

## Alamance Stance

On Monday night, Oct. 21, our campus was privileged with a visit from Dr. W.T. Jones of Pomona College, California. His address was entitled "Stance, Counterstance, and Metastance". Above the whispers of some members of that fraternity which holds the significant distinction of best dressed, probably at a stalemate as to which sweater to wear the next day, we heard a most illuminating lecture, nearly every statement of which applies to our situation at Elon. To define "our situation at Elon", it is an increasingly progressive student body whose position it is, not to adapt to the times because it is shaping them. It is an administration whose position it is, to adapt to the times as they have done so well with the physical expansion of the college. But why not meet this progress with mental expansion?

Dr. Jones construed a stance as "an attitude we adopt over some recurring feature in our experiences". Our world, he says, especially our nation is one of organization and bigness. Organizations are becoming larger and our system is more bureaucratic than ever. The constituents are sensing powerlessness and insignificance. Sound familiar? Unfortunately, he says, this results in feelings of frustration and alienation. With these feelings, most people resort to one of two stances: the withdrawal stance or the aggressive stance, the first manifest in hippies and the drug culture and the latter in the militants. Both of these, he says, are irrational.

"The heart of the matter is that the universe seems indifferent to man, that it is indeed meaningless." It is neither in favor of nor hostile towards man. This "cosmic meaninglessness" evokes the stance of despair. The tendency for those who do not think objectively is to jump high and to the right and adopt either a habitual conservative or, habitual liberal stance. Habitual, unchanging attitudes often get the upper hand on people. When this happens, these victims reject with scorn all new possible stances. We would only have to substitute "administration" for "universe" and "students" for "man" in the above quotation, and we would have the administration appearing indifferent to the students. This analogy is an understatement.

The ideal stance is the "metastance", "to get outside of a habitual stance, no longer to cling to it emotionally, and ask ourselves if one of those thousand alternative stances might not be better." We as students certainly provide alternative stances but they are apparently rejected with scorn or just ignored.

"The most rapid obsolescence is now occurring, of political and social norms of any period in the history of the world. All old guidelines and conceptions are no longer applicable to the present times with this phenomenal rate of change." At this, one Elon student was seen gritting his teeth in anger as he tore up the chapel card he had brought to turn in.

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## Publicus

By EARLE WHITE

In his closing days as President, Lyndon Johnson's administration can be classified as one of greatest dismal failures or one of the most progressive in history. The Johnson years have been progressive in the great volume of legislation passed in his first year as President. But the most progressive of Presidents have their failures and Lyndon Johnson's ignoble tragedy is the Vietnam War.

He has not evaded but grappled with the most powerful issues of the day, and they have overwhelmed him and driven him from the Presidency. Despite the gains made through civil rights legislation the great problems in race relations have intensified instead of disappeared. Agitation for reform by the moderate Negro leaders of the early 1960's has quickened into the militancy of 1968. Lyndon Johnson has nobly defended the rights of the Negro but the war in Vietnam has prevented him from seeing the results of his civil rights policy. The nation continues to be divided into blacks vs. white camps.

Lyndon Johnson is a strong man, a sensitive man who is experienced in the act of manipulating men. His experience as Senate Majority Leader served him well in the early months of his administration. His remarkably adept knowledge of the intricacies of Congressional politics has transformed the Presidency into one of the most powerful in this country's history. Johnson's idea of "consensus" politics served him well in the early months of his administration but it has failed to unify the people behind his Vietnam policy.

Instead of using the machinery of the Democratic Party to his advantage the President has left it in shambles. The candidacies of Kennedy and McCarthy only heightened the glaring weaknesses of party unity. Instead of unifying all factions of the Democratic Party, Johnson's Vietnam policy has splintered the Party as evidenced in Humphrey's campaign. The Democrats could have supported the President's policies or take their chances with the opposition of McCarthy.

As it was, they did neither, but chose to dump the failure of Vietnam on Humphrey who offers no new personality or policy but only support for the President's policy.

President Johnson has proved that political cunning in America does not always pay in the White House. The country is not the hallowed halls of the Senate. There is more to politics than manipulating men like pawns in a chess game. This dehumanizing effort has played into the hands of the Johnson detractors. It can be seen that the President can no longer govern the country through the virtues of "consensus" politics. The people only have to look at Vietnam to see this.

In disinheriting the youth of the country through the manipulation of Capitol Hill politics, President Johnson has increased the dissent in the Democratic Party. Senator McCarthy's candidacy served as a rallying point for America's disenfranchised youth, when, instead the candidacy of Lyndon Johnson should have united the dissenting forces.

He is, in a curious way, the nation's regret - a man of the past. He has attempted to apply the old policies to new and vastly complicated problems of the present. The result has been division, violence, and suspicion. The next President, hopefully, will learn from the mistakes of the past and unite the country.

## VERITAS Faculty Column

In light of the fact that the professors of Elon have no platform to voice their opinions, other than their classrooms we sincerely hope that they will take advantage of a Faculty Column which is presently being planned by the Veritas.

## Letter to the Editor

A year ago in the trunk room of Smith Dorm, a new group was born. Through a series of almost programmed acquaintances, four young musicians combined their talents to create "The Day's End," one of the greatest sounds in contemporary music that this area has ever produced.

