

MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY SIDELINES

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P.O. Box 42 Murfreesboro, TN, 37132

SGA President accused of voting twice

SGA election results questioned

AIMEE TRIGGS
and
KAY KINGSLEY
News Editors

Several students are accusing SGA President Toby Gilley of voting twice in last week's campus elections after finding his name marked off twice in polling data, a charge Gilley denies.

Election rolls show that Gilley and his friend, LeAnn Taylor, voted at both the KUC and Peck Hall locations. When a student votes, his name is marked off a master list at the poll site, and his ID is marked as well. Gilley's and Taylor's names were marked off both lists.

"I have no idea what happened," Gilley said. "I can show you by my ID I only voted once, and that's all I know."

"I don't know how that happened," Taylor said. "I didn't vote twice."

Five students who initially approached Cantrell about the discrepancies were: Yassi Azhdari, Joanne Herold, Samuel Stankey, Joey Webb and April Sanford.

Some of the students questioning the election results were supporters of former candidate for SGA presidency, Ray Lentz.

"I supported Ray, but we are

someone who said they [Gilley and Taylor] had voted twice," Sanford said.

"The numbers [of votes] were funny," she said. "They didn't add up. They looked fictitious."

SGA officials, Dean of Students Paul Cantrell, and the students recounted the votes twice on Wednesday. There was a disparity of 37 votes during the

LeAnn's [Taylor] name in the books," said Cantrell. "They were the only ones that we found."

"There is a situation going on here where a group of students are alleging improprieties with the elections," he added.

Terika Singh, the attorney general of the SGA Supreme Court, said the votes counted

when asked about the allegations.

"The Act states that 'any protest of an election must be within 48 hours after the polls are closed,' Ratterman said. "I think it would have been fairer to all candidates if this would have been brought up within 48 hours as stated here."

Cantrell said the poll books may have been subject to tampering while they were in his office.

"The election rolls [after the election] weren't under any degree of security," Cantrell said.

He said an audit would be conducted to determine the accuracy of their initial findings, and if there were any discrepancies, the SGA Supreme Court would decide what procedures to follow.

Assistant Vice President of Student Affairs, David Hays, said he doubted fraud had occurred.

'We're not really trying to point the finger at who did what or why, we just want to make sure it [voting] was done properly and fairly.'

Terika Singh
SGA Attorney General

not here to get any president out of office," Herold said. "It's just odd to us. We are just concerned students."

Lentz, speaker of the House, said he was not personally involved in the students' findings.

"I got a call in the middle of the night [Tuesday] from

first recount and 42 during the second recount, according to Joanne Herold, one of the students involved in the recounting.

Cantrell said Gilley and Taylor were marked off the rolls twice.

"We did find Toby's [Gilley] name marked off and

were 17 votes off on the first count of the poll books.

"We're not really trying to point the finger at who did what or why, we just want to make sure it [voting] was done properly and fairly," Singh said.

Woody Ratterman, SGA President-elect, quoted the SGA Electoral Act of 1983, article 12

New academic advising system begins in summer

CHARLES ALY
Staff Writer

Incoming freshmen and transfer students should find the transition to MTSU easier once a new academic advising system is put in place this summer.

MTSU is in the process of hiring five full-time academic advisors, one for each of MTSU's colleges: Basic and Applied Sciences, Business, Education, Liberal Arts and Mass Communication.

"This will enrich and improve the level of counseling available to students," said Academic Affairs Associate Vice President Robert Jones.

Dr. Teresa Robinson, who is coordinating the effort, said that while MTSU's student retention rate is consistent with that of other universities, the effort to

raise the rates is being done in the interest of providing better service to students.

Dr. John McDaniel, dean of the College of Liberal Arts, feels the new advisors will be useful tools to help all of the colleges in the advisement process.

"We have been losing more students, particularly between the freshman and sophomore year, than we should," he said.

Most students will not see an immediate impact, said Robinson, but the long-term benefit to the student body will be great.

The new advisors should be of particular benefit to those students who may not have declared a major or those who wish to switch majors, she said. One of their responsibilities will be to refer students to a major advisor.

See ADVISING, Second Front



Kelley Hood/Photographer

I'VE GOT IT HERE SOMEWHERE: Tara Wells searches for her I.D. before getting her P.D.F. during Pre-registration in the James Union Building.

POLICE REPORTS

On March 28, Charles T. Grazer and Anthony Latona were issued written trespass warnings after being observed driving a vehicle the wrong way on a one-way street.

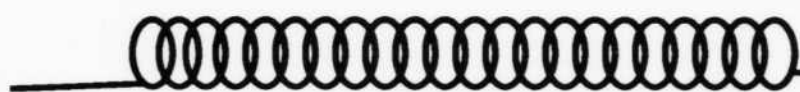
On March 30, a ticket writer discovered a permit being displayed in a vehicle that had previously been reported as lost/stolen. The vehicle was towed and the student was issued a dean citation.

Amy Cook reported on March 31, that while attending a baseball game her vehicle was hit by a baseball while parked in the Jones Field Lot.

On April 1, five juveniles were issued verbal trespass warnings while in the Alumni Gym.

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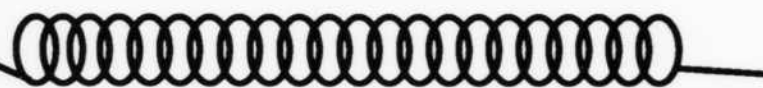


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CAMPUS CAPSULE

TODAY

Placement Center will present "How to Build A Professional Wardrobe" at 2 p.m. in KUC Theater and Castner Knott will present Mike Fudge and Tosha Marks to discuss how to dress for interviews. All men and women students are invited to attend. For more information call Martha Turner ext. 2500.

Student Publications Committee will meet at 3 p.m. in KUC 212 to select Sidelines editor for summer and fall. For more information call Cheryl Lewis ext. 2654.

MTSU Chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. will be holding a meeting at 5 p.m. in KUC 318. For more information contact Damone Garner, Pres. ext. 4851 or Casandra Wilson, Sec. ext. 3121.

Tau Omicron will have an All-Sing at 7 p.m. in Murphy Center. Admission is \$4, and advanced tickets will be on sale April 7-8 in the KUC for \$3. For more information call Dr. Hertiage ext. 2565.

Chessnuts Club will have a chess meeting at 1:30 p.m. in KUC 316, for more information call Eric Wright ext. 3846.

Ms. Cassandra Flambouras from Scholls College of Podiatry will speak from 11 a.m. until 11:30 a.m. in the Davis Science Building Room 241 with students interested in Podiatric Medicine.

Society of Professional Journalists will meet at 6:30 p.m. in Mass Comm 104. For more information call Jenny Crouch ext. 2815 or Michelle Duke ext. 3120. Anyone interested is invited to attend.

MTSU Right to Life will meet at 4:30 p.m. in PH 317. For more information call Suzanne Moore 890-8583.

SATURDAY

The Panhellenic Council invites you to bring your children to an Easter Egg Hunt on the lawn of the President's home at 2 p.m.

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MONDAY

Sign up deadline for the Whitewater Canoe and Kayak Trip on the Tellico River is today in the Campus Rec. Office room 201 AMG. The trip is scheduled for April 17 and 18.

Students for Environmental Action will meet at 8 p.m. in KUC 305. For more information call 895-5384.

Honors Lecture Series will have William Ford, Weatherford Chair of Finance to discuss "Money, Privacy, and Authority in the 21st Century" from 3:30 p.m. until 4:20 p.m. in PH 107.

Lambda Association will meet for lunch once a week in addition to regular meetings, for more information call the Lambda Hotline, 780-2293.

In Honor of MTSU International Culture Week there will be an **International Display** from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. in the KUC on the second floor lobby. International students of MTSU will present their traditional outfits, artifacts, and hold an international dessert bake sale.

MTSU International Culture Week—"Managing on the Border-Fun and Folly in International Business" from 3 p.m. until 3:45 p.m. in PH 208. Mr. John V. Dixon, Russell Chair of Manufacturing Excellence (Industrial Studies) will speak.

ONGOING

InterVarsity Christian Fellowship will consist of Bible Study on Thursdays at 6 p.m. in KUC 314. Prayer on Tuesdays at 7:30 a.m. in Rutledge and in the Mass Comm on Wednesdays at 10 a.m. For more information call Michael Moore, 898-4722 or Paul Hood, 849-9663.

Student Catholic Center will have Mass every Sunday at 7 p.m. located across from the Villager Apt. on W.Tenn. Blvd. Check the sign in front yard for weekly events. For more information call Brett Beauregard, 896-5752 or Mike Pablo, 896-5074.

College Republican named state chairman for TCRF

KAY KINGSLEY
News Editor

MTSU College Republicans now have the home advantage.

Senior Political Science major Jason Whatley, former chairman of the MTSU organization, was named state chairman of the Tennessee College Republican Federation on Saturday, which means the state organization will be based here in the fall.

"It's a golden opportunity for Republicans," Whatley said. "I'm planning on having a statewide meeting here in September."

There will also be smaller meetings held at MTSU for the TCRF executives, who are from different parts of the state, Whatley said.

"Next year couldn't be better for Republicans at MTSU," he said. "Not only are the College Republicans the best organized non-Greek organization on campus, but now we will have the state [organization] based here."

As chairman, Whatley will be in charge of Republican campaigns for all Tennessee colleges and universities.

"I'm going to try to get money funneled our way so we can help run campaigns across the state for next year's elections," he said. In 1994, Tennesseans will be electing a governor, two senators and all of the state U.S. House representatives.



JASON WHATLEY

Jody Allison, senior political science major and MTSU College Republican chairman, was named executive director of TCRF at Saturday's convention.

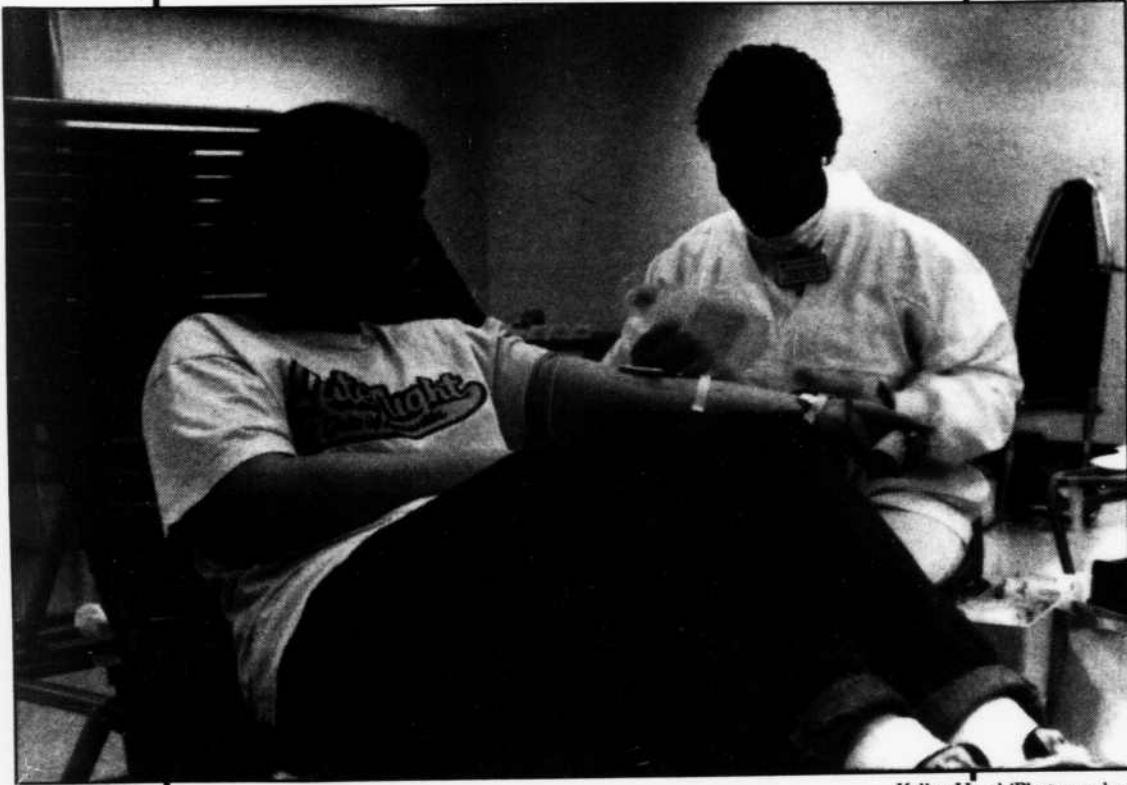
One of Allison's main goals is to bring some prominent Republican speakers to campus.

"If we can raise some money, we could get some speakers to MTSU," he said. "I'd like to try to get people like Ed Meese, Elliott Abrams, Don Sundquist

and Lamar Alexander."

Meese was the former Attorney General under Ronald Reagan and Abrams was Reagan's National Security Advisor.

Sundquist is a congressman for the seventh district in Tennessee and a candidate for governor. Alexander, former Tennessee governor, was Secretary of Education under George Bush.



Kelley Hood/Photographer

DRAIN ME: Jenny Ford, senior Art major, donates blood for the Red Cross Bloodmobile at Tuesday's blood drive in the Keathley University Center.

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University's Undergrad Assembly in hot water

COLLEGE PRESS SERVICE

Members of the University of Pennsylvania's undergraduate student government association used office telephones to make personal, long-distance calls costing hundreds of dollars, a former student official charged.

David Chun, who served last year as chairman of the Undergraduate Assembly's budget and finance committee, detailed his allegations in an editorial column that appeared in *The Weekly Pennsylvanian*, a

'Like a young, incompetent child, they [SGA] must be constantly monitored and carefully checked.'

publication of *The Daily Pennsylvanian*. Chun called for greater safeguards on student government spending.

