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Rollins College

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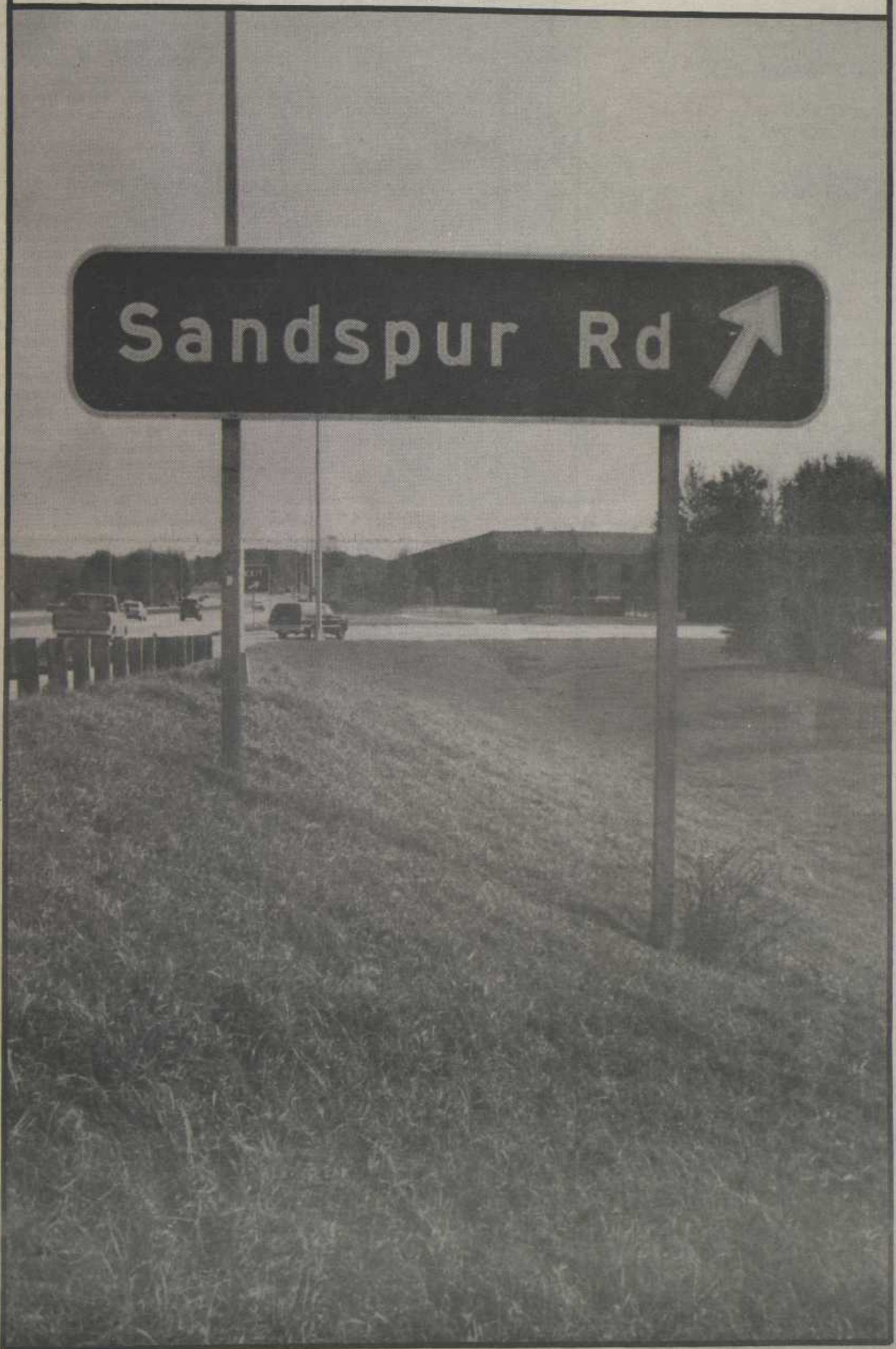
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# The Rollins Sandspur

Volume 95

Issue 4

January 30, 1989





# The Rollins Sandspur

Volume 95 Issue 4  
January 1989

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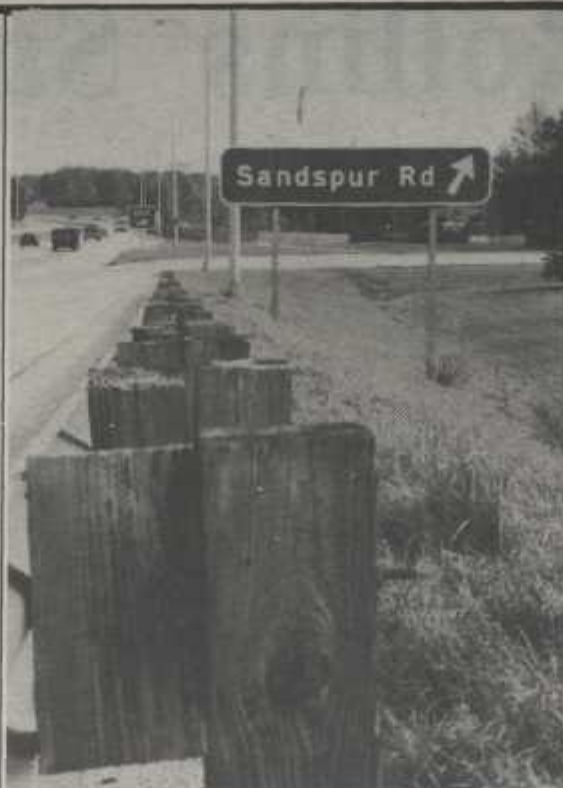
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We, the editorial board of *The Rollins Sandspur* extend a sincere standing invitation to our readers to submit articles on any subject they feel is interesting, maddening, thought-provoking, or of general interest to the Rollins community. As the editors, we reserve the right to correct spelling, punctuation, and grammatical errors; but, under no circumstances will we alter the form or import of the author's ideas without previous discussion and agreement.

*The Sandspur* is your paper: we will always keep this in mind. But we cannot succeed in this goal without your support and participation.

Submit articles to *The Sandspur* at campus box 2742 or drop it by our office, Mills 307.



cover photo by Jonathan Chisdes

**On the cover:** This is the first issue of the *Sandspur* under the guidance of the new editors and with a new staff. We all stand together at the foot of "Sandspur Road" about to begin an exciting journey. There is a long distance to go and quite a lot to be learned, yet the rewards seem immense. Our task is basically to revitalize the *Sandspur* and make it worthy of its 94-year reputation.

This first issue is an introduction to the type of paper you can expect to see. You will notice that we are trying to focus on in-depth feature articles and are trying to provide a forum for debate and discussion. This issue is also serving as a training ground for us. We are all new at this game, so expect to see a few mistakes. But understand that we are learning and will do what we can to correct them in future issues.

The editors and staff would like to invite anyone who is interested in working for the paper to join us in our journey down "Sandspur Road." We need writers, artists, photographers, typists, and just anyone who has any interest at all in journalism or love for this paper. There are all kinds of odd jobs to do and no one will be turned away. Now is the best time to join the *Sandspur* staff because you can get in on the ground floor. Call us at extension 2696; we'd love to hear from you.

Even if you're not interested in working on the paper, we would sincerely appreciate hearing from you, anyway, in the form of letters to the editor or contributed articles about issues that are important to you and other members of the Rollins community.

Come and join us on our travels down "Sandspur Road."



## Letters to the Editors:

### To the Editors:

I would like to bring attention to an incident that occurred on December 9, 1988 in the Student Center. "Thou Art Naked" and the Fine Arts Club had their canned food party shut down due to violence that occurred in the nearby 7-11 parking lot. Apparently, a riot broke out when a Rollins student got hit over the head with a bottle. The cause of this violence was attributed to "Thou Art Naked" and the Fine Arts Club.

My question is this: Why is a Student Center party shut down due to violence in a 7-11 parking lot? There was no violence at the party, or on the campus, for that matter; at least, no

violence that was party-related. In fact, the party was quite clean and organized, though admittedly energetic.

As a result of this party (at which "Thou Art Naked" agreed to play for free, and The Fine Arts Club spent over \$400 to finance, hoping to raise canned food for the Central Florida needy), Mike Lawrence has placed the Fine Arts Club on probation, preventing them from having parties in the near future.

It is a crime that the Fine Arts Club has been reprimanded for something out of its control. I think they did something for a just cause, were victims of unrelated circumstances, and should be praised, not punished.

An Upset Student



# The Journey Down Sandspur Road

By Jonathan Chisdes

It may seem as though I, having just become co-editor of *The Sandspur*, am about to embark on an exciting journey down "Sandspur Road," where I will learn about journalism, leadership, and myself. But as I pause to reflect on beginning this journey, I realize that it is not a beginning at all. I have actually been traveling down "Sandspur Road" for over a year and a half and am well on my way toward some unknown destination. It hasn't all been downhill. There have been many inclines and quite a few potholes. And it looks very steep up ahead, but I believe I can climb it.

I first turned down "Sandspur Road" in September 1987 when I joined *The Sandspur* staff because of my love for photography. Discovering the joys of working for a newspaper, I was in the center of everything. News from all over the campus poured into *The Sandspur* office. I covered different campus events by taking photos, wrote three editorials which were published, assisted in layout, and soon became the photography editor. When the paper came out with my name, photos, and articles in print, a great feeling of pride swept over me. The effort was worth it. Working for *The Sandspur* helped me to become more active on this campus—it gave me an excuse to go to activities I otherwise would have avoided. And I did get some great pictures.

But the best thing of all was the friends that I made on *The Sandspur* staff. I still keep in close contact with most of them. Unfortunately, they no longer work for *The Sandspur*. Some began to lose interest. Others were demoralized by conflicting mandates given to various publications. Some of them gradu-

ated or moved onto other commitments.

We had been planning an issue dealing with the Presidential election before students heard Gary Hart on campus March 4 and voted in the primaries on Super Tuesday, March 8. Unfortunately, staff input was low, just then, so a couple of us had to put that issue out practically alone. It was tough and we got very little sleep for a week, but the issue preceded Gary Hart's arrival on campus and I learned quite a lot from that job.

When I was first asked to apply as editor for the 88-89 school year, I shied away because I knew all of the work involved, and I had other interests. As the new editor gave me no assignments, I did not have the same emotional ties to this year's issues. In mid-November, realizing that nothing positive was in sight for my work with *The Sandspur*, I decided to resign.

But my destiny lay along a different road. Before I could resign, the editor did so. There was no editor now, but I still did not want the job. Again I was asked and turned it down. Soon, though, I came to fear that *The Sandspur* was in danger of disappearing forever; I did not want to see that happen to a 94-year-old tradition. I still loved for the paper and knew that Rollins vitally needed a forum for debate and discussion. When Lori approached me, telling me what I already knew about the desperate shape of the paper, how it needed to be revitalized, and how we could work together, the idea came up that we could be co-editors, sharing the workload and the responsibility. The rest is history.

We were determined that we would treat our staff as co-stewards of *The Sandspur*, our readership as

the owners. We would have an open editorial policy. Knowing that the paper is owned by the students, we decided we would be the voice of all of Rollins College, especially including minority groups previously denied a voice when they needed it the most. To help in this matter, we have made it our policy that letters to the editor and editorials may be submitted anonymously, because we realize that controversial issues are likely to be extremely sensitive on a small campus like Rollins. But our most important goal is to revitalize and build a coherent staff to ensure the survival of the paper beyond this year.

Under its new leadership, *The Sandspur* will come out on a regular basis (moving from monthly to semi-monthly). It will provide a much-needed forum for student debate and discussion and offer a place for student writers to publish material. It will also be a training ground for students interested in journalism.

Lori and I realize that we are not miracle workers and that we cannot transform *The Sandspur* into a high quality paper respected by the Rollins community overnight. But we can do this with some time and a lot of work. We ask you to bear with us. We also ask that you join in our effort to revitalize this essential vehicle of our community. We invite your active participation as a member of our staff or as an occasional contributor. You can learn a lot from *The Sandspur* and also give something to Rollins. As Ursula K. LeGuin reminds us, "It's good to have an end to journey toward, but it's the journey that matters in the end."

Join us for the journey down "Sandspur Road." It's worth the trip.

## Let's Talk

By Lori Sordyl

Last summer I wrote my first letters to the editor of *The Baltimore Sun*. Inspired by a man "sweeping" a driveway with a water hose during a drought, the first letter vituperated against Marylanders for thoughtlessly wasting water. Another was less angry, more questioning. I asked other Marylanders what right had Hilda Mae Snoops, "first friend" to the governor, to redecorate the governor's mansion when the Maryland Historical Society had directed such a project a few years ago. More importantly, how was she qualified?

Though I don't know if I did any good with my stream of letters, I made myself feel better, more involved, more responsive to my world. Some writers agreed with me; others questioned who I was to indict fellow citizens or to "pounce" on Hilda Mae as I did. Who was I indeed! No one, really, but right or wrong, I was a concerned person with a voice.

Voicing yourself is great, until you're told to shut up, as I was last fall. I wrote a letter to the editor of a Rollins student publication, taking issue with something printed. Ignoring my point, the editor responded by telling me I had no sense of humor. Okay, so maybe I'm not the funniest person I know, I thought, but I was raising a serious issue, and I wanted a response. I was persistent, though, sending a reply to the editor, who refused to print this second letter because (I later heard) he wanted to protect me from ridicule, "ditz girl" that I was. I had never been called a ditz before. How to respond? I ignored it, but I did send a copy of my second letter to the editor to another student publication with an explanatory note. Again I was silenced. Having no other outlet, I shut up. (Sit tight: here comes the rub.)

As editors, Jonathan and I have the power to print what we want, to deny voice to authors we find muddle-headed, and, by extension, to shape *The Sandspur's* political bent. (You may think I make too sick a jump there into politics, but, as an astute friend warned us recently, everything is political.) As students, however, we realize that Rollins is not the place

for a politically biased paper that silences rather than encourages dissent, debate, and discussion. For common sense says that before we can agree or disagree with one another, we must know what we're about, must know what they're about. Rather than talk at one another, we should talk to one another. Thus, perhaps more than any other goal Jonathan and I envision for *The Sandspur*, most important is providing that fertile ground for Rollins' voices, whatever they have to say, regardless of our own opinions.

Consequently, you should expect to read opposing editorials from Jonathan and me in a deliberate attempt to oust complacency in favor of reasoned controversy. For, of course, as intelligent people we all want to do more than formulate opinions; we want to hear the opinions of others. Although Jonathan and I may well agree more often than not, we will try to write opposing editorials, thereby forcing ourselves to check out alternate points of view. We hope you will take issue with one of us, even both. Correct us; chastise us; suggest to us. Tell us we're jerks (as long as you give reasons why). We want you to tell us

publicly, through your paper, what's on your minds. We may not agree with you, but we'll print what you send us. After all, we don't own this paper; Jonathan and I are stewards. And we and the staff would thank you very much if you came forward and claimed your share of it. Responsibility pervades the air these days.

