

Compliments of the  
Colgate University Church

# ORIENTATION

ISSUE 1962

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# ORIENTATION

*class of sixty-six*

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# this is college

*by denton beal, richard rieber, and richard riebling.  
photographs by herbert barnet*

*I am a stander-in-line; signer of last name, first name, middle initial;  
wearer of dink; receiver of chair, desk, bed, and dream—a freshman.  
Being a freshman is a little frightening;  
being a freshman is lots of fun . . .  
best of all, it's exciting,  
it's unique—it's beginning.*

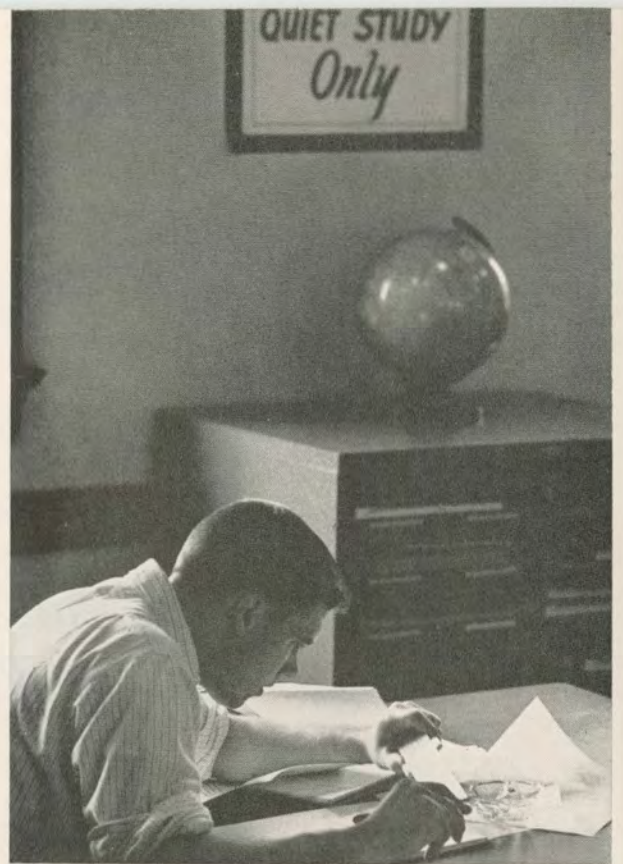




*Why of all books, must textbooks be so ugly?  
Books should be beautiful . . .  
The act of learning should be beautiful, and maybe it is,  
but studying is not.*

*College is  
coffee between classes,  
touchdown passes, cram exams,  
studies, buddies, skirling pipes, campus gripes,  
things to do, a point of view . . .*

*. . . hard work,  
homework,  
slow work,  
no work . . .*

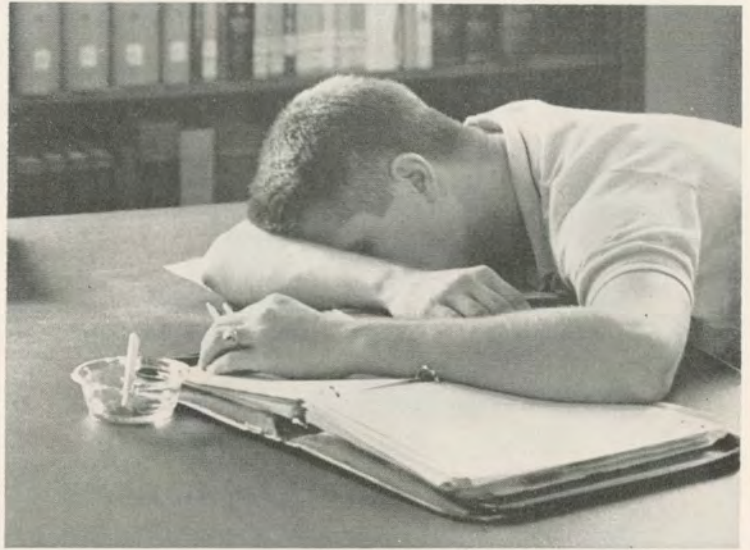


*Listening, talking,  
thinking, walking,  
seeing, being . . .  
this is college, this and more—  
college, perhaps, is many doors.*





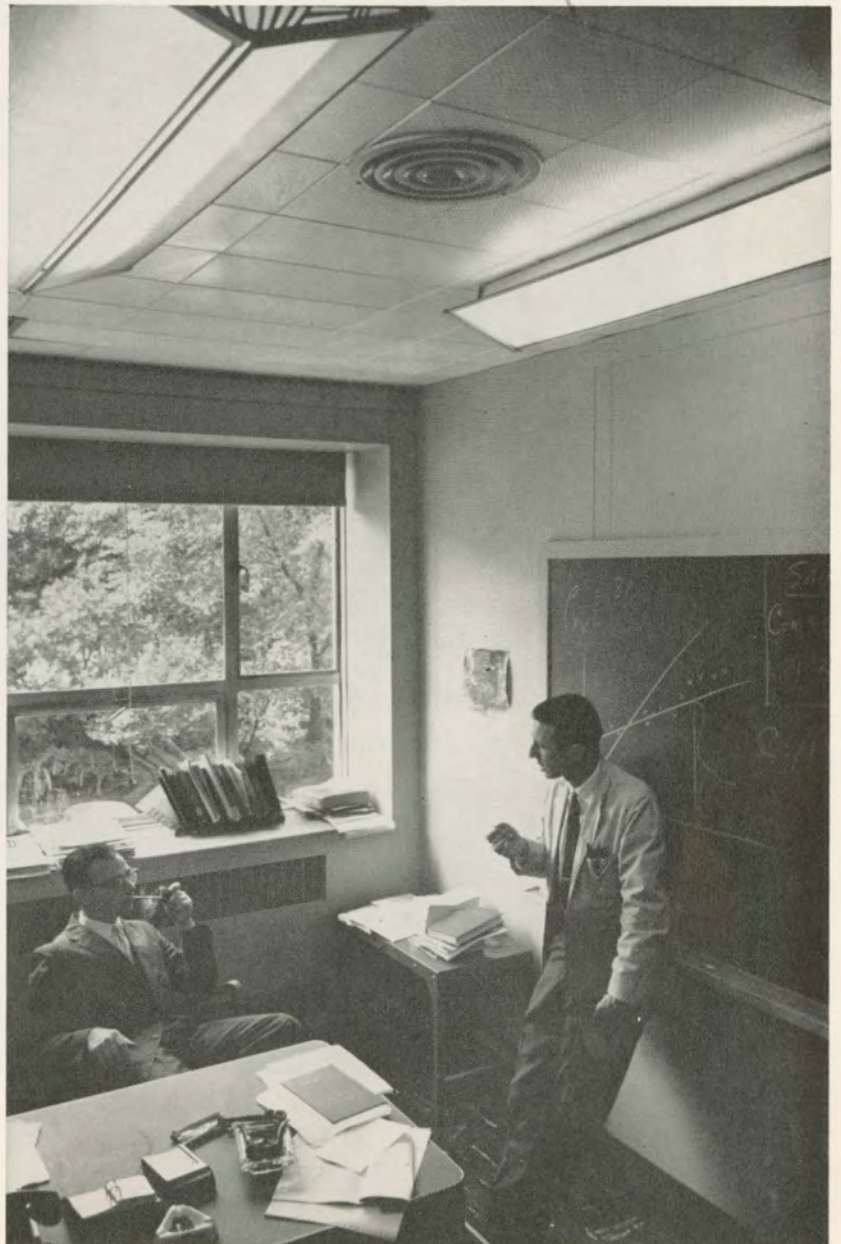
*It's a dog barking at three a.m. It's an empty coffee cup  
and a full ash tray.  
It's procrastination followed by despair.*



*Studying is a bent back and hunched  
shoulders, and sore eyes. It's loneliness.  
It's humility, it's arrogance, it's  
patience, it's push.*

*It's the grind.*

*And sometimes—  
just sometimes—  
Studying is something near joy,  
when the isolated bits suddenly coalesce  
the filings fly to the magnet—  
when a pattern, an analogy appears,  
and understanding occurs.*









*Please!*

*Address me as His Frivolous Eminence, One Wise  
Beyond Caring (I walk with pigeons and puppies and  
popular girls), I am mystic! Magnificent!*

*I can improvise an ode*

*(raid the forbidden wings for  
sweetly scented underthings),  
create all manner of banners (keep running  
we're brothers),  
and sing (stereoazzzing)!*

*swing,*



*I fly,  
soar, bless everything—  
I am spring—simply because I am! I, id, sans lid, the Kid, the King, Poet, Scientist,  
Philosopher, Rex . . .  
Winner of pillow fights, bull sessions, water battles, and all bets,  
wooer of beautiful women, Pied Piper pro tem,  
BMOC—ME  
The college man!*

*I am amorphous. I am nerve ends, ganglia, squeezed, compressed.  
I must stiffen, toughen, yet stay flexible.  
I want to be steel, I am afraid of becoming stone.*

*I drift into limbo.*

*sucking in fact, while I long for truth.*

*As I turn over and over I seem to be shrinking—or am I coiling for a leap?*

*I am supposed to be a microcosm; I am merely chaos, in little, and I am not  
made cunningly. Yesterday I caved in a little; today I think I will burst, I will  
surely die tonight.*

*And to where?*

*Was it in that week before Commencement,  
or while I sat in the hot white sun,  
a prickle of sweat  
under the black bachelor's gown,  
or in those few empty days at home?*

*Anyway,*

*All at once I knew a little bit about why.*

*I was out from under the suffocating mass of knowledge;  
there was a direction to go,  
a way to do it, and I knew the way.*

*I did know, had learned.*

*There was the door, the handle to turn, the latch to lift—  
and all those years I had been finding,  
acquiring, filling my pockets with keys.*

*Already the doors are opening. Through how many shall I finally pass?*



# why freshmen fail

BY HAROLD G. RIDLON

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SO much emphasis is placed on both the desirability and the difficulty of getting into college that students, parents, and teachers are to be forgiven if, in their joyful enthusiasm, they minimize the problems of staying in college during the first year and doing satisfactory work. Students have been dropping out of colleges, either of their own volition or at the suggestion of the administration, as long as there has been such a phenomenon as higher education. But the dropout rate today is increasing at the very time when, we are told, the colleges are accepting the "cream of the crop." Even for those who ultimately do survive, the problem of adjusting to the first term of college can be a harrowing experience. Though admissions officers tell us that the new freshmen are better and better in the ways that are measurable, many of us have a lurking suspicion that the battery of tests and other data college administrators depend on fall far short of revealing student originality, inventiveness, or capacity for intellectual growth under the demanding stimuli of the first weeks of college.

This problem affects not only those who might very likely flunk out in the first year; it also troubles students perfectly able both to survive college and to enjoy it, whose first year, at least—and perhaps more—is passed in morbid fear of failure.

This group of students comes to college with high test scores, solid high school grades, and firm recommendations. Why do they fail to achieve? It is my impression, gained from close contact for the past decade with such college students, that the reasons for their ineffectiveness fall roughly into two categories: skills and attitudes.

The relationship of good reading skills to success in college is primary. I do not wish to raise here the issue about the extent to which precollege students are or are not being taught to read effectively. Nor do I wish to disinter the bones of the old phonics versus word-by-word debate. I say only that a great many entering college students fail to get out of their reading what generally reasonable and understanding faculties feel they should get.

Needless to say, with the great bulk of reading required of the average college student today, speed is vitally necessary. The student who plods along through all types of reading material at two hundred words a minute will undoubtedly lag behind another who can average four hundred or more and can vary his speed from two to six, depending on the material read. Contrary to what students—and parents—generally believe, the more rapid reader is likely to be the better reader, for the simple reason that he can

more closely approximate the thought patterns of the writer. The reader who splits a simple idea that may cover three or four sentences into forty or fifty words, or, worse, 150 to 200 syllables, erects barriers for himself that, if not insurmountable, are, to say the least, inhibiting.

Training—even intelligent self-training such as that advocated by Professor Robert Bear at Dartmouth College, in which for fifteen minutes a day the student forces himself to read some piece of relatively easy nonfiction much more rapidly than is comfortable for him—such training undertaken during the senior year of high school or in the summer before entering college could loosen up the rigid patterns of reading some students have developed during high school.

And "loosen up" is, I think, an appropriate term, for one common failure of reading training in high school is the insistence on the value of deep reading at the expense of broad reading. One might be forgiven here for citing Dr. Johnson, who, piqued on one occasion by the searching questions of a gentleman who had read a book the good doctor obviously had not read thoroughly, eyed him askance and asked scathingly, "Sir, do you read books *through*?" High school students often read through such books as *Vanity Fair*, *Crime and Punishment*, and *David Copperfield* so dutifully that they lose the valuable gift of flexibility.

One useful method to achieve flexibility is to devote a few minutes each day for a month to reading from a number of different sources, the only stipulation being that no two sources—book, newspaper, periodical—be repeated within the given period. No requirement should be set for finishing any article, story, or chapter, unless it proves so interesting that the reader chooses to complete it on his own time, outside the period devoted to the daily practice. The student should read in sources normally not explored: newspapers never read, specialized periodicals outside his field of interest, books by authors assiduously avoided.

Many entering college students read the back of a cereal box with the same rapt attention they give to a chapter in a physics book. But the loosening up, the relaxing, requires a psychological effort, a kind of commitment to ease. I am here reminded of the poor reader in the one-room country schoolhouse of many years ago who used to depend on his deskmate for help in the painful oral reading then thought so necessary. Once, however, stuck on a difficult passage, he leaned hopefully toward his mentor, only to have him say, because he didn't know the words either, "Skip it, Richard, and go on." Straightening up confidently after this





PHOTO: CHARLIE NELSON, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

exchange, he intoned to the world, "Skip it, Richard, and go on." The freshman could do worse than learn that there are many times when he, too, should skip it and go on.

One immediate application of this principle occurs in the area of prereading. To many freshmen, the notion of attacking a textbook chapter in three successive steps, each built on the preceding one, comes as the revelation of a secret sin, for they have been somehow led to believe that knowing how the chapter ends will spoil it for them. Instead of plodding laboriously for two hours from the beginning to the end of a twenty-page chapter, they should spend, first, only fifteen minutes prereading the chapter, making a rapid survey, noting the title, observing the general format. They should read only first and last paragraphs, opening sentences of paragraphs, marginal headings, and boldface type. Then, on the basis of this survey, they should ask themselves questions they hope to be able to answer at the next reading.

The second reading, of say, half an hour, involves some effort to isolate key ideas, scan all the paragraphs rapidly, and form more incisive and useful questions for the third, and last, reading.

Finally, the close-study reading permits concentration on the most significant data and clears away all the deadwood for a more meaningful reconciliation between fact and idea. Students uniformly testify to the efficacy of this system.

**A** SECOND skill, valuable if not actually necessary for reasonable success in college, is the ability to listen constructively. Some effort is made in high school to develop the other three communication skills—reading, writing, and speaking—through oral and written presentations. But listening, although students engage in it for a good part of their time, is hopelessly neglected as a particular skill requiring systematic training and controlled practice.

What do students really hear as they sit in the classroom? College teachers discover in examinations how distorted the remarks made in class can become, even with the better students. This is another symptom of the broader problem, the difficulty of the new student in trying to adjust to an alien world.

Whether from large or small, public or private schools, most entering college students have come to be accepted on something like their own terms. Take, for example, the matter of the congenitally bad speller. Called to task for his appalling spelling, he will say with a jocular and casual air: "Oh, yes, I had this trouble all through high school, but the teachers didn't seem to take it too seriously." Yet, recently an instructor in freshman English told me of having to fail a boy primarily for the irresponsible inconsistency of his spelling.

Why had the student been permitted—I almost said "encouraged"—to complete high school without mastering a basic tool of communication? The answer is not far to seek: the high school student doing A or B work may be cajoled, shamed, or harangued into some concern for his spelling, but, according to modern teaching methods, he



should never be forced by the exigency of the occasion into doing the necessary work. In almost all cases spelling can be improved tremendously, but it takes laborious and patient effort on the part of teacher and learner alike. Consequently, the student's poor spelling has been passed on to the college along with his respectable high school grades and his genial personality. This particular student assumed that the college, too, would have to condone his orthographic eccentricities.

This same conviction of self-importance affects the power of the student to comprehend what he hears outside the orbit of his own relatively narrow concerns. Active listening involves an out-going, sympathetic regard for others, a genuine desire to hear what others have to say.

Another important aspect of college readiness is the skill of candid, dispassionate, objective thinking. Good thought, like good reading, demands a sharp distinction between what is important and what is relatively unimportant. We could not remember and use even as much as we do if we did not forget infinitely more than we remember. Similarly, college work prompts the student, through the essay question, for instance, to relate concrete detail to general principle. Such a relation provides a structure necessary to the assimilation of facts and ideas. Without the power and training to think clearly, no such pattern is possible.

But quality of thought is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to measure accurately. Perhaps in our standardized testing we have underestimated the young student's ability to outwit the test and have tended to confuse cleverness with wisdom. This may explain why it is that so many of our incoming freshmen seem inadequately trained to think, independently of prescribed modes and patterns of belief. For conviction, no matter how resolute it may be, is not thought. Conviction grows by accumulation, adding layer upon layer of comforting accretions; thought, on the other hand, strips bare, denudes, reduces to grim but tidy skeletons the chubby securities of the mind. Conviction may grow from thought, but thought only rarely from conviction.

And this, perhaps, is the paradox of education in America. The secondary schools often encourage students to erect edifices of warped and distorted personal convictions which the colleges must take time to demolish and then rebuild under the long, stabilizing shadow of history.

**W**HAT are the attitudes which block successful and satisfying completion of the freshman year? The obstacles all revolve around the central pole of self-consciousness. Fear, anxiety, selfishness, aggressiveness, timidity, lethargy—these often spring from unwholesome conceptions of the relationship between self and society. And the first year of college often triggers reactions frighteningly consistent with patterns of behavior which the precollege home and school have conspired to create.

