

Your Body Too?

Consider, briefly if you please, your real life and your liberal arts education, whatever that is to you. There are certain inconsistencies that one notes between these vaguely vectoral qualities. The liberal arts are honored more in the breach than practice, and the definitions tend to be in terms of negatives. No matter, for all of us here have tacitly or consciously decided that we shall allow, and perhaps participate in, this institution's screwing around in our brains.

We certainly must admit that even if lobotomies occur from time to time, the general result is majorly pleasant, always lasting. But they want your body too, likely at 8:00 in the cold, cold morning in a recollection of high school, P.E.

This anachronism, beyond telling you that someone else thinks they know what to do with your body better than you, actually makes you do it on the pain of non-commencement.

One interested in this rather simplistic interest in your body might point to all the options you have in gym. They amount, with the exception of our extension swimming course at GC, to the same bland team activity or mob individual sports largely ill suited to the lives of the students and the college.

Better gym classes are possible, no doubt, but do you see them around as long as a captive audience is guaranteed? Other departments of the college have to attract the interests of the students through more creative offerings rather than by administrative capture.

No matter what arguments arise, there

remains your relationship in/with/to your body; for you are the final judge. If it satisfies you now you have a number of options before you.

- (1) Quit gym. It doesn't count in to your Q.P.
- (2) Don't sign up for gym. Your advisor may harass you but its your decision.
- (3) Actively lobby against the required P.E. semesters with anyone who will listen. About two years ago the abolition of P.E. was taken up by the faculty meeting: Perhaps 80% of the meeting felt that the requirement should die a quiet death. It is necessary to explain why a consensus could not be made? Who is threatened in status, salary, and job future, or rather who, of the faculty, feels threatened by the possibility of such a change? Who does not wish to face the changes necessary for a P.E. department to offer something that somebody might want to know?

It is true, now, that to graduate four hours of P.E. activity need be acquired. But there arises the possibility of a large group of seniors appearing in the spring semester with insufficient or no P.E. credits. There are now sophomores and juniors with no P.E. credits to date. Each of us should make a choice and let it be known.

To work for change there is only strength in numbers. Your mind is part of the community, and also part of yourself, your body is yours alone. Entry into this community is, ideally, a widening of choice. If that cannot be offered, there is little or no justification for imposing an effective policy of no choice. DAS

Are YOU too SKINNY, too FAT, or are you just
thin → REPULSIVE ?

Why live in MISERY?
YOU need HELP!
And I'm the one who
can DO IT! Here's
Dramatic Proof!

Read Your Bible!

JESUS DID IT!
YOU can TOO!
HERE'S
HOW!

Just mail this coupon to:
THE GUILFORD COLLEGE WAY
to Physical Fitness
Box 1728 Greensboro, NC

I agree to pay only
\$2,000 per year
for a whole 2 hrs. per
week of the Guilford
Way to physical fitness.

Name _____
Sex male female
Age 18-24 25-34 35-44 45-54

What _____
H.P.S. _____
T.O. _____
(Please do not use crayon)

Before (2 yrs) AFTER! (2 yrs)

The Snader * Mr. Kananville *

A Good Word

It is rare for us to use this space to point out the positive factors operating within this college. There are many which are self evident and need no commentary. The greatest of these factors is, of course, the continuing operation and growth of Guilford College in a time when small colleges everywhere are stagnating or regressing because of tragic financial conditions.

One recent decision which deserves note and commendation is the institution by the

Tri-College Consortium of a uniform academic calendar, with first semester exams scheduled before Christmas vacation. Last year we noted the ease with which students became high speed machines in the period from their return in January until the end of exams. Another of those periods recently occurred, but it was, thankfully, the last of them. A word of thanks is due to Academic Dean Burris and Consortium director Lanier for their work to end the aforementioned idiocy.

The Guilfordian

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Football Supported

To The Editor:

We (and by "we" I mean the signers of this letter only) feel that the implication made in W. Moulton Avery's letter to the editor published in the January 14 Guilfordian that the whole student body does not care about "the football team, football games, student athletic spirit or the athletic program" is invalid. We agree that acquiring an education is the main reason for attending Guilford College but we also feel that the majority of the people on campus do not spend every minute of every day studying. Acquiring an education, in our opinion, includes interacting with other people and engaging in social activities according to one's own preference. We happen to enjoy spending some of our free time at sports events and it is obvious because there is some attendance at these events, that other Guilford students feel the same way.

We are not saying that in order to be a good campus citizen (whatever that is?) one must attend sports events or have short hair. We agree that perhaps Mr. Welborn does owe a portion of Guilford's population an apology. What we are saying is that social activities are an outlet for emotions and energy, a chance to meet people, to communicate, and to relax. We think that every individual on campus engages in some form of activities and that perhaps it is these activities which are a vital part of a well-rounded college education. We wanted to express these feelings from a portion of Guilford's population whose existence Mr. Avery does not seem to be aware of.

Wanda Meck, Margaret Porter
Leslie Barr, Patty Wall
Ann Smith, Marcia Houck

Bio. Bulletin

Dear Editor,

Recently I had the opportunity of reading a copy of the Biophile Bulletin in the library. To put it bluntly, I was most impressed with this publication which is sponsored by the Guilford College Biophile Club. Duncan Hollar's article on the Army Corps of Engineers was both interesting and shocking. There were other articles and poems that were also well worth reading. What was so disappointing was that there were many issues left in the library. I recommend the Biophile Bulletin to those of us who are concerned with the never ending controversy between man and nature and who wish to read some thought provoking articles from some of our beloved classmates.

J.T. Davis

The Human Condition

by Douglas Scott

I had certainly expected an epic, at the very least, it was going to bound onto the page and devour the own-business-minding reader of this piece. As almost usual, this has not appeared.

To tell the tale, which really does have all the characteristics of a mythic journey of wonders, we would need chairs, a plentitude of cigarettes, and much pump priming lubrication. After several hours of slightly more illuminating voice and gesticulation, we could understand each other well enough to talk about the occurrences of last month past.

January delivers urgency to even the most unwary. It must. Cold drives one through the outside from inside to inside, while those rare, sunny, clear afternoons kill you with kindness.

For me to drive far away, to a place I want to go, through the Blue Ridge, on such an afternoon, to go do something I look forward to doing is such a fine thing; the finest I know, maybe. To drink a little wine, get messed some, and drive off into God knows' what . . .

Went off to Washington one such Tuesday afternoon to take up with an old and much favoured lady friend. Ended up that all pre-conceived programs (to see *A Clockwork Orange* and the visiting Russian art collection) fell away into drink and tale. The only expedition, aside from the Georgetown Safeway and a huge liquor store, was to my parent's suburban tract in Fairfax County for drinks, dinner with the house painter, and a colossal cold argument about nothing.

By Thursday a plan was afoot and a-wheel: to surprise some friends from Guilford who were staying in Little Switzerland, N.C. Since there was no map both large enough and detailed enough to include two states and Little Switzerland, we just drove off in a general direction early Friday afternoon. We didn't even know where to go where (if) we got there.

Famous writers School calls this foreshadowing. More next week.