

Hollins University

Hollins Digital Commons

Hollins Student Newspapers

Hollins Student Newspapers

4-1-2003

Hollins Columns (2003 Apr 1)

Hollins College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.hollins.edu/newspapers>

 Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), [United States History Commons](#), and the [Women's History Commons](#)



NEWS



Hollins girls are misbehaving so much 'Gone Wild' got it on tape.

page 2

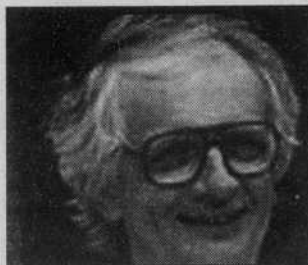
EDITORIALS



For sale: Nimbus 2000, a vibrating toy for Harry Potter fans.

page 5

A & E



Find out where Dillard is and how his dream came true.

page 6

Greenhouse a go-go for English

BY LISA BOWER

In an attempt to dissuade the ire of students and faculty, Nora Kizer Bell has decided to move the English Department into the luxurious greenhouse facility sitting atop the Dana Science Building.

"I think it's a wonderful idea," said Marilyn Moriarty, chair of the English Department. "We'll be able to raise Chrysanthemum and Cacti while advising students and grading papers. I can't think of a lovelier environment."

The greenhouse was closed approximately fifteen years ago when it was discovered that the plants leaked through the floor into Babcock Auditorium. Since then the space has been abandoned.

Instead of tearing down the original structure to build an addition to Dana, the tenured professors will collectively share the space as is.

When asked about fitting the faculty into such a small open space, Jeanne Larsen, professor of English said, "It'll be wonderful for morale. This move will get rid of the competition and whining over who gets the biggest office."

Richard Dillard, director of the graduate program and profes-

sor of English, said, "I think it will be fabulous; we'll have an English Department commune! Besides, if

Bell's plan to make Hollins a Tier 1 institution.

Jonathan Musgrove, an ad-

room you'd hear pianos being played and moved upstairs in Talmadge. Now I can take a dump in a flower pot and not have to listen to Mozart."

Currently there are aisles of flower pots and mounds of dirt piled throughout the greenhouse. Water drips from the ceiling at a steady rate, though the color does change from brown to grey, depending on whether the water is fresh or old. There were no plans to renovate the space as of press time.

Julia Johnson, assistant professor of English, doesn't mind the lack of maintenance to the structure. "I think it's great to go au naturel," said Johnson. "It will give the English professors an air of respect. I mean, nobody is going to describe my haircut as 'cute' if it has fungus growing in it."

The move is scheduled to occur during the summer months. Bradley, the old site of the English Department, is to become the new international student housing unit. Carvin is being looked at for use as a general dormitory because by the time this paper comes out Tinker will have sunk into the ground.



EMILY EIGEL

It has finally been decided; the English Department's new home is the old greenhouse on top of Dana.

someone starts showing signs of claustrophobia, we can give them a space on the roof. I'm sure they make waterproof tents."

The move coincides with the decision to convert the M.A. degree into a brand spanking new M.F.A., another peg in the wall for

junct professor of English, had some thoughts on the move in regards to the English Department's reputation.

"I think it's great because now we won't have this elitist air surrounding us. I mean before, if you were on your way to the bath-

Cocke steps a stage for Trojan ad

BY KELLY McCARTY

On March 26, Hollins University spokesman Barney Gumble announced that the Trojan condom company will be filming its new commercial on the steps of the Cocke Building.

"We wanted a site that was elegant, historic, but above all, sexually suggestive," said Trojan President Lionel Hutz.

The company had considered Intercourse, Pennsylvania as the site of the commercial.

When they discovered that there was a building named Cocke at a women's university, they knew that Hollins was the place to begin their new ad campaign.

"The irony was a big factor in our choice," said Hutz.

Hollins administrators decided to allow companies to film

commercials on campus last semester, in an effort to make money without having to raise tuition.

Administrators hoped that companies would be drawn to Hollins because of the beautiful campus and the availability of students to use as extras.

"Actually, we were hoping to attract clothing manufacturers or companies that sell equestrian equipment, but Trojan made us a very good offer," said Maude Flanders, director of public relations.

Originally, Trojan wanted to have their mascot, "Trojan Man," ride a horse into the Cocke Building. SEE COCKE PAGE 3



CHRISTINE JELU

A leading condom company will be using the steps of Cocke Building as the set of a new commercial.

Moody food is good, really, we swear

BY SAMANTHA GELLAR

Students are suddenly flocking to the Moody Dining Hall for breakfast, lunch, dinner and seconds. The lines run out the doors all the way to the post office as students, faculty, staff and community members wait for a piece of the Moody pie, canapé, or the soup du jour.

This sudden change in lunch and dinner crowds is the response to a new program put into play by the W.N.T.S.M.O.O.S.T. (We Need To Spend More Of Our Students' Tuition) Board. In an effort to drain university coffers and therefore justify a tuition rise of \$20,000 per semester, the Board decided to hire on Emeril Lagasse as head chef.

From Penne Pasta in a Light Chardonnay sauce to Bacon Wrapped Filet Mignon Medallions, Emeril has stunned students with his cooking abilities. Not only are top-quality entrees served, appetizers, desserts, and fine wines are all delivered to the newly renovated cafeteria. Even bottles of Dom Perignon

are available on special occasions such as Founder's Day, Parent's Day, LitFest, National Pie Awareness Day and Friday.

