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CARSON



Luchin

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The Marquis

the literary magazine
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

1826

1963



Know All Men By These Presents, that

The Marquis, Literary Magazine, of Lafayette College, State of Pennsylvania.

hereinafter designated as the obligor does hereby acknowledge itself to be indebted to

*You and certain citizens of the North
 century, possessing Force, Light and Courage
 of Decision, that alone give meaning and
 Worth to Franklin, those of the Boroughs,
 Villages, Cities, Towns and Still Uncharted
 Tracts of America.*

hereinafter designated as the obligees, in the sum of:—

*One Hundred Thousand (100,000) Words,
 more or less of Careful Amusement and
 Cerebral Uplift. in the form of
 Poetry, Short Stories, Satire, Cartoons
 and Verbal Orion*

which sum said obligor does hereby covenant to pay said obligee or assigns,

with the Fall Issue of December, 1963.

AND IT IS HEREBY EXPRESSLY AGREED, that the whole of said literary principal shall become DUE YOU, the citizen (obligee) herein applying your signature immediately following (printing preferred) and address and thereupon returning this agreement to The Marquis, here at Lafayette College, together with the sum of THREE DOLLARS (\$3) which will be payment in full for one (1) year's literary effort. In this age of astronomical finance this may seem to be a paltry sum but to The Marquis it has celestial significance. It permits The Marquis to soar on a national course for the first time. By allowing this agreement into your life you, the citizen, make a pact with the human intellect allowing for one (1) year all the best that is in us, here at LAFAYETTE, to reach you. The THREE DOLLARS (\$3) is the full extent of your involvement, ours must then become a total commitment of mind, time, heart.

Michael Matthews Editor
Allen Teger Managing Editor
Alan Blumenthal Assistant Editor
Tom Greenbaum Business Manager



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letters were received in response to a document sent out by The Marquis requesting subscriptions, which is here printed on the opposite page.

The Editor!

Why don't you use capital letters where they belong, i.e., names of people and authors. How are we going to teach youngsters correct usage if it is violated by institutions of higher learning. Your cooperation is needed.

Earl D. Gardner '14

Ye Manager:

Acceptes! — without reservation — EXCEPT THAT — it is respectfully requested that my old "stick wielding coach" (Lacrosse, that is), one William Whyte Watt III, be a regular contributor!

Tink Olamsted '39

To the Editor
of The Marquis
Lafayette College
Easton, Pa.

Dear Editors:

Was very pleased to see your contract for subscription, but taxes being what they are at the end of this year, I wonder if you would be interested in a barter arrangement?

Notice citations from Benchley to Buddha (no Bassett) and Stephen Crane so wonder if you are interested in the works of alumni?

Enclose an unpublished poem which is slated to be included in a one volume edition of *Darien's World* by Liveright in the spring. If you would care to use it first naturally I would feel honored.

Two clip sheets are included for lack of other reference. Who's Who in the East will corroborate. (Will throw in a gallon of raw milk if you will come and get it before I sell the herd). Envelope for your convenience.

Sincerely,

12/7/63 Wm. B. K. Bassett '33

The Editor!

How come Stephen Crane '94, author of "Red Badge of Courage," etc., is omitted from your list of witnesses?

Good luck,

Josiah H. Frank '26

The Editor!

Congratulations on your new venture and best wishes for success. The subscription agreement is a work of art and will remain in my 1940 year-book where I place it tonight as a welcome memo from Lafayette. Never before have I seen such a stellar board of sponsors for any organization.

John R. Caldwell M. D. '40

The Editor!

And if any editor's secretary misspells my given name, the forgoing Shylock will have his pound of flesh with blood from the editor!

Ernst W. Greiner

Wm. B. K. Bassett is a poet, and business man and farmer. He is president of three corporations and has published 10 books of poetry under the pseudonym of Peter Darien. The poem he submitted to The Marquis is printed on page 15.

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THE MARQUIS

Literary Magazine, Lafayette College

Easton, Pennsylvania

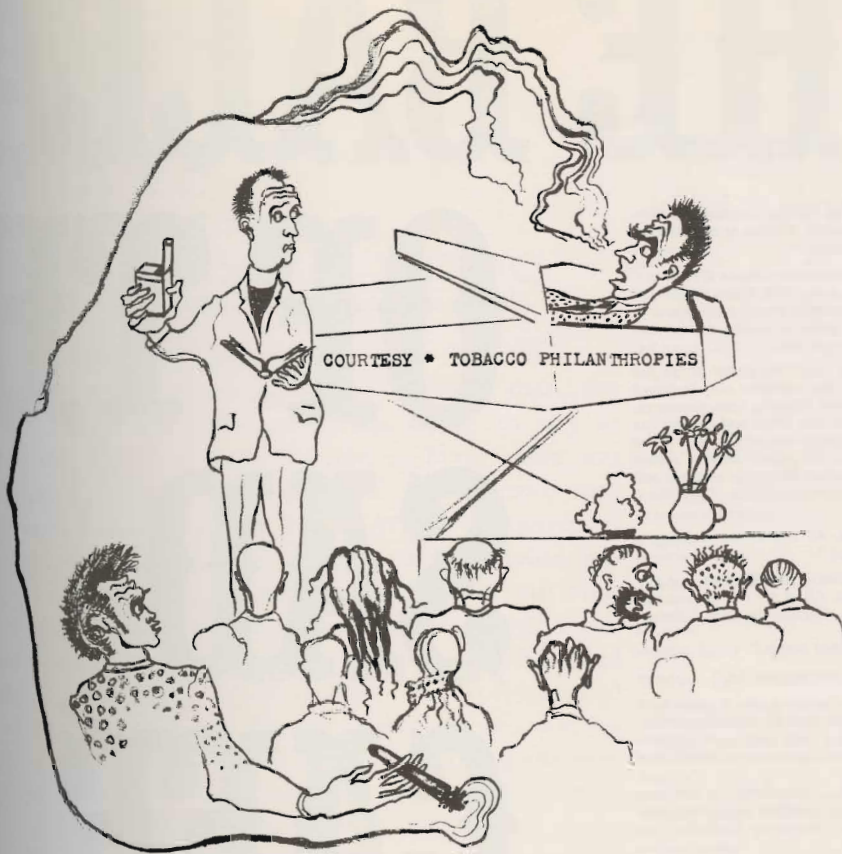


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... and now dear friends — we must not ignore the ominous talk about the flowering along the epiglottis, or rather the bronchi, of carcinomas, both epidermoid and cylindrical. But, it was his belief, and, we, as his friends honor this memory . . . that the art of smoking is not threatened by anything as unmanly as fear of epithelial proliferations in tobacco induced papillomas, or the consequent metamorphosis into carcinomas with the inevitable carcinomatosis throughout the body. For the true courtier of the brown leaf is prepared, as he was wont to be, for a Hamlet like exit, and welcomes, as he himself did, any and all detectable cardio-wrecker beating in the chest. If the diseased mucosa leak — so what — so do healthy membranes! . . . But what was and is threatening the art of smoking with total extinction is, as he saw it, such a short sad time ago, the multi-molecular approach to tobacco as indulged in by truckdrivers — cabbies — politicians and doctors as they gorge themselves through three or four packs a day. . . . This causes quick, big, mulberry carcinomas in petechias which hang like grapes throughout the larynx. The result is that laryngectomies are called for on such a national scale that the limited surgical resources cannot begin to cope with the problem, which

means — that large numbers of Americans die every year in unattended agony. It is this ghastly groaning on a national scale that may cause tobacco to be outlawed; this was his great fear. This works against the adherents of the art of smoking who use the “herba santa” casually and well limiting each mouthful to a slow succulent drag and whose carcinomas emerge gently, even gracefully, and which can be excised without taking out the whole voice organ. The final searing pain doesn’t then come for years, and often never, since a cardiopulmonary seizure often intervenes in time, as it did with him . . . Therefore, if this small, select, epicurian brotherhood could be expanded to include the masses into its ritual of a package a day — or five cigars — he foresaw that there would be enough medical care to go around. The groaning would come to an end in the land. Tobacco would not be interfered with ever. “Remember heroin,” were his last words to me. It was not the fastidious users who caused all the trouble, but the ones that overdid it and groaned like cowards afterwards, so that now you can’t get a fix for less than seventy bucks in a Harlem cellar and your throat cut . . . and . . .

"THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE" IS MAGNIFICENT"

"It is beautiful, absorbing, exciting, touching and absolutely enthralling—a notable addition to the literature of our contemporary stage."
—Chapman, News

"Edward Albee has converted Carson McCullers' strange, tender prose poem, 'The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' into a play flecked with weird, halting poetry. Their art has joined to reveal the terrible and dim face of a shattered and unnatural love."
—Taubman, Times

"We can exult: 'Here is A Play.' 'The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' is an astonishing and individual story fashioned into a drama of matchless integrity. Long afterwards, when time has obscured the image and memory has let slip the details, someone will mention 'The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' and for the briefest moment, nobody else will speak. And almost inevitably, someone will smile in grateful remembrance, and sigh: 'There Was A Play.'"
—Nadel, World Telegram & Sun

"Albee's 'Ballad' sings. An engrossing evening, a success for all concerned."
—McClain, Journal American

"Edward Albee's 'The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' is a play of enormous fascination. All of his gift for stunning dramatic power is in it. A spectacular tour de force."
—Watts, Post

"A shimmering poem of dark beauty."
—Lewis, Cue

"A drama to be added to the must-see list."
—Gaver, UPI

"A strange, haunting and potent drama. It glows with compassionate insight that holds the viewer irresistibly. Edward Albee, Broadway's prize playwright, provides another absorbing, unusual experience for theatre fans."
—Glover, AP

"Intriguing...fascinating...presented in a well near perfect production, studded with first rate performances and perfectly directed. An interesting, provocative and most unusual play."
—Gottfried, Women's Wear

"The Ballad Of The Sad Cafe' is a most important member of the still-new season."
—Bolton, Telegraph

"A quietly powerful and beautiful play."
—Norton, Boston Rec., Amer.

"Strictly Hitsville!"
—Connolly, Hollywood Reporter

"VIRTUOSITY ABOUNDS."
—Nadel, W. Tele. & Sun

"Nowhere in this production of veiled and startlingly brilliant perceptions has ALAN SCHNEIDER's staging or the beautifully fused performance failed Mr. Albee or Mrs. McCullers."
—Taubman, Times

"Directed with great understanding by ALAN SCHNEIDER."
—Glover, AP

"COLLEEN DEWHURST...The new star of the season."
—N.Y. Post

"COLLEEN DEWHURST's performance is no less than heroic."
—Chapman, News

"Broadway's First Lady—one of our greatest artists, COLLEEN DEWHURST is phenomenal."
—Lewis, Cue

"COLLEEN DEWHURST as Miss Amelia is triumphant."
—Oppenheimer, Newsday

"Excellent performance by WILLIAM PRINCE."
—Watts, Post

"WILLIAM PRINCE has a compelling role."
—McClain, J.I. Amer.

"A fascinating performance by MICHAEL DUNN."
—Gaver, UPI

"LDO ANTONIO is consistently fine and brilliant."
—Nadel, W. Tele. & Sun

"ROSCOE LEE BROWNE narrates the saga with casual charm."
—Hips, Newark News

"ENID MAYKEY has a fine romp as the village gossip."
—McClain, J.I. Amer.

