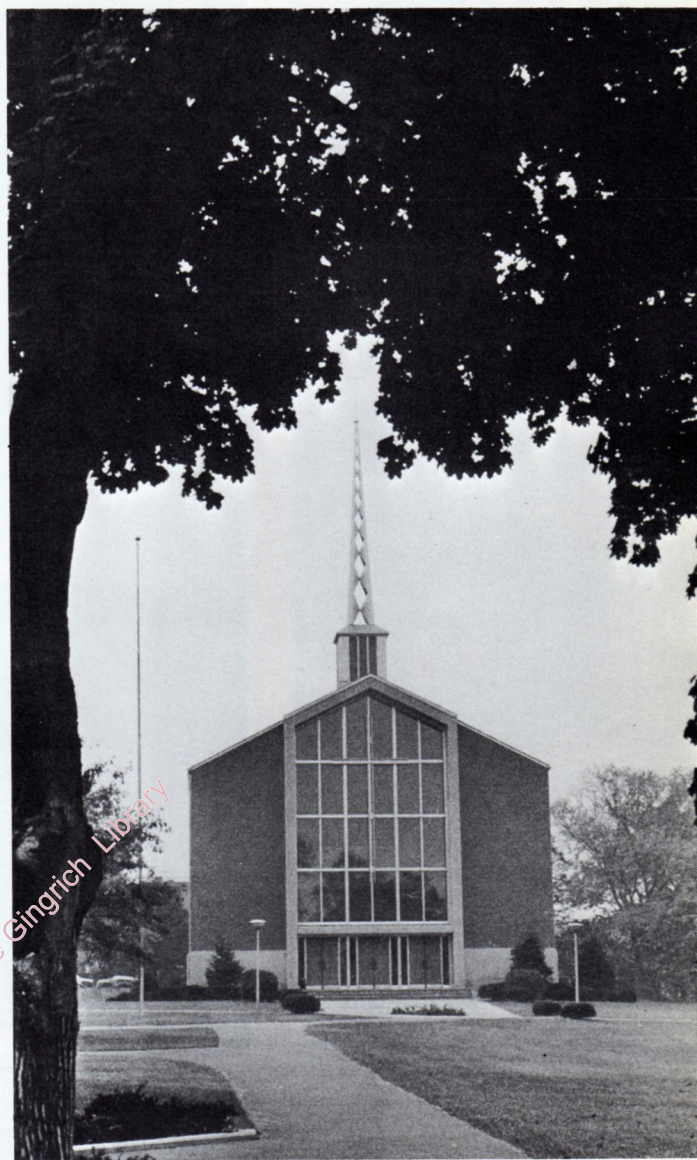
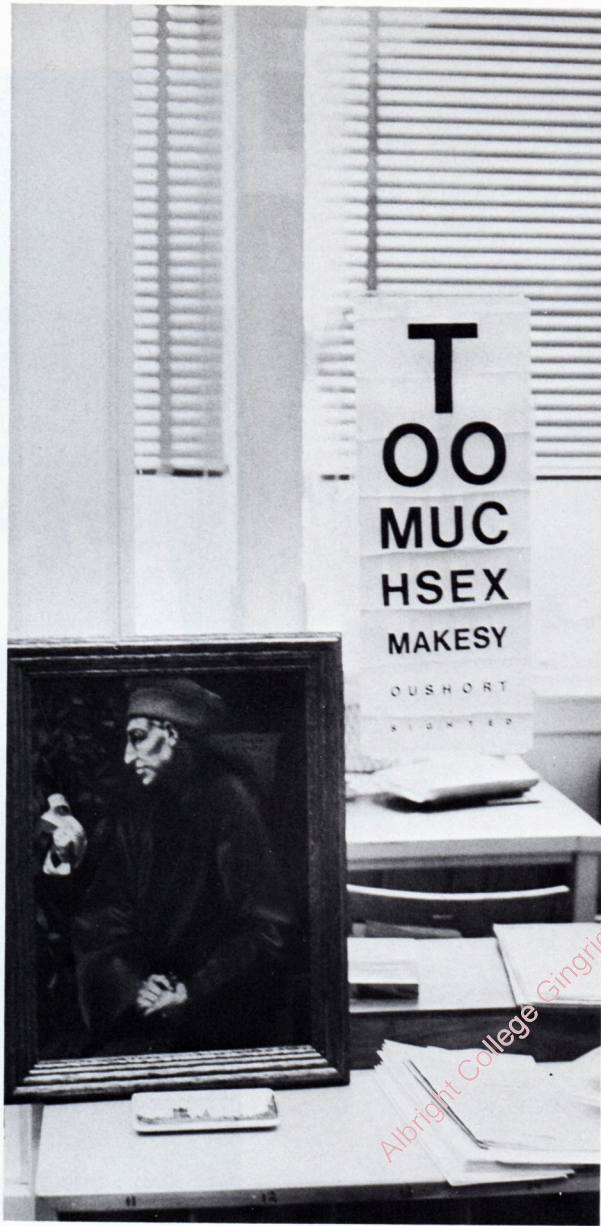


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THE CUE, 1970
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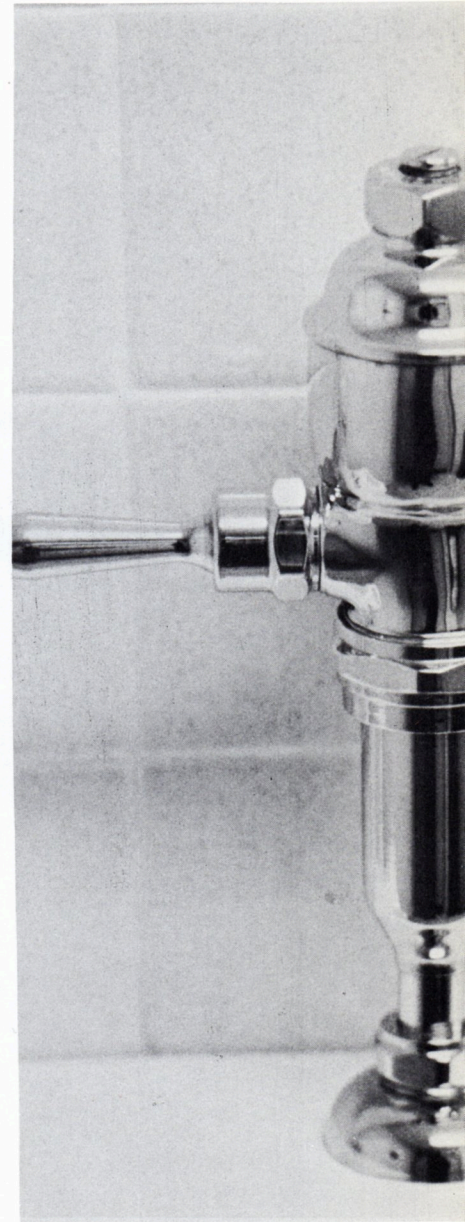
NOVEMBER 19.

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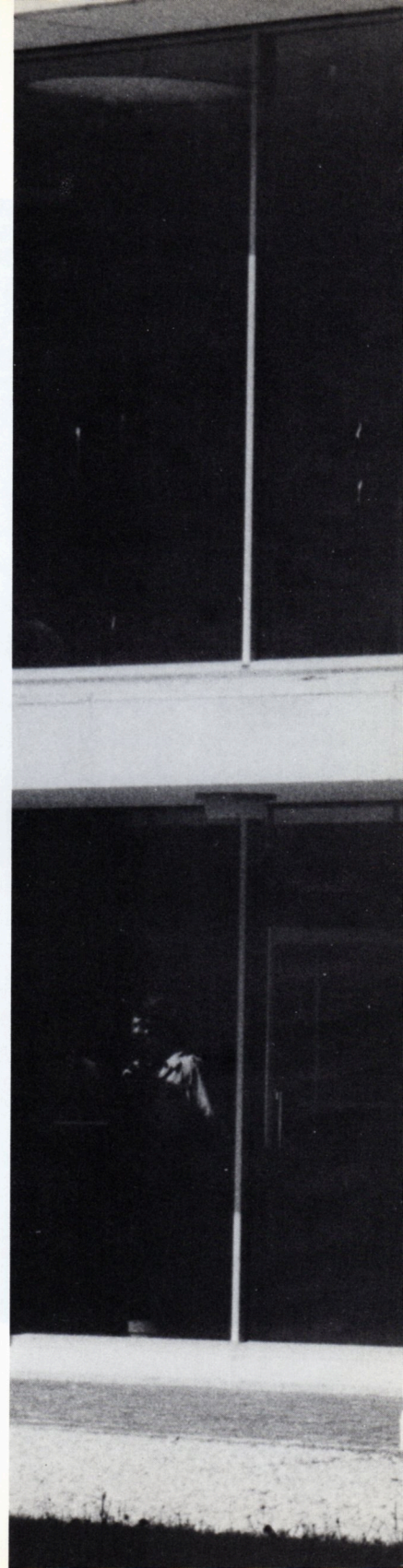
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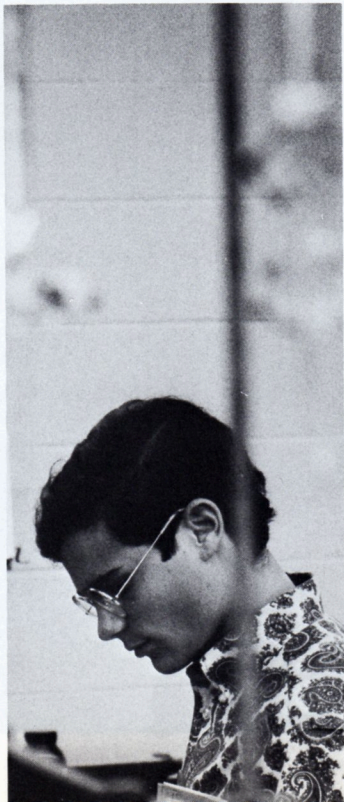
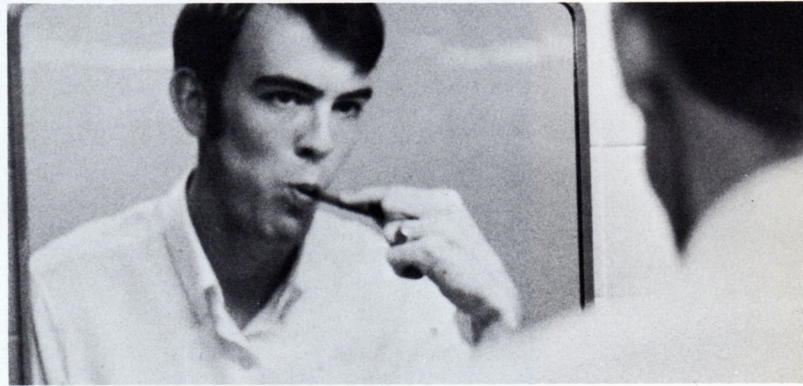
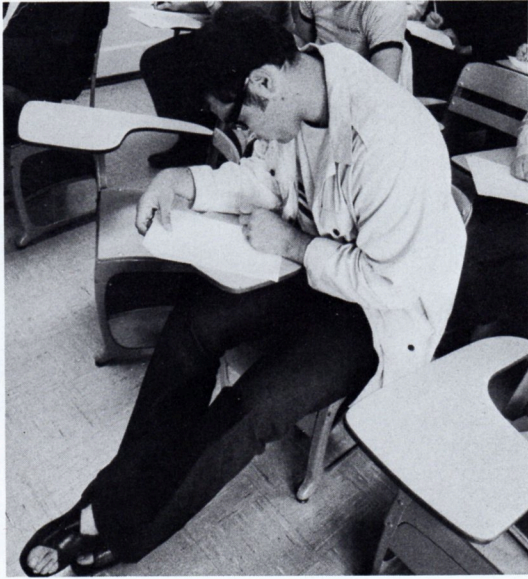
I have committed myself to all enchantments. I begin to climb down the rope-ladder that early led to the moon. My eyes extend endlessly back through tunnels of shadow. I have been kicking all night at the bolted door while eastern standard time ticked on. I have set sail for happiness with a dull Victorian wind blowing over wet blue highways. The sun comes up on time as usual this morning. The room is cold. The words in my books are cold as well. My eyelashes are stone. The radio beside my bed comes on to tell of idiotic illusions of happiness—the great electronic gospel. I brush my teeth and scrape my face clean. Today I presume to be individual: bells and a string of beads. The morning is as full and as fresh as a foolish girl. My dreams were longer than the night had room for, and I wonder whether this nine o'clock class is worth going to. So much of the time I think it's not, but sometimes I can walk out of the classroom without feeling sorry that I left my warm bed. Today I'll go hoping that this day will be one of those.





