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Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

2-6-2014

Sandspur, Vol 120, No 15, February 06, 2014

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Rollins College, "Sandspur, Vol 120, No 15, February 06, 2014" (2014). *The Rollins Sandspur*. 1987.
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The **Sandspur**

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Defining Champion

A Guide to the 2014 Winter Olympics

By Lauren Waymire

Page 6

Established in 1894 with the following editorial:
"Unassuming yet slightly sharp, and pointed,
well rounded yet many sided, assiduously tena-
cious, victorious in single combat, and therefore
without a peer, wonderfully attractive and exten-
sive in circulation; all these will be found upon
investigation to be among the extraordinary quali-
ties of The Sandspur."

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Please send all submissions to submit@thesandspur.org. All submissions must be received no later than 5 p.m. on the Friday prior to publication.

The Sandspur
1000 Holt Avenue
Winter Park, FL 32789

Cover Art Designed By:
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WHERE in the WORLD

Compiled by Lauren Waymire

Atlanta, Georgia — A rare winter storm swept through the United States, leaving many major cities—with Atlanta being the worst affected—in states of emergency. Many commuters on the freeway were forced to abandon their cars and thousands of children spent the night at school.

Government officials came under fire for a lack of preparation; many emergency response centers were not opened until the brunt of the damage had already been done. Businesses in the area responded in any way they could. Home Depot, an Atlanta-based company, kept its doors open all night in 17 stores

in the area to let stranded travelers come in from the cold and sleep on lawn chairs.

London, England — The Royal Family is in a bit of trouble, and it has nothing to do with a certain red-headed prince. The Queen and her financial advisors were reprimanded by Parliament's Public Accounts Committee for failing to balance the books in the Royal Household. They have an annual "sovereign grant" limit of £31 million, yet in the 2012-2013 fiscal year the amount was surpassed by £2.3 million.

The household was forced to tap into the emergency reserve fund, bringing that total to £1 million, a historic low. There was also criticism for the state of the extensive properties of the Royal Family, as many have fallen into disrepair.

The Queen must now find new ways to generate revenue in order to have financial security for the next fiscal year.

Florence, Italy — The guilty verdicts for Amanda Knox and Raffaele Sollecito for the murder of Knox's flat mate, British national Meredith Kercher, in 2007, were reinstated on January 30. The pair was

originally convicted in 2009, and Knox had served four of the 25 years of her sentence before being acquitted of the charges in 2013.

The Italian court system has increased her sentence to 28.5 years. She now faces the possibility of extradition should the Italian High Court uphold the conviction.

Sollecito, her former boyfriend, was caught by police at the Italian border as he was supposedly trying to escape the country after hearing the third court verdict.

Adelaide, Australia — Greater, the world's oldest flamingo, died at the age of 83 in the Adelaide Zoo on Friday, January 24. The bird, born at the end of the Great Depression, lived through World War II and survived an attack from teenagers at the zoo in 2008.

The flamingo arrived at the zoo in 1933, its gender and origin unknown (though it is thought to be from either Cairo or Hamburg Zoo).

The only other flamingo in the country is a "Chilly," a Chilean flamingo, as Australia has a moratorium on the importation of birds.

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LATE NITE

A Mere Experience

Amir Sadeh

Columnist

Whenever the month of February begins, the big holiday that comes to everyone's mind, besides President's Day of course, is Valentine's Day.

Because I have a lot to say on the matter (and frankly, many a hilarious and quasi-traumatic experience), I have decided to spend this and next week's column discussing Valentine's Day and, more importantly, love.

In a previous installment, I talked about my appreciation for women in a physical and sexual manner. For today's column, I wanted to share my philosophy when it comes to love. This was originally written during my freshman year, as a sort of exercise in the vein of the NPR series "This I Believe..." In short, we were asked to write about a belief, a mantra, or any one thing that we believed in. For next week's column, a part of it includes my evolution from when I wrote that to where I am today. So instead of having to simplify my thoughts in 200 words, why not give it the justice I believe it deserves? It is my column after all...

Love. An emotion of life that spreads onto many levels, far more so than just one's regular understanding of the nomenclature. In other words, "love" is not a mere term, but an umbrella concept for many similar, yet distinct feelings: Passion, compassion, attraction, lust, family, friendship, etc. All very familiar, yet by no means necessarily equivalent.

Paula Cole once sang: "I believe in love to be the center of all things." I share this sentiment; the most fascinating type being your not-so-typical romance. The non-rational, not easily explainable feeling that one person makes you feel whenever they are around. The person that can somehow make you feel so weak and fall to your

knees, and yet oh so strong—where in the same breath you profess that you could take on the world... as long as they are by your side. I'm talking about that something... more. Something beyond the basics of biology, past one's study of compatibility through genetic predisposition or distinct pheromones.

Of course, I don't mean to equivocate love and lust - the emotional and the sexual - but it's something that's done far too often. When I mean love, I don't mean JUST the physical attraction, for just looking at that, you are only looking at sex appeal, which is not real, substantive "love." Now, please don't get it twisted, I am no prude by any means. I just implore that we look past the carnal attraction (although it's the beautiful, natural, and basic desire that's pertinent for survival) as not being the same.

Love means a sense of emotional investment and genuine care in the person you wake up next to in the morning. Love is being able to turn to them and look at them when you are most vulnerable, both in your best and worst states, and yet still want to be with that same person from the night before. Maybe even grab a cup of coffee and catch a flick too.

It's what makes you drive 65 minutes out of your way to see them every week and the thought of it being a "burden" has never once crossed your mind. Again, that doesn't mean that rationality has been kicked to the back burner, but in the end: the deeper in love you are, the more irrational you're likely to be: the more you are willing to put up with the signs that things are obviously going downhill; the bigger the lies you are willing to tell yourself to make things work.

In the words of Socrates:

"The hottest love has the coldest end."

All the cards are stacked against one another. Societal beliefs consist of those that say commitment, chivalry, and courtesy are dogmatic, dead, and dumb. Marriages have a 50% failure rate and most relationships render themselves kaput by the year and a half mark, if one is so fortunate. So... why believe in love?

For me, at least. I don't want to die alone. Not that I am a man who has a problem with his own morality or succumbing to the inevitable. There is always the fear that one would leave this earth without ever having the ability to find that "special someone," even at least once. To me, that would signify that out of all the six billion people on this planet, three billion of which are of the opposite gender, I couldn't have even found one person who cared about me enough to not only want to be with me, but to want to share their joy, their pain, or their life with someone like me. Never being able to even find that one person, that one stranger, who never felt a biological or societal obligation (like a parent or relative) that would or could ever love you in that unconditional manner we all hope and yearn for? What a dreadful thing to have occur. What a depressing thing to feel. It could keep someone up all night. It's something that keeps me up at night.

Go ahead and think I am silly if you wish. Think I am an idealist. Think I am wrong. Think I'm dreaming. But I'm going to still believe in the power and beauty of love. There's gotta be someone for me.

And if not—don't bother waking me up today. I'd rather be left dreaming... at least to blindly believe for one more day.



America's Diamond in the Rough?

Student opens up the discussion about the hidden potential within Orlando's urban sphere as overshadowed by reputable theme parks and tourist attractions.

Bailey Bakshi

Writer

Orlando, Florida is an underestimated and forgotten city. Known solely for its tourism and international theme parks, it would appear that this city has nothing else to offer. Many international businesses could thrive here in Orlando, yet they remain unaware of the potential benefits they would receive and all that the city is capable of.

Some of Orlando's most notable features are in its various theme parks and attractions. Walt Disney World covers over forty square miles; approximately the size of the city of San Francisco. This theme park alone is responsible for one out of every fifty jobs in the state of Florida. However, the city outside of the theme parks is often ignored, and opportunities outside of the theme parks are overlooked.

Orlando has a very strong infrastructure, as well as the means to transport goods via multiple airports, deep-water seaports, highways and railways. Orlando International Airport (MCO) and the Orange County Convention Center are major conveniences for the city as well. Tourism can also work in the favor of potential businesses, with a constant influx of domestic and international visitors. In 2010, the city accommodated over 51.5 million visitors, who spent an approximate total of \$28.3 billion in the Orlando area. Orlando has created a free trade zone, Zone 42 off of Interstate 4, giving it access to both interstate and air transport. In 2011, Florida exported \$64.8 billion in goods and services, proving the success of its infrastructure and the ability it has to offer.

