



Oh Yeah

by F.N. Stewart

Solitude

Solitude. The silent walls that surround you when you sit alone only seem to stare, waiting for you to say something first. Then they do not answer. The feeling of loneliness rushes in like a wave without sound. It is the time that you long for a friendly, smiling face - someone with whom to share a laugh. There is no one there, and, worse, you know there will not be. This is loneliness. This is the loneliness of solitude. It is the aching kind that crushes and floods your mind with wishes for something to do with someone. The silent loneliness is the worse kind of solitude. It can be complicated with sorrow, a broken affair, or other means of heartaches. But, it is the loneliness that opens the self for the other amplifiers of solitude. The things that seem to pass most readily thru your mind are the happier times, these are the memories with barbs that ear and hurt. These seem to be the companions of lonely solitude. A record player or radio are only electrical devices which are confessions that you want something other than the silent loneliness. They don't help for you know that they are cold and uncaring and what you need is someone. Someone to listen and reply. Someone just to be in the room to separate you from your solitude. If it be the right one, then there doesn't need to be any conversation. There does need to be someone. The quiet can be ended, but the solitude is as solid as stone.

Unwanted Moments

Solitude can be the thing you wish for when the world is walking on your mind. You are packed in a long line of traffic going somewhere you don't want to go to do something that you don't want to do. The crowds are loud noisy, dirty, sweaty and you wish you were in your ivory tower of solitude. Then you long for the pleasure of solitude. It has been a bad day, nothing has gone right, nothing looks like it's going to go right and you just don't want people around you. Then you long for the pleasure of solitude. You sit in a meeting where nothing is happening, except that the hands of the clock move so slowly and are wasted. This is where solitude calls softly, and you must deny it. The people at a party are just not your type of people, and you would gladly trade the plastic smile of your face for a quiet place. Solitude, again, asks and again you can not pay the price.

Gentle Times

Solitude in its best form is the desired solitude of self contentment. This is when all is right with the world and you are happy that it is. This is the long quiet walk down an unpaved road in sunlit woods. This is the rolling meadow and pleasant thoughts. This is a large blue sky and gentle winds. This is peace of mind. Solitude is a welcome friend which allows you to spend some time with yourself. It allows you to think your own thoughts, to listen to yourself, and know that you are where you want to be and know who you are. Solitude then is a shield which lets you deal with the world in your own mind. Solitude is a companion. You need no artificial stimulation from a radio or record player. You mind generates its own pleasure. The contentment therein is a valuable possession. The solitude only enhances the beauty of the moment. The regret would be that this type of solitude cannot be shared, for that is the only thing which, in any way, would bring more pleasure than it does. This solitude is quiet assurance that you are big enough to handle whatever life may throw at you.



If We Know...

We forget that solitude is merely a measuring device. The lonely stage allows us to find what the errors are in our relationships with others. If forces time upon us to think about others, to analyze others feelings toward us and ours toward them. More than anything else it promises us that we are still sensitive persons. We still may feel and care. Solitude in the contentment stage assures us that we are mature, self-confident. It's a warm feeling which produces peace of mind. Those who are able to handle solitude in any of its forms and handle it well will find it to be a precise measurement of their character. The paradox here is that these persons need no measuring device.

From The Couch

by Phil Wilson

Dear Phil,
My problem is most pressing. My fiancee says she wouldn't mind marrying my best man—even though he's a real clod. What should I do?

Waiting

Dear Waiting,
The safest thing you can do is be sure you stand in the right place in the wedding ceremony! This will at least insure you of getting yourself married to your fiancee. The next safest measure to undertake is to have the minister delete the part asking if anyone has any objections to the marriage—you can never tell when your blushing bride might reply in the affirmative. Finally, you will need to see your fiancee every night until about midnight up to the very day of your wedding—this way you can probably prevent her running away to South Carolina with your best man.

In case this letter is on the level, I have some choice words about the situation. (1) This girl is not your fiancee; it sounds as though she would be anybody fiancee who is sucker enough to marry her. (2) You'd better be sure that you really love this girl enough to marry her, and that you're not just engaged in a "wife rites" war with your best man. (3) Be certain that this fiancee really loves you enough to marry you—and only you. (From the looks of things, unless you've been deceived by identical twins, you have struck-out on this count.) (4) If

you're just plain butt-headed and hell-bent determined to marry her, I suggest that you find a convenient way to relive your best man of his duties.

