

# The Sewanee Purple

THE STUDENT ORGAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

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## A Fading Tradition

By Ashley Gallman

At opening convocation this year, new students anticipating induction into the Order of Gownsmen sat with bated breath in the pews of All Saints Chapel, charged with both the energy and excitement that usually surrounds the occasion. However, before gowns could be donned and general chaos could erupt, a short description of the Order was read to the entire congregation, explaining its deep symbolic meaning that envelops every aspect of Sewanee and its ideals. At the moment, this short speech seemed an eternity, another bothersome delay in receiving the much-anticipated gown. However, many gownsmen later face a dilemma that may be greatly aided by a referral to those words: to wear the gown or not to wear the gown.

The reasons for wearing the gown are both multiple and significant. Each reason stresses a different aspect of the symbolic meaning of the gown and emphasizes the gown's importance in almost every aspect of Sewanee life. Junior gownsmen Allison Laney sums up the gown's meaning simply, explaining, "The gown, like the dress tradition, is a symbol of respect, not only for the University's traditions and the professors, but also of learning itself." Gowns are most apparently a symbol of academic excellence, conveying both the wearer's academic achievement and acting as motivation for non-gownsmen and freshmen in particular. Freshman Karly Beavers comments, "It is an inspiration to underclassmen. When I see someone in my class wearing a gown, it makes me put more effort into my own work. It gives me something to strive for." Thus, the gown becomes an academic responsibility as well as an achievement. Vice President Pearigen explains that although he wishes students would wear their gowns more often, he believes that "in our angst over the gown, we often lose sight of the Order itself and the responsibility



The sight of students wearing their gowns has grown rare

that goes with it." The Order is not simply an honorary group created for recognition of achievement, but is also an essential institution of student government charged with the responsibility to both uphold academic integrity and to act as a voice for all students.

Furthermore, the gown stands as an ultimate symbol for Sewanee itself, particularly its unique characteristics and traditions that mark it as a truly remarkable and distinct university. In 1977, President of the OG Jeffrey Runge explained this very concept: "May I remind you that the gown is a symbol of the Sewanee spirit, traditions, and ideals of the University. It is not necessarily a sign of personal achievement, but it is a kind of recognition of the uniqueness of Sewanee." To many, the gown contains the spirit of Sewanee itself and represents all that it stands for. Current President of the OG John Hammond agrees, arguing that by not wearing their gowns, students "neglect the distinctive traditions which form our University's character." The gown is thought by many to be the University's tradition of all traditions, marking Sewanee as truly distinctive from all other universities.

However, despite all of these important motivations and obligations, the number of gownsmen who wear their gowns has actually greatly decreased in the last several

years. Gowns on campus have truly become few and far between. Alum Dr. Peter Stacpoole recognizes this change: "Gowns were considered a mark of some distinction by students, and were worn much more frequently than current behavior appears to reflect." English professor and alum Dr. Jennifer Michael agrees, "I think students wore their gowns more in my day." The gown tradition is beginning to disappear from Sewanee, leaving the important question: why?

Some worry that the gown is often

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## How, Then, Shall We Live?

By Alan Jackson

As twenty-first century Americans, we are well-aware of the atrocities committed against the Jews and other minority groups in Germany during the thirties and forties. These horrors have produced a number of well-known books, Academy Award winning movies, and even a federally funded national museum dedicated to ensuring that "Never Again" will such hideous acts be permitted.

Yet, such acts have continued almost unabated. The international community roundly condemns every incident of genocide, and yet does little to stop it. Since World War II we have witnessed the wanton nihilism of China's cultural revolution and the murderous agrarian socialism of the Khmer Rouge, the death squads of Central America and the Hussein regime's vicious gassing of the Kurds. Consider that the Rwandan Tutsis, armed with machetes, massacred their victims more efficiently than the Nazis with their death camps. Clearly, there is a gulf between our rhetoric and our actions.

William Kristof has dedicated his

life to bringing more attention to these atrocities, lambasting complacent Americans for their neutrality in the face of such evil. In his lecture at Convocation Hall for the "How, Then Shall We Live" series, he discussed the complex forces that result in both genocide and the dearth of international response.

The picture he paints isn't pretty. The Sudanese government wished to clear the western Darfur province of rebellious black Africans and enlisted the aid of the ethnically Arab Muslims to get rid of the rebel groups. The Arab Muslims attended to their charge with relish, murdering, gang-raping, and generally terrorizing the populace until the victims had no choice but to flee. The situation has not improved over time, and the Sudanese government continues its campaign of terror in plain view of the international community, even going so far as to attack the black African Muslims in refugee camps.

Kristof related heart-rending stories of

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## Sustainability and Sewanee

By Haley Merrill

The term "sustainability," once a word only uttered in the physical sciences and environmental studies of Snowden, now appears in political science, philosophy, biology, chemistry, economics, history, art, anthropology, and third world studies classes. The bombardment does not end though when classes let out; "sustainability" clutters inboxes, as it accompanies announcements for speakers and documentaries, and tips on "sustainable living" emblazon many of the posters that hang in every dorm. It now seems that being environmentally friendly is no longer only for the tree-hugging, hemp-wearing barefoot. So though it is hopefully not too big of an assumption to say that Sewanee professors, staff, and students have heard of this mysterious thing called "sustainability," how many of those educated and aware people actually know what sustainability is?

The fundamental definition that emerged from the 1987 World Commission on Environment and Development stated that sustainability is "meeting the needs of the present

without compromising the ability of future generations to meet their own needs." But again, what does that mean to us? Perhaps it is related to the problems with global warming and climate change broadcasted in the headlines of recent issues of magazines from *Scientific American*, to *The Economist*, and *TIME*, or maybe it is linked to the now daily articles about oil in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*? But who are we kidding? Surely as our eyes skim over those articles, we all realize that we currently face serious problems. While the optimists among us say "We will figure it out when it comes time" and the pessimists among us say, "We are bound to reduce our planet to an unrecognizable moonscape within the next fifteen years," those of us in the middle are left thinking, "These problems are so big, so how does what I do about them matter anyway?"

Professors, staff, and students at Sewanee are particularly lucky when the urge to shrug their shoulders

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## Decadence & Fear in the Red Light District

By Ned Clinard  
Aix-en-Provence

Amsterdam, Holland...dusk in the outskirts of the urban area. Couples, both young and old, stroll casually or ride beach cruiser style bikes, taking in the last moments of the day. Meandering canals and quaint cobblestone roads receive the final rays of sunset in what is seemingly a peaceful European city. But all streets and waterways lead into the center of the city, the Red Light District, where early evening is another story.

Bums wearing dirty, outdated Adidas jumpsuits, dreadlocked hippies with baggy patchwork pants barely upheld by hemp belts, and curious tourists looking to get their kicks, wander through the streets, stumbling in and out of coffee shops and live sex shows. Trash is strewn through the sidewalks and gutters, crack-heads follow to demand, not ask, for change. Potent marijuana smoke creeps out of doorways and windows. Filth peddlers beckon you into their dens. And it's all legal.

The Netherlands has adopted what are arguably the most liberal policies in the world concerning drugs and prostitution. Throughout the 1970s The Netherlands slowly began to move away from

the rigid U.S. like policies that make personal cannabis use highly illegal and prosecutable by law. In 1976, the government decriminalized individual use in small amounts, and "coffee shops" began to distribute small amounts of the drug (Reinarman et. al.). Prostitution, on the other hand, made its legal debut in 1996, and while exploitation and solicitation are illegal, it is possible for women to obtain a license (Alexander et. al.).

"Smart shops," places legally licensed to distribute small amounts of hash, marijuana, and other mind-bending psychedelic drugs, are not hard to find. If one wants to experiment, there is no shortage of businesses ready and willing to supply the means to do so. Every now and then one will pass a person with eyes wider than golf balls, pupils dilated, and beads of sweat running down their foreheads. These are the unfortunate ones who felt bold enough to test the available drugs, but ignored the warning that they "can be heavy if you lack experience." The result is a fearful trip to the dark side of their minds, where horrifying visions and revelations of self-retrospection occupy their thoughts for several hours.

The other vendor in vice is readily available, and a deaf,

dumb, and blind man dropped off alone in the city would have no trouble finding them. Men of all ages walk slowly by congregations of whores who, dressed in seductive garb, try to lure them into their chambers with sensual movements. The name of the area stems from the fact that at night, red lights illuminate the windows of prostitutes and the interiors of their rooms.

During my first night in the city, I made my way through the district. On one block, I counted twenty-four of these sinful dens. One in particular stood out. There was a group of boisterous middle-aged Irish men, and I watched them

cheer as one of their comrades entered the room. I heard one of them say, "Look at that! His buddy just came out of there five minutes ago!"

The man who had gone into the room peeked out from behind the curtain, only to receive more laughter and shouts of encouragement. I felt foul simply having witnessed this exchange; if I had stuck around, I probably could have seen several more of the same nature.

A wise man known only to me as Dr. Johnson once said, "He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man." If this is true, many of those who visit the Red Light District figuratively numb these pains with the strongest of pain-killers. In this sphere of the city, morality cannot be found, and even after leaving the district and returning to normalcy, I discovered it still difficult to separate oneself from the sin found in the central area. It seems to creep down the canals and streets, pervading throughout the entire metropolis. The Dutch may boast the most liberal policies in the world, but it is clear that the moral standing of their country suffers as a result.

(1) Reinarman, Craig & Peter Cohen (1999), Is Dutch drug policy the Devil? Amsterdam: Centre for Drug Research, Universiteit van Amsterdam.

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(2) Alexander, Priscilla & de Graaf Sticbting, A (1994). Prostitution & The Law – The Facts. New Internationalist – issue 252.