The presence of international business in Orlando is very strong already. Across

the seven countries present in Orlando, 312 foreign companies are already working in the fields of manufacturing, services, wholesale trade, and retail. Three Fortune 500 companies are currently based in Central Florida, all of which have an international presence. Maintaining the city's strong international base provides its diverse population. One out of every six people in Orlando was born in a country other than the United States, with Hispanics representing 22% of the population. Orlando is very accommodating towards international businesses due to the strong international community.

The city is capable of accommodating even more businesses through pre-meditative programs. With constant expansion comes more initiatives to sustain the city. Mayor of Orlando Buddy Dyer is working to implement new programs to improve the city. A particularly interesting initiative is called GreenWorks, a program with the intent to reduce energy consumption by 20%. "Strengthen Orlando" is another initiative to build Downtown Orlando into an ideal location for corporate and division headquarters, along with other programs, to maintain the public safety of the city.

Orlando is a very underestimated city. Its benefits and accommodations are often overlooked, yet businesses have a great potential to prosper. Orlando is known for its theme parks, yet what lies beyond the parks is the most exciting part of the city. Orlando's network of infrastructure, strong international community and initiatives for the future are a great step forward for a city previously forgotten. This insight will allow businesses to experience great success in a city with many resources and opportunities.

Atonement for gay misogyny

Gay man offers apologies for unintentionally objectifying women.

Peter Ruiz

Writer

I want to start this piece with an apology. Women of the world, I am sorry from the bottom of my heart. I, and other men like me, have been terrible towards you, and when I say other men like me, I mean gay men. We have objectified you and made it so that "gay friendly" spaces are not "lesbian friendly" spaces.

I do not often go to gay clubs. There are many reasons why, ranging from introversion to the fact that it is just not my scene. One thing that astonishes me whenever I go to gay clubs is that while there are straight girls galore, I can not count the number of lesbians there are with one hand. Why?

As a community, we need to work together, grow together, and have fun together. But, why would any lesbian woman want to enter the pit of misogyny that is a gay club? You have gay men grabbing their straight girlfriends' bodies, grimacing at the mere mention of vagina, and calling people sluts without hesitation. That is not

a friendly space for women. If I were to go out and listen to people talk about how penises are disgusting and grabbing me I would not want to be there either. It creates a gendered and hostile environment.

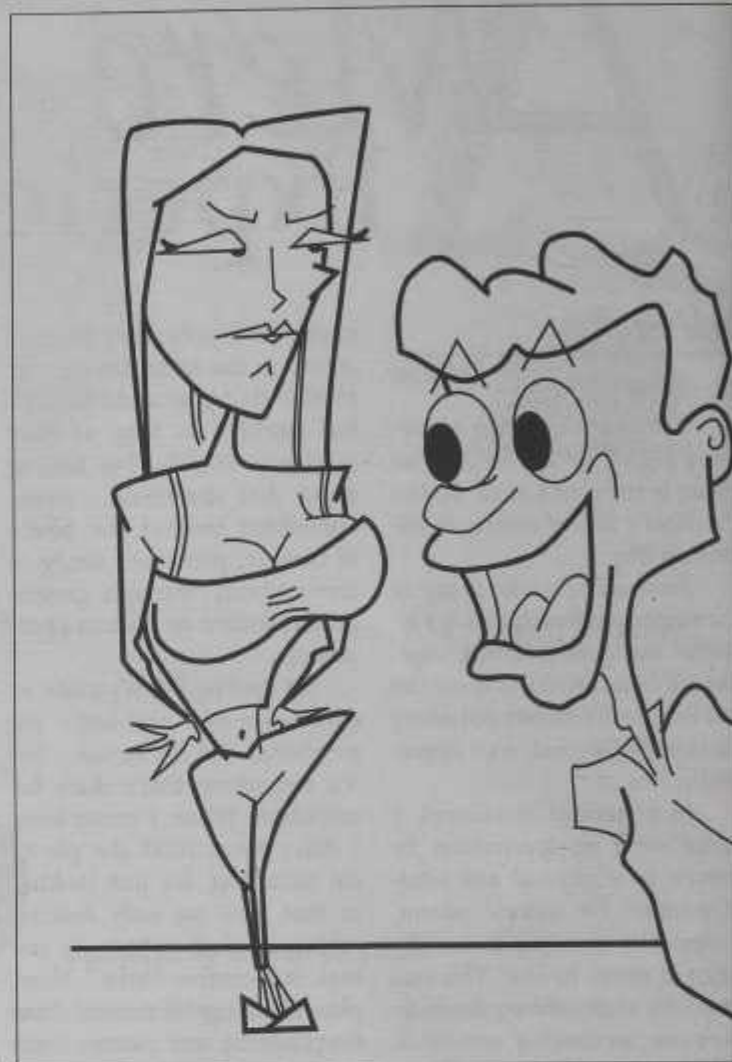
When I was first coming out, I thought that I had the permission to grab a woman's breasts or ass because I was not attracted to them. "It's okay," I thought, "I don't like vagina, so it means nothing if I do this." But, it does. This is male privilege. The ability to grab a woman, in whatever manner we would like without consequence, is the epitome of male privilege. This also objectifies women, and, personally, I think this is the worst form of objectification. When a gay man uses his lack of attraction as an excuse to be able to grab a woman's body, it says that women are just objects—there solely for our entertainment. It is not attraction that drives us to touch you, but it is the entertainment value of grabbing a woman. It says: "I may not want to have sex with you, but I own your body."

What makes this objectification an even bigger problem

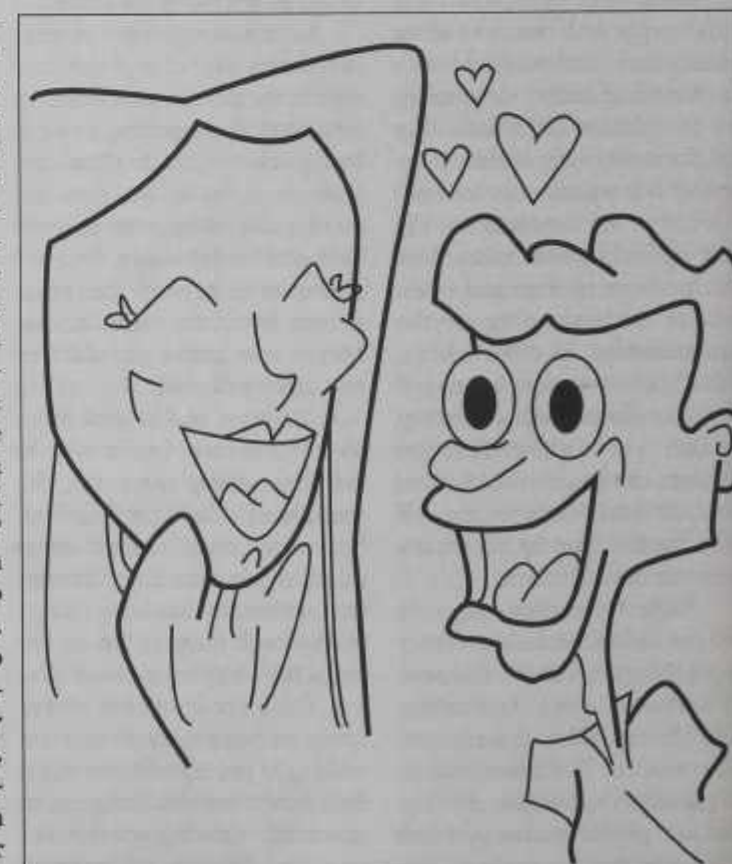
is that it reinforces rape culture. While sexually assaulting a woman may not be your intent, (1) that is what you are doing (it is called forced fondling) and (2) the objectification of women reinforces the idea of male ownership of women's bodies.

