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Campus approves revisions to the SGA Constitution

By Nicole Bower

Hollins student body ratified the revised edition of the Student Government Association constitution on April 3, 2001 in a general election to approve the changes that have been made to SGA.

According to the revised constitution, SGA will be divided into two separate boards that will govern over two separate parts of the student government, the executive board and activities board. Both of these boards will monitor separate organizations and will perform separate duties. The executive board includes the offices of the SGA president, SGA vice president, SGA secretary, SGA treasurer, the chairs of the Academic Policy Committee, Student Conduct Council, Honor Court, Academic Board, as well as all four class presidents and the Dean of Students. The executive board's primary responsibility is to monitor the daily functioning of the student government. The function of the activities

board, on the other hand, is to monitor the clubs, organizations, and events that exist on campus. This board is made up of the SGA vice-president, Campus Activities, Formal Events, Athletic Association, Religious Life Association, S.H.A.R.E., Social Events, Publicity & Promotions, General Speakers Fund, Club Coordinator, Finance Officer, the vice-presidents from all four classes, and the Coordinator of Student Activities.

The academic requirements for SGA candidates has also been changed. Previously no one with a GPA lower than a 2.0 could run, but now SGA candidates cannot be on academic probation. Another thing that has been changed is how candidates acquire offices. While positions on the executive board still are determined by campus election, positions on the activities board will be appointed by the Appointment Board via an application process. The SGA is also adding an Abroad Correspondence committee, which will be

made up of the class and SGA secretaries. The board will be responsible for maintaining communication with students who are participating in any Hollins Abroad Programs, as well as other programs.

Another board that has been established is the Publications Board. This board is to be made up of all of the editors of Hollins student publications: Hollins Columns, Spinster, Cargoes, The Album, and any other publications from any other organizations that wish to join. There will also be faculty representatives from the English and communications departments, as well as the director of University Relations. As for the positions of Orientation Co-Chairs, SGA has decided that they have no place in the student government and are undergoing a transition to the Administration.

Finally, the last serious change that was made to the constitution was in the budget, and in

how SGA will allocate money to clubs and organizations. "All clubs will receive \$100 initially and will have the opportunity to petition one a month for more funds to pay for club events. This will reward clubs who are more active during the year, and encourage other clubs to be more active," SGA treasurer Pearl Bell '01 said.

Martha Lopez '01, the club coordinator, explained why she thinks this new constitution will be beneficial for her position: "It will be great for the club coordinator to be working with club representatives directly on the club coordinating committee." A highlight of the constitution election was that SGA managed to accumulate enough votes to meet quorum in the first campus voting session.

The revised edition of the SGA constitution can be found on Pipeline on the SGA web page, which you can reach by clicking on Campus Life, Student Organizations, and then the SGA link.

CHICKEN MAN



Chat with the "Chicken Man" on page 4.

SPORTS



LAX is on a roll on page 12.

Hot or Not? T & A on the web

Spring break and our April Fool's issue have inspired me dispense with the usual didactic editor's column, and instead bring you something you might actually like to read. I'm sure you all can relate when I say I no longer feel like doing any type of work. As a service to you readers, I have spent many hours being completely unproductive so that you may do the same. Naturally, the Internet is the perfect medium for this type of activity.

When procrastinating on that mind numbing 90-page thesis, look to these web sites for maximum amusement:

www.thespark.com

This site offers your run-of-the-mill free e-mail, chat, and articles, but with a fun perspective. Perhaps its most useful feature for us academics is SparkNotes. This guide is similar to Cliff Notes, but covers a range of subjects from health and nutrition to Shakespeare. A helpful tool when you just cannot face reading "Tristram Shandy". I mean, when you need a guide to accompany your reading of "Tristram Shandy." A less helpful tool but much more amusing feature is the Academic Paper

Generator. Simply supply your name, the name of the book and author you have to write a paper on, and the length of the required paper, and the system spits out your paper. When I supplied information for a paper I wrote last year on Charlotte Bronte's "Villette", I discovered several unknown facets of the novel- I apparently missed out on the incest scenes, as well as the fact that Bronte is Cuban. Who knew?

Another way to waste time is the T and A section (Test and Answer). The Personality Test is the most popular, but I went for the Gender Test. Using such questions as "Are clams alive?" and "Pick one: french fries or onion rings," the test determines your gender. It was correct in my case, being 86% sure that I was female. I was satisfied, but can see how an incorrect determination might cause a need for years of costly psychoanalysis. I also took the grueling IQ Test, which was lengthy but well worth the effort. I highly recommend it. After being mentally exhausted from the IQ Test, I went for the Sex Test (naturally second most popular after the Personality Test). I cannot reveal the results here

in this family newspaper, but I encourage you to check it out.

www.hotmot.com

As if having to present yourself to the world each day is not enough, this site gives people the opportunity to have millions of strangers to rate their looks. When you go to the site, a



Jillian Kalonick

person's photograph appears, and you are asked to rate the person's "hotness" on a scale of 1 to 10. After doing so, you see how others voted, as well as the last time the person in the photograph checked their rating. So, not only do you get the opportunity to judge the appearance of millions of strangers, you are also judged on

your ability to rate looks. In some cases, you are also invited to click an icon to meet the person in the photograph. You can either view photos of men, women, or both. You too can post a photograph and develop an unhealthy complex about your looks. Hotmot.com asks users to keep it "Fun, clean, and real," so there's no nudity, lingerie, etc. I find my addiction to this site deeply disturbing.

www.match.com

Match.com boasts over 1000 marriages and over 1 million profiles. I learned about this online dating service from my single friends who have lost faith in relationships in which the other person actually inhabits their same continent.

