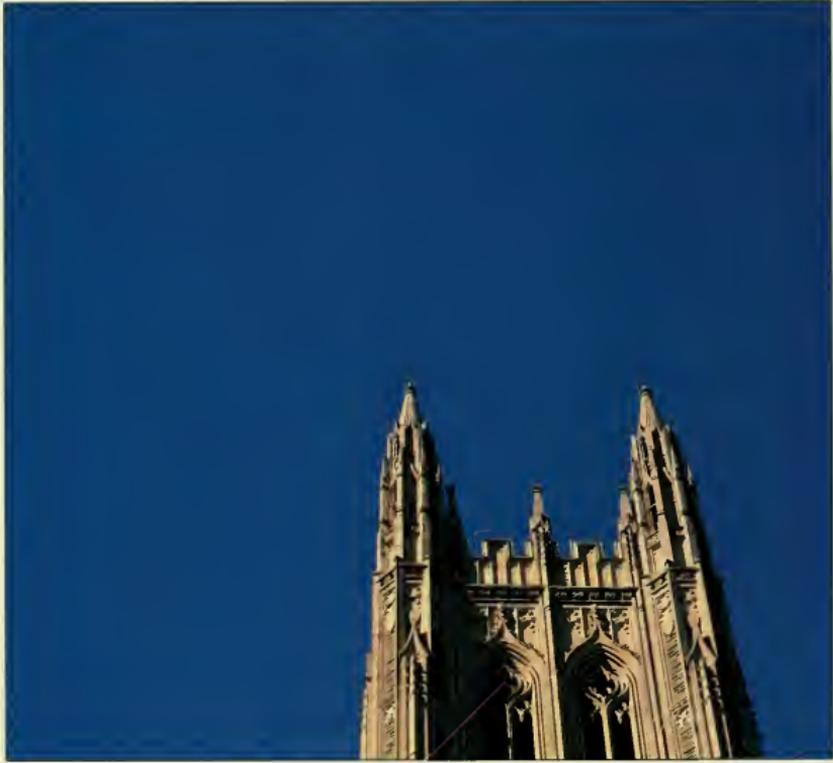


Chanticleer
1989



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THE CHANTICLEER

Duke University
Volume LXXVII

1989

Edited by Lawrence Lucier

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PROLOGUE

The other day there was a knock at my door, and a friend from the floor below poked his head into my room. He's a junior, and he asked to steal a peek at my single, what with room picks coming up and all. He glanced around my little plot of Gothic real estate, eyes calculating the placement of each stereo speaker, the position of every beer poster. As he wedged the phone receiver under his chin to test for fit, I asked what might be on his mind. "Oh, nothing," he said, then tapped the floor with his foot. "You gonna sell this rug?"

As he shut the door behind himself, I took a look around the room myself, and my eyes fell on a crumpled Porsche poster stashed under my bed. I had bought the poster at a flea market for a buck, a few days before I began my freshman year. That moment, when I exchanged a crumpled bill for yet another addition to my college decor, at once seemed like both a week and a lifetime ago. So many ideas, episodes and encounters have been crammed into the last four years that sometimes things run together.

In fact, thinking about the past four years all at once can make your head hurt. Images brightly flash for an instant, then disappear, replaced by another. Just like on the evening news, where the screen jumps from one part of the world to the next, pausing here for dramatic effect, there for a commercial message. The airline disaster in Lockerbie, Scotland, the battles over John Tower's nomination and congressional pay raises. The scandals over Ben Johnson's steroids and Pete Rose's gambling. The significance of each world event is drowned in a storm of color, a two-minute report from *Their Man in the Field*, or a 150-word story in *USA Today*.

Unless anyone was hit by a falling "One Life to Live" gargoyle or bet against Duke to go to the Final Four, our college years should evoke a much larger treasury of fond memories than those collected every night by Dan Rather, Peter Jennings, and Tom Brokaw. But they flash across our brains just the same, pausing only an instant, and then — poof — gone. Some return, but others are lost forever.

This yearbook is your mental VCR tape, kind of a reverse "Yearbook." You will keep it as part of your "library," next to the Time-Life series on the Civil War. On rainy days sometime in the early 2000's you will enter the, um, study (yeah, the study), sniffer of brandy cradled in hand, and gaze forlornly out the window. The panes will reveal a lush valley of sprawling farms, the looming skyline of a metropolis, the cracked-plaster walls of the next housing project over, or the dreary form of your sniffer-cradling neighbor across the street.

You'll sigh, then scan the shelves for the answer to what it once was. Your eyes will pass over your copy of Dan Quayle's memoirs, *The Collected Works of Tama Janowitz*, and *Trump II: The Scandal Years*. Finally, your eyes will fall upon the gold highlighted, black binding of this book and the urge to pull it down will be irresistible.

When you open this book on that rainy day 20 years from now, each picture will act as the first frame of a memory, a mental motion picture projected on the walls of your mind. Any problems with focus can be corrected easily with another sniffer of brandy. Some memories will be melodramas, some comedies, and others Gothic horror.

Other pictures will remain still-lives, their images frozen, unable to provoke your brain into motion. Who knows, maybe all of them will be this way. Do memories stay alive in our minds forever, for us to summon at whim, or do they fade after time into pale colors, faint fragrances, and distant sounds?

Yearbooks record the present so the future can appreciate the past. This book is certainly not a safety-deposit box in which to hold our college recollections: it is meant merely to act as a spark, the opening moments of memories secured entirely within your mind. Use it to help remember an old scope, relive a Cameron basketball game, or pay regretful homage to the formal date from hell, who may very well be the very person asking if you'd care for yet another sniffer of brandy. If this is the case, you'd best take him/her up on the offer.

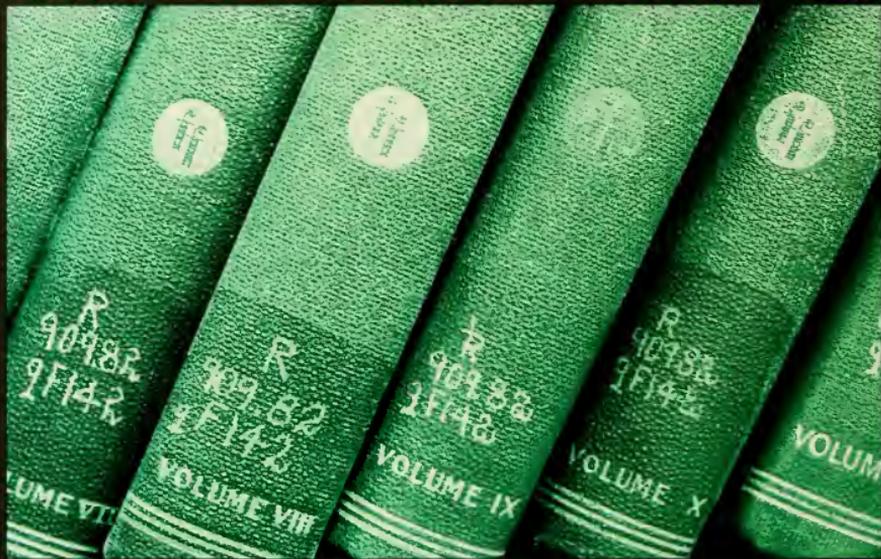
In twenty years the Duke Card will probably be passé, chicken strips will be illegal, and Danny Ferry will be the color commentator for Jefferson Pilot basketball broadcasts. Only the memories will remain, memories of the card readers' beep, the smell of Rathskeller grease, and the sight of one more fadeaway baseline jumper.

We cannot afford to forget our four years at Duke — they were far too expensive. Looking back, though, you'd have to agree it was a pretty good deal. Throw in the memories and it's a steal.

Jeff Diamond, '89









NEW YORK FASHION

TOP QUALITY
LOW PRICES
MEN & LADIES WEAR



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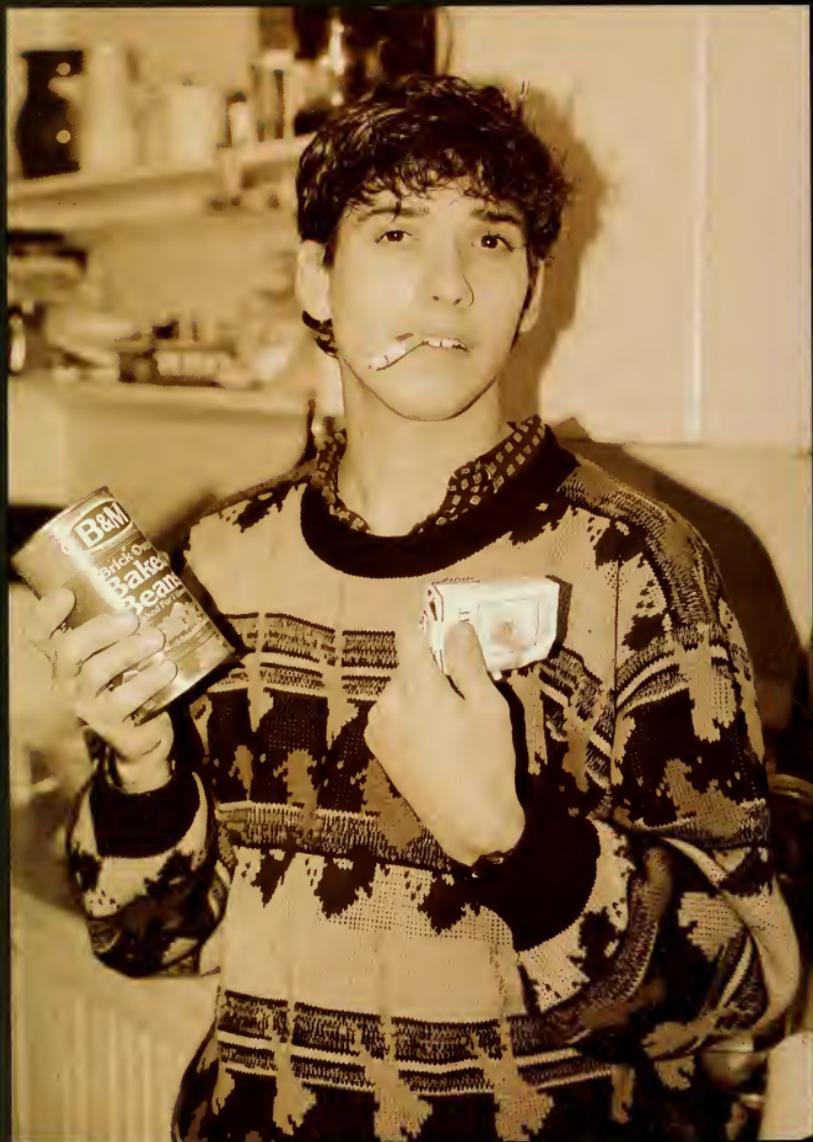




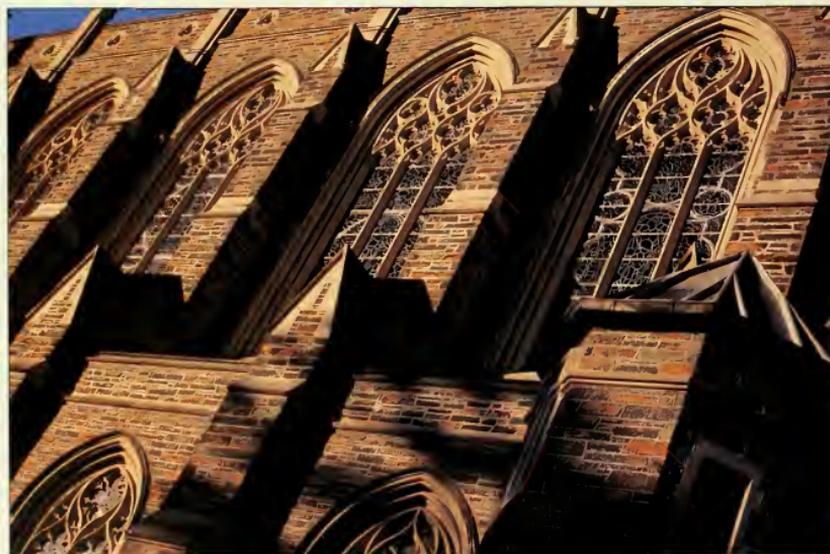






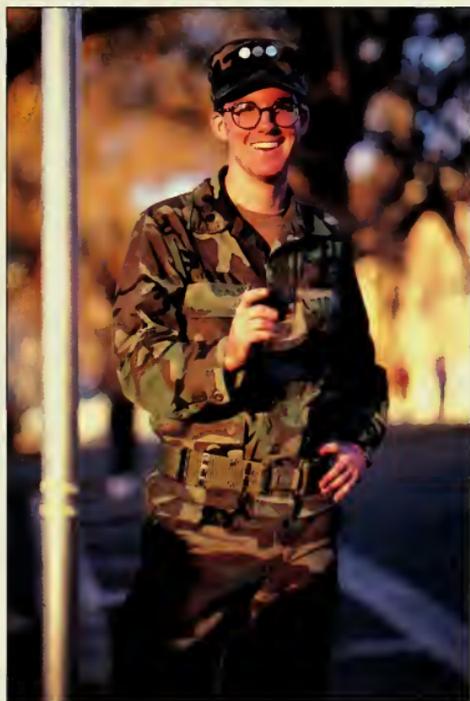












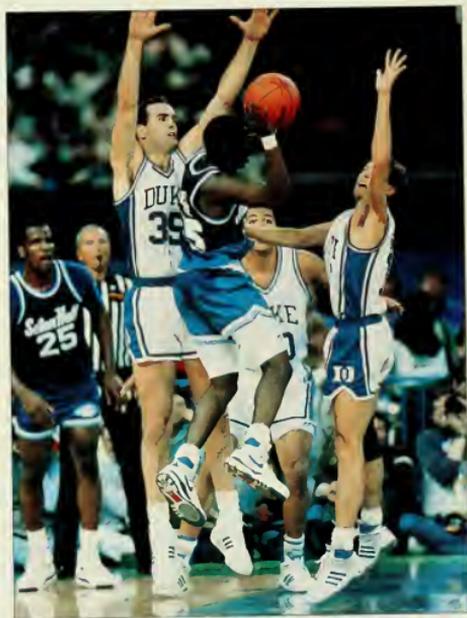
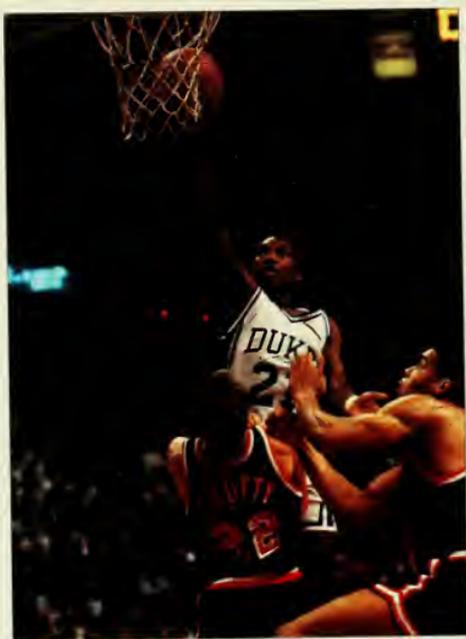










