



1973

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UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

What does it all mean?





Will I ever be
as tall as this tree
When will I have time to grow
Straight or gnarled
as winds of life blow
or Autumns' ending days
cover my roots over the pathways
strip me bare of life's excesses
until in time Spring expresses
awakening joy; eternal youth
and I know I'll find the truth
Whether I be old, I won't care
the weaving patterns of life dare
to open to me, though I fear
the knots that tie me to this Earth
will never give me up her birth.







From tricycles to ten speeds
From playing with toy guns to killing with real ones
From waiting to go outside to play to wanting
to go outside to play
From wondering about what you're going to be
when you grow up to wondering about what you're
going to be when you grow up
Have we really changed—





A time of changing
remaking and taking up
new crosses and
old goals

Anxiety is there
with the moments
of pain, and sorrow.

An old thing
never the same
always remain
the change.



WOMEN STUDENTS
- ONLY -



Picking up strings, threads,
shreds
of life past
and reweaving them carefully.
So cautiously,
I strive,
to go forward,
falling backward,
leaning toward the warmth,
the comfort,
the loving.
It is split
down the center
my good intentions
and wisdom
fell apart.



Man's unceasing diseases . . .
wanderlust, loneliness,
a reaching for expression
and answers . . .
never ending . . .
he searches in the swamp . . .
for some kind of love
fulfillment . . .
to quench his denied thirst.





Cut velvet patterns in my mind
I feel and stitch
and try to form it into
a dress, or perhaps a cape.
Which would be best?
for I have not yet selected a pattern,
the pattern.
Rich colors, avocados and rose with black
scattered across the woof and warp,
but still laying across my cutting board,
fate undecided,
I must select the pattern.



and it all goes back to . . .

GETTING THE HELL OUT.

create a staff of students and faculty
intellectual life and learning
of years, split to find you
the surrounding life of students
activity, from the Virginia
life of education.





Inside the college campus, look around. It's a vastness—a conglomeration of people of all ages and backgrounds of living Greensboro surrounds the insulated community of youth which is UNC-G with the city's own knowledge. "rear world." Are you might as well be Burlington or Winston-Salem, only the anonymity you find there is familiar. Can you know this city? Who is our Greensboro?



Yes—she is an entity—
Why female—
Well—then my dear—go out
and explore her crevices
But be careful my dear or you
too will become her victim—
She'll haunt you at night with her
wailing—and accost your
ears all day with stuttering . . .





ONE WAY

E MARKET



old—
afraid
what to do? what to do?
use them . . .
it's worked before—
catch your breath
wailing releases in darkness
stuttering blood
a facelife?
yes—that's it
they'll never know—suck them dry



I wait and wonder; who will my fate
be left to?
One not caring, and the other
unsure. The fates seem
too close for a difference.
Whose support for us
will support against our foundations?
Destroying self
to the core of image.
I watch the city go by
and drift to my destination.
Where do we go?
By the grace of his image?



What is the imprint of a city on the faces of its people? Do the character of their ways and the patterns of their days etch themselves on their faces? As they shape the city, the people are shaped in turn as they become part of what they create. Urban renewal downtown and the vitality of a man's springy step . . . the endurance of old buildings and a woman waiting.





Johansen! Where are we now?

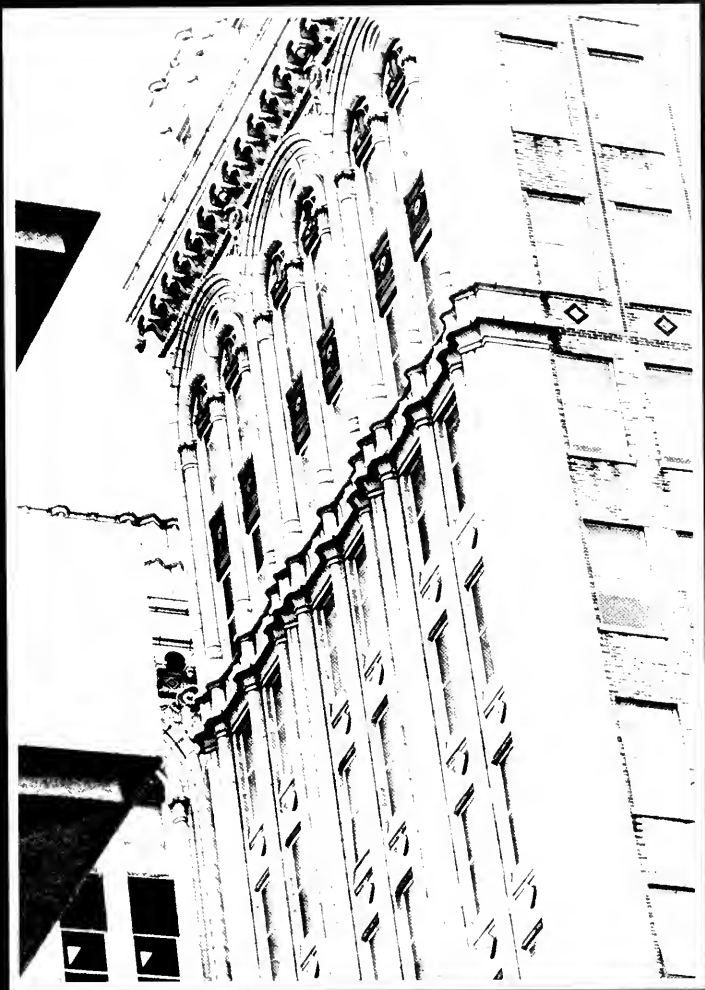
We've come to a place known to its inhabitants as the City of Gates, or the Gate City, or something like that . . . I think it's called Greensboro.



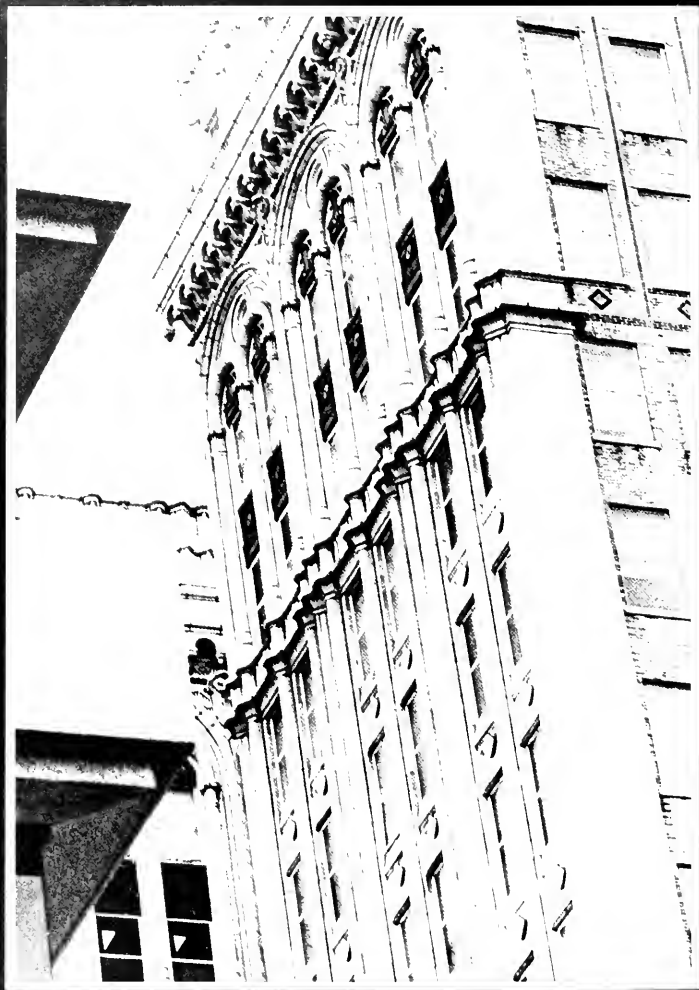
You stupid nitwit! You mean we're approaching a metropolitan area and you don't even know what it is? That could be dangerous!



What does it matter? The important thing is, there are people here, real human beings! I have heard that there is even a University nearby. That alone indicates there is at least a seventy per cent chance of educational dissemination. What does it matter?



I still think it is dangerous.



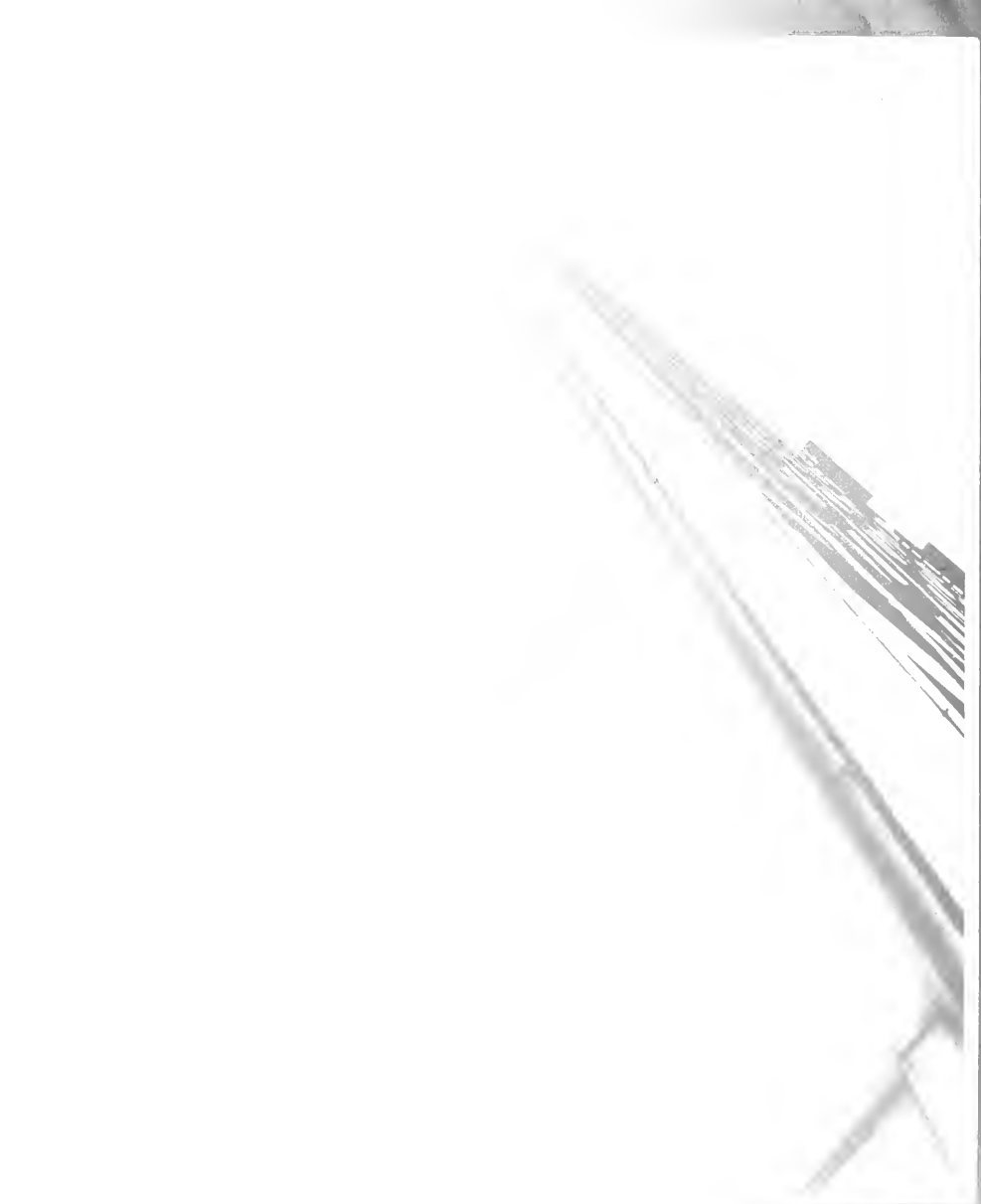
Look at these structures. People built these, do you realize, they built them with their hands. Their souls are infused in these blocks of concrete and steel. It is a great cultural experience!

Johansen! You are coming too close! Watch yourself; it could be dangerous. Johansen, are you listening?



What does it matter?

Johansen, stop! We are going to strike! We are . . .





1937

1938

1939

1940

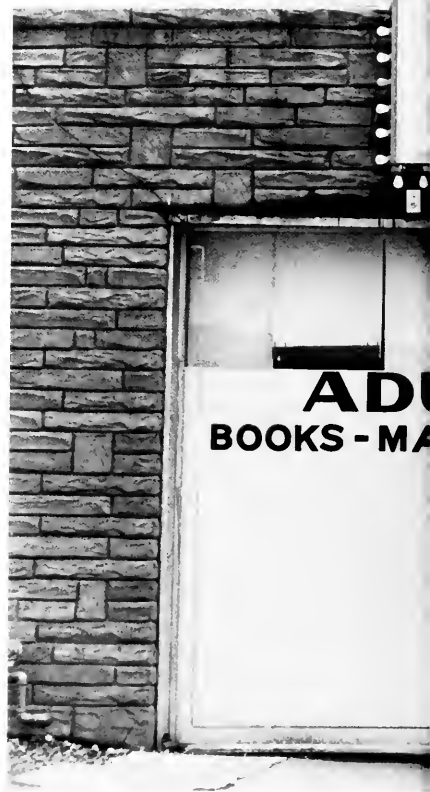
1941

1942

It is a city of time and change. What makes it run? People. People of every contrast imaginable. Witness the Chamber of Commerce and all others in authority and:







Save at Gate City Savings.

ADULT BOOKS
MAGAZINES · GIFTS · NOVELTIES

LT
MAGAZINES

Positively
**ADULTS
ONLY**

**IF THE
NUDE ANATOMY
OFFENDS YOU
DO NOT ENTER**

**ADULT
BOOKS - MAGAZINES**

that which is totally worthless; that which is
as useful to the Student as the average politico.

Hear ye! I shall bludgeon thy ears, with bullshit!
For I am the King! I am Greensboro's Chamber of
Commerce and the Nation's Leader. I am dirty
thoughts and the Spirit of '76. I am America!

MAZZOTTA



"AT FIVE CENTS A PIECE, I FIGURE I'M A GONNA HAVE IT MADE BY NEXT ELECTION!"

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BE MY RUNNING-
MATE SON?"



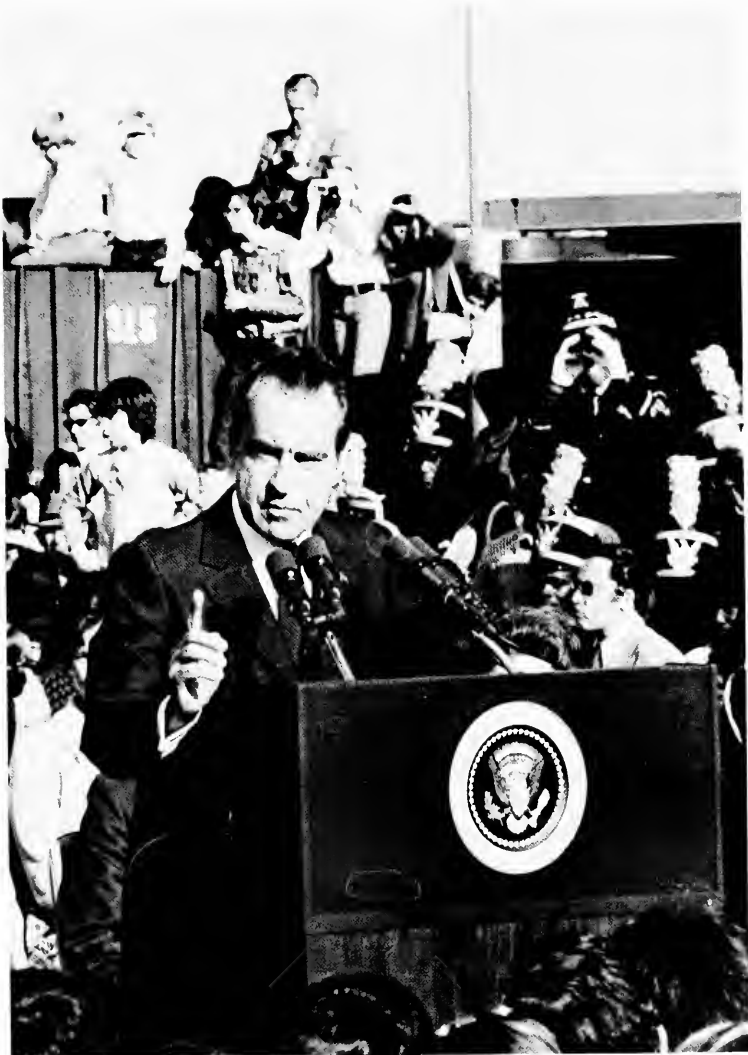
12/21



" DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING IN A LARGER SIZE? "



KING OF THE MOUNTAIN



I am; therefore I am.

POLITICAL ACTIVITY

"You do plan to vote for Senator McGovern don't you?" "If you had to decide at this moment who to vote for, would it be Bowles or Holshouser?" "To you, what is the most important issue in the campaign?"

Regardless of whether students worked with or against each other, all campaigners together were able to share feelings of loyalty and dedication to their candidates, each thinking his candidate to be the best. "To me, Nick Galifianakis is the only candidate in the world!" "Surely the people of North Carolina see that Holshouser is the man for our state." "McGovern is the person to unite the nation, bring peace, and save America from Richard Nixon!!"

Whenever a student was fortunate enough to have his candidate appear on, or near, the campus, that student was seen in a state of elation for days before and after. Disappointment was felt whenever a scheduled candidate was to arrive, but didn't. In the case of Congressman Nick Galifianakis' canceled appearance, students who waited for two hours to hear the candidate were somewhat quieted by the Greek pastries that were served.

As election day grew closer, the excitement and amount of work increased. Last minute pollsters ran through the Greensboro community trying to gain more votes for their candidates' support. More literature was distributed, more doorbells and telephones rung, more posters and bumper stickers seen, more campaign buttons (McGovern/Shriver; Bowles, Governor; Nixon Now; Give 'em Helms, Jessie, Galifianakis, U.S. Senate) proudly worn.

When election day finally arrived, the various precincts were staffed by campaign workers long before the scheduled 6:00 a.m. opening. Bowles people stood by Holshouser workers, all decorated with signs, buttons, stickers, and hats boasting their own candidate's name. There were hopes expressed through phrases such as "Hope you'll remember Skipper Bowles!" "Don't forget to vote for the best man, Jim Holshouser!" Many students worked at the polls from 6:00 until the polls closed at 7:00 on election night.

Upon leaving the precinct polls, most campaigners headed for their candidate's, or party's headquarters to watch election returns. It happened that the Republican forces and the Democratic forces were located, both, at the Hilton Inn. The Nixon people ignored the McGovernites, while the Bowles workers pretended the Holshouser group had simply vanished. The hours of the election returns were the climax of the efforts made in the previous long months of campaigning. There were tears, and there was laughter as the results were finalized into concrete evidence showing Nixon, Holshouser, and Helms to be the winners of their races.

Although the elections are over now, the dedication felt by the various student workers can still be viewed in faded, wrinkled stickers, buttons that are still worn, dorm walls covered with posters, and in comments: "I still can't believe that he could have possibly lost, there's no way!" "Perhaps he did lose, but he's still the best man." "The one important thing I've learned is that the best candidate doesn't always win."

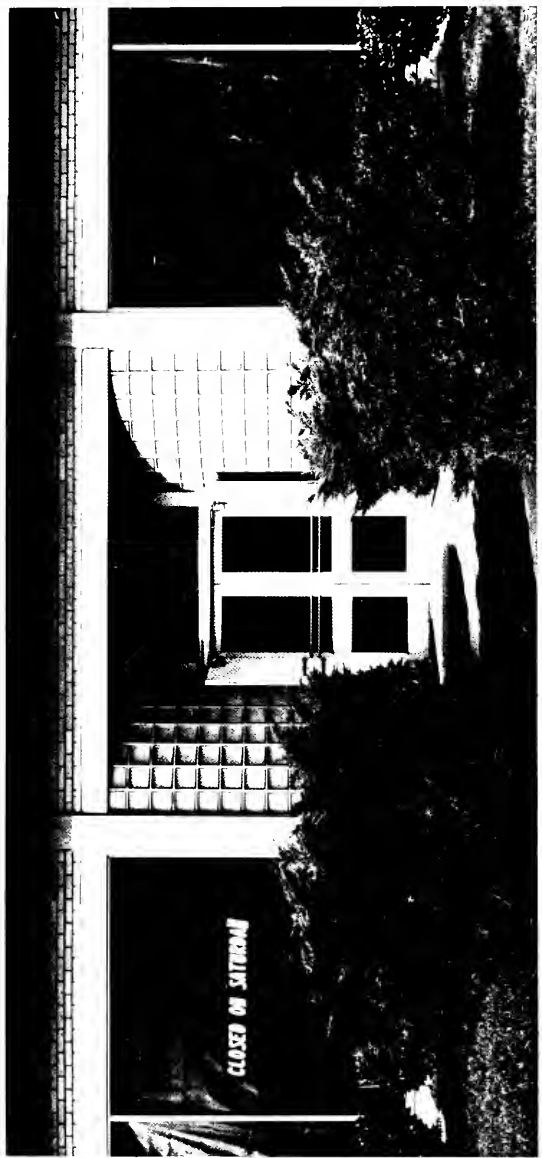



For many students, the campaigning has stopped only temporarily. There are more elections to come in '74 and '76 when they will find another McGovern, Nixon, Bowles, Holshouser, Galifianakis, or Helms to believe in and to support.



•
THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
NORTH CAROLINA
AT
GREENSBORO •

HOME OF QUALITY BRED CHICKS





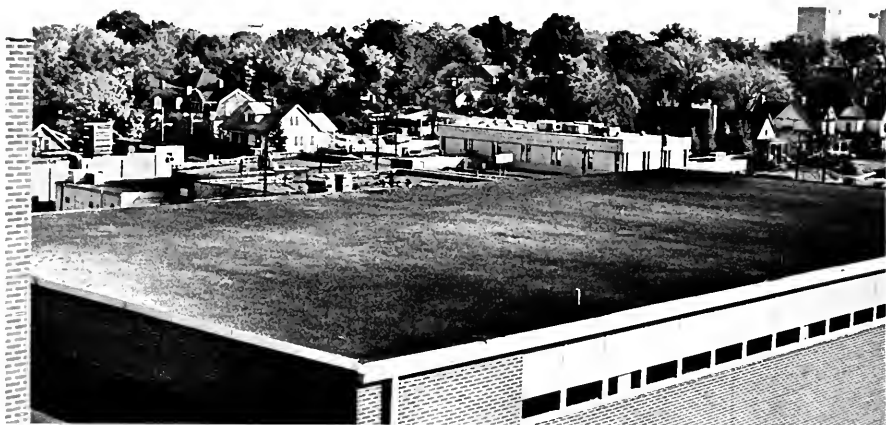
Welcome to
"fifty-five buildings valued
at more than \$41 million"
Whoopee!

