SGA Suspended

Investigations to Begin; Minority Affairs Office Fully Funded

by Benjamin Cunningham

Chanticleer News Editor

Students protest the SGA letter with a sit-in at Bibb Graves (photo by Roger Lutten).

Minority students protest the SGA letter with a sit-in at Bibb Graves Hall Tuesday and Wednesday mornings.

The dispute over comments in a letter written by SGA first vice president Matt Crandon to an opponent during campaigning last week led a group of black students on campus to stage a sit-in at Bibb Graves Hall Tuesday and Wednesday mornings.

The group, led largely by Warren Carson, a graduate student serving as interim director of the new Minority Affairs Office, asked for support from University president Harold McGee in seeking Crandon's resignation. They also brought before McGee requests for a permanent position for the director of the Minority Affairs Office, rather than the wage-based part-time position now offered, as well as investigations into the SGA's involvement with Crandon and his opponent Ray Morris during the election.

In an exclusive interview with The Chanticleer Wednesday morning, McGee said the University intended to announce its plans to respond to the requests at a press conference that afternoon. Among those plans, McGee said, was the creation of a full-time position for the director of Minority Affairs. The decision, he said, was based on late-breaking news from Montgomery Tuesday afternoon that the Alabama House of Representatives Ways and Means Committee had dropped plans for funding cuts for higher education from the proposed budget of Gov. Fob James. The cuts would have eliminated over $2 million from JSU's budget for the next fiscal year.

"Based on that we can now project that yes, we can create a full-time position in the Minority Affairs Office and also fund the Minority Affairs Office fully," McGee told The News.

The cuts would have eliminated over $2 million from the state's higher education budget, which President Harold McGee had previously planned to cut $60 million from the state's higher education programs and divert the money to a 3 percent raise for primary educators. The Ways and Means Committee's plan would cost the state $80 million for pay raises, and leave the higher education budget at its present level, still down from previous years.

This development fulfills a prophecy made by JSU President Harold McGee during Higher Education Day, a March 5 rally at the statehouse by students and faculty statewide. "I think the governor's proposal has been defeated," McGee told The Chanticleer, "but we'll still have level planning, and level planning is still a major budget cut." Under level planning, state funding is not adjusted for inflation. According to McGee, level planning costs JSU roughly half a million dollars per year.

Rep. Bill Fulhimer, a Lafayette Democrat and Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, says he wants to fund the plan with a 16-cent-per-pack tax on cigarettes. The plan is known in the statehouse as the "Children First" initiative.

"The Children First package of initiatives is the only new idea on the table that deserves discussion of fresh revenue," Fulhimer told The News.

Crandon released a statement about the letter on Monday, admitting to having written it, and also admitting that he was wrong in writing it. "I am not a racist," the statement says. Following Monday's SGA meeting, Crandon opened himself up to questions and comments from the student body regarding the letter, and stressed that his letter was meant to question Morris' sincerity about wanting to help minority students.

"I had a right to judge Ray [Morris] in my own mind because I know that he did not support some of the things that have come in the past," Crandon said to the crowd of around 200 following the SGA meeting. Crandon cited Morris' meetings with the African-American Association and other black groups during the election in the search for votes, saying he didn't believe Morris deserved black votes because Morris "was not a proactive supporter of AAA."

Students at the meeting were apparently

Sit-In

Continued on page 3
SGA Elections: The Results Are In

by Scott Hopkin
Chanticleer News Writer

But what about the other people in the SGA election? With over six hundred and fifteen votes cast and sixty-two people running for thirty-five senate seats, and calls for a re-election of the first vice president’s seat, this year’s election is still heavily active.

With four-hundred and eighty-three votes, Bob Boyle defeated Allen Reynolds for the SGA presidency. A strong advocate for student activism, Boyle wants to increase student activity in the SGA. “The SGA is not a separate entity,” he says. Boyle explains that the forty-odd people who run the meetings are not the SGA, “The whole student body is the SGA.”

