

'Whose dream is this, mine or yours?'

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drowsy. Then, as your eyes grow as heavy as all things seen in heaven and hell, you will fall into a stage of light sleep.

"After this, a stage of deep sleep surrounds you. This is followed by another stage of light sleep, and a final stage of Rapid Eye Movement, commonly called REM. Don't think it is simple, for you see after this the vicious cycle begins once more and continues until you awake.

"Don't try to escape the dreams, for the truth of the matter is that everyone dreams all during the night while they sleep."

I was again devastated, and somehow I felt trapped. I looked at Jackie and observed that she

was looking at me most sinisterly. She put forth a storm of laughter that remains with me still. Immediately, I was thrust into a world of dreams. The dreams were wild, so wild that I feared the *National Enquirer* would not even believe them.

First, I dreamed that I was jamming at my favorite club with my favorite lady. We had just started to "get off" when everyone in the place turned into the characters of the Sadie Hawkins Hoedown. All were dressed like a bunch of red-necks. Before I could ask what was happening, the dream transformed into one in which I was attacked by captain Smitty and Klingons. They captured me and were about to disintegrate me when that dream

thrust me into another nightmare.

This was the worst dream of all, for I was in a Land of Sleep-Walkers, where sleep was only a wishful thought. This dream somehow turned out to be reality, for the next moment Jackie woke me and told me that I had safely passed from the Land of Dreams upon dreams into the Land of Insomnia.

I opened my eyes to a world of nerds and preps. All around me, people were waging war. I discovered that most of the nerds and preps I saw were known as the Lords of Davidson College. Again I sighted the wretched Captain Smitty. He had now teamed up with the Lords of Davidson College to

keep me a prisoner of the Land of Insomnia.

"You must think of sleep and only sleep," said Jackie. Although I tried and tried, I could not force myself to sleep. Smitty and the Lords were gaining on me. I thought of many things in that moment when death looked like a next door neighbor. One thought that entered my mind that seemed to turn into reality was the thought of Sir Darin, supplier of all things for the head.

Smitty was coming oh so closer. I could hear him and the nerds chanting, "Gaining on ya, we're gaining on ya." Then the entire thing turned into a musical. Sir Darin held out his hand and revealed sleepies, sominex and all that good dope. He chanted, "Have no fear for plenty drugs is here." There I was a mere speck in a galaxy of desolation. I looked to Jackie for help.

She seemed to intercept my chain of thought and at once said, "You really shouldn't take such drugs to get you to sleep. They are but cold decongestants. They actually reduce your total REM sleep time. Those prescription drugs there are no better. If I were you I wouldn't take those."

All the while, Smitty and the gang were gaining on me. I became nasty and arrogant. "Well, Jackie," I said, "you are not me." Then I took the pills from Sir Darin and gulped the deceiving pills. Then all was silent. There was no more Smitty chanting, "Gaining on ya." Only silence. I felt as if I were the greatest.

I was a singer, a dancer, a star, a poet. I was thinking thoughts on top of thoughts. I wrote poetry and, being that poetry is free, I imprisoned it in a binder and entitled it "When I'm High." Was it all a dream? I ask you. I awoke to the sound of Jackie. She told me that again I had passed through one land to another safely.

"You have managed by your own force and wits; however, it will take much to get out of this land. It is the Land of Final Exams, where many lose their heads to speed. I say this is not the answer. Taking this road will only lead you into damnation," said Jackie.

"This is a land where people stay up all night cramming for tests?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "but there is a much easier way. It is through devotion, determination, and a well disciplined study plan," she said. Then it all came to me. The way to escaping the underworld lay in knowing the best possible was that was both fast and safe for me.