There are the forces molding the future of our country and the
world
Whoopee!
Exposure to your minuteness
Uniqueness

Crying to be heard by a brass statue
yet safe in anonymity
This place—a point of reference
for so many strangers

THE UNIVERSITY











New souls
in old bodies,
continuing . . .

. . . as in the past.







When I first looked upon old Julius's alter-ego, I thought, "What a classic!"

Then somehow, I felt his bones creaking and I wondered when Antiquity was going to fall. My soul shouted, "Get out of there!" I think he heard me, because later I found out that the Chancellor didn't live there (I had always wondered who did occupy that palatial mansion).

Chancellor, have you thought about your staff members lately? Of course you have. But do you need to take out that whole block of fine houses and the Yum-Yum of all things? In any case, if the Ad building crew doesn't get out in time, here is a section created and produced in their memory. As God might have said at one time, "I haven't thrown you away."



Doctor Ferguson, how long do you intend to remain in your present position with the University?

Chancellor Ferguson: It's a little difficult to say that at this point. I don't have definite plans with regard to specific terms.

Suppose that you remain at the University in your present position as Chancellor for ten or fifteen years. What do you foresee for the University in this time period?

Chancellor Ferguson: Well: during the next ten years, the University will continue to develop somewhat along the lines that it has during the previous ten years; that is, there will be emphasis on developing the capacities to serve as a comprehensive university; a multi-purpose institution.

Will it serve the whole community?

Chancellor Ferguson: Yes, the primary emphasis will be on serving, let's say, 10,500 students or 11,000 students. I would think about those numbers as being the ceiling for the University in this location; and, of course, a great deal of emphasis would be placed on diversifying the programs available to those students directly. We would think of the University as being a service institution for the whole community, the community in Greensboro Triad Area first of all, but then

(continued overleaf)



the larger community of the state and nation. Yes, I do think of the University as having obligations to discover new truth, which means not only research and publication as is most frequently considered, but being a center in which creativity can be stimulated and encouraged.

Dr. Ferguson, how do you see yourself as a functionary of this University? I know from talking to many students that few people know what you do here. What do you do here?

Chancellor Ferguson: I think I do a lot. My role is defined as being the person with the final executive responsibility. Of course, the legislation establishing the University system defines the role of Chancellor on each campus. The Code of the University does the same thing, and it is my responsibility to see that the resources of the University are organized in such a way as to produce the most effective educational program that can be provided. Naturally, I must rely heavily on the faculty to provide the primary teaching and secondly, the administrators who make recommendations to me concerning the way given resources are to be used. I am the person who is ultimately held responsible on the campus for any University matter.

Do you see yourself fulfilling this definition?

Chancellor Ferguson: I hope I make some progress in doing this.

Perhaps we could dig a little deeper into the University operation as it relates to the students. You say that you are ultimately responsible for the progress the University makes. Who really runs the University? Is there any one person or is it a group of people?

Chancellor Ferguson: It is certainly not an operation that could be run by one person. If there is not the co-operation of the different parts of the University, then there is a failure to use the optimum amount of the resources which the University has, and so it has to be a joint effort . . .

By whom?

Chancellor Ferguson: . . . well, by the entire community; students; faculty, administration, Board of Trustees; the larger constituency that throws its support behind the University, of course the alumni who are a special part of that constituency.

When you first heard that a student, i.e. our SGA President, would be admitted to the Board of Trustees, what was your reaction to that?

Chancellor Ferguson: Do you mean when the legislation was enacted?

Yes.

Chancellor Ferguson: I felt that this would provide a means of communication that had not been present earlier, so I felt that it was a good arrangement.

As to what we discussed earlier about it being a primary center of learning, there have been statements made by several people to the effect that they felt that this University is nothing more than a trade school for white collar jobs. What do you think of that?

Chancellor Ferguson: I would disagree with it. It is true that there are professional programs that are in the University. The heart and core of the institution throughout most of its history has been its emphasis on the Liberal Arts and the goals of Liberal Arts education, which would try to develop in the individual student the capacity for critical analysis, thought, of course habits that would make him seek to command accurate information and

to make this serve as the basis for his making his decisions. The basic goal is to produce persons who have the capacity to be complete adults, which means accepting the responsibility for making one's own decisions and also accepting the consequences of those decisions.

One last question. Do you like your job?

Chancellor Ferguson: Yes I like my job: there are times when the burdens of it are pretty heavy and there's no questioning the fact that throughout my life, my greatest satisfactions have come from teaching. The classroom is very attractive, very inviting; but if there weren't also some satisfactions in administrative work, I wouldn't do it. Yes, one has to define his work in terms of service; I suppose in the long run nobody is going to be satisfied with his occupation if he cannot see it in a service relationship, and I have a lot of pleasant people who work with me and help me; and so, yes, I do derive satisfactions from this. But on the other hand, I repeat, I look longingly at the classroom.

Do you anticipate getting back there?

Chancellor Ferguson: Yes, sometime I do intend to go back to teaching. Before I leave the Chancellor's office, I hope I may be able to pick up one class a semester or something like that; but, of course, that's what I intended six years ago when I became Chancellor on a regular appointment. Even during the sixteen months I had been acting Chancellor, I fully expected to go back to it after a semester or so, but it hasn't worked out for these six years.

Too much work?

Chancellor Ferguson: Yes, either too much work or I get to it too slowly; there's some reason.

Who really runs the University? Is it, as the Chancellor said, operated by a group; is it a joint effort? Let us go further, past the veil of the University catalogue. Who are the unseen, without whom the institution would not be?

The picture you see below are of the men and women who control our money, thereby directly affecting our lives while at UNC-G. They are: Charles Roberts—Accounting; Ruthe Shafer—Cashier; Leon Sartin—Accounting; Henry Ferguson—Business Office; Kathy Harris—Accounting; Roger Davis—Purchasing Agent; Everett Wilkinson, Jr.—Personnel Director.

In the pages that follow, you will see those that might be called the unsung heroes of our Community. These people, the proletariat, run the University.





HELP KEEP
OUR CAMPUS
CLEAN

This afternoon, I would like to get a few impressions from you about your job—what you do at the University. Firstly, would you tell me exactly by whom you are employed?

Billy: By the State of North Carolina.

By the University?

Billy: Right.

What exactly does your job entail—what do you do?

Billy: Well, actually, I'll tell you. It's like—we just pick up trash, garbage . . . and we just . . . pick up trash.

What are your working hours?

Billy: Mine are from 8:00 til 4:30.

Do you find your job enjoyable or tiring or . . .

Billy: Well, I'll tell you. Actually it's not a bad job, you know, but when it gets cold we work, and when it's raining we work, and—put it this way, it's not bad. We got a little thing going.

Do you like your job?

Billy: Yeah, because, I'll tell you why, because I hate to mess with weeds, you know, and shrubbery. I don't know anything about shrubbery so this is my thing. I like to mess with trash.

Instead of yard work and things like that?

Billy: Yeah, right.

Do you think you'd have any better opportunities in yard work?

Billy: No, because I don't want it.

Do you feel that in your job—the kind of work you do—you're paid fairly?

Billy: No, actually no; because I'll tell you why. Messing in trash and garbage and stuff you get cut, stung by bees, and so forth and so on, and we try to work and make my supervisor and people around the trash, keep from getting on our butts, you know, and we try to do our best to keep the place clean and if somebody calls up and says pick up so and so, we break our necks down there to get it to keep people in high office off our tails. Like I said, we got our little thing, you know.

Do you like the fellows you work with?

Billy: Oh yeah! Well Bo, he been here twenty-four years and Richie been here nine years, and I been here three years; and working with a garbage man is like, they're beautiful dudes, you know?

Do you get along with your boss in the higher office?

Billy: Well, he don't say too much to us, I don't think, because I actually pay the man no mind, but like he said, it goes in one ear and out the other, you know what I mean?



Bobby Mizell: A Laundry Manager's Soliloquy

I don't think the students wear clothes like they used to and I can tell a big difference from when I came over here six years ago. Girls don't wear dresses; they wear pants. Mostly we do have a lot of blue jeans and dungarees and stuff like this, shorts, gym suits and gym pants. As far as just naturally wearing blouses and dresses, we just don't have them. We can tell a lot about student life just by washing the laundry. We get it all. You'd be surprised at some of the things we do get. We get some clothes that are—they write on them and say things on them and we take them out and read them once in a while and we have a pretty good time reading what some of the girls wrote on them. They're not as bad this

year as they were last year. But they write different stuff like who they're in love with and all this stuff on there, you know. We find more kinds of stuff that they put in their pockets and the boy's pockets. We found something last week—some marijuana. This is about the second or third time. I try to stay out of that. I think the students this year are a great bunch to start with. I've had very few complaints this year. I don't communicate with the students that much. All I do is their laundry and there aren't as many spaghetti jumpers this year as there were last year and things like this and writing on their clothes. It's kind of calmed down a little bit, I believe.

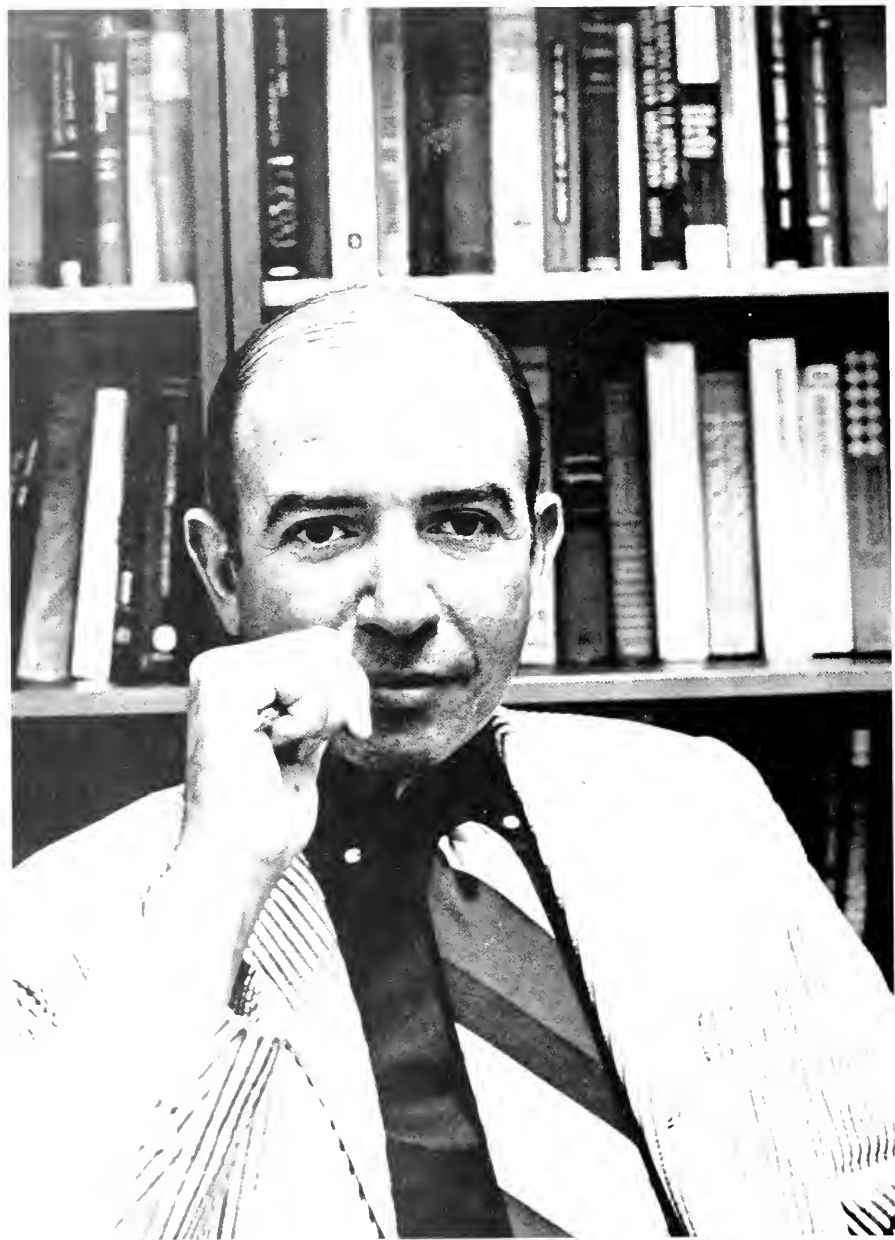




Richard Loester—Admissions Office

The impression a prospective student has of the University comes in part from our office, so to some extent we are certainly oriented in a public relations manner so that it's important in our admissions function. I think it's important to us to convey in an ethical manner the facts about the University and the different programs; certainly, we want to impart as fairly, as possible, the student's probable chances of success because our office is dealing certainly with the lives of, in most cases the futures of, young people today, as such we don't want to be misleading. Very often we spend more time talking to students in trying to help them find alternate ways of attaining their ultimate goals. It's still kind of exciting to go out sometimes and visit schools and to feel that you are really contacting, making contact with people and talking with them. That's one of the things I believe in doing—not talking to them, but talking with them. I believe in trying to help them in some way, even if they ultimately do not attend your school. I think if we can represent our University that way, then even the students who don't attend here may come away with a feeling, a good feeling, toward UNC-G. The last three years we have started a survey; I worked on a three-page survey and we had responses from students who did not come here. We asked for their help in looking at our strong points and our

weak points, and we've gotten a lot of responses from students who did not come here. "You took time out to write us even though we didn't come, and we're glad to know that you're still interested in us." This is a rewarding aspect of admissions work. Admissions work is something more factual than trying to be in a sales area where you're trying to give a hard sale. This is really what I'm trying to get at. When we visit schools each year, we attempt to encourage, if anything, by our enthusiasm for the school. As my own personal impression is that this school has much to offer at times, perhaps we could have used even more publicity in some ways to get word out to students just as to what we have to offer here. A third goal indirectly has been the increase in the number of men on campus and this is something we've striven for through all our representatives by encouraging them more on the concept of UNC-G as a community advantage to men to come here at the end of high school or from other colleges. This past year, I think, the number of women stayed approximately the same as the year before, but we added on about four hundred more men coming to the University on the undergraduate level, and I think this is significant. It's something, once again, that we're trying to impart whenever we visit schools.



Q: Dr. Goldman, what exactly does your job entail?

A: I look at the office of Academic Advising as having two major responsibilities. One of them is to coordinate all academic advising for the undergraduate program here at UNC-G, and the other major responsibility of the office is to administer all of the academic rules and regulations and policies concerning the undergraduate program.

Q: What then, is your relationship in working with the faculty and administration?

A: One of the major ways we work with the faculty is through the advising program. We assign faculty as advisors to the students. This office makes those assignments and we work with the faculty who are advising in briefing them on the latest changes on policy and regulations and degree requirements. We have workshops for them each semester to bring them up to the latest developments in University policy, so they can better advise the students. So that's one general way that we work very closely with the faculty, through their capacity as advisors. We work with the faculty whenever they have concerns about academic matters regarding their advisees. If they need clarification of some policy, they'll call us for our help in interpreting a policy for them. Or where there's a problem that is beyond their means to cope with, they'll refer the students to us, so we get many referrals from faculty who simply don't have the answer to give the student, and they want us to help the student. They do this by referring him to us. We work with other administrators in clarifying certain regulations and policies regarding the undergraduate program, helping them to better understand.

Q: What is your relationship then, with this office and as a person, to people outside the University—the community as a whole?

A: I suppose the only way to answer that would be to say it's a rather indirect relationship. The office is primarily responsible to, and the functioning of the office relates to, students who are enrolled here at the University. Quite frequently, though, I receive calls from residents of

the city and the county and the surrounding area for answers to questions they have about the University and how it operates and various programs. We provide them with whatever public relations kinds of information we can. We have many students who have left the University before graduating, and they come back years later and have questions about the University now and how they can continue and we try to help them. So it's a helping kind of office; we try to lend assistance to anyone who is in need of it regarding academic matters; but when we find we are getting involved in personal conflicts and adjustment personality problems, we refer such cases to the counseling center.

Q: Do you feel yourself hindered by any specific program in the University, or are there any regulations you would like to do away with?

A: No, I think that one of the functions of the office is to identify policies that are troublesome and that need to be revised or thrown out to improve the University. We're in a rather strategic position. Many students come in and tell us that this policy is ridiculous, I can't see why you have it, look what it's doing, it's preventing me from doing this. We hear such statements from students; it gives us a chance to listen in. I find it to be the heart of the University. We get the pulse of the University here, at least at the undergraduate level. And it's led this office to look further into these concerns and complaints and attempt change, and we have been successful in making certain changes. I suppose the only thing I'm concerned about is when students, or anyone else, want to throw out what is and they don't have something better to take its place. To complain is fine, but what do you have as a substitute that will work? I don't like to hear just complaints unless somebody has some constructive means for changing. For example, someone says, "Let's throw this out." What would we have in its place? What would be better? I'd like to hear constructive suggestions. Eventually I think we'll get everything done that has to be done. We still have time to reflect on what needs to be done. We're constantly looking for ways to improve, changes for improvement and not for change's sake.

Jim Blevins Speaks For Himself

COMMENT: It wouldn't be a bad idea to start giving some tickets to some of the people who are speeding on campus in automobiles, because no matter how wide the speed bumps are, there is always that distance between them and you accelerate. Very few people observe the stop signs around campus that I have—this is just a casual observation; the traffic situation would be greatly helped. Is there any way we could get the school or ask the city to stake somebody out to hand out tickets?

JIM BLEVINS: All right let me say this the stop signs and one way streets that are on campus are a part of state law in order for our motor vehicle laws to become law they are presented to the Board of Trustees and if accepted they're filed with the Secretary of State and this is the case with our motor vehicle laws on campus so we're talking about laws that can cause a person to be taken to the district court for violating such a law now we are working right now to work out some last minute details on having officers write citations for some of these people that blatantly violate stop signs I've seen some people run through them at 10 15 20 mph and if a stop sign is erected there it means that an engineer saw that you had to come to a complete stop or so close to it in order to really view the situation so we are in the process right now of getting set up to write citations on a big scale if that is necessary now I would like to see that people would stop at stop signs and obey the speed limits without us having to write citations but if they will not stop at stop signs and obey speed limits then we are going to start issuing citations to district court and these convictions will mean that this person will have this violation recorded on their driver's license record which is not good because when an insurance company re-evaluates your record if you've got speeding tickets and things on there that will probably increase your insurance rates in most cases some of your officers have been trying a warning campaign stopping people letting them know of their driving practices but I don't think it's very successful I think most of the people that go through a stop sign at 10 15 20 mph know full well what they're doing so I think from complaints like yours and a number of others that I've gotten since I've been here over the summer time that it is necessary that we just start enforcing the motor vehicle laws in a stricter manner I think our present staff can handle this I think they see enough violations just driving around on a normal patrol tour that they wouldn't have to hide behind any bushes to be able to catch violations.

COMMENT: You might find a rapist if they did.

JIM BLEVINS: Well that's why they're out there on foot patrol too as you know we have car patrol which covers traffic as we're talking about we also in the evening hours when people are moving about on campus we also have officers on foot and you might see one as you turn the corner of a building he's liable to be there anywhere and we think this has been a good deterrent over the last few years in cutting down on people on campus that might be prone to commit rapes or assaults or peeping toms and this type of thing.

COMMENT: Have you had any problems with girls being afraid to report muggings or peeping toms or whatever the violation might be?

JIM BLEVINS: I don't really suppose we're any different to a great degree than the American public as a whole and some sociological studies that I have seen in the past have revealed that about 50% of the people who are involved in larcenies or experience a larceny don't bother to report the crime and in the neighborhood of 80 to 90% of the people who experience an assault or a rape don't bother to report the crime to the police because people keep expecting more from us but sometimes we don't get enough information from one witness to be able to determine who really committed the crime so sometimes we have to put several different crimes together to get a good description or to determine the area a person is working in or what time of day he works to put someone there to catch the person committing the crime if that's the case.

COMMENT: Have you had any trouble with larcenies or assaults being reported to you recently?

JIM BLEVINS: Yes there have been a couple of credit card thefts from a dorm and a report of a credit card theft from a classroom building and from what I can determine at this point I'd like to just suggest that people lock their rooms this is a precaution that ought to be done anyway there was a stereo stolen during summer school and usually these thefts occur when someone leaves their rooms unlocked and with more or less open dorms anyone who looks like a student can wonder through the dorm whether or not they are in fact a student and they just keep wandering around until they see a room that is opened and if they can see a wallet or something lying around they're just as likely to pick it up and go with it as not and we don't know at this point who committed it whether it was a student or a nonstudent or who it was but I just suggest . . .

EEEEEEEEEEK!
... IT'S ANOTHER
ONE OF THOSE PEEPING-TOMS!



I had left the library when it closed at around twelve, and he and I were walking up Mendenhall Street . . . I heard footsteps behind us; at first they were slow and soft, but they got close very fast . . . he and I were trying to play it cool . . . I turned around and saw one of them jumping on his back . . . I saw that there were two more coming across the street . . . two of them had steel bars.

Who knows how many incidents are reported and how many go remembered in unsettled minds and not in files?

Assault is an experience which is unfortunately becoming more common around our campus. The whole thing was so ridiculous . . . I had two dollars in my pocketbook, and I would have given it to them; I didn't care . . . they were just after me—and violence . . .

What can be done to prevent these incidents?

The first thing I should have done was to look . . . I just didn't think about it . . . in a place like New York or Washington I would have looked . . . actually, I wouldn't have been out at a time like that . . .

In the south, especially in a small town like Greensboro, one tends to feel more relaxed; paranoia is, one would hope, a thing of the future, perhaps never to be dealt with . . . but in Greensboro?

The whole thing took only about eight or nine minutes . . . when they finally ran away, I managed to get over to him . . . they beat him with the steel bars . . . there was blood all over his face . . . it's strange; in twenty-three years, I had never seen blood

like that . . .

Paranoia does strange things to the human mind. It can paralyze, induce hallucinations; it can lead to self-destruction.

The next day, I had gone to the campus cops . . . when I mentioned it to the captain, he all of a sudden got very interested . . . took me into his private office and made me tell him all about it . . . it was like being in an Easy Rider movie . . . have you ever noticed the tie clasps he wears? They're little brass handcuffs . . . he was scribbling on a piece of ratty paper, and I swear that every time he wrote something he licked his pencil . . . I can see it now, "This is your life!" Written in wet pencil marks on a ratty piece of paper stuck in the files somewhere . . . And just how efficient do we think our campus cops are?

I don't know how complete their files are, but one day I was talking to the Directory of Security or something, and he mentioned that they had three cases of assault on file . . . whether they prefer not to disclose information about assaults or their system of filing is inefficient, I don't know . . . but I do know there were more than three cases last semester; I know of more than those myself. It is important at this point to register a disclaimer. The incident described by this student did not occur on this campus . . . Campus Security, therefore, cannot, and should not, be blamed. However, do bear in mind the documented cases of assault on campus when walking around after dark.







