



ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

Collegiate adversaries: Clothes, cash, even work

When I was about to become a college freshman, I got really sick of hearing the same five words over and over again:

"So, are you ready yet?" Sure, this was going to be the biggest experience of my young life. I was about to leave everything familiar behind me and start to discover who I really am. Or, to put it another way, I could do whatever, whenever. Why wouldn't I be ready?

I thought I was. I mean, come on — I read every college publication that came to my house for the past three years. I investigated schools from every angle. I watched videos, made campus visits and talked to students and administrators. And I even watched *Animal House*. I was convinced that I knew exactly what I was getting into, and I was sure that I could handle it.

So every time someone would ask me that, I would smile and smugly say, "I can't wait." And if the person had prior college experience, they would give me a smug smile of their own, as if to say, "Just you wait."

Well, I have news for all of my know-it-all elders: you were right. College is totally different from what I ever expected it to be. That's not to say that I'm not having fun — I love it here. But the only way to prepare for college is to have attended one the year before. I'm sure that everyone received crucial advice before beginning their college experience, and I'm sure that everyone promptly ignored that advice. I know I did, particularly the wisdom concerning:

Laundry: I did laundry at home ... sometimes ... enough to know that I should put it in the hamper. Not here. First of all, you have to be lucky enough to find an empty washer. If this minor miracle occurs, a person is usually so elated that they just dump all their clothes in at once, resulting in what I like to call "exciting new fashion trends." (Eat your heart out, Calvin Klein). The dryer situation is even worse. In my dorm, there are eight washers and five dryers. And of course one of the dryers is broken, and of course your clothes never get dry the first time around. So as a result your stuff is as stiff as cardboard before

KYLE HADEN

GUEST COLUMNIST

you get a chance to put them in the dryer, raising the point, "Why bother?"

Money: In the past, I never had any real money problems, so when my parents gave me \$200, I was confident that would last me until 1998 or so. Seven pizzas, two breakfasts, two K-mart runs and one Kyoto dinner later, my bank account is rapidly approaching my age ... a bad sign, especially when I'm supposed to have a \$100 "cushion." Right now, it's more like double-ply toilet paper.

Nightlife: At home, my collegiate friends always wanted to do something at 11 or 12 at night. Now that I'm here, I understand that mentality, but what does a person do after dark if they're under 21? This campus shuts down way too early.

When I actually start to get hungry, about midnight or so, I can't get any real food on campus. (Maybe that's why my bank account is so low. Does anyone know any off-campus restaurants that accept Deacon Dollars?) And not being allowed to have a microwave only compounds the problem because I certainly don't want to have to leave my room in order to make a TV dinner.

Work: The real reason why we all came to college, right? I used to laugh at the notion that I would do more work outside of my classes than inside them. I'm not laughing anymore. I swear, if I'm not doing homework, I'm either complaining about how much I have or procrastinating so I won't have to do it. When I'm spending more time doing schoolwork than sleeping, there is a definite problem — I need more sleep.

It's not all bad, though. The people are great (coming from Pittsburgh, I love Southern hospitality), the weather is even better and I'm even close enough to the Chapel to hear the church bells ringing every Sunday morning! I'm having a blast, and I look forward to telling all those doubting Thomases back home, "It was everything I thought it would be."

Want diversity? Initiate it yourself

In response to Ramona Lampley's column titled "Khaki culture spoils diversity" (Sept. 14), I have to say that I know how indignant she is.

But through my adventures here at the university, I know that the problem we see with the lack of diversity is not a problem in the eyes of the majority. This presents an obstacle.

I have experienced life on this campus for one academic and social year, and I can truly say that this obstacle will only be overcome with the help of students who care.

I was in Lampley's shoes last year. I was disheartened because my expectations of college life were not met here at the university. It was like living in an apathetic, sheltered society, and I hated every minute of it. In fact, I was the one who coined the phrase that at our university, "homogeneous describes more than just milk." So naturally, I became furious and bitter about my situation.

But one day I realized something while walking past the fraternity lounges. I realized that we must constantly create change, otherwise people will take what is available to them for granted and will in turn lose their individuality.