Secondary schools in a free society are dedicated to the principle that all the citizens deserve to be, need to be educated. It is their task to devise education suitable for the wide ranges of ability they encounter year after year. Thus, increasingly the responsibility has fallen to them not only for

making a student "fit in" (an ugly expression, as Henri Peyre points out) but, more important in this context, for making him know that he fits in. Consequently, we have witnessed in the public schools over the past forty years a proliferation of course offerings appalling in its implications. The colleges and universities, on the other hand, have, for an equally long period, functioned on the Jeffersonian principle of aristocracy of talent and have with cavalier detachment dismissed students unable or unwilling to profit from the programs they offer, though even colleges have sometimes illustrated the trend by offering the type of course referred to as "Underwater Basket Weaving."

By and large, however, the conflict that exists between the aims of the high school and the aims of the college has produced a strain most painfully felt by the incoming college student. The two conflicting principles find their battleground in his distressed frame, and the agony that torture him ought not to be taken lightly by parent, teacher, or administrator. We have found our own equivalent of a primitive initiation rite.

The student who encounters difficulties far out of proportion to those predictable from high school, aptitude tests, and achievement tests will often be found psychologically insecure. His insecurity, produced by many different factors, manifests itself in various ways. One of the most common of these is anxiety.

Anxiety of one kind or another is as common to adolescence as the appearance of secondary sex characteristics, and it should never be forgotten that college students, particularly freshmen, are still shoulder deep in the quicksand of adolescence. Thus, anxiety is a regular part of their traveling equipment. Often, of course, it reveals itself constructively in their thoughts and actions. It may spur them to solve some troublesome problem; it may aggravate a mild discontent with some human situation into a profound commitment to shatter a specious *status quo*. Anxiety for the physical health or social well-being of others may, if properly directed, motivate the freshman toward medicine or sociology as a career. As recent studies indicate, anxiety may be a potent factor in the learning process itself.

But an anxiety that turns itself morbidly inward, that prompts the student to dwell dangerously on his failures and shortcomings is of no real value to him or to anyone else. Soon he begins seriously to question his ability to survive. Such an awareness, coming so swiftly on the heels of all the well-wishing he has received from relatives, friends, and teachers, may initiate a depression the more dangerous because it does not always find a proper outlet for expression. What will happen when he flunks out? How can he face his family and friends? One can sympathize with his plight, for, ironically, our society attaches more shame to one asked to leave college than to one who was never accepted. Americans, generally speaking, prize success, champion the obvious underdog, and have no patience with failure.

Another reason for the student's anxiety at this point is his conviction that the college is cold, unfeeling, and im-





personal in its attitude toward him. Relatively speaking, of course, this is true. The climate of acceptance is chilly. To most of his instructors, the freshman is little more than a name, especially in those larger courses that fall to his lot. What the student often fails to realize, however, is that all the machinery is there for his liberation, but he himself must spring the lock on the cage. One student who failed to do this throughout an entire year in a course given by a colleague of mine earned for himself the written comment: "He sits somewhere in the middle of the room."

Added to the student's frustration is his sense of guilt that he has failed to do what was expected of him, what he ought to be able to do, for he himself is also a victim of that bland propaganda which has cozened others into thinking he will have no trouble at all if he simply applies himself. He begins to think of the debts he owes to others, and he shrinks before the prospect of his failure to repay them. If he is on a scholarship, he must maintain respectable grades or pay his own way, something neither he nor his family is prepared to do. Faced with this dilemma, the conscientious but ill-adjusted student suffers.

Beginning students often evidence anxiety through a lethargy which further inhibits their ability to perform effectively. Because they are deeply conscious of it themselves, it serves to enmesh them more inextricably in feelings of guilt and remorse. One contributing factor here is the radical difference in programming between high school and

college. The average high school student meets most of his four or five major courses five times a week. His day-to-day study picture may change, but he has, over a period of years, developed a way to work, accommodating certain definite study hours.

In college there is a completely new concept of study hours; major courses meet every other day, three times a week; no tight social pattern; not even part-time work, the ballast that helps confine and arbitrate the weekly schedule for many high school students. Consequently, the freshman often experiences a very real letdown in his first few weeks of classes. He is lulled into a false sense of leisure by leaving, let us say, his French class at eleven on Tuesday and knowing it will not meet again until ten on Thursday. He feels no pressing need to begin the assignment that day. But each hour that slips by leaves him less eager and less prepared to cope with it. A fairly rigid study schedule created early in the first term and adhered to as closely as possible can save considerable heartache and headache later, but few students are prepared to take the initiative in this matter, and there are all too few advisers to recommend such a procedure.

**I**n spite of the pitfalls, the great majority of entering college students not only survive the first year but also derive considerable pleasure from the experience. How can the college help them?

At my university, students are given without charge, during the regular school year, a six-week reading and study improvement course, offered through the counseling staff. At first, speed and comprehension of reading are aimed for; then the reading skills are put to work in study situations: reading college textbooks, note taking on reading and lectures, planning of papers, use of the library, the technique of examination taking, with special emphasis on the essay examination, and a close analysis of special problems in college reading material.

Essentially the same course, though considerably expanded, is offered during the summer to those already in college, entering college that fall, or entering the senior year of high school. Students are tested at the beginning and the end, both in reading and in study skills, and daily exercises inside and outside class help to make the learning experience immediately meaningful. The students become aware particularly of the advantage of doing the kinds of work they will soon be doing in college for credit. They can take quizzes, write examinations, or plan papers, have them graded, with comments attached, and yet their grades are not held against them—a kind of dry run, you might say. The sharing of problems, ideas, and gimmicks among students on these diverse academic levels has proved most rewarding.

What can parents do to help their sons or daughters adjust to the new experience? They should realize that the first year of college makes severe demands on even the best of students. Suppose, for instance, that the student takes five three-semester-hour courses, totaling fifteen hours a



week, and that he follows conscientiously the rule of thumb about two hours of work outside class for each one spent in class—and many courses demand considerably more than that; at this point he is working a forty-five-hour week. If one of his courses is a four-credit laboratory science, he probably puts in a full afternoon for the extra credit. Add to this the customary two hours of physical education, another full afternoon for an extra lab if he is a premedical or pre dental student, required time at chapel and assembly or other more or less obligatory nonacademic assignments, language laboratories, and conferences with counselors, instructors, or administrators, and he is pushing close to a sixty-hour week. Then the student has to eat, often standing in line for his food, cafeteria style, or waiting to be served at table. How many letters to home would the average parent write on a schedule like that?

Often without realizing it, parents are imposing psychological burdens on their children by their own attitudes toward college. They didn't attend, for instance, or they want Junior to profit from their error or misfortune; he now has the opportunity they missed or passed up, and he should not be permitted to forget it. Or else they went to college, did well, and can tolerate no less from their offspring. Or another child, now through college and safely ensconced in his field, is held as an example. Attitudes like these are harmful to the entering student. Parents should see each of their youngsters as a wholly distinct individual with talents and limitations of his own.

The real significance of the college experience rests on self-development, and without honest progress there, grades are an unfair measurement of achievement; with such progress, grades tend to take care of themselves. No amount of parental understanding, high school guidance, or college assistance can take the place of the student's own courage, insight, and responsiveness. Courage will permit him to venture outside himself, do the kind of exploring for which higher education was intended. It will inspire him to take the necessary chances without which neither the college experience nor the life experience can be fruitful.

Socrates maintained that the complacently secure life, the life lived without chance, without courage, the "unexamined life," was not worth living. Examination, especially dispassionate, candid self-examination, requires courage. What are my best points? My worst ones? My personal assets and liabilities? The student will not be able to do everything that is asked of him equally well and must learn from the beginning to sacrifice the lesser for the greater good. But he need not despair nor blame others for his hardships.

From courage grows insight, that capacity for reading into oneself and others beyond the merely showy, illusory surfaces. Mark Van Doren sees higher education as a means of leading one to "know the difference between himself as individual and as person." Only thus can he be led from the egocentric question, "What do I think?" to the broadly irradiating one, "What can be thought?" Only thus can he be led to place the emphasis "not upon his reason but upon reason; not upon himself but on his kind."

Such insight as this cannot be wholly self-generated. It derives in college from the healthy interaction of books, ideas, and people. The business of college is knowledge. President Griswold of Yale put it this way:

To do good we must first know good; to serve beauty we must first know beauty; to speak the truth we must first know the truth. We must know these things ourselves, be able to recognize them by ourselves, be able to describe, explain, and communicate them by ourselves, and wish to do so, when no one else is present to prompt us or bargain with us. Such knowledge is the purpose of a liberal education.

Such superb detachment as this can be realized only by the student prepared to respond vigorously, enthusiastically, even joyously to the opportunities in the first year of college. He should make full use of all the personnel and resources available to him: counselors, library, teachers, books, friendships. He should be willing to give of himself in time, patience, industry, and energy. For crowded hours he will be paid in secure and unswerving knowledge; for diverse minor problems he will be rewarded with unified breadth of conception; and for occasional loneliness and distress, he will reap a lifetime of anticipation. "The educated man," says Van Doren, "is neither scared by novelty nor bored with it."

## ON FLUNKING A NICE BOY OUT OF SCHOOL

BY JOHN CIARDI

**W**ISH I could teach you how ugly decency and humility can be when they are not the election of a contained mind but only the defenses of an incompetent. Were you taught meekness as a weapon? Or did you discover, by chance maybe, that it worked on mother and was generally a good thing—at least when all else failed—to get you over the worst of what was coming? Is that why you bring these sheep-faces to Tuesday?

*They won't do.*

*It's three months' work I want, and I'd sooner have it from the brassiest lumpkin in pimpledom, but have it, than all these martyred repentances from you.*

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Orientation, 1962



# uncertain an freshman

BY FRANCIS CHRISTIE

**A**ND an uncertain freshman went down from his home to college. . . .

A survey of the canons of orientation rhetoric discloses a fondness for paraphrases of the parable of the Good Samaritan. "And a certain freshman went down. . . ." This certain freshman is made analogous to the traveler, and the thieves into whose hands he fell are identified as groups or individuals on the campus. These are harsh words, and the analogy is questionable but it is an interesting setting for a play on words.

There was an *uncertain* freshman who went down from his home to college. He fell among no thieves, he was spurned only occasionally by a Levite (and by no priests), and he was rescued by no Samaritans. He was simply an uncertain freshman.

This freshman was uncertain about several things; but he was also certain about some things. He was uncertain about his vocational goals, though he had been forced to give some indication to his high school guidance counselor and to write something on his college application form. He was uncertain about the courses he would take in college and about the teachers he would have. He was uncertain about his roommate and what he would be like. He was uncertain about the girl friend back home. He was uncertain about his abilities to make grades with the stiffer competition in college. He was quite uncertain as to whether or not his parents understood his dreams; and he could not sense their feelings as he tried to communicate his anticipations and apprehensions regarding the new freedom into which he was about to move. They frequently urged him to work hard and remember the moral codes of his home and community; so much that he wondered whether they trusted either his intellect or his judgment. He was even uncertain about whether he wanted to succeed, using the world's definitions of success. He was not sure what "success" meant. He wondered a lot about prestige.

But most of these uncertainties somehow had their balancing counterparts in the few remaining certainties, the chief of which was that he did know who he was. Sometimes he thought that perhaps this was all he could be certain of. He knew his name. He knew his achievements—they were recorded in his high school credentials. He knew his way back home, because he knew where he came from and where he was. He also knew what he liked and what he disliked.



PHOTO: A. R. SIMONS

**T**HAT is, he knew who he was . . . UNTIL . . . his parents left him at the dormitory after his mother had arranged a few things in the room for him. And the inevitable loneliness which he knew would come began to well up within. He felt a tightness in his throat. . . . he got his registration permit with a number on it. "They" use this number to identify him. "They" even used it when they took his picture for the permanent records of the college. He stood in his shorts in a waiting room in the health center. The nurse called his number and he saw the doctor. He used this number to buy his textbooks and to get meal tickets which would admit him to the dining room.

. . . some older students got up during the orientation program and began to talk about becoming a part of some-



thing they called the student body and about "school spirit" and about how he should lose himself in this larger group. They told him that at the football games he should sit in the card section and that he was to be a white card.

... he met his faculty adviser, who had a folder of information on him. This adviser identified him by the test scores and other materials in the folder.

... he met the president or the senior professor, who remembered his father, his mother, his older brother, or his brilliant and beautiful sister.

... he heard the dean explain to the freshman class with somber precision what each would have to do to remain in college. The prediction of the number of flunk-outs evoked nervous laughter. (The dean seemed pleased with the response.)

... he talked with the director of housing, who identified him by the location of his room and asked the name of his roommate and how they "got along."

... he had his first minor quarrel with his roommate. They reached an uneasy compromise, but he was left with the feeling that some major adjustment would have to be made. This person, who at first had seemed quite charming and naive, became a minor threat—a mirror in which he saw aspects of his own character not seen before.

... he met the college chaplain who shook his hand and smiled and said he had a letter from his home-town church. He wondered what the letter said. The chaplain seemed nice.

... he had his first quiz, his first bad meal in the dining room, his first day without a letter from home, his first real desire and opportunity to violate a college rule. (All these came on the same day.)

... he was overwhelmed (or bored) by a convocation address and by the learned upperclassman who claimed to have been fascinated by the address, of which he understood every word.

... he was late for an appointment because no one was there to help him choose what to wear and to remind him of the time.

... he was embarrassed by giving the wrong answer in class and by the professor's satirical retort and the laughter of the class.

... he was called to the dean's office unexpectedly only to find it was a matter of mistaken identity and that the dean really did not want to see him. (Even deans make mistakes.)

... he began to question seriously some of the certainties—religious, ethical, and political—with which he came to college, some of the values he had told himself were eternal and could never be changed.

... his new girl friend (found since he had broken off with the girl back home) broke a date with him because she said she had a headache. He saw her later the same night with a sophomore.

... he began to wonder if he could really trust anybody. He had to build some new values and desert some old ones; but to whom could he talk?

... he wrestled with the question of "to join or not to

join," finally deciding "to join." Then he learned that he had failed to get a bid to join the fraternity of his choice. He was assured that another group was just as good; so he joined, but he wondered.

**A**LL these things happened within an incredibly short period of time. They forced him to return to the certainties he had when he came. He had to ask some more questions.

"What is my name, and what, if anything, does it mean that I have this name?" "Where did I come from, and what am I here for?" There were no real answers to these questions apart from his relationship to others. Somehow his *I* always involved we. But in the loneliness and desire for companionship he also felt the need for silence and solitude so that he could work out his own identity.

"What really are my achievements?" "What do those things on my application blank and my record mean?" He saw that these achievements and honors could never have occurred apart from the concern, help and love of others. Did other people feel this way about their achievements?

"Where am I?" "Where can I go from here?" He remembered the kindly counsel of the well-meaning aunt who said, "You can always come home if things get too hard for you down there." He also recalled his parents' frequent statements about "growing up." But, deep within he knew he could not really go home again. He sensed, too, that something more than growing up was taking place—that he was making decisions at the vital and crucial points of his own life. He knew then that he was at once closer to home and yet further away from home than he had ever been before.

"What, or whom, do I like or dislike?" "Why do I feel like this?" There came some wavering thoughts about old friendships. He sensed that he had been used by some persons and that he himself had been guilty of using others. He admitted that many times he had claimed a like or dislike merely to gain acceptance by the group. He knew that he tended to get anxious when he did not get his wishes, and that he preferred to associate with those who allowed him to go his own way without question.

**T**HERE were not many answers, but with the new clarity of these questions a sense of identity began to emerge. His name, his achievements, his goals, his values—all came into clearer focus; and he knew that these things actually made some differences. He knew that identity had meaning—that he was himself, and not someone else. He began to think on levels not reached by words, and to listen with his whole being. "Important" things became inconsequential as new values emerged.

He knew he had discovered much about himself through his relationships with others and through new areas of awareness. But, yet, he knew he had to find out who he really was and what made him different.

This is not the end. In a sense it is the beginning. The end of the story will never be written; because it has no end. Some who read the story will continue it.

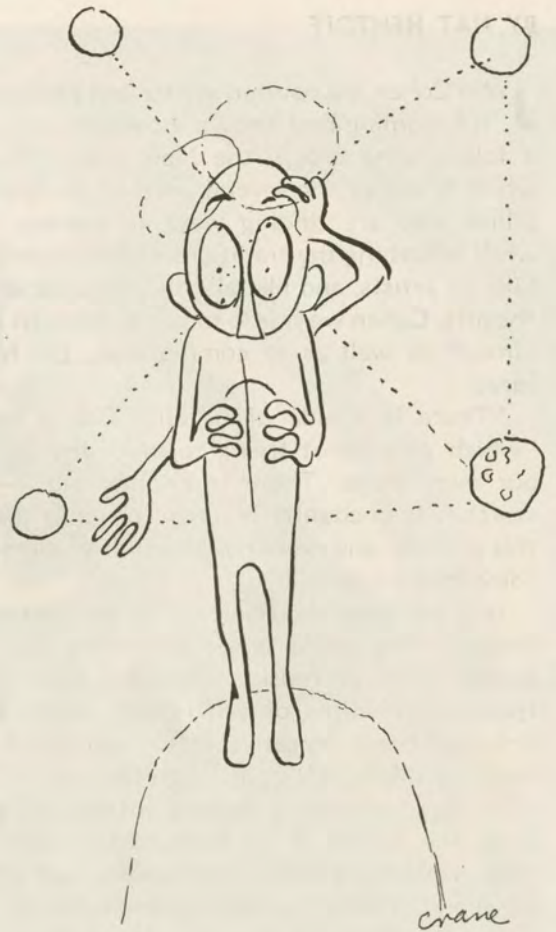


# CAMPUS PORTFOLIO

BY JIM CRANE



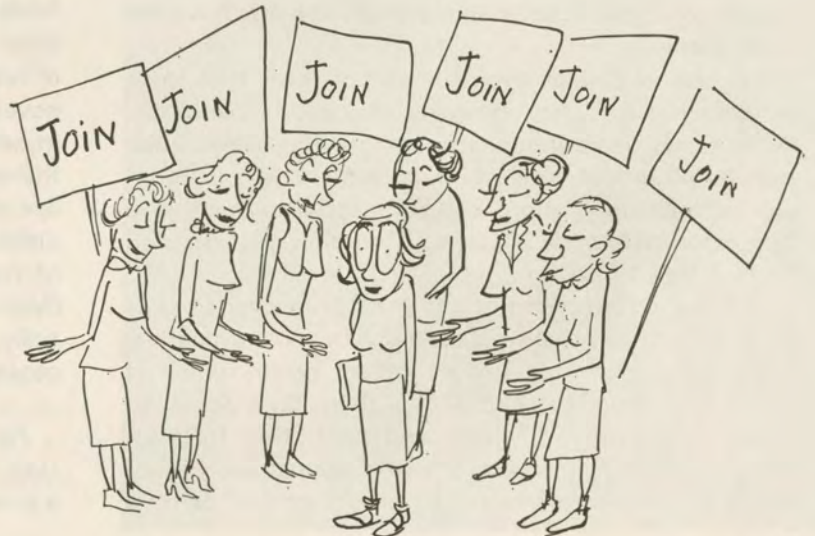
NOTHING'S EVER ACCOMPLISHED BY THESE DISCUSSIONS . . .



