

# OLD GOLD AND BLACK

The Student Newspaper of Wake Forest University  
Founded in 1916

## EDITORIALS

### New rules take fun out of parties

Let's say you're home from school and decide to visit a friend you haven't seen in a while. When you get to his house, you realize your friend is having a get-together.

Your friend refuses to let you inside, however, because your name is not on his guest list.

Sound ridiculous? Perhaps, but that is just one bizarre scenario likely to occur at parties co-sponsored by fraternities and sororities this year under the Panhellenic Council's new alcohol and social policy. The policy implements many rules and regulations which threaten the whole concept of a party.

One of the worst parts of the policy is that guest lists are required at parties co-sponsored by fraternities and sororities. Only students whose names appear on a guest list will be allowed into these parties.

To be sure, students who are not members of the sponsoring groups may sign up to go to parties and Greeks can invite friends. But guest lists will drastically change the character of student social life. Students will no longer be free to attend a party on a whim. Instead, they must carefully plan their weekends in advance.

Furthermore, students who are not familiar with the group sponsoring the party, like freshmen, may be hesitant to sign up on the guest list. So if they wish to meet new and different students at these parties, they are put in the awkward position of asking to be invited.

Relations among Greeks and between Greeks and independents will also suffer from guest lists. It is generally agreed that the campus is already deeply divided between these groups. One positive aspect to that relationship was the open-door policy of many Greek parties.

Again, guest lists discourage independents from attending these social events.

Panhellenic's alcohol policy also places troubling regulations on the use of alcohol at co-sponsored parties. All such parties will be B.Y.O.B. The policy limits those in attendance to just one six-pack of beer or one four-pack of wine-coolers. The drinks are to be given to a bartender who will then distribute them during the evening.

The six beer limit is peculiar in its own right. After all, according to the administrators who wrote the new alcohol policy, drinking more than five beers at one sitting is considered to be binge drinking. On the other hand, people can drink as much as they want at many bars in Winston-Salem.

The beer limit is no doubt an effort to curtail excessive drinking and to make it more difficult for underage students to obtain alcohol. These are valid areas of concern. And few deny that alco-

hol can be a dangerous drug.

But alcohol will continue to be potentially dangerous after students graduate from college. In fact, it will be dangerous as long as individuals abuse it.

The question, then, is when should people be given a chance to learn to drink responsibly, if they choose to drink at all? In short, what happened to the idea of personal responsibility?

Students cannot learn to drink responsibly if they are under the watchful eye of security guards and university administrators, both of whom the policy mandates to be present at parties. Students may make fewer mistakes now, but they will not have learned much about self-control.

In practice, the alcohol policy's impact will be limited. Only parties co-sponsored by sororities and fraternities are affected. There are ways around the rules. Greek groups, disgusted with the bureaucratic red tape, may hold more social events off-campus, or they may hold fewer co-sponsored parties.

Students who want to drink more than six beers will probably just drink in their rooms before they go to parties or after they leave. Some students may bypass university regulations altogether and simply drive off-campus to a bar that has no drinking limits.

But if students finance their way around the rules by driving off campus more often, the rules will not enhance student "safety," as Panhellenic's policy says they will. If anything, there is bound to be more drunken driving.

Panhellenic's policy is a product of much of what is wrong in society today. One major problem is a drinking age that divides the college population into two groups — one that can drink, and one that can't.

Since college students of all ages are friends, the drinking age naturally causes problems.

The policy also reflects the tendency of individuals not to accept responsibility for their mistakes. The rules thus attempt to limit group and university liability for any alcohol-related accident which may occur at a co-sponsored party.

Unfortunately, there's not much that can be done to change the rules for now. Panhellenic's policy was largely mandated by the national guidelines that sororities must follow. Nevertheless, we hope that both the Panhellenic Council and the university will be responsive to problems caused by the new policy.

Ultimately, people hold parties to have fun. But fun is lost when following rules becomes an obsession. Panhellenic's policy may not kill the party, but it certainly will take some of the fun out of partying.



### Rock 'n' roll: A permanent rebellion?

CHARLES STARKS

EDITORIALS EDITOR

Last Friday, the recent "retro" craze may have reached its height: In staid Cleveland, a museum dedicated to rock 'n' roll was opened. I must admit that the idea of the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame sounds a little, well, silly.

Rock 'n' roll, after all, is kids' music. Who would open a museum based on that? You've doubtlessly seen or read material produced 25 or 30 years ago about the sudden wave of rebellious, revolutionary youngsters.

Those kids — the current college generation's parents — had a lot of people running scared back in the 1960s. And the counterculture's message was all mixed up in a new kind of music, rock. This new sound fit it perfectly because both the rebellion and the music were fast, carefree, irritating to adults and often rather superficial. After all, kids can't lead a revolution, especially kids living by mantras like "live for today."

Revolutions take work, forethought and seriousness. And it's doubtful that most hippies really wanted anything more than freedom from responsibility.

So while the fears of revolution were more or less unfounded, its theme songs are here to stay. Virtually all popular music is rock of one kind or another. Corporate America uses rock music to advertise computer software.