If we no longer create change, we will begin to accept ideas instead of questioning them.

AL-HUSEIN MADHANY

GUEST COLUMNIST

It will become too convenient to live in this utopia called Wake Forest. So what does one do? Fill in the gap that is missing. Join an organization, start an organization or just hang out with a more diverse crowd. This is

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your time to do what you want to do. These are selfish years so make the best of them. Don't follow that stale saying, "If you can't beat them, join them." You must constantly create change.

I believe that if Lampley witnessed the lack of diversity and took the time and effort to vent her frustrations, then maybe she should also take the initiative to do something about it. Write more letters, talk to more people and voice your opinions to those in power.

This university is a school that genuinely cares. I won't lie to you though. We as students don't hold as much weight as members of the board of trustees, but you have a choice as to what you want your school to be like. You have the power to create another choice for the students here.

Last year I was very hostile towards this institution because it wasn't doing anything about the obstacles it was facing. But then I realized that I was accepted here for a reason, and I was here for a reason. I had two choices: I could either quit this game and transfer to someplace where I would be happier, or I could answer the call and create my own happiness during my short stay here. I chose the latter. I chose to create change.

The university is changing, and your acceptance to my university is proof of that. The diversity of the student body here is profound, you just have to find it.

If anyone still believes that this process of "break(ing) through the common mold is ... strangely suppressed," as Lampley puts it, I know some people who will change your mind.

All you have to do is call me if you care. Until then, realize that apathy will always be prevalent, so we should make it our job to stay in school, learn the system and then change the system.



Administration's new policies hold ruler to students' wrists

Nearly three weeks of class have passed by, and students are desperately making adjustments in an attempt to adapt to our university's new rules and regulations.

Fraternities are figuring out ways to avoid co-sponsored parties, thus avoiding the new rules of the Panhellenic Council, while still getting the girls to come to their events.

Students are a little more cautious about drinking in their rooms and are a little quieter when coming back from a party where they have been drinking.

As you read this, there is surely one student who is desperately trying to calm his parents down after they received a letter from the school telling them that their son was caught drinking on campus.

The following scenario has likely occurred: a student leaves his suite, accidentally forgets his key card and is locked out. Nobody is around to help him get back in. He exclaims something like, "This isn't a school — this is a prison." That won't be the last time that statement will be shouted.

The new key card system is a safety precaution and only an adjustment. It is a hassle now, but it will be beneficial if our school becomes a safer place.

It is difficult to argue against safety. Times are changing; there is no doubt about that. We now live in a more dangerous world. Last year numerous events occurred that were serious threats to the safety of our students.

One such incident involved two students who were abducted at knife point, taken to the nearest ATM and robbed. Perhaps some of this year's new safety measures would have prevented this crime.

But many of this year's changes are of more questionable benefit: the phone call to parents and possible suspension or expulsion for drinking violations, the new regulations on co-sponsored parties and the overall wave of strictness which each and every one of us has felt taking over this school.

University life is about learning — learning about self improvement; making decisions on your own and

BILL BISHOP

GUEST COLUMNIST

suffering the consequences whether they are good or bad; and learning your own true identity without someone looking over your shoulder, without someone telling your parents if you do wrong.

The following excerpts are taken from an article written by President Thomas K. Hearn, titled "Understanding Goodness, Being Good":

"Innate or not, there is little doubt that the impulse toward self-improvement is fundamental to human well-being. These years at Wake Forest will be perhaps the most critical period in establishing your self-regarding values. You will be on your own, free of daily parental oversight. What sort of person will you choose to be? That is the fundamental question of your education here and one of the basic questions of your life ... the capacity to govern one's own life well, to exercise self-discipline in satisfying the multitude of demands which are placed upon us, constitutes the foundation of the good life."

Is our school headed in this direction? Are we actually free of parental oversight? Do we have the capacity to govern our own lives well? Our president expresses these views, but does our school represent them?

Let us find a way to move toward self-government, to exercise self-discipline. Give our students a chance to actually experience college, make mistakes, learn from them and move on.

No more calls to parents, no more blaming alcohol and fraternity parties.

