

# Orientation

that's what's  
needed don't you see? That!  
Nothing else matters half so much.  
To reassure one another. To answer each other.  
Perhaps only you can listen to me and not laugh.  
Everyone has, inside himself. . . what shall I call it?  
A piece of good news! Everyone is. . . a very great, very important  
character! Yes, that's what we have to tell them up there!  
Every man must be persuaded—even if he's in rags—  
that he's immensely, immensly important!  
Everyone must respect him; and make him respect  
himself too. They must listen to him attentively.  
Don't stand on top of him, don't stand  
in his light.

But look at him  
with deference. Give him  
great, great hopes, he needs them. . .  
especially if he's young. Spoil him!  
Yes, make him grow proud!  
ugobetti

a piece of good news

1964

# Orientation 1964

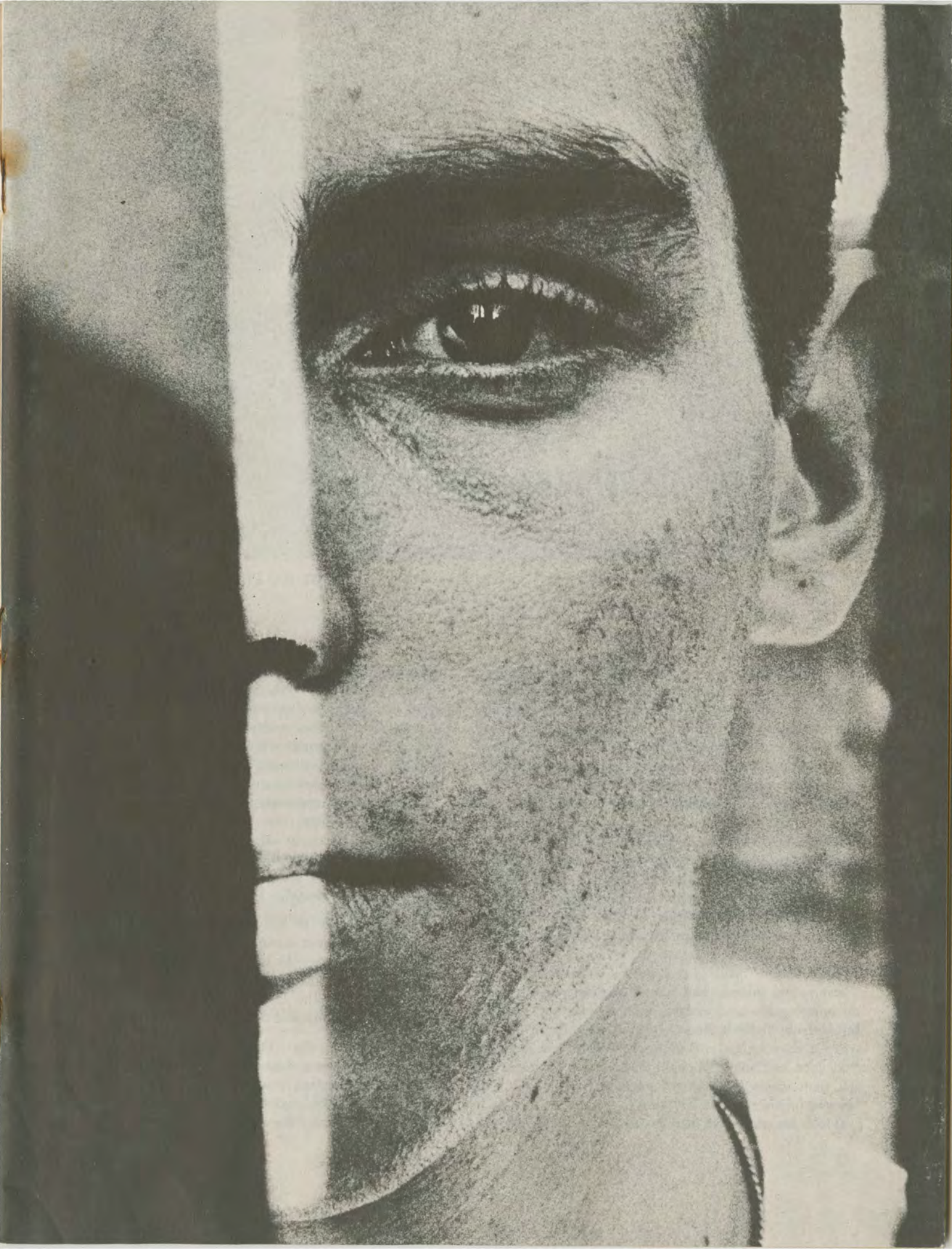
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HEART COLLEGE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. HER COVER IS THE VISUAL  
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RIGHT: PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD WALLOWITCH, N.Y.



*("Man has but one experience left—life. It is a search for self. . . .")*

## notes to a freshman class---

BY RALPH MCGILL

NOT LONG AGO in Washington, D. C., I paid a courtesy call on Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln. She was personal secretary to President John F. Kennedy. She had served in that same capacity when he was in the United States Senate. Her sad task, after the dreadful assassination, had been to collect, identify and classify the papers of the dead President.

"One of the rewarding features of this work," she said, "has been the great number of young persons who have called. They have had no special purpose. It seemed they wanted, in some way, to make a contact with him, to say what he had meant to them, and to talk about him. Few had met him. Some said they were Republicans in politics, but that he had inspired them to be interested in public service or in getting into politics.

"Out of this," said Mrs. Lincoln, "came a consensus. These young persons had found a modern man to give meaning to life and events. I sometimes was amused, but did not show it, because I also was deeply moved, when a boy or girl of 19 or 20 would speak of the President as being 'of my generation.' I think they felt that. Even high school pupils felt a kinship with his youth, his outlook, his views."

I told her that, too, had been, and continued to be,

my experience. In going about the country, talking at schools, or participating in seminars, I found the students at colleges and secondary schools had this feeling that the President was of their age. . . . I recalled a letter from a young Georgian who was in a French preparatory school. He had written: "When we got the news (he and a few other Americans) we wept. Then we went, without anyone's suggesting it, to the chapel. And there we prayed—for him, our country, and ourselves. We talked all that day, in class and out, and all of us, the French students as well, said we felt a great sense of personal loss, as if some wonderful gift, or possession, had been taken away."

At a university in the Midwest, a student said: "I think that President Kennedy brought the visible presence of my country to my view—its music, its artists, its poets, and the meaning of our form of government. I do not mean by the latter the glib, trite phrases, but the philosophy and soul of it."

What was it that the President communicated—especially to young Americans? It seems to me that, after two devastating world wars, in a period we have called "the age of anxiety," Jack Kennedy symbolized ideals, belief, commitment, and association with prin-



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD WALLOWITCH, N.Y.

ciples, as well as Pablo Casals, opera, ballet, laughter and life. He had tapped, perhaps without ever fully realizing it, the majestic reservoir of ideals and desire for commitment that are found in all young people . . . and some adults. He had been willing to make firm commitments to causes and principles. He communicated this to many persons, young, middle-aged and old.

I, for one, frequently find myself turning through my files to find, and read, the speech he made at Amherst College in October 1963, at the convocation in memory of Robert Frost. I quote the beginning and a part of the last paragraph:

"A nation reveals itself not only by the men it produces, but also by the men it honors, the men it remembers . . . .

"I look forward to a great future for America—a future in which our country will match its military strength with our moral strength, its wealth with its wisdom, its power with our purpose. I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty, which will protect the beauty of our natural environment . . . . I look forward to an America which commands respect throughout the world not only for its strength but its civilization as well."

One remembers that. It helps, I think, in that search we all have—the search for identity . . . the search to find and know self and to have a sense of usefulness. There is a loneliness in life. It is inescapable. Loneliness is common to all ages. Once Carl Sandburg and I talked of this, and the old poet and biographer of Lincoln said, "A man must learn how to make use of loneliness and not let it use him . . . and that isn't always easy."

It isn't easy.

**E**NTERING COLLEGE stirs the mind to new directions . . . to new searchings of self. More than ever this age of anxiety has us involved in a troubled search not merely for personal identity and values, but for a national image and national values. Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, president of Harvard, not long ago discussed the quality and meaning of life in a series of lectures. He said that not everyone in underdeveloped countries accepted at face value what we present as a true picture of ourselves—a nation of energetic, independent, happy, free men, intelligently and modestly enjoying one of the highest standards of living ever achieved on this globe. Looking behind our huckster advertising, our self-serving political speeches, and our slick-paper accounts of ourselves, they discern," he said, "not a nation of happy people living responsibly in a

society permeated with justice and mercy, but a national life marred by much frustration and emptiness, hardness and indifference, loneliness and insecurity, selfishness; and along with such personal characteristics, fragmented relationships, broken homes, drunkenness, juvenile delinquency, race prejudice, snobbery of class, irresponsibility, and a host of other evidences of emotional ill health which we minimize, overlook, or pretend to ignore. These critical observers see in us," he said, "the operators of a modern industrial nation, not slovens, certainly, nor even sheep, but a variety of self-seeking thoughtless, unattractive people, careless of decency, eager to impress; and they are quite sure, the thoughtful among them—that they do not want to be recreated in our image, not even at the cost of plenty and the health they so passionately desire and so patently need."

This analysis by Dr. Pusey is accurate and painful. That some of this questioning of America by peoples in other lands stems from envy and covetousness is also true. But the question mark remains and we are all too well aware of it. Last year I was for three months in West Africa and the Congo. Repeated talks with students and journalists revealed much of good will toward this country and a frank wish to be able to possess the "things," or material possessions, that more and more are viewed as the gauge of a standard of living. The Communist groups came to heckle me with copies of our pledge to the flag, so glibly and routinely given at civic club and other public meetings. They would read it and ask why it did not apply. They also came with copies of our Constitution and read from it with demands to know why the Oxford riots and the racial violence of other cities could take place in America if equal protection of law is guaranteed.

Even a journalist, with only amateur knowledge of the social sciences, can see portents in the changing Europe, the split in monolithic communism, the evolving nations of Asia and Africa and the revolution of Latin America. They and the forces of change loosed by them are sure to be a part of this and the next generation. Our sudden awareness of population, of race, of urbanization, and of the pressures of a highly technical industrial society permit us to know that many of our old concepts of social sciences and of education are fragmented and that the future will require of the student journalist, the educator, and the business and industrial community some new, basic, hard decisions.

Today we live in a world where man against the machine is the essence of the major problem, for one area and where, in another, a warrior in Africa armed with a bow and arrow shoots down a low-flying obser-

vation plane. We are engaged with the challenge to build a great society, to eliminate the poverty of body and spirit in the city slums, in the Southern Appalachians, in the depressed rural areas. The goal of a great society was implicit in the philosophy of Jefferson and others who joined in the founding of the nation. It may be gained only by an increase of values which makes possible such a society.

Here again, we must rely on education—and chiefly on the college and university freshman classes and those that come after them. The war against poverty and against shoddiness of ideals and values, must come out of an education that will give to more and more students the will to use learning in the building of a great society. President Kennedy seemed to many to symbolize the values of "the humanities." There was a certain joy in possessing them—in using them.

What, then, does one do? He seeks. He seeks in classrooms, in books, in life. "I am a part of all that I have met," a poet has said, with much truth. What then shall we seek to meet along the way?

Reinhold Niebuhr, in a recent discussion on the nature of man, said: "Man is a mystery to himself because he is, on the one hand, a creature of nature, and, on the other hand, a free spirit who makes nature and himself his object, extends his ends beyond nature's limits . . . and would celebrate his dignity as 'master of things' but for two obvious facts; he dies as all creatures do; and he uses his freedom not only for creative but destructive purposes, not only to fulfill himself in his fellows, but to realize himself at their expense, exhibiting in the process all the pride, vanity, power, lust and cruelty which are part of the human story. . . . Man is, in short, baffled about both his virtue and his stature. . . . darkly conscious he is a source of both good and evil. . . ."

Dr. Niebuhr's conclusion is at the root of the problem. Man is troubled. He is capable of both good and evil. He more and more is concerned with his own nature, with the mystery of himself. Liberal arts education is interested in providing man with inner resources that will better enable him to be alone with himself, and to wrestle with the diverse elements of his nature. The scientist, dedicated to pure science, fascinated by computers and by dreams of new wonders to come, also has time to be darkly conscious of self—as a source of both good and evil.

So it is with each of us.

Rather soon, in college, the freshman class will begin to encounter discussions of history, of the momentous, meaningful periods in the life of man. And someone



PHOTOGRAPH, EDWARD WALLOWITCH, N.Y.

will ask, after talking of "The Age of Reason," "The Age of Enlightenment," "The Renaissance," "The Dark Ages"—what will our age be called?

It is not likely to be called "the age of anxiety" or "the age of the cold war." We must remember that any age is named for its triumphs . . . for the ideas, thoughts, and commitments that give new stature to knowledge and to the human being.

"The Age of Enlightenment" was a time of vast illiteracy in the Western World. "The Age of the Rights of Man" was one in which slavery was widespread, and, in the new world, slavery was being established, and colonialism was beginning to wage bloody wars for colonies around the world. The magnificent 18th century produced philosophy that brought tremendous advancement to man and his world. Yet, it was a century filled with wars, ignorance, superstition, and a dark underside of fear and disease. Still, we are right to call it a golden age when the mind and soul took on new stature. . . .

What shall our age be called?

**M**ALRAUX wrote that "Always, however brutal an age actually may have been, its style transmits its music only."

What music will come out of our anxieties—our travail of cold war?

It is the custom of speakers and writers, addressing themselves to new college classes, to speak of challenges and responsibilities, and to say that these classes represent the future. This is trite. I apologize. But it is true. The attack on Pearl Harbor belongs to the "old days." It occurred before most of the freshmen of 1964 were born. The changes in our world that have come since the end of the war in 1945 are, in total, more meaningful than those of a preceding century.

And now, wrestling with "the Cold War," with "the Age of Anxiety," in a world in which there is no hiding place from nuclear power, we know that the triumphs, the winners, those who will name this age out of its accomplishments, are far out in our future. . . .

We must somehow find the faith, the compassion, the commitment to causes, the joy in values, that will give us the strength to find a personal view of life and self—to see to it that the great ideas of our age have a chance to triumph over the irrational evil and errors of it. . . .

College—the excitement of new ideas, books, associates, and horizons—that is a good time to begin searching hard for those experiences that will give us a style that transmits a music . . . a country that commands respect not only for its strength but its civilization as well.

# what every freshman should know

BY EDMUND S. MORGAN

THE WORLD does not much like curiosity. The world says that curiosity killed the cat. The world dismisses curiosity by calling it idle, or *mere* idle, curiosity—even though curious persons are seldom idle. Parents do their best to extinguish curiosity in their children, because it makes life difficult to be faced every day with a string of unanswerable questions about what makes fire hot or why grass grows, or to have to halt junior's investigations before they end in explosion and sudden death.

Children whose curiosity survives parental discipline and who manage to grow up before they blow up are invited to join the faculty. Within the university they go on asking their questions and trying to find the answers. In the eyes of a scholar, that is mainly what a university is for. It is a place where the world's hostility to curiosity can be defied.

Some of the questions that scholars ask seem to the world to be scarcely worth asking, let alone answering. They ask about the behavior of protons, the dating of a Roman coin, the structure of a poem. They ask questions too minute and specialized to understand without years of explanation.

If the world inquires of one of them why he wants to know the answer to a particular question, he may say, especially if he is a scientist, that the answer will in some obscure way make possible a new machine or weapon or gadget. He talks that way because he knows that the world understands and respects *utility* and that it does not understand much else. But to his colleagues and to you he will probably not speak this language. You are now part of the university, and he will expect you to understand that he wants to know the answer simply because he does not know it, the way a mountain climber wants to climb a mountain simply because it is there.

Similarly a historian, when asked by outsiders why he studies history, may come out with a line of talk that he has learned to repeat on such occasions, some-

thing about knowledge of the past making it possible to understand the present and mold the future. I am sure you have all heard it at one time or another. But if you really want to know why a historian studies the past, the answer is much simpler: he wants to know about it because it is there. Something happened, and he would like to know what.

All this does not mean that the answers which scholars find to their questions have no consequences. They may have enormous consequences; they may completely alter the character of human life. But the consequences seldom form the reason for asking the questions or pursuing the answers. It is true that scholars can be put to work answering questions for the sake of the consequences, as thousands are working now, for example, in search of a cure for cancer. But this is not the primary function of the scholar.