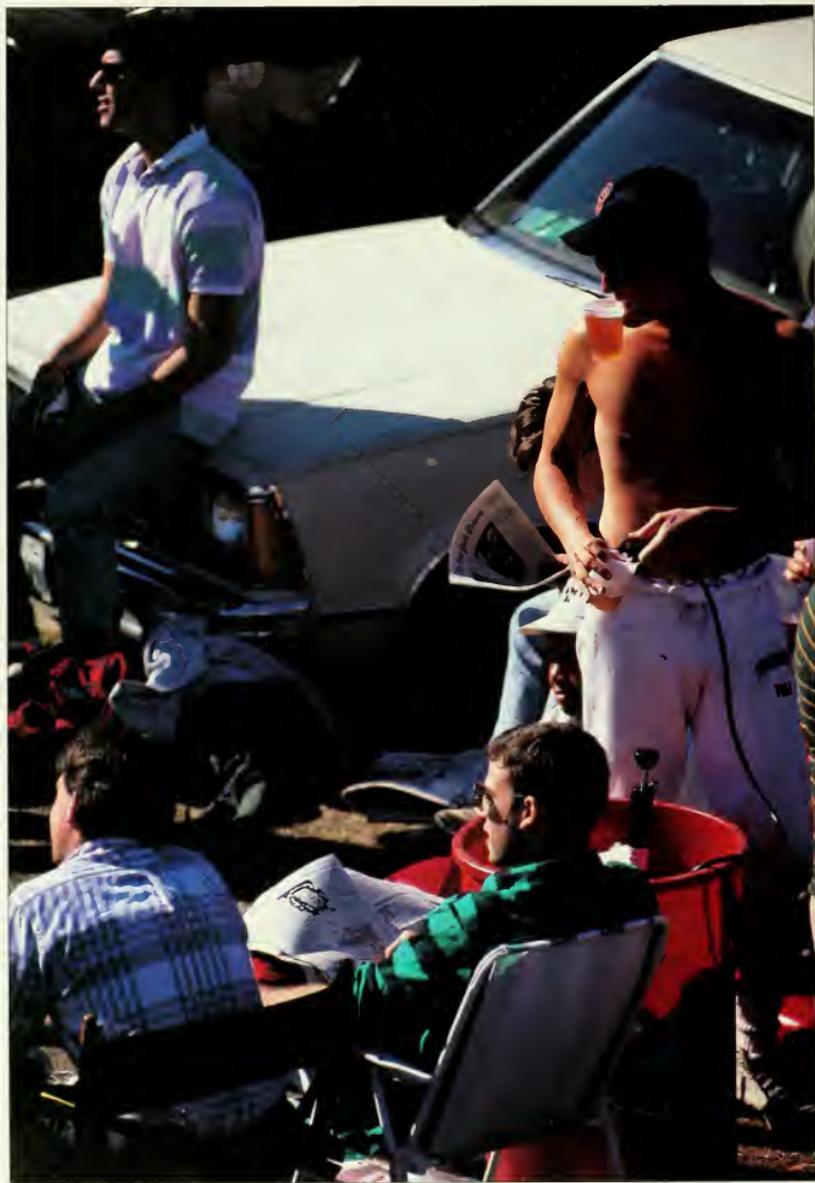


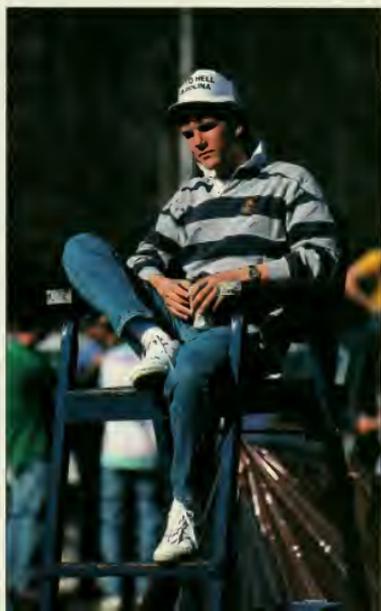
















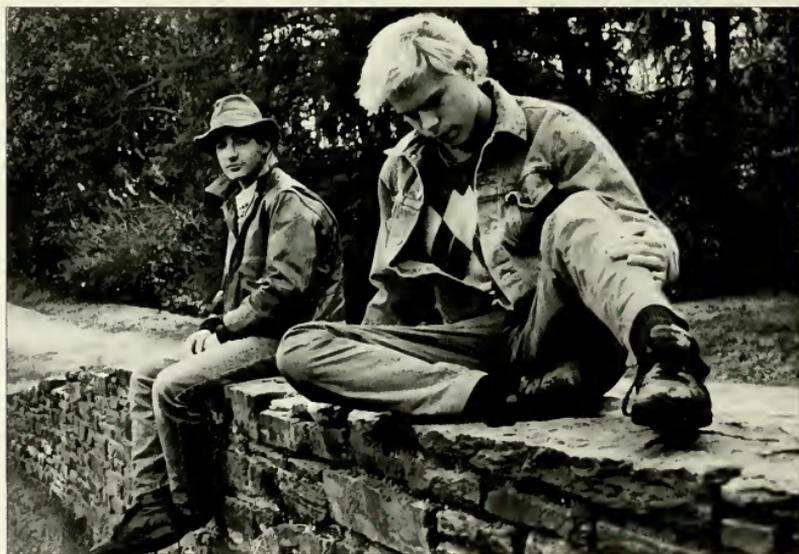






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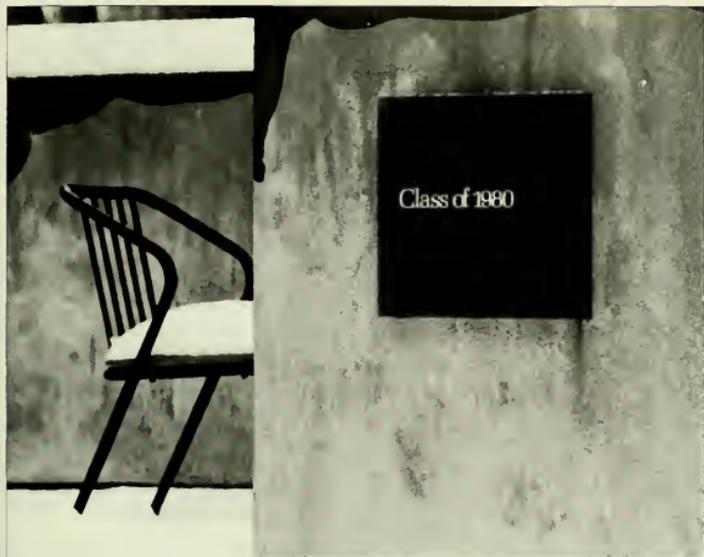










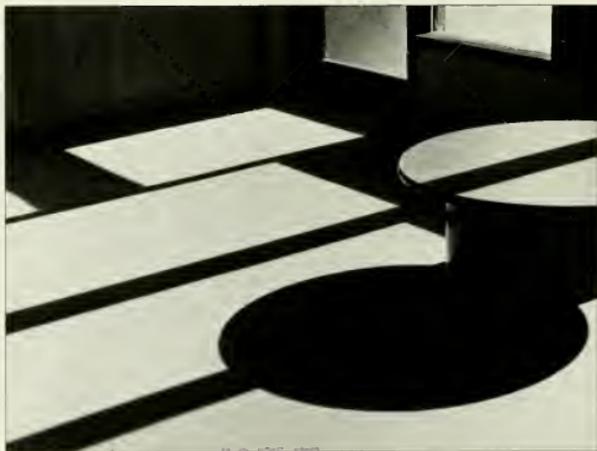


















Not Quite Campus

A front lawn of dirt is our quad, dusty or muddy depending on the season; the Fast Fare, "a homicide waiting to happen," our CI. Cameron does not exist, but there is basketball: ESPN blaring, foam TV brick thrown at Dick Vitale, a monumental beeramid atop the glass table we bought for two hundred bucks (including the sofa which now cradles a passed-out mate).

Shelves crammed with books we've read and haven't; tables littered with dictionaries for languages we'll never learn. Fifty bucks says I can make a three in a row from in front of the microwave - rejected by the Air Jordan nerf hoop set with break-away rim. Cable TV aiding the three housemates who have never seen Top Gun, HBO showing Batteries Not Included for the eleventh time this weekend. A proud friend who's remembered to rent a copy of Last Resort starring Charles Grodin for his housemates. Mooching someone else's pizza and singing "Chinese, Japanese, French, Italian; these are four kinds of foods." Lenny just isn't a good date movie.

We're selling the table and sofa for five hundred bucks when we move out.

A bachelor party far too early, a drunken game of Blue Ball played with new acquaintances from Ohio who have come for the wedding. A backyard romp with a pair of flaming underwear on a stick.

Main West so far away - a street full of people lucky if they can stumble to Carr building by 10:35 tomorrow AM. The shotgun whistle blows again, and the family gathers to lift punctured cans of foamy Natty Boho to their lips. A wrestling match, and Will's head is through the wall. Oops.

Two hundred pounds of pasta in a box, and not a jar of tomato sauce to save your life. Pasta wrestling, the funk tub, acid moonwalk, the Wendy's Superbar eatoff, a house deconstruction party, and assorted things that never happen.

Wheelchair races and nerf beer golf, somebody drank Joe's whiskey again, and for God's sake be quiet because Greg's asleep. Normal people do not stay up until 5:30 AM to watch Serpico. Phi Kaps are having kegs across the street. When you've got open flame or Zeppelin, you've got a party.

A woman is raped in the house on the corner. The "Take Back the Night" march weaves its way towards our street - somehow we found ourselves living in a warzone.

Morning mail arrives at 5:00 PM, bills and junk, my turn to be "Mr. Resident." Clean the kitchen,

buy some wine, professor coming over for dinner.

The Grand Poobah bringing bread from the cradle of civilization, six idiots with fezzes on screaming from an open convertible about an ACC championship. Billy wanted to be on the line. *Nous avons besoin de l'ognion.*

We oughtta have a contest after graduation to see who ends up the farthest away - I'll call it a draw since San Diego and Minneapolis might as well both be on the moon. A yard sale, a hurried cleaning, a rented U-Haul and somebody else moves in. The off-campus cycle restarts, new names, new faces, new games, new hearts, new tears, new laughs, new dreams.

A whole lotta love at the House of Hate.



