

# A round of knocking deserves a round of applause

## Candidates displayed professionalism when campaigning.

Thursday night, as I lay in bed on the brink of death as a result of an unseasonably late cold, I get a knock on my door. I bid my visitor come in, thinking it is a friend delivering

with a packet of small colored leaflets in his hand. Embarrassed by my unruly appearance next to his sharpness, I absently try to stroke down my bed-head, as he explains that he is running for speaker of the house, and is going door-to-door to promote his campaign. He hands me his tiny colored resume, which is of course awkward, since I am in my nightgown and he has to reach up to the top bunk, and then walks out the door, forgetting to shut it.

Friday afternoon, still at the mercy of my cold, I get another knock. Aware that the door-to-door trend is not just limited to one candidate, I jump down to open it. It is a candidate running for student government president, smiling happily at my sickened condition. Again, I'm embar-

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rassed. She is dressed neatly in the customary powersuit, and looks like, if shoved into a seat at Congress, she'd fit right in. As she tells me her platform and gives me another flier filled with experience and ideas, I notice she is smiling so intensely that it's hurting me to look at her.

I wonder if that smile can be real, since she surely cannot be happy walking to so many doors in heels that high. I take the flier and look over it before it goes on my desk.

Sunday evening, getting ready for a shower, I get a knock on my door. I open the door wide to find a young man running for treasurer eager to persuade me for my vote. "Oh, I'm sorry I hate to catch you at a bad time." He sounds more like a telemarketer than a student government candidate but I let him give his 20-second spiel.

I feel bad for him, because the tone of his voice and his sincere regret that he caught me in my bathrobe makes me wonder how many "bad times" he ran into tonight. This time, before I put the pamphlet on my desk, I read over the long list of experience and reforms.

Another caller comes to my door on Sunday, only it's open, and he knocks before he walks in. I turn from my computer to get his platform.

He has no little papers to give me but instead decides to give me a speech about how he can refute every idea all the other candidates have presented me.

His tone of voice is very convincing, yet he has a way of muttering his quickly thrown words, so that I barely get his name.

He asks me if I have any questions. I do; I have tons, but I don't know where to begin on my student government ignorance, so I dumbly shake my head. He encourages me to vote on Tuesday.

Monday night. My door is cracked open and I can hear a plug being given for an honor and ethics board candidate.

I ignore the noise around me until I hear, you guessed it, a knock at my door. "Come in only

if you're not running for something!" I shout jokingly, but it's only followed by an awkward silence.

I throw the door open to find an uncomfortable campaigner in a suit.

I repeat his ditty, which he gave next door almost exactly, and end it with an assuring, "You've got my vote."

"God bless you!" he shouts, as he skips away.

I smile to myself, knowing that these people don't really wear ties everyday; this is just a special occasion.

To all the candidates who knocked on my door, I applaud you.

Your dedication impresses me. You are very professional and presentable. And I'm so sorry that I am not.

**Christen Balady**  
STUDENT COLUMNIST

some sympathy, only to find that it is a stranger, dressed to a "T"

# Playboy debases women; pornography isn't justified

## Magazine promotes unhealthy relationships.

Sophomore Mike deGroof's March 26 column titled "Playboy deserves student's respect" merely serves as an example of base sophistry. While the author defends the magazine against claims that it exploits women, he simultaneously exploits the facts whereby he makes this claim. The author unabashedly

men. It is material that enrages the glands; it does not edify the mind or the spirit.

No amount of intelligent writing found in *Playboy* can justify its pornographic core. In concentrating on what encourages lust, it ignores our capacity to love; in placing flesh on a pedestal, it refutes the transcendent splendor of the spirit and the powerful clarity of the intellect. To respect such a magazine is to deny the capacity with which humanity has been so graciously endowed. When men accept what this magazine has to offer, we diminish the largeness of the capacity with which we can love and honor women.

To the claim that I'm "forcing my conservative views on the less maniacal," I say that there is nothing "maniacal" about the truth.

In the name of tolerance, deGroof would have us lower our sails in the midst of a tempest of different perspectives. While such varied perspectives may help us to better understand the truth, the author would have us sitting on our hands in the middle of such a storm of ideas. There is little that is praiseworthy about indecisiveness.

I've seen a bumper sticker that states: "If you can't change your mind, are you sure you still have one?" While this idea embodies the spirit of deGroof's editorial, the following embodies this one: instead of "if you won't change your mind, are you sure you still have one?" I ask you, "Are you willing to change your mind when presented with the truth of the matter?" I dearly hope so. I, for one, refuse to submit to petty sophistry and accusations of "closed-mindedness." While I try to remain patient with different ideas, I will not sacrifice my desire for clarity and resolution on such matters.

It is my feeling that the column may have been written as a sort of joke. If deGroof merely aimed to ruffle some feathers, his motive was amiss. This topic should not be joked about. If there's anything I dislike more than a salesman, it's a salesman with a bad product. I hope that those who agreed with deGroof's editorial will reconsider their position. As a rational person, I offer this column to you. As a person of faith, I can only hope that these words will take hold.

**Paul Lundberg**  
GUEST COLUMNIST

appeals to his audience that they consider all of the facts instead of grasping the relevant ones.

While leaving out what would be a futile attempt to justify pornography, deGroof proceeds to laud the magazine on the grounds that it "demystifies the battle of the sexes" by "improving communication" between men and women. Don't you think that if the magazine truly demystified the battle of the sexes, it would have more than a paltry 3.5 million subscribers? Aren't there a lot more men in this country who would purchase a legitimate "answer key" for understanding women?