"The people of the town are beautifully played. The ratcheting castiness and straightforward statements are vital comedy."
—Nadel, W. Tele. & Sun

OF THE SAD CAFE

—Chapman, News

Lewis Allen and Glen Edwards present

COLLEEN DEWHURST
WILLIAM PRINCE

in
CARSON McCULLERS'

THE BALLAD
OF THE
SAD CAFE

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY
EDWARD ALBEE

with
LDO ANTONIO ROSCOE LEE ENID
BROWNE MAYKEY
John C. Becher Jerry Egge Beverly Blossom Jeanne Selmer Linda Walden

and
MICHAEL DUNN

Directed by
ALAN SCHNEIDER

Scenery by Ben Edwards Lighting by Jean Rosenthal Music Composed by William Flanagan Costumes by An Helen Hodgson Props Productions, Inc. Production Jane Greenwood

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MARTIN BECK THEATRE

45th Street, West of Eighth Avenue, Circle 45-6363



THE MARQUIS

INTERVIEWS

CARSON McCULLERS

Carson McCullers published her first novel, "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter," at the age of 22. It was a fantastic critical success. One critic went so far as to say that in the novel Mrs. McCullers had reached the apex of her form, and would be hard put to equal it. However, Member of the Wedding, Ballad of the Sad Cafe and Clock Without Hands attest to the fact that Mrs. McCullers has lived up to her early and usually high standard. Her own adaption of the Member of the Wedding enjoyed one of the most successful runs in Broadway history. In Europe Carson McCullers is considered the greatest American authoress.

It happened that green and crazy summer when Frankie was twelve years old. This was the summer when for a long time she had not been a member. She belonged to no club and was a member of nothing in the world. Frankie had become an unjoined person who hung around in doorways, and she was afraid. In June the trees were bright, dizzy green, but later the leaves darkened, and the town turned black and shrunken under the glare of the sun. At first Frankie walked around doing one thing and another. The sidewalks of the town were gray in the early morning and at night, but the noon sun put a glare on them, so that the cement burned and glittered like glass. The sidewalks finally became too hot for Frankie's feet, and also she got

herself in trouble. She was in so much secret trouble that she thought it was better to stay at home — and at home there was only Berenice Sadie Brown and John Henry West. The three of them sat at the kitchen table, saying the same things over and over, so that by August the words began to rhyme with each other and sound strange. The world seemed to die each afternoon and nothing moved any longer. At last the summer was like a green sick dream, or like a silent crazy jungle under glass. And then, on the last Friday of August, all this was changed: it was so sudden that Frankie puzzled the whole blank afternoon, and still she did not understand.

'It is so very queer,' she said. 'The way it all just happened.'

'Happened? Happened?' said Berenice.

John Henry listened and watched them quietly.

'I have never been so puzzled.'

'But puzzled about what?'

'The whole thing,' Frankie said. And Berenice remarked: "I believe the sun has fried your brains.'

'Me too,' John Henry whispered.

Frankie herself almost admitted maybe so. It was four o'clock in the afternoon and the kitchen was square and gray and quiet. Frankie sat at the table with her eyes half closed, and she thought about a wedding. She saw a silent church, a strange snow slanting down against the colored windows. The groom in this wedding was her

brother, and there was a brightness where his face should be. The bride was there in a long white train, and the bride also was faceless. There was something about this wedding that gave Frankie a feeling she could not name.

• • •

Berenice dealt the cards for three-handed bridge. Berenice had been the cook since Frankie could remember. She was very black and broad-shouldered and short. She always said that she was thirty-five years old, but she had been saying that at least three years. Her hair was parted, plaited, and greased close to the skull, and she had a flat and quiet face. There was only one thing wrong about Berenice — her left eye was bright blue glass. It started out fixed and wild from her quiet, colored face, and why she had wanted a blue eye nobody human would ever know. Her right eye was dark and sad. Berenice dealt slowly, licking her thumb when the sweaty cards stuck together. John Henry watched each card as it was being dealt. His chest was white and wet and naked, and he wore around his neck a tiny lead donkey tied by a string. He was blood kin to Frankie, first cousin, and all summer he would eat dinner and spend the day with her, or eat supper and spend the night; and she could not make him go home. He was small to be six years old, but he had the largest knees that Frankie had ever seen, and on one of them there was always a scab or a bandage where he had fallen down and skinned himself. John Henry had a little screwed white face and he wore tiny gold-rimmed glasses. He watched all of the cards very carefully, because he was in debt; he owed Berenice more than five million dollars.

From *The Member of The Wedding*

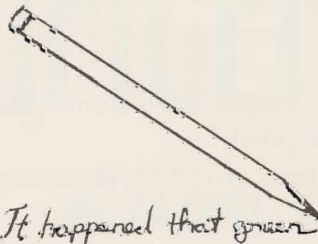
THE INTERVIEW

Carson McCullers lives in a rambling billiard style house next to the telephone company and just down the street from the business section of South Nyack, New York. It was not without difficulty that we finally arrived there in the dusk of an early October afternoon. From the very moment of Mrs. McCullers acceptance of our interview plans we had been proud of the organization of our venture. We assiduously reread all her novels, background material was hunted up, past reviews of her work and critical studies were researched. On the appointed day we left Easton in what seemed like plenty of time to make our three o'clock appointment. On our first attempt we proceeded no farther than Center Square where, while buying tapes for the recorder, one car dies from under us. It was another hour of misplaced keys, broken garage door windows and frantic calls to friends before we were finally on our way. We had telephoned ahead and plans had been altered to accommodate our unfortunate circumstances.

Once in South Nyack we stopped at the first bar and had a few beers to aid in collecting our thoughts. At the bar we asked directions to the McCullers house and receiving them from a plumber proceeded there with little trouble. The home of Carson McCullers is far removed either from the road or from the center of town. The first floor is partially hidden by clusters of forsythia bushes on either side of the dirt path that leads to the porch. We parked the car, gathered our equipment and went to the door. Our knock was answered by a large colored maid in a chic black uniform who after asking our names and business promptly closed the door in our faces. When she had

validated our credentials with Mrs. McCullers the maid ushered us into a fairly large living room. Carson McCullers sat as small as a bird, much like a sandpiper with its thinness of legs, in a chair next to the fireplace. She was dressed in a blue dressing gown and because of a stroke suffered years ago she shook our hands but did not rise to greet us. She asked us to sit where she could see us clearly and sent the maid for two coca-colas. After a few awkward remarks, we set up the tape recorder and the interview began.

At the outset of the interview Mrs. McCullers seemed to be afraid of our tape machine but she became progressively more at ease as we talked. She spoke in a small, tremulous voice that nevertheless mirrored an inner hardness and a strong willed mind. Her only movements were to shift the position of her legs, to light a filter cigarette, or to take a sip from a small silver cup by her side.



The Marquis: Mrs. McCullers, how did you come to put *Ballad of the Sad Cafe* on the stage?

Mrs. McCullers: About two years ago, Mr. Albee came to me and Lew Allen, who had been associated with *Member of the Wedding*, so I knew Lew, and of course I knew Mr. Albee. Mr. Albee said he wanted to adapt the *Ballad of the Sad Cafe*: It took me a long time to wonder whether I should have him do it

or not. Then, when I read his work and talked with him, I said to him 'yes.' From then on it was his 'baby.' I haven't even been to rehearsal yet.

The M.: Has he talked to you about it?

Mrs. McC: No, he hasn't. I read some of his script, his early script, but I haven't seen the last one.

The M.: How about some of your earlier works? You were 22 when you wrote "*Heart is a Lonely Hunter*." Is that the first one that you had ever written?

Mrs. McC: No, I had written several things, plays, and short stories and some others and then when I was 19, I began "*Heart is a Lonely Hunter*." It had been fixed in my mind. I didn't understand what it was all about. These people were talking to another person and I wonder why. Suddenly it came to me why he didn't ever answer them. I didn't say a word, it just came to me suddenly—why he is a dumb mute. And, from there on it just clicked. I understood the pretext of the story, why he couldn't speak and why we were speaking to him. Because he could not speak. Could he respond to them.

The M.: How did you come to submit it to New York to a publisher?

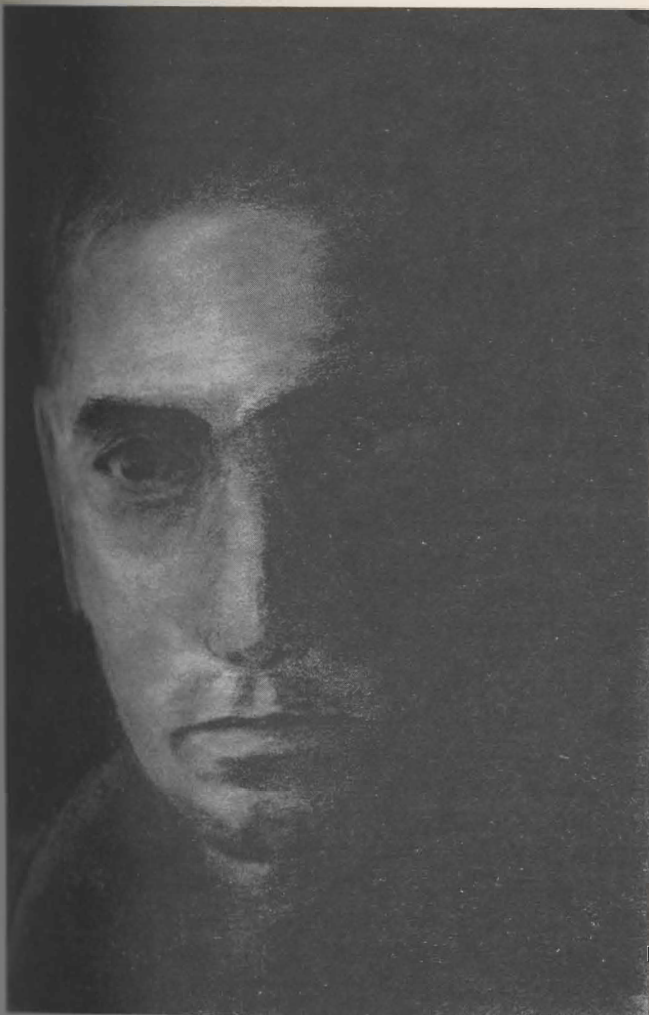
Mrs. McC: Oh, about that time I had heard that there was a contest, a story contest at Houghton Mifflin, a book contest. I had already finished about five chapters, so I sent them directly to Houghton-Mifflin. They took it.

The M.: How did you feel when the book became the critical success that it was?

Mrs. McC: Well, I was very pleased.

The M.: Richard Wright said about your novel, in the *New Republic*

Continued on Page 20



L. Suplee

INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD ALBEE

Edward Albee is the new shining light of the American theater. He began with two off-broadway successes, "The Zoo Story" and "The American Dream," and in 1962 scored a tremendous critical and financial success with the provocative Broadway play—"Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf." He followed this with the highly acclaimed adaptation of Carson McCuller's novella—"The Ballad of the Sad Cafe," which is currently preparing to go on the road.

The interview with Carson McCuller having worked as smoothly as it did we thought that we should attempt something else in the same vein. Edward Albee became our second subject for three reasons: he is a name in contemporary theater; he was in the first stages of rehearsing his adaptation of McCuller's *Ballad of the Sad Cafe* to the stage; and we had a connection that would enable us to see him later.

We repeated the same preparations that we had used prior to the McCuller's interview for Albee's. This time we journeyed to New York where Lewis Allen, the co-producer of *Ballad*, had arranged for us to meet with and interview Albee. On our first trip we were only able to meet Albee and set up a date for the interview. It was dur-

ing the preview of the stage play of *Ballad*, and Albee was busy with last minute revisions. Ben Edwards, co-producer with Allen, and set designer for the play very generously gave us tickets for the performance so our first attempt was not a total loss.

Our date with Albee had been set for a weekday afternoon but upon arriving in New York, we were beset by mishaps that rivaled those of the McCuller's interview. Albee could not be found in the afternoon, and we were told to waylay him as he walked to the theatre. Until *Ballad's* curtain time we wandered around the city. We returned to the theatre, the Martin Beck on West Forty-fifth Street, about eight o'clock and with the help of the theatre manager set things up

for the interview. Albee arrived and after cornering him we received a promise for one half hour just after the opening scene of the play. We were in the process of testing the tape recorder when to our chagrin we discovered that the theatre building carried only D. C. current. The tape recorder blew a fuse and we were forced to take the interview by hand in an upstairs office. The three of us had to whisper because of our proximity to the stage.

