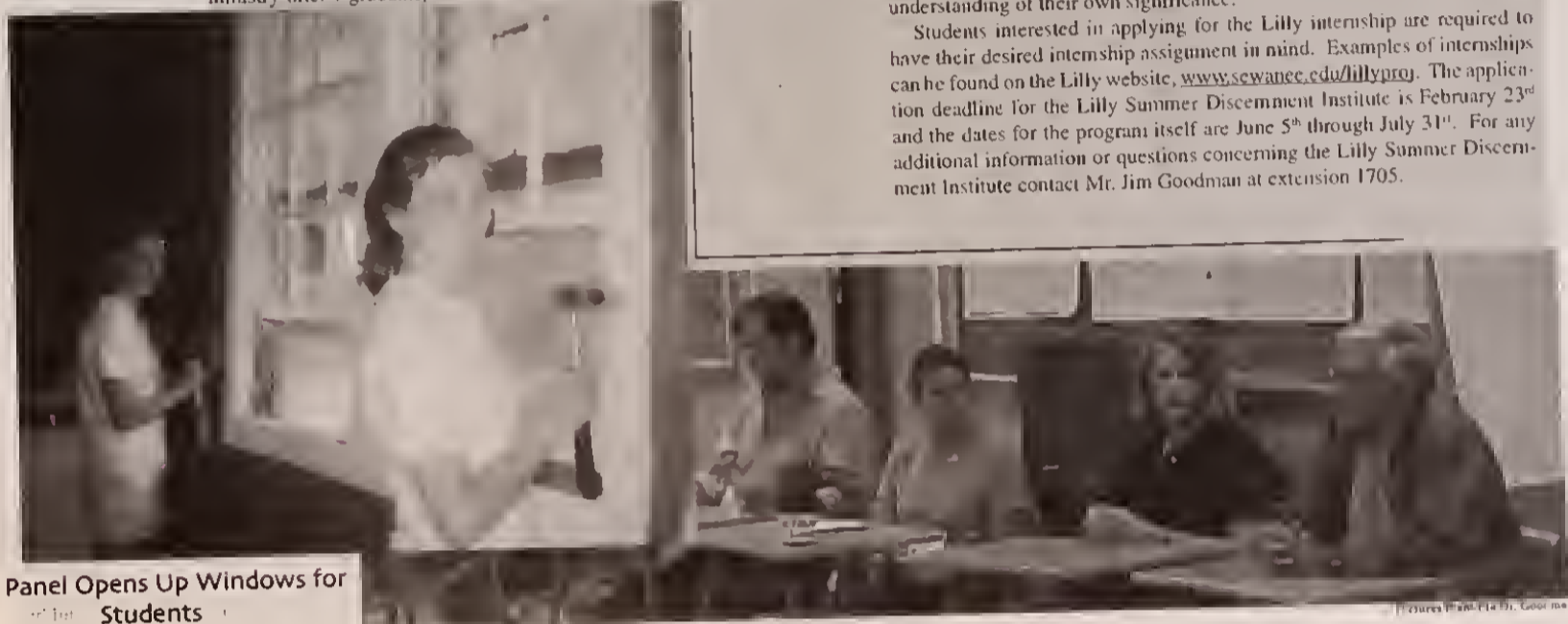
Paul Dominiak, a junior philosophy major, has participated in the program the past two summers. His first summer was spent as a youth intern in a Jackson, Mississippi parish and he spent his second summer in the Society of St. John the Evangelist in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the oldest Anglican community of brothers. Paul lived alongside the brothers, participating in their daily activities, and studying monasticism firsthand.

"It was a great opportunity for a vocational outlet because of the financial means and the otherwise unavailable experience," said Dominiak, in support of the program's unusual focus and benefits.

Mr. Jim Goodman, Program Director of the Lilly Theological Exploration of Vocation, wants students who apply for the internship to realize their experience will be extraordinarily different than a professional success-versus-failure story. Mr. Goodman sees a clear distinction in the goals of a TONYA internship from those of the Lilly.

According to Goodman, the Lilly internship allows students to remove themselves from motivations of individual accomplishment to form a stronger communal unity, building their character and spirituality in addition to academic and professional goals. Goodman explains that once the financial barriers to exploring spirituality in the professional world are dissolved, then students are able to realize their potential and possibly come to a greater understanding of their own significance.

Students interested in applying for the Lilly internship are required to have their desired internship assignment in mind. Examples of internships can be found on the Lilly website, www.sewanee.edu/lillyproj. The application deadline for the Lilly Summer Discernment Institute is February 23rd and the dates for the program itself are June 5th through July 31st. For any additional information or questions concerning the Lilly Summer Discernment Institute contact Mr. Jim Goodman at extension 1705.



The Panel Opens Up Windows for Students

Phillip Cole
(Continued from Front Page)



Although I feel so very alone, I know he is still in my heart.

This community has been confounded by such a great loss, but the support and the love that have been shared have been so thoughtful. I know I am grateful to be a part of such a place that exemplifies so much empathy. I don't think I will ever accept what happened and I know there is not one day that I won't think of Phil. My memories with him have filled me with so much joy. I sat at my Thanksgiving table, only days after this tragedy, not sure how to feel thankful. I realized that I am overwhelmingly thankful for my time with Phillip. He has truly changed me by giving me so much and I will never be the same. Phillip may not be here, but what he has given to all of us will remain with us always. We all will never be the same.

The Hartline

Francie Hartline
Staff Writer

An Introduction to the Dangers of Unclean Hands You Could Die!

...Ok, so maybe not so much die as catch the common cold, but you still ought to keep reading to learn about a little routine called "washing hands"...

Here are a few facts to digest before I get started:

"40 million U.S. citizens get sick each year from bacteria transmitted by unwashed hands."

"Hepatitis A, meningitis, and infectious diarrhea can easily be prevented if people make a habit of washing their hands." (Yikes!)

"One out of three people do not wash their hands after using the bathroom" (www.sope.net).

Scrubbing your hands with soap and water for about 10-15 seconds, "or about the length of a little tune," after using the bathroom, handling anything dirty, when someone in your home is sick, and before and after you prepare food could decrease your risk of getting sick. For example, your risk of contracting a respiratory illness could decrease by 45 percent (CDC, www.hbns.org).

Now let's look at how important this habit is in our little town of Sewanee: It's common knowledge that if just a few people have the flu here on Sewanee's campus, then just about everyone is going to have it within a few weeks. Between doorknobs, smooching, and computer keypads, all students are greatly susceptible: so the only way we can begin to prevent having these frequent break-outs is for everyone to start washing their hands in a consistent manner.