Chris Busiel
Trinity '89











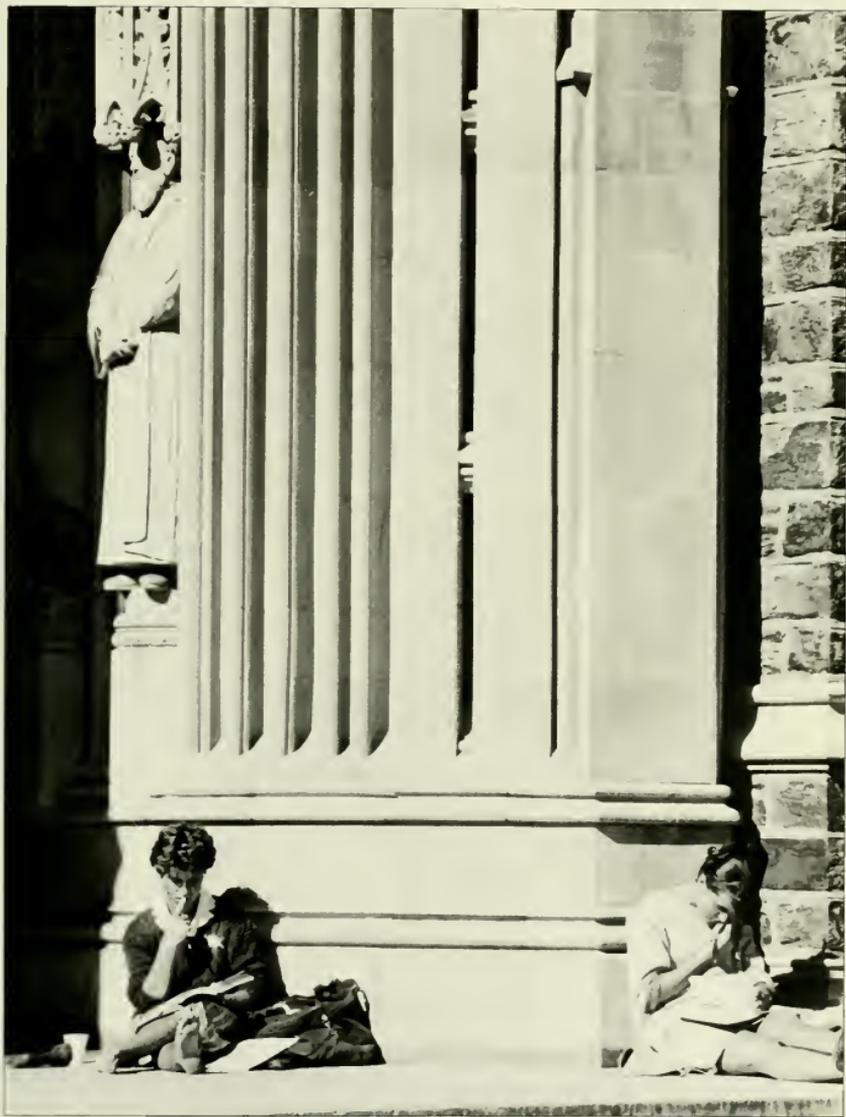


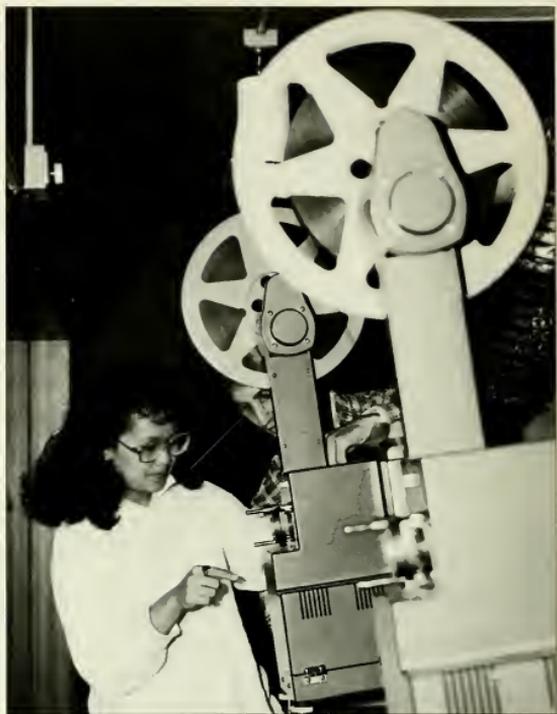








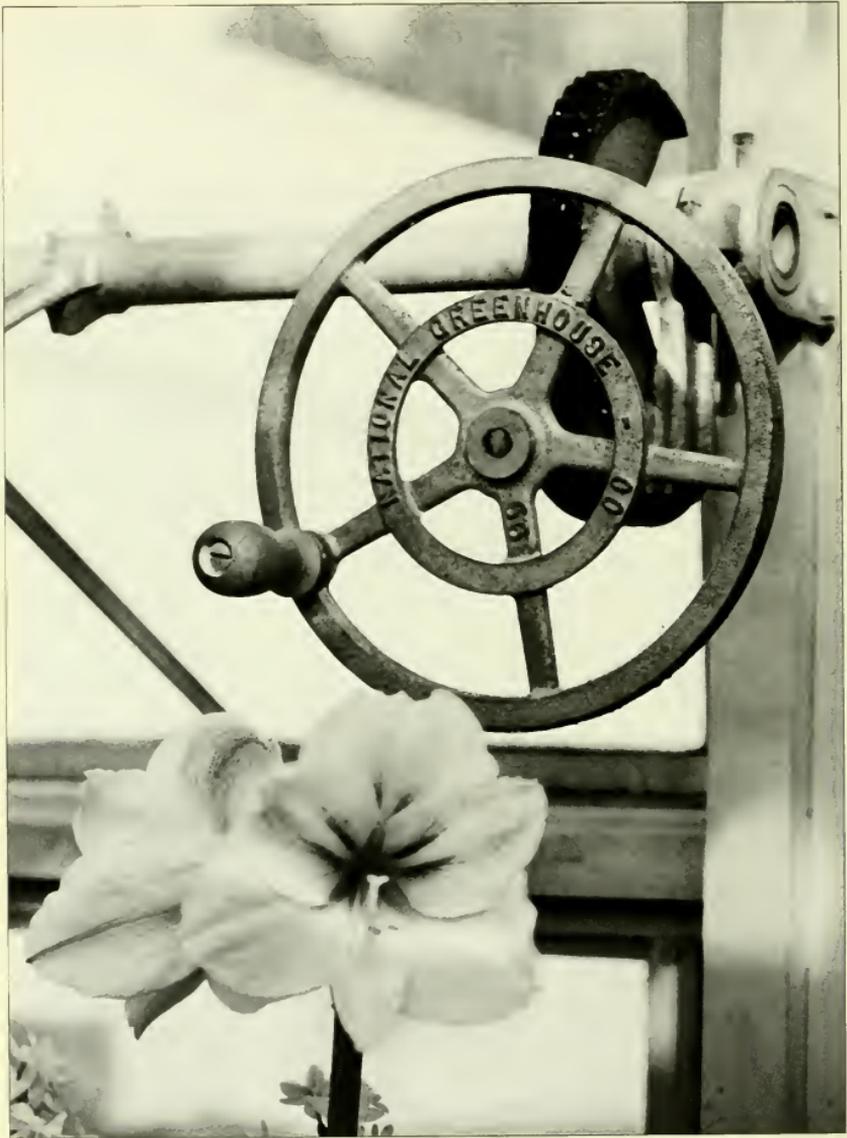














Events





UB40



Joe Biden

John Updike

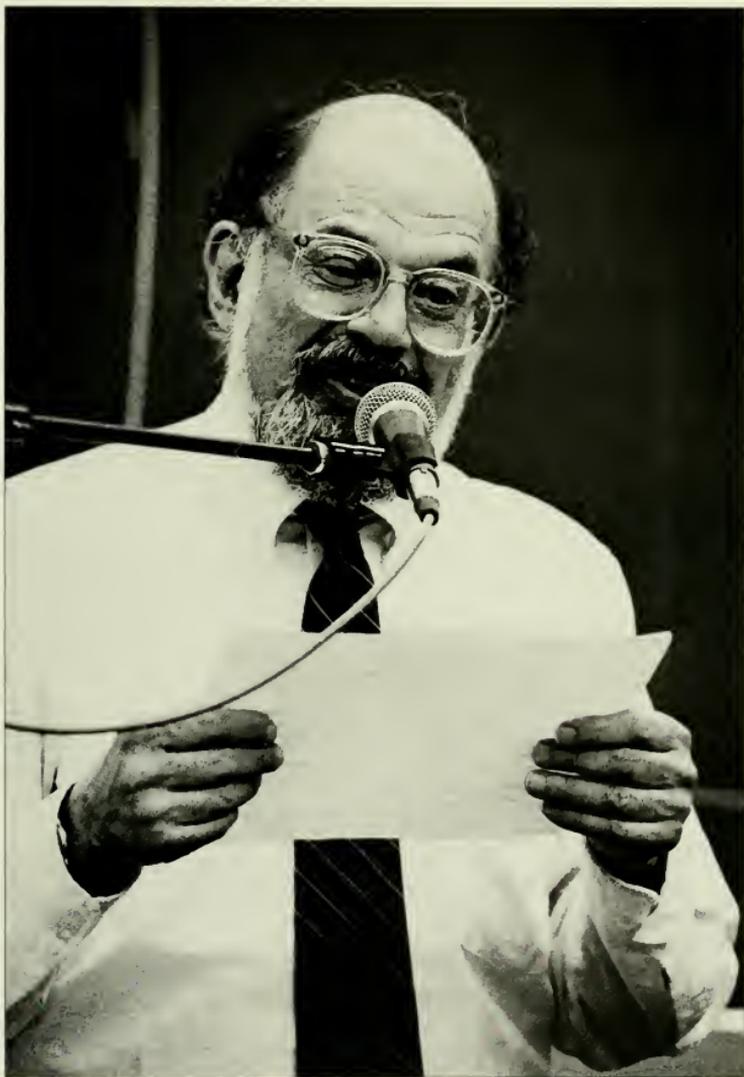




Take Back the Night



Allen Ginsberg





Living Colour

Bruce Hornsby



Martin Luther King Day







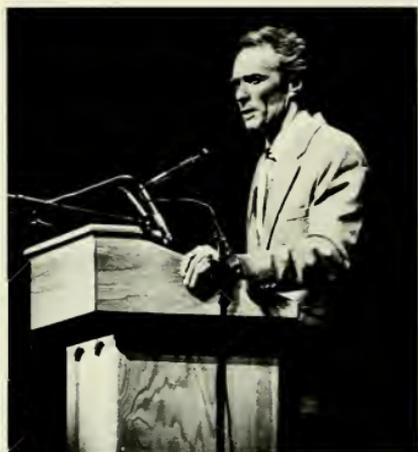
Eleanor
Smeal





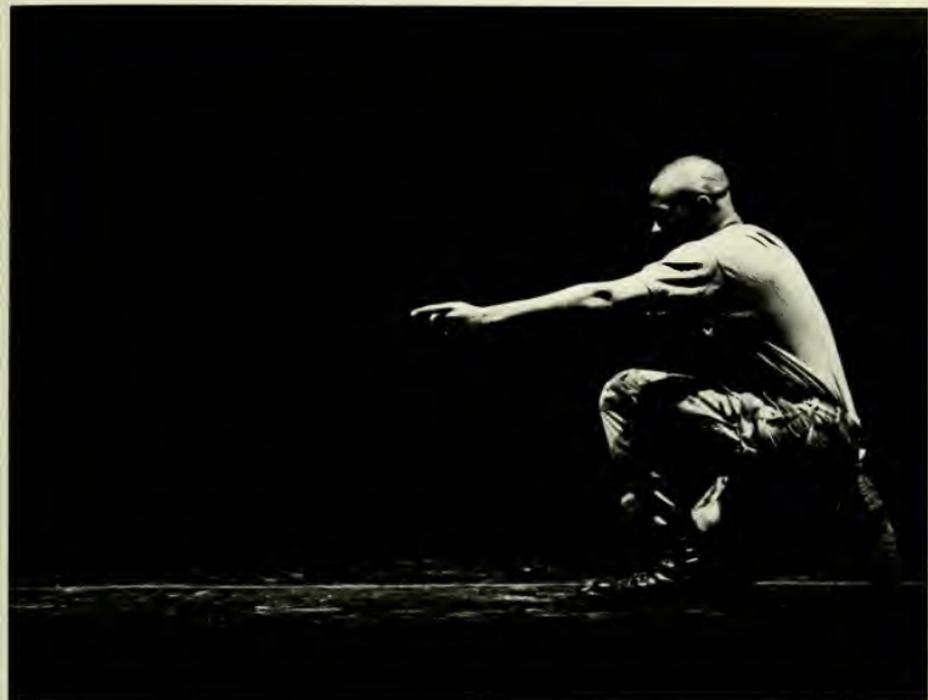
James Burke

Thelonius Monk Jazz Institute









Step Show



Springfest





Jerry Seinfeld



Charles
Zucker



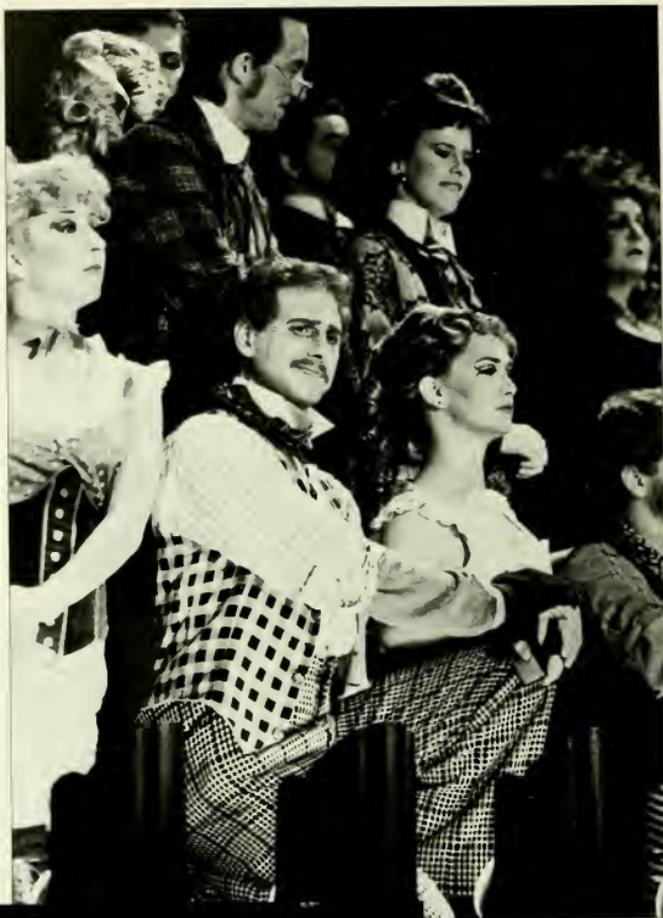
Little Shop of Horrors

Barrence Whitfield & the Savages





The Mystery of Edwin Drood





Nunsense



Jesse
Jackson





The Miser





Metamorphosis



Messiah





Sweet Charity







Academics

Duke
University
Marine
Laboratory
Beaufort
N.C.







Sergei Malashenko

Exchange Student
Leningrad State University, U.S.S.R.

Dear Lars,

As you remember I promised to you to write for The Chanticleer when I was at Duke, and now, right after my arrival back to Leningrad, I fulfill with pleasure this obligation. For the reason that my English is still rather poor, I left for you the right to correct my grammar and style. My article for The Chanticleer follows below.

Different Systems, Different Schools, Similar Students

During my one semester of study at Duke University, I was a lot of times asked about how much is my school in the Soviet Union (Leningrad State University) different

from that of Duke. Now, being back to my home school and trying my best to get used to my familiar routines, I can answer this question better.

Yes, our schools are different, different much, and I could not help to say totally different. And now I can see better where the main differences are. They are not, of course, in the fact that undergraduate level in our schools takes usually 5 years, where as in the American universities it takes 4 years. Neither they are in the fact that we don't have two stages in the graduate school Master's and Ph.D's.

Comparison leads one to the conclusion (by no means flattering for us) that the universities in the U.S.A. have much greater role in the academic life than our schools do.

Actually, the academic life in my country is not dominated by the universities. There are various institutions of the Soviet Academy of Science (Institute of World Economy and International Relations; Institute of U.S.A. and Canada, for instance) prestige and influence of which are much greater than that of even such universities as Moscow and Leningrad State Universities. So, high education in my country is represented not only by the universities, but also (and largely) by various institutions (e.g. engineering, agricultural, medicine). In the universities (including Leningrad State University) only science and humanities are usually taught.

The other major difference connected with the previous one is that the social life in our universities is not as developed as in American colleges. As a rule, universities in my country are places where students just study but not live. My school is big enough, but I really can't imagine here such Duke attributes as huge (according to American standards) football and basketball stadiums, tv channel, several newspapers, and of course, university police. Above all, we are just beginning now to develop student self-administration and even such things like fraternities are very uncommon for us.

High education in the U.S.S.R., on the contrary to the American system, is free. It has advantages and disadvantages. Because of this, high education in my country is available for everybody, but also because of this, prestigious schools (as my university for instance) are extremely competitive. Yet the competition usually covers the entrance to the University. After that, since no money is paid, incentives to study hard are not so high for most of the students, and graduates commonly obtain jobs not by themselves, but by centralized government-controlled system.

Last, but not least, high education in my country is more specialized. When in the U.S.A. young people enter the university, in the Soviet Union they enter specific department of the university. Moreover, in some schools (including mine) there is specialization inside departments from the very first of education. For example, when I entered Department of History of Leningrad State University I could specialize, say, in Soviet or in American history. However, even if students can choose their special field of interest, the number and schedule of courses are offered beforehand and students have no choice which of them to attend. Nevertheless, there is one certain thing in common between students of our schools. Both Soviet and American students are eager to learn about each other. American students constantly were asking me about my country and about my school

and so do our students now about the United States. And I'm sure "student exchanges" will help us to understand each other much better as my Duke study, no question, has helped me to understand the "American Life."

Lars, now I'm getting close and at the end of my letter I'd like to say that now I've found myself in the "cultural shock" and this second shock appeared to be more serious than that first when I had come to the U.S.A. So great time that I had at Duke has made me easily forget about my usual life here. But I'm most grateful for my American friends who made my time in Duke so nice. I'll remember them here and hope to meet them again, maybe in Leningrad. For this purpose I left my address:

Sergei Malashenko
USSR, 189620, Leningrad - Pushkin
Krasuoaarmeisuya St. 5/2
Wellcome to Leningrad! Now I wish for you all the best.

Good bye,

Sergei

P.S. I had beautiful time in Washington D.C. The city is quite different from that of New York. It has great architecture and is very clean. Really, it resembles my native Leningrad - it's very slim and straight.



Norman L. Christensen

Professor of Botany

Such is the history of it. Man has been here 32,000 years. That it took a hundred million years to prepare the world for him is proof that that is what it was done for. I suppose it is, I dunno. If the Eiffel Tower were now representing the world's age, the skin of paint on the pinnacle knob at its summit would represent man's share of that age; and anybody would perceive that that skin was what the tower was built for. I reckon they would, I dunno.

Mark Twain

On the Damned Human Race

On a sunny spring day nearly twenty years ago, I found myself in an amphitheater listening to speaker after speaker celebrate the first Earth Day. As a novice graduate student in ecology, I was quite taken by the impassioned pleas to save whales, ospreys, wilderness, and newspapers. One of my mentors who was standing nearby, a man whom I greatly admired, said not quite under his breath, "this is a bunch of crap." Sensing my surprise, he explained that his comment was not intended to diminish the need for increased awareness and action with respect to environmental issues. Rather, he was concerned that environmentalists did not understand that *Homo sapiens* was not only the most threatening, but also among most threatened of all species. Instead of "Earth Day," he argued, we should designate a "Man Day" to call attention to the real problem. Although a more gender-neutral name would be appropriate, I have come to agree with this point of view.

For three billion years the Earth has been continuously inhabited by life, although the Earth's biota have never looked the same twice. Species, each in their own fashion unique, have come and gone, with few persisting more than a few million years. In many cases, the very features that allowed a species to compete effectively at one time, became a liability as the environment changed.

No other single participant in these comings and goings has possessed our ability to alter the biosphere. Nevertheless, we should not overestimate the extent of our ac-

complishments. If *Homo sapiens* were to disappear from the face of the earth tomorrow, from what we know of the process of ecosystem recovery, it is clear that many of our worst impacts would be obliterated in a century. In a few million years the history of our presence would be represented as a thin, albeit messy, layer in the Earth's stratigraphic record.

So far as we can determine, we are unique among organisms in our ability to reason and in our capacity for self-awareness. But we have yet to demonstrate that these characteristics are in any long-term sense adaptive.







