



Alvin Poussaint spoke last Tuesday to a large group on the problem of racial violence. He was one of many guest speakers in the programs planned for Journey Into Blackness month.

## New series

# Gay life on campus

By Mark Gurley

According to the now widely-quoted Kinsey Study, at least 10% of the U. S. population is primarily or exclusively homosexual (some recent opinion considers this statistic to be rather low). If we apply this figure even approximately to the Guilford College community, it indicates that gay students comprise a sizeable minority on campus. After Spring Break, The Guilfordian plans to feature a series of articles on topics which concern the college's gay minority.

The articles will explore such issues as 1) Gays and Health, which will examine some of the potential emotional and physical health problems of gay college students; 2) Gays and Religion, which will include several local churches' comments about issues involving homosexuality, and a discussion of those comments 3) Gays and Guilford College, which will look into whether Guilford has, or should have, an official policy toward its gay minority; and 4) Gays and Entertainment, which will scrutinize the city's social scene for gay college students. The series will also include some lengthy reflections on these topics by at least two gay Guilford students.

Before beginning the series, a few remarks about the special problems surrounding it would be appropriate. Getting gay students to even identify themselves has been difficult. Some of them fear social ostracism and even physical violence if knowledge of their sexual orientation spreads beyond a small circle of friends. The two students

who were interviewed, for instance, wished to remain anonymous. One of them mentioned the proposed Family Protection Act—a legislative bill that

would deny federal funds to anyone who promulgates the idea that a gay lifestyle can be acceptable—as a reason for his discretion (the student receives federal educational aid). In addition,

*“Getting gay students to even identify themselves has been difficult.”*

the fact that gays can be legally evicted from apartments and fired from their jobs in most places solely because they are homosexual requires that student he says, “to protect my own future.”

The atmosphere created by this kind of discrimination is obviously not conducive to free and uninhibited discussion. It is the purpose of the coming series of articles to help dispel the pattern of silence and misinformation connected the subject of homosexuality by investigating some issues which affect the campus gay minority. In the process, we hope to stimulate response and debate within the greater college community as well.

## A fine Interlink beginning

My best day in the United States was last December 6th because that was the day strangers showed many kindnesses to me.

I had never gone overseas alone. Naturally, I had worries about my trip. A friend of mine said, “You shouldn't bother with trifles. There are certainly some Japanese in big cities. If you have any problems, they will help you.” I believed her words; yet I had worries.

My mother, my sister and some of my friends saw me off at Norita Airport. I was very happy that my sister treated me to Sushi. She told me smilingly that

I could not eat Sushi in America, so I had better eat Japanese food then. But I didn't taste it.

My worries came true; unfortunately, our 7 o'clock flight was delayed for three hours. I was tired of waiting. When it finally took off, I thought excitedly that I was going to America; on the other hand, I would not see Japan for a long time. Our plane went directly to Seattle from Norita. I didn't know how long it took. I could not sleep at all, because it was brightly lighted and the stewardesses often walked through the aisles.

We arrived in Seattle the same day at 1:00 p.m. After going

through immigration and customs, I had to pick up my baggage, because my next flight was a night one. An office clerk told me something, but I didn't understand. Seattle Airport was huge and like a subway. I didn't know where it was and stayed

there. Finally, a man who looked like an Oriental pilot called me and guided me to the baggage room. He led me to the airline counter where I would get my next flight. I thanked him with my poor English. I checked the ticket and my baggage. I was relieved after doing this.

I thought whether I should stay there at the airport or rest at a hotel. I decided to go to the hotel. I asked a woman at the information desk to call one for me, because I didn't know how. She was very kind to me and called and reserved a room. In ad-

dition, she asked them to pick me up at the airport. I thanked her again and again. The hotel man came soon. After checking in at the hotel, I asked them to call me at 9:00 p.m., but worried about the tip. Since Japanese don't have this custom of tipping, I wondered how much I should give. I didn't know. A waiter politely led me to my room. Then I tipped him one dollar. This hotel was similar to a Japanese one for businessmen.

Yoshiko Fujimagari

## The Young Fogies



By Janice Lynch

The realization was so appalling and sudden that I was driven to call my mother and babble incoherently for several minutes about my growing old.

I am too old to rock and roll.

Horrors! Check my ears!

All week I'd semi-anticipated the upcoming Z.Z. Top concert at the Greensboro Coliseum. Forgetting the ringing ears which had accompanied recent Springsteen and Nighthawks concerts, I joined a few thousand others for an evening of nerve-racking, body-pounding, ear-slammung noise.

When Grand Funk Railroad's guitarist began shouting at the crowd for loud responses to his repeated, “Is everybody having fun?” I should have had the good sense to hibernate in the bathroom. When the drummer's gray afro bobbed in a frenzy and the repeated pounding of the bass drum reverberated in my stomach, I should have stuffed my ears with toilet paper.

Oh, but when Z.Z. Top took the stage, I should truly have interpreted the throbbing in my head as a danger signal. Instead, I calmly folded my hands and pushed hard against my seat, praying for a sudden power failure.

Cacaphony, bellowing, and green laser lights which burned the eyes were the results of Z.Z. Top's artistic endeavors. No amount of pleading could persuade my companions to leave; they were captivated by the lights, mesmerized by noise. I considered falling to the floor and feigning death but knew that would only be futile; an action that would be mistaken for ecstasy and dance.

Instead, I waited. Suddenly I was full of sympathy for my grandmother's frequent requests to turn off the “caterwauling stereo.” I could understand my mother's preference for Don McClean and could appreciate the delicacy of an orchestra.

Finally, the band left the stage. Never have I wished and hoped so fervently for a group to simply forget to return for an encore. Black they came, louder than ever.

I suppose this makes me eligible for the Young Fogies Club. Yes, it is time indeed. I would much prefer to sit in Hobbs, sip hot chocolate, and crochet. My grandmother is delighted.

## “Diary” continued

just worked out that way,” laughed Faran. “I was looking for chemistry rather than appearance during auditions. We have had to pay particular care and do special research for our dramatization of the Jewish celebrational rituals. And we will really have to be on our toes during the Sunday matinee for the synagogue.”

How does the director feel about the show? Besides being “As nervous as a cat, that's all”, Faran is very pleased about the outcome. She is especially

satisfied with the set. “I have been to the “Annex” in Amsterdam, and they have done a great job designing the illogical, cramped room groupings characteristic of the real place. Sally Reuther (the technical director) has made it big enough for it to be dramatically workable, yet has an appearance of it being even smaller than it really is. You would think that she had been there herself. All in all, the show has turned out splendidly - everything I envisioned it to be.”