

the student

Wake Forest College

Vol 78

Number 2

December, 1964

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"The day of the small college that substitutes piety for quality is over. The world has no respect for piety without quality."

—Wake Forest Professor

A college without professors will soon find itself with empty classrooms and an empty future. Wake Forest is facing a serious financial crisis. As we busily prepare to leave the campus for Christmas, it would be well to heed the quiet, disillusioned voices of those who may initiate the slow attrition which could drain Wake Forest of her intellect and talent and could turn her into a multi-million dollar mausoleum.

Wake Forest College has had a tradition of stretching the dollar to the breaking point. But grocery bills are notoriously inelastic. As one professor put it, "My family is getting indigestion from dedication." Justification for his complaint can be found by anyone in the *Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors* (AAUP), which shows that Wake Forest's faculty pay rates fall below the national average and compare poorly with other North Carolina institutions of the same calibre. The AAUP scale is graded from "A" to "G". Wake Forest received a rating of "D" in average compensation and a "D" in minimum compensation. The University of North Carolina rates "C" in both categories; Duke, "A". In more concrete terms, the average faculty compensation at Wake Forest is only \$8726. At Duke, it is \$12,759. If Wake Forest cannot match the salaries offered by comparable institutions, it also cannot match the fringe benefits. It has inadequate financial provisions for the college education of faculty children, and it provides no paid sabbatical leaves. They are simply too expensive.

The College competes for professors with colleges and universities not only in the United States, but also in foreign countries, particularly Canada. Many of these are eager to snap up Wake Forest faculty members at twice their present salary. Says one professor, "I don't think many of us will stay at Wake Forest out of loyalty. I simply can't afford to. I have too much invested in the next twenty years of my life."

Within ten years, the college enrollment in the United States is expected to double. Top professors are at a premium; adequate professors are hard to find. Wake Forest has difficulty attracting qualified new professors to replace those who leave in a normal year. How will we meet the demands of the future if we can hardly keep up with the present?

The graduate program will continue operating as usual, but there are some faculty members who feel that penny-pinching and a corresponding failure to expand could be deadly. The Graduate School had hoped for funds to initiate additional M.A. programs and to institute some Ph.D. programs within the next five to ten years. Many young professors came to Wake Forest on the promise of being able to participate in graduate programs. They will probably leave if funds do not appear.

The Humanities Building is not paid for; Wake Forest is deeply in debt to the bank. The College had hoped for Baptist support throughout the state; it did not come through. "I do not regret putting up the building" said Dr. Tribble. "We can't always wait." But Wake Forest desperately needs an arts center, a place for the School of Business Administration, and a building for mathematics and physics. We are in debt for necessities, not for trivia.

"There is only one thing on a college campus more important than the faculty," said a professor. "And that is the student body." As students, we have little say in the running of the College and, unless policy changes are made, may have even less voice as alumni. Agitation on the plaza may be fun, but agitation at home says more. It is time that the facts, rather than the distortions, about Wake Forest and her plans were known by parents, ministers, and friends.

At the end of four years, each of us will have between six and eight thousand dollars invested in the future of Wake Forest. Unless we act soon, this amount may be merely an exorbitant price paid for a diploma that can't command enough respect to make it worth hanging on the wall.

the student

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the student, founded January, 1882, is published in November, December, February, April, and May by the students of Wake Forest College. The editorial office is located in Room 224 Reynolda Hall. Address correspondence to Box 7274, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N. C. Manuscripts may be brought or mailed to the office. Unused manuscripts will be returned. *the student* is printed by Hunter Publishing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Profiles

CAROL MILLER is a Wake Forest theft from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Perhaps it is her partially detached view which has provided a solution to the campus parking "problem." Carol is a senior from Winston-Salem and is doing honors work in English.

JIM EATMAN has come up with the answer to the annual Christmas question of what to give the man who has everything. The "man" is any Wake Forest male. The answer is "Lola." Jim is a junior from Greenville.

GREG STETT, a cartoonist with a real comic sense, presents his view of "Lola" and has designed a parking deck exclusively for Wake Forest. Greg is a junior biology major from Franklin Park, New Jersey.

B. C. MAY is familiar to anyone who has ever attended a production of the College Theatre. In this issue of *the student*, he reveals his other great addiction — jazz. B. C. is a senior from Alexandria, Virginia.

MARY LIND, senior from Marion, appears in *the student* for the second time with her illustration for "Letter From A Jazzman."

ERTELLE BREWER, poetry editor of *the student* and a junior from Bel Air, Maryland, is an English major when she isn't working in the magazine office or in the College Theatre. She has contributed two pieces to this issue.

JOANNA MORRISON, a sophomore from Atlanta, Georgia, painted the fine water color which appears with Ertelle's poem "The Fisherman."

HAROLD JACKSON has written *the student's* only short story. "One-Way Journey" was inspired by the experiences of a close friend who went through the Korean Conflict. Harold is a senior from Cheraw, South Carolina.

RACHEL FLOYD, is a junior from Nichols, South Carolina, majoring in biology and *The Old Gold and Black*. Her study in the interdisciplinary honors seminar on Darwin prompted her examination of a seeming conflict between two scientific laws, evolution and the second law of thermodynamics.

JO DEYOUNG, editor of *the student* and a senior from Munich, Germany, is also enrolled in the Darwin seminar. Speculation on what the be-

havioral psychologists might do to evolution led her into science fiction in "Reflections on Charles Darwin."

MAYO STANCIL, long-time cartoonist for *The Old Gold and Black*, consented to illustrate the Darwin articles. His drawing shows who may come out on top if men struggle with monkeys and scientists. Mayo is a senior political science major from Rocky Mount.

BETSY WINSTEAD, senior from Roxboro, climbed trees, harried the campus police, roamed the heating plant, and generally qualified as the Number One Campus Snoop in order to get her article "Thursday's 24," a description of a not-so-ordinary day at Wake Forest.

DICK RADFORD, freshman from Perry Point, Maryland, makes his first appearance as a photographer for *the student*. To illustrate "Thursday's 24," Dick photographed cracks in the sidewalk, waylaid students on the way to the college laundry, and somehow thought of a new way to photograph the veranda of Reynolda.

RICHARD FALLIS, feature editor of *the student*, explored the great unknown — the Rare Book Room — and found some Bibles with histories so fascinating that he had to write about them himself. Richard is a sophomore from Nashville, Tennessee.

BILL VERNOR photographed the Bibles, as well as the choir on the cover and the Reynolda Hall classroom seen on page one. Bill is a junior from Edwardsville, Illinois. He may have let out a trade secret when he confessed to playing tennis in the darkroom to keep himself from being bored while his masterpieces were developing.

HARRIET HARDEE is a sophomore from High Point. This year she has edited the publication of the Wesley Foundation. In her poem "Creation," she has captured the agonies of creative writing.

PAT SMITH's poetry appears for the first time in *the student*. "On Time" is written in three parts, each complete in itself. Pat is a junior from Winston-Salem.

EMILY REYNOLDS is the pen name of a coed from South Carolina.

JAMES WOOLLEY, author of "Woods in Winter," is a junior from Nashville, Tennessee.

JANE BURRELL wrote the poem "The Essence of Sartre." A senior from Lexington, Jane writes for *The Old Gold and Black* and is majoring in English.

PEGGY CUSHMORE, who wrote "On My Way," is a junior from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In addition to writing poetry, Peggy enjoys playing the guitar and singing.

SUSAN COWAN is another exciting new poet. "Maybe for a Little While," is only one of several fine poems she submitted to *the student*. Susan is a sophomore from Kannapolis.

JIM SHERTZER, who reviews movies for *The Old Gold and Black* and runs the campus flicks, displays his wide range of interest in his first and last review on *the student*, of D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. He is an English Major from Bethesda, Maryland.

RICHARD BRANTLEY, a junior from Nashville, Tennessee, read *The Rainbow* last summer and was so impressed by it that he wrote down the reactions which appear in *the student*. Richard is doing honors work in English and is participating in the Interdisciplinary Honors Program.

SUSAN IRBY's illustration for Richard's review brightens up *the student*. A junior from Heidelberg, Germany, Susan has played the lead in several productions of the College Theatre. She is majoring in speech.

Letters To The Editor

Trustee Writes

Ladies and Gentlemen:

My congratulations to the staff upon the high quality of the November, 1964 issue of *the student*. As a former member of the editorial staff of *the student*, long before any of you were born, I have looked through the contents of this issue with pride and interest.

I was pleased to see the extensive coverage given to poetry. Also, the illustrations add a lot to the magazine.

Irving E. Carlyle

"Unclaimed Poem"

Here are some thoughts on "Unclaimed Poem" by Charlene Markunas. Love comes unseen through corridors darkened by ever-flickering candles, and only makes itself visible to those who sense the continuity in the disorder.

Carlos William Murray, Jr.

the student welcomes letters of comment or criticism. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, Box 7247, Reynolda Station, or may be brought to the student office, Room 224, Reynolda Hall.

All letters must be signed.

"... THE APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN"

Shakespeare made this observation. It remains as **true to-day** as when he penned these words.