This past semester, I've seen more public forums on this campus than ever before. As a freshman, I was appalled by "X-Club smut," but I never thought I would see the day when the sheet's own perpetrators confronted its debilitating sexism. The fraternity and the members of the Rollins community who participated in the sexism forum (including those who only attended) should be commended, as should those who participated in the Gay/Lesbian Forum, the Summit, and the Black Student Union's panel discussion on Martin Luther King's Day commemoration. (Please add any others I've unintentionally neglected. Excuse me, some say I'm a ditz.) As editors, Jonathan and I want to encourage and reflect Rollins' growing openness.

Please help us.







# P A R K A V E N U E

Now that the PAB is gone, *The Sandspur* has asked students for their opinions on what should be done with that property. The following are around the responses.

"Sell it to the city."  
Rich Paloy

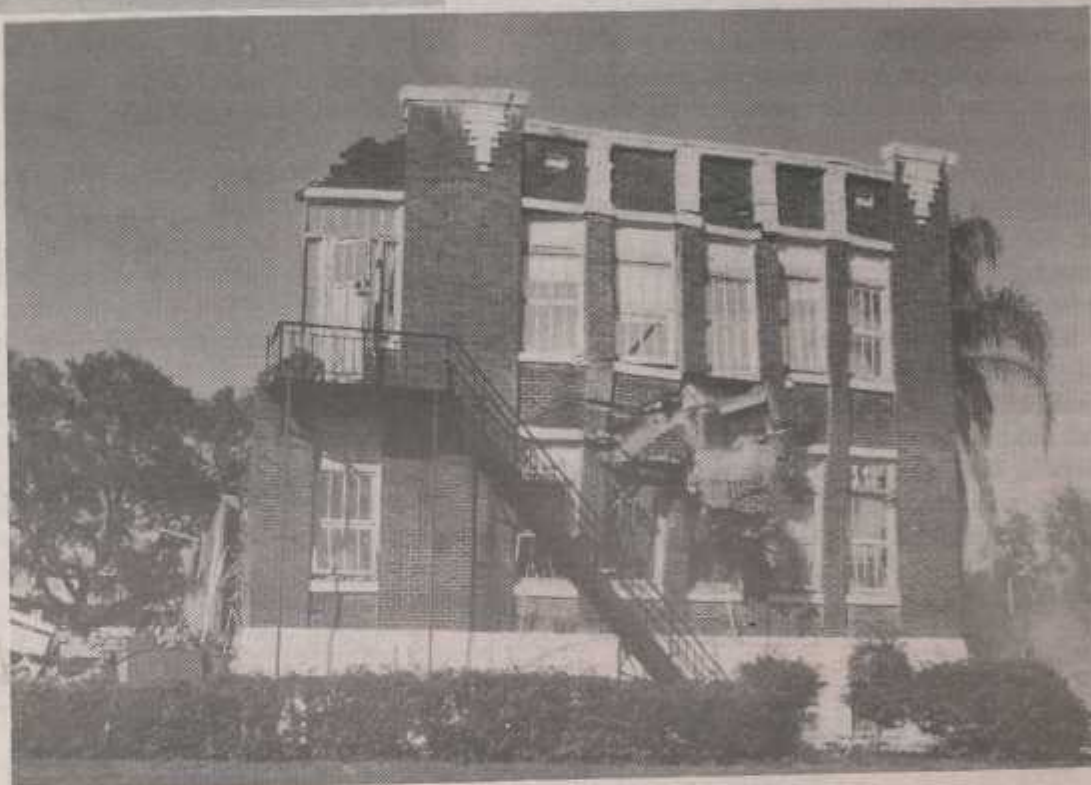
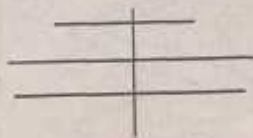
"Transform it into a bar aimed for the college student."  
John Benton

"A park for kids."  
Stephanie Sztanko

"That thing? A planetarium."  
Lisa Curb

"A rose garden."  
Mike Scotchie

"Level it into a parking lot."  
Jennifer Goblisch



## PAB is Falling Down

By Jonathan Chisdes

On Wednesday, January 18, the decrepit former home of the social science division finally came tumbling down in spectacular show of falling bricks, shattering glass, and giant dust clouds. While most Rollins students and faculty rejoiced that the 73-year-old building finally bit the dust, some Winter Park residents were sad, nostalgic, and even annoyed because their campaign to save what had once been the Winter Park Elementary School had failed.

Those of us who haven't been here as long remember the Park Avenue Building as a place much like a haunted house with poor lighting, cramped classrooms, noisy rats, and salty air-conditioning, where we are in constant danger of the ceiling collapsing on our heads or of being hit by a car while crossing Fairbanks. Leaving the building standing would cost Rollins \$10,000 a month for security, lighting, and insurance, but the worst thing of all in the possibility of the va-

cant building becoming a crack house or the scene of a violent crime.

Still, there was a lot of controversy surrounding the demolition of the PAB. Residents of Winter Park who wanted

to preserve the school because it had historical significance tried to stop the destruction. Many were graduates of the school when it was Winter Park Elementary School (a segregated all-white school, incidentally). They petitioned the Winter Park City Commission and got them to urge Rollins to save the building. Rollins administrators met with the preservationists on January 13 but decided to go ahead anyway with the decision which was made all the way back in 1982.

Early morning, January 18, the demolition crew began tearing into the building and by mid afternoon, there was nothing left but rubble. They found no steel in the structure. Students, faculty, and many community members helped themselves to a brick or piece of wood to take home as a souvenir of this historical building which was built in 1916 and bought by Rollins in 1961.





"Maybe make it into a museum."

Janice Abaray

"Make it a spa where I could tune up my body on a daily basis."

Erica Gregory

"It should either be a new dorm or a student run health club."

Susan DeFranco

"Six Level Parking!"

Jen Moss

"Make it a homeless shelter."

Sue Sanford

"They should put up a dorm there."

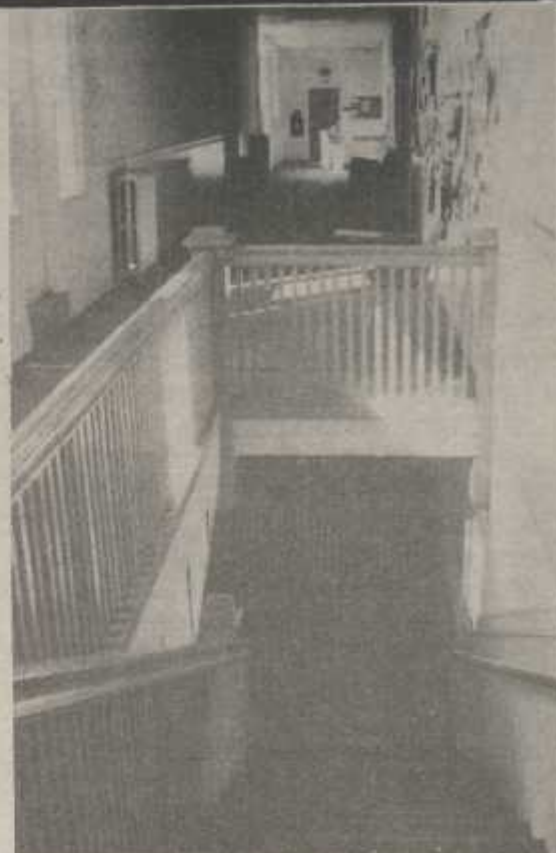
Susan Brown

"I hope they can find a better use to make of the property than parking."

Mark Burrell

"I think it should be torn down and a big bar should go up in its place—Easy on the carding!"

Allison Conner



"...the way she was."

# B U I L D I N G I S F A L L I N G D O W N



"A combination bar-hot tub club."

Kristen Humanni

"It would be nice to have more parking."

Michael Metcalf

"Build a student center with bus service between here and there."

Steve Ferucci



Photos by Jonathan Chisdes



# Wake Up to See a Dream!

by Mike Scotchie

I was given the assignment to cover the Martin Luther King, Jr. celebration, so I went to Monday's events. I sat through Aldo Reddick's impressive speech, enjoyed the performance of Jacqueline Jones and her band, and waited for some impression to hit me, or at least overtake me gradually. Unfortunately, the only thing that overtook me was the odor of Bubbalou's Bodacious ribs.

I understood and appreciated Mr. Reddick's speech. He spoke of King's courage, principles, and sense of justice that guided him to stir the conscience of this nation. Mr. Reddick emphasized King's long-range dream of equality for all people and our individual duty to continue the progress. But for me, this was an intellectual understanding, not an emotional one.

Should I have been surprised? Like most students here, I have neither lived through the Civil Rights Movement nor experienced prejudice. On the one hand, I'm fortunate for not having to go through the pain of either, but on the other hand, for lack of that experience, I probably take too much for granted.

For those of you who are like me, it is all the more important to keep an open mind. A lot of people are prejudiced without even knowing it, especially the ones who say, "No, I'm not prejudiced. In fact, one of my friends is black." It's easier to sleep through that part of life than to try and understand something you've never been through yourself, but again, everyone must make that individual effort. It may be the only time you wake up to see a Dream.

Editor's Note: Those of you who shared our enthusiasm for the Black Student Union's stirring panel presentation and discussion on pursuing the Dream at Rollins (and those who missed it but have opinions anyway) are invited to share your points, counterpoints, and varied opinions in articles and letters for the next issue of *The Sandspur*.

Photos by Jon Chisdes



State representative Aldo Reddick addresses the Rollins community

## Letter From A King

By David Herman

I've been banging my head against the wall now for two weeks trying to write an article that would do justice to Martin Luther King Jr. It had to be perfect. I couldn't allow myself to do a "B-" job for this great man. It had to be an "A+++."

After I crumpled up draft #3314, I decided to try a different approach. I asked myself, "If King were writing this article, what would he say?"

Too many people don't realize that MLK is not just a hero for blacks. He is a black hero for all of humanity.

He was one of the great leaders in the movement that eliminated racial segregation nationwide. What makes him even greater is that he used "peaceful means": nonviolent demonstrations such as peace marches, sit-ins, boycotts, freedom rides, speeches and essays to achieve the "peaceful ends" he desired. Instead of using violence, he appealed to the sense of justice in the hearts of the white majority—hearts that were not easily opened.

He inspired people, reminding them of their dignity and restoring their sense of self-worth.

He did as much for America as any other singular person, black or white. King's achievements cleared a path for other minorities to gain their civil rights. Women, religious minorities, handicapped, elderly, and ethnic groups have all benefited from King's efforts.

If Martin Luther King Jr. was writing this article, he would want to say things that give hope and encouragement to people who are denied their rights as Human Beings, and inspire and inform people who take their rights as Human Beings for granted.

I GIVE UP! I cannot sum up this great man in one article!

I'll just have to cheat—I'll give you a sample of this man by letting him speak

for himself. The following are highlights taken from "Letter From Birmingham Jail" and other sources:

In 1963, King left his home in Atlanta to join the civil rights demonstrations in Birmingham Alabama. While marching, King was arrested and placed in solitary confinement. In his biography of King, *Let The Trumpet Sound*, Stephen B. Oates describes the circumstances under which King composed the "Letter From Birmingham Jail":

"On Tuesday, April 16th, King's attorneys returned to his cell with a four-day-old copy of the Birmingham News, which carried two statements about the campaign. One was signed by more than sixty local Negro leaders and called for blacks to support King and for whites to commence negotiations. The other statement, however, rehearsed the standard objections to the protests (they were unwise and untimely and run in part by 'outsiders'), praised the Birmingham police for their restraint, and urged local Negroes to shun the disturbances and press their case in the courts rather than in the streets. It was signed by eight Christian and Jewish clergymen of Alabama, all of them white.

"As King read over their statement, he had an inspiration...With a pen smuggled in by his lawyers, King sat in the shadows of his cell and began writing in the margins of the Birmingham News—and continued on scraps of toilet paper and writing paper supplied by a friendly Negro trustee—this lyrical and furtive epistle."

"MY DEAR FELLOW CLERGYMEN:

While confined here in the Birmingham city jail, I came across your recent statement calling my activities "unwise and untimely."... since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and that your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I want to try to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms."

"I think I should indicate why I am here in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the view which argues against 'outsiders coming in.'"

"I am here because injustice is here... I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.

"You deplore the demonstrations taking place in Birmingham. But your statement, I am sorry to say, fails to express a similar concern for the conditions that brought about the demonstrations. I am sure that none of you would





want to rest content with the superficial kind of social analysis that deals merely with effects and does not grapple with underlying causes. It is unfortunate that demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham, but it is even more unfortunate that the city's white power structure left the Negro community with no alternative.

"Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of brutality is widely known. Negroes have experienced grossly unjust treatment in the courts. There have been more unsolved bombing of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than in any other city in the nation. Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the latter consistently refused to engage in good-faith negotiation. . .

"You may well ask: 'Why direct action? Why sit-ins, marches and so forth? Isn't negotiation a better path?' You are quite right in calling for negotiation. Indeed this is the very basis of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create a crisis and foster such a tension that a community which has consistently refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks to so dramatize the issue that it cannot be ignored. . . Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, so we must see the need for nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood.

"I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in his stride toward freedom is not the White Citizens Council or the Ku Klux Klan-

ner, but the white moderate, who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is an absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says: 'I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I cannot agree with your methods of direct action', who paternalistically believes he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by a mythical concept of time and who constantly advises the Negro to wait for 'a more convenient season'. Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. . .

"Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. The yearning for freedom eventually manifests itself, and that is what is happening to the American Negro. Something within has reminded him of his birthright of freedom, and something without has reminded him that it can be gained. Consciously or unconsciously, he has been caught up by the *zeitgeist*, and with his black brothers of Africa and his brown and yellow brothers of Asia, South America and the Caribbean, the United States Negro is moving with a sense of great urgency towards the promised land of

racial justice. . . Never before have I written so long a letter. . . it would have been much shorter if I had been writing from a comfortable desk, but what else can one do when he is alone in a narrow jail cell, other than write long letters, think long thoughts and pray long prayers?

Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood,

Martin Luther King, Jr."

King gave so much to America, but unfortunately, his work remains unfinished. The legal segregation of the sixties has been replaced by the economic segregation of the seventies and eighties.

America is unbalanced and bottom-heavy with its black under-class, white-flight poisons suburban neighborhoods, inner-city public schools, although desegregated, are inherently inferior to private schools—I could go on and on . . . there is so much yet to do.

That's what Martin Luther King Jr. Day is for: to remember and honor the man and what he stood for, and to continue his dream by working to improve the future.



Rollins students attend speech in the park.

## Is the Sun Setting on the West?

Responding to a Winter Term Debate

by Rick Juergens

The debate took place in the Mill's Galloway Room, and the topic reminded me of an argument I had with some friends of mine. Is the West's, and in particular America's, productivity declining? This idea may cause some unrest in a patriotic mind. I can understand such a feeling, for I refuse to believe the Boston Celtics may end up with a losing season this year; and as far as I'm concerned, when the Celtics go down, America is not far behind. But this opinion is a little biased, and the vitality of the West, our topic here, reaches beyond the parameters of the Boston Garden.

