

Editorial

Cabin Fever: no sweat

By Jim Shields
Editor

While I was studying last night, in between the times when I was wondering which variety of Asian flue I was most likely to catch and whether I should spell it the old way like "Peking" and "Nationalist China," or the new way like "Beijing" and "People's Republic of China," I started thinking about the things we do to distract ourselves. You know, the psychic pilgrimages we make to prevent our brains from overheating due to excessive concentration. 'Tis the season for distraction, after all. This long gray period between New Year's and spring break leaves one longing for the beach, and wishing that mind and body really were not separated.

But fun in the sun is a long way away.
The capital city of Alaska, Juneau, has no roads leading in or out of it. I wonder where they put all the fast food joints. Isn't it just like the Eskimos to fail to plan for the suburbs?

A few recent novelties have enabled us to sweat out temporarily, the cabin fever, (Georgian style) which has been running rampant.

President Rogers' inauguration was a welcome relief, though it did sort of take Groundhog Day out of the usual limelight, which was a disappointment. I thought it was one of our nicest pagan holidays. I suppose the Gopher Broke rituals can be held off until Lincoln's Birthday.

Anyway, the inauguration festivities, particularly the dance did send a tremor through many in the student body. The "boy meets girl" scenarios which ensued stimulated comment and conversation all over campus which reflected the enchantment ("When she called back the next day, I told her that unless she had changed her mind, we had nothing further to discuss."), excitement ("Corsages cost how much? Just for flowers and leaves?"), and comradeship ("Listen, I know I asked you, but the banks closed early, and, well... How much money do you have in your room?") which would otherwise have remained untapped until the spring sap flowed.

Still, I think we could do a bit more to liven up the proceedings involved in the selection of new administrative personnel. Something with a little more spark, would be appreciated. I would personally be in favor of doing away with search committees in favor of instituting faculty conclaves, locked rooms, colored smoke and all. Now, that's entertainment.

Few find the infinite to be humorous. It is appropriate that those who do create bumper stickers. One such sticker seen in Boston at the height of the power of the Boston Bruins and Phil Esposito was respectfully altered to read "Jesus saves, and Espo scores on the rebound."

And, while blaspheming, when I was in Chicago, I happened to be stuck in traffic behind a bumper which carried a ponderous message. It warned: "Jesus is coming. And boy, is he pissed!" It certainly is more catchy than "I found it."

The recent snow also helped alleviate the tension by enabling a plethora of activity to flourish. Apparently, one of the favorites was outdoor mega-scale profanity writing. There were also any number of opportunities to assault innocent passers-by. (A dejected source reported that one of the grandest schemes, a major offensive on Friends' Home, had to be scrapped when someone remembered that the party would have to cross a busy street. Too bad guys. Maybe next year.)

One summer night, I asked a friend, as he mounted his motorcycle, of his intentions for the evening. "I'm off to terrorize virgins," he beamed as he kicked over the engine. Off he rode. When he returned, he threw his helmet in the corner looked at the floor and sighed, "I couldn't find any."

Too bad. Maybe next year.
But now the party is over and the snow has melted. Mud and clay certainly offer less promise to the promiscuous. On the other hand, this is perfect weather for studying. We should all get ahead with our work so we can relax later. I'll just go sit myself down, take pen firmly in hand, and write my heart out.

But my fingernails are looking a little too long. I wonder where the clippers are...

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Concert captivates crowd

A Review By Mike Barker

The Inaugural Ceremonies for Dr. William R. Rogers began with a concert Thursday night given by Ronald Crutcher, cellist and Joseph Dipiazza, pianist.

The concert opened with Francois Conperin's "Pieces en Concert." The familiar second movement, "La Trombe," set the concert in motion with its rollicking triplet theme.

Robert Schumann's "Fantasy Pieces" followed, changing the mood of the concert. The performers artfully reached out to touch the audience with the first piece simply titled "Zart und mit Ausdruck." The third "Fantasy Piece," "Rasch und mit Feuer" was indeed fiery and set the stage for the last selection of the first half of the program.

