

i am a fool
a self-pitying reprobate of a
man
who receives no love from
others
yet why should i treasure a gift
which i find hard to re-
turn . . .
it's as if i were afraid to display
emotion
for i'm a very tender individual
afraid to let it be seen
for this trait makes one weak
and for all the world i cannot
find this within me . . .
for i'm foolish
nobody to share my innermost
self with

and nobody to share theirs with
me
yet at times i think to myself
what good is it . . .

Frank '76



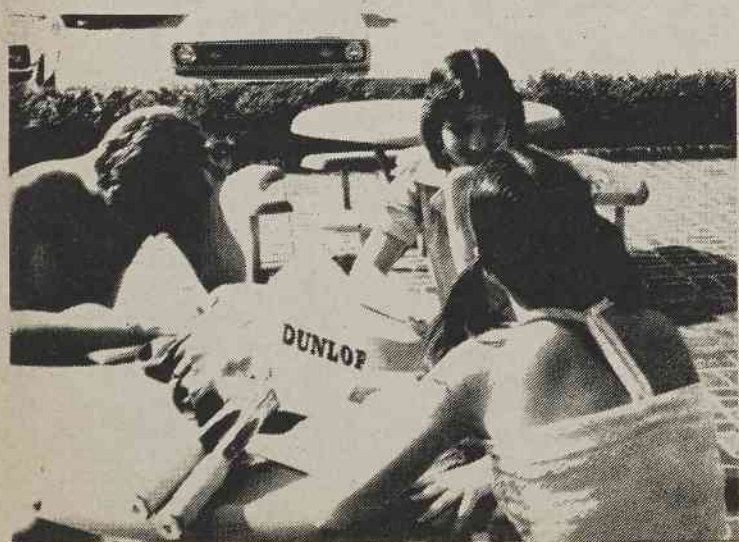
"Godspell"

During this past winter break, I had the unexpected pleasure of attending "Godspell" at Atlantic Christian College. Having never visited their theatre before, I was impressed with Howard Chapel. While the interior has been modified for its present use, it still remains much of the original atmosphere with overhead beams, stained-glass windows, and a slab floor.

Guests were greeted upon entering by members of the cast, who, traversing the aisles in their brilliant costumes, gave a delightful impromptu "performance." The center of attention on stage was a red blurry

image of the "Godspell head" on a yellow backdrop.

Getting to a disappointingly sluggish start, my spirits were suddenly lifted by the beautiful voice of Cindy Fife singing "Day by Day." At this point the actors seemed to "get into the mood" in this last performance. At the intermission "bread" and "wine" were served to the guests. The performance resuming, I was dazzled by Linda Wheeler and her vampish "Turn Back O Man." The finale, emotionally moving, depicted the darkened figure of Christ on the cross against a background of changing, projected light images.



Jazz, What Is It?

By "GEORGE"

Many people have tried to define jazz. Some call it "the song of the south." Some say that jazz is the music of the blacks. Jazz musicians call what they play "the music of the people." To my way of thinking, the last description probably best describes what jazz music truly is, "the music of the people."

Now, just what, exactly is the "music of the people"? It is just whatever the hell you the listener wants it to be. If you, the listener want this music to be soul, it will, if you want it to be rock, it will, or if you want it to be anything at all, it will. Jazz is considered the only true American form of music. It came about from a combination of all our ethnic music. I guess that it is very fitting that, since our country is a "melting pot" of people, our ope true form of music should be a "melting pot" of all these peoples' forms of music.

Jazz is joy; jazz is sadness; jazz is true "mood music" from the word start. This style of music is the only one that I know of which can fit any mood of any listener, any-

where. It has the power to make anyone of us do or feel just about anything at all. This music can make any of us rise to the highest peak of the highest mountain, or sink to the lowest point in the depths of the deepest valley. This marvelous music can bring a person to tears or make him laugh uproarously, but the best thing jazz does is give the listener something to tap his toe to.

What brought about this treatis on jazz? Well, several weeks ago, our campus was honored by the presence of one of the last true jazz bands. Predictions are that jazz is going the way of everything else that we Americans hold dear, it is a dying art. Can this signify that we are losing our means of self expression? Well, anyway, I hope not.

True jazz has its home in the great city of New Orleans, Louisiana, probably the most individual city in this country of ours. Perhaps jazz is preordained to die there, also. To a true New Orleanser, self-expression is more precious than, perhaps, even life itself. One can sense this in its architecture, its literature, its life styles, and, yes, its music.

As we sat enchanted by the concert, some of us found it amazing to watch those musicians and to realize that they had no more idea what they were going to play when they got up on that stage than we did. Those men had to have a marvelous perception and knowledge of life and people, especially an audience (which is terribly difficult) as well as tremendous feel for their music to know what we wanted and, maybe even more astounding, what we needed to hear.

We will never, ever get a more diverse group of people, from little old, blue-haired ladies to long-haired college students, to enjoy the same thing as much as we all enjoyed Preservation Hall Jazz Band. I was amused, excited, thrilled, intrigued, and yes, even amazed to see everyone in their gum swaying to the music of Preservation Hall.

The musicians were excellent showmen, but they threw in no special moves or added frills. There were special lights, nor special costumes. All that was presented was just good music . . . something to tap our toes to.

Living

By SUSIE WILLIAMS

Here I sit in a green field of grass. The blue sky with its clouds that seem to roll by put a reassuring spirit in my soul. The chimes ring out reverence to the world. All is calm and quiet. No noise from traffic or any hustle-bustle from the busy world. All is peaceful and serene. I ask myself if I have died and am now in paradise; but no, for heaven itself could not be as beautiful, or could any angel have the peace within its soul that I have. Sitting here thinking, I suddenly realize

what life is all about. The sunshine, the blue sky, the green grass, the birds; they all seem to tell me that life is for living; living it to the fullest that it possibly can be lived; reaching the heights and knowing that you can't possibly get any higher; yet being completely satisfied. Knowing that the things around you are too precious and beautiful to have just happened and always existed; realizing that nature is a divine creation made with love, I pray that I may never again take what is around me for granted; that I may realize the beauty and no longer abuse it. I pray that I would be able to return to the earth what I have

so heartlessly taken from it. I pray also that I would be able to help others see and understand what I have seen today, and to become a part of this world and to share it. Share it with another beautiful creation, a creation like you.

CONTINENT MOVES

The North American continent is moving westward at the rate of an inch a year and the Pacific plate is shifting northwest about three times as fast, says Robert S. Dietz, a visiting geology professor at Washington State University.