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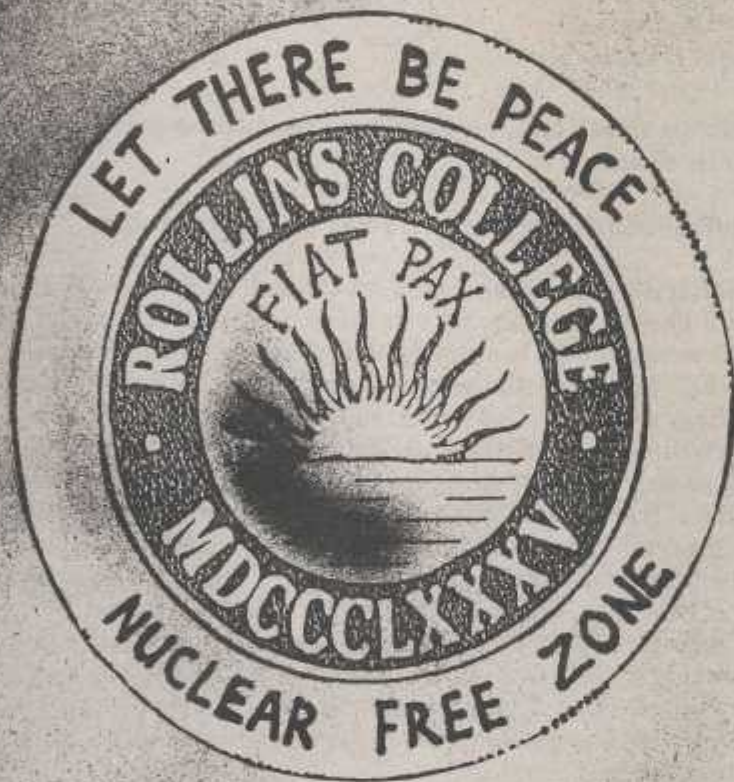
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The Rollins Sandspur

February 28, 1989

Volume 95

Issue 5



**CHOOSE
YOUR
PEACE**



The Rollins Sandspur

Volume 95 Issue 5
February 1989

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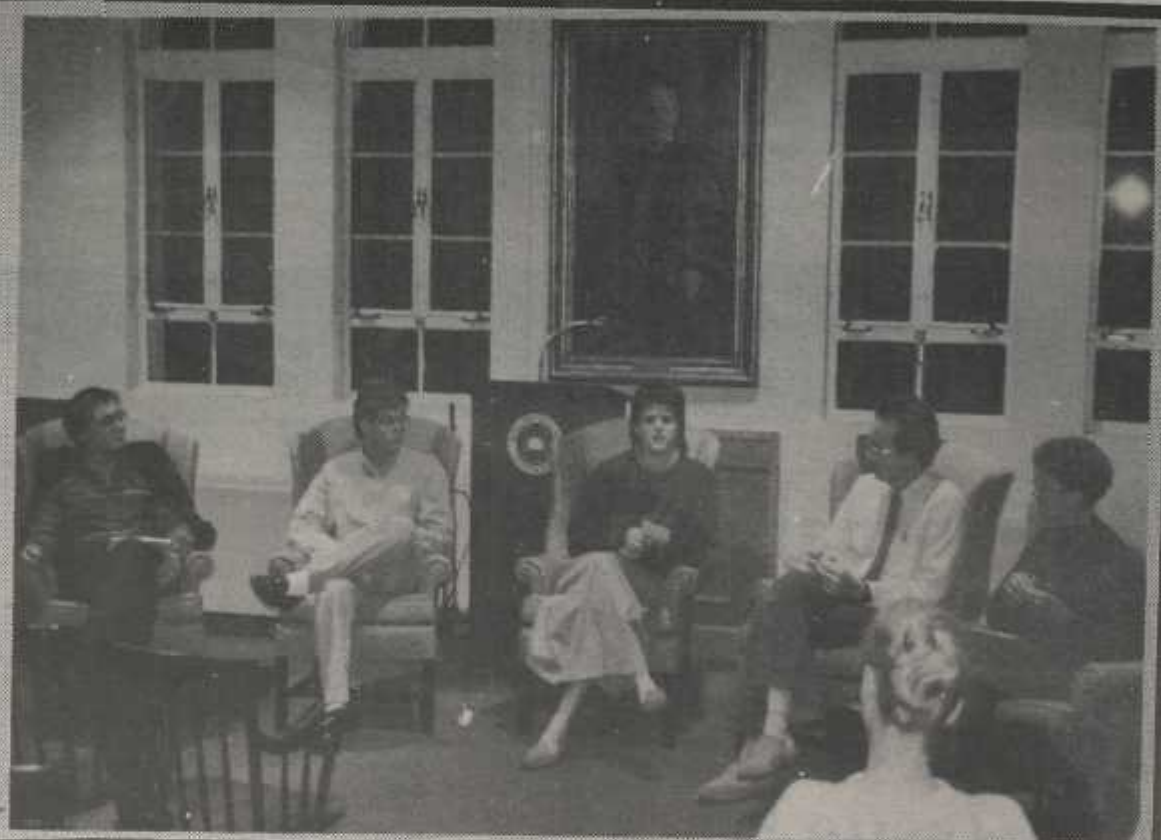
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We, the editorial board of *The Rollins Sandspur* extend a sincere standing invitation to our readers to submit articles on any subject they feel is interesting, maddening, thought-provoking, or of general interest to the Rollins community. As the 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.



ODK's Forum on Student Activism

L to R: Nelson Valdes (Sociology), Woody Nash, Tiffany Hogan, Rick Fogelson (Politics), Sister Kate (Dean)

photo by Jon Chisdes

Letters To The Editors:

Dear Editors,

I'd like to address myself to those women who are distraught because they didn't get into the sorority of their choice:

You will get no sympathy from me, and I offer you no condolences.

I think the whole deal has gotten a little out of hand. The way Rush is described to me makes it sound more like an international summit concerning the future of our civilization than a college social week. Truth is stranger than fiction: a Rush counselor is assigned to each candidate to help her cope with the stress of trying to impress the sisters during some intense social gatherings as well as, God forbid, with the disappointment of rejection; no parties are scheduled on Wednesday so that the candidates may have a breather-day to recoup from Monday and Tuesday as well as to prepare for the Thursday and Friday parties; and I understand that some women feel that the best way to cope with rejection is to leave the school.

What's the big deal? How can a sorority take on that kind of significance? You are still allowed to associate with your friends who got in, or with the sisters you became friends with. If you need that feeling of belonging, there are other organizations on campus.

The most important thing is to realize *why* you want to join such-and-such sorority so badly. If it's because this sorority is the most prestigious on campus, you might want to sit down and re-evaluate your priorities. There is a great deal to be said for the down-home philosophies such as "Your best friends love you for who you are, not what you are." Mom and Dad didn't collect a fee each time they told you that.

Being associated with a good name has its advantages, but a label does not make the person. There is a certain amount of independence and strength of character expected of women these days, something below the makeup, so to speak. Sororities certainly have their good points, but they should rank relatively low on your list of your life's ambitions. So take a step back and look at yourself.

Mike Scotchie

Letters--continued on pg.14

Seniors: Work for the Future

Did Ralph Nader move you? If the answer is yes, then come build a better future with Nader's brainchild, the Public Interest Research Groups (PIRGs). PIRG staff work on the cutting edge of our country's most pressing environmental and consumer issues. Jobs are available running a student or non-student citizen campaign, researching or lobbying, or writing and designing. For a year or for a career—help build a new future.

Find out more and sign up for an on-campus interview at the Career Placement Office in Mills Hall, 646-2195.

Sylvia Ward, PIRG
Rollins Recruiter

On the cover: Every issue of *The Sandspur*, from now on, will focus on an important issue or topic which affects Rollins students and that will become our theme. We have decided to concentrate on the Nuclear Free Zone issue. You may have noticed some of the signs popping up around campus as more and more students declare their rooms nuclear-free.

For the cover of our February issue, artist Michael Metcalf has drawn a beautiful design which symbolizes the conflict. The Nuclear Free Zone symbol and the ICBM represent the two sides of this controversial issue. *The Sandspur* wishes to remain neutral; however, the editors and staff members reserve the right to express their opinion.

We highly encourage you to think about the articles and editorials presented here and write to us expressing your opinion. Send your letters to campus box 2742. We want to know what you think.

A Symbol Can Change the World

By Jonathan Chides

A dramatic new force is taking shape on this campus as a group of students try to get Rollins declared a Nuclear Free Zone. Technically, that is an official statement that we do not want nuclear weapons on our campus because we find them morally offensive. I applaud this group and their efforts to confront a deadly force.

The issue of nuclear war is perhaps the most important of our time because the results are so titanic. If a nuclear war comes about, then the entire planet and every life form on it will perish. In *The Fate of the Earth*, Jonathan Schell gives a pretty good account of the effects of a nuclear war. Among other effects, "A mass fire . . . renders shelters useless by burning up all the oxygen in the air and creating toxic gasses, so that anyone inside the shelters is asphyxiated, and also by heating the ground to such high temperatures that the shelters turn, in effect, into ovens, cremating the people inside them." There will be no survivors after a full scale nuclear war.

Hardly anybody wants a nuclear war to occur. The current political strategy to avoid it is deterrence, a theory whereby the two superpowers build up fantastic arsenals of nuclear weapons and tell each other that they will not hesitate to use them if provoked. This could also be called Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD), a political and military solution to the problem of the existence of nuclear weapons. The whole idea behind deterrence is based on the assumption that the leaders of the countries involved are sane and rational people who do not want the entire world to be annihilated. But this may not always be the case. People like Hitler know how to get to power. Deterrence does not deter someone who is suicidal. The Japanese Kamikaze pilots in World War II are an example of people who would

sacrifice themselves for the deaths of their enemies. MAD wouldn't stop these people from pushing the button if they get to power.

It is so strange how many times people have said that deterrence is a good strategy because it has kept us out of a war for 40 years. They think 40 years is a long time and that they are giving a historical argument that has been proven over time. First of all, MAD has not worked beautifully. In 1962, we came inches from nuclear annihilation during the Cuban Missile Crisis. The other argument against those who claim that deterrence has kept us out of a war for 40 years is that 40 years is really an incredibly short time. Granted, it is more than half of the average life span, but considering how long we are hoping to live with nuclear weapons without using them, it's not even a drop in the bucket. I hope mankind will be around for hundreds of thousands of years, not just another 40. I don't want to wait even that long to continue testing the MAD theory. It should not be tested. If it fails only once, that is too much.

The Soviets have the power to totally annihilate us, yet we are trying to scare them to death by telling them that we will destroy them. Logically, it seems to me, the last thing we would want to do to someone who has the power to destroy us is to scare him. But that is what MAD does. The arms race and the general concept of deterrence creates mistrust, hatred, and fear.

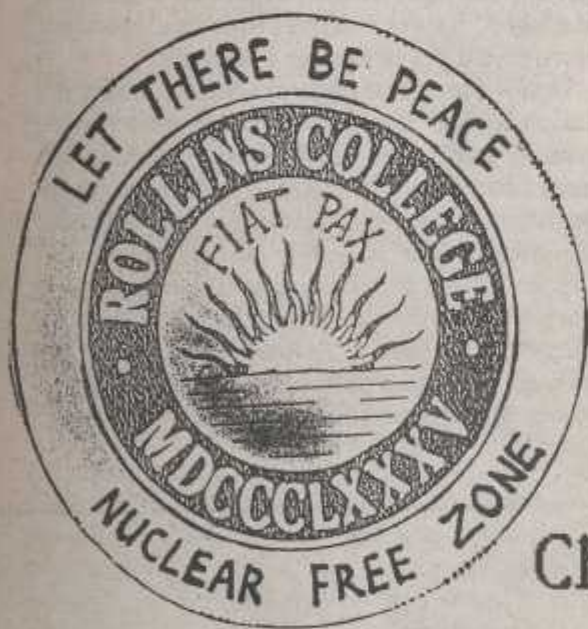
I do not think that the United States should take the position of being the international big bully with the biggest power to destroy. We say "don't mess with us, 'cause if you do, we're gonna nuke you." That is not a very moral position to take. Some say that to keep the peace, we must instill fear. Hatred simply goes along with that. One of those who felt that way was the Roman Emperor Caligula,

who said, "Let them hate me as long as they fear me." Caligula was feared, and he was hated. And for a while the fear kept him in power. But one day, the hate became greater than the fear and he was assassinated by his own Praetorian Guard. The United States should not be like Caligula. Instilling fear leads to hate; and when the hate supercedes the fear, our enemies will risk nuclear destruction.

If deterrence is not good enough to keep us out of a war, what is? I believe that the best way to prevent a war is to improve our foreign relations. Through diplomacy we can become useful allies with the Soviets. Through cultural exchanges we can overcome our stereotypes of Big Bad Oppressive Russian Communists. One can still be patriotic and not hate all that isn't American. Together, we can disarm unilaterally and stably. That is the best way to prevent a nuclear war because it is humanistic and societal.

But how can declaring our campus a Nuclear Free Zone help to end this immoral situation? It will not start the process of unilateral disarmament or improve foreign relations. However, it is a first step. It is a statement that something is terribly wrong in the military thinking of our government and the world, and it is also a consciousness raising act which will start many people thinking about this important issue. It stands out as a symbol of the immorality of nuclear weapons. Like many symbols such as the flag or a slogan, it has the potential to attract and rally a force large enough to accomplish great tasks.

When Rollins is officially proclaimed a Nuclear Free Zone, we can join a long list of educational institutions who are leading the way to a happier, safer, and saner world.



Choose Your Cause.

by Lori Sordyl

My objection to the Nuclear Free Zone movement is not one of principle, but one of effect. I am not so muddle-headed to believe that deterrence is the smartest avenue to keeping, much less strengthening, a very precarious peace. But neither am I so idealistic to believe that taping a green or blue sheet of paper to a door will precipitate stable peace, that by voting to make the Writing Center a Nuclear Free Zone I have effected anything more than symbolism. Even the promoters of this movement recognize that it is merely symbolic and that it, in itself, is not enough. By taping signs to our doors, we do nothing.

Unless we then act on that sign. Unless we then involve ourselves in a tangibly effective means to containing and neutralizing this "peace through nuclear strength" mentality. My objection to the NFZ movement lies in my skepticism that all Free Zone advocates push themselves beyond the sign, that they volunteer their time, their energy, or donate money to pay for others' time, or that they at least educate themselves.

My commitment to this movement is to educate

myself about the problem, because, believe it or not, I am more concerned with other problems. I find it much easier, more gratifying, to act on commitments to other causes, to, for example, speed recycling laws (and practices) and to clean up the Chesapeake Bay. Because I am immediately affected by these other problems, and because my efforts produce visible results, I am most passionate about these causes, despite the fact that a nuclear war would render my time foolishly spent. I am not asking to be excused, though there is reason for my localism: I live with pollution, with recyclable newspapers and trash terrorizing my home. And although I live close enough to a prime nuclear attack target (Washington, D.C.), I have never seen a nuclear weapon, have never experienced a nuclear attack. Again, this explains without excusing.

My point, then, is this: If you tape a sign to your door, come out from behind the sign. Otherwise you've done nothing at all. And the symbolism, for all its worth in the real world, where missiles are very tangible, is nothing more than a lie.

Wake Up and Smell the Hot Dogs

by Betsy Hill

Although I didn't know much about Ralph Nader, I decided to go to his speech on February 20. I was surprised to see that the field house was only two thirds full as he started speaking, and I began to wonder if I had made a good decision in attending. As his speech progressed, I realized that I *had* made a good decision; it was those who didn't come who had made the error. To say the least, Ralph Nader's speech was eye opening. And although, as sophomore Erin Higgins said, "his speech didn't seem to have a focus at first," when he did make his point about consumer awareness and activism, it was one which affected many.

As I found out early on in the presentation, Ralph Nader is a man of many credits; he has written many consumer guides, of which *Unsafe at Any Speed: The Designed-in Dangers of the American Automobile* is the most famous. In fighting for consumer rights Nader has brought about the creation of the Environmental Protection Agency, the Safe Drinking Water Act, and the Wholesome Meat Act. After hearing his list of credentials, I was anticipating the start of this speech.

Nader jumped right into one of the most pressing environmental issues facing the world

today, the Greenhouse Effect. At first, I didn't know where he was going with his subsequent definition and causes of the problem, but as he continued I discovered what proved to be the heart of his speech. By bringing up the Greenhouse Effect, he showed the audience that it was through ignorance, laziness, and greed that this problem has occurred. And, as his speech progressed, this theme reoccurred. Through the ignorance and laziness of consumers and the greed of American industry, we are destroying our home, Earth.

Nader drove home his point by using humorous examples of the imperceptiveness of the American consumer. In a story of a truck driver who hung his coat on a hook just inches behind his head, Nader illustrated the shortsightedness of most Americans. There are many things right in front of our eyes that we fail to see. It is this myopic tendency that Nader hoped to diminish in his speech. In order to receive high quality, safe products from American companies, it is necessary for U.S. citizens to become more perceptive.