Visiting students are impressed by the clean white tablecloths, sterling silver candelabra, and well-manicured atmosphere of the newly renovated dining hall. "This space is absolutely gorgeous," said Lisa Bower, a Communications major at Hollins. Some students are upset about the renovations, arguing that the campus should be made handicap accessible and that the Hill Houses should be moved back up to the hill after they slid down to rest next to East last winter. Still, they can't help but be in awe of the massive crystal chandelier that now twinkles through every meal.

Most of all, students are impressed by the massive five-course, five-star dinners being served by waiters in tuxedos. "Emeril is the best thing to happen to Moody food since Happy Pie," said Angie Jeffreys, an Astrophysics major at Hollins.

"Bam!" Emeril commented when asked about his choice to cater at Hollins. He refused to say anything further as to why he would drop his famed television show and move to Roanoke, re-starting his career as a school chef. However, students are specu-

lating that Emeril is being paid upwards of \$4 million a meal for his services. "We plan on bringing in more chefs," stated President Bell. "We also hope to place more dining areas on the third and first floors, perhaps even a café in Carvin. Hollins has the highest quality of life and we plan to keep it that way." Bell refused to answer questions as to why quality of life was so important, stating only that, "Hollins will be a Tier 1 school, perhaps even Ivy League, by the time I'm done with it."

Students are skeptical about President Bell's plans, especially her choice to fire two-thirds of the professors in order to find more money for the grand birthday party she plans to hold, bringing back Janet Reno and other famed personal friends Newt Gingrich, the Pope, Rodney Dangerfield and the exhumed corpse of Marilyn Monroe. The students at first planned a protest against President Bell's motives, but most of them were unable to afford the \$500 fee for standing privileges on Front Quad. Others simply gave in and quieted up, their mouths full of crumbled duck.

New 'Gone Wild' video: Pearl Girls Gone Wild

BY IVANA HUMPALOT

As part of this year's spring Ring Night festivities, several members of the class of '04 made their debuts in a new video from Girls Gone Wild. The students, who live in adjoining apartments, hosted a party during which their sophomore helpers announced the ring sisters' request that the events be filmed by a waiting camera crew from the video franchise.

Footage used for the video shoot includes a bikini-clad "dumping," where the participants were covered in chocolate sauce, caramel, and whipped cream. Several of the seniors' requests also made it onto the video, such as a lap dancing demonstration.

The students were thrilled to have the opportunity to be a part of such a successful video venture. "It was so much fun! The camera crew got into the fun, and brought a lot of alcohol with them. That really helped get the party started," said Holly Collie '04.

Mary Ho '04, felt that the experience was a positive one for her. "I had a great time with the Girls Gone Wild guys. They were so much more fun to party with than any of the frat boys around here! I don't think we did anything too outrageous, just showed them how much fun we can have here at Hollins."

Senior ring sisters were also pleased with

how the party and Girls Gone Wild shoot turned out. Says Betty Dumass '03, "I couldn't be happier. Except maybe if I'd been there and participated myself. This will be a really positive thing for Hollins, and bring us a lot of great, free attention!"

The administration's response has been equally optimistic about the video. In a statement issued by the President's Office, the administration expressed their "hope that this will help draw attention to all of the fun traditions we have here at Hollins, making prospective students aware of the fun they can have here. It will also help with the persistent complaint that guys do not come to the campus, as seeing the video advertising such activities will be a big draw."

The Girls Gone Wild company has been fast to

praise the Hollins students who participated. "This was a fantastic shoot. The girls were phenomenal, and very willing to give us whatever shots we wanted. I was surprised how much fun everyone had. I'd love to do another one at some point in the future," said senior Girls Gone Wild producer Willy Kreepee.

The video will go on sale starting April 1 through the Girls Gone Wild website for \$19.95, plus shipping and handling.



Hollins girls are ready to show their stuff when the Girls Gone Wild video crew arrives.

HOLLINS COLUMNS

Editor in Chief	Angie Mama
News Editor	Ivana Humpalot
Features Editor	Bower Power!
Copy Editors	Lillian Gould Cat "Freedom Fries" Vasko
Photo Editors	Emily Eigel Christine Jehu "Texas"
Layout Editor	Kelly McCarty will stay FOREVER
Columnist	Kasey Freedman
Advertising	Jeilenn Gerlach
Business	Samanator Gellar
Singin' Granny	

Layout Staff: the imaginary friends that have always kept the layout editor company during the long hours of layout

Staff editorials and letters to the editor do not necessarily reflect the opinions or policies of Hollins University or Hollins Columns.

We welcome letters from certain members of the community, our selves. 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 cannot publish any of them. Letters should be left in the Hollins Columns box in the campus post office, or the trashcan.

Arrests shock campus

BY D. W. FIEND

Hollins University was horribly disgraced when a rash of senior arrests took place over spring break. More than half a dozen members of the class of 2003, ignorant of the laws of their vacation destinations, found themselves returning to campus with more than just tans—they also have criminal records.

The first wave of arrests came from N.C., where Carrie Peechem, Lolita Notouch, and Ginny Weasley all spat in the face of southern law. Peechem was arrested for singing off-key. Her partner, Notouch, did jail time for catching a runaway circus elephant and using it to plow a cotton field. Weasley faced no criminal prosecution, but found herself in a dire situation when she accidentally married a bouncer named "Topical Rash."