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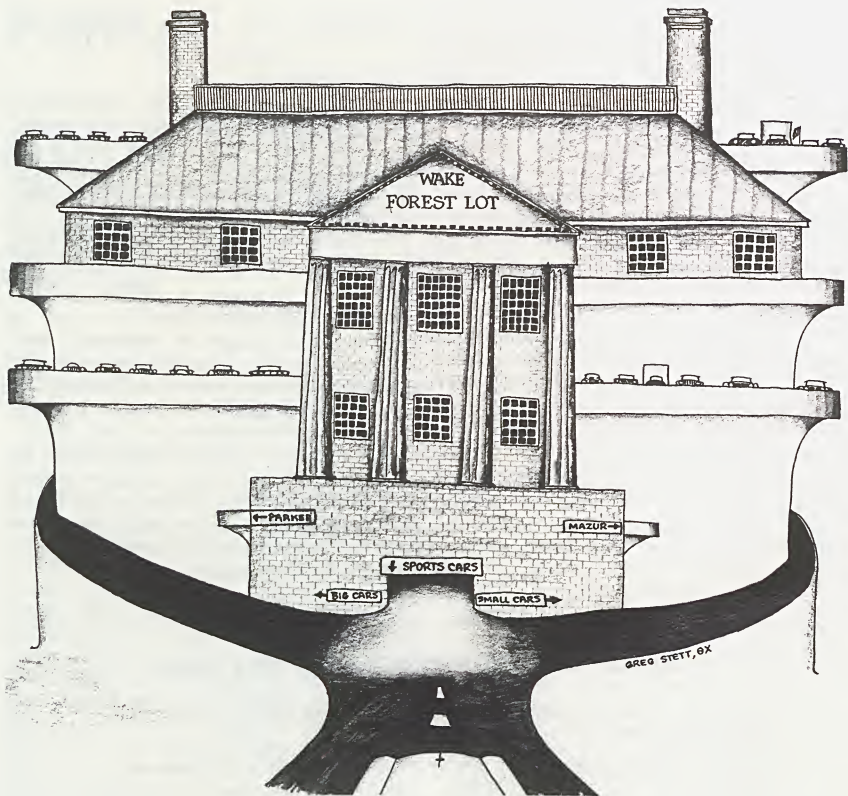
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An Ideal Solution

By Carol Miller

On every red-blooded American college campus, three problems are growing more widespread and serious each year.

1. The car population explosion.
2. An increasing demand for convenience and comfort.
3. An increase in immobile crime so shocking

that white parking tickets may not be enough.

Take Wake Forest. Take the student who *must* pause at Reynolda Hall to check on his chapel cuts. Deftly, he whips his Buick into the yellow zone by the door, crosses his fingers, checks the second hand on his watch, and leaps into the building. Three minutes and forty-two and one-

half seconds later, he emerges to discover a \$2.00 traffic ticket stuck beneath his windshield wiper. Take this student and his ticket . . . Yes, take him! To the furthest corner of the boonies, to the mountain by the science building, to the mud holes by the girls' dormitories! Take him far from the red "No Parking" areas, far from the miles of yellow "Faculty and Visitors Only" slots, far from the dorms, the snack shop, and the classrooms. Let him wander, wounded and grass stained, into his class half an hour late.

What can be done with this malefactor? Perhaps he could be punished with red, green, yellow, and polka-dot parking tickets, ranging from \$5 (in front of the women's dorm) to \$100 (across from the Dempster Dumpster). But this is no "ordinary" criminal. His comfort is paramount. The University of the Future must look to his needs, must come to terms with the campus parking problem. Even a bus or taxi service to the heart of the campus from the outlying parking areas would only be a temporary solution to this pressing problem. Is there an answer to this dilemma?

Yes! It is not too late! Wake Forest has a golden opportunity to become the University of the Future. The ingenious, solve-all answer is: parking decks. Not just ordinary parking decks, unsightly steel monsters shouting "Twentieth Century" to the elm trees, but white-columned, brick, neo-Georgian parking decks with sloping slate roofs. These great edifices will rise upward from the present parking areas, and each level will be connected to the neighboring building by covered walkways. Imagine the student on the third floor of Poteat Dorm. He will simply drive his Rolls up the cloverleaf around his dormitory's parking deck and will be right at the door to his floor.

Wake Forest University will lead the nation in its modern, unique approach. The promise of parking security will make the College foremost in every high school graduate's mind and desires. There will be places for all. Happy, wealthy fathers will shower munificence on the school and will endow the decks with towers, cupolas, chimes and nice bronze plaques for the doors.

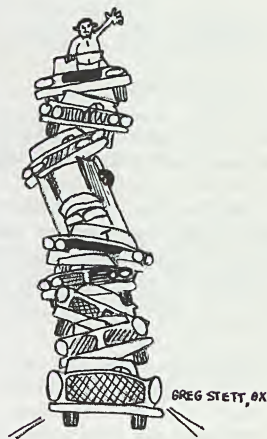
New industry will spring up! Service stations and garages will encircle the campus. The placement office will fill these stations with willing, eager students who are unable to afford their own cars without working. Their remuneration will be in the form of free car rental. And, of course, the

College itself will benefit from its own automobile rental agency run directly by the Dean's Office. Wake Forest's coffers will overflow! Every student will have a car! Walking will be a thing of the past! Regulations will no longer prohibit cars on campus; they will encourage it. A driver's license will be a requirement for admission.

Not only will these decks be useful as well as beautiful; they will also preserve tradition. The grass which spreads for acres over the campus will remain to be mowed musically during classes. The happy purr and roar of the magic mowing machines will always and forever compete successfully with the whine and drone of the nasal professors. The maintenance of this tradition must be stressed, because one cannot have a neo-Georgian campus without a great quantity of grass. This plan will foil the schemes of those who plot to dig up all the aesthetic grass and to pour asphalt secretly during the night.

With this magnificent solution, Wake Forest University will be assured of future happiness both for its car lovers and for its grass lovers, not to mention the lovers of neo-Georgian parking decks.

One final, overwhelmingly convincing argument: this solution (which will change the motto of the College to "Nobody Walks") will save all those beautiful steps of which our architect is so proud. If they are not trod on, they should last for centuries.



Point Of Departure

by Ertelle Brewer

Behind the folding door of a nearby phone-booth, a little girl in a pink dress and patent shoes was making imaginary phone calls with imaginary dimes and whispering "I love you" to some non-existing soul as she clutched in tiny hands a doll who looked just like her. Once-pretty Mother paced the floor before her, thankful for her preoccupation, worried, waiting for someone long since due, and counting the years passed since the last time they had met . . .

A scavenger-like man, ruddy, pathetically funny, and ugly, and old, devoured the pages of a torrid romance magazine with bulging eyes oblivious to reality.

A lonely, ageless, girl searched endlessly in a frayed straw purse for something, anything, her straight black hair falling over eyes too hungry and features far too harsh.

But the hands of the clock had not yet moved.

A serviceman, too young, too nameless, carried the things one must in a half-moon air bag, slowly, while the people watched him pass with owlsh eyes.

A wrinkled, unseen old lady watched with eyes wise as only those of the aged are. Others smoked, read, or pretended to, thought, or forgot.

But the hands of the clock had not yet moved.

A faceless robot appeared, swept a slow path through the cigarette butts, ashes, and gum wrappers, then disappeared.

A phone rang.

But the hands of the clock had not yet moved. And they knew the time was still the same. Their masks all showed that they knew.

And then, suddenly from everywhere and loudly, shockingly real, a god-man spit out garbled words and numbers with monotonous urgency. That silver miracle of a maddened age spewed noisily, split the sky with deafening haste, and landed with a shriek on the asphalt world beyond the plate glass window. Knowing it would soon be homeward bound, thus kind to me, I rose to greet it.

And when I left, the sea of faces lined against the endless wall suddenly, silently, cracked, crumbled, and fell in a million multi-colored jig-saw pieces to the floor.

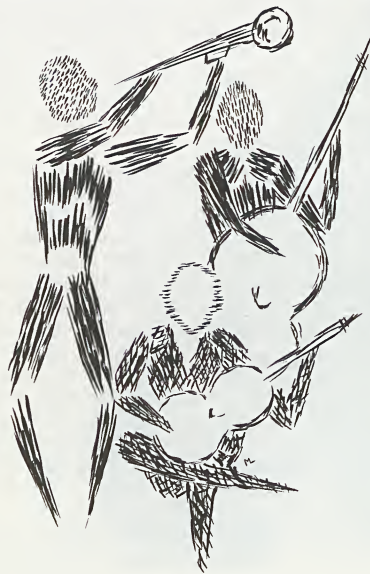
And soon the robot came, swept them up, and disappeared.

Letter From A Jazzman

by B. C. May

Sam —

So at last you hear from me — I know it's about time. I came to Washington three weeks ago when Harris James buzzed me and said he needed a box for a steady gig — "was I available?" — As usual, I was. We must be lucky, 'cause this town has a rep for being dead after dark, especially concerning jazz. Anyway, there were a couple of swinging joints: Charlie Byrd's Showboat and a place called the Bohemian Caverns, which imports some pretty big names. Now there are three! We're gigging at a club called the Inn of the Saints — Harris plays piano, Bud Stacy is on bass and Bert Clingan on skins — and oh yes, me on the box. The gig is a dream — these cats can really swing, and going to work is nothing but pleasure. The customers really dig the scene. No hippies so far. They come in, sit,



and listen and seem to appreciate everything we do. That's important. Some people have the idea that a musician plays just for himself, so caught up with what he's trying to say he forgets who's listening. That's not true — there's nothing like a swinging audience, someone to dig the message. After all, without the audience what've you got? They not only pay the bills, but they keep you going, they keep you on your toes. Sure, some people bug you 'cause they think it's a big thing to buy a musician a drink and bore him stiff with "hippy" talk about how much they dig his music. But if you're lucky — and I guess we are — you get swinging audiences who think jazz is happy music and just want to get happy listening to it played well. 'Course there's the opposite of the hippy. This is the cat that thinks jazz is some sort of emotional or intellectual drug and the only way to listen is with complete suspension — sorta hypnotized by the sound. It lifts him out of his hell world and helps him find himself — to him, foot tapping is a sacrilege. Bull! If jazz isn't happy music — what the hell is it? Give me the swinger who just digs the sound and the feeling it's supposed to convey.