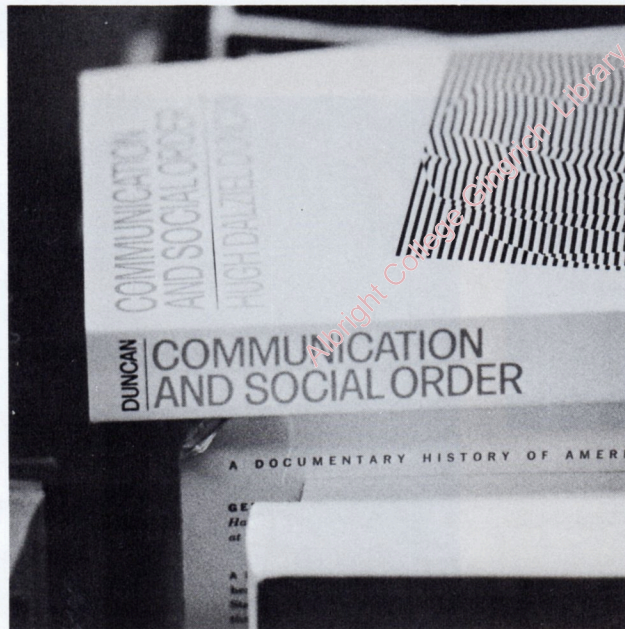
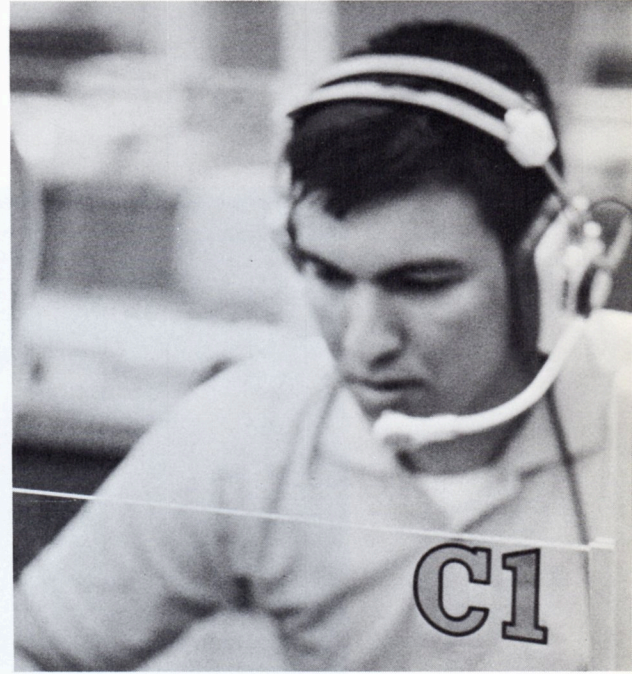
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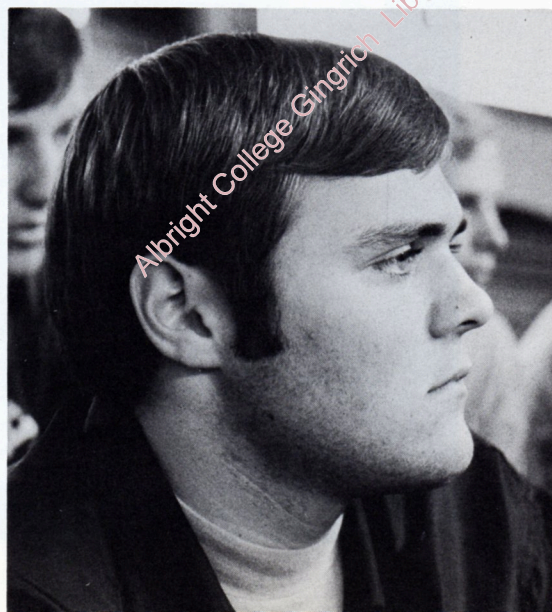
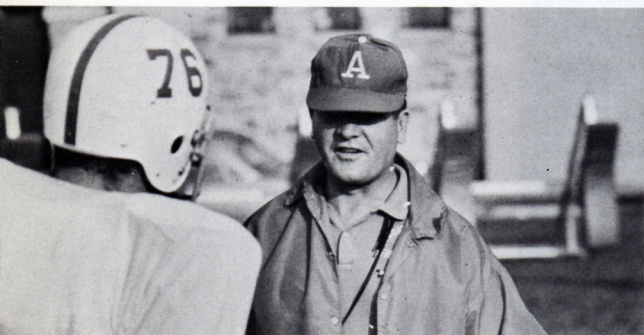






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Aperture: Dr. Helen Loane

I spent last summer in Italy and Sicily with the Vergilian Society. I climbed up mountains and down caves to see the new finds in situ or in museums, for I am a strong believer in Whitehead's mot that 'old lecture notes keep no better than fish.'

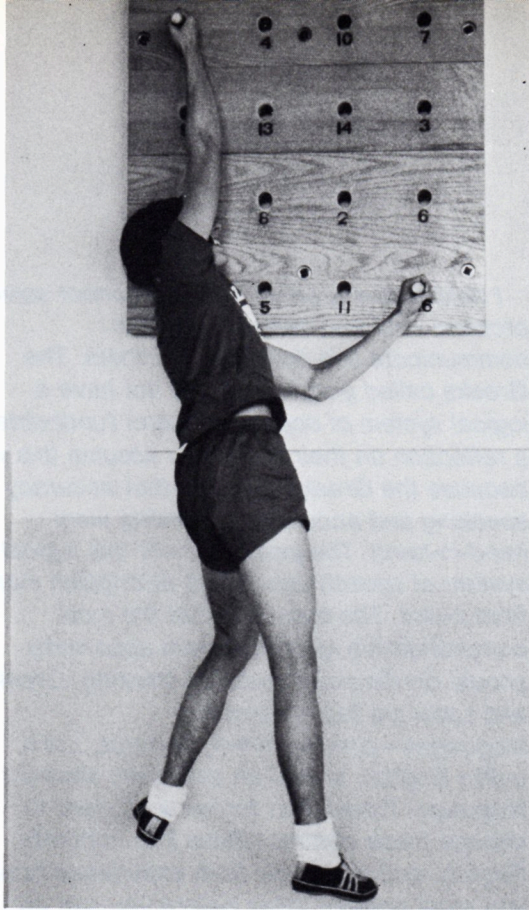
You asked me, though, didn't you, why I, a 20th century woman, mother of three grown sons, devote myself (and that is exactly the word the Romans used for someone going to his death) to teaching a dead language, why all this analysis and reading of a dead language when all around there are problems to be solved and people to be helped? My sons have asked me this a thousand times.

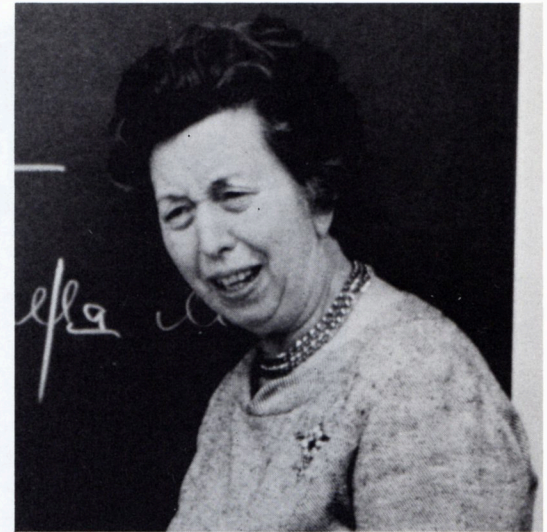
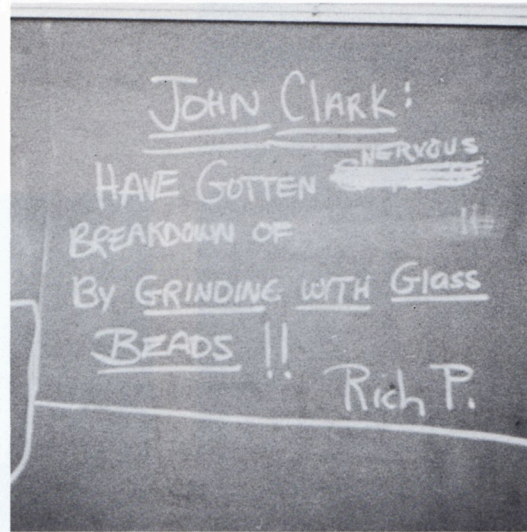




I hold a strong belief that you cannot solve a problem until you define it and can communicate this definition to others. The Greeks called people who did not have a logical system of speech barbaroi (undoubtedly a reflection on their speech). I assume this was because the Greeks believed that accuracy in speaking and accuracy in thinking went hand-in-hand. The possession of this logical system of speech seemed to distinguish man from beast. The man who had the most comprehensive speech system apparently should do the most accurate thinking. Greek and Latin are highly complex languages—precise, finicky, perhaps. Latin, unlike English, is also an extremely abstract language. Translation forces a student to change these abstract ideas into concrete English, and you know from experience how you must analyze ideas before you can go from one language to the other.

But what ideas do we teach in classics? Read Caesar and analyze his propaganda, the careful justifications of a first rate politician. Read Cicero, as Jefferson did, to find the truths that are self-evident. Read Vergil to meet, in Aeneas, the man-for-others. It is not strange that the Christian Fathers insisted that Vergil must have been a Christian. As for the myths, you know that their essential truths are revitalized in each generation.





We memorize again the old beginnings. Here are the dreams of so many men and not one troubles my sleep.

The professor speaks. Strange speech. Each sound seems to search for each other as he reveals what in fact (quote unquote) is the true significance of George Washington. He speaks as though there were never a bulge in old George's hallowed drawers. But I suspect that George was just as human as I am. How else could he have fathered a nation?

The Battle of Trenton. When, Moore?
1776.

Who led the Hessians: The boy's blank face asks the windowpane. *Comon, boy. We haven't got all day.* The professor knits his brows like an orangoutang. *Comon, boy. You have nothing to lose but your life.* The bell leaves Moore impaled.





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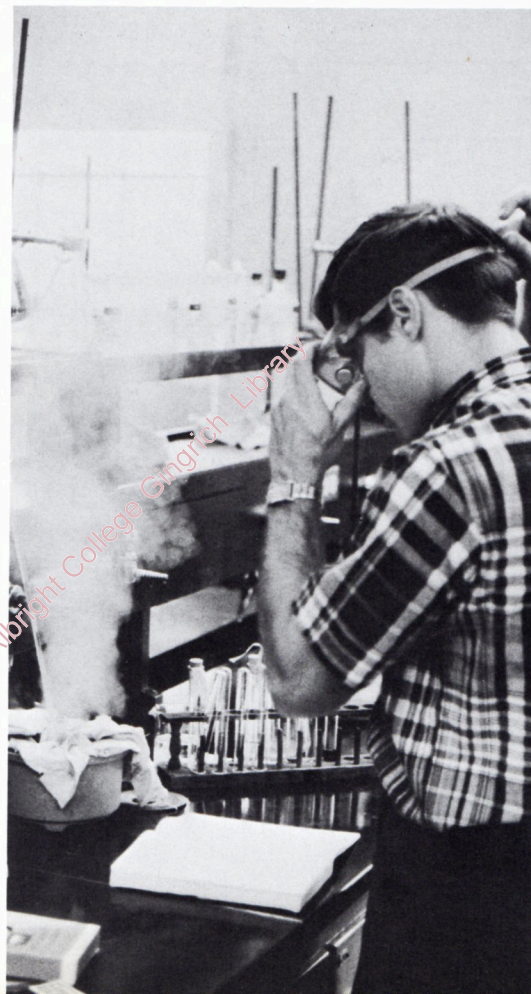


