

The Dominant Emotion is Fear

Peter Kielty

Staff Writer

As children grow up they dream of becoming doctors, lawyers, police officers or teachers; no one ever wants to be homeless. It is not something they work toward or day dream about. It just happens.

The first time I went to the shelter was on a Saturday in July of 1991. It was a hot and humid evening, as most of them are in Virginia. My sister needed some help taking food over.

It would not have been appropriate for her to go into that neighborhood alone, so she asked me to help her. Feeling it was my duty to help my sister, I agreed.

Before heading to the shelter we stopped at the grocery store to pick up the dinner. It was fried chicken, coleslaw, fried potatoes, rolls, and various drinks. We got plates, napkins, utensils, and cups. About an hour later we arrived at the shelter, located in the upstairs of an old factory.

As we drove through what used to be downtown, I was reminded of ghost towns that would be shown in old westerns. There was no one around, all the buildings were empty and boarded up. There was no one to be seen until we arrived at the shelter.

With a market across the street and a Nation of Islam mosque next door,

there was finally a hint of life. A small group of people waited in front of the shelter. When we stopped the car they came over to help us take the food up to the loft.

Looking around the shelter I was amazed at how clean it was. Fifty beds were made so perfectly it would have made a mother proud. Clothing was folded and neatly placed on each bed. There were rows of lockers set up next to the beds, one assigned to each person, and two tables placed together in an "L" shape. One table was parallel to the beds, the other perpendicular and away, both were to the right of the lockers and were covered with a white bed sheet. With the food and drink ready to be

served the occupants lined up, took their hats off and said a short prayer.

As we served the food I was struck by the fact that almost no one touched either the diet cola or coleslaw. Then I realized that they were, surprisingly, like me. There were things they liked and things they did not.

This was, of course, no major breakthrough. It never occurred to me that the expressionless faces I had seen in crowds had opinions or dreams. I remembered something my father said about things rarely working out the way they are planned, and I could not help wondering if I might one day be living in a shelter. It scared me.

As we left the shelter everyone thanked us and wished us a good evening. I felt relieved to get out of there; it had been suffocating to me. I had felt eyes watching and waiting for me to do something, but all I could do was stand in a corner with my hands in my pockets, frozen.

As we walked out of the building I tried to take a deep breath. The

musty smell was no longer there, but I still could not breathe. All I could do was think about how some of these people had ended up here. I knew some were retarded and had no one to take care of them, but that was only a few. There were others I could imagine trading on Wall Street, or running a Fortune 500 company.

My sister and I have never talked about the experience. I was quiet the entire trip back, and I believe she thought I would be embarrassed if she said something. She was right. I was embarrassed and ashamed.

I felt pity not for the homeless but for myself. Fear was without question the dominant emotion. I have always been taught that if I work hard I will do all right in life. Yet, in that shelter there were at least twenty people who had worked hard all their lives and had nothing to show for it.

I go back to the shelter every time I can. Partly because it is the right thing to do, but also because I can see myself one day knocking on a shelter's door.

Shape of things to come at wqfs

Paige McRae

Staff Writer

This year promises to be an exciting one at wqfs. Although there have been no major overhauls, several new staff members have joined. Among these new additions are Program Director Susan Mers and DJ Rep Matt Chamblin. New in production are Reid Dossinger and Stuart Jones. According to Alex Milkey, this year's crop of freshman DJ's look excellent. He also mentioned wanting to develop to greater interest in world music.

A plan wqfs has in the works is a 'zine to be titled "Musical Goon Companion". It will feature Top 50 albums and Top 10 7-inch singles chosen by the DJ's. There are even hopes for an indie label record flea market and benefit performances by local artists sponsored by wqfs.

Here is a schedule of all the DJ's and their shows:

Mondays-

Noon: Libby Manly and Amy Jasper "Chick Show"

1-3 pm: Jimi Lulejian and Aaron Joslin

3-5 pm: Cara Fletcher and Kara Pokras

5-6 pm: Dave Fiebelkorn rave

6-8 pm: Susan

8-9 pm: New Music

10-midnight: Kirstie

midnight-2 am: Jennifer Merman and Ellen Moore

2-4 am: Mr. Bill rave

Tuesdays-

8-10 am: Roy Jessup

10 am-noon: Fred Williams

Noon-1 pm: Catherine Jernigan hip hop

1-3 pm: Rhi Wood and Matt Pruden

3-5 pm: Josh White and Brad Boos

5-6 pm: Mark Davidheiser blues

6-8 pm: Bryant Booher

8-10 pm: Chris Singler and Carter Browning

10-midnight: Eleanor

midnight-2 am: Sandra Bretnall

Wednesdays-

10 am-noon: Jen Garrison

Noon-1 pm: Allison Noel O'Meara and Stephan Alphabet

1-3 pm: Jeff Kaplan

3-5 pm: Becky

5-6 pm: Jim Horvat jazz/new age

6-8 pm: Chuck Carrol

8-10 pm: Matt Chamblin Punk Rock at its Best

10-midnight: Alex Milkey and Reid Dossinger

midnight-2 am: Stuart Jones and Katie Prout

Thursdays-

8-10 am: Jason Barbour

10 am-noon: Dave Lee

noon-1 pm: Wendy Swanson reggae

1-3 pm: Tajhia

3-5 pm: Jonas Ehudin

5-6 pm: Matt Busch british

6-8pm: Hope Donkin

8-10pm: Kelly and Susan early 80's

10-midnight: Steve Wood

midnight-2am: Julie Milton and Doug Grisby love and lust

Fridays-

8-10 am: Jeff Barham

10am -noon: Dana Clark and

Isabelle Lutterrodt

Noon- 1 pm: Kelly roots of the world

1-3 pm: Robert Vidrine

3-5 pm: Sarah Coffey

5-6 pm: Heath Brown and Chris Bishop jazz and blues

6-8pm: Mike Woking and Dave Nutt

8-10pm: Aaron Parevgis and Beth Springfield family hour

10-midnight: Wesley Elam rap/reggae

midnight-2am: Kate Crane and Brian Lowit punk/hardcore

Saturdays-

8-10 am: Annalise Pollack

10 am-noon: Kristen Eaton

Noon-1 pm: Andy Swanson and Wade Tomlinson instrumental

1-2 pm: Jorge Guerro spanish

2-4 pm: Jeff Johnson jazz

6-8pm: Roy Moore old country

8-9pm: Elly Lohon and Bill Goodman

10-midnight: Steve Moore

midnight-2am: Juliet Trail and Heather Carreiro

2-4 am: Mad Dog

Sundays-

8-10 am: Maryanne Sweat and Ali Cause

10 am-noon: Becky Young

noon-2 pm: Dan Mclean "Sunday Morning Salvage"

2-4 pm: Melina DeJongh, Betsy Sheffield and Joy Watson

4-6 pm: Hans Meyer "Big Show"

8-10 pm: Rick Brown kaleidoscope

10-midnight: Jonathan Lawson

midnight-2am: Elliot Tucker

late '80's punk-hardcore/grunge

2-3 am: Jane Singleto and Daniel Montgomery love songs

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