Boyle says he wants to be responsive to students. He cites Monday’s SGA meeting as a good example of students coming out and expressing their views. “But how many will be back?” Boyle says that he wants that kind of participation regularly, as well as students volunteering to help on various SGA committees.

Amidst allegations of racism, Matt Crandon defeated Ray Morris, three-hundred eighty-one votes to two-hundred fifty-one votes. Crandon was unopposed for the position of the SGA comptroller. Angel wants to move SGA events from a Monday to Thursday, and focus from a Wednesday to Sunday. Narvaez says he wants to do this to give students something to do on the weekends. He also says that he wants to encourage more students to stay, so JSU won’t be a “suitcase college.”

Narvaez also wants to increase involvement of organizations with special months. He’s suggested having a new committee to work with groups such as the International House for International Week or the Minority Affairs for Black History Month. He also would like to get Hispanic student’s suggestions for celebrating Hispanic Month this fall.

Robbie Patti ran unopposed for the position of the SGA comptroller. According to Patti, “The main thing I want to do is bring a little more organization to the Allocations Committee.” “Speaking with past comptrollers,” says Patti, “there are some months where you’re so busy, you never think you’re going to finish your work. Then there are some months where you sit there and do nothing.” Patti plans on helping out the vice presidents and the president with their duties during his slow period.

Despite nearly twice the number of people running for office than seats, senator candidates were still able to cooperate. Marlene Alvarez-Medina and Marcelo Olivera, both international students, pooled resources to win their seats. Their signs contained both of their names, and whenever one would speak at a group, they’d mention the other. Both also share the same views on what they want to do in the SGA: to have events on the weekend. Alvarez-Medina says that not giving student things to do on the weekend “encourages alcoholism. They have nothing to do [except drink]”. She wants to keep the gym and pool open to students during the weekends, as well as add cultural events such as dancing, music, and sports.

“The point is,” says Olivera, “how can we help the students.” He feels that changes don’t have to be major, such as restructuring the SGA, but little things, such as more things for students to become involved with on the weekends.

Besides, and includes their special months. He’s suggested having a new committee to work with groups such as the International House for International Week or the Minority Affairs for Black History Month. He also would like to get Hispanic student’s suggestions for celebrating Hispanic Month this fall.

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not satisfied with Crandon’s public apology. Several students who called for Crandon’s resignation were met with supportive calls for Crandon’s resignation, which was met with supportive applause from the majority of the audience.

Following the meeting, which grew more heated as students, SGA senators, and Crandon defended various points of view, students unsatisfied with Crandon’s statements planned a sit-in protest at Bibb Graves Hall for Tuesday morning.

Tuesday morning, the sit-in started at 7:30. By 7:50 a.m., 65 students had gathered in the second floor hallway of Bibb Graves Hall, in front of the president’s office. At 8:00 a.m., that crowd moved from the hallway into the waiting room outside the president’s office, where they demanded an audience with McGee.

University president Harold McGee at first agreed to meet with just four representatives of the student protestors, but emerged from his office after the students wanting the president to meet with the entire assembly, refused to send in representatives, chanting “All or none.”

Warren Carson, interim director of the Office of Minority Affairs, and several of the assembled students who spoke up presented McGee with a list of concerns they wanted addressed, which McGee and the University responded to today.

After about 30 minutes, McGee agreed to meet with a group of the students to decide how discussion on the concerns could continue. McGee proposed a series of focus group discussions, beginning that afternoon at 2:00, to discuss the issues at hand and how best to resolve them. The president also said that the requested investigations could begin immediately.

At 2:00 p.m., around 15 African-American students representing different groups on campus, as well as student media and representatives of newspapers and television stations from Huntsville and Birmingham, assembled at Bibb Graves Hall again to meet with McGee. The press was denied entrance to the brief meeting, from which the student leaders emerged disappointed.

