



This year's GWC freshmen made it through another Orientation Week. Here (left to right) Mary Ellen Burch, freshman from Charlotte; Selina Speaks, freshman from Kernersville, and Randy Vickers, Jr. from Maryland discuss their first week back at school. (Photo by Pete Decker)

For Freshmen And Transfers Only

by Debbie Drayer

QUESTION FOR THE DAY: What do 48 Big Brothers and Big Sisters do with 30,000 screaming munchkin-types (otherwise known as freshmen and transfers)?

Well . . . if sadism is your thing, you submit them to eight rigorous days of orientation! They'll love you for it; they really will! After all, who among us cannot appreciate the finer experiences of opening week — like crawling out of bed at unholy hours just to scribble all over a "Personal Experiences Chart"? and what poor, lonesome, homesick freshman would be willing to trade the ra-ra Sunday night serendipity session? Ask any of those eight worn-out subjects who sang "Three Blind Mice" till they were hoarse. They'll tell you they loved it; they really will!

If you want to be benevolent to incoming students and sadistic to the real orientation heroes, subject "Uncle Melvin" Lutz to the vigor of a skating party. Or better yet, ask Beth Brittain for her "techniques". After all, she got two upper classmen to 'help' her!

Okay, so when is this article going to get serious about the real orientation activities—the campus tours, the get-acquainted sessions, the faculty desserts (a BIG thanks to all ya'll prof-types), the talent show (congratulations you winner types) —well, on the serious side, when asked for his reaction to the events of the week, Don Spargo said, "Tough nuggies!"

An Editorial Comment

'The Man Who Would Be King'

By Debbie Drayer

In an age and an institution which stresses equality, it seems that some are still more equal than others. Case in point: in an event as innocuous as Homecoming, as many females as can gather 100 signatures can become queen. Yet a male who has met all the requirements including having an adequate QPR, obtaining 100 plus signatures, being of senior status, and not being on disciplinary probation, has not been placed on the voting ballot.

"The Man Who Would Be King" is Jim Duncan. He asks not to replace the tradition of having a Homecoming Queen, but to balance it by having both Queen and King — the separate but equal principle re-enacted. He says, "This is not an attempt to destroy or disrupt the Gardner-Webb community. This is, however, an attempt to make clear to the community of the necessity for moving with the future in mind. I think Gardner-Webb, because of its foundation and leadership, is an institution that can move with the future in mind and not be corrupted by the practices of the world".

Granted, the campus constitution makes provisions only for a queen. Technically Jim Duncan is not qualified to run for a Homecoming position because a provision does not exist for King, and that's a barrier on the basis of sex.

Why, then, does the 1980-81 catalog say: "Gardner-Webb College is committed to equality of opportunity in all areas of education and employment, and does not practice or condone discrimination in any form against applicants, students or employees on the basis of race, color, national origin, religion, sex, age or handicap"?

An allowance has previously been made during the game, not only for Homecoming Queen and attendants, but for escorts (not formally provided for in the constitution). Seemingly, the balance of equality would be best preserved by having Queen, King, attendants and escorts. After all, what is a court without a King?

Becker's Column

By Lynn Becker

Here I am with a column all my own! (How proud my mother would be!) Problem is, with a column all my own, I have to think of something to write about.

You know what I've come up with? I've discovered the best "vice" I have is Ralph Smith. This guy is a real trip, literally. Many of you witnessed that when he took the plunge in the cafeteria one night. He wound up with everything on his tray all over him, including egg on his face. That's forgivable, though, because he's worked hard so far, especially when the Bloodmobile was here. Ralph is also a good source if you are looking for children's songs. I think my favorites are "Junior Birdman" or the "Birdies" song. You'll have to get Ralph to sing them for you.