It says that we can do what we want, when we want, and women do not have a say. It is a reflection of the gender dynamics we see in rape situations. A man sees a woman he wants, he does not get a yes, and he has non-consensual sex with her anyway. Whether it is a date rape or a hidden attacker, the central theme is that we, as men, own women's bodies. Why would you want to reinforce that?

So again, to the women of the world, I apologize. To the gay men reading this I say, challenge your behaviors. Go against this current of misogyny that we see within the gay culture. Think before you grab. Ask yourself if you are making the women in the room uncomfortable. Check your privilege. Just because you are gay does not mean that male privilege does not apply to you.



Wow, you've got great boobs!



But don't worry, feminists. I'm gay!

A grave wake up call

A false alarm puts a family relationship into perspective.

Daniel Udell

Head Copy Editor

Today my bubbi called me while I was eating lunch. I immediately asked if I could call her back in a few hours once class and work were done--she said that would be fine, but it had to be before eight that night because she had to attend a funeral. Before I could ask the obvious question, she said she had a favor to ask me later for when I called back and then hung up. It wasn't until then that I made the connection. I recently found out this past winter that my grandfather on my dad's side was very ill and likely would not survive the year. His lungs were failing him and he was

between. As his marriage fell apart with my grandmother due to infidelity, we grew more and more distant until we maybe spoke once a year around the holidays, and maybe saw one another every five years--three if we were lucky.

My grandmother hung up the phone and my stomach sank. I had only been told about his failing condition less than a month or two ago, and it hadn't quite sunk in yet. I knew in the back of my mind I should call him and talk while I still had the chance, but I had been so busy with school and other things that it had always been pushed out of mind. My grandfather (Pop-Pop, as we call him) always seemed socially uneasy

so I could talk to him -- I felt I should call him and make sure he was okay before I called my grandmother back. For about an hour I struggled with the prospect of talking to my father about the subject, who I knew had a complicated relationship with his own father. When I finally got in touch, I asked him how he was holding up. He asked why would I ask such a thing. Feeling a familiar sense of dread, I explained what his mother had told me over the phone. He gave an uncomfortable laugh and explained that his father was in fact still alive and that I shouldn't worry -- Bubbi had just been too careless with her choice in wording. After muttering several strings of expletives, I assured my dad that I was alright and that I'd talk to him later.

My immediate reaction was to call Pop-Pop, and then Bubbi, and then both of my mother's parents. Pop-Pop is still sick, and I will have to confront this again likely in the coming year, but I can't help but feel that horrible sense of pain I felt during that hour ended up being valuable--it reminded me how important it is for me to have a relationship with my grandparents, or my family as a whole, while I still can. I felt a deep shame that for my entire life, I had expected my grandfather, as the adult and role model, to reach out to me and show me the same affection I had come to expect from my other relatives. It only dawned on me today that perhaps it was my responsibility to make sure he also felt loved by his grandchildren, and I feel a deep shame that I only now came to realize this so late. Emotionally, I pretty much was everywhere at once in the span of an hour or two, and honestly I'm still feeling pretty funky.

Call your grandparents, or any family member, and remind them that you love them while you still can. I can think of no greater shame than realizing it may be too late to say "I love you" to someone who may desperately need to hear it. As awful as that emotional rollercoaster was, I am thankful that I was reminded of how fragile and important that connection is.

I can think of no greater shame than realizing it may be too late to say "I love you" to someone who may desperately need to hear it.

too old and had maintained too unhealthy of a lifestyle to merit a transplant from a donor. My grandmother hung up the phone and my stomach dropped.

Of all my grandparents, my dad's father has been the most distant -- not for lack of trying, he just never seemed to know how to act around the rest of the family, especially the kids. He was always loving, but in that uneven kind of way where he can only make sarcastic, uncomfortable remarks at a Thanksgiving get-together, or ask how school was and then have nothing else to talk about. Some of my earliest memories involve meeting my dad's parents for the first time and being terrified that they'd be literal monsters.

He quickly showed that he was just as human as the few other humans I knew intimately at the time of being three or so, but beyond that, our main interactions were few and far

but intelligently sharp. I was never old enough to discuss matters with him that interested him, and it was only this past summer that he and I had a real conversation about something other than typical "how's school/how's work" small talk.

My whole life I had trouble seeing myself in him -- my mother's father died when I was young (who was also distant due to infidelity within the marriage) and her loving stepfather bears no blood relation with me; I could never quite see myself in Pop-Pop, but when they sat together I could see my father in him, and I could see myself in my father, so I knew that somewhere, this distant man was my own and I was his. As soon as my grandmother hung up the phone my first impulse was to call him. Regret and shame immediately followed.

I gave my dad a message to call me when he was off work

Sexperts



Emily

Double-standards of sexual experimentation

Emily Kelly

Head Content Editor

It wasn't the first time we had tag teamed for free drinks: I guess watching two inebriated girls lock tongues at a party is a fantasy of sorts for some guys, even for my boyfriend at that time. It seems that same sex experimentation among women has practically become a milestone for college girls.

According to the National Survey of Sexual Attitudes and Lifestyles, the number of women who had admitted to engaging in same sex experimentation had increased by 400% from 1990 to 2010, while the number of men who had admitted to a same sex experience increased by only 1%.

To justify the lack of reported gay experiences among men, one must dissect the stigma that continues to surround same sex experimentation. An inherent homosexual panic among straight men can be credited to society's stigmatization and, by declension, rejection of same sex experimentation: exchanging any sort of sexual gesture with another man is grounds for branding a man as "gay." If the man later attempts to pass the gesture off as an innocent product of sexual curiosity ignited by that last double shot of Fireball, the man is immediately branded as "in denial" about his sexuality.

Men are not afforded the same privileges as women; men cannot engage in same sex experimentation without receiving criticism or retaining their identity as a straight man. Instead, men must constantly assert their masculinity to avoid appearing as homosexual.

It is critical to consider, however, that the statistics

may not represent an accurate depiction of same sex experimentation: if same sex experiences between men are heavily stigmatized, some of these experiences may have gone unreported, thus skewing the accuracy of the statistics.

Same sex experimentation among women, however, is more broadly accepted as it lacks the criticism which men commonly receive. Erected by society, the sexual boundaries of which women are expected to adhere have become skewed: a woman is allowed to dabble in drunken same sex experimentation, but still retain her identity as a straight woman on the morning of her hangover.

The boundaries are further skewed by the overwhelming support from straight men: from The Global Sex Survey 2005, 50% of straight men claim they would feel comfortable if their girlfriend had a lesbian lover. Essentially, 50% of men in committed relationships do not feel threatened by their girlfriends experimenting with women. For straight women, this acceptance allows a woman to tap into the fantasy without changing her relationship status on Facebook.

For women who identify as lesbians, however, problems arise: the term "lesbian" is not afforded the same level of significance as "gay." It is criticized as a "phase" rather than an established sexuality.

While modern culture has advanced in liberating attitudes towards women experimenting with same sex encounters, men are not afforded the same sexual privileges.

I challenge you to experiment and indulge in your own sexual curiosities, and not just for the free Cosmo.

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February 6, 2014

The Olympics' Cold War

Russia's anti-gay law harms the country's image as it prepares for the 2014 Winter Olympics.

Lauren Waymire

Staff Writer

The upcoming Winter Olympics at Sochi are attracting a lot of international attention. It's not over the fact that this is the most expensive Olympics in history, or that an estimated 70,000 gallons of borscht will be served, or that the cardigans for Team USA look like tacky yet patriotic Christmas sweaters. No, it's the politics. It's always the politics.

The Olympics, while bringing together the world's most talented athletes to compete at their sport's highest level, have become a world stage for making political statements.

The 1936 Olympics are perhaps the most politically memorable because that was when Nazi Germany's dreams of Aryan Supremacy at the Games collapsed around their ankles when Jesse Owens, an African-American from the United States, took home four gold medals. At the 1968 Summer Olympics in Mexico City, two American athletes, Tommie Smith and John Carlos, made the Black Power salute on the victory stand after coming in first and third, respectively, at a

track and field event. They were consequently forced to return home after pressure from the IOC on the United States Olympic Committee. The 1972 Summer Olympics in Munich are remembered with great sorrow as the Games in which eleven Israeli athletes were murdered by a Palestinian terrorist group known as Black September.