Our immediate impression of Albee was that we had seen him many times before, possibly in Brook's Brothers or in the cocktail lounge of the Biltmore Hotel. He wore a neat grey tweed suit, a button-down shirt with a print tie, cordovan shoes, and his greying hair was crew cut. He looked youthful, slim, and

Continued on Page 24

THE PROCESS OF A HERITAGE

By John Heilman

This article assesses Lafayette's position in the nation, its heritage, and also President Bergethon's plans for the future and what they will mean to Lafayette in the next decade.

The recent Ford Foundation challenge grant to Lafayette should make some of us stop and think for a moment. Many students here classify Lafayette as a relatively good college, above average academically, but not outstanding. The Ford Foundation is not about to give money to a second-rate institution. What makes Lafayette first-rate? Several answers to this question are contained in a *Special Report about the Ford Foundation Challenge*, prepared for the Lafayette Leadership Conference, September 13-14. This report describes

Ford's five criteria for selecting leading institutions.

The first of these is a strong tradition not only of scholarship in the faculty and ability in the students but also of noteworthy alumni achievement. Lafayette has this. Fifty-three per cent of the entire faculty, and sixty-three per cent of the arts and science faculty hold the Ph.D. Actively publishing in their fields, our faculty have produced about four hundred forty treatises, papers, reports, and books within the last four years. The students have good leadership and academic potential. Eighty per cent come from the top two-fifths of their high school classes, and substantial numbers have engaged in high school athletic, journalistic, musical, and governmental activities. The record of our alumni attests the quality

of a Lafayette education. Volume Thirty-two of *Who's Who in America* contains the names of one hundred fifteen living Lafayette alumni. In terms of the number of alumni listed, Lafayette ranks seventh among all liberal arts colleges for men; forty-sixth among twelve hundred colleges and universities in the nation; fifth among all privately supported technical institutions; first among all schools related to the United Presbyterian Church.

After the tradition of scholarship, the next criterion which must be met is effective administration and trustee leadership. Since the end of World War II, Lafayette has made outstanding academic and financial gains. The Board of Trustees has actively participated in all of the Colleges' plans, and has proven by financial support of these plans that it has had and conviction in Lafayette's future. Hand in hand with effective leadership comes the standard for judging educational institutions — the ability to make improvements. The trustees and administration must have not only the vision to plan for our future but also the financing to make



B. Van Steenburg

their ambitions. This means that a college must have a good endowment, and Lafayette has recently made considerable advances in this respect.

The book value of our total assets is now \$34,146,000, or 3.7 times what it was at the end of World War II. Our endowment has grown from a 1945 market value of \$5,164,000 to a current market value of \$28,000,000. The current market value of the endowment per student is \$17,943. This means that the endowment has grown fivefold within the past decade alone. In the same time, however, the College's expenditure per student has little more than doubled, from \$950 in 1953 to \$2,090 currently. Thus it can be seen that Lafayette has made genuine progress in building its endowment, and that this endowment is growing at a faster rate than are total College expenditures.

These funds which have so recently become available to us are being well used and widely distributed. Since 1953, average faculty compensation, including salaries and all other benefits, has risen from \$330 to \$9,138. Meanwhile, student loans and grants, totaling \$81,000 for 1,384 students in 1953, have risen to a current \$513,000 for 1,560 students. There are two reasons for this near-tripling of student aid. Lafayette must offer substantial assistance to compete with other institutions for able students. Also, the annual educational and general budget has risen to more than \$1,250,000 since 1953. The skyrocketing costs of operation have resulted in a near-doubling of tuition charges. Student aid is therefore necessary to bridge the growing gap between a deserving student's ability to pay and the actual cost of his education.

Like teacher compensation and student aid, plant assets have grown

tremendously within the past decade or two. Structures built after 1945 are everywhere evident: Alumni Hall and Olin Hall; Kirby Dormitory, Soles Hall, Watson Hall, and five new fraternities; South College, McKeen, and Marquis Hall; and most recently, the New Library. Financially, these represent a growth of plant assets from \$4,786,215 to \$14,546,000.

The above facts amply demonstrated to the Ford Foundation that Lafayette had a strong tradition of scholarship; that it had an effective administration and trustee leadership; and that it had the ability to make substantial improvements. Ford made two more requirements: loyal support from alumni and others, and sound future planning.

Total giving to Lafayette in the last ten years has amounted to \$14,-

453,000. About \$8,000,000 of this has come from the Ford, Olin, and Marquis Foundations. Half the remainder has been given by alumni and the governing board, and the rest has been contributed by business, industry, the United Presbyterian Church, and others.

The Board of Trustees' ten year (1960-1970) Development Program clearly shows the soundness of our future planning. The total needs of this program, \$18,540,000, will be allocated to two areas of improvement: the physical plant and the endowment. The New Library and South College are the first two steps completed to meet plant needs. Improvements and additions worth \$8,270,000 will be made in freshman, upperclass, and faculty housing, a new field house and auditorium, and improvement of the campus. The remaining \$10,270,000 will be used in endowment to establish or maintain professorships, student financial aid funds, and the Library.

Having met the five criteria of leading institutions, we have qualified for and received the Ford Foundation challenge grant of \$2,000,000. To qualify for the full amount, we must secure \$5,000,000 by June 30, 1966. In effect, for every \$500 received from sources other than the Ford Foundation and the government, the Foundation will give another \$200.

How will we raise the money, and how will we use it? First, there will be an intensive campaign among alumni, Easton citizens, business and industry, the United Presbyterian Church, and other friends of the College. Second, there will be a stepped up program of bequests to continue through 1964.

The funds will be used for the conversion of Pardee Hall to an

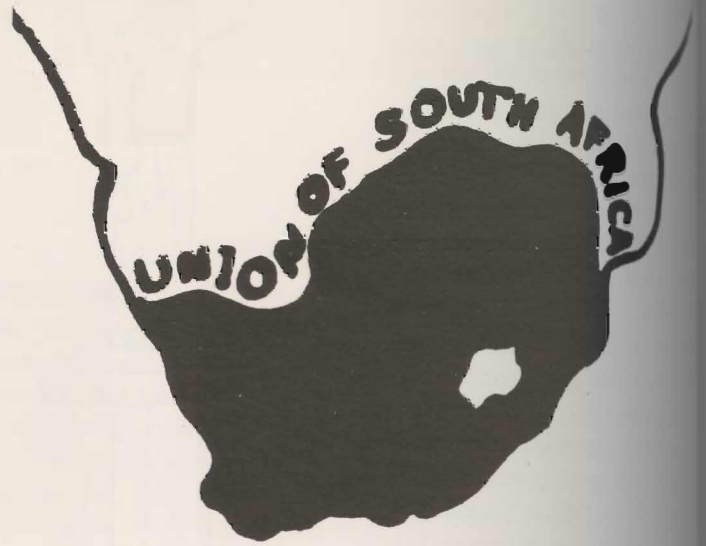
Continued on Page 25



BASUTOLAND:

AN ISLAND IN A SEA OF HATE

BY
WALTER RALITSAELE



Lisema Walter Ralitsaele is a native of Teyateyaneng, Basutoland, and is presently studying electrical engineering at Lafayette under the African Scholarship program of American Universities. Before coming to the United States, he studied in Johannesburg, which is in the northeast sector of the pro-apartheid Union of South Africa.

Reference to the map of Africa will reveal that Basutoland is a small British protectorate surrounded by the wealthy pro-apartheid Republic of South Africa. It is neither the capital town of Egypt, nor is it somewhere in the northern half of Africa as some gallant Americans have ventured to say.

In view of its being seldom in the headlines of any newspaper, except those that are South African, I would not be surprised if someone, who is very obsessed by the greatness of America, associated it with the most backward country in the Dark Continent, inhabited by people of the stone age way of life. However, in actuality, over the many years that they've been in South Africa, the French missionaries have tended to change that way of living.

Basutoland owes its present status to the man who was its chief during the early years of the eighteenth century when the law of the jungle — survival of the fittest — was about the only code of law in South Africa. The indigenous product, the black man, and the foreign product, the supposed white man, were hotly engaged in a struggle to prove who was to boss and who was to fawn. Thus the Basutoland chief, Moshoeshoe by name, petitioned the British for protection, and since then they have been in our mountainous country. Whether or not this has proved profitable to the present citizens is worth considering.

Freedom being about the most coveted thing in South Africa after so many years of suppression and exploitation, the Basutos dis-

play a great pride for their degree of freedom, and this serves to augment the hostility that exists between the two countries. However, their idea of complete freedom is not necessarily self-government. It is giving equal opportunities to everybody, first preference not being reserved for people of a certain complexion. Any government that satisfies this requirement is right, irrespective of the color of the skins of the people who compose it. The Basutos are not pro-black in any sense of the word, but rather pro-freedom and anti-tyranny of any color.

Basutoland is anti-apartheid (which means anti-segregation), and that when any human incarnation of that policy sets foot on Basuto soil, he is made aware that a different set of rules is to be observed.

one. Naturally, the advocate of apartheid detests this, because he might be forced to have his black servant sit in the front seat with him. However, the Basutos are giving a taste of apartheid in return. If one of them risks traveling to the Republic of South Africa without the pass that every black man is expected to carry, he might be imprisoned and sent to one of the Afrikaner owned farms to dig up potatoes with his fingers, while an armed Afrikaner drives him from behind with a whip. This is no exaggeration, and is in fact the manner in which every black prisoner is likely to suffer. However, in a strange way this makes life very simple for the white South African treats every black man in the same way, which prepares anyone of the colour for what is in store for him. There's no hypocrisy about it. That, I think is the difference between the Republic of South Africa and the U. S. A. on the racial difference. In one it is wide open, while in the other it is not, so that the stranger is in most cases not certain whether the smile given him is for friendship's sake or for making him believe that actually the U. S. A. is not as bad as our newspapers might be leading us to believe.

All the same, despite what they hear about the racial problems in the U. S. A., the Basutos still think of America as a black man's haven. They gladly accept the powdered milk and scholarships from the U. S. However, rather than have most of them illiterate by reason of the scarcity of scholarships from the West, they will readily turn to the East, provided there are no strings attached.

The British Lion has been at the borders of Basutoland, snarling threateningly to ward off possible enemies of that small Basuto Homeland. As might be expected, the people have always been grateful to the British — grateful for the protection that allows them freedom of speech, thought, and the like, in their poor country. But of late they are wondering if the Lion has not been overdoing its roars of protection. They are not sure whether, besides keeping enemies away, the roars have not been a barricade to winds of advancement, educational and industrial. Somehow or other, people have come to question the existence of so many edifices intended for the appreciation of the life hereafter, when life here leaves so much to be desired. They realize much has been

done to make them understand the mysterious, which is very useful if not practical, but they believe that if the British had concentrated on helping them build more schools and some form of industrial center, things would be much better.

As it is now there is a high degree of unemployment, and wages are lamentably low for those who are not well educated. Thus, able-bodied men go to the Republic of South Africa to work in goldmines, diamond mines, coal mines and factories while the emigrants live luxuriously in Basutoland. This unfortunate policy has made an irreparable breach which will probably be considerably widened in the coming years. For, now that the Basutos are fighting a winning battle, in that they have as much to do with the governing of their country as any white man does, it is very likely that the time will come when the preconceived idea of superiority by virtue of colour will be trampled underfoot. Then those people who thrive on it will have to accept the new idea and stay, or reject it and stay to be trampled underfoot with their idea, or uphold their idea outside of Basutoland.

MADISON AVENUE

The charred bird whistle persuades
an upraised eye-lid caught in
a spewing sea to
look to the east,
as wilted white ink liquids over
the straw air.

A yellow flurry, coughing and yelling,
runs and balances on the
bristling barbed wire,
as a fat-free, salt-added, poly-unsaturated,
unconglomerated housewife
drapes virgin wool over the
dog food.

The nude becomes lost in linen busy with
lucid lost nights,
drawing parallels to her bilge water
and mosquito scum
as only the one brand in four can do.