The Rollins Debate Team took on the University of Melbourne's Trinity College Debate Team over the resolution, "That the Sun is Setting in the West." In their opening statements Katherine Johnson (Crummer) and Duncan Musha (Junior) of Rollins College quoted the facts and figures of Japan's recent and rapid growth as an industrial and technological nation. They proposed that the West is declining because the

economic growth of other countries creates a prestige which the West must recognize. They went on to state the monetary figures showing America to be the world's largest debtor nation, Japan its greatest creditor nation.

Michael Gronow and Julian McMahon of Trinity College presented their side of the debate, pointing to the culture America has brought to the world, including items of fashion, music, literature, and language. England and America have revolutionized music by creating the new sounds of rock and roll, new wave, punk and disco. Trinity continued their analysis by citing the popularity of the world's most renowned rodent, Mickey Mouse. They claimed this figure symbolizes western culture. Shifting their focus to literature, they named some of the writers respected and widely read in eastern countries: Shakespeare, Dickens, and Faulkner, for example. The last point they touched upon was that of language. If the sun is setting on the West, why is the most prominent language in the world English?

Economics and Culture became the points which dominated the rest of the debate. Rollins' case rested on the figures which clearly showed the West's economic decline, while Trinity's points remained embedded in abstract examples of cultural influence. In this writer's judgement, both points are valid, but the debate ignored the importance of the relationship between these two concepts. For a country to be as culturally influential as America, England, and Holland

once were, it should have a solid economic basis. A country must be able to publish and produce its culture. What, after all, is a play without an audience, a book with no readers? A country must provide enough leisure time for its people to appreciate their culture and to share their ideas. To obtain that ideal leisure time, a country must be economically sound and have a high standard of living. This is not an absolute judgment. I am not insisting that a poorer country cannot produce culture. But when a country has enough money to support the arts both at home and abroad, then its influence grows, and its reputation. The monetary status of a country influences its reputation. The monetary status of a country influences its culture; and, in reverse, if a country begins to fall economically, then the cultural influence of that country may well lessen. But the fall of the cultural influence takes more time than the economic fall of a country. This is also a missed point. The time factors involved in cultural and economic growth differ.

The technical winner of the debate I am not qualified to determine. The Trinity team was certainly relaxed more than the Rollins team. This made me listen to them more, although the point of the Rollins team was to me compelling.

This debate was very stimulating. It focused a question I had been thinking about, and the joust at the end was very exciting, though a bit bloody. I thought we were civilized people. Maybe our next topic ought to be: "Collegic Debates: Is the Ending of the Traditional Joust Needed?" It should be exciting.



# Radio Free Rollins

"We need 1000 signatures"

by W. Woodward Nash

The destiny of all people is chiseled out of the slab of time by a few dedicated persons who can envision the path of change. The Student Life Summit this fall was the studio for the sculptors of Rollins' destiny. We took a look at our school and decided what we wanted to change about it. Most of all, we left feeling empowered and important. Unfortunately, this feeling has subsided as of late, and we are concerned. Greenhouse has launched RADIO FREE ROLLINS as a concrete attempt to recreate the school spirit and feeling of importance which ran so high at the Summit.

We the students of Rollins College have at our disposal one of the best-kept secrets in Central Florida. This secret is WPRK, our campus radio station. Located below the Mills Student Center, it can be found at 91.5 on your FM receiver. The station currently broadcasts for eleven hours each week-day, and roughly half that amount on weekends. The majority of its programming is classical music (nine hours), with a two-hour students' show Monday through Friday nights from 9 to 11 p.m. Mr. Gordon Frazier serves as the station's manager, and our Provost Dan DeNicola is its supervisor.

This low-key, well-managed facility draws many of its listeners from our campus offices and Winter Park's citizens. They have been loyal fans of WPRK for many years, and greatly enjoy the peaceful melodies our station floats into their homes and offices. Who could possibly have a problem with that?

I HAVE A REAL PROBLEM WITH THAT! The radio station is a prime facility available to us as undergraduate students. On many college campuses, the college radio station serves as a focal point of school spirit and intellectual growth. Our radio station has unfortunately become the farthest thing from these ideals. I charge that the views of WPRK come nowhere near representing the views of our student body.

Only a handful of students even know the station exists, and those who do only have ten hours a week to enjoy the popular music styles we are so graciously allowed to broadcast. As for Freedom of Speech, well that seems to have gone out with bell bottoms here at Rollins. The strict "just the facts" format of WPRK is not only stale, but a crying shame. With the plethora of intellectuals found on our campus, and the facilities to broadcast their views at our disposal, it is indeed a crime that we do not have weekly debates, literary criticism, current

events, discussions, and even light-hearted comedy shows on the air waves.

The list of atrocities is much longer. For example, there is a full recording studio in the station which is used for nothing but storing records. This could be used for broadcasting live performances by some of Rollins' many fine musicians and ensembles. There are also many students who have made an attempt to get involved at WPRK, but soon became discouraged after their tongue-twisting audition was not accepted. Those who do happen to make it into "the shrine of WPRK" have to work long and hard at reading news clips and spinning classical music before being considered for one of the five two hour shows. This may be a fine procedure out in the job market, but as students, we can't all afford this kind of time. Hence, we are conveniently weeded out.

You might ask, "What is a student body to do?" The answer: Protest! At the Summit, we cited our radio station as a primary concern. We were ignored. Now it is our turn to come together in protest to deliver a clear message of concern to those in power.

First, we will make public this initial list of demands

1. 75% student programming
2. Expanded hours of operation
3. A student training program which will put us on the air quickly
4. Freedom of Speech (excluding profanity of course

5. Full access to the studio and all the stations facilities

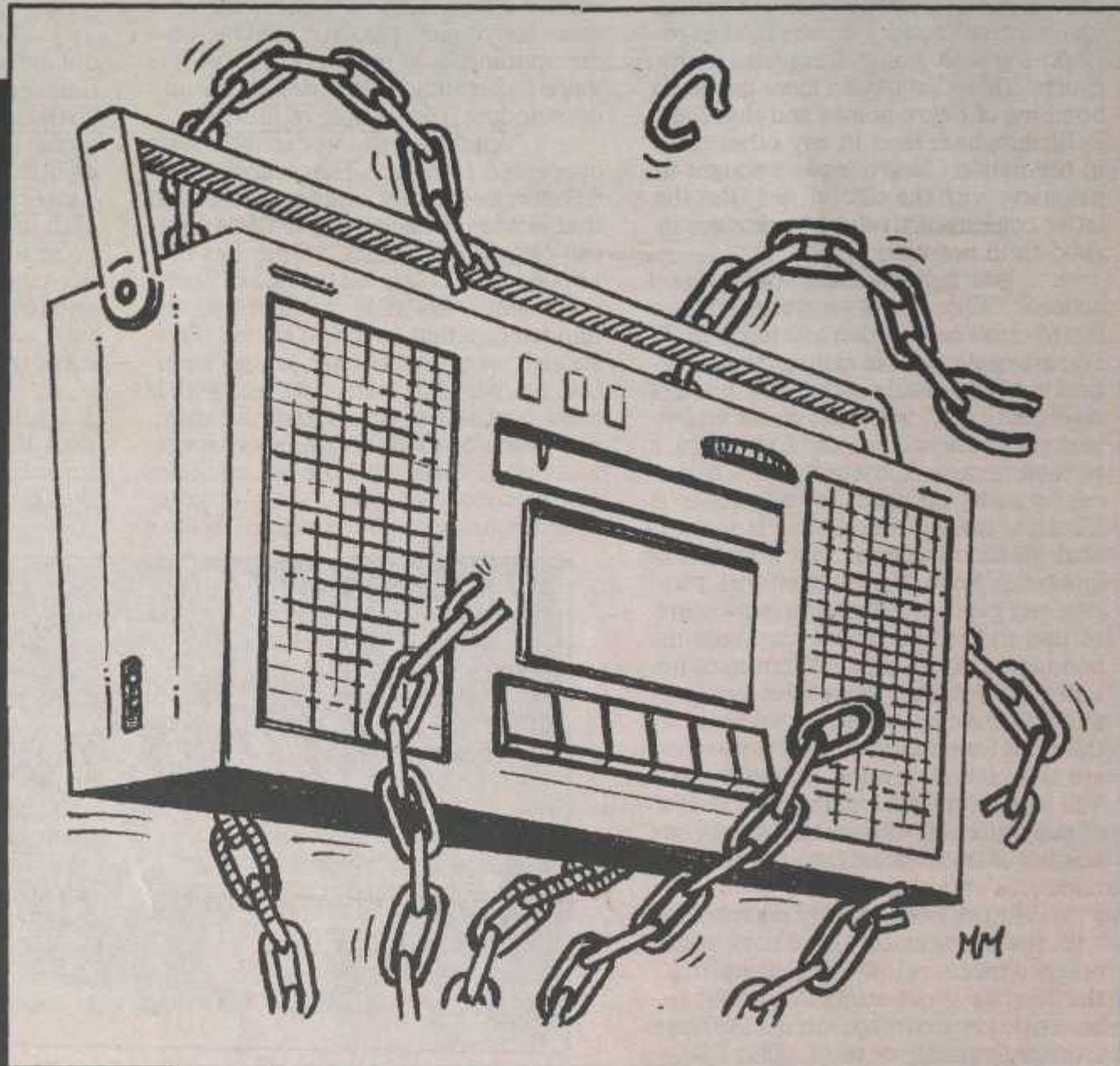
6. Fiscal support from Rollins and the S.G.A. to fund operation & music costs\*

\*No money from S.G.A. unless demands are met.

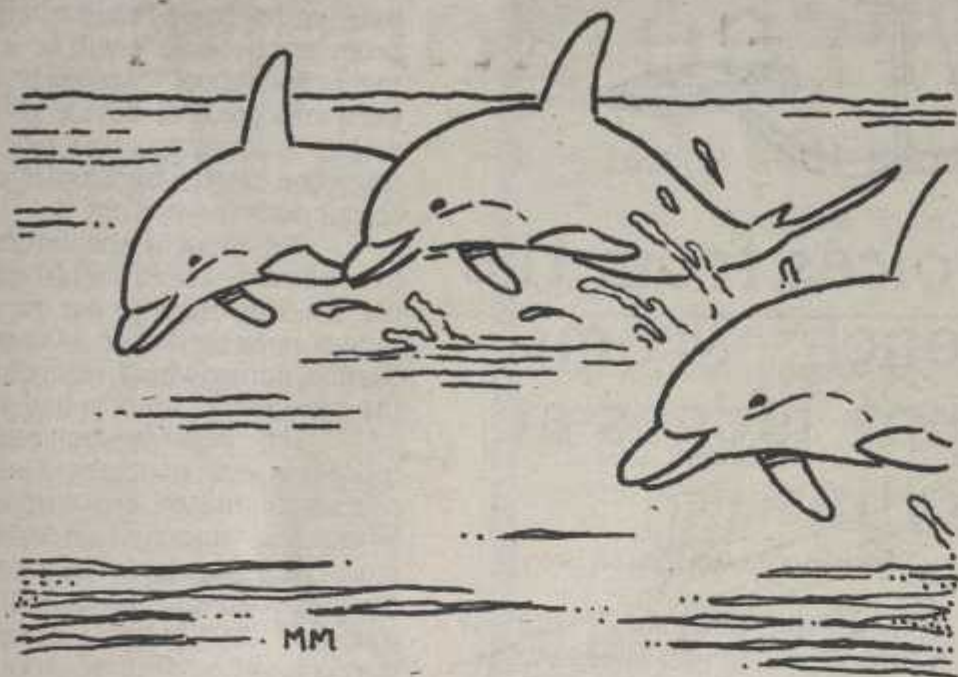
Second, we will promote our cause at the RADIO FREE ROLLINS concert sponsored by NCM on the Sandspur, January 28th, 1:00 p.m. This will kick off our petition drive for 1,000 signatures from the students, faculty, and administration. These signatures will be given to Provost Dan DeNicola with a deadline for reply. If our demands are met or a timetable is established, the protest ends here. If they are not accepted, then we move the protest into its final phase which will be disclosed when necessary.

Please understand that this radio station means a lot to the students, and we feel that we have a right to control its programming considering our hefty tuition here at Rollins. This is in no way a personal attack on any one individual; rather it is an attempt to rally school spirit and further empower the student body.

Anyone willing to help out with RADIO FREE ROLLINS or wishing to comment on our protest may contact us at campus box 2441 or extension 1994. Don't miss the petition in your box! Your signature really matters.







## Blue Dolphins Kicked Out of Pool

By David Herman

Starting in spring term, the Blue Dolphins Junior Swim Team will no longer be permitted to use the swimming pool between 4pm and 6pm as they have previously. Instead, the pool will be open to Rollins students, faculty, and staff during that time. The ruling applies not just to the Blue Dolphins, but also to all non-credit programs. Now, Rollins has exclusive rights to use the pool for relaxation, exercise, and education—just not competition.

At the Summit, it was suggested that the pool needed to be open longer hours. More convenient use of the pool would benefit not only students, but faculty and staff as well. Teachers and staff members who had to teach or work throughout the day were unable to use the pool because it closed so early. Now, when they finish work at 4pm or 5pm, they can swim before returning home for the evening.

Coach Harry Meisel has been training the Blue Dolphins at Alford Swimming since its opening in 1972. The junior

program, consisting of swimmers age twelve and under, is reputed as the foremost swimming program in the country. The children learn to swim competitively, and most of them go on to swim for area high school teams. Many of them go on to become All-Americans and swim for college teams. And they all get their start at Rollins' pool.

The option of training the Blue Dolphins at an earlier time is impossible because of their school schedules. Coach Meisel will have to find another pool, which will not be easy because the local pools have already made and filled their spring schedules.

Many productive ideas and suggestions have come out of the Summit. Several much-needed changes have been made. However, it might be worth taking a closer look at this particular change. True, now faculty and staff members who would ordinarily never get to use the pool, can. True, the pool is on Rollins' campus, and the Rollins community should get priority use. But we have lost something as well. We were the hosts of an institution that cultivated the talents of youths and trained them for the pursuit of excellence. Do we want them as a part of our community, or don't we? Do they belong?

## A Chance to Give

by Betsy Hill

Throughout the week of February 13-19, Rollins will participate in the Daily Bread Program at the Christian Service Center of Orlando. During that week, student volunteers will help serve hot meals to the poor and homeless people of the city. This is an opportunity for members of the Rollins community to volunteer to help this worthwhile program.

The Daily Bread Program is administered by close to 150 community churches, who, on a rotating basis, provide workers for one week. Rollins, the only college permitted to participate,

has done so for nine years. One of the students who volunteered last year, Jane Isaacs, said of the experience, "I felt really fortunate to be a part of something that brightened the lives of so many needy people. It's really gratifying to give of yourself to these people to make their lives a little happier and healthier."