When completing my profile, I selected a few random, exotic countries in which I was open to meeting people, and answered a seemingly endless series of questions ranging from my religious preference to hair color. I also got to pick my potential Match's qualities. My profile professed my preexisting love for Bob Dylan and expressed an interest in meeting someone for a beer or two (when he was given leave from

base camp in Antarctica). However, soon after

completing it, I received an e-mail stating "It pains us to tell you this, but we have had some trouble with your profile. More than likely, it's an easy fix, one that could be finished in no time." Apparently, my profile was deemed unacceptable either because it contained telephone numbers or addressees, pornographic material, or offensive content, none of which I could find when reviewing it. Immediately I became depressed.

Match.com had rejected me before any actual freakish fellow Match.com-ers had gotten the chance. Obviously, I had subconsciously projected a revolting persons. However, after a few weeks someone must have realized they made a mistake, and I began receiving "Matches!"

via e-mail, people who I was compatible with according to my profile. As far as I could tell the only thing these people and I had in common was geography, but who is to second-guess a service that has produced over 1000 marriages? If you want to find a significant other but are unwilling to leave your dorm room, Match.com is definitely the way to go.

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Staff Editorials and letters to the Editor do not necessarily reflect the opinions or policies of Hollins University or the Hollins Columns. We welcome letters from all members of the community. Please include your signature, address, and for verification only, a phone number where you can be reached. Unsigned letters will not be published. Because of the volume we receive, we regret we can only publish a portion of them. Letters should be e-mailed to hollinscolumns@hotmail.com

Editor's Note:

Due to technical problems, Kate Preusser's guest column on "Temptation Island" and Nicole Bower's article on Harmony's name change were cut short in our March 5 issue. I apologize for these errors. To read these articles in their entirety, please visit the Hollins Columns on Pipeline. Go to Campus Life, Student Organizations, then Hollins Columns. While you're there, fill out our survey, write a letter to the editor, and browse past issues.

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Coed rumors spread throughout the country

by Farah Sanders

Among the various campus-wide issues of this year, the issue of low enrollment has gotten the most publicity.

Enrollment for this year has dropped 8 percent, which means that Hollins has received 440 first-year applications as compared to the average 475. The class of 2005 will be short of at least 50 students. President Janet Rasmussen and chair of the Board of Trustees Anne Logan Lawson '65 sent out three letters to the campus community stating the current problems earlier this semester.

In February, Rasmussen held a large town hall meeting with faculty, staff and students and also various dorm meetings with students to get feedback, ideas and solutions to combat the problem of enrollment. Controversy set in when reporter Tim Thornton printed an article in the Roanoke Times about Hollins' declining enrollment and the spending of the endowment. Not only did this article spark heated discussion on campus, it caught the attention of national media. The rumor of Hollins going coed hit newswires just as fast as it hit campus. Articles were printed in various newspapers including the Richmond-Times Dispatch and The Washington Post.

Articles were also printed in newspapers and online papers along the Northeast and Southeast.

When asked about what they think of the issue and the recent publicity here's what some students had to say: "I think that they handled it (publicity) wrong. Hopefully down the road they could learn from their mistakes." - Stacy Eskins '01

"If Hollins did more international outreach, like college fairs abroad, they would kill two birds with one stone in getting more students and more diversity. (Also) Hollins should spend less money on the outside and invest more on the inside. Academics are an issue for me. I wish there was an anthropology department. Transferring has crossed my mind, but financial aid is very good and I'm pleased with my professors." - Sarah Nordquist '04

"I was impressed that they consulted the students (with the letters). I think that to some degree students were aware of some of the problems and if they're not happy you're going to have the same problem with enrollment." - Erica Lisi '01

"As far as bad publicity, not doing anything to counteract it was a bad move by the President and whoever else was part of that decision. As for enrollment, Hollins continues to lose half of its population by ignoring the lesbian community." - Jacqueline Kennedy '03

"Chicken Man" Charles Cullen to

By Karen Roberts '01
News Editor



Photo by Sara Gettys
Charles Cullen practicing for his upcoming show.

On Friday, April 13, Hollins students will have the chance to see one of public access television's most distinguished characters, Charles Cullen, perform live in the Hollins University Theater. Known best as the "Chicken Man," Cullen has received attention not only for his show, which airs nightly on Channel 9, but for his short films. Recently the Hollins Columns had the opportunity to interview Cullen:

Hollins Columns: So tell me about yourself.

Charles Cullen: About myself?

HC: Yes, how the show got started or anything you want to share with the Hollins community.

CC: It started out as a puppet show. I shot movies, and then just one night goofing around, I took a video camera in the bathroom because I had a back problem, and shot a puppet show as a joke. I made it into the 30-minute slot, and I turned it into the TV station, and they aired it and it got a little bit of attention. And then I did another one, and as that kept going they had other time slots open, so I went and did a chicken show, just cause I have chickens on my farm, and the chickens started getting more attention than the puppets...

HC: That's funny.

CC: ...and it kinda evolved into more shows.

HC: What do you do with the chickens? What do they do?

CC: Just hang around, just enjoy life.

HC: How many?

Cullen: I got about 90, 85 or 90 chickens.

HC: Where is your farm?

CC: Can't tell you.

HC: Ok, a secret, I understand.

CC: Yeah I have a huge privacy problem.

HC: How did you find the people to be in the band, or help out with the show?

CC: I didn't look...it was just whatever I came across here and there. I'd just say "Hey, you know that might be a neat idea for a show." Just like you'd be talking to somebody.

There was one guy, a neighbor of mine, who came by and said, "Hey, I want to introduce you to a guy who raises game cocks." And I went over there

and it wasn't really the chickens that were needed, it was the old man who raised the chickens, and I just kept him in mind to put on the show. It's just people you meet along the way and you think, "Wow, it'd be great to put on the show."

HC: Right.

CC: Most of the people who call you and say, "I gotta idea for a show," or

"My brother raises chickens," is just not gonna get you that.

HC: Well, what about the concert you're having here at Hollins? What is that going to be like?