"There were no major incentives not to make personal long-distance calls," Chun, a junior in political science and psychology, told the newspaper. "And there were no immediate pressures from the veteran UA members to stop making them. It was a general consensus that that was a perk of being on the UA."

According to Chun, the Undergraduate Assembly budgeted money to cover the personal telephone calls out of its \$25,000 operating budget, which comes partly from a \$695 general fee that all students have to pay. The assembly controls a

total budget of \$650,000 that funds various student activities.

"The phone bill every year is more than \$700. I know that more than 50 percent of these calls were personal. I should know—I made some of them," Chun wrote. Student government officials also used leftover funds to buy an expensive leather couch for the office and to have the offices painted.

In the editorial column, Chun said he felt compelled to tell students where their money was going. He also called for greater safeguards on student government spending.

"You see, the UA is like a kindergarten kid. When provided with free crayons and pencils—or in this case, more than half a million dollars—they will collectively find creative methods to abuse them," he wrote.

"Like a young, incompetent child, they must be constantly monitored and carefully checked. Since students rarely notice the UA, and since the UA produced no tangible impact on university life, they will keep finding alternative uses for all those surplus crayons."

Current student government officials defended their budget practices and said personal calls were kept to a minimum. Chairman Jeff Lichtman said a lack of security in the past had allowed both students and university employees to make personal calls from the Undergraduate Assembly office.

"I definitely think that unauthorized people are making phone calls," he said.

Geology mobile field course explores western United States

DANIELLA GOPPERT
News Writer

Students may earn four semester hours of undergraduate or graduate credit travelling through the western United States.

The trip, which will run from May 11-29, will be a mobile field course involving observation and description of many geologic and geographic features found in the Rocky Mountains, the Colorado Plateau, and in basin and range provinces.

Highlights of the trip will be stops at Bryce Canyon, Zion Canyon, Yellowstone National Park, The Tetons, and The Black Hills. The group will also visit the Grand Canyon.

"We will hike to the bottom of the Grand Canyon and visit several national parks and monuments," said Dr. Burt Bodine, associate professor of Geology.

A list of daily problems and a trip log will make up the written course requirements.

Students will be camping with all overnight stops at national parks or commercial campgrounds.

"Students will need to provide their own tents," said Bodine.

Maximum enrollment for the course is 18 and a



prerequisite is Geology 100 or the approval of Dr. Bordine.

While each person is responsible for his or her own food, some group cooking will be done.

"Students will have the option of cooking their own meals for breakfast or at night, but have the option to eat out for every meal," said Bordine.

"Although it rained almost every night and we ran into a sandstorm we had a great time," said Ian Barrett, a geology major who went on the field trip in 1990 with Dr. Kohland.

Students do not have to be geology or science majors to enjoy this field trip because, "so many fields are touched by geology," said Barrett.

Betsie Gorisch, a senior geology major, also went on

the field trip in 1990.

"Terrific. Excellent in educational value," was her description of the course.

"It was a great trip, but it was more than just a good time," she said. "When studying geology, you have to be able to see what you are studying in the field before you are truly educated."

The total cost for the trip is broken down into three categories. Travel, Camping Fees and Museum Admissions are \$375. Tuition for four credit hours, undergraduate, is \$248. Food, approximately \$15 per day for 18 days, is \$270. The total cost for the trip is estimated at \$893.

For more information on the field trip contact Dr. Bordine in his office: 898-2730, through the departmental office: Ext. 2726, or at home: 895-5324.

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OPINIONS

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EDITOR'S CORNER

I hate to say I told you so ...

I guess I wasn't alone in thinking that Woody Ratterman couldn't win this election on issues and experience. Perhaps SGA President Toby Gilley and poll worker/Ratterman campaigner LeAnn Taylor didn't think so either.

So they may have taken a few precautions.

The records from both polling places show their names marked out indicating that they voted at Peck Hall and at the KUC. Hmmm.

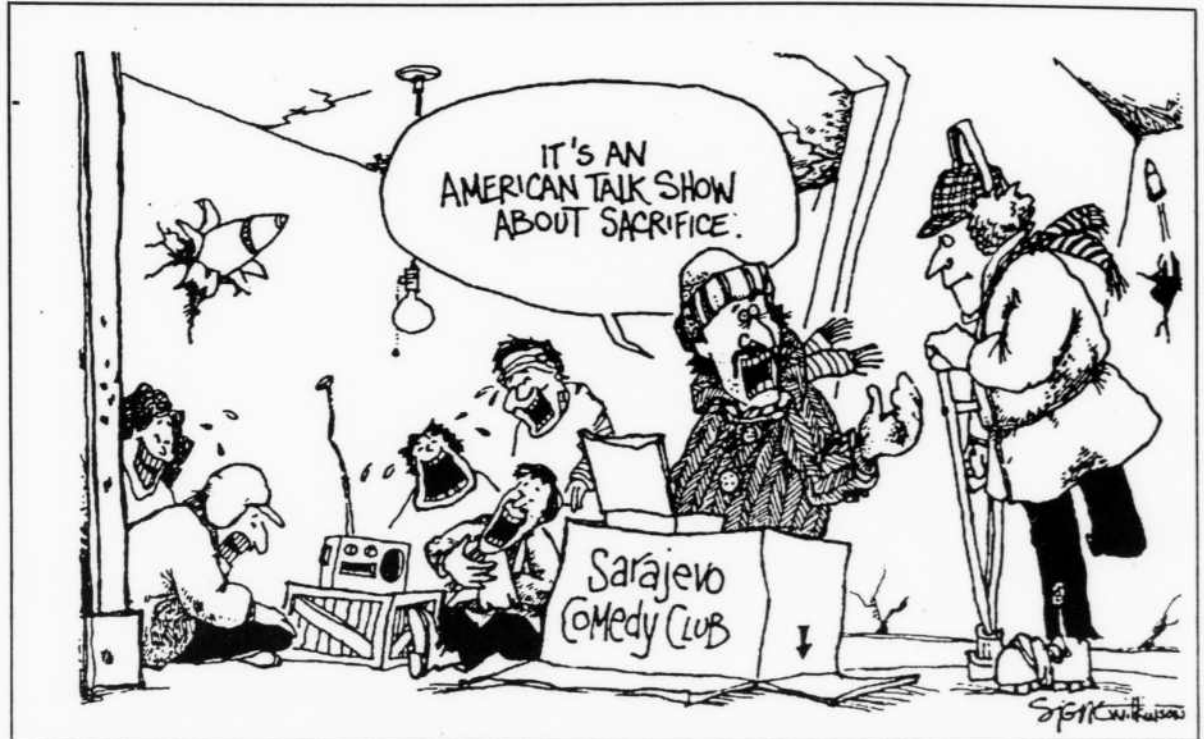
I don't want to jump to any conclusions. Toby may be completely innocent. Someone could have gone to the SGA office and marked through his name as an April fools joke. Ha. Ha.

Dean of Students Paul Cantrell seems to think this is the case. He said that the election rolls have not been kept with "any degree of security" since the election. Cantrell maintains that anyone could have come in the office and altered the records. Well, that clears up everything.

It seems we have two possible scenarios.

In scenario number one, we have our fearless leader President Gilley waking up bright and early and heading down to the polling place. His agenda for the day is full. He must campaign for Ratterman and Brian Hopper, vote, file a petition with Election Commissioner Don Gandy against Ray Lentz for breaking the rules, vote, do a little more campaigning for Ratterman and Hopper, then it's off to the TKE house for the celebration party and stupid jokes like "be sure to vote early and vote often."

It doesn't seem likely until you realize that Taylor was See TOLD YOU, Page Six



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pro-lifers not fanatics, cartoon 'a slap in face'

To the Editor:

I am offended at the "Pro-Life Fanatics" cartoon printed on page 7 of Monday's *Sidelines* (March 29, 1993). I am gathering that you are referring to the man who shot Florida abortionist, Dr. Gunn.

To say the pro-life movement approves of such violence is a slap in the face. Even *U.S.A. Today* quoted this man's wife as saying he had problems long before he shot and killed Dr. Gunn. It is completely unfair to group all pro-lifers into this "fanatic category." It is a tragedy

that Dr. Gunn was killed and I speak for the pro-life movement when I say we do not condone such violence. To choose one incident and make fun of it in a cartoon takes a pretty sick mind. The violence that our nation does condone occurs 1.6 million times a year in abortion clinics across America.

Kim Clift
MTSU Box B459

To the Editor:

I'm writing to express my feelings about a recent cartoon that appeared in *Sidelines*. The one depicting the single individual who shot Dr. Gunn. I'm pro-life and it is offensive how the media is trying to make it seem that all pro-life people are religious fanatics. I don't go around saying all pro-choice people throw coat hangers and bottles of urine at people although some have you can't enable a group by an individual.

Ginger Kenderll
MTSU Box D-304

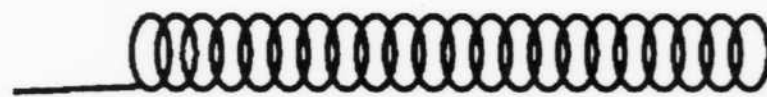
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Letter from Sarajevo details city of despair, deprivation and death

L.A. Times News Service

Editor's note: Cisneros is the author, most recently, of "Woman Hollering Creek & Other Stories" (Random House, 1991).

Ten years ago, while traveling on a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, I lived in Sarajevo. I met Jasna K., the woman across the street who could speak English. Eventually, we came to be confidants, collaborators, sisters of the heart. She also became my literary translator.

But to say simply this is to say nothing; the woman Jasna K., she is my friend. This letter reached me in San Antonio a week ago.

Jan. 22, 1993

Mi querida Sandra,

Your brief letter dated Oct. 3, 1992, reached me only three days ago. Do I need to tell you how happy and grateful I was? I am hungry for any word from that other, normal world which seems so terribly remote from me now.

No need to tell you that the citizens of this sad city are deprived of simply everything. We do not have electricity for months, the water supply is cut off most of the time, telephones do not work within the city, not to speak of any kind of connection with the "outer" world. The city is heavily shelled, daily, from the surrounding hills. We still live on the humanitarian aid, which is bad and insufficient, mostly due to the bad distribution within the city.

I haven't taken a proper bath for months. We haven't had a single proper normal meal since the beginning of the war. We have almost no heating in the houses, and nothing at all in our offices, schools, and hospital. People are dying of cold. All the trees from the streets and city parks are gone. People have cut them in their struggle to survive, so Sarajevo may as well be called a city of fallen trees, a city of cemeteries, a city of grief and pain.

We are still alive, my mother, (my sister) Zdenka, and me. My mother, however, is very sick.

She weighs less than 80 pounds. Zdenka has lost some 40 pounds, and I am about 30 pounds lighter than I was. The food is terribly bad. What we eat is flour, oil, water, salt, rice, various kinds of noodles, a little bit of beans.

Occasionally we get some powdered milk, but my stomach cannot take it. During these months of war, we didn't taste a single egg, not to speak of fruit or vegetables. We even tried to prepare bread from ground rice once we ran out of regular wheat flour. Almost everybody except the numerous war profiteers is undernourished.

However, the food that I write about so much is the smallest problem.

to put down something nice and comforting. We walk terrible distances just to get some water to drink and to get washed, under the mortar and sniper hits.

I'm lucky because I live so close to the place where I work, so, statistically, my chances to survive are a little bit greater. Still, I walk around the city a lot, I move a lot and I believe that is how I am managing to remain normal.

I only wonder what is going to happen if I survive and return to the world of peace and normality. Would I be normal then, when the stress is gone? Maybe this confused and shattered letter is merely an illustration of the state of my

I'm lucky because I live so close to the place where I work, so, statistically, my chances to survive are a little bit greater. Still, I walk around the city a lot, I move a lot and I believe that is how I am managing to remain normal.

We live with some improvised lamps made of pieces of cork, aluminum foil, a shoe-lace, a little bit of oil in a glass. These little improvised lamps are the only source of light in the majority of Sarajevo households. The lucky ones who were able to preserve the batteries from their cars have a little bit better illumination.

My house is still in one piece, except for several windows broken by detonations. We have just a little bit of wood in my garden shed. We put on a fire in our little stove and that is how we bake bread, how we cook, how we get the house at least a little bit heated.

Maybe, one day, if I survive this hell, and if I get a chance to see you again, I'll try to tell the things that I'm trying hard to forget.

I still hope that one of my friends is going to leave the city soon and I'll ask him to mail this letter. I feel so miserable that I'm only complaining to you in this letter, but there is no good news here. There is no mental or emotional or physical strength left

mind. I keep thinking, why am I actually writing all this? You cannot help, so what is the point?

Do I need your sympathy? It is of little or no help. I would rather write you about how I have fallen in love with a beautiful man, but all the beautiful men are already gone, or soon will be. It would be wonderful to fall in love, but there is hardly any chance for it.

Oh, Sandra, I feel so terribly, so desperately lonely. I'm even deprived of listening to music. I long for the world of peace, normality, music and normal human feelings. I feel so helpless. I have always found some kind of way out, but in a situation like this, everything, simply everything, including my love life, is out of my control. I know that the old faces can never return, what is done cannot be undone, not here, not ever again, but I wish at least that the killings, rapes, torture would be halted so we can try to go on with our ruined lives.

I'm thinking about you-- it is a little bit comforting.

I hug you.

Jasna

Told you

Continued From Page Five

It doesn't seem likely until you realize that Taylor was a poll worker and could have let anyone she wanted into the booth without marking their ID.

Gilley, being president and all, knew most of the poll workers anyway and could very easily have voted twice if he thought it would make a difference.

Scenario two has the student body reeling from the election results. Accusations fly back and forth. Someone with access to the SGA offices decides to stick it to Gilley, but good. So, in ninja garb, in the dead of night, this person slithers into the SGA office gets the election rolls (which according to Cantrell were not kept in a secure place) and marked through Gilley's name. Later, they spread the rumor that some students voted twice prompting a few Lentz supporters to go to Dean Robert LaLance and ask to see the books.

