

Editorials

Minority Rule

Two hundred and fifty nine students voted a full slate of class officers into power on September 7. Of the total student body, only about one third exercised their right and responsibility of selection. The adult world is full of pleas to voters at election time. A remarkable number of registered adults do not vote, despite the intensity of the cry in all forms of media. Students at A-B are in a unique position. They can easily elect to office people with whom they frequently have close association. The prospect of knowing a good deal about the various candidates is excellent.

Lack of information is perhaps an excuse for negligence in the world around us, (it is a poor one at that) but it is nothing more than an expression of the "let George do it" attitude on the campus. To maintain intelligent and responsible leadership, we must vote, hopefully with intelligence and responsibility ourselves, but at least vote.

If the students feel that they don't have an opportunity to learn about the candidates, they they should devote some energy to changing the procedure. Campaign speeches, printed platforms, a party system, these are but a few of the possibilities

They Want You

Images, the student Fine arts magazine on campus, is in need of contributions. The magazine has enjoyed somewhat limited success with it's past issues, but certainly not what anyone would call amazing. The concept of a fine arts publication by the students is a necessary one to a liberal arts college. It can be imaginative, exciting and a good jumping-off place for aspiring on campus writers. To achieve these ends, however, those who have talent in the institution must support it. Poetry, short fiction, photography, songs, these and many more are acceptable contributions. They may be placed in the "drop box" by the Images office on the second floor of the student center or delivered personally to Ken Snelling, this year's editor.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I would like to ask my fellow beings to think about this and don't you wish they would do something about it. There are quite a few things noticeable.

First, the meal-ticket is provided so that the students can save about 50¢ and do not have to carry cash around. This part is all-right, but we can't use the same ticket for the Snack-bar, although the Snack-bar is a part of college Cafeteria and on the week-ends we do not have any choice but the Snack-bar.

Secondly the Cafeteria management expects all 200 boys and girls, who live on campus to go home on the week-ends or to keep some kind of transportation so that we can go out and eat somewhere uptown or downtown. But here we run into trouble. If we do not keep the transportation on the week-ends, we do not have any choice but a grilled-cheese or a 45¢ hamburger, and we can't get breakfast unless we force them to fry an egg or bacon and that is after 9:00 a.m., of course. How many students know that they can order eggs and bacon at the Snack-bar on the week-ends only?

(Personally, I doubt very much, that even two percent of the college strength knows!) Then, of course, we have to live on a grilled-cheese or a 45¢ hamburger for lunch and dinner both, every week-end. Do we have a choice? Oh! yes, we do have a choice! We can either beg someone to give us a ride to a place downtown where we can get something to eat other than a hamburger, or if a hamburger, to a place where we can buy hamburgers for 15¢. Or else, we can do two more things, first, just drink a cold glass of water and stretch a blanket over

us or keep some kind of canned foods in the room and eat it cold or simmer it in the coffee-maker. Now, if we do keep an automobile, and have a scholarship from the institution, we may lose our scholarship. (I almost lost my scholarship last year and the argument given to me was simple -- I drive my own automobile.) And don't you think that the argument is valid, if you can afford an automobile you can pay for the college, its as simple as that.

If you can wait for breakfast until 9:00 a.m. and can live on a grilled-cheese sandwich or a 45¢ hamburger on the week-ends, every week-end fellow, you have got it made, but if you can't you are in trouble. There is however something the institution could do for us. If kitchen privileges are provided, we can experiment and can cook the dishes of our choice on week-ends, for girls this will be good practice. Or else, the Cafeteria must be open on week-ends for those students who can't go home (Well, I can't my home, the sweet home is 14,000 miles away.)

We wish something could be done about it, other wise we will be very disappointed. I am sure you would like to see 'THE LITTLE HARVARD' act like a 'LITTLE HARVARD' and provide the students all the needed means, so that they can devote themselves to studies and could be proud of this institution. We do not expect too much and you should not say that we have expected now is TOO MUCH FOR 'THE LITTLE HARVARD.'

HAROON SHADMAN

'Adult Film' Theatre Thrives

Mrs. Phyllis Williams manages the Fine Arts theatre in Asheville. Located on Biltmore Avenue, the movie house presents films of an "adult" nature, commonly referred to as "skin flicks." In an effort to shed some light on the operation of the theatre and its function in the community Mrs. Williams agreed to the following interview:

Ridgerunner: Could you tell us something about your experience with the theatre?

Mrs. Williams: I've worked here for seven and one half years, the last two of them as manager.

R: Who owns the theatre?

W: E. M. Lowes of Boston owns it. It's part of their chain and the only one in the area.

R: How are the films you show chosen?

W: A professional booker in Charlotte handles that. We have no say in the films we get.

R: How do you account for the occasional "art" film in the midst of your regular fare?

W: Mr. Lowes likes to vary the films, usually once or twice a year.

R: What part in the community does the theatre play?

