



University of Central Florida
STARS

The Rollins Sandspur

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

5-9-1989

Sandspur, Vol 95, No 09, May 9, 1989

Rollins College

Find similar works at: <https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-sandspur>
University of Central Florida Libraries <http://library.ucf.edu>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida at STARS. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Rollins Sandspur by an authorized administrator of STARS. For more information, please contact STARS@ucf.edu.

STARS Citation

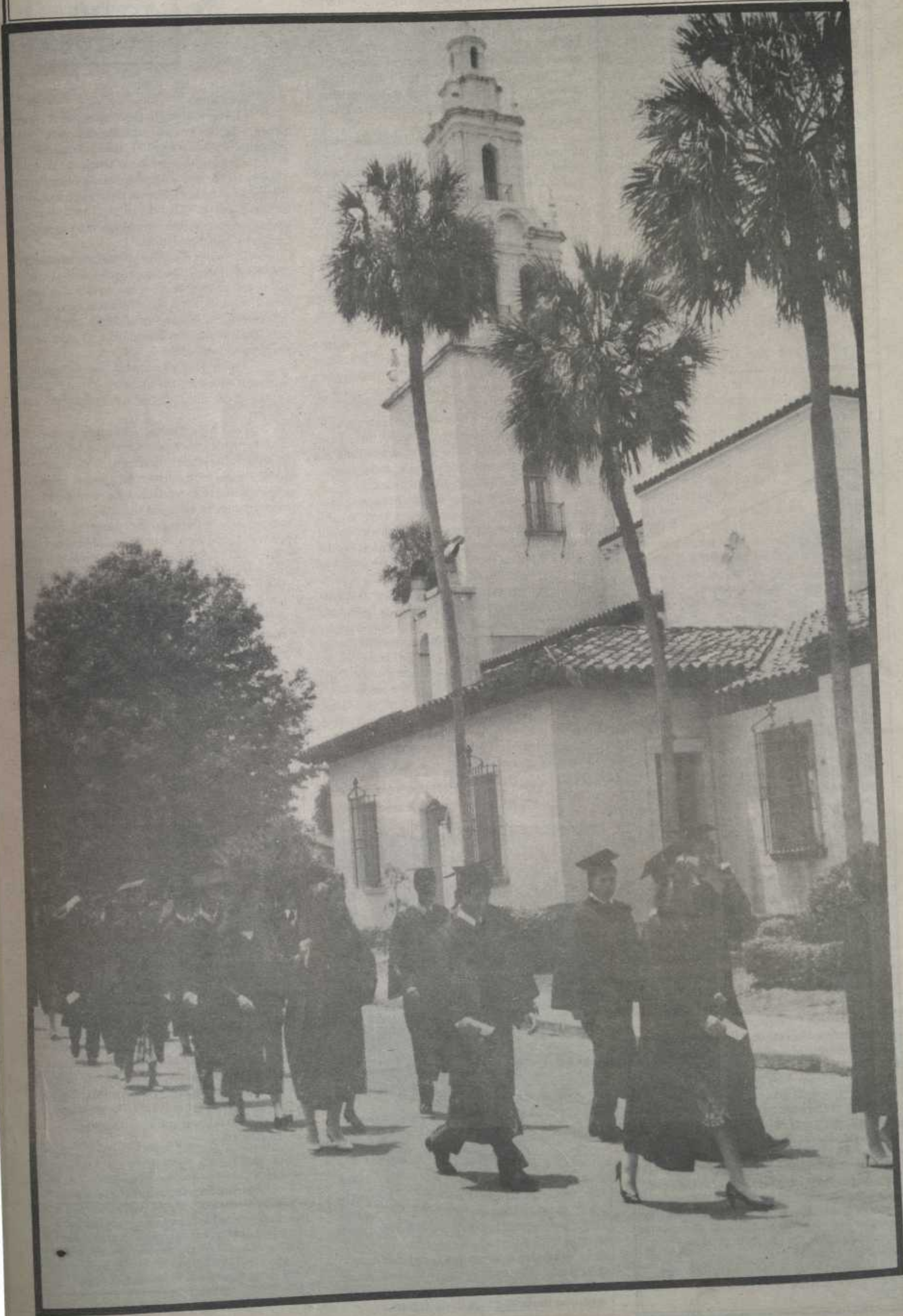
Rollins College, "Sandspur, Vol 95, No 09, May 9, 1989" (1989). *The Rollins Sandspur*. 1659.
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-sandspur/1659>

The Rollins Sandspur

May 9, 1989

Volume 95

Issue 9



The Rollins Sandspur

Volume 95 Issue #9

May 9, 1989

editors

jonathan chisdes
lori sordyl

layout editors

pat crowley
dave herman

visuals editor

tarita virtue

news editor

don hensel

features editor

nicole dedominicis

sports editor

erin higgins

entertainment editor

betsy hill

art critic

mark burrell

advisor

twila papay

staff

rissa andres
steve berry
sunita bheecham
susan brown
duncan burch
judi chisdes
cindy corbett
lisa curb
jen foley
marla grant
anne hall
jenni levitz
sally mautner
michael metcalf
skipper moran
andy platt
chris rizzolo
mike scotchie
monica swanson
stan yukica

Contributors and

Special Thanks to:

Andres Abril
Kate Backes
Kathy Butler
Bill Boyd
Chip DeKlyn
Julie Hernandez
Laura Hope-Gill
Rick Juergens
Paul Kalil
John Langfitt
Suzanne McGovern
Woody Nash
Steve Neilson
Alan Nordstrom
Twila Papay
Pat Polley
George Pryor
Wanda Russell
Cathy Sawruk
Kristen Schilo
Dirk Schwenk
Scott Schwenk
Thaddeus Seymour
Jennifer Stultz
Woodstein

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.

Dear Editors:

I was deeply disturbed by the recent article by Juan Carlos, "Environmental Noise: A Smokescreen," which I read while visiting my brother, a Rollins student. The basic point of this article is that citizens who express concern about the state of our environment really are "Marxists" whose goal "is to destroy America, making way for the Communist oppressors to achieve world domination."

As an employee of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, and one who considers being called an "environmentalist" an honor, I am shocked by Mr. Carlos' lack of understanding of the importance of our environment. Moreover, I am outraged by his McCarthy-ite categorization of all environmentalists (and liberals, for that matter) as card-carrying communists.

The tenets of environmentalism are that we share one small planet, a planet with limited resources and with a limited capacity to survive human assaults. Humans are part of their natural environment, and dependent upon it for life—for to live, we must have food to eat, air to breathe, water to drink, and clothing and shelter. All of these necessities are derived directly or indirectly from our environment. The consequences of so soiling the land that plants will not grow, or so polluting the air that we cannot breathe, are simple: we will die. And besides providing these basic necessities, for many of us the natural world is a source of great beauty, and wonder, and rejuvenation, which is sufficient reason to protect it.

Mr. Carlos claims that by putting restrictions on the activities of businesses, environmentalists are threatening basic American liberties. But in reality, environmental laws, far from having the goals of toppling the U.S. economy, are aimed at protecting basic liberties and rights of the American people. These include the rights to healthful air, safe drinking water, a safe food supply, and the right of access to protected, natural public lands. Moreover, the goals of the environmental movement are to preserve the earth and conserve its natural resources so that future generations may share in the beauty and bounty of the earth.

In conclusion, a Communist invasion is not the only way to destroy America and the rest of the world as we know it. Just turn loose six billion human beings (and climbing) with an insatiable appetite for energy and resources, and watch what happens.

Scott Schwenk
Washington, DC



Photo by Jon Chisdes

On the cover: This is our last issue of the year. As we bid farewell to the seniors, we look back over the past four years and the memories that we have collected.

The Sandspur wishes congratulations to the class of 1989, and especially to Mark, Andy, Mike, Lisa and Lori. We will miss you guys and wish you the best of luck in the future.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS:

Dear Editor:

I wish to reply to the eloquent Prof. Nordstrom, who defines the supreme goal of a liberal education (in your April 11 issue) as *freedom*.

Yet in the very same article he refers to "highly-structured programs of compulsory learning enforced by tests, exams, reports, papers, projects, and essays." That description pretty well fits my experience at Rollins, not the least in courses taught by Prof. Nordstrom.

If Rollins is a place where I'm supposed to become liberated, how come so much of my time I feel imprisoned? I know, I'm free to walk out any time I want; but if I want to walk away with a diploma, then I'll have to undergo some heavy-duty disciplining and correcting and attitude adjustment before I can.

I hope there's a paradox here somewhere, because it's hard for me to see anything but a flat contradiction: in order to free me, Rollins must confine me?

Look how much of our lives are prescribed for us here. At every turn we're told by someone else what to do, what's "best for us." We have to go to our classes or they take off [points from our grade]. We have to read what we're assigned and write what we're assigned and take tests on what the profs think is important. (Teacher know best.) We have to hopscotch around the alphabet courses: W, R, E, V, M, D, C, S, O, P, A, and L. Even in our majors—especially in our majors—the strict syllabus calls the shots, narrows and defines our options.

All right, maybe teacher does know best, and the all-wise curriculum, after four years of close confinement and rigid (or is that "rigorous"?) prescription, will magically set us free.

True, I have picked up and refined some skills, had my cognition expanded and my affection sensitized by some of these required courses, but mostly I feel that I've just had to sit here and take whatever was dished out to me, "wholesome and nutritious" though it might be. And I wonder if this is the best way to become free, by submitting to so much rather than by exercising more initiative of my own.

Sure I have "elective courses," but if I elect a minor as well as a major, then more courses are prescribed automatically. Independent studies and ad hoc area studies majors seem to be the closest one can get to exercising free initiative here, and that's good. But it's hardly encouraged nor readily provided for, and all those years of doing what we're told do not prepare us to seek out and exercise such initiatives.

So, despite certain limited options we have concerning our programs of study at Rollins, I think we are very much bound and contained within the minimum-security facility of our curriculum. And the greatest freedom I expect to experience here is when I cross the stage and receive my diploma. I only hope that all the restraints I have submitted to for four years (not to mention those of my schooling before), will have prepared me to deal with my freedom after college. Or will I go searching for a new soft prison where the nice folks there will just tell me what to do next and next and next?

Erik North

(Letter continued on Pg. 8)

The editors apologize for not giving credit where credit was due. For the past month and a half, Tarita Virtue has been serving very faithfully as our visuals editor but was not recognized as such on our masthead. We are very sorry for this oversight because Tarita has been doing such a great job. Keep up the good work, Tarita, and we hope you remain on the staff next year.

The Past Five Months

by Jonathan Chisdes

The past five months have been the most interesting, exciting, enjoyable, rewarding, painful, and hectic of my life. I have learned a lot; I have grown, changed and, I hope, become a better person. What Lori and I have done with the *Sandspur* was beyond our own dreams and imaginations. We have made the *Sandspur* into something that Rollins can be proud of, an outlet for expressing our thoughts, ideas, and criticisms.

But even more profound has been the *Sandspur's* effect on its staff and contributors. They have found a new level of ownership and commitment, something to dedicate themselves to. It has touched their lives. Even those who have contributed occasionally speak of the paper as "theirs." Many friends and colleagues have come by and helped us out. Not everyone could afford to be as dedicated as our layout editors, but there was always something for everyone to do. From those who wrote in-depth articles on racism or a study of the Summit or their personal feelings on the Nuclear Free Zone, to the person who gave us a few photos for one issue; from the student who submitted a class assignment, to our section editors, to the typists, to the person who stepped in to

fill an editorial vacancy so superbly—each has been touched by the *Sandspur's* magic. The photographer who got up early in the morning to take a staff picture even though he was not on the staff, the professor who sent us a plethora of articles, the head of media services who put aside personal commitments to help us make a deadline, my Writing Center colleagues who joined the staff or just did an article or two, the knowledgeable people in Archives, our advisor who gave up countless hours of her time to advise us—all have been touched by the *Sandspur*. And, of course, you our readers must gauge how much this publication has affected you.

But there are two others who have been touched as well. Lori and I have been profoundly affected and changed. Not only have we learned how to lead and manage, but also how to work with people and with each other. Our relationship has changed. Collaborating, we have come not only to respect each other, but to rely upon and nourish each other as well.

Wonderful things have happened in the last five months. The *Sandspur* is much greater than the pieces of paper it is printed on. It has become a learning experience, a growing experience, an ef-

fort at transforming the school. And it is fantastic to have been part of this. Only now do I understand what SGA funded organizations are really here for. Yes, we should be transforming Rollins and in the process transforming ourselves.

But the time has now come for me to try something new and let someone else take over. Sure, I have a few regrets; I'm a little sorry to end this exciting era of my life. But my heart goes with next year's editors. I know just how they will feel. I can anticipate all their experiences and emotions: intense frustration, intense pride. I remember our own first issue, how Lori and Twila and I rushed down to the Dean's office and sat with him for half an hour admiring it. And all the times we were complimented. We were even excited about criticisms when people wrote in to complain about an article we had published. That's just what we had hoped to provoke; we wanted to prove that apathy did not reign supreme at Rollins, that students did live.

Next year's editors will experience this high, but I also know the problems they will face. They will be bogged down with a seemingly never ending workload which will interfere with their classes, and they will get poor grades on tests because they didn't have time to study. They may be accused of racism for accidentally omitting a sentence from an article. They will be frustrated at staff members for not accepting important assignments, or worse: accepting but not doing them. Photos will be submitted days after the deadline, and some people will take three months to write one tiny article. The pressure of deadlines will leave no time for proofreading, and there will be typographical and layout errors. Yes, I know what they will go through, and how they will feel unappreciated for it. When Lori's and my first issue appeared, the entire campus was overjoyed. And after the second one came out, people again said it was great. But then the praises lessened even though the issues consecutively improved. Rollins took a quality newspaper for granted. And that is exactly what should have happened. Our goal was to produce a high quality paper consistently so that it would be taken for granted. Next year's editors will find this terribly unmotivating, but so it must be. The greatest compliment to a newspaper is the assumption that it will always be good.

It's time for me to go now, and I will miss the experiences this job has given me. I would just like to thank everyone, and I mean everyone, who has helped us out in this great venture, this "journey down Sandspur Road." You all know who you are, and your efforts have been appreciated. I just want to acknowledge one very special person who not only taught me some valuable lessons in attitude, but whose efforts enabled me to have this experience. Lori, thank you.



Shades of Lying

by Lori Sordyl

At Rollins I've learned the power of thinking and of writing. Through my work in the Media Relations Department, in the Writing Center, as a member of this paper's staff, and, of course, through my own papers, I've learned how to portray the truth by carefully selecting my facts and choosing certain words. Through thinking about "lying," I have learned the value, the beauty, and the fragility of truth.

Because I'm a writer in these many capacities, I must often determine what is proper for a certain audience and purpose. As editors of this paper, Jonathan and I must decide what is hard news and what leans toward opinion, must differentiate between articles presenting as many facts as are available and those that are, however unwittingly, editorialized. In our first issue we unintentionally neglected to label an opinion piece as such, and our readers pointed this out to us. Indeed, it is precisely because we receive so many articles hovering between fact and opinion that we opened the "Rollins Forum" section.

In this section we watch facts battle feelings. We read news interpreted. We sense the writer's pain. And we recognize that these articles are written to persuade, to offer one version of TRUTH. "The truth," of course, is somewhere out in the distance, above our heads perhaps, and it is usually rather dry reading because it is so strictly factual. (This is why we read novels in our spare time rather than math equations.) Without facts, however, opinion cannot stand.

Gathering facts is often difficult. Facts are reluctant to give themselves to us. Sometimes

they require consideration by a group of people because they are so complicated and, as a result, can be so easily twisted. When an especially sensitive issue comes before a group of people, the first order of business is to sort fact from feeling, the second to discuss the issue rationally, all the while respecting the sensitivity of the issue, the fragility of the truth regarding the facts on the table.

The Publications Union was in the process of sorting out the facts in just such a sensitive issue when, in the May 3rd edition of the *Pulse*, what I consider a biased and unethical article was presented to you as "news," as facts. The article I am referring to "reported" on the Publications Union meeting wherein Jon and I had proposed that the *Pulse* become the news section of the *Sandspur*. This *Pulse* article was biased because it paraphrased committee members out of context. Indeed, some members at the May 4th meeting objected that they were represented inaccurately. If the article was really intended to report the news (the *Pulse's* avowed purpose) and not to engage in controversy (a purpose the *Pulse* usually denies), then the writer would have summarized all the members' arguments rather than selecting particular comments, thereby manipulating the facts.

Worse than manipulating facts under the guise of presenting them, however, is that the editor of the *Pulse* taped this Publications Union meeting without telling anyone he was doing so. This is highly unethical in journalism. The editor later told the committee that the microphone was in the middle of the table. I remember, as a point in fact, that his *bookbag* was in the middle of the table.

(Perhaps the microphone was in the bookbag?) Granted, the editor did not tell a lie by keeping quiet about his tape recorder, but there are lies of omission as well as lies of commission. In other words, not telling the truth is no less a lie than telling an untruth. Should we, as a community, condone lying, that is, either opinion disguised as news, or action covertly taken?

I ask you this sincerely, hoping you will consider this issue very carefully next year. Exposing the dishonesty of a colleague is something I've never done before. I don't like it. Dishonesty is ugly and dehumanizing to all concerned. And I would not have used this example at all if the *Pulse's* editor had not in effect lied to the Publications Union, and had the *Pulse* itself not, in a sense, lied to us all.

This is, of course, just an example of our need to concern ourselves with, to strive for, scrupulous honesty. From Jonathan I have learned scrupulous honesty in matters large and small. Sometimes his meticulous attention to precise truth-telling has been annoying or difficult. But I'm proud to have served with a co-editor who has reinforced my commitment to Truth. This is our legacy to Rollins.



NEWS & EVENTS



SGA Approves Proposal in Response to Housing Issue

submitted by Julie Hernandez and Woody Nash

The Student Government Association approved the following proposal for the establishment of a task force to assess the housing review process. This document was taken to the steering committee on Thursday, May 4th. The proposal now goes directly before the faculty at its year end meeting. The SGA hopes that this proposal will strengthen the Rollins Community by fostering cooperation and participation among the faculty and students.

Whereas, Rollins College is dedicated to an educational environment fostering social responsibility as well as intellectual achievement and personal growth, and

Whereas, residential life, student self-governance, and extra-curricular activities bring important dimensions to a student's liberal arts education, and

Whereas, the Campus Life Committee as a standing committee of the Faculty of the College "establishes general policies regarding campus housing and conducts a regular review of organizations which are housing units, and

Whereas, four organizations have been removed from their houses in the last two academic years, and

Whereas, the SGA petition called for a review of the housing review process, and "substantial changes (as determined by the Steering Committee) must be enacted by the faculty," and,

Whereas, "special committees of the Faculty of the College may be created...in consultation with the Steering Committee,"

Therefore, the Student government Association in a vote on May 3, 1989 does hereby make the following resolutions to the Steering Committee of the College for immediate action:

RESOLUTION ONE: The Faculty of the College establish an Ad Hoc Committee to assess the purposes, criteria, and methodology of the Housing Review. The Ad Hoc Committee must report to the Steering Committee for ratification by the Faculty of the College and the Student Government Association its findings and recommendations for change no later than September 13, 1989.

RESOLUTION TWO: The recommended composition of the Ad Hoc Committee be four students, one representing fraternities, one sororities, one special interest housing, and one non-affiliated housing (one of these students must be selected by the SGA); a representative from the Office of Residential Life (appointed by the Dean of the College); and two faculty members (chosen by the Steering Committee. Membership on the Campus Life Committee or on the Appeals Committee will disqualify individuals from membership on the Ad Hoc Committee, although they may be called upon in the capacity of "expert witness."

RESOLUTION THREE: The full range of opinions should be addressed and proposals received and considered. Agenda topics for the Ad Hoc Committee should include:

- the purpose of the review -the establishment of criteria
- support systems for groups to accomplish goals
- timetable for review
- structure for review process
- appeals process
- verification of "residential community"
- explore alternatives to on-campus dorm/house living
- publish the procedures and decision path for reviews and appeals
- standardization of terms of committee service



Julie Hernandez Photo by Tarita Virtue

Law School Admission Test (LSAT) Gets Tougher

After the February 11, 1989 test date, the Law School Admissions Test will undergo considerable change. The new LSAT will be taken for the first time in June 1989 by students who want to attend law school. An estimated 130,000 students will take the exam this year, of whom 40,000 will attend law school. According to the Law School Admissions Council, the LSAT is a better predictor of success in law school than is the grade point average.

The new test includes four 45 minute sections, (1) Logical Reasoning, (2) Analytical Reasoning, (3) Reading Comprehension, and (4) an unscored experimental section plus a 30 minute writing sample. The old test had a second experimental section and a section called "Facts and Issues," both of which were dropped.

Students considering law school should contact Career Services (Mills) for more information. The Center for Skills Development (Mills) also helps Rollins students to prepare for the LSAT on an individual basis.

South African Diplomat Visits Rollins, Brings Message

by Paul Kalil

As the second part of its two-part series on South Africa, Pinehurst was pleased to sponsor an open forum for discussion with Jacques Jordaan, Vice-consul for South Africa. Attempting to explain his people's point of view of the situation, Mr. Jordaan met with vigorous opposition.

Jordaan, who serves South Africa throughout the southern United States, spoke for some forty minutes on how his country has implemented reforms. The Vice-consul also spoke about South Africa's problems that Americans are not always aware of, and he explained the effect of economic sanctions on his country.

"Apartheid is no longer a major issue in South Africa," Jordaan said. He believes his country has become more concerned with other problems that pose a threat to its future. His view is that there will soon be a black president on South Africa and that true democracy will prevail, but he stressed that these reforms cannot be implemented overnight.

A largely emotional crowd was not so optimistic. Members of the audience resorted to shouting, at times interrupting the lecture to express their disbelief. Later, when the forum opened for discussion, some were unable to resist the opportunity to verbally attack the South African. Several more enthusiastically resorted

to personal insults in their efforts to silence the speaker. While Jordaan provided documented evidence to support his claims, his credibility was continually challenged by a mob-like audience (including some faculty members) whose arguments and accusations were not well-supported and at times were rude and insulting to other listeners and to the guest speaker.

The Vice-consul wanted to offer hope for a troubled South Africa. According to Jordaan, there are leaders of all groups meeting to discuss their relations and problems in the hope that there can be peaceful solutions. His was a message that many refused to believe, one many refused to hear, and one that many met with aggression.



Students listen to Jordaan

Photo by Tarita Virtue

Bio-medical Ethics and the Holocaust: Rubenstein Speaks at Rollins

by Judi Chisdes

It seems that every time there is a lecture or other program on campus that interests me, there is another interesting one that conflicts. I end up missing more than half of the interesting programs this way. This was the case Monday night, May first. Neil Postman and Dr. Richard Rubenstein were both scheduled to speak at 8:00—I could not go to hear both. I chose to go see the one who was scheduled first but had less publicity.

Dr. Richard Rubenstein, Robert Lawton Distinguished Professor of Religion at Florida State University, spoke on "Bio-medical Ethics and the Holocaust." A brief introduction was given by Professor Yudit Greenberg. Dr. Rubenstein has written numerous books, including *The Cunning of History* and *After Auschwitz*. He has taught and lectured in colleges and universities all over the world. Rollins' Jewish Students League, Department of Philosophy and Religion, and the Holocaust Memorial and Research Center of Central Florida co-sponsored this lecture.