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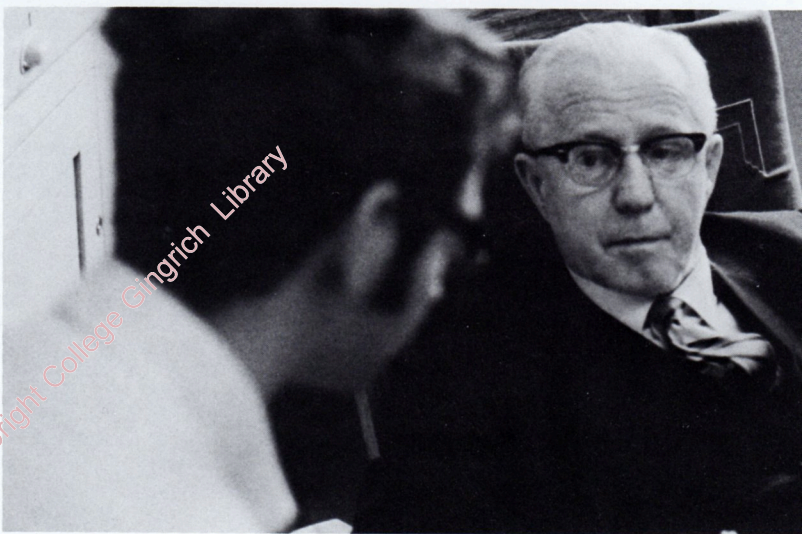
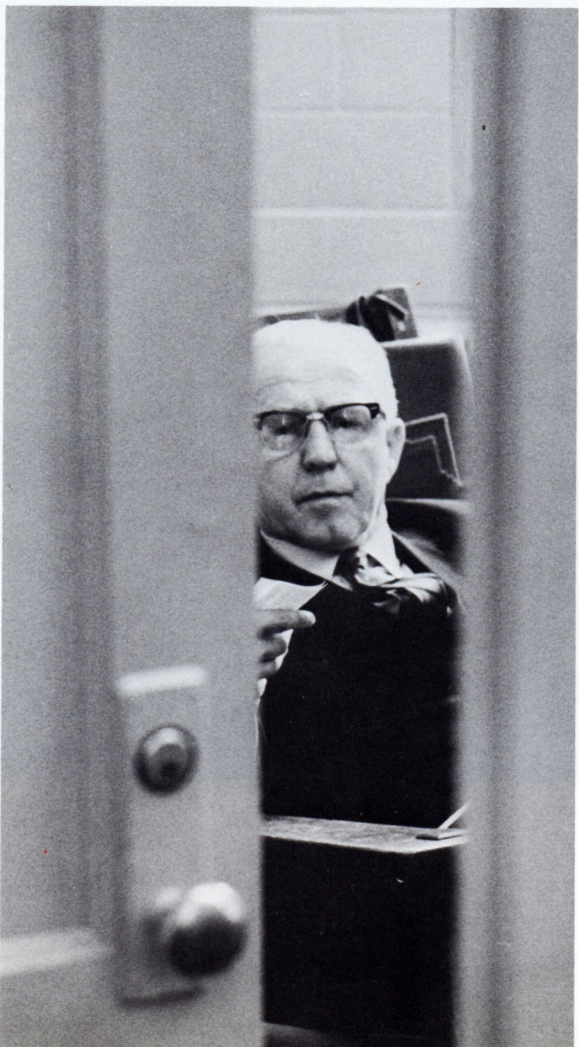




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Aperture: Dr. Marcus Green

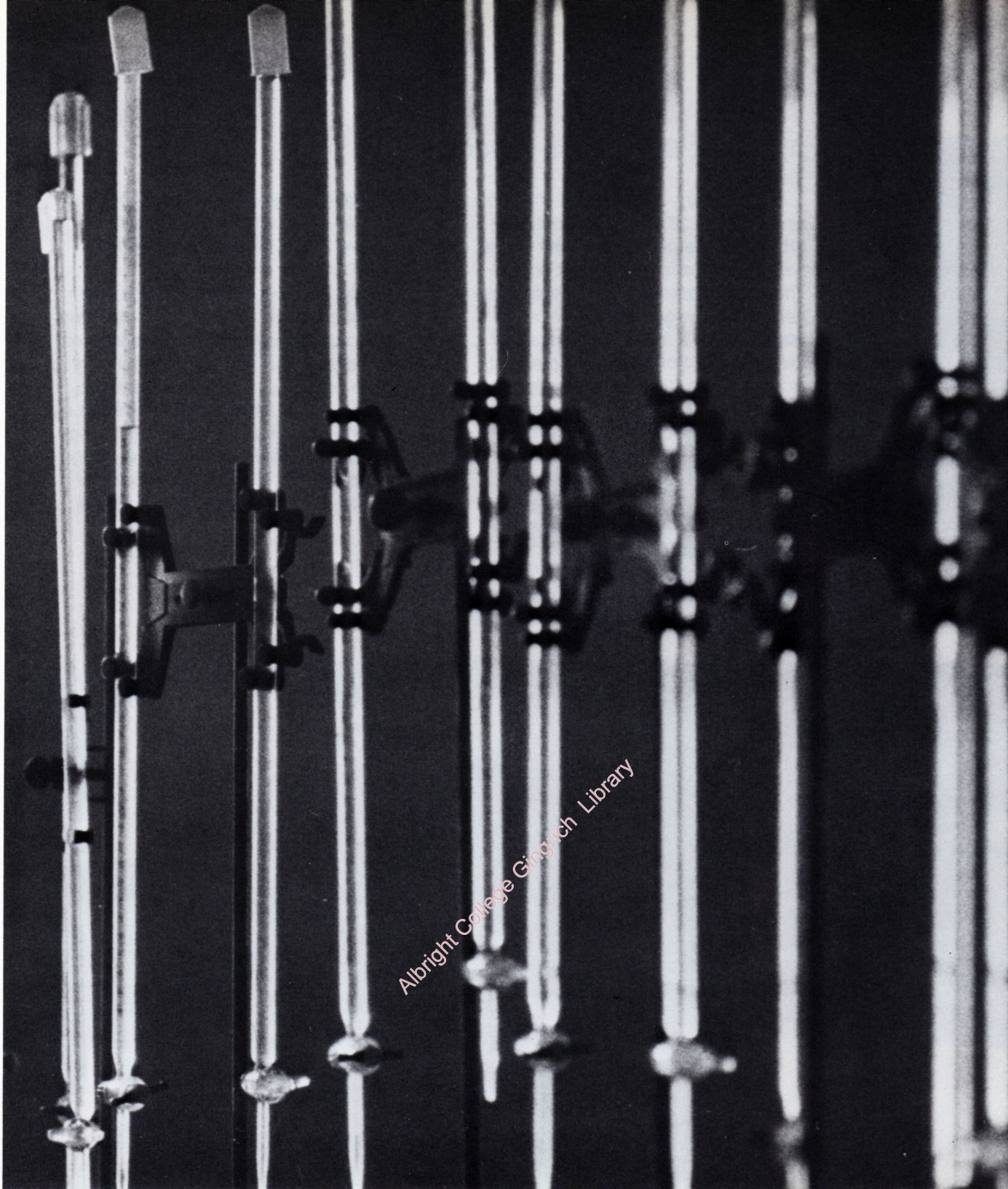
Anatomically, students are the same as they were 25 years ago, but their attitudes have changed. I think we're getting a superior group of students. They're dedicated young people. They have the courage to question, and I respect them a lot for it. Because of the sit-in last Spring a lot of them got more authority than they ever had, and I don't think it's being abused by the greater majority of students. Frankly, we do have a few academic bumbs. We do have a few malingerers of various kinds, but I think the majority of students are willing to accept the responsibility of authority.

Kids, their sociology is what's changed, not their neurology or their anatomy or their physiology. They're

living in a new environment. They've got to adjust to it and it's tough, I know. I have great affection and sympathy for kids today.

You have young people today with imagination and brains. Then you have the older conservative fellows who put a brake on the young. The young try to push out the old, conservative ways. On the other hand, we older fellows try to prevent the youngsters from going haywire. I think it ends up as a pretty good system. We have to be careful not to equate change with progress.





I know just how Moore feels now. Agony of pierced feet. Sometimes the world moves so fast your consciousness can't bear it any longer. And who cheers for those who fail. Sometimes I think you got to know a lot of people in Heaven to make life succeed. I can hear the terrible sound of Moore's soul weeping. It doesn't matter now if someone tells him he's done something right. Not now.

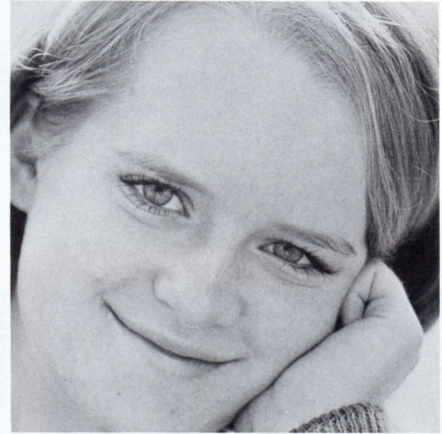
I know the pattern. You wander like a loiterer on the fringes of a fair, somewhere between the infrared and the ultraviolet. That's when you have to start from scratch again. A book, lose yourself in your work. A new love.

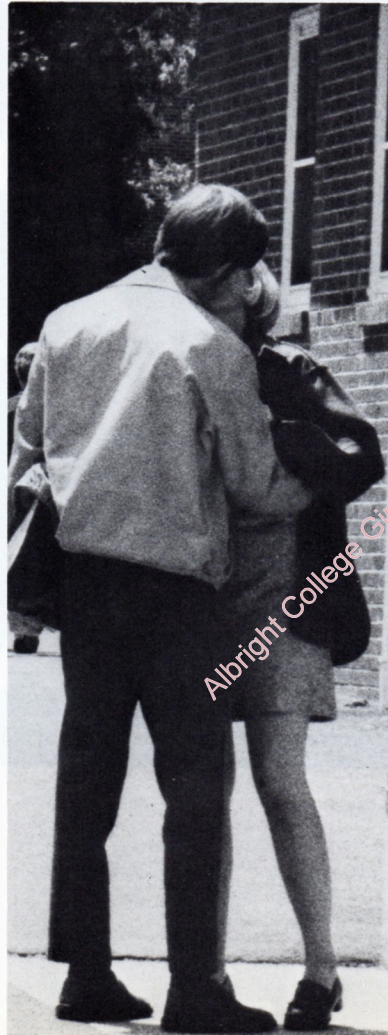
That's it, return to those youngjoy days. The scissors of her legs cutting air. Grey eyes nickel in the moonlight. Eyes look at me as though they're about to trust me.

The sun splits the clouds like a fat fish's belly. How many times have I searched and thought I'd found something more meaningful than all of Stravinsky? Said: *It's so. It's so. The world is as I conceive it.* How many times has the phoenix quacked like a duck? Sometimes I think its all a joke and we just don't know when to stop playing. I speak from my own experience. Truth, nothing but the truth.



