

Senior Writer

Last night I had a dream that this "home on a hill" we call a university was on the verge of getting shut down because they had found that literally every single student had been cheating their way to a degree with ChatGPT. I would walk around campus seeing the sad looks on people's faces. Everyone was stressing out about where they would go to get their degrees and amongst all the chaos, I only wanted a strawberry banana smoothie from Slayter. As I was sitting in Slayter waiting for my smoothie I saw a blinding bright light and heard a booming deep voice "Don't worry my children, I shall save you from your troubles and woes".

Then these flyers came raining down from what seemed like the heavens:



Luckily for me, my smoothie was done before 4:44 p.m. I was able to go to Swasey and see Nathan Graves and Adam Weinberg nail Buzzy to the cross and overlook the fact that all of us students were using AI to cheat on all of our assignments-Denison was saved. I woke up thinking, "Thank god I'm graduating soon, so I can get this big red rhetoric outta my head."

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Southern Sojourn: A Saturday Ecclesiastical Convergence

This fall break, two incredible opportunities for anthropological exploration took place. Our very own Anthropology department offered an incredible explanatory guide of the Newark Earthwork. And I went to Knoxville, TN. Nestled in a valley of American Beeches and Sweetgums, is a bustling monotheistic city-state. I descended on the third Saturday during October. An auspicious date in their approach to solar tracking. On this date, and every day possible, the inhabitants decide to adorn themselves in both/or orange and white, then head to their central place of worship, Neyland Stadium. Carved out of the north bank of the river, the towering structure acts as a physical manifestation of their dominance in the realm of sparring SEC fiefdoms. The stadium offers a little over 100,000 people the chance to visually watch their higher power, the "Vols", enact their ritualized behavior.

But to the adherents, attendance also includes outdoor congregations in smaller broods, to prepare for the larger convergence. Along the main arteries of the civilization I watched these smaller outdoor congregations gather. Centering on animal based sacrifices, the believers tend to impart their hopes and aspirations for the "Vols" and intertwine it with the efforts they make in sacrificing meat to fires. These sacrifices all happened under portable structures. All around me, these passionate zealots swapped stories and imbued before the day's event actually started. From conversation, an interesting detail emerged about how the people of Knoxville, compared to other cultures, approach their offerings. Across the region, similar civilizations share in this ritual sacrifice/consumption practice. What makes this regional dialogue interesting is the intentional variety of techniques used. These various groups will rely on different ingredients or even methods, in order to localize their specific approach and not be confused for another "team."

Within the larger context of the greater traditions for "game days," smaller social groups will also have their own. Sub groups that have flourished in these societies will see their members engage in highly specialized patterns of dress. In the broader hierarchy, these "fraternities" (male) and "sororities" (female), will have either new members or all - respectively- perform visual ways of ascension in the local societal stratum. Male plebiscites are directed to dress in blazers, and commonly with khaki chino pants. Simultaneously, women at any standing will be expected to attach brooches specific to their cluster. Each brooch will contain language combining their specific "sorority" with chants in support for their "Vols".