Oh, but bonafide columns are supposed to be much more serious than this. OK. On a more serious note, I'm really glad I've been able to get so many students to volunteer to serve on committees. Actually, I thrive on dreaming up committees and seeking students to serve on them. Lots of folks can testify to that: ask Willie Rash or Julie Jones. The Homecoming Committee, though, is the one that amazes me. Brad Riddle and Robin Crumpton are co-chairmen, and they work their committee members to death. Homecoming should really be spectacular.

Another good thing I've discovered about this job is keeping in touch with so many different organizations. You wouldn't believe how much my knowledge about Cross Country running has improved. I've actually discovered they don't really run all the way across the country. (I admit it—I'm ignorant!) You know, the more I think about it, the more I discover there are a lot of specific things I could write a column on. Hey, Editor! Here's my column!

Randy Reviews

By Randy Waters

HOW TO BEAT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Well . . . it sounded like a nice little irreverent comedy. Besides, I happen to like Jane Curtin, Jessica Lange, and Susan St. James. With the combined talent of these three and the possibly successful venture into current comedy via the current dreadful economy, I thought I'd be spending my three dollars wisely.

Oh, was I wrong! The problem? The jokes fall absolutely flat; no, even worse, they fall into a total vacuum! No one is responding in the movie, so what am I supposed to do? This is comedy without the essentials: delivery, timing, materials, and so on. But how do you beat the high cost of living? Simple . . . stay at home with a friend or your TV if this clunker is the only film in town!

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

I really liked this film three years ago, and after seeing this modified "Special Edition", I can still say that I like this film. However, the changes made are not that significant. They do not detract, but they do not necessarily add either. The largest change comes in the final sequence involving the visit of the huge alien mothership. The camera moves into the ship itself, giving science fiction technology buffs a chance to enjoy the elaborate interior. If you missed it the first time, go see it. If you've seen it before but won't mind seeing it again, you probably won't be disappointed at all.

SCHIZOID

This film raises three issues and/or problems with the current state of Hollywood. First (and certainly the most minor issue), how did Klaus Kinski ever get involved in such a low-budgeted, poorly written film? Kinski is one of Europe's best and best-known talents and he is thoroughly wasted in "Schizoid".

Second, what did Hitchcock unleash when he made "Psycho"? "Schizoid" is just another psychopath-gets-revenge-gets-hia-just-desserts film, raising no new issues or insights, and offering little in the way of character development for this particular genre.

Third, "Schizoid" is yet another Hollywood-produced thriller depicting the brutalization of women. This trend, even more disturbing in the wildly successful "Dressed to Kill," is as unhealthy as it is disgusting. O.K., so the typical movie psychopath preys on the helpless, but why only women? The killer in "Schizoid" is systematically killing the women of a therapy group, yet this group was composed of men as well. In fact as far as the killer's motive goes, it would have made more sense to rub out the men instead of the women. However, the audience is subjected to three pointless (in terms of plot) and very violent murders. The psycho-sexual elements involving the doctor and his patients, the doctor and his daughter, and among the members of the therapy group are merely thrown out, never carefully worked into the structure of the plot. The murders are mostly an excuse to depict a little blood and gore for the audience.

Hollywood's assumption that the American audience wants cheap thrills is probably correct; America certainly pursues this area with gusto. However, when a particular group (women in this instance) are constantly portrayed as weak prey, seemingly asking for the violence afflicted upon them, it goes well beyond the rather harmless category known as "cheap thrill". It falls into the category of bigotry and chauvinism.

One final note, I am for low budget films. How else will new film makers ever get into the market? The sets and camera techniques used in "Schizoid" were not always successful, but they were bold and indicated healthy experimentation. Yet all of the atmospheric sets and hand-held camera work cannot cover up a weak story, but neither can an extravagant film such as "Dressed to Kill". Both seek to capitalize on a ready-made audience, already inducted into the genre by Hitchcock and others, but take the very worst elements of the genre (blood, violence) and use them to attempt to titilate, and ultimately insult, the audience. If you care, Hollywood will listen to the public, especially when the public hits them where it really hurts: the box office.

The Pilot

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