

# Corporations' money controlling athletics

On Nov. 9 the Demon Deacon football team will "host" Florida State University in a game that will be played in Orlando, Fla. No, a tornado did not just pick up Groves Stadium and dump it in a Florida swamp.

In a move that *Sports Illustrated*, in its July 8 issue, referred to as "This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us," the university sold the rights to this year's Florida State football game to Dowdy Aviation.

The game is to be called the "Dowdy Aviation Classic," which leads to an interesting question: *classic what?*

I can understand where they got the "Dowdy Aviation" component of the title — they are the company to which the university sold its soul (or what is left of it after IBM, PepsiCo, and R.J. Reynolds have had their share).

My hang-up is with the word "classic." The 10th Edition of good ole *Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* defines the term as "serving as a standard of excellence: of recognized value" or "traditional, enduring."

If the upcoming Deacon-Seminole football game can be considered classic then so can a meal at the Pit.

The first portion of the definition is inadequate in describing the game. While FSU does have an excellent football program, the same cannot be said for the Deacon football program, although it has been improving (sort of).

The second part of the definition does not apply as the Deacons have only hosted FSU twice in the 28-year history of Groves Stadium. That's hardly a rivalry that can be considered traditional and enduring.

Now, either Webster's need to amend their dictionary

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to include a definition of "classic" that is more suitable to the upcoming football game (which is highly unlikely), or the game should be renamed (which is also unlikely, unless someone can ante up a few million dollars).

The only correct way that classic can be used in relation to the game is that it is a classic sell-out.

In the future, the university should solicit better sponsors for the games that it plans to auction off. Roloids, Toilet Duck, and Depends would be much more appropriate sponsors for Deacon football than an aviation company.

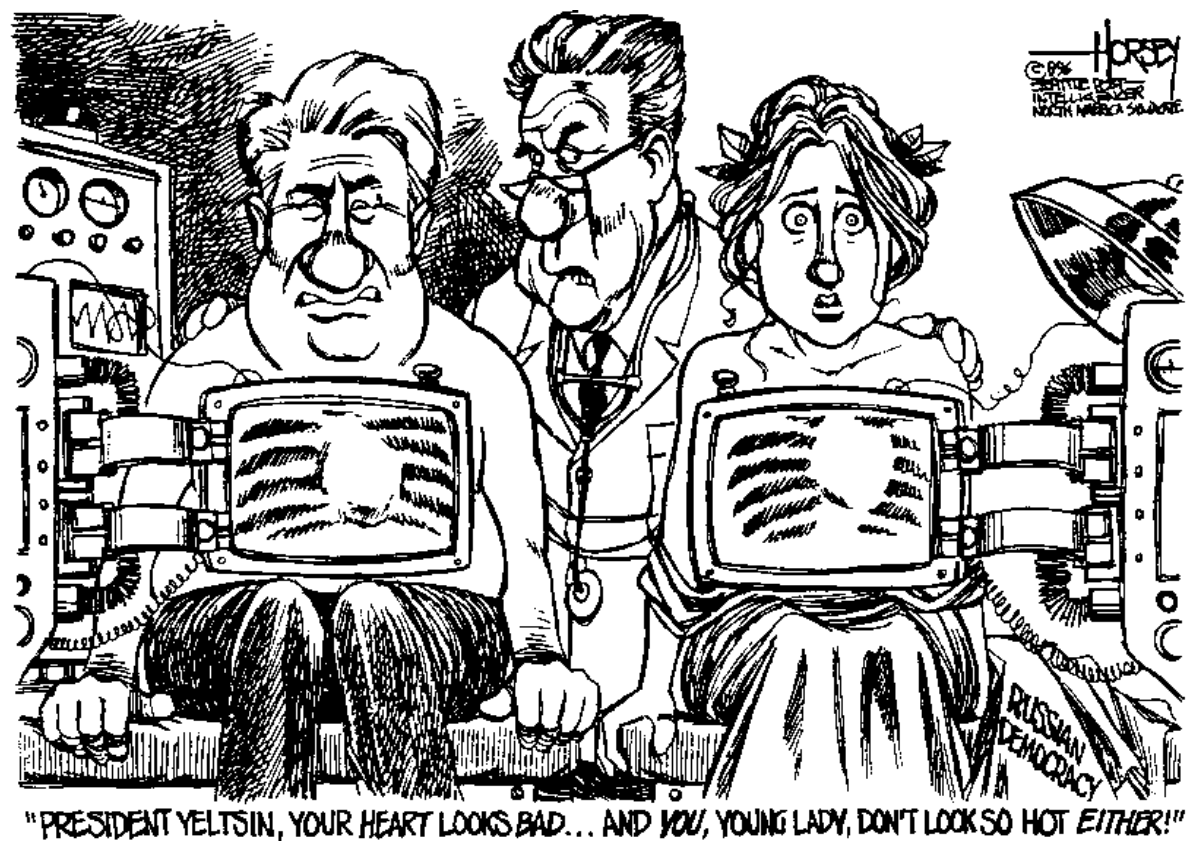
If we are going to sell the rights to sporting events, why not sell the rights to other events? We could probably make big bucks by selling convocations and commencement ceremonies.