After illustrating the first step in consumer activism, Nader continued his speech by pointing out the other assumptions Americans must

have in order to receive quality good from producers. After we become aware of these often taken-for-granted products, we must raise our expectations. It is only through expecting better quality that we will realize the amount of low quality goods all around us, and this realization will enable the American citizen to demand better products. We should expect the best producers can provide rather than settling for what is on the

shelf at the grocery. With heightened expectations, and the demand they will create, companies will be forced to provide better goods.

Nader stated that once we have raised our perception and expectation levels, we will be able to demand better products from producers. But, I thought to myself, how many people do expect more from American producers? And how many of them even think about what they are buying? Well, anyone who attended Ralph Nader's speech is sure to beware of one product, hot dogs. I think it will be a long time before anyone who was there eats another hot dog. By telling us about the little known ingredients in hot dogs, Nader made another important point: Read labels. As he repeated again and again, consumers have to be aware of what they purchase and use. It is up to us to avoid and protest the "hot dogs" of every market.

The third step in the process to achieve better goods is organization. This process, which was the focal point of his speech, depends on mass knowledge. Consumers who are unhappy with a product they have seen or used have to join together and protest; unified groups catalyze the most change. Once you have realized that a product does not live up to your expectations it is important to draw attention to it. Through mass protest and education quality is improved.

As his speech drew to a close, I wondered to myself, "Hey, what if I'm unhappy with a product? Whom can I contact? Where are these consumer groups?" But before I became too troubled over this dilemma Nader, offered the solution. Unlike television documentaries that present the problem, but not the solution, Nader gave the names and addresses of groups with which students can involve themselves. One was FPIRG (Florida Public Interest Research Group). Not only was the address of this student-run consumer and environmental group given, but a table with information was set up in the lobby. Representatives from local branches were also there to answer questions.

I know this article begins to ramble, but so did Ralph Nader. Although he made some terrific points, sometimes his verbosity clouded his argument. Wordiness aside, I left his speech instilled with the desire to improve the quality of American goods. I also felt a little stupid knowing that I was one of the ignorant masses who ate hot dogs without reading the warning label. Hopefully, by hearing Ralph Nader's speech, we will all raise our perception and expectation levels and become better consumers.



BUM STRIKE IN PARIS

by Mike Scotchie

AP*—Paris, which has only recently recovered from a series of strikes in many professional fields, is now reeling under the effects of a city-wide bum strike.

The bums of Paris are apparently following the lead of nurses, metro drivers, bus drivers, metro maintenance workers, and postal service workers, to name a few. In the past four months, these groups have brought the city to its knees with a series of crippling strikes. Mayor Jacques Chirac hadn't until recently settled most of the disputes among the various unions.

Only two weeks ago, he had commended his fellow citizens for weathering the severe inconveniences, such as choking traffic and no mail traffic whatsoever, as negotiations dragged on. Since then, the surprisingly well-organized panhandlers called a strike across the board. To make matters worse, winos, obnoxious street peddlers and flashers have joined the bums in their cause.

The effects were quickly felt. Parisiens were forced to stand in line blocks long in order to be harassed by some of the few homeless and perverted who have remained at their posts. One unidentified Parisien woman complained, "Zis is ridiculous. It used to be zat ze nuts would approach a girl constantly wiz lewd remarks. Now I'm held up in line a half hour to forty-five minutes on ze average, and zat puts a real crimp in my schedule."

It is unsure at this point if the strike is spreading to surrounding cities. With negotiations presently at a standstill, Paris appears again to be in the grip of another dilemma.

*Asinine Press





photo by Lisa Curb

Ralph Nader, Continued

by Alan Nordstrom

There's infinitely more to Ralph Nader, Public Citizen #1, than I could jam into my hasty article for the *Pulse*, written on the night of his address, February 20th. I want to apologise to him and to you for not doing justice to his visit here. Unfortunately, this article won't do the job, either, and none could, but let me flesh out the experience a little more.

"The man's a saint, a hero, if any such figures exist in these cynical times." I was saying that to my students before Citizen Nader's talk, challenging them with hyperbole to attend and to disagree afterwards, if they could. I half believed my exaggeration but figured I was doubtless naive and that this white knight of civic and consumer activism probably had his share of chinks.

I still can't see them, though, and I'm all the more dazzled now by the disillusioned vision, shrewd energy, and brilliant example of this champion of people-power.

General Motors, the Food and Drug Administration, the California insurance industry, and pay-raise deprived members of Congress (among countless other targets of Nader's raids on negligence, incompetence, and greed) must have a different view, however. Years ago, when law school student Nader cut his teeth on General Motors, writing his now legendary expose' of mayhem in the auto industry, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, GM retaliated by sticking gumshoes on him with the intent of defaming his character. Or so the courts decided, awarding him \$425,000 in damages, seed money, as it turned out, for Nader's Raiders.

But let me give you a close-up. I watched from the second row of the Field House chairs and later from only feet away in the Galloway Room, along with the twenty-five students and townspeople who hung on his conservation until one o'clock Tuesday morning.

He is over six-foot-two, thin and wiry, fiftyish looking, and he was dressed functionally. Only because it signifies the man, let me describe the clothes: cheap and unassuming, meant to be presentable and nothing more: a black suit, a short purple non-silk tie, plain black shoes he bought decades ago, on

sale in his Army PX. Clothes Abe Lincoln would have favored.

The man lives sparsely, like a monk. Clothes are not important to him, nor cars (he has none: "I save 500 hours a year not having to think about one"), nor expensive dwellings (he lives in a cheap flat in D.C.). Rather, the man has work to do: consciousness to awaken, investigations to pursue, tactics to invent, actions to instigate, and then more awareness to arouse and civic responsibility to recruit into the service of justice, opportunity, and compassion.

The most important lesson he learned as an undergraduate at Princeton came

"There's no such thing as freedom without justice." (RN)

not in a classroom but on a morning walk across campus. The quadrangle was littered with dead birds. He picked up a dead bluejay and took it to the student editor of the *Daily Princeton* with a hypothesis. Was there not a connection between the recent tree sprayings of DDT and these dead birds, he wondered. The editor laughed. Would all the world-renowned biologists at Princeton have failed to see that connection if it were so? He then dismissed young Nader, who went away agreeing but later he was chagrined. Editors and learned professors can be blind to what's happening around them; they can be dreadfully wrong.

As a law student at Harvard, Nader learned another lesson about perceptual negligence. Hitch-hiking to Cambridge one day, he asked the bouncing flat-bed truck driver if his head ever knocked against the metal coathook fastened by his ear. The trucker had not noticed the danger till then. What else don't we see that's right before our eyes, Nader wondered, and, luckily for us, he has kept on looking.

He has looked into not only automotive safety, but the safety of our foods and drugs, the responsibility of our hospital and medical care providers, the leadership of insurance companies in making life safer. Nader, his "Raiders"

and his PIRGs (Public Interest Research Groups, powered mainly by students) have investigated water pollution, national forest mismanagement, energy abuses, competition-stifling corporate monopolies, and new management by networks and publishers.

That's the short list. Check the Wilson Disk in Olin and the library's general catalog, as I recently did, for a much longer and mind-boggling list

"What is it that's right in front of us, that we don't see?" (RN)

of the civic concerns Nader has brought to public consciousness in the last two decades.

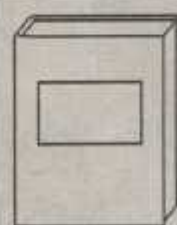
But what's all this to college students, most of whose experience is compounded of memorization, regurgitation, and vegetation, Nader asks. Most students fluctuate continually between boredom and fear in programs that are careerist and pre-professional.

Don't specialize too soon, he advises. Take a broad range of courses to find out about the world and to prepare yourself for self-education the rest of your life. Learn to write well ("Not as easy as you think").

Use summer internships to get hands-on experience in public service, such as PIRGs. Train yourself for leadership in the advancement of justice in our society. "There's no freedom without justice."

"Do you want to go through life on your knees? How much will you take?" Nader asks tough personal questions and seeks genuine moral commitment. To those who say, "Why bother?" or "Who cares?" Nader listens patiently, knowingly, and without despair. "If our Bill of Rights were abolished tomorrow, only two or three percent of the people would speak up and protest."

He is aiming at the nest percentage point, addressing the mind in the chair next to him, working one-on-one to build a better society, block by block. In the name of fairness, honesty, and the opportunity to share real power, he'd like our help.



At the Olin Library, look for the following books left by Ralph Nader:

Power Incorporated

Who Runs Congress?

For The People

How to Improve Your Campus Food Service

Winning Back America

Reagan's Ruling Class

What Does This Say About Us?

by Jessica Austin and David Herman

David Duke, former Imperial Wizard of the Knights of the Klu Klux Klan, was sworn in to the Louisiana State House of Representatives on February 22, 1989. During the campaign President Bush and Ronald Reagan denied their support of Duke, claiming he was an embarrassment to the GOP. Regardless, he was elected on a Republican ticket by 51% of the voters in his district.

A number of concerned Rollins Students recognized a need to hold a SpeakOut—a public demonstration to raise the consciousness of the Rollins Community. In preparation for the SpeakOut, local media was invited, one hundred and fifty flyers were distributed and posted around campus—most of which were maliciously torn down—and concerned students met face-to-face with their peers, urging them to come voice their convictions.

Approximately thirty Rollins students, two faculty members, and one staff member met on Thursday, February 23 in Bush Auditorium to discuss and elaborate on the issue at hand. After details were presented about the history of David Duke and the KKK, the action began. There was a heated exchange of information and a recalling of hurtful personal experiences. The topics discussed dealt with white supremacy, racism, sexism, religious intolerance, and

homophobia here at Rollins, in our home towns, and across the United States of America.

The issue of racism received most of the attention throughout the evening, and attracted a wide range of reactions. Some of the attendees reported accounts of racism in their schools and cities. They learned that one way racism is born is through non-interaction between ethnic groups. Many Americans grow up in a homogeneous environment and gain no understanding or respect for different people. Also, many persons told their perspectives of Northern vs. Southern racism. Others boldly opposed such a distinction, stating that racism is a disease that knows no borders. Eventually, the discussion led to the recitation of one definition of racism, written by Whitney Young (1970). He stated, "Most Americans get awfully uptight about the charge of racism, since most people are not conscious of what racism really is. Racism is not a desire to wake up every morning and lynch a black man from a tall tree. It is not engaging in vulgar epithets. These kinds of people are just fools. It is the day to day indignities, the subtle humiliations, that are so devastating. Racism is the assumption of superiority of one group over another, with all the gross arrogance that goes along with it. Racism is a part of us."

Not only was American racism attacked, but also the evils of sexism and homophobia. Finally, the dialogue came full circle to the election of David Duke:

Duke's record of involvement with the Klan traces back to his college years. As a student at Louisiana State University, "he devoted himself to private studies of white supremacy, anti-Semitism, and Nazi history" (*The Fiery Cross*, Wyn Craig Wade). As a member of Louisiana's Knights of the Klu Klux Klan, he almost single-handedly revived the declining order. In 1975, he graduated from LSU as a history major, and shortly after, attained status of Imperial Wizard in the Invisible Empire. Among his accomplishments, Duke recruited hundreds of new members and promoted the involvement of women in the KKK. In 1981, after political difficulties within the organization, Duke broke away, and formed the National Association for the Advancement of White People.

Today, David Duke represents an entire district in Louisiana. He has a seat in the House, which gives him power to influence legislation. Does this incident arouse and awaken the conscience of America? Will we as students sit by idly, or will we recognize the need for action?



Queer Bashing

by Mark T. Burrell

Ever been bullied? Taunted by a drunken mob? Do you take the long way around campus just to avoid being hassled? These are some of the feelings and experiences presented during a meeting of a campus discussion group, an open forum on Gay and Lesbian issues.

So what? Who cares about them? What do their feelings have to do with mainstream people? The answer seems to be that most of the problems discussed at these open sessions are human issues, situations and tough questions that just about everybody will be confronted by sometime.

The atmosphere of this group isn't all that different from group counseling or church discussion groups. (The purpose of these types of functions isn't to solve anything specifically, but to provide a place to speak openly and sincerely without fear of ridicule.) The recent session at the French House began with the topic of the evening, "Queer Bashing," the perceived increase of verbal and physical abuse of homosexuals, but evolved rapidly into a discussion about larger issues of power, dominance, mob violence, fear, human rights, isolation, and intolerance.

What do these have to do with "Queer Bashing"? Are they really causes of violence? At the session, participants

introduced experiences that related vividly how power and fear are common to the seemingly unrelated problems of racism, ethnic discrimination, and sexual harassment. Serious social problems were not, however, the only area of discussion.

Some attendants brought up much lighter, positive, and even humorous aspects of being Gay. One person felt glad not to be considered ordinary or average; another felt it flattering to be perceived as artistic even though they're not. Is it possible, another asked, that they learned much sooner than their peers how to deal with personal crises?

The catch to the evening was that the meeting was not what I anticipated. Had you been there, you might have been surprised to learn, with me, that half of the participants weren't Gay, or Lesbian, but people who may have been singled out on some occasion for being different, for having hair too long, or too short. If you're concerned about human rights, personal issues, or Gay and Lesbian problems, the sessions are open to all students, faculty and staff, 6:30 p.m. every Thursday.

SGA Meets

by Don Hensel

As an addition to the *Sandspur* starting this month, meetings of the Student Government Association will be covered and analyzed. In the spirit of the Student Summit, your editorials and opinions about student government are encouraged—drop them in Box 2742.

No meetings occurred during Winter Term, so this article covers only the February 8 meeting. First, the SGA approved funds for the *Sandspur* to complete the year, and we thank them for that. Next, Woody Nash proposed a plan to reform upcoming SGA officer elections. Nash proposed four elections reforms:

1. punishments for candidates who fail to remove posters,
2. a spot in the *Pulse* of candidates' photos and statements,
3. a forum where candidates debate for the student body, and
4. having most of the voting in the mailroom.

His good ideas were put down for the most part and referred to the Elections Committee, which will hopefully follow his advice. Also mentioned were the April 8 Special Olympics, the Ralph Nader Forum, the Parents' Weekend Fun Run, and special airlines discounts from Coachlight Travel (which seems like a big gimmick—you only save 5% on coach seating).

The meeting seemed to have an overly informal tone, especially with laid-back Mike Guli as President. Parliamentarian Skipper Moran occasionally gives advice on procedure (which seems to be seldom followed). Having the appearance of proper procedure (by having a "parliamentarian") is nice, even if he is ignored. Most senators laugh parliamentary procedure off as a big joke, thinking their crazy way of running meetings works for the best!

Remember to try and keep up with officer elections, and please vote wisely. If the Elections Committee does its duty, we may even know who and what we're voting for.



photo by Rob Campbell

PARENTS GET INFORMED ABOUT THE GREEK SYSTEM

by Mike Scotchie

On the Saturday of Parent's Weekend, Mike Lawrence and five Greek representatives sat down with curious parents to get them better acquainted with the Greek system here at Rollins. In fact, they met twice so as to catch the stragglers.

After a brief introduction on the purpose of the meeting, explaining the handout on fraternity and sorority expenses, Mr. Lawrence introduced each representative. They, in turn, gave a brief summary of their roles within the Greek system and of the contributions that the sororities and fraternities are making to the college and to the community. Parents were then encouraged to ask questions on anything that wasn't covered or completely clear.

One of the things lacking from this overview of the Greek system was a countering viewpoint, i.e. an independent. Mike Lawrence pointed this out to the parents before officially opening the meeting, admitting the shortcoming. However minor that oversight might have been, it is a common one for independents in general at Rollins, considering their large majority. Perhaps the next Parents Weekend will include a few opportunities for parents to find out about all the non-Greek organizations to which their sons and daughters belong.

Prep For Parents

by Jenni Levitz

For the past three years I have watched Rollins College perform the ritual of preparing for Parents' Weekend. Here are a few changes I've noticed that occur annually for this occasion.

