

Have you heard?

Guilford exposed in Quaker mag

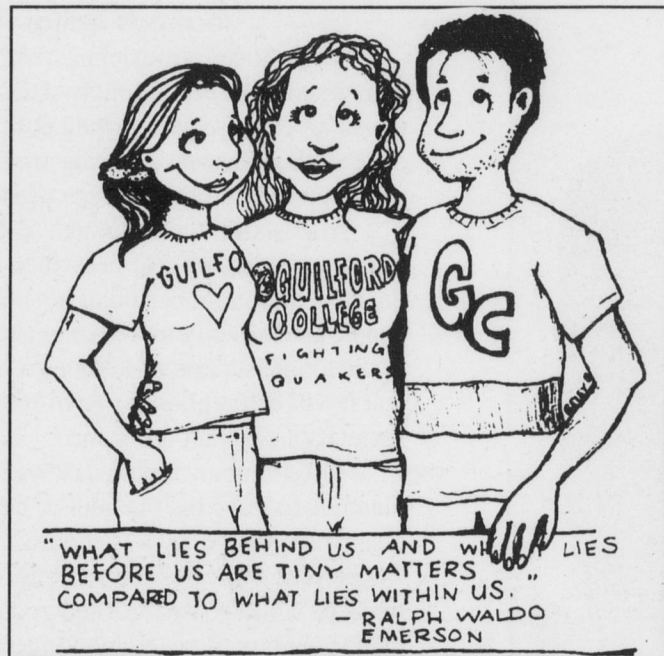
LEIGH KING
staff writer

Looking around campus one can see several obvious reminders that Guilford is a Quaker College; however, the importance of Quakerism is sometimes overlooked. Betsy Blake, Gwyneth Cliver, Matt Gordon, Sarah Hennessey and Chandra Woolson hope their efforts will show the vitality of the Quaker spirit here at Guilford.

These students were asked to be the first to contribute to a new section of Quaker Life, a monthly published by Friends United Meeting. The students shared their opinions and concerns in a two page spread. Quaker Life plans to invite Quaker youth from all over the world to submit articles with the central theme of community for this section in every issue.

The submissions by Guilford students included both essays and drawings. Betsy Blake's artwork illustrates the overarching theme of community. Gwyneth Cliver give insight into life at Guilford and her involvement in the Quaker Leadership Scholars Program. "QLSP has provided me with the opportunity to learn about the similarities as well as the differences among Quakers," writes Cliver.

Moving away from specific Guilford experiences, Matt Gordon describes his work as a coun-



selor at Catoctin Quaker Camp. He tells of a scared group of ten-year-olds in a summer storm and how, through using the sense of responsibility and trust that they had been given, they were able to weather the storm.

Sarah writes of her own spiritual growth with participating in Guilford's abroad program in Guadalajara. She vividly depicts the poverty and the hunger as well as the perseverance of spirit in this depressed area.

A similar story comes from Chandra Woolson who also tells of

experiences abroad. For Chandra, the venue was New Zealand. While in New Zealand, she observed many differences between Quakerism here and there.

The youth pages in Quaker Life allows students to educate their peers and adults concerning their lives and experiences in Quakerism. This is well conveyed by Chandra. "We have tremendous opportunities to learn from each other, if only we are willing to listen."

The challenge of choice: Peril at Blockbuster

DAMIAN DEBELLO
staff writer

It's Friday night, 11:45, and I am in Blockbuster Video. All I had to do was get in, grab the goods, and get out—a one, two, three operation.

"Damn it all to hell," I thought as I strode towards the counter. In my right hand was the movie we'd all decided on and in my left was *Babe*. The horn was honking, people were waiting at home and I was losing my wits. I knew full well that 20 people were counting on watching *Cannonball Run 2*, but how could anyone not love *Babe*?

Luckily, I made the right choice. Andy Howell noticed my relief and commented, "The choice between *Babe* and *Cannonball Run 2* could not have been an easy one for you. On one hand, you've got talking farm animals, and on the other, you've got Sammy D. and Dino dressed as harem girls driving a Ferrari. Normal human beings should not have to make choices like that."

"He's a damn fine pig," remarked Emily Shires.

"I was impressed by the social and political implications," proclaimed Dana Powell, "but even more than that, I love the cute pig."

I could have just as easily made a stupid choice and screwed up everyone's night. I was lucky.

Beware when you step into one of those industrial-size video stores. I worked in one for years and can tell of the horrors I witnessed. Inner conflicts, breakups, arguments and breakdowns—all in the video store. I, for one, had to break up a fight and call the cops because some guy cut in front of another in line.

"There should be only one movie; there's just too much freedom," stated Andy Howell. What is that one movie? Is it the *Wizard of Oz*?

Until we find out and can all come together, please think about the decisions you make in the video store and their consequences.

Literary whispers

OLIVIA BRADEN
staff writer

Who can wait for summer? Classes are almost finished, and those days when the only obligation on the day planner is a long talk with an old friend will soon be at hand.

A favorite activity of mine for those glorious summer days is curling up with a book. If you are interested in a good summer book but are interested in something a little more realistic than the latest John Grisham saga, allow me to make a suggestion.

When the Music Was is the first offering from Southern author Charles East. The fifteen short stories it contains are simple and eloquent.

Like a breeze through tall grass, they whisper of small towns and small people. Almost all are set in the Deep South during the 1930's and 40's.

The book opens with a haunting tale, "The Fisherman's Wife." Ada was young and pretty when her husband brought her down the river far from everything she had ever known. Now middle-aged, Ada's blue eyes have long since been faded by the river, by time and by the loss of her young son who she never names.

The story and the pain continue, but never once does Ada cry or complain even when her husband asks to bring a strange girl home with him. It is a tale of silent suffering.

The quiet tone of the whole book is almost eerie, yet there is an intensity like a racing heart beat that permeates East's voice. These are stories that ring true to life experience.

East tells his stories with a well-mastered honesty. As an author, he never needs to shout to be heard or to weave a false reality around his reader. He needs only to be read and heard.

The Art Department Announces the 1996 Winners of the Laing Art Award

This award is an annual award open to art majors returning to Guilford the following year. The award money is automatically applied to the next year's tuition. Art students submit 5 images for review to the art faculty. The criteria for selection are:

1. A consistent direction in form and content in the 5 works
2. Strong potential for future development
3. Evidence of consistent development
4. Originality and technical skills

First place: Charlie Tefft, ceramics

Second place: Tanya Haggerty, photography

Third place: Abigail Blosser, photography