I know that I have the terrible habit of licking my fingers at mealtime when I haven't washed my hands for perhaps several hours. I might as well let a sick person breathe on me, because in a normal day a person touches at least 20 doorknobs or handles. This is how people get sick: They're very likely to rub their eyes with those same hands and eat food with them too. Yeck.

Now here's the catch: We could just say, "Ok, then, wash your hands before every meal and don't rub your eyes, and all is solved." The latter is a good idea, but the former rouses a problem. Think that anti-bacterial soap you invested three bucks on is going to do the trick? Think again. Anti-bacterial soap is detrimental in that it may wash away some of the beneficial bacteria that we need to fight off really harmful bacteria. Also, it is theorized that for the anti-bacterial agents in the soap to truly be effective, the soap must be left on the hands for several minutes, much longer than most anyone is willing to wait before rinsing it off. Finally, if we get rid of all the bacteria on our hands, then we are not allowing our immune system to continue getting stronger, for if it has nothing it has to fight off, then by allowing it to weaken, we are making ourselves more vulnerable to diseases (home.howstuffworks.com/).

Mary Ellen Feaster of Health Services agrees: "The immune system must be exposed to all these [bacteria] and learn to fight them off." Mild exposure is good, she adds, so being around people can be ultimately helpful to your immune system.

So what do you use in lieu of anti-bacterial soap? Just use regular soap and warm water, says the CDC (Center for Disease Control): "Because [washing your hands] costs less than a penny, you could say that this penny's worth of prevention can save you \$50 visit to the doctor."

The Sewanee Purple

The Official Organ of the Students of
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years of Student Journalism

The Sewanee Purple is owned and operated by the students of the University of the South. All editorial and financial matters are directed by the Editor in consultation with the staff and under the authority granted by the University Publications Board and the Order of Deaconsmen. Unsigned editorials represent the opinion of the editorial staff. Signed editorials represent the views of the writer and do not necessarily reflect the editorial views of the Purple.

Letters to the Editor are welcome and should be mailed directly to Editor, Sewanee Purple, or sent to the Purple's e-mail address. Letters must be received by the Thursday following the publication of the previous issue and should include the writer's name, telephone number, and year of graduation (or relationship with the University). Unsigned letters will not be printed. The Purple reserves the right not to print articles of excessive length or poor taste. The Editor will be the final judge of the appropriateness of any column item.

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opinions editorials

Forum For Your Thoughts



Half Empty...or Maybe Full?

Mountain Top Ball, Now and Then

Each issue, the Editorial Staff will be inviting the community to share its own experiences involving the University's traditions as well as its ongoing progress as a leading liberal arts college. This week, Professor Arthur Knoll of the History Department shares his perception on the changes to Sewanee's Mountain Top Ball.

Sewanee's Mountain Top Ball is our premiere dress-up event. Since its inception around 1999 - I wasn't able to establish the date exactly - it has become the social occasion for faculty and invited guests to be with students in a singular setting. This year's Ball was surely the best of many: white rose table decorations, excellent buffet, nuanced lighting, and the artistry of the Pat Patrick Band combined to make the event a memorable one.

Last year's Ball did not fare as well as this year's primarily because the band, "Liquid Pleasure," sought to cover its inadequacies in a blast of sound. It also lacked a suitable repertoire of danceable music appealing to all ages. Thus much depends upon the quality of the music offered, and this 2003 Ball featured tunes that spanned a number of generations including standards like "Pretty Woman" and "Brown-Eyed Girl."

But, hey, I didn't hear "Margaritaville" or Uncle Kracker's "Drift Away."

O.K. - we'll do those next year.

Besides the band, the other major requirement for a successful Ball is good student deportment. And, indeed, we did have that this year.

Flawless planning by Brooke Vaughan, Emily DeJuan, and Britton Thompson also helped make this year's Ball a success. They encouraged students to arrive early, which they did, and to be in good form (which they were). The band was not cheap, but that's the price one pays for a group that appeals to a range of choice and does not obliterate immediate conversation with its sound.

In short the evening is not complete without something from Mr. Jimmy Buffett, Roy Orbison, Vann Morrison, Abba, Bee-Gees, Supertramp, Billy Joel and his "Up-town Girl." And, yes, we'll include some OutKast ("The Way you Move"), Ludaens ("Stand Up"), and "Baby Boy" with Beyonce - if that's what you want; that is, if these offerings are still around next year. A few requests for next year's Ball. We should recover the turning glass ball, affix it to its proper place on the ceiling of Cravens, thereby turning the hall into a myriad of swirling multi-colored light. Dreamy! The eaterer provided an excellent table; however, Swedish meatballs and little wieners wrapped in heated crescent rolls (pig in a blanket) would be welcomed additions to the other good fare.

Hey, I'm satisfied. One can't have it all. And I promised my students that I would not ham up any more party pies. But I want to hear more Uncle Kracker!

Arthur Knoll
Dept. of History
(The above does not represent the sentiment of the whole department)
- only about 2/5ths of it

*But, hey I didn't hear
"Margaritaville" or Uncle
Krackers's "Drift Away." O.K. -
we'll do those next year.*

Harper Lee, Lady Soames, R.W. Apple Jr. to Receive Honorary Degrees Here



Harper Lee, author of "To Kill a Mockingbird," the author Mary Soames, the youngest daughter of Winston Churchill, and R. W. Apple Jr., associate editor for the New York Times, will all be awarded honorary degrees at Sewanee's Opening Convocation on Jan. 27. The ceremony begins at 12:30 p.m. in All Saints' Chapel on the University campus and all are welcome to attend. Lady Mary Soames will deliver the convocation address. Following are brief biographies of each recipient:

R. W. Apple Jr.

For nearly 40 years, R. W. Apple Jr. has roamed the United States and the world, traveling close to a quarter of a million miles a year as an eyewitness to history during the most eventful periods in the modern era. A native of Akron, Ohio, Apple received a bachelor's degree from Columbia University. He worked for NBC News and the Wall Street Journal before joining the New York Times in 1963. As associate editor for the New York Times, R.W. Apple Jr. has known and interviewed every President since Lyndon B. Johnson, plus senators, governors and world leaders on five continents. Few journalists of our time have seen so many great events; for that reason, he is a sought-after commentator on television in the United States and abroad. He participates regularly in major international forums discussing diplomatic, economic, and military questions. Apple is a recipient of the Overseas Press Club Award and The Lowell Thomas Award, among other recognitions.

