

# Where's my Box?

By Yvette Nahmia

The fall semester has come to a close with a notable absence. Freshmen students are the only ones who can't share in our sorrow, for they were not around when the mailboxes were here, so they can't appreciate how much we used them. I miss my mailbox.

Colleges are supposed to be places where students can exchange ideas, perspectives, and information, not only with faculty members—which is, fortunately, still possible—but also among themselves. As students, we have a great deal to say to each other. Being deprived of this convenient means of communication constitutes a great loss.

Our boxes served many purposes. In the first place, one could exchange information with fellow students. The content of the information varied according to the occasion. At times the note concerned an important lecture to be held, at other times a date was set to go to the movies with a friend. To most of us, mailboxes allowed for communication that otherwise could not have been achieved.

What do we, as students, plan to do about it? Sit back and cry over it? Protest to the administration about it? Ask the Student Council to take action?

One thing is certain, we should do something. We can't be spectators of events, at least not in our own college. We should be participants, not bystanders; creators, not observers.

let me keep my friendships.

Did you notice that the first event organized by the Student Union was a poolside party? It seems we may not have much say or influence as students, but we do have a beautiful pool with its own bar. What remains to be built is a hotel to make the picture complete. It is so sad, though, that this L.A. illusion is distorted by the mountains in the background.

Last year we received complaints from many camps that we don't write enough about Deree. Well, this is an article about Deree. Because, like everything else in life, Deree has two sides. And I firmly believe that the person that loves Deree is not like any one of those who love merely studying here and care for nothing else, but s/he is like the guy who circulated a self-published article last spring which criticized an unsubstantial Student Council.

All here at *The Deree Pulse* are similar to this guy in the sense that we also see Deree's two sides and wish to show all of its virtues and its faults. We want to fight against this apathy that leaves students demanding nothing more than a diploma. The untapped potential is here at Deree for us discover.

# Of Vices and Virtues

by Nick Mandalas

Well, another semester is here again, and even if you are the biggest fan of summer you must admit that even you felt the need for some snow on the ground. Winter.

And winter is supposed to create a feeling of invigoration, a sense that things are transforming. But, if this is the ease, then why does this semester

seem to be a carbon copy of the last one, and the one before that? It really makes me wonder: Has nothing changed in a really positive way?

As usual, the vast majority of college students don't know things they should: Who is on the Student Council? What is its mission? Why have fees increased? Where have all the mailboxes gone, and how am I now supposed to contact my friend who has a course at 8 p.m.?

It appears that nobody truly respects me, my opinion or the money that I pay. So, what really matters to me now is that I can't get in touch with my friends. I have quite made up my mind that whatever I do, I won't be able to change a thing. And I know that most of you agree with me. At least