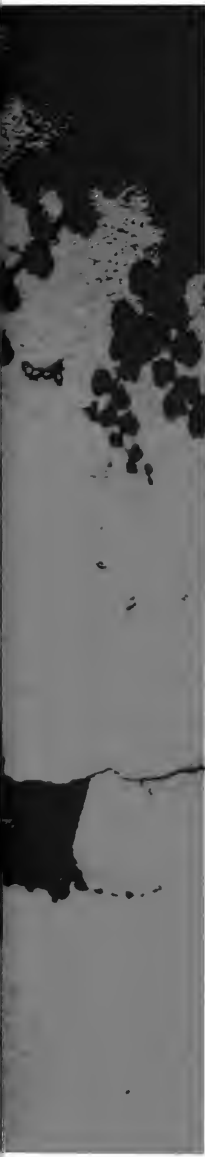
KEYSTONE KAPERS

"Where the hell's my car!?" Irritated car owners all over campus discovered that this was the year UNC-G campus police actually fulfilled their threat to "remove all illegally parked cars." Students returned to their cars to find that they had been towed away after a third parking violation. With a maximum of lists, noise, and bureaucracy, so called "Towing Lists", citing cars with a record of three previous infractions, served mainly to bewilder

and infuriate campus car owners. In some cases, cars were removed at the owner's expense before any previous citations had been issued. Students parking in dorm service drives frequently returned in time to see their vehicles being towed away after five or ten minutes. The campus security officers successfully executed their job of keeping the University streets unobstructed.



Crumbling walls and lives
exit from the present
Dimly lit haunts hold
mouldering memories
Empty halls, cold,
 lifeless
Where once radiated warmth,
voices, activity
Now only shadows
echo the silence.



Should Mrs. _____ Be Retired?

'A son's a son 'til he takes him a wife, but a daughter's a daughter for the rest of her life'—or so says an old maxim. Traditionally, most parents tend to hover over the female child, too especially conscious of her safety and well-being. Since it is a deep concern which extends beyond the home and follows the daughter in her encounters with the world, many parents have demanded a figure supplementary to themselves at the University level. This figure, an institution within institutions of higher learning, has been called a "house-mother." She is a woman employed by a college or university to occupy a suite of rooms within a residence hall and thereby create a symbiotic association with "her girls."

Whether or not she succeeds depends in large measure on her individual abilities as a competent executive. At once, she must be a personal advisor, a book-keeper secretary, a maintenance trouble-shooter and a responsible adult; and yet, always available—just in case a portable hair dryer overloads the wiring and starts a fire, or a parent of one of the girls is killed in an auto wreck at two-thirty in the morning, or a student's appendix ruptures without warning, or a missing coed is found behind her locked closet door overdosed on sleeping pills. Of course, there are less dramatic incidents to be dealt with: water fights, panty raids, keg parties, visitation infractions and room-mate blues. Someone must be there, most parents and college administrators

agree, if only for the parent's emotional and the institution's legal security. However, there are some students who feel the matured, wool-suited widow who needlepoints piano bench cushions, collects silver serving dishes, and preaches the beatitudes of propriety as an anachronism is doomed on today's college campus. Instead, they advocate resident graduate students (particularly in upperclassman dormitories) assisted by student committees. A few advocate no central organization whatsoever in upperclassman dorms.

First under Mrs. Jameson, a past chairman of housing at UNC-G, the title was updated to "dorm counselor" to dismiss the connotation of food that was synonymous with "house-mother" in previous years when duties included supervision of meals. Second, the upperclassman "housepresident" was expanded to "dorm coordinator" to include duties of greater responsibility for planning and supervising social activities. Designated to the dorm coordinator is the organization of student committees and representatives for the Student Government Association and Elliott Hall. She must then coordinate their efforts for the good of the girls in the dorm, thus leaving the dorm counselor free to advise, to attend staff meetings, and to execute hotel-manager type duties, i.e., the upkeep of the building and its furnishings, supervision of the maids and janitors, the issuing of keys and room assignments.



A random sampling of twelve coeds in _____ Hall reveals the majority of them prefer to keep an older adult as a counselor even though they feel a graduate student could relate to their personal problems easier because of age. Three of the twelve feel a graduate student would be under too much pressure academically to do a good job, and six of the dozen cite a "figurehead of authority" (as personified by the older dorm counselor) necessary for discipline and respect. While they resent the elder's pickiness about protocol (girls in _____ Hall aren't allowed to sit on the floor in the lobby or parlors), they don't advocate living without her.

The idea of a gradual merging of student power with that of the dorm counselor by extending even further the duties of the dorm coordinator is not unappealing to them. All twelve expressed sympathy for the lonely woman, one girl termed "starved for affection," who seeks the job. Most view the graduate student as self-centered and pressed for what they reason is an adequate amount of time and concern to fill the need. Whereas for the older widow, the job is the center of her life, for a grad student, it's usually moonlighting. Like the undergraduate students, she worries about papers, exams, grades, and boyfriends. In some cases her life style may not engender as much respect for her authority.

Having less living experience on which to base

her decisions, the graduate student might be more impulsive under stress—and a suicide attempt demands quick, decisive action and sound judgement. Certainly there are some graduate students capable of handling such emergencies alone, but how many parents are willing to risk their daughter's well-being to find out? With the official lowering of majority age from twenty-one to eighteen, most upperclassman undergraduate women are determined to accept an adult role at their college or university. They protest the extension of a parental morality figure, the "housemother," as a violation of the University's purpose and a detriment to their individual rights. Signout cards, they say, in the most polite terms, are a waste of time and an infringement of privacy. Although a "dorm counselor" is a tolerable improvement, she can no longer rule without some degree of student consent. The degree, depending upon the administrative policy of the school and the apathy of the students concerned, varies but the tendency toward change in the dormitory hierarchy doesn't. As of yet, the idea of graduate student replacements is too radical for many parents, and with some good reasons. Perhaps UNC-G is showing pragmatism in developing the student dorm coordinator as an executive entity, a co-worker with the older, responsible dorm counselor. In this age of specialization, even housemotherhood must justify its existence.





University of North Carolina at Greensboro
Daily Activity Report

Date: 7:00AM 1-29-73

Time: 7:00 AM to 1:00AM

Day of Week Monday
Tuesday

Dispatcher Horneby

Supervisor _____

Time	Location, Incident, Disposition, etc.
7:00AM	Dispatcher Clayton on duty until 8:00AM.
8:00AM	Dispatcher Mills on duty until 5:00PM.
5:00PM	Dispatcher Hornsby on duty until 7:00AM.
11:15 PM	Hawkins Hall, : Mrs Fleagle Counselor called this office stated some one on the second floor was smoking Narcotics in the rooms. Units = 4 Moore 10 Jones and 3 Harris were dispatched to investigate. Nothing was found.
1:15 AM	Gray Hall, : Overdose of Medicine. : Unit = 4 Dispatched Moore to transport Miss _____ to the Health Center after Counselor Morris requested Assi





The King

He watches over his domain, wary of any intrusion which might disturb its natural or unnatural balance. He is jealous of those who would 'improve' the surroundings.

"Bells!" he grumbled. "I don't like bells on my trees!"

"But don't they make the trees look nicer?" queried the thwarted art student. He simply

repeated, "I don't like bells on my trees!"

The man is the mentor of that great nebulous entity, the Physical Plant. He directs the directions of his plants, animals, buildings and other subjects. His are the buildings, new and old, crumbling and structurally sound. He is the King of the great university Mountain.

The following sixty pages deals primarily with a look at the University, its machinery and functions. Included in this study are our maids, janitors, and other maintenance folks.

The men and women who Teach are studied personally, rather than being lumped into great, impersonal Departments. We have selected four instructors in four fairly disparate departments to study in a greater depth than is usually seen in yearbooks. We feel that such an approach will give the reader a better understanding of our University.



The machinery of the University is complex and diffuse. It serves as an institution that has been



systematized, broken apart, and compartmentalized according to specific rules



and regulations. To the student the University may seem headless—a structure of many self-



contained, more or less well-working parts—that is devoid of any self-definition



other than whatever equals the sum of its departments. The University owes its life to those



concerned with its functioning: the unobtrusive corps of maintenance men,



maids, cooks and laundry workers; the office workers who channel data; the computer that



identifies us and tallies our grades and sometimes places us out of all our courses;



the administrators. The University is the sum of the lives within it. Individuals commute to the



campus to man computers, typewriters, and mops. For the student, the smiling



"Good morning" of Mattie or Matthew makes their presence warmer and more vivid than the



blur of names and faces at the Ad Building. Yet each contributes. Students who screen



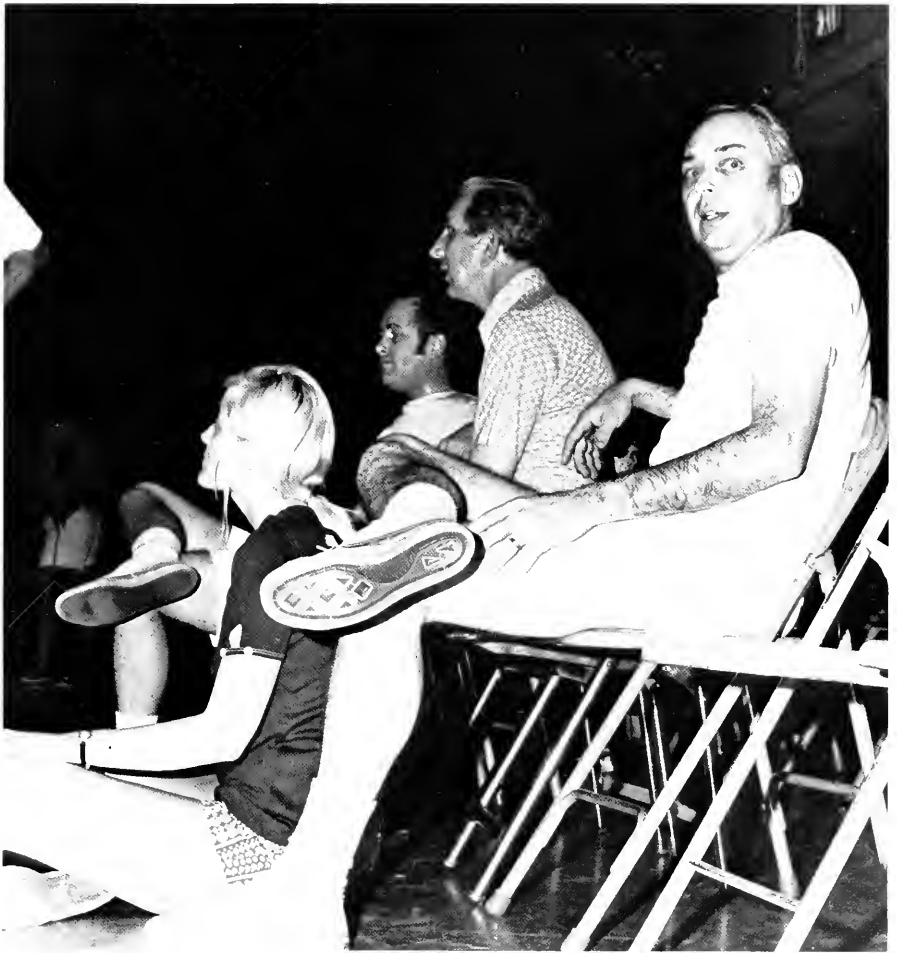
out personal identity and see workers only in relation to their jobs are most aware of workers



who provide a service when the telephone goes out of order or the milk machine in



the cafeteria runs out. Few derive a sense of community from the lofty, but unseen presence of



administrators. Those employed within the University do not seem to exhibit any



sense of common purpose. No one seems to know what another does, as they can never steer



a student who has come to the wrong office. The communication which could lead to unity



and direction instead of countless individuals doing jobs



unaware of their relation to the whole seems to be lacking.

Most students turn to professors to find a positive human relationship in the University. But professors, organized into academic departments, also lack a common sense of educational purpose with which to characterize the University. It is not that most professors have a snobbish, exclusive view of their own discipline, but most professors do show considerable reluctance, being "professional," to talk about an area in which they are not "qualified." They are specialists, and this fact puts the responsibility for perceiving interdisciplinary connections squarely on the student. It is true, however, that there are those professors who would like to enter into interdisciplinary subjects but who cannot find the basis for such courses within the compartmentalized structure of the University.

There are other problems which break down mutually respected humanity between professor and student including overcrowded departments and lecture classes. It is harder to participate in an intelligent progression of thought when the communication is only one-way. For most students, lectures are dreaded affairs relieved from tedium only if a teacher is

witty, eccentric, or charismatic. For professors, looking out over a sea of impassive, bored, or sleeping faces can be quite disheartening. One professor described coming to the end of a difficult explanation and feeling "like Tinkerbell, who at the end of Peter Pan should live only if enough people in the audience wanted her to."

Yet students are not disinterested in their professors. The professor is often gossiped about avidly in the dorms and regarded with eager reverence inside classes.

The professor, however distant, is closer than any other person to symbolizing and unifying the University experience for a student. He represents intellectual and creative enthusiasm; he offers interpretations of experience which a student can incorporate into his own way of thinking.

In small classes where discussion is possible, the best professors are those who provide a basis on which a student can test ideas: who can engage in intellectual conflict with their students; who can cultivate in them the art of intelligent questioning.





the art department







Student Appraisal of Fa(c)ulty Gem

There seem to be two general opinions of Richard Kollath. One is that he is a monumental purveyor of bullshit. The other, quite widely held is that he may be God, or Shiva, incarnate, come to give us the Word in exquisite form.

I do believe there is some dancing room in the middle.

The best way to define Richard Kollath would be to examine him as an art object in terms of his own terms for examining art objects: space, time, form, movement.

Unfortunately, I don't feel up to doing that today. You'll have to settle for second best (if you intend to keep reading, and there may be no good reason you should). That is to say, my own very personal, very definite reaction to the man.

When I first saw Richard Kollath, AS A NOT PARTICULARLY IMPRESSIONABLE junior transfer, I was INDUBITABLY impressed. The sheer physical grace of the man was lovely. He moved purty, as they say down in South Carolina. It's trite. But I still get the sneaky feeling sometimes that he's an antelope that got tricked into being a human. So. Don't worry, I don't go around thinking that way often.

But something bothered me. It was either some type of quasi-intellectual reaction against the too smooth and too-facile, or it was pure old jealousy (probably the latter).

When I first heard Richard Kollath talk, I was

again impressed. Clarity of expression, vividness of imagery, balance of rhetoric. Cicero would have been proud to shake his hand.

Well, maybe.

Again, though it was too easy. Did he believe all that stuff he was passing out, or was he just playing with our wee small minds, giggling like Jove gone mad? Hard to say.

I got my own personal opinion though I think the man knows more than we (i.e., I) do, that he sees farther than we see.

Surely you've noticed how quickly people get embarrassed when someone expresses real emotion in public. That, I believe, is the basis for the purveyor-of-bullshit theory. Some folk don't quite understand what Richard is talking about, but they know he's aiming at some kind of emotional truth. And they don't like it because they can't go there.

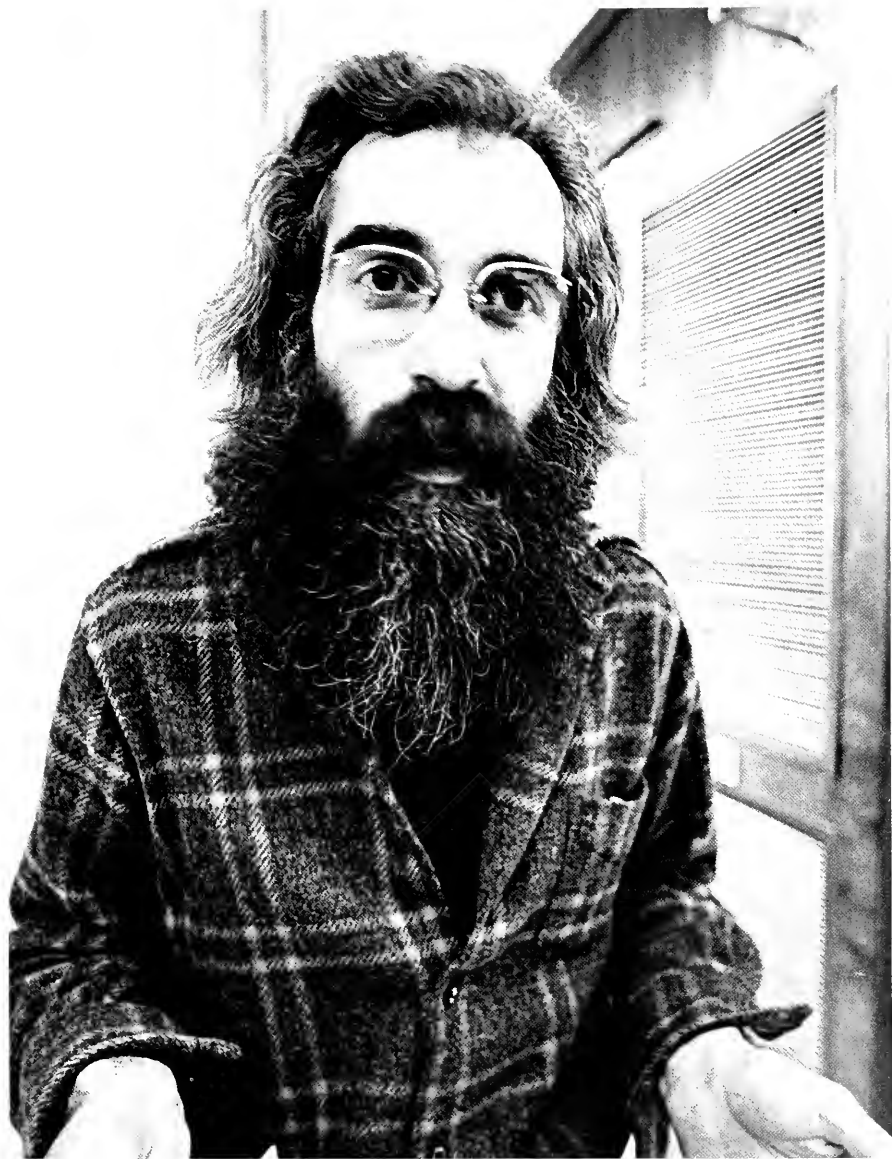
This is not to say that I'm a lifetime subscriber to the Shiva-incarnate theory. Me, I think he is in some weird sense the Word made flesh. In his person, he embodies what he advocates to be the basic values or art: grace, organicity of form and movement, a reaching out from within. He is somewhat of a Karl Barthian cosmophilist, in love with trees, dogs, the sky, grass, people and all creation. Coming out of the universe, going back into it. Cycling and recycling in waves of awareness and oneness.

Dancing in time to the music of the spheres.









the english department . . .

and a look at lloyd kropp

Lloyd Kropp: “How did I get on that subject?”

“What are teachers hired for? Are they hired to write great things and become famous and to add to the prestige of the university and to add the knowledge of the world, or are they here to teach students and to learn something about them, and let them learn something about us—to create something in the classroom?”



On a university's encouraging its instructors to publish work which establishes their reputation as a scholar—"This kind of problem doesn't concern me very much because as a writer who has expressed more concern than most people, I don't have to worry about that so much. It isn't that the University puts me under some pressure to write, it's that writing is something that I want to do. So I guess I'm really not the one to ask about that.

But I think this is a question that has come up in every university that I've ever been associated with. What are teachers hired for? Are they hired to write great things and become famous and to add to the prestige of the university and to the knowledge of the world, or are they here to teach students and to learn something about them, and let them learn something about us—to create something in the classroom. Well, I suppose both of those things are true. See, there are different kinds of teachers. For some teachers, teaching—and good teaching—and scholarship are just inseparable. That is to say their interest in teaching and their interest in literary scholarship are two expressions of the same thing—their love of literature. If I were in that position, I would be very hard pressed because I'm a lousy scholar; I'm not any kind of scholar at all, literary. I read a lot of things and I stay up late at night and pick my nose and think about the book and . . . I guess anybody that teaches in college and who writes is a reasonably thoughtful person. But I'm not a scholar in the sense that I can read 600 different kinds of things and put it all together and discover something new about the last half of the 19th century that nobody knew before.

I think there are teachers at any university, in the humanities, for which this first generalization that I made is not true. That is to say, it isn't the scholarly side of their life, come naturally out of the same love of literature. For some people, writing is very hard and teaching is an awfully lot of fun. They read simply to teach. And God knows most of the things that are published in the scholarly magazines are not exactly earth-shaking and we would be missing that much if they had never been thought of. I think many people feel that much scholarship simply exists for the —well, to advance the career of the scholar and not really to contribute anything that anybody's that ter-

ribly interested in. I'm also saying it's very hard to talk about the policy of a particular university. There is a lot of emphasis here on publication, I suppose, but also there is a lot of lip-service given to good teaching."

On teaching women—"I wouldn't say that women are any narrower than men. I think it would be much easier to argue that women are more broad minded and have a wider range of interests as young people.

Certainly, I think my experience as a teacher is that women tend to be more mature at the age of 18 and 19 than men do. They tend to have a more responsible attitude toward work and they tend to be more imaginative. I think, however, in the classroom, discussions are much more interesting and go much better if you do not have one and a half men and eighteen women. I think they go much better if you have five or six males because their points of view seem to be somewhat different; and, of course, men and women are obviously stimulating to each other and watch each other and they're concerned about each other. That, in one way or another, I think is very good for classroom discussions. I tend to believe that classroom discussion is perhaps the most . . . I tend to feel that more gets done during discussion than during lecture. It's for that reason, I suppose, I believe that that's important. But I don't think there's any narrowness of interests, professional aspirations especially, that's got to do with the fact that there's simply women here, rather more women than men. I think in the classroom it makes a difference, but not in terms of that broad a question you asked. It doesn't seem to me that that's true. Of course, I'm such a feminist; I like women a lot. I very much admire writers like Henry James because Henry James has such a sensitive feeling about women. His women so often, not always, but his women so often tend to be the sensitive, the intuitive; they tend to know what's going on and the men are sometimes clods, but if not clods, they are at least less aware of what is going on. And even when the women are defeated, they're defeated in such a way that you realize that that's a shame that happened because she's worth so much more than that guy is. James was terrified by women I guess, but he loved them in distance."

“I think it’s the purpose of the teacher not to communicate information, per se; I think it’s the responsibility of the teacher of a student in literature, to help the student recreate the experience that’s going on.”