Lady Soames

Lady Soames, born in 1922, is the youngest and only surviving child of Winston and Clementine Churchill. During World War II she served in mixed anti-aircraft batteries in England and northwestern Europe and accompanied her father as an aide on several wartime overseas journeys. In 1947 she married Captain Christopher Soames, later Lord Soames, the politician and diplomat, a vice president of the European Commission, and the last governor of Southern Rhodesia. He died in 1987; they had five children. She is the author of "Clementine Churchill: The Biography of a Marriage," which won the Wolfson Prize for history, "A Churchill Family Album," "The Profligate Duke," and "Winston Churchill: His Life as a Painter."

Nelle Harper Lee

Nelle Harper Lee was born on April 28, 1926 in Monroeville Alabama, a city of about 7,000 people in Monroe County. Monroeville is in southwestern Alabama, about halfway between Montgomery and Mobile. She is the youngest of four children of Amasa Coleman Lee and Frances Finch Lee. Harper Lee attended Huntingdon College 1944-45, studied law at the University of Alabama 1945-49, and studied one year at Oxford University. In the 1950s she worked as a reservation clerk with Eastern Air Lines and BOAC in New York City. In order to concentrate on writing, Harper Lee gave up her position with the airline and moved into a cold-water apartment with makeshift furniture. Her father's sudden illness forced her to divide her time between New York and Monroeville, a practice she has continued. In 1957 Miss Lee submitted the manuscript of her novel to the J. B. Lippincott Company. For the next two and a half years she reworked the manuscript with the help of her editor, Tay Hohoff, and in 1960 "To Kill a Mockingbird" was published. In June of 1966, Harper Lee was one of two people named by President Johnson to the National Council of Arts.

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Internship Deadlines!!!

Believe it or not, these cold January days are the time to start planning for the summer! Listed below are the deadline dates of the Sewanee Internship Programs. Information and applications for each program are in the Office of Career Services. Please note that several programs have February deadlines. Now is the time to line up your internship!

ACE: Deadlines vary by internship. Please see the link from the career services website:

BIEHL Program in International Studies: Deadline is February 13, 2004

LILLY Summer Discernment Institute: Deadline is February 23, 2004

MEDICAL Internships: Deadline is February 18, 2004

RAOUL Conservation Internships: Deadline is February 27, 2004

STEPHENSON Internships: Deadline is February 23, 2004

TONYA ECONOMICS: Deadline is March 1, 2004

TONYA PUBLIC AFFAIRS: Deadline is March 1, 2004

LEARNING TO LIVE IN THE MOMENT

Attempting to Alleviate the Post Graduation Fears

Margaret Chadbourn

Editor-in-Chief

With the arrival of those predictable cold and foggy Sewanee mornings, the prospect of graduation is merely a spring day looming on the distant horizon. For me, a senior, that day seems closer and closer, and I become increasingly unnerved about the entire prospect. As an underclassman I remember watching older students study for comps, miss classes for graduate interviews, and make appointments in states of panic with Career Services. I recall asking seniors before me, "What are your plans for next year?" yet always prefaced this statement with, "I know everyone is asking you this right now, but..." The redundancy of this question is no longer banal. Instead it has recently become associated with alarm and apprehension for me, and I know exactly why: because this time around, the question is mine to answer.

I hope my uncertainties about graduation are similar to those of the Class of 2004. I hate to feel alone while I remain anxious about the future. The inevitable job hunt, soliciting professors for recommendations, studying for GRE'S or even the LSAT's, it seems to become almost an "extra class" as a friend of mine once described to me during her last semester at Sewanee. Compared to other institutions, Sewanee seniors have another capstone event that causes stresses before graduation: comps. Collectively, senior year puts many additional stress factors on the average student. After four years protected by our Sewanee angels, and most of us still living off the munificence of our parents, the Class of 2004 is approaching the sudden push into the real world, signaled by the reception of our diplomas. The phrase, "It only seems like yesterday we were freshman," will soon become a cliché on campus, a cliché that is all too real.

Even if the majority of my concerns lately have been focused on the future, there is sentimentality sweeping its way through my mind as well. Reminiscing about college life of the past is another characteristic of a senior, whether it's recollecting memories from studying abroad, or thinking about your favorite classes such as sitting in English 101, listening to a notable Sewanee professor chuckle and recite his time-told stories to sleepy eyed freshman during their first 8:00 class. There's sometimes regret and possibly moments of embarrassment while considering "crazy Sewanee nights" or perhaps fumbles in class might make you

blush, like falling out of a chair in Dr. Benson's Chaucer class your junior year. As a senior, the language of "lasts" is perpetually used to describe the fleeting moments of our Sewanee experience. We attempt to make each moment permanent, it has to encapsulate previous years, and we start to place too much emphasis on the act of remembering.

Feeling somewhat sentimental on the night before registration for this semester and thinking this was my "last" attempt at finally avoiding classes on Fridays, I was compelled to write about my experiences at Sewanee. As a student here I have always benefited from the connections I have made and the mentoring I have received from students, alumni, professors and administrators. Thinking I could somehow offer advice to younger students on the same academic path as myself, I began to conjure memories and contemplate "what did I really learn at Sewanee?" Then, clicking away and trying to write it all down, I realized I was making the one mistake that I always do: I was looking longingly at the past, placing high expectations on the future, and forgetting to recognize all I have in the present.

Recently, I ran into a professor walking her dog while I was on my way back to the dorm after class, a professor whom I miss seeing regularly on campus because she's on sabbatical. Standing in the cold, hoping to benefit from scholarly advice as I attempt to figure out my life post-May, the conversation instead turned from graduation onto different subjects than I expected, yet I welcomed her quite the same. With the rain beginning to fall and interrupt our encounter, the thought occurred to me once more: this moment mattered. Engaged in our discussion, I forgot about the endless job search and the fears of graduation. I was mesmerized in that single conversation and the fortune of my Sewanee education. The realization that graduation is not for another five months and there is still time to revel in the many opportunities at Sewanee finally imprinted itself. There's no time like the present Sewanee, remember that.



The Sewanee Purple Staff (left to right) Kathryn Larson, Margaret Chadbourn, Sara Miller, Andrea Scarlattelli, Katy Bosse, (back row) Eric Wilson, William Peirson, Henry Sweets Not Pictured: Julie Blair and Margaret Hughes

**This is my last editorial as Editor-in-Chief for *The Sewanee Purple*. As I pass on my responsibility to my friend, Kathryn Larson, I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank her and the rest of my friends on the staff now, and those friends on the staff long gone. I want to take my last bit of print to show appreciation to the entire editorial staff. I enjoyed all of our meetings (with fresh Q snacks or without), working into the late hours of the night (while begging Ruth to let us stay in the B.C. all by our lonesome), and trying to rile the Sewanee community with our editorials.