I know (my older and wiser Big Brother) you still can't understand why, with a college education, I didn't take that nice comfortable job. Well, I won't bore you with a lot of artsy-craftsy bull. The simple fact is, I dig this music with everything in me — it's what makes me come alive. I realize that no matter what happens, I'm a damn happy guy when I'm playing my guitar. And God knows, that's all I want — to be happy and sorta keep swinging. If I can contribute anything along the way, that's fine. And I think I will. But you can't make your purpose giving the world some great message. If you're good, it'll come.

Another reason I dig being a musician is that I like living in the jazz world. Hold it! Before you laugh yourself silly and tear this thing up, let me explain. There is something different about jazz and the people who work in it. Maybe most cats don't realize it, but the jazz world exists unto

itself, and yet it is by no means an exclusive society. Nobody in jazz cares who you are, what you are, what you've done, or how you got to be the way you are. No requirements are ever made on the jazzman or his audience except that they appreciate the music and can get along with people. You can be black, yellow, or green. You can be rich or poor. You may be a priest or an ex-con, but jazzmen just don't give a damn — the music is the important thing, along with the cat who plays it or digs it. I know it sounds like Utopia — of course it's not. But it gives you a good feeling to know that wherever you go among jazzmen you'll be accepted and welcomed by just digging the scene and behaving yourself.

A couple of years ago, Ted Simpson and I got a little juiced and took off for Harlem. We were wandering around looking for an after-hours session and not worrying too much about the fact that it was Harlem on a Saturday night. That's a wild place, where people have no love for a trespassing white man. I guess they've got good reason, and any white man, no matter what his feelings, should stay away. He's not wanted. We found a session, and it was a swinging one. But, as soon as we walked in, everyone took notice as though we were members of the K.K.K. We sat down up front. There was this big cat playing the box, and man could he blow — he was cutting everything and everybody in sight. When we cut out, he caught sight of us, and his face turned cold. His eyes just glared down, as if to say, "Look at these white boys slumming in Harlem — bet they think they're real hip." I thought suddenly that we'd made a big mistake. We just sat there and listened, hoping everyone would realize that was all we'd come to do.

When after the break, I changed my mind and when they returned to the stand, I decided to open my big mouth. I asked the leader if he had another box that I could sit in with. He sorta smiled and then laughingly said, "Sure, white boy, come ahead." He still wasn't convinced. He must have thought I was some rock 'n roll teenager who was going to show my great chops. One thing's for sure, he'd been showing his solidly all night. We started playing "The Preacher," and this cat went to work on cutting me. The rest of the band just played background, 'cause it was quite obvious there was a battle on. He'd cut in with brilliance, combining every technique, and I'd fire back with all

I had. After about 20 choruses, he looked up with surprise to see I was still with him. Finally, 15 choruses later, he cut out, and I thought I had him. He tried to come back, but he was played out. Suddenly, he burst out laughing, and the rest of the cats joined in. The audience applauded, and when we finished the number, the big cat whose name was Plato said, "You play real good, man." We spent the rest of the night jamming, and Plato took Ted and me home with him for eggs and coffee. Perhaps, Harlem hadn't accepted us, but jazzmen cross all lines. The music is the welcome mat. That's why jazz is important — artistically and, yes, socially.

If people don't realize how great the jazz world is, I wish more of them would appreciate the value and the beauty of the music. I mean, after all, jazz is America's only original contribution to the arts. Jazz is the epitome of what this country is supposed to stand for — freedom of the individual, with the emphasis upon personal contribution and creativity. The jazz musician attempts to create every time he plays. He uses his axe as a means of personal expression — sure it's within the limits of musical rules — but he uses these rules, explores them, and builds upon them. Jazzmen talk about soul, and they mean it. A cat with soul is the cat who has talent and is not afraid to express it. Just these qualities and, of course, most importantly, the music should make jazz the most important music in this country. But it's still thought of as something played by back alley "niggers," dope addicts, and drunks.

Back in college, I remember the music appreciation course that all dealt with "the classics" — Bach, Beethoven and those cats. Well, sure they swing too, but the point is, in an American college why not start first with developing appreciation of "American classics" — Armstrong, James P. Johnson, Kid Ory, Ellington, Basie? These cats are ours. Their music is jazz, and it should be America's.

I talk too much. But maybe now you can see that this music has got to be my life. A cat has got to play his tune — if he doesn't, he's through. And he damn well better believe in the tune he plays.

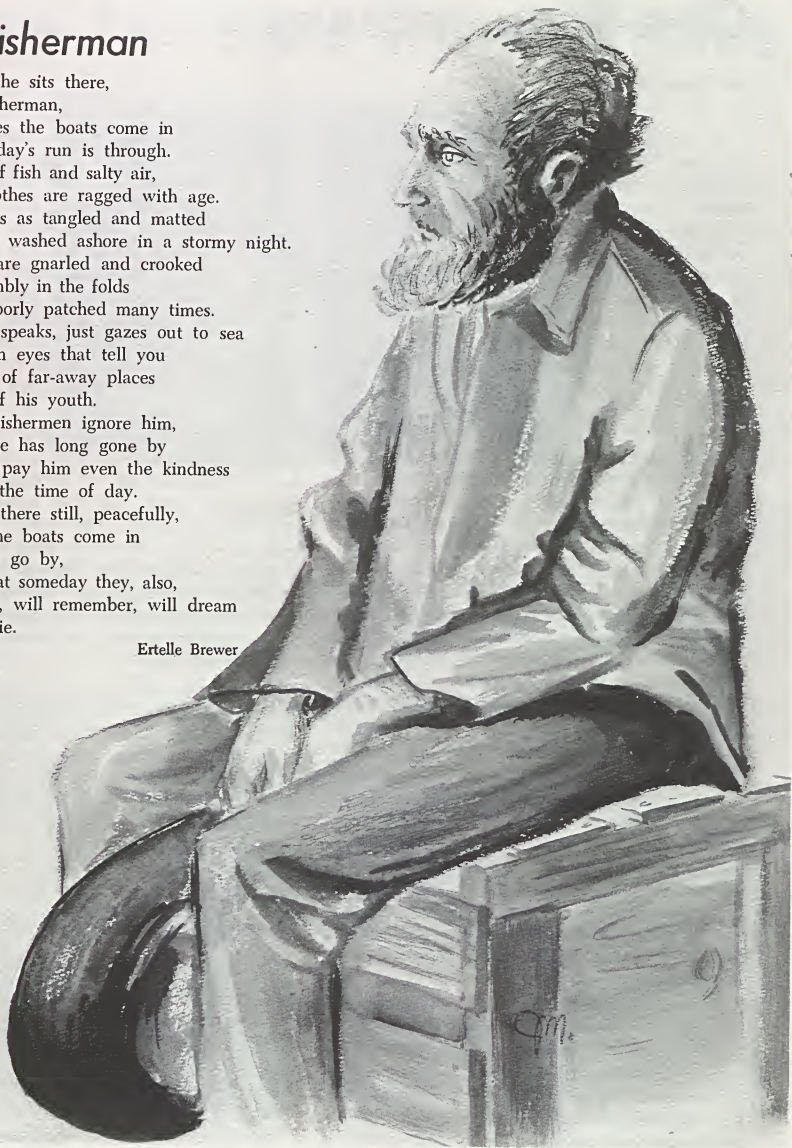
I'll write soon and tell you more about this town — it's a gas. Love to Bess and the kids. Write soon.

Dig you later,
Buddy

The Fisherman

Every day he sits there,
The old fisherman,
And watches the boats come in
When the day's run is through.
He smells of fish and salty air,
And his clothes are ragged with age.
His beard is as tangled and matted
As seaweed washed ashore in a stormy night.
His hands are gnarled and crooked
And lie humbly in the folds
Of pants poorly patched many times.
He seldom speaks, just gazes out to sea
With solemn eyes that tell you
He dreams of far-away places
And days of his youth.
The other fishermen ignore him,
For the time has long gone by
When they pay him even the kindness
Of passing the time of day.
But he sits there still, peacefully,
Watching the boats come in
As the days go by,
Knowing that someday they, also,
Will be old, will remember, will dream
And then die.

Ertelle Brewer



One-Way Journey

by Harold Jackson

Ric Crofford was the calculating type. Unlike most men, he suffered from an abundance of time in which to think. His mind operated on the split second. A master in the business of destroying life, in Europe and in Korea he had functioned without error. His war-trained mind was an emotionless, blue-steel machine, well tuned and well lubricated. He had shunned the commonly used motive of hate, for hate produced rash, inaccurate action. He had smiled inside many times; war had been a source of satisfaction for Ric Crofford. He liked to see a job completed in a professional manner. He was a master of his art.

Now, his art seemed a strange one. But those were different times driven by different men. At least Ric Crofford used this to console himself.

His mind had never seen the dead and dying, he had not allowed it. He had destroyed, but he'd been swift and gentle. No one had ever suffered; most had not even known what was coming. It had been simple. He hadn't wanted to destroy, but the times had required it, and he had been willing.

Eight years of peace had not been good to Ric Crofford. He was unskilled in the arts of peace, and several failures at business had caused hard times at home. It was not a thing he could explain; his wife could not understand. The peaceful world had no complete beauty or finality.