"We met in a bar, and decided to go to a hotel for some private bouncing," Weasley says. "And to keep a modest face, we registered at the hotel as a married couple." Little did Weasley know that under N.C. law, an unmarried man and woman who check into a hotel as a married couple are legally considered married. Weasley is now in the process of a sticky

divorce settlement.

The shame continued in Nevada, where overly-ambitious students Burbank Teevee and Mimi Congenial faced double charges for kidnapping a camel from a Las Vegas stage show, and driving it on the highway. Congenial's academic department, Psychology, could not be reached for questioning. Also involved in the animal side of criminal behavior, Roberta Crate was handcuffed and fingerprinted for harassing a chicken in Key West. Crate is certain she can have the charges dropped, saying, "Chickens should not be a protected species. Just look at the Chicken Man!" Crate's fellow vacationers in Florida, Taxes Triangle and Xena Buenavista, face their own charges.

Triangle was arrested for showering naked. Buenavista was not only arrested for having sexual relations with a porcupine, but also charged a second time when her first offense was deemed a corruption of public morals.

Proving that women who are going places really do start at Hollins, the single most criminally offensive spring break senior, Amanda Bedspread, took her mischief abroad.

While in England, Bedspread was responsible for no fewer than four charges, three of which were her own. First, Bedspread became drunk in a pub, which is defined in English law as "licensed premises," and therefore an illegal place to be intoxicated. Second, Bedspread found a hot man and made out with him in public.

When the police tried to arrest Bedspread for these first two offenses, she raised a ruckus, definable as "blemishing the peace" under English law, and therefore a criminal charge. Finally, Bedspread's drunken ravings about "the bloody Black Death" led the police to arrest Bedspread's house hostess, Mrs. Petunia Standard, for keeping a lunatic without a license.

In her defense, Bedspread says, "Those stupid English prats can't even serve beer well, let alone justice."

One hopes that in the future, Hollins students will exercise more caution before traveling. The utter ignorance of laws outside Roanoke not only reflects poorly on the University, it offends the natives.

Many students feel that safe sex is an important issue and that the commercial will raise awareness.

Other students do not care what Hollins does, as long as tuition does not go up.

"They can house convicted felons in the Dana basement, for all I care, just as long as it doesn't cost me money," said Agnes Skinner '06.

Most students have been pleased with their free condoms.

"Look, it glows in the dark," said Patty Bouvier '04 of her free sample.

Other students were concerned that the commercial is disrespectful to the memory of Charles Lewis Coker, the founder of Hollins.

"Sure, I've passed by the Coker Building and giggled a time or two," said Helen Lovejoy '03, "but this is going to be on national television."

Hutz promised that the commercial would be dignified and would not damage Hollins reputation.

"We have absolutely promised not to film in the Coker family cemetery," said Hutz.

Students who are interested in appearing in the commercial should meet at 6 p.m. in the Rat.

"It's surprising how difficult it is to find women who are willing to portray venereal disease sufferers on national television," said Hutz.

Ulabulastan exists, don't be silly, silly

BY LUCY ERHARDT

You can all breathe a sigh of relief, because I've returned to my island nations! This issue I'm whisking you away to the magnificent Ulabulastan, located just south of Jamaica in the Caribbean. Never heard of it, you say? Well, that's what I'm here for! It's all about education. I caught up with Augustine Brilliarma '03 to give me the inside scoop. As always, we'll start with some misconceptions.

Idea: Ulabulastan doesn't exist, nor does Brilliarma.

Fact: Well of course you're wrong. Both exist and have for quite some time, though they can be quite hard to track down if you're not looking in the right places.

Idea: Ulabulastan is sparsely populated.

Fact: Actually, Ulabulastan is one of the most densely populated island nations in the world. According to Brilliarma, "If you run a mile, you've run around the island, but it's hard to run with all those people in your way. There isn't even enough room for all of us to lie down at once."

Idea: If there's no room on the island for people to lie down at once, there can't be room for plants or animals, so Ulabulastanians must be cannibals.

Fact: Ulabulastanians have never even thought about cannibalism. They eat fish for protein and they have a single communal tree in the center of the island which they've genetically enhanced to grown carrots, potatoes, tomatoes, beans, mushrooms, apples, oranges, and all kinds of nuts and berries. Brilliarma commented, "I had never seen separate plants for different kinds of fruit and veg-

etables before. It has been very strange to see carrots in the ground."

Idea: Ulabulastanians are uncivilized savages.

Fact: The whole island became literate in English after one visit from a missionary who left behind encyclopedias and "Chicken Soup for the Soul" books in the early 1990s. Before then, though, they were very scientific people, developing more advanced theories than the rest of the world combined. They have come up with cures for every disease known to the island, and they know exactly how the world was started and why the dinosaurs were wiped out. They're just not telling us because they don't think we could handle the truth.

Because of the lack of room on the island, the Ulabulastanians spend a lot of their time reading. Brilliarma said, "I've read all of the Encyclopedia Britannica, but only one self-help book. I'm one of the least people-smart people on the island. That's why they sent me here to Hollins."

Ulabulastanians are among the best nourished, smartest people in the world. Although there isn't much room on the island, the locals are friendly and always willing to teach and learn from others. Brilliarma recommends visiting it during the dry season, which lasts for about three days in the middle of November, to avoid being left in the rain. During the wet season, she explained, everyone rushes under the only tree to stop their books from getting wet.

