Once More
With Feeling

By TIM KIMREY
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One week he is reluctantly feted in Atlanta as the winner of the Nobel Prize for Peace, and the next week he sits in a jail cell in Selma, Alabama.

Martin Luther King, Jr. tried to register to vote — tried to lead a group of Negroes to inscribe their names on the roll of those who at least enjoy the right to vote. And, in the true Southern tradition, he and hundreds of others were not only denied this basic right of citizenship, but the right to a peaceable assembly as well.

The thought that such blatant injustice and wide-eyed defiance of all that is human could take place in this country really grieves me.

Perhaps the occasion of Mid-Winters, complete with buxom and smoky Julie, is not the time to put forth a plea for decency. Maybe one should not be so naive as to disturb the ritualistic joy of after-dance outbursts and after-drinking befuddlement by introducing a matter so academic as Civil Rights. After all, you say, we have pondered and crammed for months now. We have burned the oil; we have been sterile and scholarly—students, according to the College catalogue.

Now we deserve our period of forgetfulness and unconcern. The time is right for a momentary stay against the pressures of formulas and theses, tracts and cycles. We need to drown the god of academia.

Now is the time, you say, to lay our minds on a dusty shelf, amid the clutter of ominous books and used Bright-liners. The mouth ... the eyes ... the feet ... the pelvis ... the fingertips—these will rule the weekend.

It will never work. College Man.