

Miss Lonelyhearts.

"The Miss Lonelyhearts of the New York Post-Dispatch (Are you in trouble? — Do you need advice? — Write to Miss Lonelyhearts and she will help you) sat at his desk and stared at a piece of white cardboard. On it a prayer had been printed by Shrike, the feature editor.

Soul of Miss L, glorify me.
 Body of Miss L, nourish me.
 Blood of Miss L, intoxicate me.
 Tears of Miss L, wash me.
 Oh good Miss L, excuse my plea,
 And hide me in your heart,
 And defend me from mine enemies.
 Help me, Miss L, help me, help me.
 In saecula saeculorum, Amen."

This is the opening passage from the novel, *Miss Lonelyhearts*, by Nathanael West. The novel, of course, is about Miss Lonelyhearts, a newspaper reporter who writes the daily agony column. Being this type of columnist, Miss Lonelyhearts comes into contact with many different types of people who write to him, asking for advice — about a wide variety of personal problems. People write to Miss Lonelyhearts about problems ranging from troubled marriages to bad weather. I will give you an example:

"Dear Miss Lonelyhearts,

I am in such pain I don't know what to do sometimes I think I will kill myself my

kidneys hurt so much. My husband thinks no woman can be a good Catholic and not have children irregardless of the pain. I was married honorable from our church but I never knew what married life meant as I was never told about man and wife. My grandmother never told me and she was the only mother I had but made a big mistake by not telling me as it don't pay to be innocent and is only a big disappointment. I have 7 children in 12 years and ever since the last 2 I have been so sick. I was operated on twice and my husband promised no more children on the doctors advice as he said I might die but when I got back from the hospital he broke his promise and now I am going to have a baby and I don't think I can stand it my kidneys hurt so much. I am so sick and scared because I can't have an abortion on account of being a Catholic and my husband so religious. I cry all the time it hurts so much and I don't know what to do.

Yours respectfully,
 Sick-of-it-all

As you can see, Miss Lonelyhearts of the New York Post-Dispatch had a great moral responsibility to the people who sought his advice, and now, as the Miss Lonelyhearts of *The Collegiate* staff, I have this same

responsibility. There are many students at Atlantic Christian College who need help, just as Sick-of-it-all did. For those of you who need advice from me, Miss Lonelyhearts, this column will be reserved for your letters seeking advice and my reply to your letter.

I will be glad to help you with any of your personal problems, and try to find a practical solution by giving you sound advice. I cannot guarantee that I will solve all your problems. I can only promise to give my best in trying to help you help yourself.

Do you need sound advice? Do you have a special problem that you need to discuss with someone, and yet remain anonymous? Do you feel frustrated? Is life such a bummer that you feel like quitting? If so, you could use some good advice from Miss Lonelyhearts. I will be glad to help you in any way that I can. Address your letters to:

Miss Lonelyhearts
 The Collegiate
 P.O. Box 5737
 ACC
 Wilson, N.C. 27893



The Imagination

Do you remember the imagination you had as a child? Do you not wish that you had it now? I can remember when a snowfall transformed Stevie's back yard into a winter wonderland, inhabited by abominable snowmen. They were very real to me then, as visions to all children are. Today when we imagine something, we are aware that we are imagining it; back then the things we imagined became our absolute reality. I was Frederick, the great arctic explorer, not Freddie, the little boy in baggy pants, rubber boots, and a pull-over hat.

Some people never lose their power of imagination; those people are the artists in a given society. Their visions become their art. It is because these people live in the world of their own mind that they sometimes have a tough time getting along with their environment. Where was Poe's mind when he was in the process of imagining one of his stories? I can not say but I sure as hell would not have

wanted to be there. Did Coleridge stand next to his hero in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," exploring a ghost ship ins strangely calm waters? On what plane was Blake's mind when as a child his mother found him carrying on a conversation with a tree? When Jack Kerouac, a controversial writer of the fifties, was a child he used to imagine that the canal under the bridge he was crossing was a field of raring white horses, softly calling his name.

Have you ever wondered what it is about these men that makes their imagination so unique? Perhaps it is because they are not afraid to explore the outermost reaches of their imagination. Many of us are. How many times have you let your mind go completely, without fear of where it would take you? Probably not many. The next time a situation arises where your mind starts wandering to far and exotic places, don't call it back too soon. You never know where it will take you!