“A waste of time,” was how Carson described the meeting on Tuesday. “He asked us to bring our concerns and he pretty much just went around each one of those concerns... We’re going to have to look at outside intervention to help the black students here at Jacksonville State University.”

As the University offices closed for the day at 4:30 p.m., McGee and other administrators continued to meet regarding the matter at hand. Shortly after 5:30 p.m., Warren Carson suggested to the group that they disperse for the evening, and return Wednesday morning at 7:30 to see if the administration had made any progress on addressing the group’s concerns. After meeting with various media, Carson and the group trickled out of the building, emptying the front hallway for the first time in nearly twelve hours.

Protesters returned as promised Wednesday morning, anxiously awaiting rumors announced by the University.

Late Wednesday morning the University announced a press conference about the matter, and released a statement agreeing to work with the concerns raised by the protesting students.
Cats Don’t Eat Cheese

by Tim Lockette
Managing Editor

Last week I received my first issue of The Village Voice. I wondered if it was ever going to come. I ordered it last Fall from a door-to-door saleswoman. As a student on a fixed income, I never should have spent the money, but I was madly and irrationally in love at the time, and lovers (thank God) do magnanimous things.

I was impressed by the shredded newssheet I found stuffed into my tiny apartment mailbox. The Voice is everything the more liberal staffers of The Chanticleer would like their paper to be. The writing was comfortably leftist and intellectual. But what struck me most was an ad in the Classifieds section: “The International Cat Show (tm) for the Chee-tos Coolest Cat Contest.” The ad featured the image of a recumbent Chester the Cheetah, calmly picking his teeth.

It was the first time I’d ever considered the absurdity of Chester the Cheetah. He’s a cat, you know. The cheetah is the world’s fastest animal, faster than the clunker your parents let you drive when you got your license. The cheetah chases its food, and doesn’t have much appetite for anything it hasn’t snarled personally. Cheese—the foodstuff on which the Cheetah’s diet is full of nutrients, but it isn’t going anywhere. “Cheese” is the slang word for the stuff that collects on an unwashed human body. Cheese is an eddy in the stream of life, and a cheetah wouldn’t give it the passing glance that a married man gives women at the mall.

I brought this up because I have three nephews possessing of amazing intelligence—Will, Jordan, and Brendan—who probably think that the Cheetos is the natural prey of the big cats of Africa. Once my brother and his wife caught them playing a game:

“I’ll say real food,” said Will.
And you say hody,”
“Okay,” said Jordan.
“Real fooood!!”
“Hody!!”

After observing this bizarre custom for some time, my brother and his wife finally realized that their children were mimicking a slightly bluesy jingle from a Hardee’s commercial.

I love kids. My nephews live in Montgomery, but I do my best to make time to play with my six-year-old cousin Owen, who lives just down the road from my parents’ house. One of Owen’s favorite pastimes is a game I call “In the Name of Justice.”

It goes like this: I’m the bad guy, and Owen is the good guy. We fight for a time with swords—they look like sticks to me, but Owen says they’re swords—and eventually I surrender, being, after all, the bad guy. Then I kneel before the mighty Owen Timothy Greer, who shouts “In the name of Justice,” and proceeds to pop off my virtual head. Fortunately, virtual heads grow back quickly, and soon we are fighting again.

Once I asked Owen what those words mean: In the name of Justice.

“I don’t know,” he said. “It’s just something you say when you cut off somebody’s head.”

As you might imagine, my cousin and nephews watch a lot of commercial television. I come from a long line of pretty intelligent people—Grandaddy Angel, for instance, never got the chance to finish college, but he was a crossword puzzle wizard, and he actually read Don Quijote from cover to cover. We are born learners, and my young relations are learning, from commercial television, how to be consumers in a capitalist culture.

I’m not saying that I didn’t tug at Mama’s skirt and beg her to take me Star Wars toys once upon a time. Quite the contrary: Owen often plays with my old Star Wars toys, and recently he convinced his mother to buy me a new Darth Vader action figure.

