Campus FM Provides Listening **Alternative Or What Has 10 Heads** And Can Be Heard For Miles?

BY DAVID R. HAYES

The majority of radio listeners in Northwestern North Carolina have access to only limited radio reception. While most areas are serviced by a single local station or the signals of the high powered stations to the east, Wilkesboro's airwaves are alive with a number of signals that provide a true choice in programming. In addition to the fare offered by the commercial broadcasters in the area, our own campus radio station, WSIF, provides yet another listening alternative to students of W. C. C.

After months of delays, technical problems, and paperwork, WSIF-FM signed on the air on April 6, 1977 on a frequency of 90.1 mHz. With the exception of four weeks during the summer required to repair the effects of a thunderstorm, WSIF has been broadcasting every Monday through Friday from 9:57 a.m. until 2:03 p.m. The format is

described as educational, but the music, news and special features that WSIF provides its audience make that label somewhat misleading.

The students of the Radio-TV Broadcasting Class form the staff of the station. Each student is announcer-operator for a period of one hour, with the air shifts being assigned on a rotating basis. The experience gained in this actual broadcast situation is invaluable in their preparation for professional radio and television. The studios are fully equipped and allow the student broadcasters to become proficient in the operation of the equipment used in commercial radio.

The emphasis in program material is placed on that which is relevant to the college community, Programs featuring College President, Dr. Daniel, the president of the SGA, and the directors of each college division provide a plethora of information concerning happenings around campus. The Broadcasting Class prepares campus news stories for a daily, five minute newscast at 12:45 and the Associated Press Wire Service provides sports and features, in addition to material for five minute newscasts every hour. A complete program schedule for WSIF is posted on the bulletin board at the studios in 318 Hayes Hall.

The next time you feel like changing your "radio rut", turn to 90.1 on your FM dial. Your campus radio station, WSIF, provides a true listening alter-

Art Class Has Exhibit

BY DAVID HAYES

Mrs. Sherry Dancy, art instructor and media specialist at W. C. C., has taken several charcoal sketches from her Introductory Art Class and placed them on exhibit in the Library from November 14 to December 2. The class is composed mostly of beginning art students and the exhibit serves as a testimonial that no special talent is needed to enjoy art as a hobby. "I feel that no extraordinary talent is needed in order to draw," says Mrs. Dancy. "When a person writes their name they make all the necessary marks one needs to draw. It's just a matter of learning

where to put the marks."
Mrs. Dancy says she is very proud of her art class since they are beginners, and she believes that everyone should take an art course to become more visually aware of their surroundings. She notes that, "Half of drawing or painting is seeing."

Mrs. Dancy will continue her instruction in two courses Winter Quarter entitled Oil Painting, and they can be taken for credit or non-credit. Times and dates are available in the Winter Curriculum Sheet, and students are invited to register regardless of their art experience.

A fellow was walking along the street one day with two small boys, each wailing loudly. A neighbor yelled to him, asking what was the matter. "What's wrong with the whole world," replied the man. "I've got three pieces of candy and each boy wants two!"

Poetry Corner

I know the truth - nothing is real Not you or me or the way I feel But I know a place and it's all

I'll take you there if you have

There's no cold - no sleet - no rain No love, no hate, no hint of pain No dissension, goals, or tears No minutes, days, months, or

No binding chains, guarantees, or

No bullshit, assertations, meaningless lies.

No tomorrow, or no yesterday No future, past, no today No one to judge what's wrong or

No light for day, no dark for

When you look out, and finally That there is no reality.

Drop your problems and your

Look for me, I'll take you there For in my struggle to be free. I've found the truth - INSANITY. -Audrey

Long ago on the Nile, In the New Kingdom style, Lived a long-necked lovely queen. She could throw out commands With a clap of her hands, But she could Nefertiti.

In the Pyramid climb She could do record time, And would counsel with Ptah for the good of her Ka, But she could Nefertiti.

She could o'leap a sphynx with the grace of a lynx, Get straight through to Isis At the tiniest crisis, But she could Nefertiti.

She could swim 'cross the river With hardly a quiver. Got Notes from Osiris On special papyrus, But she could Nefertiti.

She could shinny an obelisk, Got calls from the Sun-Disc, Compose in Hieroglyphics With lots of specifics, But she could Nefertiti.

She could raise children royal Without letting them spoyal, Went to parties with Nut, and was wonderously cute, But she could Nefertiti.

So t'was not copesthetic, It was almost pathetic,

THE VALUE OF V

For she could never, Nefertiti.

And explains why her smile is

For although she was great

This law is cleraly immutable:

At achievements of state,

Without one certain skill

It will all come to nil.

And she'd always fail.