While we're thinking about net sales, let me pose this idea: If the written content of the magazine holds as much value as it is claimed to contain, I wonder about the amount of men who would "continue to turn to *Playboy*" if the pictures were left out. Would the big bosses at *Playboy* be willing to sacrifice pornography for the sake of the alleged literary worth of the magazine's articles? Call me crazy, but I don't think they would.

"Improving communication" between the sexes is but the token banner of a low purpose. The magazine merely attempts to satisfy the lowest quality of the relationship between women and

MIKE LUCKAICH ATLANTA CONSTITUTION



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## New leadership strengthens GALBA

After reading senior Elizabeth O'Donovan's April 2 article "GALBA increases discussion" (on the front page, no less! Congrats on the risk, *OG&B*), I would like to try to answer freshman Tyrese Howard's question as to why the majority of opinion on this campus is against homosexuality.

Let me begin by saying, Tyrese, that I am a gay man who has been at the university for four years, which gives me the position of being an elder in this university tribe, able to wax poetical on the past four years before I graduate. Your question, then, as to homophobia at the school leads me to think about responsibility. I think that the majority of this campus is against homosexuality because of the behavior and actions of your organization.

I entered the school four years ago with the idealistic dream of joining something larger than myself, of finding other gay men and women to identify with. What existed here was the Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Issues Awareness group. Many GALBA

members refused to have their names published or talked about. People who were supposedly "out and proud" at meetings at an off-campus coffee shop pretended like they did not know one another as they passed in the halls of Tribble Hall. GALBA was little more than an organization dedicated to discussing the latest Melissa Etheridge or Indigo Girls album, lacking the courage to speak the truth or the honor to stand up for themselves.

This was an era when the only activity GALBA participated in was one bacchanalian night of hysterical Quad-chalking when all the pain and repression was released in an ugly, truly ugly, evening of five a.m. Quad-chalking. Students awoke to find angry scrawls on the Quad, GALBA was quite properly met with scoffs and jokes and the administration promptly had the chalk washed off. In frustration with what I found, I left GALBA.

What I did learn at GALBA, however, is that being gay at this university is a huge responsibility. For many students, I have been the first gay man they have ever met. I am aware that some will judge future interactions with gays and lesbians based on my example. Therefore, I have been myself have been honest and open, and

have been courageous as I confronted the "gay issues" with friends and strangers in long talks in the residence halls at three a.m.. I do not attack. I do not confront or cajole. If you dislike me for being gay, then that's fine with me.

I have spent the past four years letting people know that I am not a gay man who has achieved at this university. Rather, I have let them know that I am a student who is a Presidential Scholar, who co-wrote and co-directed an original play in the Ring Theater and a director/writer/actor/producer for "Davis Of Our Lives." "These two achievements are what I am proudest of as I leave," I say, and "oh, incidentally, since you asked, I also just happen to be gay."

I have tried in the last four years to let others know that what GALBA has stood for is not what it means to be gay. Therefore, you can understand my surprise at seeing the successes of Pride Week, the apparent reforms in GALBA since I left and the hope that both of these things gave me.

I do not blame those long-ago gays and lesbians for their actions. Coming out is a difficult process. By telling the truth, you can become marginalized and despised by those whom you had thought to be your closest friends. You face

the pain of rejection by relatives and the scorn of parents. Faced with these situations, behavior can swing like a pendulum. Eight years of lying through adolescence can result in four hysterical years of college, where one feels the demand to try and force a lifestyle on those who would rather not have those images or ideas shoved down their throats. That is what GALBA was in my experience, a group lacking self-worth and conviction, self-indulgent without courage, reactionary and irresponsible as it snuck out for a one-night Quad-chalking orgy where all of the repression and pain was released in a fury.

I applaud Howard's organization of Pride Week and the openness of its leaders to speak to the *OG&B*, to set up a table in Benson University Center and to encourage *rational* discussion of gay and lesbian issues and identities. These things would not have happened four years ago, and, Tyrese, I understand your confusion expressed in the article. But to answer your question truthfully, I feel that the real problem that GALBA is seeing at the university in respect to homophobia is a direct result of GALBA's behavior.

Howard and sophomore Sarah Guley, you are inheriting a group

with a stigma and a history. It is a hell of a challenge but also a hell of an opportunity. For perhaps not the first time in my life, I wish I were a freshman again — if only to join what GALBA seems to be growing into. Pride Week's successes give the university tribe promise again, a promise of understanding and rationality. GALBA under your leadership and vision seems to be exactly what I was looking for all those years ago. Howard and Guley, you have proven with this last week that you have something on your hands that has never existed here before — don't blow it.

**James Buescher**  
Senior

## Only fools make fun of Rufies

After reading the April 1 issue "Intolerance Weekly" put out by the *Old Gold and Black*, I feel it necessary to comment on the references to the date-rape drug rohypnol in freshman Dan Durand's article "Polo asserts individuality, becomes Greek" and in the police brief "Officer given Rufies at fraternity bash."

First, I want to make it clear that I find nothing wrong with satirizing life on campus. In fact, I look forward to the April Fool's edition of the campus newspaper each year but I believe there are certain issues that should not be made

light of. Rufies is one of these topics. The use of Rufies and other date rape drugs is an abhorrent practice and is in no way funny.

The statement that rohypnol would be made available in vending machines in the article about Polo made me feel ill, as did the brief "Officer given Rufies at fraternity bash."

These articles discredit any girl who has ever been the unfortunate victim of this sick practice. It also demeans fraternity members, making it appear that the use of Rufies is a common practice among them. I am thankful that it is not, but I find it horrifying that Rufies has ever been found on campus.

I find it unfortunate that the writers of the "Intolerance Weekly" don't share this view and instead find it a laughing matter.

It is comments like theirs that make people think that the use of Rufies and other date-rape drugs is no big deal.

**Danielle Whren**  
Sophomore

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