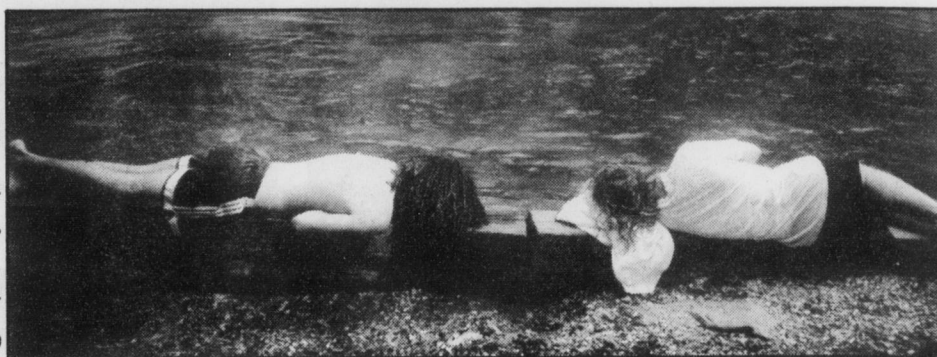
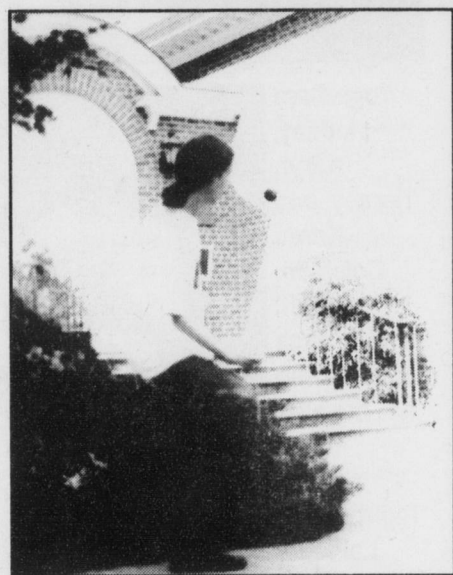


Roomates
Dane Warner and
Cam Ingram
snooze by a river
on the Avanti
trip



*Jens Christiansen
hacks by Sternberger*



Jeremy
Sebens
obviously
lacks
inhibition

THE FIRST YEAR CLASS

THE LAST THING THAT THE FRESHMAN CLASS WILL ADMIT TO is being special or exceptional in any way. When I asked them why they were unique, they just stared blankly and denied any skills or talents that would contribute to the extraordinary spirit of the class.

But it is not true. This year's freshman class, the last that will graduate in this millennium, is fated to be amazing and powerful. If only because of their placement in time they are unique. It cannot be avoided.

One freshman, Neal Sanding, after stating that this was one of the most ordinary and indistinguishable classes in existence said, "You cannot describe the uniqueness of a class with broad generalities, you have to describe the individuals that make that class unique."

After the initial denial, it became obvious that the freshmen are individuals with colorful idiosyncrasies, habits and talents that create a strange and beautiful class. It is the writers that enjoy handstands and the artists that love the rain and the musicians that love chocolate bananas that make this class special.

Everyone in the first year class is talented in some way, no matter how obscure. About five bands have already formed in the first week of school. Artists can be seen for hours outside with sketchpads spread across their laps and pencils in their hands. Several freshmen are very skilled at kazoo and bongo playing. At least two can maintain a conversation with both feet behind

by Adrienne Owens
staff writer

their heads, and one can do a six-minute handstand.

The first year class is also geographically diverse. Some come from exotic places like Japan while others call Greensboro home. Many freshmen made a short drive to Guilford to get away from home while others made the journey to escape war.

Even while they proclaimed their inherent ordinariness, their accents and the inflections in their voices denied it as they felt for English as a stranger, or loosened the words in a Southern drawl, or spoke quickly and confidently as if they were born with the language.

It is amazing that such a small group of people collected in North Carolina have such a broad range of religious and philosophical interests.

Dozens of religions are practiced among the freshman class by record numbers of Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Episcopalians,

Catholics, Buddhists, Muslims, Confucianists, Existentialists, Taoists, Jews, and those who practice religions that they have crafted themselves.

One freshman said that he was a Millerite and fervently believes that the world will end in 1843.

The broad spectrum of hobbies practiced by first year students truly captures their individuality. Many devote hours to volunteer work and community service while others spend time arc welding, body piercing, playing with blowtorches, biting, writing, running, playing various sports, smoking, painting and reading.

The first year class may try hard to hide their amazing skills and identities, but they are present in each one of us.

As a group the class is like a jungle with so many components, personalities and traits that will never fit together perfectly, but do somehow fit.

This class is wild with color and size and habits, and its composition will not let the uniqueness of the group as a whole or of the individuals be denied.

Pictures by (clockwise): Anne Lundquist, Susan Allen and Sara Johnson