

The Mercer Cluster

MERCER UNIVERSITY, MACON, GEORGIA

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Door-Check and Open Stacks

Mercer will teach Russian next fall. The addition of this language and the re-organization of the language department is indicative of good days ahead for Mercer. Professors with impressive recommendations will be added to the faculty in September. These additions will strengthen the sciences at Mercer, an area that, like math, could stand some strengthening.

Plans for a new library exist. Word that rapid progress toward the actual construction of a new library and a reorganization of library facilities would indeed be good news. The best possible news would be the openings of stacks to students. Good arguments for closing stacks, such as protection of books from theft, are not impressive when one considers that door-check has been known to be effective, while our library reports loss of books.

Delightful Things

One of the most delightful things this spring is the award of a Danforth Scholarship to history major Granger Ricks. Announcement of this award was made last week.

Dr. Robert H. Spiro, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, has commented: "Mr. Ricks is one of the keenest, most penetrating, and creative minds in the senior class. The College is honored in his selection and we wish him every success in graduate school."

Letter To The Editor

Editor, Cluster:

I was overjoyed to learn that this year's S.G.A. elections will be contested in some of the more important areas, especially that of President of the Student Government Association. This should be an interesting race.

My hope is that all Mercer students, particularly the unaffiliated and the town students, will feel a greater responsibility to vote than they have shown in the past. This group, although unorganized, has the potential to affect the outcome of what may be a close election if they will exercise their power.

Pleasurefoot

LARRY MAIORELLO

New KKK

At a time when even Red leaders are trying to stifle the personality cults, it is rather disheartening to watch the growth of the Kennedy-clan cult in our own country.

For example, in recent years, Mr. Khrushchev has been deemphasizing Stalin as a Red hero, until now the once most ideal Red hero is little better than a criminal in the eyes of the Russian people. And at the same time Khrushchev himself denies having taken over the role of "Hero Number-One"—possibly out of fear that it might hasten his demise.

A similar de-emphasis of the individual has occurred in Cuba where the once loud-mouthed Dr. Castro has quieted down and, in theory at least, has replaced his diatatorial powers with a twenty-five man dictatorial board.

But by comparison, look at what has happened to the name Kennedy in the last year or two.

First John became a household word; then Jackie; then John, Jr.; then Brother Bobby; then young Teddy. All this was thought by some to be an effort to perpetuate some sort of Kennedy dynasty—of course no one really believes this, but the personality (or family) cult has grown up around the Kennedy administration and it has reached its most disappointing depths with the filming of PT-109, a movie version of JFK's wartime exploits. Without questioning the President's heroism it does seem somewhat premature, if not in bad taste, to release movie versions of his accomplishments when presumably his greatest accomplishments may be yet to come. But publicity, the swayer of public opinion that it is, will probably not hurt the Kennedy clan and it is possible that in the not too distant future a new KKK will make itself felt on the American scene—the Kennedy Klan Kult.

TIM GILL

Every day that spring, except on those days it rained, he had seen her enter the garden by the side gate at approximately the same hour and move about slowly among the rose bushes, pausing briefly now and then to stand with her arms folded, her head slightly lowered, so he was able to see only her face in profile and then but partially, for, in the sidelong position in which she stood, she was generally turned away from the house and only on two or three occasions in the past had she ever, as he recalled, looked towards it. It was from the larger of the two upstairs windows of this house which stood directly across the street from the garden, that he had watched her come and go each day. And in the act of simply watching her and in speculating on what she might be thinking as she walked there in the garden, he had gradually grown to love her, or so he thought. Yet genuine love, he knew, was founded on a more substantial basis than this, and that merely seeing her every day only reinforced a love which had first been kindled in the past when he and she had met face to face and which was now kept vitally alive in the present by the object of his love being there at a certain distance from him, a love, no doubt, which would continue to grow in the future: an assumption warranted by the fact that she returned to the same spot each day with unyielding faithfulness and regularity.

And somehow today as he watched her from the window his love for her was more intense than ever. A rather brisk wind was blowing and the roses, most of which were blood red, were like flames suddenly whipped into fury, swaying first one way and then another, dancing like bright, overlapping flames that seemed to surround her from all sides, so thick the roses and so long and sweeping the great maze of red. A few yellow roses, growing here and there among the red ones, were like bright, glowing embers among an intense fire. And she there among them all was like a goddess given as a sacrifice, a sacrificial offering to some angry deity. And seeing her there alone, as though she were performing some solemn, ancient rite of silent appeasement, made him love her deeply, deeply and tenderly. And as he continued to watch her, there was suddenly brought to his mind, as though she herself were repeating the words, those statements she had made the day several months ago when he first felt he loved her, though they had never met each other face to face again since that time.

Her words then were bitter, even cruel, but her speech was so colorful that he remembered practically every word she had spoken at this first and only meeting between them. They had been discussing philosophy and he had asked her what she thought of mankind in general and she had responded quickly, even excitedly. And seeing her there among the roses alone, so alone and aloof, had reminded him of what she had said at the time. He could almost hear her speaking.