I also want to thank my professors who helped me out along the way, and always understood my frustrations after tedious hours trying to produce the paper, especially my advisor, Dr. Craighill. All of the professors and staff on the dark and dreary third floor of the B.C. have been a tremendous support to all of our writers and editors, whether it's just a cheery "hello" and "how's the paper going?"—believe me, it really matters to us all. I also want to express appreciation to Vice Chancellor Cunningham, Dean Peangen, Dean Thompson, and Counseling Services (especially Dr. Spaulding), for allowing me to pester you all routinely and for keeping *The Purple* informed. I also want to thank Career Services (especially Melissa Wehhl) to whom I will forever be indebted for helping me secure helpful internships that led me to get my first *real* job. I hate to leave my responsibilities at *The Purple*, and I will miss the nervous energy I get when placing the fresh copies of our fine paper out at McClung, but I know it's continually improving and is definitely left in good hands!

Talloires Declaration

Dear Vice Chancellor Cunningham,

As an exceptional institution in the competitive atmosphere of higher education, The University of the South should be recognized for our efforts and accomplishments in the arenas of sustainable education and development on both a national and an international level. Should Sewanee move to sign the Talloires Declaration, it will be a merited proclamation and acknowledgement of our university as a continued leader in higher education.

The Talloires Declaration, named for its birthplace at an international conference in Talloires, France in 1990, is the first official commitment made by university administrators to environmental sustainability. It unfolds a ten-point plan aspiring to incorporate environmental education and literacy in the scholastic atmosphere of colleges and universities. Since the conference, over 300 colleges and universities from over 40 countries around the world have signed the Declaration.

The ten-point plan that the Talloires Declaration proposes is a broad structure for institutionalizing sustainable development on university and college campuses worldwide. While some have criticized the general nature of the document, this is precisely its strength: the goal of sustainability and environmentalism should be a common one, regardless of a university's financial or political climate. Therefore, any institution that sees value in maintaining and protecting the earth for future generations (and are not all institutions of higher learning concerned with the security of our future?) should feel encouraged to sign. To that end, the document was phrased in as much of an all-inclusive, all-encompassing manner as possible.

In reading the list of ten-points, it is immediately obvious that Sewanee already complies with each guideline, including, perhaps most importantly, Number Ten: an effort to maintain the movement. From the Food for Thought Program; to student initiatives such as the Eco-house, the Environmental Resident Program, and SERP Sewanee students show their commitment to sustainability. Through educational resources such as the interdisciplinary Environmental Studies Faculty, the environmental studies majors and minors, and the Landscape Analysis Lab Sewanee displays a commitment to environmental education, as outlined in the Talloires. Remembering all these things and the community collaboration through the SOP, the Natural Resource Advisory Committee, the Eco-Domain group shows we are an exemplary university with a commitment to sustainability. It is time that we are recognized for our work.

Should we sign the Talloires Declaration, we would be listed among such prestigious names as the University of Virginia, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Davidson College, Middlebury College, Tufts University, George Washington University, Brown University, Rice University, and Rollins College. The opportunity to join this international network of universities and colleges boasting signatories from countries including Nigeria, Thailand, India, Brazil, China, Lebanon, Ghana, and Mexico, is the perfect way to further the institutional dedication we represent and obtain the national and international recognition we deserve.

Since the Student Assembly has graciously supported this mission, we hope that you will agree that now is the time for the Talloires Declaration at Sewanee.

Yea, Sewanee's right!

Sincerely,
Jamey Lowdermilk and Caitlin McCollister
Head Environmental Residents

Talloires Declaration:

1. Increase Awareness of Environmentally Sustainable Development.
2. Create an Institutional Culture of Sustainability
3. Educate for Environmentally Responsible Citizenship
4. Foster Environmental Literacy for All
5. Practice Institutional Ecology
6. Involve all stakeholders
7. Collaborate for Interdisciplinary Approaches
8. Enhance Capacity of Primary and Secondary schools
9. Broaden Service and Outreach Nationally and Internationally

For more information, go to:
http://www.ulsf.org/programs_talloires.html
<http://www.unesco.org/iau/sd/talloires.html>

arts & living

A Ted's Treat The Cedar Shack

Delicious Ted Goodman Staff Writer

Just down the road in Monteagle is a quaint little eating establishment called the Cedar Shack Restaurant. The Cedar Shack is right next to the famed High Point. The restaurant has a variety of meals ranging from hamburgers to 14 ounce New York Strip Steaks.

As you pull up to the Cedar Shack the first thing you will notice will be the delicious smell emanating from the restaurant. From the

smell you can tell that this will be a dining delight. I spoke to one of the members of the friendly staff, Alicia, who told me what the restaurant had to offer. She said that the steaks are delicious and recommended their Board Special which offers a New York Strip Steak with a baked potato and salad bar. The steak comes in two sizes, 6 ounce for \$6.95 or 12 ounce for \$9.95. The Cedar Shack also offers a Sunday Buffet and Friday Seafood Bar. The Cedar

Shack is appropriate for hanging out with friends or treating your parents. The wide selection from the menu is sure to please everyone.

The Cedar Shack is a nice restaurant locally owned by Kevin and Jill Jemigan. This establishment is also quite clean. It received a 93% on the most recent health score rating and a 92% on the previous rating. At the Cedar Shack you are sure to receive a delicious, clean meal served by friendly people.

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SEWANEE GETS A REALITY CHECK

The Gallery welcomes Bob Durham and Ben Bridges

Wynter Jones
Staff Writer

Sewanee is receiving a Reality Check. This reality check is more than just a reference to the return of classes, books, studying, or comprehensive exams to the Mountain; instead, it is a reference to the work of artists Bob Durham and Ben Bridges whose work is currently on display in the University's Art Gallery. Together Durham's paintings and Bridges' drawings make up the Gallery's exhibit entitled "Reality Check" which will be on display through the tenth of February. Despite a difference in mediums, the artists' work shares a common subject matter: contemporary realism. The works deal with objects that can be found in everyday life, including skateboards, baby dolls, and convey messages that go beyond the feelings one would normally associate with those items. Arlyn Ende, the gallery director, commented, "While their work takes different forms, Durham and Bridges both choose nuanced compositional arrangement to connect with the illusive presence of their subjects. The results can be ambiguous, humorous or sometimes disconcertingly familiar."