Dr. Rubenstein described the ideology which allowed the Nazis to rationalize the Holocaust. It was genetic engineering, eugenics by way of only allowing the best fit to reproduce. They were preserving racial purity by, in Mengele's words, performing "surgery" on the population as a doctor performs surgery on an ailing patient. It was a medical, a scientific, ideology.

The Nazis started with their own people, killing adults and children with hereditary diseases. It was but a small step to see belonging to a

Those of you who attended Rollins last year may remember the end of the year awards assembly. It was held in the chapel and all of the awards from each department were handed out in a single afternoon. This lasted for over two hours and for many it just dragged on and on. However, this year things will be different.

Each department will have their own awards assembly on different days this year. The idea is that if each department plans their own ceremony, more people will want to come and everyone will have a better time.

different race as an hereditary disease. The doctors who chose who was to "be granted a mercy death" did not share their ideology with the German public — they lied to the families of those they killed, claiming death by natural causes. These doctors knew that what they were doing was unethical, or at least not morally acceptable to the people, yet they continued it anyway, even for a short period under Occupation.

Scary, isn't it, what people in power can do, even what they can think? The scariest part is that the seeds of this ideology started here, in the United States of America! In the early 1900's, twenty-some states passed laws requiring sterilization of societal misfits such as prison inmates, in order to protect society from future undesirables.

Dr. Rubenstein closed with an admonition to not let yourself become dependent upon the government, even the apparently beneficent American government, otherwise it will hold the power of life or death over you.

Special thanks to Dr. Yudit Greenberg for her help in compiling this article.

A Celebration of Excellence

by Chris Rizzolo

On Sunday May 7, the Expressive Arts department will give out their awards at 7:00 PM at the Cornell patio (Rogers Room in case of bad weather). There will be a reception afterward. Monday will be the Athletic department's day, and on Tuesday at 12:30 PM in the Bush auditorium the Science and Math department will give out their awards. A picnic will follow. On Wednesday, May 10, the Humanities department will give their awards. This will take place in the French House at 5:00 PM and a B-B-Q will follow. Thursday marks the end of the departmental awards with the Social Sciences department gathering in the Cornell Commons at 12:30 PM. All of the above assemblies are open to the public with the exception of the athletic awards which are invitation only.

The entire week, which has been dubbed "A Celebration of Excellence," will end on Friday, May 12, with an all-college picnic on Mills lawn at 5:30 PM. Beans will be closed. The final awards, such as the Outstanding Senior Scholars and the McKean award, will be given out at this time.

At the picnic, the outgoing seniors are going to present a challenge to the Rollins community for next year. It will be a campus compact, a challenge that will hopefully bring the campus closer together through service activities. Right now, Rollins is part of a national network that promotes community service and volunteerism. We are also part of a Florida compact that promotes community service within the state. Now we will have a college compact, and perhaps it will become a tradition here at Rollins.

Hopefully if the week-long "Celebration of Excellence" is a success, the format will be used for years to come here at Rollins. No longer will students be forced to keep themselves awake by counting ceiling tiles as they sit through slow-moving ceremonies. The new system should prove to be more casual and more fun.

Are We Amusing Ourselves to Death?

by Don Hensel

Neil Postman, author of *Amusing Ourselves to Death* and professor of communication arts and sciences at New York University, addressed the Rollins College community on May 1. Dr. Postman expressed his concern to the students about the effects of the modern media upon culture and intellect. Tradition over the centuries has evolved from reliance on the spoken word, to the use of the printed word (with the invention of the printing press), and now to the world of television.

Many students believed that Dr. Postman would be one of those pompous bores condemning the "junk" on television. He was not. In fact, Dr. Postman rather enjoys television for its entertainment value, an example of which would be the Superbowl. It is when programming attempts to instruct, such as on "Sesame Street," that the problems begin, because such programming teaches children to love television, not education. Additionally, students expect the "instant gratification" of television, and become dissatisfied with education, since the value of an education can hardly be realized immediately.

"We face the rapid dissolution of the assumptions of an education organized around the slow-moving printed word, and the equally rapid emergence of a new education based on the speed-of-light electronic image."

What will the results be of the replacement of the printed word by the culture of television? Here, Postman offers a prophetic vision similar to the one offered by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*. People will be dominated by technologies which undo their capacities to think. Our culture will become a trivial one defined by a "perpetual round of entertainments, when serious public conversation becomes a form of baby-talk. . . culture death is a clear possibility."

Although education is influenced greatly by the culture of television, so are many other facets of modern life, such as politics. Ronald Reagan, former President of the United States, starred in Hollywood for many years, and used this talent to become "the Great Communicator," (or the "Teflon President"). Ralph Nader, Jesse Jackson, Ed Koch, and George McGovern have all hosted "Saturday Night Live," Michael Dukakis appeared on "St. Elsewhere," and former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger appeared on "Dynasty" with Gerald Ford. Politics today is based largely upon "image" much more so than it is based upon issues. Remember the campaign of 1988?

Neil Postman offered many other compelling ideas to those who attended the lecture. If you missed his talk, or if you are interested in what he says, it is highly recommended that you read and discuss his book. Its implications for culture are serious, and they cause me to wonder whether or not we're "amusing ourselves to death."



Neil Postman

Photo by Tarita Virtue

Make Earth Day Count by Continuing It

By Jay D. Hair President, National Wildlife Federation

"You can make a difference." It's a phrase used to encourage activism about everything from beautifying a neighborhood to stopping global nuclear proliferation. The phrase is so frequently invoked that we dismiss its validity. Don't.

Individual lifestyles do have environmental consequences. When Americans apply conservation ideals to their personal actions, some of the nation's environmental problems — even problems like global warming — can be reduced.

Consider a few everyday examples. Taking a cup of coffee along the way to your morning appointment? Stopping for lunch at the nearest fast-food stop? Having a few people over and plan on using throwaway plates? In every instance, you have a choice: you could use products that are made of rigid foam plastic or you could use a substitute. Make the latter choice and you've also made an environmentally responsible decision.

About one half of all rigid foam is inflated with chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), which destroy

the Earth's protective ozone layer and add to the problem of global warming. But you don't have to drink from a plastic cup. Paper cups do just fine; washable cups are even better for the environment. And fast-food shops can readily get plastic packaging without the harmful CFCs. Ask for it.

Next, travel to the self-service gas station. By squeezing the last nickel's worth of gasoline into the tank — only to watch it dribble down the side of your car — you are harming the environment.

"Topping off" releases hydrocarbons that react with sunlight and other atmospheric gases to create ozone, a gas that causes \$3 to \$4 billion a year in crop damage and is another of the "greenhouse" gases that adds to the global warming trend.

Finally, take an environmental tour on trash pick-up day. Americans throw out 150 million tons of garbage a year. Reusable glass containers, recyclable paper and plastic and valuable metals make up most of the load.

The volume has overtaken our ability to deal with it. In just three years, more than half the cities in the United States are expected to pay \$1 billion annually to get rid of their trash. In Minneapolis, the cost of burying a ton of refuse has increased sixfold in just six years.

Yet, half of the aluminum, paper and glass that ends up in landfills could be recycled, saving the cost of disposal as well as the energy used to manufacture new products. One California study found that the net cost of a curbside recycling program is a third less than the cost of landfilling the throwaways.

At the same time, making paper from discards instead of trees cuts energy consumption by 75 percent, and the use of fossil fuels is the prime culprit in global warming. Producing aluminum cans from scrap instead of bauxite cuts energy use and air pollution by 95 percent.

Can you make a difference? The National Wildlife Federation believes the answer is a resounding "yes." That's why we've created a program — "COOL IT!" — especially for college students and especially timed for Earth Day that will focus on the global warming problem.

The idea of the original Earth Day was born on a college campus. In 1970, during the first Earth Day, more than 2,000 colleges and universities held special programs. In many ways, the modern environmental movement began on America's campuses.

Now, we need more than talk; we need effective, immediate attention. The world today is faced with vexing — but not insurmountable — environmental problems. The enthusiasm and determination that make Earth Day 1970 the largest demonstration of public will in American history can also help solve the environmental problems of the 1990s.

So join us in a "COOL IT!" project and act out our slogan — "Earth Day, Every Day." Because you can make a difference.

NWF URGES COLLEGE CAMPUSES TO "COOL IT!"

WASHINGTON, D.C. — National Wildlife Federation (NWF) is urging College Campuses to "COOL IT!" by fashioning projects in their own communities that will help halt the global warming trend.

The student-led "COOL IT!" program was kicked off nationwide on April 22, the date annually celebrated as Earth Day. By Earth Day, 1990, the 20th anniversary of the nation's largest citizens demonstration, student-initiated "COOL IT!" projects will be well underway nationwide. The success of these projects will lead the way for a major nationwide or even worldwide celebration.

"The very words 'global warming' make us believe that it is a global problem, not a local problem. That is precisely the misconception the 'COOL IT!' program is designed to reverse," said NWF President Jay D. Hair. "All environmental problems are really local problems. And when they are not solved at the local level, the problems naturally evolve into global dilemmas.

"Furthermore, global problems can best be solved at the local level. The 'COOL IT!' program will show student and community leaders that they can, indeed make a difference and determine the quality of the world in which they live," Hair concluded.

Under the program, a single "COOL IT!" project will be recognized by NWF on each campus. The recognized project will be encouraged to involve all possible segments of the university community in devising a sound, local approach to the problem of global warming. The local programs are expected to become sustainable community projects rather than ending when today's college leaders leave the campuses.

"The scope of acceptable projects is wide," according to Jody Thomas, Director for Earth Day Programs. In some cases, the local effort could be an extension of an existing program. For example, some campus "COOL IT!" projects may expand existing recycling programs to double or triple the amount of waste that is reused rather than land-filled. Other campuses may try to persuade food establishments to eliminate plastic packaging that contribute to the problem of global warming.

"In all cases, the projects will produce measurable results, not only heightening the public's environmental consciousness, but making progress towards specific environmental goals," said Thomas.

In addition, every college campaign will be encouraged to use the "COOL IT!" slogan — "Earth Day, Every Day." NWF will provide direct support to campus organizations by assigning regional staff to work with students in designing projects, devising fundraising strategies and maintaining an information network with other students involved in "COOL IT!" programs.

The "COOL IT!"

campaign will culminate during Earth Day 1990 activities with a report on student achievements toward stemming global warming and the announcement of special merit awards for outstanding and creative projects. Special merit projects will receive a \$2,500 award to be used for environmental programming at the college or in the community.

Environmental problems have become increasingly complex and commonplace in the past decade: Americans face such thorny issues as toxic contamination of neighborhoods, health-threatening acid rain and contaminated groundwater, among a host of others. But no environmental problem may be as immediate — or as reversible — as the problem of global warming.

In recent years, scientists and natural resource experts have presented data clearly indicating that man-made pollution is radically changing the Earth's climate. By some estimates, even a few degrees of warming in the next several decades could transform some farming communities into dust bowls, put coastal communities under water and speed the extinction of some wildlife species.

"But global warming isn't inevitable," noted Hair. "People created the problem and we can change much of the outcome. The National Wildlife Federation picked the issue of global warming for the 'COOL IT!' program because we can still change the course of our folly. And students on America's campuses can lead the way."



Statewide Group Formed to Fight Garbage Incinerators

Concerned with the deteriorating quality of the state's groundwater upon which all life depends, a group of more than 100 citizens from all sections of Florida assembled in Tavares, Fla. to form a nonprofit organization, the initial objective of which will be to press the legislature to place a moratorium on the permitting of municipal solid waste incinerators and the closing of those that are already operating.

The organization, to be known as the Florida Alliance for a Clean Environment (F.A.C.E.), fully supports legislation to eliminate the garbage incinerators. Major concerns are (1) the lack of both state and federal guidelines covering the handling of the 25-35% highly toxic ash that results from the burning of municipal solid waste, the indestructible heavy metals from which eventually leach out into the groundwater, (2) the carcinogenic dioxins that are created by the incineration process, (3) the enormous capital costs of that high-tech "solution" to a problem that has been most successfully attacked since 1980 in Western Europe's low-tech methods, and (4) the disappointing revenues from the sale of electricity, counted on to help pay the huge debts of these plants.

Formation of the organization, which already has under way a petition to the Governor, has been encouraged by the recent announcement by the incineration industry that it now sees fit to jump on "the recycling bandwagon," even though that process is completely the opposite of incineration.

The F.A.C.E. organization is the latest to join a network of similar grassroots groups throughout the U.S., educating the public on the irreversible damage to the environment that results from the needless incineration of solid waste. It also aims to serve as the umbrella coalition of all environmental groups in the state, extending an invitation to each to assist its efforts.

VALIDINE RIPOFF?

by Susan Brown

Do you ever get the sneaking suspicion there's more money missing from your Vali-dine account than there should be?

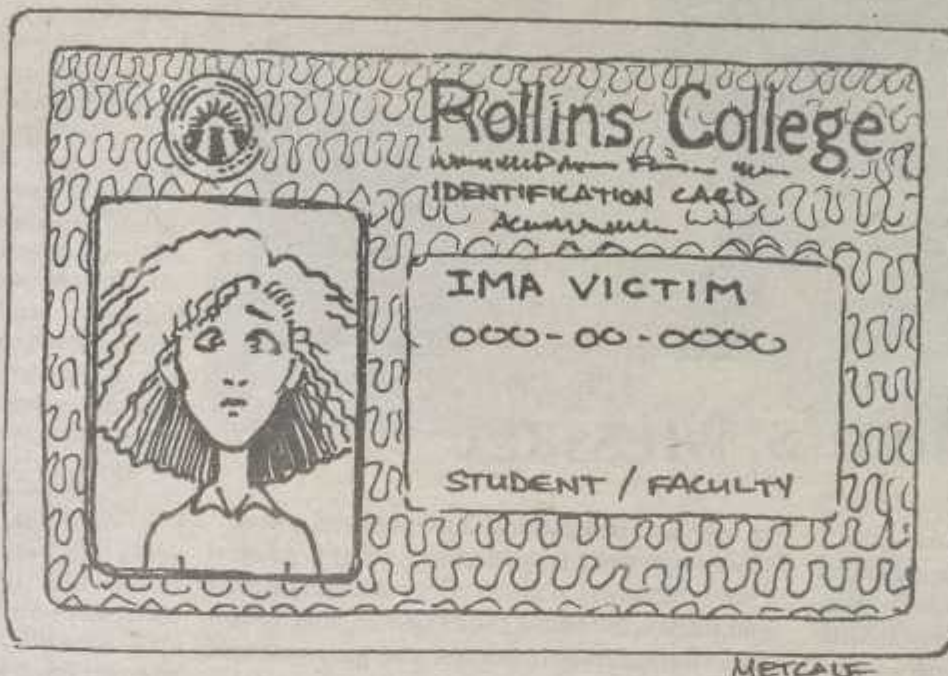
Just recently on Sunday evening I asked the above question to 152 students on campus. The results just might surprise you. Only eight people said no, thirty-four students said they haven't paid enough attention to notice, and an overwhelming one hundred and ten students answered "yes." They even signed their names to that effect.

It seems to me if at least 110 out of the 154 students polled have suspicions about missing account money, then there's someone out there making a little extra pocket change at our expense. By now you're probably asking yourself, "But just who might that someone be?" Well, I did a little investigating and here's what I came up with.

Some of the women I questioned on campus expressed frustration over how some Sororities seem to drain more money off member's accounts than is appropriate. Granted Sorority members have to pay the various required fees and dues from their accounts; but some of the women were still under the impression that at times, more than the specified amount is collected, without their knowledge.

Another problem might be the method that's used the majority of the time to sign students up for campus events. In case you are not aware of this system: when there is a campus event that requires admission chargeable to your Vali-dine account, the group(s) sponsoring the event receive a master list of the entire student

body. In order to sign up for an event all you have to do is notify the sponsors (usually located at a table in or outside of the Beanery) that you're interested. They proceed to cross your name off the master list and the fee is then billed painlessly from your account.



This method sounds simple enough, however, I had several students tell me they were sometimes signed up for campus events without their consent. For example: One student told me of how one time he was asked by members of a sponsoring group if he was going to sign up for their event. He told them he probably wouldn't, but maybe he'd change his mind and do it later. Anyway, he eventually did reconsider and went back to sign up for the event. But, much to his surprise when he got there, he discovered his name had already been crossed off the master list. This incident made me seriously wonder what happened to this guy was

a fluke, or perhaps just an accident. Or do many of us get signed up and billed for events without our consent?

More on the mysterious side, the majority of the people polled said that sometimes they would use their Vali-dine for the first time in a few days only to find there was \$20, \$30, even as much as \$50 missing from their account! This is perhaps the most frustrating thing to have happen because few people keep precise tabs on the exact amount of money in their account. Thus there are times when you're sure there's missing money, but you can't prove it. But still, most of us are familiar enough with the general amount in our accounts to know when there's money missing.

Of course I'm sure the one thing we've all become aware of by now is the inconsistent food prices on campus. You know how one sandwich can cost \$2 one day and \$3 the next. Then there's always the time when the cashier's finger slips and you get charged \$10 for a \$1 drink. But that's another story.

Maybe some of the reasons mentioned in this article are plausible excuses for missing account money, but there are still a lot of unanswered questions. Too many students are positive there have been times when their account amounts have dropped sharply and inexplicably. What's going on here?

By the way, Dean Neilson wants you to know that if you really have had account money missing and can document clearly how it happened, you should go in and talk with him. He offers his assurance that under such circumstances, some form of action will be taken.

The editorial board of the Sandspur presents the following to you in its entirety, un-commented upon because, at this time, the issue is undecided in committee.

Proposal to the Publications Union

Whereas student funds are very scarce (less than half of what was asked for by student organizations last year was allotted), and

Whereas the publications *Sandspur* and *Pulse* combined, have taken up more than one quarter of all student funds, and

Whereas the *Pulse* was originally established to provide a bridge in communications between the times when the 94-year-old *Sandspur* was not fulfilling its function to the best of its ability, and

Whereas the *Sandspur* is now back on its feet, doing a good job, and putting out an issue every two weeks and has plans to continue doing that, following the tradition it has established over the past 95 years, and

Whereas the sharing of territory between the *Sandspur* and the *Pulse* has become increasingly difficult, and

Whereas both the editors of the *Sandspur* and the *Pulse* are very much concerned about working together as a team, and

Whereas there are a limited number of students who have shown an interest in journalism and dedication to these publications,

Be it resolved that

The *Sandspur* and the *Pulse* be merged to become one single paper (keeping the traditional name of *The Rollins Sandspur*) which can best serve the Rollins community as both a communication instrument and a forum for debate. Since the *Pulse* deals mostly with current news and announcements, it will become the news section of the *Sandspur*. Other features will be incorporated into appropriate sections of the *Sandspur*.

Supporting statement:

At this time, this campus cannot afford to have two newspapers. Resources are limited. The publications take up quite a lot of them, unnecessarily. Last year, the *Sandspur* was awarded \$6500 [+ \$1,800 in February = \$8,300] and the *Pulse* received \$19,000, coming to a total of 25,500 [+ the \$1,800 = \$27,300]. With a total of only \$95,272 given out to twenty groups, the publications received approximately 26% of that. This proposal could cut this figure almost in half. The student funds which would be saved by this merger could best be used by other organizations who need the money for their contributions to the school.

When the *Pulse* was started up, there was a belief that competition would be good for the journalistic scene at Rollins and both staffs would be striving hard to serve Rollins better. But such was not the case. What was not taken into account was the fact that there are not enough students at Rollins who have genuine interest in journalism, and they were spread too thin. Schools like Dartmouth and Yale have a number of competing papers, but the students who go there are much more ambitious and committed than Rollins students.

The moment the *Pulse* started, the *Sandspur* staff reacted the opposite way that it was predicted; they lost the incentive to inform the community. In the year that followed, the *Sandspur* struggled desperately to barely keep its head above water; no more than three issues and two half issues were printed in a full year. Not until the joint editorship of two very dedicated, knowledgeable and hard workers did the *Sandspur* finally get off the ground and start turning out issues on a regular basis. Now that the *Sandspur* is back on its feet and doing its job well, there is no longer the need for a separate paper to fill the news gap. As far as getting all views on topics, the *Sandspur* is and always has been committed to presenting all sides of issues and being the voice for all the students of Rollins College.

There are some great writers, photographers, and artists on both staffs. But separately, they can't do as well as they might if they collaborated. The editors of the separate papers have spoken with each other time and time again about teamwork between the two papers, but try as hard as they might, they cannot avoid some unnecessary overlap. This proposal would eliminate the tension and conflict in this area as well as establish a bond and unity among those students who want to serve the Rollins community through journalism.



Photo by Jon Chisdes

President's Message

As the spring semester draws to a close, I find myself reflective about this year at Rollins and about the significant changes which have occurred in campus life. We began the year with the Student Summit in September, and we conclude the year with a new sense of student "empowerment." The mood and atmosphere are exciting.

The renaissance of student publications is perhaps the most important and far-reaching product of the Summit, and its positive effect is already apparent. The greatest single disappointment to me during my eleven years at Rollins has been the uneven and usually poor quality of undergraduate journalism. There have been a few high points, notably the editorship of Diana Chrissis Landsberger '83, but the norm has been irregular, indifferent, and illiterate student prose.

The transformation began last year, when Robert Hartley '91 took the challenge of a student-faculty committee and assembled a dedicated group to publish *The Pulse*. It is an informative and readable publication, and it is read by students, faculty, and staff. And then this winter, in the best tradition of the open market and competitive free enterprise, the new *Sandspur* appeared. Under the able and energetic editorship of Jonathon Chisdes '90 and Lori Sordyl '89, it has flourished as a professional, attractive, and eminently readable publication which does great credit to all who contribute to its pages. I enjoy sending issues to friends and colleagues as an example of the quality of our college community. It is all there.

At the Summit I spoke of three levels of

change and institutional advancement. Some have major price tags and must await funding. Others require changes in policy and procedure and must work through our system of governance. But the most important changes, the ones that will change the "quality of life" most dramatically, will come voluntarily from students themselves, from the student culture and from the effort and will of individuals. The renaissance of student journalism is a direct expression of this healthy change.

There are already examples of the results which can be achieved by direct and articulate advocacy. The changes in WPRK derive directly from the "Radio Free Rollins" article which Woody Nash '90 wrote for *The Sandspur* in January. The evening hours for student programming have been doubled. The other changes which we all see, expressed most recently by the strong participation of so many student volunteers in the Special Olympics last weekend, demonstrate the impact of improved communication.

That is really what is at issue and at stake. The quality of our community will be enhanced to the extent that we can improve our communication with each other. The quality of our student publications is the best place to begin, and I congratulate all who are responsible for this positive change. I encourage us all to read, discuss, support, and contribute to the publications which so eloquently express the spirit of the Summit and the new Rollins

Thaddeus Seymour

(letters continued from pg.2)

Dear Editors:

If anyone ever wondered how such heinous crimes as human slavery and the torture and killing of millions in Nazi concentration camps ever occurred, one must only look to page 20 of the last issue of the *Sandspur* for some clues. The entire page is dedicated to the degradation and humiliation of men.

In the article entitled "Man: An Owner's Manual," men are repeatedly compared to dogs as the author suggests acceptable methods of "grooming, housebreaking and other behavioral methods of control." The author's wisdom is displayed as she discusses which "breed" is preferred and offers Veterinary Advice for the "beast" who have a "knack for destroying themselves."

I could go on all day about how insulting and emasculating this article is, but I'll let the author speak for herself in a passage under the heading "Breaking Him In:"

"Even though he's of a dim and easily entertained species, content to live in his own world,

careless behavior on your part can enable him to see what's really going on. This could cause him to run away, or "break leash."

