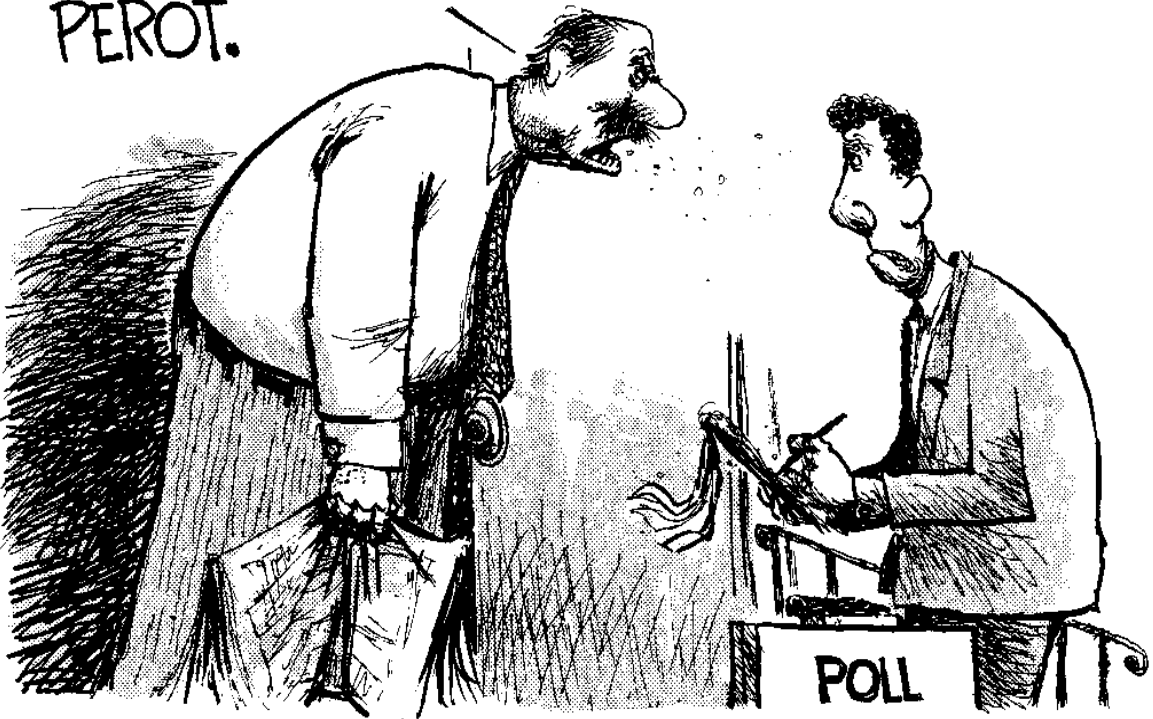




BALANCE THE BUDGET, MAKE PEACE IN BOSNIA... BUT GET SOMEBODY SHOT OR TOUCH MEDICARE AND I VOTE FOR PEROT.



## Procrastination tips revealed just in time for finals week

**O**kay, I'll admit it. If I could major in procrastination, I would have a 4.0. Then again, I probably never would acquire a degree. However, if you are anything like me, finals week not only brings about hours of tedious studying, it also fuels that familiar pastime: procrastination.

As you sit down amidst battered textbooks and chaotic notes, your mind is likely to surrender to faraway thoughts.

And what is that wonderful panacea to soothe your tired eyes and refuel your dead motivation? You guessed it — procrastination.

To some people at this university, procrastination has become an art form, especially during the dreaded finals week. And while I don't claim to be an expert in the art, I am in touch with the emotion. If your workload begins to get the better of you, try out some of these highly-recommended ways to procrastinate.

- Check your e-mail constantly. Receiving new mail means you need to reply. Those friends of yours have taken precious time out of their schedule to contact you and it is your moral obligation to write them back. If you have no new messages, e-mail everyone you know, tell them about how stressed you are and they will reply. And on and on ...

- Better your health. Finals week is the perfect time to subscribe the notion that water is good for you. Drink lots of water and be well-hydrated. Just think of how many legitimate excuses you'll have to put off your work. After all, you will need to spend time in the bathroom.