Of his own work Durham said, "I'm intent on observing and building with paint the physical and emotional presence — not just appearance — of my subjects so that to the unguarded eye they seem almost

palpable. The hours of looking, then painting, looking, then painting, are my way of beginning to understand the illusive presence of my subject. Indeed, most of the act of painting is a preparation and waiting for my subject's presence to appear on the canvas." Currently Durham, a Nashville based artist, is a visiting professor of painting here at the University, replacing Ed Carlos while he is on sabbatical.

Similarly, Bridges is a visiting professor of art at the University of Wyoming, Laramie. Bridges produced all the work currently exhibited in the gallery during his time in Wyoming. He credits his time in Wyoming as changing his art remarking, "My work is more simple than it's ever been. It's the first time in my life to experience wide-open spaces. You can see forever." As a result, what he refers to as the "horizon line" is a recurring feature in most of his drawings. This horizon line presents itself as a large gray mound in his drawings, usually attached to a piece of wire.

Bridges' charcoal drawings are a combination of objects he encounters in everyday life from graffiti, dolls, or the horizon to the subject matter he teaches in his classes at Wyoming including anatomy and life drawing. Bridges said, "My drawings are based on reality and altering reality. I just find objects: desolation, graffiti... random objects. I just find simple beauty in decay." Simplicity is part of Bridges' overall agenda, accounting for his use of paper and charcoal to convey his message. He remarked, "Honestly, I think drawing is something that's been overlooked. It's where it all started — making a mark, simplifying things. It's a break-down to bare essentials: sheet of paper and piece of charcoal."

His drawings are often from memory, using things he experienced to tell a kind of story. He said, "The drawings, paintings, and objects I build are an attempt to gain an essence of personal fascination. Somehow I am trying to reconnect to an event, thought, or action. In the studio where my bead spins and my heart still beats, I root around in memories, ideas, and images from my own experiences."

For both Bridges and Durham, the work is not wholly about the piece itself but the reaction it pulls from the viewer. Bridges himself was reluctant to give away too much information on the objects found in his pieces. He commented, "I want a little bit of mystery, for the viewer to bring their own baggage to it." For Durham, it is the way people make sense out of all the random objects present in the painting that is fascinating, Durham noted, "I take objects and set them up into unexpected juxtaposi-

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tions. I'm intrigued by how the mind makes sense of things that don't make sense."

In the end, the two artists use their work to communicate a sense of wonder and fascination with the world that lies about them and to convey those sentiments to the viewer. Durham said, "The world is not indifferent to our observation. Painting within the realist tradition, I hope to communicate how awesome and unfathomable it can be when one really looks."



"This World of Ten Thousand Things": One of the many pictures you'll see in the gallery

Filled to the Brim

Heather Haney

Staff Writer

We know it as a positive alternative to McClurg, a place to get a "real" cheeseburger and fries, a congregation spot where there are at least ten familiar faces...yes, our own leaning tower of Shenanigans. Who would have guessed it served as everything from glass shop, to shoe repair, to coal dispensary? Did you know the building was originally a general store/grocery, opened in 1872? Ever wonder if the building is really leaning? Or why we get carrots instead of pickles? Most people probably don't even know that there is a local artist gallery in the back and has been for the past 15 years. The building has been around for quite a while and here are some of the stories behind Shenanigans.

The various owners of the building came and went, and so did their preferences of decoration. Tobacco, The Grateful Dead, Elvis, and carrots are just a few of the major themes. Originally wanting the restaurant to serve healthier entrees, the carrot theme came about when the owner decided to make the restaurant (first opened in 1974) different from most and put carrots on the plates instead of pickles. The third owner, proving to be a huge Grateful Dead fan, hung the now pricey black and white Telluride concert poster from August, 1987. The Grateful Dead isn't the only band hauled around Shenanigans'. John Lennon, Johnny Cash, Geof Bowe, and of course, Elvis grace their presence as well. One wall is filled with Elvis memorabilia, there is even a black velvet poster of the King. And what collection would be complete without a "James Brown for Governor" sign?

Another of the more popular pieces is the framed "Odd Fellows" charter. The original group met in Shenanigans' and used it as their subordinate lodge. The charter date reads October 18, 1906, though most of it is hardly legible on faded brown paper.

The third most questioned piece (after the Elvis collection and the Odd Fellows piece), has a title of "In 6 Days Sewanee beat Texas, Texas

William Peterson



WITH Shenanigans!

A & M, Tulane, LSU, and Ole Miss, On the 7th Day They Rested." The article, dated 1899, is from when Sewanee won all twelve conference games. Football fans, this is something you might want to look into!

According to Sewanee grad of '03 and Shenanigans employee, Margaret Cleatham, the *Take Campus Rt.* sign with an arrow pointing to the right is one of the main attractions in the restaurant. The red sign with reflective black letters did earn itself a name around Sewanee when a certain event occurred back in the seventies. Legend has it that some members of an infamous fraternity dressed up in army uniforms and re-routed traffic down Alto Rd. where many large trucks got stuck and had to be airlifted out. This sign was originally in front of the Sewanee Inn, but was moved to cause this disturbance. The fraternity was kicked off campus until the last grandchild of the fraternity members dies.

To clear up any confusion, it isn't just an illusion, the building really does lean. During WWII the building was used as a skating rink and the support was cut out on the wall where the kitchen is. New footings and the kitchen wall were added later.

While waiting for food to be prepared, entertainment can be found around the restaurant. The "Quote Wall," newspaper quotes put up by employees behind the counter, such as, "tattoos don't mean had neighbors," helps Shenanigans' servers get through the work day with added humor.

If you take the time to notice the cooler behind the counter on the front end of the restaurant, you will see the "Beer Cooler of Shame"—as it is known by employees—where photos from group parties are posted after long nights of playing hard. It's become another way to pass time while waiting for orders to be prepared.

Another interesting "while you wait" tid-bit is the basket of postcards located on the counter. These have been available to read since the 60's when employees or friends of Shenanigans' began sending them in.

There is a Sam Adams brewery sign complete with bullet holes hanging across from the counter. The story is the war wounds come from the Sigma Nu house (there is some debate whether it is from KA or SN) where the boys used it as a BB target, according to Shenanigans' employee Mark Anderson.

While on the "beer" pieces, the Heineken poster came from owner Kiki Beavers' dorm room, and

"To clear up any confusion, it isn't just an illusion, the building really does lean. During WWII the building was used as a skating rink..."

before that it was shared by her brother in high school. Somehow, much like the other pieces, it worked its way to the walls of Shenanigans'.

