

OLD GOLD AND BLACK

The Student Newspaper of Wake Forest University
Founded in 1916

EDITORIALS

Forget voice mail, its time for e-mail

"Why was everyone standing in front of Tribble today?"

"Why was Governor Hunt on campus today, that was him wasn't it?"

These and many other questions of the same genre are examples of the way in which students lacking university provided voice mail receive information. For students that paid the fee and received the "Meridian Mail", they knew immediately, via the News Bureau, the answers.

For students without voice mail, they had no way of knowing what was going on because they did not have Kevin Cox, the director of media relations, in their ear with the 411.

Students result to spreading rumors and things they "overheard" as to what was going on. Do these students not have the right to pertinent information simply because they refuse to pay the university more money for their voice mail systems?

This poses a very important question. What is the most efficient way to get the information that students need immediately to the students? What does every student on this campus have access to, and what does every freshman have stuffed in their bookbags — that's right, a computer.

E-mail is the solution to this communication problem, beyond a shadow of a doubt. The univer-

sity has been hyping its computer prowess ad nauseum for the past two years, so here is the perfect opportunity to flex some electronic muscle. When something important occurs that all students need to be aware of right then, send out an e-mail message to all students and faculty, then every student would have the opportunity to find the news both quickly and efficiently.

Case in point, the night that a drunk driver took the lives of two students, would have been the perfect example to utilize broadcast e-mail. Instead many students had no details as to what happened, but because of the fact that the *Old Gold and Black* learned of this event we were able to print this late-breaking story in the paper on Thursday. If, for some reason, the *OG&B* had not learned of the accident, students without voice mail would not have known what happened for much longer, allowing speculation among students resulting in wild rumors and accusations.

The answer is clear, bag voice mail and start using e-mail as the primary means of communication between students and the news bureau.

Once a week the news bureau can release a newsletter over e-mail about minor events that occurred and release more important news immediately. This can be the only fair solution.

New ticket pick up requires third look

With the first ticket lottery under the "new system" two weeks ago students were left befuddled by the way in which they received tickets. However, after only one attempt, the lottery utilized to distribute tickets for the first four basketball games has been scrapped in favor of another "new system" that gives organizations and fraternities special priority in ticket pick-up, allowing them 20 per person instead of the normal eight per person.

This system that gives organization a chance for better tickets, and is of course, extremely unfair and needs to be dealt with. The way in which tickets for home games are distributed has become this complex system that generates nothing but chaos.

This system is much too complex for a very system idea, which is that students who want to watch basketball games should be able to watch basketball games. If a student wants to watch his brother, a guard at Clemson, play basketball

he should be able to do that.

There are countless other solutions to this problem that involve much confusion than the current system. For instance, why not perform the ticket lottery similar to the lottery for housing, in which every student on campus receives a number in their mailbox before each game with which he can pick up a certain number of tickets. Or why not just designate part of Joel Coliseum as the student section and allow students with a valid ID to sit in this section on a first come, first serve basis. If I'm not mistaken isn't this the way they do it for football games. Why, yes it is.

Yes, this system might cause students to camp out in front of Joel Coliseum, but then again isn't that what college is all about; living in a tent for three days to get close enough to rub Dick Vitale's head during the basketball game? In addition, if students were forced to sacrifice more for seats they might be encouraged to be more enthusiastic in their cheering.

Carpe Diem: take Greek, the language

SAM NEWLANDS

GUEST COLUMNIST

can't recite it, can't apply it to everyday living, and can't make it to grad school based on it, then it obviously has no real value.

But is that all education is? Do we

Donald Trump once said, "I've got it all. Money, power, fame, you name it. And yet I am going to die as the most miserable man on earth." I'm willing to guess Donald never studied Greek.

Am I saying that taking Greek is the key to life and happiness? Of course not. Am I suggesting that

higher thinking.

It's about seeing things from a new perspective. It's about listening to what others think, and then re-evaluating your own beliefs. True education, true learning, is the cornerstone of achieving true success.

Without this deeper type of education, we, as a society and an individual, are doomed to failure. With it, the possibilities before us are endless.

I remember that when I visited the university as a prospective student, Chaplain Ed Christman showed a slide show on art, and then spoke about the relatively small number of art history majors at the university.

He reminded us that sometimes in life you had to take chances and do new and strange things.

Things that didn't make sense to others, and sometimes not even to ourselves. He challenged us to be bold enough to take strange classes and to consider a new way of thinking.