Our heroine, once lost in an
opium filled closet,
dreaming of
BAD BREATH IN DOGS,
suddenly awakes from channel five and to
reality.

by David L. Minter

THE ESTHETICS OF FOLK MUSIC

By Steve Yolen

The nature of folk music is paradoxical in America. The medium postulates in its very name that it is the music of the "folk", i. e. the common people, the unsophisticated, poorly educated persons, usually from rural or semi-rural areas who generally are engaged in some type of physical labor as chief means of livelihood. Ideally, folk music is spontaneously generated by these sort of people, anonymously written and universally sung, as a necessary part of their lives; it forms an esthetic outlet perhaps, or at least is a means for satisfying emotional needs. But the paradox in American folk music is that today it is enjoyed and composed not by the true "folk" so much as the educated and more sophisticated elements of the population.

The paradox in folk music inevitably leads to esthetic controversy. The sophisticated listeners of folk music do not have the psychological necessity for the music as do those from whom the style originates. Therefore, rather than submitting to the power of the emotional intensity of the music (the emotional intensity inherent in the creation of it because of its unpretentious generation), many sophisticated listeners attempt to intellectualize it, apply to it the formal values used in conscious artistic productions. This practice has led to the prostitution of folk music into the hypocritical and

popular cult of false ethics so rampant today.

Let me explain this harsh indictment. The only basis for the form "folk music" is that it is rooted in the history and tradition of the people. This does not mean that it has no artistic merit besides historical value. To the contrary, the popular renewal of interest in folk music has substantially re-evaluated the worth of many obscure and unappreciated songs. But this does not negate the historical context. What the modern folk revival has done, at least on the popular level, is to forget the tradition in a field where tradition is the only basis for the form in the first place. Consequently, there has been a shift in emphasis in appreciation of the music. The esthetic emphasis has turned towards the performer, his style and his instrumentation, rather than concentrating equally on the song and the performance. The advantage of the rough-hewn, untrained performer (i. e. the true "folk") is that there is more of a chance for the basic emotive power inherent in the music to affect the listener. Therefore, the popular emphasis on a clean style and neglect of roots has, rather than created a more exciting performance, turned the whole art form into a mediocre, dull and insincere exhibition of individual taste.

The problem now is to decide on the esthetic efficacy of the con-

temporary imitation of folk music. In other words, is it possible for a modern, sophisticated listener to receive a *bona fide* esthetic experience from the modern revival? Purely empirical evidence seems to indicate that the question is true. To put it another way, can you go to coffee houses and clubs and watch people having esthetic experiences. Of course, there are critics who would disagree; it is nearly impossible for a sophisticated listener to stimulate a true esthetic emotion. I am not such a critic. But I do have a perverse interest in mass culture and popular art. Those elements of the population who support such entertainment are notoriously undiscriminating; their level of esthetic appreciation is low and can be related by low forms of cultural truth is that many people who do not have the experience and experience emotions which are considered esthetic when they listen to the contemporary arrangement of a folk song. Therefore, the experience is dependent on the facts of the performance. In any art form, each individual is affected differently. It is this esthetic controversy which is prevalent. The degree of esthetic experience of a modern performer relies on his condition is often in inverse proportion to his popularity. Between two performers of equal ability



L. Suplee

one who relies least upon tradition will almost always be more successful. Does this mean, then, that, speaking esthetically, tradition (the rough, unpolished, emotive sound) is deadening to popular judgment? Evidently this is the case because the traditional values in folk music are not the traditional values necessary to sell records. Consequently, those values which are important in creating a lucrative market are emphasized while those which are unappealing to popular taste are eradicated. This is prostitution.

As in many art forms, there is an *avant garde* in folk music. However, we run into another paradox when speaking of the *avant garde* in this field. Instead of liking forms that are considered ahead of their times (the vanguard style, the usual meaning reserved for these people), the true *avant garde* in folk music appreciates the more traditional. The further back a song can trace its roots, the more they are likely to enjoy it; the more primitive a performance, the greater the praise from this group. Naturally, the smooth, popular versions are an anathema to them. They are, in a way, formalists, in that they try to understand the formal composition of a song. They also place a strong emphasis on purity. But, then again, paradoxically they recognize the intense emotive basis of the songs and performances, and this is excluded from formalist doctrine.

At the other end of the continuum are the popular adapters. They defend their bastardizing of the music as being in the modern idiom, of being an up-to-date representation of a dynamic and changing art form. They dislike the pure, harsh versions and dismiss them as grating authenticity. Folk music is an outgrowth of a natural process of musical evolu-

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COMING HOME

By J. Stoner Lichty, Jr.

Cathy sat quietly on the top step of the old summer home. She could hear the horn of the Shelter Island Ferry in the distance. She knew that Paul would be back soon. With a slow backward glance at the shaded house she started down the road to greet her older brother. When she reached the busy, bleached white docks, she stood to watch the grey and rusting boat clumsily maneuver into position.

From his vantage point on the ferry Paul saw Cathy among the many summer people below. He waved, and she saw him. When he got ashore, he carefully pushed his way through the crowd toward his sister. Together they started the walk home.

"Eric is back," she said. "He came this afternoon."

"Does Mother know?"

"No, she's away, at the club. She doesn't know yet," Cathy answered. "He was sitting on the porch in the big chair with his feet up on the table when I came up from the beach. He didn't see me at first."

"Did he say why he had come?" asked Paul with slowness and great inner hope.

"He didn't say much. He said he was getting older. He'll be seventeen next week, Paul. He said he just wanted to be home for his birthday. He rode all the way back on his motor scooter. He's tired."

"Tell me, what did he say?"

"He didn't say much. He just sat in the big chair and looked out over the trees at the sea. I didn't know what to do. I wanted to make him feel welcome, but there wasn't anything I could do. I asked him about his job. He said he didn't like Maine or the boat he was on. He says he likes to work, he really does, but not there. He has no money and hasn't eaten since yesterday. He was saving his change for the ferry."

They walked on together down the shaded road toward the house. They said nothing for a while.

"Did Eric say what he planned to do?" asked Paul.

"He has no plans. He wants Father to buy him a new sailboat."

"Will he go back to school?"

"You don't understand! He won't go back. He hates the academy. He was tired and wanted to be home for his birthday. That's all. He talks of going sailing with us every day. He says we'll get up every morning, before the sun, and take the boat and sail it out in the bay. That's what he talks about. They can't send him back to school. He won't go."

The sunlight streaked through the leaves and down upon them as they walked side by side toward the house. The house sat on a low hill closely hidden by the surrounding firs. The back faced the sea. Cathy stopped and buried her feet in the sand of the road.

"Remember how happy and he was when he left for his on the boat? Listen, Paul, I wanted to be off on his making some money, and doing something he knew and liked. He's six months up in Maine and goes out early every day has changed him. He was the watch and he to stand alone in the prow to watch the silent sea while the rest were below sleeping or drinking coffee. You know how it's hard on him to be alone. He's changed. Paul, Eric's not as strong as he used to be. He's tired, and he'll need to be rested again. I can tell."

Cathy looked up suddenly and the sunlight strike her face. She stood there for a moment squinting into the brightness. Paul caught her, and they walked up into the house. It was dark and silent on the side. The slate stones of the house gave off a coolness that was refreshing after the hot sun. She listened but heard nothing. Cathy could remember when the house used to ring with the shouts of children, happy sounds, but it was quiet now.

They went out onto the porch. Eric wasn't there. They looked down to the beaches and out onto the sea. On a dune out by the porch stood a solitary figure—it was Eric surrounded by the whiteness of the sand facing the waters. He was standing motionless but with strength, as if he were the top of a pile which had been driven

into the depths of the sand. Cathy and Paul watched silently, silent with love for something they couldn't comprehend.

"It's all wrong," said the sister. And Paul knew it was true, and yet he could not see exactly why. But then he began to understand. It was the stillness of the scene that was disturbing. It was the stillness that was wrong, the terrible stillness.

* * * * *

FOLK MUSIC

Continued from Page 13

and is not in the least sacred as it is to the purists. Thus, they make folk music in their own image and turn out smooth, melodic entertainment. The fact that rewriting folk songs, songs supposedly spontaneous and anonymous, is going on at such a rapid pace shows the tremendous influence of the popular philosophy of folk music. In the end, the contemporary bowdlerized productions are easier to listen to. There is no need to acclimate the ear, to educate the taste, and therefore, since no work is required to enjoy the music, no work is done.

Now that I have described the esthetic climate of folk music, let me make a few observations about the esthetic rewards which can be gained from the two schools I have been discussing. Let me pose the problem: is it true that because some people enjoy the popular form of folk music there is more esthetic value to be received from this style; or is the purist idea correct, that the more one understands about the basis of the music the

more esthetic pleasure one will derive from it?

A digression on the nature of the esthetic experience is in order here. There is a decided difference in esthetic appreciation felt by those who unconsciously compose folk music (those for whom the music is an integral part of their experience) and those who approach the music from the distance. For the "folk" it is an emotional experience; for the outsider it is often a conscious attempt to experience an

esthetic sensation. Any emotional quality he may receive is not due to interaction between the song and his history but only between the song and its particular facts of performance. When this type of person is sincerely looking for beauty in folk music, it is likely he will find it. But the philistine, whose taste may coincide with the popular taste, will not receive as rewarding an experience.

Continued on Page 28

The following poem is by William B. K. Basset of the class of 1933, who publishes under the pseudonym of Peter Darien, (See letter, P. 1). The title in the series from which it was taken is "North at Forty Thousand."

Outside without limit,
personless,
You see this pocked and
ribbed snow morain —
Floating above
the skin of sea . . .

But why after cocktails
and convivial chatter
Should roses appear
in a bowl of cream —
And pink cherubs rise
from crabbed embryo?

Which one is wanton:
the bright-eyed lizzard
Catching his fare
with lightning tongue

The whorled mollusk
dredging its fateful way
below the tide . . .

Which should a rational
nature spare:

Birdsong at eventide,
pineladen air,
Or this truncated quadruped
whose incredible clinker
can decimate all?

Ponder the fine points
of this fissionable dichotomy,
Then spiral down from darkness
to some jeweled
And writhing dragon:
filled with the old familiar
bustle of man's race.

ENVOI

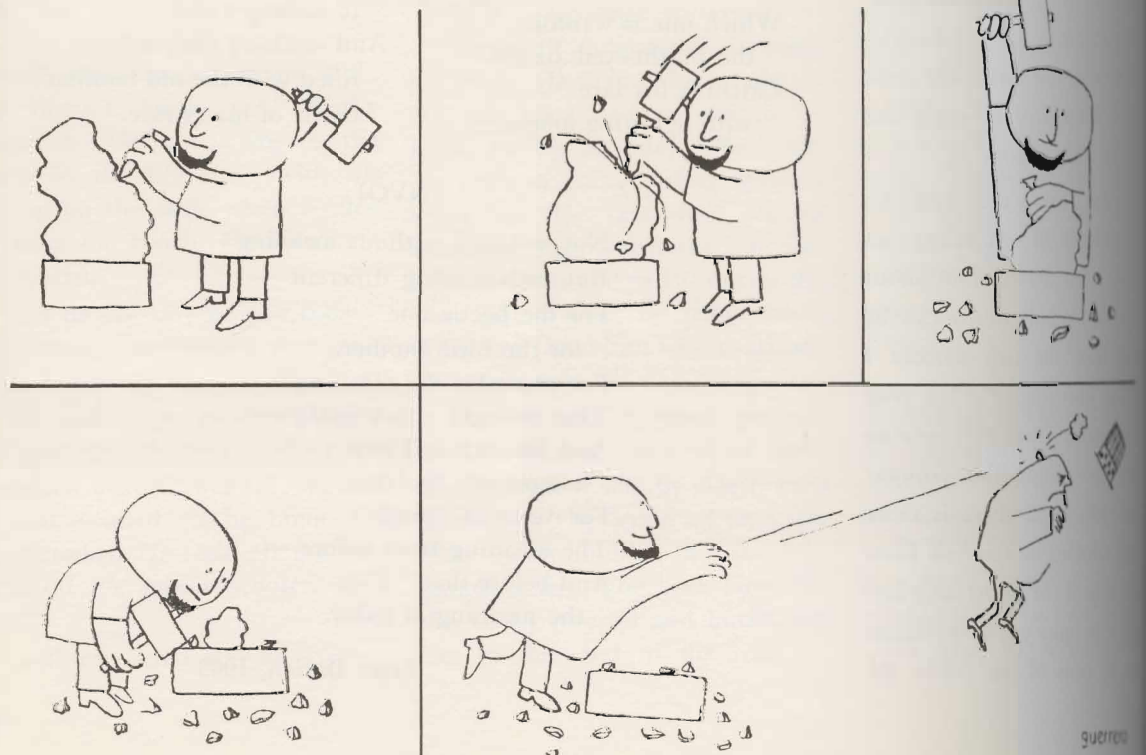
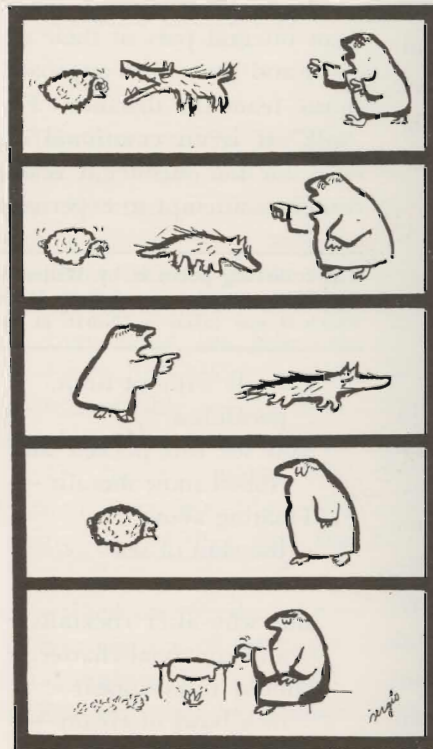
Not watched without meaning
But each reading different —
For the beetle one
for the bird another.
For yesterday the meaning
That brought about today —
And for each cell now
tomorrow's health.
For yesterday itself
The meaning from before —
And before that:
the meaning as today.

