

## Guilford in Wonderland

Guilford College has moved in one week into educational and social chaos into an uncertain chess game where the rules are broken to be made, where the kings and queens are pawns to themselves, where the only player is a Cheshire cat with a tainted smile.

The living/learning proposal for 1968 Dorm contains elements of every academic and social question facing this college today. The proposal brings in so many angles which require investigation, evaluation, and re-evaluation that it is only possible to express impression, not to render immediate judgement. The proposal to house an organization blended from the Fellows Program, Man in the 20th Century, Independent Study programs, Off-Campus Seminars, and the Student Personnel Staff (Andy Gottschall, Vicki Cirby, Dick Woodward, Ken Schwab, and Cliff Lowery) in 1968 Dorm is an attempt to turn a collective fantasy into fact. This carries no basically bad connotations, since the high points of most activity are when factary turns to fact.

The collective fantasy is known to many as the Guilford College Community. The nuts and bolts elements of the fantasy are the programs mentioned above, plus a few others. They have come a long, long way in several years. There are two basic questions involved in this fantasy building. First, are the nuts and bolts strong enough to withstand the collective experience proposed, and second, how do you string them together?

To withstand the experience proposed for the dorm, individual programs must have a solid base, as viewed from both inside and outside the program. A case in point is Man in the 20th Century. The Man course is a fantasy in itself, and it will only become fact when it is thoroughly understood and accepted by not only the Man staff, but by a large majority of the students. At this point no one can accurately state the degree of understanding and acceptance of Man, and until that can be stated and agreed upon Man will remain a weak base for larger fantasy building.

The second question, that of stringing together the various programs into a unified community has two aspects itself—logistics and unity of function. The problem of logistics has brought the loudest screams, for egotistic, yet justifiable reason. To ask established persons to leave the dorm to make way for what they view as the "freshman whiz kids" acts as much against the community-fantasy as any other reason. The mere moving around of people in this manner acts against the eventual goal for campus-wide fantasy, although it may facilitate development in one area, specifically 1968 Dorm. Also in the category of logistics, selection of those students who would participate in the 1968 program presents more problems.

Unity of function cannot be pre-programmed, it will only come out of operation. How all of these programs would operate in such an intense atmosphere as is proposed is an area only for conjecture, not for planning.

With intense effort put into the component programs, resolution of the logistical problems, and most importantly, good will and mutual trust the 1968 program could work. The same advice applies to the originators of the program as applied to those working for dorm autonomy in Milner Dorm—Prepare a package and sell it, get the right tool for the job.

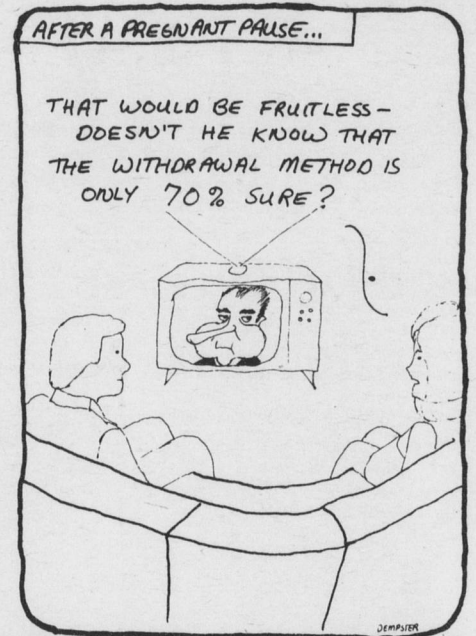
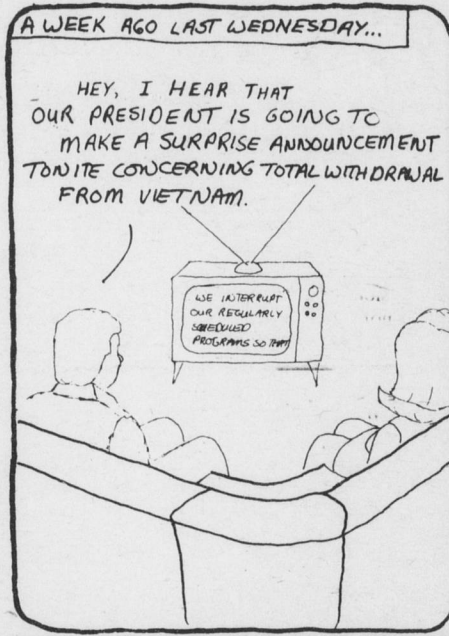
"Cheshire Puss," she began rather timidly, "Would you tell me please, which way I ought to go from here?" "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat. "In that direction," the cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

— K.D.B.

