

EXPOSE NO. 2

by Terry Tickle

Saving had great success in my expose of pornography in children's literature, I now have the opportunity to expose a monstrous Communist plot to take over this country without firing a shot. I have in my possession evidence that within the next two weeks a communist country in the extreme Northern hemisphere will secretly smuggle a man into this country by a peculiar animal-powered space craft. He will immediately go about corrupting the minds of our children by distributing material wealth to all according to their wants rather than to their needs. He will require no exchange of money but it is reported that he will expect a certain behavior from the children in return for these material possessions.

OFFICIALS OVER FORTY

With long hair it would appear to you
that I don't care
But my friend - there is
something you can't see
And that's what I feel--
Inside of me
You make a war for me to fight
while you discuss it carefully-
at dinner - by candlelight - wow -

Men over 40, if you only saw
if you could be drafted
there would be no war
I care a lot

But not for the trouble you have
brought
So my friend,
the next time you see long hair
don't despair - soon he'll help
you win a war
While the big man over 40 sits
behind a closed door.

by Rick Caswell

IS THE THEATRE REALLY DEAD? (con't from page 3)

into drama. A quick glance from a passing stranger yields a character. The whole concept of theatre evolves from simple truths that are blown up until they can no longer cower in the cobwebs of obscurity by virtue of their size. Or the reverse approach might be considered: a colossal event can be shrunk to the point where its insignificance is exploited.

So Broadway can stick to its elaborate musical inanities and high schools can continue with their innocent attempts at cultural events. But the young, impulsive, impetuous imps of Now will take their desperate communication to cellar coffee-houses, church attics, Cafe LaMamas. As long as there are Leonard Melfis and Ellen Stewarts and Vittorio Gianninis, theatre will have a long and productive life.

This man can be immediately recognized by his communistic red suit and by a large white beard that makes him look much like Karl Marx. He is known to go about shouting Ho, Ho, Ho, an obvious indication of his support for Ho Chi Minh. He is often called St. Nick--no doubt an effort to diefy Nicholai Lenin.

It is the duty of every American to protect his home and property by immediately arming against this dangerous aggressor. He should be declared an outlaw, an enemy of the people, and shot on sight. America! Defend Yourself! The invasion is near!

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CALENDAR

- | | |
|---|----------|
| Dec. 17 - 8:15 p.m. - Drama Workshop | (Tues.) |
| Dec. 18 - 11:00 a.m. - Student Government Meeting (Officers and alternates) in Room 321, Main Building | (Wed.) |
| 12:15 p.m. - Trampoline Instruction | |
| 2:00 p.m. - Convocation | |
| 4:30 p.m. - Assemble for Christmas Caroling at local hospitals. (Bus will leave at 5:00 p.m. Caroling will be from 5:00-7:00 p.m.) Refreshments will be served in the Girls' Dorm from 7:00-7:30 p.m. | |
| 8:00 p.m. - Swimming at YWCA | |
| 8:15 p.m. - Stage Band Concert. | |
| 8:15 p.m. - Drama Workshop | |
| Dec. 19 - Choral Concert CANCELLED!! | (Thurs.) |
| Dec. 20 - 9:30 - 10:00 p.m. - Pizza Party for returning dancers in the Girls' Dorm. | (Fri.) |
| Jan. 6 - Classes resume. | (Mon.) |

CHRISTMAS AND KURT YAGHJIAN (con't from pg. 3)

"Where, where," I asked, anxious to see him. I must have been looking for a twelve year old boy, for when I saw Kurt, grown, dark, with long hair, spitting out intensity that did not fit Amahl's naivete I couldn't accept it. I had to be shown proof it was the same boy. Of course, I was convinced. Since then I have wanted to go up to Kurt and tell him how much I have always enjoyed him as Amahl. But I didn't know what to say. Besides, I have always felt foolish introducing myself to strangers, so when I see Kurt now, during this Christmas season I see two people, Kurt Yaghjian, who studies acting, and buried somewhere inside him, Amahl, like the ghost of some Christmas past.

This year, when I go home to Syracuse, I shall look for "Amahl" once again, but just in case, I will also bring the recording.

And to Kurt, as well as to Mr. Menotti and the mother and the kings I can only repeat the words of the three kings when they are presented with the simple gifts from the shepherds.

Thank you, thank you,
Thank you kindly.
Thank you, thank you
Thank you kindly, too.

Ah, "Emily, Emily,
Michael, Bartholomew,"
I can hardly wait.