Whether you're interested in science, tropical islands, or extraordinarily intelligent, beautiful, healthy people, Ulabulastan is definitely the place for you.

FROM PAGE 1

Coker

ing and lecture a couple on the importance of safe sex.

This plan was vetoed because of the potential damage to the building and the difficulty of getting a horse up the stairs.

"There is no way I am letting them ride a horse into my office. I don't care how much money they paid us," said administrator Montgomery Burns, whose office is located in the Coker Building.

Trojan had also hoped to distribute free condoms to Hollins students by flying a plane over campus and throwing down the condoms.

Students protested this idea because of the damage that the condoms that were not picked up would do to the environment.

Eventually, Hollins officials prohibited Trojan from tossing condoms out of a plane, due to the difficulty of getting the condoms off the roofs and because it was considered dangerous.

"Sure, it's all fun and games — till someone gets an eye put out," said Hans Moleman, head of security.

Student reaction to the commercial has been mixed.

Here is what we call
a "space-filler."
Austin didn't have
any creative ideas.
(this is where she apologizes--sorry.)

Squirrel gains fame

BY REBECCA STAED

Hollins squirrels. They greet us in the morning and entertain us mid-afternoon. We've seen these furry, little creatures leaping and bounding from one branch to the next, dashing up tree trunks, scurrying around campus and water-skiing.

That's right. Muffy, a well-known Hollins squirrel, has been selected as the next legendary water-skiing squirrel.

The sport began in 1978 with the late Chuck Best, who owned and taught at a rollerskating rink in Sanford, Fla. One day, one of Best's students gave him an abandoned baby squirrel, which he named Twiggy then taught to water-ski. Since Twiggy No. 1, there has been Twiggy's No. 2 through 5. Twiggy No. 6 is in training.

Yolanda Schwimmer, a Virginia native, began her own company of water-skiing squirrels called SquirrelSki Inc. after her encounter with Best in 1993. Schwimmer immediately fell in love with the sport and its bushy tailed performers.

"When Chuck introduced me to Twiggy No. 3 I knew that this was something I wanted to do, too. Chuck helped me get started. I love my job!" Schwimmer said with a smile.

In January, Hollins alum and close friend of Schwimmer, Nancy Acorn, informed Schwimmer of the large squirrel population on the Hollins campus. Schwimmer had been looking for a new squirrel recruit. She visited Hollins in February and became very fond of one furry friend in particular. Schwimmer named her Muffy "because she just looked like a Muffy!" she explained excitedly.

"As soon as I saw Muffy, it was love at first sight. She had the energy and spirit that I was looking for," Schwimmer said.

Schwimmer travels all over the world with her four water-skiing squirrels: Bumble, Sap, Nutty and Rocky. For the shows, the squirrels are attached to tiny skis, which are placed upon a small, plastic surfboard. The talented squirrels grip tiny handlebars that are connected to a miniature motorboat. The motorboat then whizzes in circles around a pool.

Schwimmer requires that the squirrels wear life jackets for safety. "Several years ago, an employee forgot to put a life jacket on Hopper, our star skier. Hopper drowned, and I was devastated for quite some time. It's been hard to move on, but I am working on it. I dedicate each show to Hopper," Schwimmer said in remorse. The irresponsible employee was fired.

Muffy has been in training for a few weeks now. Schwimmer claims that Muffy has natural talent. The star-studded squirrel is set to join the company's 2003 summer tour, "Skiing Around," in June. She will definitely be missed by the Hollins community.

Hollins president, Nora Kizer Bell pronounced her hopes that Muffy's friends and family would follow her on her tour. "Muffy greeted me at my front door every morning. It's our job to show Muffy our support and how much we truly appreciated her on campus," said Bell.

"I'll take good care of her," Schwimmer promised.

Admission to the SquirrelSki Inc. summer tour is free to the Hollins community. Visit www.SquirrelSki.com to find a show nearest you or call 1-800-SKI-SQRL for more information.

Squirrels will rule.



Yes, they will rule.



BEWARE.

THEY ARE HERE.

SQUIRRELSKI INC.

Muffy playing her last day at Hollins.



SQUIRRELSKI INC.

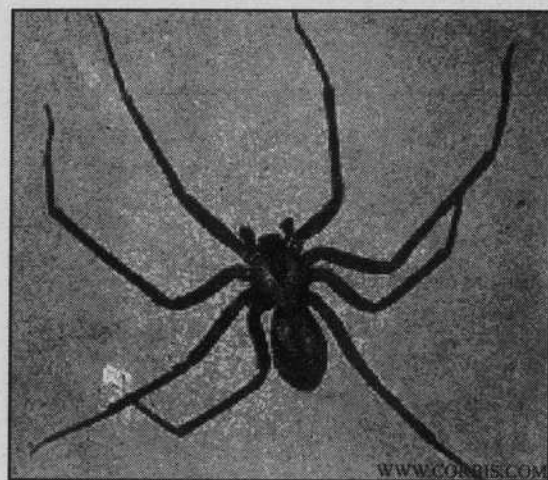
CHRISTIN JEHU

Crocodile Hunter to get rid of spiders

BY LAUREN CLEMENCE

In a press release from Hollins University Public Relations office, the Hollins Columns has learned that a nest of Brown Recluse spiders was recently discovered living underneath the Hollins Swimming Center. The spiders, normally found in the southwestern United States, can cause very nasty bites and can make people extremely ill if they are bitten. When Hollins discovered that a student, Taylor Slaughter '05, was bitten in West while sleeping, they decided to call in an expert team to rid the campus of these nasty spiders.

