Counter with a line from Shakespeare that metaphorically asks “what do we gain by defining time?” The cat clock and the Digimon clock are set alongside a Rolex, all having different significance in society, but serving the same function.

An individual piece worth noting is Prof. Michael Beatty’s Callendar, part of the “Moment-Sequence-Metamorphoses” section. The sculpture was created specifically for this exhibit.

The exhibit is provocative in its attempt “to reflect our interest in time as the Western world enters its third millennia,” as described in the exhibit’s catalog.

The title becomes clearer when one reads the description and finds out that it is geometrically based on the number 12. Michael describes the piece in this way: “The sculpture is an hourglass figure with a helix on the top half. This structure sort of represents how I’m at the midpoint in my life and I’m hoping that, rather than constructing, there will be more opportunities and experiences ahead of me.” Also, Michael says he was trying to express the simplicity of time in that he used “the most basic method of building, which is stacking.” The piece flowed into the theme of the exhibit seamlessly.

I was not surprised that only I and one other person were visiting the Gallery. The exhibit is small, as is the gallery, but it still achieves its goal with stunning clarity. I am not qualified to criticize art, but I do implore anyone with a few minutes to stop by the Canton Art Gallery in Fenwick and see this exhibit. If you have an art class and are forced to go, then kudos to you – but if you don’t, I hope you won’t miss out on an experience that may give you a new appreciation for something you may have thought was boring.

The Imaging Time Exhibit can be viewed Mon. - Fri., 10 AM - 5 PM, and Sat. 2 PM - 5 PM.

Skunks invade Holy Cross

BY BRENDA RADKE

Foul-smelling mammals establish presence on campus

There’s always the salad bar

BY CATHERINE BORELLI

Freshmen wrestle with epicurean adjustment to Kimball Dining Hall

Kimball, page 14

However, if you tend to be a little picky, you might want to check out Lower Kimball. Lower Kimball is broken up into 4 main sections: the vegetable section, the deli section, the Italian section, and the grill section. Freshman Christine Hughes, a cafeteria work study participant, says “Your best bet is to go to the vegetable station or the deli station. The food there is wholesome and healthy.” A slightly different outlook, however, came from freshman Ryan Keating. “Apple pie a la mode and the ham and cheese calzones are my two Lower Kimball favorites. Junk food is good!”

The healthy aspect of the vegetable station has definitely attracted more female freshman than
turally, as they frequently referred to “Skunk Number Seven” or “The Nigerian Skunk.” I began to suspect that they had joined the Eastern Animal Uprising, assigning agent numbers and bringing in foreign aid. They repeatedly spoke of “fish” (presumably their shark comrades in the rebellion), “widespread panic” (their goal), and “grateful dead” (the rest of us, if they succeeded). When I inquired how much skunk influence was on campus, they enthusiastically assured me that there was plenty. I considered this to be “The Mothership Skunk Connection.”

I returned to my room in disgust, the scent of our school’s dank underbelly clingng to my clothes. Realizing that I was outnumbered, and couldn’t fathom the extent of the infiltration, I decided to turn to the words of part-time philosopher Bigly Shaq. “Don’t take the skunk from a nasty punk.

Freshmen are finding Kimball a bit hard to swallow.

The healthy aspect of the vegetable station has definitely attracted more female freshman than

When I arrived at the Kimball dining hall, this reporter was determined to spread campus awareness of the infestation. However, my quest was quickly altered when it became clear that much of the student body was not only aware of the problem, it was embracing it. It is even apparent by the stench in some hallways that students throughout our residence halls are adopting skunks as pets. Determined to end this heinous practice, I went from door to door on an especially smelly floor one night, deeming “where da skunk at?” I got very little reception from the sleepy residents, until finally, one red-eyed, disheveled student wearing a “Gott Shink?” tee-shirt invited me into his room for an interview.

“Fosheeeeeeeez,” he replied when I asked him if his red eyes were a result of the skunk in his room.

I had apparently arrived at the conclusion of a seance of sorts, during which incense was burned and a skunk was brought out for some conversation. The participants even seemed to have named all the creatures on campus by number or na-