WHAT AM I?



RED RIDING HOOD'S WOLF WAS A CUB, TO COMPARE WITH SOME YOU'LL MEET—A COURSE IN JUDO MIGHT HELP.





# art and the search

BY NAT HENTOFF

John Cohen is a painter, writer and photographer. He is becoming best known, however, as a member of a folk-singing group, the New Lost City Ramblers, which is one of the several units of postgraduate city-billies who are finding ways to express **themselves** while absorbing the traditions of American folk music. Like all artists, and like all of us who are energized by the arts, Cohen went into music to find out more about himself as well as to communicate his feelings and ideas.

"There is a side of us all," Cohen has written, "which goes about trying to make the world over in our own image. There is another side—where one searches to encounter his own image in the world. In this process, one examines all kinds of elements which come into his path."

Is it not possible, however, to encounter your own image in the world without drawing upon art as a guide? Without music, literature, painting, and all those other forms of self-release which are loosely linked as being "creative"? Is it not possible to grow meaningfully by sifting through the facts of life—facts of biology, economics, physics, history and those other disciplines which, if not immutable, are at least more measureable and more communally **real** than so personal and often so elusive a phenomenon as "art"?

Yet there is not a scientist, doctor or historian who has not himself been shaped by various experiences in and through art—from Humpty Dumpty's theory of relativity in **Alice in Wonderland** to the healing symmetry of Bach. In short, even if a man were somehow able to resist consciously all influences and insights from the arts, he would have to be isolated from other people to remain free of the changes the arts have led to in **them**.

No one, of course, even the ascetic, ever tries to so insulate himself. Art, however diluted, is pervasive. Apartments, restaurants, schools, bowling alleys, juke boxes—all reflect, however distortedly, changes in design, color combinations and perspectives which have originated with such artists as Mondrian, Picasso, and Frank Lloyd Wright.

But these reflections of the artist, however ubiquitous, are comparatively peripheral. The most evocative, the most penetrating impact of art occurs when it seizes your emotions and allows them, in a sense, to breathe. So many different and conflicting feelings, many of them subconscious, jostle against each other inside us that we often try by an act of will or by a

strategy of displaced concentration to suppress those emotions which we don't yet fully understand or fear or doubt we can handle. And yet those emotions are relentlessly present, and eventually they have to be released in some way or they fester into neuroses.

What art can do is to reach those emotions, allow them to emerge, and then help shape them into a pattern that is capable of suddenly clarifying our "own image in the world."

I can best indicate what I mean through fragments of autobiography. I grew up in a family in which overt emotion was suspect. Voices and desires were not to be raised, and so all of us grew away from each other in islands of self-control. As a boy, however, I was introduced to the passionate chants of the Jewish **cantors**, particularly during the High Holidays, and I was able to identify with their fierce, aching improvisations. Later I was exposed to Negro blues and to Spanish flamenco, and was startled and then relieved to realize that there were cultures and people who were not ashamed of their feelings and who found deep satisfaction in getting them out.

For years I was able to share this kind of liberation only vicariously. When I was fifteen, a close friend whom I admired enormously died suddenly. I couldn't cry and was choked with unexpressed grief until I put on a recording by Ben Webster, an extremely gentle and yet powerfully emotional jazz tenor saxophonist. I played the recording over and over again, and I did get relief through the art of jazz that at the time, I could have gotten in no other way.

Years later I was caught in floating melancholia. From books and from friends, I knew the terms for what was bothering me—self-alienation, displacement of feeling. But it was while reading Saul Bellow's short novel, **Seize the Day**, that I was able to **feel** inside myself the same rage of self-waste in the middle of the same kind of hyperactive but disconnected urban life of which Bellow was writing. Certainly the book did not affect a "cure," but it did sharpen one image of myself in the world that I had wanted to avoid. Once one has really looked at himself, however partially, it is at least somewhat easier to comprehend the possibility of a change.

For many years, as a profession and an avocation, jazz has been a primary interest of mine. I have learned a great deal from jazzmen about how much of history,



# for identity

sociology and psychology can be learned from art in ways that textbooks can outline but cannot make as immediate and durably revealing as the confrontation with a man who is nakedly telling you his autobiography. From blues singers and players, I learned emotionally more of what it was like to be a Negro in America than from Gunnar Myrdal's **An American Dilemma** and the histories of John Hope Franklin. Not, mind you, that I did not find the facts and conclusions of Myrdal and Franklin to be essential to a comprehensive understanding of the problem; but no sociologist nor historian has yet approximated the pride and pain of Bessie Smith or the pungent, mocking lyricism of Miles Davis. Or, in fiction, the sensitive irony of Ralph Ellison's **Invisible Man**.

**S**IMILARLY, there is not one of the universal and inescapable facts of life—and of death—which art, in one form or another, has not illuminated for me in ways I would not otherwise have come to. Art has helped me find my own image in so many different areas—from Dylan Thomas' challenge to the end of life, **Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night**, to the infinite complexity of memory and desire in Alain Resnais' film, **Hiroshima, Mon Amour**, and the pitiless distillation of aloneness in Michelangelo Antonioni's movie, **L'Avventura**.

I agree, in sum, with John Cohen that if we are to make sense of our lives, we have to find our own image in the world, and once having begun to understand that image, we can then start to build bridges to end those areas of alienation which cut us off from parts of ourselves and from parts of the world. And art can be a remarkably awakening aid in the search and in the later construction of those bridges.

"The great quality of art," Marcel Proust wrote, "is that it rediscovers, grasps and reveals to us that reality far from which we live, from which we get farther and farther away as the conventional knowledge we substitute for it becomes thicker and more impermeable."

The jazz musician, Charlie Parker, put it another way, but also from the point of view of what the artist has to give to us all: "Music is your own experience, your thoughts, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out of your horn. They teach you there's a boundary line to music. But, man, there's no boundary line to art."







PHOTO: A. B. SIMONS



# WELCOME to the house of EXCELLENCE

BY LOUIS WILLIAM NORRIS

**A** deer, leaping successfully over a high fence, will not try to find a higher one to see if he can leap it too. But a man will. We never believe we have jumped high enough, traveled far enough, or thought deeply, dreamed grandly, or aspired nobly enough to satisfy our fullest destiny.

College is a giant on whose shoulders a student may sit. In the twelfth century, Bernard of Chartres told his students, "We are like dwarfs seated on the shoulders of giants. We see more things than the ancients and things are more distant, but it is due neither to the sharpness of our sight, nor the greatness of our stature. It is simply because they have lent us their own." College lets you excel what you've been, as well as what your ancestors have been. And they would be the first to applaud, if they could.

Hundreds of American men killed in India and Burma during World War II are buried in an allied cemetery in North Assam. Over the gate to the cemetery are these words, "Tell them that we gave our todays for their tomorrows." No student who enters college is really content that his tomorrows shall be no better than his todays.

While you cannot help being intelligent, you can easily help becoming intellectual.<sup>1</sup> College seeks above all else to help you find excitement in the intellectual life. It rests on the premise of Socrates that "the unexamined life is not worth living." College will no doubt perfect your sports, broaden your social skills, extend your acquaintances, and perhaps ripen your religion. But, it is foremost a house of intellect, a community for insuring excellence, a climate for culturing the mind. Its enterprise rewards itself and will lead you to say, "I'm glad I came."

This house of excellence will incite you to curiosity. It is both a museum and a world's fair. It preserves the old and sets forth the new ideas that have import for our time. A college education is a grown-up conundrum after your childhood games. Its meaning is half-revealed, half-concealed from you. It is given you; yet you must take it. Its character is plain; but its implications far ranging. If you are curious and learn quickly how to ask the right questions, the fascination of learning will enthrall you.

College will be curious about your assumptions. True scholarship requires "the capacity to become aware of and to doubt all presuppositions," as Francis Herbert Bradley said. Are you assuming that America is a true democracy, that capitalism has no flaws, that communism thrives on social justice, that science will save the world, that mar-

riage is a declining and temporary institution, that churches are unnecessary formalities, or that God is an unfruitful hypothesis? College will plow into these assumptions and ask for the credentials of your beliefs. Assumptions are necessary, but they must be checked and understood.

Your college will be curious about your satisfactions. When lights are out and you pull the covers up, what pictures glow most brightly in your memory? Is it a penetrating conversation, when high resolves were formed, a moment when good humor prevailed, or unrequired work was done? Or was it the theme of a vulgar story or vicious rumor? What do you laugh at? Weakness and deformity of others? What would you work for all night even without pay?

You are your aims. Your values make up the quality of your life. Thoreau asserted that "a man's wealth consists of the number of things he can do without." For him there were values far greater than the things we see. He prized "the indestructible capital" that the mind builds up in its exploration of the spirit's uplands. College will make you curious to find which values deserve your allegiance.

How far can your knowledge range? You must excel information you now have on nearly every front. Curiosity should lead you into all manner of new possibilities in art, science, and human relations. You must know much more of what has been, as well as what could be. Today began yesterday, so you must be a historian of some magnitude. But how nature functions today demands your time too. The pay-off direction of your studies consists, at least, in what should be. What is, what has been, and what could be, leave us with preliminary learning. What should be done to make marriage succeed, poverty recede, and justice prevail? These are the sorts of ultimate questions you must reckon with.

Above all, what is the big idea that embraces all the others for you? After the war, the "denazified" youth of Germany looked elsewhere for an all-embracing idea to replace the conception of a master race. Many were frank to say they did not find such an idea in American democracy. *Eine tragende Idee*, "a load-lifting" or "all-embracing" idea, which the Nazis had, must be found in turn for democracy. Is it equality of persons before the law, sacredness of man to God, individuality of opportunity, freedom of development for every potential?

Scholarship can engender in you "the paralysis of analysis." The explosion of knowledge can result in devastating fragmentation. Democracy can become an anarchy of individualists. Preoccupation with our own development can

<sup>1</sup> Jacques Barzun. *The House of Intellect* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1969), p. 5.



make even a college into "a lonely crowd." Follow the professors, therefore, who can help you put the pieces together. "The truth is the whole," as Hegel said.

Let the yearning of Matthew Arnold engage your full energies:

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,  
But often, in the din of strife,  
There rises an unspeakable desire  
After the knowledge of our buried life,  
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force  
In tracking out our true, original course;  
A longing to inquire  
Into the mystery of this heart that beats  
So wild, so deep in us, to know  
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.  
—"The Buried Life"  
By Matthew Arnold

Learning in your new house of excellence can bring you joy and excitement you have not yet tasted. Francis Bacon wrote, "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability, or disposition of business." Your studies will qualify you to handle the world's business. They will be ornamented by a degree if you persist. But, above all, they will "serve for delight"! This delight in learning will lead you to the richest dimensions.

There is joy in learning for it lifts man from sensuality to rationality. Other animals respond quickly, necessarily to danger, the lure of a mate, the need for food. But a man can respond to distant values, to honor, generosity, cooperation, sacrifice. His imagination shows him many paths he could take, and his will can choose the best of these. He may accept duty and withstand the drive of nature to reach its ends by short paths and sometimes ruthless means.

Lewis Mumford has said, "Man is the leopard who knows how to change his spots." He need not be thought of so much, therefore, as but little higher than the animals. Rather he is "but little lower than the angels." Learning is "to aid man in fulfilling his purpose on earth," to quote Barzun. His learning enables him to find out what he can make of man. It would be absurd to pat a leopard on the back for being a good leopard. For he cannot help being what he is. But to pat a man on the back means he has become more than he needed to be.

Secondly, there is joy in learning for it introduces novelty into human life. The "aha" moment in learning, that is, the moment when you say "Oh, I see," bears its own reward. "I never thought of that before," is another way of saying, "I'm a bigger person than I was before." This expansion of one's horizons is akin to the self-expression of an artist. He expresses his talent because it is a joy to do so. To use one's abilities builds up its own momentum.

Aristotle defined the intellect found peculiarly in man as his perfecting principle. It is the forward-surg-ing principle that brings zest as man's possibilities are realized. This is why some psychologists say, "choosing is creating." As the intellect progresses toward better answers to man's problems, it becomes the fountain of his creativity. Paul

Tillich considers the formalizing, recurring, and monotonous factors in human activity to be "demonic." They will strangle man's creativity, if he fails to exercise the privileges of learning.

Learning brings joy because it yields control over current problems. Some educators say the only thing worth teaching a student is a principle. Certainly we need the principles of democracy, successful marriage, and racial equity, among others. Bacon advises us once more that, "Expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned."

Lincoln, Wilson, Churchill have gone down in history largely because they were men of principle. They had "the general counsels." They saw in their different generations the ordering principles that stand above men and provide meaning to the separate facts they encounter. Hence, Whitehead pointed out that, "Duty arises from our partial control over the course of events." Since man can order his life now this way, and now, to some extent, that way, he has a high responsibility to plan it in the interest of a better course.

Learning brings joy in the companionship with great minds. No one can be quite the same after he has read the *Sermon on the Mount*, *Plato's Apology*, *Augustine's Confessions*, one of Kant's *Critiques*, *Darwin's Origin of Species*, or stories by Dickens, Hardy, or Thomas Mann, or works by Shakespeare, Shaw, and Robert Frost.

The true scholar is never lonely. When there is free time, it does not require bridge games, movies, or tennis for a good time. There is companionship with minds that dwell in yours. I remember seeing a member of my family in the living room reading the text in German of Goethe's "Epigenie" while actors were broadcasting the play three thousand miles away in Berlin. Across the boundaries of a hundred fifty years in time, those miles in space, and the idioms of another language, Goethe was still a fascinating companion.

Finally, there is joy and excitement in learning because it enables a man or woman to be a servant of his time. Whoever becomes willing to lose his life that he may find it, must know *what is worth losing his life for*. With nearly three fourths of the world hungry, learning can help one find how to feed the poor. A sizable number of the human race cannot take care of themselves, for they have not the health, wealth, or wisdom to do so. Learning reveals how the strong may bear the burdens of the weak.

Complete objectivity or disinterestedness in learning is impossible. Every man learns for some purpose. Can there be any greater delight than knowing that what one knows helps man make more of himself than he intended?

Demands for conformity to tradition, campus fashion, physical prowess above affairs of the mind, will come to you. But again, "the unexamined life is not worth living." This examination you find delight in, and it opens the way for any true vision of greatness.



# call to *madness*

BY JOHN BEAUCHAMP THOMPSON

ON a warm September afternoon a greying, tweedy professor looked out his office window at the campus crowded with hundreds of new students milling about in the mazes of the registration ritual.

"Look down there," said the professor sadly, "every autumn it's like this. A great tidal wave of ignorance sweeps over every campus in America. I wonder how we survive."

A meat-packing executive from Kansas City, who brought his freshman son to college, observed the same chaotic scene. "Why in my plant," he exclaimed, "we can handle the matriculation of ten thousand hogs and cattle more smoothly and more rapidly than that."

"Yes," said his host, "and then you turn them into sausage and meatballs—the fat and the lean all ground up together. We don't want these kids to become statistical meatballs."

"Anyhow it looks like a madhouse," said the sausage tycoon.

And it did. And it does. But in a deeper sense than our purveyor of savories suggested.

Superficially many of the campus mores and rituals are simply a standard part of the great American comedy. The cosmic anxieties of Rush Week when even on a southern campus in 90° Indian summer heat the coeds parade from party to party in their fine winter wardrobes—looking like a gaggle of mannequin refugees from a fire sale at Bonwit Teller's. The fraternity smokers where four or five dozen buttoned-down shirts and buttoned-down minds exchange the latest witticisms from the current *Reader's Digest* and *Playboy*. The annual emergence of those strange, prehistoric creatures, the alumni, at the atavistic autumn football rites—each decayed veteran of yesteryear swigging his bottle of nostalgia. All out of a *New Yorker* cartoon.

Many a campus looks like Hollywood's standard college set without a plot. Something like Elsinore Castle and all the props for Hamlet—without Hamlet.

And who is Hamlet? Confused, observant, indecisive, trying to establish his identity and to possess his inheritance, discovering facts and truths that are not pleasant, bumping into plots and counterplots beyond comprehension, yet driven by a mad desire to be himself and to resist surrender to his topsy-turvy world: mumbling moodily—

*The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!*

Perhaps Hamlet is you—or any student who senses the explosive power of education in a society where so many pressures induce tameness and sameness. As Hamlet feigned a kind of madness to resist and rebuke the general madness all around him so today's sensitive student may refuse to be cheated out of the self-knowledge and the awful gifts of freedom and responsibility which education should provide. The real academic madhouse is not the registration scrimmage but the trivialization of the purposes of education by those who regard college as a perpetual picnic, or an elective smorgasbord, or a short course providing skeleton keys to this affluent society's bank vaults.

If there is truth in a dozen recent portrayals of the American student as a cautious seeker after status and security, a timid conformist learning to consume prepackaged ideas, a contented inmate of a homogenized society where the bland lead the bland: then we need a few Hamlets who will provide what we might call "the higher madness." T. S. Eliot in an early play described such a role:

*In a world of fugitives  
The person taking the opposite direction  
Will appear to run away.*

WE all live in a world of fugitives. As our power has increased our nerve has failed and our hopes have dimmed. The irony is illustrated by two stories that have remained on the front pages of our papers daily in recent years. During this period candidates have come and gone; Hollywood's hot and cold running romances have been chronicled; crimes have been committed and detected; international crises have occurred every hour on the hour. But daily we have read two continued news stories. The first is the raw material for an epic: man's first successful attempts to invade outer space. So far man has stuck only one toe into this vast ocean of space but he has gone into orbit and returned, and he is dreaming commutation schedules to the moon.