Rollins' volunteers donate two hours of their time, from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. one day during the week of February 13-19. Both individuals and groups are invited to participate, and transportation is provided from the College to Orlando. Please sign up as soon as possible at the Sullivan House (x2138), where more information is also available.

So come out and join President Seymour, faculty, staff, administrators and friends in an effort to help those less fortunate in our community!

## Abolish Winter Term?

By Jenni Levitz

Not many students are aware of this, but there is a growing movement to abolish our existing Winter Term. At this moment, professors have already presented proposals to alter or eliminate Winter Term, and more are on the way. Existing and newly formed committees are analyzing Winter Term here at Rollins as well as at other colleges. Members of the Curriculum Committee Task Force are currently working on a survey regarding Winter term which will soon be distributed. Also there are plans for town meetings to be held sometime in February.

I, for one, am an advocate of our Winter Term. I think this is an important factor in our Liberal Arts education because it allows students to explore topics they would not normally be able to. Many students take this opportunity to study abroad or to engage in internships. January also permits students to make up courses and credits they need to graduate.

Rollins students are constantly being accused of not being concerned or involved, but here is a chance to prove this accusation wrong. In keeping with the spirit of the Student Life Summit, we students can prove that we do care about curricular issues. If you have an opinion about Winter Term, make your views known. Dr. Edmondson, Chair of the Planning Committee, has been accepting proposals from the faculty and is eager to hear from the students as well. Students can also write to Nancy Decker, Chair of the Curriculum Committee Task Force.

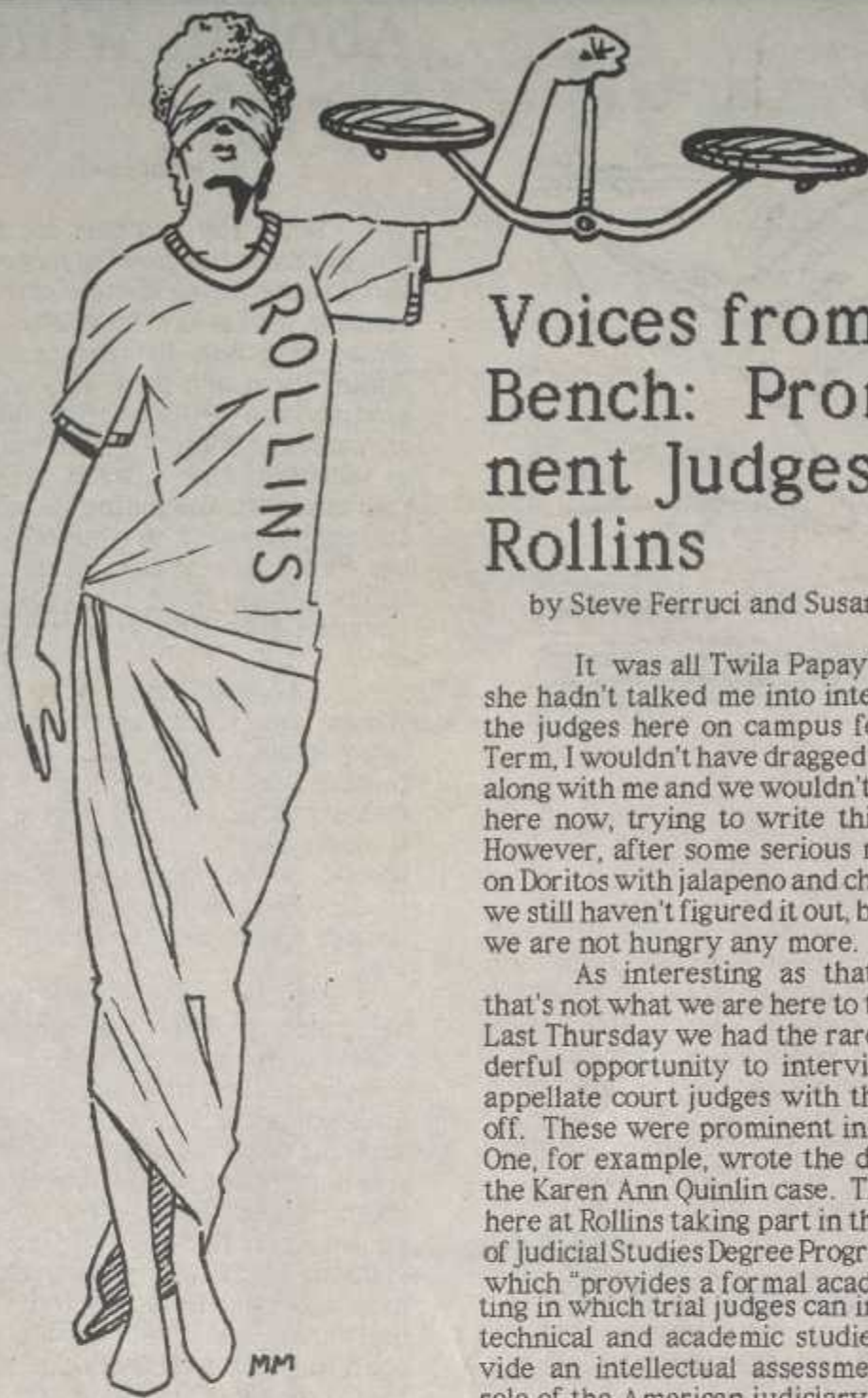
*The Sandspur* will continue reporting on this matter. Write and tell us what you think.

## Dr. Lima to Chair Conference at Rollins

The Seventh Annual Southeast Conference on Foreign Languages and Literatures will be held on campus February 23-25, 1989. This annual event, which began in 1982, is organized and sponsored by the Department of Foreign Languages. Dr. Richard A. Lima is this year's conference chair. The Keynote Speaker, Dr. Ann Smock from the University of California, Berkeley, will address "Literature's Unrecognizable Voice. Or, Hear Me! It's You!" 230 participants from colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada are expected to attend. The topics of their papers pertain to Classics, French, German, Italian, Linguistics, Luso-Brazilian, Pedagogy, Spanish, and Russian, and vary from "Film and Literature" to "Cosmetic Recipes..." of a 1044 manuscript. Sessions on Modern Jewish Literature, African Cultures and Literatures, and Comparative Literature will be conducted in English as well as in the particular foreign language. The Conference begins Thursday evening, February 23, at 7:00 pm in Hauck Auditorium with a Welcome Address by President Seymour.

Faculty, Students, and Staff are invited to participate in all conference activities. For more information, please contact the Department of Foreign Languages (646-2623).





## Voices from the Bench: Prominent Judges at Rollins

by Steve Ferruci and Susan Brow

It was all Twila Papay's fault. If she hadn't talked me into interviewing the judges here on campus for Winter Term, I wouldn't have dragged my friend along with me and we wouldn't be sitting here now, trying to write this article. However, after some serious munching on Doritos with jalapeno and cheddar dip we still haven't figured it out, but at least we are not hungry any more.

As interesting as that may be, that's not what we are here to talk about: Last Thursday we had the rare but wonderful opportunity to interview a few appellate court judges with their robes off. These were prominent individuals. One, for example, wrote the decision in the Karen Ann Quinlin case. They were here at Rollins taking part in the Master of Judicial Studies Degree Program (MJS), which "provides a formal academic setting in which trial judges can integrate technical and academic studies to provide an intellectual assessment of the role of the American judiciary."

What started off as a formal interview with set questions quickly turned into an informal debate among the judges. During this time, the four judges sitting with us spoke candidly about controversial issues pertaining to certain aspects of the American judiciary system. But first we asked the judges some questions in general. We began by asking why they were in the MJS program. The most frequent response was, "For self improvement in many areas, for example: judicial writing, case management, conducting trials, etc."

When asked what their impressions were of Rollins, we received a variety of responses ranging from the serious to the not-so-serious. All the judges who used the Writing Center found it to be an excellent facility. One of the judges called Rollins beautiful and wished he had come here, while others said that the location was perfect, and the weather wonderful. Oh, and one judge even called Rollins "a nifty-looking school." (Where have we heard that before?)

Perhaps the most important question we asked was, "What advice do they have for would-be lawyers?" One judge said simply, "Be committed and work hard be-

cause only through perseverance are cases won. Another advised, "Learn to write effectively, speak publicly, debate, and become familiar with a word processor because it will be a valuable tool in law school." Arguably, the most pertinent piece of advice given for a college student was to major in something one can fall back on, in case law school doesn't work out.

We thought the interview was over when we asked the last question on our list, but much to our surprise the judges embarked upon a 90 minute discussion, during which they talked about the experiences they've had as judges.

They began by contrasting white collar criminals to others. The types of crimes committed are drastically different. For instance, white collar crimes more often than not involve the embezzlement of funds, and the white collar criminals usually don't believe they have committed offenses. Another topic: It was observed that the poor, in most cases, serve more time in jail than do the wealthy. However, for the wealthy, spending time in jail is a much more effective deterrent than it is for repeat offenders.

A few of the judges have had to sentence criminals infected with the deadly virus AIDS. Sending someone with AIDS to jail is a very difficult task. Already sentenced to death, the individual will probably spend the rest of his/her life in jail.

The discussion centered on how judges are subject to pressures from society when making their decisions on a trial. They emphasized that "judges are people too," hesitant to express their personal viewpoints, especially those that go against what the mainstream of society believes about the trial. Examples of this can be seen in trials such as Sacco and Vanzetti, the Southboro Trials, and the Lindberg kidnapping case.

The judges all agreed that in order to allow judges to dispense unbiased justice in controversial trials, they must be appointed for life rather than elected so they will feel more secure in their positions. They pointed out that the quality of work by judges appointed for life is much higher than that of elected judges.

Another concern of theirs was about where the priorities of today's lawyers lie. One judge told us that back when he became a lawyer fresh out of law school he had the "I'm going to save every black Jew in a union who supposedly raped a white woman" mentality. Even though this was unrealistic, he said, it was a whole lot better than the attitude of some of today's lawyers who are motivated only by money, not by the desire to help others.

Today's highest paid lawyers, they observed, are those who attended prestigious law schools and graduated in the top ten percent of their classes. However, the judges firmly believed that the top ten percent are not always the best. The only difference between big lawyers and little lawyers may be that big lawyers are more expensive and have more paperwork.

All in all, our time with the judges was informative and exciting. We wish more people could have had the opportunity to talk with them, to be among such intelligence and energy. Well,...

Wow! We would like, in closing, to thank the lady in the red-rimmed glasses, judicial writing Professor Elizabeth Francis, who also took part in the

## Judges' Advice for Students Seeking a Law Career

- 1) "Be very good at whatever you're good at." The judges interviewed agreed that the major is unimportant, that being excellent in a range of pursuits is more important.
- 2) Take courses which focus on writing skills. Get all the training and practice you can in a range of writing skills. Write every day, and practice different kinds of writing. Take as many advanced writing courses as are offered.
- 3) Read a great deal. Here again a variety is important. An excellent vocabulary is essential, and this is best obtained through broad reading. The single best choice of reading material? The *New York Times*.
- 4) Read plenty of literature. This not only helps with reading skills and vocabulary; it also gives you a broad understanding of human nature and behavior.
- 5) Take courses which give practice with public speaking, debating, thinking on your feet, and acting.
- 6) Educate yourself culturally. Read widely, and keep informed in the arts, the sciences, the social sciences. A career in law demands a wide background as well as consistently hard work.



# Here They Come... The Coolbusters!!

by Betsy Hill

Have you ever, while walking across campus, crossed paths with someone who would rather stare intently at his shoelace or watch a squirrel than smile or say "hello"? Or, sitting in class, have you gotten the urge to speak out, only to see that two or three people in the back of the class could care less and are showing their lack of interest by talking throughout your statement? There are many examples of this "cool" behavior at Rollins, of which these are just a few.



At the Summit we heard Judy Provost speak of this syndrome which, by making us afraid of being friendly because of the fear that it isn't "cool" to be nice, has created a less than pleasant atmosphere here at Rollins. But the time has come for a change!

Introducing the Coolbusters! This band of twenty diverse, "un-cool" students has joined together to make Rollins a more pleasant place. After hearing the words of Judy Provost, who put a name on this pervasive syndrome at The Summit, the "un-cool" buttons were envisioned by a group of faculty and students. From there, I shared the idea with Dean Nielson, who had over 500 of these buttons made. This accomplished, the secret band was supplied and ready to award you for being "UN-COOL!"

Any student, faculty, staff, or administrator can be "un-cool," it isn't limited to one group. All you need to do to be "un-cool" is to try and make Rollins a more pleasant community. As we decided at the Summit, Rollins is a community: we work, eat, and live together in the classroom, in Beans, and in the dorm. It is up to us to make this community the best it can be! So, on your way to class say "hello" to that fellow student or that faculty member! You don't know who s/he is? Yes, you do! S/he's a member of the Rollins Community just like you!

And while you are being "un-cool," remember, the Coolbusters are watching! You never know where they will be but they are out there. If they see you acting "un-cool," saying unsolicited "hello"s, being interested in what others have to say in the classroom, or just smiling at someone, you will get the ultimate badge of honor, your own personal "un-cool" button. Wear it proudly! If all the "un-cool" people here at Rollins get together, we can make a difference! So be "un-cool," wear your button; show that you care about life here at Rollins and want to make it a better place to live!

## COOL BUSTERS!

How to Distinguish the Really Cool from the Only Seemingly Cool

by: Paul Croce, Assistant Professor, History Department

A mysterious button has been cropping up on campus lately. It's only got the word "cool" on it, along with a line through it in the "ghost-buster" style. The idea first came up in the Summit Seminar on faculty-student relationships. Some students pushed for it because they felt that the need to look cool was putting a damper on a lot of people's natural curiosity for learning new things—and interfering with their educations. The idea was that learning usually requires risk-taking, but looking cool demands playing it safe, keeping quiet, not taking a chance on learning something new.

Cool-buster buttons are asking you to consider just what is really cool? Here's one person's view:

| Cool                                          | Cool-buster                                                              |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| wishing Rollins still had a business major    | glad we don't                                                            |
| having all the answers                        | asking questions                                                         |
| wanting to be a success                       | figuring out what it'll take and what it will be like when you get there |
| blowing bubbles in class                      | asking questions after class                                             |
| studying for grades                           | trying to learn despite grades                                           |
| clueless                                      | prepared                                                                 |
| admiring stars                                | being your own star                                                      |
| thinking the way your parents think           | thinking about why                                                       |
| rugged individualism                          | rugged sense of community                                                |
| conforming to all the other individualists    | thinking for yourself                                                    |
| getting wasted                                | always being in control                                                  |
| Coors Silver Bullet                           | whatever's on sale                                                       |
| Mark Harman                                   | Meryl Streep                                                             |
| sports                                        | sports                                                                   |
| playing to win                                | being prepared to lose gracefully (but winning anyway)                   |
| scorning lists (but wondering what's on them) | finding out why the list was written                                     |



# Reflections

by Kimberly Averet

Every year, Rollins presents the Sullivan Award to a number of outstanding students who exemplify those qualities that Algernon Sydney Sullivan embodied. The *Sandspur* is proud to publish some of the fantastic essays written by the recipients. Additional essays will be published in future issues.

