

## Faculty Column

Veritas introduces with pride, the new Faculty Column beginning in this issue with Professor C. Michael Smith of the English Department. We welcome all articles submitted to campus box 1635, and we will go through each department inviting all teachers to contribute. We sincerely hope that every faculty member will enlighten our paper with comments of any concern.

Any small college must fight for survival and must sell itself in a competitive market. Elon seems to have settled on two forms of sales pitch, one of which is illustrated by the following encounter.

A cold day last winter. About to enter the old Carlton building I'm stopped by a distinguished, middle-aged gentleman.

"Is this the library?" he asks. His northern accent is capped by an unmistakable note of incredulity.

I nod.

He turns to a teenage boy who, previously unnoticed, emerges from the shadows of the colonnades. "I'm sorry," the gentleman says to him, eyebrows raised in exasperation. "I never would have brought you down here if I'd known it was like this." They leave, the boy, presumably his son, trailing an expensive camera from a leather strapped wrapped twice around his wrist.

I chase after them to explain that the Carlton building serves temporary duty until completion of our fine, new library in the spring. I lead them to the new structure, which they survey with obvious pleasure. I wait to see if the father will pace off the dimensions. He doesn't, and I leave them there, both smiling, the son snapping pictures for the family album.

No doubt similar incidents occur. They provide justification for the diarrhetic urgency with which the college expands its physical plant. The administration chooses to keep pace with buildings (contracts to be let on two new facilities this spring) financed in part through its increasingly publicized and rather high-powered E-4 fund. Though one may question specific priorities in this building program, the over-all need is difficult to refute.

There is, however, a second selling point both more based on tradition and more open to question. It is argued that a small school can use its very size to advantage. Students here can be kept closer in hand, can be directed in their studies and personal problems, can be kept away from such worrisome goings-on as drinking and drugs and demonstrations. In short, the administration can be "the folks away from home," providing everything from forced study period and carefully catalogued attendance records to strict curfews for the young ladies.

Perhaps this sales pitch is the legacy of any small college, but at Elon it seems to be a creed of the administration as well. This is unfortunate, because though new buildings provide a definite gain (whether or not they succeed in selling the college, they at least can be used as buildings), the paternalism of the administration is actually detrimental. Students feel managed and claustrophobic, unwilling to experiment, and are unable to gain the feeling of freedom which, quite rightly, they associate with college life. Occasionally their hopes are stirred by some gesture like the recent administration-student retreat, but such hopes are frustrated by the realization that students have no real voice and by the suspicion that the conference itself is intended only to pacify the rebellious. Thus, not only are they forced into a child's role inappropriate to their years, but they also become cynical in the face of administrative explanations and hollow gestures.

The paternalism towards students has an unfortunate corollary in administrative-faculty affairs. At monthly meetings the faculty rubber-stamps policy decision without having time for proper deliberation. Most important committees are chaired by administrative personnel rather than senior faculty members, and a mood of distrust toward teachers forms an undercurrent in administrative pronouncements. Faculty members are admonished in the Faculty Handbook to beware of dismissing class early or calling off a specific meeting, are told they are "expected" to attend chapel once a week, are also "expected" to file office hours with various deans.

The paternalism toward faculty has the same detrimental effect as that toward students. One can only hope that the encouraging improvements in the physical campus can be matched by a more realistic and progressive attitude by the administration, though I am frankly pessimistic. It takes no real skill to put up buildings. Even fund raising is relatively easy with the aid of professional counsel. The delicate problems of administration-student-faculty relations, however, require more diligent application and more thorough reappraisal. Some progress has been made, but we are far short of such possible reforms as a student voice in teacher evaluation and a combined policy-making senate of administrative, faculty and student representatives.

And what of our camera-toting teenage visitor? We may justly wonder what happens to him as a student here. After all, the pretty, new buildings soon become commonplace; first impressions dim; and he may find himself fighting against an academic environment which seems bent on stifling his drive for self-expression.

Prof. C. Michael Smith  
English Department

## Coming Up Roses

By CAROL MCKINNY

As I sit in my dormitory room writing this editorial, I am in a bewildered and agitated mood. I listen appalled at the complaining, discontented Elon students with whom I am in constant contact. All around me I hear disgruntlement, disappointment, and disapproval of Elon's treatment of these students.

Where has the personal concern for the Elon Student gone? Am I to assume that, as in large universities, the Elon student is just a



## Culture High

By DAVID SPICER

On Friday and Saturday of last week, the Elon Players presented two one act plays and one mime, each directed by a drama student. The first play, *The Monkey's Paw* (Directed by Larry Sage), told of the White family, who acquired a monkey's paw, which supposedly had the power of granting three wishes to its owner. Wanting two hundred pounds, Mr. White finally wished for it and received it, but only as compensation for his son Herbert's death. Mrs. White then wished her son alive, and when he evidently started to reincarnate, her husband wished him dead again, thus exhausting the three wishes. Roger Oliver as Mr. White was not very convincing the first performance, but Saturday he improved. His diction was much better, even though he did mumble a few times, and he managed to find the claw on the second night. Brenda Pritchard was also much better that night. She really trembled and shook like a mourning mother ought to. David Scudder was appropriately cast as the sarcastic and skeptical Herbert. His calm manner and poking humor balanced the play's impact. The only fault was his diction; some of his words were garbled. Jim Gillespie, in a dual role as Sergeant Major Morris and Mr. Sampson, was very good. His ability to change character and his various facial expressions gave the play the bounce it needed.