Amsterdam is known for its winding canals, cobblestone streets, whores, and drugs

## Crisis in Darfur

(Continued from page 1)

the incalculable cruelty of the Sudanese government and the courage of those victimized. He then invited us to consider the amount of news coverage dedicated to Darfur. With roughly three-hundred thousand killed and two million displaced, one would think this would be a heavily covered story. But many factors prevent adequate coverage from reaching the television screen. Getting people in and out of Darfur is dangerous and expensive; the crisis has been going on for two years and maintaining the kind of presence necessary to cover adequately the story is unpalatable to any news executive. Most importantly, the news media are more responsive to consumer demand now than ever before, resulting in fluffy "infotainment" that blurs the line between trivial entertainments and serious reporting of serious matters. Genocide is difficult to hear about, much less to witness constantly. Most people, myself included, find it much easier and more pleasant to ignore such painful and frightening imagery. We participate in nominal condemnation with no intention of taking it any further than that.

After all, what on earth could we hope to do that would make one lick of difference? Kristof argues that we have more power than we think. The Sudanese government is sensitive to international opinion; they are embarrassed when these things are brought to wide attention. Even small numbers of African Union troops made a significant difference in the safety of refugees. Clearly, we cannot commit to any sort of armed intervention in Sudan. Our most powerful weapon, Kristof argues, may be our bully pulpit. As college students we have the power to (as much as I hate this phrase, I'll use it) raise consciousness. So bitch at your parents, write a letter to your congressman, etc. You might make a difference. Just don't be self-righteous about it.

## Nabit Art Building Updates

By Megan Weed

For many years the Sewanee Art Department has craved needed art facilities, and on October 7<sup>th</sup>, they will finally get them after waiting since the development of the department.

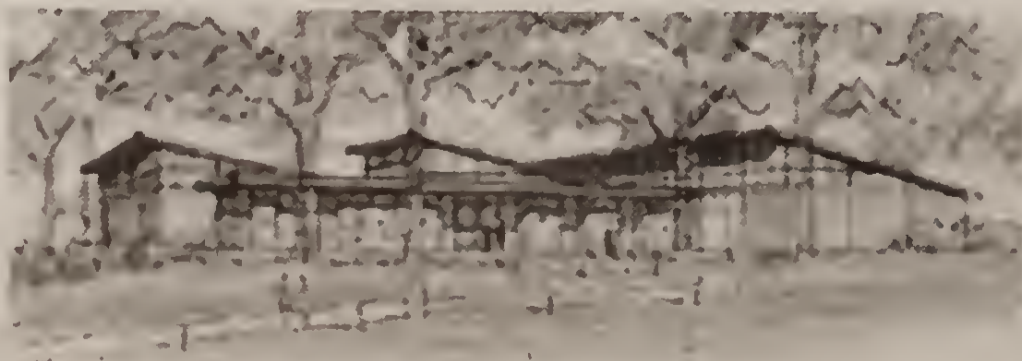
Chuck Nabit C'77 contributed a gift in the summer of 2003 that jumpstarted the creation process. Tony Winters C'76 was the main architect for the project. Other donors include Ginny and Jeff Runge C'77 and Dan Rather C'85. All of the previously mentioned donors were students of Edward Carlos.

The building will include state of the art sculpture facilities, spacious drawing and painting studios, and a gallery dedicated to the recently retired Edward Carlos. The photography studio will remain on the second floor

on the department and its regional and national recognition that the Tennessee Williams Center had on the Theater Department of Sewanee. It is anticipated that the facilities will provide art students with

the resources necessary for them to excel truly in their work. Sculpture students will now have a way to transport heavy, cumbersome pieces and materials as well as the tools and machinery to shape their works to the fullest of their creative capacities. Drawing and painting students will have more space and adequate natural and artificial light to see the true color of their pieces. The hallways will be used to display students' current works.

The dedication on Friday October 7<sup>th</sup> will include pieces from Edward Carlos, current art faculty, and various art majors showcased in its gallery. There will be a dedication reception at 11:30 that morning with the donors and the art faculty. The public is welcome.



A glimpse of the future Nabit Art Building

## “Everyone is Poor in Their Own Way”

By Sarah Thomas

“If you can't feed a hundred people, then just feed one.”

Mother Teresa

When you ask a typical Sewanee student what they envision when they think of service, they may reply with a single response citing what his or her fraternity or sorority does to help others. In high school, we were encouraged to become involved and make a difference in our communities. If nothing else, many fell back on the “It looks good on your resume” mentality and “Hey as long as you're there helping- everything is good, right?” Of course there is a more dedicated side to service. Dr. David Haskell, a professor in the Biology department, is teaching a new class this semester, Food and Hunger: Contemplation of Action. He emphasizes not only the service aspect, but a contemplative thinking approach toward one's actions. I am enrolled class this semester and have found that the class is not only interesting, but that it affects every aspect of my life.

Often, we find ourselves recommending a class because the professor is “awesome,” or you may feel it is relevant material for everyone, regardless of department. I think everyone should take Food and Hunger as a core requirement. Even if you leave the class and never complete another “sit,” which is a twenty minute session where one literally sits and “clears one's mind of all thoughts, worries and distractions,” you would still be more enlightened than before taking the class. Let me elaborate: have you ever considered the source of your McClurg meals? Anytime you eat or put on another item of clothing, think who made it and how much they were paid to do so. Who grew the vegetables or picked the fruit, or raised the animals you eat? Do they just appear and you eat them and then go back to your dorm?

We have spent a fair amount of time reading stories about the unjust and unfair lives of fellow Americans. In a country that has so much, how can others be denied “basic necessities?” How is it that in a country with abundant wealth and prosperity, we have thousands die every hour from hunger or disease? Right here in the Sewanee community we have neighbors who are struggling to keep a roof over their heads and food on their table. Talk about the “Sewanee Bubble.” I will be the first to admit that up until now I took advantage of my “bubble” and thought “Well, yes, we have poverty in America, but look at other countries. It is much worse there!” But in reality, we live in a culture of plenty where the issues of nutrition and health of Americans are overlooked or avoided.

Right here, located in the Otey Parish, across the street from Sewanee Elementary School, is the Community Action Committee (C.A.C) head quarters. Laura Willis runs the operation and organizes events. Until this semester, in Food and Hunger, when I learned about the C.A.C. and read the material from class, I had no idea what a huge problem exists in America. Or, like many, I denied the argument that a problem exists. I have been thinking about this issue for a while.

After Hurricane Katrina, the media exploded about the issue of poverty in America, especially New Orleans. What did you know about New Orleans before? Senior Hannah Schremser said, “New Orleans has a vast socio-economic range. Yes, there are many who are poverty stricken, but I do not think that is what people think of when they think about New Orleans. What comes to mind is: Mardi Gras, Voodoo, the French Quarter, and Bourbon Street. People tend to avoid talking about poverty in general. I say don't ignore poverty or treat those afflicted by it as invisible.” Many people want to help but are unsure where they should start. How can I end hunger, sickness, or the housing problems that plague America and the world? The answer is you can't. What you can do is help one person, which will have a ripple affect and help hundreds. These are problems that affect you and your loved ones. They affect us all. I heard a wise comment by Laura Willis, “Everyone is poor in their own way.” Keep that in mind when you want to escape the horrors of reality and willingly enter the “Sewanee bubble.”

## The Academic Gown

(Continued from page 1)

viewed by other students and sometimes even professors as a blatant show of arrogance. Students worry that by wearing their gowns, they are making a statement of assumed superiority. Dr. Michael criticizes this view: “While some might view the Order of the Gownsmen as elitist, it's a meritocracy, and hence not elitist in the way an expensive country club might be. Besides, everyone gets their gown when they pass comps.” John Hammond believes this concern is reflective of not just Sewanee, but our society in general. He argues, “This attitude corresponds to the hesitance of our politically correct society to recognize any form of intellectual elite. Unfortunately, this attitude also seeks to strip the University of its academic integrity and diminish the recognition of true achievement.” The gown is stressed as a symbol of honor and responsibility, yet many still worry over its possibly condescending implications.

Others neglect their gown due to issues of practicality and fashion. Students, such as senior Sarah Stacpoole, insist that their gowns are too large and bothersome. She explains, “My dad gave me his gown and it's so huge that every time I wear it, my entire body is engulfed and I look like a weird floating head.” Junior Tony Castelli has a similar problem: “My gown's way too big. It drags on the ground when I wear it.” Other students complain that the gown is too hot on warm days or that its long sleeves tend to get caught on doorknobs, desks, and other protruding objects. Some, however, disagree and argue that the gown can be a helpful wardrobe addition. Dr. Michaels remembers the gown “being a practical alternative to a coat on inclement days.” It has also been praised as a stand-in raincoat. Practical or impractical though, some students urge that the gown is an essential Sewanee symbol and should be worn no matter the discomfort. Junior gownsmen Josh Harris agrees with this philosophy, “Even though it's occasionally uncomfortable, the gown is a little reminder of the responsibilities to yourself, your work, and your fellow students.”

Oddly enough, the most commonly cited reason for gown neglect is popularity. Many argue that upon observing such a sparse presence of gowns on campus, freshly inducted gownsmen often choose to follow suit, worried that by wearing the gown, they will be embarrassingly conspicuous. Sarah Stacpoole asserts that gown-wearing is often determined by peer pressure: “Wearing the gown has fallen out of popular use and is now considered relatively dorky.” John Hammond agrees, “I think many students feel self-conscious wearing their gowns since so few others do, and are not interested in appearing different from their peers in any way.” When so few wear their gowns, negative implications for the gowns

only continue to grow. Hammond also finds that the decreasing number of professors in gowns add to the general hesitation to wear gowns. He argues, “When students see that many faculty, especially those closest to their own age, do not themselves hold gown-wearing in high esteem, the students are not inspired to take part in the tradition themselves.” It is one thing for students to fear the disdain of their peers, but it is truly worrisome for them to sense the disapproval of their professors. With the combined threat of being singled out among peers and possibly defying the opinions of a professor, wearing a gown can often seem daunting. Many are trying to counteract this problem. Some professors such as Dr. Michael try to “make a point to congratulate new gownsmen...and encourage them to wear their gowns.” Vice President Pearigen also likes to see gowns in his class. He explains, “I encourage my students to wear them because I'm proud of their achievement and like to know who they are.” Students are also trying to dissipate the “un-cool” aura of the gown by wearing theirs and encouraging others. Josh Harris urges that gownsmen “spread the word about the importance of the OG.” It is possible that through a concerted effort among professors and students to encourage gown-wearing, the tradition may in fact be brought back to life.