It is important to note that only the Peck Hall records were kept in the SGA office.

a principle involved here.

The whole reason for having an election is to determine our leaders through an honest polling of the electorate. One student equals one vote.

Is it any wonder that the SGA has the reputation of being a bunch of back-slapping, power-hungry greeds who do nothing more than collect their tuition money and play lap-dog to the administration?

Who is ultimately responsible? Gilley? Cantrell? Gandy?

If Gilley voted twice (and quite frankly, that's the way it looks to me) what should happen?

I vote (and if I could vote twice I would) that he be impeached, expelled and forced to pay back the tuition money he received when he was elected last year.

If he's innocent, then whoever was in charge of the security of those records needs to be disciplined.

Should Cantrell automatically assume that the records

I've read the SGA constitution and in no place does it give the president the right to vote more than once in an election. It does, however allow for impeachment...

The KUC records were locked away in Dean Cantrell's.

Whichever way it happened, it doesn't change the fact that someone was asleep at the wheel.

This election has been a sham since the beginning and the only group you can blame is the current administration. It is their responsibility to make sure election fraud does not take place. This job doesn't end when the votes are counted and the winner named.

Individual candidates have to keep their campaigns clean, but the most honest student in the world doesn't stand a chance if the election is rigged.

I've read the SGA constitution and in no place does it give the president the right to vote more than once in an election. It does, however allow for impeachment if the president is convicted of a malfeasance in office.

Strange things are afoot, boys and girls.

It is ridiculous for the SGA to expect the student body to just let this go. Whether the majority of students voted or not, there is

have been altered? No. Should he bellow at reporters who just want to find out what the public has a right to know? No.

This brouhaha was not the result of *Sidelines* sticking our collective nose into the election results. An independent group of students brought this to the attention of *Sidelines* as well as Dean Cantrell.

Score one for the little people.

A recount of the votes by Dean Cantrell and his staff, showed between 37 and 42 votes unaccounted for.

Perhaps Toby has a few friends out there after all.

It is also important to note that Lentz was 40 votes short of a run-off election.

So where does that leave us, the student body? What faith can we possibly have left in our student government?

Assistant Vice President for Academic Affairs David Hays sums it up pretty well.

"At some point of time, [the SGA] stopped being an efficient way to do things."

Amen.

--Mike Reed



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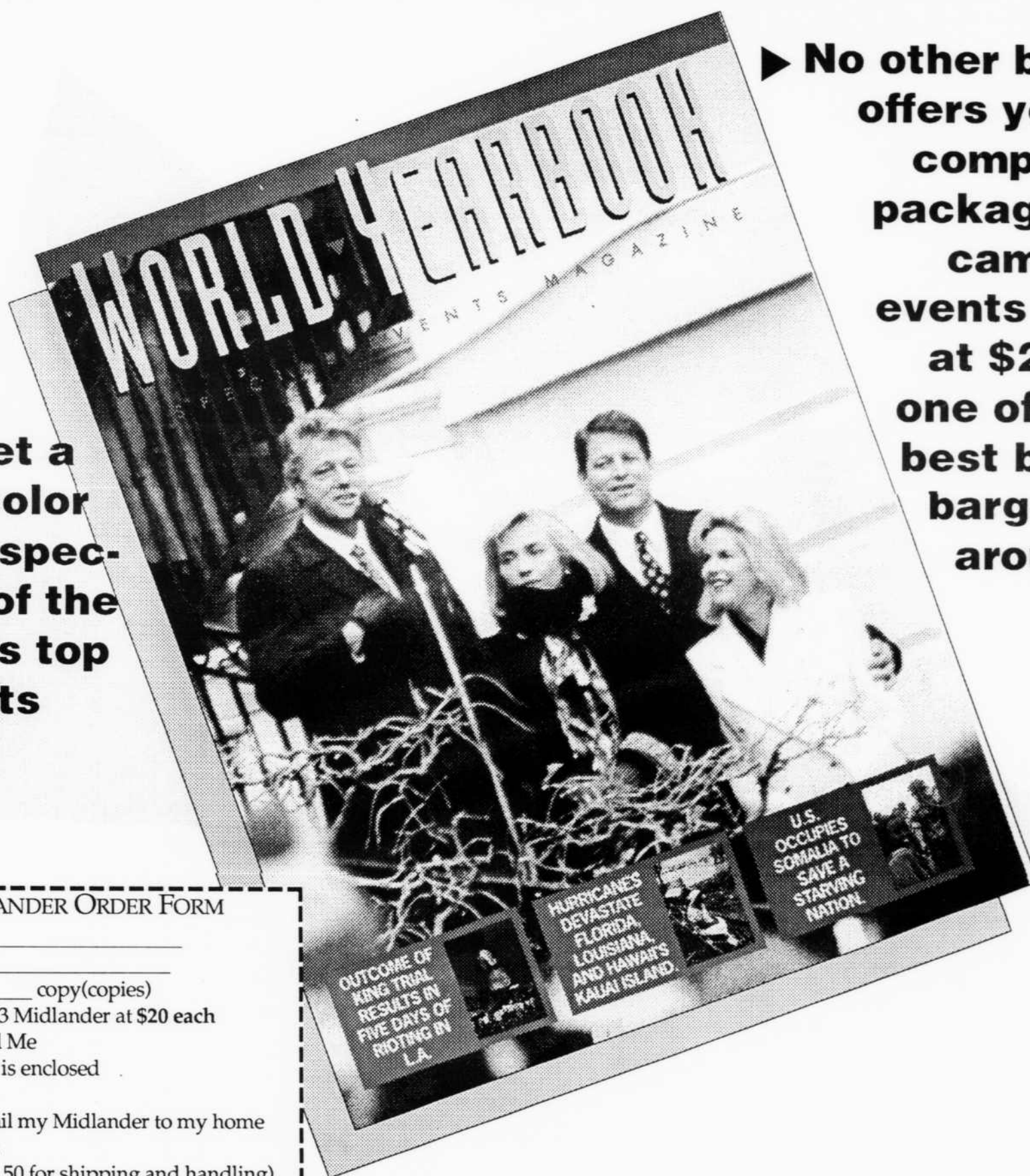
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Grunge explodes

COLLEGE PRESS SERVICE

Nineteen-ninety-two was a year when music took its sociological and political messages to the airwaves. Controversy, commercial success and Seattle's "grunge" rock were the foundation of the year in music.

The Seattle explosion, a young, unpolished sound backed with raw guitar and raspy vocals made it big in '92. Bands like Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Soundgarden gained popularity, won awards and became some of the best new bands in '92. The success of these groups opened the door for other Seattle rockers: Alice in Chains, Mudhoney, Screaming Trees and the late Mother Lovebone.

"Singles," the movie and its soundtrack (which featured the majority of the bands previously mentioned), was devoted to the Seattle sound scene and was instrumental in the promotion of Seattle rock.

Nineteen-ninety-two also saw its share of tours. Irish rock band, U2 decided it would go it alone and create a larger-than-life concert atmosphere with their Zoo TV tour. U2 created the most intriguing and profitable outing in '92. While Bono and the boys were off by themselves, many bands decided to play on the same ticket.

Having multiple big name performers meant increased audiences and the need for larger venues. Attendance in stadium concerts rose from 30 million concert-goers in 1991 to 157 million in 1992, MTV reports.

Leading the stadium double bill in '92 was when Guns 'n Roses paired up with Metallica to bring an abrasive metal show that packed stadiums across the country. Other bands teaming up in '92 were: Megadeath and Suicidal Tendencies; MTV's 120 minutes tour, headlined by Public Image Limited; and Big Audio Dynamite. And, last but not least, the alternative music festival Lollapalooza II.

Lollapalooza II, headlined by the Red Hot Chili Peppers, was organized by Perry Farrell of the now-defunct Jane's Addiction. Farrell, along with former Jane's drummer Steven Perkins, formed a new band, Porno for Pyros. Lollapalooza II was a traveling montage of alternative music and arts and crafts.

One could not only experience a variety of cross-cultures of music and art at Lollapalooza II, but could return home with that long-desired tattoo. Lollapalooza II spanned the cultural gap by offering a cool variety of music by rapper Ice Cube, the explosive, morbid sound of Ministry, the gothic sound of the Jesus and Mary Chain and a sample of Seattle with Pearl Jam and Soundgarden.



With Lollapalooza's increased popularity and with the commercial, crossover success of R.E.M., the Red Hot Chili Peppers, the Cure and Pearl Jam, alternative acts have had a springboard to success into mainstream music.

The term alternative has lost its meaning and become more of a marketing term. Some would argue that the crossover bands are selling out to mainstream and the true alternative music will stay underground.

Whatever the opinion, '92 was a year when a plethora of music types broke into the top of the pop charts. Along with the alternative crossovers, veteran heavy metal gurus Metallica and Megadeath, rapper Ice Cube and the industrial outfit Nine Inch Nails, with its EP, "Broken," gained top 10 notoriety.

The music industry would not be complete without its share of controversy. With the Rodney King beating and the L.A. riots, Ice-T agreed, but not without a fight, to pull the song "Cop Killer" from his hard-core band Body Count's album after a vocal police boycott of the tune.

Madonna continued to shock the public with her video of "Erotica" (from the album of the same name), which later was pulled from MTV's rotation. She simultaneously released her pictorial book *Sex*, which featured Madonna and others naked in various places and positions. The book stirred curiosity and emotions of fans and critics alike.

Last year also saw many rockers rallying for causes. As in the past, AIDS was the principle cause for philanthropic events for a majority of music performers. While many bands donated proceeds from their albums to AIDS research, such as U2's single, "One," a tribute concert to the late Freddie Mercury, former lead singer of Queen,



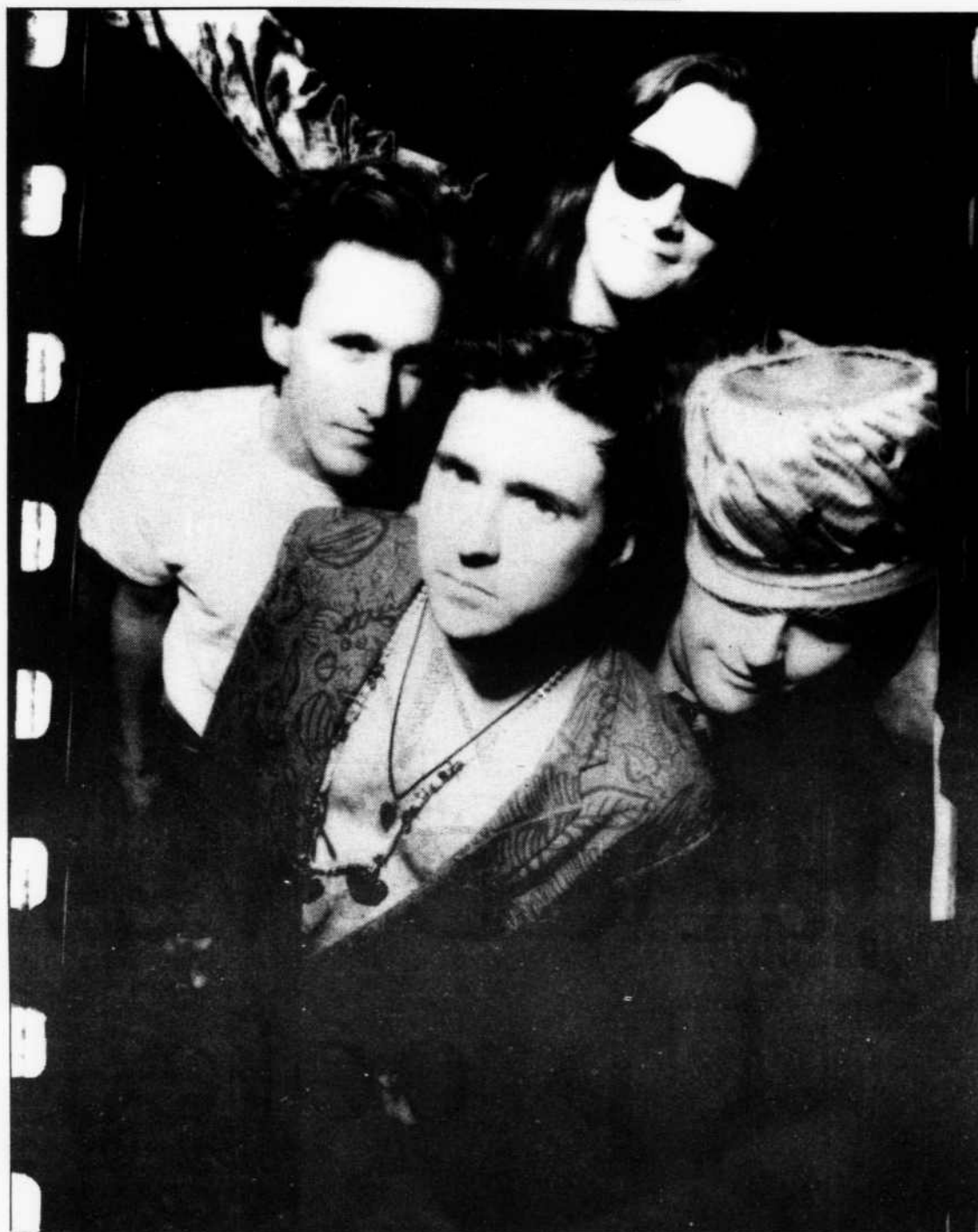
benefitted AIDS research.

This tribute brought together several artists of different genres to Wembley Stadium for a common cause, and was by far the strongest musical outcry for a solution to the deadly disease.

While the year was invaded by sub pop, it was also a year for records to be broken. The Philadelphia-based Boyz II Men made it big by surpassing Elvis Presley for the most weeks at No. 1 with "End of the Road."