Of course, who does one call when trying to get rid of a spider problem? Not



an exterminator, as most might think. The first team on the list was none other than Steve Irwin, The Crocodile Hunter, and his wife, Terri. Since 1992, Steve Irwin has been the host of the Crocodile Hunter show on Animal Planet. He is as well known for coining such catch phrases as "Crikey!" as he is for his croc hunting skills.

Starting April 1, Steve and Terri will be on Hollins' campus in search of the elu-

sive Brown Recluse. His camera team will follow as he and a select group of students and faculty from the biology department venture below the athletic complex to capture specimens, and ultimately rid Hollins of spiders and other icky things. "I'm so excited to be working with Steve Irwin. He's so good at what he does, and it will look great on my resume when I apply to veterinary school that I worked with "The Crocodile Hunter." Said selected biology student, Jen Champaign ('06).

When asked about Irwin's exorbitant price (\$32,684) for his services, President Kizer Bell said "We only want the best for our students, and we can't think of anything better to promote Hollins than to be shown to the world on "The Crocodile Hunter!" Mr. Irwin is brilliant with animals and other critters like this and we have full confidence that he will be able to rid Hollins of this problem."

Irwin says he isn't nervous about the danger of encountering creepy things underneath the athletic complex. He says, "I've been injured more times than you can poke a stick at. I've recently had shoulder surgery. Three surgeries on my knee. I've got scar tissue on my hands. But you know, I've never had a real serious bite from any animal."

Students are reminded that while "The Crocodile Hunter" is being taped, no one should attempt to get on the show by venturing underneath the athletic complex themselves. Irwin says, "Crikey! These spiders are beautiful! But also very dangerous. If you see one on campus before I get there, don't touch it. Just let it go back to its home and I'll take care of the problem when I get there."

Doughboy dies at 71

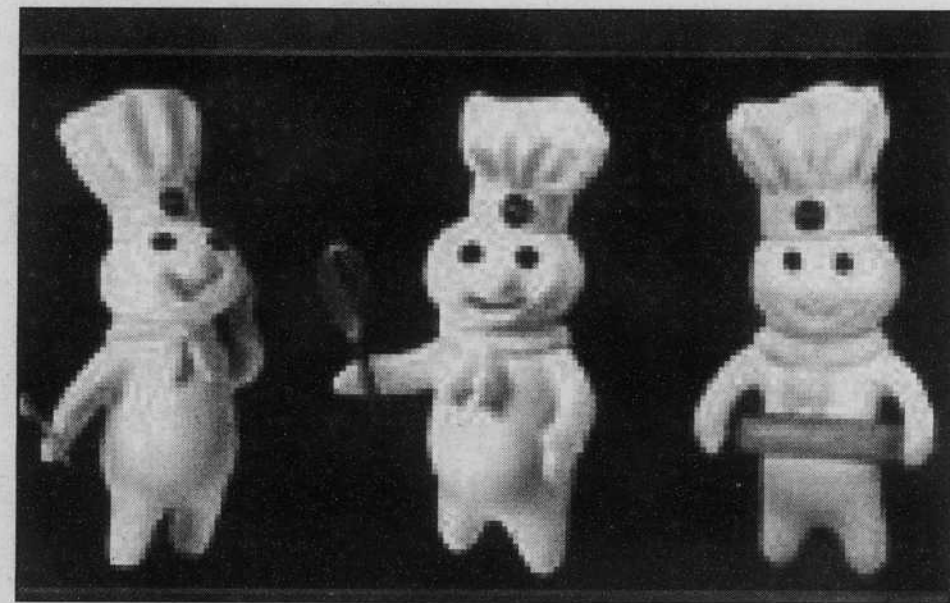
BY SOMEONE WITH A LOT OF TIME ON THEIR HANDS

It is with the saddest heart that we pass on the following news: Please join us in remembering a great icon of the entertainment community. The Pillsbury Doughboy died April 1 of a yeast infection and complication from repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71.

Doughboy was buried in a lightly greased coffin. Dozen of celebrities turned out to pay their respects, including Mrs. Butterworth, Hungry Jack, the California Raisins, Betty Crocker, the Hostess Twinkies, and Captain Crunch. The gravesite was piled high with flours. Aunt Jemina delivered the eulogy and lovingly described Doughboy as a man who never knew how much he was kneaded. She pointed out that he was never the same after his best friend, Speedy Alkaseltzer, died in a swimming pool accident.

Doughboy rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with turnovers. He was not considered a very "smart" cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Despite being a little flaky at times he still, as a crusty old man, was considered a roll model for millions.

Doughboy is survived by his wife, Play Dough; two children, John Dough and Jane Dough; plus they had one in the oven. He is also survived by his elderly father, Pop Tart. The funeral was held at 3:50 for about 20 minutes.



(this notice was given courtesy of that great e-mail that everyone sends the layout editor).

For sale: Nimbus 2000

Great toy. Used Mattel's Nimbus 2000 broom, from Harry Potter line. Grab quick. Soon, it will no longer available anywhere.

Call
x6400
now!

Vibrating toy had customer raves at Amazon.com. "I'm 32 and enjoy riding the broom as much as my 7-year-old," said one enthusiastic mother. "My only complaint is, I wish the batteries didn't run out quite so quickly."