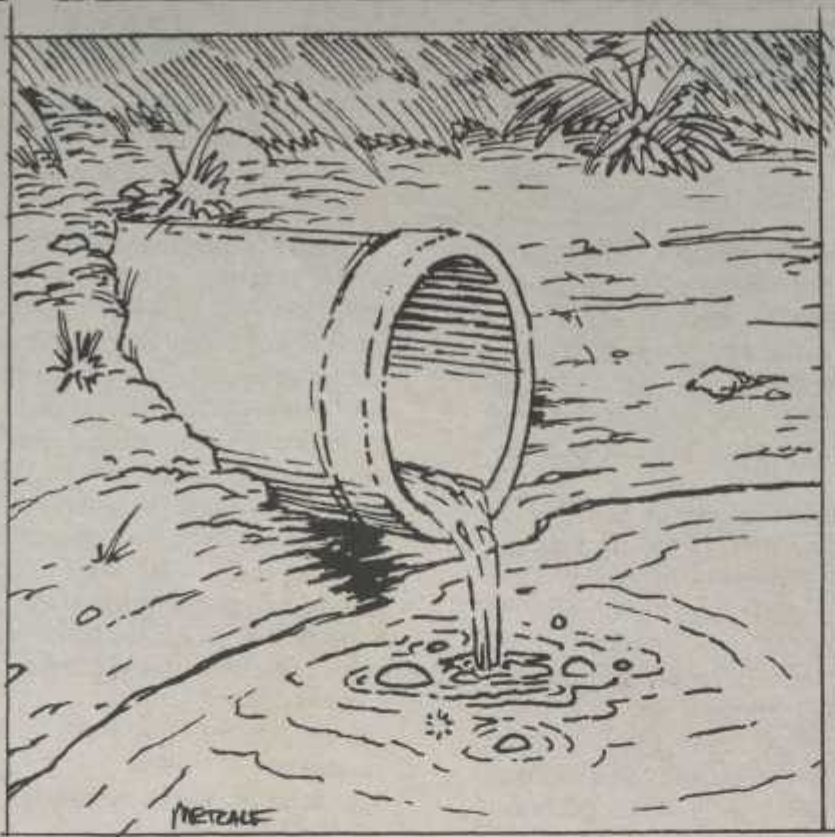
- Baby new grass in front of Carnegie (which gets trampled on by students).
- The food in Beans gets much better—almost edible. (And parents wonder why we are complaining about the food all the time.)
- No party permits are granted. (It would be horrible for our parents to know that we actually have parties at college.)

- The bathrooms are clean with toilet paper in abundance. (So our moms don't freak out when they see them).

There was something new this year—cable! I think it is wonderful that we are getting it, but couldn't they have picked a better time to install it?

Oh, and before I forget! Does anyone know what happened to the states' flags display? Parents' Weekend just wasn't the same without them. We'll just have to wait until next year to see them.

photo by Rob Campbell



What the Hell is that Smell?

by Don Hensel

Perhaps you have noticed an unpleasant smell hovering about Lake Virginia and all over campus. What is the cause, and is there a cure?

According to the Winter Park Utilities Department, there are two pipes close together in the ground, one leading to the sewage plant and the other as a storm drain into Lake Virginia. Somehow, unfortunately for lake users and fish, an error caused malodorous raw sewage from Park Avenue businesses and the Rollins Campus to travel down the wrong pipe and into the lake. In other words, if you are accustomed to drinking from the lake in order "to be closer to nature," you should probably stop.

Upon the discovery of the error, the City of Winter Park acted promptly. The Public Works and Public Utilities Departments corrected the problem by tearing into the ground between the Beanery and the Olin Library as well as at the local 7-11 store, where the error was made many years ago (before 7-11 owned the property).

Pierre Deschenes, Lakes Director for the city, believes that permanent damage to the environment is unlikely, due to the burning off of natural elements. Mr. Deschenes also expects to see more testing of the lakes, a reduction of their high bacteria contents, and possibly a reopening of the popular Dinky Docks in the future.

All in all, there's nothing to be concerned about. The problem has been corrected, and, hopefully, the smell will not linger much longer.

Cancer-Causing Asbestos on Campus?

by Don Hensel

Asbestos, an industrial material known for its resistance to fire, was used in the construction of buildings in the past. It is no longer used because it was discovered that asbestos causes lung cancer, but it still exists in some older buildings. Across the country, fights by concerned citizens have brought the removal of asbestos in older public schools, courthouses, and other such buildings. Unfortunately, asbestos exists in at least one building on the Rollins campus.

Orlando Hall, home of the English department, has transoms, which are vents opened to let air into rooms, above office doors. Several years ago, the fire department declared these transoms a fire hazard (because fire can come through them), and forced Physical Plant to install fire-proof asbestos pads in them. With recent awareness of the risk of cancer in buildings containing asbestos, faculty spending their days in Orlando Hall requested a test in the air for asbestos fibers. The tests, conducted in an office, a hallway, and a classroom, reported nonlethal levels of fibers in the air. Faculty members are wondering who determines what is lethal and nonlethal, and they still want the asbestos padding removed.

The faculty were given the excuse that asbestos removal can cause even more of a risk to health than keeping it in the building. Of course, asbestos removal can also be expensive and troublesome for the administration, who will not remove it. Members of the faculty, in addition to wanting removal of the asbestos, want free cancer insurance from the administration. Unfortunately, as of today, the asbestos remains in the building, and no insurance has been offered.

Although the main concern of asbestos has centered around Orlando Hall, the now-extinct Park Avenue Building also contained the dangerous substance. This means, unfortunately, that asbestos possibly may linger in other older campus buildings—classrooms, offices, and maybe even residence halls.

Radio Free Rollins: Update

by W. Woodward Nash



photo by Jon Chieses

The student organizers behind Radio Free Rollins are pleased to announce that the second phase of our plan is now complete. Thanks to the hard work of a dozen Greenhouse members we have successfully documented the strong support of the Rollins Community by collecting over 800 signatures. Although this figure is short of our original 1000 signature goal, we are fully satisfied with our efforts, as this is nearly 1/2 of the campus. We stated that the completed signature would be given to Dan DeNicola, who is currently head of the WPRK Task Force. The presentation was made Thursday Feb. 23rd at the "Mini-summit" in front of the college trustees.

Radio Free Rollins would like to thank *The Sandspur* for their tremendous support and enthusiasm. As a result of our first article and the petition drive, there has been a surge of interest in the station. There are at least 15 students being trained for the evening programming slots which will be expanded from 6 P.M. through 12 A.M. as soon as these DJ's are trained. There is also a possibility of morning program for students as well as, a comprehensive news and sports team in the works. If you want to get involved contact Warren

Edson (student program director) at ext 2372.

As was previously mentioned, Dan DeNicola is acting chair-person of the WPRK Task Force. Other members include Warren Edson, Laura Higgins, Woody Nash, Gar Vance, Suzanne McGovern, Mack MacDonald, Rick Bommelje, Charles Rodgers, Gordon Fraser, David Curry, and Beth Hobbs. The task force is attempting to formulate a mission statement for WPRK which will be acceptable to the entire Rollins Community. We are also addressing the programming format, promotions, and application of the stations resources. Please be confident that the students interest are properly represented on this committee. This is and will be my primary concern through out the restructuring period. Any questions contact RADIO FREE ROLLINS at box 2441.



Insight into the Dearth of Used Books Available at Rollins

by Andy Platt

If you don't have very much money and want to buy books for classes, you're in big trouble if you go to Rollins College in Winter Park Florida, the Harvard of the South. Books are expensive here. "But golly, what about the used books?" you ask. Well, I looked through all those shelves of texts last week and found ONE.

That's right, one lousy used book. Therefore, I conducted an investigation for the *Sandspur* to learn why we have such a shortage of used books in our bookstore. I started this assignment with several assumptions and learned that things aren't always as simple as they seem.

The faculty at most colleges and universities are asked to turn in their book orders for their Fall classes sometime in April. The Rollins' faculty deadline is July fourth. Because their deadline is so late, other schools turn in book orders first and get first pick of used books in the warehouse. The Rollins order floats in sometime in July, and all that's left are new books... expensive books.

I will confess that we at the *Sandspur* first believed this to be a ploy by Doc Henson to squeeze out every dollar he could from the pockets of money-unconscious students. But two facts said otherwise:

- 1) Doc Henson makes more of a percentage off used books than he does new.
- 2) Profit from the bookstore goes straight into the Rollins fund. Doc Henson will make the same amount no matter how much the bookstore pulls in. The people that DO benefit from our new book-buying are the publishers.

As I began researching this article, I also learned that there are advantages to having such a late deadline. One advantage that Doc Henson himself pointed out to me is that students benefit because they are getting the latest information. This is not so important if you are an English major (who wants a new

line; and a problem: the late deadline is necessary. Is there an answer? Partially.

Dr. Hoyt Edge of the Philosophy department agrees that the faculty needs the time in the summer to think about their classes. With an April deadline, "there's too much pressure to do the same old classes the same old way." But

Dr. Edge is not problem-conscious; he is solution-conscious. He stated that some campuses have student organizations that arrange a book buyback. These students purchase books from other students at the end of the year that will probably be used by professors the following semester. Students are given the opportunity to make money, and cheaper used books are made more available.

Another solution that would

work as well or better than a student book buyback involves certain teachers turning in early book orders. Professors who use the same books year after year would be obvious candidates for this category. Other candidates would be faculty members like Dr. Ed Cohen of the English department. Dr. Cohen said he would have no problem turning in his order in April. If either of these proposals was put into action, maybe some students wouldn't have to spend Fort Knox to buy the required reading materials. Do you care? Do you have a better idea?

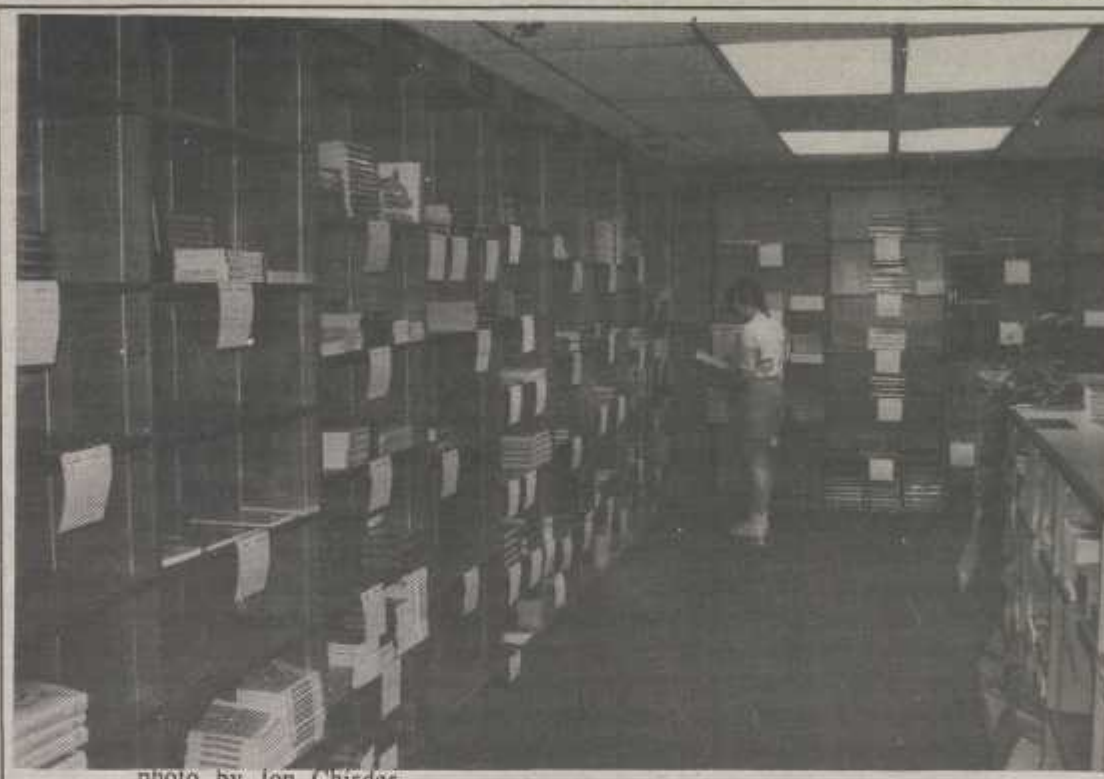


photo by Jon Chisdes

edition of the *Canterbury Tales*?) but can be critical when studying such topics as alcohol in society or AIDS. "Rollins has the best and latest books of any school," states Doc Henson matter-of-factly. And after being in the business for forty-five years, he ought to know.

Another advantage, according to a popular and often-quoted professor who wishes to remain anonymous, is that classes are better because of the late deadline. "I need some time in the summer when things are not so hectic to think about my classes and about what I really want to do."

So far we have a dilemma: lack of cheap used books; a reason: late faculty dead-

Loyola U. Won't Sponsor Gay Program Without "Opposing View"

(CPS) — Students at Loyola University of New Orleans will not be able to hear a program about gay men put on by a well-known professor because the Catholic Church, which runs Loyola, condemns homosexuality. And any speakers who visit the campus in the future to talk about the subject will be preceded or succeeded by someone offering an "opposing view," student government faculty advisor Robert Hepler has ruled.

The controversy arose when a university employee asked student President Will Wang to invite someone—it turned out to be City University of New York Professor Martin E. Duberman, a widely published author of scholarly books and articles—to speak on campus.

Wang, however, said he couldn't extend an invitation for Duberman to speak because student government policy dictates speakers who oppose church teachings must be balanced by speakers who support Catholic doctrine, either in debate format or in a separate presentation.

"We're not against having a speaker on this topic," said Colin Potts, vice president of the Loyola Union. "But we need lead time. We need

to see who fits within our budget. Speakers are selected a semester in advance. Homosexuality is against Catholic doctrine," Potts explained. "We need both sides of an issue like that for a balanced presentation."

"When we present a controversial subject, it is my duty to inform other groups who might disagree (like the Jesuits)," said faculty advisor Hepler. "I would notify them so they can present their side and leave it at that."

A year ago, the student government presented a program on pornography as a debate before a standing-room-only crowd, Potts said. "While we hadn't planned on this kind of presentation [on homosexuality], it's not an idea to be turned away. But the request has to be made through the Idea and Issues committee head," continued Potts. Meanwhile, any other campus group can bring a speaker to the school, but the student government arranges most of the arts, film, and music presentations on campus. The Loyola Union has received no letters or calls criticizing its actions. "There have been some letters in the student paper in favor of the policy. It's not that big of a deal. No one's mad," Potts said.

World Class Choral Group to Visit Rollins College

To celebrate the national conference of the American Choral Association, three international groups are chosen to perform in a U.S. tour. Kollerana, from Lund, Sweden, is one of this year's chorus to perform. On March 4, the all-woman choral group will perform at Epcot. On Sunday, March 5, residents of Winter Park will have the opportunity to hear this superb group at First Congregational (9:30 and 11:00 AM services). The Kollerana Singers will also perform in the Rollins College Student Center this Sunday night at 8:00. All welcome--admission free!!

Plea From an Alum

Dear Editor: (Rollins Alumni Record)

I was very impressed with the quality of the most recent *Record*. The idea of a Summit was excellent. I hope the results will warrant following up on the concept. I took the liberty of copying the article and distributing copies among other teachers and school administrators that I know.

One item drew my special attention, that being the importance the students attached to drinking alcohol in general. I realize that drinking existed when I attended Rollins (1962-6). But there seems now to be a virtual ferocity of concern about some concept of a right to drink that amounts to an obligation to drink. There were beer parties in the 60's. But there was comparatively precious little drinking on campus, and drugs in general were much less of a problem. Drinking was not considered a right to be indulged at all times and places. While I recall a certain number of students to whom alcohol was a problem, their numbers were very small as far as I knew.

The article seemed to indicate that one of the students' primary concerns was over the right to have kegs at campus parties. It implied that the concern approached anger on the parts of the students that they were somehow denied this particular quantitative level of drinking activity despite its potential illegality and risks to the students and the school. It's as though the students were saying, "To hell with the laws. To hell with sense or responsibility. We have an absolute right to drink anywhere till we drop."

Now, you ask, why should this concern me?

After all, I spent four wonderful years at Rollins. Many friendships were made which flourish to this day. One of those was to the girl I met in my senior year. She became my wife after my first year at Tulane Law School, and after that the mother of our daughter, Lara, born in 1968, and always known by her nickname of Boo.

Our life as a family was fantastic, rich in experience and exciting. It was thoroughly shared. Not that it was without problems including a few serious ones. But from each problem we emerged closer and stronger as individuals and as a family.

Boo enjoyed life to the fullest. She worked hard and played hard. She worked every day while she was going to school since she was fifteen. She found those experiences exciting, challenging and rewarding. She had her ups and downs with school and was finally solidly and determinedly "up." She was an excellent confident in boats of any size, and was at much at home in the broad oceans and the Caribbean as in the St. Lucie River in Stuart. The enclosed photo shows her in her favorite element in the British Virgin Islands, with a transcription of a note she left us one night a couple of years when she got home after we were in bed. She enjoyed her 280-ZX and did her own repairs. Boo was a stereo freak and loved music of all kinds. She was happy with a lively and contagious laugh. She was pert, cute, and had many good and loyal friends with whom she was able to develop and nourish close and examined relationships, not being satisfied with superficiality. Boo was a sophomore at Indian River Community College, very much in love with a student from Stuart who was attending the University of Florida.

She enjoyed the occasional beer. But she was strongly against drinking and driving, taking pride in her stand for sober designated drivers.

So, you say, why should I be so concerned?

