

A Modest Proposal

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My dear readers, it is once again time for "As Guilford Turns," the continuing saga of a boy tired from a week of anxiety and pressure, blowing off steam about a multitude of subjects. This week we will recap and see where we stand. Thus far, I have covered homophobia, sexual harassment policies, happiness, keg policies and some more about homophobia. Today I wish to address loneliness. We are a small campus, and yet for our size we have a disproportionately large number of lonely people here. Why is this? What is it we need? I have considered several plans of attack.

First of all, I believe that *The Guilfordian* is missing a vital section and potential moneymaker. That would be the personal advertisements. If students could place a 35 word add for \$2 and an extra 50 cents for each additional 15 words, then perhaps more people could be honest and open about what really makes them tick. Beside the fact that it would help curb loneliness by promoting dating relationships, it could make a great deal of money for *The Guilfordian*.

The second idea I have is to follow these instructions:

1. Walk up to your best friend, and place your arms around his or her abdominal area.
2. Squeeze tightly.
3. Utter the following phrase "I love you no matter what, simply because you are you." Add as much emotion as the situation necessitates. Do this

often; also, try it on people you would like to get to know better.

The final idea I have is to consider that there is a Loving God in this world, and he is more than willing to listen to all your troubles. He loves you unconditionally, and he will never leave you alone. If that idea fails to comfort your loneliness, then I suppose nothing ever will.

I have been hearing a lot of people tell me that they like my work because it trashes this or that, or because it is unfeeling. I am hurt by this. I do not like the fact that people are missing my point. Yes, I do yell a lot. Yes, I tell it like it is. Yes, I pull no punches. But get this into your heads please, I AM ASKING YOU ALL TO LOVE EACH OTHER! That is my main point. If we can not love one another, then all the change in the world does not mean a blessed thing because we will all be lonely. Who cares if we have no homophobia, but people still hate each other? Who cares if we have awesome keg policies and sexual harassment policies, but everyone is devoid of love? Look I am not asking much, just try to love people around this place. Give a few hugs, and let people know they are loved no matter what, by nature of who they are—nothing else — and that they do not need to be lonely any longer. I felt that I should make myself clearer so that people would stop missing my point.

Thanksgiving message

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Beyond these "generic" platitudes, however, I am profoundly grateful for what I was given on that small farm in Indiana. No, not an idolatrous affection for hoops or a loathing of "Demon-crats" (I have never voted for a Republican presidential candidate; forgive me, grandfather!). Rather I am moved almost to tears for the gift given me by those pious, hard-working folks back home. A firm grounding in the moral principles of religious faith, peppered with the Quaker caveat that religion is more a way of life than a set of beliefs, preserved me from the excesses of others in my generation. I never got caught up in alcohol or other drugs; I was able to avoid the time bomb of the sexual revolution; I was taught to respect others as children of God, and so I did not go off to kill them in Vietnam or vilify them for holding different beliefs.

Just like life on the farm, I have changed a great deal since my childhood, but this Thanksgiving, as I sit down to a Thursday meal, followed by a marathon of football games on the tube, (once I help with the dishes!) I will celebrate some things that have not changed: the firmness of the foundations given me, the constancy of God's Presence in all systems of the world, and the intimations of that Presence in the love of family and friends.

May the blessings that give rise to thanksgiving be yours, as well.

Much has changed since those provincial days on the farm, and for that I am thankful. For those who remained on the farm, life has been made easier and more flexible by technological advances. The hard preparation of the Thanksgiving feast in the kitchen has even been simplified with the advent of microwaves and new convenience foods. Social changes in the past decades have even brought about more equitably shared responsibilities in the kitchen. Some members of my family are even registered Democrats!

My Thanksgiving this year goes deeper than these superficial blessings, however. Of course, I am grateful for those things we should all be grateful for: the earth's bounty and the hard work of those who produce it and seek to preserve it; growing movements for world peace and cooperation; the repudiation to the politics of hatred and bigotry; life itself and the divine laws which undergird it.

Illegal

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As people become more addicted to drugs, as they inevitably will after regularly using them, they will be unable to refrain from them for any given period. They will be constantly under the influence of drugs. Highways will be full of cars operated by druggies, work places unsafe due to being loaded with druggies, inner city ghettos will be even more under the influence of drugs due to easy accessibility.

This country will be full of irritable, schizophrenic people, having far out legalized acid trips, and who are prone to violence on the slightest provocation, a side effect of drugs. Thus the crime problem we initially tried to solve through drug legalization will return many times stronger.

In the attempt to legalize drugs, people

often ignore long-term implications, while envisioning a crimeless, utopian world. Sure, let's legalize all acts which are currently criminal, in that way there will technically be no crime and the police can go on vacation. If this happens, crime will only multiply, as there is nothing restricting its causes.

Even if we toy with the legalization of drugs, we can never alter their effects, which will eventually dominate society and enslave us all, either directly or indirectly, to our and others' inner cravings.

The scary part is that all this will be legal if drugs are legalized. Who will truly be practicing the freedom of action we initially set out to gain through the legalization of drugs?

Writers Needed

Death Penalty Forum

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