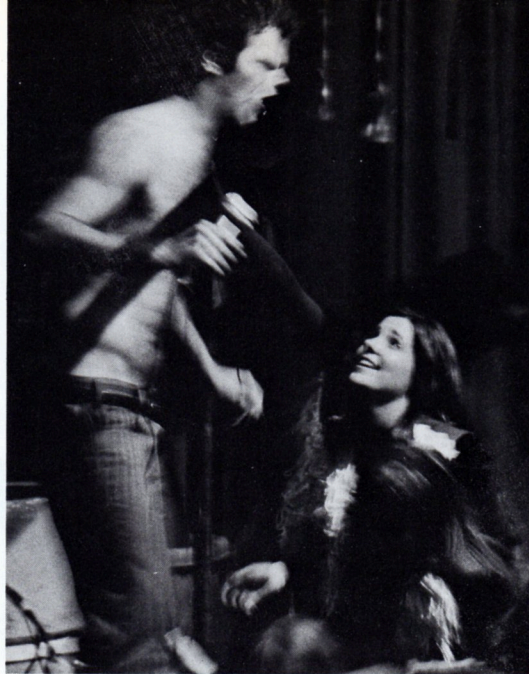


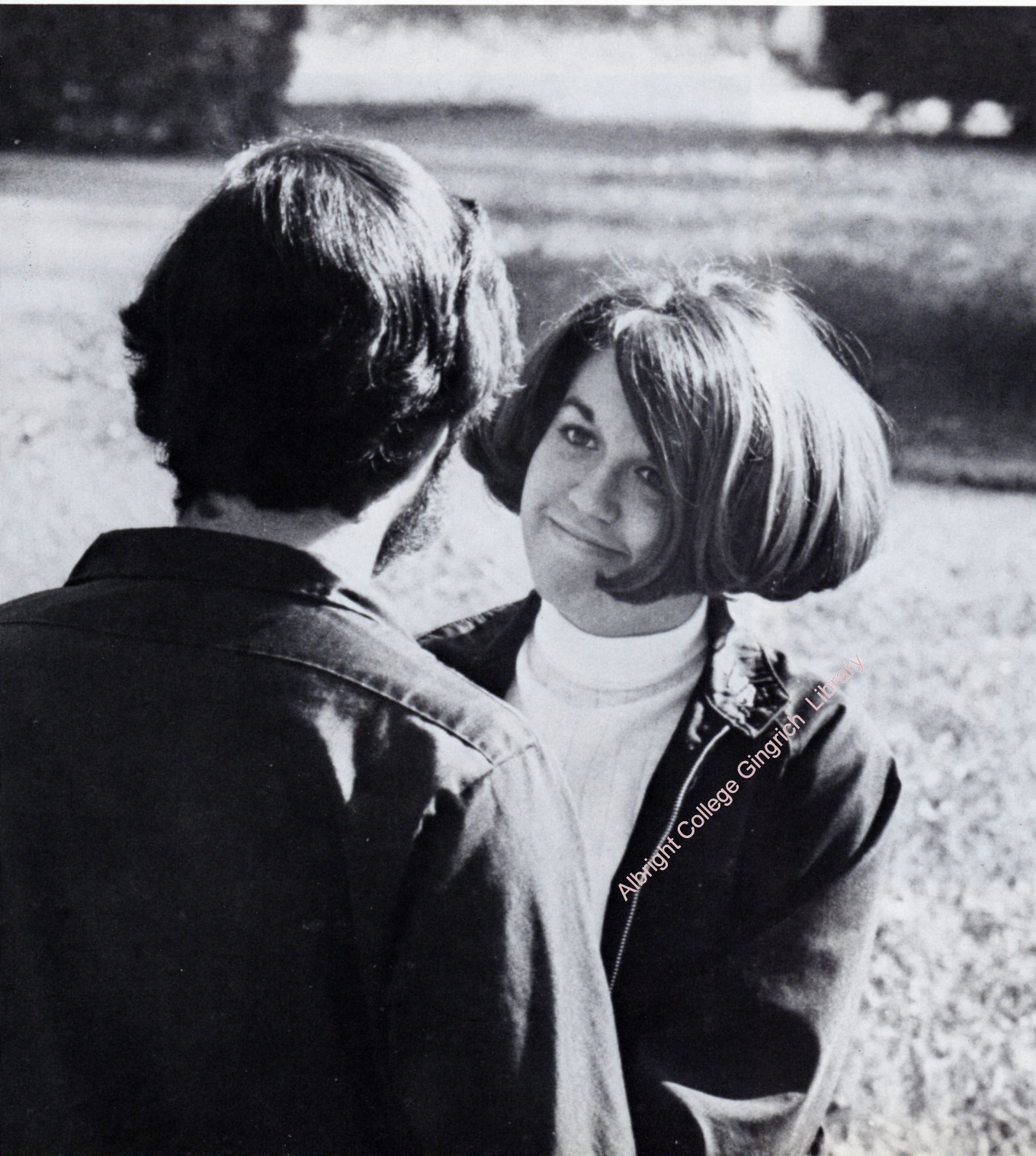






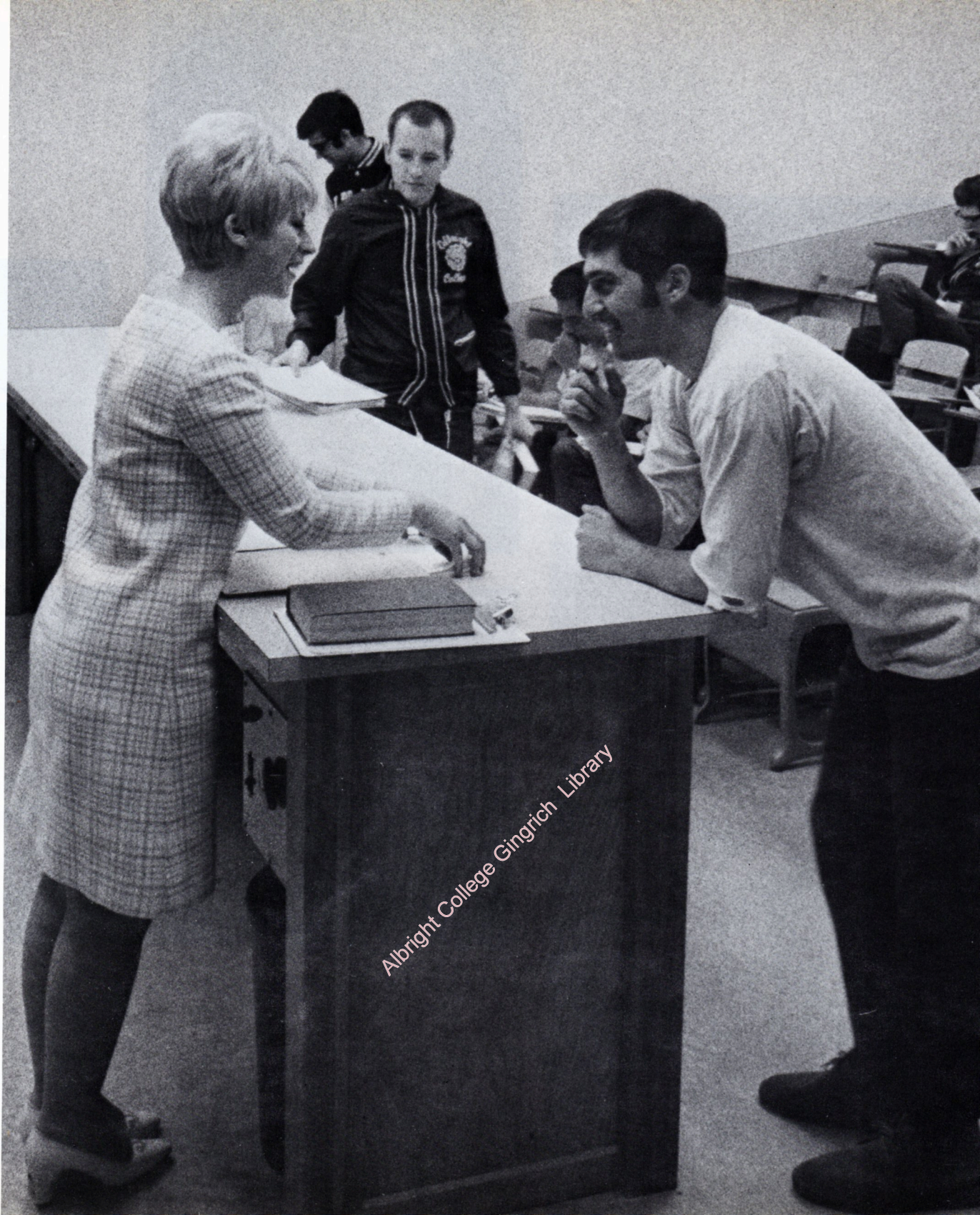
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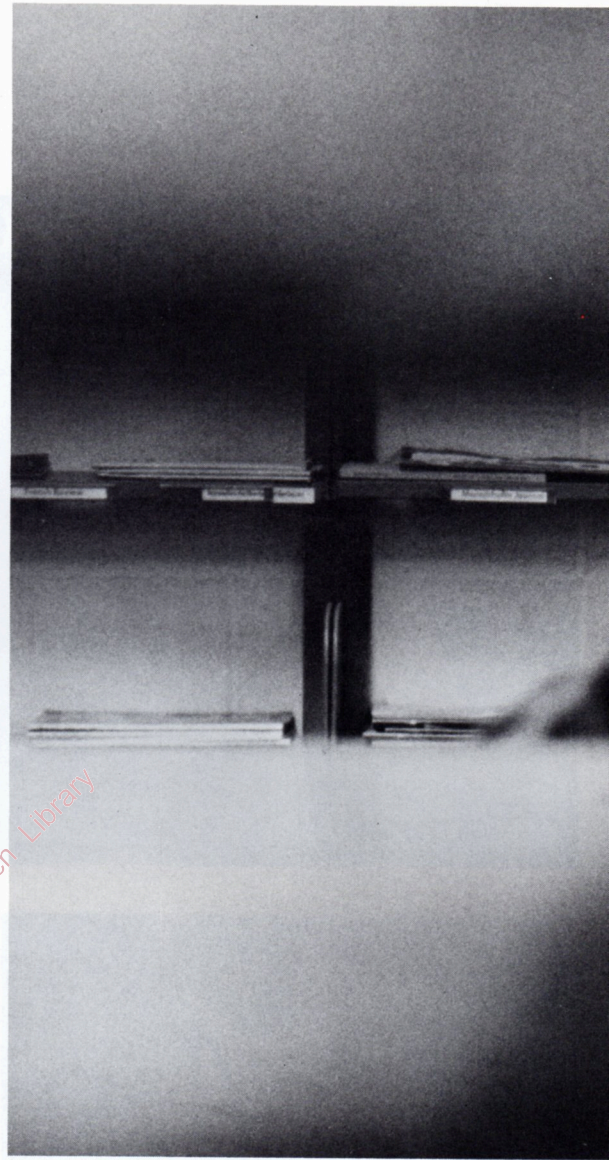
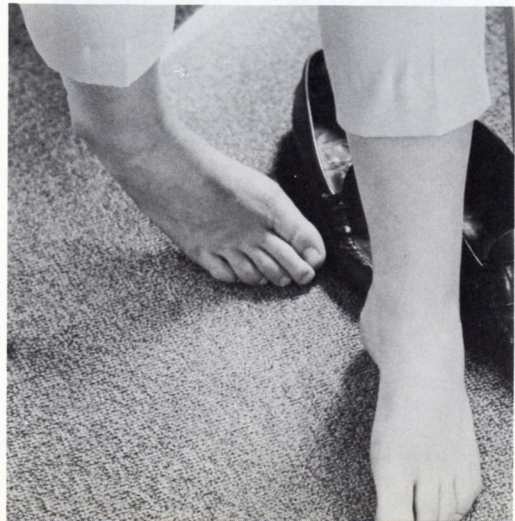
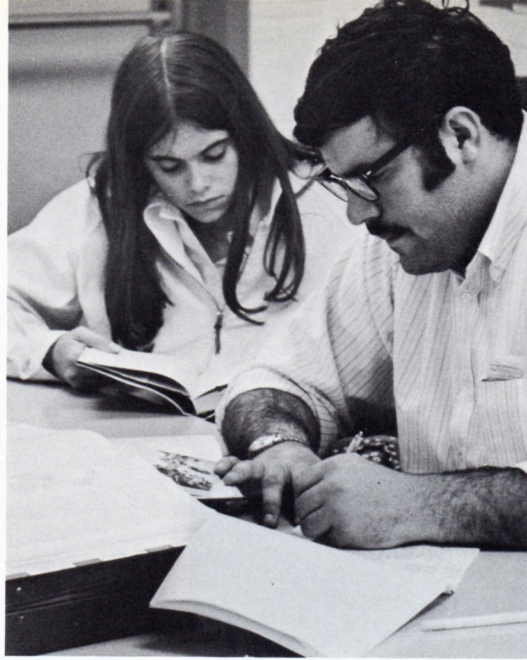






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Aperture: Dr. Stanley Smith

I remember that until last year compulsory chapel attendance had been in effect . . . well, certainly as long as I've been here. The behavior problem—reading newspapers, doing homework, sleeping—was really chronic. From a psychological point of view, the students just turned off any kind of message, religious and non-religious, for the simple reason that they were required to be there. For instance, one program had a mime—a really top-notch performer, highly skilled—and the students laughed him off the stage. But their negative reaction was based on their being compelled to be there, not on the performance.

I think the fact that not too many people go to convocation now is just a temporary reaction. It's like a person who comes to college from a home where he had to be in at 10:00 every night. When he gets here where the restrictions are considerably less, he has an extreme, though temporary reaction. He may run wild for a semester or for a whole year, but then his own maturity brings him back to some middle position—to a reasonable balance between freedom and getting enough sleep.

Another much broader topic which the psychology of this convocation incident reminds me is the attitudes of students toward topics that were previously taboo. And I guess the most noticeable of these topics is sex. I'm very encouraged by the reaction process I see now, going from very strict, in many cases absurd, Victorian values and principles to the extreme opposite. I think that out of this can eventually be discerned a really wholesome and healthy attitude toward sex. A few people are beginning to realize this now. But I think ultimately everyone will come to realize that sexual intercourse is a beautiful thing that two people who care for each other do together; that it's not something sinful and dirty





and bad that some evil-minded boy tries to trick a girl into doing.

When we realize this, I think we will have really made a giant step toward a rational approach to sex and living. I think it will be reflected in many other aspects of our lives—honesty, for example.

The process of going to the opposite extreme has already started. Many people profess to be honest, for example, some because it gives them an automatic "in." If those some are found out, they're labeled phonies or hypocrites. But I don't think this kind of phoniness or hypocrisy is as much a reflection of those people's dishonesty as it is due to the transitional period in which we're now living. A kid might have been brought up by his parents with values that contrast sharply with the values that he sees emerging. He really wants to be with the emerging group, but he can't completely divorce himself from his background. None of us can. There's nothing wrong with a person who reacts this way. In a transitional age it's an expected position.

Actually, the culture we're living in hasn't yet accepted long hair or beards, or sideburns or peculiarities of dress. Establishment, IBM for example, still dictates the uniform of respectability with the oxford button-down and the grey flannel suit. When students graduate and go out to look for jobs, they run right into these Establishment values. They become frustrated. Changes like the ones we're going through of necessity have to take a long time. Many Establishment members react this way: okay, honesty is great, but there's also a kind of irresponsibility here in which every person looks out for number 1. Establishment wonders whether the people who do things just for kicks today are really going to develop into the dentists and doctors and lawyers, the responsible people these fields require. Right now, Establishment doesn't think they will.





Aperture: Col. Clinton Morton

I suppose coming from a small, rural New Jersey background I thought as little about international-intercultural relations for a good many years of my life as any person of my age was likely to. By the time I finished my undergraduate work in college, I had no particular interest in such things. In other words, I was a fairly provincial type of person. The big change undoubtedly came when I was taken into the army in World War II. I followed the army then for a quarter of a



century, moving around this country and around the world. Naturally, my own interest in language predisposed me to see that side of the problem.