## Author's Note

I read Algernon Sydney Sullivan's biography and, through no fault of his own, I didn't like him. I have a very hard time believing that anyone such as he could ever have existed. I understand that his life was embellished by a loving family, but I feel that they did him a disservice. They created an idol when, if he were as good as they say, he would have like to remain a man.

I wrote this story as a kind of contrast to his story. I created a character very different than him and gave her the ultimate challenge that Sullivan never faced. I challenged her to find herself. Sullivan was everything that everyone wanted him to be, expected him to be. She was not. She is what every person goes through in some shape form or fashion. The journey to find one's self is a path that is hardest because it never ends. Yet once this has been done time and time again, an experience is born and lessons are learned that can be used and passed on to help others find their way as well. I believe in the importance of this because if we come to understand who we are, we can begin to understand others and therein lies the way to keep us from destroying ourselves as a species.

Her long dark hair hung down her back, swaying as she walked the dry,

cracked, dirt path. All around her were dark clouds, swelling and surging. Further ahead the path was cut off by the fog, and she stopped, afraid to continue.

Jamie woke abruptly, afraid, yet not knowing why. She remembered dreaming, but not what it was about.



*Algernon S. Sullivan*

Looking at the clock, she saw it was 2 a.m. An hour of sleep was all that had been managed. She sighed deeply. It was nights like this that made her wish there were someone there to hold her, to comfort her when old fears and new insecurities crept in... but she couldn't think about that now. She needed sleep so she would be clear for her presentation tomorrow. She looked across her room at the pile on her desk.

two days before graduation from high school. In the year-end edition of the school paper, my name was followed by "undecided." This normally means you'll be going to a community college. Not much of a return on my father's \$35,000 investment! But, somehow, I got into Rollins. I don't understand.

Another thing I don't understand is why they wouldn't let me sit next to President Seymour in the 100th anniversary photo. I was paying to go to Rollins, not being paid by them. On top of which I was in the seat first! Anyway, Dean Watkins had dibs on the chair. I don't understand how I survived freshman year. Sure I did some schoolwork, and I actually performed pretty well. I guess my seeds were becoming a bit more mature. Another aspect of my freshman year I don't understand is why I chugged fifteen beers to impress a bunch of guys I didn't even know. I don't understand how I got home that night either. One thing I do understand is that freshman year showed me that I couldn't be an Economics major. This professor I had convinced me of that. I don't understand how Rollins ever hired him, but they came to their senses. He left at the end of the year.

I don't understand why I lived in McKean. What a "Temple of Doom" that

That mess had taken her two weeks to put together and in one day it was going to make her one of the most powerful women in the company. The thought made Jamie smile. Sensing the need, she padded into the bathroom. When she finished she turned on the light, looked into the mirror—and blinked: she had no reflection. She rubbed her eyes vigorously and looked again. A haggard face with dark circles under bewildered eyes looked back. Bending over the sink, she splashed cold water over her face. She searched the mirror again and the reflection was smiling. Jamie wasn't smiling. "What!?" She screamed.

The reflection spoke, but no words could be heard. Slowly Jamie backed away, a knot of fear in the base of her stomach. The reflection extended an arm through the mirror, reaching towards Jamie. Again no words could be heard as its silent lips moved slowly. Jamie stood helpless, frozen in fear. The reflection smiled a mischievous grin, and the walls of the bathroom melted, the color draining as if washed with water. Jamie saw the reflection smile and noticed it was the same one she herself had used just a short while ago. As the walls of the bathroom melted away, so did Jamie's consciousness.

Jamie woke and saw dry parched land all around. Rain hadn't fallen for many days, possibly months. As far as her eye could see, there was nothing but vast desert waste. There was no wind—everything was still, stagnant.

"Hello." A soft, feminine voice came from her immediate right. Jamie jumped and whirled toward it. There stood a tall woman with long dark hair

## I DON'T UNDERSTAND

by Bill Hyde

Today, a moment of reflection was triggered by an observation I made. You see, I'm taking Winter Term off and I don't have much to do but sit around and think. In any case, my mother and I took our colossal cat to the vet today. When we were waiting for the doctor to arrive in the room, I noticed his Cornell diploma was written in English. This seemed odd to me. Aren't diplomas supposed to be written in Latin? I sat and wondered whether our Rollins diploma would be written in Latin. I hope so. I don't think we should understand what it says, given I don't understand a lot of things about college.

First of all, I don't understand how I got into Rollins. Sure, I got into St. Lawrence University (a northern branch of Rollins, in a sense), but I got in there due to connections. At boarding school I was the quintessential underachiever. I did absolutely no homework, and it was reflected in my performance. I got into Rollins about

place is. I don't understand why I ever paid for my food at Beans. I don't understand the importance of the "Walk of Fame." I don't understand why half of the periodicals in the library are upstairs and 1/2 are downstairs. I don't understand why the Dean switched offices. I don't understand why kegs were banned, then re-introduced. I don't understand the difference between a BMW and a VW Rabbit. I don't understand why someone would repeatedly force his hand through a wire-glass window. I don't understand why "special-interest groups" are entitled to the better housing on campus. I don't understand the rumors that we're going to sell the PAB. I don't understand all these complaints about dating. Just ask someone out.

I am now a senior, and I still don't understand a lot of things about myself. Like how I finished all my papers on the last night. I don't understand why I didn't use the Writing Center. I don't understand the concept of my mother's that I am being kicked out of the house on May 29th.

If my diploma is written in Latin it will be the last thing I don't understand about Rollins. Why the hell didn't I take Latin? That I understand.



looking as feminine as the voice. Her face was young, but her eyes held knowledge that only many years could acquire.

"Do not be afraid. I will not hurt you," she said with reassurance.

"Who are you? Where am I? What the hell is going on?" With each question Jamie grew more shrill.

"Hush child; be calm. I am Eim'aj, and if you look into your heart you will know where we are." Before Jamie could speak again, Eim'aj turned and began to walk away.

"Wait! Where are you going? Hey, wait a minute!" Jamie yelled with frustration. Eim'aj continued walking, not listening. Not wishing to be left alone, Jamie hurried to follow. As they walked she noticed that the place seemed familiar, but she could not remember why. It was daylight, but she couldn't find a sun. Her watch had stopped and time ceased to exist.

Jamie spoke. "I want to go home now. I have things to do. I have an important meeting to attend, a presentation to make. . . ."

Eim'aj turned to her suddenly. "Look around you! Have you become so ignorant, so blind, so. . . ." She paused then continued more gently, ". . . So lost that you cannot recognize yourself? What have you become?"

Jamie looked all around her at the dry wasteland—fear, disbelief, and unwanted recognition fighting inside her.

In a small voice she asked, "Who are you? What is this place?"

As she asked, a dark, faceless image appeared to her left. She saw the figure and became frightened. To her right appeared a large, round clock wavering in the air above it, ticking urgently. Jamie turned and saw the figure approaching her. Without thinking, she ran and hid behind the great desk, cringing from the unknown fear.

Eim'aj slowly walked over to her, gently put out her hand and paused, waiting for a response. Jamie peeked through fingers hiding her face, and saw the outstretched hand. Hesitant, uncertain, she reached out to touch Eim'aj, and slowly slid out of the cringe. With both her hands firmly clasped together Jamie stood before her.

Jamie started to speak but Eim'aj

shook her head to silence her. She placed her hands on Jamie's shoulders and turned her around to face the nameless figure. Jamie looked back unsure, fear in her eyes. Eim'aj, gently, but firmly, pushed Jamie forward. Her face had the expression of sending a timid child into her first kindergarten class. Her eyes showed great warmth and compassion. Jamie saw this and, steeling herself, gracefully walked to meet the figure while Eim'aj watched encouragingly.

The figure came toward her and they met at a middle point, each walking their share of the distance.

"Who are you?" Jamie asked quietly.

The figure drew its arm out and touched Jamie. She jerked involuntarily, and pulled back. The hand had been like white hot fire to her skin. She looked back at Eim'aj and saw her smile sadly.

"What must I do?" cried Jamie.

"You know what must be done, child. Only fears that are recognized and faced can ever be overcome."

"I don't have the strength, Eim'aj!"

Eim'aj shook her head in disappointment. "Then all this will have been for nothing. You are still too blind to see what is clear before you."

Jamie stood before the figure, its arm still suspended to touch her. Emotions of varying degree and range ran wild within her while fear played the dominant role. Breathing deeply, she sought control. With each inhaled breath she fought the urge to run and hide. Slowly, with determination born of fear and the mastering of it, she stepped forward and placed her shoulder under the hand.

White light poured from the hand and seared through her body, connecting them, binding them as one. Jamie opened her eyes as she realized there was no pain, only a quiet, cool peace.

A voice echoed in her mind. "We are reunited. At last I may speak with you."

"Who are you?"

"I am one who has been forgotten. Do you still not recognize me?"

Quietly Jamie answered, "Yes, I recognize you. You are my spirit and

this place. . . the empty place is in . . . my. . . soul." She finished as silent tears rolled down her cheeks. A faint gust of wind swept by and played with the dust at their feet. The figure removed its darkness and there stood Eim'aj, her old eyes smiling.

"I see you now, Eim'aj. I understand now."

Eim'aj spread her arms wide. Jamie approached slowly. The tears rolled down faster as she came closer. With each step her breathing grew faster, and as her breath expanded so did the wind. At last she embraced Eim'aj and the tears came freely. As her vision blurred, dark clouds filled the air and encircled them, swelling and surging. Sobs erupted from within her and very slowly it began to mist; then rain poured from the sky, while the ear drank deeply.

Cold water splashing her feet brought Jamie out of her reverie. The sink had overflowed and she quickly shut it off. Looking in the mirror, she saw her face streaked with tears. She felt tired and drained as if she had come from a long journey; she needed to sleep. The mess could wait until morning.

Her long dark hair hung down her back, swaying as she walked through thick green grass. All around her were vibrant colors of many shades and hues. A distant hum could be heard in all directions, and after a moment she realized it was the sound of life resounding within. As she stared at her surroundings, there stood Eim'aj, waving and calling to her, "I've been waiting for you. I have so much to share with you and I am anxious to get started."

Jamie smiled, "I've taken the first step. I'm ready. . . ."

## Roundabout Again

By Mark T. Burrell

They were huddled in a triad on wheeled office chairs around a word processor at Rollins' Writing Center. One student had the scoop; his buddy had heard part of it and threw in comments to help relay the news to a third student, who listened eagerly. They had discovered the writing of Jack Kerouac, and they were chattering as excitedly and as furtively as three college studs discovering the existence of sex.

"He wrote this book called *On the Road* about himself and this other guy driving a car across the country and doing all this wild stuff in Mexico and California," said the tall surfer type.

His friend added: "The other guy was Neal Cassidy."

"Yeah, Neal Cassidy was really a crazy cat," said the surfer. "He says all this incredible stuff while they're driving around to meet these other cats like

Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder and this older cat named William Burroughs."

I'd looked up from my monitor when I first heard the name, Kerouac, but now wondered if I was hearing right: that student had said "Cats." Not dudes, but Cats. He'd said it several times. I felt hopeful. If the term "Cats" could be that readily re-injected into campus jargon, could the deaths of "dude," "awesome," and "totally" be far behind?

Pondering this possibility, I wondered if any of those students would dare to peek over the palace wall and decide to chuck the whole design. Would any of them attempt that? Could they catch the beat of Bee-Bop awareness and actually. . . split?

The two students in-the-know were already beyond the book: they knew who Neal was. Maybe they had read some of those other beat "cats." If they made it all the way through *On the Road*, if they'd read any of Burroughs' books, they could be just moments away from hopping into a fast car for the coast like Jack and Neal, blasting across endless Texas.

After reading those books my college roommate and I drove the leg from Tampa to Denver in fifty hours straight, summer of '69. We explored fabled Larimer street and discovered Kerouac's sacred wino catacombs re-

placed by slick boutiques and bright street lamps. Not a Dharma Bum in sight, no desolate angels, not even an ordinary drunkard.

Looking for thrills, we drove up the mountain road above Boulder's university campus and jumping student town. Bracing against the cosmic chill, we descended and went into a restaurant where we met other students who allowed us to camp out on the floor of their motel room. Next day, we drove to Salt Lake City and then on to the final stretch for San Francisco. Rambling around in that car in the setting for Kerouac's *Subterraneans* provided a sense of accomplishment, as did a stop at the City Lights Book Store, but there remained an incompleteness to the trip, a sense that we'd not travelled the same highway at all.

Re-tracking Kerouac's path, I felt that his experiences seemed to be pumped up with an ultimate ecstasy and an exuberance that our trip never provided. I'd been West before, having grown up in California, but my roommate had never been West of Sarasota. Sharing his discovery of America wasn't nearly as thrilling as Kerouac's account of riding with "Dean." We delivered the car and

(continued Pg. 14)



## Roundabout cont. from Pg. 13

separated in San Francisco. He got on a plane home, and I visited my brother before taking a bus (busses were very cool early Kerouac) to my uncle's home in Phoenix, then flew back to Florida.

Remembering my experiences, I curbed the urge to talk to the three students at the Writing Center. Listening to them, I felt the same intensity I'd known when I couldn't hear enough fast enough about high voltage adventure: wild drinking bouts, smoking marijuana with exotic Mexican angels, and wrecking cars without regret. The energy of the Beats and their books was intoxicating and persuasive.

I felt good hearing that the excitement of *On the Road* was just as infectious almost twenty years later. To me, the Beat philosophy and its offspring Hippie movement were more than the books, booze, dope, sex and joyrides. They were declarations of hope, announcements of possibilities for freedom and experiences rarely imagined by Americans. Those books were invitations to roll the dice, to take the dare.

The great leap from regular jobs or parents' homes to the open road is described with ecstasy—an escape into the unknown in a car, going far away to do everything you'd never been allowed to do when you were too young or too square. That book particularly, *On the Road*, tells you, and it means *YOU*, that the wait is over and you're ready to soar from the high cliff.

My fascination with the "Road" continued long after the drive to the coast. Friends talked me into going to a gay bar in Gainesville on the chance that we might bump into Allen Ginsberg after his radio interview at the university. We were wild-eyed and screaming for more beer when the famous poet sat down.

Expecting the Big Beard, I didn't recognize him as a cleanly-shaven, middle aged man with glasses. I was impressed—drunk as I was—by his dis-

arming sincerity, which emphasized everything he said. When someone asked him about Timothy Leary, and how did he think jail suited Leary, Ginsberg replied that he didn't think jail was very good for anyone.

At the bar and at the professor's house where he was the guest that evening, I had time to think about the one thing I'd like to ask Allen Ginsberg since I had my chance. I asked why he'd flown into a rage against Kerouac, Burroughs, and Cassidy, as recounted in one of Kerouac's books. Why, amid all the dreamy kicks had he blown up at the others, why had he decided to spoil the fun? He answered briefly that he'd had a religious experience, and that because of it, he'd gained insight and a new realization about the dangers of reckless intoxication.