Peter Darien, 1963

OFFERINGS FROM A FRENCH CORNER



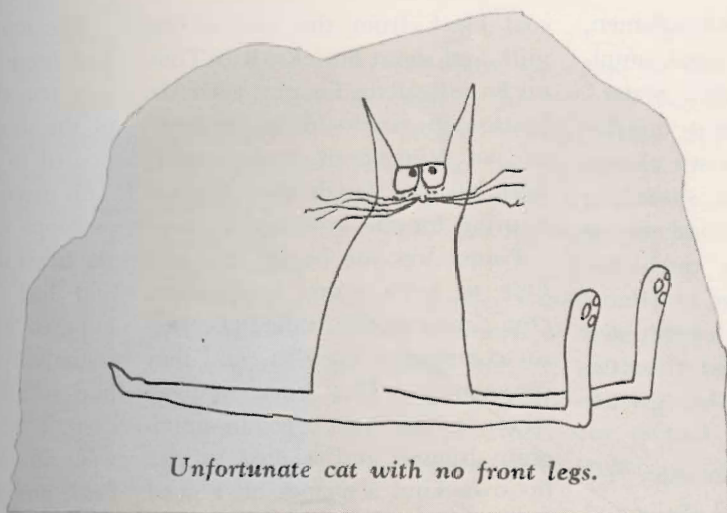
These cartoons appeared in *Sine-Massacre*, the French magazine that could be called the satirical bowels of an intellectual anarchy very peculiar to Paris. The policy and style, however, even outraged Paris opinion and it folded. The Marquis feels that its readers would be interested in some Cuban cartoons which were run in *Sine-Massacre*. It is interesting to note that the red world does not hesitate to use the aged art form of the cartoon and the laugh as propaganda.



guerrero

The following piece is from the magazine, Mesopotamia - Ffobia, a satirical Oxford-Cambridge humour publication. This letter is reprinted by courtesy of the editor, Jim Finch of Selwyn College, Cambridge, whom the Marquis visited in summer.

OFFERINGS FROM AN ENGLISH CORNER



Unfortunate cat with no front legs.

Letters Received:

The Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall
30th January, 1963

The Editor,
MESOPOTAMIA,
Balliol College,
Oxford

Dear Sir,

I feel I can hardly protest too strongly about an item which appeared in the last issue of your magazine which a colleague of mine has just shown me.

The item to which I refer is a picture of an unfortunate cat which appears to have only two legs. The wretched animal is obviously incapable of movement and judging by its expression in considerable pain. Clearly it has been maimed in some accident or deformed as the result of consumption of some thalidomide-type drug. You appear to find this a matter of some amusement.

It is bad enough when young men at the varsities cock impertinent snooks at their elders and betters, but when they see fit to ridicule our dumb friends I feel it is time to raise a voice in protest. It is simply not fair to make idle fun of creatures which through no fault of their own are incapable of retaliation of any kind. Many of us have fought two wars in order to prevent this sort of thing and to preserve a way of life remarkable chiefly for its integrity and love of animal life. Your disregard for such essential considerations is little short of criminal and all the more deplorable in that it is typical of your generation.

Yours etc.,

GORDON CRUMPET (MAJOR)

ZEITGEIST

By Stephen Margulis

"And this, ladies and gentlemen, is Forest Park, third largest municipal park in the United States." To the unfamiliar on a Sunday in July the park was a sea of persons milling, running, spreading blankets and holding baskets for picnic lunches, playing catch; for the frequenter language and faces were buoys, guiding each to his own section: #3 picnic ground for the Italians, #8 for the Poles, #4 for the Jews.

On Summertime Sundays we would all pile into the LaSalle and drive over the bridge into St. Louis and go for a picnic in the park and meet Uncle Lipsky and all the other uncles who would sit and play cards and discuss politics. The car was a lemon. Poppa had bought it off Old Edelson from Edelson's Garage, where it had been salvaged from an accident. On a before dinner walk poppa had seen it parked in front of the garage in all its gleaming glory and "on the spot" plunked down the money.

In those days we lived over the stores on Delmar Avenue in the heart of town in the big rooms that used to be doctors' offices and had wide eight foot windows; the hallway that had served as a waiting room now saw itself as storage for assorted trunks and hatboxes, souvenirs from the 1904 World's Fair, and ten years of National Geographics that would never be discarded. In the summer when Momma wanted us and we were playing and running all around town, she would unhook a kitchen window screen, with the netting

coal black from the soot of the mill, and shout SusieEvaRibaTommy SusieEvaRibaTommy; even Mr. Matson, the conductor on the streetcar on Nineteenth Street, would hear her and laugh that Ida was hunting for the kids again.

Poppa was too honest and glib to be a smart businessman. One time two men called the Jewish community together, said they represented a New York company whose owner had been an immigrant himself and wanted to give his own kind a chance on a good thing. It sounded good as they described it and the shares sold like hotcakes. Poppa wanted in, too, but Momma was always wary of money deals, and this time she was right, for the two left through the back exit only three weeks after entering by the front.

After I had built the crystal radio set and for over a week had spent hours every day toying with it, poppa came up to me and warned me to stop wasting so much time with such nonsense. Downheartedly I picked up the headphones, and then offered one to him which he, frowning, reluctantly accepted and pressed to his ear. KXOK, one of the two St. Louis stations, was broadcasting a recording of the Great Caruso; instantly Poppa was numbed and whisked to a different world. When the song was finished, he mumbled something about 'vunder im velt' and sat down to read the paper. The next day he went into H&R Furniture and for seven hundred and thirty-two dollars bought the most expensive Zenith in stock.

The money paid for the rain had been earmarked for a necessary remodeling and refurbishing of the shop and now a loan was needed to carry through the job. This precipitated no great problem as Poppa was an active mason on the finest shoe-repair shop in town and had contributed some two hundred and fifty dollars for the community YMCA, which made him an all around solid citizen—even if he was a Jew. So Poppa went in to see Mr. Halems, the bank president, about the matter. Mr. Halems said, "sure Morris" and opened his drawer, counted out five one-hundred dollar bills and shook hands to close the business. Four months later the money was repaid in full.

In 1926 the St. Louis Cardinals won the pennant and everyone in town got excited and paraded through the streets with banners proclaiming the merits of the team and its great manager Hornsby. Even Poppa, who didn't know a baseball bat from a #4 wood screw, had never attended a game in his life—even he was marching. During game time the city stopped, the living room filled with men, snuff and buckets of beer purchased from the speakeasy two streets down which Mr. Sellers ran for his brother-in-law the alderman. When the mighty Ruth slid into second base the last out a roar was heard that raised the roof and loosened the foundations.

The Jews from Poland and Ukraine, Emma Goldstein—From Salzburg, the leftists—the radicals, the brilliant speakers and

men of the I.W.W. 1922: the split in the Jewish Workman's Circle between the right and the left, 'der rechts und der links.' At a meeting one night in the hall down on Franklin Street: several minutes of table-pounding debate — then an eruption and a pitched battle that sent the house tumbling into the street with flailing fists, gouging fingers, rasping voices until the blood stained the red of the cobblestones, until the stridence of sirens and the crushing force of night sticks hurled the men with foreign tongues into the blue vans and carted them to the jails of the city. After that incident, the left withdrew to picnic ground #14 where they stayed, except that once several came over to our side to try to persuade Poppa to join and Poppa said if they liked it so much why didn't they go back to Russia.

* * * * *



"I believe in Soviet promises,
Chairman—let's drink to it."

A SOPHOMORE DISCOVERS THE ELIZABETHIAN SONG WRITERS AND LORD BYRON

Blossoms that bend in the field,
Sigh at the richness they yield—
Fragrance which floats through the air,
Rouses the slumberers there.
Bind my locks, mother, today,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.

This day I shall lead the parade,
The fairest of every young maid;
A garland will circle my head,
The cattle and sheep will be led,
So, bind my locks, mother, today,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.

And after, my lover and I,
Reclining, will gaze at the sky,
In the long grass, upon fertile sod,
And glory in sight of our God.
Loose my hair, lover, today,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.

Bees swiftly glide down the mead,
Feasting on each rotten weed.
Loiterers sleep in the dell,
Are stung and cavort while they yell.
Find my rocks, mother, today,
Asbestos and feldspar and clay.

As prettiest maid of the town,
I'll walk up the street, up and down;
And decked with white petals and sprigs,
I'll roam with the cows and the pigs.
Please mind my flocks, mother, today,
So I won't get lost on the way.

Wind my clocks, mother, today,
So there's not a moment's delay.
For after with Georgie I'll lie,
And with each request will comply.
"C'mere, lover, li'l bitta play,
Huh, baby, whaddyasay?"

—Robert Goldfarb

CARSON McCULLERS

Continued from Page 6

that he thought the most impressive aspect of it was that you as a *white* writer wrote so well, "with such ease, and justice about ordinary negro people." Did this take you much study or did you grow up with this?

Mrs. McC: Well, I was born in the South, I lived there all my life.

The M.: You've been classed as a *Gothic* writer. Do you think this means anything?

Mrs. McC: Not to me, no.

The M.: How do you feel when somebody writes a poor review of your book? Does this make you angry, or does it make you sad because you feel they did not understand it?

Mrs. McC: Well, as a matter of fact, I very seldom read reviews, I mean, I very seldom read reviews of my books, unless somebody especially points them out to me.

The M.: After having done "Member of the Wedding" and the fact that it was such a tremendous critical success, did you ever think of doing "The Ballad of the Sad Cafe," for the stage yourself?

Mrs. McC: No, I thought that Edward would do a better job. That's what I thought, and I think he is.

The M.: Is it not true that Mr. Albee was going to have you do the descriptions yourself?

Mrs. McC: No, it is very well thought out. There is going to be a Balladier. He tells the story in my language.

The M.: He is going to be like the stage manager in *Our Town*?

Mrs. McC: Yes, he is going to read from my work. Passages like, "Now, let us talk about love." I haven't seen it yet, so I don't know when or where.

The M.: Can you write anywhere? Anytime? Do you write everyday?

Mrs. McC: As Thomas Mann once said, "A writer is a person to whom writing is hard."

The M.: James Thurber once said he could write upsidedown in a boiler room.