CC: It's something that spawned off of doing the TV shows, just singing and doing my thing. And then back in November the Grandin Theatre was in trouble, and they asked me, "Hey, why don't you do a live performance on stage, do your songs, to raise money for the Grandin?" And I had never performed, I'd always been in front of a camera, never in front of an audience, but I said I would do it, and I did it, and it was almost a sell-out. It was like a pretty packed house. Maybe just kind of an addictive thing of trying it again.

HC: It wasn't intimidating for you to be in front of all these people?

CC: Yeah it was. I'd never done it before, so it was...you know when you're doing TV shows or filming a movie you got maybe eight or ten people hanging around and you know everybody so it's just blah

blah blah in front of the camera. And then there it's like...

HC: Whoa.

CC: Yeah, as the Theatre just kept filling up we had no idea if it was going to be ten people or a 100 people, it just kept filling up. So as I walked out there I disconnected myself, trying not to make eye contact, to make sure that I never realized how many people were out there.

HC: Well obviously it ended up being a good experience because now you're coming to Hollins.

CC: Yeah.

HC: What kind of songs do you do?

CC: Um, I've gotten a couple of songs about chickens. Some of the more popular ones are "Lady with the Broken Lawnmower," and "Granddaddy Bought Me a Copperhead." Just kind of about anything, it's kinda like the lyrics start coming into your head, and you scratch 'em down. And then put 'em together.

HC: Are you sober when you come up with these? (Laughs)

CC: Most of the time, most of

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the time. Sometimes you'll be drinking and a line will come into your head. But most of them come in the bathtub for some reason. I'd say about 70% of the songs I've written have been in the bathtub. I have to rush out of the bathtub, and I'll go in and scratch a few lines down. You can see the water drip on there...and then I'll go back. Just something about laying in the water, I guess, that lets me relax.

HC: How did you come to play at Hollins?

CC: I guess because it's near me and I run here a lot. And about seven years ago I dated a girl who went here and she took me to a show in the Theatre. And I remembered the Theatre being here and then I started getting some letters from students here: "Love your show, we watch it at Hollins." And I just thought, "Huh, Hollins and the Theatre." And I don't want to do the bar scene, I don't want to be another band in another bar. And I like the Theatre thing. I think it just

seemed like a cool place to do a show

HC: Did David Dvorscak set that up?

CC: Yep, he's the one who contacted me, and he knew the show, which I think helped. It's been really neat because I haven't had to deal with the bureaucracy of the school, it's just been me and him.

HC: I've heard rumors that you wanted to teach a class or something here?

CC: Yeah, I've sent material in the last couple of years to teach film here. How to shoot an independent film, how a camera films, directions, distribution. I've offered it to Hollins, Roanoke College, Virginia Western...and it seemed like it either wasn't in their budget or they'd already hired, I think Hollins had brought in a filmmaker from Germany.

HC: I heard there are a lot of math references in your songs?

CC: Math references?

HC: Is your background in studying math?

CC: Yeah, my background's in engineering, that's what I took in college and I couldn't stand it.

HC: Stuck with you forever I guess?

CC: Yeah.

HC: Where did you go to college?

CC: Old Dominion.

HC: What kind of music do you listen to or for inspiration?



Photo by Sara Gettys

Hollins student, Holly Boardman '01, practices with Cullen.

CC: I listen to a lot of the Rolling Stones, John Prine, David Alan Coe, Bob Dylan, Alice Cooper...

HC: I know you have a reputation for being eccentric and "out there". How do you feel about that?

CC: It feels good. I was at the Post Office the other day picking up viewer mail, and a lady came up to me and said, "Excuse me Mr. Cullen...I'm a teacher and I teach art with Pat Carr who was your art teacher in high school," and she said, "We used you...we were talking to our students, we were talking about being eccentric in art and we used Charles Cullen as our example of being eccentric and doing what you want in that style of art." And she said, "We wanted

you to know that you are our school's example and a lot of the kids watched your shows," so it made me feel good.

HC: Are you going to do anything wild for the show?

CC: I can't tell you all of it.

HC: Yeah it should be a surprise.

CC: The western I did...we auctioned some stuff at the Grandin. I did a movie called "Boogieman" and the boots that I wore for the movie sold for \$100. So, I was trying to pick another article of clothing that I wore in one of my other movies and I wore a pair of leopard skin underwear in the modern-day western. So, I'm going to auction off the leopard skin underwear.

HC: That'll go quickly. (Laughs all around)



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Hollins enlightens the American College Dance Festival of New Mexico

by Ashlea Hitchcock

Hollins Repertory Dance Company spent March 7-10 at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, at the Southwest Regional American College Dance Festival, outrageously stunning and inspiring many students from around the country. "You're from Hollins, right? You're my heroes!" This was what many of us were met with after our performances of: "Three Lillypad-Leaps Past the Dirt Road to Nowhere," "In her fear and awe she hid those children," and "Kitsch*N*Sync." This is possibly not a surprise to much of the Hollins community, who knows what a progressive, expansive, and mind-altering element the dance department is.

As Hollins is a place of freedom to adventure into the arts, HRDC brought that element in everything we performed, including "Kitsch*N*Sync." Donna Faye Burchfield, director of Hollins dance, was one of three professor/performers who sat on a panel about Gender, Movement, and the Body. Into her discussion she brought her knowledge of our "Kitsch*N*Sync" experience to be discussed

in terms of drag, gender, sexuality, and performance enlightenment. Although Hollins can allow for freedom in discovery, many universities are not lead with the progressive mindframe that Burchfield brings to the community.

"Dance is a way to cultivate a metaphoric intelligence that helps us in understanding ourselves and relating to others through the language of the body," said Isabel Lewis '03. Working with this language, her piece laminates pictorial images that struck many and reoccurred in their thoughts throughout the festival. Her piece, "Three Lillypad-Leaps Past the Dirt Road to Nowhere," was one of two taken to be a part of the adjudication concert series. A panel of three renowned judges, who dance and teach throughout the country, adjudicate these concerts. After the concerts they give feedback for each of the pieces. For Lewis and ensemble, comments were made about the integrity of this "dream fantasy world" she had created. They wanted to see it again, and again...