Satire and parody can be both entertaining and enlightening, but there is nothing funny or insightful in this mean-spirited attack on men. If this were an article written by a man about women, he would be called a misogynist, and feminists would beat down the door at the *Sandspur* yelling "sexism" and demanding a written apology to all women. But, many men won't complain because they may feel that they are as low as dogs, and that an angry woman's rantings really can't do any harm. But there are some of us men who are not deserving of such abuse, and are aware of the danger and injustice of the sentiments expressed in the article.

So how does this relate to slavery and Nazi's? Well, it's not hard to figure out that these atrocities started with ignorance, prejudice, and hatred—the same elements which are found in

ACTS OF HATE AND IGNORANCE

David R. Herman

Sometime over Spring Break, "Persons unknown" scrawled a swastika and the words, "O-Town Skinheads" with a black marker on the outside door of Phlug Hall. The graffiti was detected by returning students, and was immediately washed off by Phlug's housekeeper.

It is believed that the vandalism was directed at the two black residents of Phlug Hall, Tracy Pugh and Devita Mosely. Neither of the roommates had the slightest clue as to why they had been singled out for this slander.

Skinhead vandalism is nothing new to Orlando. Mike Young, Director of Campus Safety described the gang as, "a most vicious and racist organization." Believed to be a youth spin-off group from the Neo-Nazis, the Skinheads harass ethnic groups mercilessly. According to Mike Young, "We don't see evidence of them as much as other places in the U.S., but they are definitely growing in Florida. I know that they exist in Winter Park because of past incidents that have happened."

A few weeks later, sometime around midnight on April 20th, Tracy opened her room door to discover the words "Nigger Go Home" written on her message board. Shocked, she called several of her friends who instructed her to call Campus Safety. The investigation was unproductive: no one in the building had seen anything, and Campus Safety had not been able to get any information from the residents.

The next day, Mike Young, Mike Lawrence, Director of Residential Life, and Dr. Grant, Director of the Olin Library, spoke with Tracy and Devita, making certain that they felt comfortable with staying at the hall, and no, they hadn't had any problems previously.

Soon after, the three administrators, along with Sean Kinane, the RA, held a house meeting that was unfortunately not well-attended. The meeting openly discussed the problems of dorm life and interaction between people of different backgrounds.

Mike Young stated, "This case is still under investigation. Anyone who has information regarding this is urged to contact us. For this particular incident, and any other like it, we urge the people involved to report it."

Curiously, the initial incident and the second one might be unrelated. The racial slur was written in very neat, careful handwriting in one corner of Tracy & Devita's message board—not the Skins' style at all. The only entrance to Phlug is through one door equipped with a combination lock. Tracy & Devita's room is recessed in one far corner of the house, reached through a twisting hallway. When I asked Mike Young if it could have been a student, he replied, "It can be speculated that if not a Rollins student, it was obviously someone familiar with the building, someone familiar with the residents, and someone familiar with the access code. It would seem to me that a student would be a pretty strong lead."

The perpetrator could also have been someone let in by a resident, or had learned the code from a resident. Dr. Grant warns students about the danger of haphazardly informing non-resident friends of a house's code, "The people living together in a residence are part of a community, and should take care of their neighbors. By giving out the code you leave yourself and your friends open to danger."

What strikes me most is not this unfortunate incident itself, but an uncomfortable realization: If I have a problem or have been hurt, there are a number of student services open to me (Lakeside Counseling, Teachers, Deans, etc.) But if I was black, where would I turn for help and understanding? The efforts of all the people I've mentioned have been admirable, but they're not the same as being able to turn to an authority figure of my own race who can relate to my feelings and experience and give real-world guidance. What structures exist at Rollins to help minority students? For blacks, there's Dr. Crumbly, a professor of Anthropology, and Dr. Grant in the Library...but that's not enough. There should be a minority advisor in the counseling center and a minority administrator in that Warren Building.

Think just for a moment, of how it would feel to be slurred...and then to be stifled without someone to help you deal with the experience...

copious amount in this offensive article. It's scary to think that American slave traders and Nazi's felt the same way about blacks and Jews as the author feels about men. We must all realize that there is no redeeming social value in reducing a man to the level of domesticated animal under any circumstances, and especially to this hateful degree.

The *Sandspur* is a decent school paper, but if these abusive slurs are not retracted, this publication will lose much of its quality and credibility. I also hope you will consider getting a written apology from the author of this despicable piece, Mary Javenir.

M. Miller

mForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumFor

GREEK HOUSING ACTIVISM SCARY

by Woodstein

Activism has finally come to Rollins for the first time in fifteen to twenty years. But what are students protesting? The bomb? Environmental problems? Stop the War? Apartheid? Governmental oppression? Pro-Choice? No. They are protesting the decision of the Campus Life Committee to move Phi Delta Theta and X-Club from Gale and Mayflower to a hall of McKean.

In my opinion, in comparison to the above-mentioned issues, the latter pales in significance. But that is not important. Students have become active and are saying that they care. That is great and in the face of the destruction of Rollins apathy, I was tempted to jump on the bandwagon, complaining that the CLC did not follow procedures, which is what this whole issue is about.

But before I leap, I always try to look at the situations objectively. I went to the faculty meeting on the 25th of April and listened to both Pat Polley and Julie Hernandez and I agreed with Polley. These fraternities are the worst fraternities on campus who have problems with drugs, alcohol, sexism, racism, and understanding brotherhood. I was glad that the faculty voted overwhelmingly to affirm the decision of the CLC. Maybe their decision wasn't that great, but they had to make it. I can appreciate making tough decisions, and we should stick by them. It was clear that they put a lot of thought into it. I looked around at what I estimated to be perhaps 200 students who also attended the faculty meeting to show their support for the SGA proposal, and I was really scared. They were almost all Greek. Last year, when Fine Arts was thrown out of their house, where was the protest? Fine Arts doesn't have the money or power that the fraternities have. That night, at the rally in the student center, there were seven $\Phi\Delta\Theta$ alumni who were called that day and showed up that night. Their power is scary because I don't think fraternities with all those above mentioned detriments should have that much power.

No one talked about the groups which gained houses. Apparently KKT and NCM did some great things this year which the CLC felt made them worthy of a nice house. They were not represented at the rally; many Greeks feel resentment toward them. They also feel resentment toward the independents who are currently living in prime housing. Someone shouted out "What do the indies have to do to keep their houses? Nothing!" That got a lot of applause. But it is incorrect. First of all, only a small number of independents live in prime housing and they are not necessarily keeping it. And what they do is have high GPA's which allow them first choice of independent housing. Perhaps this is a biased generalization, but I feel that most of the independents living in prime



photos by Tarita Virtue

housing are doing great things for the school. A few examples come to mind. Two are very active in theatre, one is head of the Economics Honor Society, one is the head of JSL, one is a great varsity tennis player, one helped revive the *Sandspur*, and one is a SGA senator. These are only a few of the contributions independents make to the school. Fraternities talk a lot about "community service," but the details are very sketchy. We hear a little about food drives, sponsoring lectures, Christmas gifts to children, etc. But everyone on this campus knows that $\Phi\Delta\Theta$ and X-Club are most known for giving loud, wild parties the purpose of which is to get totally smashed and puke all over the floor. Okay, I'm getting too general and I have been taught to avoid stereotypes, so I will stop this anti-Greek rhetoric because it is getting me nowhere.

The issue is not a Greek issue, or at least that's what the two fraternities keep saying. But at the rally, just for curiosity, Woody Nash asked how many people there were not Greek. Perhaps twenty people out of an estimated 200 raised their hands. It is not a student protest, it is Greek protest. That can be quite scary at a school that has a tradition of apathy because no one will speak up for the independents. They were not even asked to submit proposals to keep their houses, which they have come to cherish just as much as the fraternities, but have desecrated less.

Yes, student activism is great and the housing issues should be reviewed. But Greeks protesting the procedures of the CLC because they did not like the outcome is not only futile, but downright scary.

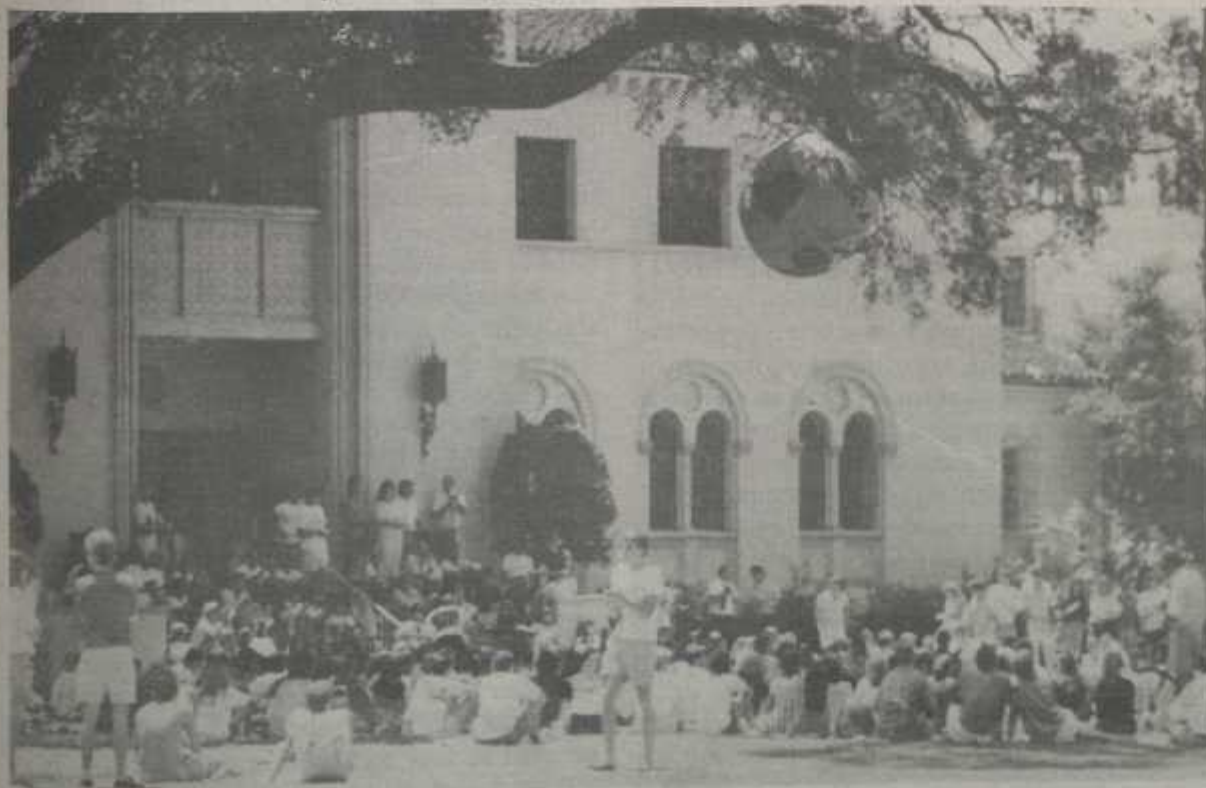
ATO's Response to Housing Issue

The Brothers of Alpha Tau Omega have mixed emotions on the recent housing decisions. On the one hand, we could not be happier with the committee's decision for our group. However, we do support the need for a revised process. We do not think that all groups were treated equally, and we hope all matters will be resolved for next year's review. The committee is to be commended for the long hours they have put in, and they are not to be blamed for the structure of the review process. In the future, we hope students will have a more influential impact on small-group housing, and all campus issues.



Chi Omega Speaks on Housing

Although I am the President of Chi Omega, my thoughts on the housing situation are only my own. Fortunately, Chi Omega did not have to come up before the housing committee this year because we did very well on last year's review. Because we did not get through this year's process, I can't give an educated response to the whole situation and process. I will say that I don't think this housing situation can occur every year. The unrest and instability scares me. I have seen competition and tension between the groups as well as hostility amongst the students, faculty and administration. Yes, I am happy to see the activism, but I hope this isn't a yearly occurrence. I think as a community it is our obligation to create a process that will encourage stability and unity.



mForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumFor

umForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumFo

HOUSING, STUDENTS, AND FACULTY

by J. Patrick Polley

The year is drawing to a close, and the spirit of the Summit lies in a shambles, crushed by the arbitrary and vicious Campus Life Committee. The spirit of cooperation and community has been replaced by divisiveness and sullen anger. How could this committee destroy so much promise, and create so much ill will in this year, the year of the student?

This is the sort of silliness that the author has heard spouted by various members of the Rollins community during the past three weeks. I have been told that we are hurting student morale, student-faculty relations, relations among student organizations. The claim has been made that all of this ill will is the result of the housing recommendations made by the Campus Life Committee. I am writing this piece to tell you about the goals and process of housing review in the hope that you will be enlightened as to what we have done, and why.



Photo by Tarita Virtue

This piece is not a report by the committee. If you choose to read this brief piece, you will find a presentation of my views as Chair of Campus Life Committee on the process the committee used to evaluate requests for small group housing, and an argument as to the necessity of having these requests evaluated by a faculty governance committee, rather than a student-dominated committee.

Housing review is not a process dreamed up by sadistic faculty in order to torment hapless student groups with the prospect of losing their cherished residences. The purpose of housing review is not to encourage an outbreak of brown-nosing under the guise of community or campus service, among student groups. For the past two years, the purpose of housing review has been to encourage student groups to develop goals that are compatible with the goals of a liberal-arts college, and to develop programs to implement those goals. The Campus Life Committee has also asked that student groups demonstrate that they need a small group residence to accomplish their goals.

These are the criteria by which groups have been judged for two years. The committee adopted these criteria in order to encourage diversity among student groups, and to force student groups to define their role on the campus.

This year, the committee began the process of housing review in mid-October by requesting preliminary goals statements from the organiza-

tions requesting small group housing. The committee then provided the organizations with a critique of these statements by the end of the fall term. At the beginning of winter term, the committee held a workshop on goal-setting and program development to which all the organizations were invited. This workshop was held in response to the lack of coherence that we found in the statements submitted in October. Had we suspected that most student groups were so clueless as to what the goals of their own organizations were, and how to design programs to accomplish those goals, we would have held the workshop earlier in the fall term. Housing proposals were requested from all groups in mid-February, and housing interviews held through the month of March. The committee then met to render its decisions on April 4, and forwarded its recommendations to the Acting Dean of the College on April 6. In addition to

the written communications sent to all groups, members of the Campus Life Committee met with interested organizations throughout the fall term, winter term and early spring term in order to help them develop satisfactory proposals. Throughout this period, the committee emphasized the tripartite criteria that would form the basis of our judgement: What are the goals of the group, how are those goals achieved, and does the group need small group housing to achieve its goals.

Our decisions were based on information discusses in the housing interviews, and in the housing proposals. At no time did I allow the introduction of hearsay evidence, or charges that a group had not been aware of, in the discussions regarding the allocation of housing. We operated in a fair and open manner, and have been complimented by many of those involved in the process on the structure of the process.

Which is not to say that our decisions were received with universal acclaim. Several groups thought our letters unduly negative or harsh, and the two fraternities that were denied their traditional houses were outraged. The two newly-homeless frats submitted an appeal of their evictions to the Acting Dean of the College. The Acting Dean then set up an Appeals Panel, which heard the appeals. The Appeals Panel found no procedural errors in the proceedings of the committee, and made several suggestions as to how the committee could improve its procedures in the future. I requested that the Faculty of the College move their assent of the housing recommendations of the committee, a motion which was passed by over a 3 to 1 margin on April 24. At every level of appeal, the decisions of the committee have been supported.

That is the history of this year's housing review. I have gone on at some length about this, as there have been a number of claims that the committee operated in a secret manner, without procedures, without student input, and attempted to collect hearsay evidence in order to build a case against certain groups. I did not dwell upon the SGA petition, the various rumors that have been spread about the committee and its workings, or the demands for dramatic revisions of the process that have been voiced from some quarters over the past three weeks. I consider the SGA petition worthless as a gauge of student thought on this issue, as it was

circulated in a misleading manner, with signatures being coerced from many students. I have outlined the facts of the housing review process here in order to dispel erroneous views that may have arisen through a lack of information. There is nothing that I can do to stop malicious rumors whose sole intent is to slander members of the committee in the hopes of discrediting the decisions of that body. As to revising the procedure of housing review, such revision will be undertaken by the Campus Life Committee in the normal course of its work. I will be open, as usual, to any suggestions that members of the community might have for making this review procedure better.

But what I, as a member of the committee, will not do is to stand by while claims are made about a lack of fairness, and a lack of student input into the process. I thank the students who served on this year's committee for their hard work and impartiality. They rose above group loyalties, arguing for and voting for what they believed to be fair and just allocations of small group housing. They showed true leadership and courage. It is much easier to spread untruths, to mouth empty slogans about student rights, than to exercise those rights in a constructive manner by making good tough decisions that will be distasteful to some. I thank the SGA for sending me four excellent representatives with whom I had the privilege to work.

Some might wonder when in this little piece I am going to talk about the two fraternities that were denied small group housing. At what point will I pour abuse over these organizations, lashing them with invective, calling them names and running them down? If you are reading this in the hope of finding that sort of filth, stop reading. I hold no grudge with those organizations because of their appeals. A sound system of evaluation should contain mechanisms for appeal, and recourse to those mechanisms is a right. Exercise of that right to appeal in no way jeopardizes those organizations, it will not be held against them in any way in the course of any future review. The Campus Life Committee did not think that those groups should be awarded small group housing for reasons that were made clear to those groups. I see no reason to review those reasons here. I was convinced that, on at least one of the criteria, the performance of these organizations was unsatisfactory. In the case of X Club and Phi Delta Theta, the committee voted by a margin of 6 to 1 to deny these groups housing. Since a review of our procedures has cleared the committee of any errors of bias, I suggest that the evidence in support of our decision is substantial and compelling.

Yet there is talk of further appeals, of continuing to fight against the injustice perpetrated by this committee. As of this writing, the rumor was that the Trustees would be the next recipients of this grievous tale of woe, that at their door the two fraternities would seek justice. And if the Trustees uphold our decision, the fight will go on. Perhaps Judge Wapner can expect a call in the near future. I hope that we may move away from these considerations, and turn to matters of interest with regard to the process itself. Student reactions to the housing recommendations have convinced me that housing review is necessary if there is to be any hope of strengthening the academic and intellectual atmosphere of this campus. The primary reason given for reinstating the two fraternities was that moving them would cause social life at Rollins to suffer, as there would now be a dearth of open parties. The specter was raised of hordes of students storming the Registrar's office for transfer papers at the thought of fewer keg parties. Should such a scene actually transpire, and should there be an exodus of young people from this institution for the sole reason that there are insufficient opportunities to consume unlimited quantities of alcohol, I can assure you that I, along with many of my colleagues and not a few students, will gather on the corner of Fairbanks and Park to bid them a fond farewell as they motor off into the sunset. It is

umForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumFo

rumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumF

obvious that the sole reason for the existence of many of the fraternities and sororities is to provide places for people to hang out together. Too often there is little of substance that binds the group together, and the members of the group wish to live together simply because they feel comfortable together. This is insufficient reason for any group to be awarded group housing.

But what about independent housing? Why should there be houses where non-affiliated students can live, and not need to come up with goals or programs? The reasons for such housing are two, one of fairness and equal access, and the other one of responsibility and control. I do not see why someone should be forced to join a group in order to have a chance at some of the nicer living quarters on campus. If a group is awarded a house, the college grants it wide leeway in the selection of those who may live in the house. In return for this control, the group is expected to set and achieve goals that are in accord with the mission of liberal-arts institution, and to use that facility to do so. If a group does not wish to come under the scrutiny of the Campus Life Committee, it may move off campus, and thus gain complete control over its program of activities. The group is thus saved from the anxiety of housing review, and the Campus Life Committee is saved from having to read and comment on ill-conceived housing proposals. The same option of off-campus housing is open to those students who find the residence halls unbearable. I suggest that you start reading the *Sentinel* Classified section in your search for more suitable living quarters in August; there are usually many openings at that time. See the world, live in Ocoee.

This brings me to my last point of why faculty should be involved in this process, and why faculty must run it. Quite bluntly, the greek organizations, left to themselves, would be unable to carry out any sort of rigorous housing review. Left to the SGA alone, we would have more of what happened this April, with the SGA willing to ignore the needs of non-greek organizations, such as the Fine Arts House and the International Students Organization, and to ignore entirely non-affiliated students, for the sake of two member organizations of the greek system. With greek-affiliated students accounting for only 40% of the student body, this prospect of an SGA-dominated housing review is unacceptable to me. It would lock out 60% of the campus, and dissolve into a orgy of saccharine self-congratulation on the part of IFC and Panhell. No thanks.

The argument that the campus is really for the students is only a half-truth. It is for the students, as students, and that is where I must assert my interests as a faculty member. Much of what students do is not my business. If a group of doltish young men wish to retire to the privacy of their rooms with a six pack of beer and a copy of *Hustler* in order to spend the evening polishing their rockets, perhaps that is not my business. But it is my business when one out of four students in the average morning class at Rollins is suffering from the effects of drug and alcohol use on the previous evening. It is my business when young women are raped at this institution, and leave it with their lives shattered. It is my business when gay men and women are harassed and abused to the point that they must transfer from this institution. When students are made to feel uncomfortable by their peers because they work at their studies, there is something deeply wrong here. These are the real problems here: sexism, racism, alcohol and drug abuse, anti-intellectualism. Yet forums on these subjects are poorly attended, while those forums that are concerned with where a few dozen fraternity brothers will live, or whether there can be kegs on campus, bring out hundreds of students. Since most students do not wish to even talk about the real issues affecting the Rollins community, I cannot believe that they would actually do anything to resolve those issues. The only hope of awakening interest in these substantial issues is if the faculty forces the students to think about them. And the only way that I see positive change occurring at Rollins is when the faculty demands that this be an educational community, a community where the exchange of ideas and concerns is cherished.



Photo by Tarita Virtue

Rollins Faculty Too Powerful, Too Out of Touch

by Jen Foley

On April 6, the Campus Life Committee made a series of recommendations on the assignment of group housing for the 1989-90 academic year. As a result of these recommendations, an obvious surge of student activism was voiced by students to the faculty and administration. The issue is: A majority of the groups reviewed are not at all pleased with the committee's decisions and/or the way the decisions were reached. The underlying, more detrimental issue is: Why and/or from where did this student voice suddenly emerge?

The reacting students are saying that the faculty and administration, through the vehicle of the Campus Life Committee, have an unjustifiable monopoly over our daily lives on campus. The monopoly is perceived as unjust by the students because the committee conducted the Housing Review Process without genuine criteria. The membership of the committee itself is also perceived as unfairly comprised for its task in that: (1) a disproportionate number of students sat on it-3, and (2) those students are not viewed as a true representative sampling of the student body's activity and interest.

The student voice currently being raised against the committee's actions is justifiable in its reasoning and in exactly what is calling for, considering the apparent faculty vs. student condition on the campus. The students ask, "How can the faculty decide what is truly right for us when they are generally clueless as to what we are truly about?" Most students work, play, eat, and sleep on campus. Some of the professors barely breathe here.

What, however, seemed just as shocking was the sudden bloody murder scream coming from the student body. It was hard to conceive the notion of the Rollins students being criticized as APATHETIC and disinterested on the night of the April 24 student rally in the Student Center or at the April 26 student forum on Mills Lawn. Perhaps if the students had shouted with real concern at the top of their lungs all year, the committee would have used the tops of their heads more to realize the degree of reaction their final decisions might stir.

