LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letters were received in response to a statement which went to the Marquis requesting subscriptions, which is here printed on the opposite page.

To the Editor:

Why don’t you use capital letters when they belong, i.e., names of people and authors. We are going to make sure our current usage is legal and conforming, and if it is insisted on by institutions of higher learning, the cooperation is welcome.

Leil D. Forster '74

To the Editor:

I have some Stephen Crane '95, such as "Red Badge of Courage," etc., is omitted from your list of winners.

Good luck.

Joseph H. Franklin '79

To the Editor:

I believe the editor's secretary should not be quoted when the subject is his personal opinions.

Time W. Grinter

To 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 1906 yearbook where I place it tonight as a welcome memento from Lafayette. Never before have I seen such a striking board of sponsors for any organization.

John R. Castell 'M. D. '88

The Editor:

Your letter on the selection of a poem for inclusion is a valuable contribution to the development of literature. I would like to be included in a one-volume edition of "The Marquis" World of Lafayette. If you could use it, I would appreciate it.

Envelope for your convenience.

Sincerely,

12/7/63

Wm. B. K. Boswell '33

Wm. R. Ranser is a poet, and his poems are published. He is president of the organization and has published 10 books of poetry under the pseudonym of "Poet Dims." The poems to be submitted to The Marquis are printed on page 15.

The Marquis is published annually by the students of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. The subscription price is fifty dollars for three issues. Mail subscriptions are accepted with correspondence and address change instructions to Marquis, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

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THE MARQUIS

Literary Magazine, Lafayette College

Easton, Pennsylvania

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... and now, this ominous epiglottitis, or rather, belief and...
and how dear friends - we must not ignore
memories talk about the flowerings along the
epithelial surface, the squamous, columnar and cylindrical. But, it was his
heart, and we, as his friends known this man
in the art of smoking is not threat-
ening by smoking as immature as fear of er-
nomal proliferation in tobacco induced papil-
liomas, or the consequent metaplasia into
carcinomas is trivial. The body.
For the true courtier of
the burning leaf is prepared, as he was wont to do in a dandier
like exit, and welcomes, as to himself old, new and all desirable cardis-
nicotine being in the chest. If the disas-
sed monarch - so what - so do healthy mem-
bers... But what was and is threatening
is an art of smoking with due observance to, as we say, a short and
time ago, the multi-
ple approach to tobacco as isolated in by
minders - cabbies, politicians and doc-
trines. The gentleurge themselves through three or
more puffs a day... This causes quick, big
nutritional carcinos in prostatic which hang
in groups throughout the larynx. The result
is the onowania are called for on such a
problem. That large numbers of Americans die
every year in unattended agony. It is this
ghastly greasing on a national scale that stays
cause tobacco to be outlawed; this was his
great fear. This works against the adherents
of the art of smoking who use the "herba sarta"
casually and well limiting each mouthful to a
slow succulent drag and whose carcinos
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 cardiopul-
nomary seizure often intervenes in time, as it
did with him... Therefore, if this small, se-
lect, epicurean brotherhood could be expanded
to include the masses into its ritual of a pack-
age 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 interferred
with ever. "Remember heroin," were his last
words to me. It was not the fastidious user who
cured all the trouble, but the ones that over-
did it and groaned like crows after-wards, so
that now you can't get a fix for less than seven-
ty bucks in a Harlem cellar: and your throat
cut... and...
'THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE IS MAGNIFICENT'”

"...is beautifully played, moving, touching and subtle. Well-dwelling, moving, and subtle, beautifully played. The sadness of the small town is very well conveyed in this piece..."

"Edward Albee has created Carson McCullers's "Ballad of the Sad Cafe" into a play that is, for the most part, beautifully written, beautifully directed, and beautifully performed..."

"Edward Albee's "Ballad of the Sad Cafe" is a play of great beauty and sensitivity. The acting and the production are superb..."

"A brilliantly staged and sensitively acted production..."