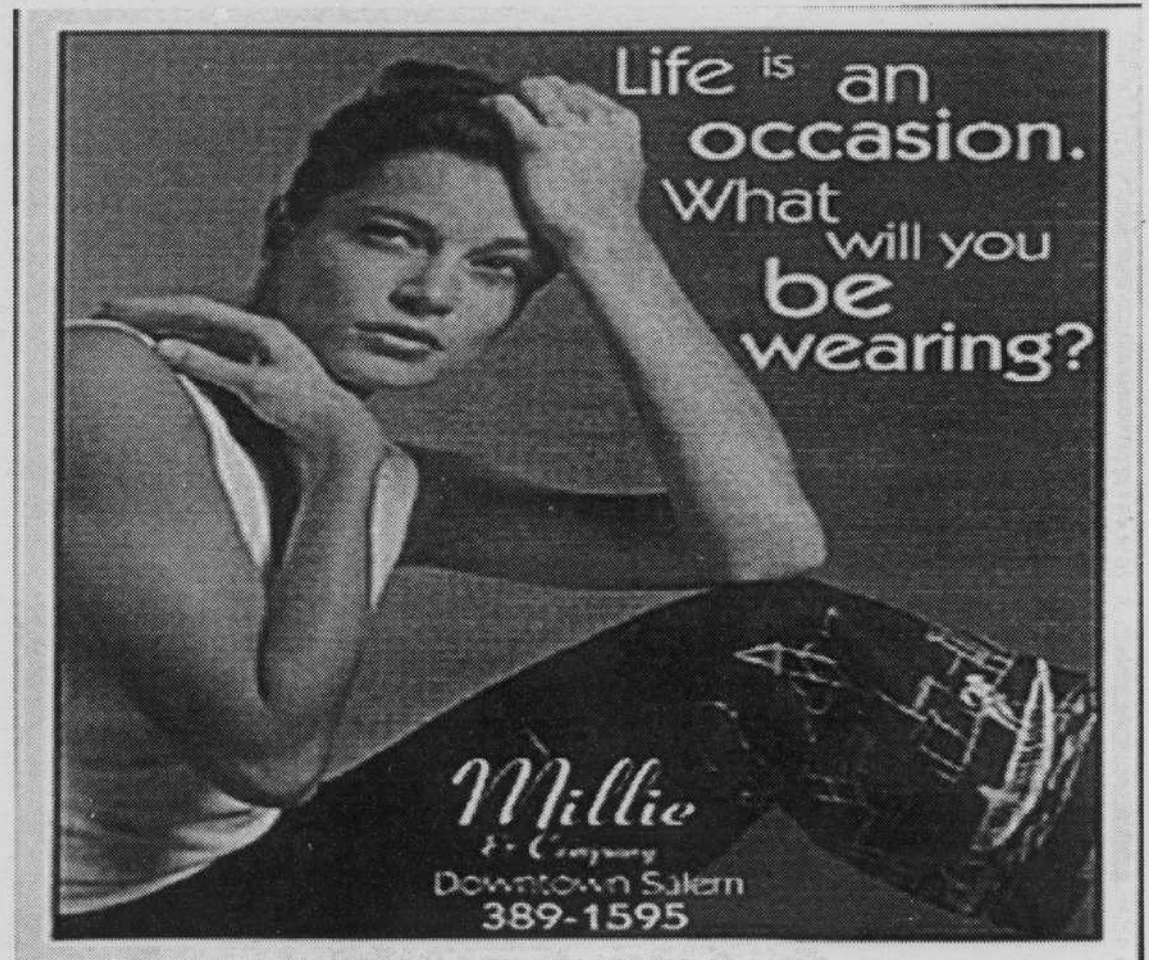
Before the Gala concert, HRDC felt a twinkle of necessity to begin another infamous "slow walk," as

we call them. The Gala concert consisted of 10 pieces chosen from the adjudication concerts. With the slow walk, we brought many questions to the ACDF community about what dance is, where dance is to be performed, and why we must continue to break the cycle of performance etiquette norms. Others from participating schools began to join in on the walk, experiencing a part of HRDC's eminent energy.

"In her fear and awe she hid those children," was

brought to life with Ann Liv Young '03 as the mediator/choreographer. Said Chris Chappell '03 about the piece: "I think what we all wished on that night, collectively and as brightly as the throbbing bags of icing hearts on our breastbones, that out of that brief interlude of 11 minutes, people gathered their rights to be free, and their rights to live life brightly without having to testify 'art'. I think we hoped, at least, that they laughed and knew why,

and knew why not if they didn't, and that their laughter could be a realized laughter that they carried around with them the next day—a smart sort of laughter. Laughter that reminded you to spit...but of course, not everybody thinks the same way. Not everybody catches the breeze of liberation when it comes their way. I can only think of Ann Liv, bending down to whisper in my ear, 'Chris, do you think we'll get in trouble?' Probably."



New Music Reviews

by Blair Pendleton

John Digweed, "Los Angeles"

On his fresh double CD, John Digweed continues on a techno-god journey to capture listeners' minds in his hypnotizing trance. Digweed's music contains energizing beats, and intense rhythms that eagerly urge even the most modest person to release herself into an outburst of movement. The repetitive flow of sounds may annoy some, but it easily entertains the ears of many. "Los Angeles" acts as a great study partner, boosts one's workout vibe at the gym, and guides feet to the dance floor. If you're

prepared to take your entire body on an interesting and often inspiring trip through music, make sure that you stash extra money in your pocket for Digweed's new CD.