Rick Roderick

Assistant Professor, Department of Philosophy

This is as good a place as any to say goodbye to the seniors. Most of you came to Duke the same year I did. Many of you are my friends, far too many according to some. You already know that I have no final wisdom or even "mature" advice to offer you, at least none that you haven't already heard. I would simply like to take this opportunity to thank you for reminding me of what is most important. So to those of you who have struggled to make Duke a better place for women and minorities, a place where workers are paid a living wage and treated with respect, a place that cares and acts on issues ranging from the homeless to the environment, all I can say is you will be missed. You have made a difference and a start. I hope and believe others will be here to carry on. I, for one, intend to stick around. Come back sometime and say hello.

For those of you who have time left to do here, why not use it? Mark Twain once said, "don't let schoolin' get in the way of your education." Why confine yourself to the classroom during the week and kegs on the weekend? Why not get to know people unlike yourself, look into their faces, talk to them and make some of your own fun? It will be a fight, but you can leave here more human than when you came. I've seen it happen.

I should close with a joke or two to lighten it up a bit, but I don't think any of my better ones would get past the censor.





Wendy L. Luttrell

Research Associate, Department of Sociology



As I listen to graduating seniors talking about their future choices, opportunities, and aspirations, I detect a note of caution about the rules of sexual relationships. I hear young men trying to disassociate themselves from an accepted set of rules that have cemented asymmetrical heterosexual relationships for generations--rules that suggest that when women say no, they really mean yes. As they disclaim their participation in coercive sex either through the use of physical or verbal force, there is a note of defensiveness. They do not want to be accused of sexual behaviors they do not condone. I hear young women struggling with their identities as sexual beings, questioning whether they will gain more autonomy from saying "yes" or from saying "no" in a world that has not yet fully accepted women or their sexual desires or demands. I also hear about the dangers that gays and lesbians face when they defy the homophobic atmosphere on campus, struggling

for recognition if not acceptance of their "difference." I listen to diverse students, both men and women, expressing concerns about the workings of adult relationships, already questioning the role of lust, romance, friendship, and equality as a basis for intimacy. I sense students' lack of confidence in the old, but familiar rules of sexual relationships, as well as their ambivalence about making new ones. All of these concerns echo major shifts in work, family, gender relations, and politics--shifts that have occurred in the course of students' own lifetimes and have fostered rapidly changing sexual experiences, meanings, and myths.

We have explored these issues in the classroom together, scrutinizing desire and pleasure in the same way that we critically examine literature, politics, and the economy. In our investigation we have drawn upon the tradition and scholarship of past and present movements for social change. These movements, including civil rights, feminism, gay and lesbian rights, and the "New Left," have challenged us to link issues of sexuality with broader issues of human freedom. By publicly speaking about such private, personal, and intimate matters as our own sexual histories and learning, we have attempted to redefine the terms of debate about who and how sexuality is, and ought to be regulated. We have reached far beyond simple mechanistic discussions of the "birds and the bees," delving into questions about eroticism and the subjective fantasy life of sex. These questions evoke deep-seated, if not unconscious anxieties and attitudes towards authority and control, yet they cannot be ignored if we are to envision and effect new sexual arrangements.

These explorations about sexuality, however, are not limited to the classroom. More importantly, they are concerns to be taken into the world upon graduation. Changes in what the culture expects from men, women, and sex are producing fears and cautions, but also new possibilities. As we create new masculinities and femininities, we also re-make the bonds of love, sex, and power. In my teaching, I have been encouraged by what I see as a growing willingness among students to explore complex issues that surround sexuality, not as an exercise in problem solving, but as a journey of self-reflection and revelation. This journey does not end with an undergraduate degree: it only begins.





Gerald Wilson

Senior Associate Dean

Trinity College of Arts and Sciences

Duke is more than people; it is also images, experiences, reflector.s, and buildings. Dear Abby has described it as "The most beautiful campus in America" and movie moguls are now discovering that Duke is "what a college campus ought to look like." Yet, if buildings give a university its aura, people give it a real identity. Having passed through adolescence under the leadership of Terry Sanford, Duke has reached the stage of maturity where it is secure in its being to define itself in terms of what it is rather than what it is not. We can say "Let Duke Be Duke" with the conviction of reason rather than the defensiveness of rationalization.

And what is Duke? Certainly here is a case where the whole is greater than the sum of the parts because of the special alchemy of these parts. For each person, Duke is a memory of things past and living experiences of things present. For each one of us, Duke is a series of vignettes, impressions and experiences bound together in collective biography and personal autobiography. From this one perspective, unique as all perspectives are, three vignettes emerge to summarize the Duke experience: one as a pre-law advisor, one as an Academic Dean, and one as a tea-

cher.

Vignette one. A law school which traditionally enrolls a large number of Duke students invited me as pre-law advisor for a visit. I was told that when I arrived on campus for a faculty cocktail party I would be met by a bodyguard who would stay with me throughout the party. Knowing the sense of humor of the Dean issuing the invitation, I played straight man. "Why?" asked I. "Because," said the Dean, "this faculty is so hungry for Duke graduates that you'll think you're a rock star; they will tear you apart."

Vignette two. A student returning from studying abroad appeared in my office to tell me how glad she was to be back at Duke. She added, "Duke students abroad have a great time; while students at other schools complain because they have to go back to their schools, Duke students are really anxious to get back to Duke" - and it wasn't even basketball season.

Vignette three. After class one day late in April a mellow senior was contemplating his impending graduation and commented on his Duke experience: "You know, if the freshman me could see the senior me, they wouldn't know each other." This is the Duke experience.



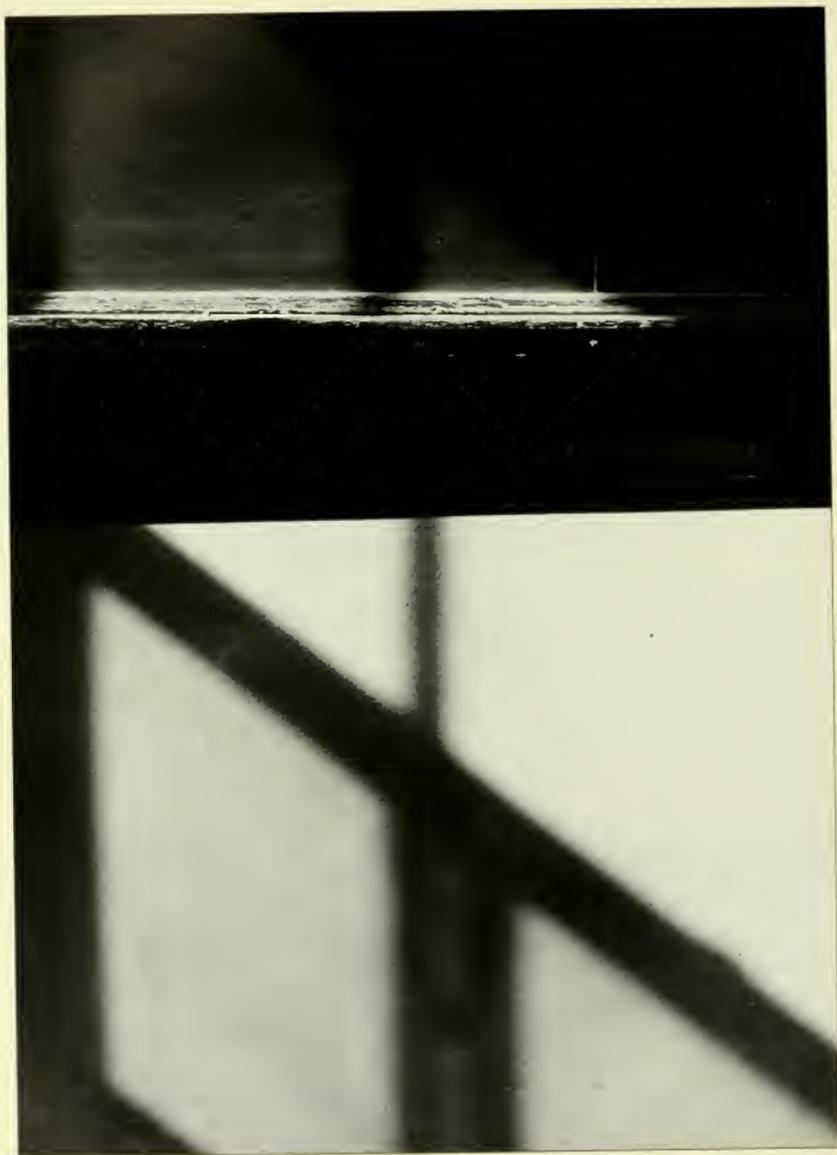
Phi Beta Kappa 1989

Fall Initiates: Christopher Acito, Kimberly Ackourey, Judith Adkins, Eric Bash, Carol Boussy, Kimberly Boyd, Christine Bus, Gregory Carter, Michele Cascardi, Michelle Casteel, Denis Collura, Mark Cooper, Susan Coppedge, Lauren Crystal, David DeCamp, Ralph de la Torre, J. Michael Drozd, Johanna D'Urso, Katherine Fefter, Matthew Fishler, Deborah Gibson, Gerald Grant, Philip Hanna, Sanjay Hedge, Gregg Hollenberg, Michael Holley, Sonja Hospel, Benjamin Jacewicz, Kelly Jackson, Alec Jeong, Leigh Joyner, Larry Kelly, Robert Keyser, Marc Klein, Brian Lammers, Charles Landau, Douglas Lamer, Thomas Lattin, Stephen Lavine, Michele Lechak, Deanna Lee, Thomas Lindsay, Brenley Locke, Jerome Lopez, James Lowry, Shao-Ming Lu, Alan Massengale, Patrick Merrill, Lisa Micklin, Jeffrey Mueller, Allyson Newton, William Nifong, Todd Nizialek, Christopher Page, Alexandra Papazoglou, John Pfeiffer, Moira Quinlan, Kimberly Rankin, Jennifer Robinson, Scott Rosen, Kimberly Sander, Elizabeth Schulz, Ryan Schwarz, Pinak Shah, Vijay Shah, James Shepherd, Emily Sims, Anne Singleton, Theodore Smith, Craid Steffee, Alexander Stern, Katrina Stidham,

David Tendler, Lee Tiedrich, Tracy Traynham, Mahlon Van Delden, Joseph Van Kirk, Susan VanOosterhout, Laura Van Os, Mitz Wasserstein, Ellen Weigle, Carl Westman, Carolyn Zander, Glenn Zellman, Jeffrey Zients.

Spring Initiates: Maria Acebal, Matthew Andrews, Angus Antley, Sharon Auerbach, Daniel Burger, Jonathan Burdette, Cathi Cozen, John Dell, David Diamond, G. Todd Eichler, Mark Erdman, Jennifer Feikin, Benjamin Fisher, Ivy Fradin, Susan Gabriel, Kevin Giammo, Maxine Grossman, Stephen Hanlon, Gerald Hauser, Stephen Howell, Elizabeth Joslin, Lance Kaplin, Christine Kratt, Jeffrey Krentz, Thomas Lahusen, Deborah Leland, David Lever, Rebecca Long, Scott Marder, David Meyers, John Parrish, Nancy Patterson, Julie Price, Ingrid Quade, Steven Ritchie, Melissa Royds, Eric Sayers, Susan Schiffman, Michael Sebert, Jonathan Shalowitz, Nitin Shenoy, GERALYN SMITHERMAN, David Stockwell, Nicholas Tsoukalas, J. Alex Ward, Gary Wilhelm, Gregory Wright, Scott Young,







Sports



Men's Basketball

NCAA Eastern Regional Champions

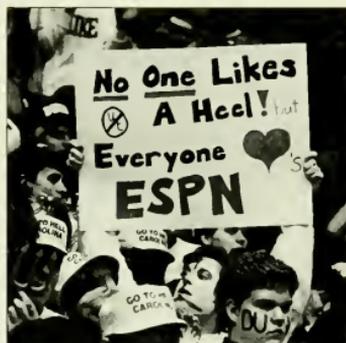
NCAA Final Four

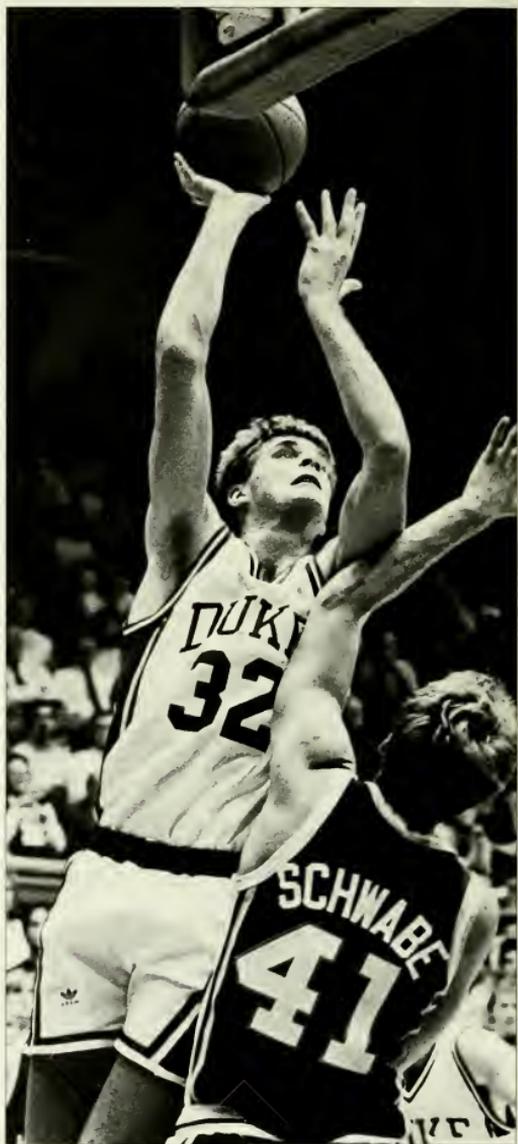
Kentucky	W	80-55
Citadel	W	93-52
East Carolina	W	95-46
Northwestern	W	86-62
Stetson	W	90-62
Miami	W	117-102
Wake Forest	W	94-88
Cornell	W	94-59
Washington	W	87-61
Davidson	W	101-53
Virginia	W	84-76
William & Mary	W	100-38
Maryland	W	82-72
North Carolina	L	71-91
Wake Forest	L	71-75
N.C. State	L	73-88
Clemson	W	92-62
Georgia Tech	L	76-81
Notre Dame	W	102-80
Virginia	W	85-66
Maryland	W	86-60
Harvard	W	98-59
Kansas	W	102-77
Georgia Tech	W	92-66
N.C. State	W	86-65
Arizona	L	75-77
Clemson	L	74-79
North Carolina	W	88-86
Wake Forest	W	88-64
Virginia	W	69-58
North Carolina	L	74-77
S.C. State	W	90-69
West Virginia	W	70-63
Minnesota	W	87-70
Georgetown	W	85-77
Seton Hall	L	78-95