“I think it’s a mistake for a teacher to assume that a successful class is a class in which he becomes a friend, in which he makes a lot of friends of a lot of students and establishes a lot of personal relationships. I think that’s sometimes dangerous because first of all, it’s hard to teach when things are too familiar. Teaching means that you’ve got to have a certain structure, you’ve got to have certain ways of doing things, you’ve got to have a certain authority in the classroom and therefore, there’s got to be some distance between you and the students. Students can take advantage of a teacher who’s too friendly. There’s always the attitude, well, I don’t have to do this, Kropp will let me have another week, or he won’t make me take this exam at this particular time. Of course, you can be very close to someone and still earn his respect. That’s not quite it, I suppose. There was a teacher at Ohio State University who was a graduate student. He felt teaching meant getting to know all you students and opening yourself to you students and that teaching was a terribly personal thing. Well, that got very, very messy. I mean I don’t see any reason for observing that line, you know, a teacher explaining for an hour why he got a divorce. I don’t think a teacher should demand in freshman English that students talk about personal things, like their sex life, or their lack of it. I think there is a kind of teacher who feeds off of his students. There’s a kind of teacher who feeds off their emotional kind of relationship between himself as an older person and the younger person who doesn’t know it, but he’s giving him everything he has. They’re going to give their youth and it’s very dangerous and very messy. Now on the other hand, turning the coin over, it’s a very terrible mistake to assume that there’s no difference between a teacher and a lecturer, that a teacher is a person who simply imparts information. One of the first things you’ve got to do to be a good teacher is the fact that you’ve got to realize that what you have to say is not said onto a

record that is going to be distributed all over the country or not a tape recording that is going to be used in classes of thousands of something like that. It’s going to be something that’s aimed at very particular people with very particular needs and who can handle some things and can’t handle other things; those who can understand some things and not understand other things; can use certain kinds of information and not other kinds. So I think that when you teach Victorian literature, you can’t teach it as sort of a body of information that you’re going to give to somebody. You have to consider how it can best be presented and all aspects of it can be presented to a particular class. You can’t teach the same class twice and I think it’s important to see students in conference and to have a fairly informal atmosphere in class. Certainly, get to know the name of every student. I think there’s something really formal about a teacher, who at the end of the semester still doesn’t know the names of his students. He can’t say “Gee, Miss So-and-so, what do you think of that?” Students have at least got to know that the teacher knows their name. I think when you really do teach, as opposed to just lecture, you do inevitably, from time to time, have personal relationships, but that’s not the end in teaching, that’s not what you do it for. It’s a very satisfying thing, but I don’t think a teacher should always expect that and I don’t think he should always need that. I suppose I feel that one of my most important responsibilities is to have the power to excite a student, to get the student to feel what’s going on. If literature is different from science in the sense that it deals with modes of feeling, it deals with the imagination, than to the extent that literature does that as well as other things, I think it’s important to do everything you can so students can feel what there is to be felt, to experience what there is to be experienced. I wish I could say that more clearly. I think it’s the purpose of the teacher not to communicate information, per se; I think it’s the responsibility of the teacher of a student, in literature, to help the student recreate the experience that’s going on. That experience can be partly intellectual, partly consist of images, partly concerned with feelings, partly concerned with many different things but it’s some sort of a totality and I suppose the teacher wants to, especially the undergraduate level, because that’s what I’m primarily talking about. We try to recreate the experience with the student; we’ve got to go through and say, this is what it is. First you look at all the parts and put it together and we say, “Look, there it is, can you see that?” And sometimes you can do that.”



“I think the pressure to study five different subjects or six different subjects in one semester and keep that all under control and try not to flunk out of school and try to do fairly well, very much limits your curiosity about what’s going on around you and your ability to expand your range of interests.”

“I think most undergraduates are probably very narrow in their interests because they’re undergraduates. I was very narrow in my interests when I was an undergraduate. I loved literature, and movies and boxing and girls, and music and I don’t know anything about economics or history very much, or politics. I never knew what was going on around men in the world. I never read the newspaper. I was a very narrow person. I think the pressure to study five different subjects or six different subjects in one semester and keep that all under control and try not to flunk out of school and try to do fairly well very much limits your curiosity about what’s going on around you and your ability to expand your range of interests. I suppose that’s ironic in a way. I suppose your college education is supposed to do that. It’s supposed to help you be interested in things that you would never be interested in otherwise. I think the undergraduate degree is very difficult and I think the fact that you’re young and the fact that you’ve got all this studying to do makes it so that you can’t do a lot of outside reading and you certainly can’t experience very much of life while you’re in college. I think I was that way and I think probably most of my students are that way. That gets back to the problem of what kind of curriculum should a university demand of students who have a certain major. It is better for English majors simply to take English courses and then pursue any other little things

they want to pursue, but not have field requirements in the social sciences, the pure sciences, and the humanities. Is that good, or should we have those things? I suppose my personal feeling is that the University is run by people who are older than students and sometimes wiser than students and better educated than students and that it’s the University’s responsibility to introduce young people to as many different things as they can. I think field requirements are a way of doing this. I had a course in mythology that I was urged to take when I was an undergraduate that I loved. I never would have gotten into that if it hadn’t been for . . . I was urged to take a course in Victorian literature because I was told this was an exciting course with an exciting teacher. My advisor pushed me hard into this, and I thought, oh, Victorian, all that stuffy stuff, you know, and it turned out that was the finest teacher I’d ever had and one of the most interesting courses that I’d ever had. As a matter of fact, I’m teaching Victorian literature now in this department. And one of the reasons I’m teaching it is because I’ve always read in that area because of that course I took. So I think in my own experience, the universities or my advisors felt the responsibility to introduce me, to get me into things that I had no personal knowledge about. I think that was very good for me.”





Dr. Richard Whitlock of the Physics Department—not a pedagogue. He likes to be available to students who need his help or just to spend an hour in interesting conversation, although if you come to talk for an hour you may stay three and not realize the time has gone. His candor on the subject evidences his love for his work. Whitlock feels physics is fundamental to all knowledge and that one cannot reject this heritage without regressing to the stone age.

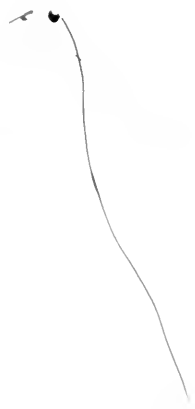
Whitlock is concerned about the philosophical implications of the downgrading of science and technology by this generation. What is this reaction against reason? He says literature students are the hardest to convince that science is not anti-life. Too many of them obviously feel this way, but Whitlock claims they have an imperfect understanding of science and its aims. Science, he says, is only a method to obtain knowledge; it is men who use it for good or evil.

One of his biggest challenges now is an experimental course in light and sound for art and music students—a bridge across the gulf. The art student, he says, can use technology to create new forms, and they are usually proficient in a skill whereas the student in one of the sciences usually does not have a marketable knowledge or skill at the undergraduate level. This may be a reason that few students come to major in the sciences and thus feel at a disadvantage because of the length of time involved to obtain a degree.

Feeling that the true life of the university is within its classrooms, Dr. Whitlock respects the student who asks questions that lead to new ways of expressing or solving problems. Adaptability is his keynote in teaching-learning situation.

Wishing that the university had more administrators to handle its problems and deploring time lost in committee tedium, Dr. Whitlock is yet active on many of the campus committees. This is his way of expressing concern for the university's future.

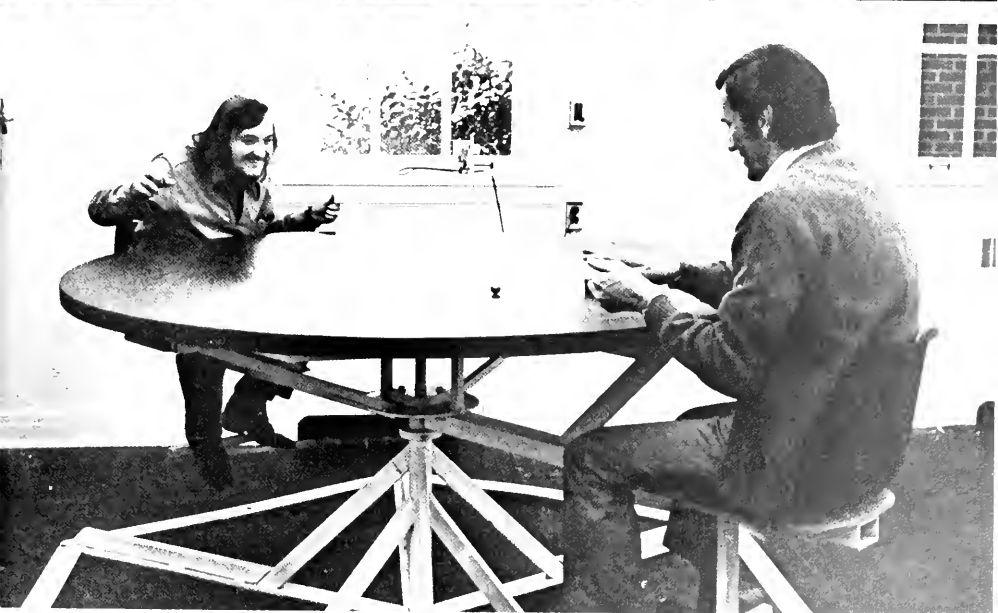
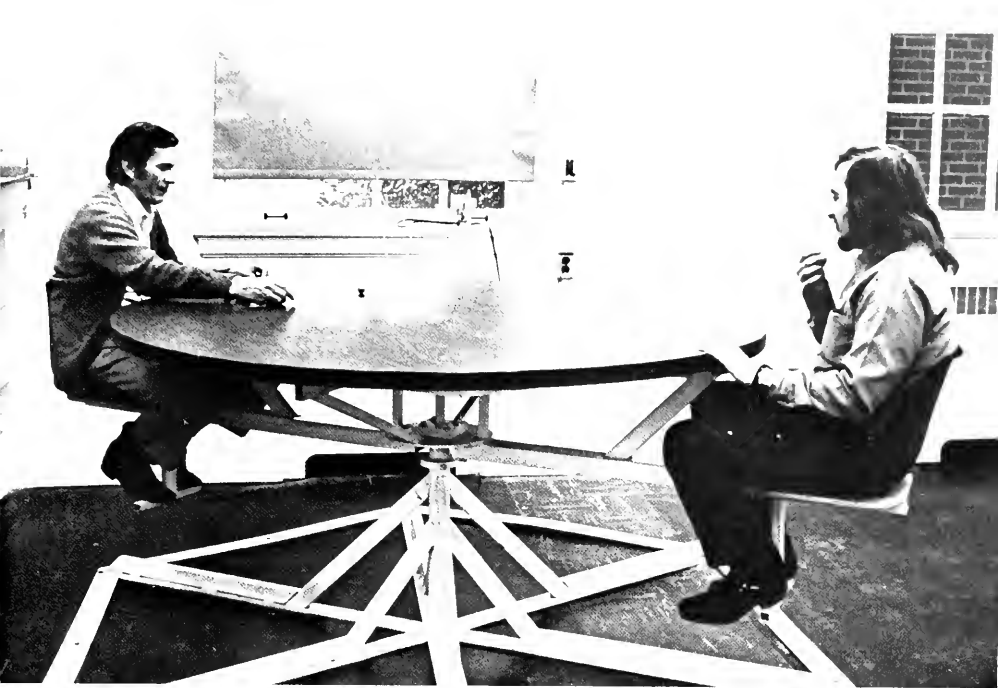
UNC-G is a good school, Whitlock believes, with the potential to become a great one. Involvement with the community is the ingredient which he reports is missing, and he hopes the university will open to the community and become an active part of it. "We do not have enough students from the city—adults, special students. There is a need for interaction with the community from faculty and students. Too many students leave on week-ends; we need to be more responsive to their needs and make this a more active, interesting place for them to live." Whitlock seeks a "communal spirit" among students and faculty. To promote new programs with integrated studies more in keeping with the interdisciplinary spirit of the age, he advocates faculty members from all departments getting together for discussion. If the faculty does not voice its problems, he foresees the administration continuing its present outdated course schedule.





He also says some of his colleagues think he's a nut. Bowling on a merry-go-round is definitely a fascinating view of life—or is it?







In an office (not a cloister) surrounded by piles of philosophy books and unusual drawings, James Carpenter lives the part of his life away from teaching and home. His office seems to reflect his large and varying philosophical outlook.

Carpenter teaches a large number of courses from Introduction to Religious studies, Choice and Morality, Sacred and Social Reality, Technology and Man, to Atheism. He likes to think of his profession and hobbies—in short, his life—as one. He views teaching as an occasion for learning and feels that one must give up teaching so as to take it up anew in Constant Variation.

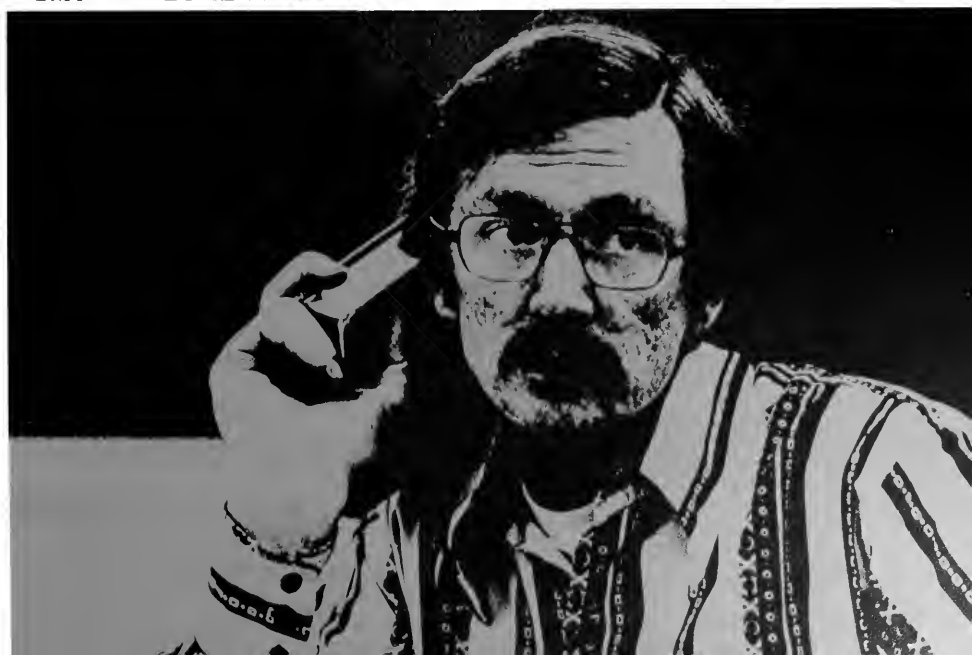
His student load is very large and thus, he has less time than he would like to spend with students.

He conducts his classes as seminars to open the student to his own questions. Carpenter sees the University as too structured to allow a

student to learn properly, even if he has the time. The University, he says, is a place to exchange ideas and make innovations. The barriers should come down between departments, between faculty and between students. He is afraid the University could become a ghetto or a cloister instead of a dynamically growing part of our society. Everyone, Carpenter says, needs to experiment and experience the world of reality, but glueing down to one plane can fixate a person so that personal growth stagnates. For Carpenter there is no one reality for everyone, just as there is no clear trend in theology today. There is no effective center, no continuity, but there is a dynamic growing edge of our society that makes it an exciting place in which to live. He does not think it bad that there is no center institution in our society—it is most probably good.



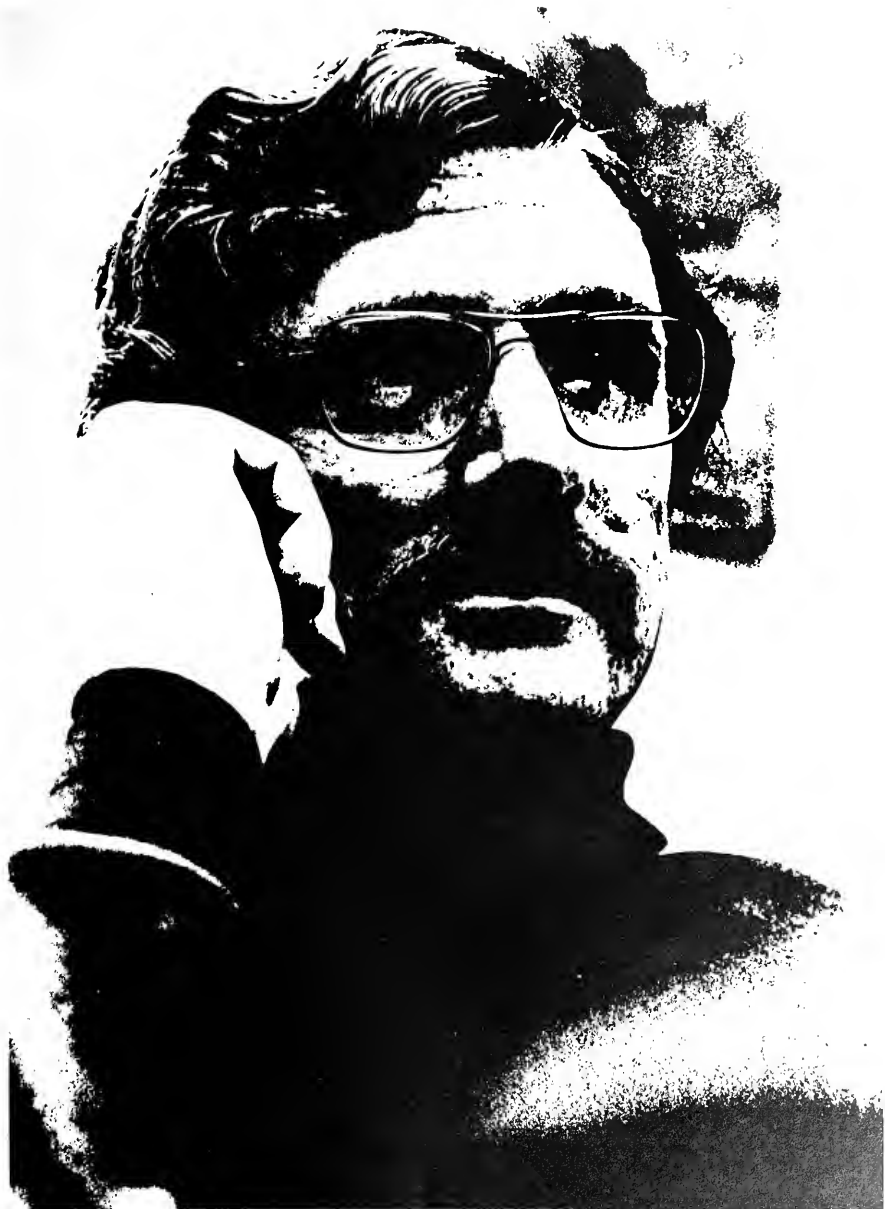






From the view of experience, he learned to draw with his left hand after he had broken his right shoulder and for months had no use of his right arm. To take away his concentration from the pain, he found spending time drawing was satisfying—something he had never attempted to do before. The picture in his office shows talent.

He is not trying to teach religious experience but the root questions that lie at the base of our being human.





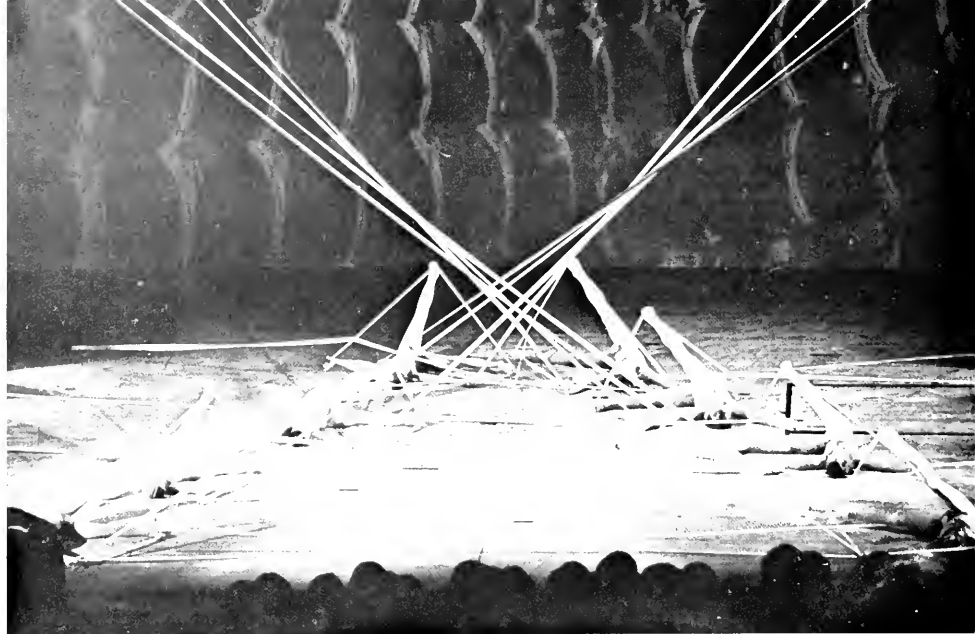






Being the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Theatre, we thought it appropriate to publish pictures of as many productions as we had room for; and with due apologies to Dr. Herman Middleton, we have presented his musical as a visual pun, the format of which is known throughout the Drama Department anyway.







The Living Arts





He is ours . . .

We beseech thee, O Father, to keep Jim Allen with us, for we are weak and need his presence to keep our heads above water. We know that tidal waves created by the administration are often overpowering. Yea, though we walk in the shadow of the Academic Advising Office, we fear no harm. For Thou art with us, Father, and hath sent Jim to keep and hold us, to soothe our distraught nerves so we may not destroy the Ad building before the new one is built. And we earnestly implore that Thee shall give our Dean of Students the wisdom to continue to be of service in the capacity in which he is employed. In the name of the Holy Trinity, Amen.







The Involved Individual

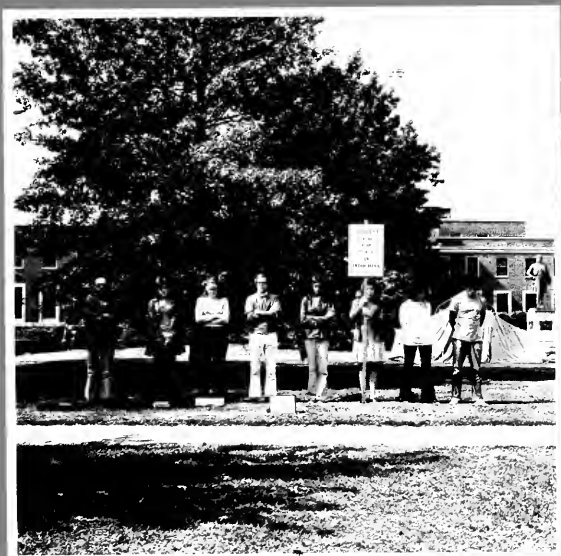




How callous can we become
to the now seemingly endless
agony . . . ?

Get your super silver groovy cool POW bracelets
Today . . . then everyone will know
that you care . . .

Things,
just don't seem
like they should.
Or,
the way I
was told.
So I stand
and face the
crowd of uncaring
faces,
firm in my belief,
and their lives.



LITANY



O God, the Father of all,
HAVE MERCY UPON US.