But side by side with this story is our nervous and confused preoccupation with the problem of building underground fallout shelters for everybody who can't get a ticket to the moon. The rocket is supposed to represent human confidence. But the panic to build underground shelters so that man can return to his cave-man stance (or squat or hunker) without the roominess of the cave, represents a mood of flight and fatalism and the loss of confidence in our ability to solve our problems or to be human.

The mood is described in a bit of doggerel entitled "Meta-Schizics":

*My father used to split rails  
To help build this country  
Now my son splits atoms  
To help destroy the world.  
All I want is a split-level house  
For my split-level mind;  
I simply wouldn't feel at home  
In any other kind.*

But moods change from student generation to generation. Twenty-five years ago in the first philosophy class I ever taught, my brightest student was a strong, attractive young



man whose chief ambition was to go fight for freedom in Spain and to help realize a just society in this country. Now, after a long sojourn teaching graduate students, I have just taught another undergraduate class in philosophy. This year my brightest student was a strong young man whose chief ambition is to join a Playboy key club. Perhaps both students harbored some illusions about the fulfillment possible in their respective dreams; but one was a dream involving man's social values and struggles in a world revolution in the direction of freedom; the other is a daydream of hedonistic escape and irresponsibility. When man despairs of making any difference in the world, he almost automatically seeks all kinds of escapes—from the fallout shelter to the Playboy key club. The third or fourth week in either hide-out would probably become at least a little boring.

In 1803 Beethoven wrote: "There are periods in the lives of men which have to be overcome." Any college fails unless it presents to its students the wide gamut of choices and values which are yet available to man if he uses his freedom maturely and responsibly. Such choices obviously diverge from the beaten paths of conformity. This may be the higher madness.

A very wise friend of mine, a Roman priest, used a coffee-break to ruminate on how each student generation must have some experience of revolt in the sense of achieving self-consciousness, freedom and responsibility. "So," he chuckled, "on my campus the boys grow beards and the girls quit using make-up, and presto, overnight they are intellectuals! But," he added, "it's a pity when a student can't revolt against something bigger and more formidable than his father and his home town."

So I shall say nothing here about parents and Mrs. Grundy—whom you left behind.

The college or university itself contains many of the drives to conformity. The beard-and-sandal bit is harmless but even our college nonconformity is often stylized and faddish and it is only another version of conformity. The dangerous conformity that would turn you into a thing is often like carbon monoxide—you do not detect it in time to resist it. Often it is not even based upon a plot by the trustees or the administration or the alumni. It is a way of life which the college fails to examine or to criticize. Alberto Moravia describes what happens: "What difference is there, for instance," he asks, "between the youth educated for the purpose of fighting and killing in war, and the soldier-ant, the soldier-bee, or even the fighting cock or bull? What difference is there between a man destined from his birth to his death for the same kind of labor, and the oxen which the farmer buys in the market and uses to tend his fields until they die? As long as a man considered himself an end, he could work or fight or die without becoming one animal among others. But from the moment he accepted being used as a means, man became a soldier and nothing else, a worker and nothing else, just like a fighting-cock and an ox are nothing more than what they are."

Which madness is preferable? Moravia's or the kind he

describes? Socrates kept reminding men that "the unexamined life is not worth living."

**T**HE very least college should do is to give a student some coherent notion of what has happened in history, of what men have tried and thought and created. Without this knowledge one goes through life always stumbling into some fresh discovery of the trite. The least a college should do is to aid a student in achieving self-knowledge, and an accurate sense of his own identity, and some notion of his own possible role. Such basic beginnings cannot be achieved unless the student is armed against easy answers, against oversimplifications, against labels and scapegoats, and against the vulgarity and illusion of "the cash value of ideas." In short, you'll be cheated unless college teaches you *how* to think instead of what to think.

Once you are graduated the pressures will really impinge. Not long ago I helped lead a week-end retreat for seniors about to graduate from an Ivy League university. Most of these men had just read Whyte's book, *The Organization Man*. And they were terrified by this well-documented account of the many "Big Brother" roles the Corporation plays in our life today.

Something of this same antihuman spirit is often displayed also by the armed services as they seek "bright young men." (I assume that "bright" in this context means polished and not creative.) The questionnaires that come to us who are asked to recommend former students for jobs or for the Navy or the Foreign Service always frighten me. Only God would know the answers to some of the questions.

A young friend of mine, whom I have known since his boyhood, decided he wanted a career in the Navy. His uncles had been naval officers. The boy was a romantic and had sea fever. Before his taste moved up to T. S. Eliot and Saint-John Perse he had loved to recite Masefield's long and singsong poem,

*I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.*

Time passed, as it usually does. Ronald finished college and he applied to enter the Navy officers' training program. He telephoned me to warn me he had given me as a character reference.

"Fine," I said, "I can easily assure them that you really are a character."

"Oh, no!" cried Ronald, in consternation. "Please don't get cute with them. The Navy, you know, has no sense of humor."

"Well, they need one quite often," I said.

"Yes, I know. But this is serious. Keep a straight face and give simple answers with no innuendoes and no nuances. Don't praise me too much."

"For what?" I asked.

"Oh, you know. Be honest and keep it simple. Just use the primary colors."

"Like red, white and blue?" I asked.



# the care and feeding of parents



BY WHITTY CUNINGGIM

**T**HERE are as many kinds of parents as there are kinds of children and kinds of colleges. This article is written by a conscientious parent who is beset by hopes, fears and dreams of her own. As parents, my husband and I have tried to see our child as objectively as possible. Ideally, we wanted her to choose a college where she would find enrichment for living with herself down through the years; a basic knowledge that would make her a responsible member of society; direction in her preparation for making a livelihood; and an atmosphere conducive to reflection, maturing and fun.

To find such a college is a tall order, I know! It often involves something close to research. For my husband and me it meant expensive visits to different campuses with our child, and intuitive judgments as to the real, not the pretended, atmosphere of colleges. Those in education—as my husband is—know that the essence of a school and the impact it will make on an undergraduate can change in as little time as one college generation. During the hunting process I often felt frustrated. It seemed as difficult as the problem confronting the average layman when he tries to find out the true merit of a physician in the medical profession. Everybody is a good doctor! In fact, the best! And every college is just the finest little, or big, school you ever saw!

One day it occurred to me that no college in the whole country could live up to the expectations of high school

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youngsters. Think of the pressures and inevitable high hopes in advance—the long examinations, often beginning with the junior year in high school, intense competition for admission, interviews, etc. High school graduates are bound to feel that anything worth working so hard for must be heaven, and once you're in, your problems are solved! Parents know there isn't any easy solution. Every institution is made up of people doing the best they can, but still people. So, once our children are in, many problems will be just beginning.

We tried to tell our daughter that she must expect frustrations. Any place that truly stretched and challenged her would prove difficult, even disturbing, at times. We hoped she would aim for a successful, happy, and relaxed junior year. It might take that long. So, she shouldn't expect too much and shouldn't rush it. (All this we told her out of the storehouse of our vast wisdom!) But I'll never forget that starry-eyed good-bye she gave us as the train pulled out. She hadn't heard a word we said!

And when we met her at Christmas time, she burst into tears of relief and joy to be home. But she had stuck to it, and had matured more than three months' worth in that short time. The fact that she cherished every moment with the family, and loved to participate in even menial household chores is still amazing to us, especially when we think back on those stormy teen-age years! This is encouraging, but I'm afraid doesn't mean that we have no more problems or that we parents are off the hook.

I had thought when she left, "Well, a chapter is now closed with that child; maybe I'll have more time for concentrating on the others." But that one is still time-consuming, even hundreds of miles away. Letters, careful letters, must be written, newspaper clippings sent, news about friends relayed, packages mailed, her friends entertained during holidays, and it seems I'm always needing to write a thank-you to some kind family who has befriended her. I suppose it will be this way when our children are married, too—relationships on a different level, but still demanding of our best energy and thought. We're enjoying it, but we hadn't expected quite so much of it.

Back to that first Christmas vacation. One of my friends whose son went east to college told me of her disillusionment on his first trip home. According to him, the work was

dreadfully hard, if not impossible, some of his courses didn't seem challenging or immediately useful, the climate was terrible, his roommate was immature, girls were uninteresting or unavailable—you may know the story. But it was a good college, and he was still a conscientious student and a stable lad. He simply had had too rosy a picture beforehand.

That situation was saved by a letter from the dean which preceded the son home. The letter described to a T what the typical freshman's attitude would be during his first visit home, and suggested certain helpful attitudes parents might take to express sympathy but not pity, firmness about seeing a difficult task through, optimism about the future.

**A**S I watch the young people around me, I sense great pressures upon them, pressures different in degree from those in my own college days. For example, some of them worry about the financial strain that college puts upon their parents. But we have accepted the financial responsibility, and should tell them so—in such a way that they will not worry or feel guilty. We must not pressure them nor ride them about costs, no matter how high they rise. Basic honesty and understanding are as important in this area as in any. Education is an opportunity, both for a child and for his parents, and our common hope and goal should be to make the most of that opportunity.

Many students, as they become aware of their parents' financial sacrifices, begin to feel that they must get "results" or "success" and quickly. Yet, education is slow, thriving in an unpressured, reflective atmosphere, its results difficult to measure. What we hope a student will feel is an internal obligation to use a precious opportunity for education, and gratitude to the parents who provide both financial support and understanding.



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the soldier-bird, the soldier-bee, or even the fighting cock or bull? What difference is there between a man destined from his birth to his death for the same kind of labor, and the oxen which the farmer buys in the market and uses to tend his fields until they die? As long as a man considered himself an end, he could work or fight or die without becoming one animal among others. But from the moment he accepted being used as a means, man became a soldier and nothing else, a worker and nothing else, just like a fighting-cock and an ox are nothing more than what they are."

Which madness is preferable? Moravia's or the kind he



Another pressure, particularly among the girls, is for security, early engagement, marriage. When students marry, the girl's education is often neglected or cut short, as she begins work to support her husband in his studies. If children come early, the education of the couple can be ended all too soon because of financial pressures. As subtly as possible, and *before* emotional involvement complicates the picture, we as parents should point out the logical need for restraint and caution. Surely, any marriage will have more chance of success if both parties can bring educational background and maturity to it.

Every parent I know wants his child to have some fun while he is young. He is eager for the college to provide a relaxed and healthy social atmosphere. But, if this extra-curricular matter gets out of proportion, it can distort the whole college picture. If it is realistic, attractive, and controlled, it can keep its proper place on the periphery of the educational process.

**A**ND now for a little gratuitous and freewheeling advice: *Money:* Work out allowances in advance. It is time for a student to be responsible for wise use of his resources, certainly to choose among various needs. But flexibility, not rigid discipline, is called for if plans should prove unrealistic.

*Correspondence:* Don't nag for letters; that's the surest way not to get the kind you want. Be faithful in your own writing, but don't express the kind of sentimentality that leads to homesickness.

*Telephone conversations:* Play your hunches. If you think he needs a call, call him, but not merely for your own pampering.

*Homesickness:* Remind him you're as far away from him as he is from you, and that loneliness goes both ways. "This, too, will pass."

*Signs of experimentation in personal behavior:* Had he never smoked before, but you suspect? Did he tell you about a party where it was awkward to refuse a drink? Watch your reactions! And remember your own youth if you ever had any. Above all, if you want confidences in the future, don't appear shocked! Your moral teaching through the years, and even more, your example, will see him through. If not, it's too late now.

*Trips home:* Reasonably often, but don't let proximity be a crutch. Better that he come too seldom than too often—or don't you really want him to grow up? And prepare to be enthusiastic when he goes to his roommate's home on a holiday instead of coming home.

*Activities:* Don't insist that yours become his. He may not like your fraternity. He may detest football. In nearly every college in the country course work is a lot harder than in your day. There's less time for fluff, and almost no time for just plain loafing.

During college days we reap the consequences of our past relationships with our children. If there have been good communication, understanding, and respect beforehand, college won't cut them off. If there's room for improvement in this respect, college may help; at least, it provides a new environment and a fresh objectivity for working out problems. At any rate, it's the student's college experience, not yours, the student's maturing that's got to be done, not yours, the student's life to be lived, not yours. So, sit back and enjoy it!

It is exciting to share ideas with a child, now capable of adult conversation, and eager to take us in on his unfolding world of past history and present civilization—as if we had never discovered any of this on our own! I wouldn't trade it for cradle days.

And I'm secretly rooting for my daughter's college. I hope it makes her think, works her hard, equips her for a world requiring toughness, flexibility, excellence, and a sense of values which are her own, not mine. When she comes home for the brief vacation interludes, I shall try to give her a place of relaxation, affection, security, and my interest in her college life and world.



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## they can't come home again

BY ROBERT C. LESLIE

**W**HEN is the child an adult? When he's old enough to vote or to be drafted or to get a license to drive? Or is it when he leaves behind the high school years—home-town sports, dates with neighborhood friends, summers with the family—to enter the new world of college friendship, vocational preparation, expanding horizons? Once the student has started to college, he can't come home again. Even when the transition from high school to college is hardly noticeable, even if college is near home and involves little actual change of pattern of life and no change in residence, still a change has taken place. For college means a change of direction, a focus on the future, a deliberate shutting the door of the past. College means a break from home—and the break is a final one.

There are many steps in personality growth which carry with them a kind of permissiveness. It is a desirable but not an essential step to broaden the scope of friendships from neighborhood to playground when the youngster goes to school for the first time. It is a hoped-for but still non-essential step to move from the gang stage of preadolescence to the mixed peer group of adolescence. But the transition from home to the larger world, the change from parental domination to a self-imposed internal discipline is not optional but necessary. Until this transition has been made, all relationships suffer and all activities are ham-

pered. Maturity emerges in the independence that strikes off the bonds of parental control.

There is nothing magical about the first day of college. Indeed, nearly any freshman can tell you he's still the same person who graduated from high school. He is filled with the same hopes and the same anxieties, the same high dreams and the same gnawing fears. But there's a difference, too, for the next four years hold the key, in most instances, to all that lies ahead. In these years steps will be taken toward vocation, marriage, mature faith, and responsible relationships with the world of culture. More major decisions will be made in these years than in any other comparable period of life, and even if some of the decisions have already been made, they need now to be reaffirmed and made more personal. If these decisions can be made on the basis of personal capacities and inclinations and not on the basis of pressures felt from parents, they are likely to have a lasting quality and positive results. The college student can't come home again; he'll never be a child in the home again.

Sometimes he'll act like a child. Especially when vacations roll around and he is tempted to fall back into the luxury of being a dependent child, letting someone else pay the bills. But the lapse is only temporary. The satisfactions of facing life on one's own, of standing on one's own feet are so tremendous that they far outweigh the tem-

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or bull? What difference is there between a man destined from his birth to his death for the same kind of labor, and the oxen which the farmer buys in the market and uses to tend his fields until they die? As long as a man considered himself an end, he could work or fight or die without becoming one animal among others. But from the moment he accepted being used as a means, man became a soldier and nothing else, a worker and nothing else, just like a fighting-cock and an ox are nothing more than what they are."

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porary gratification of childlike irresponsibility. If the child seems on occasion to have the upper hand, it is only that being an adult is hard work with the rewards not always apparent. And sometimes the conflicting claims of child and adult are felt at the same time with results that are confusing to both student and parent. Even though it is true that college students can't come home again, they often want to—and then resent wanting to at the same time.

It is the nature of any separation experience that feelings are confused. The joy of leaving home is accompanied by the sorrow of the loss of intimacy. The fear of the unknown is accompanied by the thrill of adventure. Parents, too, know this ambivalence, for with all the sense of loss over the departure of the child there is a growing satisfaction in the arrival of the adult. Even when the home seems most empty there is a sense of contentment over the transition that has been made and a feeling of satisfaction in the processes that have been put into motion. The deepest desire of the parent, after all, is that the child make a better thing out of life than he has been able to do.

But parental pleasure in seeing new maturity emerge is joined by parental aggravation at the methods commonly employed. In order to make the break complete, the college student suddenly needs to have all the answers, and mom and dad suddenly have none of them. Parental tastes which seem to have served adequately for a number of years are now perceived as outdated or uninformed. The pictures on the wall are trash, the customs of the family are ridiculous, the ideas of father are provincial, the standards of mother are old-fashioned. Nothing is right at home and everything has to be changed. And so it does, but the change comes within the student as he struggles to find his own independent status. And one way to achieve status is to tear down someone else. And one way to make the break from home is to cast aside the standards and patterns of the past—at least temporarily.

The amazing thing is that once a freedom has been found to reject the past, the same freedom makes possible a new embracing of the standards of the past. Many a student has agonized over emancipating himself from a vocational choice determined by home influences only to find that, when freed from any sense of parental-inspired pressure, the identical choice is made again, but with one basic dif-

ference. Now the choice is one reached by conscious decision; now the choice is one of personal preference. When the freedom is there to say: "No!" the result is often the decision to say: "Yes!"

The break from home is of even greater importance in finding a marriage partner. The most tragic kind of marriage is one in which one person is unable to give himself to his partner because of emotional ties still unresolved with a parent. The psychological break from parents on entrance into college is not a luxury; it is a necessity if a good marriage is to result. The heartache of a young wife is easy to understand when it is learned that her husband calls "home" every night, no matter where he is—but the call is not to his wife but to his mother! And our sympathies go out to a puzzled bridegroom whose loving attention only brings caustic criticism from the young bride whose ties with her father are so strong the only man who can please her is one who faithfully repeats the father's patterns.

But why can't children come home again? Is it not possible to resume the happy intimacy of family living without feeling under the pressure of dad's authority or mother's domination? The fact of the matter is that the authority question is central in the leaving of home. In the college community it's "Mr." and "Miss." The relationships formed are between adults with no long pattern of memories of hair ribbons and short pants. A student is taken as he presents himself, an adult with promise, a responsible person who is expected to fit into the structure of college life in a responsible way. For the most part there is little in the way of authoritative treatment once the basic rules have been established. What authority there is in the college community is self-imposed. Many a student who has been sheltered by indulgent parents discovers for the first time in the classroom situation that grades are not given for good intentions but on the basis of results demonstrated. Some may even need to flirt with failure before discovering the satisfaction of voluntary discipline through the conscious choice of priorities.