I am concerned because on February 13, 1988, a month shy of her 20th birthday, she was killed by a drunk driver, Vernie Evinrude. They and another boy had gone to a dance club in West Palm Beach about 45 miles away on that Friday night. Because Vernie had been drinking (illegally with the aid of false ID) she drove

home past our home to get Vernie breakfast at a local Denny's Restaurant. After breakfast Vernie insisted that he was IK to drive. The other boy agreed. So Boo gave him the keys. She went to sleep in the back seat of a Vernie's Buick Grand National for the three mile trip to Vernie's from which she would go home.

About a block from Vernie's home, Vernie drove the car off the road at about 70 mph, wiped out about 175' of post and beam fence and then uprooted several trees including one very large cabbage palm which crushed the side of the car and with it Boo's skull.

Boo had had nothing to drink. Her blood alcohol level was 0.000 upon autopsy. Vernie's blood alcohol level was 0.158 at the time of his autopsy. The other boy was merely scratched. Who knows why? The car was totalled.

As for a report card one year later, our lives are shattered. She was our only child, the center of our lives. We were an intensely close family. Boo was working in my office as my part-time bookkeeper and would give me big hugs and smiles every day when she came in for work after her college classes. Now all we have are memories and photographs—poor substitutes by any measure. We should be going to visit her at college. Instead we are having to discuss our plans for her ashes. Instead of enjoying the holidays, we look for ways of avoiding them, of getting out of town, of being away from our home, her room, the memories of the wonderful holidays we shared before. Maybe later we will be able to stay home. Time will tell. Right now our plans are derailed. Normal life and emotions are ended. Our dreams are gone. We see the children of our friends, their lives going on. I hurts every day. Our hearts are broken. We try to deal with the pain. It's very hard. We try to cope. We cry a lot. The idea of having fun is almost foreign to us.

These are simple facts of daily life, such as it is. It's an attempt at emotional survival at this stage. At times it seems that the rats have won. Perhaps in later years we may cope better. We hope so.

So, you say, why should we be concerned about what students do at Rollins?

Simple.

The pain we are suffering is barely endurable and we don't want you, your friends, and your parents to have to experience it for the great glory of getting wasted. The term "getting wasted" has never been more apt.

In killing or injuring only yourself, you will bring terrible guilt, pain, sorrow and grief to yourself, if you live, and to your loved ones. How eager are you to spend the rest of your life, short as it might be, terribly scarred, impaired and unable to enjoy life free of pain or disfigurement, unable to bear or raise children, unable to support yourself or your loved ones, and so on? This IS reality. This is not exaggeration. Again, this IS REALITY.

If you kill or injure someone else, you not only permanently destroy or diminish their lives, but you fill them with anger and all the other emotions, all of them negative, that we suffer. And you have the additional burden of this guilt. The real pain, though you might also lead to terrible financial consequences being suffered. It can lead to loss of homes and bar you and the owner of the vehicle from being able to have any assets for at least 20 years in this state. So the financial issues, though clearly secondary, can become severe.

As one who has won many battles but lost the war, I beg each of you to look carefully at the issue of individual and group responsibility relating to alcohol. You can and must be responsible for yourselves. And you must also assume a great

deal of responsibility for each other when the need arises. Victims, unless they are solely the drunk drivers themselves, do not choose themselves. Each of you stands the risk of being killed or injured by a drunk. A car is more lethal than a grenade. Four times as many Americans are killed each year by drunk drivers alone than by all guns together. Yet the tendency is to fear the guy with the gun.

Consider yourself taking a class in individual and group ethics. The lectures are straightforward. The common sense is obvious. The exams are more difficult. And the penalties for D's and F's are injury and death, which grade often comes too late.

Please, the problem is not "to keg or not to keg" or only four cases per party. The issue is what you do with your lives and the respect you show to your friends and loved ones.

It doesn't matter to me why you want to drink, how threatened you feel by the thought of having to remain sober for a party, or how insecure you are about staying sober. I don't care if you drink as long as you are nowhere near anyone you can injure. You can do what you want to yourself if you can live with consequences to your loved ones and the possible fate you might suffer yourself.

It *does* matter to me that you might constitute a threat to me, my wife, or someone else who doesn't deserve to suffer. It *does* matter to me that your claimed right to drink is more important to you than anyone else's right to the quality of their life, and sometimes to the very existence of that life. It does matter to me that you should be as intelligent as you are and yet as stupid on such an important matter. And so selfish.

Nor does it matter that you might no be legally drunk if you are driving and injure or kill someone. With just one beer there is an effect on reaction time. And if that millisecond in slower reaction time is what causes a crash that might have otherwise been avoided, there is just as much responsibility as if the driver had had ten beers. We are each responsible for everything we do, and we must take the full measure of responsibility for that whether we are "legally" drunk or not.

On behalf of those who love and care for each one of you, I beg each of you (students, parents, teachers, administrators, and others) to assume full responsibility for your actions in a world where "I'm so very sorry" means nothing at all when it's too late.

Now perhaps you know why I am so concerned.

So, please... please...

Sincerely,
James J. Butler, III

photo by Lisa Curb



The Forgotten War

by Nicole DeDominicis

Dublin—a terrific place to study and learn about the people of one of the most interesting countries in history. However, it was strange knowing that 60 miles north of this city is a boarder that symbolizes years of conflict and fighting. The "troubles" in Northern Ireland have long been put on the back burner in political conversations. The American public is especially lacking in knowledge about the situation. Even while living in Dublin, I felt further away from the fighting than I actually was; however, there was no ignoring it. Every night I was reminded of the suffering by the evening news, which was full of reports of murders and bombings that occurred in the North on each day. Clearly, this situation is more than "the troubles" of Northern Ireland.

I'll never forget my experience of visiting West Belfast and Derry. Although I tried to pretend that I wasn't even the slightest bit nervous about going up there, I didn't get much sleep the night before. Our first stop was in West Belfast, a poor and predominantly Catholic area outside of the city center. It was here that I saw my first British soldier patrolling the streets, armed with a machine gun and dressed in army fatigues. While there we spoke to the leaders of a youth organization designed to help young adults get off the streets and out of trouble. It is the only place for these kids to turn to for help in a country where police officers cannot be trusted. It was then that I realized another problem in Northern Ireland. The fighting is influencing the country's youth in ways that may never be reversed.

What bothered me the most were the stories we were told about the police force—the RUC (Royal Ulster Constabulary)—and the "Brits" who brutally punish young Catholic boys and girls for stealing cars by shooting them in the elbow and/or knee caps with plastic bullets. Not only do they steal the cars (merely for joining in on "the cause") from the enemy, the Protestants, but leave the cars for young Catholic children, aged between 8 and 10, to set on fire. Shootings result in injuries that often leave the youngsters without a limb, but don't stop them from committing the crime again. Growing up in this violent atmosphere has created a men-

talinity in children to attack first and listen afterwards. They grow up knowing nothing but war and are left without any idea of peace. By imitating what they see, they have become the newest generation of terrorists in Northern Ireland. West Belfast is a city caught in this never-ending fight between the Catholic Nationalists, those who want to be reunited with the Republic of Ireland, and the Protestant Loyalists, those who continue to be faithful to the Queen of England. The British troops are forever using their military power to intimidate the Nationalists. For example, Catholic neighborhoods are designed with one road acting as the sole entrance and exit to make for quick seizures by the British army.

The most moving experience of the trip was the visit to the city Derry and to the site of



Bloody Sunday, the day in 1972 when British soldiers opened fire on a group of non-violent civil rights marchers killing 13 people, most under the age of twenty-one. Today a monument stands in the square where the attack took place, symbolizing what happened on that sorrowful day and what could happen again. Meeting separately with the members of opposing groups Sinn Fein and the Loyalist Party was a unique opportunity that I will never forget and probably never experience again. Our group questioned the members of Sinn Fein on their involvement in IRA (Irish Republican Army) terrorist acts. While they told us they believe in the IRA's movement to rejoin with the

Republic, they do not agree with the violence used to reach this desired goal.

Our next stop was to the office of the Loyalist party where we spoke to one member. He informed our group that his party also wants to see the British troops out of the North, but that instead of rejoining the Republic they want to see Northern Ireland set up a self-governing state within the United Kingdom. After speaking to both groups, I believe that it is impossible for the British to take their soldiers out of the North while the IRA continues to use violence against the Protestant population. However, it is the presence of the British that provokes these violent attacks on innocent civilians. Is there an end to this vicious cycle?

While in Derry I met a young man named Jonathan, originally from Galway on the west coast of the Republic. As a few of us stood in the front doorway of a building, five or more British soldiers entered the back wall (which had been blown out a few weeks before) and began pushing a trained dog down a hole in the floor. Surprised, I asked Jonathan what they were doing. He calmly replied, "Oh, they're just searching for possible bombs." My stomach turned at the thought that I was actually standing in a building that was being searched for bombs. Noticing my uneasiness, Jonathan explained that it was common practice and that one tends to get used to it. I found this difficult to believe, but by observing the people in various settings, it appeared to be true. But does this mean that the people of this country also get used to house arrests without probable cause? It seemed that they didn't have a choice.

How is all this affecting the Republic of Ireland and its people? Speaking with many people from this country gave me the impression that while being curious and perhaps even concerned with the daily instances, they were quite distant from the problems as a whole. Many Irish who live in the South feel threatened by the possibility of the unification between the two countries—mainly for economic reasons. The economy in the 26 counties that make up the Republic is so bad that, if their society needed to support the additional six counties from Ulster, their society would completely crumble.

I don't know if blame could be placed on any one side. Should the rest of the world get involved? In the words of U2, "How long must we sing this song?" This is a question that faces every man and woman in Northern Ireland every day. Most people familiar with the "troubles" honestly believe nothing will be changed for at least another ten years. Can the people wait that long? Or will it be too late to reverse the damage already done?

FREE FOOD AND DRINKS AT THE CORNELL MUSEUM OPEN HOUSE

Dr. Arthur Blumenthal and the staff of the Cornell Museum have announced an open house at the museum this Thursday, February 28th from 4-6 p. m. Along with the W.P.A. print show, the museum also is displaying an interesting exhibit of 4"x5" contact print photographs developed using a unique process. Titled "Frank Hunter: Photographer of the South", the photos were taken while Mr. Hunter was a guest instructor at Rollins. He will lecture on Sunday, March 5 at 2 p.m.

Rutgers-Newark Students Cut Class For Drinking, "Better Things To Do"

(CPS)—If a New Jersey campus is typical, 78 percent of the nation's college students regularly cut classes each week.

In a poll of 200 Rutgers University of Newark students, *The Observer*, the campus paper, found that almost eight of 10 collegians skip classes.

Asked why they cut, students said they were bored with the class or the instructor, that they needed to study for a different class, that they were tired, could not find a parking space, had to work, were "drinking in the pub" or claimed to have "better things to do."

Nuke-Me!

by Haroom Scroter

It has come to my attention that *The Sandspur* is doing a feature on the attempt of a small band of liberals to declare Rollins a nuclear free zone. Good idea, guys! I was real worried about a silo being placed next to my dorm. In fact, I was just thinking the other day, "My God! There are missiles in Nevada and eastern Wyoming, what's stopping those war-mongers from putting them right in my neighborhood!"

That's the problem with all these Grateful Dead-loving hippie freaks. They latch on to an important idea like nuclear disarmament and think they're really furthering the issue with their petty, ridiculous actions. Do they really believe that banning nuclear arms from their rooms is going to DO anything? Or, do they think that "it's the principle." Principle, BULL! It's garbage, and I'm embarrassed to be attending a school where something as stupid as this has become any kind of issue at all.

The big problem with the Nuclear Free Zone is that many students believe they are doing something worthwhile when all they're really doing is adding their names to the long list of Americans who don't understand the importance of a strong defense. They are disillusioned

by the person who started this whole mess, and their confusion is furthered by those who keep the ridiculous group alive.

Nuclear Free advocates have not considered that the case for retaining nuclear weapons to protect ourselves is valid and logical. In case they haven't noticed, the United States isn't too popular a country right now, and I'm not just talking about our relationships with the communists. There are teeny little countries all over the place with their own nuclear arsenal who wouldn't think twice about sacrificing themselves for a cause most Americans don't even understand. These countries, and the communists too, need to be branded with the fact that our military strength could wipe out their families, culture, and whole damn country in a microsecond. If anti-nuke liberals would pick up their heads and take a look around they would see that an America without nuclear weapons is like a snail without a shell.

Maybe a sit-in should be organized for these Nuclear Free Zone members in a large conference room. They could sit around on the floor with their shoes off and their legs crossed singing "Blowing in the Wind." Afterwards, they would talk about love and peace and maybe

even trip a little.

Nuclear Free Zone people probably heard of activism once and thought it sounded like a good idea. It seems to me, however, that a worthy cause should be tangible with a certain amount of result involved. That's why it's called "activism": to be *active*, to *ACT*. It's not enough to hang a piece of paper on your door and attend an impotent meeting once a week with Greenhouse members. To be active is to raid a laboratory which performs scientific experiments on animals, to stand in the line of fire between a harpoon and a whale, or to block the entrance to an abortion clinic. These may not be causes you believe in, but they are very real causes which offer tangible results and an opportunity to be *ACTIVE*. So, if you want to seem active but deep down wish to remain passive, hang a Nuclear Free Zone sign on your door and be in a club.

Oh, yeah. In case you were wondering, the ideas expressed in this article are by no means the ideas endorsed by *The Sandspur*. So stop whining and don't write a complaint letter either because no one cares what you have to say.

I'm Scared

by Sally Mautner

Why am I committed to ending the proliferation of nuclear weapons? Simply stated, I'm scared. Is anyone else out there scared? Has anyone given any thought to the matter?

I have. My first thought-provoking experience was in the fifth grade when I watched the movie *Hiroshima* with live accounts of the destruction and human suffering that the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki encountered when the United States launched a nuclear attack upon them.

The movie brought forth all sorts of emotions: fear that this could happen to me, anger towards anyone who would even dream of such a thing, let alone carry it out; and sorrow for all the innocent people who have died or will die as a result of the bombings.

Since my fifth grade many more movies have been made depicting the dangers and ramifications of a nuclear war. I've seen some of them and no matter how they are presented, they all convey the same message and evoke the same emotions.

Billions of tax dollars are spent on nuclear arms. Why must we be so destructively inclined? Why don't we concern ourselves with people alive and crying out for help: the hungry, the homeless, the sick, and the oppressed? If there were to be a nuclear disaster, many more will join the ranks.

We've seen what nuclear weapons can do, and yet we continue to support and permit their continuous production, research, storage and testing by our own country and others. Why?

It took me many years to put my fear and anger into action. For so long I felt helpless. What can I, as one person, do to put an end to nuclear weapons? I can sign petitions, attend peace marches, etc. But does it really work? Do I have any influence on the military policies and actions of our country? The answer is yes.

During my junior year in Australia, I noticed a sign marking the city limits of Sydney: "Entering a Nuclear Free Zone." My Australian family explained to me that a nuclear free zone prohibited the testing, deployment, development, transport and manufacturing of nuclear weapons within the borders proclaimed. That encounter first opened my eyes to the fact that somewhere out there people were actually taking effective political steps toward disarmament. Marches, protests and petitions all help too, but here was a city whose residents didn't want any nuclear weapons within their borders, so they challenged their government and got results.

When I arrived back at Rollins, my friend Tim Laird, who had also spent the semester in Sydney, approached me with the idea of

getting Rollins declared a nuclear free zone. The idea excited me, but I felt a bit overwhelmed. The city of Sydney could do it, but could the two of us?

Tim told me the story of a man in New Zealand who had had enough of the senseless proliferation of nuclear weapons in the world and wanted to do something to stop it, so he declared his house a nuclear free zone. His neighbor joined him and the domino effect took over: soon his whole town was voted nuclear free. Soon after, the surrounding towns followed, until in only three years the entire country was voted by an act of Parliament to be a nuclear free zone.

The domino effect could work here too: first Rollins, Winter Park, Maitland, Orlando, Florida, and then the United States? We decided to start on a smaller scale: first dorm rooms, classrooms and offices, the entire buildings, eventually the entire campus, and then????

We wrote away for information on how to go about declaring an area a nuclear free zone (NFZ) and gathered up a few students and faculty to begin our task. As a committee we decided that although our goal was to declare the campus a NFZ, it was more important to raise consciousness and educate students, faculty and staff about the issue at hand. Many people had never given it much thought.

We obtained lots of signatures and gave out placards to display on the door of the declared area stating "Entering a Nuclear Free Zone" and providing at the bottom a definition of a nuclear free zone.

This worked well, but I was noticing that people were signing up or not signing up without really thinking about what they were doing or why they were doing it.

"Do you want to declare your room a nuclear free zone?"