Russia and the United States even have an Olympic history of political controversy with one another. In the Moscow Olympics of 1980, 65 nations, including the U.S., boycotted the Games for the Soviet Union's 1979 invasion of Afghanistan. The Soviet Union responded to this by boycotting the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics, claiming they could not guarantee their own safety and for the "chauvinistic sentiments and an anti-Soviet hysteria being whipped up in the United States." It seems we've nearly come full circle with so many protesting the Sochi Games and the State Department issuing a travel advisory for American citizens traveling to the Russian Federation.

What other event could possibly be as convenient as the Olympics for addressing con-

troversial topics, at which so many countries gather and so much of the globe has their eyes fixed to the television?

For the Sochi Games, the main focus has been human rights issues. Russia's anti-gay propaganda law, signed into effect on June 30, 2013, ban the "propaganda of nontraditional sexual relations to minors." This has effectively prohibited any public mention of homosexuality in any capacity and spurned public violence against gays and their supporters.

LGBT organizations have been calling for sponsors and even nations to boycott the Olympics. All Out, a non-profit LGBT organization, has amassed thousands of signatures on multiple petitions for the IOC and Coca Cola to speak out against the anti-homosexuality law. Coca-Cola, a company that has sponsored the Olympics since the 1928 Games in Amsterdam, has remained silent on the issue.

President Obama, however, has not. He chose two openly gay athletes, Billie Jean King and Caitlin Cahow, as part of the American delegation to the Games, and not a single member of his family will be pres-

ent for any part of the events. It's simply a diplomatic way of flipping the bird to the Russian government.

Despite all the protesting, violence and politics that has preceded the Games, it won't be the governments of nations, international committees or even extremist groups that will send the most powerful messages this month. It will all come down to small yet significant events between athletes.

On the opening day of the 2008 Summer Olympics in Beijing, the South Ossetia War between Georgia and Russia broke out. At the 10 m air pistol competition, a Georgian athlete by the name of Nino Salukvadze took bronze, while Natalia Paderina of Russia took silver. When the ceremony ended, the two embraced each other. That small act was enough to make headlines.

When it gets down to it, the Games are for the athletes. We're watching for the athletes. There are visitors, snow being flown in, metric tons of Russian beet soup being made, compounds being built, infrastructures being improved, and billions being spent for the athletes; it all comes down to them.

Who to Watch

A selective guide of athletes and events to watch this winter.

Sport: Snowboarding Athlete: Shaun White

Shaun White has been known in the past winter Olympics (Turin and Vancouver) for his domination in the snowboarding half pipe event. Although with the addition of slope style, a new snowboarding event, and White's decision to compete for double gold for the first time, White will get to experience something new: not being the overwhelming favorite. Furthermore, White is recently recovering from a rib injury, lessening his chances of success even more. In addition, the fact that he is participating in another event, might take away some of his focus in the half pipe, the event he has always dominated in. All in all, White will be experiencing something he has never been very accustomed to—vulnerability. However these additional nerves just makes the viewing experience all the more exciting for fans.

First Event to Watch: Feb. 6, 1 a.m. - Men's Slopestyle Qualification

Sport: Alpine Skiing Athlete: Mikaela Shiffrin

With Lindsey Vonn being out of the Olympics due to an injury, the U.S. women's team took a hit in their lineup of female stars, however the biggest star on the women's team is more than capable of filling that hole. At only 18 years old, this Vail, Colorado native is the reigning slalom world champion; she is a strong favorite in both the slalom and giant slalom. If successful Shiffrin could become the U.S.'s youngest alpine medalist ever. By the way, you won't see her at the opening ceremonies because she's using the extra time to train.

First Event to Watch: Feb. 10, 3 a.m. - Women's super combined

Sport: Speed Skating Athlete: Shani Davis

Shani Davis's success started back at the 2006 Turing Games with his victory in the 1000 m speed skating competition, where he became the first black athlete to win an individual gold at the Winter Games. He then followed that up in 2010 by becoming the first man to win back-to-back Olympic titles in the 1,000 and 1,500 m races. He's the current world record holder in both the 1,500 and the 1,000. Davis is on the cusp of something an American man has not done yet—winning gold in the same event in three straight Winter Games in any sport. Even though Davis is known for his lack of public media presence, if he pulls off this trifecta it will be hard to ignore the success of this athlete.

First Event to Watch: Feb. 12, 9 a.m. - Men's 1,000 meters

Sport: Men's Hockey Athlete: Patrick Kane

Yes, Kane has already proven so much in his short professional career in the National Hockey League (NHL). Only 25 years old, he has already won the Stanley Cup with his team, the Chicago Blackhawks. He scored the cup-winning goal in overtime in 2010. And he didn't finish off too bad in his latest championship victory either, achieving the NHL playoff MVP trophy. However, if this young phenomenon hailing from Buffalo, NY wants to add another gem to his so far impressive resume, he can power the Americans to their first gold medal in Hockey since Miracle on Ice.

First Event to watch: Feb. 13, 4:30 p.m. - Men's Prelim. Round - Group A

compiled by Matthew Bogs

Pulitzer Prize winner comes to Rollins

Conor Albino

Writer

Next week marks the beginning of the Rollins College annual "Winter With The Writers" festival - each Thursday in February, a writer will come to campus to teach a master class and give a reading—both of which are free and open to the public. Charles Simic is the first writer to arrive, followed by Justin Cronin, Laura van den Berg, Alan Michael Parker, and Madison Smartt Bell.

Charles Simic was born on May 9, 1938 in Yugoslavia, which shapes much of his world view. In 1954, he left the country with his mother and

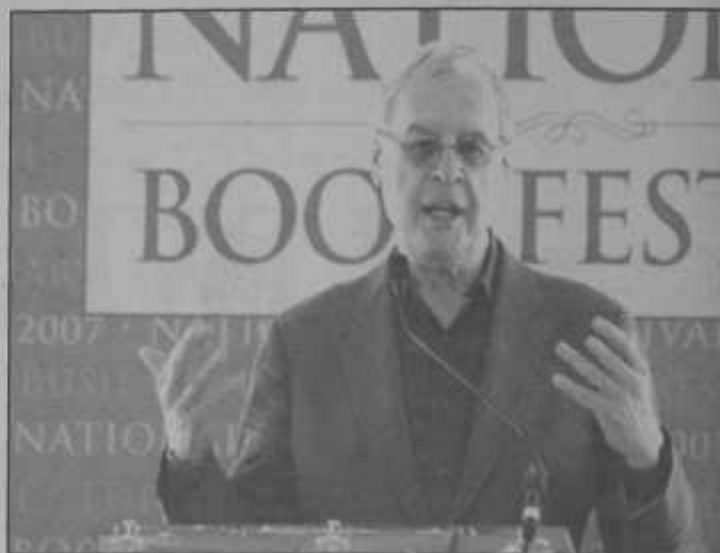
brother to come to the United States. His first full length collection of poems, *What the Grass Says*, was published in 1967. Since then, Simic has published over sixty books, his most recent being *New and Selected Poems* (2013). His other works include *Master of Disguises* (2010); *Jackstraws* (1999); and *The World Doesn't End* (1989) which won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1990.

In 2007, Simic was appointed the fifteenth Poet Laureate. Librarian of Congress James Billington said, "The range of Simic's imagination is evident in his stunning and unusual imagery. He handles language with the skill of a master crafts-

man, yet his poems are easily accessible, often meditative and surprising." Simic—always humble—replied, "I am especially touched and honored to be selected because I am an immigrant boy who didn't speak English until I was 15."

When asked about his unique, conversational style, Simic said, "I try to make poems accessible, to make them almost disarming in their approach... A welcoming style that says, 'Come in. Make yourself at home.' But, then, strange things begin to happen."

Simic's master class is at 4:00 p.m. on February 6 in the Bush Auditorium and his reading begins at 7:30 p.m.



Kristina Nixon

POETIC SUCCESS Charles Simic is a Serbian-American writer and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry. The author has published more than 60 books since the beginning of his career.

