

# Where the big dogs howl...

By CHARLES F. GRANTHAM

I had just finished putting away my scuba gear and was starting to break down the weapons for cleaning when there was a knock at the door.

"Great," I said out loud. "Just what I need."

I had just returned from Argentina where Cromwell and I had done some "charity" work for Greenpeace.

"Those whaling ships should just be settling on the bottom about now," I said to myself. I was tired and all I wanted was to put my gear away and go to sleep.

I headed for the door and cranked a hollowpoint into the chamber of the Browning 9 mm. and stuck the pistol in the waistband of my Levi's in the small of my back. I put on my best "Go away" smile and opened the door.

"Aloha, brother! The apocalypse is night! Would you care to purchase a Watchtower or an Awake to save you and your loved

ones from Jehovah's divine wrath?"

"Van Owen," I scowled. "You scumbag. How did you find me? Should I ask you to come in or just kill you here on the stoop?"

"Invite me in, Chuck. I have many drams of fermented beverages."

"Ahhh, a practical man," I thought. "I'll wait and snuff him when the beer is gone."

Van Owen and I had been friends for many years. We had twisted the tiger's tail together many times. We met in 1987 when I had jumped into Afghanistan to deliver hard currency to the Mujahidin and had barely made it to Pakistan with my life. Tolbert and I bumped into each other at the Happy Club in Peshawar and had made grand pigs of ourselves in every fashion imaginable. I had absolutely no respect for him as a human being, but he spoke my language and I liked him.

We drank the cold beer and

exchanged histories of our lives since we had last met.

"A college student," he said. "You'll never make it as a college student. You'll choke and die like a dog. You need excitement and adventure. Even these few puny little fly-by-night operations you and Cromwell run are not enough. You are a Fun Hog and must squeal at the moon or perish."

"Go to hell, Van Owen. Life is good. I don't do anything I don't want to do. No one gives me orders any more. I only take operations that I believe in and that I want to do. Besides, there are a lot of pretty young college girls out there and they're not all complete idiots."

"I don't believe it, but it doesn't matter. Let us leave this place and consume many distilled spirits and go out beyond the light of the fire where the autumn ghosts dance and the big dogs howl."

Tolbert Van Owen, although a

thoroughly rotten son of a bitch, could be a true poet when alcohol and true perversion were involved.

We went to a little place I know of off the beaten track where the shrimp were fresh and my credit was good. There we began to drink in earnest.

"So, Chuck, what are your thoughts on the political front?" Van Owen asked.

"God, Tolbert, don't get me started. Bush is a shameless political weasel with the ethics of a diseased catfish and Clinton is a counterfeit Elvis punk who would sell his own mother to the Arabs in order to get elected, provided of course that any self-respecting Arab would have her."

"The secret of voting," Tolbert said, "is to figure out who of the two candidates will screw things up the least."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. I don't really know which way to go. I'm no Democrat, but I'd rather be beaten into a coma with my own shinbone than to vote for a Republican."

These senseless ravings went on until deep into the night. I was on one of those weird highs that come along only once or twice every blue moon. It was a combination of the Wild Turkey and

the conversation and the weariness of my bones. It seemed to go on forever or until Van Owen dropped me off at my place about sunrise.

"Well, I'm going back to the islands where I belong," Tolbert said. "Let Bush and his Nazi Legion cremate the U.S. Constitution. I don't care any more. I've made enough money taking pictures for naked girl postcards to retire in Samoa and live like a king. Let the swine have the White House."

I punched him viciously in the mouth and put my Marlboro out on his face.

"You phlegmatic sack of pus! Get out of here before I really do pump a few rounds into you. We don't need your kind around here."

Van Owen whimpered pitifully and put his rental car into gear. I pulled my automatic out and fired a few rounds into the air to get him moving. He squealed out of sight, narrowly missing a homeless man sleeping in the gutter at the end of the street.

"Good riddance, you scumbag," I said out loud. "Clinton, Gore, and I don't want anything to do with degenerate lunatics like you. We are America's future."

## New Potato Caboose's energy has students dancing on lawn

By DAN MOYNIHAN

The lawn behind Edgcombe was the sight of Wesleyan's first concert of the year Sept. 11 featuring New Potato (no "E") Caboose, ranked the number one college band in American by *Rolling Stone* magazine.

Attendance at the concert was less than impressive, but those who did turn out for the show were there to party.

Like a scene out of Oliver Stone's "The Doors," students were dancing and frolicking,

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some of them half-naked, most of them full of enthusiasm. The band itself was full of energy and cranked out song after song for about two hours. Most of the music was their own, but they also found time to slip in a little Van Morrison, to the obvious delight of the crowd.

After the show was finished, the band received such a tremen-

dous ovation that they came back out for a few more songs. While out there, they managed to plug their album, which was conveniently on sale just a few feet away. Several fans purchased them after the show was finished.

Reactions to the band and its music were mostly positive. While a few didn't really care for what was presented, the majority agreed with one sophomore's feeling, "The band was great. It's about time we finally got a real band around here that all the students enjoy."

### A good taste

Adam knew that he was cheating  
When he saw what he was eating.

"What a pity," he said. "Now man  
is disgraced.

But my, oh my, what pleasant taste."

— K.R.

## Singer comes 'home' to Wesleyan

By DELINDA LEE

Attending Wesleyan only last year as a freshman, former student and now Coffeehouse performer, Phillip Friedman, returned to campus on Sept. 16 and packed them in at Doc's with his unforgettable performance.

Usually appearing with his band, "Reverse Polarity," Friedman surprised many in attendance

with his acoustic concert. Accompanied on bass guitar and back-up vocal by Chris "Bean" Sawyer, Friedman delighted the audience by performing a variety of well-known songs such as "Stand By Me," "Running to Stand Still," "Eight Days a Week," and "Fun and Games." He also performed several songs he wrote himself, much to the delight of the audience.

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Having been a student at Wesleyan, Friedman was known by several people who attended the concert. He picked on and jested with those he knew, and introduced himself to those he did not. One of the highlights of the

evening was the audience participation. Not only did he prod and persuade everyone to sing along to certain numbers, but twice during the concert Friedman was assisted in his performance by Wesleyan students. Freshman Jay Dalton and senior Dave O'Neil went up to the microphone and harmonized with Friedman and Sawyer.

Sponsored by the Campus Ac-

tivities Board and Pi Epsilon Sorority, Friedman's concert was a big success. At one point in the night there was a head count of about 80 people crowded into Doc's. Those who showed up for the performance really seemed to enjoy themselves. Freshman Jenny Beemer exclaimed, "Although I was not familiar with a lot of the songs he played, I had a great time!"