The golden voice of Dave Bullard, the back-up harmony of Gary "Bod" Noubarian and Bill "Raggy" Robey, the unique string bass style of Gary Hemphill, constitute the personality of "The Day's End." An interesting facet of their arrangement is that "Bod" and Raggy" combine their talents to play their guitars in harmony. Many of their songs are written by Bill Robey, a rising name in the songwriting profession.

The unlimited ability and potential of these musicians was clearly shown by their recent first place victory in the Homecoming Talent Show. It is without doubt that these boys shall go a long, long way in the music field. We, the members of the Sophomore Class, consider ourselves honored to have had "The Day's End" represent us in the talent show. Thank you, "Day's End," for a job well done.

Lee Loy

President of Sophomore Class

Dear Editor,

A group of girls read "West Dorm Follies" in last week's issue of the Veritas. We decided to be the Scarlet Daughters who stand up for their rights. So far all that has been said about women's restrictions has been said by men. It is time the women aired their grievances.

We definitely feel that we are living in the dark ages with respect to women's restriction at Elon College. The schools, academically, is a fine institution. There are many fine points about Elon College, however, many improvements could be made.

Our main gripe is curfew. Elon College is strategically placed in the middle of nowhere. In order to have a good time Elon students must go elsewhere. At least thirty minutes safe travel time is required to go one way to Greensboro. Consequently one must leave a party or dance before the band takes their first break.

The administration at Elon College protects everything we girls have except our lives. The security is lacking. Any man could come into the girls dorms at practically any time. As long as they yell, with the professional sound of a garbage man, "Man on the hall," all is well.

Next on our list of grievances is no time for a lunch break. One girl's parents told her to get vitamins as a supplement for the lacking food. Vitamins don't fill a stomach. What is needed is time for lunch between classes.

Freshmen girls are allowed two weekends away from campus a month. If a girl's home is within driving distance of Elon why should she sit on campus two

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## Boone Station

Through one of our many channels of information, we at Veritas have learned that those girls who answered the cries of the bellowing males in the recent panty raids have been threatened with the most dreaded punishment conceivable within these walls - STRICT CAMPUS. The naughty girls who do such things as come in a few minutes late, do not respond as though struck by lightning to the "blinking of the lights" at closing time, or fling some silk during a panty raid, find themselves restricted to their rooms, unable to talk to anyone, use the phone, or leave the room unless nature calls.

You would think that these girls were of ill repute! What is so immoral about throwing a pair of undies out the window in a raid? Probably the one group endeavor characteristic of nearly all colleges and universities is the panty raid. Parents expect it. When we interviewed one Elonette she told us that her parents purchased new underwear for her to take to college so that she could throw the old pairs to the guys. (We don't mind the old ones, girls, as long as they are not dirty).

Take heart, chicks. The SGA, under unusually competent leadership, is including your grievances among matters to investigate. When your counselors tell you that it is "unlady-like" to throw panties, look into their personal lives and find out how "lady-like" some of them are. Talk to one another, unify, and the great "mothers" will perhaps become hip to your discontent.

R.S.S.

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## Culture High

By DAVID SPICER

On Monday, Oct. 27 the Liberal Arts Forum presented The Red Desert as its third in a series of "fine" films. This film, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni (of Blow-Up fame), traced several days of Giuliano, a borderline psychotic. The reason for her psychological condition was a car accident in which she was a victim. Taken to the hospital and finally released after an attempted suicide, she began resuming her everyday life, that of a housewife and mother. But she still suffered from after effects of her stay at the hospital. Every action of people, every aspect of her environment presented questions to her: what is reality? Is this world real? And if so, is not it absurd - for nothing is accomplished in this world. Giuliano did not try to answer questions except by negating reality and by living her life in the ordinary manner of just living. She did not attempt to answer questions - this, she thought, was the only way to answer them she faced her problem alone, unable to communicate with anyone (although she tried). The film ended just as it began - with Giuliano at the same place she was at the beginning of the film.

This technique of Antonioni's conveyed the basic idea of the film - that man is at the same place in the spectrum of reality, of the world when he ends his life as he is when he begins it. Antonioni presented reality in an almost surrealistic manner - the color, the starkness, and the bleakness of the film portrayed life as it really is: a harsh labyrinth of unsolvable riddles - and not as man would like it to be, as Hollywood does. The humor was human - not a comic humor, but an unagreeable humor - the type that is found in everyday situations. Take, for example, the kicking in of the wooden wall for kindling. This action was not meant to be funny, but the manner in which Antonioni presented it made it so. Also, the sexual episodes were presented in a realistic manner - they were treated as normal happenings in man's life. The music was also an important factor; it was haunting and eerie, especially the chant at the beginning and in the swimming episode. The actors were not "big name" actors, but they were more than adequate. As said before, the last sequence of the film was the "clinch" - it was the sequence that told the viewer what was happening. The most important part of this sequence was the attention given to the yellow, poisonous smoke emitted from the smokestack. The birds did not go through it anymore, because they knew better. But man has no choice - he must go through the yellow smoke. The only way he can escape it is by suicide, which accomplishes nothing. This use of symbolism was excellent (here and in other places), for it relieved the viewer in letting him know what the film had a purpose, which was beginning to be questioned.

Basically, this film was a good one. It compelled the viewer to question, to think - not only about the film, but about reality. It also enabled the viewer to identify with Giuliano. Antonioni achieved his goal - perhaps in a manner disagreeable to the audience (the treatment of reality in a truthful, stark manner) - but still accomplishing it.