

The Collegiate
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For What It's Worth

This past weekend, a few friends and I trooped up to Linville Gorge in hopes of doing some backpacking. I'd been looking forward to this journey for over a month now, and mother nature did her best to make the trip a success.

Rising at the early hour of three in the morning, the world looked bleak. Rain was pouring down, but we forged on. Stopping in Chapel Hill, we picked up another companion, and still the world looked dreary. In fact, rain was falling at sunrise and continued to fall until we reached Hickory.

By mid-day we were at the wilderness area. The fall foliage was at its peak and the day was sparkling clear and cool. After lunch we separated into pairs and adventured into the gorge. My friend from Chapel Hill and I chose to descend the mountain near Linville Falls. For about an hour we crawled and climbed and slipped and stared our way to the bottom of the gorge. Then we knew our efforts were worthwhile when we found the source of a thunderous sound — the major drop of Linville falls (probably 30 to 40 feet of falling water in unimaginable quantities).

As evening approached, we decided to return to our camp. But the return would require over an hour if we went back by our original route. So we decided to cross the river. All the while I had been carrying a movie camera preserving the sights and our escapades on film. I would be brave and cross the river first. One good leap from rock to rock and the rest of the way would be a matter of walking. Needless to say, I fell in, and that acrobatic fall was neatly recorded by my friend who was capturing the excitement. Actually I was lucky not to drown as the water swept my feet out from under me, leaving me to grope anxiously for some handhold. I emerged alive, realized that I was on film, and shot my best Richard Nixon double victory sign.

After an almost hearty supper, we retired to bed and promptly slept for eleven hours.

But the time of simple beauty occurred on Sunday morning. With the temperature in the high 20's, a gentle snow was falling. A perfect way to begin an ending. The snow fell into the morning, ending around eleven.

Hiking further into the wilderness area, we encountered a place called Bynum's Bluff which is in all probability the most beautiful place I've ever been. We looked far down into the gorge and saw the river curving in front of us in an elbow shape. The snow and clouds and fog had cleared and we swore we could see next week.

A permit is required to enter the wilderness, with a stiff fine for disobeying the rules. Each party can only have up to ten people with no more than fifty people in the wilderness at one time. A permit is only good for three days.

In these times of hurry and trauma, I am encouraged to know that there are still places like this to experience. For once the American government has done the right thing by setting these wildernesses aside and protecting them. Somehow places like Linville Gorge or Joyce Kilmer National Forest or somewhere along the high portions of the Appalachian Trail are enough to make a religious man out of men. Amen.

By Briggs Petway

Transcendental Meditation Comes to ACC

In this day and time, one is almost certain to have knowledge of the existence of meditation in some form. One form of meditation, transcendental meditation, is increasingly growing in popularity among people of all ages today in fifty to sixty different countries including the U.S., Africa, Australia, and England to mention a few. Mrs. Dorothy Nelson, speaking on transcendental meditation on the A.C.C. campus Oct. 22 and 24, gave some insight before her lectures to this outgrowth of popularity and appreciation of transcendental meditation (hence, abbreviated to T.M.) among Americans today.

First of all, Mrs. Nelson has defined T.M. as a simple and natural mental technique which should most effectively be practiced for 20 minutes morning and evening. During this 20-minute period of meditation, one gains a state of deep rest and the metabolic rate becomes measurably lower. The individual gains a deeper rest through this technique which relieves internal and external stress that normal rest through sleep frequently fails to do. The purpose of T.M. is not only to gain a state of deep rest, but to utilize 100 per cent of an individual's mental potential as compared with the normally used 10 per cent or 20 per cent.

The meditator benefits from the after effect of T.M., not the experience itself. To be successful in T.M., the meditator must use a nonconceptual thought process known as Mantra during meditation. Changes occur in the meditator automatically as a result of Mantra. Mrs. Nelson states such changes to include alteration in brain wave patterns, an increasing awareness of life as more enjoyable, and an improvement in artistic appreciation, learning, and even intelligence. These findings are concrete in nature and have been given validity by scientific research. Research on T.M. has been extensive since not being a kind of sleep or hypnotic trance, T.M. possesses a unique combination of alertness with rest.

As to its history, T.M. is not a new technique at all. It was first introduced in the Himalayas of India during ancient times, but did not originate among any one people. In these ancient times, T.M. was mentioned in the writings of The Vedas, a Sanskrit text. Since ancient times, the popularity of T.M. has risen and declined in cycles. Mrs. Nelson describes the position of

T.M. at the present time to be in one of revival. Today's leading teacher of T.M. is Maharishi Mahesh Yogi who is currently maintaining international headquarters for the school of learning T.M. in Arosa, Switzerland. Headquarters for the U.S. are located in Iowa. Teachers of T.M. are required to undergo a six months course of instruction in T.M. under Maharishi himself to meet teaching qualifications. This is often taken after the three months of student instruction.

Mrs. Nelson describes the effects of T.M. as comparable to waking up all over again. She believes that an individual may

adapt more easily to his or her life style and make progress accordingly through T.M. This meditation, partially explainable and partially unexplainable in reference to the personal experience, is affecting the lives of an increasing number of people all over the world. In addition to her A.C.C. lecture on Oct. 22, Mrs. Nelson will lecture again on the 24th and show a film entitled "Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and The World Plan." This lecture and film will further attempt to explain transcendental meditation, its popularity, and its rapid spread in use.

ANN DIXON

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Tom Jones By Dr. Mary Fetter Stough

The "Tom Jones" presented by Stage & Script of Atlantic Christian College last week had the verve and humor that Henry Fielding, the author of the 18th century novel, would have appreciated. David Roger's play requires a large cast, but Director John T. Oertling had inspired them all to speak, move, and react in the spirit of the comedy-farce. Surprisingly, in an amateur production, there was no letup in the two-hour romp across the stage of Howard Chapel. Once or twice the women's voices were merely shrill rather than angry or upset, and at times the appreciative audience laughed so loud and so long we could not hear all the dialogue.

The imaginative, suggestive set of aluminum tubing, decorated during the course of the action to represent doors or windows resembled the best

staging of Shakespearean Comedy on a proscaenium stage or theater-in-the-round. The costumes and the narrator provided necessary explanation for the audience to follow the plot. As played by Jerry Blackmon, the narrator and sometime character Partridge, had the delivery and nasal twang seemingly appropriate to the parson turned barber-surgeon.

Hal Hummel as the title character convincingly mooned over red-haired Ernestine Cobb as beautiful and headstrong Sophia, but both were almost overshadowed by Ivan Price as boisterous Squire Western. Sophia's father and Leslie Johnstone as the passionate Mrs. Waters. Hilarious scenes involved Joe Collier as the unsuccessful Highwayman, and Ellen Murphy as the beset innkeeper. Brad Tucker as the mad Irishman Fitzpatrick played his part and his accent to the hilt. But it is hard to pick from such stellar performances.

As a lover of the novel, I did not particularly like Roger's Squire Allworthy played by Randy Morris. Fielding's Squire gives Tom a large sum of money before reluctantly sending him away. In Roger's play Allworthy is really "not worthy" at all as he continually compliments himself and throws Tom out without a shilling. I also missed Tom's low-class mistress, Molly Seagram. Roger's Tom does not fall into sin as much as Fielding's Tom. Perhaps that is why the more boisterous characters in the play seem more interesting.

But as Partridge says in the play, "Y'see, the fellow who wrote this ... Mr. Fielding ... he wrote a lot of stuff he didn't need. Eight hundred pages and fifty pages! Wow! That's a lot of parchment."

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