

## Campus Commentary

Jan Travers/Editor

### Yearlong Efforts Pay

It's the end of the semester, and you are burnt out, right? It takes a conscious effort to pick up those books and prepare for finals. Don't despair, you are in good company.

The staff of the *Capital Times* is suffering the same fate. But, just the same way that you will dig deep one more time, so did we. This is the last issue of the semester of the newspaper. Over the 1986-87 school year, we put out 21,600 copies of 12 issues of the *Capital Times*. These issues carried 191 stories and 131 advertisements supplied by a staff of 15.

When we revived the paper in August, we had one objective in mind and that was to publish an issue on schedule every three weeks. Not only did we accomplish that, but we have continually improved in each issue we put out. In addition, through the generosity of the SGA we purchased an Apple Macintosh Plus computer and Laserwriter so we could do all our preprinting production inhouse.

But there is one problem. As we improve and grow we need continuing support of the college community. We need your input. Before we can consider becoming a bi-weekly or weekly the staff must be enlarged. We have tried to cover as many aspects of the campus life as possible this year. At times we unintentionally slighted one group or another. By you the readers getting more actively involved, either through joining the staff, submitting copy, writing letters to the editor, or forwarding story ideas to this office, the paper can continue to improve upon the present basic structure.

During this first year of revival of the *Capital Times* we have received support from many areas, including the administration, the faculty, the SGA, students, our adviser Joanne Smith, Janet Widoff, student activities coordinator, Photographer Darrell Peterson who bailed me out more than once, and countless others. It was always appreciated.

However, the credit for the year must go to the staff. These people, who usually remain only as faces in the crowd, must be commended for their fine job. Staff, I thank you for all the time and effort you gave to the newspaper, for meeting deadlines, and for accepting the responsibility without anyone watching over your shoulders. I feel very fortunate to have worked with you. For those of you who are graduating, I wish you good luck in your future. For those who are returning in the fall, I anxiously await working with you again. And so it goes...



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## Al The Unique

Yesterday I was sitting in my chair getting ready to doze off as I imagined myself the world's greatest rock star. If only I could write the perfect song, I'd be world famous with voluptuous women crawling all over me like ants on a popsicle stick.

With a crack of lightning and a horrific noise, an apparition appeared in front of my eyes. "I'm your macho godfather," he said. "We used to be called fairy godfathers but some of the guys were getting teased about it, so we modernized the name."

I was a non-believer so he had to perform several miracles for me before I would accept who he was. When I was finally forced to admit he indeed was my macho godfather he explained why he had come. "If you think all it takes to be a rock star is to write a great song, you're pretty naive. I'm going to let you be a star but you have to take everything that goes along with it. You have to act outrageous, look outrageous and make outrageous statements."

"I'm ready," I stated. Dress me up any way you want, make me say whatever you want, just bring on those women.

With a wave of his magic wand we were transported to a dressing room backstage at a large concert hall. He told me I was now a famous star who was

### Cynicism & Humor



Alan Pincus

about to go onstage to perform. He advised me to take a good look at myself in the mirror and something about my name now being Al The Unique. I was

so excited that I really didn't pay much attention to what he was saying. Just to humor him I looked in the mirror and was amazed to see my hair had been shaven off my head and a blue and black checkerboard pattern had been painted on top of my skull.

Cyndi Lauper and Boy George had done all that could be done with hair so you went in the opposite direction," he said. "You'll notice that you chopped off the thumbs and index fingers on both hands to protest rampant masturbation." I looked down at my hands in horror and saw he was right.

"This is insane!" I screamed, "Why in the world would I do such an absurd thing?"

The macho godfather explained that this action got me several reports on the nightly news and an interview on The David Letterman Show. I was world famous for singing songs calling for the abolition of sex. It was now time for me to perform and I walked onstage to a tremendous ovation. After singing several songs about voluntary sterilization I headed back toward the dressing room. In the hallway I was met by three alluring groupies with lustful

looks in their eyes and hotel keys in their hands. For some reason I brushed by them and went straight into the dressing room.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," I said to the macho godfather. "This whole thing is not what I had imagined. I'm so flustered that I just ignored three beautiful women who wanted my body. By the way, what kind of accent does that public address announcer have? When he was introducing me he pronounced Al The Unique really strangely."

"Oh, he doesn't have any accent," said the macho godfather. "It isn't Al the Unique, it's Al The Eunuch. You castrated yourself to make the ultimate social statement. It got you four spots on the Carson show and the cover of People Magazine. I told you it would take more than a good song to be a rock star. Are you ready to go back to being yourself?"

Naturally, I decided to forego my life as a rock superstar and I was transported back to my chair, all digits intact. I'm perfectly content to be my plain, dull self and please don't ever call me unique.