W: It provides a different type of entertainment. There is a film problem in Asheville, however, there are shows for adults and for children, but none for teen-agers.

R: Can you remember the films that have drawn the best box office in the past year?

W: Yes, they were "I, A Woman" which was an art film and "The Pink Pussycat."

R: Do you censor any of your films?

W: We have never censored a film.

R: Has the theatre ever been closed by the authorities?

W: The Fine Arts has never been closed by the authorities. In 1964 we closed voluntarily after receiving pressure from some of the high schools and churches. They wanted to turn us into a "second run" theatre. After trying the old films for four months, we closed again at a loss. About six months later we re-opened with the usual bill of adult films.

R: What would be your reaction to a closing attempt this time?

W: I would fight it. I wouldn't close without orders from Boston.

R: Would you define "adult" as it applies to the theatre?

W: Adult films have stories that wouldn't interest a child.

R: Would you please define "pornography"?

W: Pornography is individual. It depends on how far you let your emotions and mind go.

R: How do you determine "adults" for admission purposes?

W: Our patrons must be over 18 years old. If we are suspicious we check draft cards and drivers licenses. We turn those away that are under 18. Most of our customers are regular and live in Asheville. They are not a low type of people, and usually are an older group.

R: Do you receive any written complaints about your films?

W: In two years we have received two complaints, one from Ohio and one from Barnardsville.

R: Do you experience any reaction to your advertising?

W: Some people kick about our ads, so we reword them. We can't use titles with offensive words in the newspaper. The other theatres can get by with a lot more than I can. We couldn't use such titles as "Days of Sin, Nights of Nymphomania". If we could use what we want, the place would be swarming.

R: Is there anything we overlooked that you'd like to comment on?

W: Yes, The people who condemn a place like this are forgetting that all of us who work here are trying to make a living. I teach a Sunday School class and when I tell people where I work, they say, "You work there!"

The people are our true censors. If they support us, then we know we're all right.

Show Reviewed

Painter Sees World Of Aliens

Tucker Cooke's paintings currently on exhibit at the Thomas Wolfe Playhouse reveal an alien conception of humanity. These beings are definitely not of this world even though the titles of some belie this.

In "America, America" a theme is presented which recurs in almost every picture. The man in the dark glasses shadowed by a pink and plum flag creates an aura of shock; the man has been unveiled and he is stunned. Mr. Cooke seems to be saying that the nouveau-colored flag represents a society of surprised and confused beings.

And what happens when someone is surprised? They usually assume a defense. One would not want to meet this pale man, for though he seems insipid at first glance, he has the ominous strength that comes when a being has been too long without a rational mind.

The unemotional aliens reappear in "Liripipe". Again the humanity portrayed seems malevolent. The baroque twistings of red, orange, and black are darkly ironical. And irony has an unmistakable odor, unpleasant and sickening.

In "Hell's Angels", though not executed in Mr. Cooke's characteristic muted idiom, there is no response to the violent, cubistic form. The face is ravaged, yet no comment is being made by the artist. Just as the artist has recoiled from response, so does the viewer.

Do you know "Bayadere"? He has a multi-colored coat as Joseph once had. Can this undefined chimera be heir to Joseph? The face has the wan familiarity that all the creatures of Mr. Cooke's world have.

In "Jasmine," "Lysistrata," and "Calendar Model" there are invisible substances beyond the revealed bodies which are vaguely sad. The visibly portrayed women are well controlled. The composition is ordered, the technique competent. Yet perhaps they are too controlled. Something has been left unsaid. Why are those strange women standing there, not even aware of the flowers incised on their thighs? The eyes are those of phantoms. Certainly they see, but what?

Seemingly the beings which the artist knows are removed from the touch of man. And they are removed by consent of both creator and creation.

The composite emotion achieved

when all the characters have passed before us, is one of recoil. Rejection comes; and it is a totally objective, unemotional rejection. Perhaps Mr. Cooke feels this too, for there hangs the "Twiggy Box", the little lady of today's fad making the final, mindless and obscene gesture -- rejecting us just as we do her.

Whether unemotional objectivity is the aim of Mr. Cooke's idiom, or whether it comes as a subconscious action, his works are technically effective and stylistically defined. But it seems that all this has been said before. Man's alienation is certainly not new. Nor is Mr. Cooke's interpretation.

The Ridgerunner

- Stewart Judkins Editor
- Thom Mount Managing Editor
- Gail Lunsford Make-up Editor
- Bob Bauer Business Manager
- Karen Mowery Advertising Manager
- George Macatee Staff Photographer

Our Letter Policy

Letters to the Editor and submissions for guest editorials should be left at the office of The Ridgerunner or put in the intracampus box in the Student Union Building. All submissions must be signed.

We welcome both letters and longer more comprehensive articles of opinion from students, faculty, administration, and from any citizens of the community whose contribution is directed toward the educational interests of the college. All submissions should be typed and double-spaced.