There is a poster next to the back door in which a speaker appears to be playing music so loud it is close to blowing the listener away. The guy posing in the picture is a Sewanee grad, but no one was sure of his name. The bottom corner reads Steve Steigman, The Weaver Gallery.

To those who wonder why there is a cash register and three sets of scales sitting around, well here is the answer: when the building was used as a general store those were the original Dalton Gun Metal Toledo scales and cash registers. They are truly antiques.

Also, the lamp shades came from the first owner of Shenanigans' who was a potter and specifically made them for the building. She did say to be careful because if they are broken they would never be replaced.

The *City Café Parking Only* sign came from robbery! Yes, everyone used an unmarked lot to park in while dining at Shenanigans', and when a sign was put up to announce exactly whose lot it was, well, the sign was stolen and of course hung as a trophy. When entering the back door look up on your way to order. It is a white sign with hand painted red letters.

At one point coffee was roasted inside the building and when the Beavers' became the owners, Ben Beavers explained that there were still coffee bean bags covering the ceiling. Although the Beavers' thought this added to the nostalgia, the fire marshal thought otherwise and arranged for removal of the bags.

These are just a few of the many stories behind the legend of our familiar Shenanigans'. Sometime you should just go to check out the walls. At second glance you will find much more than you could ever remember being in there and you might even find you are a part of the history!

Living it



Becca Stokes

Arts Columnist

Growing Into Strength

The music's blaring. "A little less conversation, a little more action please." From my bed in Gorgas I look over at roommate Jane sits at her computer. With a solitary and understood eyebrow-arch we are on our feet, getting down with our bad, bad selves. It was a glorious moment in the midst a remarkable, chaotic year. At the time we laughed at our mangling of lyrics in the already-mangled Elvis remix. Then, we were a whole year younger and could laugh off the total lack of 'play' for women like us at Sewanee: Irrepressible, smart, cynical, desperately hiding our charming baggage, and perhaps (I'm ashamed to remark) a little less than Gwenyth Perfect. Yes. The Gwenyth Perfect gets a capital P.

Over the summer, my normal straight-out-of-musical summer romance failed to occur; my already quietly nervous romantic sensibilities were jarred.

School started and before I knew it. A sweet freshman girl claimed she had found the perfect guy for me. I was skeptical, but began wearing makeup to class and tried to stop short my verbally incontinent nature should I ever accidentally encounter this mystery man. I wanted to be observed without worrying that I'd be doing something loud, absurd, or anything that might give a clue as to who I really am - why foist that on someone right away and spoil the surprise? Then, there was the inevitable first sort of conversation. "Sort of conversation," I hear you all echoing, and there I nod sagely. There was no preface to the dialogue, no hello, none of the usual queries about weather or classes. He opened up his rugged mouth: "Did you know Alaska is four times the size of Texas?"

Followed by much blinking on my part and then - God help me - I tilted my head and replied: "Well did you know Texas is bigger than France?" It didn't get any better. Even some dead nicety inquiring after the health of my parents would have been less shocking. Later that weekend, I told the story to a roundtable of friends over dinner for probably the eighth time and a boy who shall remain nameless, but for artistic purposes will be called William Peirson - shook his head at me. "Wow, I'm Becca and my standards are way up here!" That's when I realized maybe he was right. Maybe it is expecting too much, desiring to spend time with someone who's just moderately interesting. I'd rather have dinner with someone I hated than with someone who has nothing to contribute on the way I think or live or even what I order!

It was at this low point, while I wallowed in seasoned fries and soda, that my friends decided I needed to arrange a SWAT team every time I went out on a date. Nothing fancy, maybe a surveillance van or underground lair with high-tech gizmos, but I'd settle for a table on the other side of the room, dark glasses, and a tin-can telephone. From this safe distance, I would be instructed on what to say, how to say it, when to say it, if to say it at all. Horrifying visions of Jane smashed on Ruby Tuesday's Appleinis and hoarsely whispering into the tin can "Take off your braaaaaa!" and me, staring the potential new boy down and requesting he remove his undergarments flashed through my head. Our cute waiter Jason shattered the moment, and I proved how desperately I needed a team of experts by thanking him eighteen million times and apparently batting my eyelashes. This would probably explain why he looked sort of a cross between confused and sick to his stomach. It's okay; he had a tattoo of a rose wrapped around his wrist, and what we thought was cute winking finally appeared to be a permanent facial tic. Me and my standards.

When I was eight years old I had no idea I'd even make it to twenty alive. I distinctly remember leaning against my kitchen counter and asking my mom if when she was small, she'd found the idea of turning twenty an impossible one. This is not where I thought I'd be. I thought I'd be blonder, funnier, nicer, and more honest. I thought I'd be famous by eighteen, seriously dating Daniel Day Lewis by nineteen and retired after critical accolades by twenty.

I thought by the time I was twenty all that my parents told me would have come true - that I'd believe in God with the same seamless strength that they do, and that men would think I was as beautiful and as unique as I'd always been told I was. I thought I would understand the way the world worked, and more importantly, accept it.

What has happened isn't all that awful. I'm nowhere near as blonde, nice or honest as I'd like, and rather than being famous, I've come to finally accept that wanting nothing more than to entertain the general public is a worthy endeavor. I've learned what's important to me, and sadly it's not Daniel Day Lewis or any of the bad boys my mother promised would someday see the error of their ways. I just want to get up on time every morning, sleep in on the weekends, and never go to bed without having a good story to tell.

It's not an easy thing to realize, after a decade of thinking only someone else could make me happy or whole, that happiness is my own choice, but with every rainy day and aimless boring conversation, every good hook and bubble bath, I'm reconciling myself to becoming something better than a nice blonde: a strong one.

WWE Continued from Back Page

checking my sources as to whether he was the real 'Jason Alexander.' (I considered creating a sign as well, but the only thing that came to mind before the study session in the car was, "[I]heart[wrestling]," which seemed weak.) The crowd broke into taunts of the typical A Train chant: "Shave your back!" Although we got to see the rapper's signature move, FU, he was ultimately defeated.

The boy to my right assures me of the verism of all aspects of the event: real blood, real hits, real names. Rebekah and I, green to the core, muse about the Los Guerreros' fake car. We wonder for a shining moment if it might be electric, but its tell-tale exhaust fumes--prevalent even in the mezzanine section--assert it runs on fossil fuels. I wonder if the crowd is at all concerned for their brain cells and lungs. Their lungs survive to scream for the last match, but not without a break.

