

NBA tragedies, greed make ACC b-ball all the more appealing

For what it's worth:

All right everyone. We get the point. I understand that \$13 million is tough to live on, but we all can't afford to keep eight cars on the road at once.

For those of you who have been following the NBA labor disputes, you know exactly what I am talking about. Kenny Anderson of my hometown Boston Celtics was recently quoted in *The New York Times* that he may have to sell one of his EIGHT luxury cars/sport utility vehicles. My heart bleeds for you, Kenny.

And as for Paul Gaston, Jerry Krause and the rest of the owners, please forgive me if I am not calling my accountant and my lawyer and telling them to offer their services to you and your constituents free of charge.

You may ask yourself: Am I bitter? You bet your ass I'm bitter.

I grew up with the great Celtics - Lakers rivalries of the mid 80s. Magic and Larry. Kareem and The Chief. K.C. and Pat. Basketball at its finest. Sports bars were not as plentiful in suburban Boston

as they are now, and during the finals, you couldn't even get in the door to one, never mind struggle to the bar and order a beer.

Then the Celts dropped off a bit. Larry hurt his back and The Chief hit the big

Alan Medeiros
The Pendulum
Slicks1966@aol.com

four-oh the same time as my dad. We had a savior though. His name was simply Reggie.

Any Boston sports fan knows exactly whom I'm talking about. Reggie Lewis. One of our own. A kid from Baltimore who rewrote the record books while at Northeastern, and the only player in the history of the school to have his number, 35, retired.

Then he had his heart problems. All the tests by the now infamous Dr. Gilbert Mudge. He was all set to play they told us. Reggie was as good as new. Then Reggie died while shooting around at Brandeis just a few months later. The whole world crashed. Basketball in Boston would never be the

same. It was Len Bias in my younger days, and now Reggie. Where was all this going?

Now with the magic of the

Celtics gone, my friends and I turned to the college game. ACC basketball became the new religion of my home. The pope himself could have stopped by during a Carolina-Duke ACC final and the only things that would

happen would be that someone would get him a chair and a beer.

I have some news for the owners, and their bitter enemies in the Players Association. We still love ACC basketball. For that matter we love SEC, Big East and A-10 basketball too. We really don't care all that much whether or not the season starts back up at this point.

The only people you have left are the kids. You know, the 4th grader with Michael Jordan everything, and who thinks that even though he lives in Seattle he is the

biggest Bulls fan in the world. You still have them, and their parents who will drop a C-note to catch a game in the big city once a year.

My advice to the both of you: Cut your losses and play ball. Sure, each side may lose a few million here and there, but it is a whole lot better than the alternative. Major League Baseball made it through the strike because it was the only game in town. Stern and Co., that is just simply not the case with you.

While some people are returning their season tickets for the Hornets, I'll still be worrying about how I'm going to scalp those ACC tickets in March.

No! Not ticket scalping! That is immoral and not to mention illegal here in the Great State of North Carolina. Well, guess what everyone. It happens. Some die-hard fans do spend to see their alma mater in action against the very best.

Do I agree with it? Of course I do. Athletic events are no different from anything else, and like everything else where demand exceeds supply, the supply goes to the

highest bidder.

Now, I ask you, how many NBA games have you ever scalped tickets for?

Sure, some people just have to get into Game 7 of the finals. You know them, the same people who "just hafta be there" when Super Bowl time rolls around every January.

These are not true fans. They are simply those who feel that attending a championship game is a status symbol. A place to see and be seen. Fortunately the NCAA tourney has achieved a level of popularity where this is almost impossible.

Mr. Stern, I highly recommend that you have a talk with your public relations firm and come to the conclusion that the "I Love This Game" campaign just isn't going to do it anymore.

I don't love your game. I detest all it stands for. The greediness on both sides. The quest for a championship, no matter the cost to the game. Keep your millions and your "soft caps" and "hard caps," and give me the student-athletes of the college game any day.

Study concludes: Women seek relationship, men still don't get it

Over the last 18 years I have inadvertently, yet actively, participated in a study of the different types of people.

Recently I decided the study had yielded enough evidence to draw accurate conclusions.

From these conclusions I made some surprising discoveries. I noticed that all men fall into one of four divisions and all women can similarly be sorted into their own five categories.

I also concluded that certain categories are naturally compatible or incompatible with their corresponding divisions.

The four divisions that make up male-dom are rather well defined making mobility between levels difficult but not at all impossible.

The divisions of male-dom are as follows:

1) This is the guy that women put up with or perhaps even whose company they enjoy. This guy does not get many dates but those he finds usually end successfully.

2) The second class of male is commonly known as the "terminal friend." All women seem to like him and enjoy his company, but few see him from a romantic perspective. He has become used to hearing the terms "best friend" and "like a brother" used by women concerning himself. This man is better off than the first class but is

still in dire need of a companion.

3) Usually more flirtatious and out going than members of the second class; this guy often gets a reputation as a player when he is only participating in the harmless harassment that comes naturally to him. Women usu-

Chris Rash
The Pendulum
rashc8r0@elon.edu

ally find his company entertaining but uncomfortable after long periods of time.

4) The Player. Every female can spot this guy a mile away yet they always end up with at least one date

a night, usually more. Player is possibly the most notorious class of male-dom because their exploits reflect poorly upon the rest of the male species.

From my research I have concluded that the ideal class for a man seeking a woman is somewhere between two and three. Hovering between those two planes without falling fully under one category is a technique few have mastered.

As for the five categories of woman-hood, they are similar in that inter-category travel is not impossible but is not done without large amounts of effort.

The five categories of woman-hood are as follows:

1) Those females in the world

that have nothing going for them or way too much going against them. Not that there is anything inherently wrong with these girls but they have problems with which they need to deal before they explore their corresponding male division.

2) These women are the rarest and most prized. These are the ones that get into a relationship and stick with it through thick and thin. These women naturally attract the second division of male-dom and make beautiful couples.

3) The most common of females are those in this class. They find someone they are happy with then, after no more than a month or two later, they begin to feel constrained within the confines of the relationship. Usually this feeling is followed with an unexplained dumping. Judging from the results of my experiment I have concluded that the third type of female is the type that usually ends up together with the third classification of male. These two are naturally incompatible but they are so similar that they usually end up together at least while she can stand the connection.

4) This type of female is the most notorious. She despises the

relationship much as her male "player" counterpart but still enjoys the company of the male, usually of the fourth class.

Despite the reputation earned and deserved by the fourth category of women, they are not the ones that should be avoided the most fervently.

5) This fifth, and most frightening category of women, is made up of those that do not quite fit into any particular category because they change their entire persona to adapt to their target male. This chameleon like characteristic makes them extremely difficult to detect.

These females, "psychos" as I shall refer to them, are extremely flirtatious and very convincing. Once they trap their target male they will strangle all the will power

out of him until he is virtually useless as a man. Avoid these women at all costs.

As was the case with the divisions of male-dom; mobility between categories is possible yet highly unusual.

In a majority of cases the categories correspond with their most compatible matches of the opposite sex. However there are always extenuating circumstances which prevent seemingly compatible groups from working out together.

Hopefully the information that has stemmed from my experiments and observations has and will continue to help you understand yourself and those around you.

Men, do not even try to understand women, it is not worth the