"A beautiful, touching and poignant dream play, full of moving moments, beautifully directed and beautifully acted..."

"Edward Albee's "Ballad of the Sad Cafe" is a play of great beauty and sensitivity. The acting and the production are superb..."

"A beautifully written and sensitively acted production..."

"Stunningly moving and sensitively acted..."
THE MARQUIS
INTERVIEWS
CARSON McCULLERS

From McCullers published her first novel, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," at the age of 22. It was an immediate critical success. One critic wrote, "A novel that in the end Mr. McCullers had reached the top of his form, and would not be put to equal it. However, inside the Wedding, Beldad the Old Cafe and Clock With a bell, there was the fact that Mrs. McCullers had lived up to her early and finally high standard. Her vision in the Members of the Wedding enjoyed one of the best novels ever be written. Carson McCullers is considered the greatest American authors."

It happened that green and cranky summer when Frankie was twelve and a half. This was the summer when for a long time she had been a number. She belonged to a club and was a member of the world. Frankie had some hidden moments when she was seen in doorsways, and she was smart. In face she was pretty, but pale, but later she had darkened, and the town made black and brown under the glare of the sun. At first Frankie had been afraid of one thing and another. The sidewalks of the town were grey in the morning and a little foggy at noon, and then put a step on it and then put a step on it. That was the reason why Frankie was sad and broken. Frankie was at the table with her eyes half closed, and she thought about a wedding. She saw a silent church, a strange snow dusting 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 the 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, parted, and parted 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 wide from her quiet, colored face, and why she had wanted a blue eye nobody knew, would ever know. Her right eye was dark and sad. Berenice dealt slowly, licking her thumb where the sweaty cards stuck together. John Henry watched each card as it was being dealt. His chest was white and wet and red, and he wore around his neck a tiny handkerchief tied by a string. He was kissed by 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 scale or a bandage where he had fallen down and skinned himself. John Henry had a little sunburned 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 it 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 hunkered 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. Our first attempt we proceeded no further than Center Square where, while taping 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 home 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 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 black uniform 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 far 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 will. Her only movements were to shift the position of her legs, to light a filter cigarette, or to take a sip from her 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 see and see 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 told him the work was talked with him ‘yes.’ From then on in his ‘baby. I haven’t even rehearsed it yet.

The M.: Has he talked to you more?

Mrs. McCullers: No, he hasn’t. He sent some of his script, his outline, but I haven’t seen the rest.

The M.: How about set and some props, things, plans, and those kinds and some of that?

Mrs. McCullers: When I was [illegible] a Lonely Hunter, I had fixed in my mind. [illegible] what was in it. But these people were taking it or some other person and I wanted to see why, suddenly it came to me, why he didn’t want it. He didn’t say a word, it produced me suddenly—why he didn’t want it. And, from then on, I was ticked. I understood the part of the story, why he couldn’t speak and why he was speaking the way he was. I could not speak. I couldn’t reply to them.

The M.: How did you meet Lew Allen?

Mrs. McCullers: Oh, about that, I had heard of it, but they wanted me, I guess. Lew Allen, a book writer, I had heard about him, so I sent them to Houghton Mifflin. They talked, the terms, and the book became the material that it was.

Mrs. McCullers: [illegible] have only just finished reading it. I love it. Richard Wright, you mentioned it in the New York Post. I have read it.
INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD ALBEE

Edward Albee is the new shining light of the American theatre. 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 Broomby play, "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" He followed this with the highly acclaimed adaptation of Carson McCuller's novel, "The Ballad of the Sad Café," which is currently preparing to go on the road.

The interview with Carson McCullers worked as smoothly as a flat surface. I thought that we should try and get something in the same vein. Besides, Albee became one of the most important contemporary theatre figures in the first stages of trying his adaptation of McCullers' novel. At the Café, we were in the least obtrusive position possible, and we had a scene that would make us later.