And the authority question is central in matters of faith. There can be no really mature religious faith until an emancipation from parents has been effected. No matter how meaningful religion has been in the parental home, it becomes meaningful for the student only when it is per-

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sonally appropriated. Because this commonly means a period of doubt leading often to outright rejection, such questioning generally takes place only when the stimulus of free inquiry in an academic setting provides sufficient support to override a natural reluctance to even examine a childish faith. The Old Time Religion that was good enough for father simply isn't good enough for the college freshman—unless he has been free to reject it and then to embrace it for himself.

Indeed, the rebellion against religious practices and concepts so common among college youth is one of the clearest signs of a need to make the break with home. Since religious values are so generally linked with parental value systems, the point of tension is often found here. After all, what better place to make a stand in the interest of becoming an independent individual than at the point of personal belief? And how can the student ever make the shift from a home-centered life to a God-centered existence unless it is made crystal clear to him that he is free to let go of the religion of childhood and adopt a religion of maturity?

The heart of the matter is found in the student's picture of himself, and whether parents like the idea or not, the picture of adult stature is found anywhere but at home. Home carries with it all the recollections of childhood, all the frustrations of growing up, all the failures of immaturity, all the unfulfilled hopes and dreams. Home represents the backward look at the very time the forward look is most needed. So the student can't really come home again. But he never really leaves the home behind, for home also means the foundation of trust and security, the beginnings of the sense of personal autonomy, the first explorations into relationships, the first sense of really belonging.

So they can't come home to stay, but they will come home to visit. For home is a refuge from strenuous conflict, a haven for tired spirits. Home is where you can be yourself—either your best or your worst—and still be loved. Home is where the experiences of the past give clearer vision for the adventures of the future. Home is where the memories of tasks completed give courage for the tasks still undone. Home is where the ties of relatedness make broader ties in wider circles seem natural. Home is where a welcome is always present—and, hopefully, where departure is never resisted.

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## nothing fails like success

BY ROBERT H. HAMILL

"Oh, no!" cried Ronald, in consternation. "Please don't get cute with them. The Navy, you know, has no sense of humor."

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"Yes, I know. But this is serious. Keep a straight face and give simple answers with no innuendoes and no nuances. Don't praise me too much."

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"Oh, you know. Be honest and keep it simple. Just use the primary colors."

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Orientation, 1962



**P**ARENTS get a kick out of seeing Johnny make good. There they find real satisfaction, perhaps their only satisfaction, for with an empty bank account and now an empty house, what else do they have left but this vicarious satisfaction in son's success? "He made a high B average, in a hard course too. . . . He was elected president of his house. . . . He took part in. . . . He played on. . . . He has a job. . . ." They sigh with pride. They have a vision of John as the head of a family, promoted by his company, respected in the community, perhaps achieving some distinction in his work. They have given everything to help him succeed, and here is their reward!

An attractive woman recently stopped me and said, "I'm Sarah Stanton's mother. She graduated, you know, and is going to New York to live in Greenwich Village." I sensed the heartache. Mrs. Stanton was afraid; Sarah was a disappointment. John and Sarah don't always turn out the way parents dream.

**TO TEACH . . .**

It is the business of parents to correct, and to be corrected.

First, to correct, to guide and instruct. We help shape the child's vision of success. According to the prevailing view in biblical times the successful man "lorded it over the others, and possessed much goods." The same false dream prevails today. A recent survey reveals that graduating seniors picture their own future as a family with four children, a ranch-style home with garden and two cars, and a job with a big corporation. A cartoon shows a young man on his knees proposing, "Sweetheart, I have a new job with a big company, a good basic salary with escalator clause, sick pay, social security and a pension plan. Now will you marry me?" Countless modern graduates feel that ideals and the service professions are "all right for the dreamers, but nice guys come in last," so they intend to get ahead and get there first.

Such a vision of the future needs correction. Dresbach, a poet, tells of various defeats: the defeat when life is cut off early "and the one slain lies with his face turned toward the firing line"; the defeat where the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

But no defeat is quite so imminent  
To common ways as the defeat Success  
Turns into when it puts aside the dreams  
That made it be, and somehow grows content  
With what it is. . . .

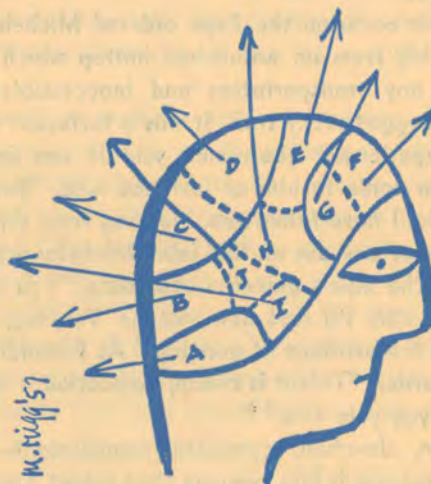
("Defeat" by Glenn Ward Dresbach)

A man may be "festooned with all the haberdashery of success and yet go to his grave a castaway," and parents have to teach their children to learn that from Kipling. We have to rebuke the dreams of superficial success and teach our children the real thing.

**. . . AND TO BE TAUGHT**

Yet parents themselves sometimes have to be corrected. Mrs. Stanton hoped Sarah would dedicate her talents to the church, but she headed for New York and the Village instead. Dad dreams of Johnny as a corporation executive, but instead he decides for teaching, with a limited income; or for politics, with low prestige; or for the Peace Corps, a waste of time! Then parents must take their turn at learning!

Johnny shudders at the prospect of spending his life improving door handles or figuring out ads for soap. He doesn't feel called to low-level achievement! Furthermore he knows that "nothing fails like success." He sees the defeat Success turns into when it puts aside its dreams and somehow grows content. He sees the modern gospel of success:



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Blessed are the pushers, for they will make their mark in the world.  
 Blessed are the tough-skinned, for they never let life hurt them.  
 Blessed are the troublemakers, for they get their way in the end.  
 Blessed are the sophisticated, for they never fret over their sins.  
 Blessed are the executive type, for they get results.

and he is nauseated by this kind of success; he considers it a false and phony god.

WHAT MAKES FOR SUCCESS?

Just what does success consist of? Basic competence, to begin with. Success cannot stand on shoddy work. Real talent and honest workmanship are required. The janitor must have the endurance to get the floor clean, and the surgeon must have the skill to cut accurately. Competence, first.

Secondly, a successful man must have standards. As a young sculptor, Michelangelo was counseled by an older friend, Bertoldi, who criticized him because his work bore little resemblance to the man he was carving. Michelangelo argued that he was concerned for universal man, for the human image, not for any particular man. "I will never do portraits," he insisted. Bertoldi maintained that "when you're hungry and the Duke of Milan asks you to do his portrait, you will." The young artist glowered back, "I don't get that hungry." He had minimum standards, standards of his own choosing below which he would not stoop, and he vowed never to get hungry enough to be forced into sub-standard work.

On another occasion the Pope ordered Michelangelo to extract marble from an untouched hilltop which was five miles from any transportation and inaccessible through swamp and rugged rocky trail. It was a torturous task, and even the experienced quarrymen said it was impossible. One foreman came to him at last and said, "Forgive me, Michelangelo, I have failed you. Nothing from my previous experience is of any use on this job." Michelangelo put his arm around the man's dejected shoulders. "You are doing the best you can. I'll find new masons. You see, Gilberto, I don't have the privilege of quitting." As Bertoldi had told him much earlier, "Talent is cheap, dedication is expensive. It will cost you your life." \*

Dedication, devotion, complete commitment—this ingredient of success is less common than talent. Competence  
 \*(From *Agony and Ecstasy* by Irving Stone.)

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many men have; standards some men have; but dedication is rare.

Finally there is motivation. Studies made of the world's geniuses show they are men of high intelligence, but also moved by the desire to excel, by perseverance in the face of obstacles, by zeal such as Captain Cook displayed. "I had ambition not only to go farther than any man had ever been before, but as far as it was possible for a man to go." This drive for excellence, this pursuit of the highest peak, this ambition to conquer Mt. Everest—this trait must be learned. It sometimes is known as *noblesse oblige*: high talent demands the most honorable conduct. The most privileged are the most duty-bound.

No greater compliment can ever come to parents than to have a son or daughter say, by his objectives in life, "You taught me never to be content with the mediocre. Now I must pursue the best, and pursue it as I see it. You wouldn't want me to do anything less, would you?"

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"Like red, white and blue?" I asked.



"Leave the red out," he urged.

"I don't know your naval qualifications," I said, "but I'll tell them you always loved Joseph Conrad's sea stories."

"O, no!" he begged.

"Why not?"

"Conrad was a Pole. Poland's an iron curtain country, you know."

This was not the Ronald of Masefield days.

Eventually the long questionnaire came. More than once I had to resist the urge to write "Only God knows" because I thought the Navy might have trouble tracing down the reference. Later on a naval intelligence man came to see me about Ronald—not once, but twice.

He soon demonstrated the fact that the Navy has no sense of humor—though the late James Thurber might have thought so in his twisted way. He asked the usual pleasant questions about when and where and how I had known Ronald and his family and what the neighbors thought of them. Then we got down to more serious business.

"Does Ronald have any political leanings?"

How does one answer that? Ronald's folks are Republicans. Is that a leaning—or a limp or a warp?

"What kind of people does Ronald associate with?"

"Oh, only the best." (He wrote that down.)

"What kind of stuff does he read?"

I dared not mention Conrad—who was a Pole. I couldn't mention poetry: that might raise suspicions. Nor Dostoevsky—he was a Russian, you know. Nearly executed by the Czar; but still a Russian. I parried and stalled for time.

"Do you mean like comic books, sir, or . . . ?"

The intelligence man looked pleased. "Oh, comic books," he said. He seemed to recognize the genre referred to. But he plowed on relentlessly.

"Is Ronald at all effeminate?"

Now Ronald is a rather quiet guy and has a gentle manner but I knew from *Treasure Island* that sailors should be ferocious. So I said, "No. He talks tough and rude like a Navy man should."

My visitor seemed pleased but not entirely satisfied. He said, "But is he, er, you know, is he, ah, quite definitely masculine?"

"Is he!" I exclaimed, improving my uptake, "why some parents won't let their daughters date him at all and those who do (the best people, of course) walk the floor and spend sleepless nights till the girls get back home."

My visitor began to look happy.

"Is Ronald loyal?" he asked.

(To what, I wondered, but to ask would be to arouse suspicions. I'd jolly better figure out to what.)

"Yes, Ronald is loyal, obedient, true, reverent, courteous—in fact he was a very successful Boy Scout."

This seemed to clinch the deal and to assure Ronald of a long and successful career in the Navy.

"Oh—one more question," said my visitor. "Has Ronald ever been friendly to a Red?"

"Oh, no! Definitely not!" (But immediately I felt a sharp twinge of conscience as I remembered Ronald's warm

friendship with a Cherokee Indian he met one summer on a ranch.)

So I helped to homogenize Ronald (who actually is a very interesting guy) and the country is secure again.

But after my visitor sailed away I sat thinking of John Birch and then of Lincoln and Jefferson and Thoreau. I took out my quill pen and wrote the Navy a letter. Of course, I didn't mail it. My best letters are always the ones I don't mail. But I wrote it: DEAR NAVY:

I have just talked with one of your intelligence men; and I have one more bit of naval intelligence to send you for the good of the country you and I are hoping to save. Here it is:

*You really can't sail the ocean blue in a narrow little Birch canoe.*

**S**O I propose a call to madness—against madness. A kind of resistance movement—but not underground. I am thinking of the moral quality which Albert Camus gave to the word "rebellion" for our day. If our choices are limited then what we do with them may be all the more crucial. "If there is a Promethean revolt today," wrote Camus, "it is the will not to be resigned to the falseness and compromise of society."

The purpose of education (and indeed of life) is not to submerge or to frustrate or to destroy your individuality. All our official prating about the sacredness of life is so much obvious humbug unless we cherish life both in its uniqueness and its variety. Man achieves his personal identity in relation to others but not by cringing with them in the herd.

In this world of fugitives we need students with enough *higher madness* not to permit the college experience to become an intellectual bomb shelter. It's at work and on journeys and sometimes in danger that you find out who you truly are. The student Freedom-riders who were jailed found this out very promptly.

Agnes de Mille once wrote: ". . . the person who determines your way of living and your chance of salvation is . . . the one who looks you in the face when you are young, and calls you by your true name, and says 'Go forth.'"





The first time I saw him was in the middle of the last year of high school. I was sitting in the bleachers at the homecoming game, and he was sitting next to me. He was looking at me and smiling. I remember the feeling of being looked at by someone who seemed to care. It was a simple moment, but it was the beginning of something. We talked for hours that night, and I found out that we had a lot in common. We both loved music, and we both had a sense of humor. It was a relief to find someone who understood me. We became friends, and then more. We spent a lot of time together, and I learned a lot from him. He was a good person, and he made me feel like I was not alone. I miss him, but I know that he is still with me. His memory is a part of me, and it will always be.

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# the sex scramble on campus

BY DONALD B. CLAPP

**M**AKING sense out of the scramble of the sexes on the social and sexual scene on campus is not easy. By the time you get to college you're not exactly naive about sex in its many meanings, possibilities, joys and dangers. But, chances are, neither are you the suave sophisticate who is the embodiment of the "playboy—playmate" image currently popular. However, you probably do have some penetrating questions about your own feelings as you personally encounter the "sexual scrambling" that is masqueraded in a variety of social forms on today's college campus.

Before you become too hardened to the social and sexual mores of those collegians who seem to act pretty blasé in their sensibilities about sexuality, let's admit the basic facts, namely, that where the girls are, the boys are likely to be! "This is good!" we all agree. A recent movie on this theme exploited in a highly romanticized way a mode of social and sexual behavior that characterizes much of the American college scene. The beach frolics in Ft. Lauderdale and the "blanket parties" on the campus green, portrayed in technicolor and vista-vision, are common enough to no longer shock us, yet the movie remains a box-office attraction. Why should Hollywood capitalize on a fact that is as eternally true and obvious as sunshine?

If sex is enough to draw us to the box office then there is pretty good evidence that not only is sex here to stay, but as one hears so often on campus, it is fast becoming "the favorite American pastime."

In a pretense of pseudo-sophistication we can joke all we want about sex being "the favorite American pastime," and about Hollywood's exploitation of sexual themes on the campus or any place else. But if we read rightly the signs of the time, our very air of nonchalant joking about sex betrays our deeper feeling of terrible uneasiness. The whole matter of sexuality plagues us to the point of obsession. Still, there is no denying that in our age, for better or

worse, the "lid is off the lid." We recognize that the free and open conversation about sex is a reflection of the apparently free and open display of sexual behavior. But just how much of what we observe is new-found freedom and how much is obsession? The real question still remains unanswered: What is the meaning of sex? The question is asked with more urgency as we become more aware of the depths of our own sexual feelings—in all their power for self-discovery, their possibilities for personal and interpersonal expression and self-fulfillment.

Perhaps some are fortunate to have had a high school biology course that purposely concerned itself with "sex education." But it probably didn't go much beyond the complicated, cold facts of the human reproductive system, all of which could easily be read in any number of 35 cent paperbacks at the local drug store. What help was all this in understanding the new-found sexual feelings which developed with your high school sweetheart or casual date? Did these so-called "facts of life" from a biology course really explain your deepest feelings about sexual arousal? Was it of help at a dance which you attended with a girl or boy whom you only dated occasionally, or at a drive-in, a picnic, or beach party? Did it help you to understand the mixed feelings of joy and danger, of desire and guilt? Chances are you were considerably torn in your feelings, and your biology course was of little help in the immediate situation. You probably didn't know which of these many feelings to trust or act upon. It is unfortunate, but true, that many courses on sex education bypass or ignore our deepest feelings about sex. They certainly don't provide the basis upon which we can derive principles for understanding either our sexual feelings or our sexual motivations for personal and interpersonal behavior.

**A**LL this is to say that the "child of nature" perspective of a biology course is inadequate to answer either the urgencies of our *feelings* or the frequent question of "How



far do we go?" in kissing, necking, or petting. Without throwing rocks at modern movements in sex education, it is enough to point out that they are partly inadequate because we are never simply natural and biological creatures. Our deepest questions about ourselves and others (whether about sex or any other dimension of our selfhood) cannot be asked or answered adequately by any single discipline of human knowledge and inquiry—biology, psychology, sociology, or religion. We are many-dimensional creatures, and our sexuality is only one facet of the total fabric of our being and personality.

This biological approach to sexual understanding has some peculiar by-products if examined closely. First, it is a gross oversimplification of the depth-dimension of sexuality. The whole area of feelings, emotions, and the dynamics of motivation are ignored. Sex is regarded as a biological drive creating pressures that must be expressed. Thus it is inevitable and natural that the urgencies of the sex drive must have an outlet. This viewpoint very easily leads to the "statistical naturalism" of the Kinsey studies which would have us believe that the only norm for sexual behavior is that which is statistically discoverable about the frequency and forms of sexual outlet. What people do is equated with what they ought to do. This biological-urge theory of sex is probably best summed up under the theme, "doin' what comes naturally."

Because the "naturalistic" view gives sex frank recognition and openly grants the influence it has in our lives, it certainly has some merit. This is a far more healthy attitude than that taken by those who like to pretend that sex simply doesn't exist—in themselves or others. The dominant attitude of most respectable adults is the hush-hush attitude about sexuality, especially when they are asked to recognize the urgency and immediacy of the sexual dilemmas young people face today. In their need to give respectability to sex, they vainly attempt to put restraints on the whole business by imposing moralistic pressures, fears about pregnancy and disease. Out of their own unresolved fears, some adults play on youth's sense of shame and guilt and their deep need for respectability and feeling of self-worth. For these people, sex is basically a problem. Such adults recognize all too well the power of sex in our lives, but it is seen as a negative power to be controlled and "kept in its place." Latent fear and guilt about sex necessarily bring an overemphasis on self-control—a subtle attempt to manipulate and control sexual attitudes and behavior of one's self and others. But at least these people are concerned enough to take sex seriously.