O God, the Author of Peace,
HAVE MERCY UPON US.

Eternal God of love,
FORGIVE.

We pause at this time to thank you, Father, for all your gifts to us. For the gift of life and the hope of eventual world peace,
WE THANK YOU, GOD.

For the cease-fire in Vietnam and the promise of the release of all our prisoners of war,
WE THANK YOU, GOD.

For finally lifting this horrible burden from our nation's shoulders and for a chance to start out in a different direction,
WE THANK YOU, GOD.

For the renewed opportunity to tackle anew the many domestic problems related to poverty, health, drugs, discrimination and injustice,
WE THANK YOU, GOD.
LORD, ACCEPT OUR THANKS, AND DELIVER US FROM THE SIN OF TURNING TO YOU ONLY IN OUR TIMES OF CRISIS.
AMEN.

But our thanksgiving is tempered with a profound sense of guilt, confusion, and perhaps even disbelief. And therefore we ask that you hear our confessions and forgive us all our sins related to this war—whether active or passive, known or unknown. For our callousness and complacency in the face of all the suffering and killing,
FATHER, FORGIVE US.

For failing to see beyond cold statistics to human beings,
FATHER, FORGIVE US.

For our national obsession with material goods, standard of living, and saving face—especially when they take precedence over human rights and values,
FATHER, FORGIVE US.

For “forgetting” about this war and turning our eyes away from what was happening,

FATHER, FORGIVE US.

For whatever part any of us have played in causing war or injustice in your world,
FATHER, FORGIVE US.

ETERNAL FATHER, TURN OUR FEET FROM THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION TOWARD THE CITY OF GOD, AND REDIRECT OUR DESIRES AND LABORS IN ACCORDANCE WITH YOUR WILL, THAT WE MAY LIVE EVEN NOW IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW DAY. AMEN.

That nations may live with each other in the service of man and not in seeking domination,
FATHER, WE PRAY.

That science may be the constant handmaid of life and never the henchman of death,
FATHER, WE PRAY.

That the treasure now spent on the machines of war may be used for the arts of peace,
FATHER, WE PRAY.

That we may love not only our country but also the whole family of nations,
FATHER, WE PRAY.

That we may never, never again get caught in another Vietnam,
FATHER, WE PRAY.

That through the experience we may all see the futility of war and seek other more constructive means of settling differences,
FATHER, WE PRAY.

That we may discover among ourselves and our leaders a renewed commitment to seek reconciliation, justice, and human dignity for all people and nations,
FATHER, WE PRAY.

That the cease-fire in Indochina will last; that our prisoners of war will be released on time and unharmed; and that peace will indeed be lasting,
FATHER WE PRAY.

O GOD, HELP US TO UNDERSTAND THAT PEACE IS MORE THAN THE ABSENCE OF WAR, BUT THAT IT INVOLVES BUILDING SHALOM IN ALL ITS FULLNESS, WHEREVER WE ARE. AMEN.



For all civilians in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia who have had their lives disrupted or destroyed by the hostilities and bombing,
WE INTERCEDE.

For those who for conscience's sake refused to serve the military with arms or refused to cooperate with the system of conscription,
WE INTERCEDE.

For those who have fasted and walked and demonstrated with their lives in the cause of peace,
WE INTERCEDE.

For ourselves, the American people, who have slowly felt something of our national spirit being eroded away by this long and costly war,
WE INTERCEDE.

For the United Nations and all other groups that work for peace and understanding,
WE INTERCEDE.

For the common folk in every land, especially the oppressed, who seek to live,
WE INTERCEDE.



"As I understand it, the purpose of Residential College is to help **break down the barriers**—between living and learning, between teachers and students, between different academic discipline, and between the University and the city," said Jim Abbott, campus minister of St. Mary's house. He was speaking before a group of students in UNC-G's Residential College, an academic and social community which provided for nine hours of a student's course load to be taken within his residence hall. Rev. Abbott was presenting a course option called "Service Learning."

The sixteen students who participated in the course during spring semester and several others who volunteered without course credit, worked in such varied areas of community need as tutoring school children, conducting a pre-school story hour for children in an urban housing development, teaching horseback riding at a YMCA class or sewing to a class of adults. The course was organized so that each student would spend two hours in actual service for each 9 hours of credit he received. In addition, students were to meet regularly with advisors who helped them to plan a course of parallel reading and to evaluate their experience through discussions and through written reports.

Early in the semester, the students in this course found that they were dealing with unique problems. Debbie Werner, who tutored an 8 year old child at Ray Warren Homes, a low-income housing development, explained that the child had emotional as well as academic problems. It is Debbie's task "to try to figure out what they are." Evelyn Stanley, who taught sewing to adults, was acquiring several types of sensitivity. "A lot of these people have had a lot of things just pushed on them. I found you can't push things down their throat—that they needed a chance to speak up for themselves . . . accepting people for what they are, you learn a lot about that." Evelyn added, "I was surprised I was able to communicate with the old people like that!" She explained, "They've already got ideas set in their head." You have to "do along

with them," she said and gradually show them new ways.

A prerequisite of the service-learning program at Ray Warren Homes was that the residents there wanted and asked for these services, explained community worker Judy Davis. And it was the interest of the residents that helped the students to feel that their work was worthwhile. Working mothers showed much interest in the progress of their children with the tutors. One volunteer who was afraid that the children would resent her presence, found that instead, they enjoyed the sessions. "Sometimes they bring a couple of little friends who say, 'Call out my spelling words to me, too.'" Judy Davis was most enthusiastic over the story hour for the preschoolers. "When Head Start was cut out, these children had nothing to do but sit at home." Now, she said, the excited children arrived at the story hour thirty minutes ahead of time, "just waiting for it to start."

Other students in service-learning worked in the admissions and emergency rooms at Cone Hospital, talking to families and taking care of the children brought along. One student was a museum guide for the Greensboro Historical Museum. The two students who worked at the YMCA camp not only conducted trail rides and taking care of horses; they were also studying the camp facilities in order to write up a "systems analysis" of the operation. "It will be used in our five year report," explained Jim Latchford, the director of the camping operations, who acted as advisor to the students.

Perhaps the significance of the service-learning program is its effort to draw students out of their isolation in campus life. "The University is an artificial atmosphere," remarked a volunteer of the fall semester. Many participants in the program pointed out that students are often unaware of current events. They added that on campus, students associate with a narrow range of people, mostly youth their own age from similar backgrounds which are usually middle class



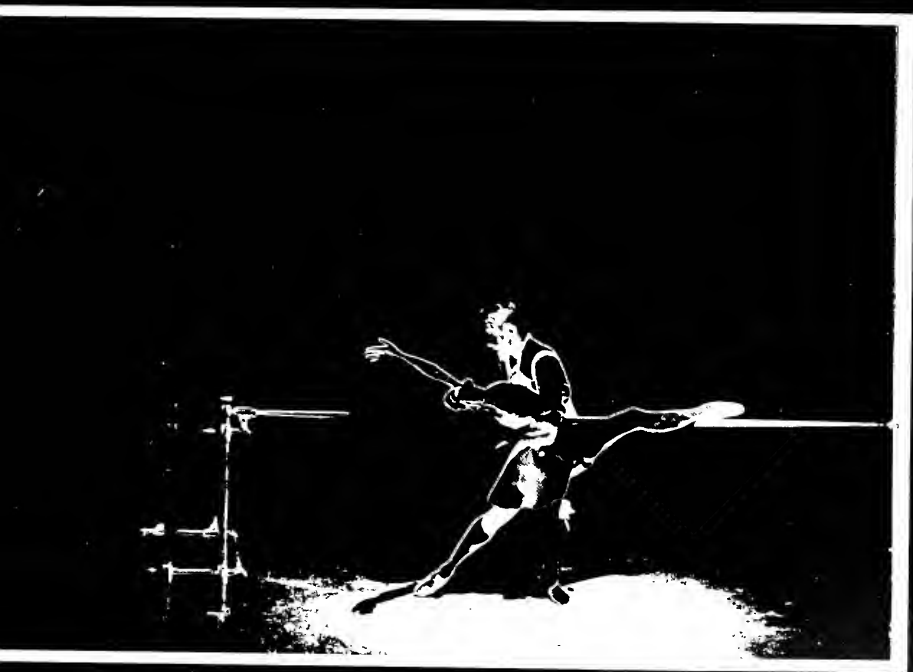




Residential College, as well as the University, has a long way to go before it can involve a majority of students in experimental, as well as theoretical, education. To Rev. Abbott, such a development is important and necessary. "You know, when you get out of school, you're responsible for your own education." He offered to the students, "It is my plea that you see what happens in the world as an integral part of your learning experience."

An Interpretation of the Harkness



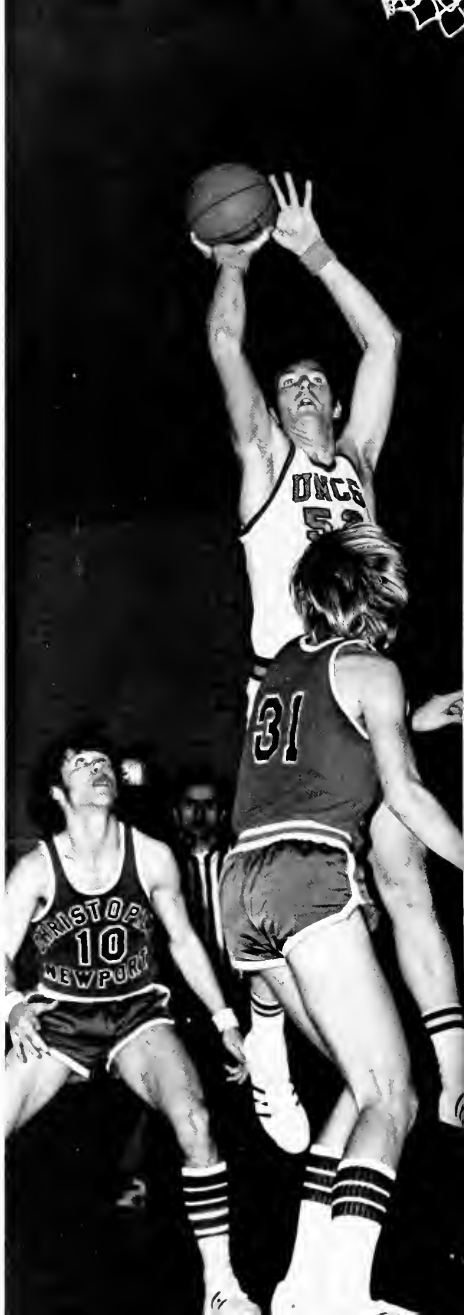


OF MICE AND MEN

Funny, isn't it, how athletics teams choose names which are at once threatening and somehow indicative of violent competition. Vikings, Chargers, Steelers, Blue Devils, Demon Deacons, Spartans, Cougars . . . Spartans?

Yet movements within athletic competition are made of the same stuff which comprises all of human movement, be it in dance, running for the hell of it, or just plain ambling along the beach at sunset. The same muscles are in use, it's just the spirit of athletics which sets this sort of competition apart from something a little less disquieting, yet as strenuous, as, say, ballet.

Spartans?













Achieving Varsity status only last year, UNC-G's swim team completed its second season with the winning record of 4-3. Beginning the first week of September, the team started its training, practicing at least four and a half hours a week for its busy schedule of competition. Blue and gold suits were a very impressive sight at the first meet . . . the team was on its way with a decisive win over Duke. Coach Lynne Gaskin and her assistant Lorry Garvin worked hard with the small group of returning swimmers along with the new freshman and transfers. Holding special workshops for the various strokes, the coach and assistants helped the team gain its winning status. An inexperienced diving team was added one week before the last week with ECU. There are hopes for a permanent competitive diving team beginning next year.

"How I was ever going to make all those laps I never knew—especially a 500 yard warmup. Yet somehow through hard work, a desire to really accomplish something, and wanting to get involved, practice became easier. Watching times came down during time trials along with the attitude of the entire team and spectators gave me the winning drive to bring in a second place against Duke, my best time, and a real feeling of accomplishment. Defeats were always hard to take since they were always so close, but the team always strove to do better. For being in existence only two years, I think Coach Gaskin and her assistants did a great job in putting together and supporting the team. I've learned quite a lot through my experience on the team and I am really proud to have been given such an opportunity."

THOUGHTS: Lynne Gaskin, swimming coach, and Lorry Garvin, assistant.
 What other team gets lost at every away meet . . . Snowbound in mid-November from the Duke meet . . . Riding behind cabbage trucks in the mountains of Virginia . . . Station wagons locked—keys inside . . . Getting thrown in—clothes and all—our whole team works out together . . .

UNC-G	61	Duke	43
UNC-G	48	ECU	56
UNC-G	54	Duke	49
UNC-G	64	Radford	31
UNC-G	49	UNC-CH	101
UNC-G	49	ASU	34
UNC-G	52	ECU	61









A Human Body is a machine, an intricate network of electric wires and a steel framework. Seen as such, it is an expression of the Mind's Eye.

The Body is also a sculpture, a fitting tribute to a god-like artist. The instructor is the mold, the Student is the result.





Invisible University

Leaping out of the gate with the dash of a slug across a salt block, the Invisible University charged across the awareness of the campus last September into actual operation in the middle of October. Designed to satiate the desire of everyone who wants to know anything, the Invisible University started with the offer: What you want to know, we'll try to teach—What you want to teach, we'll try to find someone who wants to learn. It expanded to attempting to take on any projects suggested by anyone, to try to make viable any idea presented, to do, in fact, anything which could be done. "Why Not?" (As it turned out, the answer to that question was mainly, "cause no one has asked." Frustrating.) Planned by several megalomaniacs who envisioned a veritable Monster of actions and ideas, it grew quickly into an actual monster of a yawn. Typical of the UNC-G campus, this atypical agency, while revered by its creators and faithfully followed and used by its flock, managed to remain unnoticed by the great majority of students. But the rest, with great voracity, have kept on trucking. And, it is growing. So far, the Invisible University Publications have run class schedules with up to twenty classes in one week, sometimes as low as eight. At the same time, it has been working to begin projects, from a multi-leveled program of encounter groups to a somewhat revised version of College Bowl. And somewhere, perhaps between a session of the Kazoo Band and Japanese class, or maybe

right after a bout with the Funny Face Club, plans for expansion began. Opinions wanted attention, so the IUP has on the drawing board a paper of nothing but letters to the editor. Anyone who is willing to pay the price of printing (cheap) may have their opinion on anything printed. The hope is that this will eventually develop into a forum on every subject from the competence of local professors to the politics of the world. Or maybe just a chance to print a much loved poem. And then the questions began to fly. They always have, but now there is a proposal to get some answers (when we're knocking at the door). There is a plan for a radio show which would invite those affecting this small world—administration, Student Government, City Officials, and University decision makers—to appear and explain themselves. Ask them why they have acted; inquire as to why they haven't, to simply get some public definitions of the various jobs and simple statements of aims and directions. All in all, Information is the word for the IUP. Information on specifics—the paper and radio show, information on the generals, the classes, and information on what's happening, eventually publishing everything going on in the city and its various campuses. You see, Man has an indomitable urge to know, a desire to learn, and whether with fast acceptance, as had been and still is hoped, or through slow growth, as appears to be the case, those of the Invisible University Publications are resolved to fill this need.





This was the year that almost was for the Senate branch of Student Government Association. After wading through various degrees of muck, we can only say that, Doug Harris' resolutions notwithstanding, 1973 was a year of relative inactivity for the Legislature, or put mildly, Senate stayed up after its bedtime.

Correction: in view of what are at present recent developments concerning the Neo-Black Society, and in the interest of remaining non-politicized (at least as far as campus issues are concerned), let's just say that quite a few persons stayed up too far past their bedtimes.





This is our token group photograph. As you can see, it is not really a group; actually, what we have is a motley assortment of characters representing those strange creatures which inhabit the third floor of Elliott Hall

Represented are: Carolinian
SGA—Executive legislative
WEHL Radio
Invisible University
and, unusually enough,
Masqueraders

sort of.



Although we tried, the following major organizations are not represented:

Coraddi
Neo-Black Society
Town Students

sort of.

When I arrived at UNC-G as a freshman, I managed to live in a dormitory for about three weeks before I caught the bug that whispered to me at every available moment, "Move out of this damn dorm—off campus; get away from it. You're living like a canned mackerel. You can't even breathe without someone knowing about it."





That bug stayed with me for my entire freshman year and half of my sophomore year. It then metamorphosed into something a little more powerful. ARA Slater ruined my digestive tract; I no longer knew the meaning of good food. The only redeeming factors about eating on campus were that the food was prepared and that I didn't have to wash the dishes. Diarrhea was a weekly (at least) recurrence.

And the rules! In Loco Parentis! Loco is right; it is absurdity in the absolute. Hell, if I want to have someone of the opposite sex in my room, I'm not going to wait around for some regulation to tell me whether or not it's kosher.





So during semester break of my sophomore year, off I went, leaving Charlie and the gang behind. And I haven't looked back since. It is interesting to note how conditioning does things to a mind. I have gone back to my old dorm to visit maybe twice this year, and I've been to the cafeteria once. And even then, I didn't eat. I couldn't face the violent, ravaging lubrication of my intestines.

Despite the fact that the third floor of Elliott Hall is somewhat isolated from the rest of the campus, or at least all you people think it is, we try to keep in contact with students so that the Cary can remain the students' newspaper. In keeping with this, we attended the Neo-Black Society's program given last night. Though the program was scheduled for a production night for the Cary, we made a point to go.

The production was quite good and well put together. The monologues were convincing while the dramatic interpretations did justice to the poetry. Both dances were well-executed and illustrated the talents of the performers. And we enjoyed the music of the choir as well as the individuals.

But have you ever been to a KKK rally? How about a rally where you change the words around a little and take off the hoods to have black members instead of white? Well, folks, you had to be there. The show was definitely effective. From the rousing beginning to the dynamic ending it was a show for and with the audience. After a while it was even hard to tell the cast from the viewers since the audience participation was so high.

Here were these people shouting about how they had been oppressed and down-trodden which they have, for the entire history of their race. Then they seemed to say this could all be alleviated by revolution and trying oppression on the whites for a while. Some were singing about changes to be made while another spoke of "gun shots and white screams and gun shots." and one told of how blood would run like rivers as another talked of the new world to be born and the "black sunrise."

According to the student handbook, "the aims of the Neo-Black Society are to promote understanding and a sense of unity among Black students." Well they certainly are unified. Their common heritage of past oppression has become a common bond for them. They are all playing on the same team with the same goals, more or less. And it was this sense of "oneness" which came across more than anything at the pep rally.

We thank Miss Pennix for her invitation to the program. We still don't agree with many of her views, but now we can better understand why she has them.





Miss Sharon Nichols,

From your editorial comment, concerning "For My People," I learned two important things about you and one about myself.

Number one, you have a very small mind. Number two, you don't listen very well. Number three, in all my years at UNC-G (I am a Senior), I have never regretted someone holding a position such as yours as much as I do now.

I say that your mind is small because you didn't have enough insight to understand the real meaning behind the program "For My People." Your editorial comment proved insulting to anyone with a brain and outrageous to the black people who now understand why you sport the "asinine" (a quote from one I know admires you) views that you do.

Your line, "though the program was scheduled on a production night for the Cary, we made a point to go" was entirely unnecessary. You got a special invitation as it was! What do you want me to do? Kiss your toes for coming? I had sacrifices to make, too—a 2½ hour test at 8:30 in the morning in my major (so what, we all have to make sacrifices; this is UNC-G!); in the future spare us the crying—save it for budget requests.

For your very "small minded" information, the program was not meant to be a pep rally or a KKK rally. Do you really believe that a black person could go to a KKK rally and sit as calmly as you did enjoying "the experience" saying . . . "the terrorist acts were well put together . . . the lynchings were convincing . . . while the killings were well-executed as they illustrated the talents of the murdering white supremacists?" Come on Nichols, wake up—are you blind, deaf, and dumb?

You say that you understand our history of oppression but if you did you would retract your "pep rally" insinuations. Have you ever been to a pep rally and seen a negro mother sold from her children while her husband is being led away by another buyer? Do you find it exciting and thrilling to watch peace marches come across country to protest segregation and humiliation only to have trained vicious police dogs maul them, or maybe you like to see policemen draw blood from Black heads with their rifle butts or even to watch a black man being shot while marching—dig this—so that I can wash my face in the next bowl to you in the morning, eat in the same cafeteria with you—and sit next to you in an on-campus movie. I bet you would have liked to give a RAH, RAH, RAH to Reverend King's first journey to jail that led to his final death. These experiences, Miss Nichols, are very serious to my eyes. I can't really believe that you are that blind.

In all your background has it never occurred to you that revolution means CHANGE? Yes, it also means a violent overthrow of the government that can be characterized by gunshots and white screams and gunshots and black screams and more gunshots. Sharon you don't listen very well! After the last screams there came the lines, "and no more screams. The darkest night that will turn into the peaceful day."

Why don't you use your head? We have been in "the days of gunshots" for years now—surely riots are not new to you. But maybe you have never understood why they came about. You see, I was in Newark during the riots in the summer of 1967. Maybe you needed to see the poor unarmed little black boy shot to



make you realize that something must be done to turn this dark night into peaceful day. What about Kent State and our own A&T? We are in a bloody revolution NOW. But Sharon Nichols, where is the CHANGE? Black people, white people, students, children—they're still being killed! Now do you understand? By all means do not clasp your hands to your face and hysterically ask, "Oh my God, what do they want?" I couldn't bear it.

You spoke of our oneness sarcastically I felt, but it was ironic that you did so.

Yes, the program did seek to bring about a oneness, but once again you were too blind to see, too deaf to hear, and too dumb to know. One of the biggest aims of "For My People" was to impart an understanding and a sense of unity among black students on this campus and community by making them realize and appreciate what our ancestors have done for us today. They have laid the groundwork for our realization that "Black is a thing of beauty, a joy to behold." Yes, Sharon, we come in many sizes, shades and textures of hair but no longer will we ever be ashamed of our heritage or our blackness. You won't find us trying to "pass for white", because we know that "Black is the velvet of the midnight sky. Black is so beautiful it will make you cry." (or should I say me?) Our oneness, Sharon Nichols, is knowing that BLACK truly in mind.

One final word before closing, Miss Nichols,

If black is not so beautiful,
As I have come to find
Then why do you try to turn
like me,
In the summertime?

Oh, by the way, I'm the one who recited BLACK IS—now be honest with your California to Sweden tan—it is beautiful now, isn't it?

The Black people in my (and your) dorm don't believe you will print this letter. I dare—not challenge—you to publish this. I am rather looking forward to your "usual" rebuttal. I wonder if you have the guts. Show me, Sharon.