Mrs. McC: Well, I couldn't, no.

The M.: You write everyday?

Mrs. McC: Well, I would like to. I like to write everyday, when I can.

The M.: Is it true that it took you one whole year to write the first paragraph of "Member of the Wedding?"

Mrs. McC: Yes, the first paragraph of "Member of the Wedding" took me one whole year, "It happened a green and crazy summer, when Frankie was 12 years old" that whole paragraph took me one year.



The M.: Did you start on the novel with the first paragraph or did you have incidences in mind, beyond that first paragraph?

Mrs. McC: Well, I had in mind incidences later of course, but I worked on that first paragraph; it

took me one whole year.

The M.: When you write do you add or subtract?

Mrs. McC: No, I can't answer the question. In "Reflections of a Golden Eye," I never changed one word, also "The Heart of the Lonely Hunter," I never changed a word of that, either, also "The Lad of the Sad Cafe," so I don't think I'm a great changing writer.

The M.: When you say you never changed a word, do you mean that this was your first draft?

Mrs. McC: Yes.

The M.: You just wrote it and it was it.

Mrs. McC: Well, of course, there was a lot of thinking before it.

The M.: These people are so real to you, they exist in your mind long before you start to write, so it is really just taking what is already in your mind and that not right?

Mrs. McC: Yes, of course, I have already known what I am going to do before I start to write. But still, as I told you, the first paragraph of the "Member of the Wedding" took me one whole year, to get just the rhythm of the language, the poetry of what I wanted to do.

The M.: Do you read your own novels? For example, have you read "The Heart of the Lonely Hunter" in the last five or six years?

Mrs. McC: No, I very seldom read any of my own books.

The M.: Do you read many novels at all, now?

Mrs. McC: Oh, just scads of them. "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "The Brothers Karamazov," "Red & the Black," etc.

The M.: Do you read many temporary novels?

Mrs. McC: No, I don't, I've

The M.: What about your

temporaries, those writers who have been classed with you, such as Capote, Williams, and possibly Katherine Porter, have you read much of them?

Mrs. McC: Not too much, no. I really like to read the things I know I like.

The M.: But you like Tennessee Williams.

Mrs. McC: Oh yes, sure, but I like "War and Peace," I like "Anna Karenina" and "Stendhal."

The M.: Do you read these books over and over again?

Mrs. McC: O yes, over and over again.

The M.: In modern fiction, and I don't know if a writer can do this, where would you place yourself as a writer?

Mrs. McC: I never think about myself as a writer, I just write.

The M.: Then say when you were 22 and had written a very critically successful novel, did this mean little to you except that you enjoyed it being a critical success? You weren't sort of swallowed by an artsy world?

Mrs. McC: Oh no! Goodness, I hope not.

The M.: Would you have any ad-

vice for the young writer?

Mrs. McC: No, I am no seer. I don't think I could possibly.

The M.: In other words, your work is just an individual act.

Mrs. McC: No, I think if one writes every day, is one thing, and if one has talent, that is another. It is not a very fair question, you see.

The M.: When you were first writing "The Heart of the Lonely Hunter" did you think you had talent?

Mrs. McC: I knew I did.

The M.: This may be a sticky question, but one of the reviewers said that after "The Heart of the Lonely Hunter," that this was a wonderful first novel, but unfortunately, she has never reached it since; in fact, one reviewer said, "She set such a high standard for herself it might be impossible for her to reach it again." Do you feel this is true?

Mrs. McC: Well, that is a very silly thing of that reviewer; I told you that I don't read reviews.

The M.: Has any other artistic discipline ever entered into your life?

Mrs. McC: Yes, music. I was a piano player, and that is the most wonderful discipline in the whole world to be a musician, and I think that from the discipline of music I had the just plain guts to be a writer. When I was six years old, my Daddy brought home a piano and I just suddenly made up a little tune. And I was just obsessed with the piano from then on.

The M.: Do you hear much music now?

Mrs. McC: Yes, very often. Of course, I cannot play anymore. I used to play all of the time, but since I had this stroke, I cannot play anymore.

The M.: How about the theatre?

Do you go to the theatre except when something of yours is being done?

Mrs. McC: Very, very seldom. I only went to the theatre six times before "Member of the Wedding". Same is true of Shakespeare, and the High School production, of Shakespeare, etc. I never go to the theatre.

The M.: How about the film, the cinema?

Mrs. McC: I don't go to them either. Wait, there was one wonderful film I saw not long ago. David and Lisa, have you seen it? I did think that that was so beautiful, and by the way, David is going to be the soldier in "Reflections in a Golden Eye." I want to tell you something about my grandchildren. Now, "Ballad of a Sad Cafe," I turned over to Edward, see, and I am, so to speak, a grandmother. I don't ask what is going on, and he doesn't tell me. If it comes out fine, it will be fine, see, and if it doesn't, like a grandmother, I'll say, that is just too bad.

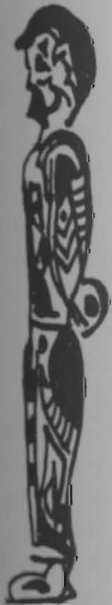
The M.: If you could say, 'have you had any influence as a writer? What first made you want to write, and, after that, what other novelist, writers, or people meant something to you, that is, shaped your writing process?

Mrs. McC: Well, there have been so many: there has been Shakespeare, and there is Marlowe. Thomas Wolfe I like very much, but he is not a good writer, but he is a wonderful writer to me.

The M.: When you are writing, do you often read novels?

Mrs. McC: I often read Proust, but that is kind of treacherous. I don't like those long sentences. I am a very well-read person, I have read the whole public library, I am sure, of Columbus, Ga.

The M.: Well, what first inspired



you to put words down on paper, to write stories?

Mrs. McC: I don't know.

The M.: Would you call yourself a natural?

Mrs. McC: Well, I don't know. It is a whole lot of work; well, I mean I am not a natural, it takes me a whole lot of work. As I said, a writer is a person to whom writing is very hard. That was Thomas Mann who said that.

The M.: As a person who has done an adaptation for the stage and has written a novel, which gives you more pleasure? In other words, when you went to see "The Member of the Wedding," did you enjoy it as a play?

Mrs. McC: It was an absolutely miraculous experience.

The M.: Did you see any discrepancy between the way you pictured Frankie and the way Julie Harris played her on the stage?

Mrs. McC: No, Julie was simply magnificent.

The M.: In other words, the whole thing came to life for you.

Mrs. McC: Yes.

The M.: What I am after here is to find out what you think of yourself in relation to other writers of your generation. What do you think you have contributed or done to writing in this generation?

Mrs. McC: That, I cannot say.

The M.: It depends, then, upon somebody like me to read your work and decide.

Mrs. McC: Yes.

The M.: In this age of fantastic literary heroes like Hemingway, Faulkner, who are celebrated for the fact that they once beat each other over the head with clubs and things like that, what do you think of writing as a profession or is it not a profession?

Mrs. McC: It certainly is a profession to me. Certainly. Writing is



"Sorry General, I guess this whole Red China business has been too much for him."

everything. It is how I earn my living—how I earn my soul. I learn where my soul is and I earn my living. That is the best I can tell you. Where my soul lies and how I earn my living.

The M.: Is it sort of like the liquor in "The Ballad of Sad Cafe" which illuminates the soul.

Mrs. McC: Well, while writing to me is a profession, it is also the chief joy of my life and the soul of my life.

The M.: Are you contemplating at present another novel? Are you at work on something, do you have plans for the future?

Mrs. McC: Yes, I always have an emotional life as a writer but I don't want to tell you anymore. As Walpole said, "Obscurity is the privilege of all young things."

The M.: How would you feel about your novels being taught? Do you think that they should be worked on in the classroom, or do you think they are something that you can't do this with?

Mrs. McC: Well, many people try to teach my novels.

The M.: Well, how do you feel about that?

Mrs. McC: Well, I guess that would depend upon the pupils.

The M.: You think that that could be worthwhile?

Mrs. McC: Well, I think my work is very worthwhile.

The M.: Have you seen a dissection of your writing?

Mrs. McC: No, heavens no. Oh yes, I have millions of them, but I haven't read them though. You might go in my library and look at these.

The M.: Do you write with a typewriter?

Mrs. McC: I always used to, but since I had this stroke I cannot.

The M.: Some people have said that using a typewriter doesn't help you quite as much immediately as work as writing it out in your hand. Do you think this is true?

Mrs. McC: No, I don't think so. I have always written on a typewriter since I was 16. It was my way of writing, but then I had this stroke.

The M.: Does the South still have a sharp pull on you? Do you often want to go back?

Mrs. McC: Not to live, but I want to go back and see it, and visit with friends.

The M.: And the people you write about are southern and probably always will be southern.

Mrs. McC: Yes, I think so.

The M.: I don't know whether you can call it an expatriot living here on the shores of the Hudson River, but is this something more than nostalgic to your journey? Do you go back to reorient yourself to a world that you once knew best?

Mrs. McC: No, I go there for fun, to see old friends, to see the foliage, to see the beauty of the South and to keep in touch with what's going on down there.

The M.: Do you like living in the North as much?

Mrs. McC: I love living in Nyack, N.Y., more than anything in the world.

The M.: Do you think that books like "War and Peace," or "The Charter House of Parma" have meant something to your writing?

Mrs. McC: Well, I just enjoy them. I read them and enjoy them.

The M.: You are not conscious then when you sit down of these books meaning anything to you?

Mrs. McC: Well, I have never been conscious when I sit down of anything especially influencing me, but myself.

The M.: Well, it's just surprising because one of the stock questions for any interview is, "who has influenced you most?"

Mrs. McC: Well, I told you that Tolstoy and Chekov have meant more to me than any other writers.

The M.: I notice that you have a copy of Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?" here. Did you enjoy that?

Mrs. McC: Yes, I enjoyed it very much. Actually, you don't really enjoy it. Let's say I reacted very much.

The M.: If you could look at it objectively, how would you like a reader to feel about your work?

Mrs. McC: I have a friend in England, Oscar Loenstein, who said to me: "Did "Clock" do very well," and I said, "indeed it did, look at these floors." Before "Clock," Ida was stumbling around because the floors were rotten, so was I stumbling around — we were all stumbling around these broken floors, these worn-out floors, and then we got the new floors from "The Clock;" we got curtains from "The Clock" and draperies, and to my notion that did very well.

The M.: When you read Tolstoy do you think you read him differently as a writer than we would? Are you conscious of Tolstoy, the writer, when you read him? For example, in "War and Peace," when the soldier Andre was lying on his back and he looks up at the sky . . .

Mrs. McC: Oh, yes, that's marvelous, isn't that marvelous? Well, if you ask me just as a person, when I had my heart attack, I was taken to the Nyack Hospital with an oxygen tank over my head, I thought about Prince Andre, with the beautiful sky. I am never conscious of the writer.

The M.: Do you read any critical work?

Mrs. McC: No, I do not, No. Henry James has done a whole lot of things like that, but they do not

interest me.

The M.: Do you have any of the modern writers in mind which you think has done something important? Do you see a new Tolstoy in the present writers?

Mrs. McC: A Tolstoy, no. But, I do think, whatever the name of the man who wrote "Endgame," I thought his play, like "Member of the Wedding," very, very short, but very, very powerful.

The M.: I gather that you have an aristocratic bias in reading War and Peace, Stendhal and Proust for example, and also that you came from the world of the South. When you read, or in your reading, not necessarily in writing, does this have some attractive flavor to you? That is to say, the Russian world of that time, or the world of Proust.

Mrs. McC: Well, I have always been aristocratic. I have always been an aristocrat.

The M.: Do you have a favorite piece of literature, do you think?

Mrs. McC: No, I'm not arbitrary. I don't say anything. I have read the whole Columbus Library and loved a lot of them. Let's just leave it that way.

The M.: Do you sometimes hope when you've seen a novel through its publication and everything, that in a hundred years time, they'll still be reading it.

Mrs. McC: I know they will.



