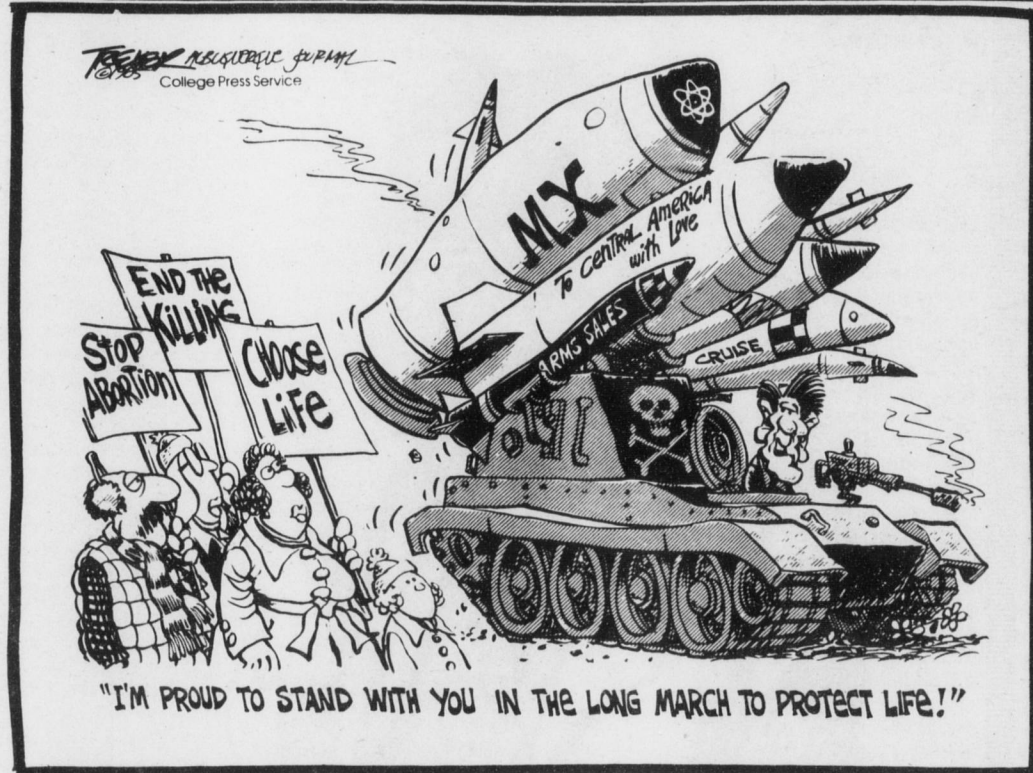


Editorials



“We’re part of one another”

As this edition of the Guilfordian receives you the Nuclear Arms Awareness Group finishes its efforts with Nuclear Arms Awareness week, a week plumbull of activities designed to ‘raise consciousness’ in the campus community about the nuclear issue. At the time of this writing Day Two of the week is finished and the mid-week reviews of NAAG organizers are mixed.

Lois Haas, recently bestowed with officers’ duties following the resignation tendered by NAAG week organizer Laura Davis, feels she’d like to pull her hair out — things are so amuck at the helm. And on campus generally. NAAG week, as maybe the group have anticipated, would have been more successful, said Haas, if it had been planned around Serendipity. The warmer weather and warmer student spirits (for whatever reasons), might have prompted, continued Haas, greater student participation. I would agree that, yes, mid-terms approach and the colder weather makes for limited conversations and more in-dorm reflection, and that these things do definitely put a damper on student interest. But I seriously question whether NAAG week would be more successful if run contemporaneous with Serendipity.

Activities on campus sponsored by, say, NAAG, the Women’s Center, the Quaker Concerns Club, AACS, or, up until this year, ‘The Piper’; that is, by the smaller organizations on campus, are poorly attended. These groups do, however, serve an important function. They represent a minority of students who hold convictions that when vocalized contribute to a student’s educational experience. They give small minorities of students on campus a voice. The granting of a charter and appropriation of funds to groups like NAAG em-

powers these groups: that is, validates feelings which might not be shared for lack of a place to share them or language to articulate them or the confidence to identify them. This means to say that when NAAG organizes a week of activities to raise consciousness, whether or not the efforts of the group are little responded to or loudly applauded is of less import than the feelings which prompt NAAG to sponsor the event in the first place.

Elisabeth Schussler Fiorenza (and please, no relation to the clothes designer), a feminist theologian, argues in her introduction to *In Memory of Her*, that in order to develop a feminist theology the history of women in early Christian times must be ‘found out,’ and understood in relation to that historical document of the period which neatly excludes women, the Bible. Fiorenza draws on the ideas of Gustavo Gutierrez, who connected the will to rebellion of oppressed peoples to a history the oppressed could have written, and of Judy Chicago, who wrote ‘our heritage is our power’ concerning woman’s coming into her own.