He dreamed constantly of his greatness during war, and quietly, in the solitude of his own mind, he often relied on these memories to reduce his failures. His dreams were his private pleasure garden. Forced into its shelter many times because no one could understand, he had built its walls higher and higher as the years passed. Now he was almost completely isolated. It was pleasant to live in a private world, undisturbed by the ever-pressing, forward-looking madness beyond.

These peaceful times could not afford, nor would they allow, the exercise of his skills. But war had taught him to disregard his feelings. Moreover, it had taught him to fuse the mental with the physical, overpowering one with the other. This offered some satisfaction; the master dwelled on the mental and physical labor of a past work of art.

But lately, there had been a strange new pain. The doctors called it cancer in the late stages. But more than the physical pain was the anguish of knowing what this meant: a slow creeping, blundering death, not a beautiful death as Ric Crofford would have designed. But this was a war unlike war; Ric Crofford was not in control. What were the rules of this game, and who were the generals? Where did its soldiers learn to fight? He was destined to lose. For the first time, he was frightened. War was his art. By whose order did he fight this fixed battle? It wasn't right, it wasn't just; it was criminal.

Ric Crofford struggled for a way out. Death had trapped him before, and he had always escaped. Sure, he could do it just one more time; he couldn't give up this easily. His mind moved in flashes, eliminated alternatives. If he couldn't escape death, perhaps he could cheat it. If death had chosen to wage war by unfair rules, why couldn't he have a hand in it? Why couldn't he beat death's time by his own hand? Would he let death take him as a trophy, or could he spoil death's war game? Could he take death's place?

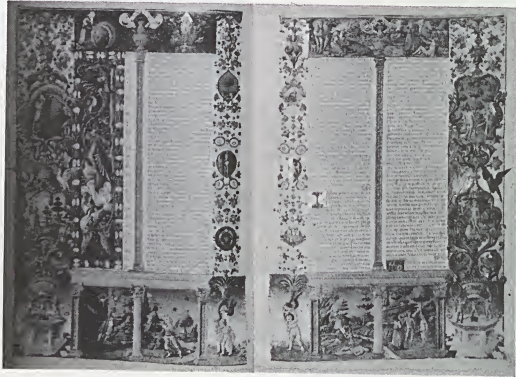
Ric Crofford smiled at the idea. It was a good, a great, finish. He wouldn't even have to share it with anyone. No one would be there to give him orders. He could do it all on his own. He could reactivate his lost world. Life wouldn't have to end in worthlessness. His own end would exemplify his greatness. His mind began to work again on thoughts of perfect death . . .

He could do it as he was. But to be at his best, he should take on his other self, his wartime self. That Ric Crofford was better for the job than this. It would take some planning. He'd sleep on it.

The sun shone clear, and Ric Crofford could see the vivid details on the horizon. Today was the day to convert, to throw the switch that would turn on his other world. He knew he was out of shape, but he'd been out of shape in 1951. This job would be short and simple. It wouldn't require much effort. His mind went back to the times

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Wake Forest's Rare Bibles



by Richard Fallis

The Emperor was flat broke. Charles, ruler of Austria and Hungary by the grace of God, descendant of the noble Hapsburgs, had hit the end of the road. Of course, he was no longer Emperor, for there was no Empire. Austria had lost in World War I, and an emperor was a luxury she could not afford. So Charles had fled to Paris with his empress, his crown jewels, and some other treasures.

And now there simply was not enough money to pay the grocer, or anyone else for that matter. The only solution was to sell some of that royal treasure that Charles had so carefully taken with him when he left Vienna. Jewels were not moving quickly on the Paris market, but rare books were; so Charles sold a rare Bible to pay his debts.

This was one of the most famous Bibles of all time, the great Borso d'Este Bible, commissioned by Borso d'Este, an Italian noble of the fifteenth century. Many artists had labored for years to produce a masterpiece of medieval Bible making. Its leather binding and gold work had a richness others lacked, and its text was a masterpiece of calligraphy, each letter carefully and lovingly drawn by hand. However, the illustrations were its special glory. There were literally hundreds of them, a soaring sym-

phony to faith. Every page was a jewel of color. The figures were drawn with the skill and simplicity that spells medieval art. The Virgin and Her Child had holy innocence; Jonah, special darkness; and Moses, remarkable power.

The fame of this Bible had long been widespread, but not until last year was a color reproduction made. One of these has found its way to Wake Forest and is now in the Rare Book Room of the College library. This facsimile is one of more than a hundred rare Bibles Wake Forest owns. Although the library has been listing rare Bibles in its collection since the 1880's, only in the last quarter century has a concerted effort been made to collect them. A rare book committee now chaired by Dr. Edgar E. Folk, professor of English, has been responsible for the majority of the acquisitions.

One of the most remarkable recent finds is a small, unpretentious volume housed not far from the Borso d'Este Bible. The Aitken Bible is a product of the American Revolution, when the armies lacked almost everything, including reading material.

George Washington petitioned Congress to sponsor the printing of some Bibles for his troops, but this was no easy job. Printers were few and presses,

fewer. The contract was finally given to Robert Aitken, a Philadelphia printer who had made a fortune printing inflammatory pamphlets for the patriots. Aitken turned out a reasonably respectable edition of the Bible and, with justifiable pride, inserted this notice on the front page:

The United States in Congress assembled highly approve the pious and laudable undertaking of Mr. Robert Aitken, as subservient to the interests of religion as well as an instance of the progress of the arts in this country . . . they recommend this edition of the Bible to the inhabitants of the United States.

Thus Aitken got something no other Bible printer has ever had, a recommendation by the Congress.

Unfortunately, Aitken's moment in the sun was just that, for the British soon came through town. Aitken was a rebel notorious enough to deserve special attention from His Majesty's government. The printer took time only to bury the Bible's type before making himself scarce. The abrupt way in which production of the Aitken Bible stopped may have something to do with its scarcity. Today, there are only fifty-three Aitken Bibles in the world, and only twelve in this country.

One Bible, a crinkling Latin edition dated 1558, does not appear to differ from a dozen like it. It is old, but the Rare Book Room has some seventy years older. It was printed in France, early in the history of French printing, but others are more important in typographical history. Its interest, importance, and value were given it by its printer.

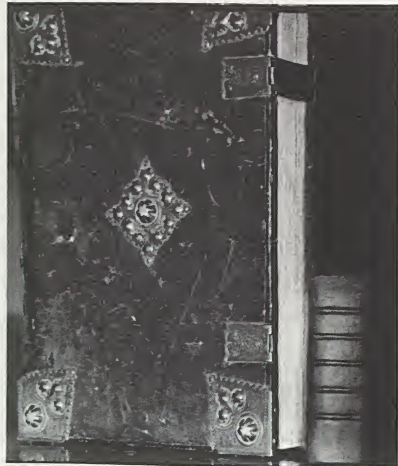
The printer was a woman. There was a tremendous bias against woman printers in the Paris of 1558, but this did not stop Charlotte Guillard. In fact, it seems to have encouraged her. She had the good fortune to marry a successful printer, to outlive him, and to inherit his establishment. After his death, she married a second printer and outlived him. After this second try, Charlotte apparently decided that she could run a print shop better than a man anyway. And she could.

At any rate, Charlotte ran one of Europe's best known printshops for a number of years, turning out hundreds of titles under her imprint. Her sex and her success led to a great deal of animosity with the male printers of the day. They threatened her, stole her apprentices, and used every means, legitimate and otherwise, to put her out of business; but she survived. If she left a monument, it is this



1558 Bible, a handsome landmark in French Bible making and a tribute to Charlotte Guillard as well.

There are dozens of other Bibles with stories just as unusual; among them, the little Bohemian preacher's Bible of the fourteenth century, the facsimile of the Gutenberg Bible, and the huge Baskerville Bible of 1763. Together they form an important cultural record of western civilization, a tribute to man's love of the beautiful.



On Time

Bits of broken glass,
Trampled flowers, ground in dirt,
Formless shapes, streaming, expanding, contracting;
Faces with broken lips
Bob about like broken dolls' heads,
Topple and fall,
Their smiles shattering
Into mirthless fragments.

Aimless rushing,
Blind eye guides all.
Tick, tick, tock.
Hurry! Run! Late hours flow by
Like waterless oceans.

Withered Hyacinths clutch
Lilacs sere, waiting for
The rains to relieve the monotony
Of strifeless being.
Time's flown, twelve o'clock—
Broken promises, unwet tears, sleepless dreams.

Pat Smith

On My Way

Somewhere I am
This afternoon
singing on my way
home in the sun
highlighting my grand
mother sewing and Bible
reading where I napped
noon and noons on her bed
with her not singing
because we heard together
the afternoon and yellow notes
throughout her room
where morning stopped to
listen and night dared interrupt.

Peggy Cushman

Woods In Winter

Desire-warm green had fled, was chased from trees
And left protesters, fury-flamed red-gold,
To scream in vain their import as they could.
Wild-blown in scatter-fall by winds that pierced,
The brittle brown leaf-messages lie rent.
Mulched, shattered, they submit to what remains:
The bare truth-branches, standing lonely, chill,
Are stark and mutely honest, in the frail
Unpromise of their undressed silhouettes
Against invincible death-dull gray of sky.
No fantasy here—though yet one annual tease,
Sardonic probability of spring,
Will likely still suffice to tempt indulgence.

James Woolley

Thursday's 24

12:01 am It's Thursday morning, clear and cold and not really much like Christmas. The campus ignores the bewitching hour, and life throbs on. Fifty-four hours to go: classes will adjourn, and the life blood of the little world will drain away, mingle with other traveling crowds, and erupt into other areas to spend the holiday hours. The deep chill has cast a silence over the plaza. The noise has gone inside.