We spent the next day preparing for the interview. Albee's film was shown, and we decided to meet him at the Café. We arrived early, and Albee arrived early. We were ready to meet Albee and set up a schedule for the interview. It was during the preview of the stage play of "Baal," 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 failure.

Our date with Albee had been set for a weekday afternoon, but soon arriving in New York, we were invited to his house. We discovered that the theatre building was not D. C. current. The tape recorder blew a fuse, and we were forced to take the interview by hand to 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 argyle tie, cordovan shoes, and his grey 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 how President Berghoeffer'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 achievements. 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 theses, 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.

Thirty-two of What's What men contain the names of a hundred fifteen living Lafayette alumni. In terms of the number of alumni Ford, Lafayette is seventh among all fifteen colleges for men; forty-six out of twelve hundred colleges and universities in the nation (all privately supported institutions) have among their schools related to the Dutch Reformed Church.

After the tradition of leadership, the next criteria is a high degree of effectiveness. Effective leadership is effective leadership. Some institutions have made outstanding contributions and financial aid. The board of trustees has already given it to all of the College's plans for the financial aid it has proven to its students in the last four years. Hand in hand with this leadership comes the standard for judging these institutions—dissatisfaction with the financial aid available. The name of administration must have and the vision to plan for its future but also the financial means to plan for a college mission, and the student aid made possible.

The book is not what World War II, causes, and has made outstanding contributions to all financial aid. The board of trustees has already given it to all of the College's plans for the financial aid it has proven to its students in the last four years. Hand in hand with this leadership comes the standard for judging these institutions—dissatisfaction with the financial aid available. The name of administration must have and the vision to plan for its future but also the financial means to plan for a college mission, and the student aid made possible.

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This means that we now have a good endowment, and Lafayette has recently made considerable gains in this area.

In the value of our total assets, we have $34,916,000, or 3.7 percent of which the endowment has increased by $16,300 to a current market value of $20,890. The current value now is 4.7 percent of the student body’s earnings. This means that Lafayette has grown rapidly within the past decade to its present value. However, a basic expenditure per student is little more than doubled, and $1 per student was found to be a very modest amount. It is clear that these are genuine problems facing the endowment, and both the administration and the endowment are growing at the same time.

These funds, however, are insufficient to make necessary and to maintain the educational quality to make necessary and to maintain the educational quality of the educational environment.

In the educational environment, including salaries and other benefits, the rise from $10,000 to $15,000 is significant. There are two reasons for this. First, the college must offer additional assistance to keep educationally able students. The annual educational and general budget has increased from $2,250,000 in 1953 to $3,362,000 in 1953. The doubling costs of operations due to the rapid expansion of the college have resulted in a significant increase in operating costs. Second, a total of new buildings, such as the new library and new dormitories, has been completed. These new buildings have added significantly to the costs of operation. Approximately $1,786,219 has been spent on these new buildings.

The costs have been met through a combination of increased endowment funds, additional financial aid, and tuition increases. The cost of education has increased significantly, and the college has responded by increasing tuition and fees accordingly.

Continued on Page 25
Reference to the map of Africa will reveal that Basutoland is a small British protectorate surrounded by the wealthy 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 gullible Americans have ventured to say.

In view of its being seldom in the headlines of any newspaper, except done 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 hostile engaged in a struggle to prove who was to boss and who was to fawn. Thus the Basutoland chief, Mosheshu, 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 display a great pride in the flag of freedom and this even more so, the hostility that exists between the two countries. Every black man has his idea of equality but, not necessarily with means, is giving equal opportunity. Everybody may be equal under law but there is no such thing as equality of opportunity, as our newspapers would have us believe.

The church has a special day, an upright on the way to look to heaven as witness to the strain of racial suffering.

A yellow flower in the sun and a bristling palm tree as a fat, uncooked dog food.
The British Lion has been at the borders of Basutoland, snarling threateningly so ward off possible enemies of this small Basuto Home-land. 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 overloading its roars of protection. They are not sure whether, besides keeping enemies away, the roars have not been a hurdle to winds of advancement, educational and industrial. Sometimes, 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 necessities, 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, abode-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 dumb bird whistle persuades a strained eyelid caught in sleepy sex to look at the roof, a white white ink liquefies over the rain air.

