

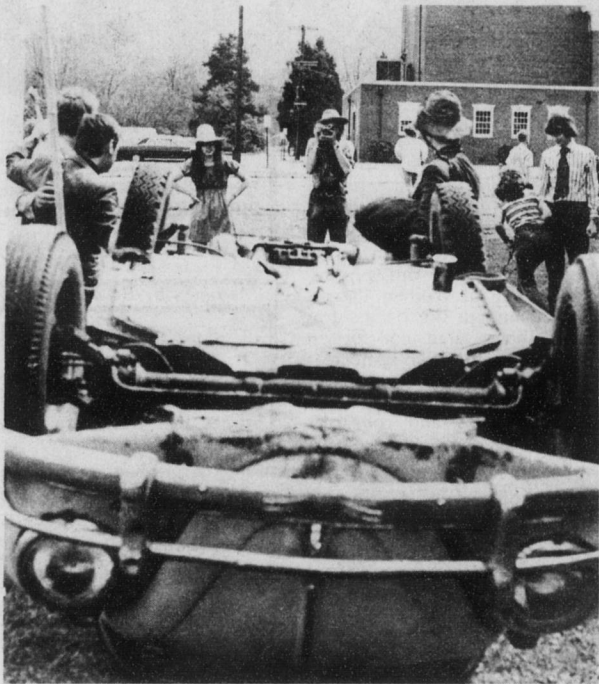
Guilfordian

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The Serendipity Steering Committee hopes the new Serendipity alcohol policy will help prevent horrible automobile accidents. This one occurred at one of last year's welcoming gates.

Bracelet yourself for this!

From Serendipity Steering Committee

During past Serendipities, there has existed an increasing amount of tension concerning the use of alcohol during the festivities. This year, the Serendipity Steering Committee have tried to work out a policy that will alleviate these tensions so that all participants, drinkers and non-drinkers, may enjoy the events.

During the weekend of April 12 and 13, there will be four pubs opened on campus. These pubs will serve soft drinks, beer and food. Two pubs will be open Saturday afternoon from noon until 4:30 p.m. They will be located on the porches of Shore Dormitory and English Dormitory.

On Saturday evening, two more pubs will be opened from 5:30 p.m. until 11:00 p.m. in the Bryan Quad and the porch of Milner dormitory. They will be serving the same refreshments. On Sunday the pub on the porch of Shore dormitory will reopen

from noon until 6:00 p.m.

These pub areas have been redefined as "private areas" to accommodate the serving and drinking of beer. The only restriction will be that beer should be drunk only in the pub areas and not carried out onto campus. Enough plastic cups have been purchased so that all beverages may be served in these plastic cups, thereby doing away with all bottles and cans on campus.

People who would like to drink all of the beverages served at these pubs will be asked to buy a yellow I.D. bracelet during the week of April 6-11 for a cost of \$4.00. This \$4.00 fee will not include the food. The food will be sold separately at the pubs.

Sale of the I.D. bracelets will be available ONLY DURING THAT WEEK due to legal complications. They may be purchased at sales booths in Founders' Lobby and the Center for Continuing Education. If a person does not buy a bracelet during the week, he/she will have access only to soft drinks and food at the pubs.

Those persons buying a bracelet during the week will be given a yellow colored one. All other persons participating in Saturday's events will be asked to wear a blue bracelet so that only community members and their friends are served refreshments or win prizes during the day.

These I.D. bracelets will be

issued at an information booth in front of Founders Hall on Saturday. Those persons buying a yellow bracelet will be asked to wear them all weekend since they will be issued only once.

Persons who are expecting friends for that weekend who want to buy into the pubs will be allowed to do so during the week. A person needs to buy as many I.D.'s as will be necessary to accommodate his/her guests.

In order to insure that this new policy runs smoothly it will be necessary that all participants please try and make it work. Widespread abuse of this policy will serve only to severely limit any future festivities of this sort. The administration is willing to try out this policy that is more liberal than any in the past. To insure that this experiment does not fail, it will be necessary for all persons to try and make it work.

In order to alleviate the security problems of this weekend, the Serendipity Steering Committee is asking up to 125 students to act as marshals during the day. They will be recognizable by their kelly green hats. These persons will not be asked to abstain from any festivities: if they see blatant violations taking place, they will only ask the person to correct it.

If students have any questions concerning this policy, please contact: Peter Reichard, P.O. Box 17522, 855-5611, or Robin Smith, P.O. Box 17582, 292-6147.

Gomer's Odyssey: whose dream?

By Gomer Peele

You find it strange, don't you, that I am again introducing myself to you the reader, but, as is the case with most works of this nature, you are probably confused as to whom is who, and you may be asking, "What in the hell is going on?"

My name is Gomer. No, not Gomer Pyle of the United States Marine Corps but Gomer Peele of Caver's Pork, S.C. You have been reading my Odyssey which is similar to that great epic by Homer; however, this is the Odyssey of Gomer.

Why create an Odyssey in this day and time? Basically because I believe that there is an Odyssey in every man. In believing this, I set out to convey my life's journeys and wanderings to a society constantly in search of new heroes.

Unlike Homer, I, Gomer, am not modest. I take full credit for being the hero in my work. Why should one as bold and fearless as I be modest? I am my own hero because no one else has ever satisfied my search for a hero.

Chapter X: The Underword

On the eighth day of my journey, I landed on the island of Guilford, commonly called the underworld. As I look back on bygone decades, the god Alfonso, rules of procrastination, warned me that I would come upon such a world. I feel

as if this is a dream in which I am surrounded by deep darkness and desolation.

I am lost in time and space, and all around me I feel the fury of a raging storm. I know that there are those out there who wish to see me trapped forever in this hell. There is Donoks, who promised me friendship, but betrayed me for the sake of his evil nature. Look over there, here is the head of Renelope, so vile in her nature that she could not live among the most wretched souls in hell. And there is Smitty, who wishes to see me killed for proving him the jerk he is.

"How do you know I'm mad?" I said. "You must be," said Jackie, "or you wouldn't have come here."

All these visions enter and depart my thoughts when I am once again at ease. I see strange images that become but one. It is a woman. I cry out, "Are you villain or savior, woman?" She approaches me, and as she does I feel I have nothing to fear. She speaks and I am plunged deeper into this dream.

"Fear me not, but trust me and I shall aid you through this mad world. My name is Jackie Ludel," she said. "Although

you are faced with many problems for which you will have to use all your wits and strength, Guilford is not such a bad place. One must be careful, however, to avoid the mad people."

"I don't want to go among mad people," I said, as if I was a character from a book by Lewis Carroll. "Oh, you can't help that," said Jackie. "We're all mad here; I'm mad; you're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" I said.

"You must be," said Jackie, "or you wouldn't have come here."

"Jackie, perhaps I am mad, for I feel this is all a dream and you are but a dream within my dream," I exclaimed.

"Strange," said Jackie, "for I feel the same way. Perhaps we will both awaken to find it was a dream. But here is a very profound question: whose dream is this, mine or yours?"

Jackie had asked me a question which all my journeys and wanderings had not answered and could not. I was silent and devastated beyond all means. She placed a sensor ring on my head, and in an instant we traveled through space and time to the Land of Dreams upon dreams upon dreams.

"Here," Jackie said, "you will experience a land where your dreams are but a thought away. First, you feel very

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"Your must think of sleep and only sleep," said Jackie. Although I tried and tried, I could not force myself to sleep.