Dr. Pat Polley and the Campus Life Committee are saying that, regardless of that student voice, they are quite justifiable in their actions. They have commented extensively on the Housing Review Process they followed and the reasons for their final decisions. Some examples cited have been Phi Delta Theta's "lack of brotherhood" and the X-Club's "sexism." The committee also takes credit for considerable amounts of time and effort given to the process.

The committee should definitely be commended for their time and effort. They worked on a voluntary basis and had to endure much flack for their efforts, probably having not preconceived the

full impact their decisions would have.

It is amazing, however, that the committee itself did not see the lack of genuine criteria and logical reasoning by which it was operating. Could not the committee see that it was not a true representation of "campus life"? The majority of the committee are faculty members while it must be obvious to them that students know best what would most benefit life on campus. Besides, the students are Rollins.

But, also, the faculty members are Rollins. The staff is Rollins. The administration is Rollins. Apart from each other, none of us are anything worth commending as far as "goals" and "missions" (like those referred to in the S.G.A. petition). We aren't even working toward community, because we are not a community while working in direct opposition to each other (as the students see the Campus Life Committee doing to them). Would not a unified effort make more sense on a campus as small as ours? Apparently not; not now, anyway. Whose campus is it really, though? Ours or theirs? This question shouldn't even have to be posed.

Unfortunately, "the spirit of the Student Life Summit" does not prevail as we bid goodbye to the year 89-90. Mostly, it is because students do not think the faculty and administration care *what* prevails. If they do care, they might want to learn how to show it. Then, the students could learn from some sort of example, which really does not exist to encourage student involvement.

It seems the faculty and administration generally criticize student apathy and insensibility, but when we do choose to stand up and shout aloud about an issue or occurrence, we don't see the faculty and administrators bursting with willingness, lending ears to listen carefully, much less hands to assist our involvement. The exceptions are the same few that can be counted on—and counted on one hand.

To actually know and care what "spirit" prevails on campus, the faculty and administration will have to do more speaking with us, eating with us, interacting in common areas outside the classrooms with us... more living with us.

Dr. Polley's effort to live with us in McKean next year should be thoroughly commended by everyone. But only until after that term is complete, how can he, or any other faculty member, see him/herself as justified in determining and governing what groups do what, how well, and for what reasons?

The housing issue has resulted in one, if only one, clear-cut and obvious occurrence within our college. Rollins students' tragically apathetic whisper has turned into, from some students, a piercing scream. Yet it is gone unheard.

orumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForum

The Problems with Gender Problems

Cathy Sawruk

There is a section in *The Survivor's Guide to Proper Grammar in Personal Writing*, more commonly known as *Line by Line*, that deals with the problem people face in substituting either a masculine or feminine pronoun for "one." Although many people try to find circuitous paths around this obstacle, the problem still remains. It seems that our society has traditionally substituted a masculine pronoun for a situation that could easily include a female just as well.

Even today there is still endorsement of these traditions in "defending the integrity of the language against the inroads of reformers who would sacrifice graceful prose to social or political end." I cannot understand how traditional standards can be upheld despite the great movement to feminine equality that has taken place in our society. This theory about endorsing the traditional usage of masculine pronouns to represent both sexes seems very backwards in thought to me, especially for a society that has evolved in equality as much as ours.

The idea of creating a new pronoun to represent both sexes seems to be a very simple solution. But how can we get society to accept a new substitute to designate a person of either sex for the third-person singular pronoun when they do not find anything wrong with just using the masculine form for both? I would sincerely hope that many more people have a problem with using the masculine form as a generic substitute than *Line by Line* leads me to believe.

This issue about masculine and feminine gender controversies arose again in a very different situation with me. I was preparing for a class presentation of the Gullah in the United States of America. They are a group of African Americans that have settled along the Carolinas and the nearby islands off the coast. Despite their evolution into American Society, they have maintained many aspects of culture from Africa and the tribes that still exist there. One significant aspect of their culture still in existence is the difference of their use of grammar and syntax from standard English.

The Gullah language consists of a few main differences from Standard English. They use short, precise, and loosely strung sentences that are understood more by meaning than literal translation. Another significant difference is they do not specify gender, but instead use the same pronoun for men and women. They use the catch-all pronoun "e" to represent both sexes. Throughout history, their culture has maintained women and men as equals, in everything from the division of labor to care of the home. Women have always carried as much responsibility as the men in society. Perhaps some Americans believe that the Africans may live in a much less civilized environment, void of technology and advancement; however, I believe this one aspect shows that instead the Africans are more civilized in the treatment of their citizens. They have already understood and accepted men and women as equals, and eliminated the need for such controversy and confusion that we still face in the use of standard English.

English scholars need to update their ideas about traditional uses of the language. Our society has become more liberated in their thinking of the differences between men and women and their roles in society. I believe that our use of the language should reflect these new ideas of equality. Instead of endorsing the use of the masculine pronoun for use with both sexes, grammar textbooks should enforce the idea of a neutral pronoun representative of both genders. I believe the Gullah have the right idea with their use of "e." Since it has been an accepted and useful pronoun in their society, I cannot see why it would not be the right choice to adopt into our language.

Tennis Bum Blasts President

By George Pryor (Rollins Tennis Bum)

Voodoo Economics has re-emerged with the administration's proposal of a subminimum "training" wage. No pretense of training is necessary. The proposal states simply that any new employee young or old can be paid a subminimum wage of \$3.35 an hour during the first six months for jobs many of which can be learned in a week.

In high rolling areas like New York or Boston where 20,000 a year is proletarian, the proposal likely evokes much laughter. In these areas, where rents average \$1000 dollars a month, jobs under \$5 an hour don't exist.

The negative impact of the proposal will felt in the country's economic "dust bowls" where wages are depressed. In these regions the subminimum wage would enable an employee to hire someone for six months, lay him off, then hire another serf. That would likely occur more frequently as the gap between the raised minimum wage and the subminimum wage widens.

Since the furlowed employee could not exist on the meager unemployment benefits paid on the basis of his earnings, he would have to find another job at a probable subminimum wage or starve.

The minimum wage exists to provide a floor under which wages cannot fall, and give the working poor some protection from the country's worst employers. The Administration's proposal effectively nullifies these protections. Unfortunately its advocates are singularly unaffected. It is unlikely the offspring of George Bush or Elizabeth Dole will ever work for a subminimum training wage.

Bitches III: Offensive Actions

by Jane Doe

Although I usually write these articles in dialogue, I, unfortunately, wasn't present at the gathering about which I want to speak. I personally don't like to beat a dead horse, but much of this housing issue makes me so angry I have to get it out of my system. When you read this please do not assume that I am an independent or a greek, just think of me as a Rollins student.

Well, Thursday, April 27 was a rather historic day for Rollins. For the first time in a long time it seemed as if Rollins students were finally overcoming their apathetic nature and rallying around a cause. That fact makes me happy. But, when you really think about it is small group housing and the actions of a standing committee assigned to making decisions about this housing the most important issue in the world. It's sort of scary to think that in the 60's people protested about war and that the cause that motivates us is whether or not a certain group gets their traditional house. This is really beside the point, but I just have to get that off my chest.

Well, at this "forum" speakers from many of the groups involved in this conflict, S.G.A. representatives and the Campus Life Committee included. None of these people had to speak, and when I say this I am specifically referring to one woman, Christine Faas. No, Christine did not have to speak, but she did. "Why?" you may ask. Because she cares enough about Rollins College to stand up for the decision she was involved in making. So, here's the scene, Christine is explaining her actions, (which remember she doesn't have to do) and she gets booed off the stage. I was so appalled when I heard this, I just couldn't and still can't believe that a certain group, who has been proclaiming that they deserve their house because they are an asset to the Rollins College community would vehemently boo another student who they elected to represent them. Somehow booing doesn't seem like a mature way to treat a fellow student. And they are an asset to this college? I don't get it.

I feel like I could go on and on about this group's cry that they are an asset to this community. Like I said, I don't want to beat a dead horse, but when a group says one thing and then acts in a completely different manner and only a few people think something is funny about that, I feel obliged to speak up. I can see people being excited that Rollins students are actually spending their afternoons doing something other than sunning themselves, but it still bugs me the way this certain group is supported considering their actions.

So, you say, give me a specific action. Okay I will. Like I mentioned before, I wasn't able to listen to this with my own ears, but the person who told me about it is very reliable. Three days before this historic forum this group's pledges were serenading a sorority. Wait, let me finish. They weren't singing songs that signified Rollins unity and support; but rather, they sang some very disgusting tunes. No, they didn't just sing off key; it was the lyrics. I wish that I could mention some of the verses here, but they are just a little too raunchy. The whole incident is disgusting and offensive. But, as they say by protesting the committee's decision, they are an asset to this college. Wasn't one of the biggest problems we tried to address at the Summit the lack of male and female relationships? Somehow singing dirty, women-bashing songs doesn't seem like a workable solution to me.

Well, I'm rambling (I tend to do that when I'm angry), so I'll try to bring this to a close. I just hope that this group will start acting like they claim they do. I think that if they stop complaining and booing for a second they might be able to learn from the Kappas. For all of you who have forgotten, these women lost their house last year. Did they sit around all year complaining and ostracizing individuals? NO! They got their act together and got their house back. Can you guys take a hint? I hope so.

orumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForum

ForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForum

Junction of Life?

by Bill Boyd

In these past few years abortion issues have developed into moral wars between pro-life and women's rights organizations, but which group correctly addresses the best solutions? Although my allegiance, at one time, belonged to the pro-life group, recently I have changed sides, not because of morals, but because of safety and long-term goals.

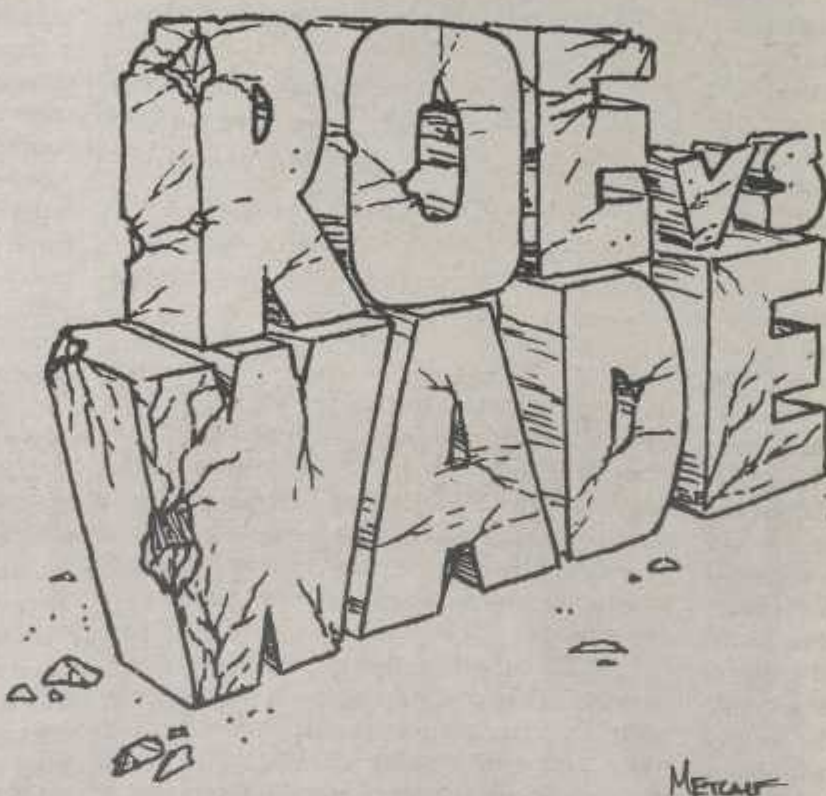
Killing is wrong; however, abortion must be legalized in an attempt to prevent the harm or possible death of two lives instead of one. Since abortion is illegal in many states, young women, without anyone to turn to, must turn to backstreet "butchers" or the handy, hazardous clothes hanger. (I heard on the news that women's rights organizations are supplying women with home abortion kits). I do not know which is worse. If I were a woman, I would prefer a licensed medical doctor or gynecologist to perform such an operation.

Those people who claim loyalty to the pro-life group view abortion as only detrimental to the unborn fetus, while many young women, after abortion, feel deeply depressed and guilty. Yet what about the mother's feelings and physical well being? Isn't she, too, a person? Legalized abortion means that the young mother can now receive the support of her friends and family during such an intense time of need; without support or counsel, the young woman must go alone. Although life within her womb was conceived by two, she must do it alone, and return home more alone than ever before.

As in the short story *Hills Like White Elephants*, abortion is not an "awfully simple operation," as the man in the story says. By the middle of the story the young woman realizes that her feelings do not matter to him when she says, "Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me." To me, this represents the most powerful statement in the story. The woman recognizes that either way she will lose. She is damned if she does and damned if she doesn't.

I fear only one result of federal legalization

of abortion: that many Americans may accept abortion as the number one vehicle to birth control. The Soviet Union demonstrates an extreme example of such a practice. An average Soviet woman goes through ten to thirteen abortions in a life-time. We in the United States can not allow abortion, whether legal or illegal, to evolve into an assembly-line style of birth control where life and child rear-



ing is no longer a cherished responsibility, but a white elephant.

I understand that this pro-abortion statement does not stand up to my conservatism, but I believe that we must remember to approach such a sensitive issue by enabling women to utilize their freedom of choice while addressing solutions practically.

Fanless Stands

by Chip DeKlyn

As a member of the Rollins baseball team, I am writing this letter pertaining to the lack of student support at our games. I recently asked a senior player about this problem and he replied, "I have become numb to the fact." Obviously, this has been a problem in the past as it is now. Just this year, Coach Boyd Coffie captured his five hundredth win; the team has been ranked number four in division two; and in March, Rollins hosted the 42nd annual Baseball Week, the oldest running tournament in the country. Rollins has a baseball team that it can be proud of, but you would never know it by looking in the stands.

All too often, the Tars take the field to a mere handful of clapping fans. We have one of the best seating facilities in one of the nicest stadiums, but it is hardly ever close to being filled. It is extremely disheartening to see this as a player. The situation worsens when the opposing team has more fans than we do, which, unfortunately, happens a great deal. I find it difficult to understand when we play a team like Notre Dame, from Indiana, that they fill the stands with more students than we can. Is it because the field is located off campus, because the students don't understand the game, or because the games seem long and boring?

Alfond Stadium is only a quick car ride or

a short walk away. Perhaps, student groups on campus could come together and make the trip even easier. The basics of baseball can be easily learned and the knowledge of the game will grow with each trip to the ballpark. And believe it or not, being a baseball fan can be as relaxing or as exciting as one may wish. Some may want to grab a bite to eat at the concession stand, relax, and enjoy the game. Others may choose to be a bit more active and have their voices heard. Chants and cheers from the fans can make the game entertaining for the spectators as well as for the players.

When I am a senior, I hope that a younger player comes to me overwhelmed and encouraged by our fans' support. It would be nice if students from Rollins would let opposing teams know that when they come to Alfond Stadium, not only are they going to have to defeat the Tars, but the fans as well. Students should start a tradition, and there is no better time than now. We are grateful for the fans that come out and support us each night and hope that many more students will follow their examples. We on the baseball team work hard to give Rollins a winning team. We have pride in our field, in our accomplishments, and in ourselves. I hope that, with the help of *The Sandspur*, the student body will be encouraged to come out to the games and show us that they are proud of their college's baseball team.

Choice is a Right

by Susan Brown

Surprisingly enough, the majority of Americans are in favor of legalized abortions. This may appear to be strange since the Pro-Life supporters wield noticeable political power. However, in actuality the Pro-Life advocates have a bark that is worse than their bite. They simply make more noise, which is no wonder since some of the more radical anti-abortionists make national headlines every time they bomb an abortion clinic. Meanwhile, the majority group, the Pro-Choice supporters, remain stalwart yet dangerously silent in their convictions.

The Pro-Choice battle cry is "the right to choose," which means all women have the right to decide what to do with their bodies.

Thus, if a woman is faced with a decision concerning an abortion, the choice is rightfully and naturally hers to make. It certainly should not be left to the government to decide, especially one dominated by men.

Only sixteen years ago, when abortions were illegal, thousands of women died from coat hanger abortions and from the extreme negligence of back-alley butchers who preyed on confused and desperate women. The Pro-Choice advocates want to make sure this butchery remains a nightmare of the past.

If a pregnant woman does not want or cannot assume the responsibility of bearing and raising

a child, then the option of a safe and legal abortion should be left open to her. We cannot force women to bear unwanted children, then dump these children into the laps of adoption programs and foster homes. These two systems would not survive the strain. They already have enough problems as it is. Life does not begin at conception and end at birth.

Granted abortion isn't the only answer to solving unwanted pregnancies. Birth control and family planning are two viable options that would, if we took the time and money to educate people, probably reduce the need for abortions. But factions of the Pro-Life movement are actually striving to place limits on birth control. And family planning proposals have met with fierce opposition from its opponents who do not believe such programs are worthwhile.

Many members of the Pro-Choice movement would probably never undergo an abortion if faced with such a decision. However, the sentiment that bonds the whole movement together is the basic fundamental belief that no one person or persons has the right to dictate to another what they can or cannot do with their body. Just because one person is against an issue, it doesn't give them the right to impose that belief on another. This idea seems as if it should be applied universally, since after all, it's only common sense.

Never again should a woman be put in the position where she

actually turns to using a coat hanger on herself to avoid an unwanted pregnancy. Facing serious health consequences such as infection, uncontrolled bleeding, sterility, a perforated uterus, or death.

Stop and really take a moment to think to yourself about just how desperate and afraid a woman would have to be to do that to herself. As ugly, degrading, and impossible as it may seem, it really happened. And it will happen again if the *Webster* decision overturns *Roe v. Wade*. Our right to choose is in serious danger.

ForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForum

The Women's Softball Team Responds

by Kate Backes

Based on the invalidity and unprofessionalism of Rissa Andres' *Sandspur* "response" to the Rollins varsity softball team, I believe it is only appropriate that I, as a member of that team, be granted ample opportunity to address and refute the defaming accusations directed towards us.

In her scolding "response", Rissa Andres ignorantly spewed forth misconceptions regarding the team's character with derogatory connotations that bordered on libel. Contrary to Andres' uneducated analysis, our losing record was not a result of a lack of "dedication, desire, or determination." As an unbiased freshman new to the team and the Rollins Community, I felt obligated to respond to this accusation, along with the plethora of inaccurate statements and an opinionated tone that had no right to stray from the editorial page.

Andres stated in her article that, "...softball takes dedication, determination, and desire... I asked myself how many of the softball players have these three essential qualities? Many of them have, but not in softball." To those who are confused, Andres was never a member of the softball team, although it is not difficult to see why people would receive that impression based on the amount of personal insights she appeared to possess. Ms. Andres either over-gauged her character-assessing abilities, or chose to use the *Sandspur* column space to pompously express a factless opinion. To the best of my knowledge, Andres attended a total of one game, only gracing the team with her presence for two of the seven innings—hardly the level of indepth research required to write an article of such a slanted stature. Even if Andres *had* religiously attended all of our games, and perhaps even if she had the sense to interview some of the players on their perception of the team's attitude, she still would not have been qualified to pass judgement on the level of the team's dedication. This privilege is earned exclusively by the nine ball players who have walked off the field after losing the first half of a doubleheader 34-4, only to jog back out to their positions ten minutes later, their heads held high, ready for the second game.

Perhaps the real conflict lies in the definition of the illustrious "3 D's." To me dedication is nine enthusiastic people traveling for ten hours to play the number 12th ranked team in the nation, knowing full well before they even leave the Rollins Campus that all they'll be returning with is a "2" in the loss column and plenty of "o-fers" in their batting averages. Dedication is the talented first-baseman who selflessly relinquished her incumbent position to become the team's only pitcher. Starting from scratch, she heroically pitched in every game, not even slowing down for a broken finger. Dedication is the freshman who returned to the playing field only one week after the death of her father. It is the players who cut their spring breaks short to return to play (and lose terribly) in a conference game. Determination is the inexperienced player who tirelessly attended each practice, knowing full well that she'd only be called upon to play in a pinch. Desire is the veteran player who gambled with a 26,000 dollar shoulder and lost—she underwent major shoulder surgery again last week for an injury she sustained this season.

It is very easy to be dedicated to a winning team for you know that for every ounce of sweat poured out in practice, and for every off the field sacrifice you make, come game time you will be more than rewarded with a win. Thus, it is easy to see why dedication would be difficult on a losing team for there is no reward for hard practices, and social and academic sacrifices. However, our team has taken the notion that "the key to success is overcoming adversity" and while we haven't reaped success this year, we have viewed each practice and every game as valuable experience for next season.

In another miscalculated statement regarding the commitment of the team, Andres proposed that the reasons why nine people actually joined

the team to begin with were "to fill some extra time, to help out the team, or just to have a good time." As Ms. Andres was never elected spokesperson for the team, I find it preposterous that such a specific reference could be made without first interviewing team members. If the reason to join the team was just to "fill some extra time" or "to have a good time" then surely the team members could have found more productive activities to take up their time like completing homework assignments, study-

"This privilege is earned exclusively by the nine ball players who have walked off the field after losing the first half of a doubleheader 34-4, only to jog back out to their positions ten minutes later, their heads held high, ready for the second game."

ing or working at a part-time job; and although we try to keep our spirits high on the ball-field, there must be another way to "have a good time" that doesn't involve losing 24 out of 28 games despite practicing five and six times a week. As far playing "to help out the team" is concerned, what could be a better reason? It is practically the definition of dedication.

Taking yet another unprovoked swipe at the team's character, Andres stated that our original article in the *Sandspur* mentioned that there was really "no incentive to play at Rollins due to the fact that no scholarships are offered." This sentence referred to the one in our article which read, "We will attempt to recruit quality players without scholarships or funding of any kind to offer as incentive because none has been give to us." In translation for Ms. Andres, (who was apparently in great need of it): The Rollins Softball team has not received scholarship money to offer as an incentive to a quality pitching prospective; therefore, we will do our best to recruit one without the necessary funds.

A top-notch pitcher who plans on playing softball in college is going to be swallowed up by other area schools who can offer her money to play. It should be obvious that there would be greater incentive to play for a team that is offering financial assistance. It should also be obvious that the current members of the team needed no incentives to play other than they were dedicated athletes who loved their sport. Why else would we have stayed on the field, losing game after game? It certainly wasn't for the thrill of victory.

Ms. Andres also made the ridiculous implication that the team would consider a scholarship pitcher the end-all solution to their problems. On the contrary, no one on the team has ever expected or even assumed that one person could carry the team out of the cellar and into the spotlight a la the fictitious Roy Hobbs and his Knights. However the fact remains that in fast pitch softball, the fast pitcher is the key figure in the game. Unlike basketball or soccer where each player on the field receives equal ball-handling time, in softball the game revolves around the pitcher: the game will not begin or end without her and she can single-handedly win or lose the game.

Andres painted the inane scenario of what would happen if the team did receive a scholarship pitcher and "Rollins can't get on base to score...? Or worse yet, what happens if someone hits one of the pitches and the Rollins team can't field the ball?" Without a fast-pitch pitcher this year we have hit against the strongest teams in our conference and fielded as well—with one, we can only improve. We did not cite a desperate need for a pitcher as an excuse for our dismal record, but in effort to improve the team for years to come and elevate it to equal the conditions of our Sunshine State Conference competition.