Priscilla Cynthia Robinson

To the Editor:

The continuing argument between the Neo-Black Society and the Carolinian has gone on too long and is becoming too bitter. The last (Nov. 30) Carolinian carried letters mentioning words such as revolution, violence, lynchings, killings, and death. These are unfortunate words and made more so because the people



using them don't realize their content. I am somewhat familiar with all the words except lynching, and I assure you that they are unpleasant, unfortunate words which result in misery, pain, unpleasantness, and sadness. A college argument between groups on a school campus is normal, productive, and enlightening; however, if we continue to use the types of rhetoric that the last school paper contained, we may indeed have the revolution spoken of.

Apathy was decried in one of the letters to the editor. Apathy may be bad, but pain, death and suffering are worse. If a final choice has to be made between these, then choose apathy; you don't want the others.

Ron Bryson
Formerly USMC



elliott hall.



Our Leader And Her . . .

CANCELLED
Replacement group to be
announced

UNC

tickets at

\$1.50

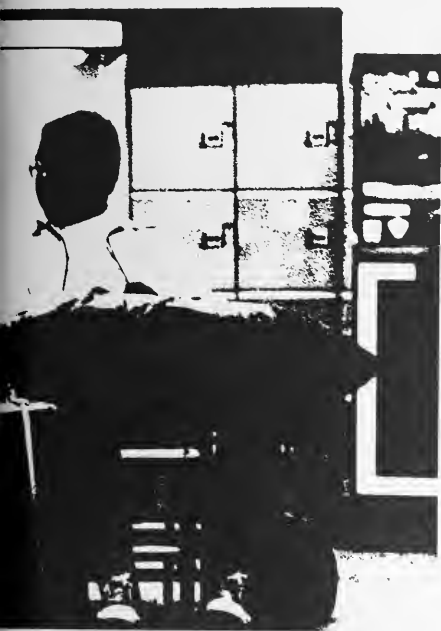
unc-g

2.00



Council of the All-Highest





“THE MIXER”

Once upon a time, an innocent, naive, but sex-craving young lady—a UNC-G coed, to be more specific—thought, wouldn't it be nifty super swell keen to meet some big, handsome, financially-affluent, innocent, naive, but sex-craving young gentlemen in a party-type environment? And where would anyone go to find some big, handsome, financially-affluent, innocent, naive, but sex-craving young gentlemen than Wake Forest University's (Sig-ma Pi) Σ Fraternity? So . . . (5 months later) To the blood-clotting vibrations of nothing less than a third-rate band and slurps of Ajax dish water in Schiltz kegs, the Mendenhall Monarchs and Coit Clowns, including the aforementioned coed, huddled in corners and lined¹ walls where they could watch a few couples dance and where they could scrutinize the big, handsome, financially-affluent, innocent . . . oh, you know, gentlemen who huddled in opposite corners and lined² opposite walls. Yes, there were mature, sophisticated, cosmopolitan adults in a true party environment. It only took 3 and $\frac{1}{2}$ hours³ to break the ice so that the party-in-theory was just beginning as the band played its last number. And the big, handsome financially afflu . . . oh, you know, gentlemen said it was the best mixer they had ever had.⁴

THE END

¹Actually, the girls leaned against columns like Gothic statues on Chartes Cathedral.

²Actually, the line resembled volunteers at Myrtle Beach who walk into the ocean searching for drowned bodies (arm over arm like Greek dancers).

³Actually, at Myrtle Beach, it only takes 2 hours to find a body.

⁴Actually, they want to have another one if we don't mind congregating in their basement laundry room.





Mother never told me

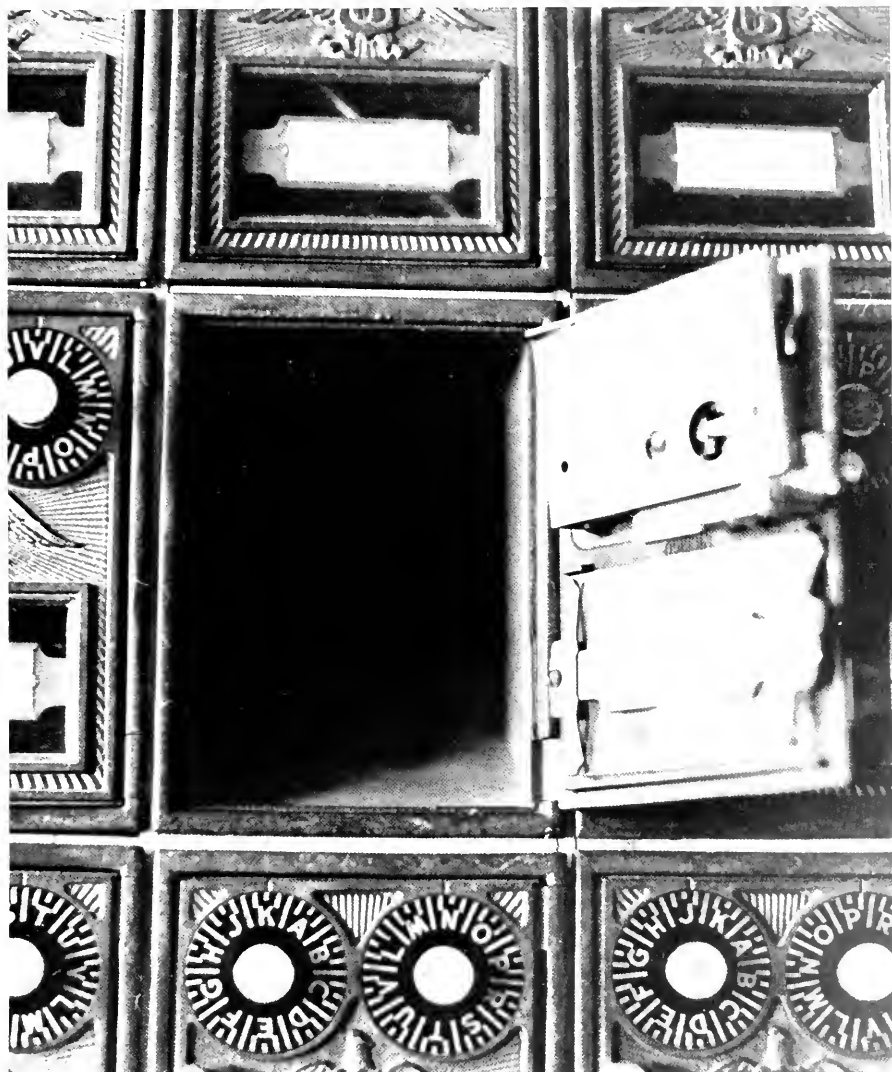
Tuesday

Dear Diary, Today daddy stopped by to see me when he came to Greensboro on business. I have not seen any of my family for the six weeks I have been here, as my mother won't allow me to come home. My father is a very nervous and highstrung accountant; I was so glad to see him. Upon entering the room, he gave me a quick hug and sat down to rebalance my bank statement. He asked to see the hundred dollar's worth of books my check stubs claimed I bought at Thalheimer's. But he soon forgot about that because he was so busy showing me the neat columns of entries in his own checkbook. Daddy's checkbook is a foot square, and fluorescent orange. When we go shopping, I have to follow immediately behind him carrying the checkbook. When he stops to make a purchase, I open the checkbook to the right page, and hand him his large blackframed glasses. He puts them on and agitatedly fills out the check, checking and re-checking the digits. Then he takes off his glasses, and very meticulously signs his name. The ceremony is enough to send any clerk running for the manager. Back in my room at school, Daddy was now slowly and painfully writing me a check for October's allowance. My roommate came in, I introduced my father to her, and he started making light conversation with her; he asked where her securities were invested and inquired if they were federally insured. Giving me my check and a pat on the head, Daddy said he hoped Mother would let me come home for Thanksgiving, and he left.

Wednesday

Dear Diary, I received a letter from my mother. This may not seem like much to write about in a diary; but it is. I remember every letter my mother ever wrote me (the last was in 1968 when I was at camp, and I could tell you everything it said). First she let me in on the happenings at home; she told me that Trigger, one of her cats is critically ill. Mother has two tremendous tom cats, one black, one gray. They bite each other, the family, our friends, and are in general a pair of neighborhood toughs. Mother makes sure they each get a bacon and fried egg platter each morning. Heaven help us children if we sit on the bed when the spreads are on, but those two cats yawn, stretch and nap on them all day long after a night of loud carousing. Anyway, Mother writes that she hopes her "gray kitten will survive pneumonia." To hear her tell it, that fat dusty bag of fur is tottering into life number nine. But she writes that he is better; today he lifted up his feeble head and bit my Daddy's mother. Then she told me how wonderful college is (she bounced out of Agnes Scott after one year) and that there will never be a more exciting time in my life. If enduring philosophy lectures, eating cafeteria food, and studying all day long are the most exciting things I'm ever going to do, I think I'll commit suicide. She said her asthma is bothering her, and she plans to stay in bed throughout "the series." She closes with the benediction, "pray for the reds." Having done her duty towards me, I imagine Mother is anxiously awaiting my visit over the Thanksgiving holidays.

rainbows were moribund



Thursday

Dear Diary, My roommate came back last nite and got right on my nerves. This morning she arose at 6:30, turning on lights, running water and shampooing her hair. Who could sleep? I got up and sluggishly put the coffee on. I wandered about in a daze, combing my hair with my eyes shut. When we left the room for our eight o'clock class, Suzanne was humming merrily; she looked wonderful after her extensive toilette. I had dark circles under my eyes; I looked and felt like ten miles of bad road. Typical Thursday. She really must change her ways; I'm sure I don't bother her nearly as much staying up until three as she bothers me getting up at the crack of dawn.





Friday

Dear Diary, This was a lonely Friday. I returned from classes to the sound of girls' giggling, thumping their suitcases down the stairs. Boyfriends and parents hollered, and hugged the girls; then they packed the suitcases away in the car, and whisked all the girls away for the weekend. By four o'clock all was quiet. My room was just as lonely as the silent hall. My roommate's bed was made for the first time that week; no clothes were thrown over the chairs. Nothing stirred. I could not even work up a good depression; I simply felt empty.



Sunday

Dear Diary, A peaceful Sunday. I sipped coffee by the window as I gazed out into the bright sunshine, watching people walk to church.

I even said a little prayer myself as I straightened up my desk. In the afternoon, I sat out on the lawn to do my reading assignment.



The sunshine warmed my head and back, but a chilly little wind kept the first fallen leaves scuttling. A boy with shoulder length hair came and sat nearby.



We discussed transcendental meditation; he claimed that if everyone played bridge there would be no more wars. We laughed and talked; we walked barefoot through the cold damp grass and the warm sunshine to get ice cream.





Monday

Dear Diary, Today was not the usual blah Monday. In math I got back an hourly with an A on it. I was as excited as if I had gotten a package from home. Then Ken called and asked if I would like to go to Wake Forest next weekend. I accepted (with pleasure), lined up a ride, and sat down to study in order to pass the time away until next Friday.

Tuesday

Dear Diary, Marsha and I rode our bicycles three miles to Friendly Shopping Center. I was not wild about the idea at first. It took me half an hour to unfasten the bicycle lock; the sky was threatening. I began to enjoy it as we climbed up, then sped down the hills of a quiet residential avenue. I started down a particularly appealing and wooded curve, leaving Marsha far behind. I heard her yelling to me to ride the brake; but I was already on my way down, full ten speeds ahead. I felt as if I were going fifty miles an hour, the wind whistling through my hair. What fun Marsha was missing, riding her brake slowly. I laughed at her over my shoulder. But as I turned around, I saw what else she was missing—the quiet wooded hill I was speeding down opened out into a five busy lanes of Market Street.

Wednesday

Dear Diary, You think when you come to college that any fool can wash clothes. You just take the laundry upstairs, put it in along with a quarter and a little Tide and go to a movie, Not so. Maybe I just started out wrong. My roommate had gone out Thursday nite and I decided to surprise her by doing her laundry. She wouldn't have time because she was going to Duke the next day to date this Ukrainian (she's gone pretty far out before, but this guy is too much. I happen to know he's a red—I've seen him hiding under her bed with my own eyes.) So I picked up all her clothes from the floor and the desk, plucked her bras off the door-knob, and ran upstairs to the laundry room with them. I put them in the washer, then the dryer and folded them neatly into a suitcase. I surprised her all right. She came strolling in with plenty of time to get ready for her 8 o'clock class. But then she grew pale and clutched my arm—"My God, Anne, I'm leaving for Duke in 4 hours and all my clothes are dirty!" I calmly told her there was nothing to worry about—I had done it. But she grew white and clutched my arm tight. "You even washed and dried the ones behind the radiator?" With modesty and a slight blush I admitted that I had. She started shrieking something about her fine new loof virgin wool sweater as she flung open the suitcase and pulled one out for me to see. "Didn't you know, didn't you know?" she babbled as she held up a beautiful wool sweater, now 3x5 inches. No, I didn't.



My roommate isn't exactly Suzy Homemaker either. She went upstairs to do the laundry late one night and was back downstairs in 15 minutes. With a tragic face she told me that the water level was beginning to bother her. I followed her out into the hall and noticed that the ceiling was absolutely raining hot water. I dashed up the stairs and into the laundry room. I should have dashed anywhere but there. The water was ankle deep with a thick layer of suds. More suds and hot water were pouring out from the lid of the washing machine, which was jiggling and agitating across the floor. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. I laughed: that was the wrong choice. I got hit in the face with a handful of suds. Then Suzanne gave the machine a vicious kick. With a thump, it broke the water pipe away from the wall, causing a new flood. I cautiously opened the lid and locked into the spin cycle, hurling suds onto the walls. When I asked her what the hell she'd done, she said she hadn't done anything; she'd just put in the box of soap and turned it on. I started to ask her if she'd put in that whole big box but I needn't have. The washing machine was now flinging out orange and yellow bits of cardboard. Some girl poked her head in the door and said, "Hey, ya'll better stop the noise and clean up, Mrs. Waddleton has started up the stairs." That meant big trouble. Mrs. Waddleton is so fat she has to

walk up the stairs sideways and she's always saying she'll just have a heart attack if she has to come up one-more-time. We weren't so lucky. The washing machine had gone through its death throes and with one final hop stood still just as she opened the door. Suzanne played it cool, I admit. She stood there dripping with suds, up to her knees in water, and said nonchalantly, "Hi Mrs. Waddleton, what seems to be the trouble?" She had us get mops and buckets out and we cleaned up while she watched over us barking orders. "I think you better get that spot over there! Oh, no, I think its seeping into the woodwork. I think if you girls can't even turn on a Maytag . . ." Finally, we got sick of what she thought. When she pointed out a wet spot in the corner, I said sweetly, "I don't see Mrs. Waddleton, where?" As she was stomping through the water to show me, I could have sworn I saw Suzanne's foot dart out and trip her, lying face down in the soapsuds. She was spluttering words I thought I'd never hear from a kindly housemother. I couldn't help laughing—she looked just like a greased pig in her red silk pajamas. I looked up to see if Suzanne was laughing and she gave me a look that said, "Let's get out fast." We did and we've been laying low over in Coit, heavily disguised, ever since.





Thursday

Dear Diary, Our housemother has a whole drawer full of signs that read "This property is condemned." She goes out and takes them off the door every morning when she brings in the paper. But living in an old rickety dorm has never bothered me so much. It's the other things that live with us—the rats and bugs—that get on my nerves, and the rats aren't so bad. They go their own way, but the bugs insist on getting into everything. The Residence Hall people refuse to acknowledge the existence of bugs—until we turned loose a nice assortment of silverfish in their office, which is downstairs. They suggested that we learn to love them. Failing that, we decided to get rid of them ourselves. First we tried a rather primitive method—you put on your heaviest boots and stomp around the center of the floor. This frightens the bugs and they run up the walls. Then your roommate can walk around the room squashing them with a shoe. But this bothered the bugs not one bit. They cared nothing of casualties; there were obviously plenty more where the first ones came from. When Vicki

from down the hall awakened one nite, yawning, and realized there had been a bug sleeping in her hand, we decided more drastic measures must be taken. We went shopping and came back with cans of Raid. We moved everything out of her room and sprayed the whole thing from top to bottom. When the mist cleared away several hours later, I went in to sweep away the bodies, thinking our problem was surely ended. There were no poisoned bugs lying around on the floor! But over in the corner I saw six of them leaning against the baseboards laughing like hell. Yes, we even tried to grin and bear it. Two usually serious Latin scholars even put a decorated wastebasket outside their door with a sign above it reading: DEPOSIT USED ROACHES HERE. Two campus policemen came and searched their room one afternoon, but still nothing was done about the bugs. But we had to come to terms with them. We left a cookie on the floor with a note under it asking them to meet us in the parlor next Saturday at 7 o'clock and see if we can come to some agreement with them.



Friday

Dear Diary, This was not an overly exciting day for me, but I believe it was for my dorm counselor, Mrs. Waddleton. Anyway, I'm going to lay low for a while. I was propped up in bed, reading late last night when Mrs. Waddleton tapped on the door and came in. Mrs. Waddleton looks curiously like an eggplant—she's very fat and that same shade of purple from puffing up and down the stairs. One does not notice her tiny arms which grow out of this tremendous bulk. At the time, my guinea pig was running loose on the floor. There is a little clause in the housing agreement about being evicted for having pets, so I wasn't too thrilled to see her. Just as I looked up to say, "Wait, watch your . . ." she caught sight of little Chuck, gave a wild scream, and flew out of the room. I stood at the door snickering as she bounced down the hall flailing her little arms and screaming about rats. As she rounded the corner, she knocked out the

fire alarm with her elbow and screamed even more loudly at the shrilling bell. "I smell smoke." I yelled, and immediately the halls were filled with hysterical girls, scrambling for the exits. I stepped back inside my room and shut the door; fire drills turn me off. I looked through the blinds at the tangled melee of girls and saw an ambulance, two firetrucks, and a squad pull up. God, that shrill bell was getting on my nerves. I figured I should get rid of Chuck momentarily. I'd just put him on the ground outside my window. The window was stuck. I pushed the glass with both hands—hard. It splintered to the ground in a million pieces, and who should be standing right beside it, whimpering in her hankie, then staring me in the face but—Mrs. Waddleton. "Catch," I called, and threw Chuck to her. She fainted dead away. I supposed she wouldn't bother me anymore, so I retrieved little Chuck, turned off the light and went to bed.

Saturday

Dear Diary, This weekend Jill from-down-the-hall and I stayed in a very nice girls' dorm at Wake Forest. That is, we stayed until we were asked to leave on Saturday. The girls we stayed with were sweet and wholesome; but we didn't hold that against them. We could take their pinups of Donny Osmond and other top pop singing stars, and their discussions of the super great, super fantastic, super boys they knew. But they couldn't take us. On Saturday after the football game, we came in and decided to have a hot cup of tea. I poured the steaming tea into paper cups. Jill's boiling hot tea melted the waxed cup and dripped out of the bottom on her fingers. With a wild shriek, she slung it across the room. It didn't mess up the floor badly; most of the tea splattered across a neatly typed paper, **Why Lenin? Why Stalin?** that was lying on the desk. Why us? I collapsed on the bed giggling, then I noticed that the teapot was smoking rather badly since I'd left it plugged in with no water in it. I poured some water in to cool it off. Immediately a flame streaked up the cord from the socket to the teapot, then disappeared in a puff of smoke. I drowned out the little blaze it

ignited on the shag rug. Jill fell helpless to the floor in gales of laughter when I picked up my cup of tea, and the bottom fell out, spilling tea on our hostess's clothes which were laid out on a chair. By then, the room was so full of smoke I couldn't see to clean up; so I told Jill to open the window. She couldn't open it, so she grabbed a bottle of what she thought to be rose water from the dresser and dumped most of it into the top of the air conditioner, then turned it on "to clear the air." She was mistaken, however; it was a bottle of bourbon. This was too much for us; we were sitting amid the fumes on the floor holding our sides and laughing when the housemother rapped angrily on the door. She had smelled the bourbon and smoke upstairs, and naturally wanted to know just what we were doing. I told her we were making tea, while Jill stood laughing, the tears streaming down her face. Then the girls who lived in the room came and wanted to know just who had made this super mess. The housemother stared at the holocaust with horror, and intoned loudly, like the last judgement of God, "Get out of here!" And we were only too happy to obey.





Sunday

Dear Diary, I came back from Wake Forest and just couldn't bear to see the weekend end. My new week officially starts Sunday nite when I eat in the cafeteria. In order to avoid the new week, I went out for pizza. My roommate and I groaned and commiserated that we could never eat the 14 inch variety that we had ordered. But we proved quite able. Then we went to a movie, then out with some friends. Hopefully, I won't realize a new week has started until sometime Tuesday.

Monday

Dear Diary, I did not do well in ballet today. My muscles had turned to jelly sometime during the weekend; and I had no control. I could feel Mr. Levinoff's disapproval of me as he walked down the row of dancing girls inspecting ankles and foot placement. He pushed beside me and kicked a stray heel into place. I could not even pay attention; my eyes kept drifting out the door to the autumn scene. I was not surprized when Mr. Levinoff called me in after class. He said my style of dance was good, but that we must discuss my execution. I just know he's planning to do me in! Oh, I wish I had paid attention in class. Why do dance instructors have to be such strict disciplinarians?







Wednesday

Dear Diary, We drove to Winston Salem today. The day was vivid, the red and yellow trees seemed to be imprinted against the sky in Kodacolor. Even the yellow lines on the road seemed brighter.



The graceful church of Wake Forest crowned the hill on which it sits. The manicured winter grass had already come up, and I could not resist rolling down that hill, then jumping up and running like a dizzy child.

Thursday

Dear Diary, Some students have complained that there are no spectator activities in which UNC-G can participate with its fellow UNC campuses. Because of the large type of people that go to school here (women), we cannot play in much publicized sports on a much attended scale such as football, basketball, and hockey. I propose a solution for those students who feel cheated. Each campus must build a new type of team, which all campuses can participate in and enjoy watching. I suggest a waiting-in-line team. These teams would meet for tournaments, with many different events: a cashier's office waiting line, a bookstore line, holding books and heavy art supplies, and most competitive of all, the cafeteria line of hungry players. In these contests, the teams would simply form their lines and see who can wait the longest. Any student is qualified to play this sport; therefore we could have more student involvement. The skills are easily mastered so many students could enjoy playing without the fear of being cut from the team. The players would not have to miss class and neglect their studies to practice; they practice more than adequately during the course of each day. Schools would not have to offer costly scholarships; the team could be formed from the ranks of any student body with ease. The spectators would also enjoy this sport more than the usual fast-action sports with complicated rules. They could get all dressed up, cheer loud profane cheers, and become rip-roaring drunk, just as they do at other major athletic events. Since they are so busy yelling and drinking that they pay no attention to the game anyway, they would have an added advantage at the waiting-in-line tournament—they wouldn't be missing anything. All the money that schools would save on game equipment and scholarships could go toward giving the champion team a grand prize. I suggest a trip to Disney World, where the teams can enjoy their waiting-in-line skills to the fullest.