The longest silent pause of the evening comes when the screens light up with a blonde woman in various bikinis. "This is my favorite part," says the boy near me, I wonder why. He is finally silent again as we watch in awe and respect as her high-pitched voice explains her favorite clothes are thong bikinis. She admits she "like[s] it when people are surprised [she's] a wrestler too [in addition to being a Playmate]." This stimulating visual montage is not presented for any particular reason and the woman's name is not mentioned over the loud speaker. An astute observer may glean it by reading it under the illustrious title "WWE Sex Goddess" on the displayed cover of *Playboy*: it's Terri. We don't get to see any more of Terri in the flesh and the program diones on. The video was merely presented as a blatant injection of sexuality.

The final match is between "Big Show" and "Hardcore Holly." His real name is Bob, my informant yells as though I was wondering. Finally, someone I actually recognize! Remembering a clever and sparkling Conan O'Brien interview with Big Show, I stupidly trust my addle female brain and admit to Rebekah, "I like Big Show." Big mistake. "You like Big Show?!!?" asks the boy incredulously. Clearly, I'm a Benedict Arnold to his cause. Why was he wasting his time on me? Rebekah informs me Bob "Hardcore" Holly is from Alabama. "Talladega," says the toothless one. I stammer that I like Hardcore Holly as well. The boy realizes I've come to my senses and informs me that Hardcore's move is the "Alabama Jam." Needless to say, Hardcore Holly gave Big Show an "Alabama ass-whoppin'" as promised. The boy gave me a particularly hard slap on the back and yelled, "Byyyyye" as his father and he left.

What have we learned from this? Certainly not how to spell neither in English nor in Spanish. Mystery has an 'i' in Spanish and we can all see a similar problem with Rhyno. The Spanish word for balls, that's what I learned (surprisingly it's not cahonas). I also learned that wrestlers are people too with family problems and rocky relationships. Seriously though, these guys have a talent for gymnastics and filling. They are also sometimes actors. To be a male wrestler, you must know three expressions: 1) anger/malice 2) anguish/pain and 3) proud victory. Can't get all that? To be a female blind wrestler you need only know one: confusion/helplessness.

The Lady of Literature Andrea Scarlattelli

~ cordially reviews ~

SEWANEE IN STONE



SEWANEE IN STONE

I found *Sewanee in Stone* to be an incredibly informative book about the architecture and history of Sewanee. Not being an architecture buff myself, I found the history aspect much more interesting. The clear writing style and basic descriptions, however, allow anyone to pick up this book and follow along with Sewanee's progression as a university. My favorite part about *Sewanee in Stone* is the fact that you can flip through and find out the history behind your dorm. In fact, any building on campus that you're even slightly curious about can be found in this book. I consistently came across fun little facts, for example, Tennessee Williams not only left his seven million dollar estate to Sewanee, but also the copyrights to all of his plays. Along with these factual observations, the book is full of humorous anecdotes and personal quips that do wonders to alleviate the somewhat dry subject matter. For example, when discussing the architectural monstrosity that is Woods Lab, Bowman remarks, "[the] corridors are a dreary march of cement block walls, the lower half of which are painted a mid-pie brown. Of these corridors one expects prison cells instead of doors to classrooms and laboratories." I'm sure most students here have had a similar thought at one point or another. I also found it neat that in one chapter, an article from a 1930 issue of *The Sewanee Purple* was quoted. Things like that just reinforce the fact that history and tradition are integral parts of the Sewanee experience.

This book is obviously not something to pick up when looking for a light read. However, for anyone interested in the evolution of architecture within Sewanee's walls or even just interested in getting to know our school better, you can't get much better than this. Let's just say that I found my parents' Christmas present...

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Amazing

A Meeting of Chance

Katharine Wilkinson
Guest Writer

"The problem is that we have no idea what we're doing over there," he said, starting to stutter. "We're not trained to be peace keepers; we're trained to kill. We need the U.N. and we need international support. We're reminded every day of how stupid it was for us to go into Iraq without them."

I was sitting at a bar in D.C. with five women I'd just met at that weekend's conference. As we swapped stories, a particularly funny one caught the attention of a young man sitting next to us, who couldn't help but turn around and comment. The hair quickly gave him away: he had recently returned from Iraq.

My mind instantly overflowed with questions I wanted to ask him. His name was Sean, and he had been wounded when half the guys in his unit were killed. He'd had to come back to the States to recover, but would be returning to Iraq in a couple of weeks. I was struck by the juxtaposition of his experiences and their inherent conflict. One week he watches half of his comrades be blown up, the next he's back in the U.S., flirting at a bar, the immensity of his return to battle hovering over our conversation.

"Where were you?" I wanted to know. But this inquiry, like most of my questions, was met with the same response. "I can't answer that" or "I'm not allowed to tell you that." Upon further, careful query as to why he couldn't reveal certain things, he responded, "We don't have the same freedoms that you have. They make us sign those away. They want to keep us quiet."

I felt like a prisoner in 1984 in *The Handmaid's Tale* or *Feed*. So not only are most of the soldiers in Iraq under the legal drinking age, they are made to sign their freedom away in order to "fight for ours." Of course this makes strategic sense; we can't have people who actually know what's going on telling people about it. "You all have no idea what's happening over there. The media coverage in the States is a joke," he informed me. And their forced silence is all a part of the same grand scheme. As long as we don't know, we can't respond; we can't speak out.

But he did tell me a few things, hoping that some military official wasn't going to burst through the doors any moment and reprimand him. As he spoke, he constantly looked back over his shoulder—just to make sure. "Morale there is horrible. People are committing suicide and having mental breakdowns almost every day it seems." He told me the story about one woman who had to shoot hundreds of rabid dogs, after which she returned to the U.S. and entered a mental hospital.

"The problem is that we have no idea what we're doing over there," he said, starting to stutter. "We're not trained to be peace keepers; we're trained to kill. We need the U.N. and we need international support. We're reminded every day of how stupid it was for us to go into Iraq without them."

When I asked him about why the troops think we're in Iraq, what they see as the motivation, he said, "When you're out there, all you can think about is defending your buddy next to you, making sure that he stays safe. And the big boys here in Washington count on that. They count on the fact that in those circumstances, you're incapable of thinking about the big picture, or of substantially disagreeing with it. But we all know why we're really there. Most of us may be poor, but we're not stupid. Who's Bush's father? Where did Cheney used to work? We know we're there to finish daddy's business and get oil. Haliburton's making a lot of money."