For the scholar the consequences are usually incidental to the satisfaction of curiosity. Even for the medical scholar, the desire to stamp out a dreaded disease may be a less powerful motive than the desire to find out about the nature of living matter. Similarly Einstein did not wish to create an atomic bomb or to harness atomic energy. He simply wanted to find out about energy and matter.

I SAID that curiosity is a dangerous quality. It is dangerous not only because of incidental effects like the atomic bomb but also because it is really nothing more or less than a desire for truth. For some reason this phrase sounds less dangerous than curiosity.

In fact, the desire for truth sounds rather respectable. Since so many respectable people assure us that they have found the truth, it does not sound like a dangerous thing to look for. But it is. The search for it has again and again overturned institutions and beliefs of long standing, in science, in religion, and in politics. It is easy enough to see today that these past revolutions brought great benefits to mankind. It was less easy to see the benefits while the revolutions were taking place, especially if you happened to be quite satisfied with

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PHOTOGRAPH, EDWARD WALLOWITCH, N.Y.

the way things were before. Similarly it is not always easy today to see that the satisfaction of a scholar's curiosity is worth the disruption of society that may result from it. The search for truth is, and always has been, a subversive activity. And scholars have learned that they cannot engage in it without an occasional fight.

You may therefore find them rather belligerent toward any threat to the free pursuit of curiosity. They are wary of committing themselves to institutions or beliefs that might impose limitations on them or deliver ready-made answers to their questions. You will find them suspicious of loyalty oaths, religious creeds, or affiliations with political parties. In particular they will try to preserve their university as a sanctuary within whose walls *any* question can be asked.

**T**HIS wariness of commitment can sometimes degenerate into a scholarly vice, a vice that paralyzes curiosity instead of preserving it. A scholar at his worst sometimes seems to be simply a man who cannot make up his mind. Every classroom from here to Melbourne has echoed with the feeble phrases of academic indecision: "There are two schools of thought on

this question, and the truth probably lies halfway between them."

When you hear this sentence repeated, or when you are tempted to repeat it yourself, remember that the truth may lie between two extremes, but it assuredly does not lie halfway between right and wrong. Don't short-circuit your curiosity by assuming you have found the answer when you have only made a tidy list of possible answers.

Dedication to curiosity should not end in indecision. It should, in fact, mean willingness to follow the mind into difficult decisions.

A second quality that makes a scholar has no apparent relation to the first and yet is inseparably connected to it. It is a compulsion to communicate. A scholar is driven by a force as strong as his curiosity, that compels him to tell the world the things he has learned. He cannot rest with learning something: he has to tell about it. Scholarship begins in curiosity, but it ends in communication. And though scholars may in a university take refuge from the world, they also acknowledge responsibility to the world, the responsibility

to communicate freely and fully everything that they discover within the walls of their sanctuary. The search for truth needs no justification, and when a man thinks he has found any part of it, he cannot and ought not to be silent. The world may sometimes not care to listen, but the scholar must keep telling it until he has succeeded in communicating.

Now, there are only two methods of communication for scholars, writing and speaking. The scholar publishes his discoveries in books and articles and he teaches them in the classroom. Sometimes one or the other method will satisfy him, but most of us feel the need for both. The scholar who merely writes books falls into the habit of speaking only to the experts. If he works at his subject long enough, he reaches the position where there is no one else quite expert enough to understand him, and he winds up writing to himself. On the other hand, if he writes not at all, he may become so enamored of his own voice that he ceases to be a scholar and becomes a mere showman.

COMMUNICATION is not merely the desire and the responsibility of the scholar; it is his discipline, the proving ground where he tests his findings against criticism. Without communication his pursuit of truth withers into eccentricity. He necessarily spends much of his time alone, in the library or the laboratory, looking for the answers to his questions. But he needs to be rubbing constantly against other minds. He needs to be tested, probed, and pushed around. He needs to be made to explain himself. Only when he has expressed himself, only when he has communicated his thoughts, can he be sure that he is thinking clearly.

The scholar, in other words, needs company to keep him making sense. And in particular he needs the company of fresh minds, to whom he must explain things from the beginning. He needs people who will challenge him at every step, who will take nothing for granted. In short, he needs you.

You may have various purposes in coming here, and you may fulfill them: you may play football or tennis or the trombone; you may sing in the glee club, act in plays, and act up on college week ends. But what the faculty expects of you is four years of scholarship, and they will be satisfied with nothing less. For four years we expect you to join us in the pursuit of truth, and we will demand of you the same things we demand of ourselves: curiosity and communication.

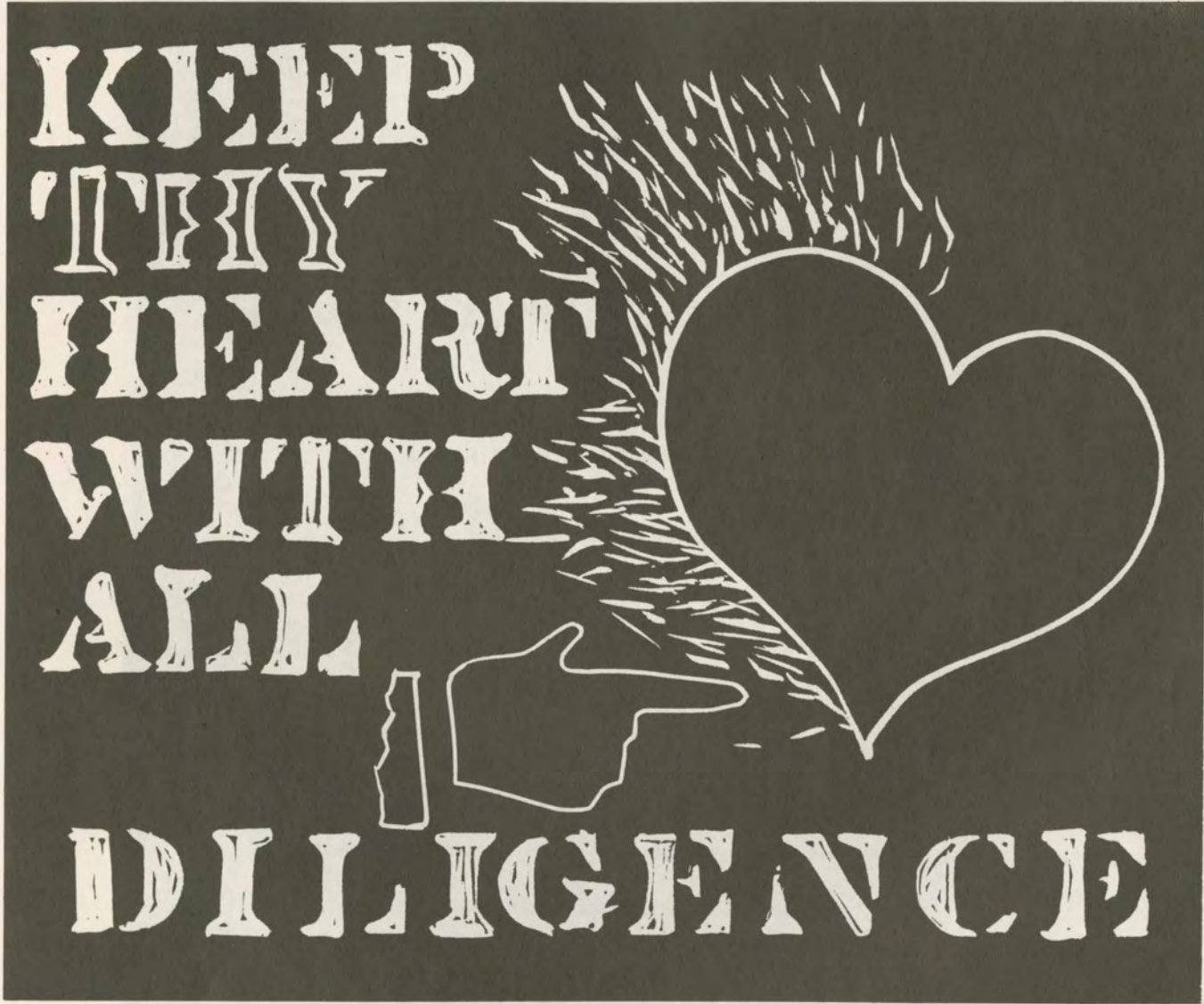
Curiosity, of course, is not something you get simply by wishing for it. But it is surprisingly contagious. The curiosity we expect is more than a passing interest. We will not be satisfied by your ability to ask an occasional bright question, nor yet by your assimilation of a lot of predigested information. The accumulation of informa-

tion is a necessary part of scholarship, and unfortunately the part most likely to be tested on examinations, especially those wretched ones called "objective examinations" where the truth is always supposed to lie in answer space A, B, C, D, or E, but never apparently in X, Y, or Z. But the curiosity we expect of you cannot be satisfied by passing examinations or by memorizing other people's answers to other people's questions. We do not wish to put you through a mere course of mental gymnastics. We want you to be content with nothing less than the whole truth about the subject that interests you. Which means that we want you to be forever discontent with how little you know about it and with how little we know about it. We want you to back us into corners, show us up, make us confess we don't know. Does this sound formidable? It is not. We may tell you what we know with great assurance, but push us and you will find the gaps.

Follow your own minds into the gaps. Follow your minds where curiosity takes them. You will not get the whole truth, not about protons, not about the structure of a poem, not even about a Roman coin. Nobody does. But if you learn anything, it ought to change your minds, and hopefully it will change ours too. It will be a sign that we have both wasted four years if you leave here thinking pretty much the same way that you do now or if you leave us thinking the same way *we* do now.

We expect of you, then, that you will be curious for the truth. We also expect that you communicate whatever truth you find, and that you do it both in speech and in writing. Many people suppose that they know something if they can stammer out an approximation of what they mean in speech. They are mistaken. It is extremely unlikely that you have thought clearly if you cannot express yourself clearly, especially in writing. Writing is more than an instrument of communication. It is an instrument of thought. You should have acquired some competence in its use by now. I suspect from past experience that you have not. But even if you have, you have a great deal more to learn about it. And if you do not know much more about it four years from now, it will again be a sign that we have failed in part of our job, the job of making you communicate clearly.

Communication is a two-way process, and a university is a community of scholars, where questions are asked and the answers communicated, your answers to us, ours to you. For the next four years we will be engaged as scholars together in this community. After the four years are over, most of you will leave the university, but if our community is a successful one, if we really do communicate with each other, I believe that you will continue to be in some sense scholars, asking new questions, looking for new answers, and communicating them to the world.



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## art: large and small truths

BY GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN

**H**UMAN SOCIETIES delegate to artists, beyond all other members of the community, the duty of full freedom. The average man, except in momentary flashes of comprehension, has not the courage to accept so large a measure of freedom or truth. We are, in this regard, like tender cattle who are let out of the barn to smell the wild air of the night but must be herded back into our stalls at daybreak before the sun appears. We relish a cage of conventions or any containment that offers a deluding sense of security. We prefer not to face the relentless vistas of uncertainty and the meaningless hazards that constantly threaten us as chance visitors on a strange planet.

The artist, on the other hand, when courageous enough, will rejoice in the very situation that the rest of us find scarcely bearable. He accepts uncertainty as a necessary condition of life; not as a frightful threat but rather as an invitation to regard life as a mysterious voyage of discovery and a miraculous adventure. To invent rigid and pretentious patterns of social behavior on the rim of the universal mystery, as human societies do, represents for the artist the building of Fort Panic at the edge of the eternal wilderness. Without uncertainties, he reveals, neither truth nor freedom could exist.

The extreme opposition of these attitudes has become, in our time, the basic issue that separates the lone artist

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"MUMOM ALS BRAUT" 1938

PAUL KLEE

and our entrenched society most decisively. The artist hails limitlessness while the bulk of society clings to pleasant and safe-looking enclosures. Many, on the public side of the picture, still harbor the wistful illusion that they are in control of their destinies and that they have every right to expect a reasonable degree of security and a reasonable amount of amusement in their lives.

THE typical artist doesn't think so at all. He may or may not call on God, as his grandparents generally did, but he recognizes forces and resources beyond his personal control whose rich currents and depths he must adventuresomely enter if he is to succeed. "No daring is fatal," said the poet Crével. He is prepared to surrender himself to these forces and to investigate these unknown levels of knowledge as a source of revelation. The "buried reality," as Steven Spender calls it, is the treasure all artists seek.

It is only through himself, the contemporary artist knows, that he can proceed to this treasure. He himself is the vehicle, the means, the instrument, the way. The same condition has been revealed by the scientist who now knows that, in a final analysis, he will always stand between himself and "nature," between himself and his measurements, making it necessary for him to measure the relationship instead of a particular phenomenon itself. "The atomic physicist," writes the Nobel prize winner, Werner Heisenberg, "has had to come to terms with the fact that his science is only a link in the endless chain of discussions of man with nature, but that it cannot simply talk of nature 'as such.' Natural science always presupposes man. . . ." The artist has come to understand this self-obstruction, too, and has, since the first decade of this century, increasingly lost interest in a descriptive or anecdotal approach to external things in favor of subjective interpretations that by inviting illumination, extend beyond the mere rings of egocentricity.

Few stimulations have been greater to artistic creation in its entire history than this conclusion that man himself is also "nature" and that subject and object are inextricably interlocked. Newly realizing the truth of this, artists have discarded the old, conventional idea of an objective reality, and have found to their amazement and delight, that a vast new world of creative expression awaits them. Once a faith which was limited to the external scene, to objectivity, was lost, a new faith arose in the internal realities and in the limitless and automatic powers of the unconscious mind. After studying sixty drawings by Paul Klee in 1921, Rainer M. Rilke, the poet, wrote: "During these way years, I have often had exactly the same feeling that reality was disappearing: for it is a question of faith to know to what degree we

accept reality and then attempt to express ourselves through it."

All depends on faith, and faith in our time has firmly turned its head in another direction. Artists have suddenly seen that they may express themselves not alone by the conventional media, such as oil on canvas, water color on paper, remodeled clay and cast bronze, but that they may use any other combination of material or any manipulation of it that may occur to them. All at once, the logic of the free choice of media is apparent, and before the bewildered world can grasp the obvious point of their move they are communicating their ideas and emotions through every sort and combination of material that the mind of man can imagine. Moreover, since they no longer seek to produce imitations or even paraphrases of objects and figures from the world of appearances, they are free to invent wholly new forms

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#### THE CLOTHING'S NEW EMPEROR

*Such as it is it is. Such as two men  
Talking because there is nothing  
Easier than to talk. All things  
Momentary as that, as the flame*

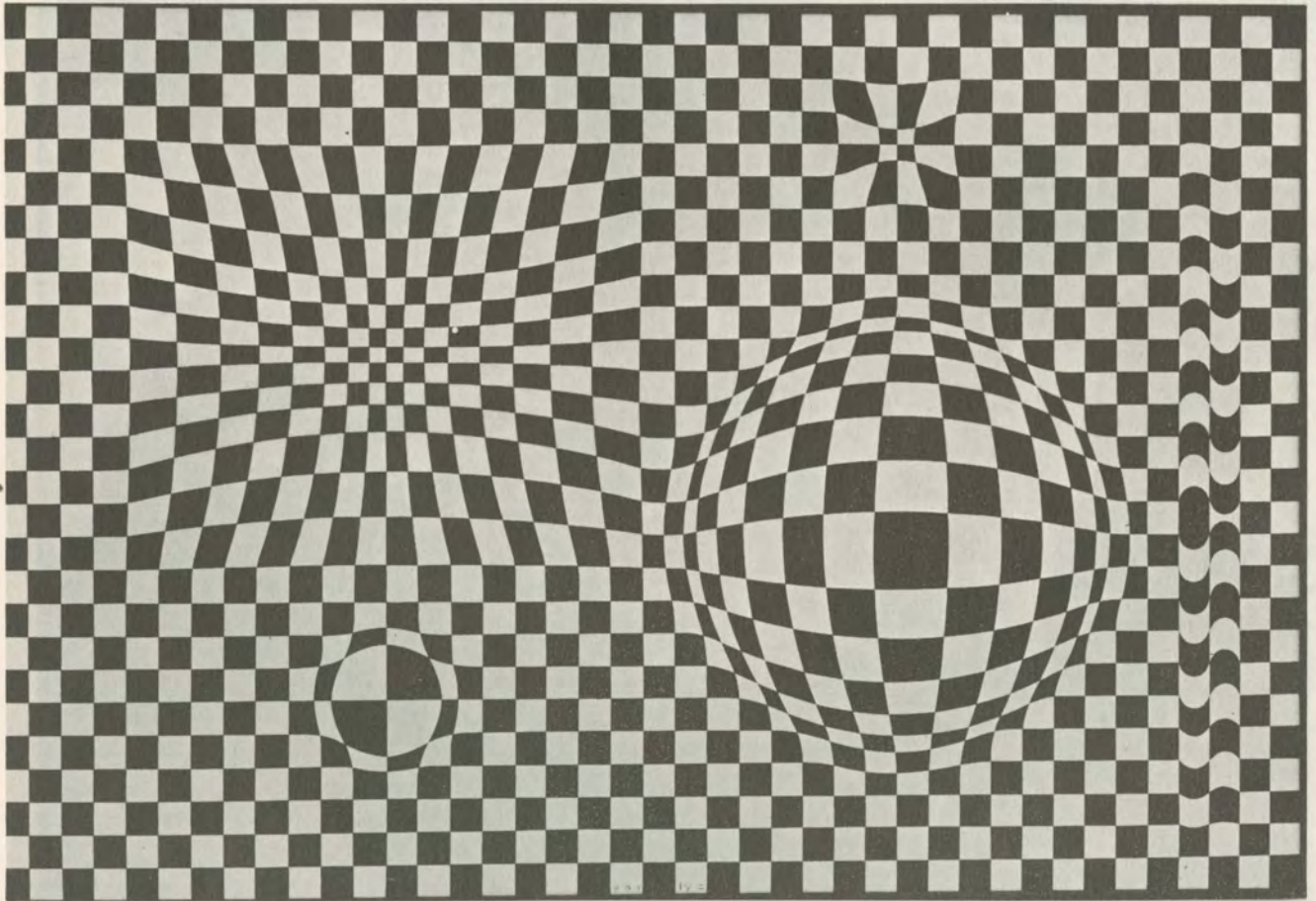
*Between two mouths meeting  
In simple speech, flame  
Clothed in the commonest phrases,  
Bent merely, as light bending*