Music on the move for '93

Nirvana
Pearl Jam
Soundgarden
Alice in Chains
Mudhoney
Screaming Trees
U2
Guns 'n Roses
Megadeath
Suicidal Tendencies
Public Image Limited
Big Audio Dynamite
Red Hot Chili Peppers
Porno for Pyros
Ice Cube
Ministry
Jesus and Mary Chain
R.E.M.
The Cure
Metallica
Nine Inch Nails
Madonna
Boyz II Men



The Bisquits: Blending talent, dedicattion, fun

CHRISTIAN ROCCO/PERFORMANCE REVIEW

I finally found a show actually worth attending at Mainstreet for the first time this year and wouldn't you know it, there wasn't anyone there. Well, for those of you who weren't there, you missed one hell of a band in the Bisquits.

It's relatively safe to say that the Bisquits are as much of a "gimmick" band as the Replacements were during their earlier days, which is not at all. The only people that the Bisquits are a "gimmick" band are people who spent more time talking during the show than actually listening to what the hell was going on onstage.

As for what was going on onstage, there were essentially four musicians playing the most honest rock and rockabilly since, well, the Replacements. The Bisquits songwriting and musical talents were as professional as they wanted them to be and thankfully they didn't spend too much time being too professional or too unprofessional. They played pretty much what was on their minds during the show without worrying about

achieving an image to please the public.

The amount of talent in the musicians alone was worth the price of admission. Vocalist/guitarist Will Kimbrough, formerly of Will and the Bushmen and Tommy Womack of the now-defunct Government Cheese are two musicians capable of fronting any band by themselves. Together with Tommy Meyer on drums and Mike Grimes on bass and at times rhythm guitar, this is the band that everyone in the Nashville area will be chasing after in about a month.

The bad news about the band is that they don't have a tape yet but thankfully they are working on one now. Wait anxiously for the tape and while you're doing that, look out for their next local show and if you can tell me afterward that you didn't enjoy the Bisquits, I'll buy you a drink before I laugh in your face.

Oh, I almost forgot the Holidays. If you like bands in torn denim with big hair and all the right rock and roll poses, you'll love these guys. What substance?



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Wednesday	All shows are
25¢ draft	18 and over.

Thursday April 8
Mud Brothers

Friday April 9
Janie Grey
Brancuzzis

Saturday April 10
Slick Lilly
Q.E.D.

Monday April 12
Open Mike Night

Tuesday April 13
New Potato Caboose
Mud Brothers

Wednesday April 14
Lark Watts
Rattleshake

Thursday April 15
Dean Hall
Loose Ends
Nathan Jr.



gator

Horror Writer Jack Daves

MTSU student and accomplished Southern Horror writer Jack Daves.

fem-i-nism

(fem' e niz'm) *n.* [*<L. femina, woman + -ISM*] 1. a) the principle that women should have political, economic, and social rights equal to that of men b) the movement to win such rights for women

Webster's New World Dictionary

Okay, okay, I admit it. I'm a feminist. I'm not a lesbian, I don't hate men and I'm able to watch T.V. and even read *Playboy* without castrating anyone. As a second generation feminist, I've had it up to my brass bra with misconceptions and general hostility aimed at the women's movement. Extremists on both sides of the issue have given feminism a bad, bad name. Have any of these people bothered to read the dictionary? The fact is, feminism has been blamed for everything from the new censorship to converting women to lesbians. (Don't get me started.)

Anti-porn issues, freedom of speech, sexual harassment, equal pay for equal work and a host of other problems have become linked with the movement and divide opinion within the movement. When women began to speak out in large numbers at the beginning of this century, they began to give voice to many social concerns. Just as men live their lives with concern for family, job and social issues, so do women. Just because a feminist is speaking out about an issue, doesn't mean that all feminists feel the same.



All this chatter, all this talk about how men and women should and should not behave has alienated a lot of people. I see young women who live their lives on equal terms, pursuing careers in typically male fields, women who treat the label 'feminist' like the scarlet letter. I can't really blame them. It is no wonder that these women balk at being called feminists.

Don't let the young women of the 1990s fool you. We may not act like our mothers did when they burned their bras and smoked pot with their philosophy professors, but that doesn't mean we have given up on equality. Generation X feminism is different. Born into a world that has been undergoing slow but steady change for almost a century, we see equality not as a gift to be given to us at some later date, but as a birthright. It is up to us to take the gains that our mothers and grandmothers fought to win and use them as a base to redefine our roles in society.

I learned what feminism is as a little girl from my Mom--a woman who has read the dictionary. My parents tried to give my brother and me an equal sense of our own self-worth and potential. John was taught that he could pursue any dream, become whatever he wished. So was I. Mom and Dad didn't blink an eye when I wanted to become an astronomer or a ballerina or a crane operator or an archaeologist. What Mom did tell me was that it would probably be harder for me than for John to become that crane operator /astronomer/ ballerina/ archaeologist.

I hope that one day I can look at my son and daughter and honestly believe that there is nothing hindering either of them in pursuit of their dreams.

Photo:
Dollie Boyd
and her mother,
two generations
of feminists

by Dollie Boyd

Signature

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Signature

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Making history in the desert

BY AIMEE TRIGGS

Papers and books galore. Peeping through them, a figure appears from beneath the stacks: He is Dr. Ron Messier, a history professor at MTSU. There he sits behind his paper desert of ancient history, his mischievous eyes glinting with the mysteries of foreign lands.

Laugh wrinkles mark him as a man of good humor, and he shows his smile often, especially when he speaks of his dream child, Sijilmasa. This is the ancient trading city he discovered in Morocco during the summer of 1986-The one to which he has been returning, along with groups of students, to excavate during each of his summer vacations.

Messier is a man who has traveled to 17 countries and speaks five languages fluently. But when he describes his adventures in the desert, his eyes gleam as he recalls summers in the shimmering sands of Morocco.

So why does he stay in Tennessee when he could be exploring the ancient wonders of Morocco, or some other foreign country, like Italy, for instance?

"I love teaching," Messier confesses.

Messier has taught at least six different courses in history and in the university's honors program, among them Western Civilization, Material Cultural Resources and The Medieval Mediterranean World. Messier doesn't like to pick favorites when he chooses his most interesting class.



David McCrory

Dr. Ron Messier

"That's like asking which one of your children is your favorite," he grieves. "I did like my Material Culture class a lot, though. I really find artifacts and materials of a civilization to be an important source of documenting the past."

Messier takes a ten-inch spike off his bookshelf. He jokes about using it as a paperweight and then tells the story of how he came to acquire it as a boy in school.

"I got this when I was in the Junior Police [one of those programs for growing adolescents where he grew up in Rhode Island]. We went to a Boston Red Sox game on a school day as a field trip. On the way to the ball game, they were renovating the Revolutionary War ship, "Old Ironsides" ["U.S.S. Constitution"], and there was this old nail just sitting there in the ship's hold. It took on more significance when I found out that it was forged in the foundry of Paul Revere," Messier says proudly.

Artifacts are the things that bind Messier's life together. He has just finished a book, which he is in the process of titling, based on the Almoravids, the ancient peoples from Sijilmasa. Messier's characters are based on his experiences in Morocco as well as from his research.

The sign on his door reads: "Don't mess with Messier," but there was a time when a particular pyramid got the better of him.

Messier's son Ben, who took Western Civilization under his father, tells the story rather matter-of-factly.

"He was backing up to take a picture, and he just backed up too far," Ben explains.

George Pimentel, an MTSU graduate

SEE DESSERT —————→ PAGE 8

Life behind the counter

Barbara Davis has been kissed by a president's brother, serenaded by a harmonica-playing pilot and yelled at by a preacher—but it's all in a day's work.

For 15 years Davis was a gate agent for Eastern Airlines at Nashville International Airport and every day watched part of the world pass by—usually on its way to or from another part of the world. Nearly everyone from Eddie Murphy to Eddy Arnold passed by Davis' counter on the way to everywhere from London to Lima, Bangor to Bakersfield.

Looking back over the years, Davis sees "a thousand pictures flash through" her head.

"There was this lady going to LaGuardia [Airport, New York City]. When she checked in with me at the gate, she asked if I could check some bags for her.

"I opened her ticket to check where she was going, and I saw three baggage claim checks stapled to the ticket jacket for bags she had already checked. Three bags is the limit for free checked baggage, so I told her that in order to check any more [bags] she would have to pay the excess charge.

"She got livid! She said she hadn't checked any bags, and I said those claim checks were proof that she had. She jerked that ticket jacket out of my hand, ripped those claim checks out, shoved them in her mouth and ate them.

"I didn't check the extra bags. I don't know what happened to them. And to this day I don't where the staple went!"

Davis has also seen her share of celebrities.

"Tammy Wynette came running to the gate one day. Her plane to Chicago had

just left and was taxiing to the runway. she threw a fit because the plane wouldn't come back and pick her up."

"One morning Billy Carter [brother of former President Jimmy Carter] came in on the first flight from Atlanta. When he got to the end of the jetway, where I was standing, he stopped and kissed me. Even at that hour of the day, he reeked of beer."

"But Eddie Murphy was really nice. He and his entourage took up about half of the First Class section."

The good days, says Davis, who resembles a petite, pony-tailed Candace Bergen, are those when "nothing memorable happens, the weather is good and flights are on time."

Unfortunately, there are those other days.

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At the roots of Author Jack Hunter Daves

BY JAMES R. MCCULLOCH

"I write because I'm quite mad. I think all writers must be a little mad to think they could actually make a living"
—Jack Hunter Daves

The South has always been a place of dark fascination.

Since the early days of America, when immigrants moved down the Appalachians into the Carolinas and convicts and misfits colonized the forests of Georgia, frightening tales have been popular. Around campfires and in lamplit rooms, fear has lingered of the dark distances between towns and the strange, quiet places in the forests. The isolation of the rural South has often fed paranoia and ignorance, the stuff of tragic tales. Southern writers have transcribed these tales for succeeding generations of readers.

Yet the Southern Gothic horror story has long since fallen out of favor with the horror fiction industry, replaced by the modern horror story—contemporary in setting, visceral in style, but often lacking in soul. Not all horror writers have forsaken their cultural roots, however, and at least one talented young author would like to see the Southern horror tale regain popularity in an updated form.

Horror author Jack Hunter Daves knows about the rural South. His short stories, which have been published in *Grue* magazine and in the *Borderlands* anthology, realistically portray the tenuous line between the Old South and the New South with a dark twist.

Growing up in Howell, Tenn., a no-stoplight hamlet in the foothills of the Cumberland Plateau, Daves felt the presence of the Old South very much alive, even in the 1970s.

"We grew up hearing all kinds of ghost stories," Daves says of his childhood. "There was a place when I was a kid that we used to call 'the haint place.' It was a big sinkhole in the woods that was always filled with dirty water, and it had a barbed-wire fence running through the middle of it."

Even then, Daves had quite an active imagination.

"We weren't into sports that much," he recalls. "Back in the early '70s, though, Hank Aaron was hitting all his homeruns; and when we played baseball in the summer, we'd all fight over who got to be Hank Aaron. Seems kind of funny now, a bunch of

Southern white kids fighting over playing a black baseball

"I really didn't experience the segregation of the South a lot of kids did," Daves says. "We always had black friends; they were pretty poor; they had bicycles that were combination things that they'd found in the junkyard, and we always they had the coolest bikes.

"They also lived in houses around junkyards with old trucks and farm machinery around them," he continues

thought their homes were creepy. I think places like that were a big part of my Gothic South."

An avid reader from an early age, Daves also grew up on the work of Southern writers.

"Manly Wade Wellman's stories really blew me away," he says with a grin. "He might be considered old-fashioned in that the good characters always win. I think that's good because so many horror stories these days seem to think the only way out is to have a happy ending."

As with so many aficionados, a single pivotal moment brought on Daves' fascination with the dark side.

"When I was 9, an older friend gave me a stack of monster magazines, and from then on I was hooked," Daves recalls. "As a kid, I was scared of a lot of things, but I found out I would be scared if I was doing them. Instead of being afraid of monsters, I decided to join them."

It's hard to imagine Daves as a kid afraid of much of anything. At about 6 feet and somewhat over 200 pounds, the English-born

is quite an imposing figure. Curly brown locks restrained by a present flannel kerchief, animated brown eyes and a grin that can't hide his mischievous grin, all combine to give him the appearance of having just stepped out of 13th century Scotland.

And Daves has a particular fascination with Scotland. His apartment just off campus is decorated in a tribute to



Southern Horror



Celtic, with statuettes, prints and knickknacks filling every available corner. Traditional Celtic folk music can often be heard drifting quietly from a hidden stereo speaker.

Asked what he'd like to do after completing his English degree, Daves says, "I'd like to move to Edinburgh, Scotland, eventually. Maybe edit an annual horror anthology there and just write a little.

"I'd like to write horror stories that are as hard-hitting and real as any today, but write them in a historical setting," he says.

Daves' longtime fascination with Hollywood monsters is also apparent in the many posters, books, plastic models and videotapes scattered around his apartment.

"I've got a lot of the old movies on tape," he says. "Classics, B-movies, weird movies—it all goes back to my childhood, I guess. I find that I'm constantly returning to those things."

While most of Daves' short stories are culled from his childhood memories of the South, they are indeed highly realistic and subtly immediate. In the tradition of William Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor, Daves' tales put a dark twist on the realities of rural farm life.

Daves grew up on a dairy farm, which provided the

background and inspiration for his first published story, "Ten Times Black." With plenty of rural color, a hint of inbreeding and cannibalism, and, of all things, a killer cow, the story owes as much to Stephen King as it does to William Faulkner.

"I got hold of an early small-press magazine and saw how badly all the writers were ripping off H. P. Lovecraft," Daves says, "and I wrote that story just to see if I could do any better."

Daves based the story "His Frozen Heart" on a wreck that occurred on a stretch of highway outside Howell.

