

A f t e r n o o n :

Bemoaning the loss of the saturday morning

By Jonathan Messinger

I understand the benefits of being an eighteen-year-old sophomore in college. I understand that it is a privilege and a right that I should cherish to be able to vote, drive, etc. I understand that as I've grown older, my limitations have lessened. But every now and again, and I know I'm not the only one, I have to stop and take a look at what good this has all done me, and wonder if it really is better to be older. I have often spoken to friends about life as a child, and how much it scares us that with every year, parts of that life slip away a little bit further. Have no fear, this is not a nostalgic email forward about being a child of the '80s.

Now I also understand that a lot of the critics of what I am about to say, or perhaps what I have already said, will write this article off as simply the rants of one who is either afraid of responsibility or simply wishes to pawn it off onto someone else, such as a child does to a parent. This is in part true. I have no problems with admitting that new responsibilities are not always something that I willingly embrace. I try not to dodge responsibility thus accepting it when it comes along, but sometimes it's simply not what one wants in one's life. With responsibility comes a loss of that which is most treasured by child: free time.

Free Time. Let me first define what I mean by free time. This is not the time you spend on extra-curricular activities such as soccer, MassPIRG or writing for WheatBread. These activities can entail just as many responsibilities as class, and as we all know, can be just as much work. What I mean is the time you have before, between, or after such activities. Perhaps the greatest asset

a child possesses, free time becomes our greatest commodity with each new responsibility. This is precisely how responsibility destroys our free time. Not just by lessening it (for that is obvious), but also by confining what activities we do during it. During my free time as a child, and as I'm sure it was for you, you did whatever you wanted to do, and had fun doing it. I was active or inactive, inside or outside; I did what I wanted regardless of any outside influences. Now what does one do with one's free time? More work for class or extra-curricular activities, and if you're one of the lucky ones to escape from these forces for one moment, what do you do? You rest. There is often pressure as one gets older to seek fulfillment through outside means. Outside means were never necessary to fill time when one was younger, and there certainly was less pressure.

I suppose the next logical criticism of my lamentation of the loss of childhood is that the child is not afforded opportunities on such a large scale as someone our age. That's fine with me. Honestly, what do all of these opportunities allow us to do?

Some typical answers:

We can do what we really love to do. Were you not doing what you loved to do as a child? Of course some were forced to take piano lessons or play t-ball against their wills as a child. However, weren't you happy to make do with whatever you had? I knew very few children who craved more out of their life than the



The author behind the counter of Grind Central.

newest action figure, and if they didn't get that, well, they played with their friend who did. Very few were worried about being "stuck in something they just didn't love," or "couldn't find their niche." A child's life is based upon simple pleasures, something that is frowned upon later in life.

We have so many outlets for expression now. It is often said, and I believe it to be true, that the child's imagination is much more vivid than that of an older person. If this is true, then expression holds nothing for the child. If imagination is based solely on what is in the mind, abstractions of thoughts and pictures, is it truly better to be able to siphon these abstractions out? As a child I often exercised my imagination as did my friends, without seeing it as unique or special. Children create fantasies out of habit, not in the name of art. There is no scrutiny that goes into what the child does, but rather pure expression in whatever informal outlet they choose.

We have more control over our lives now. I find this argument to hold little ground. We may have more control over putting food in our mouths and making decisions about our money, but does that really make us happier? I had plenty of control

over what made me happy, such as spending my money on comic books or D&D modules. I was no less happy with the fact that my mom made me dinner and that my earnings from my paper route were meager. You're only as happy as you are content with what concerns you. None of these "greater" responsibilities concerned me, so I was content and happy.

Please understand that a lot of what has been written here I believe to be true, but also truly absurd. In a way I'm playing devil's advocate against those who are quick to label another immature. This was also an attempt for making a logical case for the kid in all of us; one that is usually riddled with nostalgia. Being a kid was a lot of fun, and sometimes I think we all miss it with good reason. I know a lot of us love sleeping until twelve on Saturday mornings, but I miss that blind energy I used to have that got me up to watch Hanna Barbara every Saturday. All I'm trying to say here is that time seems to go by so much faster the older you get, and more opportunities and responsibilities come even faster. I'd be lying to say that this didn't scare me. There seems to be so little to show for it. Most people our age know what they want to do, and know what the requirements are to get them started. However, few have any idea how to get to where they want and often know there's a good chance they won't end up there. At least when we were kids we had that naive idealism and "knew" we were going to be a senator or a fireman or whatever. Life seems to be getting faster and sometimes scarier than that rollercoaster you were afraid to go on as a kid. Sometimes I just wish I didn't meet the height requirement, and I know I'm not alone.

SOUND SALVATION:

THE LATEST ROCU UPDATE

*BY SEAN PRAGER AND
CAROLYN HIGGINBOTHAM*

So, ROCU has started the year by replacing the old group of morons with a new E-board full of even larger ones. The position of station manager formerly held by David "Justice" Bernstein is now occupied by Heather "Freedom" La Capria. Zach "Zack" Ordynans has forfeited his position to the almighty Carolyn Higginbotham, who has done her job creating our new schedule. Taybin Rutkin has taken the position of "Studio Manager" that had not existed until then. Also on the roster are Tyler Higgins and Josh Davidowitz as Music Directors. Rumor has it Sean Prager does stuff, but this is unsubstantiated.

Allegedly, ROCU will be broadcasting to the entire campus by the end of the semester and already reaches as far as Downing Street on 95.1 FM. ROCU can still be heard on your television channel 11 (the Clark Cable Network). Additionally, ROCU is preparing to broadcast over the web via Real Audio. The ROCU studio is now conveniently located in Dana Commons alongside its fellow media organizations.

This looks to be the strongest schedule in the history of ROCU, with about 14 hours of programming a day. These shows are hosted by more than 80 DJs, making us one of the largest organizations on campus.

Also included in this schedule is the Clark University Radio Theater (CURT), a bizarre spawn of ROCU and those weird SPOC (Science-fiction People of Clark) characters. The current CURT project is "First Light" written, produced, and directed by David Reed. Another addition to the schedule will be a news program under the charge of Laura Brown. Musically, ROCU features an eclectic mix ranging from Ska (which we frown upon) to hardcore (which we frown upon) to Phish (which we frown upon). ROCU also has DJs who play ethnic music, hip hop, and sometimes just run their mouths off (which we frown upon). Listener call-ins are also an import of the programming. ROCU's number is 793-7524.

ROCU still has openings for DJs. Interested parties should contact Carolyn Higginbotham. Thanks for listening, and beware large flying mammals.