*In water, and shaking. Such  
As it is. Lips mouthing vowels  
In a vacuum, as in a silent film,  
Not empty, rather unheard speech,*

*Caught at the distance between  
Two minds, talking because it is  
Easy to talk. Nothing is  
Given but the forms. They have seen*

*The clothes without the emperor.  
Deceived by fleas, they see flesh  
Under the shirt, blood rushing  
Inside the sleeves and out of the collar.*

—DONALD FINKEL



"VEGA" 1956

VASARELY

IN DISPRAISE OF POETRY

*When the king of Siam disliked a courtier,  
He gave him a beautiful white elephant.  
The miracle beast deserved such ritual  
That to care for him properly meant ruin.  
Yet to care for him improperly was worse.  
It appears the gift could not be refused.*

—JACK GILBERT



"SIEGFRIED"  
MUSEUM OF ART, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH.

FRANZ KLINE



WALT WHITMAN AT BEAR MOUNTAIN

Neither on horseback nor seated,  
But like himself, squarely on two feet,  
The poet of death and lilacs  
Loafs by the footpath. Even the bronze looks alive  
Where it is folded like cloth. And he seems friendly.

"Where is the Mississippi panorama  
And the girl who played the piano?  
Where are you, Walt?  
The Open Road goes to the used-car lot,

"Where is the nation you promised?  
These houses built of wood sustain  
Colossal snows,  
And the light above the street is sick to death.

"As for people—see how they neglect you!  
Only a poet pauses to read the inscription."

"I am here," he answered.  
"It seems you have found me out.  
Yet, did I not warn you that it was Myself  
I advertised? Were my words not sufficiently plain?"

"I gave no prescriptions,  
And those who have taken my moods for prophecies  
Mistake the matter."  
Then, vastly amused—"Why do you reproach me?  
I freely confess I am wholly disreputable.  
Yet I am happy, because you found me out."

A crocodile, in wrinkled metal loafing . . .

Then all the realtors,  
Pickpockets, salesmen, and the actors performing  
Official scenarios,  
Turned a deaf ear, for they had contracted  
American dreams.

But the man who keeps a store on a lonely road,  
And the housewife who knows she's dumb,  
And the earth, are relieved.

All that grave weight of America  
Cancelled! Like Greece and Rome.  
The future in ruins!  
The castles, the prisons, the cathedrals  
Unbuilding, and roses  
Blossoming from the stones that are not there . . .

The clouds are lifting from the high Sierras,  
The Bay mists clearing;  
And the angel in the gate, the flowing plum,  
Dances like Italy, imagining red.

—LOUIS SIMPSON

—nonobjective and nonfigurative—using these limitless combinations of materials. “I do not have to distort,” wrote Braque. “I start from formlessness and create form.”

**K**NOWING himself to be an inseparable part of nature, the artist can father new forms: “Art is a fruit growing out of man like the fruit of a plant,” wrote the sculptor, Arp. Avoiding a reliance on the logic of external appearances, he seeks to produce organic constructions rather than abstractions. “A picture is constructed piece by piece exactly like a house,” as Paul Klee once expressed it. In other words, it need not be a product of a remodeling process, since the work of art is not an image done “after nature” but rather an addition to nature’s work, a new organism.

Inasmuch as the artist’s creation need not follow the logic of visual appearances, we orientate ourselves to it entirely through the internal logic of its parts—the tensions, rhythms and unity of its artificial anatomy. Even should it contain references to the visible and tangible world about us, we may not insist upon direct comparisons to test its truth since no reference back to a model is intended, except poetically. Thus we are in no position to offer the sort of academic criticism that used to be heard about good and bad drawing or incorrect proportions. Its so-called “distortions” are only indications of its independence as a subjective scheme, its isolation as a man-made thing. The drawing (if it is drawn) is good or bad only as it is successful or unsuccessful in achieving the effect the artist intended.

Scientist and artist are already at home in the invisible and intangible reaches of an ever-expanding reality. The development of our knowledge of electricity in the second half of the last century introduced fields of force beyond all the bounds of nature as previously conceived. With electricity, Heisenberg says, “An element of abstraction and lack of visualizability was brought into the otherwise so obvious world view.” Nature, it now appears, is a larger subject than we have thought.

“Understanding,” wrote Henry Miller in his essay on *The Creative Process*, “is not a piercing of the mystery, but an acceptance of it, a living blissfully with it, in it, through and by it.” It is in this spirit that a very large proportion of the artists of our time do their work. They have come to realize that, like life itself, art is not a direction in which there may be progress, as if it were a road or railway line, but rather an area of limitless imaginative possibilities that extends in every conceivable direction as far as the heart and hand may reach. They do not expect to explain things or to find a single truth that will uncover the entire nature of reality. Neither does the scientist. They do, however, hope to enlarge our relationship with the world, to open our eyes to new aspects of the living mystery of creation and to offer certain large and small truths of human experience for our sharing.



ZEN BUDDHIST PAINTING  
INK CALLIGRAPHY ON PAPER  
"SUKUNA-HIKONA-NO-MIKOTO  
(GOD OF MEDICINE)  
BY JUIN (1718-1804)

COURTESY, GORDON WASHBURN, ASIA HOUSE, N.Y.

AFTER THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, ALL THINGS HAPPEN AT ONCE

*Now we enter a strange world, where the Hessian Christmas  
Still goes on, and Washington has not reached the other shore;  
The Whiskey Boys  
Are gathering again on the meadows of Pennsylvania  
And the Republic is still sailing on the open sea*

*In 1956 I saw a black angel in Washington, dancing  
On a barge, saying, "Let us now divide kennel dogs  
And hunting dogs"; Henry Cabot Lodge, in New York,  
Talking of sugar cane in Cuba; Ford,  
In Detroit, drinking mother's milk;  
Henry Cabot Lodge, saying, "Remember the Maine!"  
Ford, saying, "History is bunk!"  
And Wilson, saying, "What is good for General Motors—"*

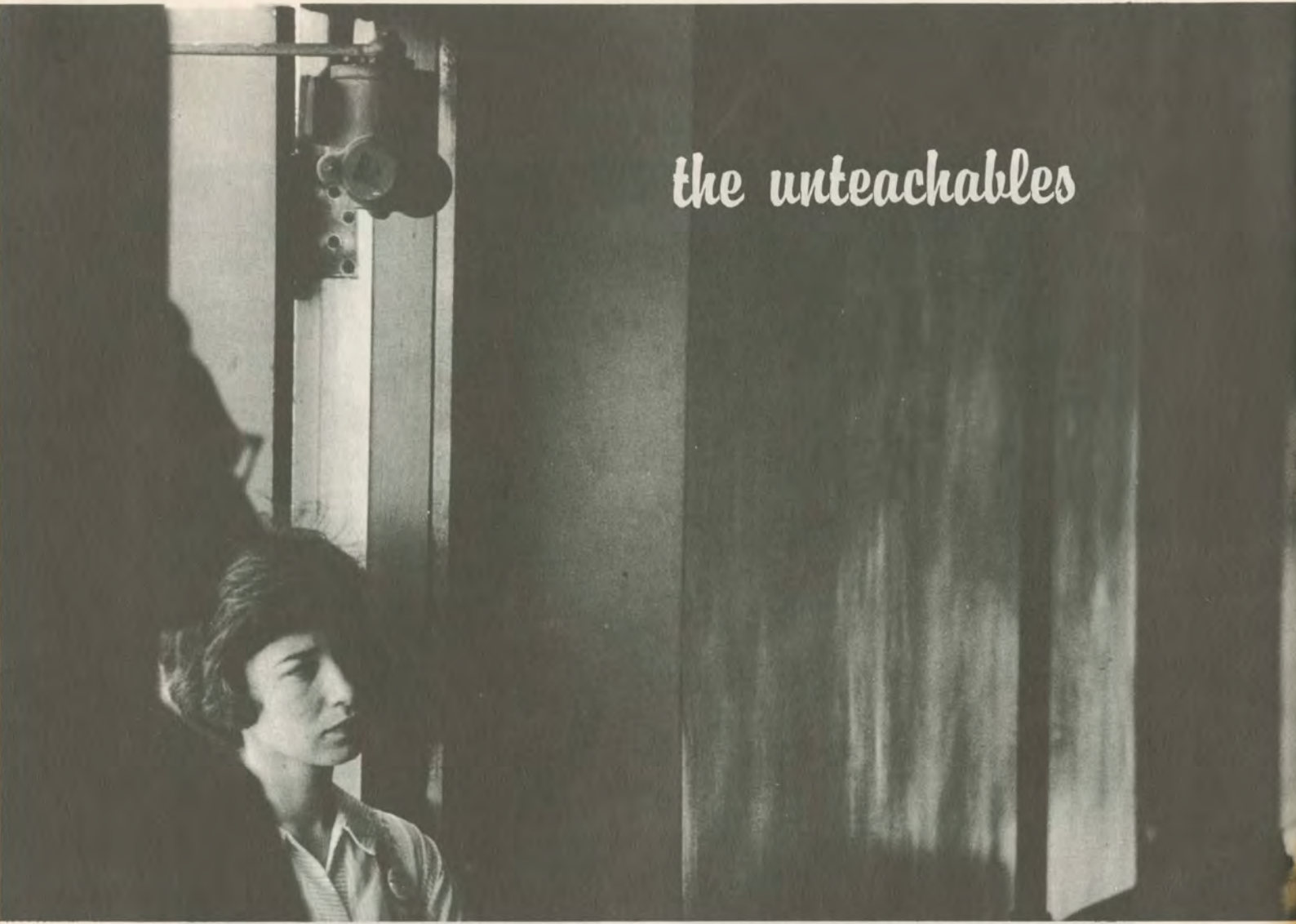
*Who is it, singing? Don't you hear singing?  
It is the dead of Cripple Creek;  
Coxey's army  
Like turkeys are singing from the tops of trees!  
And the Whiskey Boys are drunk outside Philadelphia.*

—ROBERT BLY



"BIRTH OF THE ROCK"  
MUSEUM OF ART, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH.

JEAN (HANS) ARP



## the unteachables

BY PAUL GOODMAN

PHOTOGRAPH: EDWARD WALLOWITCH, N.Y.

**T**HIS IS a hard generation to teach what I think ought to be taught in colleges. This is not because the students are disrespectful or especially lazy; in my experience, they respect us more than we usually deserve and they work earnestly on much too heavy schedules. Of course, many of the students, probably the majority, ought not to be in academic settings at all (they ought to be getting their education in a variety of other ways) causing overcrowding, dilution, and standardization. But there are some other difficulties within the very essence of higher education which I want to discuss in what follows: (1) the culture we want to pass on is no longer a culture for these young; (2) the young are not serious with themselves; (3) and the auspices, methods, and aims of many of the colleges are irrelevant to the actual unprecedented present or the foreseeable future.

The culture I want to teach (I am myself trapped in it and cannot think or strive apart from it) is our Western tradition: the values which come from Greece,

the Bible, Christianity, chivalry, the Free City of the twelfth century, the Renaissance, the heroic age of science, the Enlightenment, the French Revolution, early nineteenth century utilitarianism and late nineteenth century naturalism. To indicate what I mean, here is a single typical proposition about each of these: The Greeks aspired to a civic excellence in which mere individual success would be shameful. The Bible teaches a created world and history in which we move as creatures. Christians have a spirit of crazy hope because we are always in the last times. Chivalry demands, in love and war, a personal loyalty, upon which honor depends. The Free Cities invented for us the juridical rights of social corporations. The Renaissance affirmed the imperious right of gifted individuals to seek immortality. Scientists carry on their disinterested dialogue with Nature, regardless of dogma or consequence. The Enlightenment decided once and for all that there is a common sensibility of all mankind. The Revolution showed that equality and fraternity are necessary for

liberty. The economists assert that labor and enterprise must yield tangible satisfactions, not merely busy-work, profits, and power. The naturalists urge us to an honest ethic, intrinsic in our human condition.

Of course, these familiar crashing ideals are often in practical, and even theoretical, contradiction with one another, but that conflict itself is part of the Western tradition. And certainly they are only ideals—they never existed on land or sea—but they are the inventions of the holy spirit and the human spirit that constitute the University, which is also an ideal.

As a teacher, naturally, I rarely mention such things. I take them for granted as assumed by everybody. But I am rudely disillusioned, for both the students and my younger colleagues take quite different things for granted. For instance, I have heard that the excellence of Socrates was a snobbish luxury that students nowadays cannot afford; that we know the created world only through "communications," like TV; that personal loyalty is appropriate only to juvenile gangs; that law is power; that fame is prestige and sales; that science is mastering Nature; that there is no such thing as humanity, only different patterns of culture; that education and ethics are programs for conditioning reflexes; and that the purpose of political economy is to increase the Gross National Product.

I do not mean to belittle these views, though I describe them somewhat bitterly. They make a lot of theoretical sense and they are realistic. It is better to believe them than hypocritically to assert ideals for which you do not strive. The bother with these views, however, is that they do not structure either enough life or a worthwhile life; that is, *as ideals* they are false. I think this is felt by most of the students and it is explicitly said by many young teachers. They regard me, nostalgically, as not really out of my mind but just "out of joint"—indeed, as a little enviable, because, although my values are delusions, one is justified by them if one believes and tries to act upon them. The current views do not seem to offer justification, and it is grim to live on without justification.

There is no mystery about how the thread of relevance snapped. Our history has been too disillusioning. Consider just the recent decades, overlooking the hundreds of years of hypocrisy. During the first World War, Western culture disgraced itself irremediably (read Freud's profound expression of dismay). The Russian revolution soon lost its utopian élan, and the Moscow Trials of the 1930's were a terrible blow to many of the best youth. The Spanish Civil War was perhaps the

watershed—one can almost say that 1938 was the year in which Western culture became irrelevant. The gas chambers and the atom bomb exposed what we were capable of doing. Since the second war, our American standard of living has sunk into affluence, and nobody praises the "American Way of Life." Throughout the world, initiative and citizenship have vanished into personnel in the Organization. Rural life has suddenly crowded into urban sprawl, without forethought for community or the culture of cities. And the Cold war—deterrence of mutual overkill—is normal politics.

In this context, it is hard to talk with a straight face about identity, creation, Jeffersonian democracy, or the humanities.

But of course, since young people cannot be merely regimented, they find their own pathetic, amiable, and desperate ideals. The sense of creatureliness reappears in their efforts, to make a "normal" adjustment and a "normal" marriage. The spirit of apocalypse is sought for in hallucinogenic drugs. Pride is physical toughness and self-aggrandizement. Social justice recurs as helping marginal groups. Science recurs as superstitious scruples about "method." Art regains a certain purity by restricting itself to art-action. Pragmatic utility somehow gets confused with engineering. Personal integrity is reaffirmed by "existential commitment," even though without rhyme or reason. None of this, nor all of it together, adds up to much; nobody's heart leaps up.