"I was young when it happened, but I heard stories about it," he says. "I used to ride my bike over the spot, and it haunted me for years, until I finally wrote the story. Then it was published in the *Borderlands* anthology."

"The night I got my copy of *Borderlands* in the mail, I drove to that spot at dawn when I got off work," Daves remembers. "I just sat there alone in the fog, and it was like a circle had been completed."

As Daves has matured through his 20s, his writing style has changed.

"I used to agree with Stephen King when he said if you can't scare someone on a certain level, just sink to the next lowest level."

Daddy's Girls

BY SUE MULLIN



Though second from the eldest, Jannie was the first to go. The letter, its face a jigsaw puzzle of crossed-over forwarding addresses, found her in Atlanta.

The motel clerk delivered it to Jannie's door, curious as ever as to which wig or what godawful makeup the shadow-thin, middle-aged woman might be wearing.

He listened at her door before knocking. Jannie was typing, per usual, at phenomenal speed. The woman did piecework for the local businesses, her work delivered to her motel door and picked up at her door when completed.

Her groceries were delivered too. The boy left them on the walk and Jannie handed out money through the barely opened door which was always secured by the safety latch chain. Later, she would sneak out, grab the groceries, and dart back for the door she had left, slamming it shut.

He knocked. The typing stopped.

"Who is it?" she called softly.

"Desk clerk. You got a letter."

"Just a minute."

The door cracked open after a bit and the white hand, fingernails chewed to the quick, reached out. The clerk glimpsed her through the narrow space. She had raven black hair today with crimson and sapphire make-up. He put the letter in her hand.

Walking back to the office, he thought if he ever had to describe the woman, he would be helpless. It was impossible to know what she really looked like. He had even notified the police when she came and after some time they told him that yes, Jannie Davis was her real name, yes, she was originally from Indianapolis, and no, she had no record or warrants pending.

So he let her stay. She was not as difficult as most. She paid her rent on time, changed her own linens, did her own cleaning, probably better than anybody who had ever worked there if the heavy scent of disinfectant and cleansers that came from her room exhaust fan was any clue, and best, there were never parties or strange men.

Jannie sat on the bed looking at the letter a long time. Paulie's writing. He was the nicest of the brothers. It wasn't the first letter from Paulie. At first there had been letters asking her to come back home. Jannie never answered so eventually there were no more letters for several years. Then one: Mom was dead. That was two years ago. Now this one. Was it Dad this time?

Then she frowned. My baby. I wonder what ever happened to the baby?

Opening the letter, touching the

paper as though she could hold Paulie's hand by doing so, remembering when Paulie was little, how she had held his hand tight each day when they crossed Main Street on their way to school, she read the letter. Jannie smiled.

Still smiling, she tugged off the wig, spilling out her own sparse brunette hair and went in the bathroom and creamed the make-up from her face.

Annette was the eldest and the second to go. The letter was dropped in the box by her front door, only forwarded once, to this address in Los Angeles.

Annette Davis, attractively groomed but rather thin, file clerk for a large firm nearby, pulled into the driveway of her small, tidy-appearing white Cape Cod in an L.A. suburb. Carefully searching the yard, gravelled and barren, the street she had left, and the shadows about the house, she paused with the house key in her hand. Unlocking her car door and again depressing the lock button before closing it, she dashed to her front porch, grabbing her mail as she unlocked her door, and went inside. Plunging into the lighted room, she slammed the door behind her, pushing in the knob and twisting it to lock position. Then she methodically worked the rest of the locks.

Threading her way through a maze built of stacked newspapers, she went to the kitchen and got a half-filled, open container of cottage cheese and a half can of peaches from the refrigerator. Beyond caring about the yellowed line dried around the edge of the cheese, or that two peach slices had wilted from lack of juice and covering, she poured the peaches over the cottage cheese.

The peach can slipped off the pile of garbage where she dropped it. She kicked it back against the stack and a mouse scurried out. Damn. She'd have to take out the trash again, go out again, soon. The house smelled so nasty! But it took so long, going all the way to the curbside and back.

She dug a spoon from the litter of dirty dishes, scalded it under the faucet, and returned through the maze to the center of the front room. Squatting down, she studied the letter, caressing the envelope.

Paulie's handwriting. She remembered listening to her mother moan, then scream, then grunt, that awful grunting, not human, the baby's cry, that first one hardly human either, and then the doctor came out of the room with the baby. Paulie. Being oldest, she got to help the most with bathing and changing and feeding. Paulie was special, and the only one of the brothers who wrote, though she never wrote

him back.

At first he asked her to come home, never asking why she ran away on her wedding night, then he must have given up. The letters stopped. Two years ago there was another one about Mom dying. Now this one. Could it be Dad?

Later, cottage cheese and peaches forgotten, still sitting there, she wondered whatever happened to her husband?

Finally, she piled the cottage cheese container on the other abandoned dishes in one corner of the newspaper cubby, undressed, piling the day's clothing on other dirty clothes, and curled naked into her shredded newspaper nest. Drawing a coarse army surplus blanket over her, she whimpered herself into sleep.

Kate was the last to go. She had been born after the string of boys, an afterthought. Paulie's letter found her at a motel-truckstop in Boise. She lived in the motel and worked at the restaurant. The letter had been forwarded four times. The desk clerk delivered it to her when she was on shift and he on break.

Look at them! Jannie is so emaciated she looks half dead and Annette is nearly as bad. Drugs, more than likely. And Kate looks like a tramp.

"Do I get a reward for special services," he asked her as he put the letter in her hand.

"Sure Jock," she winked. "I'll let you know some night when nothing else comes up."

"Jesus, if a good case of something wouldn't serve you right!" he replied.

Then she saw the letter was from Paulie, not some stud sending her a bonus, or his new route schedule, or his gratitude, and she got pale. The last one was Mom. Could this be Dad? So she slipped away to the restroom to read the letter, then returned to her post, paleness gone, wearing an easy smile.

"Hey, Jock," she told the desk clerk, refilling his cup, "get some beer and bring it to my room after work." She leaned close. "I'll give you a champagne lay, on the house. Tonight's my last night in Boise."

Later in her room after the desk clerk left, she remembered the shadow figure running across the dark yard and disappearing, while the deer rifle boom still filled her ears and her boyfriend Danny, lay beside the car, still

twitching.

Who shot my Danny, she wondered, as she packed. But she wanted to think nicer things, forget shadows, somehow familiar, never remember shadows she never forgot, so she thought of Paulie, the only one who had time for her way back then, and taught her to bat, to play football, shoot baskets. Hell, she and Paulie did everything together: sports, fishing, games, forts, marbles, dreams.

Haircuts every other Saturday at the barbershop.

Old anger burst. Katie began throwing, hard overhand pitching, things at the suitcase on the bed. A frilly blouse for the barbered hair, designer jeans for the baggie slacks, a cocktail dress for the shapeless skirts and blouses, lacy full bras for all the thick cotton ones, sizes too small, nylons for the thick cotton anklets, and shoe after elegant high heel shoe for all the sturdy oxfords. Make-up for all the forbidden make-up, sock hops, dates, proms, parties. Oh damn! Paulie, you were the only good thing in my life growing up.

Mama. I'm not mad at you anymore. I understand now, Mama, and I don't hate you anymore. When I ran away, I finally understood. You did all you could for me.

She cried, hugging the picture of the dead boy.

In time, she washed her face, fit things neatly into her suitcase, including the picture of the first boy, and done with Boise, smiling again in anticipation, she went quietly out the door.

"I'm coming, Daddy," she said to the night.

Paul walked his aunt and uncle to their car.

"You helped so much until the girls could get here. I can't thank you enough," he said again.

"Are you sure you can manage?" his aunt worried.

"Sure," he smiled. "They're just tired. They all had long trips."

"Well, maybe they can do something worthwhile for a change," his uncle grumbled. "I've never been able to understand how you boys all turned out so fine and your sisters just threw their lives away."

"Uncle Harold!"

"It's the truth. Face it! Quit being so soft. Look at them! Jannie is so emaciated she looks half dead, and Annette is nearly as bad. Drugs, more than likely. And Kate looks like a tramp." He shook his head. "Good folks you were blessed with, Paul. Your sisters just never appreciated what they had. When the girls let you down again, just call us. They'll be

SEE GIRLS → PAGE 8



jump desert

student in history, recalls the story of how Messier fell off the great Cheops Pyramid in Egypt.

"He is the only man to fall off that pyramid and survive. Everyone was amazed that he lived," Pimentel says.

Egypt is a long distance from Messier's home land, Rhode Island, where his family had moved from Canada. He is of French-Canadian descent, and a Yankeeby Southern standards. When he interviewed for his job at MTSU in 1972, his first experience in the South was watching Johnny Cash singing country music on his hotel TV.

"I thought it really was true: that everybody must listen to Johnny Cash. That was my very first exposure," he admits sheepishly.

Messier has taught at MTSU since he finished his doctorate at the University of Michigan in 1972.

It was at MTSU that Messier met his long-time friend and colleague Dr. John Montgomery, who edited Messier's book on the Almoravids, and is director of the MTSU honors program. They have known each other for over 10 years through the school.

"We came here the only bearded professors," Montgomery says. "I wouldn't give anything for those years I've spent with him."

Montgomery has a vintage Messier tale to tell. Messier and his wife bought a house out in Lascasses.

"He got it in his head to build a wood-burning stove," Montgomery reveals.

"All he had were some plans and some metal. I told him he was probably mad," he continues. "I've never seen so much tenacity mixed with such intelligence."

Messier draws respect from those around him, because he is an expert in his field. During the Persian Gulf War, several schools and organizations invited Messier to speak to them because of his profound knowledge on the Middle East and its peoples.

Serenity Sutton, an MTSU senior and honors student who worked for Messier and took his Middle East class, says she gained a better understanding of relations with the Middle East during the war through the class.

"He gave me a deeper meaning than the media could of what the root problems are in the Middle East," she says. "The advantage of having him as a teacher is that you know he has been to all of the places he teaches about, and he shows us slides from his enormous collection."

Falling asleep in class is the last thing on anyone's mind. Students and colleagues alike have only praise to speak of him.

June McCash, a professor in the

MTSU Foreign Language Department recounts how Messier dressed as an Arab in order to get a better deal on a camel tour with his students.

"He's blended right in," McCash relates. "He speaks Arabic well enough to talk to the Arabs. He crouched under the street lamps and bargained with the camel drivers."

One of his associates and running mates, Dan McMurry, an associate professor of sociology and anthropology at MTSU, refers to Messier as a person who loves classical music, and Morocco, but hates sardine soup.

"He's a very omnivorous person; he will eat anything—he's kind of like a garbage disposal, only he has teeth," McMurry chuckles. "But he doesn't like my sardine soup. I sent the recipe to Betty Crocker, but they didn't accept it. I don't understand why."

"One of his favorite movies is 'Amadeus'; he's seen it 50 times. I'm going to send it into the *Guinness Book of World Records*, McMurry adds jokingly.

Uncommon goals do not seem to hinder Messier. What Messier wants Messier does. He never allows minor things like fear of the unknown hold him back. He trudges on, no matter what the odds.

His wife, Emily, an assistant professor of history at MTSU, sheds more light on the situation.

"He isn't afraid of anything—except maybe me," Emily laughs. "That's about it."

Messier's exceptional spirit to overcome odds has affected those around him and those who admire him as a person as well as a teacher. He used to run irregularly until recently, when he was affected by arthritis in his hip. On a special charity run for the Honors Program a couple years ago, Messier ran the most miles in a 24-hour period.

Sutton, who participated in the marathon, recalled that day.

"It was raining that day," she remembers. "Towards the end, you could tell he was exhausted but he just kept slogging around the track. That's just the kind of person he is. He puts all he has into all he does."

Messier will be traveling to Sijilmasa this summer, where he will be bringing several of his students to help excavate the city. Perhaps he feels a special sense of history when he is in Sijilmasa, but he always comes back to his familiar home at MTSU.

Messier sifts through his great jumble of papers as if he were searching for another lost city. The papers teeter, stacked up like the great pyramid of Cheops. This time, however, it will probably be them falling down, not him.

Horror

Daves' attitude toward the portrayal of violence in his stories has undergone a definite transformation, however, from the almost

comical gore of "Ten Times Black" to the more subtle violence of "His Frozen Heart."

"After the guy has hit the telephone pole [in 'His Frozen Heart']" Daves explains, "the story doesn't say to what extent he's been injured, but I think the reader can imagine the details."

"Violence is one thing I now prefer to tell more than show in my writing. I think a good writer can portray violence tactfully, yet successfully, and that's what I try to do."

Cheerful and friendly in person, Daves admits that intentional humor is strangely lacking in his fiction.

"A sense of humor is something I've always needed and something I value in other people," he says, "but I tend to save all the bleak stuff for my stories."

"Not many of my stories have happy endings," he adds. "There was one Western horror story, though, that I did as kind of a writing exercise. Frank and Jesse James get trapped in a cabin with this weird old man who keeps his dead brother in a box in the corner. Frank and Jesse eventually escaped in that one."

Daves does admire humor in the horror fiction he chooses to read, however.

"Joe Lansdale is one of my favorite horror writers these days. He writes these incredible redneck horror stories that are perversely funny and disturbing at the same time, and he uses a lot less description than the reader thinks is actually there. I like that."

"To write a story that can both genuinely amuse and frighten," he concludes, "takes real talent."

For the present, Daves is trying to expand his skills as a writer even further.

"I'm trying to write a novel now with a female protagonist, and it's proving very difficult," he says. "I think one of the hardest things for a male writer is to portray a female character convincingly."

As for the future of horror fiction, the change that Daves would most like to see, he says, is a return to storytelling.

"So many horror writers today seem to write as if the story is automatically going to be made into a movie," he muses. "I try to write just to create good writing."

"I see writing only as a means to itself."

Girls

wandering off again, soon enough."