Our original article also named a myriad of injuries which plagued the team. Andres refuted the claim saying "pulls, strains, sprains, bruises and breaks are a common occurrence in any sport." She went on to list examples of several talented Rollins athletes who have been injured in their sport. I acknowledge the direct correlation between athletes and injuries, however Andres overlooked a blatant difference between our team and the majority of Rollins teams. On the softball team a "common occurrence" translates into a "mild travesty", for unlike us, on the women's basketball team when Kim Tayrien is injured there will be another player to fill her spot. Perhaps the substitute possesses one third of Tayrien's talent, but she is the fifth player who will make progression of the game possible. On our team, we literally have no one on the bench to fill an injured person's position. Thus, facing forfeiture, the injured must play injured, adding another weak link to an already sagging chain.

Ms. Andres provided the final slap in the face with the revelation that "the members of the Rollins softball team are lucky to have a chance to play for the team," with the thought that if softball scholarships were heavily distributed at Rollins, "most of the members would probably find themselves sitting on a cold hard bench in the dugout." I am not aware of what provoked Ms. Andres to draw such a spiteful conclusion, but I do know that it is false. Her once again unresearched opinion disregarded the fact that several members of the team were recruited and invited to play softball at other Division I and II colleges. After watching just a handful of innings, it is impossible for Andres to judge the abilities of each team member. I, however biased, stand by my teammates with the assertion that almost every player is as equally talented in her natural position as any of the other ball players in our conference. Due to the shortage of players, the majority of the team was ousted from their high-school positions and forced to play in a foreign position with little or no training.

Ms. Andres suggested that the distribution of scholarships, (thus a more talented team) would increase the fan attendance. While I can't argue that a winning team is more fun to root for than a losing one, I would like to remind all potential fans that a winning team does not need or value the support half as much as losing one does. The softball team appreciated each individual who took time out of his or her hectic schedule to watch us play this season, and while our record was dismal, we had our share of plays that might even have inspired a small wave, with double-plays, diving catches, collision plays at the plate, stolen bases, and even an occasional home run.

Our softball team has had some moments in the sun, however brief, and we can only look toward increased exposure in the future. However, I think it is unfortunate that in our first attempt to educate the public of our plight and quest for success, we were met with such ugly, and frankly, ignorant opposition. It is a shame that a struggling team, seeking out support from students, administration, faculty, and alumni can not find solace in its own school newspaper, for the only words written about the team by a third party have been negative.

As a freshman intent on dedicating my three remaining college springs to softball, I would like to believe that the humiliating insults flung from Rissa Andres was really a misplaced letter-to-the-editor and not a representation that the Rollins Campus and Community views the team with the same contempt and lack of respect.

The members of the Rollins Varsity Softball team are working harmoniously towards the day when Rollins Softball will be on the same competitive level as Women's Basketball and Volleyball. We want you to be proud of our team. All we ask is that you give us a chance.

SOUTH AFRICA: When I Want Your Opinion I'll Give it to You

by Cynthia Corbett

I'd like to preface this article by saying that this is an opinion piece. What I write here is my opinion, and I do not expect that anyone should agree with me if they don't think like it. So if you don't like, or agree with, what I say, too bad. It's my opinion. Write your own article.

Well, now that that's out of the way, here we go: Thursday, April 27, I attended a Pinehurst-sponsored program on South Africa. It was ostensibly an "Open Forum Discussion with Mr. Jacques P. Jordaan, Vice-consul for South Africa, of the South African Consulate, Houston." At this point I would tell you what it was about, but to be perfectly honest with you, I wasn't there for the whole thing. Besides which, the point of this article is not to discuss the situation there, because nobody outside of South Africa really knows the truth. The point of this article is to discuss what happened at this open forum and to give you my highly superior opinion on it.

By the time I got there, it was apparent that Mr. Jordaan had spoken at length about the problems facing South Africa today: apartheid, economic trouble, the possible restructuring of the political system. He concluded by saying that yes, apartheid is wrong and South Africa is trying to rectify that; but given the economic and political difficulties of the country, it's going to be trickier than one would ordinarily think. He followed by saying that if Americans truly want changes to occur there, they should then be willing to offer support, not sanctions. (Hey, wouldn't that make a great bumper sticker: "Support, not sanctions.")

Well, first it should be noted that Mr. Jordaan, like the majority of power-holders in the South African government, is an Afrikaner. He is also a South African diplomat. The combination of the two makes the vast majority of his statements biased. This is not bad or wrong. This is his job. He is supposed to disseminate to the general public only those facts that make the people and institution he represents look good. Okay, he didn't do such a great job of it here, but he certainly tried. It should also be noted that Mr. Jordaan was far from eloquent or persuasive. BUT, it should further be noted that he did not come here to present the absolute truth in a halo of divine light. He came here to present his ideas on the state of things in his country based on how he thinks they can be made better.

That said, we can now address the question-and-answer period that followed. It was nevertheless quite fascinating. It started off with a black gentleman from Amsterdam attacking Mr. Jordaan on the system of apartheid and on the country's history of racism. From there it proceeded to become, in my humble opinion, a roomful of ignorant people (ignorant of the truth about South Africa, that is) holding this one man personally responsible for the problems the country and its black population face today. Problems, I might add, that were in existence hundreds of years ago and are only now starting to be corrected. The majority of comments from the audience followed the line of: apartheid is wrong, look what you've done to the blacks in South Africa, why haven't you

fixed it yet, why isn't it fixed, why don't you just get rid of racism, how long is the reform going to take, why shouldn't there be a violent overthrow, etc., etc., ad nauseum. I am not saying that these points are not valid—they are. Unfortunately, nothing is going to change by flogging one man for presenting

before? Not really. So what, besides death, is all the violence changing? The answer is, not much.

Perhaps the most shocking thing that occurred during the evening was when a Rollins professor got up and said that he had taught a course on the subject one Winter Term and that by the end of the term, 17 out of 18 students said that they saw violence as the only option for change in South Africa. Does this bother anyone but me? To think that such a radical majority of diverse students would end up in complete agreement indicates to me that something was wrong with the course, or, dare I say it, the professor. He claimed that unbiased media materials were used, and presented to the class in an unbiased manner. Well, speaking from the experience I've had in several values classes, there is no such thing as unbiased media material. Everything you read, see, hear, or experience is going to contain a degree of bias, simply because it is all communicated through the human being, a creature notorious for its lack of complete objectivity. The point of this is that you are never going to know the complete truth about any subject. You will never be presented with a completely true and objective view from any source; therefore, if you wish to have an informed opinion, the best you can do is to collect all sources of information from every possible bias and assimilate them for yourself. To steal a quote from "Jesus Christ Superstar": But what is truth/Is truth not changing laws/We all have truths/Are mine the same as yours? The answer has to be no. Everyone has their own perceptions, based on their personal life experiences, and, like snowflakes, no two are ever going to be the same.

Because I don't know much about the "truth" about South Africa, the only opinion I can offer is this: The situation in the country is very complex. Like racism in America, it has been allowed to continue far too long, and it cannot be expected to change overnight. Hopefully Mr. Jordaan was being truthful with us, and the government is trying to change things so that the black population will have the full equality that is its right. I do not know if this is happening, I can only say that I truly hope it is. Either way, continued violence, hatred, and hostility will not correct the wrongs of hundreds of years; it will simply add to them. To tie this into the forum on Thursday, I might say that the hostility of the audience did little to open the lines of communication. Yes, people were presenting their views left and right, but this was of negligible merit because very few were willing to listen to anything that did not back up their opinion. Not very open, eh?

To conclude, I would simply like to state that I do not think anything, or anyone, was necessarily "right" or "wrong". Everyone is entitled to their personal views. If you have something to say, by all means say it—but then you must extend that right to others. Disagreeing with someone's opinion does not give you the right to label them, or their point of view, as propagandistic or untrue. Only when everyone is willing to listen openly to every point of view, no matter how biased, can true understanding be achieved.



Jacques P. Jordaan

Photo by Tarita Virtue

his views.

I must say it bothered me that so many liberal people had such closed minds—especially at a liberal arts school such as Rollins, which flaunts its liberalism until you're ready to throw up from it. Mr. Jordaan explained repeatedly that the history of his country was, to say the very least, regrettable. He also repeated again and again that non-violent methods of change were continually being explored, and a few (too few, perhaps) were being put into practice. You can't reasonably ask for more than that. Well, you can, but don't expect to get it, because you won't. I don't pretend to know much about the situation in South Africa, and I certainly don't know the truth, but from what I gather, the country is a veritable keg of dynamite waiting to blow. Violence occurs daily, from every source to every source. It is no longer a case of solely white oppression. All political, social, and ethnic groups there have jumped on the violence bandwagon, and it's quite obvious that the country is a mess, socially speaking. It is also obvious to me that, although the violence was perhaps necessary in the beginning, it is now counter-productive. People are dying in droves, and are things changing any more rapidly than they were before? I don't think so. Innocent people are murdered daily for a cause they are not even connected with, and does the black population have it any better than they did

A Day in Your Life as you Wandered in Europe

by Laura Hope-Gill

5:00 AM, a very cold morning somewhere in Italy. The train stops and a conductor nudges you and yells something that sounds like food. A momentary comprehension re-interprets what he said: the train's not going any further and you somehow fell asleep between Roma and Venezia and missed the stop in Firenze. A wave of thick air wraps around you as a large Italian man blows his cigar smoke into your compartment. Its pervading appendages inspire you to get off the train before you suffocate. On the platform you happen to meet with four strangers from Iceland who speak English and, even more importantly, have a loaf of bread and some wine and have also slept through the Florence stop. You sit with them, take part in their feast, and spend the interval which passes before the Florence train arrives talking, laughing, napping, and establishing a humour with the four friends whom you decide are your new traveling partners for the coming days. The train arrives. You all pile on. The sun peaks its shy face over the sunflowers of the South, and your newest day and adventure rush forth.

Welcome to the vagabond existence where the origin and content of your next meal are a mystery, as are your ever-changing social life and passage over borders. You are back-packing the European continent. Your possessions are on your back, and your destination is as elusive as the powers that be desire them to be. It's your adventure—do it.

You remember your apprehension before your left—the last night you slept in your cozy bed at home (the one you've known for your entire life) and the drive to the airport (your parents' lamenting how much they'll miss you, your other's insistence that you call home once a week, and your father's grunts at her worrying). You remember the jobs you worked to save up the two thousand dollars which somehow bought you the Delta round trip ticket to Frankfurt, a Eurail pass (blanket rail pass for all lines across Europe for just over four hundred dollars), a Youth Hostel pass which will let you sleep in any of the youth hotels for just ten dollars a night, and \$1,000's worth of American Express Travellers Cheques for your two month excursion.

You remember that constant state of disbelief you were in at the outset of your journey. How you still haven't shaken it completely but have now accepted that "it" is actually happening. Marvelling at how well you have mastered the train schedules and the various translations for words like "toilet," "train station," and "How much does this cost?", you smile smugly and take another sip of the Icelandic kids' wine.

That ever-running-on-turbo-power brain inside your head begins to mull over the experiences you've had since you'd first alighted from the jet that brought you here just a month ago. The French painter who bought you lunch in Munich, the wild poet and pan pipe-player from South Africa you ended up falling in love with under a Danish rainstorm, the nights you've slept beside strangers on trains, and the days you've shared your French bread, German salami, and Greek cookies with the friends you would never have met, had you not missed the 11 P.M. curfew at the hostel and had to sleep in the station.

Looking into the silent faces of the Icelandic students you now have surrounded yourself with, you recognize the look of quiet achievement in their blue eyes. Its roots swell inside you as the train pulses on into the rising sunlight, which is slowly defining your friend's facial features. You try to remember their names.

7:00 A.M.

Florence at dawn looks like the slides you'd never paid enough attention to in Art History class. The cold air submits to the early August mildness, and you pull your pack onto your back and follow the four people who aren't the strangers they'd been two hours ago to the Bank to get some Lire. You hand the banker a \$50 Travellers Cheques and he gives you some 60,000 Lire in return. At this moment, you decide that either Italian bankers are dumb or you like Italy a lot. Breakfast is bought at a small coffee shop in the station and a big white bus takes you to the "Ostello Villa Camerata" just on the outskirts of the city. The "Ostello" looks just like an old Italian palace and you cannot believe you have not been planted in the middle of the set for "A Room with a View." You and the Icelanders check in, you shower, and the five of you discuss the vibrant plans for the day but soon realize it would all require too much energy, and end up with a bottle of wine in a part by the Arno.



9:00 PM

You keep forgetting the Icelanders' names. But you've been talking to them all day and now you're listening to two Dutch men with guitars singing Everly Bros. and Beatles tunes and some Simon and Garfunkel in the Piazza. They're really good so you throw 300 of your remaining 40,000 lire into the blonde one's hat. American voices can be heard (even they sound foreign now) weaving in and out of the audible web of German, French, and Italian ones. Everyone is clapping their hands and singing. (Everyone knows the words to "Doo-doo-doo-Doo-Doo... Feeling Groovy"). You wish Paul and Art and all the mop-tops could see this. Cigarette smoke and the smell of ice cream cones hang on every molecule of air it seems, and the whole ambiance of the music, the strangers, and the friends (who have now melted into one giant gob of secure comradeship) swallows your soul.

You remember your apprehension before you left, remind yourself to call home tomorrow. You look around and breathe it all in, wanting this moment to extend through all eternity. But knowing it won't which is probably good since you can only take so much Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo... Feelin' Groovy. But the night is good. Tonight is good. You remember the one's that have been not so great and suddenly find even in them—in the nights you shivered from the cold as you searched for a place to sleep, in the nights you were hungry and feeling like a wild animal 'cause you'd left your groceries on the train and all the stores were closed—you find a fine treasure of growth and experience, a story to tell the folks back home. You're glad you're here, completely satisfied, completely your own person. This is the freedom you've always

wanted, the happy-go-lucky and drive-yourself-made sensations you'd always known existed but had never felt tremble inside your entire being like this.

Midnight

You made it back to the hostel just before they locked the doors. You move carefully toward your bed by the balcony, aware of every movement and the tired packers in the beds you bump into in the dark room. Your shoes slip off and your weary feet feel like water. Dropping your trousers and a T-shirt on the floor, you fall onto the bed, that hard clean white bed you'd wished you had last night as you curled up on the train. The wind flutters over your skin from the veranda. Looking at the moon where it guards the silhouetted trees, you feel a bit like God. All of it is so clean and still. You savor life at this instant—you savor life with your breath, thought, and body. You're doing it. Swept up like a snowball and hurled through the vastness of space, never knowing where you may end up and disintegrate. The pulse of the train echoes in your head without your noticing it. A deep silence escapes your lips and you look at the Icelandic friend in the bed beside your own. You try to remember the damn name.

3:00 A.M.

You're sleeping

Outside your window stretches the endless swell of the untraveled world. Inside your head you're filing away this day with the others in the undulating folds of your experience. One more day suspended between the two black nights. A backpack spills your clothes from home onto the floor under the bed. Your passport and Travellers Cheques you clench unconsciously in a trained fist.

You'll wake up in a few hours unsure of where you are. Your mouth will be dry from all the wine you drank today, and your face will be wet because it is starting to rain through the balcony door. But you'll wake up and remind yourself of the freedom the new day offers. You can stay in Florence or you can be in Copenhagen or Paris by sundown. You can fall in love with a stranger you don't know yet, or happen to meet the poet you'd loved before. You can build your friendship with the Icelanders, or you can just hand around long enough to learn their names.

But whatever happens tomorrow doesn't matter.

You're sleeping now, and all rich expectation is reduced to luxury in an excursion like this where sleep and a little bit of food come into their own spotlight. Sleep well, mad traveler, and don't forget to call your mother; she's wondering if you're alive.

For information on how to do this call a travel agent and ask just for information on Eurail passes and Youth Hostel cards. Don't let them talk you into any hip-go-fandango travel plans 'cause you'll end up on an air-conditioned bus with the Hee-Haw gang. Find out about airline rates to Europe; I got Delta to fly me to and from for \$600 dollars, and I got a rent-a-car with it but prefer trains to the Auto-bahn because with trains it's nearly impossible to get lost (unless you sleep late like you just did in the preceding story). Please don't not do this adventure thing while you're young and free. It's surprisingly inexpensive (I earned the money in six weeks) and limitlessly rewarding (my life hasn't been normal since). The only thing stopping anyone from doing it is that horrible phrase that society and parents and soon we ourselves dress our impulses with: "It's not the right thing to do." So let go of your cozy bed and go play.

orumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForum

PROJECT OUTBACK UPDATE: Dave Herman

This weekend, May 6 & 7, the first phase of Project Outback will go into effect. Bob Wood, Director of Project Outback, along with John Langfitt, Campus Minister, and Joseph Siry, Professor of Environmental Studies and a dozen motivated students will go out to the San Pedro property and explore what it has to offer.

Bob Wood stated, "The weekend is based on student initiation. It is their program and their input that will build the future of this. This main reason is for students to get out and see the property to see that this thing really exists, and to get them to begin to brainstorm ideas. Although we have designed a program, we have allowed a great deal of room and flexibility because we want the student's input and ideas."

San Pedro Center, owned by the Catholic Church, is located 15 minutes away from Rollins College. The Church has given the site to the college, free of charge for use by this program and Environmental Studies field labs.

San Pedro site is a fantastic location for study of nearly all kinds of ecosystems. There is a

lakefront area, water ecosystems, marchland, woodland, a prairie scene, and even a swamp.

Project Outback will attempt to take students into this wilderness setting with a minimal amount of impact on the environment.

With enough interest and support from students, faculty and administration, Project Outback will teach students such skills as: First Aid/CPR, Minimum Impact Camping, Initiative Games, Community Service, Organizational Skills/Time Management, Interpersonal Communications, Nutritional Planning, Journaling, Water Safety, and Environmental Ethics.

Project Outback is designed for all students of any major and especially for individuals who have had no in-depth experience in the outdoor environment. Its ideal is to promote awareness of all life on earth, not just plants and animals, but also of other human beings and ourselves.

ANY STUDENTS, FACULTY MEMBERS OR STAFF INTERESTED IN PROJECT OUTBACK: CONTACT BOB WOOD AT x2364.



photo by John Dukes

Rope swing at San Pedro Center

Environment: The Waterfront— People Live There Too

by: Warren Witherell Waterfront Director

The article on the waterfront, "Cattails Slain", in a past issue of the *Sandspur* was strong on emotion but short on facts and common sense. Indeed, the report, in a number of instances, was just not true.

The facts are:

1. No cattails or other water plants were cut or removed for the ski tournament or for any other purpose. The only trimming that was done was done on land.

2. I requested physical plant to cut the on-shore grass only in an area 150 feet long in front of the pool. This is normal maintenance of the shoreline that is done every two or three months regardless of water ski activity. It is normally scheduled just before Parent's Weekend to "spruce up" the area by the pool, and to allow spectators to sit on the grass and to see the lake and ski competition.

3. I asked that an additional area, ninety feet in length, of on-shore grass only, be cut beginning one hundred feet west of the ski dock. This would allow spectators to view the new jump landing area. (We moved the jump since last year, in a part for environmental reasons.) As a trade-off, one hundred and fifty feet of shorefront to the east of the pool, which was previously trimmed in front of the old jumping area, was left uncut. The net gain for the birds was 60 feet of on-shore grass.

4. The Physical Plant crew, not at my request (but with my after-the-fact appreciation) cleared the scrub brush and cut some small trees immediately west of the ski dock. This area was much for water snakes and water moccasins as for birds. The snakes are not appreciated by students in the ski classes or by the physical plant employees who service the water pump in that area.

This land, by the water, is an extension of the library lawn and the pool area. It looks better when cut. People, as well as birds, live here, walk by the lake here, and enjoy the lake views here.

SOME PERSPECTIVE PLEASE: This area that Physical Plant was cleaning up was kept entirely clear, all of the time, until four years ago. The ski team equipment shed used to be located here, and many students used the area on a daily basis.

By clearing this scrub brush, Physical Plant was hardly stealing land from the ducks or alligators that had been their domain for the last ten years or one hundred.

There are countless, students, faculty, staff and visitors who walk, study, play or picnic by the lakeshore. They certainly enjoy viewing the lake and various activities on the lake. It would be ridiculous, indeed, to let the entire lakeshore grow wild - to hold receptions on the Cornell Patio and have no view of Lake Virginia, or to allow the brush to grow along the lake in front of McKean Hall and the pool.

At present, the lake is not visible from 30% of the Rollins lakeshore. Some conservationists get excited every time the grass is trimmed or some scrub brush is cut back. Winter Park is a subtropical climate where green things grow rapidly along a lakeshore. It is a constant struggle for Physical Plant to keep our waterfront area attractive and useful to humans.

MORE PERSPECTIVE: Sixty years ago, a commuter railroad to downtown Orlando ran along the entire lakefront from Dinky Dock to the East end of campus. The entire shoreline was kept trimmed to the water's edge.

Thirty or forty years ago, there were large docks for student swimming and diving along the shore where the pool is now. The adjacent land was cleared to the water's edge - both the shore growth and in-water plants. If one looks at picture in old yearbooks, in the library archives and in the President's Dining Room, it is easily seen that in "the good old days" the waterfront was less natural than it is today.

There is substantially more growth on the Rollins shoreline today (both in the water and on the land) than there was when I came here five years ago. There are, today, more herons, many more Mallard Ducks, and an increasing number of Wood Ducks. There are 3000 square feet of new grass beds spreading into the lake from the shoreline.

It is interesting to consider how Rollins uses its 3000 feet of waterfront land. Here are the facts:

80% (2400 feet) is undisturbed in the water.
65% (1950 feet) is natural or uncut growth on the land.

30% (900 feet) is so thickly overgrown that one cannot view the lake from the land.

13% (400 feet) is both cleared to the water's edge and clear of growth in the lake.

1.8% (55 feet) is beach area. This is not adequate for the need of the PE classes and the Sailing Team.

For a college community of nearly 2000 students, teachers, and staff, we have claimed only a small and reasonable amount of the lakefront for human use; and we have left an admirable amount for the nurture of wildlife.

By contrast - there are 70 private homes on Lake Virginia (the McKean's property not included) that cover 7000 feet of shoreline. Only 11% (770 feet) of this shoreline has any natural growth of water plants. 95% of the land is mowed or trimmed to the water's edge. Five private homes have more beach area than the college.

I would like to close with a final perspective: It makes no sense for environmentalists to request that the Rollins lakefront be left to grow wild then to ask that an equal proportion of the mid-campus land be left to grow wild. Why don't we let 70% of the land around Bush, the Warren Administration Building, The Environmental Sciences Building and the Chapel grow wild? Birds and snakes and other animals would surely appreciate some natural habitat between Lake Virginia and Fairbanks Avenue!

Why do we mow the lawns and trim the shrubs and plant decorative flowers where people come and go? Because man likes some of the world he lives in to be neat and organized.

A reasonable amount of neatness and organization and a garden atmosphere is a much appreciated along the waterfront by those who live there as in front of the library by those who live there. About five hundred parents and students come to watch the ski meet every parent's weekend. Is it not reasonable to expect the lawn by the pool to be mowed, and the lake to be visible?

The birds and the fish have undisturbed access to 2/3 of the Rollins Waterfront. It seems reasonable to me that we keep the remaining third attractive and functional for the homo sapiens who also live and work and play along the lakeshore.

orumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForumForum

Here's Looking at My Kid

by Mark Burrell

There are certain indicators which our culture recognizes as significant steps along the frenzied path to adulthood: Cutting new teeth, walking, speaking, swearing, skipping school, riding a bike, driving a car, screwing, graduating, voting, marrying and having children. Some of these are disappointments, either because they're entirely abstract or overrated, or because their promotion raises expectations beyond levels capable of delivering much satisfaction after the act.

