



By Janice Lynch

From the fogies

"Eat and enjoy": Down with diets

The decision is simple—NO MORE DIETS, No more hunger, no more peculiar combinations of vegetables and meat. No more calorie counting. No more high

protein-low carbohydrate worries for me. Good-bye Dr. Atkins. Farewell Scarsdale. Turn the channel when Richard Simmons bounds across the screen. No more denial—no more yearning to be a size five.

I have been on the diet merry-go-round since I turned thirteen. At nineteen this means that a third of my life has been spent living in the guilt that comes after devouring a Swensen's double-scoop peanut butter and caramel turtle fudge ice cream cone. Fully one third of my life has been spent drinking warm water with lemons and munching carrots when I should have been reveling in Coke and M&M's.

The diets have been frequent and diverse. In eighth grade all 5

feet, 85 pounds of me was sustained by Total cereal and peanut butter toast—breakfast, lunch, and dinner. At sixteen I worked in an ice cream store and flourished skinnily on three ice cream cones a day. Most recently I have given up eating lunch and dinner. No longer though—it is time to binge, splurge and savor cheesecake on the tip of my tongue.

I have one dozen peanut butter cups and a bag of M&M's; a brand new jar of peanut butter and a box of Girl Scout cookies.

Carrots, cottage cheese and celery cannot compete. Mayberry's is a five minute walk from the dorm and the cafeteria's brussel sprouts are nothing in comparison. Oh—my sweet tooth is singing and my belt is loosened. There is something healthy and solid about by appetite, joy at burning the Washington apple Diet.

Look—there are no calories on Sunday or any other day when one must attend calculus. There

are no calories if the phone bill is more than \$15. If you have a ten-page paper due in an hour, treat yourself to a banana split.

One night, after refusing a piece of my grandmother's cheesecake, I was offered this morsel of wisdom—"Skinny people make the world miserable for the rest of us, always bellyaching about being skinny. Eat and enjoy."

As Root Boy Slim used to sing, "Dare to be Fat."

As yet another spring makes its way out of frozen earth, I have made a monumental decision in my life, one which will alter my very being in the days and months to come. Ultimately, life will be much easier.

This decision has been precipitated by the arrival of spring, by the bringing down from boxes last year's dresses and bathing suits. The decision has been determined after wondering whether I should wear a bikini and settling on a one piece for fear the roll of my stomach might obscure the bikini bottoms.

Sewer City

By City Sewer

The City's Water and Sewer personnel are doing the annual maintenance of the water main lines in the Northwest area of Greensboro. The flushing of these feeder main water lines

may cause a temporary discoloration of the water in the Northwest area. It is suggested that Northwest area residents check their water prior to use. Call the Water and Sewer Maintenance Division, 373-2033, if you are experiencing any unusual problems.

Grilled in grill room

By Dave Loring

Inflation is a wonderful thing. It is a convenient excuse for almost any type of consumer exploitation. Twenty percent interest rates, cost adjustment clauses, and "Doug's Do Me A Favor" are just a few very good examples of this.

Last year, when all we had was the "Grill Room", it was possible to get a grilled ham and cheese sandwich, chips, and a coke on the I.D. exchange plan. Now, undoubtedly due to inflation, it's possible to get the same meal with the I.D. exchange and forty cents. (These figures do not include sales tax.) Assuming that last year's I.D. exchange was also for \$1.75 worth of food, the percentage of cost increase is roughly 23%. This is a "massive power move" considering that the inflation rate is usually somewhere in the mid-teens.

One cannot really complain, however. After all when you go out to a nice restaurant with a young lady you're really only paying for the atmosphere, and the atmosphere in the "Grill Room" has really changed drastically. They've hung all types of old things on the wall, installed some garbage can/hutches, a big cabinet, and two fans. Holy cow, what more could you ask for? A beer tap, maybe, but that would be a bit much.

Personally, I have no sympathy for those who complain about the "Grill Room's" prices. They should have gone to the cafeteria and suffered communally along with everyone else. Even if they have a legitimate excuse for missing dinner they could at least of bummed two dollars off a friend and gone to McDonalds. They'd definitely eat better.

Album Review

Doc Holliday stuck on cycles

By Bernie Dichinson

Doc Holliday is a North Carolina-based Southern Rock band which has recently gained some national attention with their popular FM hit "Magic Midnight." It was released on their first album in 1981 after being together for almost a decade under the extinct name of Roundhouse.

Currently, Doc Holliday has released their second album entitled *Doc Holliday Rides Again*. . . which as to be expected from the Southern Rock cliched bands, follows the traditional Southern styled roots found in Lynyrd Skynyrd, Charlie Daniel's Band, and other Southern band's music. Doc Holliday has seemingly attempted to disguise the simple Southern lifestyle on the album cover and in two of the album's songs "Last Ride" and "Hot Ride".

Unfortunately, the emphasis in the Southern rock scene continues to remain narcissistic in respect to Southern society to the rest of the country. Still whistling "Dixie" and waving the emblem of defiance (The Confederate Flag), Doc Holliday follows very closely to the mainstream of Southern rock. "Southern Man," currently an FM favorite from Doc Holliday's second effort, is clearly an answer to the resented question posed by Neil Young in his song entitled "Southern Man." Neil Young's question is simply "How long" before "Southern change gonna come?"

Obviously, tradition is at the root of Southern rock. Doc Holliday exemplifies this point further by lines like "You can take me out of the country - but I'll always be a country boy" from the song entitled "Good Boy Gone Bad." Moreover, the song entitled

"Lonesome Guitar" relays the essence of Southern prejudice with lines like "the Battle of the Union and the Rebel Gray - How they burnt down Atlanta - You'll never drive that memory out of me."

Many of the cuts sound so cliched that you would almost think you were listening to a K-tel record hosting new material by a large range of artists. For example, "Lonesome Guitar" could easily be mistaken for an Outlaw tune. Furthermore, "Doin' It Again" sounds distinctly like Eric Clapton while Bruce Brookshire, Doc Holliday's vocalist, could easily pass for a hoarse Bob Seger in the song "Hot Rod."

Unfortunately, *Doc Holliday Rides Again* . . . can offer nothing new to the rock industry that doesn't already exist. Today's music is clearly stale and stagnated beyond words, particularly in the Southern rock style. I'm waiting for a new light to be cast on the Southern rock industry which will not produce carbon copies of the likes of Lynyrd Skynyrd, but will attempt to reach new directions of inspiration found in the South. Certainly, progress has taken place in the Southern lifestyle, but unfortunately, its music continues to hold a firm grip to the traditional mode of simplicity and psychologically rooted ignorance which is the result of lamenting about the past.

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