Then I directed the conversation to more light-hearted topics. What did they eat? Were there any trees? We even made a recommendation that they hand out condoms to Iraqi civilians. "There are lots of women having children over there who don't want to be," remarked Amy, one of the conference attendees.

But I did manage to get one more burning question in. "Who are you going to vote for in November?" I asked. "All I know right now is who I'm not going to vote for," he responded. "We need somebody who has a plan, somebody who can get us the support we need, somebody who can bring us home. All I know is who's not going to be able to do that. Any of the candidates would be better than who we have, but I'm not allowed to say that of course."

Breaks!

So, nothing interesting happened on your break? Did you flip to the back page as nothing in between piqued your interest? Don't worry! Indulge in some of the most fascinating and intriguing winter vacation stories—they are sure to leave a lasting impression!

MY BRIEF STINT WITH THE WWE

(What I did over Winter break)

Julie Blair
Arts Editor

I haven't thought of wrestling since I was a perspective and stayed with a college student in Mobile who believed it was real. That is, until Rebekah, the only person I know in Madison, Alabama who understands what it's like not to attend Alabama or Auburn and does not want to be an engineer, mentioned it. Rebekah is an art major at Valparaiso University. "Want to go to the 'WWE Smack down!' with me?" she asks.

"No," I answer. Hoping this would be the end to an otherwise atypical conversation, I listen as Rebekah explains that her father, a Lutheran pastor, won the tickets from our NPR affiliate by listening to the show "Reeling in the Years." Since her guitar-playing brother doesn't want to take his girlfriend and her sister is back at another small liberal arts school, I have to go. Someone must keep her company so she can photograph members of the crowd. After twenty minutes of listening to Rebekah's arguments, one actually including, "It will be awful, but you can tell your future children about it," I agree to attend—mostly because I do not want to think of Rebekah photographing scary people alone. Plus, I want to assure any future progeny of my coolness.

In the car, I read printouts from the website to Rebekah. The dribble gives us background info on the last episode and consists of cleverly contrived alliteration. Thank goodness we did our homework because otherwise the entire event would have seemed silly. Without the back story, I would have thought WWE events were meaningless ways to have large sweaty men hold each other in homoerotic poses with large breasted women onlooking. It pays to do your homework.

We find our seats between two very young and impressionable hoys. One of them explains that we missed the first two matches. Damn. As we try to remember their traits and backgrounds of the wrestlers, the hoy next to me helpfully hits my arm and does it for us. It is an action I would grow to loathe. Perhaps the boy provided the running commentary throughout the show because he could see that Rebekah and I were clueless in the ways of wrestling. Perhaps it was because he dearly loves wrestling. Perhaps it was because we were the only females in the audience not with children or in fatigues. Soon a scantily clad, large breasted woman arrives in stilettos to sing, "God Bless America." It provides one of two pauses from the boy next to me, who must strike my arm before beginning to speak. "Look at her hoots," he says. Truthfully, other than his stinky breath, I appreciated the information he provided on the wrestlers and their moves. In all fairness, I tried to move my arm, but the boy, without an arm to strike, quickly tried my leg. Necessity is the mother of invention. I quickly moved my arm back.

Next, a tag team including a member named Spanky comes out. The boy muses about whether or not the person's real name is Spanky. "Yeah, like does it say 'Spanky' on his birth certificate?" I wonder. The hoy chuckles (finally someone who appreciates my humor). Next the boy wonders aloud about Spanky's origins and parents.

A man swathed in red white and blue came out to the chant of "You Suck," which the boy next to me assured me he earned, but didn't tell me how. The WWE is big on audience participation. A spontaneous chant of: "U-S-A" broke out, which I heartily joined in, although it never occurred to me to root for the USSR or South Korea especially when surrounded by troops in uniform. Mr. America—I forget his real name—paid tribute to the troops, especially the ones present. He also tried, ultimately in vain, to tennis the Mexican tag team called Los Guerreros. The boy near me explained their rich family history.

Rebekah and I watch for the next three-plus hours as members of the Arian race beat up token minorities: Italians, Asians, Mexicans, and (either because time was running thin or to kill two proverbial birds with one stone) a differently-abled woman. Yes, the unequivocal low point of the evening was when an Asian man fought a blind woman. The message was clear: Beat defenseless women. The young boy on Rebekah's side confided to her that he didn't really think she was blind. Wait, this isn't real? Perhaps it was her miraculously applied heavy makeup or the way she deftly huttoned the low-cut black leather vest she was donning that gave it away to the clever lad. It couldn't have been her realistic groping of the air. All ethnicities were portrayed with stereotypes typically attributed. The Mexican men tag team (which historically broke up during our visit with the WWE) had a motto: "We lie, we cheat, we steal." Catchy. True to their word, they did all three during the course of the melodrama. For some reason the Japanese man spits paint, probably because Asian people are another species of human. Unfortunately, the man did not show his prowess for this talent in Huntsville.

The boys surrounding Rebekah and I nearly got in a fight over whether or not the African American woman who 'belongs' to the "Bash 'em Brothers," identical Arian twins, was good or bad. The African American boy to Rebekah's left defended the well-endowed, silver-lame-clad woman. The boy to my right, ardently Caucasian, believed the woman helped the men cheat. Luckily, the two boys did not come to blows. Instead, the hoy struck me and said he thought the woman "should be put on a leash" and he "hoped she got heated." Later, he described how she sometimes used a whip and wore a mask. Hmmm.

Sometimes, all the lights and fighting would stop. "It's the commercial break," the boy near me explained after a hearty hit to make sure I was listening. His largish father explained that what you see at home is what you see here. It was then that I realized his father had no teeth. He lost them all "North and South," as Cat Stevens would say. "So it's not like baseball," I say with a chuckle. They shake their heads proudly. You'd think the geniuses over at WWE would learn to splice tape.

The highlight of the evening was when a rapper took on a largish character called "A Train" who had multiple piercings. The rapper asked questions about the thug-o-matic to which we were supposed to respond with certain hand gestures. The boy near me, believing I wanted to participate and didn't know how, showed me the appropriate way to respond. The rapper cleverly called A Train a "baby carriage" and said he would dispense with him quicker than "Brittany Spears's marriage." This provided an opportunity for dialog between the toothless guy and myself. Amazingly, a man with a sign proclaiming he was the man who married Brittany Spears was present. I'm



The A Train



Bob "Hardcore" Holly

Congratulations
newly-
elected
O.G.
President
Erle J.
Newton



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