Alpha Omega

(Continued from page 1)

one difference between himself and the Greek, "... I have no taste for hemlock." As a successful statesman and a man who loved life, Sir Thomas did all he could to avoid martyrdom. "A Man For All Seasons" is the story of this struggle. Finally, Sir Thomas chose death rather than deny his conscience.

"A Man For All Seasons" first appeared in 1954 as a BBC radio play. It was later adapted for television by Bolt, who is an English playwright. The play opened in New York in 1961 and ran for a year and a half, a truly phenomenal run for a serious play. It was awarded the New

York Drama Critics' Circle Award for the Best Foreign Play of the 1961-62 season. In its final incarnation as a motion picture, "A Man For All Seasons" was released in 1966, and won six Oscars.

The troupe coming to ACC is one of three such touring companies in Alpha-Omega. Every year each company covers 50,000 miles, playing one-night stands in communities from Maine to California. Their production style is simple, using a minimum of props and scenery and creating their settings in the imagination of the audience. The players who will be performing are Ken Zinck, Carmen Rupe, Shelley Russell, and Jim Fuqua.

Walking Past A Window

While walking past a window on the second floor of Hines earlier this semester, I chanced upon two people staring into the space of a thousand people's fates that ranged over the history of the entire human struggle. I talked to the individuals to find out what was outside the window that was worth such concentration. Neither could reply, but neither (I later realized) was dreaming the dreams a young man dreams. A young man's dreams, like clay strands of straw, can be crushed under the hard heels of the trained troops of fate and blown away with the winds of time. A young man's dreams range from those of race superiority of the radical Nazis, to the business empire of young Rockefellers, to young Berrigans who dream of peace. Getting back to the window, I realized that somehow these young hardened souls were

dreaming the softer dreams of old men, dreams that have no substance you can grab hold of. They come and go day by day. They live in the peace that comes with the acceptance of the material things that bind man. These dreams live in the silent testimonies of those people of God who struggle not with worldly desires but with their own relationships with other people and God. Led by the Spirit, they choose to do the will of God, to which they so carefully listen, instead of the evil which lurks behind their own prideful passions.

Where does all this lead us? To a little more speculation. Why do people continue to get upset over a single flunked test? Why do we still retain ourselves to a few friends instead of many? How in the world did two young students begin dreaming old men's dreams?

Bob Sills

Poet's Point of View

Night

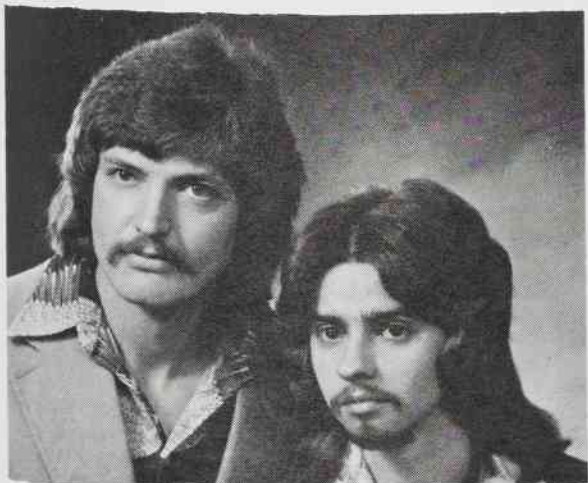
You get up every morning at the sound of the bell
 You get to work late and the boss man's giving you hell
 Till you're out on a midnight run
 Losing your heart to a beautiful one
 And it feels right
 As you lock up the house
 Turn out the lights
 And step out into the night

And the world is bursting at its seams
 And you're just a prisoner of your dreams
 Holding on for your life
 'Cause you work all day
 To blow em away in the night

The rat traps filled with soul crusaders
 The circuits lined and jammed with chrome invaders
 And she's so pretty you're lost in the stars
 As you jockey your way through the cars
 And sit at the light, as it changes to green
 With your faith in your machine
 Off you scream into the night

And you're in love with all the wonder it brings
 And every muscle in your body sings
 As the highway ignites
 You work nine to five
 And somehow you survive
 Till the night
 Hell all day they're busting you up on the outside
 But tonight you're gonna break on through to the inside
 And it'll be right, It'll be right
 And it'll be tonight

And you know she will be waiting there
 And you'll find her somehow you swear
 Somewhere tonight
 You run sad and free
 Until all you can see is the night
 Bruce Springsteen



THE HEADHUNTER

A UNISEX SHOP
 2001 W. Nash St.-Wilson, N.C.

JIMMY KOENIG

DANNY HAYES

Little Big Man
 Movie: Hardy Hall

7:30 P.M.
 Sunday