■ N another group are the enlightened and sexually sophisticated collegians who make an *academic* problem out of sex. This includes the "egghead" who has had the introductory course in sociology and has now become an authority on cultural anthropology. Perhaps he has become so intrigued with the discovery that sexual behavior and attitudes about sex are culturally relative that he has gone far enough to actually read Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture* or Margaret Meade's *Coming of Age in Samoa*. If he has

also read the *Kinsey Reports* you will be quickly informed that sex is a function of social class, economic background, and religious affiliation and beliefs—all of which determines the frequency and forms of sexual outlet. This guy, with his enlightened, tolerant attitude toward sex, will be a great help in confusing you even more. No matter what existing attitudes and beliefs you hold about the meaning of sex, he will be quick to point out that you are merely culturally conditioned. In an air of condescending superiority, he will gladly tolerate any attitude or kind of sexual behavior you wish to assert. If you care to experiment with sex and explore the consequences of the variety of sexual behavior, this would be entirely consistent with the academic toleration of this kind of collegiate sophistication. In dormitory bull sessions on politics, religion, and sex, this point of view usually is a clincher. What more can you say to overcome a strict relativism?

A condemnatory attitude toward the behavior of others who are different from ourselves won't be a very popular or effective argument. But, at this point, you would be justified in asking if the sex attitudes of others and their behavior are merely matters of personal preference. Is there nothing universal and normative about sexuality that can inform our own attitudes and behavior?

Closely linked to the academic attitude of toleration about sex is a frequently expressed position on the college campus that so far as sexual relations are concerned, "anything goes" as long as the couple enters the relationship voluntarily without stress or coercion, and the relationship is not destructive, harmful, or does not produce guilt feelings. Pregnancy and disease can usually be avoided by proper contraception. If the couple does not offend the community's concern for respectability and acts in the propriety of good taste and privacy, it is believed that no obvious harm has been done. This "libertine" attitude certainly avoids the hidden hypocrisy of those who see sex as basically evil but try hard to pretend it is good by cloaking it in proper forms of respectability. If all sexual expression must be restricted to the confines of marriage, we assert a moralistic attitude that really suspects sex of being sinful, and can be justified or made proper only by marriage. But if the radical goodness of sex is affirmed does it need to be justified further by some ultimate aim or goal external to us? So often sex is understood as good only within the confines of marriage, and then only for the purposes of procreation, the creation of family life, the maintenance of social solidarity and the stability of the social order. Sometimes there is an added bonus thrown in that mentions the relief of sexual desire and its consequent physiological satisfactions. But there is a dimension to sexuality that has dynamic social implications that are simply ignored by a libertine individualism in hot pursuit of self-centered needs for the reduction of sexual tensions. A great deal of harm can be done to one's self and another if the social dimensions of sex are simply disregarded. For sexuality is a dimension of our common life together. If it is flattened out—treated as though it were merely a matter of personal concern or an expression of





personal whim or fancy according to whatever our needs at the time—we suffer a loss of the potential power that sex has in revealing the deepest dimensions of our selves to us and to each other. Its ability to penetrate the depth and mystery of life has been overlooked in the libertine casualness about it.

The relationship between the sexual and social dimensions of our selfhood leads to further growth and self-discovery. Erik Erikson, a contemporary developmental psychologist and psychoanalyst, has shed great light on the interrelationship between the biological, psychological and sociological dimensions of personality development toward full maturity and selfhood. In his book, *Childhood and Society*, he shows us that the movement to maturity takes place in the achievement of certain developmental tasks at different stages in our life. During childhood there must take place a sequence of events that move from the acquisition of a sense of basic trust by the infant, to a sense of autonomy and separation as an individual apart from the parent, the achievement of initiative, the further mastery of industriousness during the school years, and the achievement of self-identity in adolescence. Erikson states that the most basic social relationship of adolescence is that of other people acting as "mirrors" capable of reflecting the multiple images of one's self that are projected by the adolescent. This is why so often in early adolescence "falling in love" or "puppy-love" experiences are usually not dominated by or expressive of sexual interest but are merely attempts to gain a wider sense of identity as reflected in others. This is why the practice of "going steady" is more a security need for the achievement of identity than for any radical commitments, including sexual expression and fidelity.

**B**Y college age these developmental stages should have been successfully achieved and a degree of identity gained, particularly in terms of your unique potentialities and the occupational or vocational directions. College is the place for gaining further focus, skills, and knowledge

toward the achievement of your life goals. It is also the time in your life when you must achieve the next developmental task toward maturity as Erikson describes it. He calls this stage the achievement of "intimacy." Its social mode resides in self-abandon to a basic trust and love in the role of husband or wife in the relationship of marriage. The need to achieve this, and the desire for intimacy with another person partly account for the whole social dimension of campus life. The rating-dating scheme, sorority and fraternity life, campus organizations, dances, parties, coffee shops, bridge games in the student union—all these myriad forms of social organization partly serve to meet one's basic search for intimacy with another person. Once again, "going steady," "being pinned," "getting engaged" and "planning for marriage"—the whole process of mate-selection and courtship—are forms of personal and social interaction that underly the standard jokes about college as being the best "marriage market" in the world.

As you have well discovered about yourself by this time, sex is indeed a very important and serious dimension of your total self and cannot be ignored by you or the age in which you live. Perhaps the most important factor that has opened the doors and given recognition to the sexual dimension of personality and its significance in our lives has been the development of depth psychology. Sex hasn't been in the "cellar" since the days of Sigmund Freud. Our age is revolutionary just from the standpoint of modern sex education. This revolution and its consequences in depth psychology and the psychoanalytic movement characterize our modernity. From it we have come to learn that sex is very much a segment of our lives, and if we do not deal with it consciously and above board, then sexual motivations will unconsciously influence our overt behavior in subtle and elusive forms. Sex will try to masquerade itself in order not to be consciously recognized and acknowledged as an important part of our real feelings and needs.

Modern psychology supports the traditional religious and ethical affirmations that the possibilities for mutual self-discovery exist when sexuality is experienced within an intimate relationship with another person, and when this relationship is characterized by steadfastness, intensity and depth. This quality of sexual relationship gives us a positive acceptance of ourselves and others, including our bodies and our sexuality, but only in recognition of the *radical* and serious nature of sex. This requires us to regard the sexual dimension of our personality and that of another as nothing less than having the possibility for human fulfillment or destruction. If we use, exploit, or reduce another's sexuality, we dehumanize him in the most *radical* sense by making him a means to our own ends, instead of ultimately valuable in himself. Persons are worthy of our deepest expression of love and concern, of which sexuality is only one dimension of love's total fabric. Erikson characterizes the achievement of intimacy in full sexual maturity as including:

... a mutuality of orgasm with a loved partner of the other sex with



whom one is able and willing to share a *mutual trust*, and with whom one is able and willing to *regulate* the cycles of work, procreation, recreation, so as to secure to the offspring, too, a satisfactory development. (*Childhood & Society*, pp. 230-231.)

Now this is a far cry from many of the oversimplified attitudes toward sex you will find expressed or reflected in the behavior on today's college campus. Man is a whole or total being, and sex is good in so far as it serves to bring about the fulfillment of the whole person. At the same time, we cannot ignore that one's total self lives in the community of other total selves, and it is the aim of all human interrelationships and social organization to engender the love in which selfhood is nourished and fulfilled. From modern psychology we see that from childhood to maturity sex has developmental sequences that lead to an increasing integration of the many functions and purposes for which sex is intended at each stage in our life. It is true that at the biological level sex reduces tension and also reproduces the species. But psychologically it is a medium for deeper levels of self-discovery. Socially, we discover the depth in another person and therefore know of the potential depth in all people which leads us to increasing love of the sexual partner and an ability to respond increasingly to the depths

of others. Ethically, we discover that personal fulfillment and social responsibility are inseparable. The radical and serious nature of sex demands both intensity and fidelity in our human relationships. This excludes any air of casualness about our own sexuality or that of another. There can be no holding back of our deepest emotions or parts of ourselves in sexual giving and receiving if the purpose of sex in revealing the mystery of self, others, and life is to be realized. Steadfastness and intensity mutually support each other so that sex does not become routinized in techniques, anemic or flattened out, but leads us to new encounters of depth and joy in a love that fulfills the deepest needs of our own humanity and that of another.

#### SUGGESTED FURTHER READING

1. *Sex and the Christian Life* by Seward Hiltner (New York: Association Press, 1957).
2. *Childhood and Society* by Erik Erikson (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1950).
3. *The Mystery of Love and Marriage* by D. S. Bailey (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1952).
4. *Men, Women and Morals* by Sylvanus M. Duvall (New York: Association Press, 1953).
5. *The Biblical View of Sex and Marriage* by Otto A. Piper (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960).
6. *The Human Venture in Sex, Love, and Marriage* by Peter A. Bertocci (New York: Association Press, 1949).



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# what college did to me

BY ROBERT BENCHLEY

*Some folks think college is a needless waste of four years. The noted American humorist, Robert Benchley, put these thoughts into a delightful satire.*

**M**Y college education was no haphazard affair. My courses were all selected with a very definite aim in view, with a serious purpose in mind—no classes before eleven in the morning or after 2:30 in the afternoon, and nothing on Saturday at all. That was my slogan. On that rock was my education built.

Since what is known as the classical course involved practically no afternoon laboratory work, whereas in the scientific course a man's time was never his own until 4 P.M., I went in for the classic course. But only such classics as allowed for a good sleep in the morning. A man has his health to think of. There is such a thing as being a studying fool.

In my days (I was a classmate of the founder of the college) a student could elect to take any course in the catalog, provided no two of his choices came at the same hour. The only things he was not supposed to mix were scotch and gin. This was known as the elective system. Now I understand that the boys have to have, during the four years, at least three courses beginning with the same letter. This probably makes it very awkward for those who like to get away of a Friday afternoon for the week end.

Under the elective system my schedule was somewhat as follows: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 11, Botany 2a (the history of flowers and their meaning).

Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11, English 26 (the social life of the minor sixteenth-century poets).

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 12, Music 9 (history and appreciation of the clavichord).

Tuesdays and Thursdays at 12, German 12b (early minnesingers; Walter von Vogelweider, Ulric Glanndorf, and Freimann von Stremhofen. Their songs and times).

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 1:30, Fine Arts 6 (doric columns, their uses, history, and various heights).

Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:30, French 1c (exceptions to the verb *etre*).

This was, of course, just one year's work. The next year

I followed these courses up with supplementary courses in the history of lace-making, Russian taxation systems before Catherine the Great, North American glacial deposits, and Early Renaissance etchers.

This gave me a general idea of the progress of civilization and a certain practical knowledge which has stood me in good stead in a thousand ways since graduation.

**M**Y system of studying was no less strict. In lecture courses I had my notebooks so arranged that one half of the page could be devoted to drawing of five-pointed stars (exquisitely shaded), girls' heads, and tick-tack-toe. Some of the drawings in my economics notebook in the course of Early English Trade Winds were the finest things I have ever done. One of them was a whole tree (an oak) with every leaf in perfect detail. Several instructors commented on my work in this field.

These notes I would take home after the lecture, together with whatever supplementary reading the course called for. Notes and textbooks would then be placed on a table under a strong lamplight. Next came the sharpening of pencils, which would take perhaps fifteen minutes. I had some of the best-sharpened pencils in college. These I placed on the table beside the notes and books.

At this point it was necessary to light a pipe, which involved going to the table where the tobacco was. As it so happened, on the same table was a poker hand, all dealt, lying in front of a vacant chair. Four other chairs were oddly enough occupied by students, also preparing to study. It therefore resolved itself into something of a seminar, or group conference, on courses under discussion. For example, the first student would say: "I can't open." The second student would perhaps say the same thing. The third student would say: "I'll open for fifty cents," and the seminar would be on. At the end of the seminar, I would go back to my desk, pile the notes and books on top of each other, put the light out, and go to bed, tired but happy in the realiza-



tion that I had not only spent the evening busily but had helped put four of my friends through college.

### THINGS I LEARNED

An inventory of stock acquired at college discloses the following bits of culture and erudition which have nestled in my mind after all these years.

#### (FRESHMAN YEAR)

1. Charlemagne either died or was born or did something with the Holy Roman Empire in 800.
2. By placing one paper bag inside another paper bag you can carry home a milk shake in it.
3. There is a double "ll" in the middle of "parallel."
4. Powder rubbed on the chin will take the place of a shave if the room isn't very light.
5. French nouns ending in "aïson" are feminine.
6. Almost everything you need to know about a subject is in the encyclopedia.
7. A tasty sandwich can be made by spreading peanut butter on raisin bread.
8. A floating body displaces its own weight in the liquid in which it floats.
9. A sock with a hole in the toe can be worn inside out with comparative comfort.
10. The chances are against filling an inside straight.
11. There is a law in economics called the Law of Diminishing Returns, which means that after a certain margin is reached returns begin to diminish. This may not be correctly stated, but there is a law by that name.
12. You begin tuning a mandolin with "A" and tune the other strings from that.

#### (SOPHOMORE YEAR)

1. A good imitation of measles rash can be effected by stabbing the forearm with a stiff whiskbroom.
2. Queen Elizabeth was not above suspicion.
3. In Spanish you pronounce "Z" like "th."
4. Nine tenths of the girls in a girls' school are not pretty.



WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE I WAS A NOTHIN', A NOBODY.



NOW I'M A NON-CONFORMIST.

5. You can sleep undetected in a lecture course by resting the head on the hand as if shading the eyes.

6. Weakness in drawing technique can be hidden by using a wash instead of black and white line.

7. Quite a respectable bun can be acquired by smoking three or four pipefuls of strong tobacco when you have no food in your stomach.

8. The ancient Phoenicians were really Jews and got as far north as England, where they operated tin mines.

9. You can get dressed much quicker in the morning if the night before when you are going to bed you take off your trousers and underwear at once, leaving the latter inside the former.

#### (JUNIOR YEAR)

1. Emerson left his pastorate because he had some argument about communion.

2. All women are untrustworthy.

3. Pushing your arms back as far as they will go fifty times each day increases your chest measurement.

4. Marcus Aurelius had a son who turned out to be a bad boy.

5. Eight hours of sleep are not necessary.

6. Heraclitus believed that fire was the basis of life.

7. A good way to keep your trousers pressed is to hang them from the bureau drawer.

8. The chances are that you will never fill an inside straight.

9. The Republicans believe in a centralized government, the Democrats in a decentralized one.

10. It is not necessarily effeminate to drink tea.

#### (SENIOR YEAR)

1. A dinner coat looks better than full dress.

2. There is as yet no law determining what constitutes trespass in an airplane.

3. Six hours of sleep are not necessary.

4. Bicarbonate of soda taken before retiring makes you feel better the next day.

5. Theater tickets may be charged.

6. Flowers may be charged.

7. May is the shortest month in the year.

The foregoing outline of my education is true enough in its way and is what people like to think about a college course. It has become quite the cynical thing to admit laughingly that college did one no good. It is part of the American credo that all the college student learns is to catch punts and dance. I had to write something like that to satisfy the editors. As a matter of fact, I learned a great deal in college and have those four years to thank for whatever I know today.

(The above note was written to satisfy those of my instructors and financial backers who may read this. As a matter of fact, the original outline is true, and I had to look up the data about Charlemagne at that.)

"What College Did to Me" appeared in the volume of essays *The Early Worm*. It is printed here by special arrangement with Harper & Brothers.



# A TWO-MAN SYMPOSIUM:

## the world i never made

BY 'BOLA IGE

**A**ERICAN hospitality is proverbial and unbeatable. American students have an openness which, though not much recognized by their own leaders and mentors, does not fail to impress intelligent visitors to American campuses. And, at least, during this era of President Kennedy's New Frontier, America has striven to identify itself with the aspirations of the peoples in the "younger nations."

Nevertheless, the tut-tutting of foreign students on American campuses is undisguised; suspicion of American actions and intentions in world affairs grows stronger every day.

In a visit to a campus in Illinois, I was engaged in conversation with a young eighteenish freshman who intended to major in social science. We ranged over a wide area of issues, mainly political. I remember saying something like, "How I wish many Americans could change places with Africans, and then they would understand why the African spokesman seems to be against America." The student was quiet for a few seconds, undoubtedly taking it in, and then exploded, "But I didn't ask to be born American. . . ."

Of course, he didn't ask! The African, too, didn't ask to be born with a chip on his shoulders, as some people think. But the American *has* been born American.

"I didn't ask. . . ." As if one didn't know that already! In any case, it does not shift responsibility from a student; it is no passport for him to escape being involved. For, even if he escapes, he takes a stand which does not lessen the antagonism (perhaps dilemma is better) in which he is caught.

People in most parts of the non-Western World look to students for something new, something authentic, something progressive in students. Whatever Americans may think about the purpose of their B.A. or their B.Sc., many people—admittedly largely outside the U.S.A.—think today's freshman is one of the elite of tomorrow, that today's bewildered new undergrad is tomorrow's decisive leader. And it won't do for American students to shrug their shoul-

der and say, "Thanks, but that's not for me."

An episode which occurred in my country, "the Margery Michelmores affair," is a graphic example. Miss Michelmores came to Nigeria with the earliest groups of Peace Corps volunteers. They were having a three-month orientation in University College in Ibadan. She wrote a post card to a friend of hers, and on it she said that "everyone except us (i.e., the Peace Corps) lives in the street, cooks in the street, washes in the street. . . ." She dropped that card, and when it was picked up and read by an undergraduate, a flood of latent antagonism to Americans and the Peace Corps broke.

I do not know what the reaction of American students in the U.S.A. was to that incident. I know Mr. Shriver and others waded unhelpfully into the controversy.

What happened to Miss Michelmores could happen in the future to any of the students who may be entering the Peace Corps service. Is it not a paradox that someone who has done something admirable in leaving the luxury of an upper middle-class home in Massachusetts to teach in Nigeria should become a point of controversy more than her lazy, conservative, I-don't-care friends back home?

Without doubt, one is apt to say: to hell with everything. Let each mind his own business. Unfortunately, the undergraduate who intends to do less than Miss Michelmores tried to do will be misunderstood still more. For, let us face it, every American, particularly the student, is inexorably bound up with what America is at home *and* abroad.

Another soft spot in the American scene is the race question. Next to international affairs, it is the most important matter staring every thoughtful (and even more, every thoughtless) American in the face. Many see the issue only from the pages of the newspaper. As long as that is so, they can moralize and be nice and liberal.