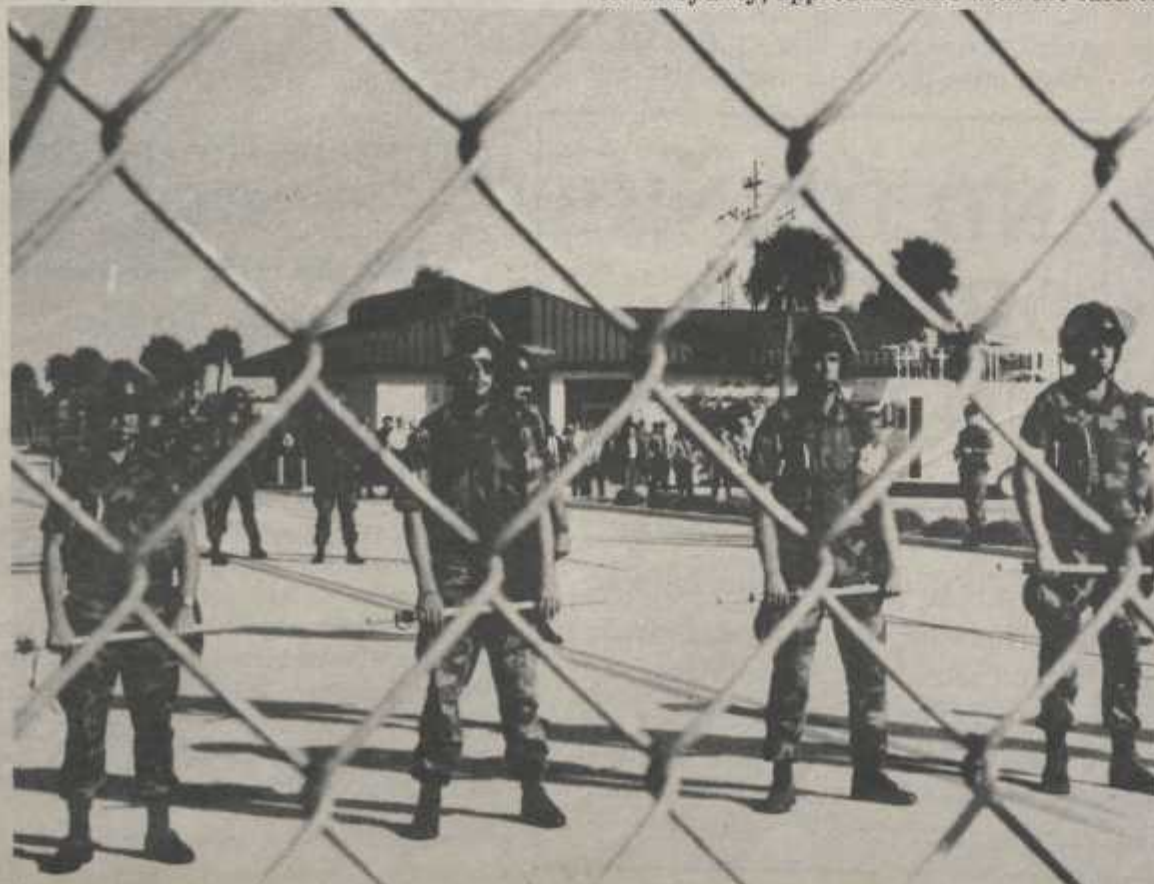
"Sure, why not? What do I have to do?"

"Just sign here and put this on your door."

Not very many people actually inquired as to what a nuclear free zone was; they just signed a piece of paper and took a placard. As this was defeating our purpose, so we developed a new declaration for declaring a room nuclear free.

Many people composed page long reasons for this socially responsible act. Following are excerpts from student declarations:

Continued on Pg 16



Nuclear Free Zone Statistics

Area	number
of NFZ rooms	
Elizabeth	12
Fox	1
Gale	2
Harmon	5
Holt	9
Hooker	1
Langford	4
Lyman	5
Mayflower	1
McKean	16
Off campus student housing	7
Pflug	6
Pinehurst	1
Pugsley	2
Rex Beach	6
Rollins	1
Strong	12
Ward	19
Faculty/staff offices	11
Groups who support NFZ	
Greenhouse	
Kappa Alpha Theta	
NCM	
Phi Mu	
Rollins Outdoor Club	
Buildings or areas declared NFZ	
Chapel	
Common area of Pflug	
Sullivan House	
Writing Center	



If you would like to know more about what a nuclear free zone is, look for upcoming events, films, panels, in the residence halls or contact Sally Mautner or Dan Garrison.

Nuclear free zone declarations are available in the Writing Center and Sullivan House.

"Walking the Shore"

by Dan Garrison

I once heard a parable that went something like this: "Two people arose early one summer morning to walk down the beach. A few hundred fish lay stranded and strewn where the unusually high tide had peaked. One person stooped to toss a few back into the ocean, and the second questioned, 'Why are you doing that? You'll never throw them all back.'

'Well, it makes all the difference in the world to this fish,' came the reply as another one was tossed back."

The message inherent in this very short story is very similar to the idea driving the Nuclear Free Zone efforts on this campus. last year the idea was brought to Rollins by Tim Laird, '88, who had spent the fall term in Australia and then ten weeks travelling throughout New Zealand and on foot. There he learned about NFZs in that country, and how they had spread starting from one man in an apartment complex. Inspired by what he saw, when he returned to this campus he began collecting the names of those members of the Rollins com-

munity who would be willing to designate their room or office a nuclear-free zone.

This year the efforts of those involved with the Nuclear Free Zone have been directed at keeping the idea alive. Like the parable above, the idea is this: we all have an individual responsibility to exercise our personal power in positively shaping the world around us. Today we are surrounded and threatened by a predicament that has been fueled by an overriding consciousness of our fears as humans and as a race with the power

to bring about its own extinction. But those weapons in place and in reserve exist because of the ideas, planning, and efforts of individuals. By attempting to raise the awareness of individuals on this campus about the seriousness of the issue, or even that there is an issue, like the first person above, individually, we can make a difference.

In an effort to maintain accountability of those individuals who choose to make the symbolic gesture of declaring their room or office as nuclear-free, we have collected individual signatures on a "declaration form." More importantly, those who do choose to sign the declaration have included a written response as to why they chose to do so.

Of course the gesture is symbolic. But it's also an action, however slight. Enough little actions can change how the world thinks. Some might argue "What's the use?" or plead "It's just too idealistic," or even oppose the idea, saying, "Nuclear weapons ensure the stability of power across the globe." But as Albert Einstein points out, "Great spirits have always encountered opposition from mediocre minds." And, ultimately, the spirit driving this idea is peace.

Those who have chosen and who choose in the future to sign the declaration we have drafted are recognizing the issue, at least to some degree, forming an opinion, and putting this opinion on paper as a small testimony to their willingness to take an individual, albeit symbolic, responsibility in acting for peace.

Ultimately we would hope that Rollins, like so many other educational institutions across this country and around the globe, would join in leading others with a formal declaration as a Nuclear Free Zone. At this time there exists no single place in Florida that has been so declared. To be the first is not an underlying goal but an incentive to take the lead in demonstrating that we all have a voice, that we all have a voice that matters.

Formally, there is no established or "correct" way of accomplishing this goal. Presumably, a vote by the SGA, the faculty, and, most vitally, a majority showing of support from the student body would be required to officially declare the campus as nuclear-free.

The time frame for achieving this idealistic goal is, as of yet, undetermined. But what we must remember is that the future starts right now. The "nuclear grip" the world finds itself in exists right now, in the present, not in some far off distant time or place. Making the commitment to awareness is an on-going process. However little we believe we will ever find ourselves walking on a shore lined with dying fish, we must nevertheless commit ourselves to being aware that we each do have a choice.

The following is an excerpt from the novel *Alas Babylon* by Pat Frank. It describes what a nuclear explosion over Orlando might have been like in 1959, when the book was written.

Today, bombs are much bigger. *The Sandspur* would like to challenge our readers to write us a description of what a nuclear explosion over Rollins might be like today. Submit your story to Box 2742.

"When nuclear fireballs crisped Orlando and the power plants serving Timucuan County, refrigeration stopped, along with electric cooking. The oil furnaces, sparked by electricity, died. All radios were useless unless battery powered or in automobiles. Washing machines, dryers, dishwashers, fryers, toasters, roasters, vacuum cleaners, shavers, heaters, heaters—all stopped. So did the electric clocks, vibrating chairs, electric blankets, irons for pressing clothes, curlers for hair.

"The electric pumps stopped, and when the pumps stopped the water stopped and when the water stopped the bathrooms ceased functioning.

"On Sunday and Sunday night a number of survivors from Orlando's suburbs drove through Fort Repose, foraging for food and gasoline. They could not be positive of what had happened, except that the area of destruction extended for eight miles from Orlando airport, encompassing College Park and Rollins College, and another explosion had centered on McCoy Air Force Base. The Orlando Conelrad stations had warned of an air raid just before the explosions, so it was presumed that this attack had not come from submarine-based missiles or ICBM's but from bombers.

SandSpur Editors
Box 2742



Jonathon Chisdes and Lori Sordyl:

Although I was happy to finally see another issue of *The Sandspur*, I do have a couple of complaints/suggestions to make. (Since Lori said in her article that I, as a Rollins student, am part-owner of *The Sandspur*, I thought I'd put in my two cents worth of advice.)

First of all, I think that you and your staff should use 'spell check' after you type the articles in on the computer. I have enclosed an article that was written by Jonathan. I found five spelling mistakes in that article. I, personally, think that an editor should be more careful than that. 'Spell check' would be his means to that end. 'Spell check' would also indicate any typos that may have been made (some of those were spotted in some of the other articles).

I was also disappointed to find that you switched from the four-column to the three-column format. Research has shown that readers get bored reading the longer lines which are present with the three-column format. Their eyes get tired, and they are less apt to gain from reading the article. The four-column format is easier to read; and the readers will tend to pick up more information from the articles. I know that you are attempting to make *The Sandspur* more like a magazine, but I still suggest that you sacrifice this one point for the sake of producing a better product.

One last point: printing the comic strips in *The Sandspur* was one of the few good ideas the last editor had. It gave those students who don't buy a paper everyday a chance to catch up on their favorite strip. It also gave the average Rollins student a chance to sit down for ten minutes, reading the comics, and forget about his worries here at school. Laughter is a great thing. Just because you may not enjoy reading the comics, you should not deprive the rest of us who may need a little comic relief once in a while.

Please consider what I have said here. I am just trying to help you make this year's *Sandspur* one of the best.

A Concerned Student,
C. L. Barter

As I anxiously skimmed through the revitalized January 30th edition of *The Sandspur*, I enjoyed its current news, cartoons and photos. At a closer look, I discovered several articles on the paper's history which particularly interested me. Unhampered was I by careless writing, misspellings, run-on sentences or poor grammar. It was a pleasure to have an animated newspaper back on campus.

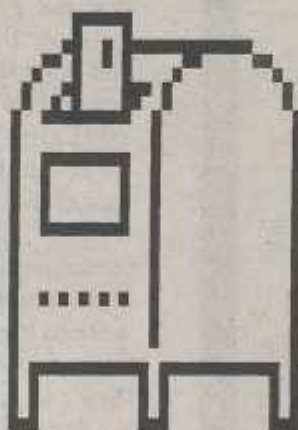
Therefore on behalf of the Center for Skills Development, I would like to congratulate the editors, staff and advisor for a commendable job. With the open-door policy they have established and the expertise they have already shown, their journey will be a smooth one.

The Center for Skills Development
Marilyn Oglo

To the inhabitants of the Earth,

It has come to our attention that you are confused about the meaning of your life. We are happy to inform you that the current state of dissolutionment is not only acceptable, it is expected. Please kick back and enjoy the ride. It is all you have. Please be mindful of others on your journey, and what every you do make sure you take care of the Earth. **You only get one.** Any further questions, please disregard them.

No Kidding,
?????



Dear Lori and Jon,

What a great job on your first *Sandspur*! It's the best issue I can remember for a long time. Marvelous layout designs, excellent illustrations by Michael Metcalf, snazzy graphics, and some *very fine* writing. I applaud your editorials and editorial policies—your openness. Mark Burrell is quite a find. Archives—super idea.

Excelsior!
Alan Nordstrom

Dear *Sandspur*:

On behalf of the Publications Union, I would like to thank and congratulate Jon, Lori and the rest of the staff on their fine start in revitalizing *The Sandspur*.

As most people know this paper is in its ninety-fifth year here at Rollins and has always been the center for community dialogue on current issues, on campus and off. We have missed the consistent presence of this newspaper over the past few years, but I feel that this first issue under new editorship clearly demonstrates the return of creativity and vitality in journalism that is essential in a Rollins Publication.

Good luck with the issues in the rest of the year. The Publications Union is committed to *The Sandspur* and feels strongly that the presence of *The Sandspur* is an integral part of campus life.

Thank you again for bringing back a much needed forum for debate and discussion.

Sincerely,

Tiffany L. Hogan

Chair, Publications Union

Ooops, We Really Goofed!

After the last issue's release, this conversation between the two editors was overheard:

L.S.: Well, we finally got it out, Jonathan. I'm glad it's over.

J.C.: Me too, but look at all these mistakes! Rollins must think we're really incompetent! It's embarrassing!

L.S.: You're so easily excitable. I thought we did pretty well, given it was our first attempt. Although next time, we're going to use the spell-checker instead of letting you do it. You're the world's worst speller.

J.C.: But I did spell-check it! The drafts I spell-checked weren't the ones in the paper. We became confused because there were too many different drafts with similar titles. We should never have saved the drafts.

L.S.: That must have been the case with Catherine's article, as well as yours on the PAB.

J.C.: Fortunately, Catherine's still talking to us.

L.S.: But Jonathan, that was not our worst error. We lost the final lines to three articles: the one on the judges, Mike's Paris piece, and Erin's baseball feature. Now, for that, we should hide our heads in the moat the Physical Plant is digging around Olin Library. What happened to those lines?

J.C.: That's the computer's fault.

L.S.: Jonathan, we can't use that old line. No one will believe us!

J.C.: But we did have problems with the computer. You should know. You were there telling me to "chill out." We're still learning the new layout program. Look at poor Dave. He pulled out so much of his hair that he looks like he's balding. Remember when we tried to upgrade the system and lost all of our type-styles?

L.S.: And then the hard drive crashed. I never heard of such a thing.

J.C.: I think we've got the computer problems solved now. Hopefully it will be less chaotic putting our February issue together.

L.S.: We can't blame the computer for misspelling names, for forgetting a photo caption, or for missing words. Betsy, Susan, and Kim have been good-humored about it, fortunately. Pat and Dave were certainly patient. I think they would have strangled you with your layout suggestions if you hadn't been the one buying the pizzas.

J.C.: Don't talk to me about pizza. I'm so sick of it, I'm eating at Beans.

L.S.: Yeah, I meant to tell you that you've been looking a little pale lately. If you die, I'm quitting.

Are you people asleep? Don't you know that Jon and I have nothing better to do than read letters to the editors? Really, we need your feedback. Otherwise the paper belongs to about 35 people (the current size of *The Sandspur* staff).

Can Only Suppose that the Democrats Prefer a Shellacking

by Stephen Berry



The Democratic party needs to do some serious rethinking. In the last three presidential contests they have not only failed to win, they have failed even to come close. The Democrats stand in the wreckage of some political lambastings so severe they must surely be in awe of their own ability to piss away elections. The Carter disaster is almost excusable. Foreign policy embarrassments and inflation at home have always been the harbingers of doom for the incumbent party. The Mondale debacle is a little harder to shrug off. With the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980 the American people had sent a message crisp and clear to the Democratic party — don't send us another wimp. Somehow the Democrats didn't get the message. Mondale was not only the consummate wimp, he was a pessimist as well. Small wonder the slap-happy Ronald Reagan was elected for another term. But hardest of all to stomach is the recent white-washing of the all-too-Harvard Mike Dukakis. Perhaps as the year continues we'll learn just what forces conspired against the Democrats in their latest trouncing. Was the candidate really too Harvard, too aloof, too boring, too bored? Was he too scared of being a 'liberal' or too unwilling to sling some mud at the kinder, gentler George Bush? Perhaps his campaign was mishandled or his message misunderstood. Whatever reason the Democrats come up with their problem is far bigger than the inadequacies of their latest Truman wannabe.

The victories of Ronald Reagan and George Bush are attributable to one cause — both candidates told Americans a story they desperately wanted to hear. The world is no longer a simple place; Americans understand that. The third world is coming of age, the Japanese are unnaturally efficient, the communists' black hat is fading to an off-charcoal. Still, Americans sure appreciate little pep talks, little assurances that they are just as magic as ever, that their heroes walk as tall and their influence looms as large. Reagan was the perfect man for the job and history will remember him as another "great reassurer". He didn't even have to lie; the scariest thing is that he believed it all. He told the American people that there was nothing to

fear and they believed him; he told the Soviets that America would adopt a hard line and they softened; he told the future that the check was in the mail and they exclaimed "good deal!" With each telling Reagan has rebuilt America, has calmed it and coaxed it into a renewed happiness. With each lie he has displayed a glaring disrespect for reality. We have plenty to fear; the Soviets have their own reasons for their new stance; the check isn't to be found and the future will pay. But still Reagan was elected. This is lesson number one for the Democrats; you don't get anywhere if you don't have a strong measure of nationalism and a healthy dose of optimism.

