

Bored as hell and on the beat

◆How to bust up a Guilford college party when you're a GPD officer and the Krispy Kreme has burned to the ground

BY JOHN CLINTON
Staff Writer

I got my back-pack searched by a Greensboro police officer last Saturday night while I was at the de-funked Pope house party. I was just walking around. I did not have a cup in my hand. I was not even drinking that evening.

All of a sudden a throaty order rang my ears, "Stay right there." Then came the even more obtusive request, "I'll need to search your bag."

I looked up and saw a very "masculine American man" in blue standing at the top of the house's concrete steps. He was but one of three gun-toting G.P.D. officers on the scene. He glared at me and repeated the order.

At first I did not object because I had no booze on me. But then I thought about the situa-

tion... *read the extra*
What's this cop doing at this party? Why does he want to search me? In my mind I sprinted around, looking for a reasonable answer—but came up with zip. However, I did recall the "real deal" about security policy that was printed in the September 12 issue of *The Guilfordian*. The following was stated: "Only one G.P.D. officer patrols Guilford on Friday and Saturday, 10p.m.-2a.m. The G.P.D. calls Guilford security to handle any situation first, unless it is an emergency."

Again, there were three armed G.P.D. officers on the scene.

I was never addressed by a member of Guilford security.

With knowledge of such blatant discrepancies, I felt completely justified to then question the officer.

I politely asked him, "How can

you search me?"

"Just do what I said," he snarled.

"But you have not told me why," I protested.

He finally yielded and said, "There is underage drinking going on at this party and it has been reported that marijuana was smelled on this premises."

A keg of beer and some pot smoking hardly constitutes a state of emergency.

Rather, what could constitute a state of emergency, is a bunch of drunk or half-drunk kids pouring into cars and driving around Greensboro in search of a better locale—which is exactly what happened last Saturday night after the G.P.D. broke up the Pope house party. *read the extra.*

To the student that told the *Guilfordian*, "I would challenge any claim that security is on a

headhunt this year. Most people who complain about the changes don't even have the facts straight," I would like to ask: what are the facts?

Each week the security policy seems to grow more heads. Last week it was two. I am confused about the "facts" but am on my way to uncovering them, for my own sanity and for the rest of the perplexed. This search will go on...and on...and on

read the extra

P.S. I swear, I've been going to parties like the ones at the Pope house since I turned 15—and never have I encountered such a flaunting authority that this officer displayed.

PST!! For more information about the ongoing security/G.P.D. discrepancies occurring at our school, check out this weeks EXTRA!

On the benefits of believing in nothing

BY FRED WILLIAMS
Staff Writer

Apathy has gotten a bad name lately. An editorial last week called everyone at Guilford apathetic losers. And that naughtily funny little comic strip by that sassy F.W. person made the same accusation in its first appearance. I write this in defense of apathy.

Life, if taken seriously, is a series of disappointments, and failures. Life is a surreal thing. None of it makes sense. Life is not meant to be taken seriously. Things like crack babies, bigotry, and death would not exist in a world that

made sense. Alan Thicke wouldn't exist in a world that made sense. Why take the world seriously if it is just a series of nonsensical things and ridiculous situations?

Life is just one big cosmic joke, being played on all of us. If you take life seriously, you're falling for it. Don't be so offended all the time. Take life lightly; it is certainly taking you that way.

Stop acting like everything you do is part of some important cosmic rendezvous with destiny. Stop analyzing art and writing poetry. Stop having people sign petitions in the cafeteria. Stop trying to change the world; it will never happen. Stop trying to end preju-

dice against religions, races, and creeds. For god's sake stop making 'zines.

None of you really care about anything anyway. I've seen you, running around not eating meat, not bathing, not shaving your legs, and recycling. Do you think that means you are accomplishing something? If you knew a better way to get laid, do drugs, and drink you would believe in that as much as you believe in whatever you do now.

You call yourselves liberals, and you babble about how much you hate Jesse Helms. Do you know one issue Jesse Helms has voted on in the past year? Just because you

listen to the Grateful Dead, or Ani, doesn't mean you're liberal. It just means you're trendy. Guilford college students give true liberals a bad name.

If all you care about is sex and drugs then admit it. Quit running around like chickens with your heads cut off, bothering everybody with your causes. I'm tired of hearing about it.

For all of you who still firmly state that you really do believe in something, you are probably a boring jerk. Therefore, I beg you, look in your heart of hearts, and find the apathy that lies within all of us, and set it free.

Hands off the muck-rakers

BY ANDY LIGUORI
Staff Writer

Princess Diana, an international treasure, is dead. Overzealous tabloid reporters brought about her death. Thus, tabloids should be banned, or at least unilaterally boycotted. In the past few weeks, this line of flawed logic has been sweeping the nation like a cloud of locusts. Am I the only one

who is alarmed by this?

Everybody seems to have an ax to grind with tabloid newspapers. Tom Cruise called CNN only minutes after the paparazzi's role was revealed in Diana's accident to decry tabloids everywhere. Fran Drescher appeared on "Larry King Live" to announce that she had formed a group to combat tell-all rags' exposes. Even Rosie O'Donnell called on her viewers to

boycott tabloids.

Interestingly enough, this was all done in the noble name of Princess Diana; none of the aforementioned celebrities mentioned their own personal problems with tabloids.

It would seem as if these stars are using Lady Di's death as a pretense to start an anti-tabloid movement.

What makes this particular

backlash so hard to combat is the name to which it is attached; if one tries to speak out against it, then that person is accused of disrespecting Di's memory.

The simple fact of the matter is people want dirt, and tabloids are there to provide it. Tougher international stalking laws might be in order, but tabloids need not take the blame.