A yellow lily, coughing and yelling, run and galloons on the bleeding heart vine, a lather, sulfated, poly-matured, manufactured household dishwashing fluid over the big bed.

The nude becomes lost in linen busy with itched lost nights, drawing parallel to her hinge water and mosquito scum as only the one brand in town can do.

Our heroine, once lost in an opaque filled closet, dreaming of BAD BREATH IN LOGS, suddenly wakes from channel five and to reality.

by David I. Muster
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, mostly 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 aesthetic 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" as much as by 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 prostituting 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 reevaluated 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 common temporary influence of this.

In other words, it is a fact that modern, sophisticated listeners receive a less than authentic experience from the modernnger. Punch's empirical evidence seems to indicate that this situation is true. To put it another way, one can go to coffee houses and clubs and actually experience the esthetic experience. Of course, there are critics who will argue that it is nearly impossible to experience popular music at all or to stimulate a real esthetic emotion. I am no critic. But I do have a personal, esthetic culture and popular music. I have criticized it. I have praised it. Who support such measures are paradoxically authori- tarian, that is, they insist on esthetic appreciation in low and artless forms by the form of deliberate truth in the form of popular and experienced estheticism.}

12
of folk music. It is possible for a listener to aesthetic expression. By interpreting evidence would on this premise, we move and night there is something that is of any form can contain a true aesthetic, that is true, a reverse view of popular appeal, the population entertainment concerning and of aesthetic appreciation can be stimulated. The people do enjoy them normally their learning and less productive. The effect of this upon resistance as an individual is. It is here that we see a most effective of the nature of the reverse process. Postulating and ability, the one who relies less upon tradition will almost always be more successful. Does this mean, then, that, speaking ethically, tradition (the rough, unpolished, creative sound) is destined 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, these 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 ran into another paradox when speaking of the avant garde in this field. Instead of liking forms that are considered abroad of their times (the vanguard style, the usual meaning reserved for these people), the true avant garde in folk music appreciate the more traditional. The further back a song can trace its roots, the more likely is it to enjoy it; the more primitive a performance, the greater the praise from this group. Naturally, the smooth, popular versions are in 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 creative 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 expression of a dynamic and changing art form. They dislike the pure, harsh versions and dismiss them as grazing authenticity. Folk music is an outgrowth of a natural process of musical evolution.
COMING HOME

By J. Stoner Lichty, Jr.

Cathy sat quietly on the top step of the old summer home. She could hear the horns of the Shelter Island Ferry in the distance. She knew that Paul would be back soon. With a slow backward glance at the shaded zone 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 rustling 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 downcast 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 Mavis 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 talked of going sailing with us every day. He says we'll get up every morning, before the sun, and take the boat and sail 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 trees. The back faced the sea. Cathy stopped and buried her feet in the sand of the road.

"Remember how happy you were when he left here on the boat? He wanted to be out on the water, making some money, and doing something he knew and liked. Six months up in Mavis and out early every day he kept him. He was the wish to sit by the window in the afternoon and watch the silent sea while he never below sleeping or drinking or. You know how it's hard not to be alone. He's changed, Eric's not as strong as he used to be. He's tired, and he won't be rested again. I can tell.

Cathy looked up at the sun. The sunlight alight he had stood there for a moment gazing into the brightness. Paul followed, and they walked up the steps. It was dark and quiet inside. The dust smell of the sandy way gave off a muted but comforting sound after the heat and noise. It lasted and listened, but seemed to be used to ring with the sound of children, happy songs, happy voices, happy excitement.