But how can Democrats get these things back when they can't even figure out how they lost them? Certainly Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, and Michael Dukakis can wave a flag as vigorously as the next guy and it cannot be doubted that they see a rosy future for the American people. Unfortunately, Americans don't want just plain optimism or boring nationalism; they want Reagan's peculiarly seductive brand. They want the variety that allows them to believe the things they want to believe so badly, to reaffirm the essential health of the nation by blaming its problems on the lazy poor, the antithetical communists, the thieving government, the scheming Japanese. The Republicans have blamed our problems on somebody else; the Democrats have meekly admitted that we may have some problems all our own. No one likes bad news; the Republicans get elected.

The Democrats can't give America Reagan's peculiarly Panglossian reassurance, but they can give it something better. They can draw from such '60's Democrats as Kennedy and LBJ and say 'it's a troubled world and a troubled country and we have our problems but we can fix them. We shall give and give as a people until we have something we can no longer take for granted because we built it with our own two hands.' Certainly this is what Americans need, but could it be what they want? Not if it was packaged as a Walter Mondale or a Mike Dukakis. The American people want some quiet charisma, some quiet confidence, some quiet rapport. This is the media age; this is an era when the greatest difference between a network news team and the Mickey Mouse Club is the hats. You need a guy that you can sell to the media

so they can sell him to the American people. That's lesson number two.

But most of all the Democrats need a platform. They have been so divided by interest group politicking they seem barely to remember that to win they have to be appealing to the whole of the populace. Just as this issue goes to press Lee Atwater is jamming his way into the youth and black votes. Democrats are so caught up in the axeman and his antics they have forgotten that the loss of even twenty percent of the black vote is not their largest concern. What they need most is to come up with a comprehensive message that they can posit before all of the American people. The welfare state is no longer an issue; some aspects or programs may be revised or challenged but Roosevelt and his legacy have largely been lived out.

The Democrats must come up with something new, something fresh. Certainly we are not want for problems which require governmental attention, and the bizarre thing about Reagan is that he has inspired a new faith in the government. The Democrats can use this to their advantage. Moreover, the American people are ready to hear a few of their problems if they are told quietly and calmly and assured that they can be fixed. An aphorism warns us to beware the wrath of the patient man. No one has been more patient than nature, but it is about to avenge itself of all the beatings it has taken at our hands. Deep in their minds the American people know this, and they'd even admit it if they were coaxed in the proper manner. The environment is one issue that the Democrats need to make their own.

There are many such issues that the Democrats could weave together into a comprehensive and comprehensible story. They could convince us that the changes they prescribe are necessary and good, that the process can be painless and fun and can bring us together as a people. But they must also be a little better reassurers; to be restrained in matters of the economy, to move slowly and deliberately and simply. It is often said that the conservatives have good heads while the liberals have good hearts. The Democrats need to acquire a measure of both; they need to sit the American people down and say as Johnson said before them, "come, let us reason together."

One Small Step for the Winter Term

by Stan Yukica

There has been some dialogue to eliminate the winter term, and there are some valid points to consider. It is my contention that the current organization, 4-1-4, has many more positive than negative aspects.

First of all, finishing a term prior to the holiday vacation is ideal. Vacation would be ruined by visions of papers due and exams to be taken in January. Visions of sugar plums would turn to prunes.

My three winter terms afforded opportunities and the flexibility of being limited only by imagination and financial resources. One month and one course or field trip is my cup of tea. Tea, as in China, for example, where winter term, 1988, found a group from Rollins under the direction of Prof. Edmondson. The China trip was a fantastic experience, and the educational values were innumerable. It has been understated that travel is educational.

When one does not leave campus for winter term there is opportunity to get off the beaten path with course offerings that are not of the typical variety. My winter of 1987 was enjoyed in the mild climate of Winter Park reading and writing about one of the major scandals of our time—Watergate. Winter term 1989 I enjoyed Famous Cases of the 20th Century—not the typical journey through dusty pages of out-of-print textbooks. These were worthwhile educational experiences that make valid the tradition of the liberal arts experience advertised by the college.

Perhaps a viable alternative might be the "field experience" organization, whereby students might be permitted to participate in worthwhile community experiences. This might be a Rollins Peace Corps. How about the acronym KISS. (Kids in Service to Society, not Keep it Simple, Stupid!) If I were bolder I might have suggested PISS which would have stood for Pupils in Service to Society. Any student who didn't want to stay on campus or travel overseas worthwhile destinations could just PISS off. This is terrible, but my point is there are so many good features of the 4-1-4 set-up that to modify it would be wasteful.

I am for the winter term organization as it currently exists.

Sullivan Essay Update #2

This is another Sullivan essay in a continuing series.

by Lynn Pool

Dear Kerry,

You'll never guess what happened to me! I was so excited, I had to tell someone, and who better to tell than my very best friend? Last month I received an urgent note from Dean Wettstein, strongly encouraging me to see me on a "matter of great importance." Dean Wettstein's lips were tightly sealed on the whole matter, and pry as I might, I couldn't get him to give me even the tiniest hint; he wouldn't even tell me if it was good or bad news. By the time Dr. Papay and I finally got together I was more than a little nervous.

When she informed me that I had been nominated for the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award, I will admit that the shock caused my jaw to hit the floor. My next reaction was to ask myself, "Why me? What in the world could I have done to deserve such an honor?" Of course I felt deeply honored, but I knew very little about either Sullivan the man or the award.

Immediately after my briefing session with Dr. Papay, I rushed (yes, RUSHED) over to the library to be sure to get "my" copy of Mr. Sullivan's biography before someone else checked it out. I was intrigued by this man with whom I supposedly had so much in common.

A few days later, once I made it past the introductory pages, I began to look forward to each subsequent section in Mr. Sullivan's biography, for I was beginning to see many qualities that I find most admirable. All right, so the nominating committee might have been partially right about Mr. Sullivan and me.

As I drew nearer to the final pages of the book, out of the many important points I tried to pick a few outstanding features of Mr. Sullivan's character on which to base my essay. Oh, it was easy at first; there was his integrity, his kindness, his generosity, and his sympathetic nature, followed by his eloquent tongue, his hungry mind, his pure heart, and, yes, even his impulsive spirit made it onto the roster. My essay was looking lengthy, if not downright epic. But wait...there was more; in fact, the best was yet to come. One thing that stood out brilliantly on my already glowing list was Mr. Sullivan's apparent disregard for any personal advancement. He represented altruism in its purest form; all of the marvelous things that he did for his fellow humankind he did without any thought of reimbursement or reward. He sought no high public office (though he was much to honest for such an occupation anyway). He truly believed that it is in giving that we most truly receive. Such purity of heart, mind, and spirit is lacking in today's "ME" generation.

"I could write about that," I thought to myself. But then I started thinking about other aspects of Mr. Sullivan's character that I valued equally highly, such as his intensely practical nature. Not only did he desire to improve

the quality of life for those around him, but he used whatever talents and skills he had developed in his legal training and education in order to achieve these goals. My favorite example of this was in his struggle for free public schools for the state of Indiana, in which he cleverly sought out the objections to the proposal, and then, using talents as an orator, systematically explained away every single objection.

But then I had the perfect idea! I would write a letter or speech in the style of Mr. Sullivan (a task in itself), dealing with the present situation in South Africa. Judging from his views on the emancipation of the American slaves, I felt certain that he would have a feasible solution. But then, I couldn't presume to read his mind, could I?

Besides, maybe I should write on his keen perception and erudition. Or perhaps I could focus instead on his never-ending courage and faith in the Almighty? Yes, there's something else we share. But then I thought of his confidence in the ultimate success of any work undertaken with a sincerity of purpose. There was no possible way to cover any one or two or ten of Mr. Sullivan's qualities; they were all too important to leave any one out. I was overwhelmed. But then I remembered that this was supposed to be enjoyable; I should be getting the most out of this opportunity, and then I was to show the committee that this had indeed occurred.

How could I best go about this? This was a question which I pondered until it was almost too late to even be relevant any longer. (Yes, in typical Lynn fashion, I worked right up to my deadline; you know how I love to work under pressure!)

Anyway, I began to ask myself another important question: How do all of these wonderful qualities of Mr. Sullivan's relate to me and my life? Well I wasn't certain at first. After all, he'd had an entire lifetime to become wonderful, and I'm still waiting for my twentieth birthday. Sure, I've used my performing abilities to expose dance and music to those less fortunate adults and children who wouldn't otherwise have such opportunities. Through lecture demonstrations at schools, community centers and theaters throughout Florida I hoped to reach out to an otherwise culturally deprived section of society, and goodness knows, the sheer delight on the faces in the audience is more valuable to me than any amount of applause could ever be. I suppose that's a Sullivan-esque characteristic.

Even more "rewarding" (I hesitate to use the word, knowing how Mr. Sullivan felt about "reward") were my experiences with the hungry and homeless at "Daily Bread" in downtown Orlando. My heart is at the

same time wormed and saddened whenever I think of those completely humbled, one person, could possibly make in the face of frighteningly widespread hunger and poverty; but then I guess we have to begin somewhere.

Hmm...what else do Mr. Sullivan and I agree on...Oh, I know; the most important thing of all was Mr. Sullivan's faith and trust in God. Lately I've felt tremendous pull in my heart, urging me to become more actively involved in the church. Sure I've been a chapel associate for several years now, and I'm a chapel deacon, and you know how much I love singing in the choir. But recently I've been participating in planning and holding "student oriented" chapel services. It was scary at first, bearing that sort of responsibility, but I've already grown from the experi—Then it hit me! This letter wasn't half bad! And so, I decided to submit exactly what you see here. Mr. Sullivan is a man for whom through his biography, I have developed great admiration. My heart is gladdened by the knowledge that there have been and will continue to be people who believe whom I know and also admire, do, in fact, recognize the special qualities (in people like Mr. Sullivan and gosh—I guess me) and believe that these qualities (in people like Mr. Sullivan's Philosophy) should be rewarded or recognized in some way. My nomination and Mr. Sullivan's biography have led to a re-affirmation of the values, beliefs, philosophies, and way of life which I have always and will evermore hold dear.

How's that for a busy month? I hope all is well with you at ISU.

Please write soon!

Love
Lynn



I'm Scared, con't from page 12

"I feel that this area should be nuclear free because nothing can be accomplished with militant actions. Using nuclear weapons just makes things build up and up. Will it ever stop? I hope to aid in its extinction." Peter Burrows

"I am against nuclear weapons. They are potentially harmful to the people and the environment, and it is not fair to have someone of higher authority making these types of decisions for me. Also, we already have enough weapons and technology to destroy the world, why make more? I would love Rollins to be the first nuclear free zone [in Florida]." Sarah Palmer

"I believe Nuclear weapons are unnecessary. As long as we (the U.S.) continue to hold nuclear weapons, other countries are just going to continue building their weapons. As long as this continues, the world will never be at peace. Everything starts with one person and an idea. Every person matters, so if by declaring my office a nuclear free zone I can help the world eventually become at peace, I'm all for it." Sandra Richmond

Not only have faculty, staff and students declared their rooms or offices nuclear free zones, but many groups and organizations such as Greenhouse, NCM, the Writing Center, R.O.C.

and Sullivan House have done so. As conscientious citizens we have two choices: we can ignore the issue and the facts, or we can take some sort of action to put an end to the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Declaring Rollins nuclear free is more than a symbolic act. It is a positive step toward world peace. Actions need to start on a small scale, with the larger picture in mind.

New Zealand, Sydney, and many other schools, cities and countries are proof that one individual's ideas put into action can work. As Margaret Mead once said, "Never doubt that a small group of concerned people can change the world, indeed it is the only thing that ever has."

A Lateen Rig

by Mark Burrell

If you were almost finished building a small wooden boat and needed a mast, where would you look for one? My 20 foot leeboard sharpie design takes a lateen rig, like that on a Sunfish, but larger. I already had the sail, boom and yard, and I needed the mast: nine feet long, 2-1/2" round. The usual aluminum was precluded on a wooden boat, and specialty wood sources expect about eighty bucks for that length of 4"x4" spruce, plus the cost of having it turned, and shipped, and... forget it.

No hurry, since the project had been underway almost three years, and I could scrounge one at a boatyard or some place unexpected like... the Park Avenue Building? Many times I'd run my hand along those chocolate brown handrails during breaks from Pedro Pequeno's classes. Most handrails are not



photo by Jon Chisdes

round, but I looked closer and noticed they were. Intrigued, I brought a ruler to class and measured one: exactly 2 and 1/2 inches, solid wood. Knowing of plans to de-molish the building, I kept the rails in mind during my final class in the P.A.B. When we transferred to the new Cornell classroom, I decided it was time.

I called the physical plant and asked about salvaging materials. I was told I'd get a call when they knew, and did get a call. A salvage company had rights to the building, so I called them. They said asbestos removal would take place first, so I made an appointment to meet the foreman in two weeks. Those two weeks passed and none of my calls were answered. The last time I called, a secretary told me the foreman was at that minute busy "knocking down" the old Park Avenue school.

I arrived in time to see half of the P.A.B. still standing, but the Park Avenue side, where my rails were, was rubble. I left, but returned several times to look for the round rails in the splinters and dust churned up by bulldozer tracks.

A week after the demolition, I decided to spend a few hours with the brick pickers and copper hunters working the mounds of rubble. I circled the building site three times, visualizing the floor plan in my mind. No luck, and no mast. As I was leaving I found a splintered piece of the rail about three

feet long, but assumed all of the rails were in that condition.

All but one. Wandering about, tantalized by the partial rail and the strong smell of pine, I spotted a length sticking out of a mound and pulled it out. It was intact, over ten feet long, scarred and abraded along its length, but solid. I called Jonathan to take a photo, then took it home, sticking out of the sunroof of my car.

Anxious to know what I'd found, I sliced off a disc from an end with a power saw. Curiously, there was very little sawdust, just a fine powder, and it was slow cutting. The smell of pine was overwhelming, pine at least seventy years old smelling like a freshly cut tree. The sample disc was as hard as rock maple, dense wood that confirmed it to be old heart pine.

This might sound like a lot of "messing about" when a store-bought mast would do, but there's something spiritual about boats, especially wooden boats built in no hurry at all. Even a little twenty footer. That handrail must be sturdy, having survived over seventy years of kids sliding down it. There's admittedly something sentimental about having a piece of my school in my boat, but when we're broad reaching across Lake Monroe in a panic, ahead of a summer thunderstorm and near death, I'll hold the sheet with a little more confidence knowing of the millions of hands that once touched that mast. There's got to be some luck in that.



photo by Jon Chisdes

Bach

The 54th annual Bach Festival presented by the Bach Festival Society of Winter Park begins on the 2nd of March at 8:00 with a performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" in the Knowles Memorial Chapel. This festival started 54 years

ago as a combination of selected members of the community and the Rollins Chapel Choir. It has grown and now has its own choir, the Bach Festival Choir, of over 100 voices. The unique quality of this performance is that it is free to Rollins students when the community has to pay upwards of \$60 a ticket. I have been at Rollins for almost four years and am a lover

of music but I never new this fact. This is an opportunity to take advantage of. Some of the soloists appearing are: Judith Nelson, Judith Malafronte, Frank Kelly, William Sharp. This will also be Alexander Anderson's last appearance in the Bach Festival as a faculty member for he is leaving us this year. His organ recital on Sunday night, the 5th, is open to the public free of charge and begins at 8:00. The schedule is as follows:

Thursday, March 2nd
8:00p.m. Handel: "Israel in Egypt"
Friday, March 3rd
8:00p.m. Bach: Cantatas: 29, 202, 214
Saturday, March 4th
10:00a.m. Lecture by Joshua Rifkin
4:00p.m. Bach: Mass in F, Sanctus in C, Cantata 205
6:00p.m. Bach's Supper
8:00p.m. Handel: "Isreal in Egypt"
Sunday, March 5th
4:00p.m. The Bach Ensemble
Cantatas: 36c, 54, 211
8:00p.m. Organ Recital
Alexander Anderson

If you are interested in ushering for one of the shows please contact the Bach office at 646-2182.



THE PRINTS AND THE PAPER

by Mark Burrell

Most of us know that woodcuts are pressed from wooden blocks, and that etchings are, well, they're etched somehow, but what about lithographs? Unless you're an Art major, you might guess those were invented in Lithuania in pre-Xerox times.

If you can't tell a lithograph from a photograph, you could improve your print knowledge significantly during a half hour tour of the Cornell Fine Arts Museum's current show of lithographs, linocuts, woodcuts, etchings, silk-screens and aquatints. All of these printing processes render black and white results which appear to be similar at first glance, although differences between them appear on closer examination.

This show is memorable and impressive for several reasons. First, these prints were produced under a government-sponsored program. Next, there is the history of these particular prints and how they were saved from careless destruction. Finally, there is the staying power, the visual punch and quality which prints done well can have.

