

The Call of the Mountains

Early last Saturday, a sleepy bunch of people piled into several cars and left for Hanging Rock State Park. In all, there were about fourteen people on the trip, the first Biophile outing of the year.

When we got to Hanging Rock, there was a short wait before the rest of the group got there. The extra time was taken up by frisbee-throwing. The weather looked threatening in the morning. The sky was overcast, and the mountains were enshrouded with fog. The fog gave the mountains an almost mystical air, an unreal quality. Sometimes the mountains seemed magical, and it seemed as though we were transported to somewhere else, some mystical place above the world.

Even though all of the group was not yet there, most of us decided to go on ahead, as Dave MacInnes, our faculty representative, had to be back after lunch. The trip up to The Devil's Chimney let

everyone know what kind of shape they were in. Even though several people had gone on Seminars West, and done quite a bit of hiking, just about everyone was soon breathing heavily, with the exception of Dave MacInnes, who lead the way up.

There were several amateur botanists along the trip, and they all had plenty of times to show off their knowledge. Many unusually types of mushrooms, fungi, flowers, bushes, etc. were seen along the way. Almost everytime we went around a bend, there was something different and interesting to see.

Although the walk was pleasant, we were all glad to get to Magnolia Spring, where we stopped and rested. Some of us got a drink of water. This spring was quite shallow. As no one had brought along cups, we had to cup our hands and take small mouthfuls of the cool, clear water. The stop was refreshing, and we soon pushed on.

When we got to The Devil's Chimney, a group of small caves, we were definitely ready to stop. Some of us ate lunch, while the rest of us went exploring. The view was unbelievable; it seemed so unreal. The clouds were wrapped around the mountains. When you looked nearby, you saw the sheer, jagged rock and the trees and bushes. When you looked away from the mountain, you couldn't see anything, literally no visible object. The mist made you think of stories about the edge of the world, almost like you were above the universe looking down on forever. The scene reminded me of a song, "The Edge of The Universe." "And as I look down on forever, well it must be nice down there. And they call me Shenendora in the air." This image was strengthened when, for a moment, the mist was broken, almost as if someone had pulled aside the curtain. We could see the farms, roads,

and fields, off in a distance. But as suddenly as it had come, the scene vanished.

The Devil's Chimney gets its name from some caves which have been stained black. The rock looks like a giant fire scorched it, or perhaps someone was climbing around them who was very, very hot . . . We could almost believe that the Devil climbed around the rocks, leaving his mark on them forever.

After exploring a bit, almost getting stuck, and listening to our Pied Piper, most of the group went back to the parking lot to eat lunch. Some stayed a little longer, and we saw several Turkey Hawks, beautiful, strong birds. They seemed to be able to glide forever, not moving a muscle.

We were checked out by a group of about five of them, checking to see if we were dead or not.

Charles Haworth and Steve Wright left later than the rest of the group, and went to Moore's knob. They had to walk an extra five or six miles. "whew," they were heard to say. They did, however, finally catch up with the rest of the people.

After a leisurely lunch, it was time to go back. We were tired, but still reluctant to leave the mountains and go back to our studies. We planned to go to Brown Mountain, the weekend before Fall Break. Everyone knew that the call of the mountains would bring us back.

Voluntary Segregation in the U.S.

BY PAT STABLER

The relationships between well-defined groups who are occupying the same geographical space have always posed particular problems. In modern times, with the advent of nationalism and intricate legal systems, much emotion and rhetoric has been employed in determining the amount and type of interactions that would exist between such groups. South Africa has become the paradigm of extreme separation with their apartheid policy. The Africaners (white) have legislated laws such that the Blacks and other non-whites are not represented in the government, and are completely crippled with inferior schooling and job opportunities from living in any sense free, or socially mobile lives.

The United States, with its Jim Crow segregation, is guilty of the same principle in a somewhat milder form, but with some legal restrictions still accompanying the myriad social taboos. The advent of civil rights has done a great deal towards promoting equality towards the law, but everyone has to admit that many inequities remain. Discrimination continues as does the prejudice-producing social institutions. In the face of this, I have observed in the U.S., both Blacks and women responding similarly, and a disturbing number of people,

(many "liberals"), quickly condemning them with no attempt at all to understand.

What I am talking about is voluntary, intentional group segregation that is employed by many Blacks and women in their liberation movements. I cannot pretend to be an insider of the Black movement, but I am a feminist and I think I have an understanding of the motives of women who have responded in this way.

For a woman in our society, who is attempting to liberate herself from the self-limiting socialization she has received, the fact that sexism is ever present around her could severely inhibit her success. Often what is needed is time in seclusion from men and women who expect her to behave in certain ways she no longer finds satisfying. She can then sort out just what her own voice has to say. The retraining may take a great deal of time, even if she does decide to simply work as a domestic, because her new attitudes about herself and her job are still likely to be unacceptable to many people.

An analogy might help. Let us say you had trained a mouse to run to a post when a bell rang. You got tired of watching it do that, though, and decided to train it to roll over instead at the same signal. It would be non-productive to reward the

mouse for running to the post because, of course, the mouse would then never learn the new behavior.

Somewhat the same process seems to be going on within the boundaries of the American Black movement. In the backlash of civil rights, when anti-busing, anti-progressive movements signalled the end to idealism about a free American society, many Blacks called for a pulling in on itself. They decided that it was necessary to arm themselves with self-confidence, and suitable weapons, like education and wealth, for mitigating the strength of the pro-status quo opposition. As with the women's movement, it is easy to see the unpopularity of such a policy, especially to do-gooders who rightly feel rebuffed.

I am not so short-sighted as to disregard the unfortunate immediate and long term affects of voluntary segregation. It does have great power to sever society if the "rebels" are not re-integrated into the social structure. What is needed, is understanding from observers and consequently a re-evaluation of their own behavior and its repressive elements. The issues are loaded with emotion; I can only hope that there will be enough communication between the various groups such that American cohesion can be maintained.

Phonius Thievers, II

BY LIZ COLLIER AND ANN SMOOT

But last year, the word of your might
Have stood against the world; now sit you there,
And none so poor to do you justice.
O readers! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Southern Bell wrong
Who, you all know, is a respectable company:
I will not do them wrong;
I rather choose to wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Then I will wrong such a respectable companion
But here's a felling, with the name of students,
I found here this year, 'tis their frustration,
Let but the public hear this cry,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to repeat.)
And they would go and lessen their grief,
And dip their pens into the wells;
Yea, beg for the student's cause,
And writing, mention injustice in their letters,
Naming it, as a death of fairness,
Unto the General Assembly of North Carolina.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all know this injustice: I remember
The 1st time ever Southern Bell tried it;
'Twas on a summer's eve in August;
That day it overcame opposition:-
Look! in this contract exorbitant sums are requested extra.
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are respectable;
What private griefs they have, alas I know not,
That made them do it; they are advised by lawyers,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you,
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no contractor, as Souther Bell id:
But, as you know me all, a plain frank person,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me leave speak of this.
For I have neither wit, nor works, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you student's checkbooks, poor, poor, bank accounts,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Southern Bell,
And Southern Bell I, there were a company
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every account of students, that should more
The bricks of Guilford to rise and mutiny.

(Adapted from Julius Caesar III)