Adulthood seems to be a bogus proposition because it is so vague, and because, as Gertrude Stein said: "We're always the same age inside." Her statement rings with much more clarity than do fulminations concerning responsibility, or, harumph... maturity, or the truly mysterious concept of *acting like an adult*, which seems to mean behaving in a restrained, lifeless manner.

There are, however, some valid and recognizable indicators of adulthood. There are thresholds between phases of growth, transitions from one level of understanding to the next, undefined borders between youth and adulthood. One of those thresholds occurs when we stop looking to others for examples and instead become the examples. Another is becoming a parent.

Having a child was one of those experiences I thought happened only to other people. Most of my friends have had children in the last several years. As a couple, we heard many clichés about having children, my favorite being not to have a child until you're through being one. Now we have a child, but was it the trauma I'd expected, was it an event worth all the anxiety of waiting and the fears about money? How ready were we supposed to be? House and cars purchased, employed, and mature? I thought having a kid was up there with prom night or the first job interview for anxiety, and I also considered it unattainable. Again, it happened only to other people.

There's a lot of anticipation before a child is born. Although our child had been living with us for nine months, we had not yet met...like a pen pal, or a roommate who works nights. When delivery was complete, we were so relieved that it was OVER, and the response to our first look at our child was automatic: we loved him instantly, he turned on an emotional switch that we weren't aware of. There's nothing we can do about it.

When the little guy came out and looked me in the eye, that was it, he had me, and I knew what all the fuss is about with parents and kids. Generation took on a new meaning, becoming a unit of time. I began wondering: Is this how my parents felt, were they any more ready than we were? Were they as crazy, as scared, or as deliriously happy as we've been? Are we really going to be better parents than they were, or will we settle for being just as good?

I have fuzzy memories of my parents' admonitions about driving carefully and not staying out late, of my reply that they worry too much, and their rebuttal that I'll understand some day

when I have kids of my own. Their words finally began to make sense before our child was born, when he appeared to me in a dream.

He was only a pair of dark eyes, looking directly at me. No face or nose, just eyes. Whether it was my anticipation of his arrival or a supernatural appearance I can't say, but I felt the jolt of his presence: He was letting me know he was coming, he was looking me right in the eye. The image from that dream is one of those things I'll save to tell him. Maybe I'll wait until he's grown up, or until he's had his first child, or some afternoon when I catch him skipping school.



Photo by Mark Burrell

War Powers Act Weakens U.S.

by Bill Boyd

Does the United States Congress possess too much power? I think so. Although I am not an expert on the United States government, I do feel that Congress wields a heavy hand and paralyzes Presidential initiative.

The War Powers Act limits Presidential powers relating to foreign intervention, and, according to Richard Nixon, it represents an "unconstitutional and unsound law." How can the United States defend world freedom and democracy unless Congress allows the President to intervene in Third World affairs? The Third World represents the battle field of United States-Soviet Union conflicts, and Congress must vote either up or down. "If they [Congress] cannot muster the votes, they should stand aside and let the President operate without interference." Congressionally set time-clocks, as the War Powers Act implements, forces the President to look over his shoulder, creating two problems instead of one.

The War Powers Act weakens the United States' position during times of Soviet aggression and/or expansion. Richard Nixon's detente with deterrence sought to "resist Soviet expansion while at the same time searching for areas of potential

agreement." Nixon blames Congress for its failure. Congress makes a habit of cutting defense budgets and believes that less military strength will prevent a world war of Soviet aggression, but Congress is wrong.

Hot disputes occur when the balance of power widens between and among nations. Richard Nixon believes that the United States ought not spend money on offensive weapons—we are not the aggressors, the Soviets are—but on strategic defensive forces like SDI, Strategic Defense Initiative. Nixon believes that as long as SDI does not represent a vehicle for perfect peace, it can be used as a powerful negotiating tool. "We should not wring our hands and ask ourselves what we are going to do about SDI. We should sit back and ask the Soviets what they are going to do." The SDI proposal must not fail; it represents our only hope to protect the United States against Soviet First-Strike attack forces (first-strike weaponry has the capability to destroy communication and strategic nuclear forces). In short, the United States can either decide to fight on and commit suicide or to accept Soviet domination and surrender.

What other choice exists? The United States

must supply more economic and military aid to Third World nations and increase defense spending to ensure real peace (peace through conflict management). Until recently, the Soviet Union supported Third World nations economically and militarily while spending fantastic amounts on offensive weapons; but the United States, if it wanted to, could outdo the Soviets because the American economy, unlike that of the Soviet Union, is prosperous and stable.

Presidents Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and many others acted with central authority towards the employment of U.S. military forces when they felt that U.S. national security was threatened. Because of Soviet instigation, violent rebellion among the Third World nations has become an epidemic; the time has come for the American people to decide whether or not the War Powers Act is detrimental to our national security.

The future can lay either in the hands of a stagnating, liberal Congress or in the hands of a "strong central leader," the President of the United States—the Commander and Chief of American military forces.

THIS MONTH'S THEME: FAREWELL TO SENIORS



A Farewell Written Not Without Disinterest

by two who have been there, Mike and Andy Scotchie and Platt

As we were sitting in my room thinking of an idea for our final article (ever heard this type of introduction before? Sure you have!) while watching Harold and Maude, we noticed that the movie was pretty funny. Harold has long legs and a thin body, not unlike myself, and you can't really decide if he's fourteen or nineteen. I (Andy) liked it when Harold goes up in flames while I (Mike) enjoyed seeing him chop off his arm.

Harold and Maude, ****

Then we sat around some more. I (Mike) was drinking beer, but I (Andy) wasn't. I decided to put on the new Pixies' album. It's my favorite but I had never heard it before.

New Pixies' album, ****

"What's this article s'posed to be about?" I said to him.

"Parting words from graduating seniors," I replied not without yawning, not without disinterest, not without a trace of boredom in my diction, not un-lackadaisically.

"Do you have any parting words?" I said.

"No," I said smoothly and to the point. One of my problems in everyday communication is coming to the point and I was proud of myself for answering "no" in such a definitive way. "No," I had said. I could have said any number of things, but I was concise, clear, and not unsimple.

Our editors, Lori and Jon, God rest their souls, wanted us to come up with something meaningful, wise, poignant, or heavy to say from our

four year campout at school. Well, my parting statement is this: "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke." And mine is this: "I still don't really know what I'm doing."

Parting statement #1, ***

Parting statement #2, **

Now, this really got us thinking about possible article opportunities. No, now I'm serious, I swear. I was kidding before but now I mean it. Let's talk the essence of Rollins College Winter Park Florida, 32789. What do people really think of when they hear the name Rollins? I think everyone knows what I'm about to say. It's on the tip of everybody's tongue and on the fringes of their minds. I'm talking about, of course... *The Walk of Fame*. I see that among others who have visited Rollins to put their slab of stone in the Walk of Fame are Theodore Roosevelt, William Shakespeare, and Julius Caesar.

I saw a horrifying scene take place at the Walk of Fame just the other day. It happened when those Indians were camping out on Mills lawn. Two Indian children defamed the Walk when they gathered up many of the treasured slabs and piled them up under the flagpole. I was aghast and I turned away quickly to prevent my eyes from having to view such a heathen spectacle of disrespect. How dare these outsiders invade the holy sanctity of our cherished *Walk of Fame*.

Walk of Fame, ****

And how about that huge doughnut rock

outside Carnegie Hall? It's not unlike the Walk of Fame. We like it.

Doughnut rock, ***

No, we don't feel like writing about the either of these things. We could always write on the other Rollins landmark, those steps by the pool. These are the extra hard, extra uncomfortable, granitic, concrete steps where people at Rollins go on purpose to sit or lie down and have their skin turned into leather. If the temperature is ninety degrees outside, you can rest assured that the temperature near the steps will be about 107. The steps are also highly reflective, so if you want to look at anything while you're sitting there frying you may as well forget it. Do these steps deserve an article? I think not. So do I.

Steps of Misery near pool, *

There's really nothing here we're gonna miss that much. We could write an article about all the people on campus we don't like, and all the things here that really piss us off. I would really enjoy doing that, but Dirk might already be writing that article and I—no, not me...the other "I"—don't like to be critical.

Once more we found ourselves at an impasse, indecisive. We couldn't make up our minds, either. Because we couldn't collaborate and pull together as a team to put out an article that would be especially poignant and not uninteresting, (not unlike our usual Pulitzer Prize articles), we decided not to write one after all.

The Writing Center: A Great Place to Learn How to Swim

by Kristen Schilo

As a senior at Rollins, I can honestly say it is going to be hard to leave this land of sunshine and Spanish-style buildings. Rollins physically looks like a country club, and the phrase "the Harvard of the South" even when spoken sarcastically is ridiculous—compare Harvard's three week "reading period" before finals to our one "preparation" day. But please do not think that intellectual life at Rollins is nonexistent. It does exist, and I believe that the one major institution that contributes to the thinking environment of the Rollins community is the Writing Center.

The Writing Center? Yep. You know it is located in Mills—but can you find it? Will you find it? Many students these days are required by their professors to make appointments at the Writing Center before handing in their papers. Some students use this slight "kick in the arse" as incentive to get useful feedback on their papers, and even a chance to learn how to use the word processors. Others, however, find having peer consultants read and critique their essays a fate worse than being up to their limit on their VISA card. (At least you don't have to pay to come here.)

Although the Writing Center has come a long way since it was located in the Woolson House many moons ago, it still has a long way to progress. Recently, a client asked me why we weren't open longer on Fridays and why we didn't have the "All nighter" (which is Sunday, May 14 from 4 pm -10 am) more than once a semester. I explained to her that the school's budget is limited to the extent that it can pay the consultants hourly (we don't work for fool's gold) and secondly, that writing consultants like to socialize as much as any other Rollins students—



When it is a Friday afternoon and the weekend is calling, who wants to be cooped up with a bunch of computers?!

Don't get me wrong, my co-writing consultants and I take our jobs very seriously. Although we only consult from 4 to 6 hours a week, we are "on-call" at all times while writing our own papers. We are not supposed to be on-call; however, when we see an unexperienced person throttling our computers with his fists, we feel compelled to help him with his problem. I guess we can

sympathize with the dreaded word processors not double-spacing when we command them to—practically every consultant was a virgin computer user before taking Twila Papay's E-351, a course that every consultant is required to take.

But I don't want to talk about the computers in the Writing Center, I want to talk about the people who make up this Center of Writing. There is a special community that interacts on the second floor of Mills. And it's not just the consultants that I'm referring to—although they are wonderful, and it's not the directors—without them, this place would be pure chaos, and it is not our fantastic secretary, who keeps everyone with a smile. It is the students that come to the Writing Center that make it such a great place to be a part of. A real place that thinking and learning occurs. (You definitely can't make a statement like that about Beans.) It may not be cool to enjoy writing in some places on campus, but it certainly is appreciated here.

With only a few weeks left of school, I will be spending far too much time working on research papers and journals (which may or may not benefit me in my future)—and I will do all of my writing in the Writing Center. It could be worse. I could have to use the processors in Bush (the smell of that building gives me a head rush just thinking of it) and I could be the only one on campus who has work to do. But I'm not the only student with tons o' work, and I know that while we are all working diligently in the Writing Center, that we are all in the same boat. That's the great thing about the Writing Center—even when you feel like you are slowly sinking in time, the Writing Center is always there to bail you out. (Just be prepared to swim a little.)

Senior Bows: Saying Goodbye to the Annie

by Cynthia Corbett

"Summertime, and the livin' is eeeasy . . ."

- George Gershwin

And the students are rejoicing, and the seniors are - LEAVING!

(Lucky seniors.) Well, it's about that time when we bid a fond good riddance, I mean farewell, to our beloved senior class. There's a tradition at the Annie Russell that's as old as time itself wherein the graduating seniors who have been involved in theater here take their final bow on our stage after the last performance of the last show of the season. Isn't that sweet? Well, anyway, this year is no different than any other, and so following the final curtain of "Biloxi Blues", the following seniors will be taking their last bow on the Annie Russell stage:

Ken Averett - You've seen him in many productions here, including *Tartuffe*, *Master Harold . . . and the Boys*, *Noises Off*, *The Real Thing*, and all of our musicals. He has also held various backstage positions. He will be working toward his B.F.A. at Julliard this fall. (But that hasn't affected his ego at all.)

Kim Averett - Kim is one of our favorite people. She has held many important backstage positions, including Stage Manager (for *All My Sons*), Master Electrician, Props Mistress, Master Carpenter, Costume Crew Head, etc. She will be staying in the Central Florida area, writing and working. Eventually she plans to go to grad school. (Maybe she'll come to her senses before then.)

Keith Finney - Keith has been seen on stage many a time, in *Master Harold . . . and the Boys*, *The Threepenny Opera*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and *The Boyfriend*. He has also worked backstage for many productions. Keith will be staying in the area as well, acting and performing in the rock band, Little Giants. (Watch out, Guns-n-Roses!)

Jill Gable - Lovely Jill was recently seen as Elmire in *Tartuffe*. A latecomer to the department, she has nonetheless proved an invaluable component of every production she's done. Jill will continue to take acting lessons in the area, as well as remaining at Christensen Talent. (Hey Jill, I'll be looking for work next year, can I give you my resume?)

Mike Garuckis - Mike has been very active in the theater, appearing on stage in *Biloxi Blues*, *All My Sons*, *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, as well as all of the musicals. He has also held various backstage positions, and even directed *The Maids* this spring. He will be going home to New Hampshire for a while, and plans to pursue a career in law. (Great! See, I got this speeding ticket recently, and I was

wondering if you could give me some legal advice . . .)

G. Paul Keeley - Paul has been seen in *The 1940's Radio Hour*, *The Boyfriend*, and *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. He will be moving to New York, where he will study acting as he pursues a career in film and television. (And he's invited us all to come and stay in his penthouse when he's rich and famous, right Paul?)

Marli Nelson - Marli most recently played Lydia in *All My Sons*. She has also had roles in *The Threepenny Opera* and *Oedipus Rex*. In addition, she has worked on a variety of technical crews. Marli will be staying in the Central Florida area.

Rob O'Brien - Currently the Assistant Lighting Designer for *Biloxi Blues*, Rob has also held many key technical positions. He has been Stage Manager for several productions, Master Electrician, Master Carpenter, even Makeup Crew Head. Rob will be getting married in November, and is currently building a house in the area, so my guess is he's staying here. (I'm also looking for a place to live, Rob. It'll just be for a few days, I swear . . .)

Kathi Rhoads - Kathi has been onstage in *The Threepenny Opera*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and *Oedipus Rex*, to name a few. She has also worked backstage.

Lynn Threatte - Lynn was a Boutinote in *The 1940's Radio Hour*. (And a lovely Boutinote she was.) She has also worked backstage on every show this season. She will be staying in the Central Florida area, looking for meaningful employment. (Hey Lynn, there's no such thing!)

Jesse Wolfe - Jesse has been in productions too numerous to list. Among them: *Biloxi Blues*, *Tartuffe*, *Noises Off*, *Othello* (but he doesn't remember it), *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, and all our musicals. Jesse too, has worked backstage, as well as directing *Master Harold . . . and the Boys*. He isn't sure of his plans right now. He may attend graduate school at Ohio State, or he may remain in the area, acting and performing in the rock band, Little Giants. (I'd say something sarcastic here as well, but I honestly can't think of anything. Lucky Jesse.)

Well, folks, there you have it. Some of our best and our brightest are leaving us come May 28. I was just joking up there, we really will miss them, and they have our best wishes for the future. In all sincerity, gang: good luck. (You're going to need it.)

I Like People AND Horses

by Dirk Schwenk

My time grows short. Soon I will have to leave my home in the Rollins Community. Before I go, however, it occurred to me that I need a legacy. I need to know that I really belonged here. Perhaps I'll set up a fraternity so that all my close friends can carry on my high ideals, but I'm not really sure how one goes about this sort of thing. Maybe you all could help me out.

I was thinking I could start with my pride in being a good "German Gentleman." This would sure take the strain off of pledge-pin design. How about "The Third Reich Shall Rise Again." That has a catchy sort of ring. Of course I'll have to ask everyone to be mature enough not to think I am training my pledges to hate Jews, but only using that as a symbol for our groups rising power here at Rollins. Would anyone mind? No, probably not.

Well then, now we need a theme for our formal. How does something like "The Holocaust" or "Fascism" grab everyone? This would allow us to make T-shirts of the proudly waving black and red of the Swastika. A finer flag the world has never known. And of course I would not want anyone to feel excluded by my club so we could make T-shirts saying "Americans by Birth, Hitler's Youth by Choice" or some other pleasant "I belong too" catch-phrase.

After all, isn't it about time all those overly sensitive people came to realize that we're talking about symbols from over 50 years ago. Their meanings now have virtually no connection to what happened in the past. In fact, I think we could go one better and develop some new symbols for use here at Rollins. How about a non Anti-Semitic use of Germany's Iron Cross. Or possibly a non racist way to take pride in a black man hanging from a tree. There is plenty of precedent for this sort of thing. How about nuclear weapons as a symbol of peace?

Well, I just want everyone to think about it. Imagine the satisfaction we could have doing service work and improving ourselves as Men. So anyone that wants to be my friend, don't worry. I'll keep dues down so it won't cost too much.



An Open Letter to the Class of 1989:

by Twila Yates Papay, Associate Professor of English

Well, you're almost there. . . less than a month away from graduation. And when you leave this place, it will never be the same. . . for you, for us, for Rollins. Most of all, in a very personal way, for me. You're my class, you know. I started teaching at Rollins when you came. And when I saw that group of freshmen nearly four years ago at Convocation, I felt as you did: unsafe, uncertain, a little frightened, a little delighted, wondering what the year might bring.

When you leave, I'll have no tie with my first roots here. We found the library and designed the Writing Center together. Together we sought out Pinehurst and tasted Beans, noted the Bookstore prices and realized there was no quiet place to study. My first weeks here I lived in McKean, then later in Rex Beach. So I understood when you told me there was no way to find your way around the McKean maze. (Once, trying to help a terrified squirrel find an exit, I herded him triumphantly into a blind turn that proved not to be the exit I'd expected.)

Together we realized that we really can't park cars on campus without the proper stickers for the proper lots, that vacuuming is always done when we're trying for that last half hour of sleep or hasty cramming, that what seemed like a big enough campus is actually rather small. We looked for courtesy phones on campus and restrooms in buildings. (I still haven't found them in Bush, but there is a women's room in Orlando Hall; it's on the second floor—above the men's room—if you're still searching.)

Remember dodging sprinklers together (can't grass be watered in darkness?), joining heated debates about whether eyes lurked behind the Ray Bans (a term I learned from you students, by the way), listening to pros and cons on the benefits of going barefoot to classes? Yes, we shared those initial discoveries: I remember reading the wonder in one of your first journal entries for my freshman composition class: "I got up early this morning and walked along Lake Virginia, looking at water birds I didn't know the names for. There was an alligator—in the sunshine—I never really thought of them outside of zoos."

Well, all that was a beginning. How rich are our memories now! But I speak for myself here, for my four years together with you, my class, people I shared with and perhaps taught something—but most of all, people from whom I have learned. In these four years—the fullest, the richest, the happiest of my career to date—I've done some changing, and I thank you for your part in that.

You've been a stubborn lot, defying cate-

gorization, demanding respect for your individual preferences. Matt, you have taught me of baseball, paper after paper in freshman composition patiently exhorting my logic, describing the beauty, the stamina, the intellectual rigors of hitting (or pitching) a ball around a field. You had some help, though, from Pij (writing against your view on the designated hitter rule), and from Will, who loved the humanity of the sport. A slow learner in the sports scene, I'm glad I made it at last to your games. And Kim, how can I thank you for the



fragile beauty of your spiritual journeys, written through my courses and going deeper with each passing term? Annie gave me what I still share with classes—a cheery case history on adolescent love vibrant with her own will to understand through the power of her words. And like the rest of you who wrote in my classes, she made me comprehend the worlds you occupy, so very different from my own. Christine, as a freshman, I remember, you were fascinated by politics, burning with the urge to serve. Now, as a senior, you've learned the pain of unpopular actions, of following your conscience and being misunderstood. How I've admired your stamina, your strength of will, your openness in the controversy, and your courage in the face of anger. (Was Peter in your class? He who chafed against my demands to dig deeper, to teach me more. Well, you did it, Peter—that final paper; now when I see you on campus, you're always laughing, and your papers, I hear, are stubbornly your own!) And speaking of laughing, Andy, your Sandspur articles are amazing; but, then, so were all those journals we've shared.

I wish I could chronicle each of you, our separate and intertwined lives. Mike (pre- and post-Paris, a progression), thanks for those lessons on invention; I've used them in my classes. Rick, in our four courses together, we've spanned your Rollins years, sharing the joy of good arguing, love of language, concern for deep truth. How do we find it? Celebrate it? I think your play did it best. (Remember that class? The chemistry. . . I think Pete made it work. Yes, you, Pete. "They're all great writers but me," you said so earnestly. Your writing was fine—but the catalyst, the ardent support you exuded, this was your gift to the class.) And speaking of gifts, what of Kristen, you who give so much and ask so little? I haven't forgotten your 100-hour donation to the Writing Center; and no one will forget your zeal, your commitment, your great passion over the issues, or the generous heart that reaches beyond your frustrations. (Through you, too, I met Bill. To have missed his year's worth of journaling would have cost me the humor, the zany research, and most of all, a proper understanding of the Dead!) Suzi, your many voice shave taken me beyond crew and law school to deep discoveries and new dreams. And Lori, without you, what would I know of Baltimore? Or hats? You too have spanned our time here at Rollins. As a freshman you applied to the Naval Academy, and I'm proud to have kept you here, sharing our tears, our laughter in my office—writing your way into "humanness." So you'll be at graduation: you'd have made a fine drill sergeant, but taking orders was never your style!

But I can't write of all of you here: so different, so unique. You're not the same people you were. Nor am I. Well, you whom I've mentioned are emblematic, representative of all the seniors this year. Every member of the class of '89 is distinctive, an individual to be treasured. For that is what happens at Rollins. And what happens, of course, gets passed on. No, Rollins will never be the same without you, but for others, this will be their place, my story intertwining with theirs.

So get on with it: that's your purpose. Of course it was temporary; it was preparation. Oh, we'll never forget each other. We're part of one community now. But you're carrying that community with you. What's best of Rollins is invisible, inhabiting the nooks and crannies of our hearts and minds and spirits, ready to be recreated, the real Rollins emerging from every relationship, every project, every venture we all enter into. Scary, isn't it? But comforting too. What a world we'll create if the best of Rollins goes forward in every step each of us takes. . . Thanks for sharing your class with me, for getting me through these years, for the training. I'll try to do you proud. I know I and all my colleagues will have much to be proud of in you!

photos by Jon Chisdes





John Williams - Golfer

"John is one of the best players Rollins has had in the past five years. He's a player to depend on and will be missed next year."