T'was a miserable tale,

inscrutable.

The more unusual the more exciting The rarer something the more valuable.

Hence the value of virginity From a virgin no disease caught. With a virgin solace often sought. No comparison or complaint, Hence the value of V.

-Ken Holmes

-Bill Moffett

GOD'S PROTECTIVE CARE

No I lay me down to sleep This prayer I was taught at my mother's knee

Each night this I would pray. And his protection through the night I would see.

As I grew older, this prayer I forgot,

In fact; many changes in my life

No longer did I ever pray to him, who love so completely covered

God said, "I remain the same, I change not from day to day, But it was you my child, not I that choose from my needs. away"

I confessed my need for my God. The God of my childhood I had He forgave me for all my sins,

By prayer to him, I can now safely

Truly, now as an adult I can say. Now I lay me down to sleep, And know if I don't arise, God's care for my soul in death He will keep.

-John Wiles

THE BRIGHTEST STAR

I fee as though

the final curtain is fastly coming

down and it seems as though the crowd wouldn't

stop booing the

final act - now I'm being told

that my last line has been spoken,

my last song has been sung

and the last ticket has been sold or maybe

filed away because of lack of interest and I know that the

critic will say

"he's lost all the old magic, he'll never be back" As I leave

the back door

to the theater,

I hope that soon you'll be finally able to find the brightest star

Would you want somebody just like you to be your friend?

-Ervin L. Waller

How can a rumor without a leg

to stand on get around so fast?

How come no woman's picture

appears on U.S. money?

Meaning Of Marat/Sade

BY BILL MOFFETT

Early in this century there was a revolution in the world of physics. Einstein and others suggested that the central fact of the physical universe was the absence of any unmoving point from which to observe the motion of objects. There is no "objective" point from which one can observe; therefore, we must describe any physical phenomena "as viewed

Philosophers were quick to see the relevance of this "relativism," as it was called, to the universe of human perception. Each of us perceives through his own senses, filtered through his preconceptions and disposition. If objective reality exists at all, it exists beyond the limitations imposed by the human situation.

Peter Weiss invites us to seek reality in his play; invites us to seek it and at the same time tells us it cannot be found. The fixed objective point from which an audience theoretically observes in traditional drama has been consciously destroyed.

The "play" is set in 1808, but the "play within the play" reenacts an event of 1793. We see, in 1977, a 1965 English translation of a script which Weiss wrote in German in 1964 about French events. What is the objective time reality? Or the place reality? Or, most importantly, the reality of person?

Coulmier, the "enlightened" director of the Asylum, is both

audience and participant in the drama. He has a clear sense of political propriety. He knows when the inmates are "going too far." Is he an early nineteenth century, or late twentieth century man--a liberal on the race issue, for example, but opposed to any measure which would give his liberalism any substance?

And Marat, who is he? Perhaps he is a twentieth century actor portraying a nineteenth century lunatic portraying Marat, speaking lines supposedly written by Sade but really written by Wiess interpreted by Mayes--sort of. God only knows (or whoever from his vantage point a clear reality) what we are to make of

Beyond the standpoint of the relativism of human perception, is there more to the play? Our own age has an "enlightened" establishment. None of us now believes in slavery, war, bigotry or any of the other horrors to which our barbarous ancestors were devoted. We all believe in tolerance, maybe even love, and a humane economic system. Our asylums have been replaced by mental hospitals, our prisons by correctional centers designed to

rehabilitate. Perhaps Weiss is trying to tell us that the view from the bottom hasn't changed very much. The perception of improvement might be only from the top.

You've made your changes, the inmates say, "We want OUR Revolution, now."

The Cougar Cry

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President's Column We Can Do It

A high school friend was born with only one arm, his left. He was not defeated by his physical incompleteness, however. Bill decided to play the trumpet. Some thought this ambition to be only a dream, because trumpet players traditionally hold the instrument in the left hand and finger the valves with the right hand. Bill found that he could both hold the horn and manipulate the valves with his one hand. He practiced hour after hour, day after day. He became solo trumpet player in a large high school band. After that he played first trumpet at Davidson College. My friend received his law degree, a master's degree in history, and is now a university professor. How easy it

would have been to be filled with self-pity. Bill could have manipulated people instead of trumpetvalves, to pamper and humor him. Instead he persevered and made his weakness a strength. Most of us "whole" persons take a lot for granted. We do not use our abilities to full potential. Sometimes we even make excuses for failure as if we were somehow incomplete in our makeup. The truth is that we can do whatever we decide to do with the resources available to us. In the vast majority of cases we do not excel for one reason - that we did not manifest the tenacity of Bill to gain proficiency, in spite of all odds. Yes, we can do it. We will