In the dorms, clicking typewriters echo down sleeping halls. Weary hands push continuously against resisting keys, and harsh, black, words emerge in a semblance of order across the stark, white paper. "One last page, and another cigarette, and another cup of coffee. You have to live it hour by hour. Can't panic; no more pills."

1:00 am A nurse walks by the beds of sick and sleeping students. Perhaps at this hour more than at any other, the infirmary is like a hospital. It sounds quiet, and it smells clean. The lady in white hums softly to herself as she sinks into a chair. It is too early for her to be sleepy, and she begins to fill out the endless forms. The grey smoke from her cigarette drifts upward as she records the time and temperatures, almost like a weatherman.

2:00 am The sleepy-eyed Slater baker drives in the parking lot, walks quickly through the east basement door to Reynolda, and begins his day. His partner, the pieman, will come in later. The hour doesn't seem very sweet; but it does remind one of a never-ever land that might live on puddings and pastries.

3:00 am A colorless little man at the heating plant watches dials, adjusts knobs, and listens to the roar of pumps and furnaces. He reads, "nothing that ain't educational," to stay awake. A *Reader's Digest* and yesterday's newspaper lie on a brown table beside a stained coffee cup. The hands on his big clock among the meters continue to move.

4:00 am Faculty drive is silent and deeply shadowed. A few porch lights burn, but they draw no insects out into this cold. There are more lights in the trailer park. A baby cries, and a tired mother glances out at the red lights around the water tower as she waits for a bottle to warm.

5:00 am The dark has not begun to lighten, and a slow drizzle sifts through the fog. The night watchman wanders between the girls' dorms. This is his sixth and last round. A white-haired philosopher comes early to the campus; his official office hours don't start until 6:30. A red-headed coed, up





by Betsy Winstead

all night studying, looks out her window and watches him cross the parking lot, pass under the street lamp, and go into the building. She lights another cigarette and turns back to Livy's *A Primordio Urbis*. The cafeteria workers arrive, almost in unison, to start breakfast. The greyl falling rain is heavier now.

6:00 am A pair of olive pants beneath a black umbrella walks toward Winston Hall. The labs and their inhabitants function by a 24-hour clock. They cannot live by other men's standard time. Napping students wake up and leave their sofas in the East Lounge, to bathe, and shave, and try to eat before the day's bells mark the return to the always-old routine.

7:00 am A new day's frosting on the grass . . . a line of birds flying through the air looking like an elongated strand of frog's eggs that will dissolve in the distance . . . A cold coed glances around as she moves toward the steamy windowed dining room.

8:00 am Smoky circles of breath from unstuffed yawns float upward as more than a few late students hurry to class. Ben's, the Book Store, and the Bank get ready to open.

9:00 am A young boy tucked inside a hooded ski jacket ambles down the plaza. He sees the red berries of a holly tree and idly wonders if they are embarrassed—embarrassed, perhaps, because of the bent beer can, half hidden beneath the boxwoods against the building. Someone's weekend has started early. He walks on.

10:00 am The masses stand at the base of their guardian's columns and talk away the final minutes before their numbers are religiously checked off, and X-ed at a physically empty seat. The people go inside, and the rain begins to go away. The Post Office seems to sigh, as if relieved to be vacant after fifteen frantic minutes jammed with hopeful box-watchers.

11:00 am The buzzing Snack Shop is filled with indifferent odors, slow smoke, steaming coffee, and impatient patrons. The main lounge looks like a movie lot set up to shoot a scene of Idle Hours. Bright colored coats, soft and shrill laughter, searching eyes, stacks of books, boredom . . . It is a picture of students—unaware of being watched.

Noon: Most of the classes, with the exception of labs, are over for this twenty-four hours. The afternoon will bring out students to do what they want to do; the morning is consumed with necessary

duties. A shivering sun has finally made its way out, and the grey weather is gone, at least for a while.

1:00 pm Dedicated amateur actors and actresses scurry to their top-level sanctum in the library; theirs is a never ending cycle of color and hard work, a world apart from most of the campus. Switchboards in the girls' dorms go into operation, and phones begin to ring. Plans for the week-end are made and changed; people are planning to leave.

2:00 pm A boy and girl walk by the middle section of the plaza and look out and up the street that leads to Reynolda Road, looking out to the world itself from inside this sheltered nine-month's home. Scales are run up and down the piano; repeat and repeat; the practice rooms echo. Chords of Chopin mingle with Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso."

3:00 pm Bare-legged boys in overcoats walk briskly toward the gym. It's never too cold for bermudas. Intramural teams provide their own brand of excitement and entertainment. Leaving the Post Office are red, white, and blue mail-trucks filled with Christmas cards, last letters home, and some of next year's acceptances from the Admissions Office.

4:00 pm Half-running and half-walking, a coed hurries toward the basement of the chapel; she slips into her seat just in time to start the first song on a rather breathless note. The choir's holiday spirit catches on, and the hour passes quickly.

5:00 pm A chill breeze whistles through bare elms, and boys bundled in ski sweaters wander

towards the cafeteria, wearing expressions of experienced disappointment and wishes for Mama's dinner at home. A fuzzy-coated coed walks quickly into the Book Store and relaxes in its welcome warmth.

6:00 pm Looking like little Santa Clauses, two boys in red jackets cross the west quad with casually bouncing laundry bags. A white streak of detergent from a leaky box marks the path to the sloshing monotony of washers. The twilight has almost given itself up to the trenchant dark.

7:00 pm The campus cop is making his first round of the check points. In the garden, he joyfully discovers a lone young lady sitting on the lake cottage steps, writing in the light of a candle standing in a hardened puddle of its own wax. "Why is solitude a sin?" she wonders as she drives away, knowing the man in the blue uniform is watching her.

8:00 pm Swimmers stroke, with more speed than grace, back and forth, watching the black lines on the bottom of the pool. The other parts of the gym are empty. The footsteps of a man alone echo and answer; the cement walls watch him on all sides. The tennis courts are unlit and deserted. Practice fields are empty. The track goes around but doesn't move. A somber, grey quiet has penetrated the far corners of the boon docks. A pair of red lights follow one white one, and a pop-eyed car groans its way toward Bethabara Road.

9:00 pm Three boys come out of one of the east quads walking toward a car parked on the street. The word "Tavern" is heard, an extended study break is begun. Thoughts will be gazed away into a fire, and it will be hard to come back to Advanced Calculus.

10:00 pm Freshman girls come out of their last closed study for a while; the bridge cards are shuffled and dealt. The phone rings and callers come. Late diners go out. The tension on pub row approaches its peak; pages *two* and *six* have to make the one o'clock bus to Nashville. House mothers are about to flick lights and lock doors.

11:00 pm A day student leaves Davis Dorm and heads back to his apartment, to the solitude he prefers. And, again, a fog has smothered the Plaza. The hands of the four-faced campus clock have completed their cycle and now point straight up . . .

THE ORIGINAL

Town
STEAK HOUSE NO. 1

DIAL PA 2-0005

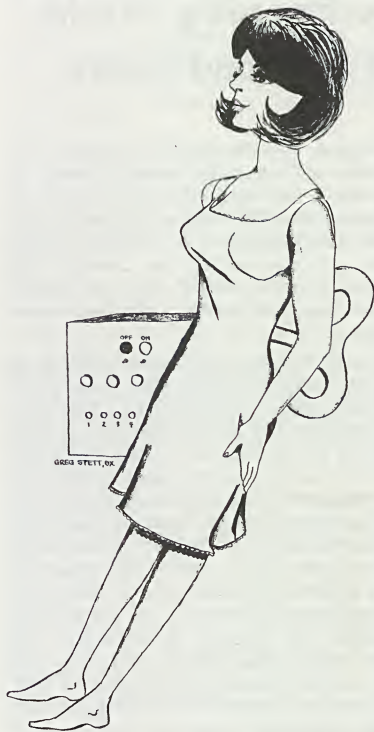
Hours: 11 A.M. 'til 11:30 P.M.
Sun.: 11 A.M. 'til 10:30 P.M.

Corner Hawthorne Rd. & 107 Lockland Ave.
Just Below Baptist Hospital

LOLA

Gather 'round, fellas. I have come to tell you about the absolute ULTIMATE product of the Atomic Age — LOLA! Lola can be controlled remotely or locally. She positively declines to be any part of fraud, graft, corruption, or sin — and most tempting of all, this gal is hot sex on wheels, available any hour day or night for genuine affection — kissing, caressing, hugging, etc., ETC. She works like Mr. Clean, looks like Sophia, loves like the high-priced type, and cooks like Aunt Jemima. And if you decide to take this offer of a lifetime within the next seven days, we give you absolutely FREE one, two, or three children made to look just like Lola or you or parts of both. By the simple finger-tip selection of any one of six buttons, you can completely change Lola's clothing, hair style, make-up, AND personality. Yes, she's a great conversationalist and an even better conversation piece. Take this glorious offer at an unbelievably low price within the next fourteen days and we give you — ABSOLUTELY FREE — sheets, sheets, and sheets of S & H Green Stamps. The two seals stamped on Lola attest to the fact that she has been fully tested and guaranteed by *Good Housekeeping* and *Parents'* magazines. And remember, Lola has no emotional problems, inhibitions, repressions, no medical bills whatsoever — she requires oiling only twice a year, and she's got **GUARANTEED LONGEVITY**. Yes, fellas, she's your livin' angel, your dream come true, just what you need to show off your good taste and sensitivity to business associates and social acquaintances. **GET LOLA TODAY!**

— Jim Eatman



D. H. Lawrence

In "Feature on Fiction," the student wishes to present fresh reactions to books which are eminently uninteresting when seen only on reading lists. Some selections will be current, some old. But they will be works that are important to literature as well as exciting to read.