There is no question that the gown tradition is slowly dying, fading along with many of the University's other defining customs into what seems a twilight of Sewanee traditional spirit. The words of opening convocation seemed almost haunted by this movement but equally charged with a determination to defy it. This short description of the Order of the Gownsmen was more than a simple description of the Order. It possessed undertones of a charge to maintain the responsibility and honor the gown represents and we may be beginning to neglect. The description read: “A student governing body unique to Sewanee, the Order of the Gownsmen provides a diverse group of students with the opportunity to influence legislation of the University. Gownsmen have the privilege of ensuring the ethos of the University, the dedication to honor and to academic diligence, is maintained, not only in themselves but also in their fellow students. The wearing of the gown should not be seen as a form of arrogance or of intellectual snobbery, but rather as a sign of achievement, a responsibility to the traditions of the past and a promise to the continuance of those ideals. It is both a privilege and a responsibility, and acceptance of the gown is a pledge to aid in the governing of the student body through continued academic leadership, community awareness and moral accountability. This commitment should be undertaken with great thoughtfulness by those belonging to the Order of Gownsmen.”

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# What Peculiar Grace

By Molly Fitzpatrick

Like most college students, I usually call home on Sundays to check in with my family. That Sunday, I had left them only days before to return to Sewanee for my senior year and called to let them know I hadn't already forgotten them as they had predicted. I had no idea what was coming. I was still half-asleep and a little hungover when I learned that a Category 5 hurricane was in the Gulf of Mexico, aimed at New Orleans. I stopped breathing.

I've lived in Bay St. Louis, Mississippi all my life, and around there hurricanes are part of your history. My dad always tells the story of how I took my first steps in the eye of hurricane Elena, right as it passed over the house where my whole family was huddled in a hallway. The last Category 5 hurricane to make landfall in our area was Camille in 1969, and before the last of her winds had died out in the heartland, she was already a myth. We learned about her fury as schoolchildren; though it had happened almost 20 years before we were born, we all knew our towns were built on a graveyard, and everybody knew someone with a story. When I was 8 years old I met a woman who had watched, paralyzed, as the water pushed through the front door and dragged her husband of 30 years out into the Gulf. The house I grew up in was torn from its foundation and carried down the street. One of the most infamous tales, a favorite of conservative ministers, was of the group of unfortunate souls who decided to throw a 'hurricane party' on the top floor of a beachfront hotel, which disappeared under a wall of water. A lot of people died simply because they underestimated her, and you could hear people whispering her name every time there was a storm – reminding each other not to let their guards down again. But over time we got comfortable. As the decades passed, many hurricanes threatened, but for the most part left us alone, and we convinced ourselves that we had already paid our dues – that nothing as bad as Camille could happen again. We were wrong. And now we have stories of our own.

My father is at my mother's house, boarding up windows, when I call. He sounds infuriatingly nonchalant as he informs me that he will be riding out the storm in a friend's office building in Bay St. Louis with his girlfriend and my 9-year-old half-sister in tow. I argue. I curse him. I am crying as I beg him to leave. He heaves a sigh I've heard a thousand times – the one he has carefully crafted to indicate when he is frustrated with someone's incompetence. His tone becomes slightly condescending as he reiterates that the hurricane is headed for New Orleans, and that I am, as usual, overreacting. I'm only 21, but I've lived just long enough to know that sometimes arrogance and stubbornness can get you killed, and a category 5 hurricane is one of those times. As he hands the phone to my mother, I wonder if these are the last words I will ever say to him.

I expect my mother to be more sensible. She is more humble, intuitive, and has a deep respect for nature; she usually listens when nature is telling her to get the hell out. But she tells me that she is going to Gulfport, only a few miles east, to stay with some friends. I begin to wonder if in the midst of all this upheaval, they have somehow confused east with north, also known as 'the direction you're supposed to go in a hurricane.' The first thing they teach you in Hurricanes 101 is that the east side of the eye is the worst place to be. I continue to protest, feeling like Chicken Little, knowing in my bones that the sky is about to fall hard, but that there is nothing I can say to change their minds. Then my mother asks me one of those questions you never think you'll hear: "What do you want me to take with me from the house? I don't know what will be here when I get back."

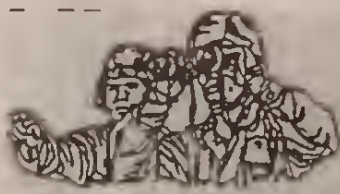
My mother's car is approximately the size of a walnut, which narrows it down a lot. The only thing I can think of (that will fit) is a box full of family pictures. I am suddenly struck by the unbearable irony that only days before, while packing my own belongings into my car (also the size of walnut), I made a conscious effort to consolidate. "You always bring too much stuff to school," I told myself. "Just bring the bare essentials, and if there's something you decide you can't live without, you can get it over Thanksgiving break." If anyone gives me crap about being a packrat again, at least I'll have a bulletproof rebuttal. I tell my mother how much I love her, hang up the phone, and begin the longest wait of my life.

I sleep fitfully, and wake up early the next morning to watch the news before class; I suppose that being 'informed' is the best way to fight the hysteria that is lurking in the shadows. 'Katrina has shifted her course towards the Gulf Coast of Mississippi,' a woman with platinum hair and feigned concern informs me. I wait for her to say, 'and is now on her way to swallow up everything you have ever known.' What is even worse than imagining what is happening to my family and my home is the knowledge that there isn't a damn thing I can do for them, and for the first time in my life I feel utterly helpless and alone. Time stops for me, but my body goes on autopilot. I go to class, I eat, I even laugh with my friends; I don't remember much of it. I watch the news for hours, searching for some sign of life. I hear the platinum-haired woman report that the eye of the storm passed over my town. I hear a man in a windbreaker in Gulfport saying that they are unsure what has become of Bay St. Louis and its neighbor, Waveland, because no one can get there. I see slideshows on the Internet: rescue efforts, flooding in New Orleans, Red Cross relief, skeletons of buildings I knew by heart, matchsticks where memories used to be. It does not affect me immediately; I watch it all from a distance, in both senses of the word. I am vaguely aware of a fault line forming, each word and picture creating a tiny crack, and I wait silently for the day they all connect – the day that I shake so hard I fall apart.

If there is one thing I have learned from living in a small Southern town, it is that bad news travels much faster than good. It is two days before I hear that my grandparents, who also stayed, are alive (barely) and have been evacuated. It is another two before I learn that my parents have made it, and two more until I can actually speak to them on the phone. The joy I feel at the sound of my parents' voices is indescribable, but their voices crack as they break the news. I learn that my entire history has been washed away. The house I have lived in since the day I was born. My best friend's house, the house I basically lived in since 6th grade. My father's house, my aunt's house, my grandmother's house. My church. My high school. My home. I become a walking paradox – both terrified and relieved, grateful and enraged, shattered but stronger, homeless but fortunate. Gradually I become aware of constant, simple kindnesses, and more obvious ones soon follow. I walk into the hallway of the B.C., overflowing with donations, and for a moment I feel something I wondered if I would ever feel again: I somehow feel at home.

It seems that everyone always tries to point out a silver lining in situations like this (which, for the record, can be extremely annoying). My dad described losing everything he had as "strangely liberating." At first I thought he was in shock, but I'm beginning to understand what he meant. It's a pretty amazing feeling to look around at everything in your dorm room and realize it's all you've got...then to realize it's more than you need.

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## Armchair Economics Round II

By Coley McKinstry

To follow on the heels of the double cheeseburger conundrum, this issue's article will focus on another, equally interesting question of armchair economics.

Last spring I was talking to a friend of mine who was trying to schedule a flight for his father, who would be traveling from Fort Myers, Florida to Huntsville, Alabama. During my friend's research, he found that he could purchase an airline ticket from Fort Myers to Huntsville for \$200.00. This trip would include a flight from Fort Myers to Atlanta, Georgia, and then a second flight from Atlanta to Huntsville. During the course of his investigating, he found that the price of the flight from Fort Myers to Atlanta would cost \$218.00 on its own. Oddly enough, the flight from Fort Myers to Atlanta cost \$218.00, but to take that same plane and then get on another plane and fly on to Huntsville would cost \$200.00. The economic question here is, why does an additional leg of a trip cost less money? In this case, the airline is essentially paying the traveler \$18.00 to get on a second plane and fly even further.

This question has popped up in my mind off and on throughout the summer, and I have not yet come to a definitive answer. I am aware that airlines are often able to exercise what is very close to price discrimination, by changing their prices for a fare, depending on how far in advance a reservation is booked. Perhaps this discrepancy is a somewhat different form of price discrimination. It is plausible that there is more demand for a ticket from Fort Myers to Atlanta, than there is to Huntsville. Atlanta is a higher populated city with more attractions than Huntsville. Therefore it is likely that there is a greater demand for people to go to this city. I imagine the people setting the airline prices recognize this, and thus, set a higher price for the Atlanta fare.

However, this still leaves us with the question of why it costs less to fly even further, in this case to Huntsville. The extra costs of flying on to Huntsville from Atlanta include more gasoline, increased wear on the airplane, paying the flight crew, and paying the ground crew and baggage handlers at a second airport. These costs seem to be significant, and it is perplexing why the ticket price would not be more than \$200.00, in an attempt to meet the cost of the extra leg of the trip.