I'm a bit afraid that in this country we're tending more and more to think that everybody these days all over the world speaks English. This isn't quite true yet. Since World War II, Americans have gone all over the world on a permanent basis with NATO and civilian organizations as well as the military. In some of the big NATO headquarters an American may be working in almost daily contact with personnel of maybe 2 or 3, maybe 6 or 8 different nationalities. This is not unusual. In my own case, at my last station I worked in daily contact with members of 5 other nations, some of them Western European.

We think we know Western Europe, probably most of us, better than any part of the world. But in the case of this particular assignment in Naples, we had, for example, the Turks with us. And in this case, my superior was a Turkish general. Since I was a colonel, you know the rule—the lower rank always gets along with the upper. There is never any question of that. And in some cases there were certain problems brought about simply by the different natures of our backgrounds.

The Turks are somewhat on the fringe of the nations, I think we usually consider European. There were problems of religion. He was a Moslem. And insofar as possible, he observed the habits, the rules and regulations of his Moslem religion. The other Turkish officers of lower rank who weren't obliged to make so many social contacts were very severe about their religion. Some of them, for example, would drink no alcohol no matter what kind of international cocktail

party it was. With the usual social amenities they would perhaps be present, but they took nothing, or else someone got them some orange juice or tomato juice. This is by no means the most serious part of the intercultural problem, but I think perhaps some of these examples may reflect how more serious problems can come up.

People, I have found, of every nation, no matter how backward, perhaps, we in our privacy may call them, have their own sense of dignity and pride. They themselves might be perfectly willing, as indeed I've found many of them to be, to talk about the shortcomings of their nation. What they won't tolerate having the foreigner and sometimes particularly the American doing is rubbing it in or reflecting in his daily contact with them, a kind of inherent superiority. The American might just as well wear a sign saying "I'm an American, and obviously, I'm better than you are."

And again, I remember two cases, one involving an American and one a British officer assigned to the SHAPE headquarters. The American and a bit later the Britisher were relieved of their assignments solely because each of them was utterly unable to get out of being an American or a Britisher. In the case of the American, anything that wasn't American was obviously inferior. And the Britisher was about as stuffy a person as you could imagine. He wouldn't have been caught dead, for example, calling a certain thing a "radio." It had to be a "wireless." Nor was anything every a truck. It had to be a "lorry." Because each person had lived whatever his age, as an American or a Britisher, he had been molded into certain patterns that he couldn't get away from entirely.

I am not suggesting that each person must become a chameleon and change colors just at the right season. But you must be able to accept what the other man has and recognize that for him, for his civilization, his time, it has value. It is completely justified. It is his way of being, his life, his culture.

I think it took me a while to realize that some of this same understanding, this consciousness of the difference of other peoples of other nations, in fact, is very sharply needed right inside our own country. It's almost the same problem. And I don't mean merely the racial problems of blacks and whites. That's a part of it yes, but I think anyone of the students here, depending on where he lived, may be aware that in most of our large cities there is a Hungarian section, a Greek section, a Portuguese section.

People have said that America is a great melting pot. But it hasn't been as successful as we think it has been. It's easy to say we have no prejudices, no biases. But I think in all of this, it's not really that easy to apply. I've seen it happen. What if the son or daughter of a family decides to marry a Jewish person. A very fine person, but a Jewish person. Have the prejudices of that family been as thoroughly overcome as they think or is their an immediate reaction? I think this is where we really get down to the heart of the matter. Are our prejudices gone? Or have we camouflaged . . . "camouflaged" is not the right word. We may have been perfectly sincere in believing that those prejudices were gone. But I think again, just the words don't necessarily prove the whole situation.

I think that whenever we come face-to-face with something like this, no matter what intellectual exercise we may have put ourselves through, that there is a testing point. And this is the question: have I really come to the point where I accept any person completely at his value as a human being?

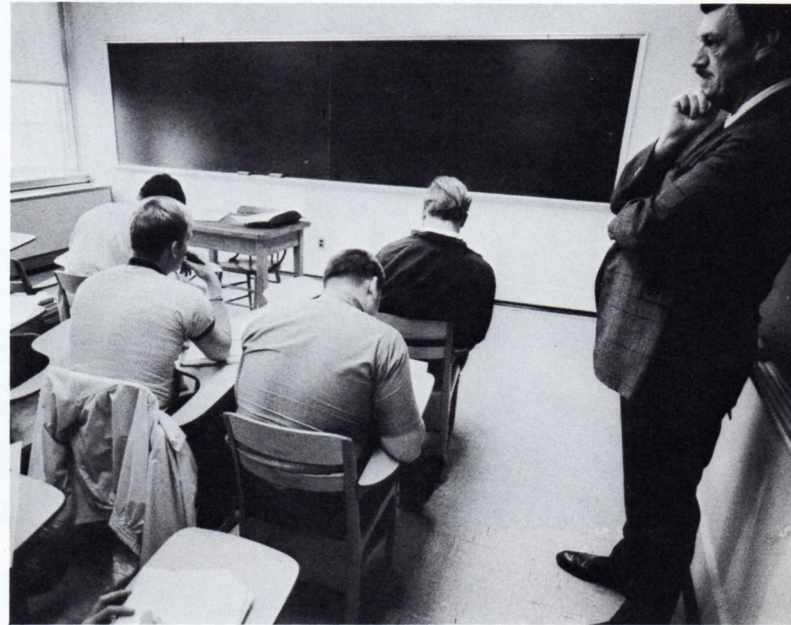
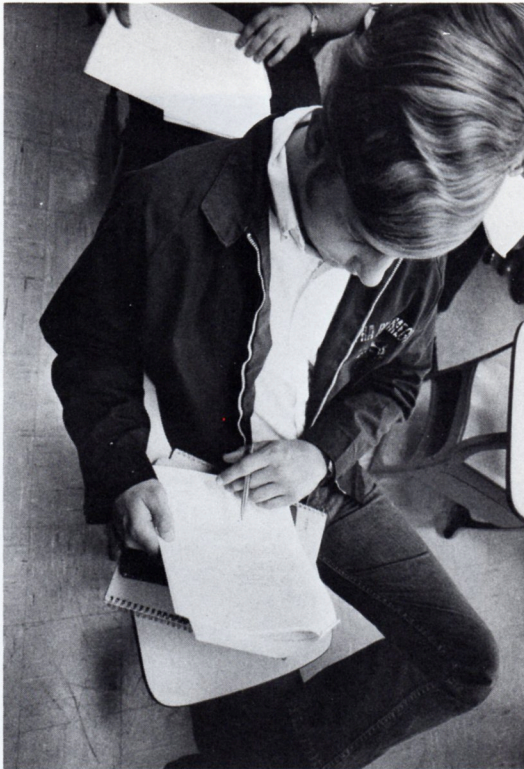
In this country we still need much more development of this intercultural understanding. Then, go international and say that we need much much more of it in all our relationships. We're not failing, but I think much more success could be made if we Americans could develop more of this understanding, more of this readiness to accept people for what they are.





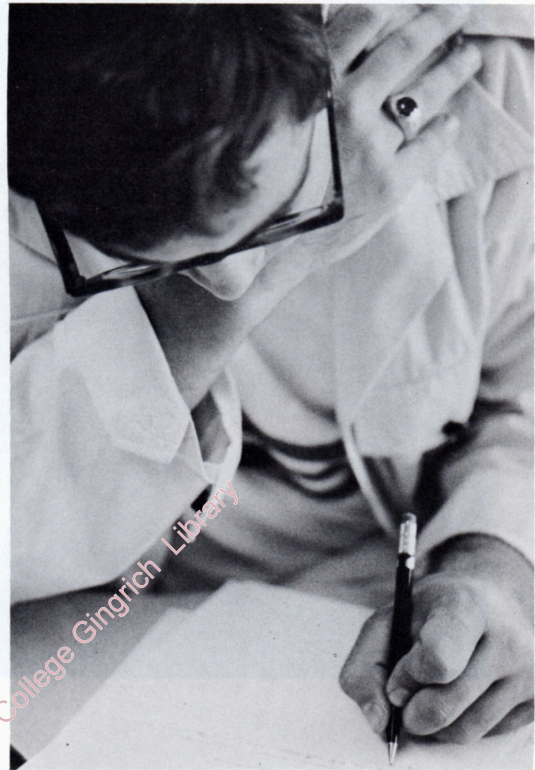
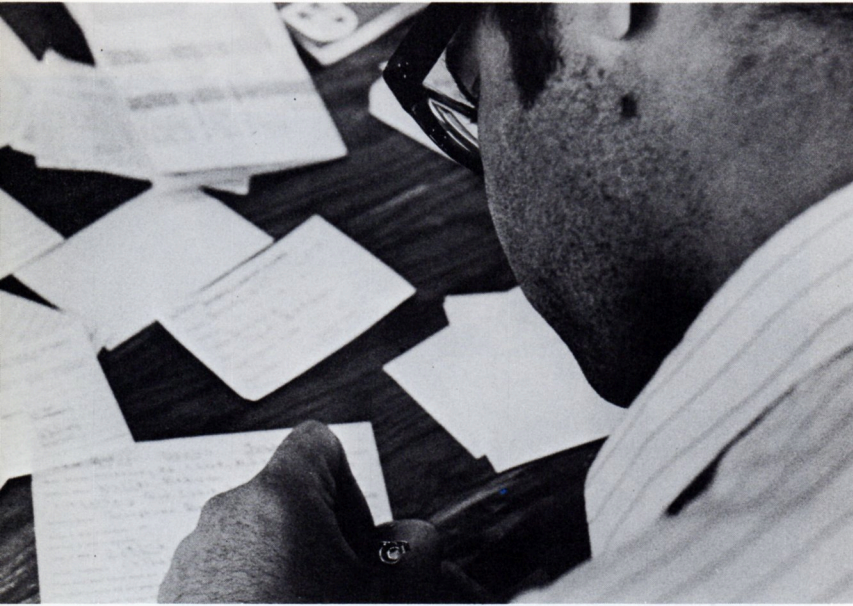
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There I am four years ago, wearing a Glen-plaid jacket and an oxford buttondown. You know, I don't know why I came. I just did. Say it was the illusion of never being able to forget the skeleton hole eyes of children up against the travel posters. Say that armed with dreams I thought could last for a life-time, I rode the *Mobil* pegasus to meet the beast of the wood. Say now my sword rusts in the gentle rain outside the classroom door. These were like the little boy loves of puberty. I know now the world is not burdened by excessive altruism.