INTERVIEW EDWARD ALBEE

Continued from Page 7

not unlike dozens of other young men one sees in New York. The crisp sure tone of Albee's voice and the intensity of his obsidian black eyes belayed out first impression. There is nothing sophomoric about the man. As we talked he smoked an occasional Kent cigarette and broke into frequent smiles. Sometimes at our questions and sometimes at his answers.

Albee had decided to adapt *Ballad of the Sad Cafe* as long ago as nineteen fifty-two; "I read it in nineteen fifty-two, six years before I started writing. Before I ever wrote plays I thought I would like to do the *Ballad*. It struck me as visual and dramatic." When Albee finally got around to the ballad he had already made a reputation with *The Zoo Story*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and other plays. This past summer he spent seven weeks on Fire Island and, working four hours every morning, wrote the entire adaptation although he said; "The way I write, I knew pretty much what I am going to do a year before I get to the typewriter." The *Ballad* of Albee's several weeks on Fire Island was not to be the final version, for in rehearsal he altered the play cutting it down by over one hour. We asked him about the process of adapting; "One has to work within the parentheses set by the original. Form and style are co-determined; they must be natural to the particular scene. I acted as a stage realizer, a transferer rather than a transformer." Would the *Ballad* be a success; "I have been watching the *Ballad* for a month now and I don't know if it is a success or a failure. It would be nice if *Ballad* is received well but the work is now finished to a point where you have gotten as close to your intention as you possibly can and that is it."

The contemporary theatre has provoked a full quiver of slings and arrows from outraged critics in the past few years. Albee clearly expected us to ask for his opinions and when they came they were off-handed but pungent. "I see a great many plays, too many, about fifty last year and most of them were not very good." Albee likes the work of Tennessee Williams — "when he is good, he is very good as in *Orephus Descending* and the stage play of *Suddenly Last Summer*," Thornton Wilder, Beckett, Genet, and Brecht. "Today's theatre audiences are lazy. They seem to have the opinion that they run the theatre. Most hacks and producers are catering to this." The repertoire company of Lincoln Center has been proclaimed as one antidote for the sickness of the American people. Albee sees the Center as a "mess;" "This popularization of culture is bound to produce a lessening in esthetic level. I am not against the idea, but the Center is too commercial with money men like (Eliah) Kazan and (Robert) Whitehead running it."

Mrs. McCullers had had a great deal of difficulty in explaining her method as a writer. When we put questions to Albee concerning the

act of his work, he was very ready to answer. "I don't write these plays. I don't concern myself with what the play says. The actual job of writing a play is realizing a previous experience. I concentrate on the reality of the characters and their situations, no time to be interested in the implications of characters for if one becomes interested in implications then the characters are not three dimensional. My characters are terribly real to me. I knew how the characters in *Virginia Woolf* would behave in any situation." He added: "Some one once said that everybody who writes, has something he writes about all the time and someone else said it is best not to examine it."

As our conversation unraveled we noticed a few similarities between McCullers and Albee. McCullers had found the discipline of music instrumental in helping her form the discipline for writing. At one time Albee wanted to be a composer, and he maintains that "The play form and that of the sonata are the same. Music is very close to the theatre." Both Albee and McCullers write with a typewriter and both like to work in the





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COLLEGE HERITAGE

Continued from Page 9

arts center, the renovation of Van Wickle for Geology and Archives, and the renovation of Markle Hall for administration. Money will also be put to these endowment needs: library books, faculty chairs, scholarships, and a lecture - concert series.

Lafayette's tradition and the facts of its life have convinced the Ford Foundation, and should convince us all, that Lafayette is a first-rate institution. As President Bergethon pointed out in his Opening Convocation speech, our quality is based largely on past achievement. To continue this achievement, we must develop what he termed the "Lafayette style." Our collegiate style is the attitude of the whole college in action. It consists only partly of academic excellence. It is the philosophy of education we define through our initiative to better ourselves and our actions toward others.

We have received part of this style from our predecessors. In this, as in our traditions of scholarship and good facilities, we merely inherit the good done by others before us. We students must give effect to another part of the Lafayette style through our own actions.

It is easy to see what we have inherited. Lafayette combines arts, sciences, and engineering in a small college. As President Bergethon noted, this is quite unusual. "We represent a *university spread* of subject matter with one united Faculty and a common educational approach."

That "educational approach" is one aspect of the Lafayette style. In the first place, Lafayette stresses the manner of study as much as the matter. One of the great benefits to be derived from an education here is an understanding of

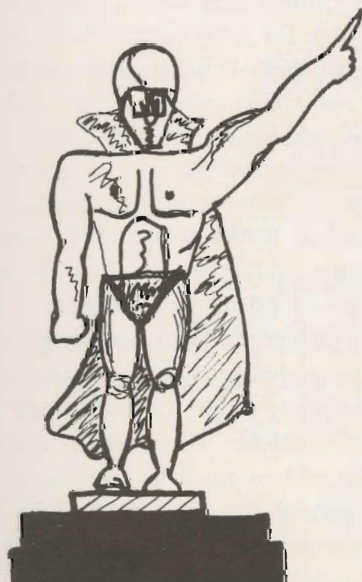
mornings.

Today Albee is considered to be one of America's few young playwrights with talent. In four meteoric years he has gained great critical as well as financial success. As with any writer he has projected his work far into the future; "Now I am working on a novel and have several plays in mind, sometime I might like to adapt James Purdy's *Malcolm*." To a recent report that he might allow a movie of one of his plays Albee said; "I like lots of controls that they won't give me, actor control, cutting room control, script control. I wouldn't consider a film until I was an accomplished film director or photographer."

Albee is a new constellation in America's galaxy of stars. He has been the subject of feature stories in periodicals as diverse as the "Paris Review" and "Newsweek." We wondered if this new fame had interfered with Albee's life. His

reply was a sharp no, and he sensed the quality of this fame to be "dumb." Is Albee content with his career as a writer? "I intended to be a writer since I can remember. It seemed to be easier than working but it isn't."

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the many ways there are to approach a problem. This does not mean that factual information is secondary to the ways in which it is used. On the contrary, we have the opportunity here to learn that these two elements of clear thinking are indispensable to each other, much as an architect's plans are as necessary as his construction materials. Furthermore, the juxtaposition of students engaged in varying academic disciplines offers us wide opportunities to learn from one another. I think it is fair to say that it is a rare arts student who has not known some engineers and appreciated their ways of approaching matters, and vice versa. At least, it is so to be hoped.

Although the student body may not appreciate Lafayette's relationship with the United Presbyterian Church, there is something to be said for it, and little to be said against it. It results not in religious discrimination among the faculty or students, but rather in an increased likelihood that everyone here will give some consideration to his religious thoughts and practices. A biweekly convocation certainly is not too great a burden for the students to bear.

Another stylistic standard that the College sets for its students is respect for other individuals and their beliefs. It is up to the students to make this respect a fact rather than an ideal. By doing this, we help to create the style of the College. Discrimination on campus is another student-controlled aspect of the Lafayette style; so is the respect paid to the College, to Easton property and to campus guests. A final element which the students contribute to the College's style is, in President Bergethon's words, "the zeal to excel in every area of effort and the grace of modesty in every achievement." Part of our function as Lafayette students is

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to carry on a tradition which has grown greatly in the past twenty years. To do this, we need the zeal to excel. We also must have confidence in our school. This article has tried to show how such confidence is justified.

Nevertheless, Lafayette does have its problems. These include the need for better students, the need to keep a good faculty, and the need for a heterogeneous student body. President Bergethon, in response to questions about these problems, described several ways in which the College is attempting to solve them.

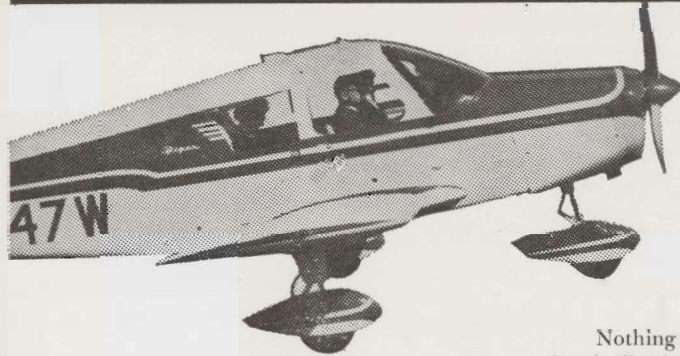
We must draw from a large area high-quality students who will best be served by Lafayette's particular style. The increasing competition for admission to good colleges will help us here, but it is not enough. There is now an alumni National Schools Committee which will help to spread the name of the College. Wherever Lafayette alumni working with this Committee are located, they will go to local high schools and describe the style of our College. This work will be carried on far beyond the tri-state area from which we draw most of our students. It will increase nationwide awareness of this school, and will help prospective students to know whether they individually will profit from Lafayette.

How can we maintain a high-caliber faculty? Increasing salaries should help us with this problem. Aside from this, the best answer is simply the continual searching out of the best teachers.

Another problem which occurs to most of us is the lack of spirit in this school. This is undoubtedly troublesome almost everywhere, and the answer to it lies primarily in the students. Like several other aspects of the Lafayette style, enthusiasm and confidence in the

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school must be created and maintained by the student body. All who reflect for a moment will see that the men of Lafayette have inherited a tradition of striving for the best. This tradition has meant continual improvement. It is up to us, the present students, to preserve this tradition, to maintain confidence in our school, to develop the Lafayette style, and to cultivate a heritage for those who will follow us here.

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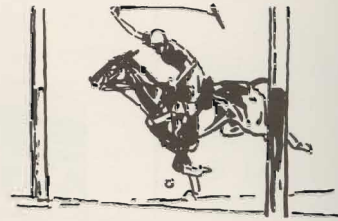
FOLK MUSIC

Continued from Page 15

The very elements that go into popularizing a song, as stated earlier, are likely to be the same elements that lessen the esthetic impact. For instance, harmony in folk music is an extremely simple system; it requires a mere paralleling of the melody in thirds. This is an effective and powerful device which relies upon simplicity for its esthetic impact.

The modern folk interpreters, however, are adding modern techniques of harmony and musical theory such as counterpoint, syncopation, and melody-harmonic crossover, all of which depart further from the original conception of the music. The final product barely is recognizable as folk music; it may be derived from a true folk melody but, finally, it is not likely to succeed. What *has* occurred is that a folk melody is being utilized (which has the underlying emotive force) in exciting esthetic emotions, but esthetic emotions which are on a low level. This music as I have just described is popular music in the same sense that rock and roll is popular. The esthetic qualities of it are rudimentary. This does not mean that folk music cannot reach sublime levels of esthetic excellence, but only that the popularization of folk music, by its going fur-

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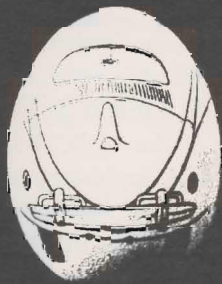
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ther away from the basic conception of the medium, cannot hope to succeed as an art form.

Throughout this essay I have stated that folk music in its pure form characteristically is *emotive*. This is true. But I have neglected up to here to explain the esthetic possibilities of the music. First, it must be seen that no matter how coarse, rough or untrained an individual performer might be, often it is this quality which excites the folk music purist. There may be some mistake about what I mean by coarseness. An untrained performer is not necessarily a bad or even unskilled performer. It is just that there is not the finesse expected of the trained performer. There is a certain undefinable essence which can be felt when a particularly beautiful progression is accomplished by an untrained folk musician. The less trained is the performer on the instrument, the more exciting is a skillful guitar figure to the purist. Imitation of this rough quality then makes up the prime consideration for a purist theory on the esthetics of folk music.

The better an untrained folk

singer is, the more appreciated is the performance. A typical purist attitude would be that true folk music comes from the soul and does not arise out of artistic or esthetic necessity. By combining the unconscious artistry of the "folk" with the emotional intensity of the conception of the music, the purist is, finally, able to appreciate esthetically the product. His appreciation derives from the knowledge that in the unconscious production of these people there can be sublime beauty and this beauty is enhanced by its being an integral part of the people's lives.