Tortoise, "Standards"

For the past 15 years, Tortoise has been producing unique and inventive sounds that profoundly challenge any interested mind. Travel through the world of "Standards" and warp through its stages of built-up and released tension to experience the realms of its complexity. Tortoise originated in Chicago, where they initiated themselves into the

underground scene of new music, and set it afire. Instead of stating the soul of their music with vocals, Tortoise blasts orbital beats with drums, guitar, and synthesizer. This electronic, astro-sound will send you into another galaxy with its repetitious beats, mixed to infinity and beyond. Tortoise's music can be brutally cacophonous, yet at times soothingly euphonious, which makes for an excellent mixture of moods.

2Pac, "Until the End of Time"

Alive or dead, it seems that 2Pac will continue to release new music "until

the end of time." On this new CD, 2Pac announces he will "be the last mother----- breathin'" since his music never dies. Continuing on this magical mystery tour of reincarnated music, this rapping icon still lusher in the thug life. In one song, "Lil' Homies," Pac reminisces on hard times spent while "growin' up on poor streets," and accompanies the lyrics with catchy pop/disco-like beats. "Happy Time" carries a good dance rhythm, while "Good Life" mellows the tone in a smooth R&B fashion. Other songs preach about jail life, shooting people, sex, drugs, and street life.

This CD will definitely not win the prize for "one of 2Pac's best," yet some of the songs are guaranteed to reel you into their catchy vibe.

Soundtrack, "Exit Wounds"

No need to download MP3s for your next rap mix. Just fix your eyes on "Exit Wounds" and feed your hunger for music variety. With a conglomeration of hot rap artists such as DMX, JaRule, Trina, Trick Daddy, Nas, Timberland, and Mack10, this soundtrack promises to bump the fattest beats again and again.

Why I love Hollins...

Compiled by Pearl Bell

"I love Hollins because I enjoy living in such a friendly and relaxed environment."

--Amanda Freeman, 2001

"Same reason I love my mom-She's the only one I got!"

--Sarah Eggers, 2001

"I love Hollins because you meet a variety of great people in a small community."

--Liz Hull, 2003

"Because Lindsay Kammerer forces me too."

--Liz Kump, 2001

"Why wouldn't you love Hollins! There is green grass on a beautiful front quad and a wonderful community."

--Lauren Humphreys, 2001

"Whenever I think of Hollins, I think of the amazing women I have met and the friendships I have made throughout my three years here. Nothing can compare to the experience of Hollins."

--Sarah Mitchell, 2002

"I love the more relaxed environment of an all women's college. Also, Hollins offers great activities like English Readings, the dance program, etc."

--Amy Reese, Horizon

"Strong characters are everywhere here, helping every one along. Close faculty and departments work on staying for as well as talent that just flows from all of these female minds."

--Blair Neill, 2003

"I really love some of the people here. I like the small classes and the professors too."

--Manida Bergman, 2002

"There are some places so special you can never put their magic into words. Hollins is one of those places. There's something about this place that builds human connection, love, laughter, strength, peace, wisdom...I'm lucky to have stumbled into such magic in my lifetime."

--Amber Sewell, 2001

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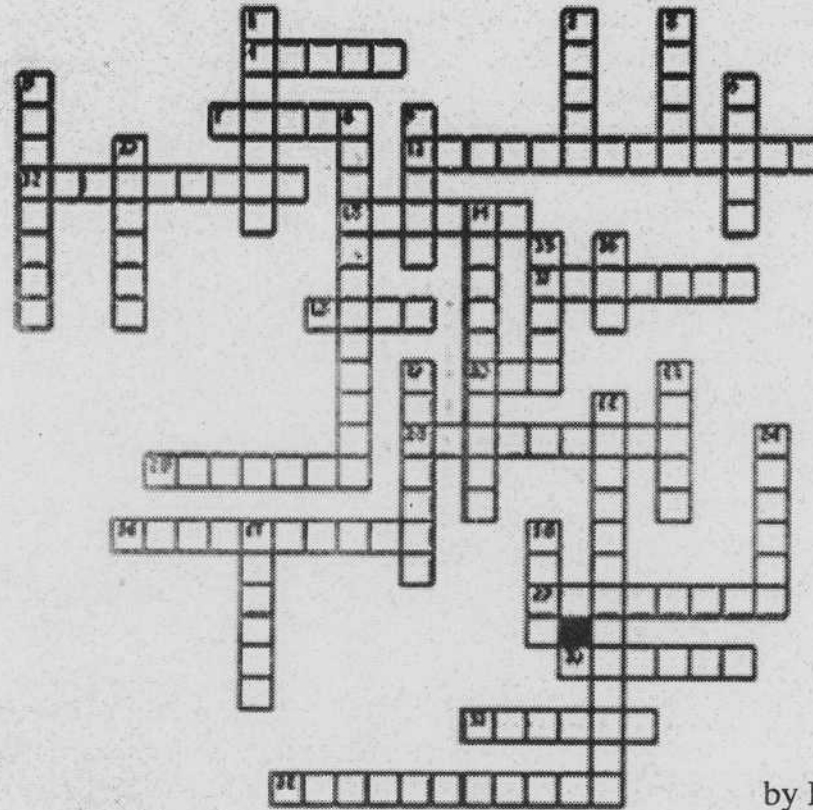
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by Blair Pendleton

Across

4. Quarterly campus literary journal
7. Student
11. Normal weekend vacation; boy hunt
12. Variety
13. Student in another country
17. Star city
18. 1.7 miles
20. Sorority of Hollins
23. Student with three lip piercings
25. Private university
26. Sports rival
29. Awesome professor opposed to grades/
exams
30. Global village
31. Philosophy club
32. Class that fills the quickest

