

THE COLLEGIATE

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One Fabled Professor

Some years ago a child was born in a foreign country, destined to awaken at least part of the world. Lately this country has been the source of much civil violence that many Americans take personally.

The child was conceived out of wedlock. However, the mother was engaged to a young man at the time. The gentleman had considered breaking off the engagement because he knew the child was not his own. But being the good man that he was, the groom-to-be accepted responsibility for the child's life.

The child was born during a time when the couple was traveling to a distant town. Hurriedly, the mother and father took a room in a cheap motel on the outskirts of town.

As years flew by, the young boy grew fast. He loved his friends and their games, but he spent most of his time talking with the high government officials in his town. Many times he astounded them by asking highly sophisticated questions and quoting from the code of laws.

As does every little boy, the child grew up and left home to seek his fame. He took to teaching as a profession. Many places he taught, large crowds gathered. Often he converted large numbers of people to his way of thinking. Once he even fed the people because he knew that people can't learn on an empty stomach.

When his school of thought grew very large, the man recruited twelve others to instruct his pupils. They went to all parts of the world to help other people. And news of this man made many people fear for their political offices.

Finally, the man was arrested for telling things harmful to the state, many thought he was trying to destroy government all together. And so they executed him in a most undignified way. But even after his death, the man kept on teaching. Even today this man has great influence over the lives of men.

Briggs Petway

Commentary by Marvin Lamm

Several years ago at a Symposium on New Music, Alvin Etler, composer-in-residence at Smith College, began a speech by describing what he called "a recurring and obsessive fantasy." In this fantasy, he saw himself being brought back from the dead after a period 200 years and finding that his music was being performed, taught and used as compositional models in much the same way as the music of Beethoven is employed by the "20th century intelligentsia". Etler continued that aside from the ego gratification that he (or any writer) might feel, his initial reaction would be "Why has nothing been written worth listening to in the past 200 years? Has anybody been doing anything?" I won't bore you with the details of his speech; the implication is obvious. Through this simple fantasy, a case was stated for the continual performance of 20th Century music.

The argument that followed the statement is unfortunately one that will not "hold water" and more to the point, one that is

used with disgusting frequency. His argument, simply stated, is that there is but one true music and it is the 20th Century ONE; if the listener doesn't comprehend this oneness, it is due to an idiocy brought about by "a lack of musical education and/or sophistication." This is not the case. Obviously, there is much beautiful music to be heard beyond the 20th Century; more to the point, there are many sensitive, intelligent professional musicians that have complete understandings of the musical doctrines of the 20th Century that just "don't dig it." So, what is the problem? It is my contention that the problem is less musical than social.

The public-at-large has a societal compulsion, to organize and categorize objects into groups, fields, etc. This necessary thought process has, however, over-extended itself in the field of music. Composers, theorists and performers (you see, we even label ourselves) have "pigeon-holed" music with an over-abundance of labels. We have pop music, rock music,

acid rock music, legitimate music, conservative music, electronic music, ad infinitum! Each of these labels carries with it certain associative reactions such as, "Oh yes, Anton Webern — that 12 tone composer!" In any ensuing argument, we defend the associative reaction to 12 note writing, the label and not 12 note writing, the music. This is absurd; in believing and teaching this methodology, the modern musician has managed to "label away" a great body of beautiful music and assign it to oblivion.

In the past few years, I have radicalized my opinion on what I care to teach, compose and perform. If music holds my interest for a long period of time, it is probably good music; if it does not, it is probably bad music. I choose to deal with good music and to understand why it holds my attention. I don't give a damn about labels; I simply accept any kind of music on its own terms, thereby giving it a chance to grow in my thought processes. I would suggest that you do the same. "Long Life".

Machines That Wind

Face Western winds
For the sun,
A mother's hand,
To warm supporting trees
Holding all
To frames and walls
Where children cry and die
Before they sing of life.
Work in rolled-up sleeves
To tunes breaking fallow ground
Where Mordecai
Saves again
From planned destruction.
Feel warmth, then grow
Toward the Western sea
Where revolves the carousel
That turns pages
To yet other newness
For Western winds to blow.
Curse not the yellow snow
That man has left
Modred only seems
When brought to fore
By the passing of a greater man
Where drifts a whiter snow ...
Softened drops of red
That blacken with the sun
Now behind the wind.
Shards tear at feet
Of memories
So that light may ease
guilts
To scars on ancient trees.
Face Western winds
To be warm again.
J. Ross Albert



I Want to Know

What are you? Where are you?
Who are you, Mr. President?
I wish I could help you.
But things seem beyond help.
Who is to blame?
Is it you? Is it America?
They say it is you — you failed your job.
You knew what would happen — so no pity felt.
But you accepted a challenge.
Although it seems you have failed.
Only you know what you've done.
And not even you know what you will do.
I wish I could help you.
You seem to need friends.
I wish you could help me.
But do you know your friends?
It may be just — you may be wrong.
But you are only a man.
You seem to be a martyr.
Take a look at America today.
"May he who is without sin cast the first stone".
What will become of us?
What will become of you?
Destroy and start over?
Are we not unstable enough, already?
I don't know, Mr. President.
And I need to know.
I cannot judge on unknown facts.
What are you?
A dirty politician, a rebel, or just a tired confused old man?
Do not give up hope-
But can you put trust in your fellow man?
Things are bad.
Can they get worse?
I wish I could help you, Mr. President.
I wish I could help you, America.

Mary Kay McKown

Class pictures will be returned from 8 - 5 Monday through Friday, November 5-9, in the Pine Knot office, in the basement of Hardy Alumni Hall. Package deals are available to students for purchase. Also, for those who did not get their pictures taken, Thursday, Nov. 8 will be make-up day from 8-10 and 12-5 in Hardy Alumni Hall. This is not for those students who are not pleased with their pictures. Sitting fees have been paid.

Letter To Editor

Dear Editor:

A cartoon appearing in the October 18 edition of the Collegiate had what we considered to be very poor overtones for the college community. The cartoon pertaining to the fraternity slave sale made reference to the Klu Klux Klan boosting the sale of "cheap labor." To top it all off there was a caption which read "those frat boys really know where it's at." The underlying implication was that the only reason they "know where it's at" is because they engaged in selling slaves in a once slave owning territory.

No matter how humorous the cartoon was suppose to have been, it only seemed to symbolize boldly the old cliché "the South shall rise again." However, the black populace of A.C.C. failed to see any humor whatsoever in this bit of disparagement. Rather than "cheap labor" the cartoon better reflected the cheap taste of the cartoonist.

We only hope that Mary Kay will put forth more thought for better symbolism in her future cartoons.

Sincerely yours,
The Afro-American
Awareness Society of A.C.C.