Perhaps my difficulty in teaching students now comes down to one hard nugget: I cannot get them to realize that the classical work was *about* something; it is not just part of the history of literature; it does not merely have an interesting symbolic structure. When Milton or Keats wrote, he was *for real*—he meant what he said and expected it to make a difference. The students do not grasp that any of that past excellence was for real and still is—for some of us. Their present goes back to about 1950. Naturally they do not have very impressive model heroes.

**S**INCE there are few self-justifying ideas or impressive models for them to grow up on, young people do not have much confidence nor take themselves very earnestly—except for private conceits which many of them take very seriously indeed.

In fact, adults actively discourage earnestness. As James Coleman of Johns Hopkins has pointed out, the "serious" activity of youth is going to school and getting at least passing grades; all the rest—music, driving, teenage commodities (more than \$10 billion annually), dat-

ing, friendships, reading, hobbies, need for one's own money—all this is treated by the adults as frivolous. The quality of meaning of it makes little difference. Of course, many of these "frivolous" activities are those in which a child would normally find his identity and his vocation, explore his feelings, and learn to be responsible. It is a desperately superficial society if the art and music that form tastes are considered unimportant. Nevertheless, if any of these—whether a "hobby" that interferes with homework or "dating" that makes a youth want to be independent and to work through his feelings responsibly—threatens to interfere with the serious business of school, it is unhesitatingly interrupted, sometimes with threats and sanctions. And astoundingly, for the majority of the middle class, this kind of tutelage now continues for sixteen years, during which the young sit facing front and doing preassigned lessons. At twenty-one, however, the young are responsibly supposed to get jobs, marry, vote for Presidents, and bring up their own children.

The schedule and the tutelage are resisted; teen-agers counter with their own sub-culture; there are all kinds of youth problems. But by and large the process succeeds, by *force majeure*. But it is not a generation notable for self-confidence, determination, initiative, pure taste or ingenuous idealism.

The favored literature expresses, as it should, the true situation. (It is really the last straw when the adults, who have created the situation for the young, try to censor their literature out of existence.) There are various moments of the hang-up. There are the stories that "make the scene"—where making the scene means visiting a social region where the experiences do not add up to become one's own, with friends who do not make any difference. These stories, naturally, do not dwell on the tragic part, what is *missed* by making the scene. As an alternative, there are picaresque, hipster, adventure-stories, whose heroes exploit the institutions of society which are not their institutions, and win triumphs for themselves alone. Then there are novels of sensibility, of very early disillusionment with a powerful world that does not suit and to which one cannot belong, and the subsequent suffering or wry and plaintive adjustment. Finally, there is the more independent Beat poetry of willed withdrawal from the unsatisfactory institutions and the making of a world—often apocalyptic—out of one's own guts, with the help of Japanese sages, hallucinations, and introspective physiology; this genre, when genuine, does create a threadbare community; but of course it suits very few.

In order to have something of their own, in a situation where they are rendered powerless and irresponsible, many of the young maintain a fixed self-concept through thick and thin, as if living out autobiographies of a pre-determined life. And it is this they nourish in the heroes of their literature. They defend the conceit with pride or self-reproach; it comes to the same thing, whether one says "I'm the greatest" or "I'm the greatest goof-off." They absorbingly meditate on this fiction and, if vocal, boringly retell it. In this action of affirming their self-concepts, they are, as I have said, very earnest, but it is an action that prevents awareness of anything or anybody else.

Such tutelage and conceit are not a climate in which to learn any objective subject matter. They are also a poor climate for love or any satisfactory sexual behavior. In my opinion, the virulence of the sexual problems of teen-agers is largely caused by the adult structure of control itself, and the consequent irresponsibility and conceit. (Of course this is hardly a new thing.) If students could regulate themselves according to their own intuitions and impulses, there would soon be far more realism, responsibility, and seriousness, resulting in consideration for the other, responsibility for social consequences, and sincerity and courage regarding one's own feelings. For example, a major part of attractiveness between two people normally is fitness of character—sweetness, strength, candor, attentiveness—and this tends to produce security and realism. Instead, we find that they choose in conformity to movie-images, or to rouse the envy of peers, or because of fantastic ideas of brutality or sexuality. In courting, they lie to one another, instead of expressing their need; they conceal embarrassment instead of displaying it; and so they prevent any deepening of feeling. Normally, mutual enjoyment leads to mutual liking, closer knowledge, caring for. Instead, sexual activity is used as a means of conquest and epic boasting, or of being popular. Soon, if only in sheer self-protection, it is an axiom *not* to care for or become emotionally involved. Even worse, they do not follow actual desire, which has in it a lot of fine discrimination and organic prudence; but instead they do what they think they ought to desire, or they act for kicks or for experiment. There is fantastic, excessive expectation, and inevitable disappointment or disgust. Much of the sexual behavior is not sexual at all, but is conformity to gang behavior because one has no identity, or proving because one has no other proofs, or looking for apocalyptic experience to pierce the dullness.





PHOTOGRAPH: EDWARD WALLOWITCH

In brief, adults do not take adolescents seriously, as if they really *had* those needs and feelings; and so, finally, the adolescents cannot make sense of their own needs and feelings.

THE chief obstacle to college teaching however, resides neither in the break with tradition nor in the lack of confidence and seriousness of the students, but in the methods and aims of the colleges themselves. My book, *The Community of Scholars*, is a modern retelling of Veblen's account in *The Higher Learning in America* of the cash-accounting mentality prevalent in administrators, professors, and the students themselves, the mania for credits and grades, the tight scheduling, the excessive load, the false economy of huge classes, the lack of contact between teacher and teacher, and teacher and student; the lust for rank, buildings and grounds, grants, and endowments; the mobility for advancement and salary hikes; and the overestimation of the "tangible evidence" of publication. All this adds up to no educational community at all.

It is impossible to look candidly at the present vast expansion and tight interlocking of the entire school system—from the graduate schools to the grade schools—without judging that it has three main functions: apprentice-training for the government and a few giant corporations, baby-sitting of the young during a period of rising unemployment in which most youth are economically superfluous, and the aggrandizement of the school system itself which is forming a monkish class greater than any since the sixteenth century. It is this unlucky combination of power-drive, commercial greed, public and parental guilt, and humanitarianism that explains the billions of federal, corporation, and foundation money financing the expansion. Inevitably, the functions are sometimes in contradiction: *e.g.* the apprentice-training of technicians requires speed-up, advanced placement, an emphasis on mathematics and sciences, and incredible amounts of testing and competition for weeding out. But the unemployment requires the campaign against drop-outs, and the Secretary of Labor

has just asked that the compulsory schooling age be raised to eighteen—even though in some high schools they now station policemen to keep order.

These motives appear on the surface to be hard-headed and realistic but they are disastrously irrelevant to the education of our young for even the next four or five years. For example—with regard to the apprentice-training—Robert Theobald, the economist, quotes a Rand estimate that, with the maturity of automation only two per cent of the population will be required to provide the present hardware and routine services and the college-trained, middle-management position especially will be unnecessary. At present, for the average semiskilled job in an automated plant, no prior education whatever is required. And my hunch is that throughout the economy, the majority of employees are “over-hired,” that is, they have more schooling than they will ever use on the job. The employers ask for high school and college diplomas simply because these are to be had for the asking.

Nevertheless, we live in a highly technical and scientific environment and there is a crucial need for scientific education for the majority. But this is necessary not in order to run or devise the machinery—which a tiny fraction of the highly talented will do anyway—but in order to know how to live in the scientific environment. Thus, the educational emphasis ought to be on the intrinsic interests of the sciences as humanities, and on the ethics of the scientific way of life, on practical acquaintance with machines (in order to repair and feel at home with them), and on the sociology, economics, and politics of science (in order that citizens may not be entirely ignorant in this major area of policy). These purposes are very like the program that progressive education set for itself at the beginning of this century. But these purposes are radically different from present scientific schooling which is narrow and directed toward passing tests in order to select the few who will be technical scientists.

Unexpectedly, this pressure and narrow specialization are having another baneful effect: they put a premium on immaturity of emotional development and age. Students who have done nothing but lessons all their lives (and perhaps especially those who get good grades) are simply too childish to study social sciences, psychology, politics, or literature. It is possible to teach mathematics and physics to them, for the subjects suit their

alert and schematizing minds, but it is difficult to teach them subjects that require life-experience and independence. (I have suggested elsewhere that prestigious liberal arts colleges should lead the way by requiring two years of post high school experience in some maturing activity such as making a living, community service, or travel before college entrance.)

But undoubtedly the worst consequence of the subservience of the colleges and universities to the extramural aims of apprenticeship and baby-sitting is that the colleges become just the same as the world; the corporations, the colleges and the grade schools have become alike. Higher education loses its special place as critic, dissenter, stubborn guardian of standards, *sub specie eternitatis*—which means, in effect, looking to the day after tomorrow. The students have no way of learning that the intellect has a function, that it swings a weight of its own. Professors rarely stand out—crotchety—against the consensus. The “important” men are more likely to be smooth articles and grant getters. The young seldom find impressive model heroes in the colleges.

**W**HAT THEN? In spite of all this, we obviously cannot contemplate a future in which the bulk of our youth will be “useless.” This very way of phrasing it is absurd, for the use and worth of society is measured by its human beings, not by its production of goods and services. It is this generation’s great good fortune that it may see these goods and services produced with astonishing ease and abundance, but we must get rid of the notion that the automatic techniques appropriate for producing hardware, for logistics, or for chains of commands have any relation whatever to education or to any other personal humane, or creative action.

What ought education to be for, at present? The foreseeable future (I am not thinking of a distant utopia) *must* provide us a world in which we will go on making an effort from inner necessity, with honor or shame depending on it, because these goals of the continuing human adventure are worthwhile—community culture, community service, high culture, citizenly initiative, serious leisure, and peace. Education toward such a world is the only kind that is realistic. When students and teachers break out of lock step and insist on such education, the colleges will become themselves again.



## THE CARE AND FEEDING OF PARENTS

BY WHITTY CUNINGGIM

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 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 she 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

THERE 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

# THE DROP-OUT RATE

## AMONG PARENTS

by R. Benjamin Garrison



YOU don't understand me, Mom!"  
"Oh yes I do. That's just the trouble."

Such an exchange between a student and his parents will be enacted and paraphrased in many homes this year. The timing will be different—for some it will come during orientation and rush, for others the Christmas holidays or spring term break. But it comes.

So when it does, don't think you're alone. A university physician recently said that among the emotionally upset students he sees, the largest single group is suffering from depression caused by parental alienation or estrangement.

He is talking about a generation gap: a psychological, spiritual, intellectual Berlin Wall between the generations.

The parental "drop-out" is one result. It isn't complete or universal, because parenthood isn't a school you can be rid of simply by flunking out. But many do drop out of any effective relationship or communication with their college-age offspring.

Because the college years are ones of self-definition, conflicts are inevitable. Your offspring is learning who he is and this is more than just a person who bears your last name. Sometimes he knows or is beginning to know who he is, but panics because he doesn't like who he is. He is experimenting to discover what he is competent to do and what he can not do without your help. He searches out these facts about himself not quite regardless of your approval or disapproval (actually he cares what you think more than he admits) but no longer willing to be *dominated* by it.

Thus these years are by definition and necessity a time of conflict: conflict with social custom, with inherited religion, with himself and with his parents. He wants to know whether the customs are merely customary or whether they contribute some real purpose to society; he is testing his religious legacy to discover whether it is really worth the bound India paper it is written on—to *him*; he wants to know whether he can even trust himself. And without knowing it, he is testing you to see whether you will drop out.

The student who really causes me concern is the one who is carefully avoiding all collisions. Recently a mother came to one of the ministers on our staff and begged him to "save my son's faith." He was an upperclassman. For two years he had shown no outward signs of having a serious or even semi-original thought in his head. Now the signs were changing! If that mother could have only understood that we were delighted. We were concerned but not worried about him. Actually, this is what we had been working for: to get him seriously to ask some serious questions. Save his faith! Or his mother's? And her face. Now for the first time there was some promise that the "faith of our fathers" might find its personal way into the life of the son.

So although her son was "worried, upset, uncertain," even these were signs of health. In such circumstances it might be helpful to remember Erich Fromm's warning that "the vast majority of people in our culture are well adjusted because they have given up the battle for independence sooner and more radically than the neurotic person."<sup>1</sup>

College is a time of discovering new ideas and of rediscovering old ones. The boy who once took old alarm clocks apart to see what makes them tick (or not tick) is now doing the same thing with ideas and assumptions. The process is bound at times to be a little destructive of old clocks. But

<sup>1</sup> *Psychoanalysis and Religion*, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1958, p. 83.

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He is talking about a generation gap: a psychological, spiritual, intellectual Berlin Wall between the generations.

it may also be productive of a few new ones. Maybe even better ones. In any case the alert student is bent upon looking inside to see whether what he has been told is in there, is.

This means that the educational process is not necessarily going to be a painless one. Elward Albee, in the preface to *The American Dream* asks, "Is the play offensive?" and then answers his own question by saying curtly, "I certainly hope so." The same must be said of the drama of education at its best. A part of its purpose is to be bleakly frank about the violent collision of cultures and values or even of methods and procedures.

It is a truism that the basis for adult maturity is in childhood. But it is also true. The foundations for understanding between father and college-age daughter were laid in the years when they were daddy and little girl. But that does not mean that there is nothing parents can do to repair or strengthen those foundations now.

It is, for example, important for parents to have some understanding of just what adolescence is. Most of this understanding will have to come in the give and take of living together as a family across the years. But parental perceptions can be sharpened and focused by reading. You ought to know Edgar Z. Friedenburg's *The Vanishing Adolescent* (available in paperback) or James S. Coleman's more formal study *The Adolescent Society*.

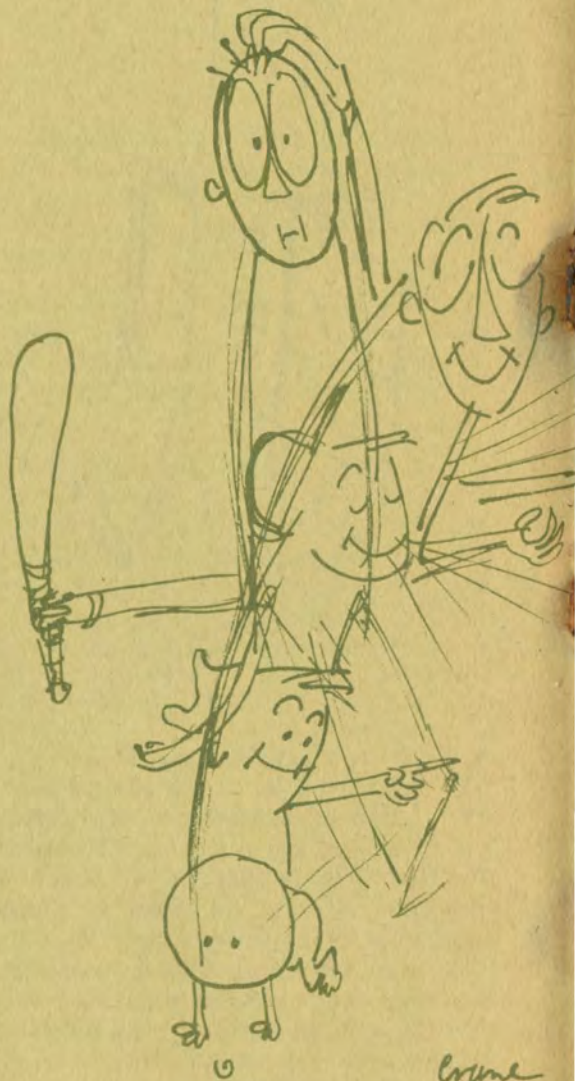
YOU also ought to read some of the things your offspring will be reading. Probably no one has caught the nuances, cadence, idiom, frustration and hope of the not-quite-adult so well as has J. D. Salinger in *Catcher in the Rye*. Anyway if Tim, Jr. is going to read the book, and he probably is, so should Timothy, Sr.

We need also to be exceedingly careful about how we say, "Oh, this is only a stage you're going through." We have been using this non-explanation to cover up our non-understanding since Tim was two. Recently a mother said of her coed daughter in her presence, "She's been reading *Honest to God*, but she'll grow out of it." My purpose is not to evaluate J. A. T. Robinson's book by that title. Actually it is neither as superb as its idolizers have said nor as bad as its detractors have claimed. She may very well be going through a "stage," something "she'll grow out of." My purpose is rather to point out that the parental tone in which such observations are made sometimes make it sound as if we do not think the stage a real and really painful one. Persons, like colonies, resent paternalism, even from parents. Perhaps especially from them.