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- Rearrange your room. What better time for a change of scenery than when you are bound to your room studying? Take this opportunity to reorganize. Maybe the bed would look better under the window. If not, you'll have to spend time moving it back. Maybe even clean out all your drawers while you're at it.

- Play the "remember when" game. Get together with your friends and discuss those funny times from earlier in the semester or better yet, last year. Trade stories and try to outdo each other with what you remember. Time will fly.

- Do your laundry. This seemingly easy process can take up to six hours if you do it right. Take the time to separate all of your clothes, doing one load at a time. You'll spend a lot of time going back and forth to the laundry room. These breaks that will occur every twenty minutes or so work even if you are legitimately studying.

- Plan out your classes until you graduate. Go through the course book and highlight the classes you want to take semester by semester. If you get really into it, find alternatives in case you don't get the courses you want.

While these suggestions might not keep you occupied all week, feel free to come up with your own ideas. The aspect of brainstorming is in and of itself a way to procrastinate. And if all of this fails, you might actually try studying.

## Life teaches valuable lessons

**L**ife doesn't come with an instruction book, but there are times when you wish that it did. It would be great to thumb through the pages of wisdom, but you know that you still must learn each lesson for yourself.

One by one you learn them. Then you must try to live the lessons that you learn. You learn that the golden rule really is golden. And, no, the world does not rotate around your personal wants and desires. You learn that selfishness is not as much fun as giving.

You come to an understanding that in order to keep something, you must set it free. If it comes back, it's yours to keep. If it does not, it was never yours to begin with.

Finally you realize that you only get to keep what you give away.

You begin to recognize that freedom isn't really free, and common sense isn't really common.

After a while, you begin to notice the difference between a gentle touch of a hand and squeezing the life out of a heart.

You realize that kisses don't mean commitment.

You begin to appreciate hand-picked daisies over store bought roses.

You learn to forgive.

You discover money doesn't add up to happiness and sometimes less is so much more.

You buy a bumper sticker that says, "You get what you get." Because you can fight, wrestle, bargain, refuse or reject it, but in the end you still get what you get.

You stop parking your car in Lot Q.

You learn to take time for yourself. You do so often.

You learn to say "No." You use it often.

You understand the value of ignoring, dismissing and excusing

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mistakes. You gain the power of compassion.

You see every relationship as an adventure, but know that someone is going to pick up extra baggage.

You know friendship means work, love means sacrifice and faith means trusting.

You understand that giving isn't giving unless its done with abandon and love isn't love unless given to

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those who are hardest to care for.

You can distinguish between a cold, shallow hug and a warm, deep engulfing one. You learn to love the latter.

You learn to live for the moment.

You discover that no matter how hard you look, you will never find joy in a bottom of a beer can, and a healthy life-style will never be found in the bagel bins in the Benson University Center Food Court.

You learn to put your socks on before your pants.

You learn to sail your life by the winds of mercy and the breezes of hope. You keep a steady course.

You learn to say the three greatest phrases ever uttered by man: "I am sorry," "I was wrong," and "Please forgive me." You say them often.

You take time to look at sunsets, flowers and adorable children. You begin to wish they were your own.

You learn to make fewer mistakes but learn greater lessons from each one.

You learn that God loves you and

has a wonderful plan for your life. Unfortunately, it probably isn't on the white sands of the Caribbean. You are comfortable with that.

You learn the gospel really is good news.

You learn that everyone will be assigned to conflict in life, but only fools will sign up for combat.

You learn to give the benefit of the doubt. You give it often. You give it to everyone.

You learn to celebrate life.

You lose stuff. You get lost. You don't get it, and when you do, it isn't what you wanted. You learn to press on.

You learn to travel lighter, pack less and go further.

You become patient the slow way, humble the hard way and wise by going the wrong way.

You learn how to tend love, when to water, trim and nurture it. You let it flourish in your heart.

You learn how to be beautiful.

You learn that you aren't as important as you think you are. Clubs will still function, sororities still exist and the university will live on without you. You are replaceable.

You learn that your value and distinctiveness do not lie in what you do or who you are.

You learn how to smile on stormy days, hope in the darkest valleys and give when your pockets are empty.

You learn that friends don't ask you where you have been. They are only glad that you are with them now.

You stop asking people where they have been.

You learn you are loved by God. You accept this love. You learn to love him back. He holds you, leads you and refuses to leave you.