"I detest people en masse and to go among them would make me physically ill. And why should I do something that makes me ill? I have recovered sufficiently from former illnesses brought on by being in daily contact with the crowd, and I do not intend to be spiritually bedridden again. The cost is too great, the sacrifice too overwhelming. I possess, for better or worst, a delicate spiritual constitution. And the spiritual constitution, which has its source in the physical one, can withstand just so much of the sub-humanity of the great amorphous crowd. Why, speaking, figuratively, one would have to have the gizzard of an ostrich to digest all the senseless stuff thrown out by those who stay always together, like ants stay together, and it irritates me to see how readily and eagerly, how arbitrarily everyone who comprises a relatively large group gopples down its own nonsense, glories in its own bourgeois incompetence. Of course, however, they don't stop to think. They never, never think or feel, which is a way of thinking. Their gestures are purely

A Life In Limbo

mechanical, purely spontaneous, purely unreflective. Mechanical spontaneity, like the engine of an automobile activated by the mere push of a button or the mere turn of a key.

"So insubstantial, so colorless, so ghost-like people are that they frighten me. When they speak, when they utter their meaningless little phrases and persist in their frivolous, uninteresting small talk, one wants to die and to die again, and again, to experience always the disintegrating processes of death, to be brought nearer and nearer to that state of utter negation when the human consciousness will be blotted out, totally irrevocably. But since forever is a long time one wonders if one will have enough strength to endure death. This death-in-life is, I know, more than I can bear. Is more than anyone can bear who has not lost himself in some group, who has or thinks he has, an identity, an identity that must be dealt with if it would not be lost entirely. People have duped themselves into believing that their identity is included in the group. The part which they as individuals go to make up a greater whole is, they think, 'enough. I say it is not enough. Quantitatively, it is enough only in that they as a majority by sheer force of numbers exert a tremendous pressure on a minority that can only feel a sense of guilt and frustration because it seeks standards which generally lie beyond the usual opinions and notions of those large groups which oppose them either overtly or covertly."

And as he recalled her words, he suddenly thought what an excellent social revolutionary she would make. What excellent revolutionaries both of them would make—he as well as she. Poetry and politics. The fire and energy of the poet combined with the practical wisdom of the political reformer. She was both poetic and practical. The combination was irrefutable. Such a combination in a person could permit him or her to recreate or destroy the world. The thought was thrilling—even a little terrifying.

He sat down at his desk, opened the drawer, and took out a sheet of paper. First he would write her a letter, declare his love openly—Love must come first, then worldly, practical considerations would follow. Love, at least, could grow up between two people gradually, as a flower grows, gradually—Only two people can ever really love each other, deeply love—Not like the group loves itself, its insane, stupid love for individual identities reduced to one, rendered nil. The great egocentric, egoistic love of the inhuman mass for itself, itself alone. Loving the group dispassionately removes the awful necessity of loving passionately any one member of that group. He would declare his love for only one and reject the group. Thus his written words took on a powerful significance, more powerful and precious than he thought possible.

Beloved, I love you deeply, too deeply perhaps, and in my imagination I have removed you from all sordid surroundings and placed you, as though you were Melisande, in a remote, mystical, almost supernatural realm with but the barest hint of reality where I watch rose petals and fragrant blossoms waft everlastingly about your lithe, elegant form, creating a sort of spiral of which you are its ever-present and unyielding center, emanating a radiant beauty and odors from which I ever draw spiritual strength and sustenance, having so little of my own. Until this pleasant dream can be made into a pleasant reality, I remain yours in thought only. Think of me, then, love. Think of me on your walk through the garden.

Love,

The Boy Across The Street

He folded the note once and then walked to the window to see if she was still there. She was gone. A light rain was falling. I'll give it to her tomorrow, he thought. Tomorrow will create a world of our own.

NOTICE FOR SOPHOMORES

A make-up period for Sophomore Examinations will be held on Thursday and Friday afternoons, April 12 and 13, at 1:45 P.M.

ALL STUDENTS WHO HAVE COMPLETED 55 QUARTER HOURS OF STUDY MUST REPORT FOR TESTS, IF THEY HAVE NOT ALREADY TAKEN THEM.

The Sophomore Examinations will be administered in Room 205 Penfield Hall, the Guidance Center on the above stated dates.

This will be the last administration of these tests during this academic year. Those students who fail to participate in the program at this time will be subject to a late test fee of \$5 (five dollars).

P. E. Maffeo
Test Administrator

Notice for Seniors

Departmental tests for Seniors will be given on Monday, April 16, 1962 from 1:45 - 5:00 P.M. All Seniors who expect to complete their studies in June, 1962 are required to take these tests.

Please register for the Senior Departmental tests at the Mercer University Guidance Center in Penfield Hall by Friday, April 6th.

P. E. Maffeo

Notice for Graduate Students

Graduate Aptitude Examinations will be given on Monday, April 16, starting at 8:30 A.M.

All Graduate students who are matriculating for the M.Ed. degree are required to take the Graduate Aptitude Examination.