Sorority recruitment: Rushing recap

Samantha Hirsch

Writer

Rush... Where to begin? Let's start with the first night: January 22, 2014.

Day 1: Orientation Night. Two hundred and fifty girls gather in Bush Auditorium at 8:30 p.m. The event began with a few announcements on the overall process of rush, each day's schedule, voting and bid-day processes. Let's just say it was a lot to handle right off the bat. The girls were called up one by one to the front where they would gather with their recruitment groups. From there, each group headed to different classrooms throughout the Bush Science Center and met the other girls in their group. After a few more explanations on the schedule and overall attire for the week, we were off!

Day 2: Philanthropy Night. We met in our respective Bush classrooms with our recruitment group around 5:30 p.m. (Just before I continue on, let me remind you that this was the night where it was 37 degrees outside!) We got our schedule for the night: which houses we would be seeing, what order we would visit them, and what we would be doing at each house. Around 6:00 p.m. we headed out. The first house we saw was Kappa Delta. After waiting outside for about fifteen minutes, the door opened... and the singing began. Having known absolutely nothing about soror-

ity recruitment, let me tell you, this was definitely something that took some getting used to. We were lined up in alphabetical order and called to the front and linked arms with one of the Kappa Delta members. We chatted for about fifteen minutes, watched their philanthropy video, and were serenaded on our way out the door. One down, five to go. It did not take long to realize that this was routine for each house. The night proceeded with Non Compis Mentis, Delta Zeta, Sigma Rho, Alpha Omicron Pi, and, finally, Chi Omega. Each house had singing, talking, more singing and talking, and finally, more singing and even more talking. We finished around 11:30 p.m., after voting on our four "loves" and two "likes."

Day 3: Skit Night. I arrived back at Bush in the required attire: nice pants, dressy top, and my favorite J. Crew jacket. We all waited anxiously for the list that would reveal their night's schedule. At this point in the process, girls are invited back to anywhere from one to four houses. I was pretty satisfied with invitations back to three houses (two of which were my favorites). Some were elated, some pretty disappointed. I headed to my first house, one that I was greatly considering. The sisters reenacted a scene from SNL with three main characters: Britney Spears, Amanda Bynes, and Kim Kardashian. After it ended, we all chatted

a bit and then were escorted out. Before the next house visits, we had a 45-minute break, where some of the girls headed back to Bush to waste the time watching *Pitch Perfect*. At the second house of the night, once again, I was greeted with enthusiastic chanting and singing as I was guided into a familiar house in linked arms with a familiar face. With a skit that was more song-and-dance-oriented, the girls had done a great deal of practicing and rehearsing for their well-performed piece. Finally, guided out once again arm-in-arm, I went to my last and final house for the night. At this house we sat around and played a variety of games. Before we knew it, we were back at Bush casting our votes a second time. On my way home, I was feeling a little vulnerable to the decision that was out of my control.

Day 4: Preference Night. At this point, only about half of the original girls from the first day remained. This was the night that would make or break us. We walked in awaiting that tiny strip of paper that would have either one or two names on it. From 5 to 9 p.m., girls would go to the house(s) that selected them for the third night in a row. Prospective sororities would be able to accurately gauge whether or not these girls would be given a bid. The night continued on like all the others, except this time more intimate. There was still singing

(this time slower), there was still chatting (this time more serious), and there were still emotions (this time crying). After having been to these houses for three nights in a row now, I will be honest, my emotions were running high. From all the girls I spoke to, all the videos I watched, all of the crying I heard and words that were spoken, making my decision suddenly became extremely difficult. I reached Bush completely perplexed and was told to go to the third floor. I made my way up the stairs and entered a room of about sixty girls sitting in complete silence. During this time I just kept replaying the things I loved, the things I liked, the people I spoke to, the overall feeling I had for both houses. After waiting for about 45 minutes, the last thirty of us were called up to head over to the voting room. Still in silence, we made our way into the room where were handed red sheets of paper to rate the two houses. My hand shook as the pen touched the paper. I could not do it. I sat back for a minute, "What is wrong with me? It's just a sorority, and they're just girls. I shouldn't care this much." But, I did. I have never had to make a decision completely—100 percent—on my own before. I looked around the room and I was the only one left. The only one. Why was it so hard for me? I cleared my head, picked up the pen, and letter by letter, wrote down each sorori-

ty's name: one on the first line and one the second. I moved to a chair next to a friendly, young woman who asked me, "How are you feeling right now?" I replied, "Stressed." I handed her my paper, she looked at it, and asked me, "Is this correct?" I could not get myself to go back to the agony I was in ten minutes prior and I decided to just leave it. I had debated it all day—in fact, all week—and I told myself this is what I am choosing.

Day 5: Bid Day. Ninety of the original 250 girls gathered once again in Bush auditorium highly anticipating their bids. The atmosphere was tense. The head of rush recruitment spoke to us briefly and congratulated us on making it this far. We had done it! As the announcements came to a close, she finished by saying, "You will be receiving your bids." The room grew quiet. Recruitment counselors handed their group members the sealed envelope in which their fate was enclosed. Some white, some blue, some pink, each one different. Soon my name was called and I was handed my envelope—dark blue. I opened it, slowly. Yes! Exactly what I wanted! I joined the rest of the girls waiting to run to their respective sororities. When it was my turn, I handed the announcer my envelope. As she called my name, I ran to my new home. I ran to the group of girls waiting for me. I ran to my new sisters.

AfroFuture fighting for a better comic book world

Artistic duo Jack Kirby plays with superhero's images to promote an AfroFuture artistic image. The bold combination may be a new way to fight racism and discrimination.