My old Darth Vader has been headless since 1981—in I suppose, the name of Justice. I seem to recall that I was chewing on the Dark Lord of the Sith during a tense scene on The Dukes of Hazzard, when suddenly his head popped off into my mouth. Mama said I didn’t need a new one, but Owen finally redeemed me. As Blake said, the child is the father—or cousin—of the man. Star Wars toys mean a lot.

I learned a lot of things from watching Star Wars. I learned that if you kill a defenseless old man, his soul will come back to haunt you. I learned that bad guys sometimes wear white uniforms. I learned that we are luminous beings, not this crude matter. I also learned that I should go out immediately and buy every product Lucasfilm has to offer. After four years in the military and a year in journalism—both nasty businesses—I’ve lost most of my idealism about the force that binds all living things. The message of consumerism is the only one that still thrills me to the core.

See Cats Don’t Eat Cheese
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Letters to the Editor

Whatever Happened to Putting an Overpass Walk Across Highway 21?

Dear Editor:

I was impressed by Matt Brooks’ “Letter to the Editor” in the February 1 issue of The Chanticleer, where he discusses the unfortunate accident in which his sister Lesleigh, a JSU senior, was struck by a speeding car and seriously injured while crossing Highway 21 on campus on the way to class.

I am surprised that aside from The Chanticleer’s report in January and Mr. Brooks’ letter, nothing else has been said about the incident. Isn’t it time we talked about the need for an overpass walk (or better still, a subway walk) across Highway 21 on campus?

Some told me that arguments were brought forth at an SGA meeting to the effect that there is no need for an overpass or subway walk. I would be very interested in hearing these arguments because frankly, I have been quietly wishing for a crosswalk for over ten years. I can’t conceive of how there could be a strong argument against an overpass or subway walk, but am anxious to hear it and am open to the possibility that it might be valid. The point I am making here is that there is a compelling need for an open public discussion about his vital local issue which directly affects our campus and community.

Please consider that Highway 21 is the major north-south thoroughfare in Calhoun County. Consider that it cuts directly through the heart of our campus, is heavily trafficked with cars and trucks, and that literally thousands of students, faculty, staff, and others cross it on foot each day. Consider the large number of DSS students we have at JSU. Consider that the logical, common sense thing to do would be to build an overpass or subway walk across Highway 21 which would drastically reduce if not totally prevent such accidents as befell Lesleigh. Consider that if such a walkway is not built it is probably only a matter of time before some other pedestrian is seriously injured or killed. At the very least we must have a public discussion — isn’t that how citizens in a democracy make responsible decisions?

A couple of weeks ago I was standing on the corner of Highway 21 and 204, in front of Martin Hall and just across from the BCM, when an 18-wheeler going 40 miles an hour whizzed past my head about two feet away. Had I slipped on a banana peel or for any other reason lost my balance and lurched into the street, I’d be history right now.

If JSU can afford to build a new baseball field costing a million dollars, surely it can afford an overpass or subway walk across Highway 21 on campus. Perhaps the county and state can help pay for it. I urge students, faculty, staff, administrators, the Mayor and City Council, local citizens, the county commissioners and the highway department immediately to engage in a thorough public discussion.

Sincerely,
Rufus Kinney

English Department

Editor’s Note: Letters to the Editor must be typed and must include your name, student number and phone number.

Cats Don’t Eat Cheese

Continued from page 4

Fortunately, Lucasfilm wasn’t my only educator. There was also Kermit the Frog, who was one of the main reasons why I could already read when I entered the first grade. Later came Bill Moyers, whom I still regard as my favorite English teacher. And there was Ken Burns, who taught me things about my Confederate heritage which I would never have learned in an Alabama public school.

I can’t understand why Republican legislators want to cut the head off public television. They say it’s in the name of Justice, but I have to wonder just whose Justice this is. My brother, a computer programmer, can afford cable and the educational channels it offers his children. Cutting wasteful programs will cut his taxes so he can afford the Disney channel. Then his kids will learn that cats don’t eat cheese.