All of the prints in the exhibit of *Works Progress Administration Masters* were produced between 1935 and 1941, that is, from the end of the Great Depression until the beginning of World War Two. As described on the cover of the beautiful and expensive (five bucks) catalog, the prints are part of a group of works produced under the New York Federal Arts Project. From the catalog comes this history:

"From its inception in 1935 to its dissolution in 1943, the F.A.P. employed 5,000 artists who created 108,000 paintings, 18,000 pieces of sculpture, 11,300 original prints..." In those days before the National Endowment for the Arts, the F.A.P. "... set four goals for the Project:

(1) employ artists; (2) educate art students; (3) expand art programs into rural areas; (4) conduct research into and record America's cultural heritage." Sounds too good to be true, and it wasn't for very long, as congressional criticism ended the program, under the paranoid cloud of alleged "subversive propaganda."

It's hard to find anything subversive among these strongly industrialist graphics, but the prints themselves were once hard to find at all. In 1939 many of the prints were destroyed—not in the rural areas—but, incredi-



bly, in "... New York - directors destroyed W.P.A./F.P.A. art works, selling hundreds of paintings to contractors as insulation for pipes and burning thousands of prints as ... storage space ran out." Prints in this show came from a batch discovered accidentally at the site of a prison in New York, and the search continues today. So, pick up a catalog and search through your grandfather's attic, or the junk shops, and you'll have something of a find.

What kind of a find? These prints are images of an America between the wars, a period of infatuation with industry. There's nothing commercial or sinister in these scenes of factories, produced at a time when our country was in love with industry and machinery. (There is a sinister feel to some of the portraits of tycoons, however, especially Jack Markow's "Card Players.") There is a naive quality of discovery about the power of machines and the wonder of industry.

The images portray people as well as machines, and people in relation to machines. "Man and Machine" by Ida Abelman presents a man looking at the viewer through a gap in a large iron counterweight. The man's face, al-

though dwarfed and surrounded by the machinery, appears calm and confident with a wry smile. In what may be the best of show, Harry Rein portrays faces in "The Accused" in a manner so bold and so confoundingly simple that it is masterful. (Edvard Munch's "The Cry" is a much more famous print, but is it any stronger or more memorable?) In "Second Balcony" by George Schreiber, we are peering into a private world, a group of theater-goers completely engaged in their movie, ignoring "us" entirely. Each face of this group is a distinct study, illuminated by the cinema screen, detailed and full of character. Viewing them from the wings, one expects a side glance at any second from the subjects in this powerful print.

Powerful is only one of the adjectives for the prints in this exhibit. Printed text is not adequate to describe how strong a woodcut can be. (Or was it a lithograph?) In this excellent show there are a lot of artists you've never heard of, but there are also prints you'll remember for a long time.

(Through March 16, Cornell Arts Center, Tues.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. & Sun. 1-5)

COOKING WITHOUT UTENSILS

by Ug Lee

Hi. Me Ug. Last week us learned how break cow with forehead. Now us get back to basics. Let's face it—it hard cook for cavemen after day of hunting. Them get tired of raw food; them beat cook on head with it after while. Here tasty treat for whole family.

Cooked Cow
Ingredients:
1 cow (dead)
4 squished lizards
dirt
rocks
2 handfuls grass and leaves

Split cow open with hands (good idea not get manicure day before). Place on large fire. After 3 hours, turn cow and add dirt, rocks, grass, leaves. Let simmer and add lizards. Check in between chasing off wild dogs. If stick hand in cow and get hot right away, it done. If cow totally on fire, no need hand check, good chance it done. In this case, add spicy plants and call "Cajun Black Cow." Feed four. Eat.

(by Mike Scotchie)

Out of the Archives

by Lori Sordyl

The cornerstone of the Annie Russell Theater contains personal historical artifacts as well as the periodicals we might expect to find in a time capsule. Included among these personal artifacts are photographs of and correspondences between Annie Russell and her generous friend, Mary Louise Bok of Winter Park. Mrs. Bok donated \$135,000 to Rollins in 1931 for the construction of a theater in Russell's honor, and of a stage that would keep her occupied during her retirement.

Born in Liverpool, England in 1864 and relocated in Canada at the age of ten (after a nearly fatal shipwreck off the coast of Labrador), Russell helped support her nearly destitute family with her acting as early as 1875 in Montreal. "She was entirely natural on stage," said observers of Russell. At the very least, Russell's career was extensive, carrying her to New York and across the U.S., to the West Indies, to London, where she played the title role in *Major Barbara*, a play written, produced, and directed by George Bernard Shaw. Listing all of Russell's appearances is neither necessary nor desirable, but the following telling fact about her grabbed my interest: To prepare for her role as Puck in a 1906 New York production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Russell spent the summer at her home in Pemaquid Harbor, Maine, studying the mannerisms of woods animals. (I grant you theater folk that if I knew anything about acting, I would probably have found such method studying not so noteworthy.)

Although twice married, Annie Russell was alone during the final years of her life, and she responded to Bok's generosity by acting in and directing many plays in the Theater. In its 1932 dedicatory performance, she portrayed the Queen in Robert Browning's *In A Balcony*. After that, she directed Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. She made her last stage appearance in the 1935-36 season as Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's *The Rivals*. (Those attending agreed that no derangement of epitaphs could describe her abilities as an actress, and that the memory of her would never be illiterated from their memories.)

During that winter, Russell contracted double pneumonia after having a tooth pulled, and died shortly thereafter. Annie Russell's wardrobe mistress, Elizabeth Warner, recalled the actress' stating a few days before her death, "My only regret is that I cannot live long enough to see the fame I know my theater will have."

Reviewing Reviewing

by Rick Juergens

Ummm, what can I write? "The play was very good." No, I can't write that. What about, "The production of *Tartuffe* at Rollins College lacked a certain loyalty to the text because of . . ." I can't write that either. What a quandary I am in. If I write a positive article about my dad's show, everyone will think I am biased; but on the other hand, if I write a negative review, my father will take me out of his will. The life of a theater critic creates paradoxes which force a journalist to view both extremes from an objective point of view. But if a critic does not take a strong stand, how can there be a standard to judge a production by? These philosophical observations invigorate the mind but add to the confusion which began this article. Since I am just beginning to struggle with these paradoxes maybe I can call Elizabeth Maupin from *The Orlando Sentinel*, and ask her how to deal with problems such as these.

Rick Juergens: Did you become a theater critic by chance, or did you already have some type of theater background?

Elizabeth Maupin: I have never taken any theater classes per se, as opposed to English classes, and I have never been on stage. I'm really shy actually. I used to sing in a choral group. So in some ways, it isn't necessarily a goal I was working towards. I fell into it and discovered I really liked it.

RJ: What is it like being a critic? Is it hard to be objective? Do you find yourself receiving flack from some of your reviews?

EM: It's a crazy job, actually. You said the word "objective," and I'm not sure that a critic can be objective and try to say as truly as one can what one thinks about a play and still retain an objective view. It is my opinion, and I wouldn't call it objective. But I do try to be fair, and that's important. I try not to go off on some point and say things that are unfair to people. I don't get as much flack as I think that I would. I do get it occasionally. I wrote a review that is going to be in the paper tomorrow, and I anticipate getting a call from the director. The last time I reviewed a production by this director, he called me and screamed at me. That doesn't happen very often, though. I think people who work with me regularly either know not to do it because it will alienate me, or, I hope, they think that I'm fair and was trying to say what I thought. It's an odd job, because while I'm cov-

ering people whom I like and whose work I respect, I can't be their friends, and that's strange. I spend all my time with these people, and yet there is a gap between us which I can't cross.

RJ: If you were to cite two of the extremes which you like and don't like about being a theater critic, what would they be?

EM: I like sitting in a production that's wonderful. It's a beautiful feeling to sit there and be transported by the theater. It doesn't happen very often; but when it does, it's really magical. What I don't like about it is the distance which I have to put between myself and the others, but I guess that's really part of it. It's odd because I meet people whom I'm writing a story about,



photo by Jon Chisdes

and they are nice to me, but I think they are being nice because, well . . . they have to. When I meet actors they are often nervous, which I think is funny because I'm usually nervous around them.

RJ: Which Rollins production have you enjoyed the most?

EM: Probably *Oedipus Rex*, *Othello* or *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. . . oh, I know: *A Day in Hollywood* and *Night in the Ukraine*, which was a while ago. I never reviewed it, but *Waiting for Godot* was really terrific.

RJ: Yes, that was directed by Eddie Bowz and had Jon Beshera and Tom Sterns in it. Which was one of your favorite productions in Central Florida?

EM: *Orphans* up at the Ice House and *Evita* at the Civic were really good. It's funny. For a town that basically



photo by Jon Chisdes

doesn't have professional theater, Orlando has some good theater.

RJ: I'm going to put you on the spot. What was the worst production you have seen at Rollins?

EM: Um . . . is your father Dr. Juergens?

RJ: Of course not. Well, maybe just a little.

EM: I thought his production of *The Tempest* was pretty bad. Actually, I shouldn't say it was one of the worst productions because he took such a strong stand with it. I would rather see a director take a strong approach to a play, even if it doesn't work.

RJ: What do you think of the level of the productions at Rollins, remembering ours is an educational theater?

EM: I think it is terrific. Granted I haven't had too much experience with a liberal arts theater department, but it seems like the kids are pretty well-prepared and they know how to use their voices. I always enjoy the plays there.

RJ: In your review of the Annie Russell Theatre's production of *Tartuffe*, you tried to point out how Dr. Juergens [the director] got lost in the pretense of the play.

EM: Yes, I had a hard time with that production because I wasn't sure what he was after, and the set just threw me. I couldn't figure out what it was all about, what it meant. It obviously was trying to mean something, but I was confused by the production. There was a lot of good in it, but I wasn't sure what he [Dr. Juergens] was after.

After talking to Elizabeth Maupin feeling a bit more confident and closer to a decision. I knew the concept behind *Tartuffe* dealt with the superficiality which humans dwell on, and could see that the tone of the Rollins production grasped this. But the manifestation of this idea did not coincide with the concept inside the director's head. Theater, as well as life, can be like this. An idea can work inside the mind beautifully, but when this abstract takes its place in the physical world and mingles with the details of this world, then the true workability of that idea is tested. The details of this physical world examine the validity of an abstract idea. The two concepts clash, argue, and compromise. The concept behind Dr. Juergens' production of *Tartuffe* remained in its abstract state because the details would not mix with the idea. This is what made this *Tartuffe* a bit confusing. The show itself was very humorous and enjoyable. It was not a painful experience viewing this production, but it left an odd, unrecognizable taste in the mouths of the audience.



TURPENTINE AND APPLEJUYS

interview by Mike Scotchie

In the world of music, there is a constant influx of new talent. *The Sandspur* got wind of one such group—the exciting, up-and-coming Turpentine and Applejuys. We then sent over a reporter who has absolutely no knowledge of the music industry to interview them. Strangely, this turned out to be an exclusive interview, although most other newspapers knew the band was in town and had a chance to meet with them.

Sandspur: First I'd like to introduce the members of Turpentine and Applejuys. On lead guitar and lead vocals we have Damm Istink; on bass and cat is Ian "Brain" Dammage; on drums is Kip Van Kibbles; on obnoxious noises is Stu Cramps; and on drugs is Darby Boll. Ian, I'd like to start with you: how did you get your nickname?

Dammage: Well, you know, I've been sorta the "brains" of this outfit from the start—organizing and stuff. Damm started calling me "Brain," and the name just stuck, I guess. The freaky thing is that my mom's name is Brian, which is sorta like "Brain," and Damm didn't even know that. My mom's name, that is, so it was really freaky.

Spur: I'm sure your fans are mystified as to the meaning behind your band's name. Would you be willing to let us in on it?

Istink: I reckon so. I think it's high time we come clear on that. It's purty simple, as a matter of fact. When I joined the band, we was lookin' fer somethin' juxtapositional, somethin' that showed conflict and diversity. You kin drink applejuice and nothin' come of it. But iffen you drink turpentine, you get powerful sick; although, it don't affect me none.

Spur: Well, Damm, it seems you're well versed in the terms of literature.

Dammage: Yeah, man, he is. Mr. Istink here is, like, our concept man. He came over from a country band, uh...

Istink: "Mules and Manure."

Dammage: Yeah, he left them because no one understood his concepts.

Istink: I needed a more tellin' form of music. For these other folks, they didn't like no song what didn't contain somethin' about whiskey,

yer pick-up, or a woman who done left you.

Spur: "Brain," how would you say the addition of Damm affected the group?

Dammage: Well, before we got Damm, we didn't have much direction, you know. Our influences ranged from Manilow to The Dead Milkmen to chainsaws. Then Damm tools in with his concepts and, like, I don't know, gave us direction. It feels like we're going somewhere now, you know? Our sound is cleaner and more direct than before. Refined, you know? Like, now all Kip brings for his drum set is the bass drum and a set of crash cymbals.

Istink: That was his style, man. There ain't no reason bringin' drums he don't use. It's like yokin' a pig to the plow. An' you should see 'im go. He gets so into the music that he don't stop when the song's over and no one else is playin'. An' no one wants to get near him with those sticks a-flyin', so we just use the fill as a lead between songs. I think it'll catch on to other bands purty soon.

Van Kibbles: Dude, Damm has changed too. He picked up the banjo the other day, looking for a newer, radicaler sound. And, on guitar, he only plays the bottom two strings. You gotta be a genius or something to play only two strings and find new ways to do it.

Spur: So you'd say Damm is a musical genius?

Van Kibbles: Dude, no. We're finding out with each song that he's not. But he's got concepts, you know. Ragin', dude. I think our latest album, "32,000 is a Big Number," shows where we stand as musicians and songwriters.

Spur: So tell me about this upcoming tour of yours. I understand it's a tribute to a guy named Salman Rushdie.

Dammage: Yeah, we got hold of some Rushdie bootleg tapes. He was the lead singer for "Knives and Cheerleaders," a Tehran band. He's always been on the cutting edge of his field, you know? As a matter of fact, just last month he experimented with conducting. He went down to

Florida and put on a really hot performance. That took nerves.

Cramps: Man, you'd have to strap me down to get me to do something like that.

Spur: I'm impressed. So which of your songs do you play at your concerts?

Cramps: Hey, man, that's easy. We like to open with our best one—"We Wanna Screech Real Loud"—Totally outta control.

Spur: I see, to get the crowd fired-up and dancing right away?

Cramps: No, because the club manager shuts us down after one song, so that's all we have to play.

Spur: Have you been getting a lot of offers lately, now that your band has a new, refined sound and concepts?

Dammage: Well, no...uh...but our phone is temporarily disconnected, you know?



photo by Lisa Curb

Last Temptation No Show

by Mark Burrell

If you travelled out of Orlando last year during the clamor over release of *The Last Temptation of Christ*, you might have noticed that the film was playing, or, that it had played and closed. When I was in Ohio and Virginia this past fall, the film was playing in those states. Reading the paper on a flight connecting through Atlanta, I noticed that the film was also playing there. The natural assumption was that the film was due to open eventually in Orlando.

It never played here. Tampa? Yes. Miami? Yes. Gainesville? Yes. But it has not been shown here, and if conservative religious leaders such as George Crossley and others have their way, it won't play here. So far, those people have had their way. They've decided for us what we need to see, so we don't have to think for ourselves. Scary, isn't it?

How did they do it? According to articles in the *Orlando Sentinel* and an excellent profile in the *Sentinel's* Florida Magazine by Sarah Isaacs, they got organized. That's all. Using his established radio talk show, George Crossley staged rallies at the construction site of Universal Studios in South Orlando, drawing as many as six hundred to one rally. He also delivered petitions to local theaters threatening a one year boycott. As Isaacs quotes in the December 4th edition of Florida Magazine, Crossley declared "...economic war on Universal Studios." Other

areas Crossley has proposed bans are, according to the Florida Magazine article:

"...books, movies, rock groups, sex education—that promote ideas he thinks are harmful."

Research into the reasons why the movie never played Orlando led me to an admonition from a local editor that the usage of banned was improper. Why? Apparently because banning is an official prohibition by an authoritative body. Nobody ever officially prohibited the showing of the film, so, it wasn't banned, you see? That's as idiotic as claiming that we can't say someone is dead just because they're no longer living, and just as insidious.

The religious right becomes vocal and prevents everyone from having access to a mass market film? Really? Local theater operators go along with the threat presumably because they don't want controversy? If George Crossley didn't like *The Rainman*, does that mean I would have to drive to Tampa to see it? Maybe if Rollins professors had to submit their proposed texts for next term to George for approval...

What does Universal Studios have to say about this? Nothing, but it's said with defiance. The local numbers for Universal Studios will connect you with friendly voices which get stern quickly when *that movie* is mentioned, then you'll be told that the Los Angeles office is "handling that."

The Los Angeles offices of Universal Studios have a hot potato tactic for incoming calls. I spoke with at least ten people who refused to identify themselves and refused to comment on anything about the film. One brilliant male secretary for Sally van Slyke, director of media relations, identified himself as "her office", then informed me that comment was inappropriate, followed by the inappropriate comment that they felt the movie was a "closed issue."