In so many different ways, the college atmosphere can spark an awesome maturing process in students — if they are given the proper freedom.

Students cannot be restricted and regulated every time they turn around. Give us the responsibility and freedom that we need to mature, not the restrictions that may hold us back from becoming the people we choose to be.

Parking: Some fine solutions

Yet another absurdity has struck our peaceful campus.

It's a war between students and the dreaded Parking Management staff, and apparently our fearless parking enforcers are winning.

Winning, actually, might just be an understatement as the university is not only beating the students, they may well overtake the city of Winston-Salem in allotted fines.

The city collected \$275,000 during the 1994-95 academic year. During the same period, the university amassed fines of \$119,480. Regardless of how you feel about our parking Gestapo, one thing is for certain: no parking officials are going to get fired for being lethargic.

While some students escape the wrath of the parking ticket, others have not been so lucky. Some, like Chuck Crowell, have just been lazy. Honestly, Chuck, I would have moved your car to and from the parking lot for the \$1,420 you paid to the university in tickets. On second thought, I take that back. You could have had me for \$1,000 and I probably would have washed your car every couple weeks as a token of thanks.

I can understand fining people who are misusing spots like fire lanes for excess amounts of time, but there should be limits. I have heard many complaints from students during the first few days of school while they were moving in.

It is absurd that students who are moving in receive tickets because they do not want to unload their supplies, leave them on the curb outside of a dorm unattended and search for a parking spot in the designated area.

Students who had parking stickers on their cars from last year received tickets for parking their cars in visitors' spots, but cars without any sticker at all were being left alone. How much sense does this make?

ANDY FERGUSON

PERSPECTIVES EDITOR

Another atrocity is the cost of these tickets. I do not understand how the university can justify a \$20 parking ticket when neighboring universities like Salem College and Winston-Salem State University have \$8 tickets. Twenty dollars may not be a lot to university officials and a handful of students, but to

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most college students, it is a large percentage of the meager spending money available to them.

So what should be done about these parking problems? First and foremost is the problem of space. There are 4,700 stickers for 3,000 legal spots, which means that some people are parking in the fire lanes and in the grass for a reason. Sure, we could ban freshmen from having cars, but students attend the university from all over the United States, and to many freshmen, cars are a necessity.

I think that we are all overlooking an option that deserves merit: motorcycles. They are affordable and reliable, and they get you where you want to go.

Plus, two bikes would fit in each parking space. Even mopeds could be feasible, except they just don't have the oomph of one of those bad-boy Harleys with the side car.

Actually, I realize that motorcycles are impractical, but I just like the idea of seeing a news team coming in and trying to catch footage of

America's smartest and most unthreatening biker gang. We could change the team nickname to the Bruisers, and our mascot could be a leather-clad biker couple.

The guy would be named Jethro and he would always wear sunglasses and a bandana and have a ZZ Top beard.

"Spider," our fair maiden, would have a spider tattooed on the back of her neck and more fingernails than teeth.

Sure, some of the alumni would be upset, but I know how to appease them. After they receive their complimentary leather jackets, we'll see who is still complaining.

Mary Gerardy, chairwoman of the Traffic Commission, says that all solutions must also "preserve the integrity of the campus." Now I am not sure where integrity fits in, but if motorcycles and new mascots don't make the cut, I'm out of ideas.

I am confused by what "preserving the integrity of the campus" means. If it is saying that we should not make the campus a giant parking lot, I agree.

But if it means that nothing is going to be done and the issue is being talked around, I am upset. I do not see any reason that the Scales parking lot couldn't be extended towards Polo Road.

Hopefully, the issue of parking tickets can be swiftly and properly dealt with. Last year's fines of nearly \$120,000 is far too much money to be paid for parking violations. I would like to think that the money is spent wisely, also, and not on trivial possessions, like extremely large (in the neighborhood of 300 pounds) ice sculptures of boats.

The S.S. Expensive was used to hold shrimp and other goodies at last Saturday's President's Weekend bonanza. It was very pretty and I am sure that the shrimp was good, but frankly I think the sculpture was a bit much.