Paul watched them leave, glad they were finally gone. He stood on the walk for a minute and thought of his sisters. They had all arrived that day, Jannie only moments ago. Jannie, who could sing and out-boogie anyone else, play the piano and always pop a great joke, the curer of his nightmares with wonderful stories, was now pale, her dark eyes sunk into her near-starvation, chain-smoking.

Annette, homecoming queen, fixer of skinned knees, button replacer, homework helper, now looking underweight, sickly and confused, as if she didn't even remember the house she was born in. She startled at every sound and her hands shook when she tried to raise a cup of coffee to her lips.

And Katie. The best. Growing up, he and Kate had made their own world. But he had to admit that her face was puffy, like a person who drank too much, and the color of her clothes was bold and the cut, well, his uncle was right about that, too.

But he loved them. After all, they were his sisters, and they did come. That had to count for something. He returned to the living room where they sat, silently appraising one another.

Kate welcomed him soberly. "Is there anything else we should know, any more than the letter said, or any change?" she asked.

"It's still the same," Paul sighed, "except for the prognosis. At first the doctors were more optimistic, but now they don't feel he'll get any better."

"Is there any brain damage?" Jannie asked.

"No. He's as clear as a bell, good memory, everything. The accident crushed his larynx, he will never speak again, and the paralysis is total and permanent. His life is no longer in any danger. The big problem will be to keep him from being bored and depressed."

"Oh, I can help with that!" Jannie said, and Paul was delighted with the life in her voice.

"Can we see him now?" Annette asked.

"Are you too tired tonight?" Paul asked, worrying over the girls' unhealthy appearances.

"We're fine," Kate spoke for them all as she got up. "Is he upstairs?"

"No. I had the hospital bed set up in the trophy room. I thought he would be more comfortable there."

"Fitting," Kate said, her tone strange.

The sisters all started for the hall.

"Girls." Paul stopped them.

"I just wanted to warn you—," he hesitated. "Look! It's been so long since you've seen him and all—," he tried again. "I guess what I'm trying to say is, he was always so dynamic, such a bull in the way he went at everything, well, what I mean is, it was such a shock to me to see him the first time after it happened. To see him—to see Dad so helpless!"

Kate took his hand. "Don't worry, Paulie. We'll be okay."

Annette and Jannie reached out to him, too, touching him as though touching were a new thing for them.

They entered the trophy room then, a taxidermy master-piece of fish and bear and deer, wildcat, squirrel and fox mounts, rugs and wall hangings. Here and there too, were blown-up snapshots of hunting companions and campsites. Bedroom converted to den, converted to trophy room, converted to sick room. Old odors mingled with antiseptic new ones.

The old man lay there. The three sisters gathered at the foot of his bed, careful, as Paulie had told them, to stay in his line of vision, as the man couldn't turn his head.

"Hi," Katie smiled sweetly.

"We have so much to reminisce about," Jannie said.

"We've all come back, Daddy," Annette said, "and we're going to take good care of you."

The old man's eyes darted from face to face.

He lived for two more years, and his daughters, all three took dedicated care of him.

For one and a half of the two years, his hearing, his sight and his mind remained normal, as much as anyone could tell. Then something happened. In the first flurry of discovery, a stroke was assumed, but soon the condition was recognized for what it was.

Clifford Eugene Davis had lapsed into a catatonic state. His daughters, now re-acquainted with one another, now so close, were a single force of communication and purpose and they tended their Dad faithfully a half year more.

Clifford Eugene Davis was burned when he died.

His daughters, three attractive women, graciously wearing their mature years, didn't weep.

Signature

The final edition of *Signature* of the spring semester will appear in the April 26th edition of *Sidelines*.

LEWIS BURKLOW/FILM REVIEW

The younger actors (their names are omitted because they should be forgiven for starting their careers with such a turkey) cannot do much with their cardboard characters. Schell and the other adults should have known better, though. The plotline is a by-the-numbers ripoff of other Disney pictures. What it lacks in originality it makes up for in silliness (the desert wind tells them how to find water and sanctuary). For anyone who likes Disney movies, go see "Aladdin" again; "A Far Off Place" is a waste of your time.

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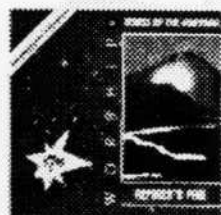
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'Beaster' shows Mould's talent

MICHAEL MORSE/MUSIC REVIEW

Don't believe everything you read in *Rolling Stone*. Regardless of what your parents may say, *Sgt. Pepper's* is not the greatest album of all time. For many of us who weren't yet born during the Summer of Love, that distinction belongs to Husker Du's *Warehouse: Songs and Stories*.

Unfortunately, Husker Du is no more, but singer, songwriter, guitarist, and all-around genius Bob Mould is still making great music with his current band, Sugar. The band's first album, *Copper*

Blue has been on heavy rotation in the consciousness of alternative America since its release last September.

Beaster is Sugar's latest release, and the timing is as deliberate as the title pun; the six songs are about the same themes you will hear in church on Easter Sunday; betrayal and martyrdom. This time, however, there are no Easter lilies and no happy ending.

"Judas Cradle" and "JC Auto" are the highlights of this disc, the former wondering how someone can so easily follow the path of

deceit until something (or someone) is destroyed, the latter describing the suffering that comes as a result of the betrayal of trust.

In short, *Beaster* is full of the same pain-filled, angst-ridden music that Mould is known for, and you get a Robert Tilton sample too. The album is among Mould's best work, falling somewhere in between *Flip Your Wig* and *Copper Blue* on the Mould-O-Meter, and a great place to start on the road to enlightenment in the ways of Bob for the uninitiated.

Student broadcasts for 172 straight

COLLEGE PRESS SERVICE

Whatever you do, don't ask Scott Davis about Iron Butterfly's "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida." And don't even think about mentioning "Stairway to Heaven" by Led Zeppelin.

Disc jockies from around the country were calling Davis, a junior at Evansville University in Evansville, IND, who during his spring break, logged 172 hours of continuous broadcasting. The DJs wanted to know if he were playing either of the two rock songs that seem to go on forever.

"They asked me, 'Do you go to the bathroom, do you play 'In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida' and 'Stairway to Heaven'?' Davis said.

The answer is yes, no and no.

Davis is a communications major who also works as an announcer at WUEV-FM, the campus radio station. He hadn't

planned on the marathon broadcast, which broke the record for the National Association of College Broadcasters. It seems he was drafted more than he volunteered.

"I was sitting in the front office talking with some people about the fact that just one guy had signed up for three night positions during spring break," Davis said. "Someone mentioned that one person could do it all week. I left. While I was gone I was voted into this."

Instead of going to Dayton, Ohio or St. Louis for spring break like he had planned, Davis ended up in the radio station. He got no tan. He has no stories to tell his friends about wild times during spring break. He spent his break in the booth. He sat. He walked around the studio, he made public service announcements, and he put one compact disc on the air after

another. He said between 5:00 a.m. and 6:00 a.m. he would put some long-running CDs on the air and sleep.

"Think of jazz cuts. One of our major programming blocks is jazz. We have CDs with 30-minute songs," Davis said.

When he had to use the facilities, he put on a five- to 10-minute song and scooted to the bathroom. Radio stations across the nation called to interview him, and listeners in the Evansville area called to give him encouragement.

Davis started the marathon stint at 11 p.m. on March 5 and finished at 3 a.m. on March 13.

"He just collapsed. He was rather incoherent," a station worker said.

He won no money and got no trophy for the marathon broadcast. "What would I get? 'Schmuck of the Year Award'?" he asked.

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during the rest of the spring semester.



Pete wants to pack his park

Blue Raiders hope to stop skid with Ole Miss tonight

TRENT MILLER
Sports Writer

The major league baseball season may be just starting, but the season is already in full swing for the Blue Raiders.

MTSU had a season-high, five-game winning streak snapped by Alabama Monday. The Blue Raiders fell 8-5.

The streak began with a victory over Alabama-Birmingham last Wednesday. The Tennessee Volunteers fell to the Raiders 15-3 on Thursday and, over the weekend, MTSU swept a big three-game series from Ohio Valley Conference rival Eastern Kentucky.

Coach Steve Peterson praised his squad for their teamwork. "The win over UT was a total team effort. We got good pitching, and everybody hit the ball well," Peterson said.

Blue Raider Baseball

MTSU vs Ole Miss

'Complimentary tickets are available at MTSU Phillip's Bookstore and at United Artist Cablevision. We're hoping to pack the park and have a great night of baseball against the Ole Miss Rebels.'

—Steve Peterson
Head Baseball Coach

Following a double-header sweep of the Colonels on Saturday, MTSU came from behind to complete the series sweep on Sunday.

"Sunday we didn't play very good baseball," Peterson said. "We were down 7-5 in the bottom of the ninth with two outs

when Mudcat Brewer hit a big, big two-run homer."

The Raiders went on to win the game in the 10th inning to run the winning streak to five games.

But inconsistency haunted the Raiders in Monday's loss to the Crimson Tide.

"Our pitching was inconsistent," Peterson said. "We had a big error early that hurt us. We gave up three unearned runs." The coach went on to point out that his team lost by three, 8-5.

The slide continued as Memphis State beat the Raiders, 6-5, in 10 innings Tuesday.

Tonight (Thursday) the Raiders play host to Mississippi and Peterson is looking for a large turnout.

"Complimentary tickets are available at MTSU Phillips Bookstore and at United Artist Cablevision," Peterson said. "We're hoping to pack the park and have a great night of baseball against the Old Miss Rebels."

Saturday and Sunday the Raiders jump back into conference action when they host TSU. Saturday's doubleheader begins at 7 p.m.

See SKID, Page 17

College basketball the king of kings

TONY J. ARNOLD
Sports Editor

In today's material world, hype about the big sporting events usually sweeps away the sorrows of the common sports junkie.

But how many times does that hype live up to its billing?

Not very many. Take for instance the Superbowl.

Teams have two weeks at the conclusion of their conference finals. During this period, stars dot the TV screen. They are the talk of the radio. The newspaper is filled with where Thurman Thomas' helmet is.

Then, after all the wait, the four hour pre-game show, and the 30 minutes of introductions with a new version of the Star Spangled Banner every year preceding, we finally get to the game which isn't a game.

I pick the Superbowl because it is probably the most watched major sporting event there is and it is probably the worst too.

Blow outs have been rampant throughout its history with very few games living up to its classic billing.

Same goes for baseball. Sure, there've been those seven game series, but how many times has it come right down to the last inning over the past

decade?

This is what makes college basketball the sport of kings.

In no other sport do we witness teams of equal strength go at it tooth and nail for the national title. And when it's all said and done, there is no controversy as to whom the champion really is.

In this sport, few blowouts dot the map of previous years. Quite often, as we witnessed Monday night, it comes down to mere ticks off the clock. And the legacy of great finishes is engraved in everyone's mind.

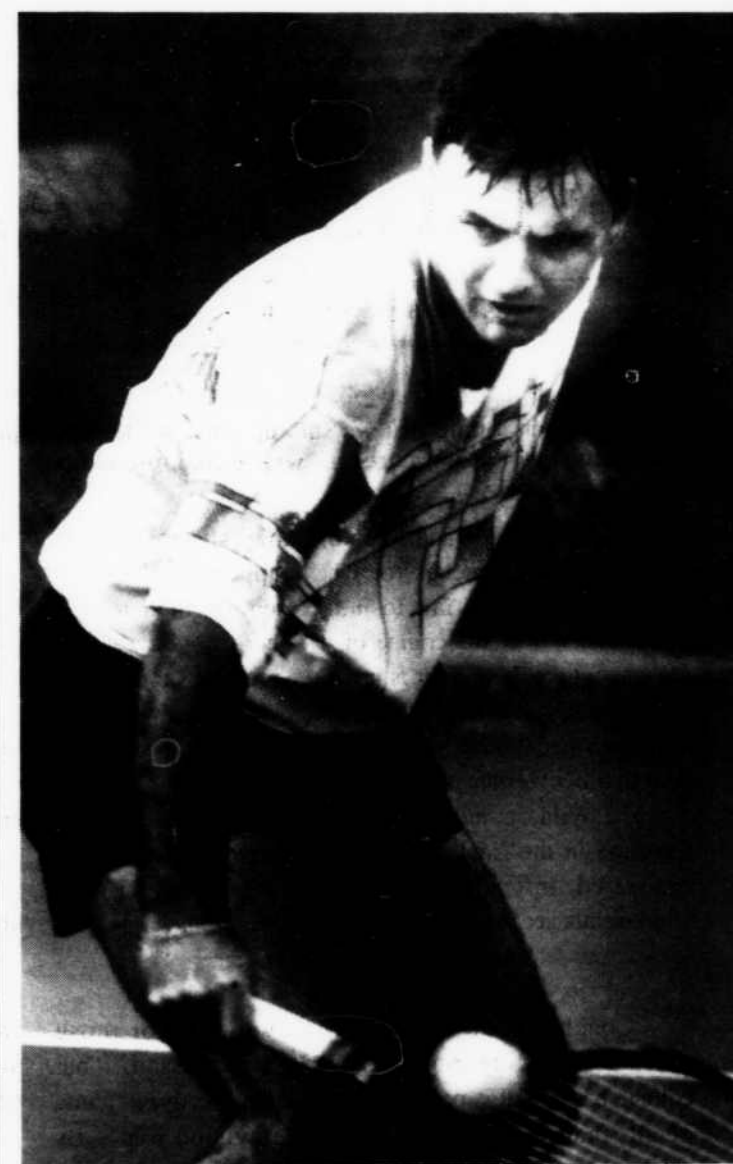
When N.C. State pulled off its fairy tale ending. When Kentucky had "Rupp's Runt's." When Patrick Ewing was dominating the game at Georgetown. And when Chris Webber called the fatal time out. No one will ever forget these moments.