All this leads to a paradox. How can rock be rebellious when there's nothing to rebel against? It must turn on itself. Therefore we distinguish "classic rock," "new wave," "modern rock," the

elusive "alternative" and all the other derivatives. We pit them against one another and claim, with some truth, that each new form is a little rebellion against the preceding one. But rebellious things can only remain such for so long.

Thanks to the effects of age and shifting public opinion, widely known songs once considered protest music, such as The Byrds' "Turn, Turn, Turn," don't strike us as such anymore. Similarly, obscene songs like "Why Don't We Do It in the Road" just don't pack the same punch these days. And now they are enshrined in their very own museum, located not in San Francisco or London but on the shores of Lake Erie.

The reason for the midwestern locale is that the birthplace of old-fashioned doo-wop rock 'n' roll is supposedly Cleveland. And that kind of music's most enduring performer, Little Richard, was dutifully on hand for the opening ceremony.

But Yoko Ono was there too. And her presence somehow didn't strike me as idiosyncratic. After all, the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame is essentially a history museum — a building dedicated to things considered obsolete. How many people think Ono and her ideas are relevant or "in touch" in 1995?

The revolution, for good or ill, didn't happen. Most 1960s leaders are either dead or in positions of power within the establishment they once fought

against. This isn't too surprising; drastic rebellions almost never achieve their stated intentions. During the American revolution the rebels opposed Britain, a large, bureaucratic nation-state concerned primarily with attaining wealth for itself.

The supposed ideals of the new nation — equality, brotherhood and the like — stood in stark contrast to Britain's aims. America's leaders may or may not have believed in them — their followers mostly did not — but the new nation they created ended up looking a lot like Britain, at least in certain fundamental ways.

And that's not a bad thing. It's rather doubtful exactly how much humans can do to improve their political affairs. What if, for instance, inequality were human nature? Some governments might manage it better than others, but it's unlikely that any could successfully eliminate it. After all, the people running the show would be, well, people — unequal, jealous and prone to make mistakes.

This is not to say that revolutions never accomplish anything. The reforms pioneered by the American rebels did create a more democratic society. But it wasn't the utopia some of its founders had dreamed of.

And since our lifetimes are so short, today's rebels are forced to become tomorrow's establishment. People who try to be permanent rebels just end up looking goofy. And they rarely make the news, unless they're opening a museum.



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### Whatever happened to good old cartoons?

ANDY FERGUSON

PERSPECTIVES EDITOR

I am angry. I am upset. Irate? You bet. The reason — cartoons. Cartoons today just aren't any good. There was something special about the cartoons of old. If you grew up with a television, you know what I am talking about.

Cartoons of the past were the ultimate motivational tool. When I was growing up, I would get up early to watch the *Cartoon Express* for an hour before I went to school. Today, I am lucky to get up 20 minutes before a class; these cartoons just do not do anything for me. *Tiny Toons* is a keeper, but after that I just lose interest.

It's hard to pinpoint exactly what was so special about the cartoons of old, maybe because there were so many good aspects. Think about the lead characters: Bugs Bunny, Tom, Jerry, Daffy Duck, Alvin, Simon, Theodore and the list goes on. Maybe it's because we were young and any-

thing amused us.

Let's be realistic, how many of us ever got bored with burning ants? Like I said, it did not take much to keep us occupied.

You may think to yourself, "I was not a stupid kid. It took a lot to amuse me." Well, here's a test of how much truth there is to that notion. If you watched *The Adventures of Scooby Doo* more than six or seven times, it did not take much to amuse you.

Think about it. Every single episode ended with Fred ripping off a mask from old man McGee with him yanking, "And I would have gotten away with it too, if it weren't for those meddling kids!"

Every day, every week. It was the same show with a different set of monsters. The only slightly unique

episode was the one with the Harlem Globetrotters (which was, of course, everyone's favorite).

Looking back on *Scooby Doo* makes me laugh — and not just because it was a stupid show. Does anybody else think Shaggy had a drug problem?

He and Scoob were always hungry, and nobody acted more out of it and lost than Shaggy.

He was the consummate stoner. Every time he got out of the Mystery Machine, he had the munchies. I guess we know what the mystery was, huh?

But I think these classic cartoons' superiority came from more than just their ability to easily amuse us. Whenever old cartoons are on, I still watch with a sense of fascination and innocence that was there when I was eight.

Bugs Bunny always had the coolest story lines, and Bugs was so smooth.

He never lost, even when the gun was right in his face. I should have known, though.

Anybody with the ability to stick his fingers in the barrel of a gun and make it backfire was bound to kick his share of butts. Who, today, can do that? Bugs was in a class of his own.

All of those characters were great. I was always a big fan of the Tasmanian Devil. Today, Taz has an entire family, and quite honestly it does not work for me. Taz was a loner, a rebel if you will. Now, there are three or four other Tasmanian devils that can spin and destroy things. It's creative overkill.

I miss my cartoons and I don't think it's fair. From *The Flintstones* to *The Snorks* to *Fat Albert* and *The Cosby Kids*, every day was a winner. Either that or I just watched way too much television. Maybe I should have gone out and burned more ants.