

The Decree

OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Too many students acting immaturely

Recently in the dorms some minor incidents have occurred which, if not stopped when they were, could have led to serious injury.

Students at Wesleyan seem to have forgotten that we are supposed to be growing and maturing adults. Instead, many of them continue to display childlike behavior, breaking rules.

Understandably, nobody expects complete adult behavior, but come on, even most children know not to set things on fire or throw things at people. What if someone were to get hurt? Would anyone care, or would we finally begin to see how dangerously we are living?

As for the rules here at Wesleyan, most likely a student has to do something very wrong, or else no real punishment is given. Wesleyan believes in second chances, so most students get away with rule breaking easily — sometimes even with things as serious as drugs.

While it is nice that Wesleyan believes in its students enough to give them another try, the stu-

dents have shown they are too immature to receive such respect.

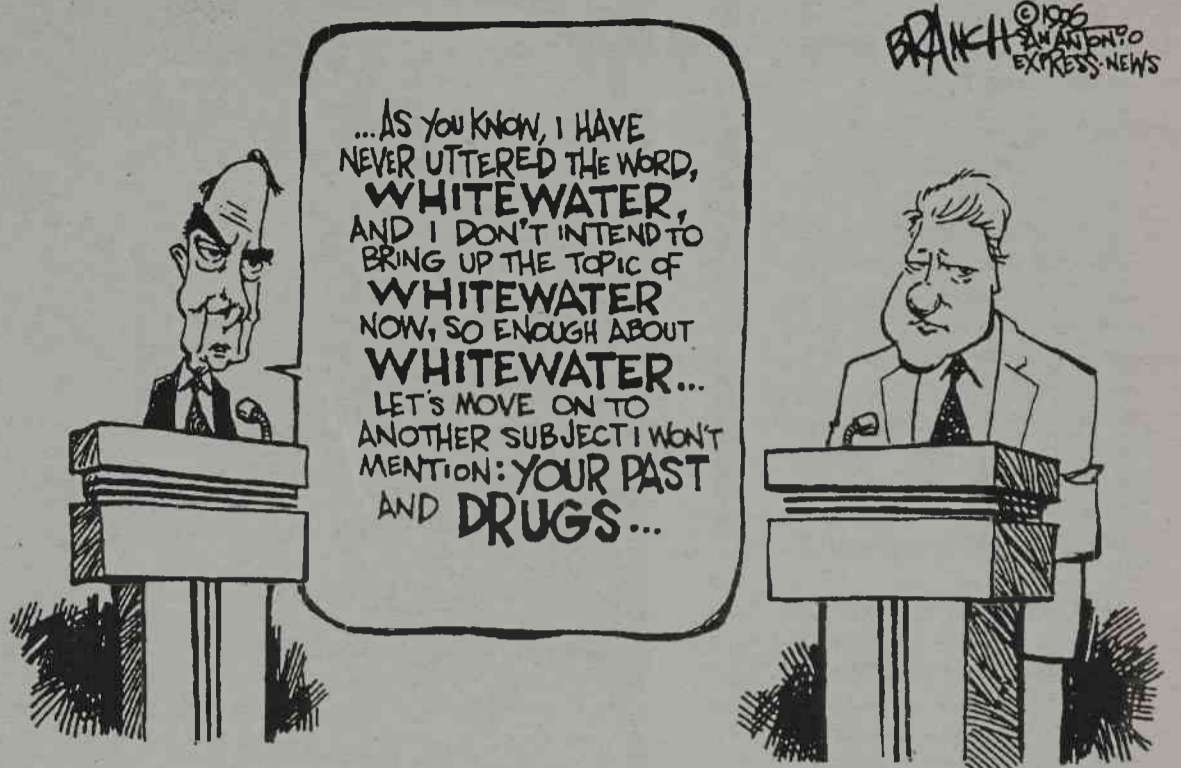
In the long run, these second chances could hurt us.