I have been on college campuses now, either as a student or as a teacher and pastor, for more years than I have not. If I were asked to isolate one rule (much as I distrust rules) for parents of college age young people, it would be this: *It is too late to lay down the law*. It seldom does any good except to you, and then only temporarily. It is simply futile to tell her she can't marry him because she can: it is only a short drive to the state line. It is clearly futile, and maybe even a bit stupid, to forbid this or command that. Actually it probably did not do as much good in childhood as you thought at the time. But it does no good now and may even contribute definite harm. Anyway it doesn't work. It merely contributes to the drop-out rate among parents.

The most important thing at any "stage" of anybody's life

(including your own) is understanding and acceptance. In this case understanding does not mean so much comprehending as it does *standing under*: the solid bedrock of parental compassion and answering filial respect, the capacity to trust beyond what you can see, the sustained and sustaining confidence that all things work together for the good of those who love each other as well. And acceptance? It does not involve and can not require approving all that your offspring says, does, thinks, or believes. Who of us could be accepted at that price? Rather what one accepts is another one; scared, growing, tender, tough, human. Thus above the understanding and out of the acceptance will grow a bond from which no one will want to drop out.



Crane

# HIGH EXPECTATIONS

BY ESTHER PETERSON

OUR fourth child enters college this fall, and we have high expectations for him as we have had for each of the others. However, these are not just personal ambitions for him, but larger goals which we have for our whole society. The college will significantly influence these goals, and we trust his college to help bring these objectives into tangible reality. For that reason, we are expecting much from the college itself.

I want college to help my son to become a full person, ready at the age of twenty-two to face his responsibilities to himself, his family, and his society.

If he is to be the "full person" he ought to be, the college bears responsibility for helping to develop some of the following qualities.

A full person, I believe, is a self-reliant individual in every sense, able to support himself, guided by self-imposed standards of morality, and physically strong and healthy. He ought to be aware of his weaknesses and strengths and should know how to deal with them accordingly. While firm in his own convictions, he will respect those of others; he will appreciate and value differences among people. As a result, he will never question the right of all members of our society to share its advantages regardless of their differences. He will be interested in and curious about the world in which he lives.

The college years should afford my son a unique and unparalleled opportunity to discover and develop the qualities he should possess. These are the years when he will be able to enjoy a period of reflection and introspection having been for eighteen years unknowingly shaped by the weight of a cultural and emotional heritage whose influence he has hitherto not been able to comprehend consciously. This is the only time when he will not, in an economic sense, be answerable for his thoughts nor will he be jeopardized in any practical way for his doubts.

I hope that the college will give him free rein to take advantage of these opportunities, and that it will provide an environment where responsible curiosity and even skepticism are encouraged. I hope, too, that it will treat him as the mature person he will be expected to be after graduation

and—while providing inspiration and guidance—avoid imposing upon him the standards of others. Specifically, I reject the value of such impositions as curfews, but rejoice in systems such as honor codes which rely upon the individual to live up to his own standards.

As he develops his own interests and beliefs, I hope that my son will be exposed to the broadest possible cultural background, the greatest possible variety of beliefs, and the widest possible range of careers, interests, people, and places. So that he will not be bewildered by such an array, I hope and trust that the college will give him patient and understanding guidance and advice but that it will not force upon him too early a choice of interests and career.

The faculty should encourage breadth of learning and experience, so that when the choice of career is made, it will be the natural outcome and logical choice among a wide variety of alternatives. Individual teachers should, as a corollary to this, avoid overwhelming students with the brilliance and fascination of their subjects to the degree that they are unable to make an unbiased choice among the possibilities open to them.

Finally, I hope that the college will give my son a basic foundation of learning and that it will, above all, give him the tools of learning and inspire him to build unceasingly on that foundation. No other person or place is so uniquely suited to accomplish this, and this is the college's greatest challenge and opportunity. For this reason, I feel strongly that the college should place at least the same emphasis on the ability of its faculty members to teach as it does on their ability to do research.

I realize that the tasks I set for my son's college are not easy to carry out, and I realize, too, that much of the college's success will depend upon the attitude of the student and the background and training he brings with him from his home environment. Nevertheless, it is the great responsibility and the even greater privilege of the college to make a unique and invaluable contribution to the development of mature, self-reliant, and independent individuals who can provide the standards, the vision, and the leadership on which our democracy depends for its very existence.



*Cune*

## COLLEGE IS A BURST OF FREEDOM

BY JOHN MARK

WITH two sons already in college (a senior and a sophomore) and two daughters not many years away from college, I have received many sympathetic comments from my friends who know that my income is moderate. "You sure have it rough." . . . "Man, I don't envy you." . . . "I don't see how you do it." The comments are well meant, I know. But they have just enough of the suggestion in them of the stereotyped, self-sacrificing parent—a label I neither qualify for nor want—that, mildly, I resent them.

It's true that I shall have to delay, perhaps never make, a trip abroad. Anyway, this is a wild dream that, if fulfilled, would leave nothing comparable to look forward to. Besides, the financial burden of having two sons in college at the same time grows lighter as the benefits—for me as well as my sons—become more manifest.

An early benefit, small but indispensable in preparing the

way for greater benefits to come, is that of diminishing stress in the home. This is achieved more quickly, or course, if the young person goes to college away from home. What would a reasonably stressless environment be like? Contrast it with the hectic days when the son or daughter was in high school. At that time, as I look back on my experiences with my sons, I was as responsible as they for the domestic turbulence. Stress is endemic to parents and young people in their early and middle teens.

Perhaps there are cases of high school teen-agers and mothers and fathers who achieve a deep mutual understanding without much distortion. But they are rare. I think it is accurate to say (and it may be of value for parents and teen-agers) that a number of barriers to understanding are erected between the teen-ager in high school and his parents. Technically, the high school student lives with his parents at



home, although he may seldom be there as a result of the demand and pace of school activities.

On the parents' part, what is intended as love somehow turns out to be indulgence: money, car, and things are handed out to the young person, but little calm attention is given him. And sometimes when we parents avoid capitulation to his whims, we may—taking a cue from the high school assistant principal—adopt the role of the police inspector. The result is that almost every time the teenager sees his parents he sighs to himself: "Well, here comes the third-degree bit." At best, parents and teen-agers manage to come through the high school years with creative suffering; and some rapport. Yet parents are still parents; we're in authority, and the teen-agers are, happily or not, dependent upon us. But transition from high school is called for. College is that transition.

Beyond the immediate reduction of stress will be new experiences—many of which will be shared. The rebellious high schooler soon will change into an adult human being; by accepting the young person as an adult we parents too become different persons.

Not long after the young freshman has left home, he begins to question practically everything he learned before college. During high school days every time he heard a teacher or parent utter the word freedom another one automatically following it: responsibility. Freedom and responsibility: it was as if freedom was taken away as soon as it was given.

My younger son, Burt, says he was poorly prepared to understand well the meaning of freedom. At college hardly a month, he worked out his own definition of freedom: opportunity to do or not to do something on your own. What goes with it, he says, is personal accountability.

"When I used to hear about freedom," he said, "I got the idea that it was a pretty dull thing, all cut and dried. It was as if the penalty for freedom was responsibility, which was conduct that pleased adults." The first thing Burt noticed on the campus at a middle-sized college less than a hundred miles from home was the respect that professors had for him. His name was Mr. Mark, not "hey" or "boy." Attending class, he found, was up to him; likewise, reading assignments and getting ready for exams. No one, according to Burt, can really appreciate what this kind of understanding of freedom means unless he has experienced it.

Parents should back up the college student all the way, however strange the new relationship appears. The student receives adult treatment at college, and he needs it from parents. This means that, as far as the parent's concerned, the student is to be free, without guilt poised over his head like a guillotine in case he flunks out or falls down in his grades. The more freedom I encourage my sons to live in at college, the better they perform. When, for some reason, they now fail to measure up in any way, socially or academically, it is *their* failure; and they can write me about it or talk about it without expecting to be told exactly how the failure could have been avoided.

THE PARENT who in his own life has entertained fantasies, the parent whose adolescence dies hard, can be unintentionally most harmful to his college student. Perhaps one of the most important benefits of college for

the parent is the chance to root out the last vestiges of his own immaturity. When writing or talking to the college student, the parent's imagination should be focused upon possibilities of the growing young adult before him. Honesty will begin to crop up in all areas of both persons' lives as the relationship of two adults develops.

The reports that Americans read about the college student and sex are probably exaggerated. True, the atmosphere is different today from earlier times, more open. There are abuses of freedom on campuses as everywhere else in society. One cause of the abuses is the confusion of the student.

Other than remaining open to any discussion, including sex, I did not have a special man-to-college-man talk about sex. Earlier, at puberty, there were talks about sex. What I did when my sons went to college was to let them know that I loved them. This meant that I would be interested in their questions and open to any problem.

It wasn't long after Ralph went to the university that sex came up in a series of his letters. His problems boiled down to anxiety about his masculinity. His friends, appearing sophisticated, lived by the mythical double standard. I detected that he wanted me to support them. I didn't; instead, I supported him, telling him that I wanted him to do what he really thought *he* should.

I don't know precisely what his decision was, but I trusted him. His anxiety passed within a few months. He is now engaged to be married after graduation, a decision that he made.

THE college student sometimes loses his interest in the church, at least for a while. But he is far from being unconcerned about religion. The contrary is true. Some people may not recognize the ideas of the college student as being "religious." If they're not, they shape up as a solid beginning without which a strong faith will never come into focus. Martin Buber projects the kind of religious concern which has influenced my sons at college:

"All religious reality begins with what Biblical religion calls the 'fear of God.' It comes when our existence between birth and death becomes incomprehensible and uncanny, when all security is shattered through the mystery. This is not the relative mystery of that which is inaccessible only to the present state of human knowledge and is hence in principle discoverable. It is the essential mystery, the inscrutableness of which belongs to its very nature; it is the unknowable. Through this dark gate (which is only a gate and not, as some theologians believe, a dwelling) the believing man steps forth into the everyday which is henceforth hallowed as the place in which he has to live with the mystery. He steps forth directed and assigned to the concrete, contextual situations of his existence. That he henceforth accepts the situation as given him by the Giver is what Biblical religion calls the 'fear of God.'"<sup>a</sup>

Higher education remains one of the few institutions in contemporary society in which hard reflection upon the human condition is encouraged. And my sons tell me that even in college a sizeable number of people are engaged in the pursuit of the phony. Thus parents and students should gladly accept the demands of college. Freedom—when it is more than a bombastic word—has always been tough to claim.

<sup>a</sup>Martin Buber, *Eclipse of God*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1952, p. 36.



Crane

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# some of my best friends are professors

BY ROGER ORTMAYER

WITH predictable regularity campus humor magazines break out in the late spring with some variation on the basic theme, "How to Tell a Professor from a Human Being."

These vignettes usually are macabre:

1. Decapitate the subject—if it breathes, you've made a mistake and killed "somebody."
2. Follow the suspect to its native habitat, and at 3:30 A.M. drive a stake through its heart. If no one shows up the following day to lecture on "Witchcraft in the Age of Dryden," your suspicions were well founded and you get two free tickets to the student production of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."
3. Arrange to engage the subject in a spontaneous, nonstructured conversation—fully armed, of course with a concealed transistor tape recorder with a sensitive microphone. Unobtrusively lead the conversation into three areas:

**POLITICS:** This is a tricky area so your questions must be structured subtly. Ever since the publication of *God and Man at Yale*, it has been known that professors are liberal fence-sitters. That is, though they can never make up their minds, they always fence-sit in liberal territory. Key words to test their responses are "Texas," "third party," and "Goldwater."

**ECONOMICS:** Professors are notorious eggheads, and eggheads know nothing about economics. They long to be millionaires but have no capacity for such achievement. Key words: "robber barons," "income tax," "expense account," "Keynes," and "deductions."

**SEX.** This is the easiest category to discuss as everybody knows that professors are illiterate on the subject. You may try such elementary clues as "Lady Chatterley,"

"Bergman," "bikini," "B.B.," and "Profumo." (Don't use "Freud." He may be a specialist in Freudianism; it's just sex he doesn't know anything about.)

Having obtained the spontaneous, unrehearsed comments of your professor on your tape in response to these tipoff words, assemble and collate the data, assign proper digits, and feed into the campus computer system. If there emerges any kind of reasonable pattern from the system's collation of your indices, you probably were talking to a human being. If, however, the system breaks down in shame, exasperation, or sheer inability to deal with the evidence, then you probably were in conversation with a professor.

So it goes.

A student views the professor—particularly at examination time—mostly as an obstruction. He seems to be like normal human beings, but then what does he know about Life? You know, the things that count! He mentions fraternities with something of a sneer and he can be counted on to downgrade football and upgrade footnotes. He is quite uninformed about batting averages and highly informed about the intricacies of bird migrations. There are even some who claim bird watching to be more exhilarating than girl watching.

Obviously, a professor holds powers of life and death over a student's academic life. By one fell swoop of a D or F this man who plays academic god can change your destiny. It does seem a bit unfair to have a person who can't tell Tuesday Weld from a Dow Jones average to have this kind of control over one's future.

But this professor makes the scene with more jazz if we approach him with the assumption that he really



is a human being. You have a few fascinating discoveries to make about him. That professor who is a recognized authority on the migration of North American waterfowl—and from whose Biology 101 labs you'd like to migrate—may be one of the best folk song singers around ol' Siwash U. He may know equally as much about Lead-belly and Joan Baez as he does about coots and pied-billed grebes. And there are members of the teaching professor who can mix "King Lear" and membership on the Conference Athletic Council.

If there's more to a professor than his classroom mannerisms and professional idiosyncracies, then how do you get to know him as a human being, a friend?

It isn't easy. Of necessity, the professor is of a somewhat suspicious mind. He has been conned by generations of students who have smiled at his witticisms, played upon his pride, flaunted him with attention, identified his prejudices, and used every possible strategy to beguile him into considering the student—and not the student's work.

**T**HE PROFESSOR is of two parts: the person and the office. His office as professor is to deal with a certain discipline in which he has demonstrated his competence to his peers and to the college administration that hires him. As professor, his office is to deal with the speciality under scrutiny. His responsibility is not only to guide the student in this area and hopefully to stimulate some interest in that particular subject matter, but also to evaluate the student's progress and competence. This task—primarily an intellectual responsibility—is the obligation of the professor. As a member of an academic community, he must discharge the responsibilities of his office.

While the person of the professor cannot really be separated from his office, still the distinction is worth making. As a person, he is a human being. He has the interests, cares, excitements, prejudices, anxieties, and joys which are a part of the human lot. As a person, the professor may be an exciting companion or a dismal bore. He may be fun to know, to chat with casually, and to accept as an intellectual colleague—or he may be quite the opposite.

The problem for the professor and the student comes at the point of identifying and respecting the role as professor and the identity as a human being. When a professor evaluates a student's work, it must be upon the merits of the work itself. To do so is the only way in which he can be honest as a teacher and fulfill the responsibilities of his office. The student's work—his term papers and projects, examinations, and class participa-

tion—comprises the basis for the professor's objective evaluation of the student's academic achievements. And ever since the students buttered up Socrates by participating in the dialogues as they imagined he wished them to do, they have been adept and persistent in attempts to hoodwink the professor.

Because the professor's evaluation of the student's work is so terribly important, students try to get something going for them above and beyond the class work. That something, of course, is to create a favorable image of themselves so that his objective evaluation will be tempered by subjective considerations. "Apple polishing" is as old as the profession of teaching. Professors usually welcome all personal communications with students which can lead to openness, trust and interesting conversations, but because this is so, they are susceptible to the blandishments of the students. As a result they are easy targets for the wise guy who subverts these basic human patterns in the interest of getting a good grade.

