

GALLEY

An Open Letter to Anita Roach

Ah, Anita, so you've joined the apocalypse movement, you've succumbed to the 'lust for apocalypse'. Russell Baker, last year's Commencement speaker, predicted your move in a column of his on February 29:

"It is almost as if apocalypse were the last unmentionable vice. Now that sex has been talked to death at the dinner table, something equally exquisitely forbidding as sex used to be must be found to replace it. And so we edge up on apocalypse, the ultimate nasty thing, behind liberated thinkers, winking and leering to whet our appetites for the commission of really whiz-bang sin."

I thought he was just fooling, but sure enough, you've raised the cry: "okay, kids, let's really hear it now for the apocalypse".

Most of us believe there's something more to offer than the ultimate freak-out. Most of us believe that our teachers are working hard and that if you had worked as hard as they, you would be peddling more than self-destruction. Most of us believe that had you done more for Bennington it would have done more for you.

March 28

Q E D