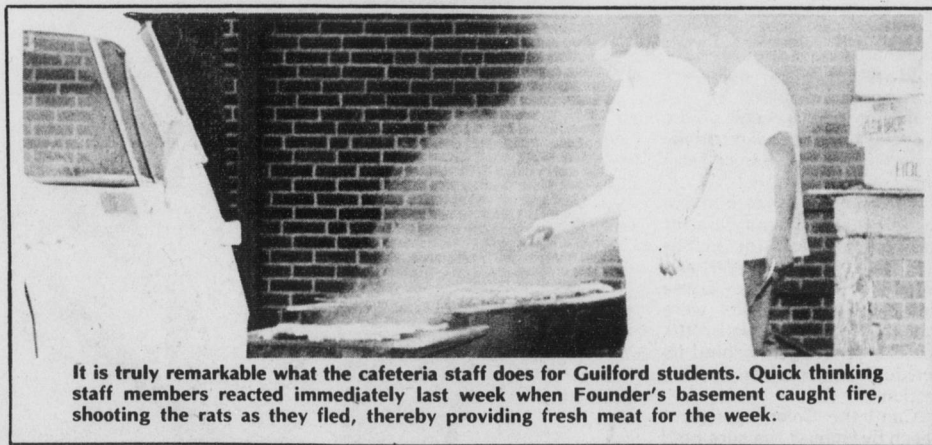
I know not whether I was awakening from a dream, but I do know that in that moment I saw that I was only being used by Jackie and Sir Darin, for they were waging war against each other to see who would be the ruler of the underworld. Was it a clash of good and evil or of knowledge and experience? All I know is both were after my body to use as a token of their strength, for he who captures the body of Gomer, the modern Odysseus, would be powerful.

Then they were battling verbally, throwing all sorts of slander at each other. On one hand Jackie was making scientific sense in saying that speed would only reduce my total sleep time: that while the old myth of one needing eight hours of sleep was not true, I would need to sleep. But I knew why she wanted me to sleep: she thought she could destroy me and forever keep me her prisoner or someone to use for scientific study.

Then, on the other hand, Sir Darin, proclaiming that I had to pass those exams to get out of the underworld, and speed was not one of the answers, but the only answer. I knew he only wanted my body to say, "I, Sir Darin, have captured the greatest."

I was dreaming I was thinking thoughts on top of thoughts, I was caught between Sir Darin and Jackie, and all around me a raging storm was going on. I knew not where I was or why I was. I only knew that it was April 1, and this and other things today were but dreams.

Edgar Allen Poe said it all when he wrote, "All that we see and seem is but a dream within a dream." I was lost in time and space. If I ever awake please tell me, Gomer, the Modern Odysseus, who's dream is this, mine or yours?"



It is truly remarkable what the cafeteria staff does for Guilford students. Quick thinking staff members reacted immediately last week when Founder's basement caught fire, shooting the rats as they fled, thereby providing fresh meat for the week.

Lady Quakers bound for state

After a chilling trip to Florida over spring break, the women's tennis team returned to North Carolina, and won their last six matches. The Lady Quakers have posted 9-0 wins over Catawba, Pembroke, Atlantic Christian, Elon, and East Carolina.

They defeated UNC-Charlotte 8-1, bringing their Division II record to 6-0. The team has an overall record of 7-3, winning against Jacksonville University and losing only to nationally ranked Rollins, Stetson, and Flagler in Florida.

The women's team traveled to Lenoir Rhyne and Western Carolina this past weekend and hosted Wingate on Monday. They're looking forward to hosting High Point on Wednesday and feel that this is the year for a first time win over the Panthers. The only other North Carolina team to threaten the Lady Quakers will be Davidson.

This week's dual matches with High Point and Davidson will be a preview of the 1980 state tournament battle. Coach Gayle Currie feels the team will reach the state tournament in spite of some hard luck they have experienced.

Outstanding freshman recruit Leesa Shapiro, ranked eighth in New England, will be out for the season with mononucleosis. Ellen Cohen, senior and former number five singles player, has had to drop tennis due to an off-campus class conflict. Presently, the Quakers are led by junior Shirley Dunn in first

position, junior Sue Ireton, second, freshman Kerry Kennedy, third, freshman Sharon Philips, fourth, and sophomore Joan Murray, sixth. Senior Julie Randle and junior Roni Rosenberg comprise the number three doubles team.

Their remaining schedule is: Wed., April 2: High Point at Guilford (2:00); Fri., April 4:

Guilford at Davidson (2:00); Tues., April 8: Guilford at Pfeiffer (2:00); Wed., April 9: UNC-G at Guilford (3:00); April 11-12: Carolina Conference Tournament at High Point; Tues., April 15: Guilford at High Point; and April 17-19: NCAIAW Div. II State Tournament at Western Carolina.



The 1980 Lady Quakers are [top row], Sue Ireton, Julie Randle, Sharon Philips, Joan Murray, Peggy Shaefer, [seated] Leesa Shapiro, Roni Rosenberg, Kerry Kennedy, Ellen Cohen and Shirley Dunn.

Mind Twisters

From the Phoenix

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32.	S H I P
Answers to 29 Bicycle 30. Reading between the lines	