But I live on the west side of Jacksonville, and some of my friends can’t afford telephones, much less cable. And though I hate to admit it, many of their children are every bit as bright as my nephews. For those kids, summer offers two viewing choices: CBS soap operas and Sesame Street. Those are the same choices my brother and I had, back when Ted Turner was just a guy who owned an independent station in Atlanta. When election time comes, I’m going to vote to keep those choices. Take a few cents out of my paycheck if you want. I love kids, and when people are in love, they are (thank God) magnanimous.
"You know," I say to the boss, "I kind of feel like we're in one of those Frankenstein movies." Emily and I are careening down the highway near Heflin chasing a tip in true reportorial fashion: we've heard that the Rainbow Family has materialized again in the Talladega National Forest. Hailstones bounce on the road before us. The voices on Q-104 are shouting ominous warnings about possible tornadoes. This particular road suffers from a strange lack of signs of any sort, and dangerous curves seem to leap out in front of us like boogeymen.

Lost, we stop at a little gas station, a spot of light in the darkness. Lightning flashes overhead. "You go in and ask directions," the boss says. We're both wearing tie-dyed T-shirts, and I've just finished telling her about the ending of Easy Rider, a movie she's never seen. We both have the eerie feeling that we might run into some of Pat Buchanan's "peasants with pitchforks." It may be fear of peasants with pitchforks which makes the Rainbow Family so hard to find. The deaths of Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda in Easy Rider signaled the beginning of the end for the 1960's counterculture: movies and music brought the youth movement into the mainstream, and soon hippies were abandoning their communes for mortages and Volvos. The spiritual revolution was over.

But not for the Rainbows, a nebulous group of wanderers and weekend mystics who converge harmonically in America's national forests to celebrate peace, love, and ecological grooviness. The Rainbows are a living artifact of past American culture, an antique vehicle shambing across the US with a surprising number of its original parts — and no license plates.

That vehicle may soon be pulled over by the U.S. Forest Service. A new Forest Service regulation requires a permit for any group of more than 75 people who wish to gather in a national forest, and grants the government the right to refuse such a permit. Rainbow gatherings in Talladega National Forest have drawn as many as 10,000 attendees in the past, and many locals would prefer to see them shut down.

After a bit of haggling, Emily and I agree to go into the store together. A sales clerk and the two locals leaning on the counter regard us with bemused interest as we purchase Becco Moon Pies and Pepsi. I can tell by their expressions that they must have already seen some Rainbows today. I ask the woman at the counter for directions. She regards me with worry, as if she knows my kin. "Surely y'all aren't going out there with them?" We explain that we're from a newspaper, and one of the men at the counter tells us how to find them. The other man at the counter

"I don't. My lawyer does." Two Bears says his lawyer has taken the case pro bono. Leaving it to the lawyers is probably a good idea: Two Bears is not arraignment material. Along with the black hat, he sports a western-style suede jacket, a disheveled head of blond hair and sort of Fu-Manchu mustache. He has the easy, laid-back manners of a Californian at a keg party. He's Peter Pan trapped in Yosemite Sam's body.

We warn him that there may be tornadoes on the way. "We love tornadoes," he deadpans. "Tornadoes love us. They do. They tear down wood for us." According to Two Bears, Rainbows never harm trees — they collect deadwood for their fires.

"Ever been to a kitchen?" he asks. Rainbows set up free open-air restaurants — kitchens — for guests at gatherings. "Ya'll'll have to come see my kitchen tomorrow, 'cos I got a phat kitchen. It's kind." He pauses to light something resembling a little brown cigar. "Don't worry, this ain't no crack or anything."

It's probably the warmest discussion waiting for us as we enter. We roll down our window, and he shines his flashlight inside, like a policeman. "Welcome home," he says, "I'm Two Bears."

