

## The Collegiate

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# Stage & Script to present Endgame

Nagg Pete Bogardus  
Nell Janice Cooper  
Hamm Joe Collier  
Clov Randy Morris

For Beckett life is as finite and devoid of meaning as an endgame in which they king is checked and the remainders on the chess board are merely there to be wiped out in no time as a routine. The game is finished before the play opens, all the characters function as residues on an almost empty chess board — lingering around till "death doth all devour." Clov opens the play by breaking the silence in a toneless voice: "Finished, it's finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished..." The four characters are sole survivors in a world which has been destroyed by some unknown catastrophe. The landscape in which they dwell is a dead one, in which "nothing stirs, all is zero, all is corpses." even the waves have stopped. The characters are trapped in a

closed interior which has "no way out", because "outside of here it's death"; Hamm's cupboard contains the only source of supplies to life. Except for functioning as a decaying force, time has come to a standstill in which the characters perform their "comic routine" described by Hoffman as "...meaningless verbal incantation—like a record moving at the wrong speed or suffering from a stuck needle."

Beckett's most recurring theme — being devoid of choice, decaying, suffering, and death, bears a curious parallel to the "four essential sufferings of life" in Buddhism — birth, senescence, illness and death. Just as Hamm curses his father for bringing him into this world "Scoundrel! Why did you engender me?", man doesn't choose to be born, he is simply thrown into this world by a mischievous and indifferent god

(or force) to endure a span of nonsense. Mischievous in the sense that man are often fooled into what Beckett called a "pernicious and incurable optimism". For a moment Hamm is almost sure that he and Clov are beginning to mean something.

We not only hear Hamm express his attitude toward life: "You are on earth, there's no cure for that," but also discern the random parenthood from Nagg: "It's natural. After all I'm your father. It's true if it hadn't been me it would have been someone else..."

Decaying is a prevailing theme in *ENDGAME*. The fact that the stage is a grey and dim enclosure with only two small windows situated high up on the upper left and upper right wall reminds one of a skeleton which is a decayed and defleshed human head — a miniature counterpart of the desubstanced, bleak world outside. The world offstage is presumably dead before the play begins. Nagg and Nell are half buried in the dustbins when the play opens, and as the play goes on, their sense are gradually fading away. Toward the end, Nell's death is implied and Nagg doesn't show up anymore. Hamm is invalid and blind when the play opens but he had his days when he was bonny once. Clov's legs are getting bad and his eyesight is fading too. Does that mean one day he'll be what Hamm is now? Hamm: "One day you'll be blind, like me. You'll be sitting there, a speck in the void, in the dark, for ever, like me." Their existence is diminishing from this world; they are running out of everything — paps and sugar plums for Nagg, Hamm's pain-killer and even the ability to continue a story which is a means to pass their time.

From the time the play begins, theirs is a life devoid of happenings. If anything ever happened it all happened in the past. But a repetitious narration of the same old stories has made them unable to sustain any interest at all. Nagg can no longer make Nell laugh by telling her the same story which used to make her laugh. Hamm cannot make Clov listen to his story, therefore he bribes Nagg with the promise of a sugar plum to do so. They never seem to realize the nothingness, instead Hamm seems to believe that he has been absent in the time of happenings: "Absent always. It all happened without me. I don't know what's happened?" It also seems to me they are creating happenings through their relationship with each other. Hamm and Clov's master-servant, enemy-friend, father-son relationship provides the major events in the play. Clov

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## Letter to the Editor In Response

Dear Miss Teems and Mr. Lockhart:

The interest you have shown in the Circle K dance marathon for autistic children is greatly appreciated. In response to your letter last week, we would like to answer the questions that you brought before the public.

Your letter pointed out "standard rules" established for "any dance marathon." As stated before, our rules were established and passed on to the dancers at the two meetings. In comparison to the hypothetical standards pointed out in your

letter, our rules did differ but our rules were established and enforced.

In reference to your first point concerning one partner dropping out, our dancers were told that if both dancers were sponsored they had to quit at the same time. However, if only one dancer was sponsored, the unsponsored dancer could drop out and be replaced. This action would eliminate the sponsored dancer from the competition between dancers as to who danced the longest.

Secondly, our dancers were informed that they must keep dancing as long as the music was playing. This rule was enforced. True, some dancers sat and lay on the floor while waiting for the change of records, but all were dancing when the music was playing.

Your third point referred to favoritism in the type of music played. We cannot see where there can be any question of the type of music played. We think that a variety of music was played to satisfy each individual. We cannot see where any favoritism occurred; no other couple raised this question as far as we know. (Who was the other couple you made reference to having also complained?)

Your fourth point and major complaint, dealt with the dance being called off at 7:00. At 6:30, the chairman of music left (according to my instructions) and took all albums entrusted in his care. There remained approximately twenty 45s which belonged to one of the dancers. At 7:00, this dancer also left. We then checked with the remaining couples and affirmed their previous intentions of stopping at 7:00. This left 2 couples (not 5 as stated in your letter). We then offered \$3 or a cake to you first.