Daniel Udell

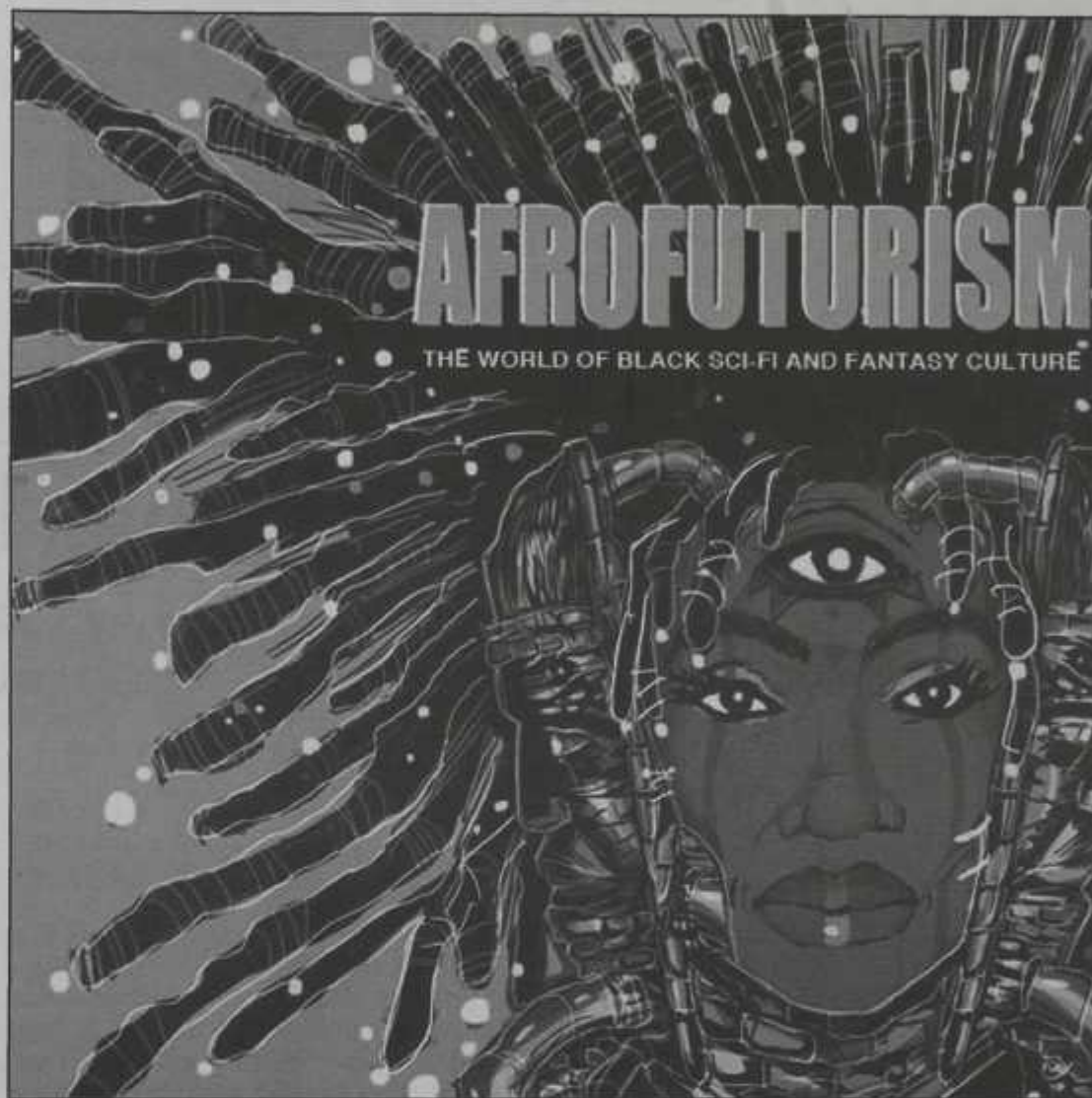
Head Copy Editor

Black Kirby is the eccentric artistic duo of John Jennings, Professor of Visual Culture at SUNY Buffalo, and Stacy Robinson, one of John Jennings' students and a distinguished artist in his own right who specializes in visual rhetoric. Together they are Black Kirby, a pseudonym for an art project that aims to discuss matters regarding race, popular culture, gender relations and African-American history through the manipulation and inspiration of Jack Kirby's iconic artwork. For those who don't know, Jack Kirby is one of the famous artists behind creating most of the Marvel characters you know and love today – literally everyone on this campus has seen an example of Jack Kirby's art, whether you know it or not. Jack Kirby is respon-

sible for many of the core Marvel characters, such as Magneto and The Thing from X-Men and the Fantastic Four, respectively, amongst hundreds of others.

Black Kirby operates by taking Jack Kirby's original art (both Jennings and Robinson grew up on original comic books and are avid fans of all things geek-imbued) and twisting it with an African or African-American infusion and often times a sense of futuristic fantasy. Jack Kirby particularly used a trope known as "magic technology," where he'd create fantastic and complicated depictions of futuristic technology that always miraculously either saved the day or threatened to doom all life as his heroes knew it. Black Kirby plays with these ideas and discusses potentialities of "magical technologies" that can eliminate world hunger or racism in the same way that Marvel conventions of technology can create world peace or enhance superpowers.

An example of Black Kirby's work is a retooling of Professor X and Magneto – the Black Kirby treatment paints Professor X as an African-American, balding man in a wheelchair (clearly based off of Martin Luther King Jr.) and Magneto as a bespeckled Malcolm X wearing the iconic Magneto helmet. What most people don't know is that the X-Men were created by Jack Kirby in the 1960's, and that Kirby went on record to state that the two respective leaders of the X-Men (a group who sought human rights amidst public outcry and violent discrimination) were actually based on MLK and Malcolm X. Although both characters being white does not take away from the message in the case of what the X-Men represent, Black Kirby plays with the idea of how different people would interpret the series had both Professor X and Magneto been as on-the-nose with their real-life counterparts. Indeed, Jennings and Robinson discussed during their panel on January 28 that many superheroes were created by Jewish artists, and thus their Jewish philosophies, sentiments, fears,



Black Kirby Press

Afrofuturism. Inspired by the work of Jack Kirby, Stacy Robinson and John Jennings explore African and African-American culture with comic book imagery.

and hopes all play a part in who and what characters they created. If a Jewish artist could combine Malcolm X with personal experience of connection to the Holocaust to create one of the most interesting villains of modern culture in Magneto, Black Kirby seeks to investigate what kind of characters can be created through the same mechanisms by Black and African-American artists, who are often much less represented in the graphic arts than white artists.

The duo also plays with gender roles and devises superpowers for characters who might otherwise never see the light of a comic-book store within a mainly white-marketed audience. Just as Jack Kirby experimented with the cosmic and supernatural in his art, Black Kirby does the same with a specific African-infused flair. What I found most interesting

was the fusion of futuristic archetypes with African-American stereotypes, which the duo affectionately referred to as AfroFuture. This emerging sub-genre toys with what we've come to expect from African-Americans depicted in American pop culture – generally reduced to stereotypes in modernity or reverted back to a "less-than-civilized" barbaric trope that is not only outdated but remarkably unoriginal. They even cite Jack Kirby as being potentially responsible for encouraging continuations of these negative stereotypes, such as the large, brutish African-American figures such as Shaft or Black Panther. But they also argue that these stereotypes can be turned into positive archetypes as well. AfroFuture is a sub-genre that puts African-American or African-descent characters into a futuristic setting, often with

cosmic or supernatural powers that play off the expected and create unexpected results. It isn't until one sees these amazing examples of pop art that one realizes how rarely one gets to see non-white characters depicted in advanced, futuristic settings. Not only was it refreshing, but it opened countless doors of possibilities for an infinite amount of new characters and new archetypes waiting to be explored and given stories. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me if this new sub-genre takes off in the next decade or two and we'll start to see its influence in pop culture movies and TV shows for our children.

Overall, Black Kirby represents a progressive, unique twist on comic book and graphic novel culture with a sizable aim at racism, racial identity, artistic limitation, gender roles, and popular culture with a wicked cool sense of style.

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Mainstream meets the indie scene

One student shares her experience after having attended the final show of Orlando band, Andy Matchett and The Minks, who claim their style meshes "indie and mainstream" sounds.

Rebecca Finer

Writer

Last night, I saw a confetti cannon for the first time. On a chilly January evening in Central Florida, Andy Matchett and The Minks performed at the second annual Daily City Cardboard Art Festival. The festival ran all weekend with a variety of activities, but I'd say it's a safe bet that Andy Matchett and The Minks were the highlight of the weekend. This local Orlando band put on a show that

involved leaf blowers, confetti, a parachute, and kick-ass tunes. If you were ballsy enough, you could grab a leaf blower yourself to help keep the parachute and the confetti aloft.

Their music was as much fun as the confetti, and the venue, true to the festival's name, had all the cardboard art one could possibly desire. This band calls their sound, "in between indie and mainstream," and that's accurate; they have the best of both worlds. Apparently the band has always

put on quite the show and they know how to get down. "Last time I went to an Andy Matchett show, he and I made out in the bathroom in between sets," said an anonymous source.

The concert and fest took place at The Orange Studio off of Mills Avenue in Orlando's Mills 50 district. Andy Matchett and The Minks played a show with the kind of set that's over way too quickly, the kind of set that leaves you feeling like it just began. Sadly, it was the band's last show, but if they

were going to go out, they certainly left things on a high note.

The artwork featured for the Cardboard Art Festival was awe-inspiring. A massive cardboard puppet that stretched floor to ceiling, had fist pumping potential that would make Daft Punk green with envy. Also featured were cardboard suits made to look robotic, worn by a couple different people that danced around for pictures with concert-goers.

Good shots, cheap-ish beer, and a forgettable selection

of wine made for an unforgettable evening. The Cardboard Art Festival was still going strong the morning after with volunteers wearing heroic-looking capes, riding around on bicycles, and picking up litter. I recognized one of the heroic litter pickers as the friendly lady who took my \$10 entry fee to the concert the night before. "Littering is a crime!" the cardboard enthusiast exclaimed. I quite agree; I hope they didn't spend too much time picking up confetti and cardboard.

Psychedelic jam bands head to Florida

FOR YOUR INFO

For the fifth consecutive year Florida hosts the Aura Music Festival. Attractions range from alternative bands to Chakra Meditation and camping.