After the *Monkey's Paw* Jim Gillespie appeared as a "homosapien in Act Without Words. Experimented on by an unknown power with the uncanny ability to harass him, the homo-sapien finally went mad. Both nights Jimmy was outstanding. His falls, outbursts of temper, and zany humor was so excellent that the audience "got into his thing" immediately. He held their attention through the play, from his struggles to get the water pitcher to his hilarious final sequence, in which he did a beautiful job of cracking up, accompanied by music. Much credit also goes to Jay Wilkinson, who directed the play and gave the audience a few quiet laughs with his city alley whistling.

Constantinople Smith, directed by Sam Roberson, blew my mind and the audience's too, I think. From the moment Dale Kaufmann (in the title role) scared the hell out of the audience with his boisterous entrance until the end of the play, it was about a guy that wanted to go to bed with Christina, who is found in a garbage can. Reality interferes -- you can't do something like that on stage and in front of everybody. So, then what? Do it symbolically, suggests Reality. So that's what Christina and Constantinople do. Dale Kaufmann was excellent as the sort of "anti-hero." He had the audience howling with his interpretations of lines and his reactions to the sly seductions of Christina and Reality. He even talked to them and had them listening, something which is very hard to do here at Elon. Janet Silvester portrayed the pink-cheeked, love loving Christina very well. Her "you're silly's" to Dale were wacky and "cute." Rosemary Chiartas came on sexy as a Playmate foldout with her minidress and her short short hair. The suave, sexy tone of her voice reminded me of the Noxzema "take it all off" girl. The direction of this play was very imaginative and original. Sam explored new horizons in Elon theater by having Mott's apple sauce jars crack, passionate embraces, assorted music danced to by sexy Fontayns of the "dirty jag" scene, and strobe lights flashing at a speedy speed -- horizons that may enable Elon to have a major in drama next year. Encore!

## Dear Beverly Axelrod

By RALPH MOORE

Black Power, is that socio-economic movement calling for the unification and liberation of all the Black People of the world. It invokes the Black Man to become a complete being and not some assimilated half being.

The Black Man has an identity. I speak not of that shoe shining, loud laughing, door answering, yes sirring, car washing, table waiting, back dooring, white teeth showing identity the White Race has so graciously bestowed upon him, but a true and black identity. Not that sub-cultural quagmire the White Race has given him, but his own black culture, his own black reality. I speak not of that "existence" which calls the Black Man "boy", forcing him to hide and flinch from his true existence. Not that "existence" which eats at his soul every minute he is alive and transcends through his grave. I speak not of that hollow, empty, coldness super-imposed upon him, simply because he is black, but of a true and black soul. That soul which has thrown off the humility of the past and lifted itself to its own fulfillment. I speak of the inner black man, a being which has never existed in the white mind.

In the weeks to come I will attempt to aid the white mind in gaining a better understanding of black culture. Also, I will endeavor to explain the real theory behind Black Power so the gap that separates the Black and White Races might be narrowed. It will suffice to say here, that when speaking of Black Power, the usual reaction is that of condemnation. That is, before the white community even begins to feel into Black Power, it condemns it, a method the White Race has applied to anything with which the Black Race has been connected. Contrary to general belief, speaking now of the White Race in general, Black Power is a positive force.

Black Power, consists of much more than what the white mind might wish it to be. What you call your American Revolution, with its hideous Boston Tea Party, the British might call a mass riot of an unappreciative child. So let us not pretend that the Black Man is involved in something unprecedented in history, even "lily white" American History. Black Power is, just as you have called the events from 1775 until 1783, a revolution, but a very complex one. It endeavors to educate its people to their own heritage. Is that a negative force? As with every revolution it has its slogans, "We're moving on up", "... I'm black and I'm proud". Is pride a negative force? I think not, for behind these slogans and that revolution, are a mass of people; and this last word seems to be the key to the entire movement, for we are PEOPLE, and we will be recognized.

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## Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

There is a strange breed of animal roaming about the Elon Campus, a hybrid animal subject to double standards of obedience. This animal my friends is not the little grey squirrel or the lazy brown hound oblivious to all that goes on at Elon. This strange but obvious animal is the fraternity brother who lives in the fraternity house that "jack" owns.

What exactly is the status of the fraternity brother -- commuter or resident student? To any astute observer this poses a unique question. If one will think about this hybrid status it will become obvious that a little clarification on the part of the administration is in order.

Many of the fraternity brothers receive their mail with the commuters, and have to park off campus with the commuters, which is really a pain in the neck and for those who buck the establishment and it can develop into a pain in the pocketbook. It is like paying rent in an apartment complex and being forced to park blocks away, not in the area provided for the residents. The school has created a great barren parking lot stretching from the library to the student common, which is usually only half filled, but still we must keep the other half clear for our visitors. . . BULL! Why not allow the "halfbreeds" to park in this empty area since they pay like residents, but yet cannot park in the resident students lot.

If the fraternity brothers are going to be classified as commuters it seems obvious then that the school has taken the position of landlord in regard to the houses collecting their approxi-

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