They went up onto the porch. Eric wasn't there. He had gone down to the beach and not been back. On a sudden it struck Paul that he had seen a solitary figure as it was seen by the shimmerting surf facing the waves. Paul widened his eyes, listened, and thought he had seen a silhouette of a bare which had been doing the problem: more people using the form of folk music in this style, or so it seems, that the folk music is not of a piece, but of many pieces.
and sure of his job. Paul, he
was a good doing.

But not going to change his habits. He
had to watch out for coffee, to
make it to... like him to
to... Paul, I needed to
get the

**BRIEF MUSIC**

Gotten from Page 13.

It is not in the least surprised
at any point. That's why, they
would find music in their own
heart and turn on smooth, mee-
time remission. The fact that
spending their song, song is rep-
ned spontaneity and anony-
ous. It is going on at such a rapid
pace have tremendous influ-
ence of the popular philosophy
of folk music. In the end, the
common benefactors productions
are no longer there. There is no
not a house the go to edu-
cation of music. And therefore, since
art is required to enjoy the
music to work is done.

So far I have described the
exhaustive of folk music, let
me note a few observations about
the whole which can be
seen from the two without I
am discerning. Let me pass
on to one in true that beca-
use we people enjoy the popular
line of folk music is more
difficult to be received from
below the point. But the idea cor-
cor for the more one understands
the line of the music the

more aesthetic pleasure one will de-
rive from it.

A digression on the nature of the
esthetic experience is in order here.
There is a decided difference in es-
thetic appreciation felt by those
who unconsciously compose folk
music (those for whom the music
is an integral part of their experi-
ence) and those who approach the
music from the outside. For the
"folk" it is an emotional experi-
ence; 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 per-
formance. When this type of per-
son is solely looking for beauty
in folk music, it is likely he will
find it. But the philistine, whose
taste may coincide with the popu-
lar taste, will not receive as reward-
ing an experience.

*Continued on Page 28*

Outsider: without limit,

perspective.

You see this picked and
rubbed snow immoral —
Floating above
the skin of sea...

But why after cocktails
and convivial chatter
Should roses appear
in a bowl of cream —
And yah cherubs rise
from caged entropy?

Which one is wanton:
the sly-eyed lizard
Catching his eye
with lightning tongue

The subdued another
dredging its fastidious way
below the title... What should a rational
nature spare:
Birdsong atexstasy,
inablazeme.
Or is this truncated quadruped
whose incredible clinkers
can deicate all?
Ponder the fine points
of this insonable doxonomy,
Then spiral down from darkness
to some jewel.

And writhing dragon —
filled with the old familiar
bustle of man's race.

**INVOI**

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 streaming from before —
And before that
the meaning as today.

**Peter Darien, 1903**
OFFERINGS FROM A FRENCH CORNER

Three cartoons appeared in Sève, Magasse, the French magazine that could be called the satirical bocch of an intellec-
tual anarchy very peculiar to Paris. They lack any notoriety, however, even though they express Paris opinion and its folded. The War
issue both for its readers and its themes was reprinted in other European newspapers. It is interesting to
note that the red world does not hesitate to use the aged art form of the cartoons and the laugh as propaganda.
OFFERINGS FROM
AN ENGLISH CORNER

The Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall
30th January, 1965

The Editor,
Memorabilia,
Balliol College,
Oxford.

Dear Sir,

I feel I can hardly press 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 ap-
ppears to have only two legs. The stretched animal is obviously incapable of
motion and judging by its expression in considerable pain. Clearly it has been
named in some accident or disturbance as the result of consumption of some
thallium-type drug. You appear to find this a matter of some amusement.

It is bad enough when young men as the varicose vein pertinently snorts
at their elders and betters, but when they see fit to ridicule our dearest 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 realization of
my kind. May I have fought two ways in order to prevent this sort of thing
and to preserve a way of life remarkable chiefly for its integrity and love of ani-
mal life. Your disregard for such essential considerations is little short of crim-
inal and all the more deplorable in that it is typical of your generation.

Yours etc.,
GORDON CRMPT (MAJOR)
"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 cards; for the frequenter language and bits were hoyte, guiding each to his own section. 23 picnicking ground for the Italians, 38 for the Poles, 24 for the Jews.