All the while, you grow, live and learn knowing that the struggles of life produce strength, the deserts lead to discipline, and the crevices create compassion. Then you write your own instruction book.

## Gender deceit changes poem

**KNOX ROBINSON**

GUEST COLUMNIST

**B**y now, responsible members of the university community have picked up the latest copy of the our literary journal, *Three to Four Ounces*. It is obvious from looking through the magazine that it is the culmination of hours of creative effort and editing. The quality of the artwork selected should also be noted.

However, I must take issue with the problematic nature of the poem entitled "her," on page 39. I use the term "problematic" for two reasons: a) because the work objectifies women, and b) because the poem is attributed to a Natasha Vincent, thereby making it a work of lesbian literature. Unfortunately, "Natasha Vincent" is a *nom de plume* for a male who wrote the poem. This female-oriented pseudonym was instituted by the editor-in-chief and the poet (also on the editorial staff) well after the poem was submitted, during a layout session. I will examine these two points in order to delineate why I find these circumstances offensive.

Looking at the poem, we see that the main activity of the work is the speaker's description of a woman's body. In the opening line, sunlight "kisses her cheek", as the speaker "meanders" down her body, encountering breasts, ribs, and her belly button before he kisses "her Picasso painting" at the poem's close. Herein lies my first point. The speaker views "her" as a series of objects; indeed, the woman is portrayed as an object.

Webster's Dictionary defines object as a material thing, end or aim. Is a woman any of those things? The serious answer is no. Moreover, a derivative of the word object is objectification, the process of creating or turning something into an object. The negative connotations of the word objectification are relevant. Objectification can easily be used to foster a dehumanizing effect, and

this dehumanization has been used in the past as a vehicle to wrong others. Slavery and the subjugation of women are prime examples of this

Allow me to illustrate this in a context perhaps more accessible to my peers in the university community. Think of the neutral concept of sexual intercourse; it's biology, right? But the personal and social issues surrounding sex are tremendous.

Consider the connotations of the two different phrases "making love" and "screwing" (and its even less academic synonyms). Making love brings to mind an image of a mutual giving and taking, and the suggestion of synthesis. Screwing, as in *I screwed him or her*, on the other hand, indicates a sexual act committed by one person on another. It is an impersonal and disempowering experience. (Additionally, we have seen that the idea of screwing has expanded beyond the borders of sex to now refer to the perpetration of any unjust act, i.e. *I got screwed on that last test!*). Or, think about the difference in saying *we kissed* and *I kissed him or her*.

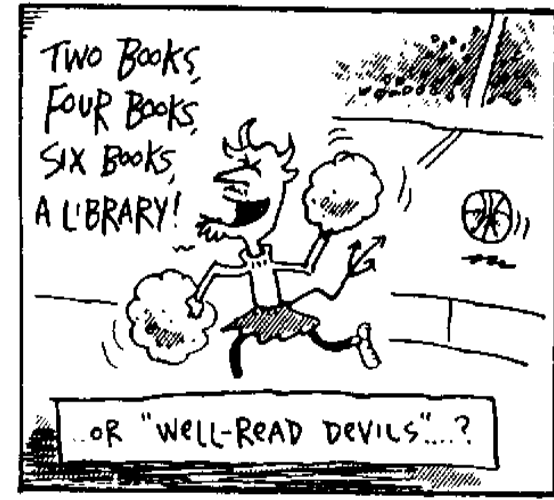
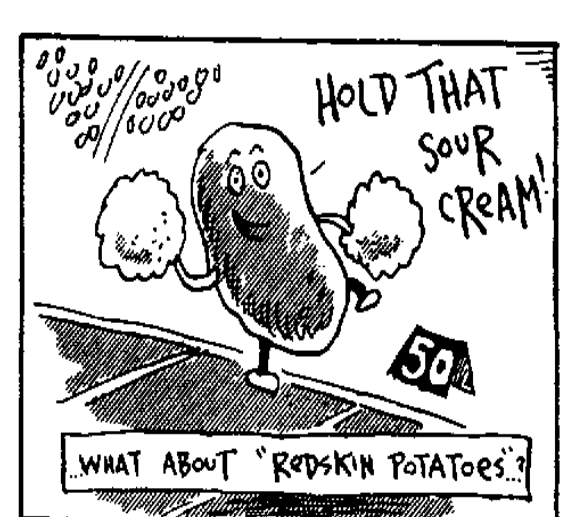
In tackling the issue of lesbianism in the poem, it must be recognized that the poet's name is inextricably linked to the poem (or else we wouldn't bother to sign them). In light of that fact, I ask why the editorial staff decided to use a woman's name with the poem "her". One answer to my question might be, "Because it makes the poem more interesting" — the implication being that lesbianism is interesting as a deviation from a societal norm. Yet, how can a lesbian "spin" be placed on a non-lesbian work? It can't. Even if the true gender of the author of "her"