He encouraged us to go against the flow, and see where we ended up. And I pass that challenge on to you.

This is our last chance in life to have time set aside to become educated in the true sense of the word. In the midst of the hustle and bustle of college life, let us never lose sight of our true goal.

So take a class on African American history. Learn to play the guitar. Read up on classical Russian literature. Become daring. Become educated. Study Greek.

Do we pay thousands of dollars to go here, only to walk away with a pretty piece of paper, and possibly a ticket to study harder for four more years at a grad school? I should hope not!

pay thousands of dollars to go here, only to walk away with a pretty piece of paper, and possibly a ticket to study harder for four more years at a grad school? I should hope not!

If I simply wanted to learn about Taylor polynomials and memorize the periodic table, I would have stayed at home and attended night classes!

I can no longer keep track of how many times I've heard people say they can't take this or do that because it will hurt their chances of getting into grad school or getting a high paying job. What foolishness!

When we focus on money and status as the ultimate goal of life and the ultimate prize, we sell ourselves short. Don't get caught up in the mentality that the purpose of college is to make more money.

We think that if we can't plot it,

everyone take Greek class? Not at all. What I am suggesting is to study whatever area is "Greek to you."

Whatever hidden interest you've buried because it's "silly" or "impractical," I challenge you to let it loose, and run with it.

Forget what everyone else tells you. Ignore the strange looks or rolled eyes. Shrug at your parent's questioning. You do what you need to do to get a true education.

Education is more than the accumulation of facts. It is not simply "knowing more stuff." It is not having a well balanced schedule. It is not taking four divisionals a semester. It is not simply learning a new language. To become educated is to learn how to think, to act, and to live.

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A dancer's view of the college gridiron

TED LOCHWYN

GUEST COLUMNIST

College football is, I believe, the most athletic and visually expansive dance event I can recall. It was performed in a huge outdoor amphitheatre. The stage alone appeared to be even larger than a city block, and the dancers made use of it all.

They ran from one end to the other and executed spectacular leaps and twisting motions, interacting with each other in ways that were alternately violent and exuberantly affectionate.

Taken as a whole, the dance appeared to be intended to be an allegory for war. The first hint of this was in the costuming. The group from San Diego wore dark-colored shirts with big white numbers on them.

The Wyoming dancers conversely wore white shirts with dark numbers. All of these dancers had some kind of padding under their shirts that made them look bigger.

They also wore helmets, which were apparently made of quite resilient material, as the combatants wearing them were able to repeatedly bump heads without apparent injury.

The combined effect of these costume components was to create the effect of an amalgam between military uniforms and suits of armor.

A third group on stage wore stark

a homeland at the far end of the stage. They moved the jewel by carrying it, throwing it or kicking it.

The other army would attempt to stop them by pushing and shoving, and by throwing the dancer with the jewel to the ground, then smothering him with their bodies. They also were, of course, constantly trying to steal the jewel.

Though some of the dance was clearly quite carefully choreographed, much of it was erratic enough to make me guess that it was highly improvisational. Another aspect of the dance that suggested this was the clarity of intent of the dancers. Each one appeared not to be simply playing an objective, but to actually have one. They appeared not to be simply portraying battle, but genuinely in conflict.

The music that accompanied the dance was experimental in nature, perhaps inspired by the prescient work of John Cage. The music consisted of the droning voices of a

couple of middle-aged men. It provided a fascinating counterpoint to the action on stage since the general tenor of their voices was neutral, easygoing, even chatty. At one point, the camera cut away to the sound booth.

The talker/musician was dressed in natty suits with multi-colored vests. They smiled and strolled about calmly.

In this light, they seemed to be not mere accompaniment, but characters in the dance itself, representing politicians of some stripe. Perhaps press secretaries for unseen heads of state.

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There is so much more to tell or ponder. What about the religious significance of wearing a scarf under the helmet? This practice became apparent when the dancers were shown standing in the wings. Then there was the image of an audience member casually licking an ice cream cone as he watched the battle. I could go on and on.

In conclusion, let me postulate that these two avant-garde college dance troupes may have stumbled upon a revolutionary new dance form. Call it "crash."

Ted Lochwyn is a writer for the Independent Florida Alligator at the University of Florida at Gainesville.

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All letters to the editor must include the author's name and phone number, although anonymity in print may be requested. Submissions should be typewritten and double-spaced.

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