The best explanation that I devised is that the \$18.00 deduction from the first flight is an inducement to take the second leg of the trip. As stated above, there is less demand for people to travel to Huntsville than there is for people to travel to Atlanta. It is then less likely

that a plane would reach full capacity flying on to Huntsville. Airline companies lose money when they are flying airplanes that are not full. At a certain point the cost associated with the flight outweighs the revenue, and the flight becomes economically unfeasible. In this case, the flight would be cancelled. To prevent this from happening, the airline is, in effect, paying the customer \$18.00 to take the less popular flight. This can be looked at as an \$18.00 loss in revenue, per customer, for the airline. However, by taking on this loss, they are losing less than they would be if they did not have enough people on the flight to make it



*These days, it seems the airline industry is also having difficulties figuring out economics*

economically feasible, and canceling the flight consequently.

This type of incentive to take the second flight was my best attempt at explaining why it costs less to take the additional flight. However, during a conversation about this question, a fellow economics major came up with a second, very solid explanation. He speculated that perhaps the various stores and vendors in the airports give a percentage of their sales to the airlines. During a layover, people tend to purchase goods and or services at the various airport stores, ranging from lunch or a beer at the airport restaurant, to a book or magazine at the bookstore. If the individual airlines that have purchased gates at the airports gain a percentage of the airport vendor's income, then it is logical that an increase in airline layovers will result in an increase in revenue for that airline. If this is the case, then the \$18.00 discount for flying on to Huntsville is expected to be recouped by the airline in the form of a percentage of sales during that flight's layover.

These two suggestions seem to be very good explanations of this interesting pricing design. The idea of an incentive to travel further strikes me as a quite probable explanation; however, I believe that there are very strong merits to the "shared revenue" hypothesis. There is no doubt that there may be many more reasons why airlines price the way they do, and thinking about the various explanations can be an intellectually stimulating exercise.

## Cell Phone Woes

By Chris Purdy

In a place where word of mouth carries so much weight, the casual, repeated warnings that upperclassmen give to freshmen about the use of cellular phones around campus have kept the sacred spaces of Sewanee free from the cacophony of digital ring tones for quite a while. Unfortunately, it seems as though the tradition of keeping cellular phones and other noise-pollutant technology out of sight (and earshot) on campus has been ignored.

Part of the attraction of Sewanee is its peaceful, natural setting. Thankfully, we are nowhere near a large city full of hustle-and-bustle businessmen in drab grey suits tied down to their jobs, reachable at any instant. Life at Sewanee is most certainly busy, but in a different sort of way. Academic rigors aside, most organizations hold meetings at regular times. It is common knowledge that on Sunday nights, dorm staff holds their meetings, and on Mondays, most Greeks can be found eating an earlier dinner than usual in order to attend their chapter meetings. It is rare that meetings pop up so quickly that you must be made aware of them immediately, legitimizing a call on a cell phone. Furthermore, with a simple four digit extension for every student on campus (arguably three digits because most everyone's number begins with a 2), it should not be that hard to remember your friends' numbers. Some students say they use their cellular phones to keep in touch with their parents because their long distance plan is more economical than the one through the University or through a calling card. That rationale makes perfect sense to me, but even if one should choose this method of reaching parents or other outsiders, I have two counterpoints to discuss.

Firstly, few places on campus get very good reception. Even with Cingular, calls can still break up depending on where you are. In my experience, dorms tend to get stronger signals than along the sidewalk of University Avenue or in front of the Library. Secondly, unless it's some sort of family emergency, you're probably annoying the hell out of your parents. Most of them have jobs. They have business to tend to during the day. And now that you are out of the house, they are probably enjoying their newfound freedom at night. Besides, it is probably in your best interests to keep conversations brief before they have time to inquire about your weekend debauchery.

Beyond their faulty utility and ability to disturb family members, cell phones make irritating noises that can be heard from farther away than you think. Is it worth a dollar to download a new ring tone every week that sounds like the latest pop song? Is a digitized version of the latest Chingy song really as cool as you think? While Dr. Knoll may think so, I hope that most would disagree.

Concerning privacy, many raise their voices when talking on a cell phone. I have heard more than my share of conversations that were meant to be kept private, I hope. For those that walk around talking on their phones (or listening to their i-Pods), it also makes it hard to say hello. It is rude to use these items in public because the user portrays him or herself as self-important and conceited. By using these items in public, you may as well hang a sign from your neck that reads, "I've got better things to deal with than you."

In this small community, it is refreshing to greet people as you pass them. This is not just a fable created by the Admission Office. Sewanee students are genuine, cordial folk. A quick smile from another student will probably lift your spirits more than a JLo song or a conversation that could wait. Sophomore Colin Walsh asserts his opinion saying, "I came to Sewanee without a cell phone and do not intend on ever owning one while I am here. Certainly, when graduation and the real world roll around, it will inevitably be time to submit to the oh-so popular cell phone. While here, however, I would rather enjoy the views and renowned beauty of the domain than make a few phone calls." Sewanee is a peaceful and friendly place. We have kept it so for years. If you are going to use a cell phone, at least respect the community by keeping it in your car or in your room.

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## Sustainable Living

(Continued from page 1)

and throw up their hands takes hold because the avenues to make Sewanee more sustainable were paved years ago, and there are people working every day to maintain and further those paths. Physical Plant Services (PPS) instituted the use of energy efficient compact fluorescents in all university buildings, installed low flow shower heads in the dorms, and is currently considering the use of bio-diesel fuel in maintenance vehicles and transferring a percentage of our solid waste disposal from the landfill in Marion County to Wasteaway, where it would be recycled into park benches, flower pots, and building materials. Waste-Not and the Sewanee Outing Program organize hikes with trash bags, glass recycling, programs on environmental education at local elementary schools, tree planting, and documentaries, all the while fighting to protect Abbo's Alley from pavement. The Eco-House works in an organic garden, sponsors campouts and potlucks that serve as melting pots for all the environmental groups on campus, and participates in community outreach, including field trips to sustainable building projects and workshops.

The Environmental Residents promote environmental awareness within dorms through programs such as the Eco-Cup, a month long, campus wide competition to reduce energy and water consumption that includes documentaries, a presentation by an environmental architect alumnus, a display of litter from central campus, and waste-weighing at McClurg, through shifts to waterless urinals (and eventually to energy and water efficient washers and driers), and through organizing and encouraging recycling. The Sewanee Lorax, the environmental

student newsletter, sprang from the Environmental Resident program, as did the Green Pledge Dinner, where seniors pledge to maintain environmentally friendly lifestyles after leaving the Domain. Students for Environmentally Responsible Politics (SERP) work to ensure voters know politicians' environmental records and manage letter-writing campaigns, supporting politicians in their environmentally friendly decisions and expressing disappointment to those who did not think of the environment when voting.

The variety of membership and work of the groups here at Sewanee and the wide range of classes and places where the term sustainability now appears indicate that the shift toward more sustainable lifestyles holds something for everyone. It is no longer only for the flower children of our parents' generation. If you are among the skeptical, overwhelmed, or confused, the upcoming Sustainability Week, October 24th-28th, provides an opportunity for you to find your place in the movement towards sustainability. Changes in the way we live are not far off, but at this point, we can still determine what those changes will be. Will we surrender to the damage that we as a species have done? Will we shrug our shoulders and allow it to dictate where we breathe, where we swim, where we live? Or will we unite as a multi-talented and diverse group against that damage? Will we turn around now, face our huge problems, and reply with a list of changes that we ourselves are willing to make as a society?

We stand at a crossroads, and it is up to each of us to decide which way to go.

## Cliff Tops vs. The Monteagle Assembly: The Eternal Debate

By Sarah Thomas

For over twelve years my family has been coming to Sewanee for Parent's Weekends and Graduations. I have stayed in many houses in both the Assembly and Clifftops; sometimes the houses were tiny and sometimes they slept four families plus stragglers left over after the parties. The Assembly is a labyrinth of houses, many of which are quite unique. The Assembly's closely set houses make it ideal for walking



between multiple parties in one evening. Clifftops is more spread out, which allows for privacy. The Assembly is ideal for sitting outside under a porch fan and "people watching." Clifftops has a more relaxed mood at the gate than the Monteagle Assembly, which has become more and more restricted.

Once upon a time, there were no rules at the Assembly, and Sewanee families had free reign over the entire place. As the years have past, the rules have become progressively stricter. This has caused some problems when it comes to parties. One year, my older brother and several of his friends were moving cars to different locations in order to give the illusion that our house was not the site of a party. This became problematic at the end of the evening when no one knew where their car was parked! And the pile of car keys was overwhelming and a huge disaster! Sewanee parents have a whole list of tricks up their sleeves. Carpooling from another location outside the Assembly

was a good trick for a while, but alas, the Assembly's finest caught on. The booth by the gate was seldom occupied in the past years, and coming and going was unannounced and unnoticed. Now, visiting the Assembly is more like visiting Fort Knox. This may be a bit of an exaggeration, but currently the "estimated time" you will be spending within, is a question just to get through the gate! If entering sans a pass, a fee is collected from

each car! Oh! How we long for the days when no one cared! Lisa Smith, a senior says, "It just doesn't seem necessary to be charging people to stay for a few hours."

Some feel that the Assembly may be alienating its most profitable patrons. Maybe others have a different perspective about Sewanee's biannual, all-out takeover. A Monteagle Assembly employee who wishes to remain anonymous says, "After all, this is a Sunday school assembly and we need to keep law and order." Well, there you have it. While we peacefully invite one hundred of our closest friends and families and throw a party that plays loud music and involves multiple double and triple parked cars... the Assembly feels a love/hate relationship with every passing guest! There are pros and cons for both Clifftops and the Assembly, all depending on the mood and opinions of your family. As for mine, we are moving to Clifftops!