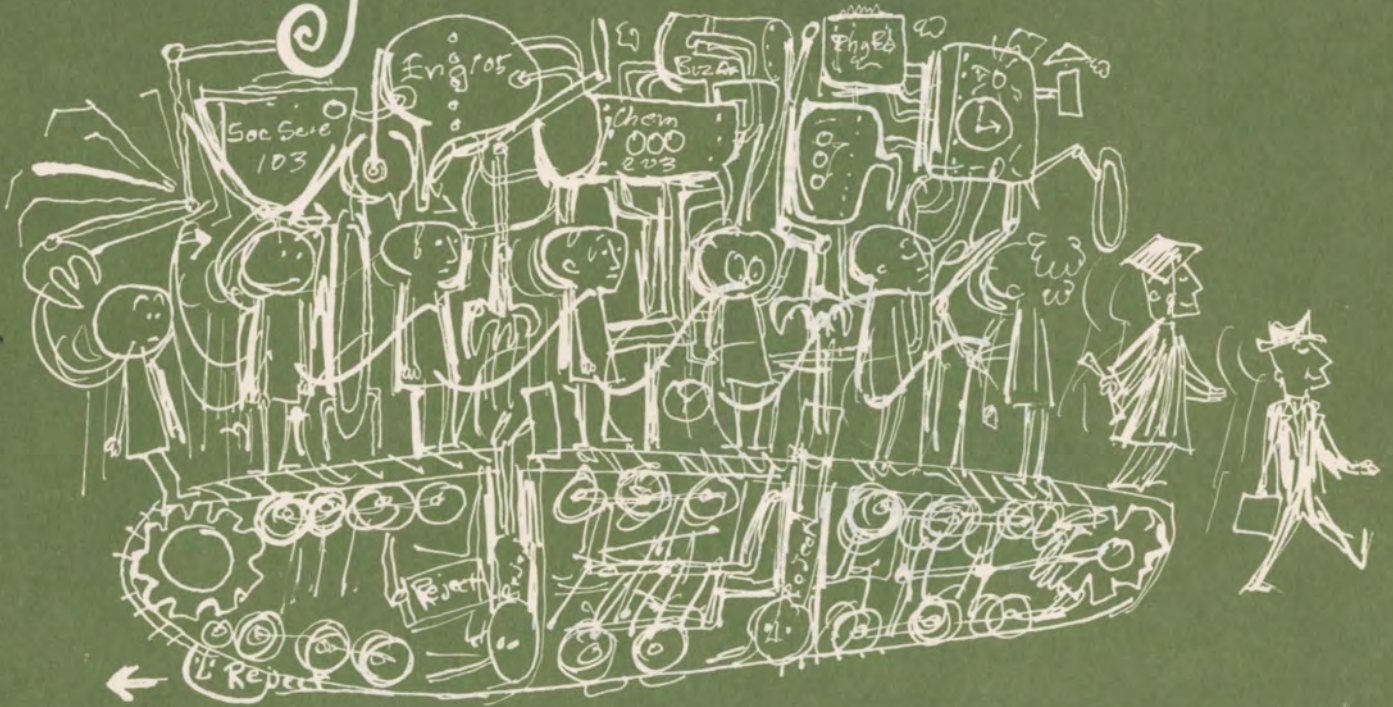
**T**HE obligation for authenticity rests primarily on the student. His approaches to the professor must be made with candor and sincerity. The teaching-learning relationship between teacher and student is in danger of being subverted by switching the ground from the objective criteria of the discipline to that of personal involvements of human beings. But when this human relationship can be established with mutual trust and respect the learning process can be expanded infinitely in both quality and scope. When the professor becomes friend as well as teacher, there is added a dimension of excitement and stimulation which is absent without this relationship. Friendship, however, cannot be manipulated. In fact, the student runs an almost opposite risk when the professor becomes aware that the student is also a friend and he therefore must avoid giving the student the benefit of the doubt because he is a friend. He may be more severe on those students he knows well than those with whom the relationship is entirely perfunctory and classroom oriented.

Some of my best friends are professors, and they are friends because I find them exciting, intriguing, wonderful human beings. They are really rather special human beings because they hold in high regard the life of reflection and they love the art of living. That is why they are teachers.

It is not fair to disengage them with trivialities or to waste their time with the inconsequential. But for those students who are sincere and honest (and who can exert a bit of discipline) there are some wonderful possibilities ahead in developing the real friendship of professors.

It is also a fact: some of them shoot a mean game of pool!

a cartoon  
album  
by  
jim Crane



The Great Teaching  
Machine



crane



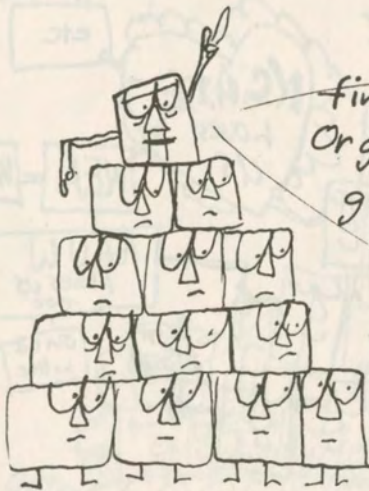
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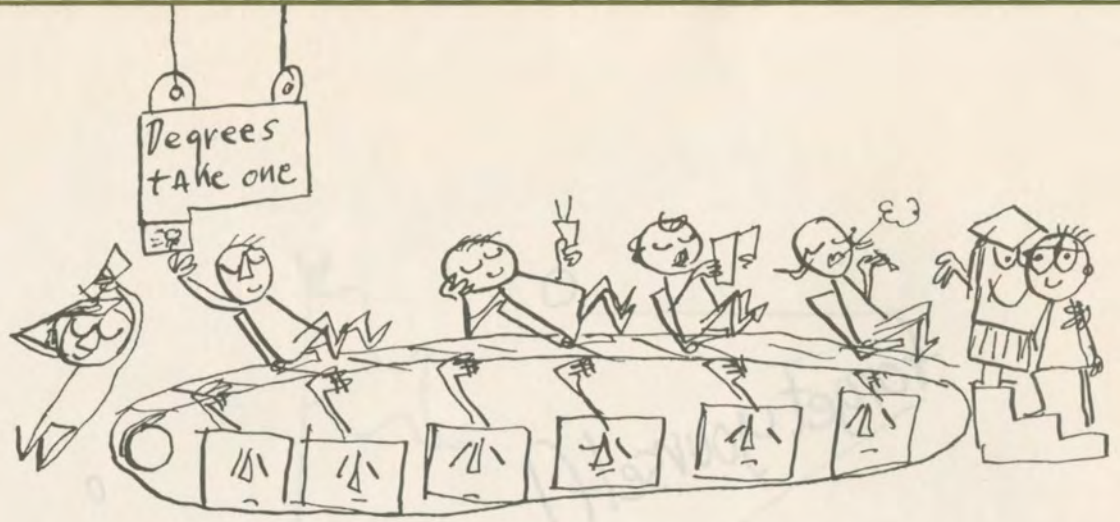


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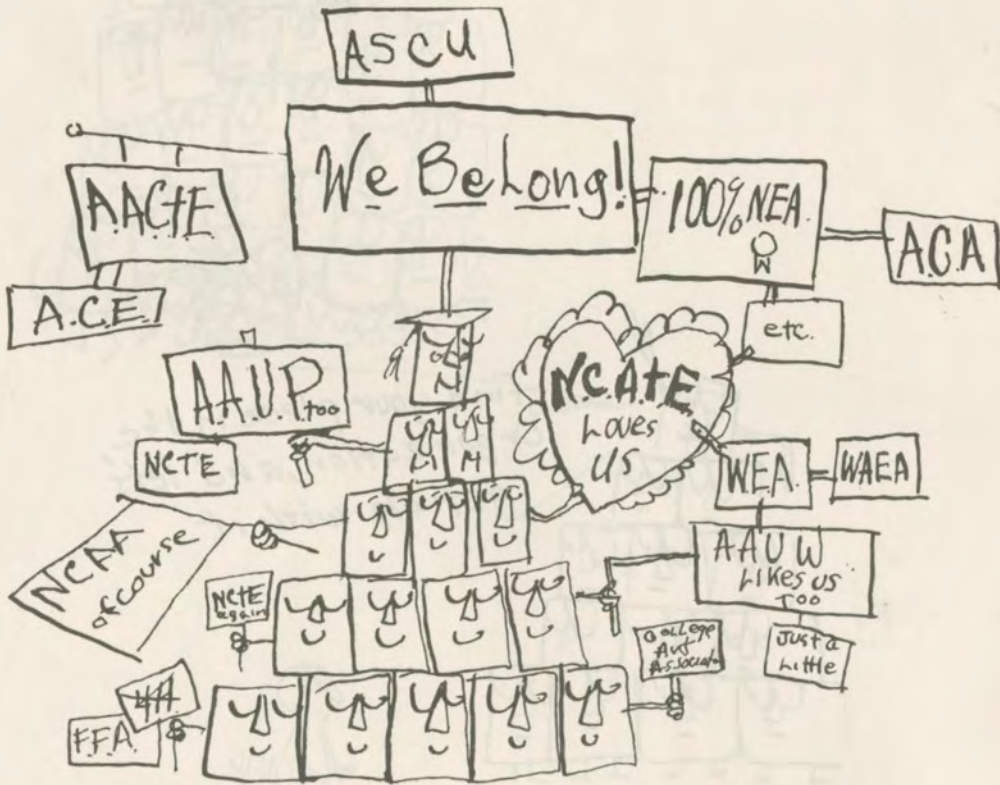


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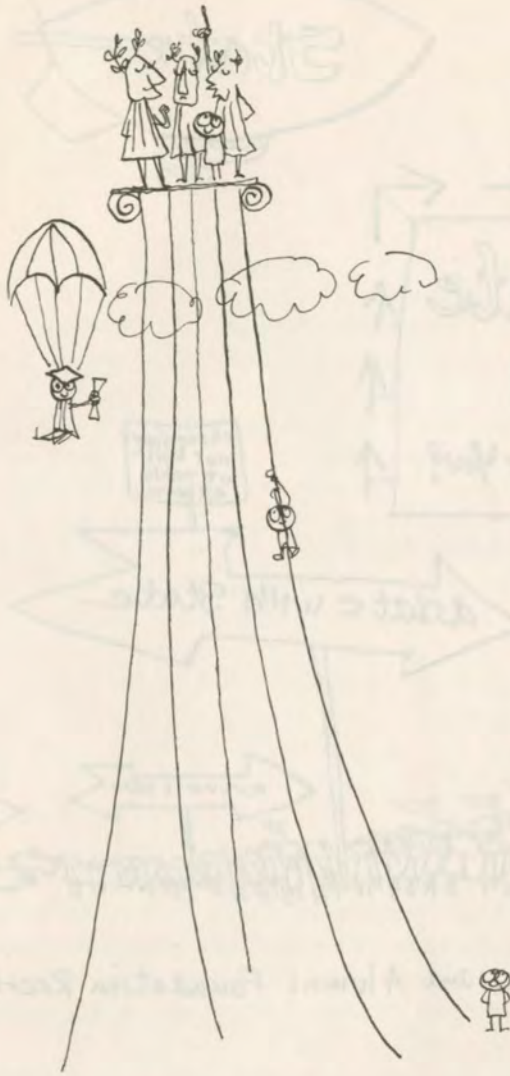




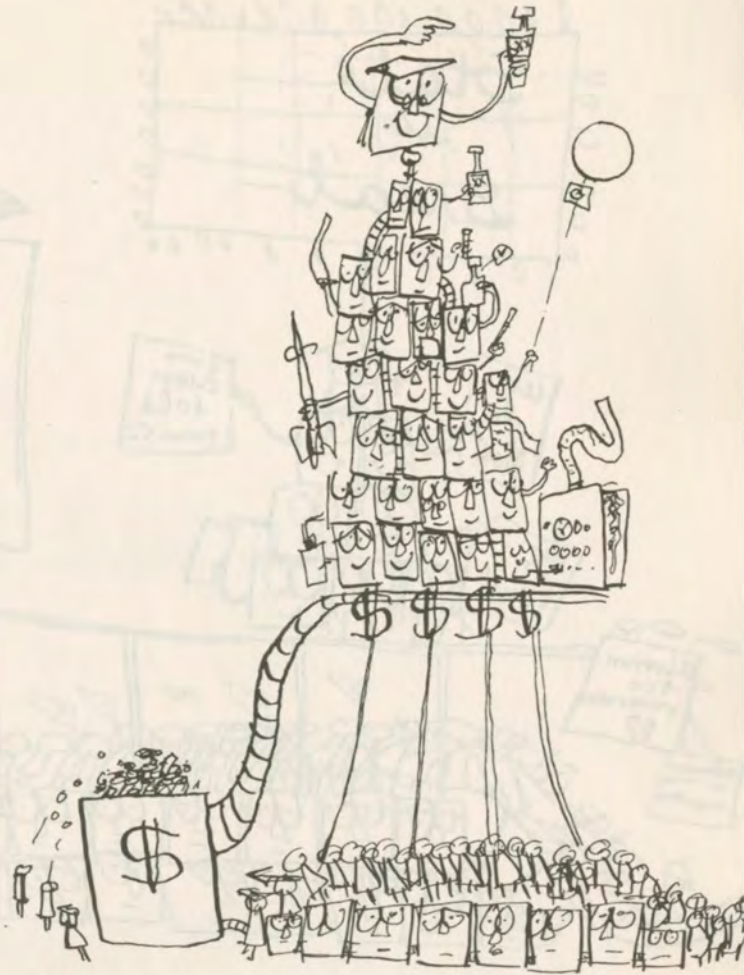
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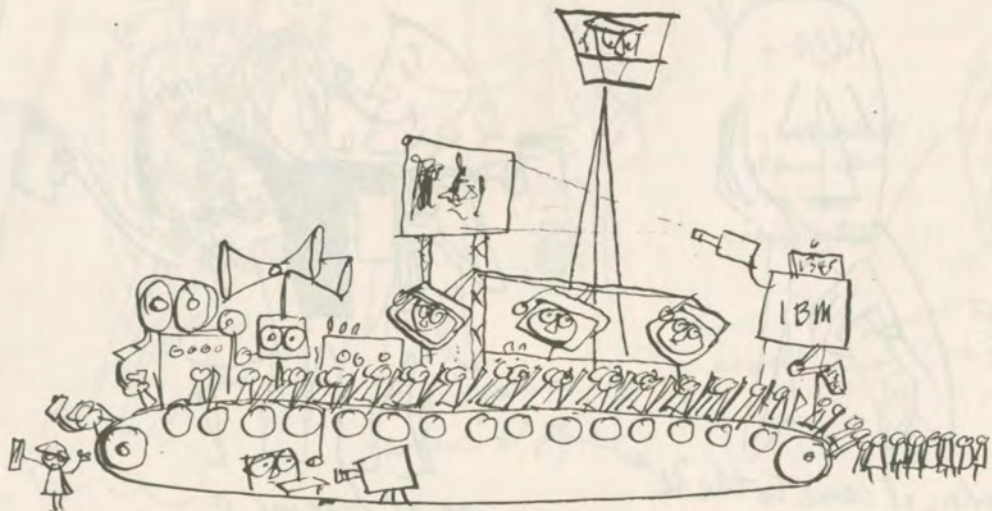
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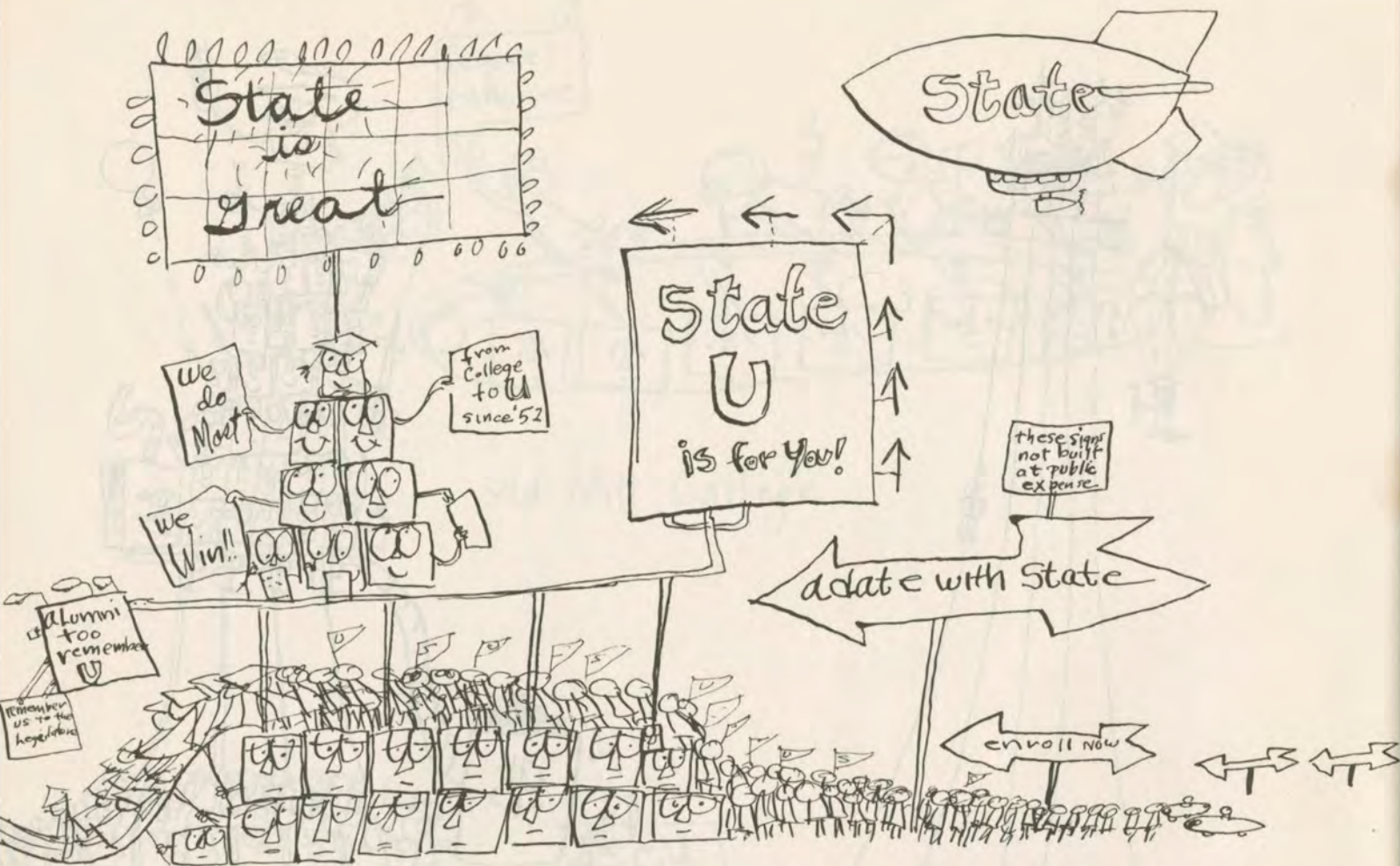
Olympian College



Mid State University  
of Science and Applied Money



Automation State Polytechnic Institute



P. R. State U. and Alumni Foundation Recruitment Center



# books break boundaries

BY SAMUEL H. MILLER



a thespian



things were going so well when I flunked out...