RECORD:28-8 ACC:9-5

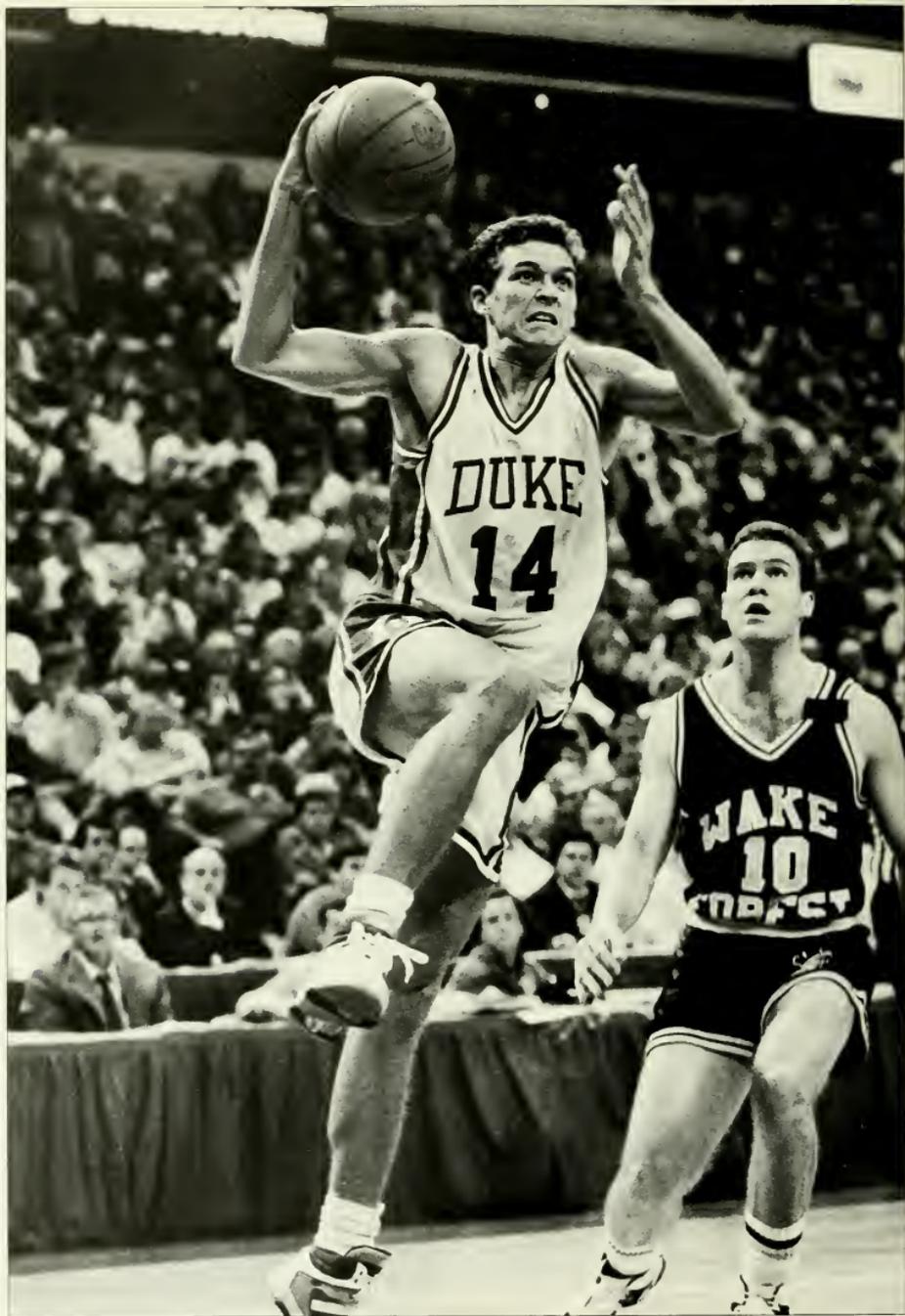














Blue Devils kick Heels to Hell

Duke knocks off Carolina in Dean Dome for second straight year, 88-86

By SUSAN ZAPOTOCNY
WHEELS HELLS No. 11 Duke's 88-86 victory over No. 10 North Carolina in Dean Dome on Saturday afternoon, 11:30 p.m. was the first time since 1981 that the Blue Devils have won a game in the Dean Dome.

Senior guard Mike Grier led Duke with 21 points and 10 rebounds. The Blue Devils' defense held the Tar Heels to only 28 points in the second half. Duke's offense was efficient, shooting 50 percent from the field.

Carolina's lead guard, Jeff Lebo, had 21 points and 10 rebounds. The Tar Heels' defense was solid, holding Duke to 28 points in the second half. Carolina's offense was efficient, shooting 45 percent from the field.



Phil Henderson burned helpless Jeff Lebo and the rest of the Tar Heels for 16 points and six rebounds.

Fire, brimstone sited on quad; no benches burn

By BETSY JACKS
STUDENT Frank J. Mac, 21, of Wood, Virginia, is a member of the Duke University Student Body. He is a member of the Duke University Student Body. He is a member of the Duke University Student Body.

He is a member of the Duke University Student Body. He is a member of the Duke University Student Body. He is a member of the Duke University Student Body.

Rare bamboo uprooted from place in Gardens

By BOB LEVILLÉ
Most of the 100 bamboo plants in the Duke University Gardens were uprooted on Saturday afternoon. The plants were uprooted because they were old and had become a safety hazard.

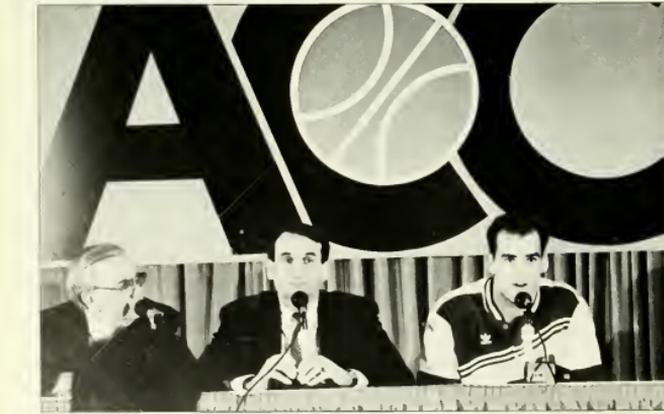
The plants were uprooted because they were old and had become a safety hazard. The plants were uprooted because they were old and had become a safety hazard.

Committee to decide on housing plan

By MATHEW SULLIVAN
The Housing Committee of the Board of Trustees will meet on Monday to decide on the proposed housing plan for the new dormitories. The plan includes the construction of 10 new dormitories.

The Housing Committee will meet on Monday to decide on the proposed housing plan for the new dormitories. The plan includes the construction of 10 new dormitories.

The Housing Committee will meet on Monday to decide on the proposed housing plan for the new dormitories. The plan includes the construction of 10 new dormitories.

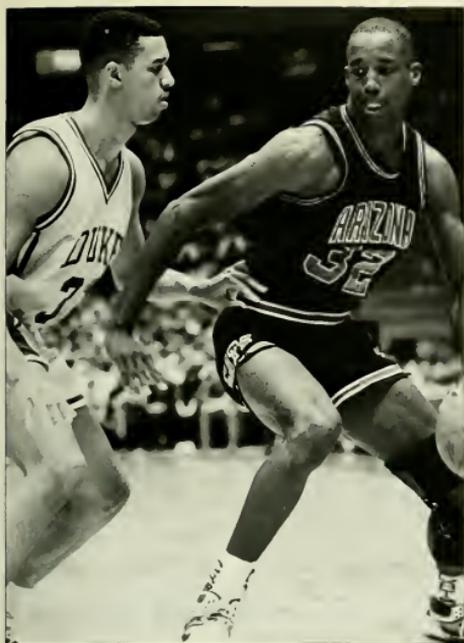




















Women's Soccer





Football





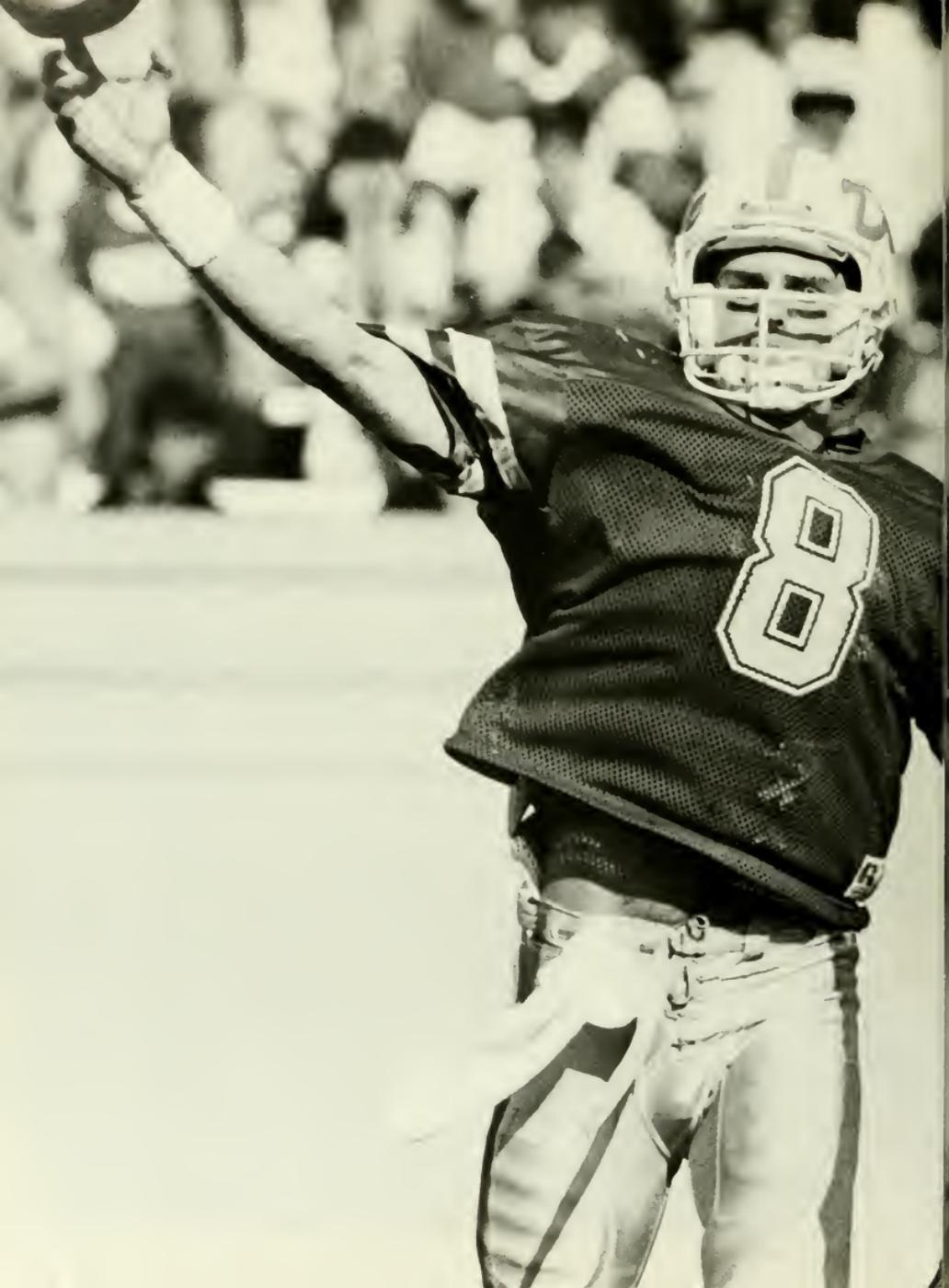
















Women's Tennis ACC Champions



Furman	W	8-0
Virginia	W	6-2
Princeton	W	6-0
Harvard	W	7-2
UCLA	L	6-1
Pepperdine	L	5-1
Arizona State	L	5-3
SMU	L	7-2
Trinity	L	0-6
Indiana	L	1-8
Oklahoma State	L	0-6
Maryland	W	5-3
BYU	L	3-5
Clemson	W	5-4
Georgia Tech	W	5-4
Wake Forest	L	4-5
UNC	W	5-1
South Carolina	W	6-0
N.C. State	W	6-3
Kentucky	L	4-5
Miami	L	2-5
Tennessee	L	3-5
N.C. State	W	7-2
North Carolina	W	6-3
Virginia	W	5-1

RECORD:13-12







Men's Golf



Baseball







Women's Basketball





Wrestling





Swimming



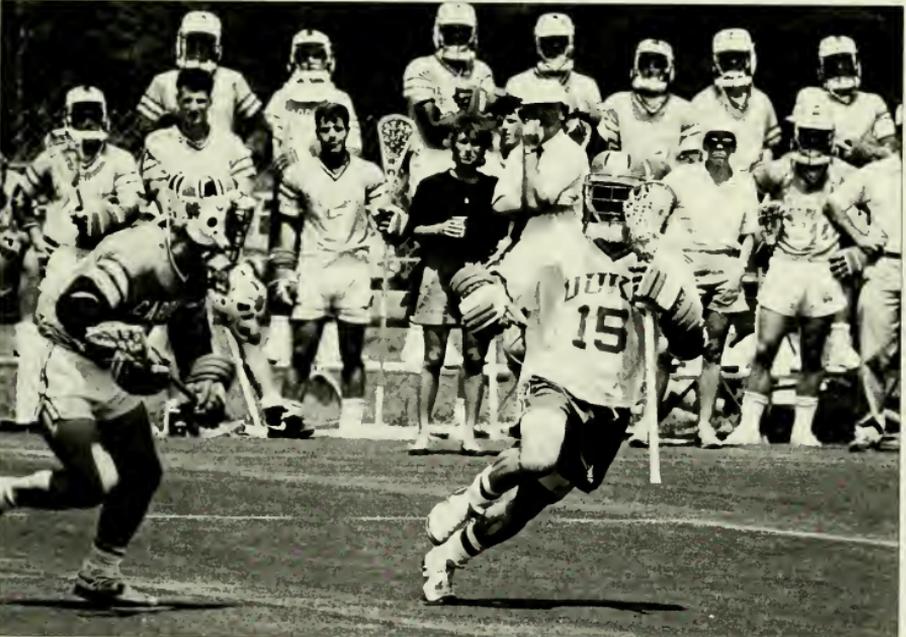
Men's Tennis







Men's Lacrosse









Field Hockey







Track and Field







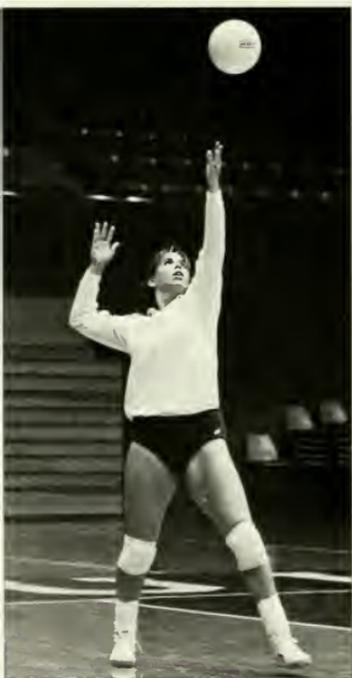


Men's
Soccer





Volleyball





Club Sports





MEN'S SOCCER

UNC Asheville	W	8-0
Radford	W	3-2
Virginia Tech	W	7-2
S. Corn. St.	W	2-0
Seton Hall	W	4-0
USC-Aiken	W	4-0
N.C. State	W	1-0
North Carolina	W	2-1
Clemson	L	0-4
N.C. Wesleyan	W	4-0
Maryland	L	2-3
Campbell	L	0-2
Texas-San Antonio	W	5-0
College of Charleston	W	5-1
South Carolina	W	3-1
Belmont Abbey	W	2-0
Virginia	L	0-1
Greensboro College	W	1-0
Wake Forest	L	0-1
Wake Forest	W	2-1
North Carolina	L	1-2