Unfortunately, this move should not surprise anyone given the recent courses of action that have taken place regarding sporting events at the university. The new soccer stadium was named after a benefactor rather than former Head Coach Walt Chyzowych who passed away in 1994. This year, a basketball ticket policy has been implemented that does not guarantee every student a ticket to every game, which allows more tickets to be sold to the general public.

The entire university should be embarrassed by the decision. Once again, the powers that be have put financial gains before student interests. I am just hoping that when I get my diploma in two years it does not have a corporate logo on it.

MIKE LUCKOVICH  
FELIX ANTE CONSTITUTION 6%

OF COURSE, PRIME MINISTER NETANYAHU DOESN'T MEAN THAT AS A PROVOCATION...



"PRESIDENT YELTSIN, YOUR HEART LOOKS BAD... AND YOU, YOUNG LADY, DON'T LOOK SO HOT EITHER!"

# College experience calls for self-exploration

PAUL FYFE

GUEST COLUMNIST

Upon returning the previous Sunday night from the subtle grandeur and silent sublimity of a weekend in the Smoky Mountains, I found myself wandering through the Benson University Center disaffected and detached.

Aside from the intimidating mound of neglected work facing me that night was a confused bitterness towards the institution permeating my optimism and energy.

This sweeping languor temporarily crippled all academic motivation and I was even touched with a slight contempt. "Why am I here?" I asked.

It seemed that every class I was taking subjected me to its own ulterior agenda, far removed from any of my own. My perceived control over my course was vanishing. I didn't select what I was to read, I didn't sit down to arbitrarily define particular metaphysics, and I certainly didn't explore the nomenclature of bicycloalkanes according to my personal ideals.

I was distraught, rejecting everything. I really wanted to major in "Paul Fyfe," soon becoming the foremost scholar in that field, with commanding knowledge and having written prolific publications ultimately redefining every preexisting principle to originality — *Pro Fyfitate*.

Unfortunately, it is not offered. I had only to glean and collect abstract personal satisfaction from the devices of a foreign apparatus, hence building my own vocation.

Soon, however, this point of reference offended me with its egoism. I started to objectify my situation in reflection. What I am to be is not defined by a particular course load except in that the relative acquisition of knowledge is, for the most part, available to my choice and my freedom.

I can design a college experience into a gracious formation according to personal aesthetics without even being an art major.

I am here for a liberal arts education; providing me myriad perspectives and avenues to construct my own paradigm and then my life. The agendas of any class, the institution and the marketplace become subverted in this frame, regardless of perceived limitations.

What is most conducive to my private illumination is what I will register for. I am not here to file myself into a loveless vocation, a statistic or an anonymous brick in someone else's wall. Neither are you.

I know one too many people who feel significant ambivalence about their collegiate designs. Although there is an effect of external or internal pressures, it ultimately remains the decision of the individual. This is your life. Why are you here?

Fundamentally, each of us are majoring in "Each of Us," with the prospects of employment and financial stability secondary to the most fundamental resource of "being."

Be skeptical about your "objective" decisions and challenge everything that you do. Do not prepare yourself for a midlife crisis by blinding yourself to life here. This is not a stepping stone, nor a process, but a personal, moral event.

I do not attempt to accuse or indict anyone or any discipline by this creed. I only wish to make light of the terribly obvious, so obscured in the machinations of our capitalistic conundrum; derisive means to unsatisfying ends.

Our institution is impotent without its students, as is humanity without its aficionados. Fruition lies ultimately within yourself, realizable through dedicated self-awareness. The university is yours. Invent your own major and your own life. If you love it, make it you.

# Gates unable to impede life

The real world doesn't have gates. It doesn't hide pain behind red bricks and manicured green grass. No one will stand guard outside your door to stop evil from barging in and no one will enforce an honor code. Your protections aren't outlined amidst the rhetoric of a "rules book." There is no student handbook for the real world.

In this environment that we call our university, we gain a false sense of security. There is always a benefit of the doubt, always another chance.

The man at the gates will stop the "badness" from polluting our picture-perfect world of masked reality. No one will cheat. But with diploma in hand and a ticket to the real world, these paternalistic protections will cease to be.

When we leave, we will be bombarded with the harsh realities of how things really are. Your barriers to evil are not key-card preventative because evil wears a mask. It'll smile

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to your face and it can find a key-card.

It breaks through gates, and crawls through the crevices of cemented brick. It will tell lies coated with sincerity and will arrive without warning.

In our day-to-day routines we tend to forget that bad things happen at the university. If it wasn't for those flyers that roamed the campus on Saturday documenting an on-campus assault, we all would have been under the impression that nothing bad ever happens here. I am not arguing that we all have a right to know the details of this case, I don't think that the problem lies in absent details.

Rather, Saturday's assault intensifies the false sense of security that we all leave the university with. As highly-educated students we need to open our eyes to reality.

We need to believe that some sort of higher being called campus security isn't going to be around forever. We need more protection than gates and barriers. People need people, not just technologically-advanced cameras and sensors.

We need to all be looking out for each other. Your friends are your support and your family is your spine.

There are no substitutes for the consoling words of a friend or those embraces that shield pain.

In the face of such things we are reminded that we are all human. We are not injury-proof no matter how many security guards pace the streets or how many blue phones dot the parking lot.

Bad things happen. People get hurt. And when it comes right down to it, we need to be aware that bad things happen here and not everyone is a good person no matter what the brochure says. We all need to be a bit more aware, and more importantly, we need each other.