Head Coach
Al Simmonds



Scott R. Lamoureaux
Peter M. Siedem
John C. Williams
Bettina Walker

SUP
SE

★ **SOCCER**
Daegen Duvall
Devin Long
Mark McKinney
Henry Banda

★ **BASKETBALL**
Greg Eckstein
Todd Murphy
Dan Wolf
Doyne Calvert
Kirsten Dellinger
Kim Erwin
Jeri E. Ferree
Kim Tayrien
Eileen Tobin

★ **CROSS-COUNTRY**
Kenneth R. Averett
Michael J. Garuckis

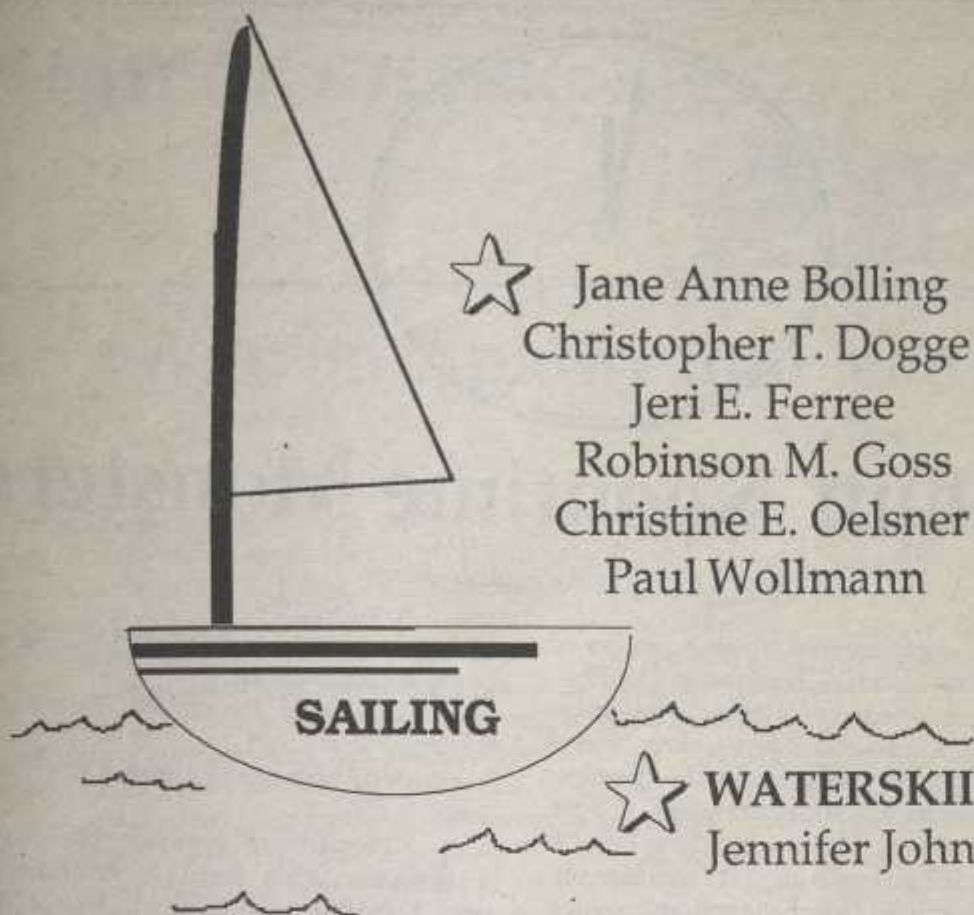
★ **VOLLEYBALL**
Jane Anne Bolling
Kathy Fields
Pam Hopkins
Donna Konjarevich



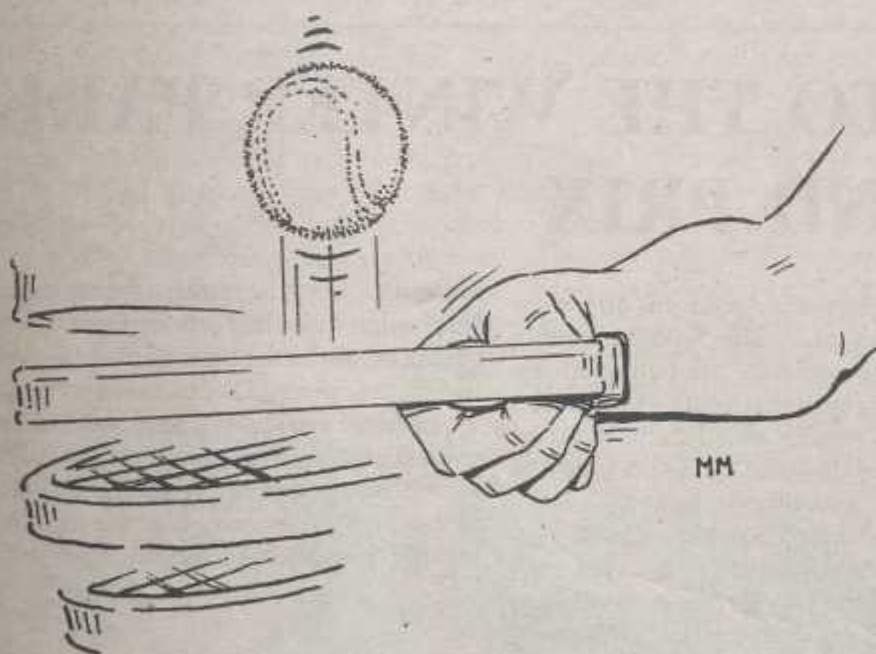
Greg Eckstein- Basketball player

"Greg was an emotional leader for the team. He always gave 100% and was a super asset."

Head Coach
Tom Klusman



RSTAR IORS

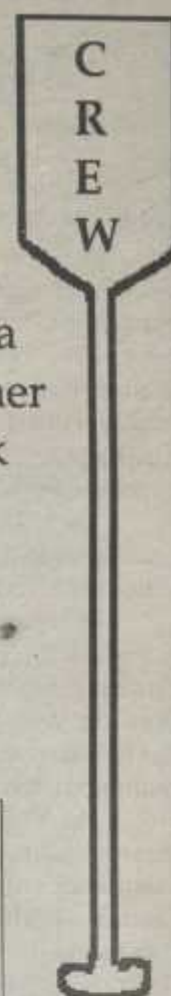


★ TENNIS ★

Robin Dolan
Jillian Leckey

Rolf Bonnell
Don Martin
Barry Pelts
Andy Platt
Scott Spielberger

★ Kevin J. Kapusta
Susan C. Heidacher
Marija K. Mauk



**Anne Bolling- Softball
Volleyball Player**

"Anne served as a captain on both teams, she was a leader by example and played a role crucial to the success of both teams"

Head Coach
Suzanne Patterson

★ SOFTBALL

Jane Anne Bolling.



★ **BASEBALL**
Bob Helmick
Marc Camille
Matt Meyer
David Flynn
Dan Garrison
Kurt Koehler
Joe Bellini
Larry Pijanowski

The Greatest College Tennis

Team of All Time

By George Pryor

In 1937, there emerged a tennis team that would rewrite national intercollegiate tennis history. Obscure, little Kenyon sequestered in the foothills of rural Ohio recruited three collegiate musketeers, Don McNeil, George Pryor, and Morey Lewis. For two years together they pommelled institutions twenty times the size of Kenyon. Only mighty Tulane with the national intercollegiate champion Ernie Sutter could glean two matches in an intercollegiate team match.

In 1938 Kenyons No. 1 man Don McNeil also captured the national indoors and attained a national ranking of nine.

The same year George Pryor playing at No 2 pushed the national intercollegiate champion Ernie Sutter to the brink of defeat in the finals of the Missouri Valley before succumbing 0-6, 6-2, 7-5. But he recovered sufficiently to win the Canadian championships.

In 1939 Don McNeil went on a world tour that routed him through Egypt where he practiced extensively with exiled German ace Gottfried Von Cramm. With Von Cramm's nurturing McNeil dominated the French championships dusting off Bobby Riggs in the finals in three straight sets.

At home that year Morey Lewis substituting at No 1 for Don McNeil reached the finals of the national intercollegiate before losing to Rice's Frank Guernsey.

Then in 1940 Don McNeil returned to Kenyon to rewrite the record books. He captured the national intercollegiate, then the national clay courts. But he attained the pinnacle of his career at Forrest Hills. In the semi-finals he defeated Jack Kramer. Then after being down two sets to love against his old rival Bobby Riggs in the finals, he blitzed through the next three sets 6-3, 6-3, 7-5 to win the national singles championship and the number one ranking in the United States.

Today the record of Don McNeil and the 1937-38 Kenyon Tennis Team still stands.



Nobutt Noontime Monsters

by An English Major

"Just where are those English professors off to at noon on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, bowling over students in their rush to escape Orlando Hall, towels rolled and secured under armpits?" I had often asked myself this question and recently undertook to find an answer. "I'll get to the bottom of this if it's the last thing I do," I promised myself, not realizing that I would never get to the bottom, that, in fact, the bottom does not exist.

Four of them raced across Mills Lawn. I followed them. The Chapel? Were they headed for a midday spiritual revival so fiery they would need towels to wipe sweat-drenched brows? No, they passed the Chapel.

They're headed for the Fieldhouse parking lot. Could their destination be the Fieldhouse? But why would English professors be racing toward the gym, of all places? Are these saints secretly coaching athletes in the fundamentals of Swift's satire? Blake's innocence (or is it experience?)? Hopkins' dappled things? Chaucer's curteisye?

Sure enough, they disappeared into the Fieldhouse. I ducked behind a Saab turbo a few minutes before, heart pounding with excitement of encountering the unknown, I sneaked through the door myself. The aroma of ripe socks and rubber clutched me by the nostrils, forcing me to

retreat to the second floor, where I hid and waited for my breath to return.

Puummph. Puummph. Puummph.

PuummphPuummphPuummphPuummph. SLAP!

"I fouled 'im!" someone yelled, a twinge of satisfaction in his voice. I looked down at the court. There they were, those wise men of Orlando Hall, scantily clad in shorts and high tops, playing basketball! Someone had apparently been hacked while driving for a lay-up.

The ball's thrown in and a short, skinny fellow goes for a shot until he's fouled again by Droopy Drawers. Sorry Bean Pole.

A twice-fouled Bean Pole bounce-passes to Spud-ed, who, after catching the ball before the bounce, makes a line drive bank shot from the outside. The shot is errant, however, and rebounds off the board into Dr. P's eager grip. With wonderly deliver, and of greet strengthe, Dr. P. darts into the lane for a hook shot. He makes it! Now THIS is exciting basketball!

But something is missing from these noon-time monsters, and I can't quite put my finger on it? Can you guess what it is?

(... ahem... Maybe John or Jane Doe could kick in with a companion article titled: "Where did a white girl get an ass like that?")

A NEW WRINKLE TO THE WINTER PARK GRAND PRIX

by Mike Scotchie

The Winter Park Grand Prix has reached a new level of difficulty this year. In order to compete with their sister track in Monte Carlo, Winter Park race officials have installed three strategically located speed bumps on Holt Avenue.

Race committee member, Jim Far, explained. "Last year's race went altogether too quickly. This course has its curves, especially while it contours Lake Virginia, but there is nothing to compare with the hairpin turns and hills of Monte Carlo. The Winter Park Grand Prix needed a little something to be a challenge and attract the circuit's top drivers. Besides, we'll have the only track in the world with speedbumps. That'll give our local boys a bit of an edge when they race here."

Spokesperson Jackie Stewart was on hand to discuss how the change will affect the race this year. "I'm really tremendously excited about the possibilities. It sets the Winter Park course apart from all the others, challenging the skill of the drivers to the limit."

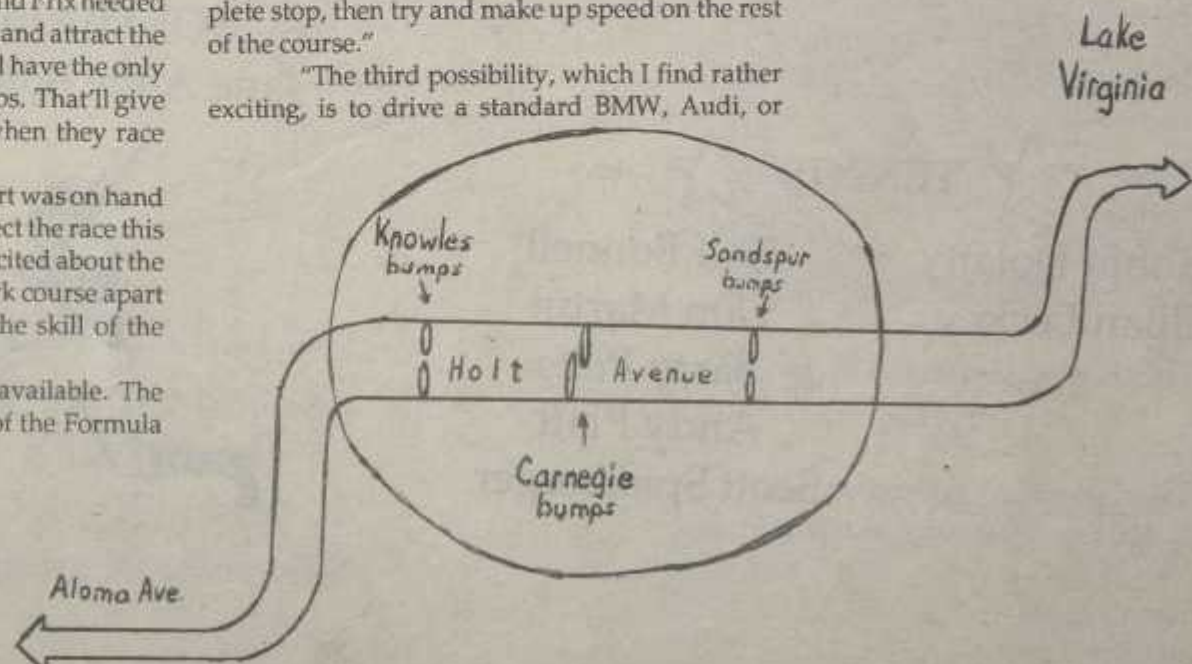
"There are several options available. The first is to jack up the suspension of the Formula

One racers, much like many Americans do to their pick-up trucks, I'm told. This would certainly allow the driver to negotiate the bumps at top speed, but he would suffer in overall speed and by the impracticality of such an adjustment in the middle of the season. But who knows? It will all be said and done only after the race is over."

"The second option is not so exciting. Formula Ones are made to hug the ground. However, hugging a speedbump would most certainly hurt the car's performance. Therefore, the driver must negotiate the bumps only after coming to a complete stop, then try and make up speed on the rest of the course."

"The third possibility, which I find rather exciting, is to drive a standard BMW, Audi, or

Mustang. They have the advantage of higher suspension than the Formula Ones and still have quite a bit under the hood to make them competitive on the open road. I understand that there are several local drivers who have been training in this manner and hope to set a precedent in Grand Prix racing. It's all very exciting, and I expect to see each of these options exercised as the drivers do their best to conquer this exciting Winter Park course."



OUT OF THE ARCHIVES....



War on Apathy and Vietnam in the Sixties

by Jonathan Chisdes

Across the nation, in the 1960's, college campuses exploded in student protest, mostly directed against the Vietnam War. But Rollins had a reputation, going way back, of student apathy. In the period from 1967 through 1970, the few radicals on this campus tried to combat this and get students involved to protest the war. They were somewhat successful, but Rollins never became a Berkley or University of Wisconsin.

Not until September 1967 was there any sign of student activism. It all started with a very brave student, George Dewey, who tried to get permission to circulate a petition which called the war unethical. It was very controversial and a number of conservatives felt that simply the circulation of it would damage the "Rollins image." Before it could be circulated, the Student-Faculty-Administration Council (a forerunner to the SGA) had to approve it. They debated for almost a month before they finally gave permission for it to be circulated.

The next step was on October 20, when student Donald James staged a one man protest against the Air Force recruiting on campus. Military divisions had tables set up in the Student Union (now the student center) and James held up a sign declaring the war to be unethical standing next to the recruiters. Most people shrugged their shoulders.

James and Dewey got together the following day and traveled to Washington DC to participate in a demonstration and they shared their experiences with their fellow students in an article in the *Sandspur*. After that, they got a "crew" of people together who set up a "Vietnam Table" in the Student Union in November. This was a table with all sorts of literature on the war, both pro and con. The purpose was merely to bring up the issue, as well as secure some signatures for Dewey's petition. However most students walked right by, pretending not to notice.

Finally, the following January, the *Sandspur* took an editorial stand in favor of the draft dodgers and offered information on an "underground railroad" which would help people get to Canada.

That Spring, politics was in the air as the Presidential election got underway and a poll indicated that a majority of the democrats on cam-

pus favored Eugene McCarthy, who was opposed to the war. Editorials and letters opposing the war, from both students and professors became common in the *Sandspur*. On May 16, McCarthy visited the campus on a campaign stop and was well received by the students.

On election day, November 5, Rollins held its first "Teach-In," on Mills Lawn which was described as "a dialogue...between campus radicals and moderates," which addressed the issues of the war. It was somewhat similar to the forums we have today. Later that month, student Steven Alt-house showed a painting of Napalmed dolls to protest the war.

During the Spring of '69, the *Sandspur* became an excellent forum for opinion on the draft, the war, hippies, racism, Greeks, dorm visitation hours for women, and closed faculty meetings.

The next year, things got a little more active. On October 15, Rollins held its first real demonstration. All over the country, there were protests against the war and Rollins added its voice to this "Vietnam Moratorium." Most of the faculty dismissed their classes and a number spoke to students on Mills Lawn. Among the faculty were Jack Lane and Barry Levis, who was reported by the *Sandspur* to be the "best received." The chapel bells tolled in memory of those killed in Vietnam, and then students marched two and a half miles singing the theme song of the day, "All we are saying is give peace a chance." The marchers were heckled by Winter Park residents who supported Nixon's Vietnam policy. However, President Jack Critchfield supported the marchers because the demonstration was non-violent.

During the rest of the term, a petition went around protesting Armed Forces recruiting on campus and many students were traveling to downtown Orlando, Cape Kennedy, and even Washington to participate in anti-war demonstrations. But for the next few months, the *Sandspur*, under the editorship of Gwen von Stetten, remained uncharacteristically quiet. Not until April 10, 1970, did uproar occur when student Jack T. Dillon put in a paid political ad opposing the war. Amid the controversy surrounding this issue, the second major



anti-war protest occurred on April 15. Again, this was a nationally organized event to which Rollins responded. Speakers on Mills Lawn included Arnold Wettstein and Dan DeNicola. Three hundred students marched from Rollins to the Orlando Draft Board and IRS offices to protest both the draft and the use of citizen's taxes for the war effort. The marchers carried a black coffin which read "49,000 Americans Dead."

The climax of student concern came on May 6, 1970, the day when four students were killed at Kent State University by Ohio National Guardsmen. President Critchfield declared the next day to be dedicated to the issues revolving around the tragedy and requested faculty to discuss this topic in their classes. A memorial service was held on Mills Lawn at noon and over four hundred students attended. This was the biggest student turnout for this type of gathering. There is a famous photo in the Archives of a student hanging out a banner with a peace sign on it along with the word "KENT."

The next day, May 8, there were no classes because of the first and only student strike at Rollins. A special issue of the *Sandspur* came out which was dedicated to the four students who were killed. A very controversial editorial by Gil Klien criticized the Guardsmen for murder and subsequent letters to the editor complained about this for quite a while. The following day, May 9, students held a peace march and demonstration in honor of the dead.

After this, the war began to wind down, and the campus became more conservative and apathetic again. The next year, Gil Klien was editor of the *Sandspur* and complained that the lack of student protest made his job harder. Even in the midst of all the emotional turmoil of the previous years, there still were many apathetic Rollins students. All the protests and demonstrations had national origins; they were not spontaneous or confined to Rollins. But despite this, there were quite a number of Rollins students who did speak up and voiced their concerns. Considering the apathy, this one brief shining moment was rather amazing.



ENTERTAINMENT

Reviewing Blues

by Nicole DeDominicis

Finally, after a year's anticipation, Neil Simon's *Biloxi Blues* hit the Annie Russell Theater. The long wait didn't prove a disappointment, but I did have some problems with the production. The first act moved along at a rapid pace, yet the second act left me staring at my watch. Despite it lasting nearly three hours, I recommended the play because of the many good performances put out by the cast.

Senior Jesse Wolfe gave his last dazzling performance as a Rollins Player (which wasn't a surprise) portraying Eugene Morris Jerome. Tony Mendez (Sergeant Toomey) and Jim Gaylord (Arnold Epstein) both gave wonderful performances and carried the play through to the end. Freshman Anthony Gelsomino, certainly not a stranger to the Annie Russell stage, was not only perfectly cast, but once again proved his talents.

Senior Michael J. Garuckis gave another predictable performance, but an enjoyable one nonetheless. One performance that was disappointing was David Roofthoof as tough guy Joseph Wykowski. Roofthoof's performance was far from being bad, but perhaps opening night jitters caused a lapse of concentration resulting in a failure to keep an appropriate accent. On several occasions Roofthoof allowed



David Roofthoof and Jim Gaylord

Photo by Jon Chisdes



Anthony Gelsimino and Jesse Wolf

Photo by Jon Chisdes

his English accent to creep in and shatter the image intended by his character.

Sasha Bogdanowitsch as the homosexual soldier and Jennifer St. John as the southern prostitute both gave delightful performances, never allowing themselves to slip out of character. Elodie Sue Sanford's portrayal of Daisy Hannigan, however, was clearly that of an actress on stage, never giving her role any real legitimacy.

A super job by the production staff. Although everything was basic in techniques—make-up, lighting, costumes, sound, and set design—their hard work and long hours resulted in another success. One problem I had with the staff, however, was their scene changes. At times I found them to be down-right distracting. Understanding the difficulty in planning the moves any other way, I eventually learned to tolerate them.

Overall, I would like to congratulate the theater department and the Rollins Players on a terrific year and give them my best wishes for the new season. To all the graduating seniors in the department, I wish you all the best of luck and thank you for many memorable productions.

Dead Elephants Aren't Much Fun — Or Are They?

by Chris Rizzolo

Sometimes problems arise that seem so ridiculous a solution is not plausible. Such a problem occurred in Jackson Township, New Jersey when a five ton elephant died and froze in a drafty barn. A frozen elephant is not an everyday occurrence. However, once a person puts his mind to it, several solutions will come to mind for any problem. With just a little brainstorming a myriad of ideas will come to mind.

An obvious solution that should come to everyone's mind is to cart the frozen elephant away. Just drive in a crane, bulldozer, or any type of construction equipment and move the giant ice cube. But suppose that there was nowhere to move the animal. Then what?

A trip to any hunter's home and one will see quite a number of stuffed "prizes" in-

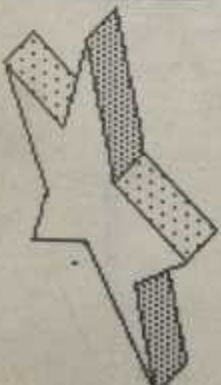
side and on the walls of the house. Any hunter would be more than happy to display a stuffed and mounted elephant in his house. "Yea, Herb, I bagged this one in Camaroon." I can hear the conversation already. If the hunter does not kill for sport, he could still use the beast. Some hunters only kill what they can eat. Since the animal was frozen, the meat would not yet be rancid. The elephant could supply the average family with meat for weeks on end. Or it could be split up between the members of the township. Better yet, the whole town could get together for a huge picnic with games and prizes for the kiddies. The five ton elephant can bring the city closer together.

On the off chance that everyone in the city is a vegetarian, plenty of uses could still be found for the frozen animal. Art is a big business today. With the resurgence of the sixties, the behemoth could be adorned with paisleys and psychedelic patterns and sold for thousands, even millions of dollars. If the town had a large central park, perhaps the creature could be bronzed and cast and placed in the center of the grass. Bronzing a five ton object could be expensive however. Other means of artistry may have to be looked into.