I got more results from Kevin Laughlin, proprietor of Orlando's Conway Pitcher Show. Kevin said that his calls also went unanswered, and that he was told by his booker that Universal had decided not to release the film in Orlando. Many films are not released everywhere, but this was a film requested by Laughlin and others in Orlando. His assumption as to "why" was that the studio was sensitive to bad publicity here because of the on-going construction of their park, and that the efforts of the protestors had an impact on Universal executives.

Do George Crossley and his followers represent you? How do you feel about his group's efforts? If Rollins were to schedule the film to show here, would you attend? Should the Crossley forces be allowed on campus to protest against your seeing it? Let us hear from you.

Waterskiers Win Tournament

by Erin Higgins

The Rollins waterski team made their spring debut Parents' Weekend, winning the season's first tournament. The nine teams which Rollins will continue to compete against all spring arrived for this annual event held on Lake Virginia, only to be dominated by the home team skiers.

"We thought it would be a good contest between Rollins and the University of Central Florida, but we managed to capture key individual wins which brought the team to an overall victory," head ski coach Warren Witherall said.

The Rollins women's team outscored UCF enough to let the men's team slip a bit into second place without losing the overall win. Britt Larsen, Kim Laskoff, Helena Kjellander took first in tricks, slalom, and jump, respectively. For the men, Mike Hartman won the slalom competition.

Witherall, in his fifth year of coaching at Rollins, says he is confident that the team will perform equally as well in the three other tournaments this season.

"Rollins is fortunate to attract the most serious competitors in the world. Being on the lake with warm weather most of the year entices skiers who want ideal training conditions with an opportunity to go to school," Witherall explained. "None of these athletes are on athletic scholarship, so their motivation to compete is strictly their own," he continued.

Currently, the team is ranked third



photo by Rob Campbell

Intramurals at Rollins

by Erin Higgins

Across the nation, intramural programs sweep campuses as one of the most popular extracurricular activities. Rollins, however, fails to follow suit.

Granted, the men's program run by Head soccer Coach Dave Ifall, captures the involvement of all fraternities and many independent teams, the women's program lacks virtually any participation.

Steve Chandler, the director of the women's intramural activities, attributes this to a program catered toward male interests.

Seven hundred female students, therefore, were sent a survey to field their interests. Of the 30 that responded, Chandler concluded that Rollins women are more interested in fitness, not sports activities.

"We offer men's related sports to women, and they just do not respond with any interest to play," Chandler commented. "That is why I want to diverge the program a bit to focus more on recreational activities instead of competitive ones."

Currently flag football, tennis, golf, table tennis, soccer, swimming, basketball, and volleyball are offered to both groups.

"With tennis, for example, only five girls signed up for the tournament and only three showed up. Such a lack in participation makes problems in creating any momentum to get the program really active," Chandler continued.

In an attempt to gain that momentum, a Spring Aerobics Challenge is in the works to kick off the new approach towards women's intramurals. Furthermore, additional co-ed teams hope to add a new dimension of fun and challenge to the program.

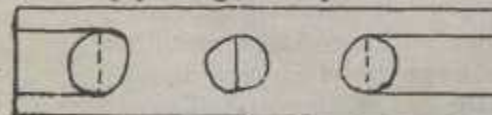
Sophomore, Christopher Smith said, "The interaction that intramurals creates between the students and the faculty and staff teams is a great way to stay active and compete at a fun level at Rollins. I would still like to see it branch out more to involve the sororities and more independent girls."

Sex and Sports

Eamon Slater, visiting Professor from Ireland, cited Freud in commenting that for adolescent and post-adolescent males, sports is a substitute for sex. What follows are some responses from students who heard him.

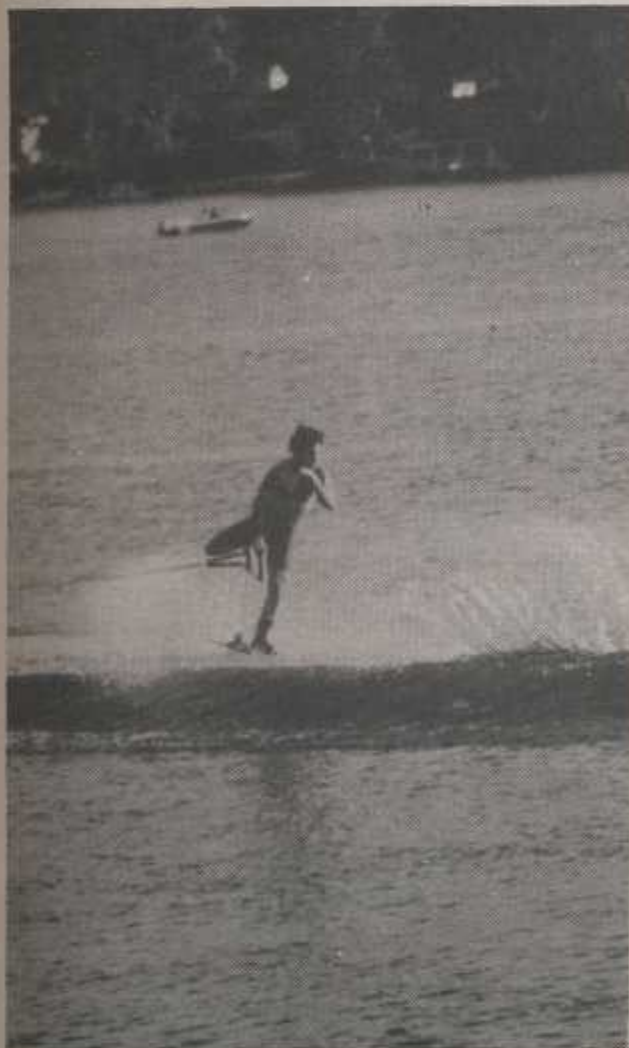
Mike Reeves: "... I can very easily see the male using sports as an excuse to avoid interaction with his wife. It could be her night to bowl or [watch] Monday night football, or a great basketball game on tv. If he wanted to, he could find something to do with sports, whether it be participating or watching them on tv, every night of the week in order to avoid interaction at home."

Brahm Petruski: "... basketball is probably the most Freudian of all. After all, what's the object of the game, and have you ever looked at the court from a bird's eye view? [A certain professor] will back me up on this point, and he is neither a psychologist or a pervert."



And also—I'm not sure about this, but I understand that thinking about baseball etc. during the act prevents premature ejaculation. Woody Allen admits to visualizing Willy Mays' great catch."

Steven Rotz: "I say no way. Sports does not take the place of sex. . . I think that people who play sports get a lot more dates by being in the public eye. It is a known fact that during football season a football player's social life picks up. But then when basketball season comes around, the football player's social life drops off while the b-ball player's picks up. This goes for every sport. I know my history with the opposite sex, and I really don't think that it could be a substitute for sex. I don't don't play sports because I can't find a female companion. . . ."



Rollins Team Member Trick Skiing on Lake Virginia

photo by Rob Campbell

nationally. In the fall, the team traveled to California, where the women finished first and the men captured fifth in the National Division II championship.

Although only the best five skiers compete, the team is not closed to world-class skiers. Anyone who may be interested in trying out for the team should contact Coach Witherall.

Bettina Walker at the Eighteenth



by Erin Higgins

"I live on the 18th hole" is the quote that Bettina Walker will always be remembered by among her friends, and teammates, as she begins to wrap up her four-year golf career at Rollins.

Being a native to Brazil, Bettina admits to having had a hard time adjusting to the American-life style during her freshman year.

"My main influence to leave Brazil and attend Rollins is simply because the climate here is conducive to playing golf all year," she explained.

With golf practice through out the year and involvement with Chi Omega, however, she quickly found herself fitting in with her new American friends.

Before focusing all of her efforts on golf, she says she enjoyed playing competitive basketball and volleyball. "My parents both play golf, so I was found around the course a lot as a kid, and that is how I got my start."

Now, she is the only senior on the Tars team of four players, the closest competitor being Sarah Johnson, a transfer student from Colorado State University.

"Bettina is a great player and we all look up to her, not just because she is a senior, but because she is extremely talented and a strong leader," Johnson said.

Last year, Bettina won the National Division II championship which granted her the honor to play in Japan over the summer. Without a sponsor, however, she turned down the offer.

With graduation a few months away, she is still a bit undecided about her future. Her major is elementary education with a minor in business which she hopes will assist her in entering the field of hotel management.

"I am applying to a few places around here, but I may end up returning to Brazil."

Whether Bettina decides to remain in Central Florida or not, she has contributed a great deal to the golf program at Rollins and will be missed by her teammates and friends upon graduation.

Cheerleaders Fight Apathy

by Jen Foley

Most students would agree that Rollins lacks a certain degree of school spirit, but I must assert that we do not lack one extraordinary group which devotes much of their time and energy to what otherwise might be a lost cause at RC.

The Rollins cheerleaders may seem less visible or less influential as the same group might be on a larger campus. Yet, this itself must say something for the spirit and extreme dedication of these girls, who obviously refuse to give up on their cause.

If we listen to the voices of these most devoted students, there may be some lesson to be learned. . . .

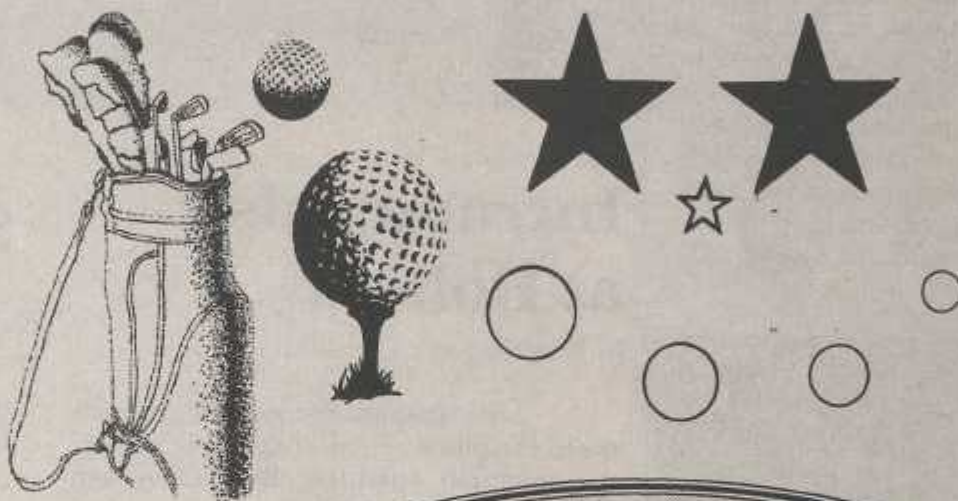
"Cheering at Rollins has really been a great experience, but it hasn't been easy. I can remember many long nights when the squad practiced for hours and I often wondered what for. The crowd never seemed to notice. I continue cheering because I get my satisfaction after an exciting game where I've cheered my heart out. Now I'd only like to see the fans join me," Chris Melucci, co-captain, explained.

"Although the crowd was pretty quiet at the beginning of the year, spirit has definitely increased. I think if more people said, 'What the hell,' and just went crazy, the whole crowd would have a much better time," Lori B. Wayne added.

"The Rollins cheerleaders have had a difficult time of introducing their sport and leading cheers on our campus because there was not an established history of strong student participant support. The squad is composed of very talented and enthusiastic young women. It is a wonderful pleasure for me to have the opportunity to be a part of their group," Anne Kerr, Assistant Dean of Crummer, and the cheerleaders' sponsor said.

"The cheerleaders here get a lot of complaints about what we do and the way we do it. For all of the tars fans who complain, come on out and show us if you can do better," Tracy Turner, captain urged.

Regardless how much spirit Rollins campus puts forth as a whole, the cheerleaders are consistently demonstrating the most plausible example of what "we could be" as far as student support which far exceeds apathy.



Next Month's Theme:

Environmental Issues

The Sandspur Staff invites Rollins students, faculty, administration, and staff to join us in our March edition. Please send us articles and pictures dealing with environmental problems and accomplishments, both at Rollins and world-wide.

Deadline for contributions is mid-March, so please hurry.

Articles, pictures and illustrations may be sent to box 2742, or call us at 2696, if you have a lead that you would like us to investigate.



CHEW A PIECE

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, IN ORDER TO HELP GEORGE BUSH GET A HANDLE ON THE VISION THING, DO DECLARE A "CARTOONISTS' HONEYMOON WEEK," AND PLEDGE TO ABSTAIN FROM RIDICULING THE PRESIDENT FOR NO LESS THAN SEVEN DAYS.

OLIPHANT
SIMPSON
MARTINE
CONRAD
GB Trudeau

...AND A LOT OF OTHER GUYS.

WOW... ALL OF YOU ARE REALLY GOING TO LAY OFF BUSH FOR A WHOLE WEEK?

2-14

IT'S KIND OF AN EXPERIMENT, MARK. OUR HOPE IS THAT IF WE REMOVE THE FEAR OF RIDICULE, PERHAPS BUSH WILL DO SOMETHING THAT'S ACTUALLY STATESMANLIKE!

WHAT IF HE DOES SOMETHING REALLY, REALLY BUSH-LIKE?

WELL, THAT, OF COURSE, WOULD VIOLATE THE SPIRIT OF THE HONEYMOON. WE'D HAVE TO CALL IT OFF.

GB Trudeau

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson

HERE WE ARE, POISED ON THE PRECIPICE OF "SUICIDE SLOPE." BELOW US LIE THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF HUNDREDS OF LITTLE SLED RIDERS.

SEARCHING FOR THAT ULTIMATE ADRENALIN RUSH, WE PREPARE TO HURL OURSELVES OVER THE BRINK! WHAT FATE AWAITS US?

READY?

NO.

LIFE AND DEATH HANG IN THE BALANCE! A FRACTION OF A SECOND AND ONE WRONG TURN ARE ALL THAT SEPARATE THEM!

THIS ISN'T HELPING.

DAD SAYS THE ANTICIPATION OF HAVING SOMETHING IS OFTEN MORE FUN THAN ACTUALLY HAVING IT.

I THINK HE'S CRAZY. I HATE WAITING FOR THINGS. I LIKE TO HAVE EVERYTHING IMMEDIATELY.

I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING I'D RATHER ANTICIPATE THAN HAVE RIGHT AWAY. CAN YOU?

DEATH COMES TO MIND.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER TRYING TO HAVE A LITTLE DISCUSSION WITH YOU WHEN YOU'RE ALWAYS SO MORBID.

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed

AAAGH!!

ARGH!!

YEE! YEE! YEE!

SORRY, OL' BOY. WE WERE DOING A LITTLE PRIMAL-SCREAM THERAPY.

IF CATERWAILING COCKROACHES AREN'T ONE OF THE BIBLICAL SIGNS FOR THE END OF THE WORLD, THEY SHOULD BE.

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON

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Larson

2-28

Wookla™

by Carolyn Elizabeth Irving

This episode of Chop Suey Street has been brought to you by the letters

Id and I and by the number 13

Irving 12-30-87

TURPENTINE AND APPLEJUYS

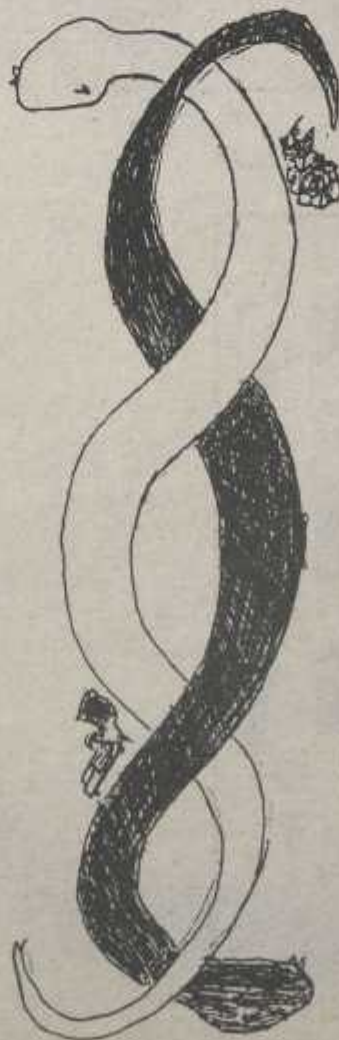
RUSHDIE WORLD TOUR 1989



photo by Lisa Curb

TEHRAN
PAKISTAN
BOPAL
DEHLI
ISTANBUL
MECCA
MEDINA
LIBYA
CAIRO
BEIRUT
TEL AVIVE
STOCKHOLM
LONDON
DUBLIN
PARIS
NAPLES
LENNINGRAD

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MARCH 18
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SAIGON
CHARLOTE AMALIE
MANAGUA
HAVANA
CARACUS
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UGANDA
JOHANNESBERG
CAPE TOWN
WASHINGTON
ANCORAGE
DEATH VALLEY
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MAY 22