Oh, by the way, if the best man is your father, you'd better write another letter...On second thought, you'd better check my office hours—you've got one helluva problem.

Dear Phil,

I am a freshman on campus and like to keep up with what's happening. In last week's JOURNAL, page 10, there is an editorial cartoon.—I missed the point entirely. What is and why is the editor afraid of it?

emfc
John

Dear John,

Don't feel like a bewildered frosh. Believe me, you aren't alone. EMFC is an organization of men on campus dedicated to brotherhood and friendship and all those other things in the Scout code. The "club" is composed of about five or six members, all of whom are very good friends. They came into existence as a "club", most prominently, last spring. To the confusion and in some cases indignance of the campus. The EMFC made themselves well-known through the newspaper, the Barnstormer, and through such antics as heroizing of some character named Phil Blundell—whose identity is

unknown to most. At any rate, before the close of school last spring, EMFC had become quite famous on campus—or maybe I should say notorious.

I feel sure you will be hearing more from EMFC this year — much more. Some of what you hear add to your confusion, some of it will tickle your funny-bone, and some of it might even make you mad.

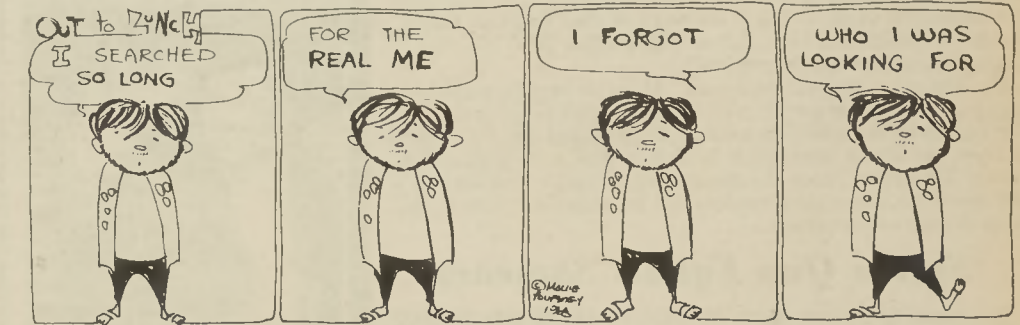
Now that you have the basics on EMFC—which is about all anyone has, except EMFC—a few lines will serve to explain the editorial cartoon. It happens that the editor of this paper is a member of EMFC. That explains why the "cafeteria quorum" is using the whip on him—his own whip, you might say...In fact, that's exactly what you would say.

Dear Phil,

Actually, I have no problems. As my personal analyst, you've already solved them all. Let everyone else know how effective you are.

Inmate

Dear Inmate,
Nobody will ever seriously believe you sent this letter. Indeed, I was hesitant about including it in my column. However, I feel that if I excluded it, your withering ego might be damaged and a month of analysis would be wasted. So, thank you for your endorsement, and remember—you have an appointment on The Couch this week.



Advanced Bulldozing 490

Did you ever have to make up your mind, to drive your car or be here on time? Extricating a Lincoln Continental from a meteorite crater disguised as a pot hole has been known to take more time than you've got to get to an 8:30 class. Accompanied with the State Highway Commission's training center in advanced bulldozing on what was Highway 49, monsoon showers may soon make driving on campus impossible. Even should you get through the non-asphalt jungle, that \$10.00 parking space is not to be confused with a

readily-attainable object. Soon, oh too soon, gentle readers, that training center is to be expanded. Skulking October marks the closing of that lifeline to the city (Highway 49 to the neophytes among ye), another great step in the abolishment of this

university's commuter status. The alternate paths will be the well-worn one from Herlocker's and one through Newell. Frodo had an easier time getting to Mordor. Wait a minute, I think I see a parking space, I'm going to have to end this article.

The Amber House

A good University like UNC-C deserves good food, and that's what we serve from six in the morning 'til 11:30 at night.

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