HOLLINS CROSSWORD



by Blair Pendleton

Down

1. Those who run the place
2. Founder of the university;
Administration
3. Common PMS symptom
5. Tinker's present to Freshwomen (2)
6. Trust
8. Green and Gold's motto (2)
9. Community service
10. Sex at Hollins
14. Ambition
15. Alpha Psi Omega
16. Common pet for psychology students;
Munchies
19. Haven of late night shopping for all
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From the East

by Lisa Maniker

I recently traveled about two hours in order to take a picture of a vending machine filled with underwear. Sound strange? Well, it certainly does to us Westerners. However, there's another side to the stereotypically-serious Japanese--it's the sexual one. Sex is not quite as taboo a topic in Japan as in the U.S. Japanese often read pornographic comics and frequent "Love Hotels"--those characterized by their neon signs, their unusual architecture, and their pay-by-the-hour rates. It is easier to find pornographic comics and Love Hotels in Japan than it is to find a McDonald's (and those things are everywhere!). Sex is a big industry here. The free tissue paper passed out on the streets of Japan frequently advertises phone-sex lines and vending machines containing pornographic books, magazines, videos--and underwear.

I was not here long before discovering Japan was not the land of the rising sun, but of vending machines. As a project, I started taking pictures of each new type of machine I saw on the streets--everything from rice to batteries to eggs. I was in the midst of my vending-machine-picture project when I heard about a Japanese men's fetish: used women's underwear which could be purchased from a vending machine. What a great addition to my collection! I immediately began asking everyone I came into contact with if they knew where I could find one such machine.

My search never really got off of the ground until I went to Tokyo for winter break, where

I lived with my Osaka host father's high school friend and his wife, Tomio and Hideko Ueda. They knew about my quest, and helpful people that they were, tried to help the best way they knew how--by taking me to Kabukicho, the red-

area, we seemed to be on a wild goose chase that led us in circles. Dejectedly--at least on my part--we returned home. We'd been so close that I feared I'd never find my machine.

I shouldn't have

and no success, we spotted a Love Hotel. We figured 1) if anyone would know where an underwear vending machine was, they would and 2) we'd come too far to give up. In we went.

underwear vending machine was. She had no idea.

Glen and I started walking back to our train station by a different route and wound up passing a decrepit-looking boat shop. Again, unwilling to give up, I marched in alone. There were only two people inside, a man and a woman. I approached the woman who gave me a strange look and then asked the man next to her. That's when it happened--miracle of miracles! The man knew where there was a vending machine! I went outside to get Glen.

Once we had the directions, Glen and I set off once more. And, right where our boat-shop-man had said it would be, was a big sign advertising books, videos, and underwear. Jackpot!

It turns out that it's no longer legal to sell used underwear in machines, so all of the packages we saw contained new pairs. It was kind of interesting because nothing in the machine was even half as skimpy as something you could buy in Victoria's Secret. But, I'd traveled over 2 hours to take a picture, and that's just what I did. (Glen and I took several, actually.)

I thought the underwear saga would end there, but there's actually more to the story. A few weeks later my friend and fellow Hollins student Sarah Feur was walking around Kyoto in an area I've been to often and what did she happen to come across on the street? ...I'll let you guess.

My vending machine picture collection has reached a ridiculous amount of pictures--somewhere near 30--and I keep coming across new machines everyday. Listed below are the types of machines I've taken pictures of. All of these are on streets for easy access to anyone who wants to make a purchase: Chocolate, Beer, Soda and juice, Stamps, Milk, Coffee, Pornographic books/magazines/videos, Sake, Candy, Film, Newspapers, Rice, Popcorn, Medicine, Eggs, Cotton candy, Gum, Telephone cards, Underwear, Cigarettes, Batteries, Ramen, Danishes, and Tickets for food, so merchants don't handle money directly.

light district of Tokyo.

So, there I was in the second largest city in the world, wandering around the sex district with the Uedas. That's all I could think about--at first. Soon, I had something new to focus my attention on. When we didn't find a vending machine right away, Mr. Ueda interrupted one of the barkers--the men who try and get people off the street to enter a club--and asked him where an underwear vending machine was, explaining that I wanted to take a picture. I nearly died on the spot! I could get over the fact that I was wandering around the streets of Tokyo looking for an underwear vending machine in order to take a picture--it would be great for a story to tell people later, right?--but to ask someone on the street...!

We wound up asking three more people on the street and even going into an underwear shop to inquire, but to no avail. Though the people we consulted said there was a machine in the

worried. A few days later, Mr. Ueda told me triumphantly that he'd checked on the Internet for me and found the addresses of several vending machines in Kyoto and Kobe, two cities fairly close to me. Mr. Ueda told my host father how to look up the list and when I returned home to Osaka, I had a copy waiting for me.

The next step was time--and a buddy. No one wanted to dedicate a Saturday to searching for an underwear vending machine except for my friend Glen, a New Zealander. Glen and I decided to set off to find one of the machines listed in Kobe with simply a street name by way of an address.

When we arrived at the correct train station in Kobe, we consulted a map and started walking. We didn't know what to expect, but we had about three hours of daylight left and a lot of determination.

After a lot of walking

We asked the woman behind the partition where you pay for rooms about the vending machines. (The partition is up in order to sustain the anonymity between the guests of the hotel and the employees.) The woman consulted someone else behind the partition and then led us outside to point us in the right direction. She said she didn't know of a machines close by, but that she thought there was one near a different train station in the other direction.

We took the woman's advice, but there were no vending machines in front of, behind, or around the new train station. There was, however, a real estate agent's office. Hmm. I was a woman on a mission and though Glen was too embarrassed to come in with me--I probably should have been, too--I marched right in and asked the first woman I saw if she knew where an

The toughest job I'll ever love?

by Bri Seoane
Guest Columnist

It's to be expected that every once in a while your politics will walk right up to you and smack you in the face. In the past few months mine have beat the living s**t out of me.

