



## WQFS: The Top Twenty

COURTESY OF WQFS  
MANAGEMENT

1. **FUTURE: A JOURNEY THROUGH THE ELECTRONIC UNDERGROUND**
2. **DJ KEOKI**
3. **THE FOLK IMPLORION**
4. **LORDS OF ACID**
5. **THE GERALDINE FIBBERS**
6. **WEEN**
7. **ATTACK OF THE KILLER SURF GUITARS**
8. **PAVEMENT**
9. **TOLEDO**
10. **DICK DALE**
11. **PIPE**
12. **INNOCENT NIXON**
13. **TANYA DONNELLY**
14. **DAVID BYRNE**
15. **THE FROGS**
16. **THE RECLINERS**
17. **MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT**
18. **GREG GARING**
19. **SKIF DANK**
20. **EAT/KISS: MUSIC FOR THE FILMS OF ANDY WARHOL: JOHN CALE**

## The Root Beer Diaries

BY CATIE BRALY  
Features Columnist

Last Friday night, I went with some friends of mine to see the band Luna. Now, while Luna is not a band I listen to, I volunteered to take them to save each of them the twenty dollar Greyhound bus fare. (You know, sacrificing myself for the good of the whole, etc...etc...)

Coming into the club, the lights were dim, and the haze pouring out of the front door was enough to make a non-smoker like me cringe. However, I walked inside anyway, dutifully forking over my nine dollars to the severe-looking bouncer.

There's only one way to describe it: Wall to wall people. The only spaces left vacant by people were quickly filled with amplified voices and half-drunken smiles.

My friend Alicia started pulling me to the opposite corner of the club, making our way through the fog of human collection to the bar, where for one dollar, you could get water. Again, we obliged this establishment by cracking open the wallet.

Once we had secured our place in this aural pandemonium, we made small talk until the band took its place, and we turned our



Catie spreads her wisdom across the campus like cream cheese on a bagel.

attention away from our flat conversation and teased hair to the evening's entertainment.

It didn't take too long before the smoke and people began to take its toll on poor ol' me. While my friends zigzagged their way up to the front, I gracefully slipped out the back of the club, where the club owner had been kind enough to leave a few chairs to the drowning few searching for safe harbor.

And it was there I sat, perched on the edge of this music, my feet dangling in the cool sweet notes, and I began to think. You know,

when you sit down and every thought that comes to you seems to border the mystical. I began to think about everything I have learned in the past few years.

People come to college expecting to instantaneously become a new person. Some people may have been horrible students in high school (not that I would know or anything...umm...) and expect to automatically become Rhodes Scholars. Some people come to college and just expect the Divine spirit to take their souls into her hands and magically transform them. That doesn't happen. Change doesn't come that easily. When there is something you want to do or be, no one is going to hand it to you. But whatever it is you decide to do, you must wholly commit yourself to the cause. I leave you with the great words of one 900-year-old puppet. "Try not. Do or do not. There is no try."

**Guilford is changing right before our eyes. What's the best way to know what's going on at your school?**

Write for the Guilfordian. Our staff meetings are every Monday night at 7:30 in the Passion Pit. Anyone that is interested in writing, taking pictures, or helping with layout is welcome to attend.