Nor will any sport erase the flare for dramatics that college basketball possesses.

There have been those to argue that professional basketball overshadows college. A trifle mistake if you ask me.

Who wants to watch no defense, ball-hogging, endless minutes, punches, muggings and Jack Nicholson? As if that isn't bad enough in a season, wait till the playoffs! You know, those games that go on for nine or so months.

See KING, Page 17



George L. Walker IV/Photographer

CALIFORNIA KID: MTSU's Keith Harrietha returns a shot. Keith, and his MTSU teammates, placed fifth in a California last week.

Hot dogs, apple pie, racism, salaries

Yes, baseball is here and everything will be all right

JOHN CONKLIN
Special to Sidelines

Monday saw the opening of the 1993 Major League Baseball season. Our world looks like it is crumbling; the left wing has taken over the government and is sending our country to hell in a hand basket. But baseball season is here, so dang it, everything will be OK for a little while.

I don't think it is just coincidence that baseball arrives with the springtime. Both arrive with promise and hope; a clean slate to work with. Possibilities are infinite. Baseball poses new questions to be answered: "Will the third time be a charm for the Braves?" "How will the two expansion teams fare?" "How many homers can a healthy Mark McGuire hit?"

Few things can unify the way baseball does. You can go to a game and talk endlessly about it to complete strangers. A man I know is so liberal it's unbearable, yet as long as we talk about the latest trades, free agent deals, whatever, differences are put aside. I had the opportunity to meet George Bush one time. We didn't discuss politics, we talked about baseball.

No other sports terminology has

become a part of our everyday language as much as baseball's. If you "strike out" you failed. To "hit a home run" means to achieve total success. If you are "out in left field" you have no idea what is going on.

The very crack of a bat connecting with a ball is therapeutic to some after a long winter. Putting on a glove or grabbing a bat brings back memories of one's moment of glory as a child. Mine was my first little league hit—a homer with the bases loaded, every kid's ultimate dream. Few moments have thrilled me as much since.

Alas, clouds are gathering around Mudville. Our nation's pastime is not without conflicts.

There are those who feel some teams' nicknames are derogatory to certain groups of people. For example, the Atlanta Braves. So what's the big deal?

It is a good thing to be considered "brave". Yes, Native Americans got a raw deal in the past. Yet they stood against losing their rights and lands with everything they had. To name a baseball team after a people that displayed such courage could only be meant as a compliment.

Hey, maybe someday a team will be named after one of my characteristics. In fact, I submitted a possible name for one of the two teams, but neither team is called the One Arm Bandits, so I guess they didn't like it as much as I. Think about this: no one wants to play for a team called the wimps, left-wing radicals, or as David Letterman once said, the Angora Sweater Wearing Debutantes. I'll play for the Indians any day. I suppose the next step is to get the animal rights activists angry over the exploitive nature of the use of names like "Cardinals", "Cubs," or "Orioles."

Jesse Jackson says there aren't enough minorities in management positions in baseball. Never mind that Cito Gaston, manager of the World Champion Toronto Blue Jays, is black. And so is Don Baylor, manager of the new Colorado Rockies. And then you have Tony Perez, just starting as the Reds manager. Baseball owners have promised to ensure that minorities are given a chance to lead. The Marge Schott incident aside, the trend has been toward inclusion of minorities in management, and the good Reverend shouldn't get so uptight

without looking at the situation first.

Now he even demands that teams negotiate contracts for concessions at the park only with minority or women owned companies. I have respect for Rev. Jackson, but I think he's gone a bit off base with this issue.

Another problem surfacing is the salaries these players are getting. Greed is turning people away from the ball parks. Increasing ticket prices are paying these salaries. It is hurting the teams financially; a case of biting the hand that feeds you. I'm all for the free enterprise system, but to demand so much money it kills a team just doesn't feel right to me.

The thrill of the game now seems to be who can grab the highest salary. What happened to having fun? How many of us would love to do what they do for one tenth the salary? The verve displayed by Ty Cobb and Pete Rose, the flair of Babe Ruth, hey, that's what baseball is all about! I've played softball in Smyrna for over a dozen years. My experience backs my beliefs. The Four Horsemen and crew are pretty much legends there the past few years. We played at 110 percent intensity at all times. We knew everyone was

See BASEBALL, Page 17

Sports Editorial

NCAA Final Four not only a game, but also a learning lesson for all

LA TIMES NEWS SERVICE

The Final Four being a college experience, at least in theory, it seems fitting that we sum up what we learned while watching North Carolina win a championship neither big nor easily in the Big Easy.

We learned, first and foremost, how ridiculous it is to credit or blame coaches for what happens in the Final Four. It is perfectly fair to judge them on their team's performance over the course of a career or even a single season, but the Final Four is just a dice roll.

Consider that Kentucky probably would have beaten Michigan had Jamal Mashburn not committed a foolish fifth foul in overtime of their semifinal.

The Wildcats might well have gone on to beat North Carolina in the final, and Rick Pitino would have been canonized. Instead, Dean Smith will be canonized for winning his second title, but he easily could have lost had Michigan's Chris Webber not asked for what will go down in history as The Timeout.

Coaching had nothing to do with any of those outcome-changing moments. What's the lesson? That college basketball is perhaps the most over-analyzed game of all, that no matter how much television hypes its sideline "geniuses," it is still a game played by kids, who, being kids, often don't do what they're told.

Here's the deal: If you're a Final Four coach, all you can do is hope you get lucky and, in the event that you don't, Michigan's Steve Fisher repeatedly reminded his players about the lack of timeouts, try not to take the

criticism personally, hard as that may be.

OK, what else did we learn?

We learned that it will never again be easy to be Chris Webber, even though he has a future as bright as any player in high-tops.

If you're going to make the biggest mistake of your life, it's best not to make it while being watched by 50 million couch potatoes waiting for a "moment" they can say they saw live. It is a sad fact that people are fascinated by bonehead plays, for much the same reason that they rubberneck while passing an accident on the highway. Webber, alas, has made a rubberneckable mistake.

With television having turned the NCAA tournament into the monster that it is, The Timeout will become lore, with a place alongside Fred Brown's mistaken pass at the end of the 1982 title game.

There was an item in the local paper over the weekend that said Brown finally had just stopped giving interviews about the pass, that it kept coming up and he was tired of talking about it 11 years later. Webber should take heed. His case will be different in that he is a far better player and should have a long pro career in which he can do much to erase the memory of his mistake. But he will never entirely erase it.

What else did we learn? That you can be a gentleman and win a national championship; that a coach can succeed without having to resort to screaming obscenities at his players and pacing the sideline like a hungry tiger cooped up at the zoo, succeeding primarily at stealing attention from the players.

There aren't many gentlemen left in sports, but Dean

Smith surely is one. He treats his players with respect. If they make a mistake, he just takes them out. He doesn't pander to anyone, recruits or reporters or alumni. If he's on an ego trip, he has the decency not to make a ridiculous, macho show of it, as do so many coaches.

What a pleasure it is to watch a successful team not fronted by some strutting, wild-eyed caricature putting on a show. It just doesn't have to be that way. Look at Mike Krzyzewski. And please, look at Smith, who, no matter how his team fares, succeeds every year in demonstrating the right way for a coach to act.

What else did we learn? Let us count the pearls.

We learned that Carolina will be back in the running next year with four starters returning and the addition of Jerry Stackhouse, supposedly the best recruit to come out of North Carolina since David Thompson.

We learned that Michigan's Fab Five probably will be back next year.

There was talk that Webber might go pro if the Fabs won, and he still might, but the hunch now is he'll consider his college career unfinished business.

We learned that the ACC has bragging rights as the country's best conference, having won three straight national titles, yet it is virtually indistinguishable from the Big Ten.

We learned that you can't buy a bad bowl of gumbo in New Orleans.

And, of course, we learned what to do when your coach reminds you how many timeouts you have left.

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Getting Jim Abbott didn't come cheap Or easy for New York Yankees

LA TIMES NEWS SERVICE

Angels President Richard Brown
received death threats.

Michael has received mostly congratulatory calls. But Michael isn't ready to accept them. "It's too early," Michael said. "Whitey was tough on this thing. We got what we needed. If (Abbott) wasn't young, we wouldn't say that. You have to take a chance on a good, young pitcher."

The trade should take years to judge. But the extremely early returns have not soothed Angels fans. Abbott, 25, was brilliant this spring, allowing no earned runs in 21 innings pitched. Meanwhile, Springer didn't make even an iffy rotation.

But nowadays, performance isn't the only factor in trades. Angels assistant GM Dan O'Brien said, "We felt we had to do it because we didn't think we'd be able to sign him. We offered him \$16 million. I don't think that was an inexpensive gesture. If you can't sign him and you don't trade him, his value goes down."

The Toronto Blue Jays, Houston Astros, Montreal Expos and Chicago White Sox wanted Abbott, but Michael said Herzog told him then: "We have more of a fit than the other teams." Boiled down, that meant Herzog desperately wanted Snow, who angered the Yankees by not playing winter baseball.

Michael first inquired about Abbott around the All-Star break. "Then all the rumors started about us giving up Bernie and Militello and Snow," Michael said. "I knew that wasn't going to fit."

The breakthrough came the night of the deal, when Michael made a concession. For weeks the Yankees were hoping the Angels would take Johnson or Draper, but Michael eventually concluded Nielsen should not be the holdup. Michael said, "I had tried to keep Nielsen out of it. We thought we needed him for our bullpen."

Sometime that final day, Michael called from one tower of Louisville's Galt House Hotel to the other, and got general partner Joe Molloy's approval to surrender Nielsen. The difficult deal finally was done.

Some players can be traded easily and without reservation, others can not. No doubt that Jim Abbott, who can throw 90-plus mph and charm a town, falls into that second category. Before even considering loosening its grip on Abbott, a team is likely to do all this: talk, listen, ponder, consider, coax, haggle, meditate, waffle, debate, harangue, plead, and pray.

Perhaps that is why general managers Gene Michael of the Yankees and Whitey Herzog of the California Angels, after starting trade talks in mid-July, did not finish until Dec. 6. The discussions hit many lulls, as the Yankees resolved not to surrender Bernie Williams, Gerald Williams and Sam Militello. Then there was the time Herzog yelled at Michael, "You've got to be crazy not to make this deal," and slammed down the phone. It was a tense time. Still, they kept calling.

Tens of Yankees' names were tossed about. The entire organization became involved. But mostly it was Whitey and Stick. Michael said, "Whitey said he spent more time with me than his wife. He said his wife was getting jealous."

The Southern California community also became emotional and unhappy when the Angels finally dealt Abbott, who makes his Yankees debut Wednesday night against the Indians. Hardly any Californian believed Abbott would be dealt, including Abbott himself. He was, after all, Gene Autry's favorite. So, when the bomb dropped and Abbott was traded at the winter meetings, those laid-back Californians got downright ugly.

If word got out Gerald Nielsen, a pudgy left-handed reliever called "Beaver" for a resemblance to Beaver Cleaver, was key to the deal, that would not help matters. The Angels also received first-base prospect J.T. Snow and pitching prospect Russ Springer, but Angels fans wanted more. How unseemly did it get?



SIDELINES IS EXPERIENCE.

Baseball

Continued From Page 15

behind everyone else.

Todd and Rod knew Dougiedo would back him up in the outfield. Bo knows the Bandit ain't gonna drop the ball at first base. We did everything together; went to church, swam after games, hung out at Toot's (the only place in the 'Boro worth hanging out at, Yo, Wendy!). The point is, we did it all, had a blast and did it for the love of the game.

We don't get paid a nickle, although we are good enough to. And that's what the game is about. Go ahead, try to negotiate

good contracts, but don't bankrupt the team. Play serious ball for baseball's sake, and we'll always come to watch. Pro baseball players should remember the saying that goes something like they are men being payed to play a child's game. The rest of us wish we were so lucky.

The video for John Forgerly's classic, "Put Me In Coach" is flashing through my mind as I conclude this article, and as I watch highlights from opening day action on ESPN. Did someone say there was a college basketball game on today?

King

Continued From Page 14

There is an art to both, and all sports, but the prettier picture certainly prevails in college.

And if you go back and ask many players where the best times of their lives were spent, they'll tell you the same thing.

The only pressure is applied by yourself, not the fear of a pay cut. You win, you lose, you have fun instead of lose and be in the bread line.

You get an education to fall back on if you choose. And for

those who don't, sometimes the price is dearer than an injury or such.

So you see, college basketball is much deeper than whose shot falls when. It's a game of people trying to get somewhere instead of someone just staying where their at.

For those who are blessed with the desire and talent, getting there is an ultimate goal. For fans who witness it, it is the ultimate pleasure.

Skid

Continued From Page 14

p.m. A single game on Sunday gets underway at 2 p.m.

Peterson pointed out that the games are now gaining more significance.

"Next week we reach the halfway point of the conference race, and I think you'll start seeing some things happen," Peterson said.

Peterson extended his thanks to Phillips Bookstore and United Artists Cablevision for

sponsoring tonight's game against Old Miss. Complimentary tickets are still available at the bookstore and at the office of United Artists located on the New Salem Highway here in Murfreesboro.

Peterson said he hopes everyone will take advantage of these free tickets and come out to cheer the Raiders on to victory against the Rebels. Game time is 7 p.m.



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Williams wins one for Coach V

LA TIMES NEWS SERVICE

When Donald Williams was growing up in Raleigh, N.C., he would go to the basketball court in the apartment complex where his family lived and practice being the hero. And not just in any ordinary game.

In his mind, it was always the Final Four. In his mind, he was Michael Jordan or Lorenzo Charles or some other player who made their mark on college basketball's signature event.

Williams thought often about what it would be like to be in that situation.

He dreamed of taking the crucial jumper, as Jordan did to help North Carolina beat Georgetown in 1982; or getting a last-second basket, as Charles did for N.C. State the following year to upset Houston.

