

Yippie!?

'Dear Jerry: I fully agree with Mr. Brokamp in his decision inasmuch as I personally have for some time felt very deeply that your program of destruction for the sake of destruction is sheer nihilism whose open and avowed advocacy before a high school student body, as you requested, would be a rank contradiction of terms regardless of where or when it occurred.'

'The writer of this (letter) was my high school teacher. I wanted to come back to speak at my old high school.'

-Jerry Rubin

Well, they have struck again. Once again we at Guilford are having our education defined for us by someone else.

The fact that faculty and/or administration determine the total educational experience is under attack at many colleges. However, we do not even have this debatable "privilege" of having the faculty and administration do it by themselves. We see now that we are having to investigate what people in the community, who have no qualifications except money, have decided.

Partly the reason the Art Series has been so successful and valuable is that it has been supported by those at Guilford who saw the convocation type lecture as having potential and wished to replace this educational experience with an improved version.

Education is supposedly non-partisan and as objective as possible. The criticism and non-support by the public is clearly prejudiced, and the cancellation of Jerry Rubin is highly regrettable.

Guilford with this turn of events, is being forced to "put on a face" for the public which is contrary or at least detrimental to education just to grovel for money. Admittedly this compromising of ideals happens in small ways in every fund drive, but now we seem to be compromising the highest ideal of the school; that is to educate in all the ways possible.

N.C. State is going to have as a speaker Abbie Hoffman, one of Rubin's Conspiracy Trial partners, and taxpayers will foot more of the bill than our Art Series "patrons" do here. The taxpayers may howl, but the Speaker Ban Law has been declared unconstitutional. Why can we not have this same freedom at Guilford?

We also feel that we are owed the tolerance we have shown to the public's preferences in the past. We as students paid our share last year to hear right-winger Strom Thurmond who is almost as repugnant to many of us as Jerry Rubin apparently is to the public. Although we laughed, we heard the man out. Maybe Strom Thurmond is not as far right on the "extremist scale" as Rubin is on the left, but what about that guy from "Confederate Klans of America?" He was the gen-u-ine article! We heard what he had to say too.

Do not all sides deserve equal time? We have heard liberals, conservatives, Black Panthers, right wing extremists, and probably even some of the famous "radical-liberals". We think the college community will not necessarily be harmed by a white revolutionary. Students might even be turned off by Rubin and not really be inspired to "kill your parents" as he advocates. Has the public considered this point?

Phil Edgerton

"Our crime was that we were beginning to live a new and contagious life style without official authorization. We were tried for being out of control."

Conspirator, Tom Hayden

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The MacMillan Caper

This editorial, reprinted from the Greensboro Daily News, presents a concern we feel is not foreign to Guilford College.

The Tom McMillen affair is over, apparently, with results that have caused great cheer in College Park and great gloom in Chapel Hill. The whole unhappy business must have cost young McMillen a great deal of anguish; for all the "adults" involved, it should cause nothing except embarrassment.

McMillen is 18 years old, by every account an intelligent and personable young man, and it happens that he is an extraordinarily good basketball player. For his skills in the latter capacity, he was subjected to the most intense recruiting pressures by scores of college coaches - a recruiting campaign possibly more insistent than any other

young man has experienced. Finally, last June, he announced that he would go to Chapel Hill, a decision not supported by his parents; now, at the last moment, he has changed his mind and enrolled at the University of Maryland.

It would all be consummately trivial were it not that the case is an instance of big-time collegiate athletics at its most pushy. So that grown men and women can sit on well-padded rears in overpriced auditoriums and scream for "alma mater," young men of McMillen's skills are hounded mercilessly. Even before reaching the age of maturity, they are given a doctoral course in cynicism: in the awareness that their four years of "collegiate education" are in large part an excuse for them to play games, that grown-ups are interested in them not as individuals but because of the adroitness of their passing or dribbling or hitting, that regulations will be gladly violated by adults if that is what is necessary to win their services.

The longer we observe the workings of intercollegiate sport, the more astonished we are that they are tolerated by American higher education. Colleges and universities exist

to educate young men and women, not to exploit them; yet the recruiting system reduces the so-called "scholar-athlete" to high-priced flesh. It is a mockery of the purpose of higher education to build glossy stadiums and arenas, to set aside special dormitories for young men brought to the campus to perform in those stadiums and arenas, to maintain the fiction that intercollegiate sport is honorable amateurism.

The successes which college teams achieve bring great pleasure to students and alumni. It is about time we started thinking about the price of that pleasure.

Ebel Charged With Solicitation

Jeanette Ebel, editor of the GUILFORDIAN, has been charged with openly soliciting artistic photographs, cartoons, poems, and, of all things, graphics for the GUILFORDIAN. Other creative works, not exceeding 300 words in length, will be accepted.

Ebel explained, "We're gonna save it all up and run it in one edition right in the centerfold. We're just trying to spice up the paper a little, that's all."

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Many of your readers read your paper word for word. Why Don't you do the same? A little attention to proof-reading of copy and of page proofs would improve the appearance of the paper, and focus attention on the ideas therein, which is the purpose, after all, of publishing. Sloppy thinking and sloppy production seem to go hand in hand. Try polishing your technical production and you may even find that the content of the paper improves.

By the way--if I had published an iconoclastic issue, I wouldn't leave the office open to just anyone who cared to walk in.
Yours For Freedom Of The Press,
Hopefully A Readable Press,

Nestor

Every Wednesday afternoon and evening the copy for THE GUILFORDIAN is proofed and laid out. You are welcome to come by then and make your suggestions. You might also wish to join us when we go to the printer's in Winston-Salem to proof the final copy on Thursday (We have a morning and an afternoon trip) or on Friday (between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.). The two or three of us who do this regularly invite you and all other readers who enjoy proofreading to help us out. Boy, you sound like John Grice, Nes.

The Human Condition

by Douglas Scott



The other night at dinner, the subject of rock festivals arose while I was polishing off the extra \$50.00 (in coffee). Seems the guy was discussing some kind of disaster. Used terms like disease, drug abuse, overpopulation, garbage, air pollution, capitalism, decline in moral values, fascism, communism, degeneracy, premarital sex, robbing, beatings, insanity, suicide, unsanitary, hunger, homelessness, and helplessness. I went to the same one and didn't feel any where near the same way about it. We disagreed.

We debated.
We argued.
We yelled at each other.
We dusted off old epithets and hurled them in for good measure.
We each quoted dozens of expert opinions written by

men who were either idiots or just simply didn't relate to the question. And the question of who was right in their perception of the event sort of lost value. It had become a crusade to convert the other guy. Of course, we never settled the question at all. Toward the unwound end of the semantic orgy we found a basis of fear. Not the screaming paranoid type that the word fear seems to whisper, but the subtle dislike of a part of self reflected in each other's face. One, a tendency toward cold reason and fascism, the other a subtle drift toward what he considered shabby love and slippage toward the absurd. And a need to attack this reflection of self in others in order to reassure ourselves that we were good, acceptable liked and likeable human beings.