The broom is causing little girls (and even boys) to spend inordinate amounts of time in their rooms riding the Nimbus. The broom has multiple ways to entertain. For a mere \$20, it can be your Nimbus 2000. Call x6400 for more details.



I AM A RECTANGLE.
I FEEL EMPTY.
MAYBE I AM.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK,
I AM FULL OF ^\$#&.

Lifetime network movies are the bestest

BY SAMANTHA GELLAR

For good entertainment these days, there's no need for women like me to leave the house. Too often I end up at movies that have no soul, no heart, no feminine touch to warm the soul. For most American women, the five to ten dollars spent on tickets at the local movie multiplex is too high a price to pay for shoddy plots, boring characters and dialogue that lacks the melodramatic tone I crave.

However, cable television has provided me with what I need: Lifetime Network. A station specifically for women, it produces some of the best movies I've ever seen. These films depict true life stories such as "Dingos Ate My Baby: Again" which is the dramatically tragic story of a woman who loses two babies to wild dingos in the outback and her struggle with the seventeen men who fathered the child. Played by a woman who looks a lot like Sally Field, but isn't, the lead character is both tenderly and courageously portrayed. She faces death and only a single tear trickles from her cheek.

Despite the amazing acting in "Dingos Ate My Baby:



Again", the best camera work I have yet to see appeared in "Not Without My Bi-Racial, Pansexual, Partially Blind, Vegetarian Lover." All I have to say is: Split screen is making a comeback. With the cloudy flashbacks and copious close-ups, Director Seymore Butts and Cinematographer Mike Rotch stun us with their play in cheap digital cam-

eras.

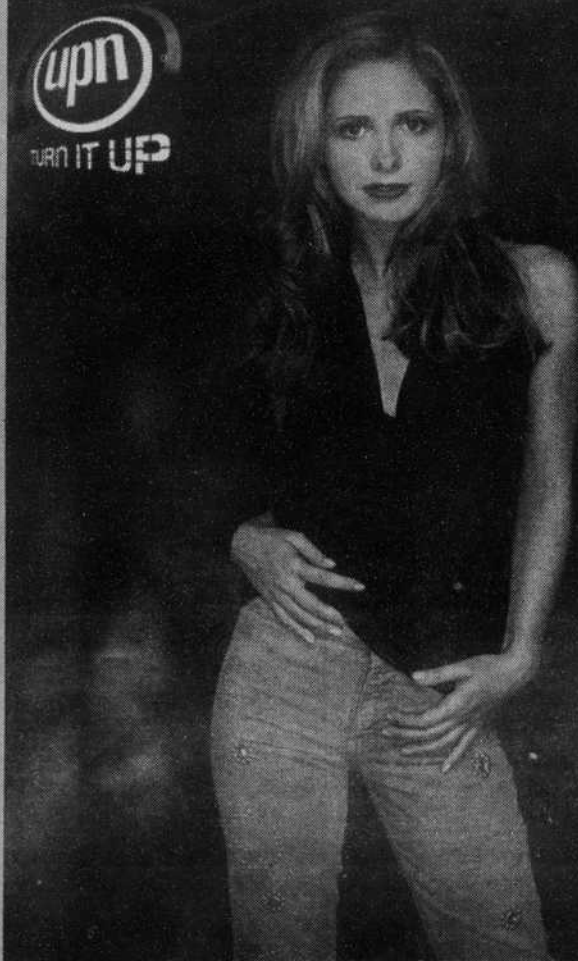
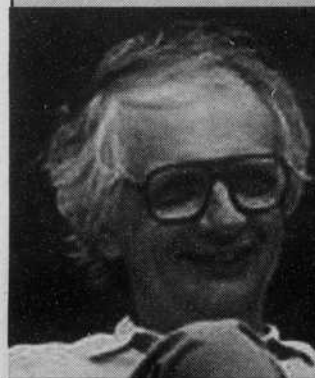
Still, the most amazing work I have yet to see on Lifetime is the screenwriting classic, "She Fought Alone For A Kiss So Deadly It Washed Her Tears To God." A story of a woman who is raped and then survives it to become a photographer/senator who is plagued by letters from an anonymous stalker. Her only hope is her new boyfriend, Gastron, a long-haired Englishman with very large beautiful muscles. She attempts to track down her stalker with Gastron's help. What is amazing is the surprising plot twist where it turns out that the stalker is Gastron. Shocked, she must use her faith in god and her Remington automatic to take care of the situation. Tinted with religious themes in the fashion of "Seventh Heaven," the script is well written with gorgeous lines such as, "Gastron, I loved you, and you betrayed me...how can I ever love again?"

Lifetime has done more for modern film than Francis Ford Coppola. It is a revolutionary network that should be praised to the highest level, and the amazing films that Lifetime creates deserve many Academy awards.

Richard Dillard's Buffy dream comes true

Professor Richard Dillard has decided to quit work as a teacher at Hollins.

He has taken a new, dreamworthy route, and has joined the love of his life, Buffy, as she slays vampires.



Buffy
the vampire slayer

SHOWTIME:
8PM ET/PT TUESDAY



*Stay tuned.
Richard Dillard
will slay vampires next week.

HOROSCOPES

Aries (March 20-April 19): Embrace your inner old lady this month. Get a hairdo that requires you to wear a plastic scarf, and start keeping mints in your purse. Take up a new hobby like knitting or shuffleboard. When you see underclassmen walking on Front Quad, scream at them to get out of your damn yard.