RECORD:15-6 ACC:2-4

FOOTBALL

Northwestern	W	31-21
Tennessee	W	31-26
Citadel	W	41-17
Virginia	W	38-34
Vanderbilt	W	17-15
Clemson	L	17-49
Maryland	L	24-34
Georgia Tech	W	31-21
Wake Forest	L	16-35
N.C. State	T	43-43
North Carolina	W	35-29

RECORD:7-3-1 ACC:3-3-1

BASEBALL

RECORD: 20-23 ACC: 2-14

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

RECORD:12-16 ACC:2-12

MEN'S LACROSSE

Guilford	W	17-6
Boston College	W	22-8
Maryland	L	6-9
St. John's	L	8-9
Virginia	L	7-18
Roanoke College	W	13-10
Villanova	W	16-10
Ohio State	W	28-6
Delaware	W	10-8
Navy	W	10-8
Md-Balt. College	W	11-5
Loyola	L	9-14
North Carolina	L	8-14
Maryland	W	7-6
North Carolina	L	6-18

RECORD:9-6 ACC:0-3

WOMEN'S SOCCER

Alabama	W	6-0
Berry College	L	0-1
Guilford	W	8-0
Elon College	W	1-0
Methodist	W	1-0
Ersine	W	2-1
N.C. Wesleyan	W	2-0
Maryland	T	1-1
George Washington	L	0-1
N.C. State	L	0-4
William & Mary	L	0-1
Roanoke	W	3-1
Mary Washington	W	3-0
Coker College	W	5-0
Boca Raton	W	1-0
UNC-Greensboro	L	1-2
Maryland	W	0-1

RECORD:10-6-1 ACC:0-1-1

MEN'S FENCING

RECORD: 9-12

WOMEN'S FENCING

RECORD: 8-8

Sports Records 1989

Men's Golf

Butler National Intercollegiate	2nd of 18
C.A. Spivey-Wachesaw Intercollegiate	5th of 12
John Ryan Memorial Tournament	1st of 23
College of Charleston Invitational	8th of 18
Palmetto Classic	5th of 18
Imperial Lakes Golf Classic	9th of 24
Hyatt Richmond Invitational	4th of 17
Iron Duke Golf Classic	3rd of 23
Furman Intercollegiate	12th of 22
Tar Heel Invitational	1st of 13
36th Annual ACC Championships	6th of 8
Sheraton-Cavalier Classic	6th of 1

Women's Golf

Lady Tar Heel Invitational	1st of 17 teams
True Temper Memphis Intercol.	6th of 17 teams
PING Tour Tulsa Mixed Intercol.	8th of 9 teams
Pat Bradley Championship	Tied 7th of 17 teams
Southern Intercol. Fall Classic	4th of 8 teams
Patty Sheehan Invitational	13th of 15 teams
South Carolina Invitational	10th of 13 teams
14th Annual Duke Spring Inv.	9th of 19 teams
Lady Paladin Golf Tour	6th of 12 teams
Woodbridge Intercollegiate	2nd of 9 teams

Men's Tennis

East Carolina	W	6-0
Campbell	W	7-2
Miami	L	3-6
Texas Christian	L	1-5
Texas A&M	W	7-2
South Florida	W	6-3
Southern Methodist	W	5-1
Clemson	L	2-5
West Virginia	W	5-3
William & Mary	W	5-1
Clemson	L	3-6
Furman	W	7-1
Atlantic Christian	W	8-1
Oklahoma	W	5-1
Rice	L	2-5
Northeast Louisiana	W	5-2
Maryland	W	6-3
Va. Commonwealth	W	7-2
Wake Forest	W	8-1

RECORD:14-5

Field Hockey

Davidson	W	1-0
James Madison	T	0-0
Maryland	T	2-2
Richmond	W	5-0
Appalachian St.	W	4-1
Longwood	W	5-1
Radford	W	2-1
Wake Forest	W	3-0
Virginia	W	1-0
North Carolina	L	0-3
Temple	W	1-0
Villanova	L	1-2
Va. Commonwealth	W	1-0
Loyola, Md.	W	2-1
William & Mary	L	0-2
Pfeiffer	W	7-0
Maryland	L	0-3

RECORD:11-4-2 ACC:2-1-1

Men's Swimming

RECORD: 4-7 ACC: 1-4

Volleyball

RECORD: 12-18 ACC: 4-2 (3rd place)

Women's Swimming

RECORD: 2-7 ACC: 0-4

Wrestling

RECORD: 11-5 ACC: 0-3

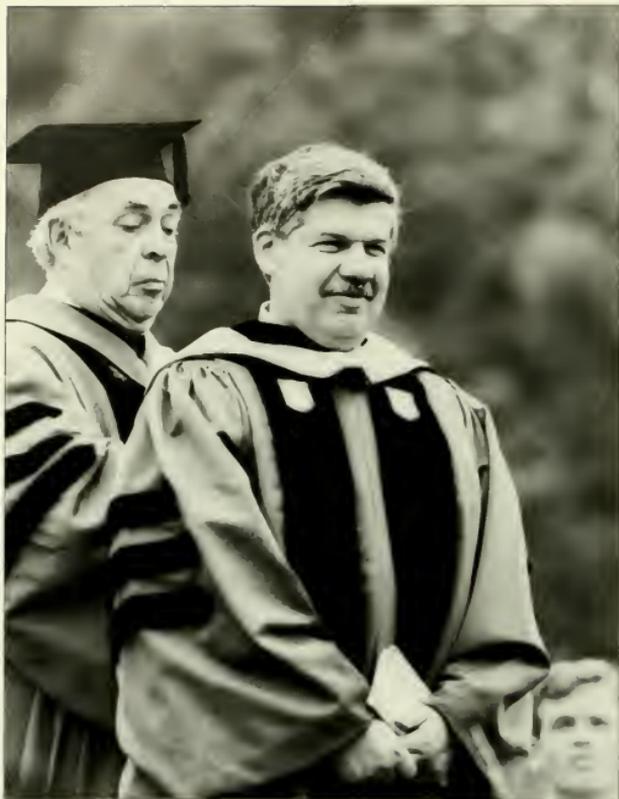


Seniors





Class of 1989





Timothy Aaron
Karen Abel
Joseph Abella
Ann Abercrombie
James Abrams
April Ace



Christopher Acto
John Ackerman III
Kim Ackourey
Gerry Adams
John Adams
Judith Adams



Katherine Adams
Madeline Adelman
Felice Adler
Rob Ahearne
William Aherne III
Jennifer Ahrendt



Richard Aldridge
Kelly Alexander
John Ailing
Joy Alfred
James Altieri
Douglas Amare



Cynthia Amutin
Bruce Anders
Jeryl Anderson
Katen Anderson
Mary Anderson
Matthew Anderson



Ellen Andrews
Katherine Andrews
Thomas Andrews
John Angelas
Bruce Angus
Alvaro Anillo

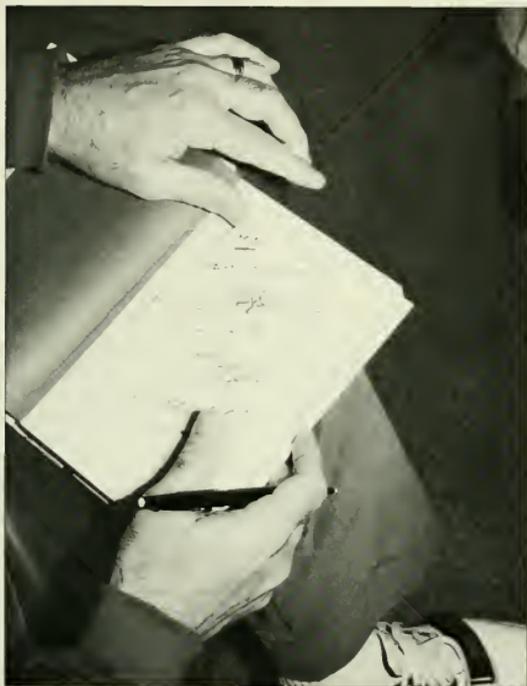


Angus Andey
Lowell Apenan
Cristina Angona
Edward Armstrong
Elizabeth Armstrong
Robert Armstrong





Troy Arnold
Christopher Atteberry
Sharon Auerbach
Anne Ayyatyan
Jeffrey Babb
Jonathan Boer



Leila Baben
Jon Bailey, Jr.



Somal Bana
Colleen Bal



Padma Balachandran
Charles Bales



Thomas Balsbaugh
James Bampton



Michael Bangs
Maria Bardsch
Kelly Barfield
Michael Barnes
Jean Bartholomew
Jill Bascara



Jeffrey Bass
T. Langston Bass
Jeffrey Bassett
Stephen Batten
Jan Raughman
Steven Baumberger

Class of 1989

Mary Beach



Angela Beaver



Steve Becton

Danny O'Shaughnessy, Al Cave, Yeager (the snake), and Swish (the ball).

Krista Bednarski
Susan Beery
Renssen Beitel III
Kenneth Bellan
Nelson Belido
Amie Belongia



Ann Beman
Lawrence Bensonson
Tanya Bennett
Howard Benowitz
Daniel Bensimhon
Charles Benson



Ellison Bentley
Susan Beretvas
Daniel Berger
Leslie Berkowitz
Brian Bernard
Andrew Berndt



Marc Bernstein
Thomas Betor
Alfred Beyer
Robin Bhsarmer
Garrett Budwell
Mark Bulera





Susan Bandler
Sordis Borch
John Birmingham
Valerie Buschoff
Mia Bitterman
Troy Blackburn



Mans Blandon
Michael Blend
Dorothy Blitch
Daniel Bhrz
Lauren Blumenfeld
Robert Blumenfeld



Laurence Blumenthal
Kimberly Boden
James Boerick, Jr.



Mark Boesma
Christopher Boes
Douglas Boggs



Karin Boite
Laura Bolton
Alexandra Bongard



William Bonnell, Jr.
James Booth
Jacqueline Borges
Gary Boston
James Bouzoukis
Jay Boxer



Heidi Boyd
Edward Boyle
Kevin Bonc
Jonathan Brack
John Bradford
Nancy Bradish

Class of 1989

Christina Brasted
 Frances Brasfield
 Jeffrey Brauer
 Richard Braun
 Lisa Breazeale
 Steve Brecher



Reid Breckwoldt
 Caroline Brehm
 Robert Brennan
 Jonathan Brentner
 Joshua Bresler
 Tanita Bright



Roy Bready
 Howard Brodie
 Leslie Bronner
 Kevin Brooks
 Katharine Brophy
 Jeffrey Brown



Mason Brown
 Wendy Brown



J. Christian Browning
 Carlos Bruderer



Margaret Brunnerer
 Stephanie Bryan



William Buchanan
 Rob Roy Buckingham, Jr.





Stephen Buckley
 Mark Buddie
 Daniel Burger
 Krista Buhr
 Elizabeth Buttaps
 Wendy Burch



Jonathan Burdette
 Richard Burgess
 James Burton III
 Jeffrey Bush
 Christine Butler
 Jennifer Butterfield



Rosemary Kun Butts
 Timothy Burby
 Paul Byrne
 Mitchell Cabot
 Stephanie Cafery
 John Caldwell



Alan Calhoun
 Carol Calomiris
 Glenn Campagna
 Richard Campagna
 Heather Campbell
 Tara Cannon



Robert Cantu
 Cheryl Caponegro
 Juan Pablo Cappello
 John Carlson
 Keith Carnesale
 Genia Carpenter



William Carr, Jr.
 Leigh Carris
 Thomas Carroll
 Suzanne Carter
 Christopher Cassidy
 Michelle Casteel



Timothy Castell
 Eddy Cates
 Mary Cates
 Courtney Cathers
 Carolyn Cavanaugh
 Thomas Cavaney

Class of 1989

Allan Cave, Jr.
Lisa Cerilli
Monique Chakraborty
Robert Chalif
Peter Chan
Phyllis Chang



Nicholas Chapman
Shaaron Chen
Ru-Fong Cheng
Nixon Childs
Jonathan Chinn
Susan Choate



Gary Chodow
Carrie Chorb
Caryn Christensen
Karen Christensen
Tracey Christopher
Chris Ciccone



Christine Coifi
Linda Cirilo
John Civanos
Elizabeth Classen
Portia Clare
Arthur Clarke



Lynne Clearfield
Thomas Cleveland
Arthur Clemente
Lisa Coates
Troy Cobb
Margaret Cobey



Kimberley Cochran
David Coe
Keith Coe
Stanton Coerr
Chad Coerver
Clark Coggan



Keith Cohen
Bradley Cohn
Jonathan Cohn
Audra Coklough
Susan Coldwell
Frank Collieran





Craig Collver

Michael Comerford

Kaitlin Condict

Janet Connolly

Maura Connor

Kathleen Connors

Jeffrey Constable

Briggs Cook, Jr.
Peter Cook
Jeffrey Cooper
Kimberly Cooper
Sheree Cooper
Wendy Cooper



Michael Cooter
Mana Copas
Mislav Coric
John Cornelius
Chryses Conon
Margot Costigan



Stephanie Costell
David Cousins
Will Covello
Ann Cowdrey
Cathi Cozen
Stephanie Crabtree



Susan Craig
Kerry Crane



Heather Czeran
Julia Crews



Eric Crisler
Lisa Crook



Robert Cross
Melinda Crouse
Energy Crouse
C. Michelle Cryer
Lauren Crystal
Sharon Cabbage





Belkis Cuena



James Culver



Margaret Nelson, Young Trustee, Trinity '89.

Rebecca Currie



Marc Curry
Michael Cashner
Nicholas Cashner
Susan Cutter
Mary Kathryn Dabney
Peter Dabrowski



James Dugley
Elizabeth Dalgetty
Aaron Daniel
Nisha Dave
Donna Davidson
Elizabeth Davis



Gregory Davis
James Davis
Steve Davis
Phillip Day
Michael DeBoley
Kimberly DeBarry



David DeBak
David DeCamp
Frank DeFilippis
Marie DeFrances
Antonia DeGance
Rebecca deHaven

Class of 1989

Matthew Dech
 J. Todd Delap
 Susan Deriman
 Gary Denning
 Barbara Dennis
 William Deniel



Maleva DePalma
 Brian Deppen
 Adam Derman
 Daniel Dertke
 Michelle DeVoir
 Sarah DeWitt



Kara Devton
 David Diamond
 Jeff Diamond
 Joe Diaz
 Debbi Dickson
 Blake Dickson



Katrina Dickson
 Lori Dheim
 Christina di Francesco
 Alfonso DiGabriele
 Steven DiLeo
 Dawn Dillenbeck



Brian Dilheimer
 Michael Dimmick
 Jennifer Dingel
 Emile Dion
 John Dobbs
 Goby Dolan



James Dolan
 Christopher Donohoe
 Elizabeth Dopp
 Steven Douches
 Stuart Douglas
 Laura Downhower



Elizabeth Draper
 Karen Dresden
 Lisa Driscoll
 Michael Driver
 James Drost
 Charles Drummond III





Christopher Dryden
 Jacqueline Duby
 Eric Dudley
 Tamara Dukes
 Sarbjot Dular
 Tracey Dulaney



Lori Dumas
 Blair Duncan
 Kristen Duncan
 Tara Duncan
 Lammot duPont
 Peter Durning



Johanna D'Urso
 William Dwyer, Jr.
 James Earl
 Chitra Ebenezer
 Michael Eggert
 Gregory Eichler



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 F. James Eisenhart
 Kelly Eisenman
 Krysti Eisenman
 Tricia Eisenstein
 Elizabeth Elam

Class of 1989

Thomas Elliott



Sara Ellison

Dorothy Elmore

J. Scott Emery



James Emler
Robert Endres
Douglas Epstein
Jacqueline Escano
Marta Escobar
Grant Essex



Jason Ettinger
Jason Evans
Jonathan Evans
Michael Ewald
Patrick Ewald
Kathryn Eward



Andres Exposito
Charlotte Fagnaeus
Percilla Finly
Christina Farchild
Suzanne Fajans
Andrew Falk





Beth Ann Farley
Todd Farley
Christopher Farrell
James Farrell
Patsy-Marie Fazio
Katie Feiler



Jennifer Feikin
Rachel Fein



Amy Feinberg
Debra Feustem



Judd Feldman
Robyn Fernan



David Fenner
Jennifer Fenwick

Amy Gottlieb and Chris Schomer.



