

Do What You Like

Any girl who tries to take herself seriously has, at one time or another, found the idea of Women's Liberation to be a disturbing as well as enlightening one. The images associated with the movement are more theatrical than anything else, what with bra burnings and coffee cup smashings. Women who are frustrated with their identities, but who can't get into whistling at hard hats, often have a hard time placing themselves in respect to their sex and to the movement which claims to liberate them and their sisters.

One sure way of getting a laugh in almost any situation, is to mention Women's Lib. Even Abbie Hoffman, back when he was a hero (remember back that far?) wasn't able to resist saying, "The only alliance I want to make with Women's Liberation is in bed." Add to this: "The only place for women in SNCC is prone," (Stokely Carmichael) and you'll find that it's gotten to the point where the only place women are welcome in the revolution is as Weatherwomen—revolutionary theater at its finest.

But behind the pageantry and the "sexually enlightened" jokes is a reality that women have to face. That is, that women ARE discriminated against in tangible, measurable ways. The U.S. Department of Labor, which speaks from no discernable prejudice toward women, reports that women with equal skill and training more often than not receive lower pay than the men who do comparable jobs. The U.S. Office of Education verifies that many more women than men with Ph.D.'s are turned down for jobs in the professional world. And as government commissions continue to investigate sex discrimination in terms of the little bits of legislation which prohibit special cases thereof, it's getting harder and harder to use statistics to suggest that women are getting fair deals in education and employment.

Okay. Where does that leave the women students at Guilford College? To begin at the beginning, less women are admitted here than men. It's not that the women are less qualified. Bruce Stewart, of the admissions staff, says that the average SAT scores of female applicants are 50 to 100 points higher than those of the average male applicant. He says, "Our wealth, intellectually, is in women students. There's no denying it." But John Bell, the director of admissions says more men are admitted, "Because that's the way I like

it." Having more male students "makes for a more interesting campus," he says.

We women who are admitted soon discover that we are students at a school which considers us unable to live without the "Protection" afforded us by oppressive dormitory rules. Women have sign out sheets, sign out cards, permission slips, letters of permission, etc., etc., *ad nauseum* because someone thinks we aren't responsible enough to figure out where we are or where we need to be without bureaucratic assistance. Freshmen women are excluded from the hassle of the rotation system for some reason. Possibly, someone thinks that a year of sneaking in and out of locked dormitories will enable freshmen to attain the maturity necessary to cope with the rotation system.

But at least we're getting an education, right girls? And maybe when we get our degrees the employment situation may have improved to the point where we might get jobs. If we can type. Dick Woodward, our placement counselor has assured us that "just about the only jobs we can find for women graduates are in teaching."

Right now, the ratio of female to male students in the education department is 28:1. In the business department it's 1:9; in political science, 1:8; math, 1:3; and social sciences, 1:2.

Now maybe all the women students at Guilford do want to be teachers. Why not? It's the course of least resistance. You can make it in teaching without a typewriter. And you won't have to go through the rest of your life listening to the kinds of cracks you hear here when, by some quirk of the gods, you find yourself in a class where you're the only female.

But if this isn't what you want for yourself, then even if you don't consider yourself an advocate of women's liberation, you are. And you ought to resist, to the degree that your conscience will permit, those policies and attitudes which you recognize to be unfair. Because no liberation movement has ever gotten anywhere by asking to be liberated. If you don't feel you can relate to the theatrics of a movement, that's okay, because you are not alone. And even if no one misses your name on the sign out forms, or even if they do, it doesn't matter. At least you know that you have enough self respect to recognize yourself to be fully as responsible for your own safety as the guys in Milner are. —JLE

Seize The Time

After several weeks of living in governmental limbo, the various residence halls on campus are beginning to form their governing bodies under the units-of-living system, the House Councils and the Judicial Boards. The word of the week is autonomy, and the people you have elected to serve on these boards are directly responsible to you to see that your dormitory gains it.

A lot of language has been thrown about since last spring concerning dorm autonomy. No one has been left out of this word throwing contest. The Dean of Students, the Student Government, the Residence Hall Interns and Coordinator, individual dorm leaders, and yes, even this newspaper, have all gotten their piece in. Beginning this week and continuing all year the language is irrelevant. What matters is the action.

Every dorm, as every picture does, tells a story. It tells a story about the people who live there. It tells a story to other students, to administrators, to trustees, and to persons from outside the college. Your House Council and Judicial Board are responsible for telling that story the way you want it to be told.

There are, of course, limits to what your House Council can do. One House Council, alone, cannot defeat the Board of Trustees in pitched battle over visitation. However, if visitation rules are the only thing your Council is concerned with, then it is probably doing a poor job of telling your story. Dorm Autonomy also means things such as the Mary Hobbs Craft Center, and other individual dorm projects and services.

When you have something to say concerning the way you live in your dorm, say it to your House Council, and be sure that they listen. If it concerns a matter which needs attention outside of the dorm, be sure your Council does what they can. For far too long, students at Guilford have not known about their own governmental structure, and the ways it can work for them.

No matter how much is said about dorm autonomy, it means nothing until things are done about it. Seize the time, and make everyone who has spoken the language of autonomy take action. And if they don't, it's up to you to see that they are removed and replaced by people who mean what they say.

The Human Condition

by X

Obscene and Not Heard

Censorship takes two forms, one a little more insidious than the other. Legal censorship, such as in the *US vs. New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Daniel Elsborg*, et al., only really works after the act, and doesn't work at all in regards to obscenity.

"Obscenity" (such a curious beast) is largely controlled by self censorship through fear of costly, lengthy court suits and economic loss (consider here an author going from printing company to printing company with a book, magazine, whatever, and being refused. "We'll lose all our business").

So here, for the very first time, in the *Guilfordian*, is the censored. (You might care to give up right now if you offend easily or bear prurient interest in such materials.)

(1) F-k. Well known to all users of public facilities of all kinds. Often heard in casual conversation. To fornicate or to F-k up.

(2) S-t. Another public facilities word, yet uttered by past Presidents of the Republic. Censored in the *Guilfordian* only when used by a female author. To defecate.

(3) My flaming member. An od euphemism, seldom heard outside MY SECRET LIFE (that some of you have hidden about the ole library somewhere and rationalize by calling it an excellent portrait of 19th century England). To have great desire.

(4) Public secrets of all kinds. Sometimes a sensible practice, but what should the public know anyway.

(5) Student as Nigger (by ex California teacher Jerry Farber). Nearly all of us liberal arts college types know we both play sexual games and use sex terms out of context. To screw up. Kiss off. Nearly all sex references were removed from STUDENT, such as the positions assumed by students to faculty, and faculty to administrators.

(6) Genitalia. No one has really made reference to bodily sexual definitions (Senator Rosewater in Vonnegut's GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER did suggest that obscenity be defined as any reference to body hair) because we all know it's both senseless, useless, and futile (fuedal).

Now wasn't that exciting? And isn't it curious how fornicate got printed and F-k didn't? They both mean the same thing, too. Of course we all know that F-k is the same as the complete word we see and hear so frequently, yet it's all right. Weird, huh?

But since I love you, all of this sex talk must be all right and not obscene. Go check out the report to the Task Force on Pornography and Obscenity.