Think about it. If a student goes through his or her entire four years (or however many years it now takes to graduate) here, all the time getting away with murder, do you seriously think they will have any respect for the law or the authorities in "the real world?"

How will they ever see that what they are doing is wrong if we continue to simply slap their wrists and say "don't do it again?"

Wesleyan's policies and rules are for the most part fine, however the actions taken to punish for the crimes are too loose. If Wesleyan wants its students to get a real-life experience (and maybe even see them grow up a little) then perhaps it should look at reforming its disciplinary actions.

Apparently this is the only way to see a spark of adult behavior in some of the student body who obviously refuse to grow up on their own.



Halloween has long tradition

Dressing up in our fantasies

By DR. STEVE FEREBEE

Halloween, for whatever reason, allows us to be silly. Several years ago at a National Collegiate Honors Association Conference in Dallas I wore a yellow plastic duck nose; I quacked with colleagues while riding a bus to dinner, my beak bouncing back blinking neon lights.

What possessed me, I don't know.

When I was an undergraduate studying in Gainesville, Fla., in the early 70s, the students celebrated Halloween at an annual midnight, live-music bash. After a few years, the parties became so popular they spilled from the campus' central plaza onto a nearby farm. I remember people dressed as packs of cards, as snakes, as linoleum kitchen floors. As body parts.

I used to wear this black tie-dyed sheet, a kind of poncho hemmed with these cool silver stars I found in one of those interesting little shops that university towns used to have to provide the paraphernalia of the 60s.... Well, as we keep saying about the 60s lately: I guess you had to be there.

Another Halloween in the late 70s found me going to grad school in New Mexico, where even commonplace night blue-back skies spin with stars about which the Indians weave sand stories.

I was — and this is not a part of the story I'm proud of — in a disco where my dancing partner fell asleep right on the dance floor, music throbbing and lights strobing. We fled from the absurd-

Dr. Steve Muses

dity of disco and ended up in the dark green, fir-laden mountain woods watching the Milky Way dance across the sky. None of us in grad school had time for such frivolities, but it was, after all, Halloween.

My childhood Halloweens, for some reason, don't stand out as much. I remember scratchy masks and polyester costumes and bags of candy. It was weird that people you didn't know gave you good stuff, but what the heck, it was good stuff.

When the people later known as the Celts spread from central Europe (Dracula fans, take note) to the British Isles even before the Romans, they dreamed up a night when witches and warlocks, ghouls and ghosts partied down (possibly around Stonehenge). Memento mori. Christianity transformed Halloween into the evening before All Saint's Day, when we feast to honor the saints, both known and unknown.

But, frankly, I don't think we

pay much attention to where the tradition comes from; we just know that on Halloween we can play dress up, we can make people take note, and we can mock superstition at the same time we pay it homage.

No one wants to be a bum, or a monster, or a politicians but we like to dress up as one to frighten people. Actually, rather than frighten, what we're really trying to do is to amuse, however briefly: to make a few people in the passing crowd laugh at an outrageous side of ourselves that we usually keep hidden, even from our intimates.

We limit ourselves if we do not express — indeed, explore — those selves within us that we know we can't live with every day.

Once I went as Richard Nixon. Talk about scary. I wore a tacky gray suit two sizes too small, a scruffy beard two shades too dark, and a pointed nose two angles too sensitive. I stood in a corner, arms bunched against my chest, hand on chin, and ordered bombers into Cambodia. I mean Laos. I mean Thailand. Oh, I mean *not* the one we said we wouldn't bomb. This week, anyway.

Trick or Treat.

Letters to the editor policy

The Decree accepts only signed letters to the editors. Unsigned letters will not be printed. Letters should not exceed 400 words. Letters need to be placed in the campus post office and marked "Decree" or placed in the *Decree* office in the Hardees building. Letters must be received by Friday of the week prior to the next issue in order to be printed in that issue. *The Decree* reserves the right to edit or reject letters for grammar, libel, or good taste.