### Sustainability Week:

Monday, October 24th --- Environmental Fair, 5:30pm in the Quad  
Picnic and information on environmental activities past and present at Sewanee.

Tuesday, October 25th --- Local Foods Breakfast, 8am in the BC  
A meal made with only local foods.

Wednesday, October 26th --- Sustainability Day Webcast, 11:30am-1:30pm in Gailor Auditorium  
Live webcast summarizing five conferences on campus sustainability.

Thursday, October 27th --- Kilowatt Ours, 7pm in Gailor Auditorium  
A documentary on the coal and nuclear power that provide us with electricity.

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## Film Review: *Stranger Than Paradise*

By Kenneth Crockett

SEWANEE UNION THEATRE—Patrons of the September 29<sup>th</sup> Cinema Guild film, Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*, applauded the intense emotional response of one sophomore football player. According to several witnesses, the young man apparently experienced a grand epiphany approximately twenty minutes into the film, just as the classic 1984 black-and-white character study began to take other viewers deeper into the everyday lives of Willie, his good friend Eddie, and his recent-immigrant cousin, the stunningly beautiful Eva.

While the witnesses came to no consensus over what exactly happened inside the student's head, theories generally sorted into one of two camps. One is that the dapper fellow in question was overcome with artistic inspiration drawn from Jarmusch's distinct film style featuring engrossingly isolated characters, at which time he passionately rushed from the theatre to record a fiery emo song over a sample from the new Death Cab album. The second is that he figured out that not only was *Stranger Than Paradise* not a French film set during World War I, but this very deception had stolen his one night of 'me-time' which he had planned to spend rereading his dog-eared copy of the *Annotated Jane Austen*.

What followed, several Sewanee students noted, was a masterwork of performance art. First, the exasperated patron stood up from his seat, expressing himself through a loud "harrumph" while exiting his lonely aisle with flourish and a touch of flare. Next, the would-be Landonite evoked the spirit of Marlon Brando's Stanley from *A Streetcar Named Desire* as the young man punched the wall of the theatre with a brutish fervor. Still, the pièce de résistance of the entire act came as the young man burst forth from the side exit door showering the rest of the audience with the warm glow of emancipation emanating from the streetlights outside the theatre.

Seriously though, a number of people were surprised Thursday when the publicized Cinema Guild film, 2004's *A Very Long Engagement*, was replaced at

the last minute with the Jarmusch masterwork. The substitution was actually the second of the week, as *A Very Long Engagement* was itself a last minute substitution for the 1968 Lindsay Anderson film *If...* Cinema Guild members discovered the terrible force of ignorance prominent among film companies as twice in two days film suppliers failed both to secure the requested films and to inform the SUT of the errors. Quick actions by SUT and Cinema Guild officials managed to save the day, screening *Stranger Than Paradise*—originally scheduled for October 6—rather than losing a night of good film to the carelessness of corporate figures closely associated with one best known as "the Man."

With *Stranger Than Paradise*, what at first appears to be mere independent film festival fare evolves into a thoroughly engulfing tale of three impulsive but aimless young adults. This mood— not quite apathy, definitely not caring—is framed by Eva, played by the mesmerizing Eszter Balint. She charms the audience as she hums and dances along to the Screamin' Jay Hawkins classic "I Put a Spell on You." Eddie and Willie are effectively bewitched by Willie's fair cousin, and the casual adventure that follows is not to be missed.

For those who left early, they should receive solace knowing that *A Very Long Engagement* will be screened October 6. For those who stayed, they witnessed an entrancing episodic film, complete with the stark blackout transitions and brief musical interludes that are Jarmusch's signature (see 2003's *Coffee and Cigarettes*). In *Stranger Than Paradise*, Jarmusch begins an exercise in capturing the extraordinary in the mundane. This theme can be traced throughout his career, rapidly evolving into capturing the humane in the extraordinary in films such as *Ghost Dog*, and coming full circle in his latest masterwork the Bill Murray vehicle *Broken Flowers*, incorporating this sense of humanity in the extreme tempered with a mundane, not boring, sense of futility and irony.

## Music Review: Sigur Rós, *Takk*

By Kenneth Crockett

For the first time in years, the folks at *Rolling Stone* captured the essence of an album without pandering to public opinion or slandering the concept with mainstream elitism. In his review of the new album *Takk...* from Icelandic rockers Sigur Rós, *RS* staff writer Barry Walters succinctly defines the group's target audience, "Radio won't get it, but the iPods will understand" (9/22/05). The album has already broken records in Iceland, and *Takk...* charted in the top thirty in no less than eleven countries including the United States and Britain.

In the late nineties, Sigur Rós, along with similar post-rock groups such as the Scottish band Mogwai and the Montreal-based Godspeed You! Black Emperor, essentially made quiet the new loud. The new style featured songs with few discernible words (Sigur Rós sings in either Icelandic or their made up language Hopelandic), tracks that extended far beyond the length acceptable for mainstream radio airplay, and instrumentation designed around three to five minute crescendos. For a good example of what the group can achieve, see the majestic tune "Starálfr" which provided a beatific soul to the climax of Wes Anderson's 2004 film, *The Life Aquatic*.

With *Takk...*, the 2001 winners of the inaugural Shortlist Prize for Artistic Achievement in Music prove that their selection over the likes of then up-and-comers Ryan Adams, Gorillaz and PJ Harvey was well deserved. While the other contenders were brilliant and brash, Sigur Rós was willing to be humble and quiet. Rising from beneath powerful symphonic productions, lead singer Jón Þor Birgisson's ethereal falsetto crept into the limelight on records such as 2000's *Ágætis Byrjun* and their powerful 2002 release most commonly known

as ( )—the untitled album referred to as parentheses, a nod to the cover art.

*Takk...* is Sigur Rós' *Highway 61 Revisited* or, as one reviewer in *Washington Post* commented: "...a nordic interpretation of circa 1966 beach boys." The group rocks out on their fourth album with their typical lull-bang bravado. The lead-off title track introduces listeners to a calm world of soothing melody before tearing into the thumping beats of the next track, "Glósóli." The album grows and moves like an arctic beast, displaying better than ever that these boys know how to be at once calmly collected and brazenly overwhelming.

While older Sigur Rós albums seemed to hum and fade, background music for some greater endeavor, *Takk...* is the group's grand experiment. "Hoppípolla," with its addictive combination of soaring string rhythms and twinkling piano support, rivals the drum-heavy lead single "Sæglópur" for the title of best track. "Heysátan" drives the album to a wordy close without detracting from the overall experience of total immersion. This album works, and if you want to fight about it, I'll cut you.



## Reasons to do Habitat for Humanity:

By Townsend Zeigler

- On Friday 1-4, Saturday 9-12 and 1-4, You don't da wark at these times anyway and its nice ta take a break fram daylight drinking in exchange far a new high....
- Maral high: The people you help are sincerely thankful, and ane day here makes a bigger difference than weeks an a cammittee.
- Wark aff yaur sins in advance while warking aff the residue fram last night.
- Haw is this passible? It's a stellar warkout that you can still laak smaath daing.
- It's the only time you can pull aff wearing a taal belt ar justify wearing Carhartts.
- Labar as such is typically law in self-righteousness; you're nat trying ta save the world, just build a hause.
- Meet new people while wielding pauer taals
- Spend time with Dixan: trust me, you wan't get bared.
- Learn what a "saw harse" is.

- Same say there's samething sexy about a self-sufficient, handy persan.
- Learn haw ta fix thase walls you punched aut last week.
- Screw, nut, and balt.
- Habitat Blitz: spend a clear night warking and tired under spat lights. Hammer away while the baambax plays James Brawn, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Bab Marley thraughaut the hause. Feast upan hatdags, crack lewd jakes, and afterwards, sneak anta the airpart runway far a cigarette among the candy-colored lights.
- Again, it's every Friday fram 1-4, Saturday 9-12, and 1-4. Bus leaves fram the BC ar catch a ride. Maps are by the Outreach Office in the BC.



# UAH Soccer "Gets a Grip"

By Harrison Wagenseil

There is a storied history between the Sewanee Men's Soccer Team and their division II foes to the south- The University of Alabama at Huntsville. The first in a series of intense matches between the two teams came in the spring of 2003 when the game ended deadlocked at 2-2. The next time the two teams clashed was in the fall of 2003 when Sewanee prevailed 3 - 1. I remember the game fondly, as it ended in frustration for the Huntsville squad, who exclaimed that we (Sewanee) were the worst team they had ever played. Another off-season game in the spring ended in deadlock, and again we were "the worst team they had ever played."

Given Huntsville's attitude towards the previous encounters, Sewanee was quick to add a regular season match to conclude three years of Tyson vs. Lewis press-conference denial and ridiculousness. This past Friday at the Pit, the game proved to be one of the most exciting and telling games in recent memory. Sewanee won...again.

Sewanee dominated the entire game, and our goals were excellent. Barry Slagle tallied two goals, both coming in the form of left-footed bombs from his golden boot. The third and fourth came from senior forwards Alex Marsden and Trey Moore respectively. Moore's penalty kick sealed the deal, and silenced any hope of a Huntsville comeback. All goals were dope and dank.

Huntsville's goals were...well...they were crap. To summarize Huntsville's goals: First, an indirect free kick given 10 yards from the goal which was misdirected by Sewanee's Barry Slagle. The ball dribbled into the goal like a tired merchant entering Timbuktu after crossing the Sahara. Their second goal was of a similar nature. A cross came in and was misdirected by Sewanee's Jason Chen in an attempt to clear. Chen nailed it upper ninety. Their final goal came in the form of a penalty kick that was nearly saved by goalie Tyler Blackwell.

