

What you see is what you get

Across the Great Divide

By Alan Socol

Yesterday, while trucking through 68 Dorm, I happened to wander into the new offices of the Student Personnel Staff. In case you're new around here or had a particularly weird summer and forgot everything except your contacts' name, I'll briefly outline who the students' personnel staff is. Leading off is Andy Gottschall, Dean of Students and not to be confused with Pretty Bill Lanier (Andy wears sports shirts). Next we behold Ken Schwab who you'll remember from last year's senior play, 'High School Madness'. Least of all we find Miss Vicki. This is your staff. Their job is to assist the student. I highly recommend that if you have any problems at all, no matter how small they may seem, go directly to the new Student Personnel offices in 68 Dorm and speak with your friends. Go often.

Enough political slander. Actually I really get very angry with our Personnel staff. However, when I write about them I am forced into conservative discourse due to the pressures of libel suits. In all fairness, the Student Personnel Staff has a very difficult job. It is their job to see that the assorted inane social policies from the Pathfinder are enforced, much to the displeasure and chagrin of the

students. When these obtuse policies, such as restricted social hours, are forced on the students the result is massive hemorrhaging in the soul. The question arises, "What can I, an insignificant, unimportant, non-thinking, radical Commie student do to bring about some rational life-style for myself? The only answer that you will get around here lately is that it's 'Easy as a Bridge at Guilford College.' The administration will say to you that they are LIBERAL. That means that they have coeducational CLASSES. They'll tell you that they are progressive. My body cries out in anguish at such redundancy and insipidness. If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. If you're not with us, you're against us.

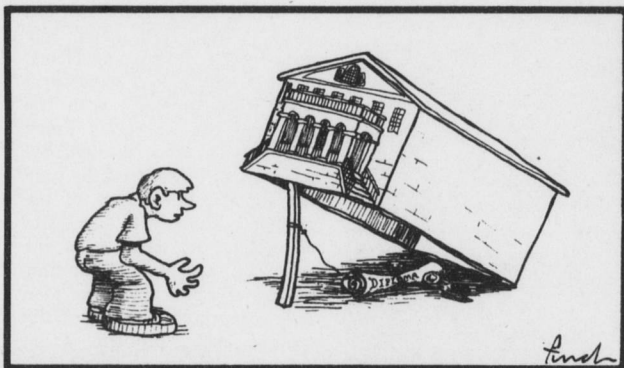
Enough of this lunacy. The purpose of this article was to kick off my new column. This will run biweekly, the good Lord willing, and be filled with everything from weather reports to pornography. I hope very much to meet those of you who are interested in getting this place together. Guilford College is unique. The seasons come and go and Guilford remains unique. The situations remain in a state of constant drift.

Perhaps this year might be different. Changes do occur.

I close now only to avoid getting too spaced. The message, if in fact there is a message, might be that forewarned is forewarned.

All for now . . .

Your Minister of Truth
Stanley Bozo



MAO, MEET B. F. SKINNER

By William H. Stringer (CMS)

It is a coincidence that the United States is taking a fresh look at the People's Republic of China while a book by a leading psychologist, B. F. Skinner, is about to be published. For if there is any large community on earth which at all approaches the applied environmental conditioning which Dr. Skinner espouses in his manifesto (a condensed version appears in the August issue of Psychology Today) it is China under Mao Tse-tung.

The surprising thrust of the Skinner thesis is that "autonomous man" - the familiar free-wheeling fellow who believes in individual freedom and dignity - is outmoded. Why? "It is not difficult to demonstrate a connection between the unlimited right of the individual to pursue happiness and the catastrophes threatened by unchecked breeding, the unrestrained affluence that exhausts resources and pollutes the environment, and the imminence of nuclear war," argues Dr. Skinner.

So man's behavior has got to be reshaped, as Chairman Mao might say. And since (so runs the thesis) each man and woman is a bundle of unique behavior wholly shaped by environment (nothing else), the way to improve the whole lot of us is to reshape and control the environment or "culture" in which mankind develops. Society must design a new environment which, more by carrot (rewards) than by stick (punishment) will render mankind well-behaved

-not overbreeding, not polluting, not disruptive, and nicely geared for survival.

China is the only place I know of where society, i.e. the government has tried to reshape behavior (toward strict egalitarianism) by altering the whole mental atmosphere. Where Mao operates crudely, through self-criticism and punishment, Dr. Skinner would proceed more subtly, so that people behaved well almost unconsciously, without awareness of having made a choice. He would make use of both behavioral conditioning and genetic engineering.

His crusading manifesto calls for his followers in behavioral psychology to carry his theories into domestic policy, business, education, family, every avenue of life. The idea of manipulating economic rewards for desirable social ends is not new.

As this book gets read (its frank title: "Beyond Freedom and Dignity"; Knopf) there will probably ensue an unholy row with the humanists, for they hold that man, if allowed, can make vast and unselfish progress through reason and enlightenment. And surely no one with deep religious convictions about man's inviolable individuality will give the learned doctor much house room. Granted that environment does have some impact on behavior now, and that an improved ambience would help men behave better, still the very downgrading of freedom and dignity would raise plenty of hackles. And the idea of "conditioning out" unsuitable behavior sounds ominously like George Orwell's "1984."

