

Pledge Night, part two: Kiss list fizzles, flops

Students this year chose to forego the the saliva swap and abstain from kissing.

Perhaps people have finally realized that Pledge Night is a cesspool for disease and immorality. Perhaps the administration has finally won and officially sucked all the fun out of life at the university. Perhaps it is merely because I'm a junior: old and jaded.

Is it just me, or is Pledge Night not what it used to be?

This is what I remember about Pledge Night: bodies. Bodies against the wall, bodies in the stairwell, bodies on couches, bodies on the dance floor. All of these bodies connected at the lips.

This year, I saw bodies, but only a minimal amount of kissing. Of course, since I wasn't actually doing any of the kissing myself, it didn't seem as wild and crazy as Pledge Night when I was a freshman. But then again, if it was just as crazy as Pledge Night 2000, shouldn't I have been disgusted at the sight of people making out everywhere?

For the love, people! Take advantage of Pledge Night! This peck on the cheek, peck on the lips thing is bad form! I know it's sick and disgusting and you're almost guaranteed to get sick, but what I saw last night was just plain unacceptable.

I need to take a moment. I'm getting a little worked up about all this.

Three Days Later...

Okay, I've taken a few days to reflect and here is what I've decided.

First and foremost, Pledge Night is a night for new members of fraternities and sororities. The reason that I remember it being wilder and crazier is because the first Pledge Night I experienced was my own. And I was insane. I would walk into a party and grab the first guy I saw, make out with him, and then move onto the next one. What I have come to realize is that the reason I didn't see too much of this is because I chose to avert my eyes.

My original assumption that my age was a factor in the tameness of Pledge Night was correct. I never thought it would happen, but I have matured. I cer-

tainly like to go out just as much as the youngsters who have just joined my organization, but watching all of the new members run around and kiss random boys made me nostalgic for my own Pledge Night experience.

Whenever you can look back with such nostalgia on an event that took place two years ago, you're going to be angered by the fact that humans do age. C'est la vie.

Moving on! I want to apologize to all those who believe last week's column had anything to do with the apparent meekness of this year's Pledge Night. It was not meant to come across that way, but I can see how some points may have caused controversy. But really, this column is all about *satire*.

I was not trying to discourage people from kissing. God knows, I had a great time. Whatever you

may have thought, it is my sworn duty to comment on the sexual life of the students and pointing out the ease with which various diseases are communicated on Pledge Night is part of the deal! If you're still bitter, blame me. It's always more

fun than blaming yourself, right?

Peck on the cheek, peck on the lips? Better than mono. Your night probably wasn't as memorable, exciting and intense as it could have been, but Pledge Night is what you make of it. If you decided to make it a night you could feel comfortable telling mommy about, you did a bang-up job. And I mean that in the nicest, least condescending way possible. I swear.

My advice, for those who venture to take it, is this. If you are a member of a Greek organization, ask your pledges how it went. If they said it was lame, trust their voice over your vision. If they said it was a blast, news flash - you're just old. It was bound to happen one day.

For those of you who are more adventurous, organize another Pledge Night. I mean, why the hell not? Just be sure to inform everyone at the party what's going to happen and that the participants are all consenting adults. This way you won't have sexual assault charges filed against the entire organization.

That would suck more than a student on Pledge Night.

"Sex and the Campus" is a regular column exploring the sexual climate at the university. The column is written by a junior under a pseudonym in order to maintain her sexual anonymity.

sex and the campus

by brandy jones



Stephanie Tholand/Old Gold and Black

New man on campus

The outspokenly gay comedian and actor Lorne Newman performed his stand-up routine Jan. 31 in Shorty's. The event was sponsored by the Gay Straight Student Alliance, which described Newman's act as "gay affirming." The next event sponsored by the GSSA is the AIDS quilt, a project designed to raise awareness of the AIDS epidemic. The quilt will be on campus from March 26 - April 1.

Sam

Continued from Page B5

and Sheryl Crow. Not that they sounded bad, I just don't like other bands covering Beatles

songs. I find it unnatural.

First-time director Jessie Nelson can be somewhat dizzying at times. In many scenes, he used a handheld camera technique that can be seen frequently on *NYPD Blue*.

In excess, this technique can be sickening and distract from

the movie. *I am Sam* suffers in this way.

