

Fleamarket

"How much is that Jim Croce?" "You don't happen to have any SunRa?" "All right, \$2.00 for all my Deep Purple - it's a great deal!"

These comments might be excerpts from conversations being held at the WQFS Album Fleamarket, sponsored during Serendipity by the campus radio station, WQFS. Anyone wishing to make a few dollars off some surplus or unused albums will find the Album Fleamarket is

just the thing. All it involves is engaging in some good old-fashion "hawking" of wares.

The Album Fleamarket gets underway at 11:00 on Saturday, April 4, in front of Founders Hall. WQFS will provide the tables and the publicity; you provide the albums and reap the rewards.

WQFS has already begun to broadcast 24 hours a day for Serendipity week and will continue to provide non-stop music until Monday at 2:00 a.m.

Departure for the real world

To the Cherokee, dawn was a time of magic.

Before cities' glow came to smudge the horizon, nights were truly dark, pierced only by starlight and moonlight and the small bright campfires. Every evening the world faded into insubstantiality, to be gradually reborn as the light of day returned.

Inhuman powers ruled the night, when the real world simply wasn't there. When the spirit world and the real mingled, at dawn, people of power and knowledge could reach for the substance of spirit and join it with reality, making magic objects or casting spells.

The same magic is there, if you have the imagination, when your college days begin to wane toward the rude departure for the "real world." You're still surrounded by the shadows of pure thought and speculation, but you begin to realize that pretty soon you'll just be standing nekkid in the woods and looking for something to eat.

A lot of people panic at that stage, which is understandable. They drop everything and begin to look frantically for a JOB. Let them go, unless you're a particularly good friend, because they're usually too far gone to help.

A few others fade back completely into night, into spirit; they never leave the college community. You or your older brother/sister may well know some of these -- their ranks include the eternal hippies, and many English and philosophy professors.

As always, some people of power and knowledge work the stuff of spirit and reality, producing Dreams, Magic Objects, and Spells. They generally become successful fantasy novelists, research astronomers, and good politicians.

I'm still not sure which category I fit into. I started wondering my sophomore year, one night in the dorm. I had just

decided to ditch any efforts at completing my psych assignment for the next day, when there came a knock at the door. Grateful for the interruption, I got up and yanked it open. In walked a hobbit.

While I started open-mouthed, he began to rummage in the refrigerator. He turned around, chewing on a chicken leg. "Look," he said. "You

"Don't ask." I shook my head, and immediately regretted that action. "You'd never believe it."

I managed to ignore the incident until well into my senior year. By then I had developed the old habit of climbing buildings. Acrophilia, the psych-nuts called it.

One night about dawn I was sitting on top of the library,

"Have you learned to be crazy

enough to do it, and tricky enough

to pull it off?"

know the formula, 'smaller than the bearded dwarves.' Where are the doughnuts?"

I pointed. He popped the top of a beer and strolled casually over to grab a chocolate-covered. We looked at each other for a while, and he finally said "catch" and made a throwing motion. I automatically reached up, caught a beer can, and pulled the tab.

"Drink," he said. I drank. "That's better," he continued. "Now let's talk."

I said, "Are you a hobbit?" He grinned, and began, "Does a bear..."

"Okay," I interrupted. "What are you doing here?" He looked puzzled, but began listing, as if to a child, "Food. Drink. Entertainment. Casual atmosphere."

"Most important, the willing suspension of disbelief. What do you think?" he ended, exasperated.

I remember little more of that night. I do remember my roommate the next morning, waking me up to the pounding of an incredible headache. "Who was in here last night?" he said. "The room's a shambles, and you look pretty bad yourself."

when I gradually became aware of another presence sitting beside me. Cloaked in gray, with a tall pointed hat. "Well," he finally said. "Here we are. And what do you have to show for it?"

"I can argue Niebuhr, Descartes, and Fox, and read poetry in three different languages."

"Not good enough," he responded. "What do you do when a balrog shows up? Or the orcs start chopping trees?"

"Run like hell!" I suggested. He scowled. "Organize the opposition?" I amended. "You ask tough questions."

"That's what wizards are for," he said. "Next: Have you learned to be crazy enough to do it, and tricky enough to pull it off? There's a lot of reality out there." He swept his staff in the direction of the edge of campus.

I looked over at the nebulous figure and thought, "I'm talking with you, right?" I answered at last. "And they haven't put me away yet."

The gray entity smiled. "I think you may be catching on," he said, as he faded away into the sunrise.

Upcoming lectures

Cultures and

The Rembert W. Patrick Lectures will be Thursday, April 2. Professor Gary B. Nash of UCLA will deliver two lectures. At 3:00 p.m. in the Gallery, he will speak on the early colonial experience in America: "Red, White, and Black: The Confrontation of Cultures in Colonial America." At 7:30, his topic will be "Forging Freedom: The Emancipation Experience in the North, 1775-1820." Professor Nash is a well-known historian of the colonial period and of Afro-American history.



Chemistry

The Harvey Ljung Lecture Professor Lealyn Clapp, a member of the Chemistry Department of Brown University, will give a lecture at 7:30, April 2, in King 122. The lecture is entitled "Human Want was Once Obsolete" and is a reappraisal of a lecture given by the speaker 25 years ago entitled "Human Want is Obsolete."



Letters

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shaping of young people into responsible citizens.

Too often students confine their education to and leave their education in the classroom, for all they are taught is theory. The Washington Seminar provides an opportunity for students to witness the shaping of theory into policy that affects their lives. At present the Domino theory is determining both Foreign and Defense Policy that could change our lives drastically within a matter of months. Can we afford not to send more students to Washington every year?

I do not believe the decision to take money away from a program is an easy one. I believe the decision that has been made will force us to redefine our priorities. I certainly hope that the decision

that's been made is not a reflection of newly established priorities, for I believe there's too much fat in other areas that has been left unaltered. Do we really need so many football players? Couldn't these teams have leaner rosters? Do we really need five concerts for Serendipity? Wouldn't two be enough? What are we here for? "Simplify, simplify... the notion itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment... ruined by luxury and heedless expense... and the only cure for it is in a rigid economy, a stern and spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose." (H.D. Thoreau). What is our purpose?

Pete Fraunholtz

Serendipity

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strong performance on campus earlier this year.

The music will continue at 9:30 with Powerplay, sponsored by BASIB and the Senate. Remember that great band we had at Homecoming? Well, they're back. So put on your dancing shoes and head on over to Sternberger.

On Sunday, last but certainly not least, will be an old Guilford favorite, country folk songwriter Mike Williams. Williams appeared here back in 1979 and his upcoming performance marks his 6th show at Guilford.

So whatever kind of music you like, you are bound to hear it on Serendipity. The annual Guilford weekend of concerts, dances, and games will add up to fun, fun, fun. See you there.



A group of Guilford students speak with a state representative during the PIRG sponsored trip to Raleigh last week.