

The Guilfordian

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Quaker Pulse

'Clean Your Finger Before Pointing'

Dear Editor:

Clear your finger before pointing at someone else's spots. I call your attention to the November 15 issue with the picture of Nixon and the smear caption. First of all, Nixon was not unemployed. Not only was he organizing his campaign, and also campaigning, but he was employed by a prominent New York law firm. He was employed and working! Nixon has an undergraduate degree and a law degree. He has also been in

Congress and in the position of Vice President. Nixon is not spots for you to degrade.

Now I address myself to the person or persons responsible for placing such a smear in the school paper. You certainly do not have any qualifications in your education or past employment to validate your attack on the President-Elect. You are just a student with a ridiculously idealistic viewpoint totally lacking in practicality. As idealistically as you and the paper try to appear, you lack the necessary ideals for your work; those being objectivity, honesty, and credibility.

You obviously lack the practical and educational background to substantiate your attack. Where else would you see such a smear printed but in a school paper, The Guilfordian (not a newspaper), or even the Greensboro papers. The Guilfordian should have a new name, "The Rag". I have heard this expression in the description of the Greensboro papers also.

Every new issue of The Guilfordian (The Rag) contains much the same material as this issue of November 15, a waste. This is why many, if not a majority of the students, look down their noses at the school paper and its content.

D. L. Stumpf

Cars Damaged

Dear Editor:

I would like to ask the administration why a Guilford College student cannot park his or her automobile in a school parking facility and expect it to be reasonably safe? Is this too much to ask? Just last week, not less than five cars in the parking lot of Milner Dormitory were maliciously damaged for no reason whatsoever. Wires were torn from engines, distributor caps taken, paint scraped and numerous other things were done. If this was not bad enough, one young man went out to his car only to find that his new convertible top had been slashed into a thousand pieces. What does it take for somebody to do something? Is it necessary for a student's car to be stolen? Supposedly the money we pay for car registration goes for this, if so, we are not getting our money's worth. If this were a large university with acres of grounds and buildings this could be expected to some degree, but at Guilford, two men can stand in different places and practically see the whole campus at once. Several watchmen equipped with walkie talkies could remedy this whole situation.

Mainly, I speak for the men students who will probably end up forming a "ready militia" to guard the parking lots and autos, but what about the girls who are locked in? Maybe they can get late permission to protect their property. If they could spray the culprit with Estee Lauder and drench him with "Get Set," it would give our boys time to catch up with him.

I know this all sounds funny, but it would probably be more effective than the present system.

Stephen Bowles
Men's Interdormitory
Government

Play Deserves Some Credit

Dear Editor:

It is a rare and valuable experience for one to be able to enjoy a play such as Donald Deagon's production of Bertolt Brecht's, "A Man's a Man." It is a play rich in a humor that goes beyond the obvious and one finds oneself fighting to separate and yet join the small actions with the total movement of the theme. If one does not experience the play as enjoyment, pure and simple, or as theme, with all of its weighty implications, it would be easy to slip into careless observation and dwell on the sensuality of the actors fulfilling their roles. However it is hopeful that no participant observers of this fine production was so weak as to slip away and miss the empathy of either mirth or social comment. The audience certainly voiced its approval of an excellent job of production and acting and observation of Brecht's intent.

Donald A. Christenson

Two Minute Meditation

I recently came across one of Theodore Amadeus Gottlieb's poems written in English. He had been synthesizing from some time, in his head, the truths of the two poets, Blake and Wilde.

"A diaper is like Christianity—it conceals the foulness of the world."
—Oscar Wilde

"The Christian diaper,"

Quod the Piper,
"Must hide in white
The sins of shite.
It must contain
All wordly pain.

"But when it's marred,"
Replied the Bard,
"It needs removal
By Common reproof;
And New worn cloth
Must cover them both."
—T. A. Gottlieb

Almost Brecht

(From time to time, the editorial staff of The Guilfordian will present its readers with a book, play or movie review. As always, we welcome any comment.)

One of the amazing aspects of a play by Bertolt Brecht is the way he is able to almost literally command his audience to participate in the play, not by experiencing fully what the actors are doing, but by being forced to judge the social action presented. For Brecht's Epic Theatre is one of instruction.

To accomplish this purpose, he makes his strong characters cold, calculating, cruel, and inhuman, his weak characters pitiful, forebearing, merciful, and softhearted. The conflict makes for a more forceful play.

The Revelers' production of "A Man's a Man" was a funny, well co-ordinated one, but it fell short of representing the true Brechtian theatre of inhumanity. What Brecht says in this comedy, is that man is an interchangeable part in the scheme of things, and can be made to adjust to any new circumstance—however absurd it might be—even war.

Simple plot

The plot is amazing simple. Three British soldiers in Kilkoo India, at the time of the Tibetan War, need an extra man to complete their unit or else the crime they committed upon losing their fourth man, will be discovered by their sergeant, Bloody Five. They therefore attempt to transform an innocent bumbler, Galy Gay, into their lost companion, Jeriah Jip.

First, they promise him that he'll get an elephant if he will agree to be Jip. They then persuade him to sell the elephant and at the point of the transaction, the three produce witnesses to prove that this Jip is really Galy Gay, and that the elephant is a fraud.

Galy Gay is condemned to death at the trial. He faints before the mock firing squad, but the three fire anyway so that he can "hear that he is dead."

When Galy Gay wakes up, they refer to him as Jip and have him deliver the oration at a mock funeral of Galy Gay. The transformation from man to human fighting machine is then complete when the new Jip realizes that Bloody Five was foolish enough to castrate himself for his failure to live up to his name. Recognizing that a name is not important, but that a man is a man, the adjustment is made.

Too much comedy

Hank Hackett, as Galy Gay, provides us with some very funny moments. But too much comedy spoils the effect. The scenes where Galy Gay protests against the verdict, his pleas before the firing squad, and his monologue on identity, offer some opportunities for a variation of feelings. No matter how funny and bumbling a person might be, he is bound to be rather serious when he is about to be killed and when his identity is being questioned. A change at these crucial scenes would have given us a "dramatic relief," but more importantly, would have heightened Brecht's point all the more.

The same is true of the three soldiers, David Glenn as Uriah Shelley, Todd Kight as Polly Baker, and Mike Stilwell as Jesse Mahoney. They are good except in those crucial scenes, when they act like their purpose is a joke, rather than that the success of their acts to Galy Gay will ultimately determine their own future.

Jennifer Blizin, the Widow Begbick, is calculating when she should be, and funny at just the right time. She comes closer to Brecht than anyone. Steve Elrod is a strong Bloody Five and Steve Wessels is a delightful MC. The harlots were very convincing.

The sets were appropriate for the theatre in the round; they were small and suggested the atmosphere well. The production was fluid, and the music pleasing, but on the whole, the Reveler's efforts don't quite give us Brecht's Epic Theatre.

—MARK LESSNER



One week before the presidential election, the Secret Service confiscated these "Gregory Bucks" claiming that they feel and look too much like the real thing...

(Courtesy of Montclair, Upper Montclair, N. J.)