Dr. Skinner, according to Psychology Today editor T. George Harris, would say the trouble starts with man's proud belief which underlies democracy: "The notion that in each of us there is an ego - personality, spirit, character, soul, or mind - that is somehow free." He would not agree. He apparently doesn't heed what the great Biblical prophets say about man.

One could dismiss all this as so much balderdash. And this Harvard psychologist has plenty of critics. But his theories have led to the wide use of behavior-modification programs in private therapy and in mental hospitals, to treat behavioral disorders, in schools to enhance learning, and in business to improve working conditions.

When youths or adults go kiting off into anarchical behavior, some folks are ready to try almost anything that will apply the brakes. But are there not wiser ways to sanity? Cannot self-discipline be learned by men who have freedom and dignity? And if there is a clearer effort to perceive the true "spirit, character, soul, or mind" of man, will it not be discovered that this superb individual, man, is expressing the spiritually positive qualities which are his birthright under the fatherhood of God? Even Peking may discover this someday.

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White Horse in the Big City

By Minette Coleman

They call Atlanta the capitol of the South, Peachtree St., the pride and joy of the capitol of the Peach state, headquarters for the drug traffic. Almost any day you can walk the area known as the Strip, a ten block section of Peachtree, and purchase any kind of pills, grass, but especially heroin, the white horse.

This is what the police and plainclothesmen look for when they hit the strip. They look in the shops that sell anything from underground literature to waterbeds, in the in the triple x-rated flicks, in the bars and night stops. They don't really care about the prostitutes and the pimps who help populate the area or the dudes selling 'hot' t.v.'s and stereos. They don't want to bust the straights who come and get drunk or high off of J's and freak off the sights. They come looking for the pushers. In the month of July alone in Atlanta, 10 people over-dosed from bad heroin.

If you've never seen a junkie shoot up then you haven't been sick to your stomach. You must remember that most of these people got hooked because they were looking for a new kind of high. When you get tired of hallucinogens and barbituates your next step is narcotics. And then comes the needle. I watched a junkie shoot up one night, mainlining.

He pulled up his shirt sleeve and I could see the tracks running up his arm. Next he got together his injection paraphenalia - cotton, syringe and a bottle cap used as a cooker for preparing the horse. It is cooked, and then placed in the syringe. This junkie held it in his teeth while he tied a cord around his forearm and pumped his fists making his arm swell some. Then he injected the contents of the needle, the white horse. I just watched.

Like they say, you don't really feel it. You don't feel a damn thing. Maybe not, he wasn't tense or uptight, but he wasn't active either. I had watched a fellow human being pour pure junk into his body and wondered what the hell could I do to stop him.

I wondered would it be better to take the drug away from him or to let him go through withdrawals. Withdrawals are bad. A person who needs a fix gets nervous, anxious, has hot and cold flashes, pains in legs, back and stomach, loss of weight and appetite, dilated pupils, increased blood pressure, heavy breathing, increased body temperature, tears and a runny nose and sometimes they are nauseous, vomit, and have diarrhea.

Immediately following a fix a junkie seems to be on cloud 8½. They don't feel, don't know anything, they don't care about anything. They gather at the corners and talk incoherently. They are happy for the time they are together. But the more they use, the more they need.

In Atlanta you can drive through many neighborhoods and watch the junkies shoot up. They don't really do it in a hiding fashion. Labor day, Monday the 6th, I was at a fried chicken place in a ghetto area where a couple were sitting on the side in the half light shooting up with a dirty needle. The cops passed them by - they arrested some people down the street at a party for smoking.

What interested me most was finding out how junkies support their habit. Most of the men are thieves and the women prostitutes. Some of the men who are so messed up that they can't do anything have girl friends that prostitute to support the guys habit. But most of these professions can't last very long if you're really hooked. Nobody wants to lay up with a woman who has tracks all over her arms and her legs or who doesn't know what is going on half the time. As far as the stealing goes, you lose a sense of time and caring and sooner or later you get caught. Finally, there is one thing you can do: become a pusher.

Most small time pushers are junkies because that is the only way they can support their habit. As they move into the job of pushing their wares, they get into a habit of not caring who they deal to. And finally they start pushing to little kids. Nine or ten year old little kids. Remember last summer when a twelve year old over-dosed in New York?

Now, common sense tells you that you can't sell dope to kids on the strip, so you go to their neighborhoods. You can't always push to rich little kids if you're a junkie; they get their stuff from more respectable sources - doctors' sons, and rich neighbors. Last resort is the park and the ghetto, because nobody gives a damn what goes on in either one of those places.

Now for those of you that may think I'm being racist in my opinion of who cares about what, I'd like it to be known that for years before you kids (white kids that is) took drugs, any drugs, they've been pushing drugs into the ghetto to little black kids. But ya'll wait until some white kid O.D.'s to do something about it. Now the drug problem is out of hand. I know of little kids who have fifty dollar a day habits. And where is a little kid going to get up fifty dollars a day?

Horse is junk. But junkies are people. Somebody pushed them into this world, 'cause man, didn't none of us ask to be here. When life becomes a habit it's just no fun anymore. Ask just about any junkie who quits the habit, it's a bust, man. It's no fun to stand on the Strip waiting for the man with the horse. Some times you get high for the hell of it and you don't know a damn thing about the content of the drug. What's the junk cut with? Do you really know about drugs? Only one thing, everybody gets off on something.

Like junk?