This is great. Two Bears has been appointed by the media as the leader of the local Rainbow group — he's one of the people named specifically in the suit against the group, and has been mentioned in an Associated Press report on the local gathering. Somehow I had imagined that getting to speak to Two Bears would be like getting an audience with a Polynesian tribal monarch, but not every group operates like local government.

We hop out of the car for an interview in the rain. Two Bears knows what we want to see: from his pocket he produces a ragged sheaf of folded papers. "I'm indicted by the Justice Department for f***in' bein' a Rainbow member, man."

He points to names on the paper in the glow of the flashlight. "These are all the people that are indicted. They're trying to say that we can't do this. They're going to indict me again at this one."

"When are you going to appear?" we ask.

"I don't. My lawyer does." Two Bears says his lawyer has taken the case pro bono. Leaving it to the lawyers is probably a good idea: Two Bears is not arraignment material. Along with the black hat, he sports a western-style suede jacket, a disheveled head of blond hair and sort of Fu-Manchu mustache. He has the easy, laid-back manners of a Californian at a keg party. He's Peter Pan trapped in Yosemite Sam's body.

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It's probably the warmest discussion

Story By Tim Lockette/ Layout By Keith Tasker You Can Find The Rainbow Family At http://www.welcomehome.org
I’ve ever had in the freezing rain. Two Bears has a personable, Joe-Sixpack aura about him. We discuss the organization of the Rainbow Family — how do people know when there’s going to be a gathering? ‘They read it in the papers. And those papers find out from other papers. Give us a good write-up and it’ll be phat. The only problems we ever have is when some locals come in, they come in all f**ked up. (But) as long as the papers are good to us, we never have a problem.”

Two Bears describes his position with the Family as “greeter,” usually for the “A” camp: a section of a gathering where alcohol is allowed. Alcohol use is discouraged at most gatherings, and overuse of any drug is a no-no. Hard drugs are among the few forbidden items at a meeting, along with aggressive dogs, weapons, and “bad attitudes.” If you’ve noticed a gap in there — between beer and hard drugs — you’re right. It’s hard for a reporter to pin down a Rainbow on the subject of marijuana use, but their Internet site — the closest thing to an “official channel” — says they discourage intoxication, at least that of a chemical variety.

After a fruitless search for other encampments, we return sopping wet to Two Bears and ask him to board the nearby bus with us for a photo op. There we meet Stuff-Enuff, a fortyish woman who wears Grateful Dead dancing bear stickers on her glasses, and her husband Samo-Jamo (pronounced like “Same Old Jame-O”). They admit us graciously into their truly mobile home, and I must admit I feel an odd sense of safety, like a kid at Grandma’s house. When you don’t have a radio, a tornado watch sounds just like any other storm. The roof of the bus is covered with uplifting graffiti, and the couple keep their possessions in plastic milk crates. A dog lies on a mattress beside the crates.

Stuff-Enuff is nowhere near as laid back as Two Bears — there seems to be a greater sense of mission in her participation here. One of the first questions she asks us is, “Do you believe in God?” This is not, generally, a good question for a journalist to answer, so I say: “Not really.” She turns to the boss and begins explaining the Rainbow concept, as she sees it. I converse with Two Bears, occasionally catching bits of the other conversation — stuff about peace, love, and “Plastic Babylon.” That’s the Rainbow word for the “real” world of careers and possessions. If the mainstream views the Rainbows as a horde confused people in a den of iniquity, then the Family views “Babylon” the same way.

Two Bears is shocked by his status as a Rainbow “leader.” He says that he just arrived at the Talladega camp, as he likes to stay behind at old campsites and help clean up. Local media began reporting on him before he even got here. Earlier today, he says, he heard his name on the radio: “I was like, damn, damn, they’re already quoting me... I’m not a leader, I’m just a traffic cop.”

“Our leaders,” says Stuff-Enuff, “are the smallest child that is born in the Family, and when that child is able to speak, they’re not a leader anymore.”