Laura Ferguson
Stacy Ferraro
Holly Ferrette
Ben Fink
Sherrie Finney
Judith Fisher



Meredith Fisher
Kerry Fitz-Gerald
Lisa Fitzhugh
John Fitzpatrick
Shari Fleishman
Nicholas Fleming

Class of 1989

Cristina Flores
Wendy Floyd
Sarah Fogarty
Julie Forbes
Lauren Foreman
Karrn Forman



Kevin Forrey
Brett Foster
Carl Foster
Christopher Foster
Pamela Foster
George Fox, Jr.



John Brooks Fox
Lee Fox
Michele Foy
Ivy Fradan
Laura Frank
Richard Frank



Linda Free
Michael Freedman



Christine Freeman
Neil Freeman



Mark Freher
Catherine French



Brocke Fried
Kathryn Fraedl





Sara Friedl
Wendy Friedland
Charles Froeb
Douglas Fuchs
Benjamin Fulmer
Lori Fulton



Douglas Funderburk
Tammy Fussell
Jolie Gabler
Susan Gabriel
Aranne Goetano
Tatra Garney



Dwight Galbs
Emily Garrett
Beth Gane
Heidi Garbaccio
David Garcia
Eugene Gardner



Seth Gardner
Seema Garg
Meg Garlinghouse
Michael Garrett
Shawn Garrett
M. Moneque Garris



Kristin Gary
Edwin Gatewood III
Joseph Gauthier
Gretchen Geerken
Leora Ger
William Geraghty



Jason Gerber
Jay Gerhart
William Getman
Joshua Getzler
David Gizard
Thomas Gibbs



J. Paul Gibson
Sarah Gekkingo
Denise Giffin
Lisa Girard
Jeffrey Given
John Glover

Class of 1989

Suwanne Glynn



Keenan Goldby

Shawne Golson



Deana Gomez
Stephanie Gonye
Ajay Gopal
Karen Gottlieb
Sanjoy Goyle
Michael Grace



Laura Graham
Alice Grant
Gerald Grant
David Gravano
Lee Gravatt
Elizabeth Graves



Katherine Crawmeyer
Cindy Green
David Green
Susan Green
Charles Greene III
Lauren Greene



Geraldine Greenlee
Kristin Greenwood
Alexander Greenwood
Henry Gregory V
Anne Grenenborg
David Griffin





Troy Gngby, Jr.
Andrew Gross
Burton Gross
Mark Cuffey
Susanne Guahard
Louis Gump



Arjun Gupta
Adam Curwitz
Geraldo Gutierrez
Kelly Gwyn
Julia Gwynne
Kimberly Haas



Daniel Hackney II
Robert Hadden



Mark Hagan
Christopher Hall



John Hall
Julius Hall



Melissa Hall
Theresa Hamilton



Dave Pyle, SOC Chairman, Trinity '89.



Kyung Han
Sarah Hanawald
Jeffrey Handen
Karen Handser
Stephen Hanlon
Leila Hanna

Philip Hanna
Virginia Hansen
Steven Harman
Barbara Harokopus
Dana Harper
John Harper



Paul Harper
William Harrell
Hedi Harrog
Timothy Harmon
John Harmon IV
James Haak



April Hatfield
Robert Hauptschein
David Hawkins
Stephanie Hawkinson
Hal Headley
David Heaton



Kenny Hefer
Sonny Heide
Juno Heine
E. Lynn Hemoch
Josh Heller
Susan Helms



Melissa Hendrx
Christopher Hennikson
David Henry
Helen Henry
Wilham Herbert
Aimee Hernng



Clare Hertz
James Hesse
Michelle Hewert
Dane Hitchwa
H. Mason Hicks III
Markeeta Hicks



Judith Hill
Veronica Hill
Helen Hillman
Audrey Hillyard
Deborah Hilkowitz
Jon Hilsenrath





Eugene Hines III



Elizabeth Hinshaw



Jennifer Hirschfeld



Philip Hirschkom



Patrick Hoag



Scott Hobbs



Bryan Hodges



Daniel Hoeltgen



Paul Hoff III



William Hoffman



Fredrick Hofrenz



Kenneth Hogenauer
Debra Holland
Steven Holiday
Cynthia Holmes
Keshia Holmes
Maja Holtn



Kimberly Holway
Heather Hornbuckle
Andrea Horne
Thomas Horst
Amy Houpt
David Huang



Edwin Huang
Holly Hudson
Tom Hudson
Theodore Hugel
Jane Hughes
Danna Hull





Jeffrey Hung
Kevin Hart
Lacy Hunt III
Susan Hunter
Forrest Hurley
Haiden Huskamp



Christopher Hutchinson
Katharine Huth
Nina Hval
David Igel
Thomas Inglima
Nancy Inouye



Tracy Ivins
Josef Isari II
Benjamin Jacewicz



Kelly Jackson
Rebecca Jackson
Anne Jacobs



Jennifer Jacobs
Kenneth Jacobs
Lubna Jafri



Susan James
Jay Jung
Laurie Jankowski
Parissa Jarratti
Amar Jayawant
Cheryl Jenkins



Julie Jennings
Sharvette Jennings
Alec Jeong
Charlotte Johnson
Christine Johnson
Donna Johnson



Class of 1989

Jennifer Johnson



Kathleen Johnson



Matthew B. Johnson



Matthew S. Johnson



Christopher Jones



Deborah Jones
Jennifer Jones
Joanne Jones
Karen Jones
Sara-Elizabeth Jones
Stephen Jones



Laure Jorgensen
Matthew Josephic
John Just
Jaime Juan
Jdl Juda
Sara Juengling





Michael Julius
Ted Karys
Andrew Kaiser
Thomas Kale
Mary Theresa Kaloupek
Madhu Kancherla



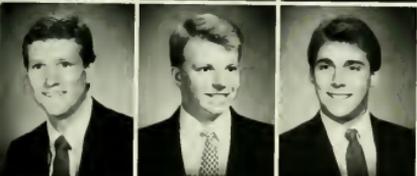
Kristin Kandt
Brian Kane
Charles Kanos
Geoffrey Kanter
Elna Kaplan
Grant Karnes



Jason Karp
Adam Katz
Ira Keelson



Matthew Keegan
Donald Keister
Carl Keller



Andrea Kelly
Elizabeth Kelly
John Kelly



Larry Kelly
Amy Kenemer
Kenneth Kennedy
Shannon Kennedy
Beth Kenney
Michael Kent



Karthanne Keough
David Keys
Robert Keyser
Lypp-Tek Khoo-Ellis
Paul Kerule III
Jones-Edward McGee Kile



Linda Kim



David King



Bradford Kirby



Christa Kirby



Koleen Kirkwood
Valerie Kuslak
Jeffrey Kling
Ann Kneeland
Suzanne Kogan
Florian Kogelnik



Robert Kohn
James Kolenick
Jana Kollias
Haeyoung Kong
Kelly Kapack
Jonathan Korn



Leslie Kovach
Sheila Lynn Krauter
Gregory Kramer
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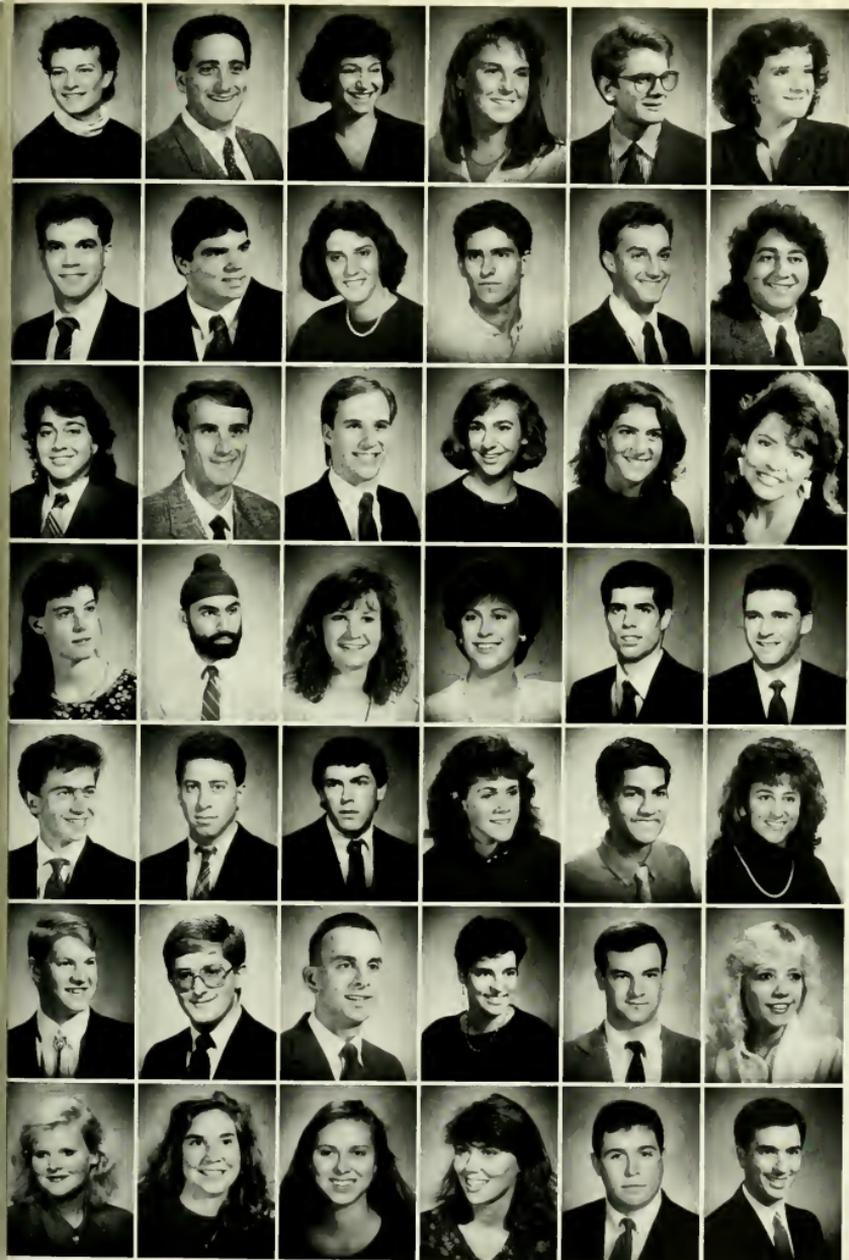


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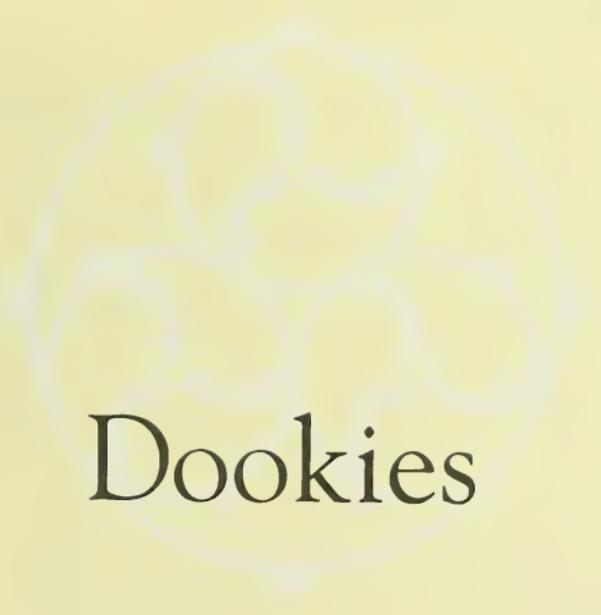
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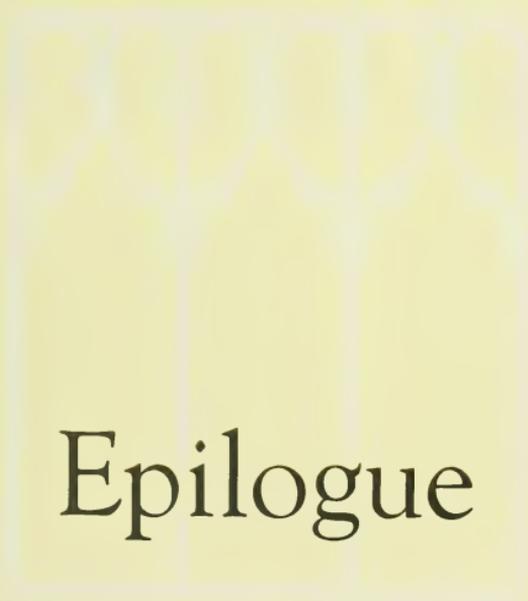
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Epilogue

Chanticleer 1989



Editor-in-Chief

Facts and figures, words and numbers, every book at Duke is full of them. Charts on the annual economic production of Sri Lanka and the records of the proceedings of the Kentucky Superior Court can all be found here at this university. The students, dosed every day with this kind of information, need a break! By the time a student graduates, that person will have bought at least a hundred textbooks describing some of the most arcane information ever published.

But they will also carry away four Chanticleers.

When told to describe a community by a professor, facts and clear analysis usually count the most in an answer. Feelings and isolated brief tableaux of that community's past, these really aren't considered to be relevant to "what really happened." They are not an indication of what life was. Maybe bad for a midterm, they look great in the Chanticleer.

As Jeff said at the very beginning, this book is only meant to be a spark to help you remember your life here. No one can portray the experiences of everyone here, but the Chanticleer tries to show all sides, and maybe some of the parts of school you didn't see in your four year walk down Duke's granite.

We do this with photos, because photos are the only way we can take you back after you become a dentist or something, and put you right where you were all those years ago. Life can be described, indexed, collated, and cross-referenced, but for showing exactly what the SPE New Year's Party was like, or how sunrise looks like from the top of Baldwin, only a photo will do.

Since before most of us were born, this yearbook has

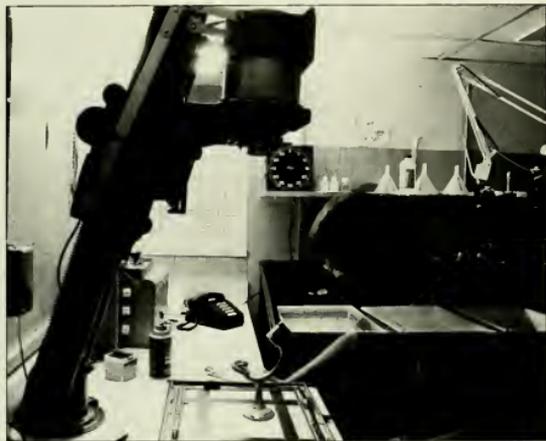
been trying to put on a page what Duke (the place) and Duke (the people) were like together for that year. Memories of what this was like may fade, but thanks to the staffs of the past seventy-six years, anyone can open Duke's yearbook and almost be back.

