

Columnist gives invitation to laugh off life

Jeff Fehrer
Capital Times Staff

I was uncertain about this job, not my ability or specific sense of humor, but I'm a realist, a sarcasmist, a Teuton from a race of people not associated with having a fun time. Explosions and clocks make us smile.

And what's humorous about college? What is funny about campus life on a retired Air Force base bordered by dumps and spigots of radium paint? The Haagen-Dazs sirens in the Olmsted courtyard? The Heindel Library, perchance? A comprehensible ethics class? The resale value of last semester's textbooks? The ceiling in W-12? The latest Meade Heights drunk bust? This might not be so tough.

As a senior/junior, a twilight person, a part-timing academician whose logo is a skeletal hand clutching a diploma beneath the orbiting calligraphy "Degree Before Death," your columnist (who is also tired a lot) knows that the learning life is not all tailgate parties and sexism.

College can be a full-time occupation--even for the non-tenured--and definitely for potential engineers and behavioral scientists. At his daylight job, your venerable scribe encounters enough overwhelmingly fouled ethics to stymie a philosophy prof and superfluous deviant psychoses to render Jack Nicholson indistinguishable.

When an aberrant co-worker (who shall remain soulless) heard that I was attending an institution of higher education, he quipped loudly, "So whattaya gonna be when ya grow up?" punctuated with the perfunctory scoff.

Of course, this hombre's heaviest reading is a schnapps label and the advice printed beneath the word Non-Lubricated; and his sense of humor, champion of so many, is exemplified several times each morning when, emerging from the men's room, he boasts equally loudly, "Had to flush twice, my man. It's a long way to McDonald's!"

But this lustrous brother in labor has inadvertently pigeonholed me. I'm a

gonnabe. I am acquiring a secondary education, slouched in classrooms with son-aged peers who, when queried what the Khmer Rouge is, raise tentative arms and respond, "New line of Estee Lauder? Porsche paint? Homophobic faux pas?" Alas, no, no and no. But that's all right, post-adolescents. It draws a wry, benign, quasi-senile smile across these lips.

This column and I may have potential.

Just take a gander at the following titles, a preview of humor columns--if I am invited then persuaded to continue: Careers with General Motors, Mobile Home Living in the Next Century, Postal Service Thought Police--the Loneliest Job in the World, 900 Numbers (What if Your Lady Answers?), Wiffleball-Scrabble as Olympic Competition, The Edsel--Its Time is Now, Ear Hair, Japan's Technogiants (but Who's Making Those Godawful Movies?) and conclusively, Men's Colognes--A scent to Hell?

Here is an easy test to verify the quality or queasiness of your masculine fragrance. For examples: if your cologne

manufacturer is Prestone, Dow, Upjohn, GPU or Armor All and not an individual's name, it's cheap.

If you douse yourself liberally before work and after your shower and the bottle never empties, it's cheap. If your olfactory sensation is identified by an adjective preceding an exclamation point (Hot!, Putrefactive!, Vertiginous!), it's cheap.

If women in passing clutch their throats (noses, stomachs, car keys, medical coverage cards, pentagrams, nearest rector, divorce attorney, civil attorney, commode) and not their hearts, it's cheap.

If your sachet bears a title heavier than its container or more florid than its fluid ounce -- Musk of Mohawk, ManBrine, Pittsburgh Mist, Borgnine, Somalian Sunrise, Farm Show, I-beam--then it's cheap. If your cologne is endorsed by Alexander Haig, Charles Manson or The Bushwhackers, it's cheap; or if any of its ingredients are extracted from tarantulas.

We'll see.

Live long and ponder.

Black Student Union takes a journey through history

Angie West
Capital Times Staff

The Black Student Union (BSU) presented the program African American Griots on Feb. 2 in the Black Cultural Arts Center (BCAC).

The theme for the event was centered around BSU members dressing like famous African-Americans and acting out aspects of their personalities. Some of the well-known people imitated included Malcolm X, Thurgood Marshall, and

Madame C.J. Walker.

The students playing the celebrities' parts tried to present the realism of African-Americans' struggle to advance in society. The stories they told were set to music to enhance the drama.

"I enjoyed the integration of drama and music," said Erica Williamson, a junior elementary education major. "They educated me about people I did not know."

An audience of about 20 showed up for the evening of culture.

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Government Association.

Faculty members will be required to pay the fee via payroll.

William Faulhaber, professor of humanities and philosophy, is outraged by the parking fees.

"I'm not paying a dime to park my car," Faulhaber said. "If I have to, I will park off campus and walk to the school."

"It's immoral theft and there's no reason for it. The university could find the sources elsewhere," he added.

One faculty member has mixed feelings.

"I realize that the university needs the money, but the parking fee will not cover any type of damage or liability," said Frank Swetz, professor of mathematics

and education. "I had my windshield smashed in the lot and I'm the one who had to pay for the damage."

The university is looking into a program that would encourage people to find an alternative to driving--maybe walking or bicycling.

Another faculty member is more optimistic.

"The only solution is to let the people who are willing to park farther away pay a reduced fee, and let those who want to park closer pay the higher fee. This would keep the Declaration of Independence alive," said Michael Barton, associate professor of social science and American studies.

South could not comment on the exact amount of money that the program is expected to raise, but he estimates that it will be in excess of \$100,000.

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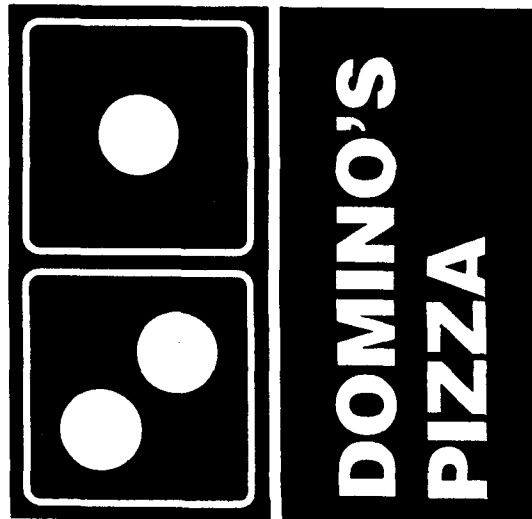
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