Stuff-Enuff is intensely interested in getting a favorable story in the paper. She shows us newspaper clippings from old visits. Not all of the papers have been as kind as the Anniston Star. One headline identifies the group as “peaceniks,” and I have to laugh. How exactly does one define a peacenik when there’s no war on? Is Pat Buchanan a peacenik?

“We’ve had people shoot at us down in Osceola (Florida),” Stuff says of their last gathering. This doesn’t seem to worry Two Bears. Nothing much worries Two Bears, including the Forest Service and Department of Justice. He shows me a card he keeps in his wallet: it reads “Individual Permit to Gather.” Beneath that is printed the First Amendment. “My lawyer gave me that,” he says.

The Rainbows pose for a picture, and then it’s time to head back to Babylon. After a chat with the Rainbows, it’s surprisingly easy to see a few characteristics of the Biblical capital of sin even in the streets of Heflin. It’s awfully tempting: to run off with the circus, to camp out for a living. But I have the feeling that after a couple more Cokes and another Moon Pie, I’ll be myself again. Texaco has one phat kitchen.
Inarticulate Nature
School Of Fish frontman, Josh Clayton, turned in a typical rock album. Clayton played more like an experiment than your whole new sound terrain to explore. (which isn't such a novel idea these all the instruments on the album, and groove rhythms. This is the style of music that makes you hop around your room dreaming of the day you can be in a band. These are just such happy, snappy songs that anyone with a pulse will be moved by them. And at first listen, the Meices could be mistakenly thrown into the punk scene, but a deeper inspection shows that the Meices have more in common with Cincinnati's Afghan Whigs than with the green-haired freaks. Songs like "Uncool," "Yeah," and "Leave Me Alone" show the band’s ability to put a little soul in the music and give that lasting edge. And the accompanyment of strings on "Monday Mood" really helps to bring back the loneliness and longing of the beginning of the week. So a word to the wise, anybody that loves soulful rock should definitely check out Dirty Bird because they won't be sorry.

Salt
Ascultate
Island Records

Coming from the home of ABBA and Ace Of Base, Sweden's Salt has a lot going against it right out of the barrel. But with powerful songs and a vocalist reminiscent of PJ Harvey, Salt nails a bulls-eye.

Deep bass lines and quivery, gut-rending guitar strokes help to propel Salt past all of the other female-led bands into the ring with the big boys. And personally, I think Salt could knock Nirvana on its ass. I mean no matter how great Kurt was, he never came up with songs as catchy and rocking as Salt's worst. Watch your back because this band is going places.

Singer Nina Ramsby's vocals can have you crying one moment and breaking windows the next. As exemplified on truly amazing tracks like "Honour Me," "Obsession," and, what is destined to be a hit with it's eerie tones and haunting lyrics, "Witty." Many bands may have helped to start this sound of heavy beats and loud feedback, but Salt is doing it faster, louder, and just down right better.

"I'm longing to be/ You've got to force me/ I could hold on/ This thing is not real/ Want to be/ Got to be/ Witty/ Don't want to/ Don't want to/ Be inert/ Inert." How can't every person in the world not relate with that, and when you hear Ramsby do it, it's like driving the nail in the coffin. Stop what you're doing and get this record because, just like the mineral, Salt can add flavor to your life or burn a festering scar.
In addition to being practical, PIN tattoos are becoming chic.

Al loved to take photos of his customers the instant after they looked at their repair bill.

"All right, Tom! It's time I ended this charade! I'm not Glenda, your adoring wife of 12 years! I'm IRS agent Lola Schwantz, and I know every tax trick you've tried to pull! Get ready for the mother of all audits!"
JSU’s Baseball Squad is now 16-10 overall and 1-2 in conference play (photo by Roger Luallen).