We try to be different every year with new angles and new approaches. Although some people have said that the Chanticleer is too "artistic," we'd like to think that it's (ironically) our effort to design a certain timelessness into the book which makes us different from all the other books you will ever own.

The huge amount of time that the staff dedicates to this project would probably stun the casual observer. But it is not just the time, but also how these people can be so fundamentally creative which impresses me every time I check the photo files. From the same granite and brick quads shot seventy-six times before, they find new pictures and new things to say in spite of how hard it is. Even though they weren't allowed to photograph graduation, they still rolled into the office describing how they managed to get something good before the marshall threw them out.

Although problems like that one make editors old before their time, the times I spent with these people have been some of the best of my life. Perhaps I can't say, "I had the best time!" about everything that happened, but they were important times. Duke has different surprises for everyone, but I hope that most other folks will be able to say the same by the time they leave.

Later days,
Lars Lucier



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The number of inks used throughout this issue varies. All black and white, except for signatures thirteen through seventeen were done in P.M.S. 404. All photo repro-

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Calligraphy and artwork done by Beth Bumpas.



Friday Friday

Hello boys and girls and welcome to "Reflections." Since this is a DUKE publication, I suppose I should forget my personal problems and write about DUKE. First off, contrary to popular belief, a DOOKIE is not someone who attends DUKE, a DOOKIE is something that puppies leave on the couch to surprise your mother. Every time somebody says to me "I love being a DOOKIE," I just smile and say "I'll bet you doo(doo)."

Today, we'll ponder questions like: What's the correlation between greek letters and unlaced boots? Why is the worst graffiti on campus in the Divinity School library? Why doesn't Colonel Khadafy ever wear his uniform when he's in the Pits? Isn't "good beer" a contradiction in terms? Why Alspaugh? How uncoordinated does one need to be to fall over a quad chain? If a train leaves Chicago at three a.m. with two thousand pounds of quarter inch pipe....

What will we remember about 1988-89? The No-win presidential election (the real one). The year we had a real bonfire. By the way, when was building a large fire at the base of a huge tree strewn with toilet paper a good idea? 1988 was also the year I started waiting tables at the Oak Room. I remember my first night. Ah, it was Heaven. The manager said "Ed, I know it's your first night, but remember, if you don't tell the customers we have Pepsi instead of Coke, you will live in Aycock for the rest of your natural Duke life." At least I'm close to the Dope Shop.

Remember the days of the Big Manila Envelope? Back when life was simple, back when we still believed that college and high school were worlds apart. The big questions were: Did we get put in Hanes Annex because we forgot to pay for something? If our FAC really cares about our welfare, why do only the good looking people in our group know when registration is? ASDU is a real student government-not like in high school... right? Boy, I'll just bet it's tough staying in school and being an ASDU rep, what with all that important stuff they gotta do. I remember a day when my freshman female friends were excited about getting personal invitations to frat parties. "They just want to meet us. I doubt there will even be alcohol there." Ignorance is danger, or is that....

For us upper class folk, that was back when the tuition was lower, the standards were lower... I can't believe some little "entrepreneur" dookie ball hasn't come up with the idea of T-shirts with your class, average SAT, and tuition on them. They all seem to go up each time around.

It's funny to think, freshman are terrified about getting here and seniors are terrified of leaving. (Oh, hey, what insight).

Some of us still remember the "good ole" days." You could get a hamburger at the CI, have kegs on the quad, drink as much booze at the Oak Room as you wanted, and leave tips on you meal card. That was back when Monday Monday was funny, when the Kappa Sigs had unlimited credit at Pete Rinaldi's, and believe it or not there was a day when Duke had an honor code. They even printed it on the inner covers of the blue books. Out of sight, out of practice, eh? And while we're on the subject of history, I would like to dispel the myth that once upon a time there were ethics professors in the business school. Never had 'em, never will.

As freshmen, we had to learn Dukat-tribute: "I'm so totally set with my schedule. I'm, like, up at eight, I go to the C.I., grab some O.J., do my I.R. and catch some Z's before by bitchin' DPC. I go to East for PPS. Tres cool. Then I get a BLT at the D.U. with my scope. Back in House J, next to the ATO's, I do my EE watching MASH and listening to REM C.D.'s. By that time, I'm psyched to cruise. I go to kegs and scam on chicks. I always see my SOBRA there. I work with PISCES, SALSA, BSA, DGLA, DUMB, and even DUFFS. My I.Q., SATS, and GPA are all above average. It's o.k., dude." Give me a stick and I'll swat it.

When I told my friends that I was writing for the yearbook, they all looked at each other and laughed. "But Ed, it's a PICTURE book." Then they all laughed again. But I'll show'em... heh heh, they'll be sorry... heh, yes mother, I hear you... yes, heh heh... I'll show'em all....

Ed Goodman
Trinity '89



















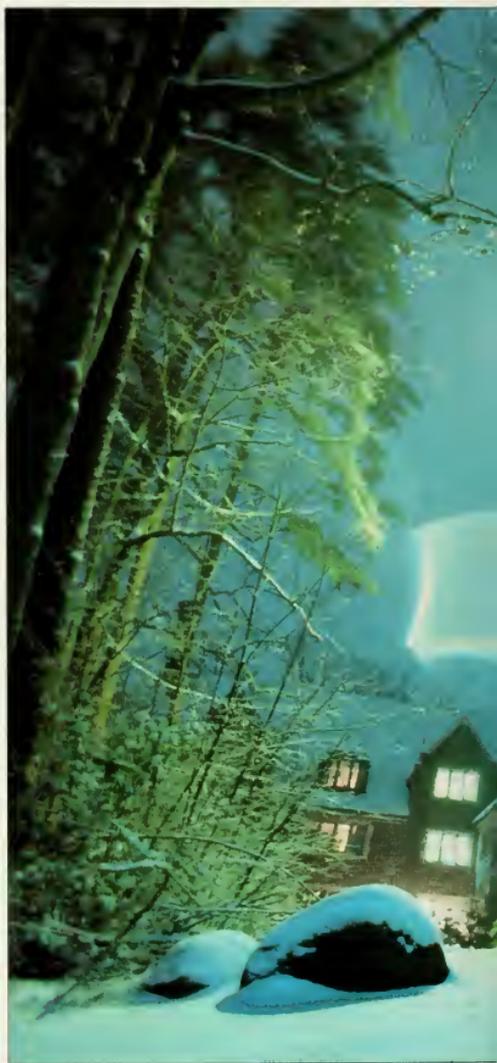






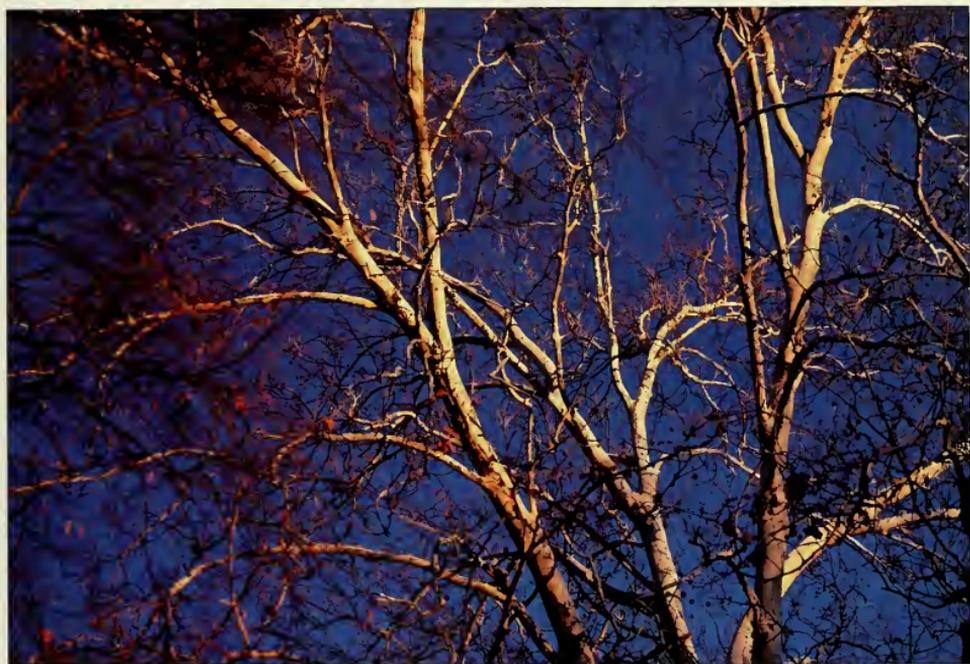




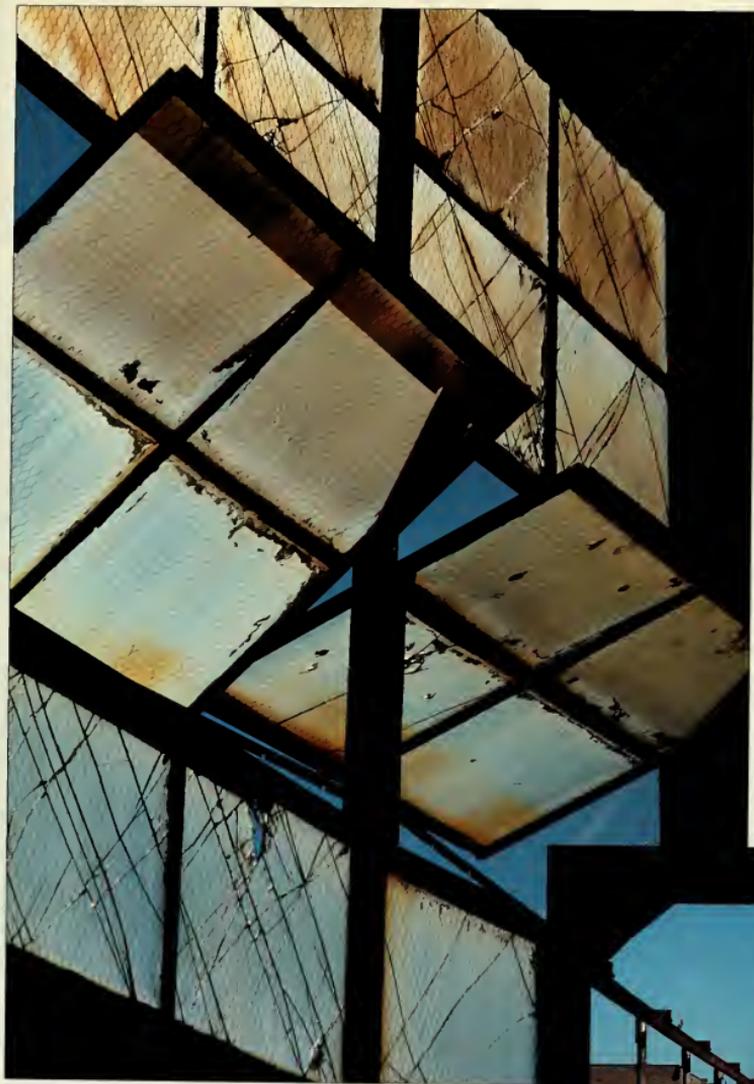














EPILOGUE

Alice arrived on time for her noonday lessons, but her thoughts were decidedly not on her studies.

"Oh dear," she said to herself, climbing on top of a toadstool. "I do believe I've got to grow up, but I haven't the faintest idea how it is to be managed." She opened her notebook on her lap and sighed.

"Wonderland is very nice, but mayn't life have other things in store for me?" she asked herself. Her professor overheard this and peered at her from above his rounded spectacles.

"You?" the big blue Caterpillar asked languidly. "Who are you? And where is your homework?" He was seated on a bigger mushroom than Alice's. One pair of his arms was busy typing big words on a computer screen; the others were folded pompously across his thin chest.

"My name is Alice, sir, and I didn't have time to do my homework last night, you see," she ventured tentatively. "I was watching the big croquet match on TV yesterday, and we won, so, I, um, went out and celebrated all night," she said, hoping he was a croquet fan. "Did you see the game?"

He looked at her disdainfully. "No. I did not see the game. I do not enjoy watching grown men sweat to put a ball through a hoop."

Alice giggled. "You mean a wicket," she corrected him.

"I mean what I said," the Caterpillar replied, undaunted. "I always mean what I say." He sniffed the air and returned to his computer. "Now, would you please recite the lesson?"

"Um, Doctor Caterpillar?" Alice said, trying to change the subject. "I was wondering if we could forgo the lesson topic today for something more important."

He raised an eyebrow. "And what could possibly be more important?"

"Well, my future, for one thing. Why, none of these lessons have taught me anything that would be practical in the real world," she said.

"They have too," the Caterpillar contradicted. "You just haven't realized it yet. By the way, who are you?"

Alice rolled her eyes to the top of her head. She wondered whether the Caterpillar knew anything at all sometimes.

"I am a student of yours, and I am leaving school. I was wondering if you could help me get a job by..."

"A job? Why on earth would you want a job?" he asked.

Alice had been asking herself that same question for quite a while, but this was no time to get wishy-washy.

"Well, sir, I can't very well spend my entire life in school."

At this, the Caterpillar stood up on his hind legs and spoke angrily. "What do you mean? I have spent my entire life in school. And I have had a MOST REWARDING LIFE INDEED!"

He picked some leaves off of the trees and stuffed them in his pipe. "School is very important. You would under-

stand that by now if you didn't spend so much time watching those moronic croquet matches. And those hedonistic parties you attend so regularly? Such debauchery never took place in my days."

Alice sighed. Tea parties were actually an intellectual experience in Wonderland. She remembered staying up one night with the March Hare, discussing Marxist philosophy.

"The proletariat would have more control of the system," the March Hare had said, trying to bounce a quarter into a half-filled tea cup.

"Well, they can't very well have more control, since they don't have any now," she contradicted.

The March Hare sank his shot and handed the cup to Alice. "You mean he can't very well have less," he replied. "It's very easy to take more than nothing."

That was certainly a positive learning experience, Alice thought. (She conveniently forgot that she had slept through her classes the next day because of a vicious headache.)

As for croquet matches, Alice strongly believed that if you don't enjoy croquet, you really shouldn't be in Wonderland.

"Really, sir, I did not come here to discuss my social life with you," she said, trying to return to the subject of her recommendation.

"That's good! I don't want to hear about your deplorable drinking habits," he replied emphatically. The Caterpillar was obviously feeling uncooperative, and she decided to leave without obtaining his help.

"Wait a second, little girl," the Caterpillar called after her. "You'll never get anywhere like that." He tossed her a rolled piece of paper. "you should take your diploma first."

She picked the diploma up off the ground and tried to read it, but the words were nonsensical. "And will this get me a job?" she asked him, dumbfounded.

"Hardly," he laughed. "Unless you want to wait tables. But at least now, no matter what you do, people will think you know what you're talking about."

"But I don't feel any smarter," Alice said, confused. "Are you sure this will work?"

The Caterpillar smiled. "You don't feel smarter because you're not. But the diploma will convince people otherwise, and they will regard everything you say in high esteem." he blew a few smoke rings at her. "I am positive it will work. It always works for me."

Alice thanked the Caterpillar profusely for his gift, and ran off into the woods. "Well, what an amazing thing a diploma is," she said, racing through the forest. "I can't wait to show people how brilliant I must be."

The Caterpillar returned to his computer, chuckling to himself as Alice disappeared into the forest. "Watch out world," he said to himself. "Here comes another crazy kid with a college degree."





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