"Requiebros" by Gaspar Cassado, a fine example of Italian chamber music, was expertly played by the two performers. Alternately rhythmic and melodic, the whole selection came alive before the audience.



Joseph Dipiazza and Ronald Crutcher

After intermission, the audience was treated to an excellent rendition of Beethoven's "Sonata in A Major for Violoncello and Piano, opus 69."

The rhythmic and stylistic

challenges typical of Beethoven's works were no problem for these performers, and with the final "Allegro vivace" the audience knew they had witnessed a rare treat.

Uncoverage of the inauguration

By Constance Irving

Those of you who thought the word "uncoverage" in the title referred to some inaugural scandal lately unearthed, prepare to be disappointed. My use of the word "uncoverage" is intended in the same sense as Lewis Carroll used "unbirthday." From those of us who did not attend the festivities for one reason or another this is unaggressive journalism at its most extreme.

It is certainly not meant as a slight to President Rogers, who seems quite a decent fellow, but as a statement from those of us who do not feel comfortable at official functions: the chronically casual. Personally I have difficulty getting dressed up; formal attire is uncomfortable and clashes with my concept of clothing as an extension of the

womb. It is a cruel world out there, and far crueller with the addition of itchy garments in which it is difficult to scratch besides.


It is also hard to dress up to ones best expectations. Most of us look downright ordinary even when formally attired. One winds up standing in front of the mirror dimly adjusting things and murmuring, "Silk purse, sow's ear, silk purse, sow's ear..."

There is also slight chance that the event itself will live up to one's expectations. Not having attended, however, one can imagine having missed the pageantry of horsedrawn carriages, twenty-one-gun salutes, professors in ermine-trimmed robes kneeling to kiss rings, Ms. Rogers losing her glass slipper on the steps of Founders, or

perhaps even students strewing the President's path to Dana with palm fronds. I admit that real life can be dramatic too, but it is rarely so well choreographed. Those who attended had to be satisfied with an inauguration; those of us who did not have the luxury of imagining a coronation, or better yet, a military coup.

Best wishes to President Rogers and I hope those who did attend the ceremonies enjoyed themselves. But for those of us who were not there, in the words of Keats, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard, are sweeter." Which, as Richard Armour says, is like saying "It's nice to listen to music, but it's nicer not to."

And besides, I have been told that my own nonattendance can add a great deal to such affairs.



Letters to the Editor

Keep those letters coming; it's better to debate an issue without settling it than to settle an issue without debating it. All letters must be submitted by Friday, and should be no longer 200 words in length. Letters can be left on the office door in upstairs Founders, or mailed to Box 17717.

Ants, ants, ants!

Dear Editor,
Help! They're all over the place! Ants! Ants! Founders is infested! The little red buggers are on my post office box, the walls, the drinking fountains! I was working at the Information Desk and they were dropping off the ceiling on me! At every art show, I'm treated to an extra with every painting: ants crawling over the artwork! Ahhgh! I can't even take a bath without 6 or 7 ants crawling in with me. Eeegh! They're peeking out of my wife's blouse right now! Why doesn't Mr. Stohler do

something?

Sincerely,
Monty Python
(Stolen by Brian Carey)

Spreading issue

Dear Editors,
Upon my return to the Guilford College campus, after a suspended absence abroad, I have noticed with some horror that certain basic necessities are being denied the students of Guilford College. I speak, of course, of the abominable absence of real butter for the students consumption in the college cafeteria.

Even while traveling in East Germany, where the standard of living is considerably lower than that of the United States, fresh, sweet butter is never absent from the table of a citizen or guest. In a country that is as proud of its human rights efforts as ours, it is appalling that such a fundamental human right is denied a free citizenry.

This heinous situation must not be allowed to continue! The students must unite to right this unimaginable wrong! The students must begin thinking about the real issues!

Sincerely,
Dennis Mark Kirschbaum