

ESCAPADE IN HELL

A Poem In Place Of A Censored Editorial

Last night I ran through the streets of Hell, the Devil by my side and a bottle Of wine in my hands. I saw wild men tending the fiery furnaces. I saw Hitler roaring along on his red motorcycle, and he waved to me. I waved to him. Yea, I waved to the Saviour of Hell.

Last night I ran through the streets of Hell, Satan running along beside me, his Eyes burning with the steam of boiling blood. I laughed at him and he ran away. He was not really hurt, just afraid of what would be said of his running with a wild renegade.

Last night I ran through the streets of Hell, my feet burning in their barefootedness, The beauty of pain enrapturing me. I cried out in ecstasy as I heard the shouts of a searing man. I laughed as I saw a clown kicking and screaming in a pool of boiling blood.

Last night I ran through the streets of Hell, my brain afire with roaring thoughts, All slicing away at the soggy grey mess. Two of the more wayward bums along the way tried to roll me, but I wrecked their faces and sent them home, crying to their mothers.

Last night I ran through the streets of Hell, people shouting at me through their Flame-curtained windows. Their filthy mouths oozing with vile insults, the illiterates dared to ridicule me, the greatest of men; they ripped away my clothing until I was barefooted all over.

Last night I ran through the streets of Hell, stones and missiles of fire flying At me, and crazy people chasing me. I was too good for them; they did not want me, the wildest renegade on earth. I was out of place in the fiery world of the stupid and the foolish.

Last night I ran through the streets of Hell, but I was uneasy in the God-awful place. I did not belong, for, as Satan told me, I was alive, and not one of them. I ran back to my Dean-and-Parker-blesst pad, and determined that I should go back to the wilds of Hell.

Last night I ran through the streets of Hell, and I liked it so well I tried to go Back; I killed myself and awaited my swift flight to Hell. I was ready to become a permanent resident of the crazy, wild place. But the signals were crossed, for I awoke this morning in Heaven.

JERRY RICH NOTES AND QUOTES

"It's within the power of the individual to be happy if he wishes to be . . . The greatest happiness on earth is to detest governments and resist them."—Journalist MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE on CBS-TV's *Small World*.

* * *
"Modern parents should never strike their children. Most of them are armed."—Actor WALTER SLEZAK.

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Who was supposed to have been in charge of the publicity for the Campus Cut-Ups? Or, rather, what happened to the publicity?

* * *
A plea: If any of you students are interested in journalism, or if you need an elective, why not sign up for Journalism I on your pre-registration forms? It's a good course.

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What ever became of the campaign to establish a Charlotte College chapter of the World University Service? This is a worthwhile organization in my opinion, and I think that any movement for this cause should begin to gain momentum soon if a foundation for next year's work is to be established.

* * *
James Mahaffee gave me this passage from the October, 1958, issue of *The Coca-Cola Bottler*: "It would be a rank invasion of privacy, motivated by morbid curiosity, for earthlings, directly or through television via a man-orbited lunar satellite, to look at what the moon has always hidden from them, namely, its back side."

* * *
I see, ever so often, statements in articles in the *Observer* and the *News* such as: OVERTYUIOP! and EATOPEIN666z. Could this be a secret code? Perhaps we have an intricate spy ring operating in our daily newspapers! How's that for starting wild rumors? (Note to the Editors of these publications (they read this?): Please, I didn't mean it!)

* * *
To all my faithful admirers who constantly bombard me with accusations that I have absolutely nothing to say: Have you anything better to say?

* * *
I say "Phooey!" on my enemies, all the millions and millions of them.

Letters To The Editor

Editor and Collegian:

The first amendment to the constitution says in part, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

Now I realize that in accordance with existing libel laws, we cannot say **anything** we wish to say about **any** person. We also have a code of censorship to keep pornographic literature and pictures from being published legally. This is all well and good.

Anyway, to get to the subject that I have in mind, it seems to me that there exists at CC an invisible censorship toward certain topics or comments which would be published in our school publications.

We ask, "Why?" We are answered in various ways, When we mention the privileges allowed in college papers such as *The Daily Tar Heel* or the *Davidsonian*, we are answered with, "Well, they are big and established schools, and we are small and just getting started." All this is true, no doubt. But I would like to ask, "Does the big man have a right to express his beliefs and opinions on any subject while the little man must keep his mouth shut?" Can't we say anything that might or could possibly, on a thousand-to-one chance, be interpreted the wrong way by the right people? Are your readers so bigoted that they will take an unbiased comment or essay and interpret it their own way as a reflection on our good reputation? Must we be like the ostrich on certain subjects, conditions, and problems that are as truthful, actual, and existing as the new leaves on the campus trees? Is the road of conformation too wide and too smooth to get off?

Our professors tell us to express ourselves, to say what we believe, to face reality, and to exercise our American heritage of freedom; they say to do this or one of these fine days freedom will die from lack of use.

However, you had better take it easy when writing anything about some touchy subjects in a CC publication, or your material will strangely be lacking when the words come off the press. I don't know where it goes, but it certainly is re-worded or missing. To mention one subject, let us take integration of races. If you speak of another race, you had better make it sound good enough to be in a Sunday sermon, or "kaput." Even though it is truthful and factual, it will never reach the printed pages. Another subject is the use of beverage stronger than tea. You must believe that in our school, with everyone enrolled old enough to go up to the counter and order a beer and some old enough to be grandparents, no CC student or instructor ever buys a six-pack.

I don't want to imply that I am for or against integration, that I am for or against alcohol, or that I'm just a radical, rebellious-minded trouble-maker. All I want to say is that we should be allowed to voice our opinions, whether they are *Emily Post* or not.

JAMES MAHAFFEE.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: I stand behind the statements made by Mr. Mahaffee and speak for the *Collegian* in saying that these are words of the wise and should be heeded, heeded so very carefully.—Jerry Rich.)

— HAL EDWARDS: "THOUGHTS" —

After the smoke has cleared and all that is to say about knowledge and its advantages has been said, one fact still remains: ignorance is always around us. Like a coiled cobra, it waits for an opening to strike, and when it gets its fangs into our daily lives, the poison spreads rapidly. It dulls our sense of reason. It cramps our imagination. It paralyzes our thoughts.

Just as we all have a heart, we all have some form of ignorance. Whether it be of material values or of spiritual values, it's still ig-

norance. Nobody really escapes the bite of the cobra, but the man who realizes that he has been bitten and who tries to remedy his affliction is a wise man.

You might say, "Well, I know that I don't know everything, and I never shall, but everybody else is in the same condition, so what does it matter?" It matters, my friend, in this respect: making excuses for your limited knowledge is not the answer, for if the truth were known, you have probably passed up reading a good book or

some study because of laziness or just plain lack of interest. Remember that "the man who doesn't read has no advantages over the man who can't."

This, then, is the bite of the cobra.

I'm now visiting the difficult years between twelve and twenty. I'm not yet a man but most of my boyish ambitions have long since bit the dust. I eat a lot and talk even more. I don't sleep much but

(See EDWARDS, P. 4, Col. 5)

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