Nearly every high school in America has a homecoming day that is filled with football games, pageantry, and the ever-popular homecoming parade. So instead of making the elephant a piece of extravagant art, it could be adorned with the tissue paper "fluffies" that every high school student is all too familiar with. The critter would most certainly earn the class who entered it a first prize.

Of course, art and food are not the sole uses for a frozen elephant. Maybe the elephant could be skinned and the hide could be used for clothes. Better yet, it could be used to model clothes. I know of several clothing and department stores that use *avant-garde* mannequins to portray a contemporary image. A dressed-up elephant would certainly fit that description.

An almost infinite number of uses could be found for the frozen, five ton beast. Granted, some will be more practical than others, but perhaps the least practical will be the most effective. Of course, it would be hard to convince an entire town to eat elephant meat, or to put a paisley elephant up for sale, but actions stem from ideas. And if no one thought of the obscure or bizarre, the world would be an awfully boring place.



ANDY'S MOVIE REVIEW

by Mike Scotchie

Yes, I have to fill Platt's size 18's this issue and do a movie review. I found that out the last day of layout, when I casually remarked I saw a movie the night before to the layout editors. You gotta watch what you say around deadline time.

Raise your hand if you've heard of Stephen King. Good, I'm glad you're one of those people who doesn't do everything you're told. Now, the movie of the day is from King's classic book, *Pet Semetary*. Steve himself wrote the screenplay, insuring the movie contained the same elements that made the book so good. In fact, he makes a cameo. The midnight movie crowd went wild for that.

The story begins typically, with a young doctor and his family moving to a small town. The trouble here is that the truckers speed on the little single lane road, killing pets and posing a threat to careless street-crossers.

Naturally, the suspense starts with the opening scenes, and the real macabre element follows soon after. The good doctor is haunted by a careless street-crosser who warns him of something you can't quite make out because of his mumbling until the end. Fred Gwynne, from the *Munsters*, plays the friendly, old neighbor who seems to be hiding many dark secrets about the town. And you know that a Stephen King town has to have a dark secret or two.

If you're a horror movie fan, you'll not want to miss this one. I almost did. I had a hard time forcing myself to stay put and see what happened next. In fact, I was willing to leave, but my girlfriend was frozen to her seat, peeking through her fingers for the last 45 minutes. As I got



in my car, I couldn't help looking over my shoulder to see if anything snuck in while I was gone. I did my best to dispel the demons by remembering how I felt at the high point of the movie. By then it had gotten so scary that I was able to momentarily

laugh, inundated by terror. It's a defense mechanism, and I'm glad I had it available. You will be, too.

Four spurs, at least. Check it out sometime.

MOVIN' RIGHT ALONG Next Year at the Annie

by Cynthia Corbett

Okay, we've gotten rid of, I mean we've said goodbye to our seniors, and we're all broken up about it and everything, BUT (there's always a but, isn't there?) that's enough of that. It's time to move on. So, without a big monologue about it, here's the lowdown on next year's exceptionally exciting, fantasmagorically fantastic, sublimely scintillating 1989-90 THEATRE SEASON AT THE ANNIE RUSSELL!!!!

The season next year starts off with a bang, as the Theatre Department and the Rollins Players present "Hotel Paradiso", a French farce by George Feydeau. That's right, folks, hours of musical fun and entertainment before your very eyes. But when? you ask. Well, I'm glad you asked, because I'm just dying to tell you. October, that's when. But when in October? you ask with decreasing patience. Well, October 20, 21*, 25, 26, 27, 28*, I reply with a beatific smile. Don't forget, student season subscriptions will be available when you come back to school in September.

No sooner do we bid a fond adieu to George and the gang than we begin production on December's offering, "Summer and Smoke". This American classic by playwright extraordinaire Tennessee Williams promises to be a highlight of the theatre season here in sunny Central Florida. This story about lost love in a small Southern town is, in my oh so humble opinion, one of his best works. What better gift to give that special someone at this festive time of the year than a ticket to this poignant drama of love? Don't forget to reserve your tickets for this one. It will be presented December 1, 2*, 6, 7, 8, 9*. Make sure to mark those dates on your calendar.

And now for something completely different. Next year, instead of doing a mainstage production over the Winter Term, we'll be doing a Playwright's Festival in the Fred Stone Theatre. A leading American playwright will be taking part in a unique Winter Term course in which his works will be presented at the Fred Stone in a repertory format. The playwright has yet to be

selected, but candidates include Arthur Miller, David Mamet, and Edward Albee. The direction, design, acting, and technical aspects of the production will be carried out by students, so this will truly be an all-student production. It's going to be very exciting, so don't miss out on the chance to be involved in some experimental theatre here at Rollins. Dates for this are January 25, 26, 27, 28*, 30, February 1, 2, 3*.

We'll start the Spring semester with bright smiling faces and the classic Greek satire "The Clouds". We'll be doing the David Arrowsmith adaptation of the Aristophanes masterpiece on education. That's right, we're nailing the school system with this one, and I know you won't want to miss that. As a matter of fact, you might even want to give a couple of tickets to your favorite faculty member. I know of a few myself that I'm fixin' to invite. I hope you have your calendars handy, because I'm going to zip these dates at you now: March 16, 17*, 21, 22, 23, 24*. Got that? Okay, I'll repeat them: March 16, 17*, 21, 22, 23, 24*.

Next year's season ends with another bang. We'll be presenting "Steel Magnolias"*** on

May 4, 5*, 9, 10, 11, 12*. This show is currently knocking 'em dead off-Broadway, so you definitely don't want to miss it. It's also next year's answer to this year's "Biloxi Blues", as it consists of a cast of six ladies and no men. (Ha ha! REVENGE!!!) Seriously, though, it's a seriously funny play (I know, because I've read it) and with the overabundance of female talent we have here, it's certain to end the season on a high note. A C, perhaps. Maybe even on a C sharp.

In addition to the exciting things happening onstage, there's also plenty of excitement behind the scenes. We have a whole slew of scholarship students coming next year, courtesy of Priscilla Parker and the Friends of the Theatre. The Players also plan to do a great many wonderful, wonderful things next year, including Murder Mystery Party II: The Revenge. All in all, next year's happenings in the theatre world here promise to be exciting, educational, and most of all, entertaining. So don't miss out - "Catch Tomorrow's Stars Today... at the Annie Russell Theatre".



THE CATECHISM OF MEDIANITY

As Revealed to Alan Nordstrom

If a Venusian came to Earth and observed American society, would he not readily (if perhaps mistakenly) conclude that the name of the American God was "The Media"? He would see Americans everywhere practicing Media oriented rituals: reading their morning newspapers, listening to their car radios, giving token attention to their roadside billboards while glancing occasionally heavenward to read divine signs in cloud scriptures, leafing backwards in odd moments through magazines, worshipping weekly at their communal Movie Houses, and, most of all, spending sometimes many hours daily revering their TV's. Our Venusian would take Americans to be a pious people, zealously devoted to and dependent upon their deity, The Media. But when he examined the teachings of The Media, trying to deduce the values of these American Medians and understand the principles they sought to live by, what would he discover? With the help of my students in English 201, fall term 1988, I have attempted to compile these teachings categorically. Here, then, is the Catechism of Medianity.

The Median Ten Commandments

1. Thou shalt buy and consume and buy again.
2. Thou shalt live only for today.
3. Thou shalt make everything Quick, Convenient, and Comfortable.
4. Thou shalt seek always after the New and Improved.
5. Thou shalt strive to be Rich and Famous.
6. Thou shalt contrive to be Young, Beautiful, and Sexy.
7. Thou shalt be the First on thy Block.
8. Thou shalt always keep ahead of the Joneses.
9. Thou shalt not Disobey thy Appetites nor Delay thy Gratifications.
10. Thou shalt not die (or believe that thou wilt).

(Others)

- Thou shalt not touch that dial.
- Thou shalt honor thy anchorperson and thy sportscaster (and maybe thy weatherman)
- Thou shalt not stay home on weekend evenings.
- Thou shalt covet everything.

The Median Seven Deadly Sins

1. Unworldliness
2. Durability
3. Frugality
4. Planning
5. Satisfaction
6. Inconvenience
7. Leisure

(Other Vices)

- Shyness
- Dandruff, Bad Breath, and B.O.
- Watching PBS

The Median Virtues

(which correspond to the Seven Vices)

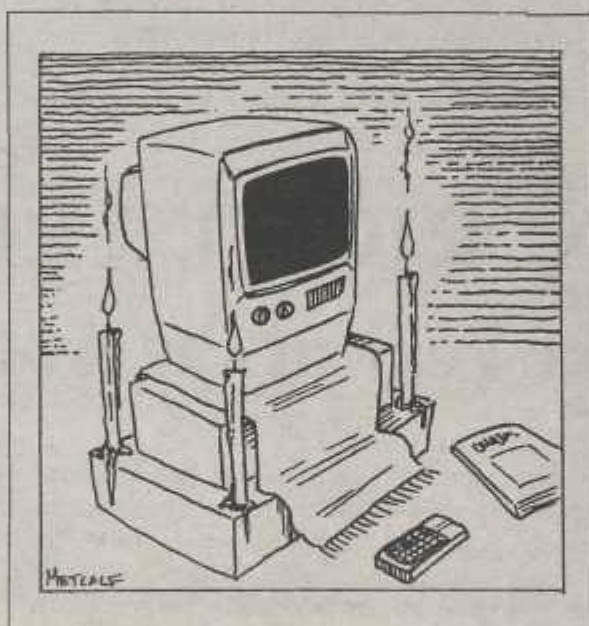
1. Secularity
2. Obsolescence
3. Waste or Extravagance
4. Impetuosity
5. Craving
6. Comfort
7. Hustle

(Others)

- Glamor
- Success at any Cost
- Sensationalism
- Amusement

The Median Scriptures, Testaments, and Instructive Texts

- The Gross National Product Listing
- The Consumer Price Index
- The Wall Street Journal*
- The Nieman Marcus Christmas Catalogue
- The Yellow Pages
- The TV Guide*
- Journal of the Rich and Famous
- How to Win Friends and Influence People
- How to ... (anything)*—on Video Cassette



The Major Median Heresies

The Median Pantheon of Saints, Martyrs, Heroes, and High Priests

- Saints: Niccolo (Machiavelli), Dale (Carnegie), Nielsen, Pulitzer, Walt, Marilyn
- Guru: Marshall McLuhan, author of *Understanding Media*
- Grand Old Men: Walter Cronkite, Johnny Carson, Howard Cosell
- Modern Heroes: Ted Turner, Donald Trump, Lee Iaccoca, Barbara, Geraldo, Oprah, Morton, Vanna, Bill Cosby, and David Letterman
- Informed Sources

The Median Pandemonium of Devils

- Network Censors
- The FCC
- Satellite Scramblers
- Ralph Nader
- Jesus

The Median Concept of Heaven

Smog

The Median Concept of Hell

A Liberal Arts College

The Median Icons, Talismans, and Symbols

- The Almighty Dollar
- The American Express Gold Card
- The Wheel of Fortune
- The Oscar, the Tony, the Emmy, and the Grammy
- The CBS eye, the NBC Peacock
- The Designer Label
- The Bumper Sticker
- The Satellite Dish
- The Rolex Watch ("Time is Money")
- The Cellular Car Phone ("Reach out and run over someone.")
- Big Gems ("Diamonds are for Worship.")
- Surge Protectors

The Median Holy Lands

- Wall Street and Madison Avenue
- Hollywood and Beautiful Downtown Burbank
- Disney World/Land\
- Palm Springs
- Las Vegas
- Monaco

The Median Temples

- The New York Stock Exchange
- Savings & Loans
- Shopping Malls
- Car Dealerships
- The Ritz
- The couch

The Median Rituals

- Watching broadcast sports events (venerating the Competitive Spirit)
- Solving the TV Guide crossword puzzle
- Bidding at Auctions
- TV Home Shopping
- Trading in the Car
- Consecrating Garbage Dumps
- Driving everywhere
- Turning on the TV as soon as you get home
- Eating TV dinners before the Altar of the Eye Witless News
- The Miss America Pageant
- Shopping Sprees

"Where are my Socks?"

by Kathy Butler

The Sacraments

- The Sacrament of Popcorn and Coke
- The Sacrament of Junk Food
- The TV Dinner
- The Prenuptial Agreement

The Median Charities

- Lotto
- Bingo

The Median Holidays

- Bargain Days
- Closeout Sales
- Pre- and Post-Xmas
(once the pagan holiday "Christmas")
- Sweeps Week

The Median Creeds

"I BELIEVE IN Mediocrity as my highest standard, Mediocracy as the one true form of government, and the Middle of the Road as the only way to go."

"I BELIEVE IN Me, Me, Me!"

The Median Prayer

"O, Lord Media, I deserve a break today; I'm worth it; Thou carest enough to give the very best; so gimmee!"

Median Slogans and Catchphrases

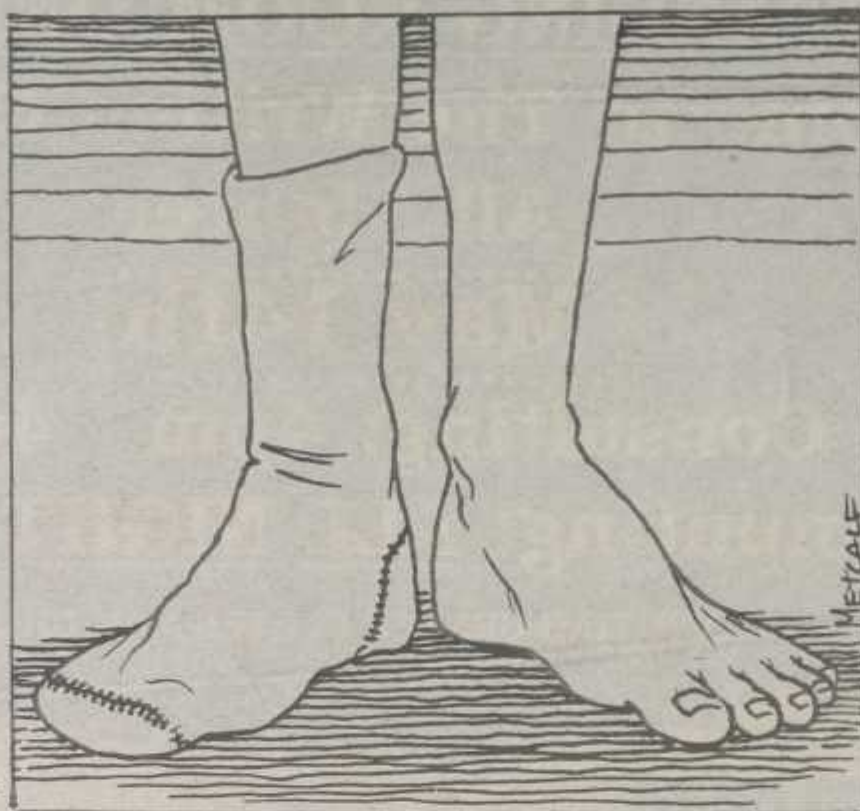
- "Stay Tuned."
- "Don't touch that dial!"
- "Good news is not news."
- "It's in print so it must be true!"
- "The American Way of Life"
- "Thank God It's Friday"
- "Couch Potato"
- "Plot, Plop, Fizz, Fizz"
- "Leave your message at the sound of the beep."
- "Look out for #1."
- "Loophole"
- "Who says the mind is a terrible thing to waste?"

Favorite Median Hymns

- "Material World" (Madonna)
- "I Did It My Way" (Frank Sinatra)
- "There's no Business Like Show Business"

Popular Median Curses and Epithets

- "Not Ready for Prime Time"
- "Go blow your tube!"
- "Short out!"
- "Vidiot!"
- "PG!"



The Rollins freshman is bombarded with problems: what classes to take, how to pay phone bills, what to eat at Beans, or if they will have time to lay out by the pool and still have time to study for an Economics test. However, the average Rollins freshman's problems are trivial compared to mine. Since coming to Rollins in September, I have managed to retain twelve single socks and only six complete pairs. It is frustrating to open my sock drawer in the morning and find that I have already worn all six pairs of socks; consequently, I have to match my socks to the best of my ability. This means pairing a criss-cross patterned sock with a straight line patterned sock. And throughout the day I am constantly on the look for people letting their eyes wander down to my ankles, then asking the repetitive question, "Did you know that you're socks don't match?"

The phenomenon here is how did I lose so many single socks instead of pairs? Something tells me that I didn't lose them; rather, it could be one of two things. Someone is confiscating my socks because they have a bizarre fetish for wearing mix matched socks; on the other hand, college dorm dryers have an incredible appetite for single socks, and they are eating mine. At any rate, I haven't handled all of my freshman inconveniences with the utmost of skill, but be assured I'll tackle this problem the way any professional problem solver would. I must discover how to put a stop to this reoccurring phenomenon. Otherwise I may soon be sockless.

I could station myself in the laundry room behind the dryers and spy on people as they come and go. I would be like the spider who waits beside her web for flies to become trapped in her adhesive mesh. In fact while waiting slyly behind machines, where dust is the only thing I breathe, I might already have socks planted with super glue on both sides of the sock so one side sticks to the machine while the other side sticks to the person and "Gotcha" I'd grab the criminal and punish him deservingly: I'd tie him up with all the socks he'd attempted to steal. By then my curiosity would be at it's peak, "What was he doing with my socks?" Consequently I'd investigate the thief's room to discover what extrajudicial things he'd been doing with my socks. However to take revenge I would take back the socks he had stolen, forcing him to wear matching socks. That would show him!

This method might be time consuming and costly. Besides the thief may not strike on the first load; he might not strike until I've fallen

asleep from waiting. An alternative could be to place a heat resistant miniature video camera in the dryer. When the criminal opens the dryer, the camera would activate and start filming. Fortunately neither I nor anyone else would have to be a witness because all of his evil actions would be on film, every last pair of sock separation.

I can easily see a feasible form of blackmail unearthing. I'd make him agree to give me access to his parking place (if he has one), to let me use his validine so I'll have money left over in mine at the end of the year, or at the very least refurbish my diminished sock supply. Otherwise, if he refused I'd call up sev-

eral of his friends and invite them over for free beer, popcorn, and a special showing of his dirty actions. Or I'd simply mail video copies to various college students; his name would be mud from then on.

Of course there are less costly solutions. I could purposely not wash my socks, putting them in the dryer saturated with filth. When the thief reached in to grab a clean static-free sock, his hands would be immersed with perspiration and dorm floor grime. This should discourage him, but maybe not. If this person is strange enough to go around wearing the mix matched socks of someone he doesn't even know, perhaps he'd be willing to wear them dirty too. Besides I don't think I'd want to go too long without washing my socks; furthermore, I don't want my dirty soggy socks with my clean static-free wash.

Looking at other possibilities, I might consider investigating the dryer as the culprit of the crime. Maybe the dryers have this special attraction to me personally. They feel the best way to my heart is through my socks. And because they obviously doubt my human intelligence, they don't think I'll notice if they only take a sample of the pair of socks.

If this is the case, I could use the same method for the dryer as for the thief. But in order to collect my socks I'd have to take the dryer apart. I can just see myself: "Excuse me, I'll just be a minute as I unscrew this bolt here and remove these wires here in order to find my lost sock. I'm sure you understand."

The best solution is the simplest. First I'd dye all of my socks purple—no one would mistake my socks for theirs. I'd cut out my own identical designs on each sock: a single triangle on the left side of the sock, a circle on the right of each, a diamond on all the pinky toes, and five tiny cowboy hats on the heel of each sock. With only carbon-copy socks the thief would be discouraged from stealing my socks because then he'd be forced to wear socks that matched. And the dryers, as well, wouldn't be able to distinguish one sock from the other; they'd realize once they'd stolen one sock they'd stolen all of them. But if either a thief or a dryer continued to steal my socks out of vengeance or habit, I wouldn't care because all of my socks would match. I might have to continuously buy new socks, dye them purple, and cut designs. But I would never again have to wake up on a morning when I'm running low on clean laundry and fear the calamity of finding a matchless sock.

STANDING ROOM ONLY!!!
Come to The Writing Center
All-Nighter
May 14th
Consulting: 4pm - 4am
Computing: ALL NIGHT LONG

WRITING CENTER CLOSING MAY 15th

DeNicola to be Reviewed

A Committee consisting of Edward Cohen and Jim Small representing the Rollins faculty, George Grant representing the administration, Julie Hernandez representing the student body, and Betty Duda representing the Board of Trustees has been established to conduct the normal three year administrative evaluation of Daniel R. DeNicola as Vice President for Academic Affairs/Provost. Jim Small was elected to chair the committee. Leonard Riser has been named the external evaluator of the position.

The VP/Provost Evaluation Committee will shortly submit evaluation forms to the faculty, appropriate administrators and trustees, and other interested individuals as part of the process. Other individuals who wish to make comment on the performance of Daniel R. DeNicola as VP/Provost should submit a letter to: Jim Small, Chair, VP/Provost Evaluation Committee, Campus Box 2643. Individuals needing information on the process or evaluation forms may contact the Chair at (407) 646-2433.

HEARE YE!!!! HEARE YE!!!!

Come one, come all, to be entertained by the master of festivals: William Shakespeare. There will be fun, frolicking, and general jollification on the steps of the Annie Russell Theatre on Thursday, May 11th at 6:00. Scenes and monologues from King Lear, Taming of the Shrew, Macbeth, and The Merchant of Venice will be presented for your viewing pleasure. If it rains the Follies will take place in the Fred Stone Theatre. For further information call 645-5127 and ask for Rick Jurgens. Please come and enjoy!

Spring Choral Concerts

Don't get stressed as the end of the semester rolls around, take a break! "What is there to do?" you ask. Well, I'll tell you. During the next couple of weeks Rollins' singing groups are performing, and you should be there! Why? Because they are terrific and they deserve your support. So, now that you have decided to go, here are the times and places.

*Major Works Concert

May 9th at 8PM at the 1st Congregational Church

*Pops Concert

May 14th at 8PM at the Annie Russell Theater

*Camerata with the Southern Ballet Co.

May 19-20 at the Bob Carr Performing Arts Center

So, be cultured, have fun, and support your fellow classmates, go see these performances!

Spring 1989 Exam Matrix

DATE TIME	Wednesday 5/17	Thursday 5/18	Friday 5/19	Monday 5/22	Tuesday 5/23
8-10	9:00 M W F Classes	9:30 T T H Classes	8:00 M W F Classes	10:00 M W F Classes	8:00 T T H Classes
11-1	12:00 M W F Classes	1:30 T T H Classes	11:00 M W F Classes	1:00 M W F Classes	11:00 T T H Classes
2-4	6:45 T T H Classes	2:30 T T H Classes	2:00/2:30 M W F Classes	3:00/4:00 M W Classes	4:30 T T H Classes
7-9		5:30 T T H Classes	6:45 M W Classes		

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



Happy Graduation!



CLASSIFIED

"The night where extraordinary things are mentioned...." A weave that links the planet, world religions, ancient cultures, human purpose, and the quest for real value in life. For more info, contact EMIN Research, PO Box 536074, Orlando, FL, 32853-6074.

ATTENTION!!! ROLLINS AND CRUMMER STUDENTS!!!!

Continental Airlines is offering discounts of 50% on first class tickets, 50% on coach tickets, and 5% on the lowest applicable discount fares. When you call your travel agent or 1-800-521-0222, mention that you are a Rollins student.

Best Wishes



from the *Sandspur* staff