In the end, *I am Sam* is a teary-eyed journey that attempts to answer the question: what does it take to be a good parent? Is love really all you need?

Maybe in a perfect world, where no one covers Beatles songs.

'80s Show' lacks depth

By Jennifer Fogel
U-Wire

After years of selling ourselves short, the children of the '80s have been avenged. Unfortunately, amidst a barrage of "remember the '80s" time warps in the media, *That '80s Show* fails to incorporate any life into the decade we so fondly remember. While decidedly decadent in '80s fashion and psychology, the show refuses to move past its own fascination with site gags and clichéd dialogue.

Premiering Jan. 23 to high ratings among those who lived through the decade, but amidst a bevy of harsh reviews, *That '80s Show* is a mere illusion of a great premise. Set in San Diego circa 1984, the show centers around a group of 20-somethings instead of the teen angst of Eric Forman and crew from its predecessor, *That '70s Show*.

Corey (newcomer Glenn Howerton) is a 22-year-old aspiring musician who insists on the corporate greed of the '80s is definitely not for this philosophy major. That leaves working for minimum wage at the local record store,

Permanent Record, where Corey tends to live vicariously through his hipster boss Margaret (comedian Margaret Smith). Margaret offers Corey a tinge of hope in the world of corporate drones.

As if his life couldn't get any worse, the newly bisexual Madonna look-alike, Sophie (Brittany Daniel, one-time vamp on *Dawson's Creek*), has just broken up with Corey to pursue "other" interests, namely his sister Katie (Tinsley Grimes, *Never Been Kissed*). If you're scratching your head now, it gets worse. Corey's best friend

is Roger (Eddie Shin), the yuppie horn dog who lives in the guest-house and prays to the corporate-loving Ronnie Reagan. When not obsessing over hostile takeovers, Roger is content playing drinking games to the '80s powerhouse primetime soap, *Dynasty*. All that's left in this character cut-out hell hole is the so-called "parental," R.T. (Geoff Pierson, *Unhappily Ever*

between Corey and his new co-worker, the punk Tuesday (Chyler Leigh, *Not Another Teen Movie*), is dull and too simple. However, the tension between the two is the only spark this show has to offer.

Surprisingly, Tuesday is the only character that has any depth, even though most of that depth revolves around her changing her hairstyle from a punked-out Mohawk to something a little more girlish.

Sophie's bisexual tendencies are downplayed after she shares her first on-screen kiss with Katie, leaving any chance of exploring her sexual identity in the toilet. The only fun Katie has is singing along to Pat Benatar's "Love is a Battlefield."

The music is a saving grace for this disastrous show. Snippets of Duran Duran, Black Flag and The Godfathers play throughout the episode, but most of these "classics" are best heard on any '80s compilation CD. Aside from the music, the chintzy idea of using record album covers to denote a change of scene almost works, if not for the searing Day-Glo coloring that makes you want to look away from the bright light.

Even though we were definitely due for an '80s massive attack, *That '80s Show* would have been better if it starred a monkey in parachute pants and Alf in leg-warmers. Guess we better stick with reliving the old days with John Hughes.

Jennifer Fogel is a writer at the *Michigan Daily* at the University of Michigan.



Photo courtesy of www.foxnetwork.com

Newcomer *That '80s Show* premiered Jan. 23 to strong ratings but lackluster reviews. The FOX Network introduced the comedy, a spin-off from the popular *That '70s Show*, as a midseason replacement in its primetime schedule.

After), who takes his fashion cues from *Miami Vice* and his business sense from what will soon be infomercial heaven.

The premiere demonstrated why the show will be lucky to last for more than three weeks. It overuses a laugh track, even when nothing funny appears on screen. Sure, watching the characters dance at their local nightclub is funny (when was the last time you saw someone do the Robot?), but it's only worth a giggle or two. The jokes are heavily overplayed and the dialogue is mediocre at best. The instant love-hate vibe

SPRING BREAK

Cancun, Acapulco, Mazatlan,
Jamaica, Bahamas & S.Padre

www.studentexpress.com

Call Now: 1-800-787-3787

Serious
Discounts
for
Students

www.counciltravel.com

1-800-2COUNCIL

America's Leader In Student Travel