But it may happen that someone drops a race clanger on your campus—say, a Negro student gets some raw deal. If you are white, you immediately find yourself confused as



to what action to take. Must you team up with a student religious organization which in turn teams up with some secular organization which is teaming up with some "crank" organization? Or must you play it cool, and be "realistic"? (That means pretending that it doesn't bother you.) Of course, you never created race hatred, and God knows you don't dislike Negroes.

**P**UT bluntly, the freshman enters a world he never made and for which he is inescapably held responsible. Bewilderment at the complex academic setup soon gives way to

worse bewilderment at the human problems which raise their ugly heads in college life and in the world in general. Sometimes, the bewilderment will get the sympathy it richly deserves; oftentimes it will be grossly misunderstood and badly appreciated.

And yet, out of this bewildered gentry must come (and, thank heavens, they do come now in appreciable numbers) men and women who, whatever their calling, react positively to the challenges their country and the world in general throw them, and go forward to make a new world out of the world they thought—and were told—they never made.

PHOTO: A. R. SIMONS





# what are the issues ?

BY EDWARD R. MURROW

**T**HE university in American life has a public purpose. That purpose in part is developing the spirit of free inquiry. The purpose in part is banishment of ignorance, the advancement of human welfare through communicating knowledge.

In so doing the university will free individual minds to pursue the higher life. It will widen the horizon of the nation's judgment. It will supply the skills essential to the nation's tasks. And in company with its colleagues of scholarship, there is the not unrealistic hope that by enlarging man's understanding of the world it will promote the welfare of that world in which man lives.

This is an ideal. Ideals are that to which all of us perhaps aspire but only some of us probably attain. I am not certain American universities have as yet attained it. "The fault," as Cassius put it to Brutus, lies "not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." It is not so much that universities have failed as it is that the world has changed. To respond to that change is the challenge of this generation of academicians.

American universities, in a modern age, tend to be somewhat parochial. They have been concerned with developing American civilization. The "American experiment" needed nurturing, and nurture it they did, and rightly so. Our civilization is far from finished, and American universities must concern themselves with its more perfect striving. But American universities must also turn to the new dimension of the international. American education has taken note of the new internationalism. We have had due regard for our Western heritage and European antecedents. We have all been aware of the international implications of science and learning and even of the universal scope of the principles of a free society. There are universities and colleges with strong international influences in programs and emphases. Nevertheless, the predominant nature of American education has been domestic in scope and character. We have been developing the American dream.

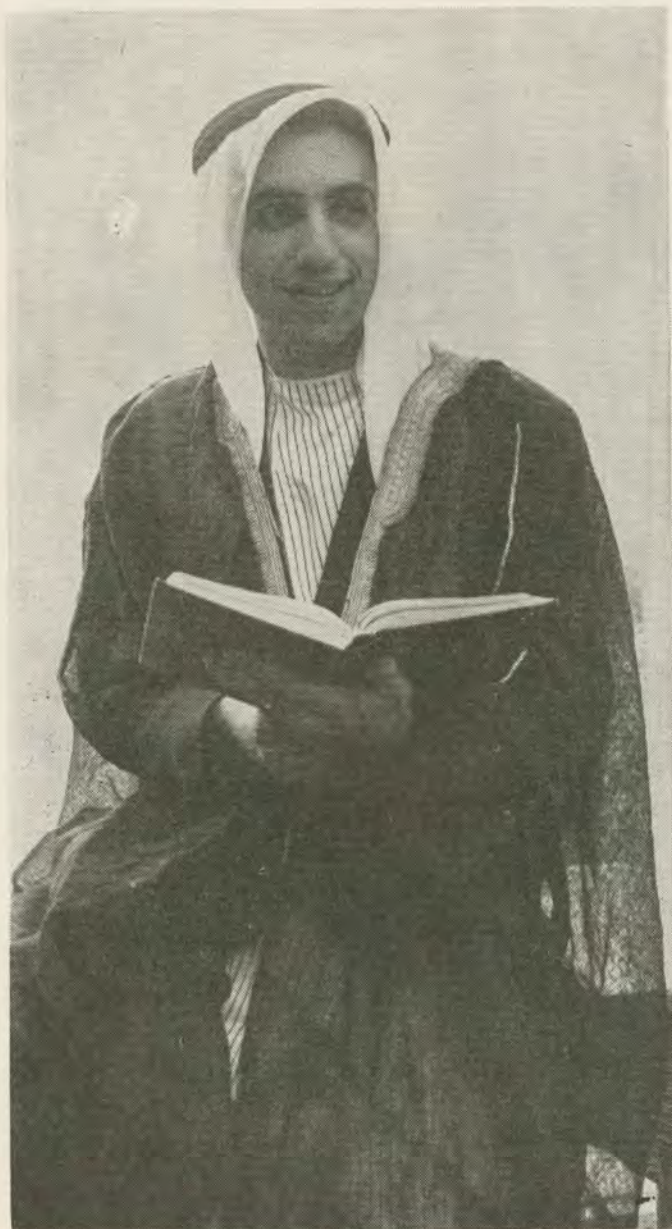
**T**ODAY, a solely domestic orientation is no longer enough. No university can afford to maintain such an obsolescent posture and still postulate itself a university. The problems of this day demand a broader conception of education's role. Problems earlier generations conceived as



merely local have today become global. The familiar landscapes of North America and Western Europe no longer suffice. We must view the other older cultures and newer nations as well.

Europe is our ancestor. The knowledge of Western Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries underwent great fulminations of change due to the great voyages of discovery. Their discovery of the so-called "new world" is paralleled today by our rediscovery of the rest of our world. I commend the words spoken by the President of the University of Rochester: ". . . To a degree we do not yet recognize, with an unparalleled speed, we are discovering a new world. . . . Our educational habits and practices have of necessity been deeply influenced by Western Europe. . . . Yet there must be room in general education . . . for the opportunity to bring into focus the new world. . . ."

*This, then, is the great new dimension confronting our*



*universities: American affairs are now world affairs, and world affairs are now those of America.*

We can see this situation in the study of languages.

A generation ago we concentrated on the major languages of Western Europe. Even now we do not speak them either well enough or widely enough. But today our needs have changed. Tongues that were once "exotic" have now become standard. Russian, Chinese, Arabic, Hindi—these and others are becoming languages of modern discourse, and need men and women who can discourse in them.

We see this situation in the need of the American university to cope with the foreign student—particularly those from outside North America and Western Europe. Courses may need redesigning. Special preparation, both in English and their chosen fields, may be necessary. The principle paramount to me is that foreign students must not be isolated in either course work or extracurricular life.

Foreign students may not be numerous—60,000 in this country make them only 1½ percent of total college enrollment. But they are far more important than just their numbers alone. I recently visited nine countries in Africa—two of the chief executives, Nkrumah of Ghana and Azikewe of Nigeria, were products of American universities.

To fully appreciate the importance of the foreign students' education in America we must recognize the dynamic role that education is assuming in the development of nations. Though nationhood once concerned itself only with politics and armies it has now come to include in this century economics and in this decade education.

And it is not the education of individuals or the discourse of scholars that concerns them, important as these may be. The new dimension is now the education of entire nations.

New nations are fast learning that education is the catalyst for the success of nationhood. It will determine technological expansion, it will influence political development, it will even contribute to economic growth.

But for nations who lack scholars as much as they do skills, they cannot do it alone. They will turn to our land for our minds as well as our machines. The education of a nation will depend today in large measure on what it can learn from educators of other countries. If they cannot learn from the universities of America, they will learn from others in our stead. And who can say but that the lessons they learn will return to haunt us?

**M**ODERN man has been catapulted into times of great change. There is much to lead us to the belief that human welfare everywhere may possibly depend upon our peculiar combination of technological power and democratic freedom. Without that technology, men become slaves to nature; without that freedom, slaves to one another. Both depend upon the university. Neither technology nor freedom is possible without education.



# contributors

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# inquiry into faith

*The transition from high school to college is likely to be thought of more in terms of the social adjustment involved than of the new kind of intellectual problems which will be encountered. An entirely new vocabulary and jargon of the academic community includes "objectivity," "scientific method," "intellectual integrity," and "pragmatic tests of validation." Such terms are rapidly, though not lucidly, adopted and absorbed.*

BY J. WESLEY ROBB

COLLEGE life is a much more critical and intellectual climate than the atmosphere which students have encountered in most high schools. This new intellectual experience will have an impact—sometimes a radical one—upon the religious understanding of students. It is probable that few college freshmen have consistently encountered the intense questioning and challenges of a really sharp atheist or an agnostic before.

A freshman recently said to me, "For the first time in my life I have met people who said they did not believe in God." This was a new experience for him, as it will be for many others.

Though disturbing and anguishing—to both student and parent—a student whose faith has substance, validity and vitality will achieve a more meaningful understanding of his faith as a result of such experiences in college. However, if his faith is shallow or inadequate, he may lose it—at least for a time—because he is either unwilling to examine his own faith (and thus take the easy way out by showing indifference to religious matters) or he denies the validity of a former faith because it does not stand up under the light of new insights and knowledge. Usually when the latter happens it is due, partly at least, to the fact that his religious understanding has not developed as rapidly as his accumulation of initial data in philosophy, psychology, science, literature, or political science. These experiences, combined with the seemingly detached and disinterested attitude of some of his professors, and the sheer size and diversity of the institution, can result in confusion, despair, and real or imagined crises.

Several areas of inquiry seem to challenge with special intensity the religious faith of college students, and threaten many of the traditional ideas about God, man, and the world.

## SCIENCE

Almost every professor and student will assert that the scientific method is the best way of ascertaining knowledge. Hardly any department within a college or university escapes this allegiance; at least the spirit of science will permeate the atmosphere of the academic community. And so it should, because through science and the application of the scientific method man has been freed from many of his superstitions and fears; he has come to know more fully himself and the world in which he lives. In overstressing

science, we can make the false assumption that its methodology is the only approach to human life and experience. Such an exclusive approach tends to deify the method of scientific investigation and places greatest emphasis upon that which is measured and is subject to quantitative analysis. Also, such an approach can reduce experience to its component parts.

The perceptive student will be aware of these dangers, and though he will recognize and respect the method and spirit of science, he will be equally aware of its limitations and the assumptions upon which it is based. It may be that the student will have to realize that all problems cannot be solved by science, that facts may help us understand the nature of physical reality, but that facts in themselves do not tell us what we should do with our knowledge or to what ends we should work as human beings in a society that is becoming increasingly interdependent and complex. There may be some questions which by their very nature are philosophic and religious in character and involve an intelligent and responsible act of faith leading ultimately to commitment. The alert student will be aware of the multi-dimensional character of human experience—the rich expressions in art, music, literature, philosophy, and religion. In other words, he will be sensitive to the contribution of all those experiences in the cumulative history of man which have made life rich and meaningful. He may also discover that these sources of insight are as important, or perhaps more important, than the discovery of knowledge about the physical world. If the student is aware of these distinctions, his religious faith will be enhanced by his knowledge of science rather than destroyed or threatened.

## MORAL RELATIVISM

Most students are aware that people's moral standards differ and that all men do not agree on what is right and wrong. This is accentuated in anthropology, sociology, and psychology which emphasize that the customs and habits of men in various cultures differ widely. From this study a student may conclude that, in the final analysis, moral standards are entirely relative to the folkways and mores of a particular culture and that his religious tradition, which affirms some universal standard for morality, is no longer tenable. Of course, the student may not ponder the logic of such a position: if all values are totally relative to a society which adopts these standards there can be no real moral basis for the condemnation of any custom or act on





CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY PHOTO

the part of another society which differs from his own, even if it be the extremes of a Hitler or a Mussolini. Nevertheless, the relativist's position will be attractive. It is not a happenstance that many students use this newfound knowledge to rationalize a new behavior which may not be in keeping with their religious training.

From a certain standpoint all values are relative to time and place; but in another sense, if values are rooted in man's own nature and human capacities are distinguishable from the capabilities of all other creatures, then the concepts of good and bad, or right and wrong can be given a distinctively human meaning which in a sense transcend any particular society or social practice. Thus the alert student will be aware of the half-truths the moral relativist espouses; he will use his own mind, as well as the collective experience of his religious tradition, to judge those doctrines which would tend to entice him away from the conventional value and moral standards.

It is easy to assume that if morals are the product of human societies and the social needs of particular groups, then all beliefs in a deity as a source of moral law are no longer defensible. Few professors will openly teach atheism, but many times the implications of their approach and assumptions will imply, either directly or indirectly, that there is no God. The subtle effect of any discipline which looks at all problems from only a position of the action and reaction of physical phenomena leads many students to the denial of many religious convictions and beliefs earlier held. College students are too quick to throw overboard their religious faith on too little evidence. The student seriously concerned and interested in the religious problem

will not reject his faith too easily, but will investigate the approaches of thoughtful men in our time to the questions he is facing. Campus pastors, priests, and rabbis, as well as university teachers of religion, and informed laymen can be of assistance. Some professors have a rather unsophisticated view of religion themselves, and too often they have a stereotyped conception of religion based upon some earlier childhood experience. It is at this point that the thoughtful student will investigate these matters for himself with the guidance of capable religious counselors.

#### HISTORICAL AND LITERARY CRITICISM

One of the purposes of education is to penetrate behind the literary and historical sources to the intellectual, social, and cultural factors which have contributed to the development and emergence of ideas. Students soon become aware that such an approach is applicable to a study of religious history and literature as well as to the study of so-called secular material. It is often a shock to a student to find that many of the ideas in his own tradition and heritage, which he thought arose Minerva-like as a result of a special act of revelation to a man or group in a particular time in history, have deep and rich historical roots, and that many of these ideas can be traced to the influence of one culture upon another. This fact, coupled with a critical examination of the internal consistency or inconsistency of the documents themselves, often challenges the uncritical faith of a religion that is centered in the unique validity of a historical event or a written record.

Students should be aware that the creative synthesis of certain ideas and insights in the mind of an individual or a group may give rise to something truly new, for it would be a mistake to assume that the new can be reduced to the sum of its parts. Nevertheless, an understanding of the origin of all ideas and a recognition that even religious ideas do not emerge in a cultural and historical vacuum are essential to the task of education. Such an approach may serve as an instrument in leading the student to a more sophisticated understanding of his religious tradition, rather than be a threat to his faith. Therefore, the challenge of new knowledge can lead him to a more profound understanding of his own heritage and need not be a destructive element.

Challenges to our faith may actually be instruments for the deeper understanding of religion. Half-truths are dangerous, and every discipline which tends to stress the unique validity of its own methodology is in danger of presenting to the student a distorted and inadequate picture of reality. Therefore, freshmen must be conscious of the "nothing-but" fallacy; that is, the tendency to reduce all experience to the elements which constitute it. We can't reduce mind and consciousness to the central nervous system, or all creative movements of history to the events which have a bearing upon their development, or all moral judgments to the standards of a particular culture in a given time. To inquire into faith is an important part of a student's total intellectual experience.



**C**ONTEMPORARY ART today is enjoying wide-spread popularization through the mass media.

This is all very healthy. But still the technical language, which stands between the viewer and appreciator of art and the actual work of art, is formidable. Knowing the language of art, however, will not tell a person what it means, but it *will* act as an *introduction to vision*. Below is an illustrated short list of a few art "isms" in the vast menu available. Take the tour, it's free.

## *vision and art*

BY MARGARET RIGG

### **ABSTRACTION**

This "dirty word" has been made almost synonymous with contemporary art to some people. But abstraction has been known in every age of art back to 30,000 B.C. prehistoric cave paintings. The deliberate invention of pure abstraction came in 1910 with the paintings of Wassily Kandinsky (plate 1), then living in Germany. Later, a Dutch painter, Piet Mondrian, produced geometric abstractions. The best-known abstract painters today in America are Stuart Davis and the powerful Jackson Pollock (now dead). Pollock, after World War II, turned away from his former realistic-idealistic style and broke into what the disgusted and mystified public liked to call "drip paintings." Pollock's was a special brand of abstraction: abstract-expressionism, and it began a gigantic new movement. More than any other American artist, Pollock was responsible for America assuming, for the first time, the leadership in art around the world.

Alberto Burri also makes exciting use of abstraction (plate 9), in his compositions of "junk materials."



PLATE 1. WASSILY KANDINSKY:  
COMPOSITION (3), 1914.



## REALISM

You don't have to go far to find realism, even today. It didn't die out in the seventeenth century, as you may have decided. Among American artists alone there is quite a list of Realists: Charles Burchfield, Ben Shahn (plate 3), Andrew Wyeth, Edward Hopper, Jack Levine, Peter Blume, Charles Sheeler, Henry Koerner (plate 2), to mention only a few. Yet among these there is a great

difference in approach and handling of reality. You will definitely recognize trees, houses, people, things—even if you quibble with the colors and ways these are used.

More recently a new realism has appeared around San Francisco. These painters (Elmer Bischoff, James Boynton, Joan Brown, Richard Diebenkron, Nathan Olivera) are moving us back to the importance and a new vision of the human figure, of landscape, color, light, and form.



PLATE 2.

HENRY KOERNER: THE PROPHET, 1940, OIL



COURTESY, DOWNTOWN GALLERY, N.Y.