"I wanted to have that chance, but I never thought it would happen," Williams said late Monday night.

Williams, now a 6-foot-2, 180-pound sophomore guard for the Tar Heels, didn't exactly follow in that kind of story line. What he did in North Carolina's 77-71 victory over

Michigan was score a game-high 25 points, including the last four free throws after Wolverines star Chris Webber was called for a devastating technical foul by signaling for an extra timeout with 11 seconds to go.

Webber's nightmarish mistake - which came after the 6-9 sophomore forward had led Michigan with 23 points and 12 rebounds - was not lost on Williams. "Chris is a great player," said Williams, surrounded in the middle of the North Carolina locker room. "He'll go on and hopefully forget this. I have a feeling of sadness for him."

As joyful as the moment was for Williams, there was another more penetrating hurt pulling at his emotions. It came from knowing that former N.C. State Coach Jim Valvano, the first college coach to send Williams a recruiting letter, was losing his battle with cancer.

"Coach V was always great to me," said Williams, who was named the Final Four's Most Outstanding Player. "I talked to him at the Duke game this year and he was having a rough time then. I dedicated this game to him."

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Smith's house always in order

Classy North Carolina coach has players focused in right direction

LA TIMES NEWS SERVICE

College players come and go like midterms and finals and NBA drafts. Dean Smith stays on; he owns the basketball and the arena. The program stays on.

It's the coaches' game. They're responsible for keeping some college in college basketball. A remarkable championship game for North Carolina was a triumph for Smith after 31 years of victories but only two in the last game of the season. He has adapted to the shot clock, the three-point

shot and, however reluctantly, to changing social times.

The coach is accountable to the athletic director and the athletic director is accountable to the head of the university. And then the full circle gets back to the coach for abuse of players, for the demeanor of his players, for the education of his players.

The president of the school sets a general standard; the coach has to make it work in the specific.

Smith does. His house is always in order, ready for visitors. He keeps freshmen in

their place to adapt to college and to his team, with rare exceptions such as Michael Jordan. His players usually stay four years.

He doesn't cater to stars. He had a stunning recruiting class three years ago and says he'll never try to bring in so much talent at once. He plays eight players. "If you have more than eight players who think they should be playing, you hurt team chemistry," he said. The others should know better.

"It takes a certain type of person who is willing to make some sacrifice," said Eric Montross, who is on track to graduate in 3 years. "You sacrifice the playing time you had in high school and, at the end of four years, you're the best player you can be."

Almost all of them stay the distance. Of Smith's 192 letter-winners, 187 have graduated. The identification of the championship game, North Carolina vs. Michigan, which Montross acknowledged as "Squeaky Clean vs. the Bad Guys," derives from Smith.

He can be smug, sanctimonious and self-serving. When he mentioned former player Rusty Clark, Smith purposefully identified him as a thoracic surgeon, not as a doctor, but a thoracic surgeon. "People think we're perfect, always doing the right thing," Montross said. "We always are clean-shaven, dressed in shirt and tie on the bus or plane or going out to eat."

That's eyewash, but there are standards established in both directions. When Michigan behaved in a hostile manner, Steve Fisher was responsible for correcting it, and didn't. If Chris Webber scored deep, put his face in Pat Sullivan's face and rubbed Sullivan's nose in it, the coach is copping out if he thinks it isn't his department.

Coaches of importance assembled here for their annual meeting and addressed the firing of Lou Campanelli for what has been identified as player abuse. Smith said he

thought it was wrong for the California assistant coach to take the job.

"The assistant coach's allegiance has to be to the head coach, not to the institution," Smith said. "It's the only way it can work."

But if the head coach crosses the line of behavior, should the assistant be punished? And don't they all work for the school?

Mike Krzyzewski, who shows a touch of pollyanna, asked for guidelines for the coach. Does any coach need guidelines to tell him throwing boxes of lunch is not adult behavior?

What is abuse? What is pornography? "Maybe I can't define it, but I know what it is when I see it," C.M. Newton, the Kentucky athletic director, said afterward. "There are common standards of acceptable discipline. Abuse is not, and cannot, be part of it."

With all the money college players generate in this tournament, they ought to receive some legal stipend, some kind of walking-around money to take the sting out of being poor, separate on the campus, and used.

One president of Indiana University or another should have told Bob Knight he was a wonderful coach — but don't ever again throw a chair across the floor or leave a sanitary napkin in a player's locker to remind him to be more aggressive.

Newton played at Kentucky for the original Fabulous Five in the late '40s. He was athletic director at Vanderbilt, which has not confused academics and athletics, when Kentucky brought him to lift its program from the mud of suspension. He hired Rick Pitino and standards were set.

"If graduation is important to the head coach, it's going to be important to everybody," Newton said.

With all the money college players generate in this tournament, they ought to receive some legal stipend,

some kind of walking-around money to take the sting out of being poor, separate on the campus, and used.

"When I see Chris Webber jerseys with his number, all he wants is a quarter for each one," Chris Webber said. "I see a million of them. My father paid \$12 for a basketball card with my picture."

"They're not paying me anything. I don't eat. I give up my Christmas vacation. I give up my spring break."

"They do give you a chance to meet all kinds of races. They give you a free education. It lets you know a lot of things you can't learn just by yourself. It's a tradeoff I accept."

He suggests that he'd like to stay a college student, but NBA money is so great and the threat of a rookie salary cap close. And he'd have to go a year explaining how a team so talented and so arrogant could lose.

Smith and North Carolina won their second championship together Monday night, 11 years after winning their first in the same building. Call this one the Deandome.

Again they won it with an unfair taint neither the game nor the individuals deserved. Webber's blundered timeout call with 11 seconds to play wasn't the deciding factor. Neither was Fred Brown's bad pass with five seconds remaining why North Carolina beat Georgetown.


"Well, how did it happen? Why did it happen?" Michigan Coach Steve Fisher said, meaning both of those asterisks to history. "Sometimes when you get in the heat of battle, things happen that can't happen."

There's something to the fact that they didn't happen to Dean Smith's team.

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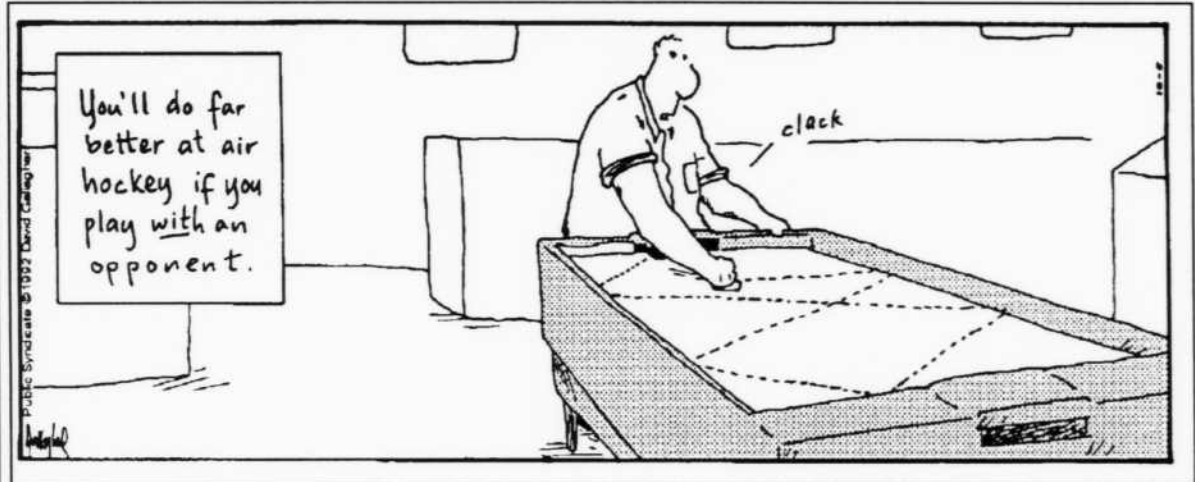
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THE SECOND FRONT

Student's rape case shows weak campus judicial system

COLLEGE PRESS SERVICE

A college student is accused of rape, found guilty of the crime by a campus judicial committee and sentenced to 100 hours of community service. His accuser and the university are convinced of his guilt, but he maintains his innocence. What is his recourse?

In January, Mark Mazour, a 21-year-old architectural engineering student, decided to sue Kansas State University on the grounds that his constitutional rights were violated.

The case illustrates the

In many cases, if the date rape victim presses formal charges, there is a simultaneous criminal proceeding going on at the same time of the campus proceedings, often taking months to go to trial.

However, criminal prosecutors are sometimes hesitant to prosecute date rape cases because the parties knew each other before the alleged incident, and there is usually a lack of evidence. Assessment of guilt or innocence comes down to a question of who is the more credible witness.

criminal justice system, they would be imprisoned, but judicial committees give them community service, probation and minor things.

"Everything depends on how seriously the crime is taken by the university," Bohmer said. "It is difficult for people to treat this seriously, because there is a widely held attitude that, on a date, it is not rape."

Bohmer noted that universities can protect themselves from lawsuits by meticulously following procedures and having supportive attorneys on staff.

"If the university doesn't have decent procedures, and doesn't follow their own procedures, they will be at risk," Bohmer said. "Often they are bending ... to protect the rights of the accused, and ignore the rights of the victim."

A university has a higher standard to live up to than the criminal courts because they are educating citizens, Bohmer noted.

"In a traditional way, we are to teach people how to behave. I don't think college judicial systems should think of themselves as watered-down criminal courts," she said.

The alleged rapist may appeal to a board, said Schiflett, and at some universities, they can appeal to the president of the institution.

Since Congress passed the Campus Sexual Assault Victims Bill of Rights in 1992, universities are required to notify the accused and the accuser of the results of the judicial hearing.

Historically, a woman who filed rape complaint through the campus judicial system would not be notified by the university as to the outcome of the proceedings.

Students who are accused of rape argue that a campus judicial system can ignore their constitutional rights by allowing a single individual or board the power to be prosecutor, judge and jury. And educators are concerned that campuses are making themselves vulnerable to lawsuits by bungling the processing of rape cases or failing to protect the victims.

And there also are those who say campus justice isn't tough enough on rapists.

Carol Bohmer, sociology professor at the University of Pittsburgh, and author of "The Campus Rape Crisis," said schools need to have clearly written codes of conduct that include a punishment of expulsion in the case of forcible sexual contact.

"Often the punishment doesn't fit the crime," Bohmer said. "If rapists were in the

'I don't think college judicial systems should think of themselves as watered-down criminal courts.'

tenuous position of university judicial systems when dealing with the explosive issue of date rape, a crime that can bring a seven- to 10-year prison sentence in the criminal justice system.

Mazour, who was accused last fall of rape and aggravated sodomy by a female student, contends that the university's policy against sexual violence is outside the university's authority, and the university denied him due process in the judicial proceeding.

Criminal charges against Mazour, like many similar date rape charges, were dismissed for lack of evidence. And Mazour said he was not allowed to subpoena or question witnesses during a campus investigation, nor was he allowed to be present when witnesses were called.

"Mazour is still on the Kansas State campus," said John Fairman, assistant vice president for university relations at KSU.

Advising

Continued From Page One

"They will be key resource people," Robinson said. "The advisors will work with incoming freshman and transfer students who may need more help than your average junior or senior."

Full-time advisors will be new to MTSU, but other universities have similar systems.

The position announcement from MTSU's personnel office

states the advisors will be "responsible for placement of students in correct college level courses, making referrals to major advisor and other duties as assigned."

What other duties the advisors will perform has yet to be determined.

"It depends on what each college wants," said Dr. Geoffrey

Hull, acting Dean of the College of Mass Communication.

The selection process will be the responsibility of each college. Robinson anticipates the process will be complete and the selected applicants hired in June.

Dean McDaniel hopes the advisors will be hired and familiar with their jobs by the time Customs Orientation begins on July 8.



George L. Walker IV/Photographer

DR. BETTY SHABAZZ

Malcom X's widow urges end to racism

JAMES GORDON
Special to *Sidelines*

The widow of slain civil rights leader Malcolm X urged people to break the "glass ceiling" of racism during a recent speech on campus.

Dr. Betty Shabazz addressed a crowd of about 600 people at Murphy Center Sunday. She discussed such topics as: equal education opportunities, gender racism, "Malcolm X," the movie, destabilization of power, fear of change and procrastination.

Shabazz's speech entitled, "My Life With Malcolm X," also focused on some of the myths surrounding Malcolm X's controversial life.

Shabazz said violence is often associated with Malcolm X and his life.

"The man was never a part of violence except his death, and he wasn't a part of it," Shabazz said.

"We need to keep an open mind," she added. "Don't just hear and look, but research and prove it."

Reginald Caldwell, a member of the Ideas and Issues and the Film Committee who sponsored the speech said he agreed with Shabazz that Malcolm X was not violent.

Shabazz said it is unfortunate that many people are not strong enough to accept their weaknesses.

"Because Malcolm was forcing people to look at their values and they didn't have any, they superimposed their weaknesses on Malcolm," Shabazz said.

"We have to recognize that regardless of race, color, sex, or physical handicap, we all have certain options and opportunities in the world society."

Harold Smith, director of Student Programming, said Shabazz was an appropriate lecturer to speak on Malcolm X.

"Who better to give a lecture on Malcolm X than his wife," Smith said.

Shabazz is the director of communications and public relations at Medgar Evers College of the City University of New York.

The Ideas and Issues Committee arranged the appointment of Shabazz to speak at MTSU, and made the bid to get her here, according to Mike Vilanova, Ideas and Issues chairman.

"We felt it would be a big boost to have something like this on our campus," said Smith.

Smith said Spike Lee, a prominent film director, was MTSU's first consideration, however, he was unavailable.

Metcalf said Shabazz was a very personable woman who was concerned that people see her as an individual rather than just the widow of Malcolm X.

"It's hard to move out of the shadow," Metcalf said.