

Chronicles of Some Class

by Nina Catalano

almost everyone sitting is writing with their right hands. all stare at the white whiskers poking out of gloomy, tonal professor's nose. he explains the lesson dully, switching back and forth from an english accent to one much related to irish. every time he says the words "hath" and "sorrow," i cry silently in the back row of the small class; sitting at my desk with the words "iron maiden rulz" carved into it. girl in front of me casually picks her facial scabs and then pries them out from under her fingernails with her teeth and eats them, girls whisper, a boy nudges his sweaty balls from his leg conspicuously. i just happen to notice everything today. professor loses train of thought mid-sentence and begins to talk out of his ass. boy pulls crust out of earring hole, then flicks it on the ground. boy has a shaved head with large, bushy, long bangs, (which are dyed a different color than the rest), hanging down over his face. the ass talking is beginning to get to everyone.

eyes now move from nose hair to the clock; which reads 11:50 (but it's really 12:30), and all wait until 12:10 (which would really be 12:50). i should be listening. laughter from a class downstairs rises up the stairwell to my pitiful class. we yearn to mud-wrestle or play in jello or read books or take baths. we all appreciate antigone and oedipus desperately, but frankly we'd rather be fucking. do you think that would make the gods angry? too many people have leather bags and pick their noses. i'm beginning to feel awfully sick. bluntly, this class blows. a direct quote from my 85 year old professor: "he's horny, she's aroused him." what is this class coming to? why is that girl shoving her pen into that orifice? ugh. the girl's guess shoes in front of me have a piece of gum stuck on them, which is getting more stuck to the washboard floor every second. "okay, do you have any questions? good, beginning on page 76..." while the teacher progresses to say something about how language is trivial, the girl in the front row itches her bikini line.

the professor gets up and writes the word catharsis on the board in formal style handwriting. i look up from the nose hair, nose pickers, glasses' adjusters, and at the clock. it now reads 12:08. to fight off impending sleep, i put my books in my bag. avoiding moist, yellowish tissues on the floor, i pick up my bag, stand up, stretch, and walk to my next class.

FAKE AD/PSA

Music. You can listen to it. You can make it. The problem is that our capitalist society needs to take advantage of it with things like ska. That's right, I said ska. I'm sure you've heard it. It's like Bob Marley played at 45rpm as opposed to 33rpm. It's what would happen if Branford Marsalis was directing a band while on crack. It's been around for a long time, 30 years or something, and people have just started to listen to it and therefore record labels have just started to capitalize on it. If you want to learn more about this, please contact Dave Bernstein. He will tell you everything that you need to know about it in nauseating detail. He even does sporadic performances.

The Summer 1997 XRCU Schedule!

Monday	7-9am	Static
	2-4pm	Static
	4-6pm	Static
	6-8pm	Static
	8-9pm	Static
	9-10pm	Static
	10-11pm	Static
	11-1am	Static
1-3am	Static	
Tuesday	1-3pm	Static
	3-5pm	Static
	5-7pm	Static
	7-9pm	Static
	9-11pm	Static
	11-1am	Static
1-2am	Static	
Wednesday	7-9am	Static
	5-7pm	Static
	7-8am	Static
	8-10pm	Mostly Fuzz
	10-mid.	Static
	12-1am	Static, with an occasional popping sound
	1-3am	Static
Thursday	1-3pm	Static
	3-5pm	Static
	5-7pm	Static
	7-9pm	No Show ("Friends" is on at 8:00)
	9-11pm	Static
	11-mid.	Static
	12-1:30am	Static
	1:30-3am	Static
Friday	12-2pm	Static
	2-4pm	Static
	4-6pm	Static
	6-8pm	Static
	8-10pm	Sounds of local UFO
	10-11pm	Static
	11-mid.	Static
12-1am	Static	
Saturday	noon-2pm	Static
	2-5pm	Static
	8-10pm	Static
	mid.-2am	Static
Sunday	3-5pm	Static
	5-7pm	Static
	7-9pm	Static
	9-10pm	Parts of a truck driver's CB
	10-11pm	Static
	11-mid.	Static
	12-1:30am	Static
1:30-3am	Static	

INFORMATIVE

We Can See Your House From Here

by Dave Bernstein

Well, it's time for another ROC-U update. A lot has happened this semester, most notably...

XRCU=95.1 FM

I know it took a while, but you'd be amazed how much work it is to build a radio station. I'd like to thank the XRCU e-board (old and new) and most especially Bill Evans for all the hours they put in to get us up and running.

New E-board you say? Yes, we're passing the torch, moving on to greener pastures, and gearing up for one hell of a senior year. The new batch of sadists will be in charge by the beginning of next year, so please direct all death threats in their direction.

I'm sure you've heard that we changed locations. We've moved out of the hot, dank basement of Sanford (away from those writer freaks) and into the cooler and more spacious Dana Commons (right next to the other writer freaks). I'd like to thank Linda Connors for getting us the space and helping us through the transition (in addition to all the other great stuff she does).

You may have noticed that XRCU doesn't come in well in Sanford and Wright Halls. This is because we only have one transmitter right now. Next year (or possibly over the summer) we will work on erecting a second antenna on that side of campus so that everyone can hear the 11 milliwatt clear-channel voice of XRCU. We are also looking into an educational FCC license, which will allow the station to be heard in Shrewsbury.

So that's what we've been up to. Listen, and be well.