The Emerging World Of Sons and Lovers

To explore the world of D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* is to witness the tormented birth of the new from the old. Reading it, one stands with one foot in the past and the other in the present, watching the fearful delivery of the twentieth century. Perhaps more than anything else, Lawrence's tale of life in the small, turn-of-the-century, English mining village of Bestwood is a multi-level story of emergence.

Bestwood lies comfortably buried in the old, yet feels the terrifying and disruptive forces of the new. This is the land near Nottingham, the countryside of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, a world steeped in the ways and the tradition of the past. The "new" mines, constructed only sixty years ago, are a comparatively recent addition, and the menace of the Industrial Revolution is only now beginning to touch the lives of the people. But the ruthless intrusion of the modern world is a tide which cannot be turned back. The people must adjust to the changing times, for the time's will not adjust to the people. The insidious encroachment of the modern world on the beloved world of the past long tormented Lawrence. He abhorred the monstrous plague of mechanization sweeping the serene English countryside, robbing men and women of

their essential vitality. In this flood of dehumanized living he saw the seeds of civilization's total and final collapse. In his last novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Lawrence warns of this sterile, super-civilized society to come.

Only a few years and a world war separate the worlds of Lady Chatterley and young Paul Morel, the sensitive protagonist of *Sons and Lovers*. Yet the vitality and the strength of Paul's world have all but vanished in Connie Chatterley's sterile world of Wragby Hall.

What the changing times will bring to Bestwood is clearly shown in Lady Chatterley's motor trip through the English mining region. Here is Bestwood as it will be some fifteen or twenty years after Paul Morel's psychic drama. The wildness, the warmth, the humanity of the old generation, the generation of Paul's mining father, is quickly passing; a race of automatons, of impotent Clifford Chatterlys, is quickly coming.

These, then, are the times. Paul's unstable world stands on the trembling brink between the old and the new. The pressures of the times are great and greatly affect the lives of the people.

In many ways, the confused interpersonal conflicts of *Sons and Lovers* reflect the turbulence of these troubled, emerging times. Paul and his two lovers, Miriam Leivers and Clara Dawes, are "modern" characters in the sense that they are discontented with the old way of life. They want to get out, to get ahead in life. Paul refuses to be a miner like his forefathers; he must be a painter in London. Miriam, unlike the contented girls of the village, dotes on English literature, algebra, and French, and finally moves on to become a teacher. Clara, in the typically modern position of the separated wife, fights as a suffragette for women's rights. Unlike the old generation, they struggle for their

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The Rainbow : View Of Modern Experience

D. H. Lawrence is a harbinger of modern literary trends, and *The Rainbow* is best approached as a modern novel. Clearly, it expresses the discontent with modern life common in contemporary works. It depicts a sterile world which forces men and women to "crave the unknown" and "to hope for a new world architecture."

But the novel's scope is wider and more timeless. This story has a basic mythos, employing devices as old as Noah's flood. It comments on Western civilization, yet it subtly and pervasively suggests the fundamental disparity in physical objects and Platonic essences. The important rainbow symbol may stand for anything from fertility to Platonic absolutes. Whether Lawrence himself was aware of all this is immaterial; the fact is, the novel has many levels, call it "richness of ambiguity," "ineffability," or what you will.



Lawrence analyzes the experience of three generations of a family who attempt to escape the sterility of their modern environment through marriage. He explores the marital frustrations and makeshift resolutions of the family's patriarch, Tom Brangwen, as well as those of his daughter Anna and her daughter Ursula. These three well-developed characters make for an admirably complete commentary on the Brangwen "condition."

Highly refined emotions and a slow, deliberate mind characterize Tom. He is never sure that he belongs to the land of Cossethay and Ilkeston, for "the wonder of the beyond is ever before him." This wonder finds embodiment for him in Mme. Lensky, a mysterious Polish newcomer to the neighborhood. He marries her despite, or perhaps because of, his lack of knowledge about her. He is connected to her only by "an inner reality, a logic of the soul." With her, he has "intimacy of embrace but foreignness of contact," and he never overcomes this separation. Their children bring them no closer together. Tom finally concludes that life brings an inevitable series of imperfect relationships and child-bearings. There is no fertile rainbow for him.

Tom loves his children, especially Anna. After getting slightly tipsy at her wedding rehearsal, he is depressed by the failure of his old age to give him a sense of productive experience. From marriage he derives what little significant experience he has had:

There's very little else on earth, but marriage. You can talk about making money, or saving souls. You can save your own soul seven times over, and you may make a mint of money, but your soul goes on gnawin', gnawin', gnawin', and it says there's something it must have. In heaven there is no marriage. But on earth there is marriage, else heaven drops out and there's no bottom to it.

Tom's marriage fails to satisfy completely his "gnawin'," but it is all he has on earth. Small wonder he feels futility at his daughter's wedding!

Anna is a self-centered girl who considers her modern environment illusory. She wants to avoid involvement with the commonplace, to "save herself from thinking." She feels belittled, always unable "to strike her full stride." The "illusory world" weighs her down and keeps her from knowing herself. For a time, Will Brangwen, the distant rela-

Continued on page 28

place in the sun in the emerging new world.

Confrontation with the new world troubles the characters in other ways, particularly in sexual manifestations. There is a constant battle between the puritan past and the "new morality" of the future. Miriam adheres to the old; Clara advocates the new. For Miriam, sex is a vile and evil thing, a sacrifice which women must make to hold their men. To Clara, it is a biological necessity which women have a right to enjoy too. And Paul, under the shadow cast by his puritan mother, is caught somewhere between the two. Intellectually he sides with Clara and the "new morality," but emotionally he is crippled by his mother's beliefs.

The emotional and sexual conflict arising from this contact with the new world exhibits itself in modern psychological terms. *Sons and Lovers* is the first truly modern psychological novel, and, appropriately enough, it focuses on a major twentieth century psychological problem; here is the classic story of the young man who tragically tries at once to be both son and lover and fails in both roles. Here is the familiar story of confused sexual identities which haunts modern fiction. Here is the Freudian snarl, now so familiar. Paul Morel, son and lover, emerges as a new type of protagonist—the Freudian hero.

Yet the novel revolves not only around the dark recesses of his mind, but also explores much of the subconscious activity in the rest of the family. Each step of the plot seems to be an outgrowth of a careful study of Freudian analysis. First there is the unconscious struggle which separates the middle-class wife from her miner husband. Then follows the subconscious transfer of the wife's feeling from the husband to the eldest son, William. The tortured inability of the eldest son to respond as son and lover to the mother and another woman as well is then dissected; and following William's inevitable death, the rooting of the mother's life in young Paul is scrutinized. The hopeless affair with Miriam is then unmasked, revealing the psychological crippling of this second son. Lacking the masculine power to find a woman of his own, Paul turns to another man's wife—Clara Dawes—for solace. But this, too, necessarily crumbles. Final-

ly, the mother seems to sense what is wrong and dies to release the son. The nurturing roots of the mother are withdrawn, leaving the son alone and lifeless with a "drift towards death."

Incidents, as well as characterizations, reflect the new psychology. Even comparatively minor episodes in the novel bear an unmistakable Freudian stamp. Early in the novel, for example, the belligerent husband clumsily cuts William's baby curls. It is this act which drives "the spear through the side" of Mrs. Morel's love for her husband. In Freudian terms, the husband deprived of his wife's love and affection, here seeks to regain and assert his won masculinity in the symbolic castration of his own son!

What makes the emergence of these strange Freudian symbols and situation even more astounding is the revelation of the fact that Lawrence was not himself aware of the basic tenets of Freudian psychology until after the first draft of the novel had been completed. He had had a strange revelation, and uncovered alone something of man and men's minds.

Yet revelation is often only the reflection of truthful observation. *Sons and Lovers* is largely autobiographical, and it is probable that any emergent truth which Lawrence recorded in it is merely the outgrowth of his own early life. He, like Paul Morel, was strangely bound by his mother, but, unlike Paul, he was not content with a separated wife. He needed more. He not only took another man's wife, he made her forsake her children for him as well! Truly his epitaph should be "Son and Lover."

The life of the author, however, need not detract from the genius of formulation. Whether invented or borrowed from life, it has become a stock formula of twentieth century fiction. Yet, unlike the imitations which have followed, *Sons and Lovers* remains a powerful achievement, marking the advance of the novel into a new world. Here, again, *Sons and Lovers* celebrates an emergence—the emergence of the twentieth century psychological novel. Out of its twisted and tormented tale of souls in conflict has come a new breed of modern fiction.

—Jim Shertzer

Creation

Frustration.
Confusion.
Absurdity.

Run from them.
Run.
To some far-away place.
Take a pen
And sheets of paper.
Run!

Write.
Expose the world!
Lash out at it.
Write.

Stop.
What is on the paper?
Wild scratches.
Mad curves.
Nothing.
Discord.

Be still.
What is the world?
Watch and wait.

A fiery opal
Slips slowly skyward on sheer chiffon;
Ebony shadows
Silhouette the horizon;
Illumined briefly by lightning bugs
And decorated with sugary stars;
The darkness slides quietly downward.

Be still, and stillness is shattered
By the melancholy moaning
Of a distant train,
By the barking of a dog,
By the snapping of stones
Syncopated to the steps of a solitary someone,
And symphonized
To the chirping of crickets.

Be still and quiet.
Pick up the pen;
Let it rest on the paper;
Let it move.
Smoothly.
Quietly.

Then quickly.
Creatively.
Meaningfully!

