

COLUMBIA SPECTATOR

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Columbia Daily Spectator, Volume CXVI, Number 5, 22 January 1992 — Front page beats sports page in '91 [ARTICLE]

Front page beats sports page in '91

So it's the first column of a new year. As I sit at my word processor, thinking about the year gone by, there is one fact that keeps jumping out at me which I just can't seem to ignore.

1991 was the first year of my life that I would look at the front page first, rather than the sports page.

I'm a sportswriter. I write mostly about sports. I watch sports, I read sports, I am a sports fan. I've been called a fanatic, which is probably true, especially if we're talking about baseball and the fabulous Boston Red Sox (by the way, how about them getting Frank Viola, eh? I've already reserved my World Series tickets).

But 1991 was different. Who cared if the Celtics won the night before? We were a nation at war. Who cared if Roger Clemens struck out 10 Yankees the night before?

The Soviet Union was collapsing. Who cared if the greatest World Series of all time was being played on another channel? The judicial future of our country was being decided in the halls of Congress.

It's kind of funny. Never in my life have the events of the world so overshadowed the genre of news that I enjoy so much. Some might say that my priorities are skewed, but those people wouldn't be reading this anyway. "The sports page? Eeeew. Feh!" My response is that real news is boring. The economy is depressing. The state of education, the plight of the homeless, the spread of AIDS, it's all too much. When I want to cheer up, I throw the front page aside. What happened in the game last night? How many Yankees did Clemens strike out? How badly did the Celtics lose? How is that football game on another channel?

Is this what 1992 holds?

All we can do is watch.

Will Nolan Ryan throw another no-hitter? Will some great sports record fall, as so many did last year? Will we see great performances like

those of Michael Jordan, and Jimmy Connors, and Jack Morris, and Jim Kelly, and Monica Seles? Will the Columbia fencing team reclaim the national title that has eluded it for the last two years? Will Buck Jenkins break the Ivy league scoring record for a game or a season? Will the football team finally live up to its potential and win two, or three, or six games?

Who knows?

All we can do is watch.

But there is more to it than that. As loathe as I sometimes am to admit it, there is a real world beyond the playing fields and courts that I, and so many others, love to watch. There are so many questions that come with any new year, but this one especially. Will 1992 live up to the high standards of 1991? Will the events of the coming year be enough to overshadow, or even rival, those of the previous year? Will a see-

mingly stable government fall? Will there be peace in the Middle East? Will we end world hunger or homelessness? What will Warren Beatty and Annette Bening name their daughter? Will the Batman sequel be better than the original? Will Beverly Hills 90210 ever go away and die the horrible death it deserves?

It's a cliché to say that only time will tell us what is in store, so I won't say it. But there are the questions that we all have about the year to come.

All we can do is watch.

But I know that is exactly what I will be doing. I'll be here, watching, taking part in, and writing about the happenings of the new year. Hopefully you'll be here too, keeping up with the events of the months to come, and trying to have them all make sense.

All we can do is watch.

Happy New Year.

**The Accidental Turitz/
Neil Turitz**