

Perspective

Does Anyone Have An Excuse For Apathy?

by Julianne Michaels

Have you ever complained of "nothing to do" on a weekend night? Is the lack of fun social activities a chronic complaint? Have you stopped looking for activities? If you haven't stopped searching for and attending events, you may well be one of ACC's own endangered species.

On Friday, March 16, 1984, the musical comedy duo of Fast & Missad performed a coffee house style concert at the Holiday Inn in Alpena's Holiday Inn. The coffeehouse crowd, all 40 of them, had great fun laughing as they listened to Doug Fast give satirical musical interpretations of the Reagan administration and its policies, the righteousness of the Moral Majority ("gag me with communion!"), and the other social, economic and political plagues that accompany life in the 80's. This concert was free, quality entertainment for ACC students, faculty, and staff, yet only a small crowd—mostly dorm students—took advantage of the treat.

Apparently poor attendance at college sponsored events is the norm. The lack of participation at the recent Homecoming was the topic of a front page article in the March 14, 1984 issue of "Campus Update". (Ironically, an article advertising the Fast/Missad concert was situated directly next to the Homecoming article.)

Upon checking with committee chairpersons, one learns that student attendance and participation is low for many college sponsored events. Faculty and staff support appear to be virtually non-existent. Why? We must all have reasons for our non-attendance (yes, I am guilty also). Or do we have excuses for our apathy?

Country Response To Heavy Metal

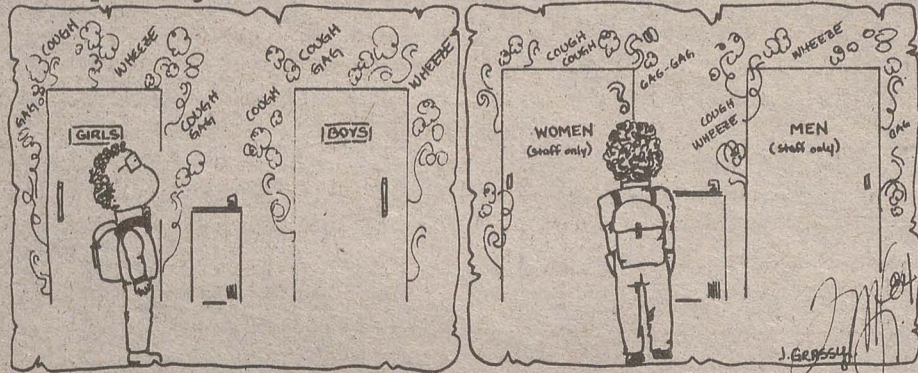
Attn. Mike Huggler,

Me and the boys was jest sittin' round the wireless readin' yer column and lisnen to that wundurful country muzak. Anyways, alls a sudden up jumps Jim-Bob-Roy-John, and he sez, "Gol Darn but don't that Huggler guy got the goodest taste, he don't like nothin', not even that satanistik rocky and roll!" Then I sez, "Shoot! Only thang he hain't cut down is country muzak, he must like dat." and den everbody sez, "Yep." And Lawz but them albums you's reevue are only three or four munths old!

Bob-Roy-Hank sez he gots the ansur to yourn' question 'bout them Scorpions, he say that they jest put a new album out pret'neer the beginin' of March and it's called "Love at First Sting."

Your Loyal Readers,
 Jim-Bob-Roy-John
 Bob-Roy-Hank
 Jim-Bob-Bill-Hood
 and the rest of us good 'ole country boys!

Campus Life...



A MUSING VI

by Kevin Schalkofski

Does anyone, beside me, remember when sweatshirts came in only one size (too big), and one color (gray)?

Sweatshirts were a godsend to the fashion scene. If you were too fat, the sweatshirt hid all your unsightly bulges. If you were too skinny, the sweatshirt gave you unsightly bulges.

The long sleeves of the sweatshirt were excellent for hiding arms that were too white, too tan, too hairy (women), and too much like a dead turkey.

I went shopping for a sweatshirt the other day and I was appalled by the things I saw. Pastel colors in every shade vibrated at me from the racks. There were side-less, sleeve-less, backless, and even front-less sweatshirts of every discription.

Unable to find my choice, I asked the assistance of a clerk who happened to be in the vicinity.

"Miss," I called, "Could you help me?"

"Ms.," she corrected me, "What can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for a sweatshirt," I said.

"How about this one?" she asked, picking up what appeared to be two pieces of material sewn together at the top, "It's our new side-less model."

"Why don't you try a thrift store?," she burst out laughing, and then headed for the break-room to share my plight with co-workers.

I guess nothing is sacred anymore and, like blue-jeans, sweatshirts have come of age in designer warehouses.

I'll never forget Grandma, puttering around in the vegetable garden, her hair tied in a scarf, garden gloves, and the faithful, old, gray sweatshirt. Some things never change.

"Actually my sides aren't what they should be," I laughed, "How about--"

"Here's one," she interrupted. "It's the latest 'Mod-pastel-front-less-sideless-backless-ultradesigner shirt'."

It looked to me like a piece of lint with a \$25.00 price tag attached to it.

"Do you have anything in gray?"

"What?" her face froze in shock.

"Long sleeves, you know. A gray sweatshirt?"

"I'm sorry, I can't help you," she said coolly, and then, as if she'd seen someone important, began walking to the other side of the store.



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