Harriet Hardee

Winter Shade

The clay which foamed about the house
Left its red mark at two feet
The last time it rained.
In the pasture, the white pony
Picks along on pink legs,
Shaking his strawberry nose.
The herefords, affecting no finesse,
Lie patiently, red casts
Waiting for the kiln.
Even the barn, in deference
To its inhabitants,
Wears the color painted by the rain.

Emily Reynolds

The Spirit Of Sartre

Essence to existence cannot prior be
If the concept of man is reality,
And I am engulfed in life's irony
By virtue that I am condemned to be free.

Jane Burrell

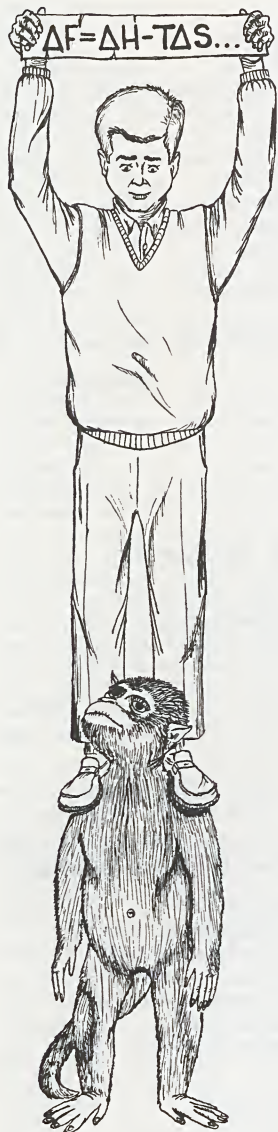
Maybe For A Little While

Maybe for a little while
We can find a moment all our own
and forget the stupid staring faces
of the people who have gone
Passively toiling through their trivial day
never really caring much
Seeking ever what we have found
in a touch
or in a smile
maybe for a little while.

Susan Cowan

Monkeys, Men, And The Second Law Of Thermodynamics

by Rachel Floyd



"Time," Benjamin Franklin once said, is "the stuff life is made of." Almost two hundred scientific years later, the converse of this statement, that life is what time makes, is about the closest scientists have come to a definition of this most basic quality of all. For, while movement, reproduction, metabolism, sensitivity, and growth are nearly definitive properties of the living, they are also all found in part of what is considered the non-living world.

One is forced, then, to formulate an intuitive rather than an operational definition of life, based on the statement that living things are somehow more "dynamic" (as opposed to static) than are nonliving things. The basis of the "aliveness" of a thing lies not in the fact that it existed both yesterday and today, but in that it is different today.

Life is interpretable only in terms of its evolving history in its unique fourth dimension of time. And, because of the relative lack of mobility within the 2.7 to 3.8 billion years during which life has probably existed, any picture of life is still merely a blurred instantaneous photograph taken at one given split second in the history of that life, slightly touched up in view of the inferences made by tracing its existence back a few billion years and extrapolating beyond.

From this picture, one may see that life began at an uncomplicated level and has spontaneously gained in complexity, culminating in man. This process of organization from a past primitive state to a present more complex one, with each stage dependent on the preceding one, is still being extended by man to his physical surroundings. Therefore, different forms of organization, both concrete (mechanical "brains") and abstract (the ever more complicated systems of government), are constantly increasing in the ultimate complex civilization.

The question might be asked, why has evolution taken this direction, instead of others theoretically

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Reflections On Charles Darwin

by Jo DeYoung

In the course of last week's excavations, our diggers uncovered a phenomenal find — a metal box which had been encased in a slab of hard gray rock buried nearly a mile beneath the surface of the mountain. It was difficult to control my elation when, upon opening the box, I discovered (in a most remarkable state of preservation) several artifacts, called by our predecessors "microfilm." The box was a time capsule, one of the earliest we have yet recorded. I believe it is nearly 2,000,000 years old! As I consider myself rather an authority on the languages of the Ancients, I spent many pleasurable hours considering the contents of the film.

As a philosopher as well as a scientist, I am content to leave the nuclear wars, evolution, mutation, and other pragmatic, if sensational, considerations to popularizers, political theorists, and other hack writers. And yet, I feel an irresistible desire to reflect and speculate on the *progress* we have made in the millenia which separate us from the Ancients who sealed up the box and forgot it.

The banality that true genius goes unnoticed in its own place and time is apropos—even two million years ago and in another species!—certainly for a *homo sapiens* named Charles Darwin. The significance of his work was misunderstood by philosophers for centuries! From the mountains of fragments we have extracted from the ancient population centers, we piece together the accounts—Darwin and Biology! Darwin and Genetics! Darwin and Fundamentalism! Darwin and Poetry! Social Darwinism! How absurd that they overlooked what would be his true contribution—they should have said Darwin and the End of Man! If they were not ancestors of so inferior a species, I should consider it the epitome of the sublimely ridiculous. But we must make concessions . . .

It is difficult for me to imagine what con-

siderations ran through the brains of those who existed eons and eons ago. "Survival of the fittest" . . . From what I can determine, the Behaviorists were the first to apply the implications of Darwin. What, they asked, made man "fit" to survive? Environment! Life was a day to day struggle of all creatures to survive in a given environment. Those who adapted the best were "fit," from prairie dog to camel and from Eskimo to Bushman. Man . . . But what about the qualities of Man that had no "survival value"? "Moral sense," said some. "Nonsense," said the others. "Let us examine in a sensible manner the traits that appear to result from a 'moral sense.'"

1. The long period of helplessness and adolescence—"A purely utilitarian training period."
2. Man's ability to reason — "A faculty which gives him supremacy over non-rational animals."
3. Man's consciousness of himself — a little more difficult, but basically "A substitute for an animal, instinctual will to live, concomitant with man's loss of instinct." Ha! Ha! The irony of it! But you must excuse me.
4. Man's ability to love, his willingness to sacrifice for ideals, his intuitive knowledge of Good and of good, morality, religion — "group psychology and positive reinforcement."

And so it went. It was environment, man, and evolution, inextricably woven. Environment was the Prime Mover. Love, hate, inspiration, imagination, devotion — "Merely chemical," they said. "The 'moral sense'? A myth!"

But then they looked around — at the multiplicity of life, at the growing things, the creeping things, at their own exploding numbers — and began to be frightened. How could they make Man more "fit"? How could they increase his pleasure, maintain his supremacy? Again the answer was simple. In the manipulation of his environment, Man could interfere with his own evolution. It had been tried by many before on a pragmatic basis. One of their number had met with indifferent success in a particularly ingenious experiment, but the general "moral sense" of most of his species labeled it "genocide." (Ha! Ha! This is really amusing!) The results were never available with scientific

accuracy. But there were other methods . . . birth control . . . electrical means — and nuclear ones. Survival of the fittest, and all decided by environment . . . They broke up families and national structures and set up new and more efficient social organizations — insect-like. They set up one criterion after another for “fitness.” “Environment is everything, and Man is infinitely plastic,” they said. And they were right.

Our evidence is incomplete, and some of this is speculative. Most of their charred and powdery remains have been destroyed for centuries. There is so much that we do not know! It is virtually impossible to determine with precision when their “reason” and intellect” began to leave them. We know it was at least 500 centuries after “passion” and “love” and approximately 341 centuries before their abandonment of their savage and inefficient method of reproduction. The nuclear particles which have contributed so much to our development and welfare seem to have done them considerable damage.

Their history is a tragic one, in a sense, if one yields to sentimental reflections on them. It is really quite ironic that we are prone to pity them when, from the beginning to the end of their conscious existence, they considered us to be without feeling. Unthinkingly, they cut us, burned us, ate us.

Of course, our memory and written history are still in their infancy. So much remains to be done. Perhaps, someday, we will discover the secret of how, sometime ages and ages ago in the blackest and most poisonous days of the nuclear wars, our vegetative ancestor — the grass — began to get a “moral sense.”

Monkeys and Men — Cont'd

possible? Why has the physical universe not regressed, or at least remained at essentially the same level, for these billions of years? Is there open to a bit of life at any point in its history the entire range of 360 degrees representing an almost infinite number of evolutionary pathways, or are some of the “choices” already ruled out? Are only certain possibilities subjected to the mechanism of natural selection (the favoring for survival of those organisms best suited to the environment)? Was, and is, life, as it now exists, *inevitable*?

The answer to these questions is found in a fundamental law of the physical universe which at first seems to deny the condition which it ultimately explains. The law is the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which states that systems in isolation spontaneously tend toward states of greater disorganization.

Thermodynamically, if a system may be described in terms of only a few arrangements, it is considered very orderly. If many arrangements of the system's microscopic parts are possible, it is highly random or disorderly. The measure of this randomness is called entropy and is measured in energy units per degrees. Another measure of the energy of a system, free energy, is the maximum amount of mechanical work that can be got out of the system. In an isolated system at constant temperature, free energy and entropy are related so that $\Delta F = \Delta H - T\Delta S$.

Or, in a reaction, the change in free energy is equal to the change in the heat content of the system minus the product of the absolute temperature (the temperature in degrees Centigrade plus 273) and the change in entropy.

What the formula means is that, in any real spontaneous process, some of the energy of the reactants is used to arrange and to organize. This energy is not reclaimable; therefore, the products of the reaction contain slightly less available, or free, energy than the reactants. They can not reverse the reaction because they no longer possess enough energy to pass spontaneously back over the energy barrier they crossed in the reaction. Therefore, all real spontaneous processes are irreversible, and all involve a decrease in free energy, unless energy other than heat is added from an outside source.