...well, at least  
I know what  
I am now  
unemployed!



## books break boundaries

BY SAMUEL H. MILLER

LIKE the population explosion, a rising flood of books has become a veritable tidal wave and is breaking on our mental shores from every direction. It is a crowded world, no matter how we look at it—crowded with people, crowded with cars, crowded with highways, crowded with news, crowded with noise—and now crowded, literally cluttered, with an astronomical number of books.

The question, to be sure, is whether more books will mean more wisdom! Will they merely entertain us, provide an easy distraction from the tough ordeals of civilization, offer a tranquilizing soporific to our painful sense of threatened breakdown under the pressures of our frenzied rat race, or will they really serve mankind in achieving a sane life, a more abundant and creatively vibrant way of living?

It does not take a genius to discern the fact that books may become a substitute for wisdom. Indeed, too many books may impair the mind. They may clutter the pathways of thought, strew the fertile ground with a smothering layer of dead ideas, exhaust the brain with continuous flea-jumps. A civilization could be buried under books as easily as under bombs.

Books may increase our ignorance and by reason of our reverence for the printed word, confirm it. They may lure us into illusions and fantasies, and by clever signs of fashionable scholarship like statistics and objectivity make us believe we are seeing reality for the first time. They may promise us new utopias, manipulated into existence by facile formulae, tried and tested

by rats and pigeons, until we jump to the conclusion that the kingdom of God can be quickly gotten at a bargain price. They can tumble over our brains; we can rub our noses into them from dawn to dark; we can carry them like pack rats wherever we go, but for all that, something more is needed.

It was that very wise man and philosopher, who graced his truth with a reflective sense of mystery, Alfred North Whitehead, who said that since the advent of printing, there was little excuse for a University! Extremely put, it is true that the heritage of wisdom is



*Have you truth for me, oh prophet?*

open and available to any man, not with the price of tuition but with the desire to read. The pages of the past, all the pages of garnered sight and insight, event and meaning, history and truth, stand ready for perusal. One needs only an eye and a ready mind and the hunger that never ceases to advance from page to page, from one great act to another, in the changing drama of the western world. The book is the basic unit of that moving story, the peephole through which we may see not only the happenings as they occurred but the effects of such occasions and epochs in the inward parts of hearts and minds of the men who suffered such circumstances.

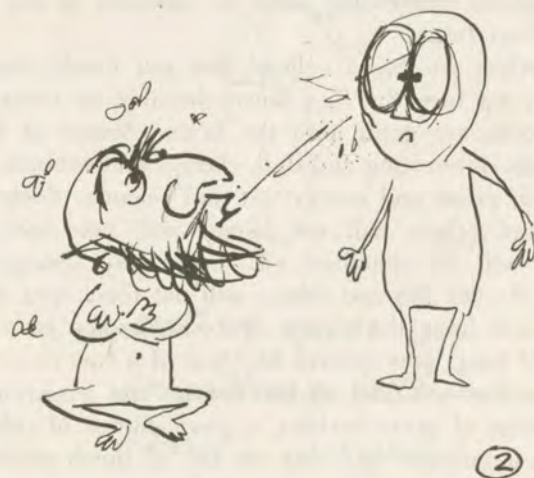
I know that for some, too many in fact, the world of books is out of bounds, a foreign land, a great dark limbo into which other men come and go but which remains for them a dismal terrain associated with boredom, the tyranny of schoolteachers, and the dull terror of exams. Judging from incontrovertible evidence, it is even possible for a person to go through college, to take scores of courses and read countless books, to be prodded, urged, and lured by scholars who have found truth to be exciting, and yet to come out of it with nothing but an aversion to the very sight of a book.

**B**OOKS do affect people differently. Some people read them voraciously and never give any indication of being changed in the slightest by them. They are like thin people who eat outrageous amounts of food and remain as skinny as if they were on a famine diet! Others plod heavily through the required reading, learn the necessary information, remember the names and events as if they were history, are bored or entertained somewhat, but find little to lift them into the vision of greatness, even for the time being. Still others never really learn to read at all. The newspaper is enough; perhaps one might add *Life* magazine or *The Reader's Digest*. For them, a book is a real effort, an annual campaign, like Lent or tax time, until at last it becomes easier to see the movie of the great classic or the bestseller rather than to read it.

I can remember quite distinctly, indeed unforgettably, when I broke through into the kingdom of books and rampaged like an unsatiable army over the land. Of course I had read books before, but suddenly the gates swung wide and the vast landscape broke before me like the countryside when lightning flashes from a thunderous sky or the sun breaks through a rift in the

dark clouds. I was goggle-eyed; I read because I was astonished. I read everything I could get my hands on—old epics, new poetry, novels, plays, essays. I ransacked the library, rummaged the shelves. I borrowed and begged and when I could, I bought. I could not imagine such a windfall—everywhere there was gold, caches of splendor, chests of wisdom and lore. One never knew but that behind a dismal cover a bright new world would flame out and catch my brains afire. It might be someone everybody else knew, like Keats or Homer, or it might be someone I blundered into by accident, like Rilke. My world was like a bunch of firecrackers, ex-

dark clouds. I was goggle-eyed; I read because I was astonished. I read everything I could get my hands on—old epics, new poetry, novels, plays, essays. I ransacked the library, rummaged the shelves. I borrowed and begged and when I could, I bought. I could not imagine such a windfall—everywhere there was gold, caches of splendor, chests of wisdom and lore. One never knew but that behind a dismal cover a bright new world would flame out and catch my brains afire. It might be someone everybody else knew, like Keats or Homer, or it might be someone I blundered into by accident, like Rilke. My world was like a bunch of firecrackers, ex-



ploding erratically and with earsplitting, undeniable punctuation—there was something to celebrate all the time. The world was moving on its hinges, the doors were opening, and I pushed with all my might in all directions. Crazy? Certainly I was crazy! Beside myself; and why shouldn't I be? I was adding acreage to my soul at a breakneck speed; whole provinces came under my dominion with the flick of a page. The conquistadors never had it better—new continents and vast seas swam into my ken. And as far as I could tell, there was no end. As long as my hunger lasted and I was willing to reach for something, the horizon stretched on and on beyond my sight. Every day I was off on a new road, stumbling like a fool for the joy of it. New people, new lands, new times, new ideas, new sorrows, and new wonder! That was forty years ago—and the end is not in sight!

The brain is a delicate machine and a tough one. It performs the most sensitive and complicated operations and yet it will shrug its shoulders, turn its head, and refuse to look at the most fascinating invitation. It can fly like a bird at the slightest suggestion and it can balk more stubbornly than a mule though it may be hit with a piledriver.

Take a book, for instance. Drop it into the brain and see what happens. There is not likely to be any noise, any grinding gears, any crunching of bones—but no one knows what may be the outcome. It may start a chain reaction, long, sustained, and profound. Or it may simply lodge there, a foreign body soon to be disgorged as uncomfortable or indigestible. It may bring forth the most astonishing results, far exceeding the humble character of the paperback or ephemeral news item. Or, masterpiece that it is, it may utterly fail to affect in the slightest degree the color or furniture of the erstwhile host brain.

So—when we go to college, put our heads into the library, we face the fact, uncomfortable or otherwise, that books are going into the brain. Scores of them. All kinds—interesting and dull, classics and rubbish, new and old, prose and poetry, art and science. Some will stick and others will not. Some will take root and others will be sloughed off. Some will change the shape of your life and others will not touch you at all. Some will have the power of bombs, some of x-rays, some of long, slow growth like that of a tree or a river, and the rest will float off like flotsam and jetsam at the tidal edge of great harbors, a mere clutter of rubbish.

It is a peculiar fact that we are all much more fastidious about what we feed our bodies than we are about

the food we feed our brains. We look with unfeigned disgust upon certain dishes, as if they were unfit for human consumption, but then with utter composure gorge ourselves on the cheapest, most rubbishy claptrap in every passing page of popular junk.

**E**VERY MAN assembles his own Bible—the books which touched him to life when he was waiting to be born, confirmed his vague surmise and made it solid conviction, gave his hunger food and his eyes sight and his dreams words, and formed a company with





whom his spirit mingled in holy communion. They become the foundation stones of an everlasting city in which he lives. Homer's *Odyssey*, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Goethe's *Faust*, Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*, Shakespeare and Cicero and Aeschylus, Melville and Cervantes and Augustine, Vergil and Petrarch and Keats—without them we are not ourselves. They have made us, and in our making they have been reborn.

For it is true, as Charles Curtis points out, by repeating Edmund Wilson's last line in the preface to his *Triple Thinkers*, "One can never read the book that the author originally wrote, and one can never read the same book twice." These great books are like a vast mountain range—no two men enter at quite the same point or with the same intent or hidden questions in their packs. We change with every valley and summit seen and when we return the landscape is richer by a thousand sights for which we were earlier unprepared.

Certainly at its minimum all education ought to teach us how to read. And I am not thinking at all of the techniques now so highly prized in this age of speed of jet-reading. Encouraged by journalese, everything now is reduced to fast and furious line-consumption. The man who spans the continent in four hours at 30,000 feet above the clouds does not learn what the explorers found out in the long pedestrian trek on the ground. As Gide wrote in his journal, "The good writing that I admire is the writing that unobtrusively arrests and detains the reader and constrains his thought to advance but slowly. I want the reader's attention, at each step, to sink into a rich and well-garnished soil. But what the reader is ordinarily after is a sort of moving carpet that carries him along with it." A world already lunatic with quantitative criteria will scarcely produce wisdom by mass reading. Education is a discriminating process of choosing how to read, how to find what is worth reading, and how to avoid the circus-literature of noise and spurious color.

If you are going to win a foot race, there is no way to avoid running. You must run every chance you get. So with books. Read—read all over the lot, read till it sticks out of your ears, read day and night, sitting or walking, on trains or at the fireplace or at your desk. Read hard—throw away the chaff, dig at the roots of big

mountains, plough through the deserts, reach for the golden fleece, keep your eyes open for the burning bush or the lost sword or the ancient grail. Do not wait until you have a course of lectures and a tutorial nurse. And do not wait until you are sure you will understand it better—if it is worth reading in the great sense, you will never completely understand it anyway. Read proudly—as Emerson read; read the top stuff, the hard stuff, the old stuff, the sublime stuff. Get your teeth into it and chew on it.



wane

④

sort of gives you something to think about, anyway.

## STUDENT PRAYER

Thou hast called me, O God,  
to spend this portion of my life in  
study.

Although the world is full of young men  
and women no older than I  
whom must work in fields and shops  
to support their families,  
whom must bear arms to defend their  
country,  
thou hast released me from these  
responsibilities,  
placing upon me the special trust  
of searching wisdom.

When I look to thee, JUDGE of all  
the earth,  
and then look upon myself,  
I fear my UNWORTHINESS of this  
TRUST.

I find myself only half ready in  
heart and mind  
because of wasted, careless  
hours.

I fear that I will again be tempted  
to sloth, to be content with  
half-truth, to support of  
doubtful causes.

I beg thy forgiveness and thy  
cleansing and courage.

Help me never to forget most  
Loving Lord,  
that the BURDEN OF WORK  
that is lifted from me  
is no heavier than the BURDEN  
of TRUST that is placed upon me  
BY this call to study.

May the need of the WORLD FOR  
clarity and commitment be  
the need that speaks to me:  
the need for men and women  
who have DRUNK DEEP OF THE  
WISDOM OF THE AGES,  
who have STUDIED HARD THE  
CONDITIONS OF SLAVERY AND  
EXPLOITATION,  
who have PUSHED THROUGH  
OBSTACLES TO NEW DIMENSIONS  
OF LIFE,  
who will not be content with  
hostilities where there might  
be RECONCILIATION.

Grant, O Father of all mankind,  
that I may know the dignity of  
this call to be a student,  
that I may never lose sight of  
the needs of the world I am  
called to meet, that I may  
always be assured of thy  
presence and thy power  
as I enter now this college  
experience. AMEN.

PRAYER BY RACHEL HENDERLITE  
ART BY JEAN PENLAND



PHOTOGRAPH: EDWARD WALLOWITCH, N.Y.

## the freshman dilemma

BY HAROLD G. RIDLON

STUDENTS beginning a college education this fall are faced with the most exciting challenge that ever confronted a college generation. Never has the need for well-educated people been greater; never have the stakes involved been higher; never have the intellectual and physical resources of education at his disposal been more abundant. But the beginning student will likely be so elated at his acceptance that he will—momentarily at least—fail to consider the larger problem of adjustment to the college environment. Amid the flurry of frenzied departure from home and the emotionally awesome arrival at “the college of his choice,” he may even forget the primary goals of college education and the personal commitments necessary for success.

What are the goals, the commitments, the rewards of college today? Now, as always, college provides for the qualified student that opportunity to identify with his peers—those who, like himself, endowed with a capacity for self-realization, self-fulfillment—are on the threshold of achievement. No longer will students

need to draw apart intellectually from those around them, or be drawn sheeplike into a fold of conformity. The great opportunity of college today is the provision it makes for one to be wholly himself while at the same time sharing with others common aims, common problems, common solutions.

Initially, students face a rigorous schedule of study, beginning with freshman orientation. Like the draftee encountering for the first time the regimen of meals and meetings by the clock, you will be herded into this auditorium, that classroom, and subjected to a barrage of tests and measurements.

But most freshmen survive those first harrowing days and weeks. Almost no one flunks out of college before the first term is over, and it is this fact which helps produce an ominous sense of uneasy well-being that flows through the blood and creeps over the skin of the beginning college student. He is not only *in* college but he seems to be staying. He is attending all his classes (freshmen are far less blasé about cutting classes than are upperclassmen); he is taking voluminous notes, so

many in fact that he hardly has time to look up at the lecturer; and he is applying himself conscientiously to his homework. But here the first real problem of academic life begins to make itself felt.

At college, as in high school, home study provides the link of learning between what occurs in the classroom, lecture hall, or laboratory. This is the portion of learning to which the student himself can relate in so vital a way as to produce genuine understanding. From the very beginning, the responsibility for effecting such a reconciliation falls directly upon the freshman.