Spring break. I'm having lunch with two recent Hollins alum and a group of friends. We start to talk about my plans to join the Peace Corps and the post-Hollins life adjustment that everyone inevitably experiences when the bubble pops and lands you flat on your ass in the real world. I'm in the middle of my usual diatribe about the evils of working 9 to 5, my anxiety about finding a job that fully challenges me and how repetition makes you stupid when one alum interrupts me. "Sounds to me like motherhood is the perfect job for you."

Are you freaking kidding me? I opened my mouth to explain to her that I am as maternal as a taxidermist and that I had goals, dammit. Goals.

"Seriously Bri," Margaret said with both elbows anchored firmly on the table in front of her. "Its fast paced, changes daily, and is stimulating on so many levels. I think you would be great at it. What other labor could be more satisfying?"

Visions of a short, fat, irritable, pregnant Bri began dancing in my head. It was the first time I had ever pictured myself that way-swollen with child. Well, the first time since fourth grade when for Halloween I was "barefoot and pregnant"

complete with mud mask, curlers and Cabbage Patch Kids strapped or dangling from various limbs. No one had ever envisioned me as a mother before and it was startling. People have frequently characterized me as dictator material, not as candidate for Mother of the year. Margaret's recognition of my maternal potential sent me into a confused daydream. I was beginning to explore the realm of hemorrhoids and breast pumps when Darby chimed in.

"But Bri's real smart."

Hell, yes, I'm smart. So smart in fact that I shouldn't "waste" my intelligence on child rearing (or at least that's what the assumption is, even if that's not expressly what Darby meant). I had digested that philosophy years ago. Only docile, passive women with GEDs and minivans have kids and like it. Child rearing is for the undereducated and subservient- for brownie bakers - for women who prefer appliqued sweatshirts to pantsuits. I accepted that since I am a feminist and intelligent and somewhat ambitious that motherhood should never be the focal point of my grand master plan.

This ideal was reaffirmed this summer on a train ride from Munich to Venice when I began a conversation with "when I have children..." My brother erupted in raucous laughter and said, "but you're a feminist, Bri. You don't want kids." I didn't even flinch because in some warped sense

I thought he was right, I thought in order to be a true feminist you must reject all notions of domesticity. I should have decked him.

In a card I received from my mom last December she was careful of what she wished for me in the coming years. Recognizing that my life was going to change upon graduation she wrote, "I suppose its normal for mothers to impart advice on marriage and children to their daughters going out in the world. I know that's not what you want so I won't even go there." She was right at the time. After my conversation with the girls at Erik's Deli I began to wonder if I didn't spend time thinking about family and children because I truly wasn't interested or if it was because people expected me to not want that.

Then I got pissed. How dare people assume that I would be a terrible mother! My politics do not make me deficient. It was as if the decisions about marriage and children had already been made for me. Because I'm a feminist, because I'm opinionated, because I believe that patriarchy exists and hurts women, because I believe that society equates womanhood with motherhood, because I want a career, and because I want a piece of the public sphere does not make me destined for spinsterhood.

My politics had backfired completely. My family and friends pigeonholed me into this idea of what women with my ideology should be like. Just yesterday a friend from home told me that smart women

don't have children and not to sabotage my life's work by doing so. I totally bought it. Political activity and motherhood are neither a volatile combination nor mutually exclusive. Feminism is about women having choices and the ability and opportunity to exercise them. I was totally missing the point.

On the way to the airport last weekend, I asked my mom rather hesitantly if she thought I would be a good mother. I braced myself for the weight of her words. After all this is the woman who frequently says I'm "built like a brick s**t house." We're not the most tactful of families. She smiled.

"Remember when you were ten and refused to clean the toilets because you said that I was being sexist in assigning chores?" Mom

then launched into the story about my insistence on mowing the lawn because I was just as capable as my brother. An hour later I had mowed a peace sign in the lawn and abandoned the mower in the driveway. Gendered chores or not, I hated mowing lawns.

"I swear you came out of the womb a feminist. You certainly didn't get your politics from me or your father," she laughed. "There's no doubt in my mind that you will be a competent mother. You don't have to be Donna Reed to be a good mom."

"I know," I said. "You're certainly no Donna Reed. You don't even have food in the fridge."

"You try my patience. I hope you get one just like you," she laughed.

"Me too."

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KEEP HOLLINS ALIVE!

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

The infamous eight hundred dollar-a-pop trashcans have been the brunt of long-standing, mildly outraged jest around Hollins. So this is where your money's going, they sheepishly proclaim, even as their designer "natural" wood fades and warps from exposure to the elements. Until the last few weeks, most of us never truly saw a dire portent of Hollins' sustainability in those silly receptacles. Just another seemingly frivolous decision made by god-knows-what administrative committee, comprised, no doubt, by people operating with the good, if slightly astray, intention of making our campus a more attractive place. When the trashcans appeared like mushrooms sprung up overnight, we mainly shook our heads in lighthearted dismay and went on, still content to leave the shopping (and the fall out) to the powers that be.

Now we are being asked to shoulder an enormous responsibility: Hollins' possible demise. It is as though we (the students, professors, and staff) have awoken one morning to find a baby on the doorstep, with a note: Please take care of this fragile creature. It's future is in your hands. Thanks, The Administration. We don't know how to change diapers or what kind of formula to buy or if we should start saving for college now; no one ever trusted us before.