On Sunday we would all pile into the LaSalle and drive over the bridge into St. Louis and go for a picnic, the park and meet Uncle Lipsky and all the other uncle's who would sit and play cards and discuss politics. The car was a tenon. Poppa had brought it all Old Edison from Edison'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 hear of town in the big room that used to be doctors' offices and had wide white foot boards; the hallway that had served as a waiting room now saw itself as storage for assorted trunks and sundry souvenirs from the 1901 World's Fair, and ten years of National Geographics that would never be discarded. In the summer when Mamma wanted us and we were playing and running all around town, she would Unoak a kitchen window screen, with the netting coal black from the smoke of the mill, and shout Susie's Oh Tennymany Susie's Rhino Trammy; even Mr. Maisen, the conductor on the street car on Nineteenth Street, would hear her and laugh that he was hunting for the kids again.

Poppa was too honest and gulblhe to be a smart business man. 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 stores paid like loaves. Poppa wanted in, too but Mamma was always wary of money deals, and this time she was right. The deal fell through the floor, only three weeks after entering by the front.

After that I had built the crystal radio set and for over a week had spent hours every day trying with it. Poppa came up to me and warned me to stop wasting so much time with such nonsense. Downright casually I picked up the head phones and then offered one to him which he frowned, reluctantly accepted and showed to his son. KZOK, one of the two St. Louis stations, was broadcasting a recording of the Great Caruso, instantly Poppa was enchanted and whisked to a different world. When the song was finished, he seemed something about 'wonder in the air' and sat down to read the paper. The next day he went into B&O Furniture and for seven hundred and thirty-two dollars bought the most expensive Zenith in stock.

The money paid for that here, cashed in for some remodeling and raising of the shop and now the son needed to carry through it. This precipitated to me about how Poppa was an art man of the theater, a boyhood of art and a link with his community YAO, with whom he had an all around old man poet if he was a Jew should be president of the Krewe in 1956. I went in to see Mr. Hate as he tucked his white beard under his nose. "It was not that bad."

In 1926 the St. Louis Beaumont was the pennant and every town got excited and pulled through the streets with brass horns and its great negro liquor. Even Papa, who didn't like baseball too much from a barman's point of view, pulled in one night and I was worrying on my life—ever since he was in the high plane time the city sent up a 'liveloom room, filled with smoke and clocks of refreshment and the speakeasy was one in which no one could hear his own voice. The ahbout the mighty Ruth slid into mind and the last out a run on a hit raised the roof and knocked the foundation.
A SOPHOMORE DISCOVERS
THE ELIZABETHAN SONG
WRITERS AND LORD BYRON

Blown on that seed 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 maid;
A garland will crown my head,
The cattle and sheep will be fed.
So, bind my locks, mother, today,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.

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

Bees swiftly glide down the mead,
Perishing on each rotten weed.
Loiterers sleep in the dell,
Are stung and ravished while they yell.
Find my locks, mother, today,
Ashes and feldspar and clay.

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

Wind my locks, mother, today,
So there's not a moment's delay.
For after with Georgie I'll fly,
And with each request will comply.

"Come, lover, let's be gay.
Hub, baby, whaddasea?"

—Robert Goldfish
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 upside-down in a nook room.

Mrs. McC: Well, I couldn't. 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. The M.: You write everyday. I haven't a word of that. Do you think I'm a good playwright?

The M.: When you have changed a word, do you think that this was what you saw but didn't put in?

Mrs. McC: Yes.

The M.: You just wrote it down.

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

The M.: Those people in real life to you, do they exist in your mind or do you write, so it is well just what is shrewd in the mind that is right?

Mrs. McC: Yes, of course I am already known what I am going to do before I start a new book. But still, as I told you, in the paragraph of the "Magical Wedding" took me six or seven years. To go just through the language, the way in which I wanted to do it.

The M.: Do you read our novels? For example, have you read "The Heart of the Country" in the last few years?