It was this third goal that seemed to encompass



Sewanee versus UAH two weekends ago

much of what Huntsville's team had come to stand for over the years. After scoring two crap goals, and narrowly converting from the penalty spot, Huntsville's goal-scorer ran into the net to grab the ball and run it up the field in exhalation. In soccer, this is equivalent to hanging on the rim and dangling your crotch over the opposing defender's head, whom, by the way, has just been dunked upon.

Sewanee's Tyler Blackwell was not to be dunked on. Blackwell tried to get the ball back verbally, and then tried to poke the ball out. The two players fell to the ground in a tussle. Some say Blackwell "tossed" Huntsville's goal-scorer (way to go dude!), while others say they simply got tangled up and fell.

Nevertheless, the following is less divisive. Trey Moore remembers it like this: "Huntsville's team

crashed on Blackwell, even their bench players, and many began to kick T-Blackey. Tyler got worked." Worked, not really; but what can be affirmed is that he took one for the team as Huntsville received four red-cards for their part, and Tyler Blackwell received one. In the final minutes of the game, one last red card was given to Sewanee's David Scavone for throwing the ball at a Huntsville player in an effort to waste time... (it was a really smart move in terms of time wasting; but perhaps it was not the most tactful.) The score ended 4-3 in favor of Sewanee. Hopefully at the end of this one, Huntsville has recognized that "the worst team [they] have ever played" is, in fact, "a division III team that has never lost to them." Get a grip, UAH.

## The Revolution Continues

By Frank Champion

"Saturday's a Rugby Day!" is the war cry of the Sewanee Rugby Football Club as it steps onto the pitch to engage in another glorious contest of physical strength and mental endurance. The ruggers of the Purple Haze have constructed a tough side for this year's struggle for the Mid-South Division III Championship, losing only three seniors and welcoming a host of talented rookies to bolster the ranks of the team. With hopes to sweep the Matrix and dominate the playoffs in the coming spring, the Sewanee RFC has constructed a challenging lineup of teams for this fall. So far, Sewanee has proven itself worthy of Rugby glory, taking on the men from Western Kentucky, winning 17-0, and then going on to defeat the Division I team of the University of Georgia on September 24, defeating both the A and B teams by scores of 19-14 and 21-10, respectively. This marks a glorious moment for the Division III Purple Haze. The team continued to pursue victory emerging victorious this weekend over Brian College by a score of 29-3. Only three weekends of play, Sewanee is 5-0, collectively outscoring opponents by a margin of 96-27.

For all of you who may wonder what is this game, and why you should care, I have this challenge to extend to you: on a Saturday afternoon come to the football IM field and witness the game for yourself. Inhale the glorious smell of sweat, blood, and beer; drink in the images offered by thirty men in short shorts hitting one another with no pads, and then decide why you should care. The team has so far enjoyed excellent displays of support at both of its home games with Sewanee students, parents, and faculty helping to spur our ruggers to glorious victories. Yet

we would like to invite you Rugby virgins to take a walk on the wild side and experience the Sewanee Rugby Revolution. Come and support our team this Saturday as they tackle a strong Vanderbilt side at noon, and remember "Saturday's a Rugby Day!"



Sewanee and Bryan University players reach for the rock during a Line Out

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# Sewanee Students Present to 6,200+ Geoscientists

By Alex Pappas

For the typical Sewanee student, the much anticipated fall break is a time to vacation from academics. This is not the case for a group of Geology students, who under the guidance of Professor Bran Potter, will travel to Salt Lake City and in the words of Senior Kevin Hobbs, "show off" their geological skills. This is because, as Sewanee tradition holds, a group of Geology students will have the opportunity to attend the 117th annual meeting of the Geological Society of America. Some will even have the rare opportunity of presenting their geological findings to over 6,200 geoscientists attending the conference.

Seniors Kevin Hobbs, Patrick Warfield and J.R. Candlish are three such students who will travel out West and present their research to the conference. Hobbs, from Birmingham, Alabama and Warfield, from Nashville, Tennessee will present together. Candlish, from Piney Flats, Tennessee will present with fellow experimenters Dr. Martin Knoll and Aubrey Modi.

Hobbs and Warfield will present their findings from their study of Sewanee's own Lost Cove, located on the University's campus near the eastern edge of the Southern Cumberland Plateau. Kevin and Patrick first got interested in Lost Cove as freshman from another group of Sewanee students in 2003, who had spent time experimenting with the area. "We wanted to pick up where they left off," said Warfield.

The two started working in the Spring of 2005. "We were experimenting about once a week for four to eight hours of field work," according to Hobbs. The research consisted of hiking with a compass and a geological hammer and taking numerous water samples.

Hobbs and Warfield studied the trends of the path of water through 500 joint measurements of Lost Cove. From these measurements, the two noticed two major trends and believed there was a scientific reason for the trends. "We attempted to find out where water comes from and how it gets out," Hobbs said. According to the two students, understanding the path water takes could be helpful in solving some of the problems of today. The understanding of joints helps identify where liquids reside. This could, for example, aid in locating a gas leak at a gas station. The two will compile all the information studied to create graphs for their presentation.

Candlish, who has always been interested in hydrological projects, will present his group's findings that focus on the "arsenic distributions in the soil, bedrock, and groundwater here on the Domain." The trio started experimenting with this project during the spring semester of 2005.

Candlish states, "Initially, we researched the groundwater and stream water that flows down gradient of the Sewanee Cemetery into the stream that flows next to Stirling's Coffee House. We hypothesized that the arsenic detections were linked to the graves from the 1850's through 1912. Arsenic was used as an embalming agent to prevent decay during this time frame.

As our research progressed, we discovered that there were arsenic detections in other areas across the Domain. Now, we are researching the sources of arsenic in the bedrock."

"We have used the basic rock hammer, augers to retrieve groundwater samples, topographic maps to pen-point plots of interest, and analytical labs to determine arsenic and other heavy metal levels in our samples," said Candlish.

The students will present their findings in an exhibition style, answering questions and speaking on their respective topics for a four hour period.

Career-wise, both Hobbs and Warfield are undecided, but are looking forward to the conference to network with some of the geoscientists present. "We will be some of the few undergraduates attending, so it will be a great opportunity to meet some of the best geologists," said Hobbs.

Warfield added, "This is the only time to get the top geologists of the world together for one meeting, and we will be able to participate in it firsthand."

Candlish, an Environmental Studies major is considering several options for a career. "I plan to attend graduate school after taking a year off to figure out what I will pursue. As of right now, I either want to receive my graduate degree in Hydrology or Cold Water Fishery management."

All three students mentioned Dr. Potter and the other geology professors as tremendous influences. Candlish said "It is the people like Dr. Potter and the other professors in the Department that continue the prestigious academic reputation of Sewanee."

All three students are highly honored to be able to represent the University of the South at the conference. Warfield said, "It makes you feel proud."

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# Chalk Ninjas

By Jacob Moore

Do you believe in ninjas? Well you should, because they're out there, lurking in the shadows, scrawling messages on sidewalks under the cover of darkness. They're fighting some invisible war out there, and I can't sleep at night knowing that they roam the campus unseen. It started a couple weeks ago. I was procrastinating on an anthropology paper when I noticed the blinking light on my phone. *Oh Goodie.* I thought, *I have a message.* But the message didn't start with "Hey Sewanee," or even "Hey McCrady." It started with silence, beckoning the ear closer into the silent depths. Then the ghostly voice of a girl asked, "Do you believe in Social Justice?" Click. That was it? Was this some inside joke from one of my friends? Maybe a wrong number? They probably hung up accidentally, yeah that was it. The message was probably supposed to be, "Do you believe in Social Justice? Then come on down to the peace coalition/amnesty international meeting...or something."

So I waited for the full message to appear, for whoever left the last one to go "oh shoot" and try again. I waited for the blink. It didn't come. No biggie. I had a paper to write. As I walked out of Woods Lab later that day I thought about nothing but the relief of being done with my paper, that is until I saw the stairs. On the stairs outside Woods was scrawled the message: "Do you believe in Social Justice?" My heart powerbombed my stomach as I realized the terrible truth: I was being stalked. My eyes darted around, looking for the culprits in the nearby bushes, but they were long gone. Whoever was behind this was good, perhaps too good. They had left no sign of their presence other than the message, chilling in its simplicity.

I'm not too proud to say that I scurried off awkwardly in terror. But as I neared what I thought to be the safe haven of McClurg, I looked down at the stone tiles and found, to my horror, the same message! They were toying with me; there was no doubt about that. My heart pounded in my chest and sweat dripped from my brow, riddling the ground in salty bullets. "YES!" I cried, "Yes I believe in Social Justice! What do you want from me?!" I woke up in the fetal position just in time for breakfast.

When I awoke, all the campus was aflutter with confusion. It seemed nobody knew who the culprits were, or what they were trying to say. It was as if a whole new era of guerilla advertisement had struck Sewanee's campus. I feared that the next Dionysus play would be advertised through the kidnapping and "re-education" of prospective audience members. I'm fairly sure the FCA has started packing poison blowguns. The only thing people could agree on about the messages was that they had no idea where they came from, and an unsettled anxiety overtook the campus as we waited for the next phase in this diabolical plot.

"Do you believe in Equal Rights?"

was scrawled on trashcans, sidewalks and walls, multi-colored inquiries probing from every direction into the very core of our beliefs, inquiries appearing in the silent, faceless night. We thought the nightmare was over with the final message: "Perhaps you're a feminist?" Aha! It was all just an advertisement for the Feminism talk; everybody can relax. But wait...what's this scrawled on the bench outside McClurg? "Do you believe in Magic?" Oh sweet Jiminy Cricket, there's more of them!

What could this mean? Was the Feminism talk not the purpose of the messages? Was Tinkerbelle a feminist? I had always pegged her as down with the women's lib thing, but she lived in a little boy's pocket, and that's not going to get you an interview in Ms. Magazine. What was going on here?!