Baseball Squad Starts Play in TAAC

Gamecocks Lose a Pair to Southeastern Louisiana

by Shannon Fagan
Chanticleer Sports Writer

Gamecocks Play First Night Home Game

The Gamecocks started play in the TAAC this week when they played the Lions of Southeast Louisiana. They got their first win in the conference on Saturday, but the big story this week was the first-night home game against in-state rival UAB. Here is a look at how the week went for the Gamecocks:

Jax State 6, UAB 2

NEW BASEBALL FIELD-The Gamecocks gave up two runs in the first inning, but held the Blazers without any runs the rest of the way. Jax State had a big second inning, scoring five runs on five hits. Jason Craft pitched a brilliant game on his way to his fourth win of the season. Craft went the distance, striking out eight batters along the way. The Gamecocks scored six runs on seven hits. UAB put up two runs on nine hits and had three costly errors. After the win under the lights, JSU Head Coach Rudy Abbott had this to say: “Jason Craft pitched a great ball game. It was a good confidence builder. We had a big inning and he held it for us. He never showed signs of getting tired.”

Southeastern Louisiana 8, Jax State 5

HAMMOND, LA.-JSU scored five runs on seven hits, but it was not enough as the Lions held on for the win. Blaine Douglas suffered his second loss of the season. The Gamecocks gave up eight runs on seven hits as they lost their TAAC Conference opener.

Southeastern Louisiana 4, Jax State 2

Jax State 5, SE Louisiana 3

HAMMOND, LA.-The Gamecocks played the Lions again in a double header on Saturday. They were able to salvage a split in the two games. In game one, J.R. Allen suffered his only loss of the game, but Ann Shelton needed as she did the rest for the Lady Gamecocks. Troy State 3, Jacksonville State 2

Jax State 2, Centenary 0

SHREVEPORT, LA.-JSU’s Ann Shelton nearly pitched a no-hitter in a one-hit shutout of the Ladies of Centenary in the first game of a doubleheader on March 16th. Wendy McKibbin’s RBI in the first inning was all the Jacksonville State as JSU’s version of Greg Maddux (Shelton) did the rest for the Lady Gamecocks.

Jax State 1, Southeastern Louisiana 0

HAMMOND, LA.-Jacksonville State took the first game of a doubleheader on March 18th. Wendy McKibbin’s homer in the first inning of the game was all that Ann Shelton needed as she cruised to her fourteenth win of the season. Shelton’s perfect game did not last out 11 batters. Jax State 7, Southeastern Louisiana 3

HAMMOND, LA.-Rachel Riddell picked up her fourth win of the season, and Wendy McKibbin smacked her fifth homer of the season as JSU won the nightcap of the doubleheader with SLU. McKibbin went 3 for 4 in the game and knocked in two runs for the game.

Softball Team Wins Four in a Row

by Will Roe
Chanticleer Sports Editor

Coming into the 1996 softball season, there were several questions about the Lady Gamecocks. One of the big questions was “How will Ann Shelton play after a terrific 1995 season?” Shelton has pitched the Lady Gamecocks to an impressive 22-4 record on the season, and a 5-1 record in the Trans America Athletic Conference. She is 13-2 and was TAAC “Player of the Week” for last week. Here is a review of this past week’s games:

Hammond LA.-Hammond, LA.-SSU’s Rhonda Freeman went 2 for 4 for the game, and Rachel Stone knocked in SSU’s only run of the game, while going 1 for 3.

Jax State 1, Centenary 0

SHREVEPORT, LA.-JSU’s Ann Shelton nearly pitched a no-hitter in a one-hit shutout of the Ladies of Centenary in the first game of a doubleheader on March 16th. Wendy McKibbin’s RBI in the first inning was all the Jacksonville State as JSU’s version of Greg Maddux (Shelton) did the rest for the Lady Gamecocks.

Jax State 2, Centenary 0

SHREVEPORT, LA.-JSU took a sweep of the Ladies of Centenary as the Lady Gamecocks scored single-run innings in the sixth and seventh innings. Rachel Riddell started the game and pitched three and two-thirds innings, giving up 4 hits and no runs. Ann Shelton came in and finished the job and picked up the win, making her 13-2 on the season.

Jax State 1, Southeastern Louisiana 0

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