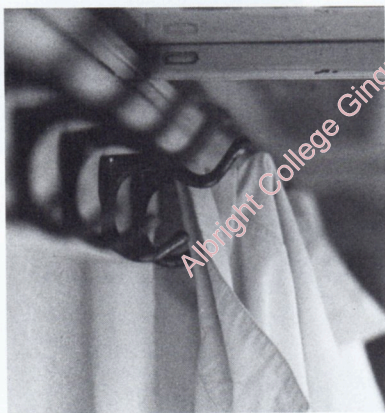
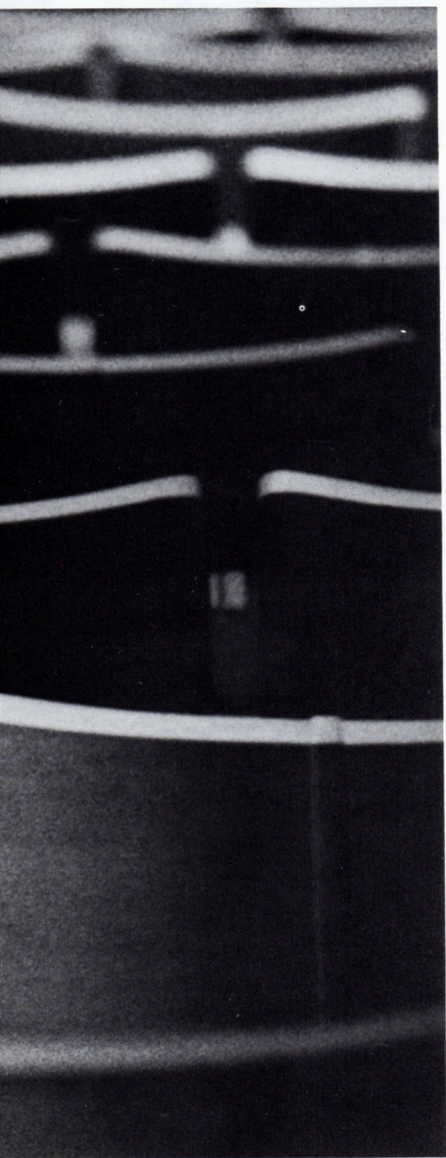
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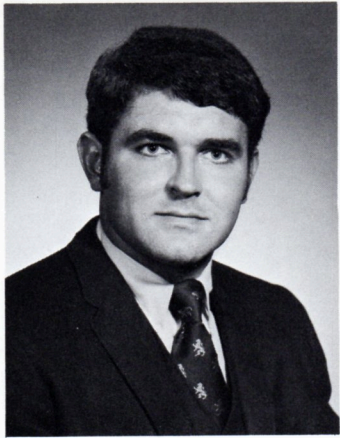
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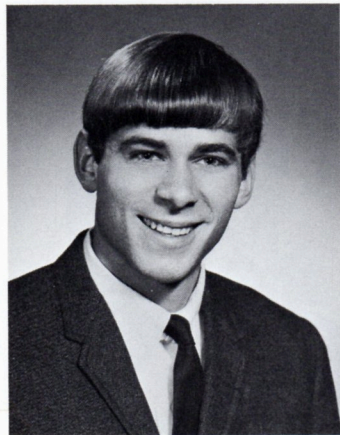
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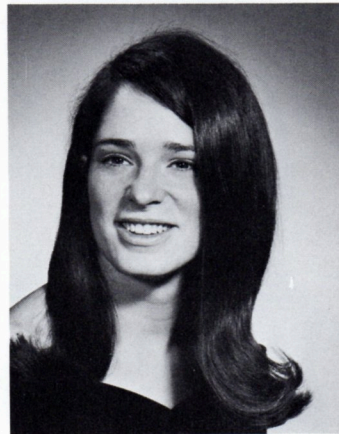
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MARY JO ALLEN
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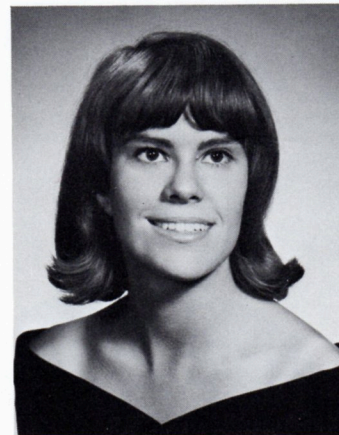
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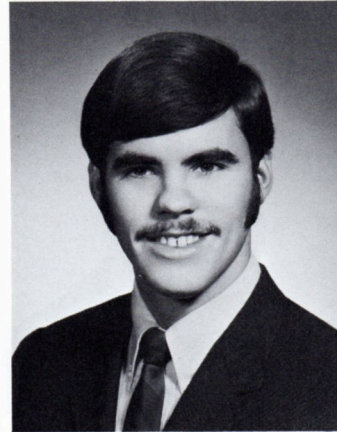
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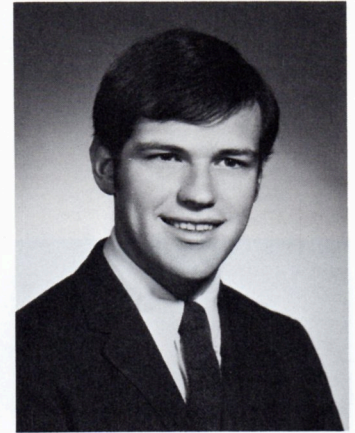
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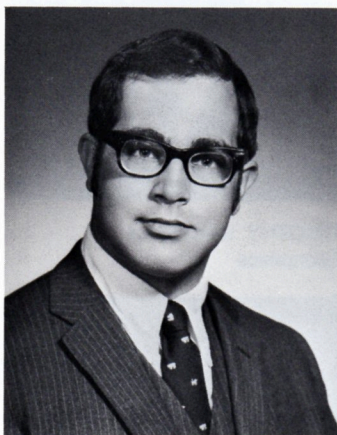
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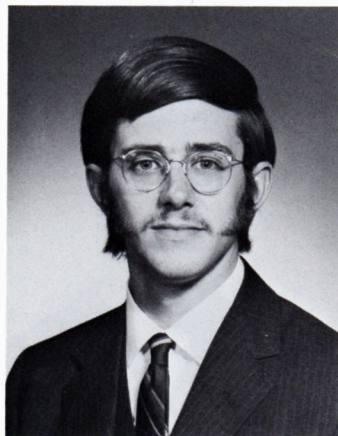
LELA BACHMAN
Biology



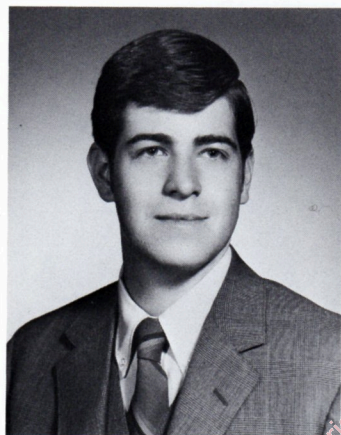
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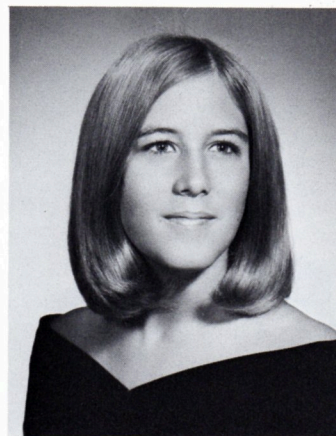
THOMAS BAKUM
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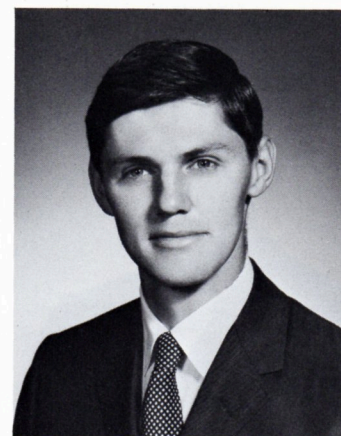
THOMAS BALL
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DAVID BALMER
Political Science



SUSAN BARTEK
Biology



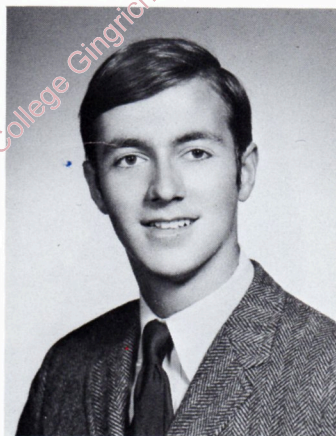
JAMES BENDER
Accounting



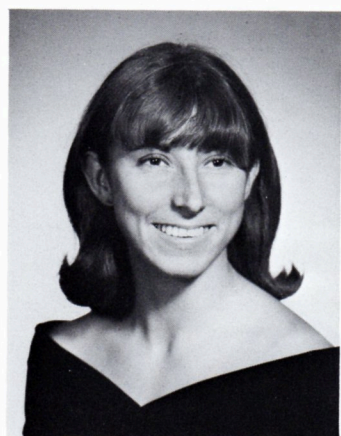
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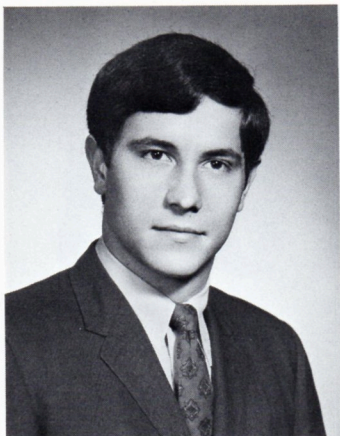
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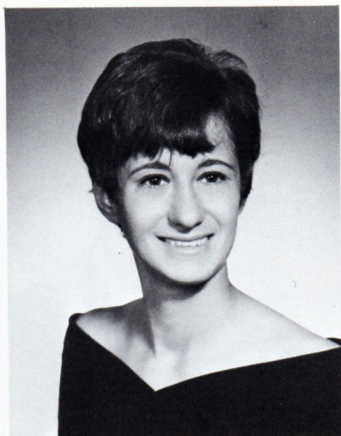
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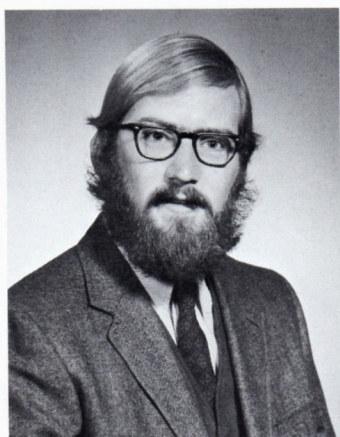
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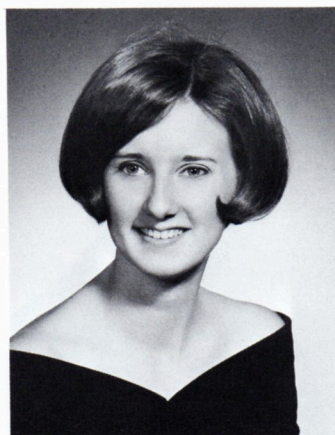
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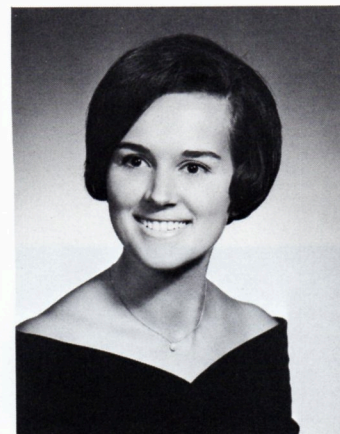
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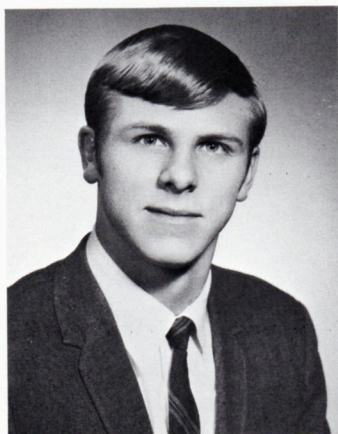
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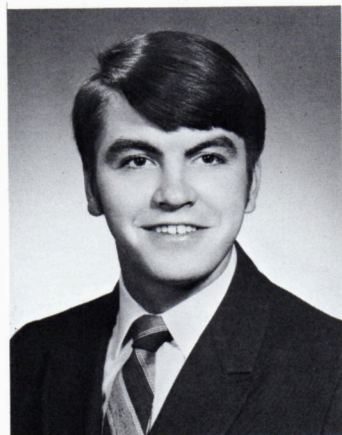
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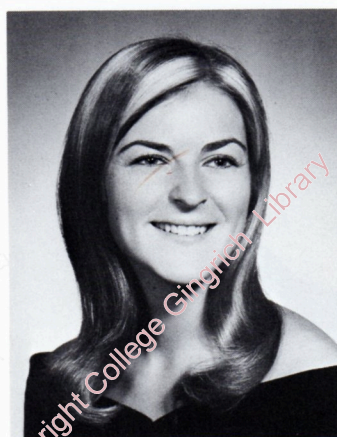
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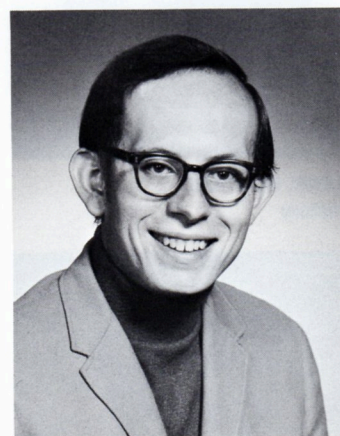
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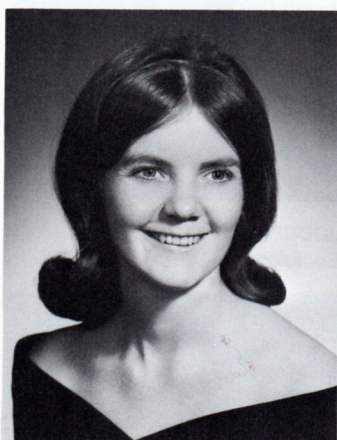
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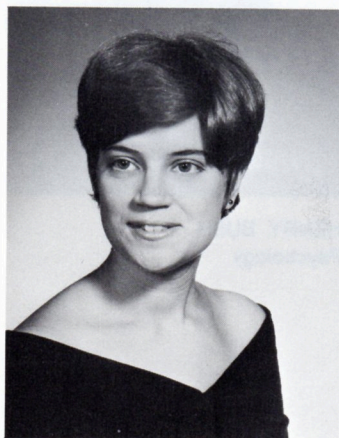
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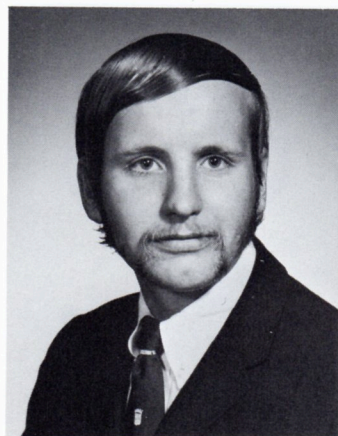
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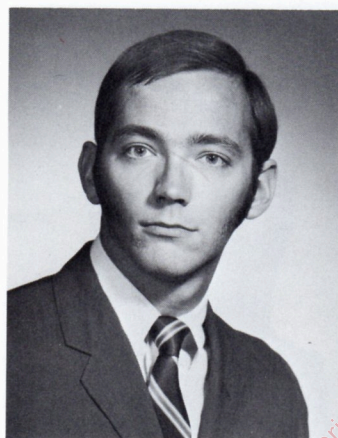
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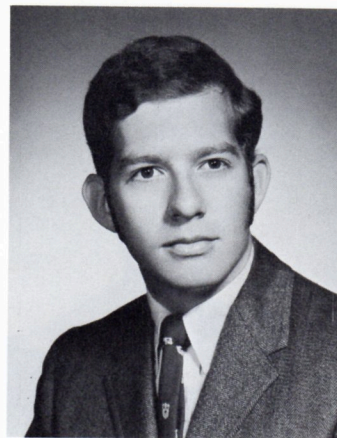
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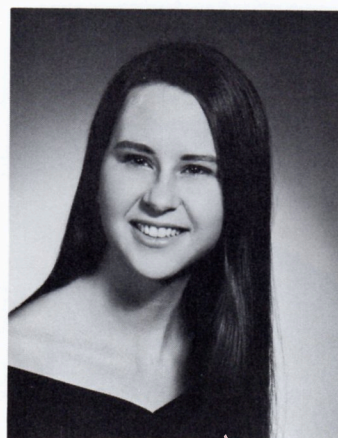
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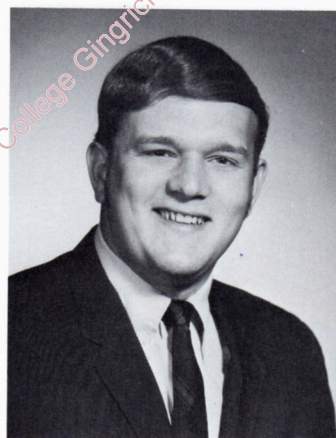
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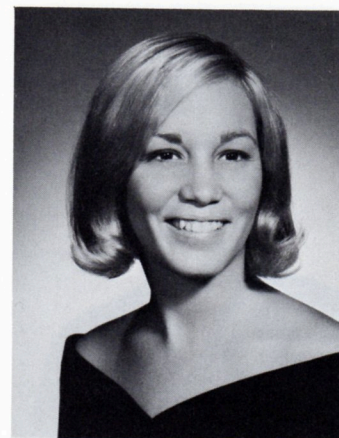
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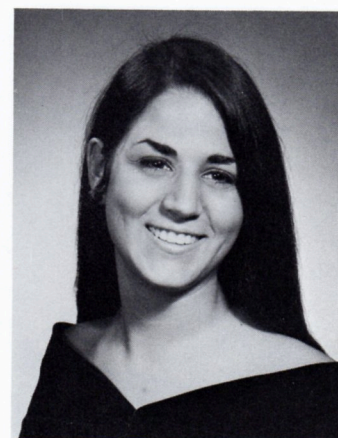
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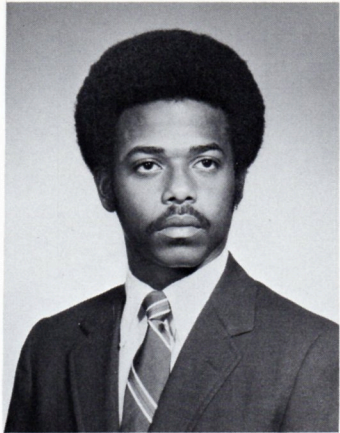


