



# THE COLLEGIATE

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A medium through which the students, faculty and administration of this institution can enter into a free discussion of the issues and interests of the day.

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May 15, 1964

## Mental Illness

Psychotherapy, electro shock, insulin shock, catatonic schizophrenia, infantile autism, no bars, no padded cells; these are a few of the names one hears passed around as he visits a mental hospital for the first time. However, only after the initial trip does one understand the full meaning of these words.

Modern mental hospitals are a "far cry" from the ideas the general public has of them. It is usually a traumatic experience on the first trip. It is very difficult to seem normal to the patients as one walks down the corridors of the wards of these giant hospitals.

One is not used to seeing human beings lying on the floors, or lying in their beds screaming or laughing. One hears that there are no bars in the institution except in the criminally insane buildings, but one wonders how much pressure the heavy mesh screens which are always locked could stand before giving to the pressure — plenty we bet.

There are also humorous things that happen. Such as the elevator operator vainly trying to explain that the elevator is padded in order to keep the linen carts from scaring the walls. And the schizophrenic explaining that she is radioactive, and receives messages through a transistor on her ear drum. And the old man "mowing down the Germans" outside the hospital chapel.

Modern psychology has many of the "hows" and is now working on the "whys." They know how to help the patients, but are not really sure of how the therapies help them. They know that electro-convulsive shock treatment helps the schizoid patients but can really find no reason that it should.

There are medicines that help the "cured" psychotic patient from relapsing into the psychotic state, but as one young psychologist put it "Good Lord only knows why." Tranquilizers such as thiorazine have been heralded as the greatest invention of the century but as far as psychology is concerned do little to alleviate the problem — they simply make life a little better for the patients, and leave the conflicts that caused the problem unsolved.

In any discussion of drugs and drug therapy there always enters into the discussion the etiology of the causes of mental illness. The three chief ones are bio-chemical, stress and heredity, I feel they are caused by stress and therefore cannot be cured by drugs. they can simply be controlled.

It seems the best treatment is a combination of medical therapy and plain old Freudian psychoanalysis. To be specific in the latter, "free association," is where the patient simply talks to the analyst when he feels like it, and his conversations do not have to be directly related to his current problem.

—Sammuel Orlando Jones, Jr.

## Our Summer Education

Just five more days and we are all through with this academic year. Most of us have worked hard through the year, and we look forward, with much zeal, to the summer vacation. The swimming pools, beaches, and camps are waiting for us, and there is much fun ahead. With the fun there is also an education to be gained during the summer. This education is not one of books and tests, but of traveling, observing, and seeing the environment we live in.

It is often said today that one of the real problems of the world is the lack of communication and understanding between the many nations. Unfortunately, this is a problem that exists even in the regions of the United States. People of the South do not fully understand the thoughts and actions of the people of the North, and vice versa.

Those of us who will travel throughout the country should attempt to do this with an open mind, and to try and observe with close attention the things that are not familiar to us. The education gained in this respect will enable us to better understand the country we live in. If we combine this kind of learning with what we learn in college we can then say that our education is more than just facts and figures, but also of understanding.—DLW

## Publicity Cited

On Tuesday, May 5, the men's choir from the University of Richmond sang in Howard Chapel. The choir was quite enjoyable, to the two or three dozen students who attended. Why were there not more students and faculty at this function? The answer is simple, not many more than this number knew about the concert.

This story is not new on our campus. The music department's spring concert, the Echos of Isreal, and similar programs simply were not given the publicity they merited, and for this reason were not attended well. If Atlantic Christian is going to invite entertainers and professional groups to our campus, they must be given the publicity they deserve.

At present publicity on our campus is an insult to the entertainers who come, and unfair to the student body as a whole.

—James Fred Barber

## Readers' Forum

Dear Editor,

In last week's *Collegiate*, John Reynolds informed us that 100 per cent of the voters of Alabama and 34 per cent of the voters of Wisconsin are ignorant. I would suggest that Reynolds be careful whom he calls ignorant.