Before I left Ginsberg and his audience, I agreed to pick him up the next afternoon for a trip to visit Kerouac's widow in St. Petersburg. He thought the trip might be interesting to myself and my girlfriend Vivian, and he admitted candidly that he needed a ride. I didn't resist the opportunity to take the poet on the road, and considered a visit to Kerouac's house to be a pilgrimage of the highest order.

On the highway at night, rolled along calmly, listening to the poet play his harmonium, an elaborate miniature squeeze box. With amazing dexterity he accompanied himself singing Blake songs, chanting the "Om" low and long in between songs. He explained as we got into St. Pete that he hadn't seen Stella Kerouac in twelve years, hadn't kept in touch much.

Kerouac's house was not ashtrine nor a Zen temple but an ordinary suburban house. The door was opened by a calm, middle-aged woman who welcomed us and asked us to stay for dinner. She showed us some of Jack's diaries and told us of unpublished manuscripts she still had, along with all of his papers. She and Allen got along like old friends should until the discussion of old times dissolved into Jack's last days in St. Pete.

Stella Kerouac became sad as she let go the story of watching Jack go down the slow, hard way, alone. She wanted to know why nobody would cut her husband any slack; why nobody would agree with him; why nobody would show him any respect.

"All he wanted was someone to agree with him. That's all! Just agree with him, and nobody, not even you, Allen, not even you would agree with him." She was crying, pointing to a stuffed chair in the corner.

"He sat in that chair for years; for YEARS, and drank himself to death. You saw him, Allen, and not even you would agree with him; you'd just argue."

She was weeping, spent. She'd been holding it in for many years. Allen had sat there and taken it, and, as just plain sad as it was, I couldn't help wondering what he could say to recover from such a head-on blast.

He sat staring at the table, then set his eyes on her and asked, "Stella, was I supposed to agree with him when he asked me to blow him?"

She sobbed and shook her head side to side slowly, then brushed back her hair and sighed, "No, of course not, Allen, I'm sorry."

He took her hand and held it as they sat silently sharing the loss of their dear friend. Vivian and I drank our coffees and caught our breath with small talk, thank yous and good byes.

The three students I witnessed in the Writing Center had just caught the opening act. For them, the hook was in, but I wondered if they also knew—or cared to know—about the wrecked lives, broken spirits, ruined relationships or the pain of watching the strangling horror of final term alcoholism.

I kept quiet, convinced that those three students needed only what my roommate and I began with: a crazy desire to get over the next hill, a full tank of gas, a pack of cigarettes and a hot car headed for the coast.

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# "What's the Sandspur"

By Mark Burrell

If you were to research a story about the *Sandspur*, as I have, you might be prepared to spend a few hours thumbing through musty pages of old editions, looking at photos of funny haircuts and reading movie ads for the Colony when it still was a theater. However, upon asking the library assistant where the bound editions of the *Sandspur* are located, you might not be prepared, as I wasn't, for the answer: "What's the *Sandspur*?"

Maybe that person is new to Rollins? Maybe you are as well, so let's go to a more fundamental level for those new to Florida and ask the question: "What's a sand spur?"

It's a seed with a grudge, an irritating barbed object which has done a great deal to discourage bare feet in Florida. It seems to be one of nature's own anti-personnel devices, or God's first attempt at making Velcro, but it is also the source of the name for this college's student newspaper.

The first *Sandspur* came out ninety five years ago, which is many years before Banana Republic was even a marketing concept. What began as an annual campus summary put out by the

"men only" Demosthenic Society and the "women only" Friends in Council. the *Demosthenic Demonstrator* became the *Sandspur* in 1894.

The dedication of the newspaper contains a well-chosen phrase to summarize the intent of the founders with regard to the spirit of their endeavor:

"Unassuming yet mighty, sharp and pointed well-rounded yet many-sided, assiduously tenacious, yet a gritty and energetic as its name implies..."

There is a bit of 1890s flavor to the language, and I wouldn't try slipping "assiduously tenacious" into any term papers, but the message is still fresh and lucid today: the founders intended one tough-minded, independent newspaper. The clinging, tenacious character they prescribe is only half of the message implied in the choice of newspaper title. The other half is that the sand spur is a seed, packed with information and the potential for growth. Any paper ought to contain that much, and isn't the choice of title better than the usual "Times" or "Examiner" or "Gazette"?



\* THE SAND-SPUR. \*

STICK TO IT.

Vol. 1. Winter Park, Fla., December 20, 1894. No. 1.

Henry Watterston on Holmes.

And it, too, has fallen—"the last leaf" on the stately tree that American soil has yet given to literature.

Leaf by leaf it has been stripped by the frays of time within these few later years, as it last Bryant and Longfellow, Emerson and Lowell, then Whittier, and now "the last leaf" of all, Oliver Wendell Holmes, slips from the stem in the tide below and drifts to the "peaceful sea."

Truly hereafter will one of the parent names be absent from the world's song; will one of the greatest spirits walk no more the haunts of men.

Old in years, immortal in youth, as simple as a child, as wise as a patriarch, he left us not as much the legacy of his own name as of our own love for him.

For we love Holmes: we do not criticize. Who cares where on the dusty shelves of the world's literature critics may assign his volumes? Their cheerfulness is at our hearth-sides, where warmth is in our hearts. With a humor as bright and as genial as the September sunshine, with a wit as sparkling, yet as hurtless, as the dew that flashes in its humor with a knowledge as varied and rich as the wide and ripened fields that stretch beneath its rays; with a sympathy as broad as the human life that pulses beneath its sway, he shines upon us from the printed page, and we glow with glad cheer for ourselves, glad will for our fellows and a personal affection for him. There is never an impulse to seize the سپهریان and dissect him, analyze him, classify and label him to his component parts, in his perfections and defects. What care we if our ancestor be not entitled to the label "great" as the critics see that need be classified as a "minor poet," or merely as

"the genial ancestor." We know that he was a charming, sunny, big-hearted, delicate-minded man, and that he had the power to make us see him as he was, and to show the world through his happy spectacles.

And yet to the confirmed or professional literary anatomist he is a most satisfactory "subject." Where is there a simpler, more lucid style than that which permeates his meadow wisdom and his limpid humor in his prose, and where a deeper mastery of the art of versification than in his poetry, whether in his most unpretentious and most appealing songs, such as "The Soliloquy," in his imaginative lyrics like "The Nautilus," or his touching and homely ballads like "Bill and Joe?" And when, finally, was ever man and poet so combined who could, like him, lift the charming but "special occasions" into the realm of genuine poetry?

What matters it that he never wrote an epic? He wrote a song. What matters it if he had never written anything but "The Ancestor of the Breakfast Table"? His name would live as long as light and warmth shall be sufficient to perpetuate life.—From the *Literary Courier-Journal*.

Some Old Grecian Wit.

There is little humor in the Greek classics. Menon has only one or two passages that even provoke a smile. As in one place Jupiter gave a great feast to the Gods and during it a little explanation came between himself and his wife Juno. The Gods were afraid they would lose the good feast and tried to bring about a more lively feeling. Valerius at last made them laugh by bustling through the table with a cup bearer and everything after that was merry.

The first page of the first Sandspur



# Any Lingerin K.A. Diamond-Polishers Out There?

By Lori Sordyl

This is the first feature in what will become, "Out of the Archives," a regular column in which the author spotlights a figure or event found documented in the Rollins Archives.

A minister's wife and "optimistic believer in old-time simple virtues," author Corra Harris taught a 1931 Winter Term course entitled, "A Chair of Evil." In the Rollins Archives we see pictures of a hatted Corra sitting upright against a Florida background, attentive students listening to this Professor of Evil dispense her wisdom. Evil is a dignified subject, Mrs. Harris maintained, and an important part of education. Before all of you inundate the Registrar with inquiries, however, read on. Mrs. Harris did not teach her students how to be evil. In fact, despite never defining exactly what evil was, she wanted to nip it in the budding bodies and minds of students by preparing them "for dealing intelligently rather than emotionally or weakly with instincts." (I use "Mrs." advisedly, as she would be uncomfortable with modern acceptance of the ambiguous "Harris" and "Ms." As the note below proves,\* she was foremost a wife.)

College President Hamilton Holt discovered Mrs. Harris, author of numerous novels and short stories, in 1899

... he was editor of *The Independent*. He was careful to point out that Mrs. Harris' course would "not take up the practice of evil, but rather the history and philosophy of it as contrasted with virtue." Does this sound like Sunday school? The problem in discerning what, exactly, she did teach is twofold. First, in interviews, she was never very specific about it, only averring it was important. Second, and perhaps more salient, is that she and her philosophy are so one-sided and, by today's standards, old-fashioned, that both seem caricatured. The woman was born in 1869, I remind myself as I realign my historical perspective. So here it goes: a factual sketch of what I can gather of Professor of Evil, Corra Harris. I must warn you, nonetheless, that these facts, perhaps because Mrs. Harris' language is foreign to us, perhaps because printed interviews with her read incoherent, are difficult to understand.

She was skeptical of "conscious goodness," which led to hypocrisy; scornful of ambition (as opposed to aspiration), for it necessitated one "man" climbing over the shoulders of another; and distrustful of the "sophisticated youngster," who proves "he is unsophisticated by his insistence that he is sophisticated." She also deplored cynicism, which, in youth, covers a vast ignorance. But take heart fellow youngsters, since we, as "young people," have "just begun to think and can therefore be excused for it." (I wonder whether that "it" isn't "thinking" rather than "cynicism.")

Still interested in signing up for "A Chair of Evil"? Unfortunately, the course is no longer available. But our budding bodies and minds are not without hope as long as the spirit of the Kappa Alpha fraternity can be resurrected. (Stop laughing.)

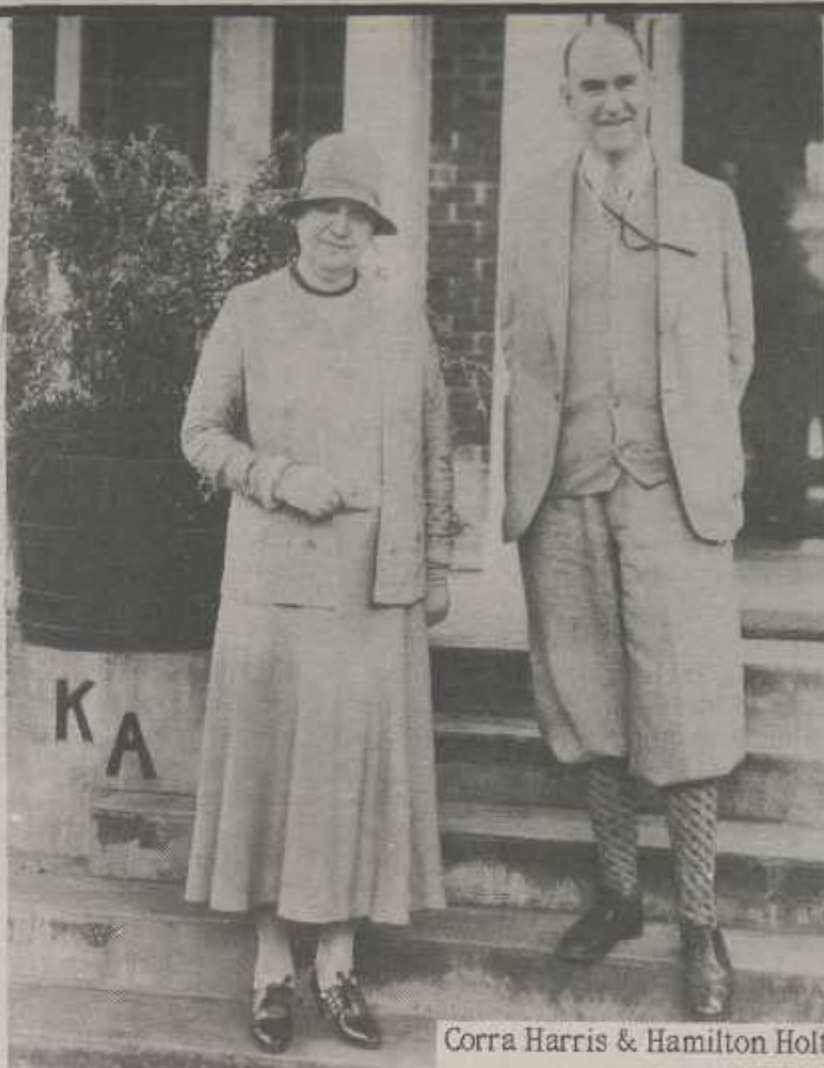
To model this do-it-yourself guide to virtue, we'll need a few real men and at least one diamond in the rough. A favorite story of Mrs. Harris' will explain:

"The time was drawing nigh for commencement exercises at one of the colleges where there is situated a chapter of the K.A. fraternity. One of the senior brothers had, on various occasions, dated a certain senior girl of that college. The girl, very brilliant, possibly good-looking, and one who would have enjoyed a dance if she ever had had the opportunity to attend one, was noticed sometimes by the student body—merely noticed. This fellow who had dated her realized how lonesome she seemed to be; and recognizing her unpopularity, proposed this to the brothers: 'You know as well as I do that this girl has never had the opportunity to have a good time. You know that she has missed most of the good things in life, that even worse looking girls than herself have had. In view of the fact that these are her last few months in college, I suggest that we show her off to the campus.'

"Soon it came about that whenever this girl was seen in public she was seen accompanied by two or even three of the brothers. Gradually the girl took an interest in herself. She became unusually attractive. Her personality was proven to be first rate, and her popularity rose in meteor-like fashion. This change in the girl much resembled the polishing of a diamond which had been for years buried in the rough of centuries. Thus, a girl took a very favorable place in the world because one K.A. realized an opportunity to put the sentence, 'A K.A. is chivalrous' into practical application, and also because of the cooperation of the chapter of real men."

There you have it, gang. Any volunteers? Maybe we could fashion a campus-wide science project out of it? Just how many real men does it take to polish a diamond, anyway?

\*Mrs. Harris is quoted as saying, "If you are a young woman and labor under the purely romantic illusion that you



Corra Harris & Hamilton Holt

have literary talent, which is also first a talent for hard work, you have the choice between being an author, and the mother, home and heaven career, do not choose the literary career. It is far more exacting and its greatest rewards are not commensurate with the peace and salvation that comes from achieving a warm, sun and candlelit home life for others."

## Temple Registers "White Pride" Group as Official Campus Organization

(CPS)—A "white pride" student group has registered as an official campus organization at Temple University.