Surprisingly, despite the breadth of his program—almost incomprehensibly far-ranging—the average freshman often finds himself ill at ease early in the fall because he cannot focus sufficiently on what to do when, and thus does less actual work than he may have been doing at times during high school. He is spending perhaps fifteen to twenty hours a week actually attending classes and laboratory sessions. Where a four-course program is normal—and evidence indicates a general movement toward fewer courses—perhaps only twelve to fifteen hours are so utilized. He has been accustomed to confinement at school for from twenty-five to thirty-five hours a week. Much of the social life he has enjoyed has suddenly been curtailed, and he has not yet become involved in organizations or surrounded by friends. Such conditions tend to create for many students a curiously inhibiting kind of frustration and boredom.

The freshman may well have heard the rule of thumb about two hours spent outside of class for every hour in, a relation much at variance with the prevailing high school pattern. Thus for an eighteen-hour week, thirty-six hours, theoretically, should be devoted to outside. Since the weekly five-hundred-word theme still required in most freshman English courses demands considerably more than two hours if it is to be done at all well, the total work week, at least in theory, amounts to almost sixty hours—forty hours of which is self-directed and self-budgeted. This is a tremendous responsibility for a freshman to have to accept, and new experiments in education anticipate even more student independence.

If the student were being paid for such a long work week at the minimum wage rate including time-and-a-half for overtime, he would receive for the two-term school year about what it is costing his parents to keep him at my university. Yet the assignments themselves and his attitude toward them often seem to belie the necessity for such protracted and concentrated effort. Perhaps some of the discrepancy arises from general student failure to realize fully how much will be expected of them.

Added to this is the problem of courses meeting only two or three times a week, and the fewer-but-longer meeting pattern seems to be gaining favor. A student accustomed to meeting a class five times a week, and

now freed from a 3:00-5:00 Thursday class that will not meet again until 3:00 on Tuesday, five days later, may, in his immaturity and naiveté, be excused for thinking he has "world enough and time" in which to do the assignment. The danger is, however, that for every hour's delay after the assignment has been given, the real purpose of the assignment becomes more and more obscured. The first contact is the prelude to initial interest, so important is motivating a new college student.

**M**OTIVATION itself becomes a serious problem for freshmen. Parental concern, however overt and undesirable it may at times have become, was one efficacious form of motivation. Teacher-student relationship, often so warm and personal in high school, was another. Even the incentive to get into college may well have acted as a powerful force in stimulating effort. Not to be disregarded either as a vital source of motivation was the climate of acceptance, the social milieu that had been developing through high school. It was expected by classmate and teacher alike that one would maintain a certain quality in work. Finally, short-term and easily digestible motivations were provided such as grading on homework assignments and frequent tests and quizzes covering modest amounts of material.

Now, suddenly, all this has changed. Parents, favorite teachers, friends, all have evanesced; the climate of acceptance has become chilly. Homework is rarely graded except in relation to student improvement. More rigid objective criteria are introduced. Even the weekly theme is, and ought to be, treated as a means to an end, an exercise calculated to promote logical and technical skill. Any reasonable teacher of rhetoric would evaluate student writing on the basis of the level of achievement.

Yet such humane evaluation is too remote to impress the beginning freshman whose English teacher, taking the long view, fails flatly a first theme the student has labored on long and diligently. In response he may wail plaintively, "But I spent fifteen hours on it"; more often, however, he simply projects mentally the amount of time he believes it would have taken him to write a "B" theme, the astronomical proportions of which projection might well unnerve even the hardiest of freshmen. College students need to develop more qualitative sense than their culture prompts them to acquire.

The lecture class proves inhibitive to the close questioning and recitation so beneficial in cementing ideas and in providing self-confidence. Even those courses providing one section meeting a week often miss because there is a time when young people want to ask questions and there is also a time when, no matter how they are organized, cajoled, prodded, galvanized, or Socratized into activity, their hearts are not in it.

Even the small recitation group may be discouraging if it is dominated by those bright and articulate students

who serve more to intimidate than to stimulate the average student. More and more the competition within college itself will parallel the more ostentatious competition to enter college.

Many of the new college crop are products of high-gear preparatory schools, while many come from public high school programs which have been radically revamped to accommodate the sharp changes taking place in higher education. Advanced placement courses, accelerated courses, and new subject courses have all put a new complexion on the college entrance picture and, in some cases, have prodded the colleges themselves into revising the philosophy and content of some of their most cherished basic courses. Insofar as much interaction has been comprehensive and forward-looking, it has been salutary. But it has simultaneously imposed on the entering student a great responsibility for early and mature perception.

This is not to say, of course, that even in the best colleges one will not find himself in the company of the average or below-average student. Some of these are still admitted because of athletic achievement; some are borderline cases accepted because of strong family ties with the college; still others are there as calculated risks.

**B**UT one prominent change has occurred. Long has the myth about the relation between economic well-being and acceptance potential colored the image of higher education in America, and myths have their origin in substance. Increased tuitions have, in many cases, now provided scholarship assistance to able but relatively indigent students; industries and foundations have lent their support; and now governmental aid of one kind or another is helping to locate in colleges and universities those most able to benefit from the experience. Moreover, many of the places they have taken were formerly occupied by the affluent incompetents.

The effect of this increased pressure on students is, I believe, easily observable. I have recently been teaching a group of unusually gifted freshmen whose talent and ability enabled them to be placed in an advanced English section. Any one of them would have stood well above average freshmen in an average freshman section. Brought together, however, in a situation created expressly to stimulate productive exchange of ideas, most of them displayed a surprising mixture of emotions. They clearly appreciated the privilege of participating—it was a volunteer group—and were excited by the possibilities, but at the same time they were frightened by the competition. Several of them, and not the least able at that, were actually intimidated by the pressure. One by one as they appeared in my office for conferences, they con-

fessed to genuine, not feigned, feelings of inadequacy, and many of them were students who had scored in the 700's on their college boards.

Where, then, does this place the high school "B" or even "C" students who (recent studies reported in the March, 1961, *Changing Times* reveal) often not only survive college to enter shortage professions but also sometimes succeed in taking academic honors at commencement? Often the high achiever in high school is the one who possesses considerable native ability and has been able to accomplish much with relatively little effort because of the heterogeneous ability groupings. On the other hand, the "C" to low "B" record may well have been achieved by one who worked very hard for his grades and is thus more accurately geared to the college demands for consistent hard work. Psychologically, too, such a student may have some advantage: he has probably experienced disappointment and even failure. Although he has been accepted at college he and perhaps his family and friends are keeping their fingers crossed, a not unhealthy prelude to any college experience. Nothing is more depressing to a very good student than to begin receiving poor college grades while the hearty congratulations of well-wishers are still ringing in his ears.

**N**OW what constructive attitude can the beginning student take toward the grades he receives? First, he can recognize them for what they really are: an evaluation of achievement in analyzing, comprehending, and utilizing the data and implications of a certain discipline, and in so correlating such data with previous learning as to produce genuine intellectual growth. The freshman's first grades on quizzes and the like may dribble in, conveying little reliable indication of progress. Even the first hour examination may be unreliably high because of a burst of effort difficult to maintain or even to duplicate; or it may be uncharacteristically low because the student simply did not realize how much he would have to know. Here the student's quandary can best be illustrated by citing the cynical "typical essay question" on a first-hour exam: "Describe the universe, and give two examples!"

My work with both very able and below-average students, and my experience on committees both to recommend for academic honors and to recommend for warning, probation, or suspension, have convinced me of the relative value of grades. Knowledge of several aspects of the grading situation might be helpful for freshmen to consider.

First, contrary to what students often believe, grades are distributed not as rewards or punishments from the tyrant administering the course; they are the outward and visible signs of an inward and almost spiritual

covenant entered upon by teacher and student alike in their mutual search for understanding. Nothing amuses me more than to have a student thank me for a grade he has received on a paper or an examination. Even such courteous gratitude betrays an erroneous conception of the college teacher-student relationship.

The college teacher, underpaid and overworked though he is, enjoys an enviable position in his own little academic world. Particularly to the freshman, he represents the vested interest. He it is who holds the key to the tower of knowledge, and will open the door slowly and tantalizingly. The piety with which freshmen copy down every word the instructor says testifies to his exalted position in their eyes.

An initial lesson of the new freshman, however, is to transfer such awe and reverence to learning itself. Truly wisdom is, as Proverbs tells us, "more precious than rubies . . . a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her." I read nothing there about grades.

I like to think that the proper relationship between teacher and student in the academic community is one of cooperative endeavor. In the words of Kenneth Brown, it is a partnership "wherein the student becomes a junior associate in the adventure of learning."

Given this conception of apprenticeship, the perceptive freshman will use whatever resources offer themselves in order to train himself to accept wholly the junior partnership. And so much is available that many students fail to utilize at all. Whether it be a counselor, an instructor, or a member of the administration, the student should feel from the beginning the accessibility of all who are organized to help him in his search for truth. No matter how remote, eccentric, or even downright unpleasant some adult may seem, the student can relate to him if he looks beyond the barriers that separate to the unity that binds.

The sense of sharing will also permit the student to move out beyond himself constructively. He will be able to respond vigorously to new ideas and new experiences if he does not expect everything to conform to him and his wishes. He can even find a satisfying place for himself in a large class where otherwise he would seem insignificant.

This new detachment leads to a second important consideration about grades, namely, that they are not properly seen in a vacuum. Many other factors such as motivation, degree of improvement, and achievement in major field must be regarded seriously. Even if one might insist that grades often determine graduate or professional opportunities, it would still be the general pattern of performance and not the isolated grade that mattered.

Even if the pattern itself should prove detrimental to one's future goal, a sound attitude could help to compensate for the loss. The poor grade, at any point

in one's college career, may be a warning signal to "stay off this track!" It may even, to adopt the long view again, be an indication that college is not the right place for an individual, at least at that time. Those who have failed out of college only to return again and succeed when time and training had awarded their benediction could testify to the wisdom of this view.

Furthermore, graduate schools and prospective employers, like admissions officers in undergraduate colleges, are paying more and more heed to the recommendations of those who have worked most closely with the applicant. A modest academic record accompanied by a strong recommendation which specifies areas of achievement and promise may well carry more weight than a better grade record qualified by, let us say, some reservations as to the applicant's ability to relate harmoniously with other people.

Moreover, some grades take on more or less importance as the total college picture becomes pieced together. I once recommended to a classmate of mine—a business major and good student generally—a "gut" course in aesthetics to make his last term easier. He failed the course completely, but I cannot see that his life has been blighted by the incident or that he is totally unable to appreciate the beautiful. I suppose I have suffered more for the blunder than he has.

Nor does a relatively poor freshman year record have such a disastrous effect as students close to the situation sometimes imagine. Frequently students do not really find themselves until the sophomore year, if then; but by then they think they have committed irremediable errors. The not-uncommon upsweep of grades in the second year when many required courses have been completed and the major is begun evidences the true direction of the student's progress.

Like all other college experiences, grades need to be seen in perspective. The student should welcome evaluation at any point in his academic career. He should neither fear it nor take immoderate pride in it. Instead he should use it to help determine where he is going, how he is getting there, and what he is gaining enroute.

Such an inventory made regularly and candidly can help in all areas of adjustment to college. The beginning college student embarks on a great adventure which becomes increasingly valuable as our culture continues to deprive us of many other traditional modes of self-discovery. At times he is almost certain to be threatened, harassed, and depressed by the encounter. As in all other worthwhile engagements, commitment, perseverance, and vision are essential. Given these qualities, or at least the potential for their development, the student can discover himself, his responsibility to others, and his God-given inheritance as a complete person.

***so they said . . .***



***I am a Bear of Very Little Brain and long words Bother Me.***

—A. A. Milne

***One should never put on one's best trousers to go out to battle for freedom and truth.***

—Henrik Ibsen

***Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly.***

—Mark Twain

***The point of an open mouth is to close it on something.***

—G. K. Chesterton

***Make sure of your teacher and forget about everything else.***

—Charles Malik

***A mere scholar is an intelligible ass.***

—Sir Thomas Overbury



*Unite the pair so long disjoin'd, knowledge and vital piety.*

—Charles Wesley

*God is not particularly interested in religion.*

—William Temple

*At Harvard, of course, we make no effort to indoctrinate.*

—Raphael Demos

*We have left undone those things which we ought to have done.*

—Book of Common Prayer

*A professor is someone who talks in someone else's sleep.*

—W. H. Auden

*It is better to be disorderly saved than orderly damned.*

—Richard Baxter

**T** here are two tragedies in life. One is to lose your heart's desire. The other is to gain it.

—G. Bernard Shaw

*Life is so daily.*

—Carl Sandburg

*We are healed of a suffering only by experiencing it to the full.*

—Marcel Proust

*Is not life a hundred times too short for us to bore ourselves?*

—Nietzsche

*Hasten slowly.*

—Suetonius

*Truth is never pure, and rarely simple.*

—Oscar Wilde

*I do most of my work sitting down; that's where I shine.*

—Robert Benchley

*Be awful nice to 'em goin' up, because you're gonna meet 'em all comin' down.*

—Jimmy Durante

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MY SOSH TEACHER SAID WE WERE A BUNCH OF CONFORMISTS.



I STARTED THINKING ABOUT IT.



HE WAS RIGHT!



HOW COME, I ASKED HIM, DO YOU LECTURE TO US? HOW COME WE SHOULD TAKE NOTES? HOW COME A TEXT BOOK? HOW COME YOU GOT A PhD? HOW COME YOU'RE MARRIED? HOW COME YOU ACCEPTED A PROMOTION?



HE CALLED ME A STUPID NINCOMPOOP!



IS THAT WORSE THAN A CONFORMIST?

## how to build a great university

WHEN I was young, the Fourth of July was years away from Christmas. Before that, life was even slower. Oxford had hundreds of years to become great. So had Cambridge, the Sorbonne, Heidelberg, and a dozen other places sprinkled charmingly over the European landscape. They gathered traditions at a snail's pace and waited for the Pope to issue a bull that would establish their status as universities. Since these bulls were slow in coming, many excellent scholars died waiting.

Now that we are hurtling on from place to place at 2,000 miles an hour, scholars die going but never waiting. Bald Hill College is established one morning and before the registrar has had time to take out his ballpoint, the campus is swarming with students eager to present their credentials. By now the college has several traditions, and by evening the PR man sends out a press release announcing that Bald Hill has become a Great University.

The next gesture is a bid to Top Men. Now, ordinary people think Top Men are geniuses, but they are not. Geniuses are impossible to live with. You cannot entice them with a Top Salary because right away they want to know what they have to do for that kind of money, and whatever you tell them they dislike.

A Top Man, on the other hand, has a price. If the going price for Top Men is \$20,000 a year, he will ask for that and get it. If some other Great University offers him \$25,000 he will go at once. But a genius scarcely ever moves; his home is such a clutter that he couldn't move unless the whole house were put on skids, and that's expensive and probably against the law.

Once the Top Men arrive at the Great University, they begin creating copy for the PR man. Top Men are usually very good at teamwork because they have more experience in that than in anything else. Top Man A, for instance, got his first job at \$10,000. His friend Top Man B, got his first job at \$11,000. Since then they have been exchanging jobs, increasing their Topness with each shift. Now that they are both at Bald Hill, they will work together for the greater glory of the institution.

In the early days, a scholar would add to the glory of the institution by attracting brilliant students. The master scholar and his fledglings used to walk along the shaded paths and engage in scholarly discourse. The greater the number of students who came to walk, the livelier the discourse, and the greater the glory of the university.

But today the Top Man does not teach. In fact, he does not consider teaching an important function of a university, and he is told at once that he will not be asked to teach. He is hired to impress, not just any old body that happens to be hobbling past the Great University, but to reflect a favorable image toward the foundations from which all blessings flow. The more Top Men busy reflecting, the more swift the flow of blessings.

Hence Top Man A and Top Man B put their heads together in order to encourage the Bumblemeier Foundation to give them a \$100,000 grant for an Interdisciplinary Project. The project is designed to find out what the feeding of algae to chickens will do to the total social structure of an underdeveloped society. Since both A and B are economists, they will hire a chicken expert, a statistician, and a sociologist who is to analyze the social structure of the society which is feeding on chickens that were fed on algae.

In no time at all, the money is granted. Top Men A and B, the chicken expert, the statistician, the sociologist, their wives, and their children fly to Africa to await the arrival of the chickens and the algae from the United States. The algae unfortunately wither enroute, and the company sending the chickens assumes they are for immediate consumption and goes through the bother of killing and freezing 500 grade A fryers.

Meanwhile, back at Bald Hill, the administration, on the strength of its brilliant Top Men, has successfully raided Lone Valley U. of half its faculty.

—R. G. ENGELMANN

—from Martin Levin's "Phoenix Next"  
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