The other prize would go to Shannon Suttle and Pat Applegate. That was our only alternative. Another point should be made: the present record for a dance marathon is over 3 weeks and not 18 hours as you suggested.

We have to agree with your fifth point in reference to the shoes. It was announced that a pair of shoes would be given to the couple that danced the longest. We asked the MC not to announce it again. The shoe stores had refused to help us. Because of the club's financial state, we decided to present a cake as a prize. We did not feel that anyone would complain since the whole event was for the benefit of others anyway.

We hope that this has answered your questions.

After the dance marathon, Miss Teems revealed her "enthusiasm in helping the deaf children". (Had she attended the meetings or read the articles in *The Collegiate*, she would have known that the marathon was to benefit the N.C. Society for Autistic Children.) In our opinion we were sincere in our actions. How many people would actually complain if slow songs were played, partners switched, or breaks were taken as long as their interest was sincerely aimed at raising money for these children and not for the glory of having danced the longest? We believe that Mr. Lockhart called the entire event a fiasco. We question how it could be called a fiasco when approximately \$850 was raised.

If you are really interested in helping others in need, we ask you to accept the challenge to action and meet with us on Monday nights at 6:30 in Hines Hall.

The Officers of Circle K

## Harmony Possible?

The two students were quietly discussing some event experienced that day. Actually, Jeffery was intent on getting his point across to Marc, who could have cared less. Marc was just the type who witnessed, commented, and forgot.

Jeffery had established a nice respectable business in which he took great pride. The money meant his schooling but he seemed to place more emphasis on a job well done. Marc, however, just liked to have money in his pocket and went through the routines while counting the seconds on his watch.

As the "discussion" continued Jeffery grew more intense. He was an achiever or at least one who desired to achieve. For Jeffery an achievement required only his best effort. Marc would make a critical remark that deflated this achievement ego and then would add no further help or interest. It seemed that Jeffery did all the work and Marc made all the criticisms.

With a burst of anger, Jeffery expressed his feelings concerning those things he thought Marc should be doing. But then again why should Marc? That just wasn't him.

So how do you handle the situation. You want one thing and the other person doesn't meet those working standards. Doesn't accept the responsibilities. It just isn't in him.

"How do I get through to you?" Jeffery pleaded.

"For one thing, don't yell!"  
"Don't yell, don't yell: That's the only thing that gets through your thick ...  
Then the small thin voice of

Jeffery's grandmother whined in his mind. 'Remember, son, people react to you according to the way you act. The Good Book says, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you".'

Yes, thought Jeffery desperately, but no one would have to yell at me to take the initiative. I'm not like Marc... "Marc is a hinderance to my achievement."

"And you are a hinderance to my peace," quietly responded Marc.

...So where do we go from here....

MK

## Football

One day in Mr. Marshall's "Chaucer" class, the gentleman brought up the idea of a club football team. Why not, there was a team here until the mid-50's.

Club football could really be a boost to the male populus in Wilson. Even Fike High School has a football team. If an interested group could organize now, they could petition the SGA for funds. Of course, good football equipment could run up to \$200 per player. If the prospective players chipped in to buy the gear, the SGA allocation would certainly reduce the expense.

There is no worry about players. There are several former Fike players and no doubt many ex-high school athletes.

Maybe with some effort and organization ACC can become more than a school for nurses. After all if no men come to ACC, how many girls will show up?

## Nickel Politician

Back on Tuesday, I went to the polling place and did my patriotic duty. But I was perplexed at the choices of candidates.

I must confess that ACC's very own Hugh Johnston was the only Republican I voted for. I did not want to vote for Edmisten nearly as much as I wanted to vote against Carson. I did not want to vote for Morgan nearly as much as I wanted to vote against Stevens.

The Collegiate ran a cartoon a few weeks ago who's caption read, "what this country needs is a good 5 cent politician." It is a funny line, but I believe it wholeheartedly. The United States is wasting its taxpayers money.

If we could ground Henry Kissinger, we would all be better off. (Face it, our soldiers were sitting over in the Mediterranean Sea waiting to fight.) No one really knows what Kissinger promised the Egyptians and the Israelis.

This bond issue we voted on. The money raised was for "industrial and pollution control" purposes. They would be allowed to sell tax free bonds. I voted against it, not a cent would ever be spent on pollution control, it is just a ploy for big bizz to raise cheap money.

If I live to the ripe old age of 21, and if I make it out of this college, and if I'm not providentially hendered, I'm going to run for some office and try to set this sinking (stinking) ship of state back on a peaceful, prosperous course.

I'm sick of wars, corrupt politicians, run away poverty and wasted wealth, smog, dirty water, and the generally perverted American society. Sure, I am a capitalist, a Baptist, a hard worker. But I also believe in sexual equality, racial equality, helping the aged, free college level education, and "tax the rich and feed the poor." Sure, I want to save the world, but we are not going to beat the whole darn thing into submission.

But, on the other hand, I'll probably take up my back pack and head for the mountains and live in the serenity as a hermit.

By BRIGGS PETWAY