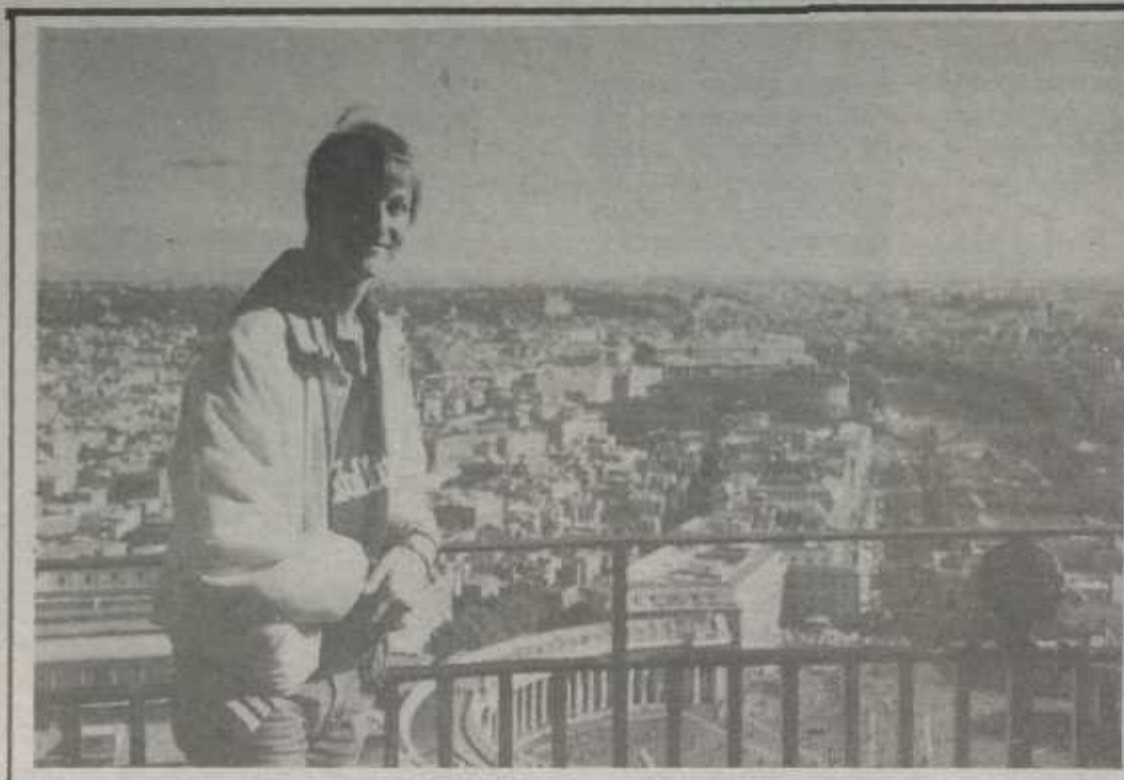
With principles very similar to those of the Ku Klux Klan, which also advertises itself as a white pride group, Temple's White Student Union (WSU) aims to promote white culture and to end affirmative action programs which, WSU President Michael Spletzer said, discriminate against white people. His Philadelphia-based university, Spletzer maintains, has a "pro-minority" bias.

Kathy Gosliner, a university spokeswoman, did not know how many students belonged to the group, although its application was signed by four members, as required by university rules. As a registered campus group, the organization is entitled to use bulletin boards and meeting rooms, she said.

In a written statement, Temple President Peter J. Liacouras said the group has received more attention than it deserves, and affirmed Temple's commitment to affirmative action.

Liacouras said the university had a legal duty to protect the students' rights to free speech by allowing them to register as a student group, but warned that intimidation or violence would not be tolerated on campus.





## American University in Paris Survival Guide

by Mike Scotchie

\*note: this was written while the author was still in Paris. Pretend he's still there for the effect. No snide remarks, please.

Greetings, friends, from the ten or eleven of us Rollins students here at the AU of P (which used to be the American College in Paris. Can you imagine "Rollins University"?). Although I haven't taken a survey, I feel confident that I speak for the group when I say we find the place more or less interesting. There's a whole bunch of neat buildings you can go look at, but I'm getting ahead of myself. To you students who are considering studying here, I want to give a firsthand preview of some of the things you can expect. First of all, don't expect that a piece of writing is going to prepare you adequately for the Paris Experience; you'll also need at least two working ball-point pens, some loose leaf paper, an AT&T calling card, and a good psychiatrist. And it might be a good idea to learn French, although it's not imperative.

We'll begin with the assumption that you lived through the ordeal of obtaining an entry visa from your friendly neighborhood French Embassy. Even if you're not going anywhere but have a summer to kill, go through the process of getting a French visa and it'll be September before you know it. So anyway, you've got your visa, you're on the plane, you've said all your good-byes, you're halfway across the Atlantic, and your thoughts alternate between the last moments you spent with your sweetheart and the grand international life waiting ahead. It's sad that the real world never lives up to expectations; but on the other hand, it's a wonderful gift we humans have in our creative imaginations. In the days and weeks ahead, you'll be forced to modify the Paris you dreamed of while trying to save as much of the romantic image as possible. After all, you didn't spend all that money and leave your friends and family behind to live in Akron for a year.

The plane arrives in Paris around 10:00 a.m., but that's with the six-hour time change. In reality it's 4:00 a.m., so you're feeling your best for your first day alone. The first thing you do is walk

five miles from the gate to the baggage claim, and on the way you make your first contact with a French person. And then a second. And a third. And then you lose count of all the people who have bumped into you instead of moving aside a little. You'll find the same is true everywhere, even on buses and metros: you're standing on the curb, just far enough away from the street so the bus' rear-view mirror doesn't brain you as it passes, but as soon as it pulls up, everybody at the same stop will cut in front of you—and the driver hasn't even opened the door yet. Or say you're on the bus, standing by the door waiting to get off at the next stop. Before the bus halts, people will have gotten out of their seats to wedge themselves in front of you so that they can stand with their noses to the door like dogs waiting to be let out. Even those wretched few who weren't able to squeeze past you will try their best to shoulder past on the steps, young and old alike. The same goes for the metro. It's a wonder their basketball team doesn't fare better in the Olympics. There is such an abundance of natural talent for driving to the inside lane.

Speaking of driving, the way they conduct their motor vehicles strongly resembles their walking. At intersections, while the going is slow, the first one to jut some part of his or her car into the beginnings of a space gets to go ahead. In France, that's known as "right of way." A non-aggressive driver, such as Mom, would be trapped forever at a monster circle such as Charles de Gaulle. This concerns you because you have to take a taxi to the orientation center. You're familiar with the New York taxi driver image—cursing, yelling, honking, all the while driving like the people they're chewing out. French taxi drivers are calm. Mine never spoke except to ask where I was from. Somehow he could tell I wasn't Parisian. Meanwhile he smoked with the windows up, weaved, cut, accelerated around wet curves, narrowly missed pedestrians, chewed up the carpet in his short-cut through the Louvre, all as though he were at the helm of a video game. I think it was in '84 that the French government outlawed car jousts and the killing of pedestrians for sport, but word hasn't spread to all the taxis yet.

Now it's check-in time at the Cite Universitaire, a campus of dorms for visiting students. You get a number and wait in a large room filled with people and luggage, and for the first time you see you're not the only one who packed everything you owned. I remember waiting anxiously for my number to be called. "Forty-one...forty-one..." I looked down at my number eighty-six. Fifteen minutes later we were still in the forties, so I decided this was as good a time as any to get my feet wet. Troy Matthews had eighty-four, and he agreed to accompany me to find some lunch. We stopped at a nearby cafe after some aimless wandering. We went to the counter. A waiter came up and said: "A doojadoo swee doo swa?" I thought he was asking us to leave. From his next phrase I was able to pick out the word "cert," which I recognized as the term for endocrine gland, I think. So, I ordered a ham sandwich. (Boy, don't expect to get fat over here.) To the French, a sandwich is bread flavored by a little meat. In fact, meals in general are bread flavored by a little food. I ate so much bread that I'm afraid I'll expand if I sit in the sun too long.

I played a pinball game there, officially making me an international player. Pinball is supposed to be big over here. After my last ball drained within thirty seconds of the first, I expected the machine to speak with a synthesized voice: "Is zat as good as you can do, Yan-qui swine?" As for real French, I still haven't figured out how to understand what they say, and it's been seven weeks. However, on my first day, after pinball, I did discover how to make myself understood. To speak French, just mumble. I was trying to order apple juice—"jus de pomme"—so I enunciated each letter. The waitress looked at me as if I'd just sung something from an Italian opera. Then I repeated: "Jupom." She said, "Ah, oui," and gave me apple juice. I thought to myself "Hey, this is easy. A little more practice and I'll be a regular Marcel Marceau."

Orientation week is great. Everyone else there is in the same boat. They're all here to live in a legendary city, to travel, to have the best times of their lives, and to get college credits for it. They're excited, anxious, confused, frustrated and relieved; and they generally don't know anybody. All of this makes it easy to meet people. You can honestly turn to the person next to you at any time, introduce yourself, and you're almost guaranteed to start a conversation and gain a friend. There are a couple of organized trips for dinner in which a group of students invade a restaurant and fill it with noise. Compared to the accepted noise level for conversation here, Americans shout, but it felt good to be a little rowdy amidst the up-tight Parisiennes.

One of the first things to learn how to do is hang out, the Parisien thing to do. If you need proof, count all the cafes you see; they're planted like telephone poles on each street. Three of us hung out on the curb outside the main building of the University for two hours. We were with three others who also wanted to explore a little, to see where we'd soon be attending a class or two. Conversation rolled along as we compared memories and experiences and got to know each other. The highlight of the afternoon was a guy walking by who had elephantitis of the scrotum and was letting his buddies have some air as he strolled down the avenue. I had my backed turned, so I missed out. I waited around to see if a woman with elephan-



titis of the breasts would walk by, but no such luck. Paris has some interesting people.

In addition to "hangin'," there's "explorin'," which can keep you busy well into the semester. Once you figure out how to read the metro map, you can confidently go anywhere in the city, get out, and look around. Whether you know where you're going or not, it's fun. You come across all kinds of bookstores, kiosks, cafes, supermarkets, fruit stands, movie theatres, and so on. And then there are places such as the Latin Quarter, Les Invalides, and—of course—the Eiffel Tower, which you can check out anytime. The advertisements around town are also quite interesting. Often they have women semi-nude or barely concealed displaying themselves for products ranging from Diet Coke to skin magazines. Scott explained that this runs rampant here because the country's national monument is a giant phallus. He's a psych major—and in an upper-level Freude class to boot. But he does have a point; after all, this is the City of Love.

Chances are you'll be kept plenty busy with Orientation activities and with meeting other students. I suggest you enjoy your days at the Cite Universitaire, because it's the closest you'll come to dorm life during your stay in Paris (God, how I miss it). It's not really dorm life: one, because beer comes in impractical, small bottles; and two, because the general Parisien 10:00 p.m. noise curfew is strictly enforced, which makes no sense at all since they should know that all the students there want to stay up and party and make noise. On the other hand, your friends are just down the hall and it's easy to get together or just walk to their rooms and visit a little, whereas after Orientation everyone will be scattered all over Paris under the surveillance of landlords and concierges who mistrust gatherings of young people.

The last thing I'd like to mention here is homesickness. Being away from the family and friends is not helped by the fact that you're in a totally different environment: you're no longer fluent and probably feel helpless; your friends here know practically nothing about you and vice versa; city life moves fast and often appears indifferent toward you; you don't know what to expect from one day to the next. But sooner or later, you establish yourself. You have an apartment, a schedule; you know your way around; you pick up on the language; your friends are no longer strangers; and you find you can live here just fine on your own. Then you can concentrate on experiencing the Parisien life, on creating those cherishable memories, and on getting drunk off cheap wine all the time.

There is, however, one person I'll never get used to being separated from.

## Tartuffe Must Be Seen!

By Rick Juergens

Winter Term slowly drifts into Spring and as this happens we stop and examine just exactly what we did during this casual month. Some of us wrote, some played a little basketball, and others got a chance to try out the new BMW they got for Christmas. But some hard working dedicated foolish individuals spent their time in the Annie Russell Theatre, thrusting all their energy toward that one suspended moment—opening night. As I thought about this, I asked myself, "Why?" My curiosity brought me to the Theatre door. I found myself wandering around backstage and talking to these minions of the stage. Contrary to popular belief, they are normal human beings. They talk, laugh, sing, dance and even watch the Arsinio Hall Show.

In our conversation I learned they have been rehearsing their latest production, *Tartuffe*. So I asked them, "Why should the Rollins students come and see this production?" Here are some of the responses I got:

"Because its message is delivered in a funny way, and young people like humor, not dark, dreary plays."

Ken Averett

"A play like *Tartuffe* exposes students to a damn groovy evening."

Pat Boyd and Tony Gelsomino

"Students should see a play like *Tartuffe* because of the corsets galore."

Lisa Olsen

"Because it is a humorous, pungent comment on man's hypocrisy"

Dr. Juergens

"Because it is a form of theatre not shown often. This is the best of the best of the neo-classic era, and many contemporary sit-coms use Moliere's formula of comedy."

Jesse Wolfe

Oh, by the way, the show opens the 27th of January and runs through the 4th of February. And if you don't have any money, call the Theatre office, for they need ushers who get to see the show for free.



Jill Gable, Donna Brinkman, and Jesse Wolfe are among the many students who are busy building the set. photo by Jon Chisdes

Of all the semi-nude, I love her best.

as was reported in his article, Mike reminds us that the French aren't shy about exposing the female body to sell a product.

Oh, Paris, you're the city made for love, Adorn thyself with Amazons on th' walls—

Who wear but little low and less above—  
Like lights upon your tower, erect and tall.

Your eyes, my love, what do they tell?  
Of wisdom old as Earth, or some deep loss?

I'm here for you 'til dawn does toll the bell  
To contemplate each breast, ten feet across.

They'll take you down someday, but hear my plea:  
I shan't forget, for none can take your place.  
I'll always hold you in truest memory,  
My blue bra-ed belle, my lady love in lace.

## Ode to a Billboard

by Mike Scotchie

My lady rests austerely in her place  
Each day at her grand window the rue.  
In secret there go I to see her face  
Unworthy to approach this lady blue.

Yes, blue wears she, by Zeus, and wears it well!  
I tremble at her round and regal breasts  
Encapsuled in the bra her sponsor sells.







Tennis team: Bottom (L to R)- Amanda Tate, Jillian Leckey, Kathy Kraebel, Robin Dolan, Sue Sandford. Top - Coach Bev Buckley, Miki Rakovic, Lauren Shipley, Jenny Miller, Nicole Shapard, Erin Higgins.

## Future Bright For Lady Tars

By Erin Higgins

In her drive to return the Rollins women's tennis team to the NCAA Division I national spotlight, Bev Buckley continues her effort to bring quality players and a first-class program to Rollins' new Bert W. Martin Tennis Complex.

"This year's team should have a winning record," Buckley said. "We've got good depth at every position, and once we've blended the three returning players with the newcomers, we should come together and win some big matches in 1989. Our goal is to have a winning record and get several of our players in the national rankings."

Step one has been the development of seniors Robin Dolan, Jillian Leckey, and number 1 player, sophomore, Amanda Tate. Dolan, a senior from Cocoa Beach, Florida, will anchor the 1989 squad along with Tate of New Zealand, who played number one all of last year and was ranked number 91 by the NCAA in the final regular season poll.

