

A little smooch is all it takes

From the Editor

Sunday's 71st Annual Academy Awards was monumental in many ways - great and small. As always, we saw the hottest evening fashions for women grace the red carpet with jewels only a princess could wear. From Gwyneth Paltrow's soft pink gown and simple crowned choker to Celine Dion's all-white ensemble hat and all hiding her parched hair and face, there were few surprises for the awe-inspired crowds. Well, just one.

Politics' infamous lady of the night Monica Lewinsky joined the Hollywood celebrates with her arm draped over the arm of her latest beau. Together, they partied with the best of the best. How come I wasn't invited again?

It's amazing that all it takes to get invited to the Oscars these days is a little smooching with the nation's president. Of course, the president did not go to the media circus since he was back to working with the world's concern in Kosovo, but his ex-girlfriend of sorts made her presence known.

In a hideous black capped sleeve gown and curls in her hair, Lewinsky made her way from party to party. Hollywood's reactions ranged from Fran Drescher's "Oh, my God" to *Good Will Hunting* writers Ben Affleck and Matt Damon's "Where?" The responses seemed varied as the entertainment gurus recorded the entire evening. *Dharma and Greg's* Jenna Elfman simply replied "No comment."

Of course, the bells rang in harmony as we all saw Lewinsky and date being escorted away from the doors of one of the evening's parties after trying to sneak her way in with the crowd. Who knew it could be so much fun to watch security guards taking away a disheveled diva?

I want to know what it is going to take for me - the casual member of the general public - to get to the "big night" other than at *Entertainment Tonight's* Oscar eve at the Californian Planet Hollywood. Do I need to smooch with the local politician? If so, then I'm not going to the West coast anytime soon 'cause that's not my style. Anyone around campus can tell you that.

It seems like to me it should be an honor to attend the Oscars, as it is for the stars who spend so many months and years creating the masterpieces and flops that win the nominations. As Whoopi Goldberg graciously thanked Gene Siskel with a "thumbs up" signal, the evening ended with a wave of gratitude and dismay as Spielberg and crew walked away with only a fraction of the gold polished statuettes they thought they would receive, and Roberto Benigni danced in his seat again and again.

MEREDITH BY TORY HOKE



Seeking Bare Naked fun

LESLIE MAXWELL  
Police Reporter

Imagine this scenario: you and several of your friends are sitting in the car, radio on and keys in the ignition. The disc jockey finally tells you what you want to hear—and you're off, praying for green lights and passing the slowpokes that seem to be everywhere.

This scene, while it may sound like some underhand activity, is repeated every day by Meredith students, including me.

Why? All to get Barenaked Ladies tickets.

The 17,000-ticket giveaway, sponsored by G105, has put people in a frenzy. A few minutes before the G105 van gets to its next location, the DJ announces where the van will be for the next few minutes.

The concert will be at Walnut Creek on Apr. 8, the Thursday after Easter.

Let me give you an example:

last Thursday night, my friend and I got in the car at 8:10 p.m. We went to the Crown to get gas, and then we drove to the Burger King parking lot. The lights and car were off, but keys were in the ignition with the radio on high. We listened impatiently to song after song. Then at 8:30 p.m., the DJ told us—the van would be at the Raleigh Civic Center downtown.

We tore out of the parking lot and headed down Hillsborough Street, (thankfully) making mostly green lights. Cher's "Believe" gave us background music with a good beat for our drive. Fortunately, my driver knew right where the Civic Center was, and she maneuvered gracefully around parked cars and slow drivers (and of course we were driving the speed limit or under the whole time).

In about seven minutes, we were there. We parked on the

side of the street near Memorial Auditorium where people watched *Miss Saigon*. We spotted the van and ran across the parking lot and two streets. About five other people approached the van as we did. As we ran up (and we were truly running), a G105 employee snapped our pictures. "Enjoy the show," a woman told us as she handed us two tickets each.

We screamed — you would've thought we had won an Oscar. We got back in the car, elated and stunned. Looking at our tickets and seeing the words 'Barenaked Ladies' written on them, we screamed again. We had more energy than we'd had all day. I'm sure the people in *Miss Saigon* wondered what those screams were.

Once you get tickets, you'll understand what the hype is all about. It's like a game—where will the van be next? Cary? North Raleigh? Apex? It's a game I'm ready to play.

Meredith Herald

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The *Herald* reserves the right to place any other article submissions on file until needed or to choose not to print them. The *Herald* also has the right to edit submissions for space requirements.

Only 22 more days of classes!!

Submissions for the *Herald* are due every MONDAY at 1 p.m. in the box outside of 208 Cate.