is unknown to the reader, this poem cannot even be seen as a reflection of mature lesbian literature. So, to arbitrarily attribute the poem "her" to a woman gives the reader an unfair and inaccurate impression of lesbian poetry.

Because society deems homosexuality deviant, I also feel that the editorial staff's choice used lesbianism, whether consciously or unconsciously, for shock value. The poem has now become a spectacle to be gawked at by the titillated masses. Lesbianism and its extensive literary, political, and social history is cheapened as a political statement and a lifestyle choice by such a reaction.

In objecting to my arguments, some people have tried to hide behind the overwhelming, frustrating nature of language politics. They say, "Can't somebody just write a poem?" Well, yes, of course they can. But for a poet to live up to his or her responsibility as an artist — that is, to inform us on the human condition — he or she must do better. We must do better. We can do better. It is the dharma of poetry's Buddha-nature.

I wrote this editorial for several reasons. First, as a poet I have a responsibility to my peers to discuss our work. As a feminist, the circumstances surrounding the use of the pseudonym "Natasha Vincent" were troublesome to me. But perhaps the most intense motive I had in writing this was accountability. Many people involved in the university art community are dear friends to me. In a movement such as ours, we need to continually give feedback, constructive criticism, and a small push now and again just to be certain we have remained true to the muses. In the past, I have grown as a poet when my own work was called into question politically. The pursuit of poetry is difficult, yes; but there is beauty in the struggle.



## True education could be lost in sea of ThinkPads next year

**KATY HURLEY**

GUEST COLUMNIST

**I**can't believe I'm actually going to write about the Plan for the Class of 2000. After nearly a year and a half of articles, debate, protests and the passage of the plan, I thought that the next words that I would read about the project would make me vomit.

However, instead of making me ill, it has made me a little worried.

It seems that our administration has begun to equate a quality education with freshman seminars, a new computer and a \$3,000 tuition increase. It also seems that our administration, in an attempt to raise our *U.S. News and World Report* ranking yet another notch, has lost sight of what is really important.

It appears that our administration is beginning to forget that with or without a required computer, the university provides it's students with a quality education.

If an education was only about computers and classrooms, tests and papers, student-to-faculty ratios and textbooks, the university would clearly provide a superior education

If you need evidence for this, just look at the countless college guides. They rank us among the top fifty schools in the nation and herald us as a bastion of liberal arts.

However, an education is more than something that can be quantified and ranked. It is, instead, an experience that hopefully changes self-centered, naive freshman into more compassionate and wiser adults. This is what differentiates Wake Forest from an average university.

Very little of the education that one receives at the

university takes place in the classrooms of Tribble Hall or the labs of Olin Physical Laboratory. Granted, most professors here work hard to help students learn the material, but this is teaching us how to earn a living. A true education is about learning how to live a life. This occurs in the strangest of places.

An educational experience occurs when you walk into your room and you find your roommate crying. For the first time you stop and really listen to her.

You learn something else when you've spent three nights studying for an exam and you still don't make an A. You learn that life isn't fair and that it never will be. And a different type of educational experience occurs when you're walking across the Quad and a professor whose work has been published in all of the top journals stops to ask you how you are doing and if you need anything. Then you realize what kind of person you want to be.

That's what an education really is about, isn't it? It's about showing people what is really important in life. What is truly important, however, is not a precious ranking, nor is it a new ThinkPad computer.

Believe it or not, I hope that the Plan for the Class of 2000 accomplishes all that it has set out to do.

I also hope, however, that we do not delude ourselves into thinking that this will improve the quality of our education.