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

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

Mrs. McC: Oh, not the "War and Peace." Arnold Bennett, "The Babzon," "Red and the Black." The M.: Do you read any contemporary novels?

Mrs. McC: No, I don't, in no. The M.: What about short stories?
of the young writer?

Mrs. McC: No. I am too new. I don't think I could possibly.

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

Mrs. McC: No, I think it if one writes every day, it 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 world to be a musician, and I think that from the discipline of music I had the just plain gut 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 rear 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 the cinema either. Wait, there was one wonderful film, I saw not long ago, David and Lisa, have you seen it? I did think that there 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 me and children. Now, "Ballad of a Sad Cafe," I turned over to Edward, see, and I am, so to speak, a grandmother. I don't think 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 then 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 tortured. I don't like those long sentences. I am a very well-read person, I have read the whole public library, I am part of Columbia, Ga.

The V: 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. magnificent 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 am I 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 by 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 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 generally depend upon the pupils.

The M.: You think that that is worthwhile?

Mrs. McC. Well, it is very worthwhile.

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

Mrs. McC. No, because it is yes, I have millions of things I haven’t read through yet. I might go in my library and sit there.

The M.: Do you encourage your writer?

Mrs. McC. I always feel such since I had this role I can.

The M.: Some people have used a typewriter. To do you think it as writing or is it hard. Do you think it is such?

Mrs. McC. No, I don’t think I have always written as a writer since I was this way of writing, but in this stage.

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

Mrs. McC. Not to live, but to go back and seek out with friends.
Mrs. McC: I have a friend in England, Oscar Loesestein, 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 I was stumbling around — we were all stumbling around these broken floors, these walk-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 it 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, out 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 Columbia Library and saved 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 is a hundred years gone, they'll still be reading it.

Mrs. McC: I know they will.
The contemporary theater has provoked a full queue of slings and arrows from outraged critics and from outraged critics it is the past few years. Albee charity expected us to ask for his opinions and when they came that were off-hand he said, "I see a great many plays, too, mostly, 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 Orpheus Descending and the stage play of Suddenly Last Summer," Twentieth Century, Beckett, Genet, and Brecht. "Today's theatre audiences are lazy. They seem to love the opinion that they run the theatre. Most producers are catering to this." The repertory company of Lincoln Center has been prochonized as one antidote for the sickness of the American people. Albic sees the idea 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 moody scenes like (Elish) 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 unsuited to answer. "I don't see for plays. I don't know more of what the play wills. Dealing with writing a plan is noting in vain. I am unacquainted with the reality of the drama in their conventions, nothing is involved in the implications of his text or if it be a horror or a strange. I know how to dramatize Virginia (Woolf) would have done any situation." He added: "I once said that every time he writes, he something he says about all the time and somehow I said it is best not to do it."
**CHEZ ODETTE**

Lunchtime, Dinner, Supper
Open Every Day

Why "Jet" to France...
Just Stress to New Hope and
"Chez Odette," the completely
French Restaurant with your
own French pantaloon.

Odette Myers

For reservations
From 10:30 A.M.
Cork Walser at the stand
The Farmers River Hotel
River Rd., New Hope

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**COLLEGE HERITAGE**

Continued from Page 9

Lafayette as a center for the arts, with the renovation of Van Wickle for Geology and Archives, and the restoration 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 Bergeon 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 Bergeon 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
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 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 engineer 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 Bergdahl’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 to carry on a tradition which will be served by it. The test for admission and the test for success are the same. Nevertheless, we have the problems, and we must work to solve them. We must deal with the results of our mistakes and our successes, and we must do our part to improve the lives of those around us. The test for admission to Lafayette is not an easy one, but it is a fair one. We choose to admit students who we believe will be able to contribute to the College and to the larger community. We want students who will be able to work well together and who will be able to help others. We want students who will be able to think critically and who will be able to communicate effectively. We want students who will be able to be active participants in their communities and who will be able to make a positive impact on the world.