The answer, my friends, is simple: Ninjas. After carefully examining all the possible explanations for the recent flurry of messages on campus, I have come to the conclusion that what we are dealing with here is a textbook case of ninja infestation. It's all right there, plain as day. Unseen, unknown entities roaming the night, leaving signs of their handy-work for their victims to see and ponder over, getting into our heads with esoteric rhetorical questions and mysterious phone-calls, invoking "supernatural assistance to confound and bedazzle. It's all there in Batman Begins; it's how they operate. I'm surprised a case of sidewalk chalk isn't included in Batman's utility belt. What better way to strike fear in the hearts of evildoers than the phrase "Do you believe in Social Justice?"

Actually, I managed to get an exclusive, anonymous quote from one of the culprits of this hidden scribbery. The following are just excerpts from this person's frenzied rant: "When I saw the courageous message from the Women's Center, I had to stand up and say 'I believe in something!' And I DO believe in magic. Where would America be without Disney World? As I was writing, I was reminded of the '60's and 'Gloria Steinem saying 'A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle' (of course this was before she was married and finally getting some), and I thought of what the world would be like without magic: no Mickey Mouse, Peter Pan, or Michael Jackson (he believes in magic in a young boy's heart or pants, depending). And I realized what a terrible world that would be. I also realized the importance of chalk, and how like life it is. It's so temporary, just like us. If you don't use your life to it's fullest potential, then it's wasted, just like unused chalk. I had to use chalk to get my message across, or the chalk and my life would lose potential."

I think it's safe to say that at least one of these people is nuts. But how did this start? I imagine someone sitting in a meeting, suggesting an idea for advertising, something that would pique Sewanee's interest. "What a cool, original idea," the others

# Police Blotter

By Mitchell Robinson

Chief Parrott initiated our meeting this week by describing this Family Weekend as one of the quietest ever experienced on the mountain. Considering all the visitors present, the Chief was astonished that more mischief wasn't abounding. He concluded, "I guess having everyone dressing nice for their parents makes them act nice too."

Yet not all patrons of the mountain abided by the guidelines of proper attire this weekend. According to the latest Sewanee Police Security Bulletin, one such male had the audacity to sport "baggy jeans, a yellow button down shirt and t-shirt." On Saturday night, this 5'9" white male happened upon several females residing in Hunter off of University Avenue. Mr. Tom Peeping, as several have since referred to him, proceeded to approach the windows of residents on the first floor and knock until someone appeared and acknowledged him and his "blond buzz cut" hair. The chap, assumedly so excited that anyone would yield their attention his way, then exposed himself to those inside the building and ensued with foreign jesters of his hands that most considered obscene before absconding on foot. The Chief wants to remind all University patrons to be aware of the potential for such incidents and to draw their blinds after dark. Most importantly, if you hear a knocking at the window, stay away and don't hesitate to call the Chief and his trusty workforce.

The Chief believes that with such little waywardness this Family Weekend, many, like Mr. Peeping, felt compelled to take up the slack of others too occupied with politeness and orderly conduct. Unfortunately for the 'Blotter' enthusiasts and aficionados among you, only one measly report appeared on the prestigious desk of Dean Hartman this Monday morning. It appears that several individuals, certainly bored of a day from sobriety, attempted to check the ability of our emergency service personnel by pulling several fire alarms across central campus. Surprisingly, the team of individuals escaped and is still at large. Any knowledge of their identities or hideout should be forwarded to the Chief at extension x1111.

Though the incidents of eccentric 'Tom' and the fire alarm bandits might bring to mind memorable gossips of the Sewanee community, another incident from two weekends past reminds everyone of Lake Trez's remarkable appetite for motorized vehicles. On this night, a patron of Courts dormitory attempted to squeeze their SUV into the most perfect of parking spots near the lake. In this attempt, the SUV ever so slightly tapped a pickup truck adjacent to the lake, knocking it out of gear. Incidentally, this caught three University students off guard who were floating on the barge near Chi Psi, appreciating the pristine panorama of Trezevant Lake. As the frightened individuals scurried toward dry land, the pickup truck inched its way into the lake, merely missing them by the hairs of their chiny-chin-chin. Luckily no one was hurt, and Via "faceplant" Fortier had absolutely nothing to do with the incident in any shape or form.

In closing, the Chief and I wish the best for everyone during their Homecoming and Fall Party festivities. If you happen to observe anyone "loitering" outside of your dorm or Greek residence, the Chief advises to immediately call the police and ask for an investigation. For the sake of myself and my many well-behaved, obedient friends visiting this weekend, I ask you to use the erudition provided to us all by a \$30k education when discriminating between Mr. Tom Peeping and those who often get carried away by weekends such as this. In all seriousness, use caution this weekend, be wary of your limits, be safe and above all, take all necessary pleasure in what I anticipate to be another spectacular Fall Party Weekend. Hooray☺

## The Sewanee Purple

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probably said "People are bound to be intrigued." What they didn't and couldn't account for is the pervasive terror of the unknown that grips the human soul when asked an ambiguous question by an unknown person and the subsequent nonsense that they create to deal with the situation. Ambiguity only

gives license for imaginative slander. Mystique is ridiculed and discouraged, and if a mysterious stranger in dark shades came riding through campus on a motorcycle, we'd probably clothesline him and trace his body in multi-colored chalk.

# Global Warming: Does it Exist?

By Sam Currin

We are living in an age of confusion and ambiguity concerning the state of our environment. We have been told for years that the rainforests are disappearing. We've seen footage of monsoons and tidal waves. The surface temperature of the ocean has risen in the last two decades by more than 1 degree Fahrenheit<sup>1</sup>. It seems that our world is falling apart around us. But, does global warming really exist? I did a little research on the internet and found two opposing arguments.

One stance is that global warming does not exist. I found this comment from "Brainiac" in a forum at [www.armageddononline.org](http://www.armageddononline.org). It reads as follows:

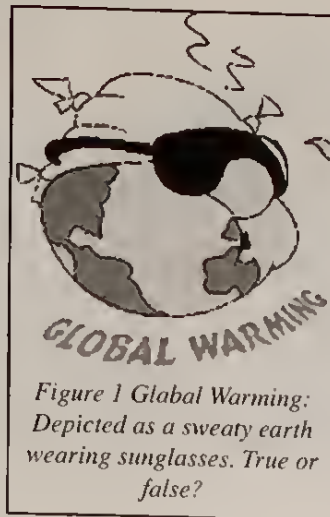


Figure 1 Global Warming: Depicted as a sweaty earth wearing sunglasses. True or false?

I have a major argument about Global Warming. It does not exist! Sure....ice caps melt, but it doesn't mean that the water will rise. Put an ice cube in a glass full of water, the water rises. Let it melt...it stays the same. So I don't see how this is possible. But I have discovered that by the ice caps melting, they will of course go straight into the ocean and since the ocean is salty (and the ice is not), the non-salty ice will mess up the current flow of the Atlantic Ocean, which THEN causes the water to rise. But the ice caps melting themselves does not make the water rise. Even though I may be fourteen years old.....I am smart. And apparently, these so called "scientists" who believe that the ice caps melting will cover the planet in water are definitely WRONG.

Brainiac's argument is painfully clear. His analysis of the ocean as a big glass of water is compelling to say the least. It is his emphatic rejection of the intellectual prowess of "scientists" that clearly places him in the camp that believes that global warming does NOT exist. However, I found a statement from another source that suggest that it *does* exist. Read on:

In an extraordinarily secretive manoeuvre, the Bush administration has subtly altered its position on global warming, officially admitting that there is a crisis while still declining to offer policies to combat it. A government report to the UN says that global warming exists, that it is man-made, and that it will transform the environment.<sup>2</sup>

It is easy to see the conflicting nature of these quotations. Brainiac suggests, using fourteen year old logic, that global warming does not exist, whereas the Bush administration asserts, although "subtly," that global warming does in fact exist. I was torn. Certainly there is physical evidence which supports the existence of global warming (increase in ocean surface temperature, the increasing prevalence of hurricanes in the last 20 years, depletion of the ozone, etc.), but Brainiac's confidence in his argument compelled me to research this topic. I consulted a few acquaintances to get a better grasp on the public opinion concerning global warming.

Junior Dawson Smith, when asked about global warming, answered, "It's called the greenhouse effect. It's caused by carbon dioxide emissions from cars. When sun shines through the atmosphere onto earth, it reflects off the surface, and the high levels of carbon dioxide don't allow as much of the reflected sunlight to

leave, making the earth warmer. This can cause problems such as melting icecaps, crazier storms, and \*\*\*\*<sup>3</sup> like that." Smith falls into the second category presented earlier, those that believe in the existence of global warming. As a Forestry major, Dawson is constantly presented with evidence of global warming, and I think that his immersion in the natural world has solidified his belief in the existence of global warming.

In an effort to gauge Earth's environmental concerns with other planets, I called my interplanetary consultant, Chewbacca, who offered this explanation. "Rwwrowwrr hrung. Grouuunerrr rwrr. Growlroar. Bbbrrddaaahhh." He suggests that all the time he has spent on the forest moon Endor has reaffirmed his belief in the global warming on Earth. Living with the Ewoks has given him a new take on environmental respect, and he believes that action must be taken on earth in order to combat this terrible result of human

abuse of the earth.

Zack Leskosky, currently on European Studies, sent in a comment from Greece. He said something about "the \*\*\*\*\* Bush agenda and the new bill to hurry the environment if it saves energy...I've been watching closely and we [Democratic Party] are gonna take the Scnate and Presidency by '08. I got caught walking around naked in Santorini, and Sanford [Ziegler] bought a 5 gallon jug o' wine, and we chugged it naked in a hot tub and got kicked out." I can't tell Leskosky's stance on global warming from this quotation, although he did mention a "hot tub" which could be understood as the Mediterranean Sea. Since we've established that the temperature increase of certain bodies of water is evidence of global warming, I think it is safe to assume that Leskosky is both a believer in global warming and a raging drunk.