This leads me back to the original thesis of this essay, the paradox that folk music is no longer the possession of the "folk" but of the educated and sophisticated populace. The purist regrettably must reconcile himself to this fact. The few true folk musicians who are left are rapidly vanishing. Whereas the emulators are thriving, the conditions which spawn the true folk element have been disappearing; the spread of the cities, rapid communication, rapid transportation and the like spell doom for pure folk music as we know it. Of

course, it is possible that fifty years from now, what we consider popular music will be considered traditional, but we may postulate, too, that all that will remain in the future will be more-or-less accurate imitations of what original folk music should have sounded like. Actually, we have nearly reached that level now. Music in the folk idiom is being composed. But the catalyst for such compositions is not the nature of the composer's life in which the music plays an integral part, but rather a desire for notoriety, fame and/or money. As I explained earlier, the esthetic evaluation then is likely to concentrate more on whether the song is a success stylistically and the performer an adequate child of modern musical taste.

It is the sorry fact that folk music has become part of the mass culture of America. For with its success and recognition has come its final degradation. The performers have found it difficult, if not impossible, to accept success and still keep their artistic integrity. Since there is but a handful of real "folk" remaining, the field is left to imitators. The public cares most in

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the imitators who are pleasing to a mediocre and philistine taste. Therefore, it is those entertainers who deflate the esthetic value of folk music to coincide with popular taste who are successful in terms of financial rewards. On the other hand, for the purist, it is those who most nearly imitate true folk music who are most successful and artistically admirable.

American folk music is practically dead. There are a few traditional singers left who still can write beautiful folk songs. But, by and large, the spontaneity and anonymity are gone. The discouraging fact is that folk music in America cannot really be written today. The paradox that folk music is more popular than ever and yet is a dead field might seem an unjust and severe critique to most participants in the present folk music revival. It is an intensely sad conclusion. All that is left for American folk music are parodies and imitations unless America's people can be revitalized into singing to express part of their lives. The esthetic enjoyment of the music increasingly will be dependent upon academic interest since the necessity of the music is gone. It has been reworked for popular taste in an attempt to exploit its universal quality into financial rewards. If, somehow, the popular entertainers manage to simulate esthetic enjoyment, it is because the people they are singing to are basically undiscerning and uneducated in musical taste. The purists alone are looking for esthetic enjoyment from folk music. Even the true "folk" did not consciously desire this. The basic fact about folk music is that it is unpretentious and unselfconscious. When it ceases to be this it ceases to be folk music and descends into the realm of petty entertainment.



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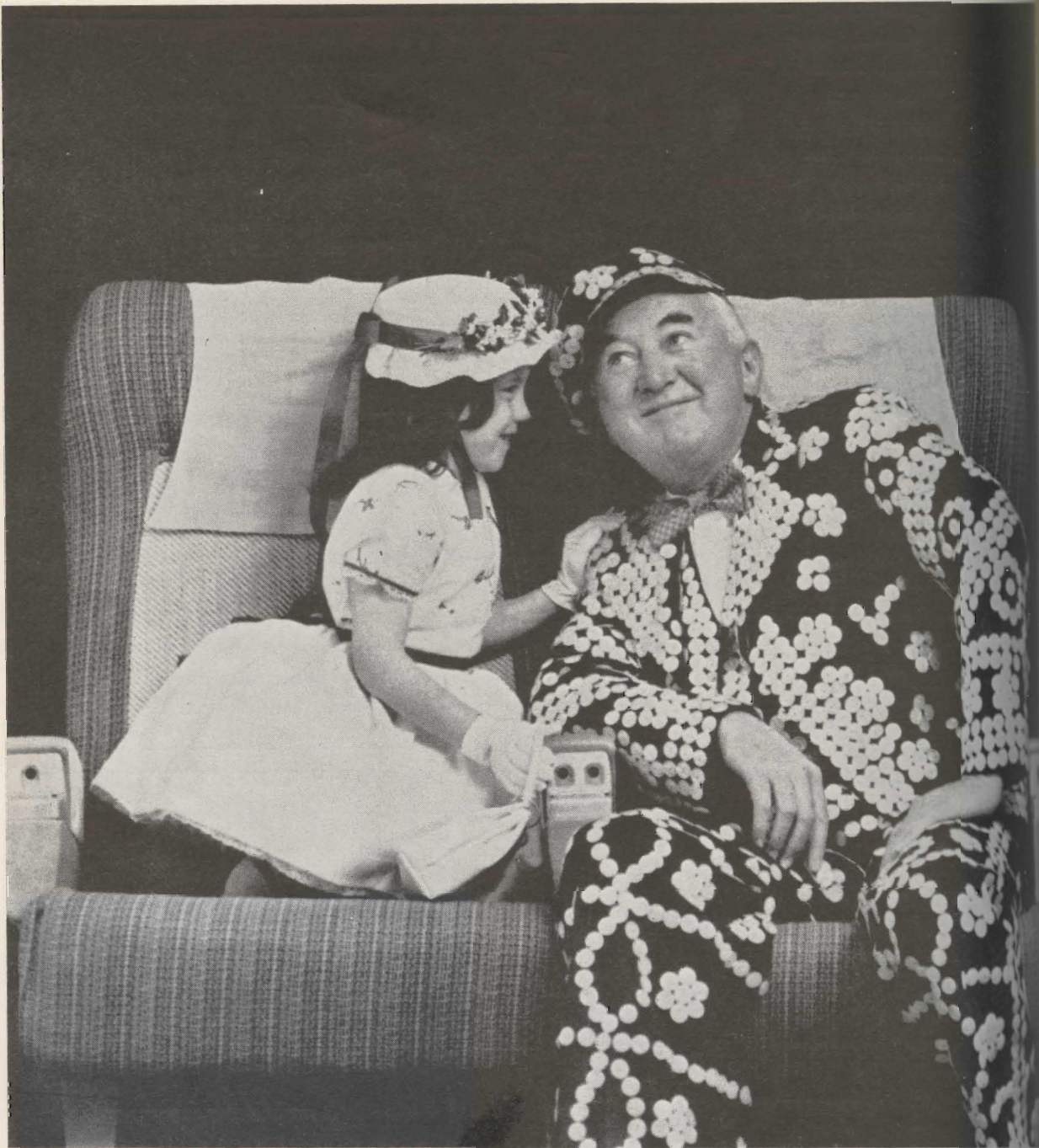
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The Ford Foundation **CHALLENGE**



In June the Ford Foundation sent word to Lafayette College that a \$2,000,000 gift will be presented to the College by the Foundation if the Lafayette family of alumni, parents, and friends will contribute a total of \$5,000,000—*two-and-a-half times the amount of the Foundation gift* — by June 30, 1966.

Said President K. Roald Bergethon at the first all-College convocation following announcement of the award:

We have received the Ford Foundation grant because we could point to achievement in the past — achievement by the faculty, and achievement by the alumni. We received the grant also because we can point to achievement in the present—a developing general academic strength, an increasingly capable student body, and growing support from the Lafayette family of alumni, parents, and friends. Finally, we received the grant because we can point to a potential for even greater achievement in the future—a potential to excel in every area of educational effort.

The Ford challenge is a dramatic and tangible expression of the Foundation's confidence in Lafayette's future and a recognition of the select standing which Lafayette, with its broad program in the arts, sciences, and engineering, has attained among the nation's more than 600 independent liberal arts institutions.

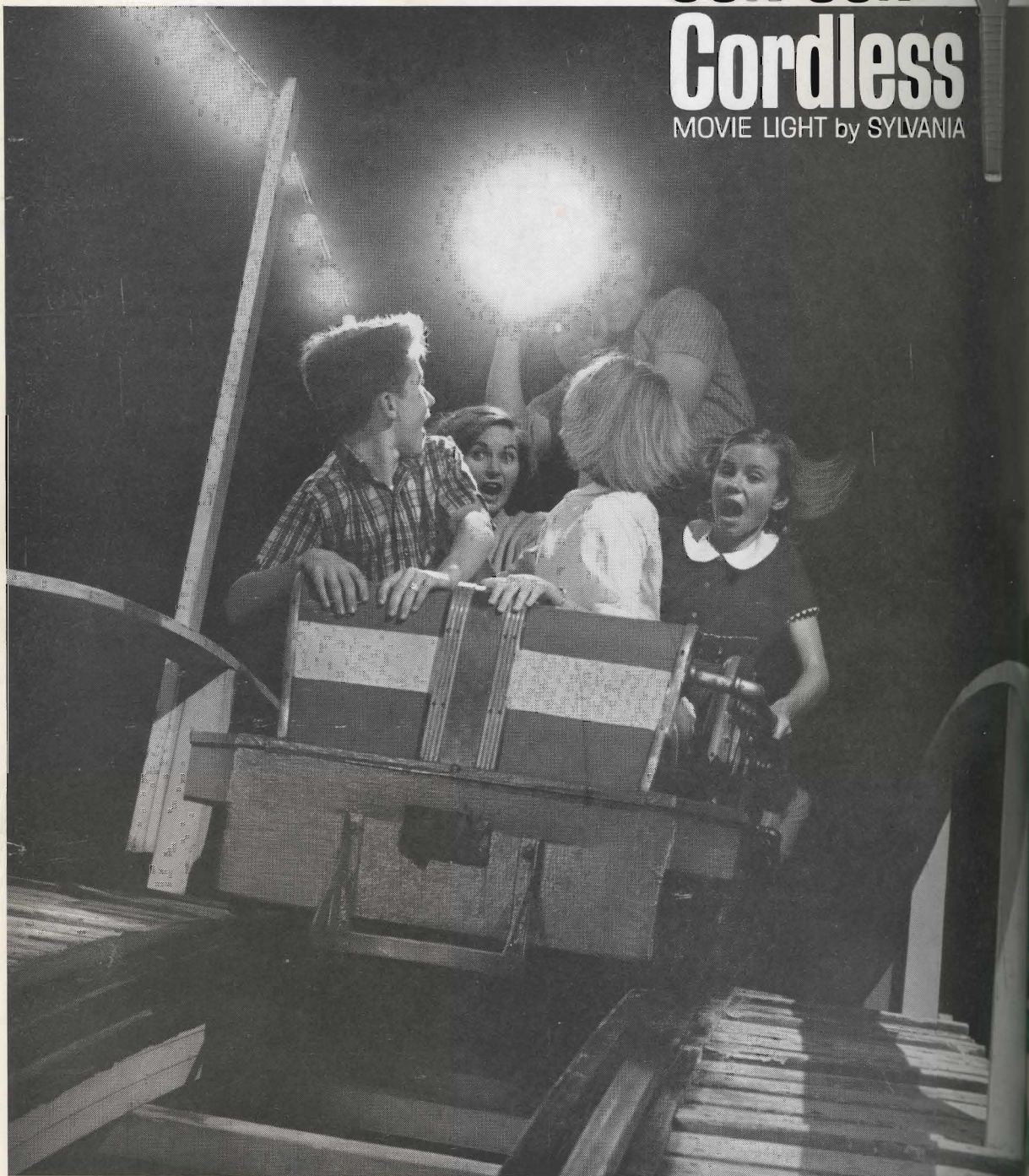
To meet the terms of the challenge grant will require the greatest fund-raising effort ever attempted by the College. The panel below lists the objectives of the Challenge Campaign planned by the Board of Trustees at Lafayette.

Summary of Challenge Campaign Objectives

For Physical Facilities	\$2,750,000	For Endowment Needs	\$4,250,000
Renovation Projects	\$1,600,000	Endowment for	
Conversion of Pardee Hall to an		library books	\$ 700,000
arts center; renovation of Van		Endowment for	
Wickle Memorial for Geology		faculty chairs	1,400,000
and archives; renovation of Mar-		Endowed scholarships	350,000
ble Hall for administration		Lectures-Concerts	
Engineering facilities	400,000	Series endowment	200,000
Student housing and		General endowment	1,600,000
new infirmary	550,000		
Development of playing fields			
on new 250-acre tract, campus,			
roadways and walks	200,000		
TOTAL	\$7,000,000		

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