Friday

Dear Diary, This Friday, I too left for the weekend. I sat through my classes oblivious to the instructors, then I ran home and packed up my suitcase and guinea pig. I couldn't eat; Leianne's mother might come any minute to take us to Chapel Hill, the parties and football game. She came, and we began an infinite drive with no measure of time and space. We drove on and on until at last I spotted Daniel Boone Railroad and the Chapel Hill exit. I sighed relief—almost there! But we drove past it. Leianne's mother said she had to go to Durham; Leianne would drive us back to the Hill. Finally we completed the endless trip. I jumped out of the car to get my luggage from the trunk when Leianne realized that her mother had the key to the trunk—in Durham.





Saturday

Dear Diary, I sat in the warm sunshine of the UNC homecoming game with memories of parties the night before still whirling in my brain. The band struck up the Tar Heel's fight song and the game began. The spirits of the spectators rose with the bright balloons released at the first touchdown and the crashing waves of cheering. A few scattered clouds gathered to watch the game, then floated away. Coats and sweaters were shed as the sun grew hotter and the cheers grew louder: "Repel them, repel them, make them relinquish the ball," and "Mangy old dog, flop eared pup, Come on Heels, eat 'em up" echoed through the student section. With a roar of the cannon, the game ended—Carolina victorious. The bell tower on the hill chimed the Tar Heel Fight Song up into the Carolina blue sky.

Sunday

Dear Diary, I was jolted from my sleep by a loud knock at the door at one o'clock this morning. My frantic housemother pulled me out of bed, saying I had a long distance call from London. I don't know anyone in London, and I wondered groggily who knows me. I answered the phone and Ken's voice crackled over the line with transatlantic static in a cheery greeting. "Ken, what in the hell are you doing in London at one o'clock in the morning?" I asked wearily. "I have an eight o'clock tomorrow and furthermore . . ." Ken explained that he was in Chapel Hill where he belonged; that he was simply calling me through London. I thought it would be cheaper to dial direct at a reasonable hour and I told him so. He explained that it was all free because of his new invention. In the middle of the night I was once again the victim of his all too creative scientific genius. Neither Dr. Jeckyll nor Tom Edison could hold a candle to Ken's revolutionary innovation. With this particular invention, called "the blue box," he can call anywhere in the world at no charge. He dials a 22 digit international number called "wildfire." While the number rings, he attaches the "blue box" to the receiver. "Wildfire" answers by computer, picks up "the blue box" signals; then Ken asks for anywhere in the world. The computer connects him with an operator who places the call. He went on to explain with the greatest excitement how he had put it to the final test: he called San Francisco, to Honolulu, to Tokyo, to New Delhi, and to London to ring up his roommate who was sitting across the room by their other phone. Just then the operator cut in and said she had Ken's call to Kiev on the line, so he said goodbye. O, what hath God wrought! And why doth it involve me?





Monday

Dear Diary, My poor roommate is at her wits end and I can do nothing to help her. She slept through an exam this morning and immediately upon waking, called her teacher to explain. She told her teacher that she had suffered a bad blow on the head recently and had another one of these migraine headaches; also she was very probably coming down with the flu. She begged her teacher to let her make up the exam as soon as she regained her health. The teacher acquiesced under the condition that she bring a note from the doctor. So Suzanne sprinted over to the infirmary and explained to the doctor that she was tottering on the brink of the grave. The doctor looked at her and found she has a tumor on the back of her head. It was too late for Suzanne to retract her imaginary complaint. The doctor felt that it was not a serious tumor; but if the pain was as excruciating as it was described, it must be removed immediately. So now Suzanne can look forward to more than she can imagine in the way of ill health.

Tuesday

Dear Diary, Fall is leaving. The trees send bushels of leaves fluttering to the ground. They scatter, then leap up when the wind comes by and chase each other down the street. Fall is leaving. I left my home to live at school, to burrow down as other creatures do and study quietly during the winter. Fall is leaving. The trees are bare; the sky is gray; the air each day is colder. The hint of winter holds a promise of spring, and so the year goes on.



*Love,
Anne*

Sweet Hitchiker or By The Time I Get To Phoenix





Walking to the Jokers' Three Happy Hour at 2 p.m. is not hard, but walking back at midnight (uphill to U N C-G) is impossible! It is so much easier to sprawl out on the curb with your thumb out, holding a sign with your dorm printed on it (so you won't forget where you are going). These experiences launched our hitchhiking career. Soon we discovered the thumb was the only way to travel. It was a necessity to get around Greensboro, as well as other far away places our hearts desired. No more were friends, concerts and home out of reach. We discovered the cheapest method of travel. By now some of you must be fearing for our lives, but we are living to tell the story. Using your head (and thumbs) is a must!

Our adventures have taken from being asked, "How's 'bout if I git my buddy and a few cold beers, and we'll take y'all all the way to Roanoke?", to that gray-haired lady in the Mercedes who asked, "Don't you young ladies have a quarter to ride the bus?" Our lack of quarters has been the foundation of many far-out afternoons. For example, one day our driver invited us to paddle around a river on his yellow raft, however we ended up on a reservoir—Rubber-Ducking!! Besides getting a free ride, the fringe benefits are not bad either, such as meals, booze, and dope. What a way to go! Anyone been to Boston on 37c lately?







Once upon a time, way back in a swamp, there lived a rather smallish herd of animals. Now, the proper name for these critters was Academia Bestians, but they were sometimes called A.B.'s, and sometimes M.A.'s, Ph.D.'s, and even occasionally M.F.A.'s. But the last was frowned upon as being initially derogatory, and secondarily second-rate. Generally they were tall, etiolated, and had long waggish fingers with hair sprouting in between.

Living with these Academia nuts (as they were also affectionately known) was another, larger, herd of animals, classified as Studentaria Occasionalis. The A.B.'s tended to view these creatures merely as younger versions of themselves. (which wasn't necessarily so). These younger animals were, however, an amplified version of the chameleon; they had the ability to metamorphose into any shape or attitude, as well as color. They were theoretically under the tutelage of the A.B.'s, learning how to control their chameleontiza. But in all true actuality, they knew better. They knew that the Bestialis were chameleons who had forgotten how to change, and wanted them to forget, too.

Actually not all of them knew this. Just a very few. A very few.

Some of them liked the A.B.'s very much, and strove mightily to curry favor (which they liked even better than chicken curry).

It's hard to say just what they looked like, as most of them hid in their lairs by day, and were seldom seen in the central swamp (feeding time being an exception). I saw one once.

He (I think it was) was beautiful.

Oh well.

What the hell.

Also living in this swamp were gigantic creatures known as Pteradonia Administoris. They were extinct, but didn't have the good sense to realize it and lie down and hush.

They thought they ruled the swamp.

They had delusions of grandeur.

The real rulers of the swamp were the chameleons.

Only they didn't have the good sense to realize it and stand up and rule.

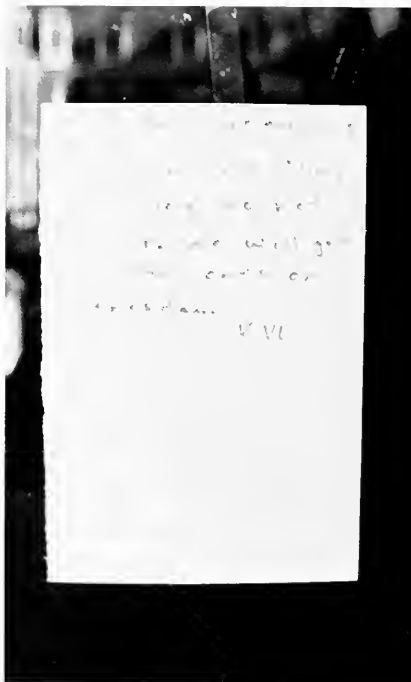
So.

Keep your eye on the chameleons.

Who knows?

Maybe they'll wake up.

There seems to be a lack of something at UNC-G. Just what it is I ain't so sure. I think maybe it's what is boringly known as a "sense of academic community." That is to say, most of UNC-G and its inmates seem to have quit thinking. I'm not being a snobbish intellectual, since I too had ceased to think until lately. I'm not sure what shook me out of it. Maybe it was Christmas vacation. Maybe realizing that soon I would be out in the "real world." That's just it. I realized that there was a real world, and UNC-G had in no way prepared me for that world. We go along here in what is really quite a small little pond, listening to each others' croaks and singing out words of praise so that they will do the same for us when our time comes. What we have got here, folks, is a bad case of leapin' echo. We give each other what we want. We are all abiding by the Golden Rule to the extent of forgetting the golden mean. So, we've got to get ourselves back into the garden. First we've got to figure out just where the garden was, and how on earth we ever got out of it. This is all coming out very awkwardly. But what I mean is that we have, in the interest of kindness, a sort of false peace cut ourselves off from truth, terrible truth. So, we gotta get it on—or it's gonna eventually get on us, and ride us through eternity.







My stubbornness
comes through
at times
wrong times,
but meantimes
touch we could,
if you would
but let us.



LOSE YOUR HEAD





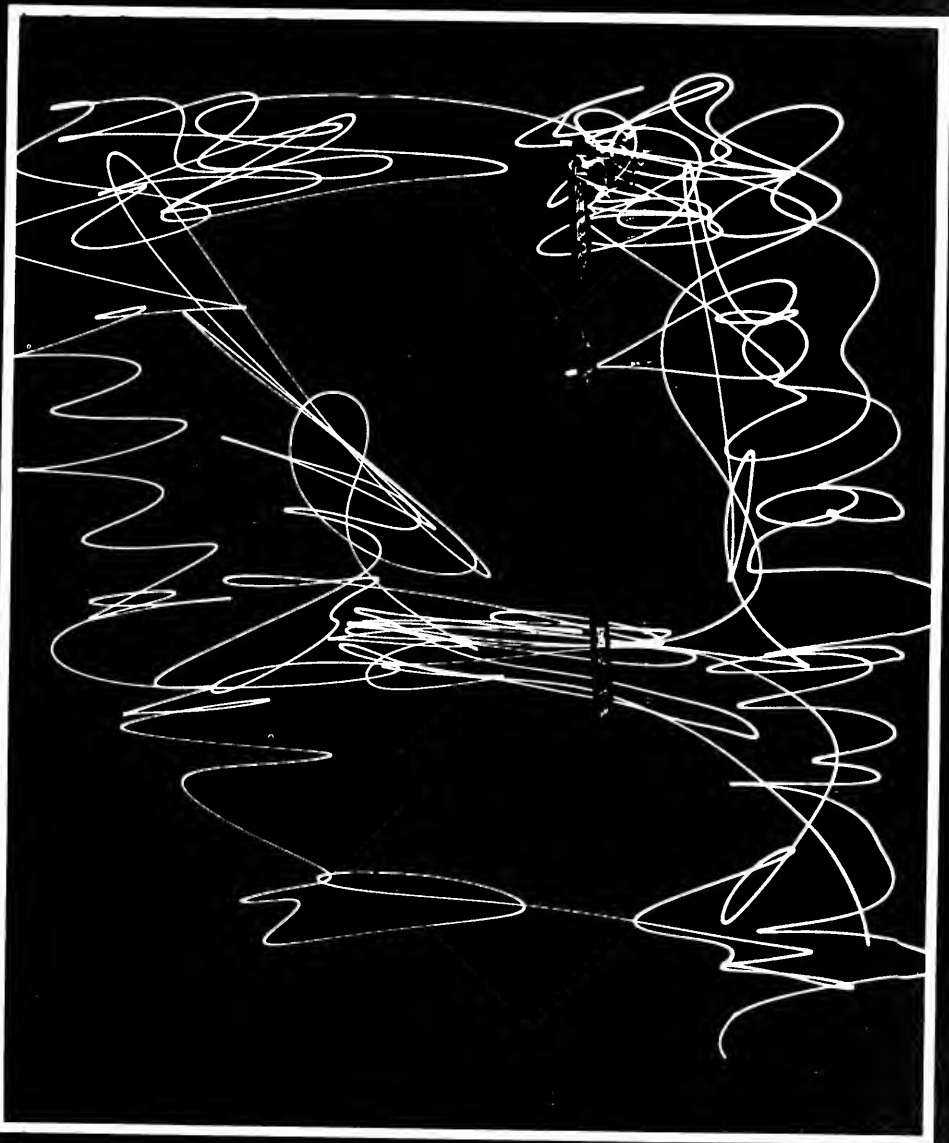
And those times when the campus closes in . . .
You look around.
The leaves are gone from the trees
And the barbed wire shows through.
The gates are no longer barriers to keep the world out
But walls to keep you in.
The tests and schedules and places you have to be
Are tiny strings
Holding you to a commitment made long ago
That doesn't matter
Now . . . In this moment of

PANIC





WHAT BETTER LOCALE
TO ENHANCE BUDDING NEUROSES
THAN A UNIVERSITY CAMPUS?



Piddling through a long neglected desk drawer a week ago, I rediscovered the essay I submitted with my UNC-G application—why I want to attend college:

"The task to which you have assigned me is a difficult one. It is as though attending college were for me the apex of my life. Reflecting upon the absurdity of that idea, I cannot remember a time when I was not determined to obtain a degree. The only decision to be made was which degree to be acquired at which institution. Aptitude tests given me expressed definite abilities in English and the Fine Arts. My temperament agreed. Practice on my part brought an excelling. The decision of which institution was sealed the first time I visited your campus to receive a Gold Key and the Weatherspoon Gallery Book Award. There was a feeling of affinity from the start. As the time draws near for me to face that which has for so long been an abstraction, a goal—my plans must become more detailed. The Fine Arts have become a part of my life. I realize that whatever I do must be bonded to some phase of art. Either I would like to explore the relationships between art and psychoanalysis, a field rather sparse of experts as far as painting and drawing are concerned, or I would simply like to enrich and entertain myself my enriching and entertaining others, to expose them to new interpretations, to share the expression of myself with others. In the former my quest would be a basic, if crude, instinctive communication between the analyst and the person who has withdrawn his personality beyond the ordinary means of conversation. In the latter, my dedication would be more humanistic. In pursuing it, I might choose full-time painting, pottery, or film-making, or combining art with teaching (preferably on the college level). Both goals would be ephemeral without the experience of university life; the acquiring of intense reading and studying habits, the mastery of written, oral, and artistic communication and the broadening of relations with myriads of diverse people."





It has taken me two years here, at the "apex of my life," to realize that self-awareness is merely a prerequisite for the pleasure of self-doubt.

Self-doubt is usually a healthy check on the ego, a strict reminder that only Christ was God's gift to humanity. Too little engenders a narcissus, too much a neurotic. Tending toward the latter, I find mixed comfort in the knowledge that few, if any, individuals ever master an equilibrium. If extreme self-doubt is essentially self-abuse and self-abuse is euphemistically masturbation, then such self-doubt must gratify the would-be neurotic.



I sat humped over a draping white hospital towel, my legs dangling lifelessly from the examining table. My stomach churned as the icy stethoscope hopscothed on my naked chest and back, and my tongue fenced with the depressor. Dr. McCall propped himself against the door molding and crossed his arms pensively. With a wrinkled forehead and a concerned countenance, he tilted his head slightly and enunciated, "Susan, you know, pills are never the solution to anything." No. I nodded agreement. Oh, God, why does he accuse me of wanting pills? Dammit, don't just sit there—tell him how wrong he is. No. I'm not sure my "righteous indignation" would honestly be righteous. Why must I be this way? Because I'm a nineteen year old university coed who is experiencing labor pains with a sort of unwanted ulcer—sort of unwanted because I consider an ulcer to be a badge of dedication to my profession—like taking an eight o'clock philosophy course under Dr. Nolan for a free elective—something which impresses the world with my martyrdom. For me, not the hand-on-cheek-oh-dear-type of worry, but a penetrative melancholia coloring and engulfing the sphere of my self-image like Sherwin Williams Paint. It seems at times a grotesque wad of fear, frustration, anxiety, and paranoia. No, Dr. McCall, and Susan, there is no easy solution for what two decades of introspective autism has produced. And my grotesque wad of fear, frustration, anxiety, and paranoia has, in some ways, at some times, the flavor of Bazooka bubble gum champed on the sly while Reverend Carter wailed the coming wrath of The Lord on all poor sinners. Amen.



“Hi, I’m gay!”

Q: What kind of reputation do you think this school has as far as a tolerant atmosphere concerning homosexuality?

A: Among most of my friends, it’s got a reputation of being fairly tolerant for a school this size and for being in the state it’s in which makes it kind of nice. The kind of reputation it had otherwise, like when I first came to this school, was like UNC-G is full of—and you may put this in quotes—“queers”—and you better watch out, so you know once you’re inside the school, the reputation and tolerance is really cool. Everybody is tolerant; nobody puts anybody down.

Q: Is it a very relaxed atmosphere?

A: Yes, I feel like I can say anything within reason that I want to say to any of my straight friends and not be put down for it and do pretty much what I want to. You just don’t get up in drag and go out of the dorm, as some people we know have done. But it’s tolerant and the people are relaxed and cool about it. One of my best friends in high school was a drag queen. She was in drag Friday night when I went to the bar. I was much upset. Wait till I tell about it, Miss was in drag. I’d walk into the bar and punch somebody I knew and say, “Hey, where’s ?” “Oh, he’s over there” and I’d look over there and there’s a drag queen and it’s , one of my good friends from high school and grammar school. This really freaked me out. That’s his own trip and if he’s into that, that’s fine.

Q: In the various levels of whatever, how do you see yourself?

A: I’m just gay, you know. That explains it all. It’s a part of me but aside from that I think, I sort of think, I’m a pretty together person. I pulled myself together fairly well in a remark-

ably short period of time considering how messed up I’ve been for a year and a half, deciding whether to come out or not. Now I’ve got myself pulled together so . . .

Q: Do you feel better now that you have come out?

A: Yeah, I guess. It’s a whole lot more relaxed atmosphere. There’s not the inner tension that you had before you came out; because when you’re deciding whether you’re going to come out or not, there’s this whole big battle about God-I-don’t-want-to-be-queer-kind of thing and it just really tears you apart, and then you blame the inner tension on other things and say, well, it’s not that I want to be gay; it’s school or it’s work or it’s something else, and you blame them like I blamed my parents’ attitude toward me as a person and my job and school. And what it really was—I was trying to decide whether or not I was going to come out or not, and so once you’ve come out of the closet, you can feel relaxed to some degree. At least you know that you’re not fooling yourself, and when you don’t fool yourself you can become a together person.

Q: Where do you work?

A: At a bar.

Q: How do you like your job?

A: God, I love it. It’s so much fun. You meet everybody; I mean when somebody new walks into the bar, the bartenders know about it first thing. If he’s good looking, we all fight over who’s going to serve him—beer. It’s really nice. You meet all sorts of really neat people. I mean you meet your losers too, but I’d meet them if I was working in a straight bar. So it really doesn’t make any difference.



Q: What kind of people do you meet?

A: There's all kinds. Just people; I mean they're gay and some of them have their hang-ups about being gay, but most of the people that are there have accepted the fact that they are gay and are living with it and are fairly together people. We have our millionaires, we have our school teachers, we have our people of the University Community, we have college students, and we've got ditch diggers, I guess. I mean we've got all kinds of people.

Q: What makes you call them ditch diggers?

A: A ditch digger is just a blue collar occupation. We've got blue collars, white collars; we've just got all kinds of people. We have our hairdressers and interior designers, but that has nothing to do with whether they're gay or not, so it's just all kinds of people. Some of them are fairly together and some of them are screwed up. It's just like being out in the straight world, you've got all kinds of people.

Q: Since you've come out, have you noticed change in the particular kind of experiences that you go through?

A: Well, I've had a change in sexual experiences, that's for sure. Social experiences—yeah, I mean now that I've come out . . . you know, before, people would say, "He's sissy or he's queer," but they didn't know, so they were just being kind of stupid and just saying things. They didn't know what they were talking about. But coming out just makes your social life—it's made mine a whole lot easier because I have to have no pretenses whatsoever with anybody. If I don't particularly care for them to know that I'm gay, then I'll just butch it up as best I can, or just not say anything and

just let it ride. But if it's somebody I know that it's not going to make any difference to, then I just go ahead and be the person I am. If I feel like really camping it up then I'll camp it up, and if I don't, I just won't.

Now that I've come out, I've started doing crazy things, because I've always done crazy things, but now that I've come out, I can do outrageous things and get away with doing them. I just love to wreck people, 'cause, I know it's not really going to upset them. The other day I went uptown and I saw a girl that I knew across the street, and I was just walking along; I looked semi-butch, and I screamed across, "Girl, I'm going to the dirty book store; come on down and see it." It's across this big busy street, and these people just looked, and they walked into the dirty book store and just had a good time. I went in and watched the movies. Nothing happened. I was so goddamn bored and then I left. Somebody else was with me and he stayed back there and stuck in a dollar's worth, and got groped three times. There are all sorts of grungy people back there and I was just real upset that I was going to get groped, so I left. I really like to freak people out. Like among most gay people—gay guys—they always camp around a lot about drag and we all say, "That dress is just gorgeous, wouldn't I look nice in it?" Well, one day, this friend and I were walking past a store at Friendly Shopping Center, and I just said to Dan, "Dan, look at that dress; I've got to have that dress to wear." This one lady who was ahead of us just turned around and just stared, and I said, "It's gorgeous," and I turned around to her and said, "Don't you think that dress is gorgeous?" and walked on and didn't care. She'll either get over it or have a heart attack there. I just don't care. Like when I went home over Thanksgiving, I had my shoulder bag on and was walking uptown and just freaking people out. It was an old army pack, but I was using it as a shoulder bag and had my money and stuff in it. I went into the store and said, "Wait a minute, I have to get my money," and reached in my bag. The saleslady

about freaked out. I didn't particularly care. If it bothered her, I'm sorry. I keep apologizing. I mean if it bothers you, I'm sorry; but I'm not going to compromise myself, because I compromised myself for too long. It's out of the closet and into the streets.

Lesbians seem to develop more lasting relationship than guys do because they—I don't know why; they just do. I think they're more stable emotionally than guys are sometimes. It's a lot easier for a girl to be a gay than a guy because a girl can say she just doesn't want to get married or that's she's waiting for the right man to come along, because traditionally, she plays a passive role in courtship. She doesn't have anything to do with it. She's just waiting around for someone to marry her. But guys have to go out and do all that shit. So for a lesbian, it's much easier to live with a girl for days and days and days and not have to worry about it. And then they're two old maids just living together—nobody ever thinks they're lesbians. It it's two guys living together, everybody would just get real upset. It's the way society looks at the male/female role.

Before I came out, I thought I was the pervert of the world. That's what closet cases think—that they are The Queer, that there is a queer on the earth and they are that queer. And until they come out of the closet, they think they're the only queer on the earth. It's really lonely. You feel you're the only gay kid running around, but you don't call yourself gay; you call yourself queer. What am I going to do? Haunt restrooms and bus stations for the rest of my life? When you come out of the closet and go to the bars and meet other gay kids, you finally say, "well, maybe I'm not so different after all," and it's really relaxing. You can just stop worrying about it and have a good time.

