

The Decree

OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Start standing up for what is right

Students of North Carolina Wesleyan College, do you know how to choose your fights? Do you recognize the difference between right and wrong? Do you know how to begin change as our parents did so long ago? Or is it that you wear the label Generation X proudly like a patriotic flag. Are you so desensitized that social abuses of this world are no more than a passing thought between sitcoms on TV?

Students, you must realize that we are going to be in a few years society's leaders taking over for our aging parents, and caring for the next generation. We have to decide now what we are going to teach the new generation about us, themselves, and the state of the world. That generation will look to us to see what is tolerable and right. They will take our stereotypes as fact, and our social conditions as reality and a model of how things should be.

You must learn when to stand up for a cause. You have to learn how not to be complacent and so easily pacified by

empty rhetoric of those who do not have your best interests at heart. Do not follow the current leaders so blindly and without question, overlooking their glaring faults and mistakes. Do not dismiss their wrongs trying so desperately to protect the person that they should be because you cannot accept what they really are.

It is painful to turn a critical eye on someone or something that you might believe in or an issue that is too "hard" to tackle. That is a task that will make you tired and you will become disillusioned. But that is okay because in order to truly live and change illusions must be cast away. See things for how they really are and not how you need them to be.

Care, Wesleyan. Have pride in who you are so that you do not accept wrong wrapped in the cushion of so-called ignorance. Learn to stand and be strong because our parent's fight is far from over and it is our inheritance.

The sitcom is at a commercial break and what will you do?



Holiday serves good purpose

Life scarier than Halloween

By DR. STEVE FEREBEE

On my way to and from campus I pass a yard which the family has prepared for the long holiday season. Rows of cut-out ghosts and goblins stand just in front of pilgrims and turkeys who welcome Santa and elves. The yard laughs with giddy American commercialism as well as crafty American ingenuity. This family can rest until the Easter bunny hops.

I used to hope that as I aged what seems so unfathomable to the young would later become lucid. Well, forget it. Life seems more muddled than ever. Halloween, for instance, has become either a Satanist cult recruitment tool or an opportunity to burn down the city.

I remember a Halloween when I was about 10. I can't see the costume I wore, but I can still feel the heat generated by the stiff cardboard mask and shiny polyester body suit. For one reason and another I couldn't go trick-or-treating, and the lady next door tried to console me by bringing

Dr. Steve Muses

over some homemade popcorn balls.

I was outraged. I was devastated. All my friends were *out there* streaking from house to house, vision impaired by the machine-cut eye holes, hoarding all the candy in the world.

"Man-oh-man," I thought (that's how we expressed outrage before four-letter-word popularity). "When I'm grown, I'll never miss a Halloween again."

Later when I was an undergraduate at the University of Florida, we partied at a midnight Halloween ball. We had to work diligently to look spooky or hilarious when most of us looked that way every day. We haunted used clothing stores and bribed art students to construct mammoth appendages.

Finally, made-up and lurking behind elaborate masks, we cel-

ebrated that part of adults which remains connected to childhood, to silliness, to the desire to lose the self for a while and greet the world anew.

I thought I would always have kids good naturedly asking me "Trick or Treat?" Instead, last year, a few teenagers dressed in black roamed the windy dark streets throwing trash in my yard.

Many people on my street close up and darken their houses; they don't welcome a night of intrusion. They don't set up loud speakers with ghosts screaming and chains rattling as did one lady near my house when I was a kid. Fewer stiff masks and shiny costumes show up.

And who can blame them? The make believe bleeds into the real. Innocent lips part for razor blades in the apples and poison in the candy. Real bad people (legally) hide real guns in their costumes. We don't know our neighbors and they don't make popcorn balls anymore.

And let's admit it, if ever our
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Yearbook photograph offends many on campus

Dear Editor:

I thought that society got the hint when actor/comedienne Ted Danson appeared at Whoopie Goldberg's roast in blackface last year that some people do not find guises such as that very amusing. Especially when many guests in attendance walked out.

Evidently, my assumption was

in error in lieu of what I saw in this year's *Dissenter* on page 26. The caption read, "Ghosts and Goblins Invade NCWC." There, pictured in black and white, is a student with his face painted black, wearing a bandanna on his head, an apron around his waist, and holding a bottle of Aunt Jemima syrup.

Letters to the Editor

I am offended by this picture and appalled that it was allowed to be published in our yearbook.

My dismay lies in the fact that I consider campus publications such as *The Dissenter* and *The Degree* my community persona, providing students with memories of their Wesleyan years and campus news.

This picture is not something I want to remember about N.C. Wesleyan College. It is insulting

and is a prime example of what they call dry, white humor. The manufacturers have modernized Aunt Jemima on the pancake box, therefore, why not modernize society's ignorance towards racial differentiation.

This is not entirely a racial is-
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