Taurus (April 20-May 19): Your radiator has been making a lot of noise lately, so you decide to name it "Billy." You and Billy talk about everything: homework, your professors, the future, and what you should wear. Soon, Billy becomes your only friend. I hate to be the one to tell you, but in order for you to have human friends, you need to get rid of Billy. Love hurts sometimes.

Gemini (May 20-June 20): After ADA refuses to spud you yet again, you start blatantly wearing purple on Tuesdays. You decide to infiltrate ADA. You smear purple marker all over your face and start screaming announcements at people in the cafeteria. The stars tell me that you should knock it off. You don't know what unholy things those people are capable of. However, all signs are go for infiltrating Freya.

Cancer (June 21-July 21): After several days without sleep, you decide that Chef Matt is secretly working for the CIA. You try to assassinate him with a spork, and you are charged with assault with a deadly weapon. But you got it all wrong. Gerard works for the CIA, but Chef Matt is just trying to take over the world. Don't eat the pudding; there are mind-controlling drugs in it.

Leo (July 22-August 22): You decide that you are going to single-handedly bring back the grand tradition of streaking. But as you bound across Front Quad buck-naked, everyone thinks that you are doing some sort of performance art. At least they applaud. I say that you should take your streaking into the Roanoke community, where your nudity will be appreciated.

Virgo (August 23-Sept. 21): All of your friends went off to exotic locales for Spring Break while you were stuck in your hometown. But you made the best of things. You filled up the kiddie pool, broke out your bikini, and drank tequila straight out of the bottle. The next day, your elderly neighbor found you passed out topless in his yard. Cancún can't top that.

Libra (Sept. 22-Oct. 22): The fact that "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" is going off the air is no reason to contemplate suicide. There are still plenty of good things left in the world, like rainbows, the laughter of children, and cheap beer. Anyway, the fact that you almost have a negative GPA because you spent so much time watching Buffy is a much better reason to kill yourself.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): You decide to steal one of the Honor Code plaques because you love the irony. You will be caught and publicly flogged on Front Quad. Afterwards, you shall be banished to the Dana basement, where you shall live amongst the snakes, the computer graveyard, and the dance studio.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): On the 7th, the librarian will catch you trying to Xerox your butt. It will be an awkward situation. You were planning to send the photocopy to your ex who was cheating on you. Next time, just send a copy of your middle finger. You also owe the librarian money for therapy.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): Lately, you have been considering dropped out of college to become the bearded lady at the circus. But what would Mr. T have to say about this? He would tell you not to be a fool, and to stay in school. So stop shaving your face, and never, ever make another decision without first thinking about what Mr. T would say.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 17): You are convinced that with the right combination of over-the-counter cold medicine, you will be a great poet. But you are still the same terrible writer you've always been, only now you have a Sudafed addiction. Your class would be very grateful to be spared from your love poetry. Might I suggest that you take your newfound knowledge of pharmacology and change your major to chemistry.

Pisces (Feb. 18-March 19): Some situations just call for country music: messy break-ups, the death of good hunting dog, a tornado destroying your trailer. But few college students know that trying to finish a thesis also requires country music. So pop open a beer, start crying, and let Garth or Dolly or Lorreta Lynn sing your blues away.

BY KELLY MCCARTY

Famous Aries: Charlie Chaplin, and no one else (no room).
"Life is a tragedy when seen in close-up, but a comedy in long-shot."

Princeton Review's Top Ten reasons Hollins University No. 1 for Quality of Life

10. Squirrels
9. 24-hour access to soda fountains
8. High speed internet connection in computer labs
7. The city of Roanoke
6. Amazing selection of music found in cafeteria jukebox
5. Frozen yogurt machine, which never malfunctions
4. Wild and crazy weekend parties
3. Abundance of parking
2. Post office hours
1. The excellent guy to girl ratio

Near death experience changes life

I woke up Sat. morning to a beautiful bright spring day. Birds were chirping, and butterflies were fluttering about. It was 75 degrees outside, and it was my favorite day of any break: haircut day.

I am obsessive-compulsive about my hair, and I only entrust it to two capable pairs of hands. One being my hair stylist of five years now, Kim. She works back home, so I can only see her once every two months or so.

I have been growing it out for about a year-and-a-half now, and it's been tough on both of us. I used to be the girl who had a different haircut every time I came home from the salon, but summer before last, I made a vow to grow it back out.

I've seen the girls with the razored layers and chunky do's. They can flip out the ends or wear them tucked under. I've seen the girls with the short bobs, and even bright highlights. But I've been strong, and I make sure I leave Kim with "just a trim" every time. Sometimes I reward myself by getting my eyebrows done.

After what seemed like hours of driving, I finally reached Daugherty's, waited a while as Kim finished chatting it up with

THE UNEDITED EDITOR

ANGIE JEFFREYS
EDITOR IN CHIEF

her previous client, and finally I was led to my chair.

Embarrassed about my tangly hair, I felt compelled to tell her I was out of conditioner before we went any further in the discussion of what should be done with my hair. I can't lie; I've never been able to master that talent.

So we discussed the future of my hair for a while, as it is quickly nearing the end of the awkward "in-between phase." After waiting and waiting, I could taste

sweet victory, despite the incident with a sorry excuse for a hairdresser in Cork-months of progress were tragically lost.