One night I was just sitting there and I screamed across the hall. I screamed, "Brace your tits!" and this straight guy just got all upset. We usually say that around each other, and I just yelled over to Penny, "Brace your tits, girl," and he just went to pieces. Nobody

in the dorm has ever put me down to my face. I mean even if they're super straight, they don't particularly care. They know I'm not going to rape them in showers or anything; God knows they should be so lucky. That's just something I'm not going to do. I mean, a lot of people think that's what gay life is all about—all they want to do is have sex and that's just not it. I mean, the sex part is part of life, but it's just not everything. God knows if it was, we'd be a lot of disappointed people. Some straight people think that's all there is to gay life. We have really lasting friendships and some really deep emotional involvements. They just don't understand that. I don't think they're ready to accept it either. They accept it more now than they did five or ten years ago. Nobody is going to get upset. Every once in a while I actually get serious. Deep down inside I'm really a serious person, but every once in awhile I'll just get absolutely whacko.

I just think gay is the neatest word in the whole world. It's light, it's airy. "Hi, I'm gay!" It sounds so neat. It sounds like you're happy, you know? "Hi, I'm queer" or "Hi I'm a faggot" or "Hi I'm a homosexual" is worse, but "Hi, I'm gay"—that's really neat. I love that. That's the only problem I'd have telling my parents. "Hi, Mom, I'm Gay." And she'd say, "I'm glad you're happy., It's just the neatest term to come around in a long time. I just love it.

I got an infection. It wasn't an awful infection; it wasn't syphilis or gonorrhea, thank God, but my tongue got all swollen, and I had a yeast infection on my tongue. Girls get yeast infections, but they don't get them there. When the doctor told me, I was just ready to pass out. Well, if he doesn't know now, he'll never figure it out. And I went out and thought, how can I tell Penny? Penny's had a yeast infection. I can't go out there and tell her I've got a yeast infection. I just died. It was awful.



Martha,
You have asked me often to invest in a stamp and after the way you acted last Wednesday, I felt inspired to make just such an investment. Let me make it perfectly clear that your sly (?), biting (?) sarcasm did not go unnoticed. Whatever it's purpose was I do not know, but I know how it affected me. Your comment about the folded down bed was uncalled for totally. I think you'll be glad to know that I was sick Thursday and Friday and did not go to class. This might explain some of my fatigue on Wednesday night. As to the pleasantness of our visit at the end, I assure you I could have spent it much more enjoyably with Bunny than I did in your room. So consider that toward your closing remarks. You asked me to invest \$c well I feel I've invested a good deal more than that in our relationship but I do believe that I'm going bankrupt due to a change in the product.
George

P.S. I hope you take a lesson from that paper you were writing or did you know it was an autobiography.

P.P.S. Bunny Baxter is one of the nicest girls I've ever gone out with and your reflections on her I do not care for at all.

We would like to present at this time a videotape production (instant replay) of a situation—entitled A&B's Schoolbus Adventures that may seem alien to some, familiar to others. The cast: a masochistic female and a frustrated male. To wit:

Well, do you still consider yourself disposable?

Yes, of course. Why shouldn't I?

You're a fake, that's why. You live as if you want everybody to misread you. You know what I think of you? I think you are the gremlin that appears to everyone in their dreams and says, 'that's a no-no.' You are the embodiment of Everyman's fears and most horrible insecurities. I'll bet you didn't realize just how Universal you were, did you?

Then it's nobody's goddamn business but mine, is it?

I just said you were Universal.

That doesn't mean I belong to everyone. I've still got my pride, my own feelings. I still know who I am and where I'm going.

Balls.

Listen, I didn't want to hassle with you. I just want to be left alone to clean up my own messes.

Is this going to be a Keep America Clean campaign?

Bastard.

Maybe. But at least I know the stuff of which I am made.

Yeah, you're just like Chuck.

You've got to be kidding!

No, I mean it.

For as many times as you laid him, you sure didn't know him very well—or me, for that matter. By the way, how have you been the past couple of years?

Now for the \$42,397 question: Who was whom?





Looking through a pane
window or mirror
it doesn't matter
one just more clear
than the other

and so I look at them
seeing one more clearly
as time has both necessitated
and allowed.
The other, not as clear
but time too
will lend its grace
and truth
to the pane.





THE SECRET
A Fantasy in one Act

Characters:

Harry—John Q. Average American
Alice—His Wife
Tommyandjane—The Result
Laughadil—Their dog (and spiritual advisor)
A Tree
A Girl

Act I

Scene I A sunny Sunday afternoon—a vast park

Alice: Harry, call Laughadil—he stopped back there at that last fireplug . . .

Harry: Laughadil!

Alice: I said call him, not mutter his name to your feet! Laughadil!

Tommyandjane: I did not, you did too,
did not . . . did too . . .
not . . . too . . .
not . . . too . . .
not . . . t . . .

Alice: Will you two PLEASE be quiet for two minutes! You kids are going to drive me crazy!

Tommyandjane: Mommy, look, look, up there—What is she doing? What are you doing? Think you're a squirrel?

The five group themselves family-portrait style around a tree. (Laughadil caught up). There is a girl sitting in the tree, her knees hugged to her chest, her forehead on her knees.

Alice: Come along children—(aside to her husband) Harry, let's go—its one of those hippies. I don't want the children exposed. Let's go to Friendly's for cones—come on everybody.

Alice turns to go, shadowed by Harry and Laughadil.

Tommyandjane: Whad ya doin' in that tree? You won't find any nuts unless ya come down here. Are you really a hippy? I dare ya to come down here.

Girl: (Just noticing them) What?

Tommyandjane: Whad ya doin'?

Girl: oh, I'm keeping an empty space warm for someone.

Tommyandjane: In a tree?

Girl: No, the tree is my support, my friend, I'm keeping the empty space inside me warm.

T&J: Why?

Girl: Because it belongs to someone who won't know it's there unless its warm.

T&J: What?

Girl: Nevermind.

She looks away from them, away from this world—faraway inside.

T&J: whispers) Look, she's rocking back and forth—they do that at the nut house. Hey Nutsy, lose a bolt? (Laughter) No, just lost her rocking chair! C'mon! (Laughter)

Alice: Children! Come HERE this instant! Come away from that tree—Tommyandjane, I'm warning you.

Scene II They obey, very reluctantly. Exeunt all but dog and girl.

Laughadil: They didn't really mean it, ya know—they don't know they're the ones who are lost.

Girl: Why do you stay with them then—if you know the truth?

L: Someone has to protect them from themselves. If they didn't have me to dump all their frustrations out on, they'd 'ave killed each other long ago. (Pause) Where were you? . . . Before, I mean . . . You seemed so far away.

Girl: I was wandering . . . in the gallery in my head. I'm holding the feeling, the calm that I had from knowing someone, in my head. I go into myself and savour it—renew it, so that I can come down from the tree and try to make my way among the Harry's and Alice's . . . I

wish my head were made of glass so you could see the peace—It's a rising, rosy mass—it breathes and lives and is. Ohhhhh! It's so full . . . wish you could see it.

L: How did you come to know our secret? How did you discover your freedom? Very few people know that they're free—I guess, the way they arrange their lives they never need to know. How did you find out?

Girl: I don't know really. Maybe it started with the trees . . . they held me up when nobody was there—after awhile, we got to be friends and I would go to them, even when there weren't tears in my eyes. They taught me the patience of standing in one place forever, the majesty of playing with and meeting the wind without ever envying her movement. They teach each other and their relations taught me—the wind wants to stop, just once, wants to be firmly rooted and sure of its location, wants to have a location and the trees want to pick up their roots just once and taste the nomad's life. But both know their limits and so by knowing, each have a taste of both without exceeding their limits.

L: You have learned well—it's surprising—we living creatures always hoped you would see what was right in front of you as a living theatre and classroom, but you people always somehow seemed to be distracted; as if your bodies were here now, living aimlessly on, while your minds were off somewhere in the future arranging things for the even more distant future. All that running ahead to make things ready makes you miss what's happening right now. You never seem to get back in time to know that you've lived, It's such a terrible waste.

Silence.

L: Who's the source of your peace . . . is it a person or a living creature?

Girl: He's a person.

L: And he knows the secret too?
(Incredulous)

Girl: No, Not yet, not completely. He's beginning to understand. He'll get there when he's ready. When he realizes that he's not only a person but a living creature too—then he'll know the secret fully. Sometimes I think he knows but then I realize that its only the creature in him, reaching out instinctively towards life. He has the sensibilities—his roots run deep—He's a Scorpio. I know he'll make it, when it's his time.

Girl jumps down from the tree. Walks towards the hill.

L: Where ya goin'?

Girl: It's time to go back. If I stay away too long my freedom becomes intolerable—you see, I may know the secret but I was still born a person—their world is mine too. I wonder if you can ever fully stop being a person and just be a living creature?

She walks back down the hill.

Curtain



Specter



I remember the tinge of "Slater's slop" weaving its course through the enormous dining hall as I braced myself against a column behind my roommate. She was smaller than I, not dainty, not especially petite, just smaller. Waiting there, I concluded she looked like a muscular Barbie doll with long and straight blond hair. Her pale face boasted no outstanding features except freckles, and her eyes were the dull green color of cheap acrylic paints. Contrary to her opinion, her pear-shaped figure had suffered from eleven years of ballet. Her short legs were to large and her breasts were too small. Not even the white wool shrink her grandmother had crocheted could assist her measurements; her Jordan Marsh slacks tugged at their seams from too many second helpings of my mother's strawberry cobbles. Her only pair of shoes, some almost heelless penny loafers, were remnants of days at Morris Plains High. "Hey, Ellen! What'd the thing say they're serving t' night?" Her pungent New Jersey accent shattered her alleged beauty—not to mention my train of thought. "I think it's hamburger again." I vainly tried to conceal my anger. Her sarcasm over the past couple of weeks had begun to drain my patience. She prattled about her P.E. credits, her dance class, and some "jerk" named Danny who after seeing her photograph in the **Freshman Register** told her he was "just dying" to date her. She turned to face me. Her green eyes glistened as she grinned victoriously. The expression betrayed her eagerness to gain points in what was swiftly becoming a war of nerves. We two were living proof that opposites do not necessarily attract. She was loud and extroverted. I was quiet and introspective. She was brashly self-confident. I was insecure, withdrawn. She was what guys on campus called a "body."

I was what they called a "brain" (virgin). At least we were both trying to bridge the differ-

ences of backgrounds and temperaments. The first week when I heard her crying herself to sleep because of homesickness, I promised myself to be especially patient and understanding. "Hey, Ellen! Which would you rather be, someone with a beautiful body—or a brain? . . . Are you jealous of my body? . . . I've never dated a guy whose beauty matched my own and that's the kind of guy I want to find . . . What kind of guy do you like, Ellen?" She usually waited until I had just dozed off to sleep before bombarding me with queries of my opinions on sex, religion, and the human condition. Now, since I had been dating Bob Bennett, she became openly antagonistic. After we sat down at a table with our trays, her mood changed to lightheartedness. Relief eased my guard. Perhaps there was hope for our friendship yet. At the far side of the dining hall I spotted a tall, muscular blonde with a Beatle hair cut and Khaki green trousers and a navy blue parker. It was extraordinary to see a handsome guy in the cafeteria on a week night. I motioned to her and smiled: "Isn't that a good-looking guy over there?" "That's a girl-jock!" she sighed with disjunct. "Oh, yes. It is a girl. But from this distance she looked so much like a guy." I apologized while wishing I had never spoken. There was an awkward pause. She threw back her head to sling her hair behind her shoulders. Gazing into her plate, she twisted a fork into the heap of black-eyed peas she claimed were burned beans. Without warning, she swung her head up and glowered at me. Then she asked softly, "Ellen, wouldn't you rather 'make it' with a girl than with Bob?" Was it a suggestion, or an implied curse? Or—was it meant to shock me? After a year, her voice echoing those words still haunts me. I had offered her trust and friendship, but somehow I had failed. I remember retorting: "No."



FIND YOUR HEAD











Patricia A Brown Greensboro
 Theresa Elaine Brown Winston Salem
 Wanda Gayle Bullock Greensboro
 Margaret Ann Burr Wadesboro
 Vickie Ann Burrack Durham



Ronald Eugene Burrow Burlington
 Martha Lenore Burrus Boonville
 Anne Marie Butler Reidsville
 Wanda J. Cadieu Charlotte
 Pamela Marshall Cahoon Engelhard



Debra Ann Cain Albemarle
 Karen Denise Cain Fayetteville
 Jennifer Lynn Caldwell Statesville
 Myra Gail Call North Wilkesboro
 Carla Louise Callihan Littleton



Donna Lynn Cameron Sanford
 Kenneth B Campbell Greensboro
 Sharon Lela Campbell Gastonia
 Rebecca Jane Capps Julian
 Cynthia Laverne Cardwell Greensboro



Debra Estevn Cardwell Mayodan
 Kathy E. Carey Clarkton
 Marcia Jane Carlson Albemarle
 Elizabeth D. Carlton Greensboro
 Terry Ann Carlton Wallace



Wallye Ramola Carswell Winston Salem
 Carol Elizabeth Carter Winston Salem
 Donna Marie Carter Reidsville
 Mary Elizabeth Carter Trumbull, Conn
 Pamela Elizabeth Carter Winston Salem



Beth Darden Casey Clinton
 Cathy Elaine Caudill Goldsboro
 Cassandra Gail Caudle Greensboro
 Patricia Susan Chamberlain Shelby
 Joella Marie Chambers Winston Salem



Lou Ann Chambers Platttown
 Sandra Chambers Greensboro
 Sherre Elaine Chambers Canton
 Brenda Kay Chappell Raleigh
 Craig Davis Chase Alexandria, Va



Madelme Denise Chase Bahama
 Connie Louise Cheek Walkertown
 Martha Clara Childers Marion
 Clara Anne Clark Mt. Airy
 Ida Owana Clark Crossnore



Leah Marie Clark Colonial Heights, Va.
 Susan Dawn Clarke Winston Salem
 Caroline Meredith Cline Greensboro
 April Suzanne Clodfelter Lexington
 Katrina Anne Coleman Greensboro



Sue Anne Collora Jamestown
 Sandra Lynn Conciatori Chatham, N. J.
 Carol Laurane Connell Durham
 Elizabeth A. Contogiannis Greensboro
 Kathleen Laurie Cooke High Point



Claire Dail Copelane Edenton
 Vicki Lynn Copeland Thomasville
 Cathy Reagan Corn High Point
 Amy Avis Corpening Granite Falls
 Patricia Ann Cottrell Reidsville



Bonnie Lynn Cox Fayetteville
 Cynthia Ann Cox Sanford
 David Swanson Cox Ramseur
 Kathy Dawn Cox Spring Lake
 Margaret Maxwell Coyle Kerneysville, W. Va.



Lynne Denise Craft Lewisville
 Kimberley Sue Crane Charlotte
 Patricia Ann Cranford Burlington
 Linda Harriet Crassons Charlotte
 Patricia Dianne Craven Asheboro



Steve Weldon Crews Greensboro
 Vera Leigh Crooke Monroe
 Mary Louise Crouch Greensboro
 Elizabeth Anne Crowell Asheboro
 Rose Marie Culbreth Newport



Evelyn Ann Cummins Springfield, Va.
 Donna McGusen Currie High Point
 Sharon Lynn Dail Kenansville
 Ravonda D. Dalton Madison
 Regina Carolyn Daniel Winston Salem



Sarah Rebecca Daniel Fremont
 Debbie O. Dausmann Greenville
 Jane Taylor Davenport Kinston
 Pat Ann Davis Winston Salem
 Sharon Ann Davis Linchburg, Va.



Terry Darlene Davis Waynesville
 Janet Carol Dean Charlotte
 Kathy Lynn Dean Greensboro
 Sharviv Kay Degen Staunton, Va.
 Sherry Lynae Dew Taber City



Armand Albert DiMeo Greensboro
 Robin Michele Disher Winston Salem
 Debra Ann Dockery Fayetteville
 Joyce Kay Doggett Greensboro
 Amy Christine Dollar Winston Salem



Dena S. Dollyhigh Mt. Airy
 Teresa Rae Doyle Stoneville
 Michael R. Driscoll Edgewater, Md.
 Wanda Gail Duncan Roxboro
 Lea Ann Dunningan Durham



Harnet Elizabeth East Charlotte
 Victoria Fairfield Eisele Columbia, S.C.
 Susan Gaye Elum Winston Salem
 John Edwin Ells High Point
 Neal Edwin Eller, Jr. Kernersville



Vickie LaVerne Engle Greensboro
 Karen Yvonne Enloe Canton
 Annie Laurie Eskridge Shelby
 Saundra Gail Eudy Concord
 Wayne L. Evans Bluefield, W. Va.



Paula Melissa Faircloth Elm City
 Donna Kay Faulkner Greensboro
 Summer Lea Feerabend Winchester, Va.
 Pamela Sue Feldmann Dover, Del.
 Nancy Ann Ferebee Shawboro



M. Elaine Fields Wilmington
 Emily Rose Finch Bailey
 Debra Lee Fink Durham
 Ginna Fishburne Winston Salem
 Dora Frances Fisher London



Linda Lee Fisher Asheville
 Kathleen Theresa Flanagan Charlotte
 Meredith Jane Flake Clinton
 Rose Marie Flintom Greensboro
 Robbie Adele Floyd Norwood



Karen Jo Flynt Asheville
 Mary E. Fodel Charlotte
 Mary Katherine Freeman Greensboro
 John Norcom Friester Oak Ridge
 Dana Mauryne Fox Charlotte



Lydia Ann Frazier Raleigh
 Vickie Lynn Freeman Greensboro
 Barry Wayland Frick Burlington
 Elizabeth Mandin Fulemwater Wilmington
 Theresa Wynell Fulk Greensboro



Terri Renee Furr Stanfield
 Rosalyn Earline Gathers Salisbury
 Stephanie Marie Galanides Northfolk, Va.
 Sara Kathryn Gardner Woodleaf
 Barbara Raye Garrison Burlington



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 Cathy Frances Gilliam Burlington
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 Debra Lane Green Durham
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 Elizabeth Ann Griffin Monroe
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 Barbara Ann Grimes Elizabethtown
 Edda Gesins Groon Raleigh
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 Susan Grace Hale Cherry Hill, N. J.
 Vanessa Haley Middletown, Del.
 Becky Raye Hall Woodleaf



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 Elaine Carol Hall Burlington
 Laura Blue Hall St. Pauls
 Jeffrey Ann Hall Wallace
 Selwyn Darlene Hall Winston Salem



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 Debra Jan Hardie Burlington
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Laura Beth Harris Charlotte
 Sylvia Ann Harris Ronda
 Donald Conrad Hartmann Greensboro
 Claude Alan Harvey Thomasville
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 Melinda Reid Hatton Falls Church, Va
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 Christine Lucille Howe Dillwyn, Va.
 Deborah Lynn Howell Wadesboro
 Sheile Marie Howell Polkton
 Deborah Ann Hubbard Moravian Falls



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 Dixie Grey Lancaster Vanceboro
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 Mona Lynne Slate Greensboro
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 Deborah Lynn Smith Orange, Conn.



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 Kathryn Susan Smith High Point
 Linda Sue Smith Siloam
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 Susan Gaye Tarlton Taylorsville
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 Joyce Isabel Thomas Gastonia
 Patsy Ann Thomas Mt. Airy



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 David Royal Turner Chapel Hill
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 Shelia Lynn Wall Durham
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 Martha Alice Ward Whiteville
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 Mae Alene Watson Roseboro
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 Mary Jo Webster Concord
 Jana Susan Welch Greensboro
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 Janice Marie Whitaker Franklinton
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 William Andrew Ballow Lenior



Keizo Bando Toyonaka Osaka, Japan
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 Mary Ellen Bell Fayetteville
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 Cynthia Jean Berkley Danville, Va.
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 Kimberly Joan Blackley Raleigh
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 Cynthia Louise Brumfield Charlotte
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 Rita Kay Cook Ararat, Va.



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 Leigh Ann Huffman Thomasville
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 Rhonda Dawn Hunt Thomasville
 Virginia Lee Hunt Rocky Mount



Wanda Denise Hunt Thomasville
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 Edna Faye Jackson Reidsville
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 Susan Joyce Jarrett Lincolnton



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 Melanie Ann Johnson Sanford
 Michael David Johnson Greensboro



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 Eavon Anita Jones Rocky Mount
 Janet Elizabeth Jones Annandale, Va.
 Juanita Jones Jones Winston Salem
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 Max Rogers Jones Brown Summit
 Melissa Wilson Jones Mt. Holly
 Celest Renee Joyner Pfafftown
 Clyde Richard Joyner Stokesdale



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 Marilyn Sue Latta Gramerton
 Jennifer Elaine Lawing Darkton
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 Jacqueline Denise Lyon Durham
 James Dixon Mahé, Jr. Walnut Cove



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 Parks Niell Austin, Jr. Charlotte



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JoAnna Barnes Burlington
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 Marilyn Bennett Morven



Rita Bennett Winston Salem
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 Emma Darlene Biles Mt Gilead



Anne Elizabeth Billings Boone
 Brenda Kay Bisette Bailey
 Geneva Kathleen Bivins Elkin
 Elizabeth Jo Black Greensboro
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 Patricia Lynn Blackwood Mocksville
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 Brenda Burgin Marion



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 Verae Ellen Butcher Asheville
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 Sally Edna Cagle Star
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 Alice Yvonne Dixon Durham
 Elizabeth Clare Dolin St Albans, W Va
 Nancy Clare Dolin St. Albans, W Va
 Kathy Dianne Dollyhigh Mt. Ary



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 Vonda Brady Widener Winston Salem



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 Janice Kay Wilkinson Reidsville
 Canthia Mae Williams Asheboro
 Emily Jane Williams Greensboro
 Isabel Barker Williams Warrenton



Jody Ann Williams Greensboro
 Laticia Anne Williams Greensboro
 Margaret C. Williams Mayodan
 Adina Joy Wilson Kernersville
 Carolyn Lucille Wilson Sylva



Deborah Jean Wilson Wilkesboro
 Frances Elizabeth Wilson Red Springs
 Wilma Wilson Pinehorst
 Ann Irene Wingate Charlotte
 Gloria Yvonne Wemack Greensboro



Ellen Dianne Wood Greensboro
 Linda Rhea Wood Greensboro
 Wilodae D Wood Lawsonville
 Martha Jeanne Woodall Henderson
 Barbara Smith Woodsun Burlington



Judith Yvonne Wray Mayodan
Mary E Wright Wallace
Patsy Gail Wright Asheville
Amy Annell Wynns Powellsville
Katherine Bing-Nuen Yim Baltimore, Md



Elizabeth Davis Young Greensboro
Nancy Carol Young Lexington
Rebecca C Young Charlotte
Bobby Yow Greensboro
Patricia Jane Zohel Charlotte