But here it is. A life's at stake. So we must look around, re-assess, question. We must cast a critical eye on the "improvements" Hollins has made in recent years. The most obvious of these is the transition to university status. If memory serves, we the students were discreetly apprised of the change

through a letter sent out over the summer: Dear students, Your college doesn't exist anymore. Some of us were annoyed, to say the least. Others took a more analytical attitude: Okay, fine. Hollins University. Let's see what that means for progress. We are still waiting. More full time professorships? No, less. More major options, more fine-tuned programs? Not so far. Wider pool of applicants, increased enrollment? Au contraire. To the naked eye, it seems that the only real difference between Hollins College and Hollins University is a monogram and a snazzy new logo. And of course our very own bottled water. What about our lovely new Wyndham Robertson Library? Incontestably, a facility that, aesthetically-speaking, makes leaps and bounds over the competition. Aesthetically is the operative word here. Because practically the building is a flop. It is so big that the energy costs to keep it going are enormous (we've all heard stories about the hundred dollar light bulbs), yet the shelf space it contains is actually less than that of poor ugly Fishburn. It's got a lower level full of state-of-the-art audiovisual equipment that no one knows how to use. It contains no computer labs for students who are writing research papers with materials on reserve. Most telling are row after row of empty study carrels, sleek unoccupied armchairs, the deserted crimson-walled café reminiscent of Edward Hopper's Night Hawks. Meanwhile, Fishburn waits in all its homely disgrace, for the fairy godmother that promises to transform it into a stunning arts complex. Of course, given the current situation, it'll be a long, long wait. Last year, the Board of

Trustees, in conjunction with the administration, decided that the Art Annex could just well stay in exile behind the theatre a few years more; Moody needed some cheering up. Who wants to eat their vegetable cutlets and tater tots in the lugubrious dim? Granted, the new light-filled interior is a nice place to linger and socialize after meals and the open buffet area, where we can watch Chef Matt deftly flipping stir-fried chicken parts over the open flame, is novel. But, how necessary were those fancy overhead signs: Green-n-Gold Grille, Botetourt Springs, etc.? How about those garage doors to keep out would-be Mr. Pib thieves after hours? We were told that the Moody renovations would bring a new era of thriving social activities to Hollins: popular bands, comedy shows, poetry readings, dance parties. Hollins students would no longer be driven to seek out the social life of other schools; indeed, those schools' students would be flocking here. In fact, this campus is as dead on the weekends as ever and the one consistent event we counted on in the past, 'Til Tuesday, seems to be going the way of the dodo. Anyway, you show me one student who would choose her higher educational institution based on the merits of its dining hall. Meanwhile, the University's art gallery remains housed in a basement, whose gray-carpet walls are only occasionally soaked by burst plumbing upstairs. What about the "improved" campus security force? We all want to feel secure at Hollins, of course. But let's be honest: was there really ever a sense of danger? Did any of us ever really fear anything besides getting a parking ticket? Are we better off now that the campus security officers ride around in Jeep

Cherokees instead of Ford Tauruses? In fact, the new regime has done nothing but alienate students. In an effort to keep us "safe", it has summarily ended the tradition of apartment parties, "cracked down" on academic department receptions, and now threatens to ban Ring Night. We feel, in fact, less welcome at our own school, less inclined to stick around on the weekends, than ever before.

And what about my own personal gripe, the "updated" computer network?

Thanks to the new system, we now have to log on to the network, wait for everything to re-install since the whole thing shuts down between users, then have to contend with the ever helpful "Internet Wizard" which requires that we change the for-some-reason-always incorrect settings before we can get online. If we want to use Word, we have to pass through another log-on operation, plus deal with that annoyingly smug animated paper clip that watches our every move, prepared to jump in with its helpful tip of the day. Many of our professors have been enticed to do much of their business on Blackboard, the new "virtual" classroom, which would be fine if the computers available in Dana weren't very often frozen, or the whole system mysteriously down, or the printers "unable to be found", or the whole thing so incredibly slow to boot-up that Job would be loathe to wait. So, here we are, in the first year of a new millennium, trying to cast a look towards Hollins future. Many of us are suddenly horrified to imagine having a degree from a defunct institution, or coming back for reunions to what is now a co-ed country club. Of course, those are drastic

images, but are they really? After all, the administration is seeking our help; things must be bleak. But now, despite the trashcans, the designer light bulbs, the surreptitious maneuverings by the administration, the inaccuracies, the half-truths, the short-sighted decision making, the condescension, is the time for solidarity. We have the rare opportunity to be united by our self-interests; the faculty and staff for their future livelihoods, the students for their future alma mater. Though it's been a long time coming, the administration's recent gesture of appeal is a hopeful indication that the higher-ups might have finally realized what is an inalienable truth: they need us. A school is really composed of two essential ingredients: teachers and students. The role of any administration should be that of attracting and keeping high-quality examples of both. Again, let's stress quality over appearance; sustainability over cosmetics, prudence over instant-gratification. Admittedly, the students don't have all the answers for the administration. But we do have part of the answer; just as the faculty and the staff and the administration have part. The idea is that we should have been listening and open to one another all along. I don't know the magic formula for attracting and retaining students; but I do know that students who feel empowered, not ignored; informed, not deceived; respected, not belittled, are one million times more valuable than all the glossy new publications in the world.

Sincerely,

Sarah Eggers '01

Strong dedication on the Lacrosse Field

The lacrosse team, with its strong dedication, fights to the finish. The team of 19 women is led by Co-Captains Emily Chewing, Amanda Freeman, and Georgia Luck. Coach Wendy Orrison said, "The team is self-motivated and dedicated to the game." The teams practices everyday, rain or shine. Orrison commented on "The strong support they have for each other," and "how well the advanced players help the new team members with basic techniques."

Pre-season was a time for beginners and a time to develop old skills. Georgia Luck, '02, and Hannah Huber, '03, who both play

at the home position, continue to prove their skills throughout the season as the team's highest scorers. Amanda Freeman, '01, Annie Fulk, '03, and Susan Herbolzheimer, '03, and Sarah Mitchell, '02 create a strong defense team. The team recently tackled Christopher Newport. They have also met some difficult teams this year, but they will have gained experience to dominate matches in the future.

It will be easy to see the team in action for the next home game, Wednesday April 11, against Guilford at 4:30.

Come cheer on the Hollins' Green and Gold at any or all of the games!



Photo by Alyssa Armster-Wikoff

Emily Chewing takes an 8 meter foul shot against Christopher Newport.



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