You may be asking, why this intellectual digression (?) It seems to me there is a connection between what Fiorenza, Gutierrez and Chicago are saying and what groups like NAAG, AACS, the Women’s Center, the Quaker Concerns Club, and ‘The Piper’ are doing. What the former are saying and the latter are doing is painting a larger picture. And this is the irony of leadership run amuck and important activities being poorly attended: that the smaller groups seems always to point to some larger picture. Two new groups have been formed on campus this year, the History/Political Science Club and the Sociology/Anthropology club: two more organizations destined to remain small because

their existence fulfills a need felt by only a handful of students. Isn’t small membership a moot question; a budget for either of these groups a moot question? The groups, like all the other small organizations on campus do have an impact.

To illustrate this consider that in the US it is not the government which educates people about the nuclear issue, but concerned citizen coalitions which have formed their own communication networks. When the proud investor in CBS stock argues that he/she is informed about the government stance on armaments or Central America, consider his or her information comes from a government address to something a handful of concerned citizens have voiced.

And what does all of this rambling mean? No call to responsibility: but a call to recognize what seems a valid sense of irony in my mind. Further, for Lois and all like her to keep the hairs on her head intact.

“By Tracey Clark”



Hi!

Ready to ride

By Hans Kipfelfresser

The pink oxford cloth shirt with the Add-a-beads and the top-siders was droning into the sweaty microphone: “And remember, these were the best days of our lives.” “What a bunch of crap!” I remember thinking, even back then. I had not yet experienced college but I knew it was bound to outstrip my high school experiences by far. Those end-of-year speeches in suburban bourgeois high schools always were a waste of time anyway.

The New World awaiting me then was Guilford College. Thirteenth grade, you know, always signals a better social life. Look at the facts of the on-campus situation: here you are, miles from home, free to date whomever and whenever you want and to stay out until the cows come home if you like.

Room and board are taken for granted. Girls (or guys, as the case may be) abound and commitments are easy. If you’re lucky you have a car and un peu dinero in the bank from your summer job. Gee, that’s paradise!

There is of course an academic side to this paradise as well. What better wilderness in which to wander than a library! Classwork often spurs students on to private investigations. Dusty used bookstores hold secret charms for some.

Academic loads can be lightened to provide more intellectual free time or increased to give more direction and incentive. In short, variety and freedom come easy at college.

But certainly the rarified, pristine social and intellectual climate of college is not “the real world.” Life has no Student Union setting up dances; Wednesdays aren’t free in the workaday world. Serendipities “out there” really are happenstance, and bosses, drill sergeants, and gods are not interested in how hard Johnny

tries—they want results. Life’s a raw dawg, buddy!

Hence adults are always warning us not to get complacent or over-idealistic in our ivory towers. But I have other reasons for debunking the college/ideal myth. I have had a vision of the next life, of another New World.

Application of what I have learned—mostly methods at this point—will be the consummate virtue of my education. I want to be productive; I want to create some tangible non-academic products, to fulfill some non-academic goals. My learning processes will never cease, but hey, I want a job!

I am also itching to exist on my own power. Struggling to survive and socialize in the absence of those college givens will itself be no fun, but when I’m spending my own money I will be steering the boat, however small it may be.

And it will be nice “out there” when people have to swallow more of the consequences of their actions and inactions. As every campus organization leader knows, no “just desserts” are dished out when apathetic club members let you down. Rendezvous and social liaisons are easily broken and commitments easily forgotten in college. But in the real world out of the buffer zone you pay for your mistakes.

Working 8 hours a day takes away a large chunk of time, but it does lend structure to my days, I have found. When I go home for break I try to get a job—part-time will do—to avoid drowning in idleness. Weekends suffice for that. And that is why I have abandoned the “sleep-till noon” Weltanschauung and take morning classes: get up, get going, get done, change horses, and ride off in another direction!

Yeah, I’m looking forward to dismantling from the ivory tower; I don’t belong in academe. I want to get my hands dirty. Insular life doesn’t fulfill me, because Bufferin bottles get stuffy after a while.

Guilfordian

Editors-in-Chief	Tracey Clark, Don Kaplan
Assit. Editor-in-Chief	Moira Taylor
Features Editor	Julie Yindra
Editorials Editor	John Cox
Sports Editor	Doug Drotman
Art Editor	Jessica Liebow
Layout Editor	Jennifer LaFleur
Business Director	Pete Spaulding
Advertising Manager	Clay Tyson
Staff	Holly Hobbs, Charles Kline, Dave Owens, Doc Roberts, Iris Velvin, Martha Clark, Kenneth Goldwasser, Debbie Fry, Hans Kipfelfresser, Stephen Spaulding, Lois Haas, Kerry Carol Niekirk, McKay, Ken Tagious, and Megan Trend, Tom Risser Boy Elroy

The Guilfordian reserves the right to edit all articles, letter and artwork for taste, veracity, and length. The deadline for copy is 12:00 p.m. on Saturday preceding the Wednesday of publication. Material may be left on the office door upstairs Founders, or mailed to Box 17717. The opinions expressed by the staff are their own and not necessarily those of the paper or of Guilford College.