• Aura Music Festival is Feb. 14 -16 in Live Oak, FL

• Featured performers include Papadosio, Lotus, Zoogma, and Conspirator

• An extensive number of yoga workshops are also offered; these include BoomYoga, Flow, Ecstatic Dance Yoga, and more.

• A charity disc golf tournament will also be held on Saturday morning. The entry fee is \$20 and includes an Aura 2014 disc.

• The Lotus Longe is an innovative hangout area at Aura. With a 5000 watt sound system and the ability to hang hammocks and loungers, this is a prime area to chill.

• More info may be found at auramusicfestival.com.

David Matteson

Production Manager

When most people think about music festivals, northern Florida isn't the first place that comes to mind. Each year, fans and musicians alike plan their calendar around which festivals will deliver the biggest acts, the most enthusiastic crowds, and lasting memories. Perhaps you want to head north for Electric Forest Festival in the backwoods of Michigan. Or if you're feeling really wild, you might book a ticket to the desert and experience your first Burning Man. But not too many casual festivalgoers tend to think of Florida as a premier destination for camping festivals like those mentioned above.

This year, that conventional wisdom is being challenged by Aura Music Festival which is entering its fifth year in the small town of Live Oak, Florida. On February 14, hundreds of Floridians will converge on the Spirit of the Suwannee Music Park in hopes of spreading some good old-fashioned peace, love, and special brownies. Aura's lineup of musical artists will be headlined by psychedelic jam bands such as Papadosio and Lotus. Operating out of the hippie oasis of Asheville, NC, Papadosio has been performing at Aura since its inception in 2010. Other repeat artists include up and coming

acts like Zoogma and Conspirator.

But the music won't be the only thing drawing young people to Aura. The festival will also continue its tradition of promoting the visual arts and a diverse array of Yoga workshops. Many visual artists attending Aura will be painting live on stage with the bands. As melodies and harmonies fill each stage with ethereal soundscapes, painters such as Andrew Wagner and Emily Kell will create pieces from scratch for the audience's enjoyment. And if you begin to feel sensory overload creeping in, you can take a break to participate in a relaxing yoga workshop. Nine yoga instructors will be on the festival grounds conducting a wide variety of workshops including Chakra Meditation, Kirtan Yoga, and Ecstatic Dance. And if these elements of Aura haven't quite convinced you to purchase a ticket yet, perhaps you'll be inspired by Aura's philanthropic efforts. In addition to a comprehensive recycling program intended to promote environmental awareness, the festival will also include a canned food drive.

It's important not to forget that Florida is home to one of the most popular electronic music festivals in Ultra Music Festival. However, Ultra doesn't quite fit into the same category as Aura. If you're looking for a more



traditional introduction to the festy culture, camping and the great outdoors are essential elements of the experience. While it may not draw as many big name bands as festivals like Bonnaroo or Coachella, fans will enjoy a much more reasonable ticket price. A three-day pass including camping can be purchased in advance for only \$155 on auramusicfestival.com. All in all, college students from around the Southeast are going to have a Valentine's Day weekend they won't soon forget if they find themselves at Aura Music Festival.

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Therapy tour for enemy bands

Escape the Fate and Falling in Reverse put their conflictuous past aside to create an inspiring concert.

Alexandra Mariano

Writer

I wouldn't expect most of you to know this, but recently on Sunday, January 26, the post-hardcore/hard rock bands Escape the Fate and Falling in Reverse came to the Orlando House of Blues in their Bury the Hatchet tour. "What's the big deal?" most of you think, not caring about just another set of bands who scream frequently, wear tattoos, and dress in black. It's okay if you're not a fan, but these two bands have something really remarkable to share with us college students: a lesson in forgiving old grudges and moving on in life.

It all began with Ronnie Radke, an impoverished guitarist with a dream. He largely ignored high school and ditched home to form several different bands in his youth, eager to experiment with music and his friends. In 2004, he founded Escape the Fate as the lead vocalist, collaborating with drummer Robert Ortiz, rhythm guitarist Omar Espinosa, and keyboardist Carson Allen. Everything was going well for the band: they released an EP with five songs in May 2006, and their first full length album, which reached number twelve on the "US Top Heatseekers" chart, was released in October of the same year. Fans roared to songs "The Webs We Weave," "There's No Sympathy for the

Dead," and "The Day I Left the Womb." Everything was happy in band-ville - until Radke became involved in an altercation that ended in an 18-year-old being fatally shot. Although not the wielder of the gun, Radke, who had a vast history of drug possession, was charged with battery, missed his parole meetings, and then was arrested and sent to prison for two years in 2008.

Bassist of the band and Radke's former best friend, Max Green, took charge, irritated with the limitations that Radke's arrest had put on the band - they couldn't even tour out of the state of Nevada. Ronnie was formally kicked out. Green called up Blessthefall's previous singer, Craig Mabbitt, to replace Radke, and Escape the Fate went on thriving, maturing their metalcore sound. Needless to say, Radke was furious. Leaving prison in December of 2010, he picked up bassist Nason Schoeffler and the two of them formed a new band called Falling in Reverse. Their whole first album, *The Drug in Me is You*, is almost entirely Ronnie lashing out towards his former colleagues. Vindictive lyrics include: "No way not now, I won't back down. I draw the line at you and me. You're what I started, now disregarded. One day they'll see, it was always me"; "That's why they call me king of the music scene"; "You will pay the price for betraying

me"; and "Friends. Who the f--- needs them? You know who you are!" Interestingly enough, Escape the Fate's first album without Radke is entitled "This War is Ours," which could easily be an allusion to their feud with their formerly incarcerated ex-lead singer.

This brings us to the Bury the Hatchet tour. Personally, I was both shocked and elated when Alternative Press released the video announcement last October. After half a decade, I would finally be able to hear Ronnie sing Escape the Fate's original songs again. In a Macomb Daily Music article, Radke is quoted saying: "I just woke up one day and thought what better, (more) therapeutic way to forgive somebody and get over something than to tour with them? So I made the call, and they agreed and jumped on board." I planned to buy tickets almost immediately.

The show itself was phenomenal. The line to enter the venue wrapped all the way around the House of Blues, trailed down the side, and kept on winding. As my boyfriend and I took our spots he whispered to me, "Yo, I don't even think the line was this long for Skrillex." Shaking with cold from the rain and also anticipation, the trek began. Inside was equally as packed, but we were fully prepared to be sardined. The opening band Survive This! warmed everybody up.

Neon lights cascaded across the room. The changing of equipment between acts was short. The crowd cheered, and Escape the Fate was up. They played a majority of older songs, readying their audience for a wave of nostalgia. A huge banner was hung across the ceiling, proclaiming their name. The crowd began to mosh incessantly, ending in the infamous wall of death, where each side parts as much as they can, only to ram back into each other.

The next pause was endless. The venue crew blocked our view of the stage with a giant white drop-down projection screen. The lights dimmed. A camera rolled. Unbelievably so, Full House's "Everywhere You Look" began to play as we saw a video of the band's extremely punk members reincarnate the old family television's introduction. Laughing hysterically, we all gave our best applause when the screen rose, screaming our affections. The band logo hung from the rafters, and a sizeable electronic screen was center stage, where it would display related images as well the titles of the songs being played. Very cool. Radke had a very large stage presence, commanding everyone's attention and praise. Jesting, he opened up with the words: "I never thought that I would hear myself say this, but give it up for Falling-- just kidding! Give it up for Escape the Fate!"

He sung, rapped, and screamed his heart out on that stage. The hundreds of bodies went crazy over "I'm not a Vampire," "Fashionably Late," and "Bad Girls Club." Falling in Reverse's set list included at least thirteen different pieces, and each member's effort could be seen in the sweat that glistened on their faces and arms. At least four different girls threw their bras onto the stage, and Ronnie, being a good sport, donned one as a hat, hanging the others from various microphone stands.

It was a sad moment when he walked off, leaving us in darkness, but it wasn't for long. Radke and Mabbitt ran back out onto the stage with all of their band mates, together. They exploded into "Not Good Enough For Truth in Cliché," and, as the cliché goes, the crowd went wild. Teenage girls around me cried with happiness. Several people hopped up and surfed the crowd, including a group of boys dressed in banana costumes.

