



# Editorials

## Letters to the Editors

### Abuse

Dear Editors,

This year I have the questionable distinction of being a campus leader. I am the editor of "The Piper." I write columns for the "Guilfordian." I am the president and originator of the Women's Studies House. I work with the Women's Center. I have organized a lecture series concerning the roles of women in today's world. I participated in a discussion of *The Color Purple*. Next week I travel to Durham to participate in a conference on the "Common Differences" of black and white women. I am intelligent, strong, concerned, and involved. I should be on top of the world.

But I am not. Suddenly, none of this matters very much.

Last week as I walked to class, I stopped at Wilco to buy a soda. As I entered a man was speaking about a woman who might have been his wife, his lover, or his sister, or his best friend,

"Yep," he said, "I beat her to a pulp last night."

"Well, that must've felt real good," his companion replied. They both laughed.

I did not look at them. I did not raise my eyes or open my mouth. I could not satisfy them with leaving nor satisfy myself with replying. I could not ask whether he could remember that this woman was a PERSON. I could not tell him that such abuse is illegal. It would not have helped to suggest that he seek counseling. I bought my soda and left.

Do you know how it is to stand in open-mouthed horror? To sense that you should be angry and feel only sadness? To walk out without a reply?

None of my education, none of my work and hope and promise will stop this man or any man like

him. None of my books will teach him how to think of women as people. My male college friends are sympathetic and sensitive—but they are atypical of males in this country.

I've tried to minimize this incident. Tried to remember that I overheard only two men who were not representative of all men. When two men denigrate two women the whole cycle begins again.

Do you know how it is to stand in open-mouthed silence?

Janice Lynch

### Grenada

Dear Editor,

I was at first asked to write an article concerning something totally different but I felt that I should write this letter to the editor as a response to a question that I have been asked at least a hundred times in the past week or so.

The question is "What are your feelings about the U.S. invasion of Grenada?" Being from Barbados is the main reason that people have asked me this question and so here goes...

I personally feel that this "invasion" was one of the smartest moves that the United States Government has ever made but that is my personal view! I do not know, or claim to know "the real reason the U.S. stepped in" but I challenge anyone here on campus who thinks that they know to come forward and state these reasons. I do know the facts, plain and simple as to why my government and the governments of five other nations called in the United States. In order to compare the case at home with here I will try to bring the whole mess to your backdoor.

You must try to imagine what living in the CARICOM (Caribbean Community) region is like. The islands are small places; most no bigger than the size of Greensboro. There is a large amount of travel and immigration between these nations which has led to an interlinking of family and friends in the region. This would be like living in Greensboro and having your family and friends in High Point, Climax, Advance and HICKSVILLE. Hicksville is an imaginary town that is near to all of the others but will be my "Grenada" (this might be a bit much but bear with me).

OK, the old mayor of Hicksville (Mr. Gairy) was a total beast that was half cracked. He used to go to town meetings (The U.N.) and talk of U.F.O.'s and the town was falling apart. Along came a bright young fellow (Bishop) who threw out the old mayor and promised great things would happen to Hicksville.

Because of the way that the new guy went about removing the old mayor the people that would normally have aided Hicksville (The U.S.) in its programs stopped their help. Lost with no funding, Hicksville turns to another source for its funding (Cuba).

Things start to happen in Hicksville. Business is booming, schools are being built, roads repaired and they are building a new "Hardees" (The new Airport). The people in Greensboro, High Point, Climax and Advance are kind of worried that the new "Hardees" might really be something else but they are more concerned that their "Hardees" are going to run into a little competition.

Things seem to be going along well. Reports from friends and family state that things have

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## Selection of Information Crucial to Communication

A vacuum of knowledge stands out as the situation most conducive to formulation of rumor and gossip. These words singe our ears with negative connotations, and an immediate defense of, "I don't gossip," leaps to our lips.

Being social creatures, human beings are terribly curious. The drive to understand life and fellow beings' actions stimulates various forms of communication.

Communication is an exceedingly complicated phenomenon which tends to be crucial to most people's survival. Communication is vulnerable to the parties wishing to communicate, to the capability of their language, as well as their ability to listen and understand. Usually, at least vague renditions of intended messages get communicated.

If all goes well, "vague renditions" spur some form of analysis and further questioning—more communication. As long as this process continues and the message becomes clearer, communication is in good shape.

It is when people become satisfied with the judgement they themselves form from "vague renditions," and lack of availability of more specific information, that a breakdown in healthy communication becomes evident. When a breakdown is suffered in such a manner, incorrect and often detrimental information is disseminated.

The necessity of constant analysis of information encountered from various sources cannot be easily dismissed if communication is to remain a relatively accurate, trustworthy, and healthy phenomenon. In addition, close attention to possible personal prejudices formed upon receipt of information must be paid.

Gossip, and rumors tend to be natural responses to events and people which affect society, but care should be taken not to create judgements from information which cannot be justified in a more official way.

### Lynch's Line

## Going Home for the Holidays

By Janice Lynch

There are peculiar difficulties in my family's communication system. Not AT&T's or Southern Bell's systems, but in my family's network of telephone interactions.

For example, every August my sisters and I explain our telephone code to my Father, hoping to eliminate astronomical bills. If I am calling from Marcian's house I say, "Collect from Marcian." My Father should refuse the call and return it on an MCI number. Similarly, Michele says, "Collect from the Pope House," and Patricia, "Collect from Techie." This is all wonderfully simple.

Instead, my Father answers with a stutter and when the operator says, "Will you accept the call?" he shouts, "Damn it, I'm tired of this code, Janice" and accepts the charges. On occasion he has been known to accept and hang-up.

Last year at Thanksgiving I was in Munich, trying to call my family. After getting to the post office, completing forms to make the call, and waiting thirty minutes for it to be placed, I was called to booth number six. When I picked up the receiver the line was dead. Apparently when the German operator told my mother to hold the line, she assumed the connection was wrong and hung up.

This year I called my Mother to talk about Thanksgiving dinner.

"Mom, have you bought the turkey?"

"No, Jan, I've decided not to have turkey this year. The toaster oven is broken and I don't feel like heating the entire house all afternoon from cooking the turkey."

"But Mom, if we can't have turkey we might as well just skip dinner."

"I just thought I'd fix one dish of everyone's favorite. Potatoes for Dad, Spaghetti-O's for

Michele, Pop Tarts for Tricia, steak for Del, giblet gravy for your Grandmother and pumpkin pie for everyone's dessert."

"How about yourself, Mom?"

"Oh, I'll probably have some pearl onions and peas. I didn't think you'd be so upset, Janice. Every time I call you and Michele are eating turkey sandwiches at Dolley's. If nothing else, you should be tired of it. By the way, what would you like to have?"

"Maybe some butternut squash. Or some sweet potatoes. Could you make the stuffing without the turkey. That would be fine."

"Janice, there won't be enough room at the table; how about something smaller?"

"Sure—just get me a jar of cranberry sauce. That will be fine—I'll pretend the turkey's underneath."

"Yes, and it certainly will add color to the table. I'll see you Thursday."

## Guilfordian

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