Steven Seagal, when asked for comment, told me, "Global warming is as real as my acrobatic roundhouse kick that saved Ja Rule's life in my highly acclaimed film "Half Past Dead." My dojo is of a sound mind. Remove yourself from my property, or receive the wrath of my flying eagle fist thrust."<sup>4</sup>

The argument surrounding global warming is a difficult one to decipher. Much of the evidence we are faced with is supportive of this idea, yet people like Brainiac still exist. According to him, these "scientists" have a lot of convincing to do before the majority of "smart" 14 year olds will be swayed.

Either way, Chewbacca has promised a spot on the Millennium Falcon for myself and a few of my friends to emigrate to the forest moon of Endor and live in harmony with the Ewoks, making a living replacing the torches that are too high for them to reach and increasing the diversity on the Ewok/Wookiee interplanetary basketball team.

#### (Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> National Geographic, August 2005, "Hurricane Warning." Ha, I did some research. I am the true journalist.

<sup>2</sup> <http://www.guardian.co.uk/globalwarming/story/0,7369,727202,00.html> Yes, more research. This article contains almost 100% real information.

<sup>3</sup> Expletive deleted

<sup>4</sup> Steven Seagal was not asked for comment, nor was "Half Past Dead" highly acclaimed.

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# Submit to Harthacanute the Horrible or DIE!

By: Harthacanute the Horrible, Chieftain of a fierce Norse Viking warrior clan

ARRRRGGGHHHHH!!! Now that my clan of enraged Norseman has arrived in Sewanee after many days passage on the Elk River, we can set ourselves loose on a rampage of Viking fierceness. You thought that your domain and large stands of Oak/Hickory would discourage Harthacanute the Horrible and his tribe of furious, bloodthirsty warriors from conquering you. You were sorely mistaken, beardless villain. I will proceed to chop your green SUV into miniscule pieces using my broad axe and God-given Man-strength.

Your genuine fear is warranted, unlucky foe. For I, Harthacanute the Horrible, son of Aethelred the Prepared and Grandson of Groyveld the Mighty, left my small village of

Osgeld ten years ago with only the furs on my back, my sword and axe, and a band of twelve of my most loyal warrior brethren. We traveled by sea in my swift wooden long ship Skuldelev, a ship capable of reaching 40 knots by oar alone. We struck land in what your people call "Baltimore," and have raided and pillaged much to our delight since that day. Upon my return, my people will be most proud to claim Harthacanute as one of their own.

My loyal Norse brothers have shed blood and beard in the name of Harthacanute, and now our trials have been thrice paid for with the conquest of your Sewanee domain! Resistance to Harthacanute is futile. You can only submit as I land my steady long ship Skuldelev on your shores and, at the sound of my battle cry, commence pillaging with my Viking followers. Broad swords will be drawn as we slay all the campus dogs and anything else that gets in our path! Harthacanute will not be satisfied until he can call the Domain his own.

There is no open container policy in Osgeld, and Harthacanute will answer to no laws other than those he makes with the strength of his broad axe Unferth. Harthacanute stopped at no stop lights during his conquest of the Danish King Ongentheow, and he will stop at none here. Harthacanute doesn't care about the color of his parking sticker, stating, "I will park wherever I want and shred any tickets I receive with my teeth much like shredding the meat off of a bone." Harthacanute has no identification card for your meal hall McClurg. Instead, he will swipe his great sword in order to gain access to your foodstuffs. Harthacanute



drinks in excess, like any great warrior should, and no common source law will apply to his barrels of mead.

There is no force strong enough to resist my clan of over 200 warrior chieftains, all of whom have spent many hours drinking mead and boasting in my hall at Wealththeow. Our names have been made immortal by our acts of bravery and courage, and no clan of warriors has ever defeated me in the battlefield. Harthacanute is a stronghold of Godlike proportions, and he won't be vanquished by any man alive.

As you stand there looking dumbfounded, liberal arts student, my loyal warrior clan is pillaging your lands of all types of goods that we will use to prove our worth upon our joyous

return to Osgeld. Our fleet of long ships (which now numbers over 20), led by Skuldelev, will travel back across the ocean carrying your stereos, televisions, laptop computers, and many of your Sewanee women. Our wealth will be known far and wide, and we will receive much honor as Skuldelev breaches the shore of Osgeld. My brother Sven will be waiting with his wife Ingrid. They will have prepared a great feast of rare forests beasts, fish, and exotic cheeses. This feast will be followed by much reveling and boasting of my travels.

Yes, fool. I strike you down as you stare in awe at Harthacanute. Your calculus textbooks are no match for my long sword Healfdeane. I will take hostage your Dean of Students and many of your lauded professors, so that my loyal Norsemen back in Osgeld can benefit from your abundance of knowledge. Harthacanute, in his conquests, has also developed a respect and love for literature, and therefore will confiscate much of your library books, some of which I will use to feed the great bonfire that will be fashioned on my day of reckoning.

The spoils of your Domain have been secured in Skuldelev and our other long ships, and now Harthacanute must return to Osgeld to reap the benefits of my many years of pillaging. I will take on many wives as a result of my conquests, and the name Harthacanute the horrible will be known across all the seas and lands. Sewanee, because of its abundance of booty, has been one of the most enriching conquests of Harthacanute. Farewell now, decrepit Sewanee, Harthacanute must carry on.

## Confessions of an Ebay Addict

By Sarah Stacpoole

I have had only one disappointing experience with Ebay when I bought a correspondence with a "life mentor" for three months. Rita, a South Carolinian who had a tattoo of Sneezy, the seventh dwarf, on her ankle, wrote an excellent ad but gipped me on the contract. By the third e-mail I didn't really want much to do with her anyway.

Now, I don't want anyone to think that I was actually looking for a life-mentor on Ebay. It just so happened that one day I decided to have a little fun and see what people were selling under the search item: Life. Sadly, I didn't actually find anyone who would sell me a life, but I did find Rita. Often times amusing and peculiar things you didn't even know existed will appear when you search for something that would normally be considered somewhat boring. For instance, most recently I've been looking for workout dance videos on Ebay to watch with my suitemates and found the following items: Richard Simmons Disco Blast-off dance video, Teletubbies Volume Two: Dance With the Tubbies, Worship Dance Video, hip-hop style-"Glorious" DVD, Israeli-Jewish dance video DVD (box set), two German folk music dance videos, and did you know that there is a NES Nintendo dance aerobics video game? Me neither.

It all started freshman year, third floor of Gorgas, on a Dell computer that is currently the bane of my existence. It's funny; you think you'd remember your first time, but I can't. It might have been the red throw pillow or maybe the Girl Scout cookies (yes, you can buy Girl Scout cookies off Ebay, and I do it each year). Nonetheless, it does not actually matter what I bought on Ebay, I relished in the fact that I won something. My experience with Ebay has never been as much about the product as it has been about winning the product.

Additionally, there's the perk of getting package

slips in the SPO every other day which tends to make your friends jealous, but that isn't really what I'm talking about. In fact, I doubt there are very many people at all who have any idea what I'm talking about, so I have constructed the rest of my article in the form of a text-based simulation of winning something off of Ebay:

It's about the win. I don't know or care who you are or what you do, but the bottom line is that if you're trying to bid against me, you will not succeed. Yeah, that's right. It's about the rush of bidding on something and waiting; waiting for that jerk on the other side of some computer to make his move and try to shut you out, but no no, you're too smart, you're too fast. You're fast like a cat, but you aren't a cat and boo-yah this is just sick-crazy because...

NO! He bid again and there are only 23 seconds left and you've been outbid by this coward who didn't even have the chutzpa to wait until there were 17 seconds left and not 23 (because that's what you would've done), so now you have to bid again, but can you really bid again? Your computer is a piece of crap loaded with Spyware that's been making it slower than Tom Arnold on muscle relaxers, pre-rehab and a diet, and you aren't sure if the bid is going to go through. There is something making a clicking noise on the left side of what you are guessing is the hard drive of your computer and you wonder if this is either a bomb, several small rodents eating the inner-workings of your physical memory space (your computer always seems to have a problem with that), or if it's a piece of the peanut-butter cracker you just ate that fell through the hole in your keyboard where the letter "J" is supposed to be and is now being fried by the internal combustion modulation component sector AE-9, but...

YESS!! It went through with ten seconds left, and unless this guy works for the Pentagon, there's no

way he's going to outbid you again, which means, 5-4-3-2-1:

**YOU ARE THE WINNING BIDDER!!!** You are amazing! You are a winner! You are faster and smarter than that suck-up in class who runs cross-country, you have fast fingers that make you like a superhero for the virtual internet auction community; you have saved the day because you just shut out "The Man," because you bought his product from someone else who probably stole it or never used it. You bought it for less than he said it was worth because it really wasn't even worth that much to begin with and now you are putting money back into the tax-payers' wallet and you....are.....cool. You look quizzically at the place where the clicking noises are still happening inside your computer and, since you are completely un-computer-savvy, press "Ctrl-Alt-Delete."

You wait a couple of seconds after the screen freezes before hitting the spot where the clicking (and now beeping) is happening and decide to eat another peanut-butter cracker.

You are sad to find that you already ate all of the eight peanut-butter cracker packets, but decide that it's going to be okay. You haven't left your room in four days, so you decide to go outside and enjoy nature while wearing the new "Dyslexics untie" t-shirt that your roommate bought you off of Ebay a couple of weeks ago. You briefly consider going to the store instead to get some more peanut-butter crackers, but notice that your new shirt seems a lot smaller than most regular size "medium" shirts that you own, and you decide to take a small hiatus away from the peanut-butter crackers. Besides, the store sells them for \$4.00 and you just won them off of Ebay for \$3.49.