It was a lovely and inspiring time. In a world where we treat everything and everyone as disposable, it is a pretty grand miracle when we can forgive our grievances and join together again. The next time you find yourself writing down nasty things about a former friend, consider burying the hatchet. Chances are you might not regret it.

Contemporary composer rocks Winter Park

Laura Doncel

Writer

When most people think of composers, they usually think of deceased Western European men such as W.A. Mozart, J.S. Bach, and L.V. Beethoven. However, this week Dr. Morten Lauridsen, a national Medal of Arts recipient, and one of the most celebrated American choral composers of our time, thrilled audiences in Winter Park with his compositions. The Orlando Sentinel's Matthew Palm stated in his review of last Sunday's concert that the Rollins College Choir's "crisp

dynamics elevated the piece's emotion, as the choir swelled joyously, an angelic tenor line peeped through, and then the sound lowered to the 'Alleluia' ending," in reference to the "O Magnum Mysterium," which opened the concert.

This week he shared his expertise with aspiring composition students and music faculty alike. Tuesday, January 28 was our opportunity to gain a clearer understanding of the man behind the music. Dr. Lauridsen's *Shining Night* documentary aired in the Bush Auditorium. Preceding the screening, Dr. John Sinclair, head of the Mu-

sic Department and conductor of the Bach Festival Choir and Rollins College Choir, made the introduction for Dr. Lauridsen. The documentary did a superb job of giving audiences and musicians a look into a brilliant and talented mind, captivating our attention from the moment the film began. Dr. Lauridsen shares his journey from a kid working a summer job to his musical awakening which led him down the path toward composition and a life in music.

During his visit, Dr. Lauridsen attended one of the songwriting classes in Keene Hall,

during which he shared many personal stories about his college days and his very amusing story of how the "Mom, I want to major in music" conversation - a conversation many students fear having with their families for fear of judgment - went. The film was a look at how many of his beloved choral compositions were created.

Dr. Lauridsen divides his time between the University of Southern California, where he's been teaching for approximately forty years and where he was a student himself, and his composer's hideaway in Waldron Island. Dr. Lauridsen described

his love for this glorious island retreat, as it provides the peace and quiet crucial to his compositional methods. Dr. Lauridsen spent six months on "O Magnum Mysterium" before it was ready for publication. It is to date his highest selling choral work and is widely performed across America and throughout the world.

Overall, I'd say this visit was enlightening for audiences, music faculty and students alike. It was a learning experience for many of us who took part in that concert, and certainly an experience which will not be forgotten.

Amping up security for Winter Olympics

Terrorist attack threats against the Winter Olympic Games may cause the USA's Hockey team to stay at home.

Hannah Blitzer

Writer

Not everyone is excited about the Olympics. It seems that tension, not enthusiasm, is mounting as the days pass and it gets closer to the start of the Winter Olympics in Sochi, Russia. Although there have been international tensions between the United States and Russia, a majority of these concerns have been security related. First there was worry in December of an impending terrorist attack at the games, and now the Russian security is currently looking for three potential female suicide bombers. One of the bombers is believed to be located in the city of Sochi, an imminent threat not to be taken lightly.

Of course the security issues and potential threats are a concern for all Olympic athletes and guests who are travelling to Sochi this year for the games, but ice hockey, especially the men's team, seems to be worried most about the welfare of its players. The National Hockey League (NHL) has had a large presence in the security discussion, but this should come as no surprise since the entire team is comprised of professional players from the NHL. In addition to the security concerns, the NHL is also debating whether to allow their professional players participate in future Olympics after the Sochi games. The debate raises questions of who will be chosen for Team USA and will compete for the gold in 2018 if NHL players are banned from participating. This is not news – the NHL and the player's association have been deciding on future Olympic participation since the professionals started participating in the games in 1998. What is worrisome is that there has been talk of whether the current team will even be allowed to travel to Russia in light of the

potential security issues.

What would Team USA be like without men's hockey? It's difficult to imagine such a situation. Olympic ice hockey would not be the same without the participation of Team USA—especially since we are the only non-European hockey team in the competition. Furthermore, it is no secret that the players from the NHL possess incredible talent, but has the legacy of 1980 and the coaching mastery of Herb Brooks already been forgotten? Why are we not looking at collegiate players who possess raw talent? Is it necessary that every player on the roster come from the NHL? Granted, it is just something to consider that, after all, many of the best collegiate players go on to play for the NHL.

There are twelve men's teams taking part in the Olympics this year: Group A (USA, Russia, Slovakia, and Slovenia); Group B (Canada, Finland, Norway, Austria); and Group C (Sweden, Czech Republic, Switzerland, and Latvia). Every one of these teams will fight hard for the gold, but it is too early to tell who will come out on top.

Some have argued that Team USA stands no chance against Russia and Canada – both countries possess highly talented teams (it is Russia and Canada after all). It is undeniable that it would be an amazing underdog story if the United States somehow comes out on top and gets to compete for the gold – and win. Would it not be fantastic to beat Russia on their home turf? Regardless, it is of the utmost importance to make sure the security is top-notch for both the athletes and the spectators, and to ensure that Team USA is allowed to compete in this Olympics as well as many to come. To quote Herb Brooks, "Risk something or forever sit with your dreams." Keep the legacy alive.

Seahawks first win makes history

The team's big win made for an even bigger loss for the Broncos, who now have a total of five Super Bowl defeats.

Micah Bradley

Staff Writer

Playing in this year's Super Bowl were the Seattle Seahawks and the Denver Broncos. The match was supposedly relatively even, considering that the Denver Broncos had the NFL's best offense this year, due largely to their quarterback Peyton Manning. The Seattle Seahawks claimed the NFL's best defense.

Despite all the hype, Super Bowl XLVIII was a relatively anti-climatic game. For Seahawks' fans, it was more than a victory, it was the utter desolation of the Broncos. The final score was 43-8, the third biggest point gap in Super Bowl history. This crushing victory was the Seahawks' first Super Bowl win. In contrast, this was the Broncos fifth Super Bowl loss, a league record.

The game started with some excitement—the Seahawks scored the fastest points in Super Bowl history with a safety on the first play of the game. This first play set the tone for the rest of the game. The Seahawks' defense continued to dominate the Broncos' offense. After the first 2 points, Denver hardly ever had possession of the ball in the first quarter, and

they never scored a first down. In addition to a safety, the Seahawks scored two field goals. In the second quarter, the Seahawks added two more touchdowns to the score. At halftime, the score was 22-0, but there was still hope for a Broncos' comeback.

That hope was quickly shot down when the first play of the second half was a Seahawks' kickoff return for a touchdown. The Broncos did eventually score their first (and only) points in the end of the third quarter in the form of a touch down and two point conversion. But the Seahawks already had a total of 36 points by that time. In the fourth quarter the Seahawks scored again, for a total score of 43-8. Overall, the Seahawks outplayed the Broncos, largely due to their strong defensive line.

The Seahawks gave Most Valuable Player to Malcolm Smith, a linebacker. The MVP award is rarely given to defensive players, and Smith is only the third linebacker to ever receive the award. During the game, Smith had both a 69 yard touchdown return and a fumble recovery.

The game started with some excitement. The Seahawks scored the fastest points in Super Bowl history.

The Seahawks' defense stopped Peyton Manning from ever playing a strong offensive game. After the game, Manning (who is 37 years old - old by the NFL standards) was faced with questions from the media on his

ability to play, and whether his legacy would be sullied by such a crushing defeat.

Super Bowl XLVIII was historic for its final score. But it was also a relatively uninteresting Super Bowl, since for much of the game it was obvious that the Broncos were not able to keep up with the Seahawks.

Students react to Super Bowl XLVIII

It was really boring this year, the Broncos got creamed. There was no excitement.

- Emma Clare Johnson '14

So sorry Broncos.

- Dylan Allen '16

A tidal wave of murderous massacre.

- Natesh Kirpalani '17

Commercials were disappointing. Broncos for the win.

- Fraser Keill '17

Seattle's defense shut down the number one offense led by Peyton Manning, and we killed it.

- Nolle Kuharske '17