**Why Not?**

**Why Not An 86 Proof Bourbon?**

In elementary, I was asked to mount the feet of the other friends and invented by 7 to 8 percent of alcohol. Higher content cannot be provided by fermentation and more than 14 percent is killed by heat. However, in wines such as sherry and port, this is fortified with brandy. The alcoholic content of port is 21 percent. Distilled liquors, though, have 43 to 50 percent alcohol (80 or 100 proof). In

**Family Liquor Spit**

100 Stave Ave., Philadelphia 12
An Aperitif?

Nature is a veritable treasure house of grapes and fruits, and it is easy to understand why drinking is a popular pastime. The human body seems to be programmed to enjoy the effects of alcohol. However, heavy drinking and port may be harmful to certain people.

Nevertheless, Lafayete does have a tradition which has passed on the past twenty years. To do this, we need the students to participate. We also need students who are willing to work hard.

As students of Lafayete, we can help each other. We can help each other by being good students. We can help each other by being good citizens. We can help each other by being good citizens of the world.

Just How Much Bull Can We Feed You?

Probably not very much, it's not our business. But cows? Ah that's our line. Or at least milk anyway, and ice cream, and in fact, all your dairy needs.

Easton Sanitary Milk
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, symphonic, 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-
Some shapes are hard to improve on.

...
The better an untrained folk singer is, the more appreciated is the performance. A typical patron attitude would be that true folk music comes from the soul and does not benefit from the untrained. Yet the music is more often than not the result of conscious efforts by folk music patricians. There may be some mistake about what true folk music is, but it is this quality which excites the true folk music listener. There may be some mistake about what quality means. An untrained performer is not necessarily a bad or even unskilled performer. It is just that there is not the same expectation of the trained performer. There is a certain understandable conceit which can be felt when a particularly beautiful progress is accomplished by an untrained folk musician. The more exciting is the performer on the instrument, the more exciting is a skillful guitar figure to the purist. This is not meant to say that the music is not as good, but that the music is better. The purist who is not a purist will not recognize the value of good music. He may enjoy the rough quality, but he will not see it as the true folk music. The few true folk musicians who are left are rapidly vanishing. What is more, the standards are striving, the conditions are such that the true folk music element has 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 they will come back, but we cannot consider popular music will be considered national, but we may question whether all that will remain to us will be more or less imitations of what we consider true folk music. The music of the future will be more or less imitations of what we consider folk music today. Actually, we have not yet reached that level yet. Music is changing, but it has not been that long since our music has been changed.
American folk music is practically dead. There are a few traditional singers who still can sing beautiful folk songs. But, by and large, the spontaneity and authenticity are gone. The encouraging fact is that folk music in America cannot really be written today. The problem is that folk music is more popular than ever and yet is a desire that goes unmet in an age of monopolies and limitations. It is a phenomenon of music in America which firmly believes that folk music is not merely a question of art for art's sake. The same is true of folk music in America which firmly believes that folk music is not merely a question of art for art's sake. The same is true of folk music.

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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.

President K. Roald Bergevin 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 joined by the Board of Trustees at Lafayette.

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<th>Summary of Challenge Campaign Objectives</th>
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<td>For Physical Facilities: $2,250,000</td>
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<td>Renovation Projects: $1,000,000</td>
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<td>Greens of Fisher Hall: $75,000</td>
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<td>Wyckoffazar for College and archit. of Mattie Hall: $500,000</td>
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<td>Engineering facilities: $400,000</td>
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<td>Heating and hot water: $100,000</td>
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<td>Sidewalks, new field and paths: $200,000</td>
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<td>Endowment for libraries, books: $700,000</td>
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<td>Endowment for faculty salaries: $1,000,000</td>
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<td>Endowed scholarships: $500,000</td>
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<td>Lectures-Concerts: $200,000</td>
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<td>General endowments: $1,000,000</td>
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<td>TOTAL: $7,000,000</td>
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