By comparing the stand may people all over the country are taking against the Civil Rights Bill to Hitler's and Eichmann's slaughter of 6,000,000 Jews and by intimating that everyone opposed to the Civil Rights Bill is ignorant. Reynolds places himself predominantly in the ignorant and uninformed category.

—DAVID L. THARRINGTON

Dear Editor,

Why has Atlantic Christian College been given the alias of "A. C. High School"?

The answer to this question lies with the individual student, but the popular explanation concerns neither the academic courses nor the qualifications of the professors, but the childish rules that the school officials have enacted upon the students.

The "mothers" of the women's dorms have encouraged a "Code of Ethics" policy. This policy states that women should not "entertain" men in the dormitory parlors or on the campus if the men are attired with shirt-tails out and — or bare feet. Harper and Caldwell women also should discourage the men from wearing physical education shirts and — or bermuda shorts to class and at the dining hall.

The attitude of the majority of students toward this "Code of Ethics" is a complete farce and is disregarded.

These "high schoolish" suggestions spread rapidly among the nearby colleges and students refer to Atlantic Christian College as "A. C. High School" or "Grade 13." These nicknames stick with the school and thus destroys the college image.

—Steve Benton

## JUST A DREAM

BY T. O. D. JOHNSTON

This is the way to hell you know. Well, know I didn't. You are living in a fool's paradise — drinkin' and gamblin' and stayin' out all night. Well, know I didn't. You're thinkin' that these escapes release tension and solve (rather-run from) your problems in dealing with the society - imposed double-bind. You're believing that life is serious business and that the rules that you play the game of life are of utmost significance and ultimate truth. Well, know I didn't. You fear death as if it was a phantom or not an integral part of life. You have anxiety and you worry and you have neurosis and maybe because you take it for reality. Well, know I didn't. You deny God but you feel guilty about it. You feel that money is important because you feel that you must exist — you take life seriously. But then what could be expected, you having been brainwashed with the rules of society, society feeling that it must be maintained, and the only way to maintain it is to solidify the rules and it then proceeds to become stagnant, and after a while the rules are solid and they no longer are considered just rules for communication, in the game of life — sure there must be rules — It is to the degree that children play that they are not playing that "cops and robbers" leads to bloody noses and hurt feelings, and thus to the end of the game. I didn't know. Because you are concerned with dualism do you find yourself in the double-bind. This is the way to hell you know. . . . didn't know.

Take Compoz. C-O-M,P-O-Z

## from the eye of the fly

BY JOHN REYNOLDS

Re: The Battered Child Syndrome

I sat on her grave and dug my hands into the coarse loamy earth. The headstone, well set with time, faced a slanted footstone only a yard away. Leaves of oak, maple and ash were scattered thickly all around, but the small mound remained curiously barren. Only a rough, damp coldness of small rock and moss. In winter even the savor of a torn ginger leaf is gone. There are no smells — only the wind — sharp and new. The wind blew that day, and the leaves rose and fell, but the grave remained barren. Snow fell upon my clothing, but it too went away. My tongue caught one flake — cold, gone. There was a constancy of extreme abandonment. Before I left the grave my eyes moved to the headstone . . .

BETH

daughter of  
J. T. COTTER  
Born—Jan. 8, 1900  
Died—Apr. 3, 1902

There was a small empty dogwood tree between her grave and another. I paused at the adjacent mound and at its head . . .

JESSE T. COTTER  
Born—Aug. 19, 1864  
Died—Apr. 3, 1902

"Father, forgive him . . .  
The babe did cry . . .

I left that place in the woods.

Winter passed sadly that year. The snows seemed wetter and the winds more biting. Then the mud and slush. Dormant springs began to flow once more. The land itself seemed as if to shudder, trying to unshackle the hard lingering freeze that had been so unheard in its coming.

And now the season of sighs . . . of unfolding . . . of smells . . . of tastes. Spring came heralded by the returning creatures — the higher animals. And when spring came this year, it came not with a whimper but a bang, for it came on but one day. But the glory of that day assured the living that the season of isolation was over. The sounds of a thaw complement the silence of a frost. But the silence of a dead child . . .

