

Matt Revis



Alias: No, I'm from the United States of America

Family: I have been married. I also have a family of unknown quantity, dialect, and character.

Anything you would like to share about your family: Not sure this would be a good idea - witness protection shit and all.

Your profession/vocation/occupation: Court appointed auditor for bankruptcy/dissolution of James Brown Funk University, 1993.

College, reform school; major(s); degree(s): Duke University, LMDDT, 1978, honors research project on the lifestyles of the rich and wayward. White Men Can Dance Institute, James Brown Funk University, 1986. Maybe White Men Can't Dance, special invitation-scholarship recipient, James Brown Funk University, 1992. Western Carolina University, MBLMNOP, Involuntary Health Management, 1999.

Military service: I shot a gun once, does that count?

Your avocations: Raising small mammals for experimental use; growing ozone replenishing insects in domestic hot tubs.

Your greatest contribution to the betterment of mankind: Unable to answer this question due to national security concerns. Seriously, I guess it would be the work I have done to help folks who have lived a long time in mental institutions to move out and into more "normal" lifestyles...and the training/supervision I have done with other professionals so that they could perform the same task safely and effectively. I also think I've done OK with my three kids; at least that's what they say. Pretty much everything else I've tried has been a disaster.

What has your time and education at Asheville School meant to you: Long friendships.

What are your most vivid memories of Asheville School: My bedspread senior year. Smoking in the bathroom. Rominger's throw to cut down a runner trying to steal second in the Christ School game our senior year at CS. Mrs. Jarrett's goofy smile. Butler slamming his penny loafer on the hardwood floor to wake us up. Listening to ABB in Hugh's room, listening to all kinds of music in Mike's room. Nerf hoops with Karl, and watching him play against Asheville Junior High school team in basketball and hoping he would play the whole game so I could stay on the bench. Somehow a connection between Tolson's European History class and Ambler's physics class starting the idea in my tiny brain that 'time' is a very strange thing. A quick trip to Lenoir with Les to get cash. Wondering why Jack would not let me call my parents after two+ hours of asking me who was smoking pot, person by person, from a list of every student in the school. Sitting in Doug's room talking about anything so we wouldn't have to go to bed after seeing The Exorcist. Presenting a report on In Dubious Battle in Ornduff's class when he discovered I didn't know what "dubious" meant. The smell in the old Mountaineering cave.