## The Guilfordian

Staff this week: Kyd Brenner, editor, Paul Bryant, Mitchell Clifford, Kelly Dempster, Jeanette Ebel, Phil Edgerton, Clare Glore, Sam Greathouse, Susan Hardee, Judy Harvey, Jeff Minick, Mr. Natural, Tori Potts, Karen Reehling, David Rhees, Sue Scheider, Doug Scott, Jim Shields, Carolyn Simmons, Alan Socol, Marc Weiner, Jim Willson.

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## RESISTER

by Sam Greathouse

America, I love you. In the Spring your air bubbles with insanities as you choose another hero - a staunch defender of everything you believe in. Lieutenant William Calley, hero, protector of your dreams, all-American boy, MASS MURDERER, CHILD SLAYER has captured your very hearts. Tried, convicted, and sentenced by a jury of his peers, combat veterans all, he waits in his barracks, not a cell, while you scream for his release. You don't think he should be punished for MURDER! You argue stress of combat, war conditions justifiable action. Acts of war not acts of murder, you say. Free Lieutenant Calley, you say.

I honestly pray that you do not believe what you're saying, America. Does the fact that a man is wearing a U. S. Army uniform absolve him from his responsibility for crime against humanity? Does it give him the right to judge, sentence and execute with a squeeze of the trigger? Does it allow him to kill without discretion? And can you really condone the murder of a two year old child?

If so, then I ask you, America, have you any moral values left? If you can condone Calley's actions then I'm not sure I want any part of you and your absurd heroes. You held the Nuremberg trials and severely punished Nazi officers for crimes against humanity and yet a little over 20 years later you scream for the release of a man found guilty of similar atrocities.

And how many thousands of men rot in your prisons, hide in your neighbors, as in your belly because they couldn't in good conscience kill a man. How many have you jailed for protesting against a worthless war in Southeast Asia? If you're not insane, then what are you America?

125,000 non combat civilians

### Draft Counsellors

The following men have offered their help as draft counsellors:

Ed Burrows - 292-6718  
Carroll Feagins - 292-5103  
Bill Jeffries - 288-6543  
Bob Driscoll - 292-4801

have died since your entry in Southeast Asia and that's a conservative estimate. Some of them may have known why. Most died from your impersonal bombs and guns of your armies of freedom. At least 60 deaths are attributable to this one man. You gave him a slaughter house and we became a butcher of unarmed non combat civilians and you want him free.

If you screams free him, then be forewarned, America. If you have become so hardened that the murder of innocents

doesn't phase you then perhaps you deserve the violent revolution you're begging for. Perhaps, as some say, it is the only way to make you see how blind you've become. We all now know that if we're in uniform and we've got a cause then it's okay to kill. You show us that through your hero. While I cannot advocate violence for any reason, America, I am afraid. Stand forewarned that you could get what you ask for and soon the armies of the revolution may turn their guns on you.

## The Human Condition

by Douglas Scott

Last weekend my roommate Kyd and I went off to Knoxville, Tennessee to visit an old DC friend of his at the University. After leaving late, we cruised off on I-40 in the people's volkswagen, spending the first half of the trip pointing out stoned hippies, rednecks, families with trailers, and assorted sights to each other.

Got lost in Nashville rag, when, of course, we got nowhere near Nashville proper.

Got lost in Knoxville. 'Natch.

The University itself involved us in yet another quandary, that being where, exactly, was this particular friend out of 25,000 folks.

At his frat house, we find: been some changes, and we were on our own.

Off to nod go we in a dorm that our entire campus would fit in. Gratefully out, with the blessings of above.

Next morning we make the terrifying discovery that we can't rip off the University dining rooms for our meals. Having about four dollars at that point, Krystal Kitchen 20 cent cheeseburgers make a tremendous breakfast. The day drags on, ponderously as we walk the strip.

Relief! When faced with only one possibility at UT, attending a track meet, we split for Gatlinburg.

Peanut butter and apple butter in Weirs Cove, Tenn. offered much more than calories. "Come back, boys" the storekeeper said us, "Ya'll take care, now."

Sitting in the Presidential Dining Hall, as we were bought dinner that night, we spoke of organizing the University, while watching from the third floor window the river.

We left early. Dragged by Knoxville and the Delta somethin' Deltas, elated by the Smokeys, we filled up the VW, with only 12 cents left, and left.

We would through the shut-down Indian moccasin stands to WNOX's Rock and Roll Weekend Revival of the 50's. Things got better.

Traffic cleared away by 9:00 as the newest full moon swept the highway off. We started to climb to the mountains.

Silver falls lited the way and we doubted the necessity of headlights. Winding up always, we view another road that turns out to be our very own road viewed from afar.

At 4400 feet we drape our legs over the edge. The Valley and valleys creep off into dark, with innumerable eyes on the slopes and the sky; the sky with deep, deep blue, with stars cut out.

Ascending to Cherokee, we couldn't find a 10 cent coke machine; the high point and the low, both reached, both reflected upon, both dug to the collective best abilities of our beings.

Another Hamburger!