Since it is this free energy which is responsible for the organization of the microscopic parts of a



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system, real spontaneous processes, which occur only with a loss of free energy, result in a loss of organization in an isolated system. It is the essence of the Second Law that real spontaneous processes in an isolated system can go this way and no other. This points the direction of all real events in time. And yet, in seeming contradiction to this, the fundamental characteristic of life is the evolution, maintenance, and extension of a tremendous degree of organization.

The reconciliation of this seeming discrepancy lies in the loopholes of the Law. For although the Law predicts that an isolated system will tend to decrease in organization, it also allows for an increase in organization when free energy is supplied to the system.

This seems to be the situation in the case of living matter. The high free energy content and low state of disorganization are maintained and extended by a constant supply of free energy from the sun. Most of this energy is trapped in the process of photosynthesis in green plants, when a molecule of the green pigment chlorophyll is activated by the absorption of a quantum of radiant energy. This energy, transferred throughout the plant and ultimately to animals, replaces and supplements that used in organizing particles in a system, and allows an increase rather than a decrease in organization. This type of system, maintained at a certain level of organization by a continuous supply of free energy, is called a steady state. It is not an equilibrium, in which the system has achieved the lowest possible free energy and the highest possible disorganization, but is rather a system away from equilibrium, which can only be maintained in this apparent constancy by the continuous supply of free energy. Yet also necessary for the maintenance of this steady state is a minimal organization capable of absorbing and channeling the energy in a usable manner. In the history of life, this organization is believed to have appeared by a series of chance events and to have progressed in complexity. The utilization of the sun's energy became more efficient and extensive, until today the sun's rays are building cities and turning living matter on itself in the investigation of the principles by which it is governed.

With the advent of human intelligence, the evolution of various types of organization became less random than gene mutations are thought to be.

Yet here, too, free energy is necessary for the elaboration of human ideas. Humanity has captured some of the free energy of the sun and is holding it in the form of an ever-expanding "biosphere" of ever-increasing complexity.

Emergent evolution, then, does not violate the second law of thermodynamics, since it is powered by a continuous supply of free energy originating in the atomic reactions of the sun. Our social structure, computers, libraries, and systems of politics and religion, as evolving products of the human imagination, are subject to the same laws of change as were Darwin's finches, the apes, and *homo sapiens*. All are natural consequences of evolution. Living matter is not outside the physical world in terms of obedience to laws, but is an integral part of it—a fascinating special case of it, distinguished by the long and characteristic history of its development.

Some ideas from:

Blum, Harold F. *Time's Arrow and Evolution*. (Second Edition, Revised). 1962. Harper & Brother's, New York. First Edition, 1951.

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The Rainbow — Cont'd

time who will become her husband, provides "the hole in the wall, beyond which the sunshine blazed on an outside world." Like her father, Anna expects her lover to resolve her frustration, but Brangwens are not destined to resolve their sterility in their mates.

Will suffers from Anna's self-centeredness. Sexually, he and Anna are eminently compatible, for "out of the rock of his form the very foundation of her life flowed," and "to him, she was a flame that consumed him." But Anna is afraid of everything that is not herself, and this fear derives from the failure of the "illusory world" to provide, as an environment should, her identity. In her callous lack of appreciation for Will's wood-carving and love of the church, Anna breaks down his dignity by degrees. Mme. Lensky at one point offers a possible solution to their difficulties:

"Between two people, the love itself is the important thing, and that is neither you nor him. It is a third thing you must create."

Will and Anna can never create the third thing *between* themselves; they have only their physical love. Each is reduced to creating something for himself.

Anna's creation for herself demands more attention, for she finds victorious fulfillment in her children and no longer needs Will. Indeed, she makes him ashamed of his need for her. She will leave it to Ursula to realize the rainbow's adventure of the unknown that fate fails to grant her. Will is left out of her solution.

Whereas Anna considers the world illusory, Ursula considers it wrong. For example, much of Christian doctrine repulses her, especially its deprecation of the flesh.

Ursula's modern education makes her decidedly independent, even from religion. At least one item from religious lore, however, catches her fancy: the Biblical idea that the Sons of God will someday come to the daughters of men constitutes a fertile, if somewhat vague, idea of what she hopes for in life. It is at this point in the novel that one is most tempted to draw the parallel between the Sons of God, Platonic absolutes, and the daughters of men, the physical objects. Lawrence's characters seem to make the mistake of seeking a colorless,

formless truth in the physical form and riotous color of sexual relations.

In this typically Brangwen state of mind, Ursula meets Anton Skebrensky, who through an impressive self-possession "brought her a strong sense of the outer world." Symbolized as a Son of God, he comes to her, the daughter of man, and helps her at last to realize her womanhood. But Ursula is to be disappointed like her mother and grandfather, for when Skebrensky parts with Ursula to go to war, he is so composed that "to her he became strangely null—strangely nothing he was."

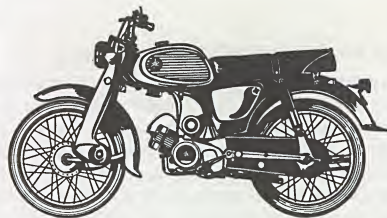
Ursula grows more dissatisfied with the modern world when she meets Winnifred Inger, a militant feminist. Through Winnifred, Ursula gains an awareness of the more monstrous facets of industrialism.

In light of their common rebellion against society, not to mention Ursula's frank admiration for Winnifred, it is no wonder that their friendship develops an erotic aspect. All the Brangwen characteristics come to life most insistently in Ursula, for she reflects and enlarges her mother in her mad desire to be herself, to be free of an unreal world, "to spring naked like the kernel of an acorn from the shell of unreality."

Lawrence's style is often rambling, repetitious, and humourless, but it is also meaty, without any of the affect, rampant simplicity of Steinbeck. A skillfull psychological approach to incidents reminiscent of Henry James effectively compensates for the conspicuous lack of dialogue. The author's treatment of the gamut of emotion varies well from character to character; indeed, it is remarkable how consistent yet imaginative each expression is.

Perhaps the most bothersome feature of the novel lies in Lawrence's unwillingness to deal with the "unknown" for which his characters search in vague or, at best, implicit, terms. The author must, however, deal with the characters as he conceived them; and they, almost by definition, do not know how to resolve their sterility. The novel, therefore, has a serious limitation: it is precisely about those who are no more than vague and implicit. How, then, could Lawrence ascribe fertility to their search?

—Richard Brantley



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One-Way Journey – Cont'd

he'd denied everything for the perfect job and to all the unknowns that had fought against him. He smiled—now there were no unknowns. The simplicity of it thrilled him. Ric Crofford cradled the thoughts of self-destruction. He strained against it, but could not help considering its varied aspects. He had smiled at its simplicity: no mud, no cold, no uncertainty. But he wondered. Was there a choice? He could live another day, waiting for the slow disease to do the job, or he could die in a sweet instant at the hand of a master skilled at his art. Ric Crofford stumbled and groped for a reason to complete the act. Sure, it would hurt those close to him, but not nearly as much as the slow way would. It was right; it made sense. He knew it, but his mind revolted against the switch to the other Ric Crofford. Had all the chores been done?

Oh, damn time, why wouldn't it be now? Time . . . Time . . . Time was clouding the purpose — slowing the hand of the master.

To hell with it all, why go any further? Why torture yourself with thought, just go to the job. Why wait? It spoiled the beauty.

Ric Crofford still had the tools of his art; he had kept them just in case. But was this an "in case"? Couldn't the tools do just one more job before retiring? They were well-tuned. Why couldn't they do the job alone? By what right did they require another to make them non-dormant and capable? They were lazy, and now he hated them for it. Not so long ago, they had been his best and only friends, but now they were his enemies . . . enemies . . . enemies . . .

But wait. Which world was he in? The small but powerful German-built pistol was perfect for

the job. Its silencer made it quiet, and the holes left by its bullet were small and gentle. Its effect was instantaneous and had never failed him. It was a work of art, in itself. Ric Crofford's life was worthless, but why this strange sickness in his guts? Why, suddenly, thoughts of his many hard fights to stay alive? Ric Crofford suddenly realized that the self-infliction of his skills differed greatly from what he had known or experienced. This strange new war was a cold and civil one to be fought on the battlefields within his own skull. One of the warriors was an old friend, well tried and battle-worthy; the other, a young rebel, the product of his new bleeding desire for life. How would his old friend fare at this new game? He could not fail; he must not.

Ric Crofford now suffered with the thought that death was the only purely final part of life. Why had it never occurred to him that it was a one-way journey? Was this the difference? Was this the reason for these new thoughts, these thoughts of an old man?

Why this sudden preciousness that time had taken on? This was worthless time. He could achieve nothing.

His mind raced back to the lives he had taken. He fought against his thoughts of their worlds and their dreams. But he had had no choice; it had been his job. He tried to excuse the thoughts.

At the height of his anxiety came a strange relief, an awakening after a long nightmare. He had never been to war, he had never killed, it was all fantasy, a bad dream. He was only a year old child, an infant, innocent of all; Ric Crofford smiled. His stone hand trembled and cracked a little, and he relaxed in his crib.

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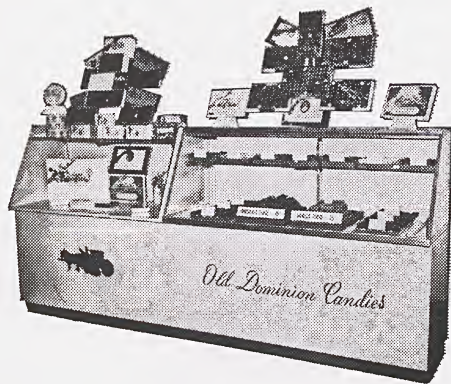
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