Step two was the signing of three quality freshmen who are playing a high level of tennis for Coach Buckley. She says she is excited about this year's freshman class of Lauren Shipley, Miki Rakovic, and Jenny Miller. All three made the finals at the 1988 Florida Women's Intercollegiate Championships in November, and have continued to improve throughout the fall and winter seasons.

To finish off the team, sophomores Erin Higgins, Susan Sandford, and Kathy Kraebel earned spots on the Lady Tar roster as walk-ons, giving Rollins its best depth in several years.

This independent Division I team will face universities such as Florida, Oklahoma, Vanderbilt, Miami, Florida State, Miami of Ohio, Georgia Tech, and Rutgers in dual matches this spring. They will also compete in the Lady Seminole Invitational in Tallahassee and the Lady Panther Tournament in Houston, Texas.



## Rollins Baseball Team Starts New Season

By Erin Higgins

The baseballs are flying hard and fast on Harper-Shepherd Field at Alford Stadium this year as Rollins' enthusiastic team began Spring practice January 9 in preparation for a promising season.

"I am really looking forward to Spring practice," said head baseball coach Boyd Coffie, who is looking for his 500th victory this year. "Our Fall practice was just excellent. I have never had a practice with quite as much enthusiasm. I think our kids are ready to play."

Despite the loss of eight letterman, including First Team NCAA Division II All-American catcher Greg Conley and pitchers Todd Rodriguez and Mark Sonaglia, the Tars have 12 letterman returning and six newcomers.

Admittedly, Coffie is most concerned about his pitching strengths. However, senior David Flynn, a stopper out of the bullpen for the Tars, could hold the key to this season's pitching pace. Last season he led the team with a 1.74 ERA and 23 strikeouts.

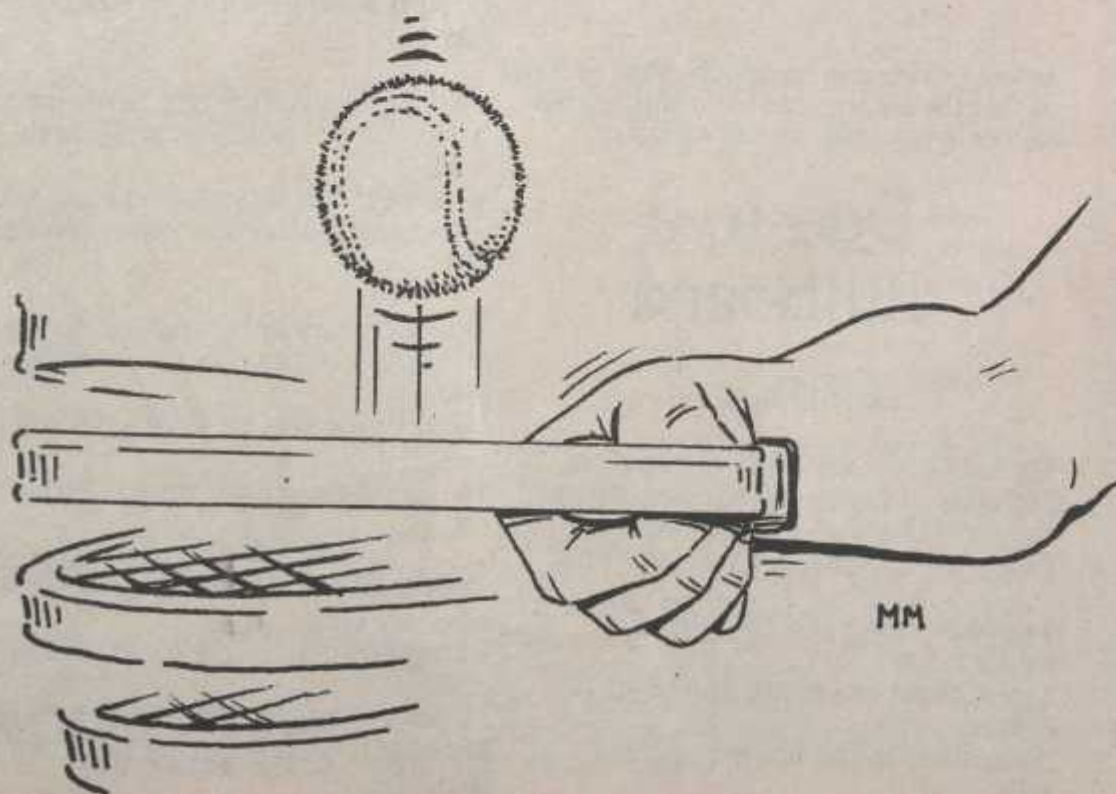
"As a relief pitcher, getting to play means the team is doing well; therefore I hope to successfully pull us through as many games as possible while contributing to a winning season," Flynn commented.

Infielders Doug Dvorak, Harry Ball, Joe Bellini, Clay Bellinger, Kurt Koehler, and Dan Garrison will enhance the team's defensive strength. While an outfield combination of Darrell Card, Trey Coffie, Fred Seymour, Larry Pijanowski, and Carmine Cappuccio plan to clinch the team's fielding dominance.

Offensively, the Tars are a "potentially good-hitting team," according to Coffie, using "potentially" as his bottom-line word. "This year's team has a much stronger chemistry than last year's squad," Coffie continued. The attitude and strength that this chemistry causes will be the focus of their efforts on the field.

The Sunshine State Conference prides itself as the toughest group of Division II college teams. The Tars goal is to beat the 7-13 conference record held last year.

Their season opener will be Friday, February 10 at crosstown rival University of Central Florida. The 42nd Annual BASEBALL WEEK, the oldest collegiate baseball tournament in the na-







## Wolf

By Erin Higgins

The buzzer signals another time-out as Head Basketball Coach Tom Klusman sends 6'5", star forward, Dan Wolf in to lead the Tars basketball team in another game. Reaching to break his personal records of 40 points and 20 rebounds in one game, the team often turns to Wolf to pull through against the intense, close teams the Tars have recently come to head with.

While, the basketball team agrees that their 7-6 win/loss record does not do their team justice, Wolf hopes to do something about it.

"We play well at different times, but consistently as a team we have concentration lapses in the second half. I know we have

more talent than we are using in the court. Our record should be closer to 10-3 than 7-6," Wolf explained.

This is the scenario Rollins' fans often observe at the Enyhart-Alumni Field House games. And while many fans do not know Dan Wolf off of the court, he admits to many other interests outside of basketball.

With a 3.5 grade point average, this senior Economics major hopes to enter in a sales or finance oriented career. "Eventually, I believe I'll end up in real estate," Wolf confirmed. However, no definite plans for his future have been set.

His GPA also granted him first choice in dorm room assignments. Residing in the Chi Psi house, Wolf has priority in selecting a single room with a balcony facing the Chapel. "It's not that I didn't want a roommate," he said after explaining how he was raised in a house with five other brothers, "I just really wanted that room and it happened to be a single."

Between academics, basketball, and the fraternity, Wolf has very little free time. When the chance arises, however, he chooses to escape with music from the late 60's, or hitting around with a tennis racket on the old courts.

Actually, in high school, Wolf played on the tennis team all four years and says that he was a stronger tennis player than basketball player. "Basketball is just a more competitive sport up North," he said. "so even though I was always the high scorer for the team, tennis was easier for me to excel at."

The unique athletic talents and interests of Wolf have been spotted by many fans. They look forward to his continued success this year at Rollins.

## Will Beans Be Creamed?

by Catherine Morse

Why can't busy college students get a meal on their erratic schedules?

Who decided to change the hours for Beans and Downunder during Winter term? Who do students report to when they have a question and is that communication process effective? Do the lines in Beans seem long or the service in Downunder slow? What would you like to see changed? Many see room for improvement regarding our present food system and as a product of the Student Life Summit an assesment of our food services is soon to be in full gear.

What do the dates of February 14, 15, and 16 mean to you? You had better mark them on your calendar because what will occur then will directly affect you. Your voices were heard and taken very seriously at the Student Summit and the challenge to improve the food service at Rollins is really going happen!

The focus of the study will be how we can improve Beans and Downunder. Students, faculty and staff will assess our dining services and help determine the areas that need to be changed. Through select focus groups and an all campus survey, opinions from everyone will be heard.

The focus groups will include athletes, group resident students, non-resident students, open housing students,

and a group of random students. In addition, interviews with some administrators and the present food service management will take place. During these sessions it is hoped that the goal of the discussion will aim toward assesing the strenghts and weaknesses of our dining services. It is also a goal to strive for new suggestions that will help improve the system for everyone.

The people conducting this process include professionals from the Marriott corporation and a committee from Rollins under the guidance of Dean Neilson. Working together with the common goal to change and improve should lead us to some positive accomplishments. "This assesment relates to all aspects of our food service and there is definitely a clear eye for change," Dean Neilson expressed. "Nothing is written in concrete," he says, "existing menus, the validine system, or food lines." The opportunity to change is really here. The food system is owned by our institution and everyone's opinion will count as we work with Marriott to meet your needs. The assesment will help establish goals which will provide a clear sense of how we can work toward them as well.

## We Need Your Help

by Jenni Levitz

The Curriculum Committee and the Registrar's Office realize students had problems getting into courses last semester and are working on solving the problems. Soon students will receive questionnaires in their boxes, and it is very important that you fill them out. The questionnaire is designed to uncover the problems encountered and will, we hope, result in solutions. But the only way the Curriculum Committee and Registrar's Office can help is if students respond. Please take the time and fill out the questionnaire. Your contribution is highly valued.

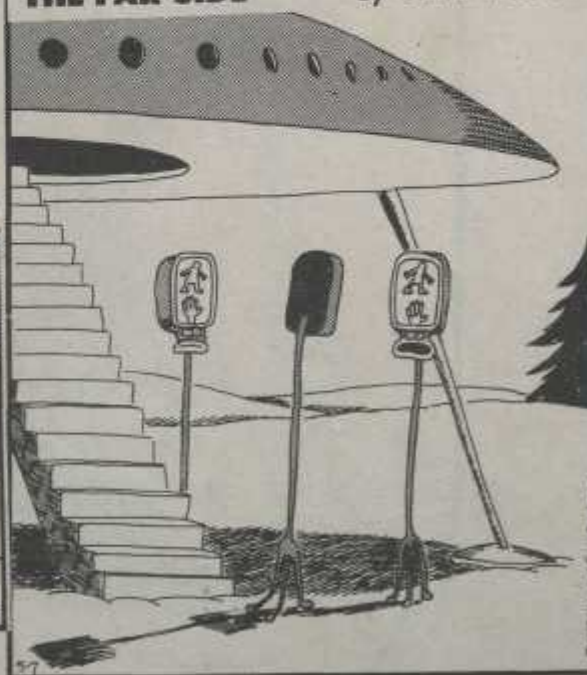
## BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

## THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



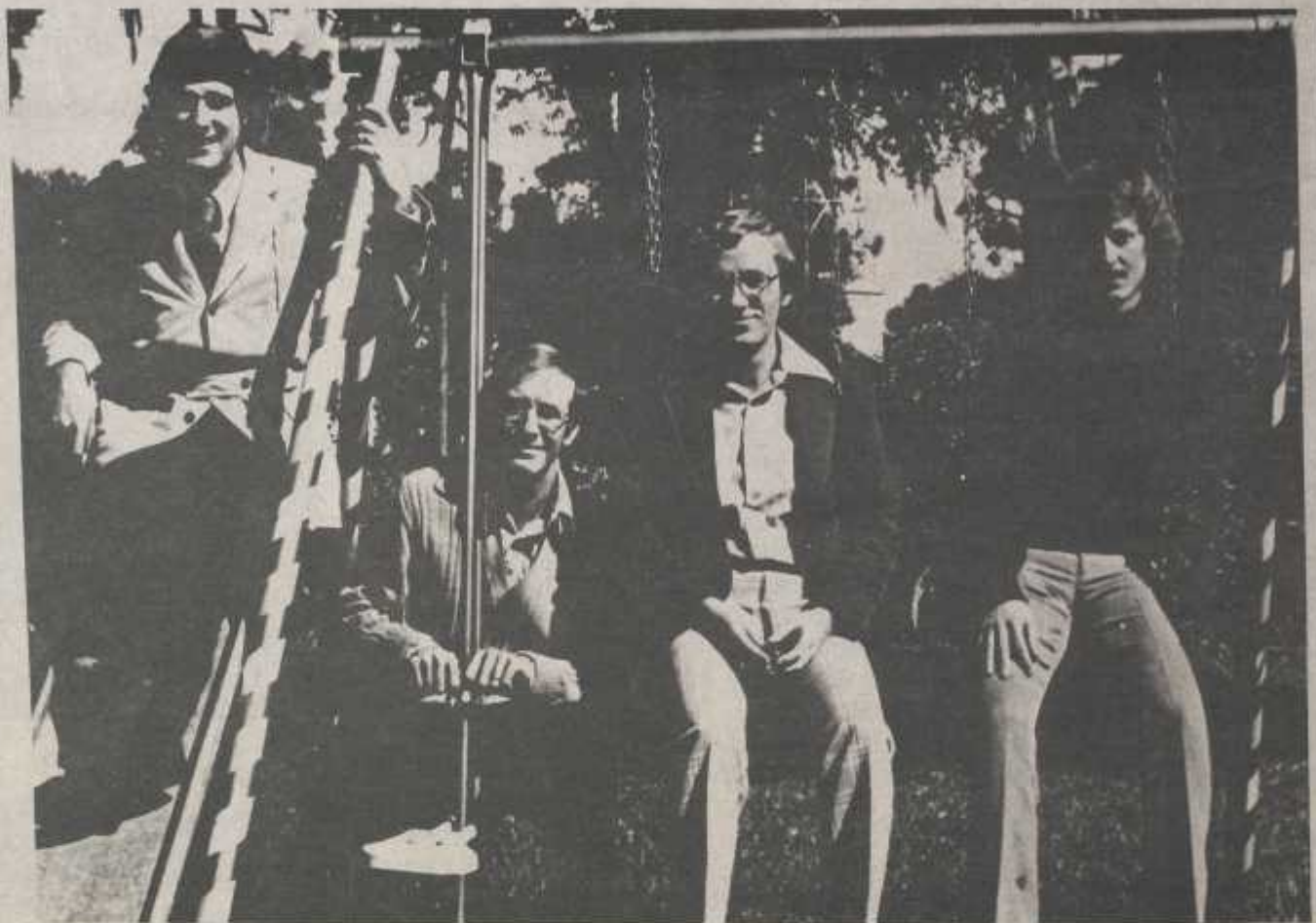
"Our people are positioned on every street corner, commander ... Shall we commence with our plan to gradually eliminate these creatures?"





HOMOGENIZED GRADE "A" MILK

**MISSING:**



Have You Seen These Children?

If you have, please call their Mommies at the  
Cornell Social Sciences Building.