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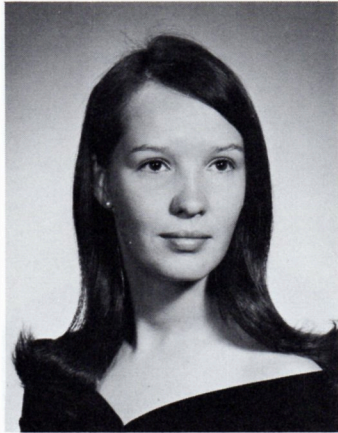


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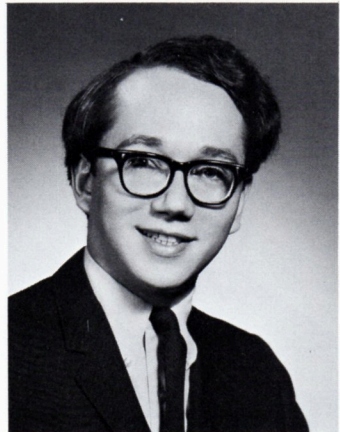
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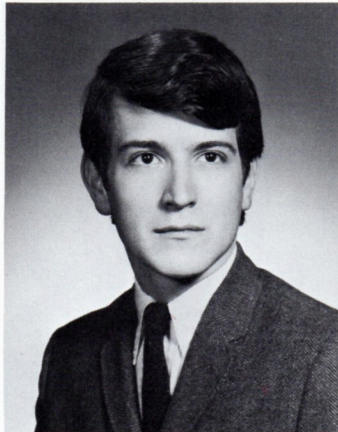
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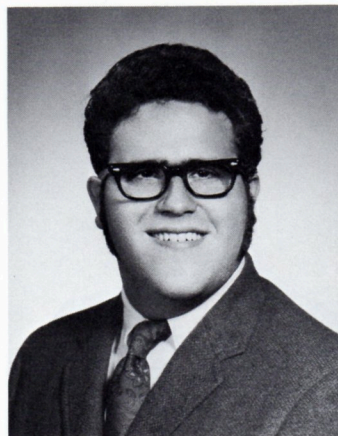
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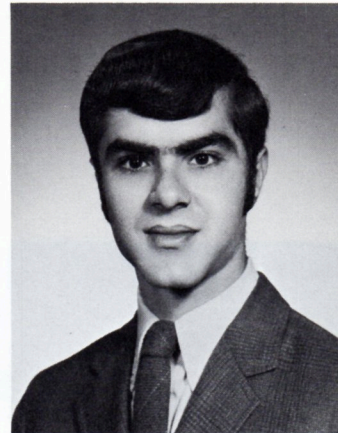
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VITO COLAPIETRO
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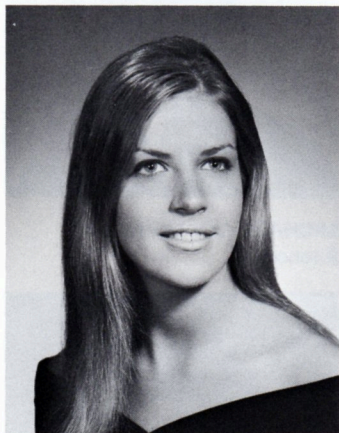
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MARK CREAGER
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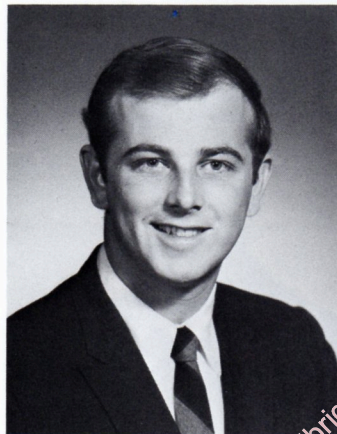
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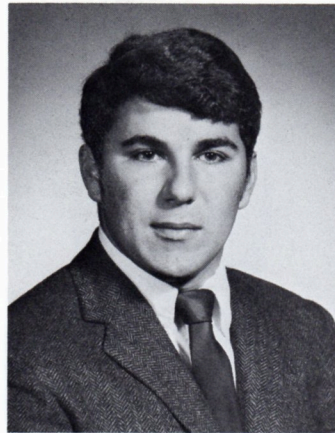
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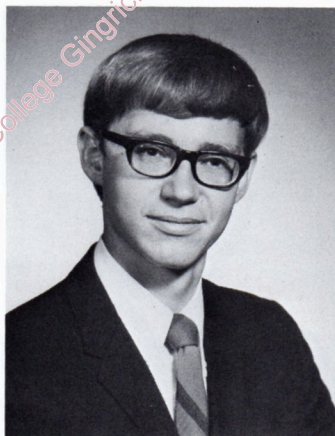
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CHARLES DELLAVECCHIA
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DIANE DEVICTORIA
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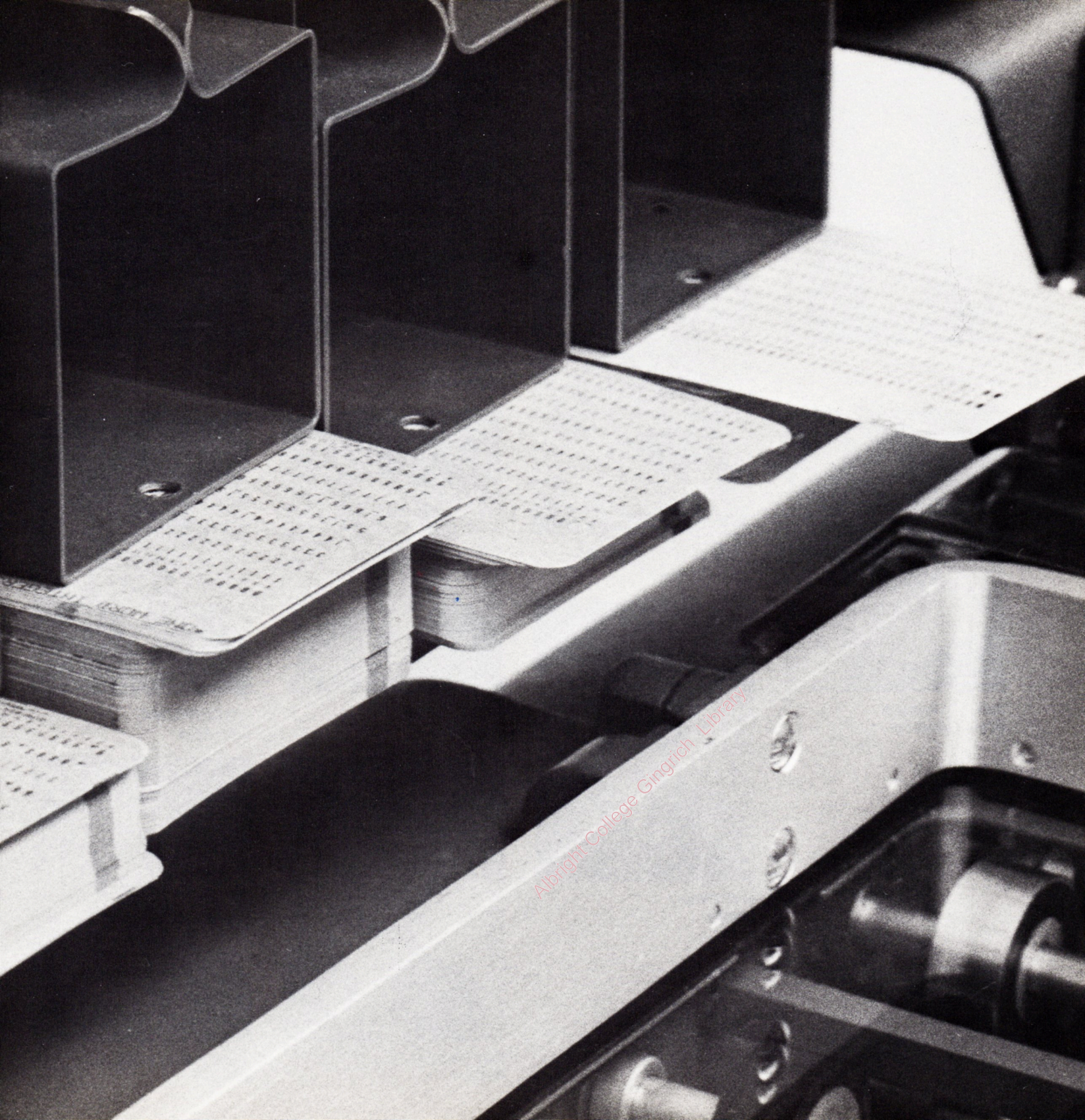
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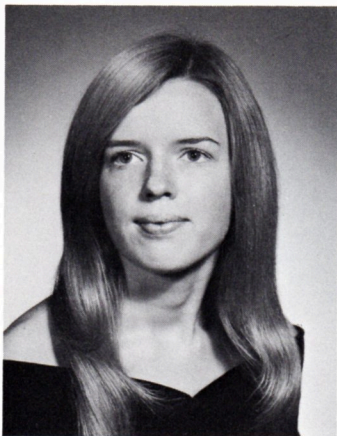