As Kim gracefully trimmed the split ends away, she gave me the pep talk about how soon I will have "medium-length" hair. But we decided, together, that we should wait to do something fun with it until after my sister's wedding. Pictures are timeless; haircuts are not.

All together it was a fairly normal visit to the salon, so I figured I'd just head home and work on that pesky "Praise of Folly" that certainly wasn't reading itself during the week. My mind drifted from Erasmus as I started the car, and back to my formerly retired styling products.

I contemplated whether or not they had expiration dates, and in which drawers they were tucked away. I drove all the way home thinking about this with the wind blowing through my hair, and Justin Timberlake blasting from my car stereo.

I had reached the final inter-

section before my house, I swear this is the longest stoplight in the history of anywhere.

I waited and waited, staring into the light as if that would make it turn faster.

A bright green circle finally flashed before my eyes. I wanted to dig through my drawers before getting back to homework. I hesitated, and lightly pressed the gas pedal when I felt something tickling my arm.

Assuming it was a renegade hair or a fly that had paused for a quick rest, I tried to ignore it. As I reached the center of the intersection, I couldn't bear it any longer. Violently, I slapped my arm, my pointer finger coming in direct contact with the stinger of a bee. It didn't stick in my finger, and I severely injured and shocked the large brown insect. It was barely able to fly out the window on the passenger side; for all I know, it rolled out onto the pavement. I hoped it had. This is the first time I'd ever wished death on anything, inanimate or living.

I arrived at my house, shak-

ing. I tried to compose myself before going inside. I just couldn't. My life was flashing before my eyes, and I thought, "this could be it." I knew my mom was sitting on the couching watching the Women's Entertainment channel. I wanted her to take me to the hospital, or at least tell me I might live. I didn't know if I could make it inside. She barely budged when I did. She directed me to the freezer and told me to put an ice-cube on it.

I've never been stung by a bee before. I could have been allergic. I could have died. My mother laughed at me.

I can't even say "I've never been stung by a bee" anymore. I'm just like everybody else.

Imagine I wrote more about the bees.....

Think your family had the worst car? Think again. No one can beat the ghetto-blasting "Ghettoblaster"

Some of you may think that you have had an embarrassing family car at some point in your life. But in the game of humiliating cars, I hold the ultimate trump card. The summer after my freshman year, my family was in need of an extra car. My maternal grandparents generously offered us one of their cars — a 1985 Plymouth station wagon. We called it "The Ghettoblaster."

As you might have guessed, "The Ghettoblaster" had some problems. It was gold, but the paint was peeling off in numerous places. It had a habit of stalling at stop lights. The imitation leather seats were splitting open, and my grandfather had repaired them with duct tape. The front side passenger door did not open. The back door that opened to the trunk space did not stay open. Luckily, "The Ghettoblaster" came with a stick to keep that door from crashing down on someone's head.

It was decided that my mother would drive "The Ghettoblaster" because I am not good at parking, even in compact

KELLY GOES TO HOLLINS

KELLY McCARTY

cars. I would have also had a panic attack every time the car stalled. My mother took to "The Ghettoblaster" because it reminded her of the gigantic station wagons of her youth. My brother renamed Mom, "Darcelle," because "The Ghettoblaster" was the sort of car that required that you have a new, more redneck name. My brother gave us all hillbilly

names. I was Darlene; he was Cletus; and my Dad was Buck. Darcelle was the only name that stuck. "The Ghettoblaster" was the sort of car that changed you; you did not change it.

Mom had a perverse sort of pride in "The Ghettoblaster." She liked to drive it to Hollins when she came to visit me, and park it next to the nicest car she could find. The janitor at her workplace once offered to purchase "The Ghettoblaster." He was clearly a man who appreciated the finer things in life, as he had a gold tooth. One day, when Mom and I were coming back from shopping, "The Ghettoblaster" stopped in the middle of the street. I thought that it had just stalled again, but we had actually been rear-ended by another car. The front of the other car was crumpled like an aluminum can, but "The Ghettoblaster" was barely scratched. I called my dad about the accident, and he told my

brother. My brother asked if we were okay. When my dad said that we were, my brother replied, "Okay, well, I'm going to go work out."

One fateful evening, Mom left work to pick up a pizza order for dinner. Black smoke started coming out from under the hood of "The Ghettoblaster." She managed to drive back to the parking lot of her workplace, where "The Ghettoblaster" died. My grandfather managed to start it the next day, and drove it back to his house. We all thought that we had seen the last of "The Ghettoblaster." We assumed that all hope was lost, but through of combination of mechanical genius and voodoo, my grandfather brought "The Ghettoblaster" back from the dead.

The problem was with the head gasket, which I didn't understand because whenever anyone is talking about an auto part that is more complex than "tire," I am

confused. My grandfather said that if he had taken "The Ghettoblaster" to a mechanic, the labor alone would have been over a thousand dollars, which was probably more than the entire car was worth.

Eventually, my parents bought a new car — a white Ford Escort, and "The Ghettoblaster" returned to my grandparents' house. It's not that I didn't like the new car. It was far less embarrassing, and I was actually able to drive it. But the Escort was just "the white car." It didn't have a name. It didn't have a soul, like "The Ghettoblaster" did.

Recently, my uncle had some car trouble, and he was forced to borrow "The Ghettoblaster" from my grandparents. To this very day, "The Ghettoblaster" is still ghetto-blasting.

GOOD-BYE