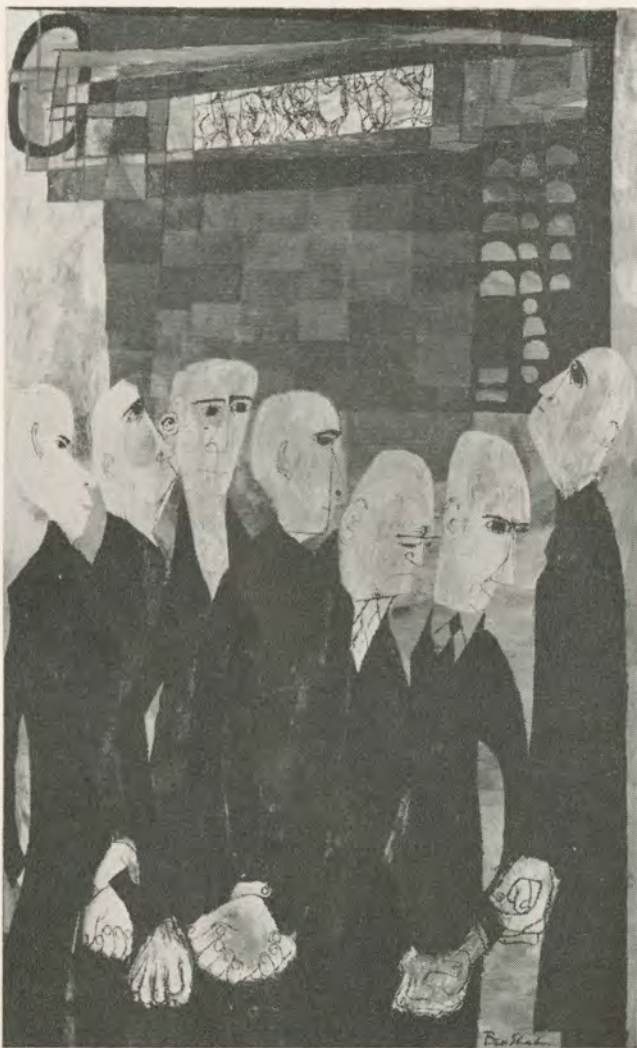


PLATE 3. BEN SHAHN: CYBERNETICS, 1955, TEMPERA

On these pages three vastly different artists, each in his own favored style, "speak" to us in 20th century language about the kind of world we live in. The realist, Ben Shahn (plate 3) is concerned about man in the midst of his technological and social despair. Henry Moore, the great sculptor, shows modern man (plate 5) as weathered, stoic, indomitable, prevailing in spite of his despair. But it was Pablo Picasso (plate 4) who pronounced the warning and the judgment upon man's inhumanity to man in war. This is probably the greatest single painting of the century.

COURTESY, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.



### EXPRESSIONISM

The great names of this style remain: Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, Ernest Barlach, Emile Nolde, James Ensor, Kathae Kollwitz and Georges Rouault. Expressionists used color and line and forms to carry the heavy freight of human emotions, moods, inner conflict and joy. These painters and sculptors do not look for representation of nature but of expression of one's inner being and feelings. (plate 10.)



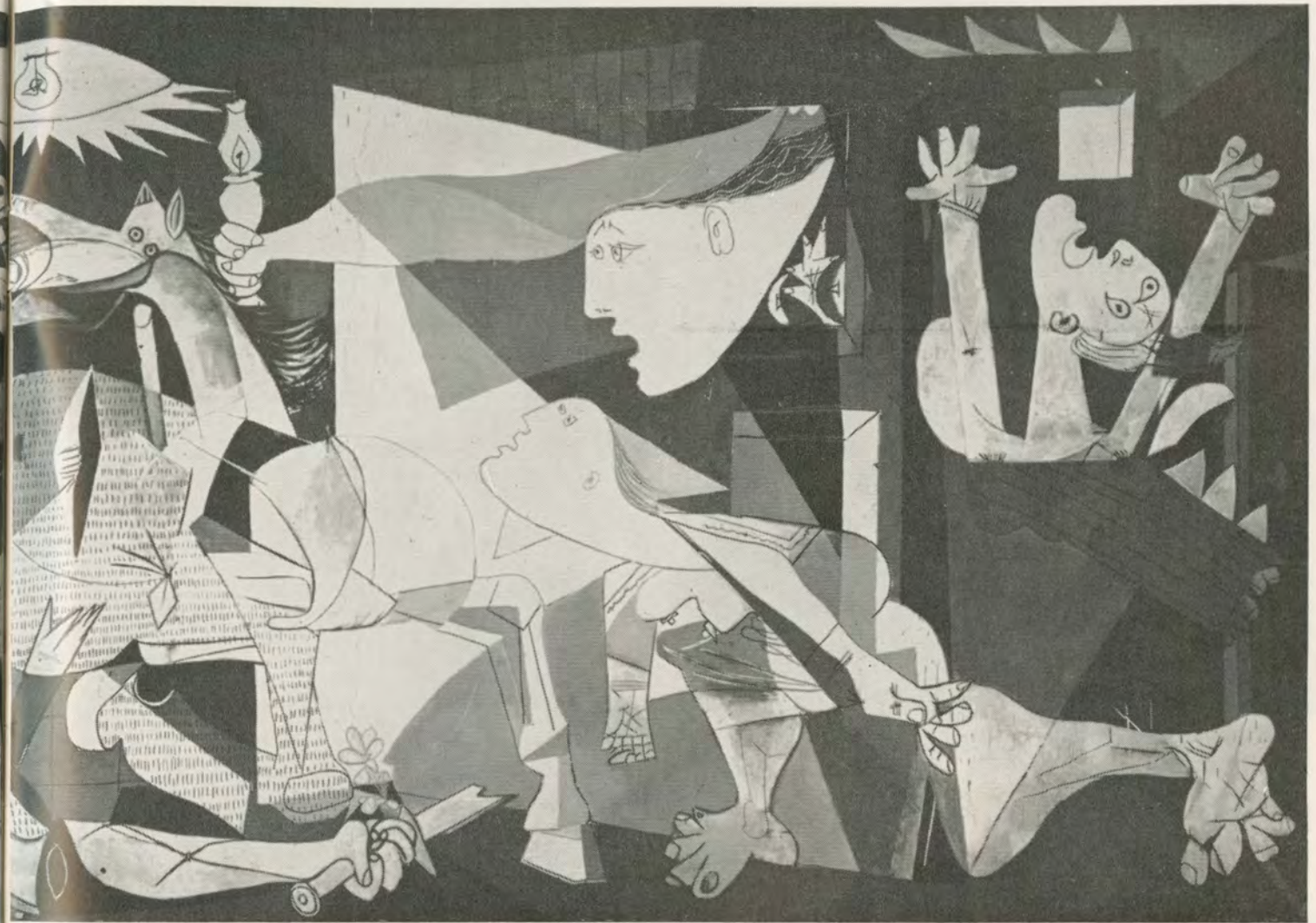
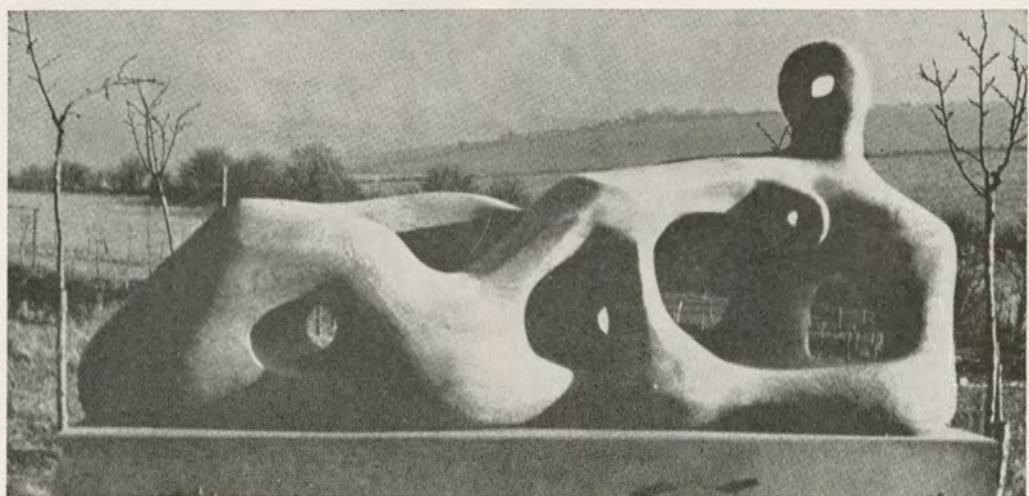


PLATE 4. PABLO PICASSO: GUERNICA, 1937, OIL

PLATE 5. HENRY MOORE: RECLINING FIGURE, 1940, STONE



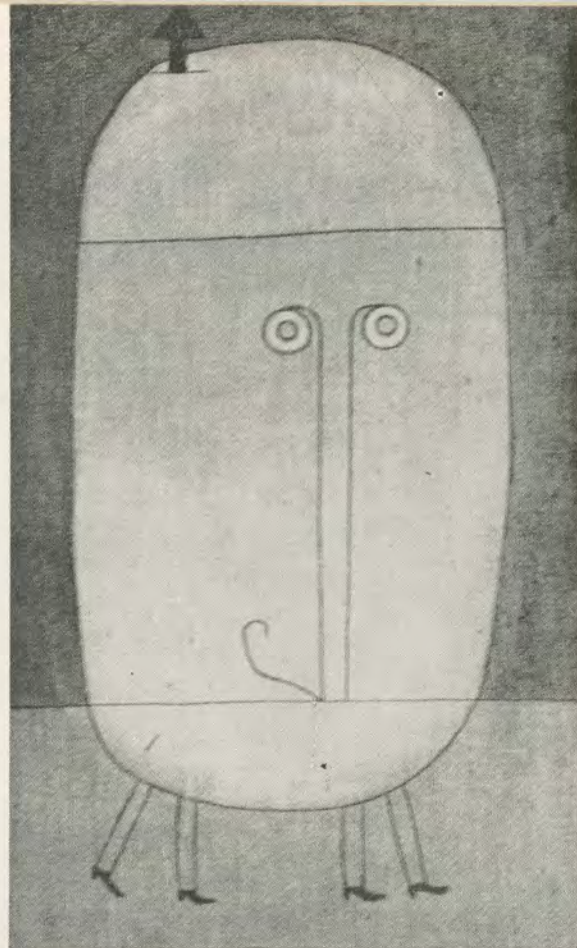
COURTESY, THE ARTIST





COURTESY, THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

PLATE 6. MARC CHAGALL: WHITE CRUCIFIXION, 1938, OIL



COURTESY, THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.

PLATE 7. PAUL KLEE, MASK OF FEAR, 1932, OIL

**SURREALISM OR FANTASY**

Today the best-known surrealist artist is Salvador Dali. But at least two other painters are far greater: the Italian, de Chirico, and the Russian, Chagall. Chagall's paintings have a wonderful combination of remembered childhood experiences, Russian folk tales, village ceremonies and religious events. Others: Paul Klee, Max Ernst, Joan Miro, Mark Tobey. (plates 6 and 7.)

**JUNK ART**

Artists today find it impossible to believe in the Platonic art aims of beauty, truth and goodness. Many artists thus are working with the junk materials of the world—what is discarded as useless or ugly. A new order of meaning and vision is in their work. Artists to watch: Robert Rauschenberg, Claes Oldenber, Chamberlin, Mallery, Stankiewicz—the list is long and exciting. (Plate 9).

Perhaps the best conclusion is to repeat: "Every dog has his day," and "You can please some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot please all of the people all of the time." And, finally, the writer Goethe, on art: "Art is art because it is not nature." So, take your pick and then keep looking, because as you grow, new understanding and awareness will lead to new appreciation and vision of the world through art.

**CUBISM**

Georges Braque and Pablo Picasso invented it about 1907 in Paris. Cubism borrowed its initial power from a whole new vision of the world: due to scientific knowledge man can probe and explore structure in a new way. (plate 12.)

**FAUVISM**

The name means *wild beasts* in French and includes artists who searched for a bold, exciting way to use color: Henri Matisse was master of the fauves. Others: Maurice Vlaminck, Andre Derain, Raoul Dufey and Milton Avery. (Plate 8).



COURTESY, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.

PLATE 8. HENRI MATISSE: THE DANCE, 1909-10, OIL





COURTESY, THE ARTIST

PLATE 9. ALBERTO BURRI: RED BURLAP I, 1954



COURTESY, THE DALLAS MUSEUM OF ART

PLATE 11. JACKSON POLLOCK: CATHEDRAL, 1947

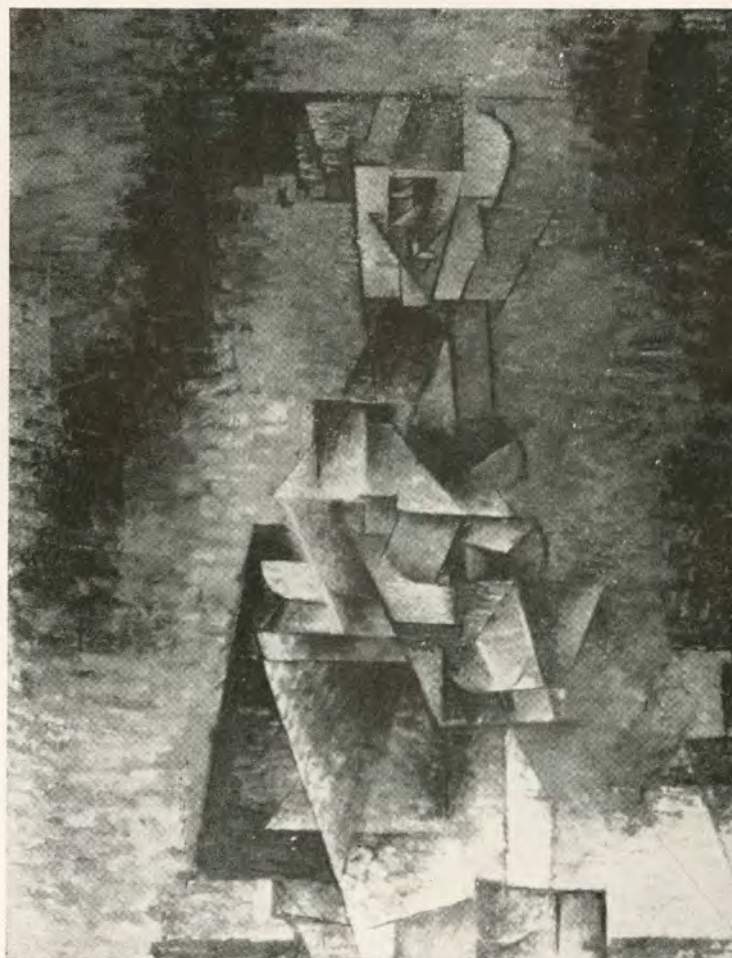


PLATE 10. GEORGES ROUAULT: CHRIST MOCKED BY SOLDIERS, 1913

COURTESY, THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y., ABOVE AND RIGHT

PLATE 12.

PABLO PICASSO: THE POET, 1911, OIL





# but don't panic . . .

**O**RIENTATION, as we all know, means to get our bearings by facing east. Which is ridiculous, of course, since many of us will be going to colleges which are in the west, and we will hardly get very far in school if we have our backs to the buildings.

But assuming for the moment that some of us will try to find out where we are (and, possibly, even why we are where we are), it might be useful to know a little about what college will offer and what you, the person for whom your college has been waiting all these years, will encounter.

Naturally, the first thing you will find when you arrive at Dyspepsia State College is a group of friendly upperclassmen whose one desire is to make you feel at home.

Since none of the older students at the college know you, they have devised a system whereby they can recognize you as a freshman. In most colleges, this consists of wearing a beanie for five weeks or so without taking it off. Some upperclassmen, particularly anxious that you learn proper humility, may insist on your wearing a sign board as well bearing such sentiments as "I am a lowly, stupid freshman. My name is Herman Schwarzbauer, and I come from East Anchovie, N.D."

Or the freshman may become a victim of other circumstances. The epitaph on a gravestone found at one midwestern college indicates what I mean:

HERE LIES  
MABEL GLUNK  
Age 19 yrs. 3 mos.  
Died as a result of sitting  
next to nonpassers in the student  
cafeteria for 7 weeks

And tales of freshmen lining up for nonexistent purposes are common. Officials at some of the country's best-known schools still find rows of skeletons (wearing the remains of beanies) still waiting behind isolated buildings, obviously a result of a harmless bit of prankery by some senior.

But you needn't worry, these things won't happen to you. The very fact that you're able to read this article indicates that you'll follow the suggestions of your older friends at college . . . or else.

The buildings on campus are, of course, quite important. In fact, you'll find that almost all your courses are held in one or another of these buildings.

The one building that you will remember above all others is the library. This is not because your professors will assign library research papers but rather because the library is the one place on campus where you're not likely to be found should some dean or other official be looking for you.

**T**HERE are no other really significant buildings on campus, unless you include the cafeteria (sometimes called "The Trough" by upperclassmen). This place provides a well-rounded and varied diet, and is usually closely allied with the biology department.

Another area of the campus, one where you'll spend quite a bit of your time, is the physical education building and stadium. This area houses many hairy, muscular beasts who are let into the football stadium

on autumn Saturday afternoons. They push brooms and wipe tables for their \$5,000 athletic scholarships the rest of the year.

It is rumored that one of these beasts was once discovered to have registered for college classes, inadvertently, and, ultimately was placed on probation by the old men in the administration building who cannot play football themselves. This particular player was flunking, so he signed up for a course in basketweaving. But a Navaho also signed up for the course, raised the grade curve in the class, and so the football player flunked out of college. He later got reinstated by taking an advanced 3-credit course in underwater hopscotch (offered by the recreation teacher in the phys ed department) and a 2-credit course in elementary jacks (offered jointly by the phys ed and education departments).

Occasionally you will meet slouched-over men wearing jackets with leather patches on the elbows and shirts with frayed collars and, less often, with books under their arms. They are called "professors," after a Latin word meaning "bound by vows." The vows such people are bound to are usually those of poverty and humility.

These men are harmless, and should not be taken seriously. You will find that they expect you to say your name the first day of class, but otherwise not to say anything at all in class. Once in a while professors give tests and do other mean things to see if you're in class, but don't panic. Just tell the man that your grandmother died or something. Don't try this, however, more than twice with the same professor.

Some professors say things in class, usually transmitted through teeth clenched upon pipes, and moustaches. It really isn't difficult to interpret what they say; just follow these tips:

## WHEN THE PROFESSOR SAYS

## HE USUALLY MEANS . . .

I won't say much on this topic, as it's covered thoroughly in the text.

Let's move on to something I know more about.

I appreciate your question, which shows a lively interest in the course, but for the present I'd like to avoid complicating the issue, and put off answering it until a future lecture, when I'll take the time to explain this aspect in detail.

Damned if I know, but I'll look it up tonight.

I think you'd benefit more, if instead of the usual lecture, we have a class discussion.

The baby cried all night, and I haven't prepared a lecture.

There are, of course, other instructors who would disagree with me.

Our department is overrun with idiots.

That's an interesting question; let's think about it for a few minutes.

Let's stall for the bell.

Well, this should *introduce* you to college; the rest you'll find out for yourself.

I hope you believe everything I've told you. After all, I should know; some of the finest years of my life were spent as a freshman.

—PAUL SCHLEUTER