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Some would say, "This night is ugly." It is raining, though not hard. I am walking down a long street — a familiar street. It is the street of the world filled with all the people of the world — virgins and weepers, lovers and sleepers. On this grey street the sobriety of the world is revealed to all who search. I go alone on this street — not a soul except my own. Not a mirror to peer into and make myself two. In this anxious haze even the moths are asleep.

Through the mist glares a bright, orange neon sign. Its lights undulate back and forth pointing to a house of peace — THE FIRST TERPSICHOREAN BAPTIST CHURCH. I never fail to be amazed at the feeling that creeps over me every time I enter a church. It must be a universal sensation, however, for all churchgoers know that this is the house that God built with the people's permission and Eero Saarinen's recommendation. Someone said "Truth is not the secret of a few" yet one might think so the way some people act. It's as if they had a corner on the spiritual market, and come one come all. Give us your sins and tithes, and let us pray together, "God is great . . . God is good . . . God is American . . . Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth — without taxes." I have to sit down. I always get constipated in these high altitudes.

Someday, some mother's imagined Christ child will discover, with his virgin psyche, just why a dog pants, why a flower grows, why darkies are born and why one does not find "In God We Trust" on a ten dollar bill — they being gods unto themselves. The answers will pierce the virginity of his mind and give birth to truth without the benefit of sanctuary green stamps. Whether it comes from a saxophone or the outhouse wall — truth is truth is true. I have heard an alto sax preach.

The rain is lighter now. A soft drizzle barely warrants the swath of windshield wipers on a Bible salesman's Cadillac as he drones along the gutters. And the street just keeps rolling along. It's the longest street in the world. I have reached my station. Go down.

"Christ climbed down  
from His bare tree  
this year  
and softly stole away into  
some anonymous Mary's womb again  
where in the darkest night  
of everybody's anonymous soul  
He waits again  
an unimaginable  
and impossibly  
Immaculate Reconception  
the very craziest  
of Second Comings."

Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
"Christ Climbed Down"

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The last to partake in the solemn rites of the ORDER OF THE MUSTARD SEED is James R. Jones, grand dragon of the North Carolina Ku Klux Klan. At an Atlanta, Georgia, Klan rally, this serpent split his forked tongue and revealed " . . . The Klan is not anti-Negro, anti-Jewish, anti-Catholic, or anti-anything. It is pro-American."

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TO A MUNDANE SAX  
Soul surged within as I beheld  
a schooner on the sea.  
Her unfurled sails flapped out and swelled;  
came racing up to me.  
I stood intense. I dared not sigh,  
for there with God to lead her  
The innocence that made her cry  
seemed just the force that freed her.  
Then the horn  
lay  
down . . .

## Here Is Schedule of Exams

**Final Examination Schedule**  
**Spring Semester 1964**  
**Monday, May 18**  
8:00 - 10:00, Freshman English classes; 10:15 - 12:15, 2:00 TT classes; 1:00 - 3:00, 3:00 TT classes; 3:15-5:15, 11:00 TT classes.  
**Tuesday, May 19**  
8:00 - 10:00, General Botany classes; 10:15 - 12:15, 10:00 MWF classes; 1:00 - 3:00, 8:00 MWF classes, 3:15 - 5:15, 11:00 MWF classes.  
**Wednesday, May 20**  
8:00 - 10:00, 9:00 TT classes; 10:15 - 12:15, 3:00 MWF classes; 1:00 - 3:00, 9:30 MWF classes; 3:15 - 5:15, 2:00 MWF classes.  
**Thursday, May 21**  
8:00 - 10:00, Sophomore English classes; 10:15 - 12:15, 1:00 TT classes; 3:15 - 5:15, General Zoology classes.  
**Friday, May 22**  
8:00 - 10:00, 12:00 TT classes; 10:15 - 12:15, 1:00 MWF classes; 1:00 - 3:00 8:00 TT classes; 3:15-5:15, TBA and 4:00 classes.  
Saturday classes will have their final examinations on May 23, 1964.  
All evening classes will have their examinations at the regular class meeting time during examination week.  
Examinations for classes which do not fit into the above schedule will be arranged by the instructor.