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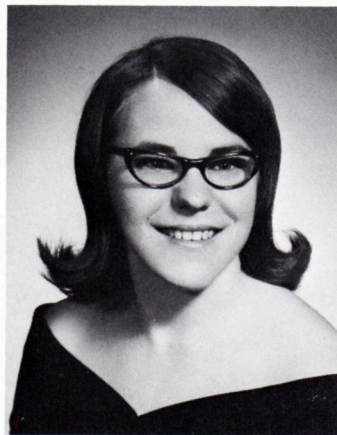


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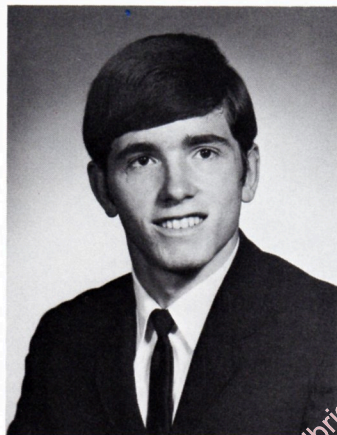
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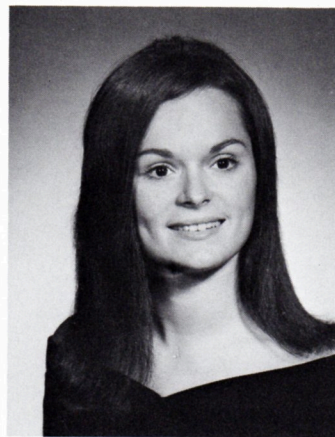
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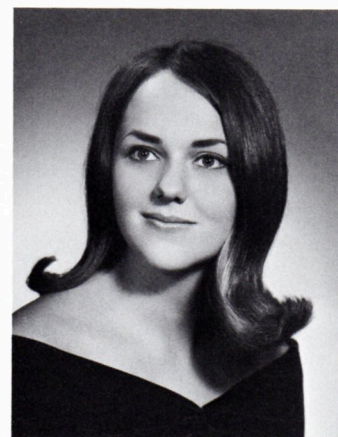
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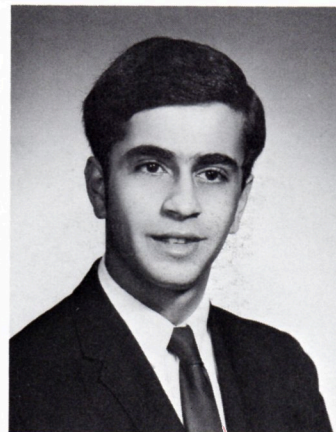
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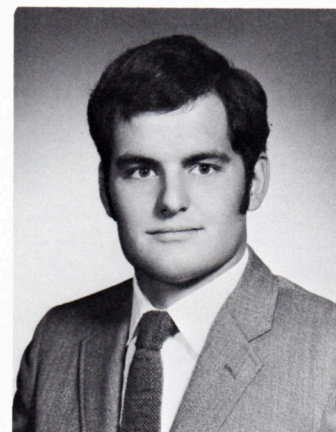
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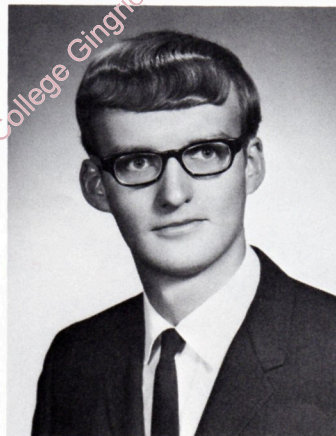
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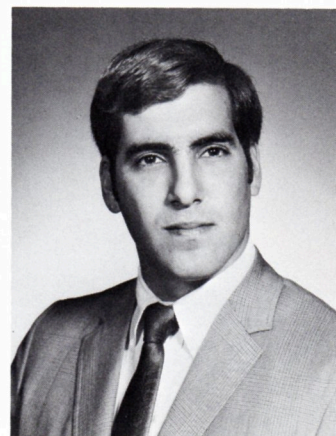
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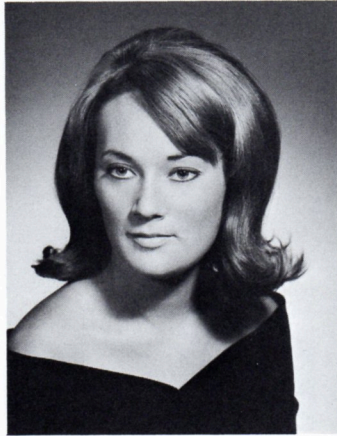
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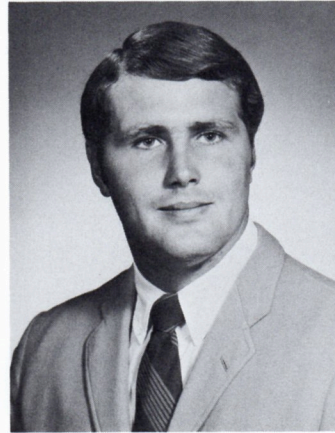
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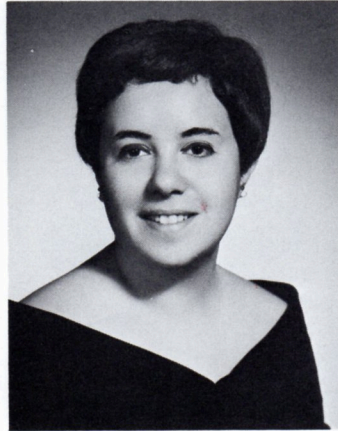
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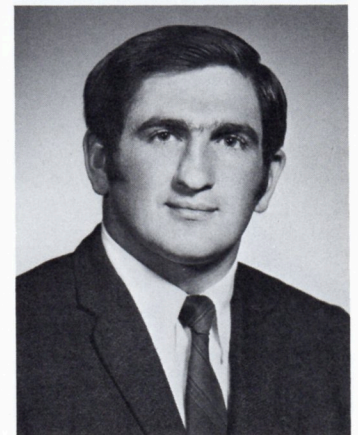
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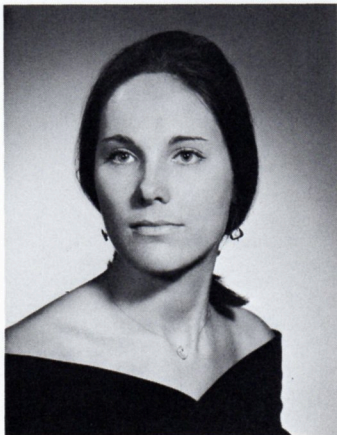
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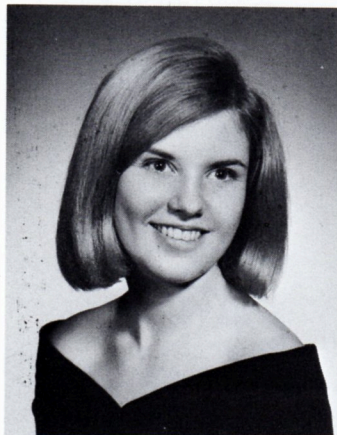
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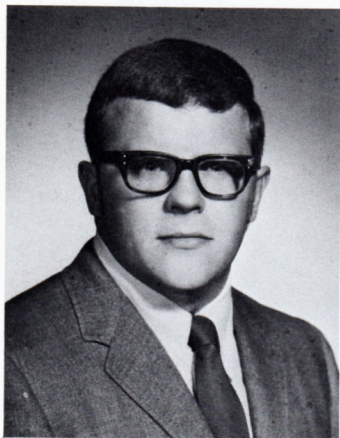
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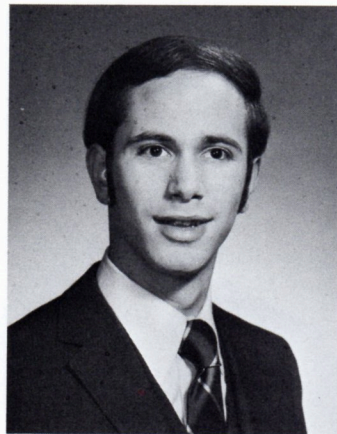
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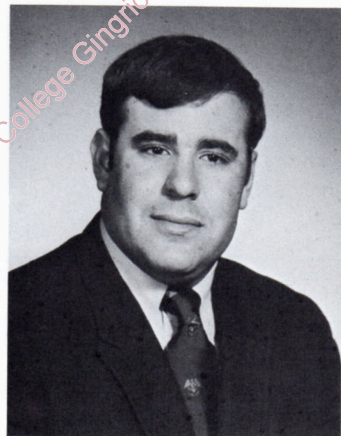
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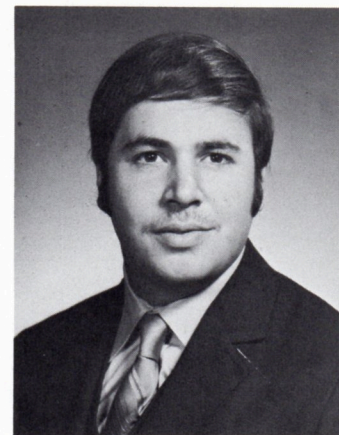
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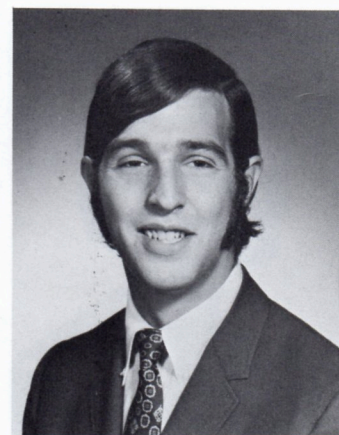
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RICHARD GOLBER
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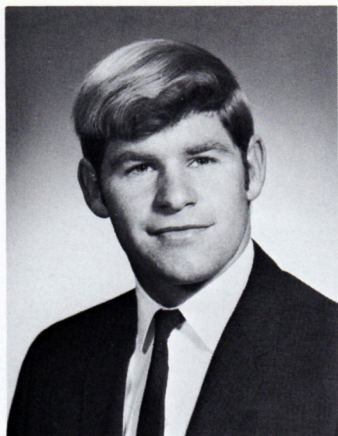
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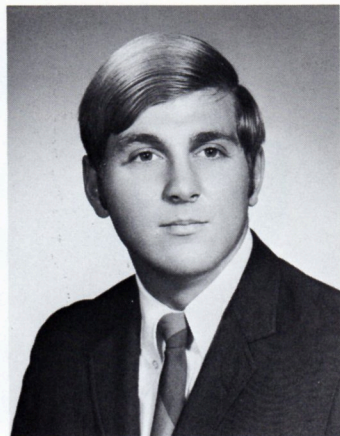
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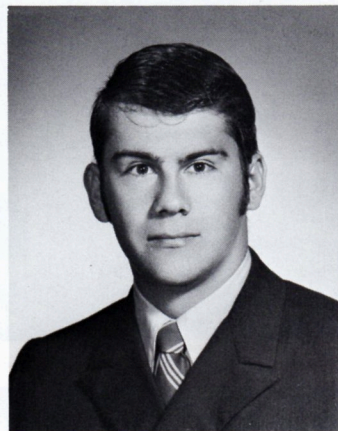
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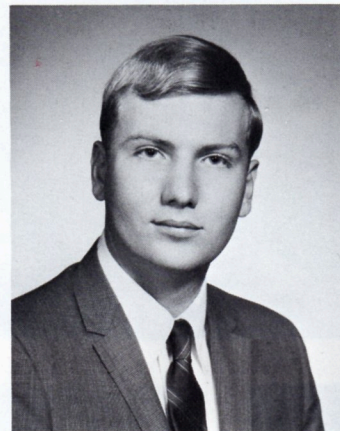
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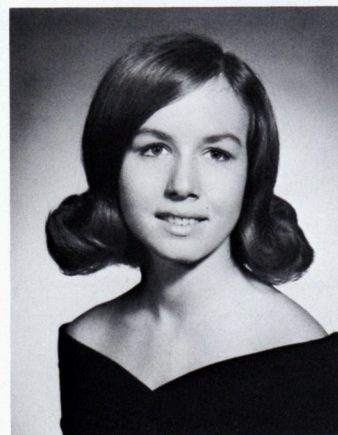
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KIRK HALL
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RAYMOND HAUSE
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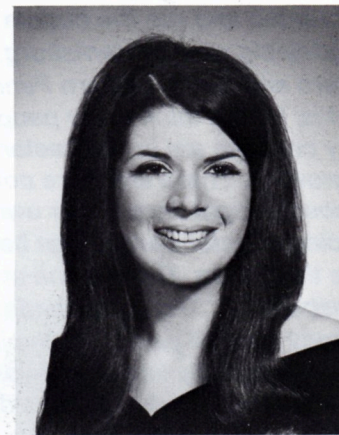
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LAUREN HAWKINS
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SUZANNE HEILMAN
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CAROL HEYMAN
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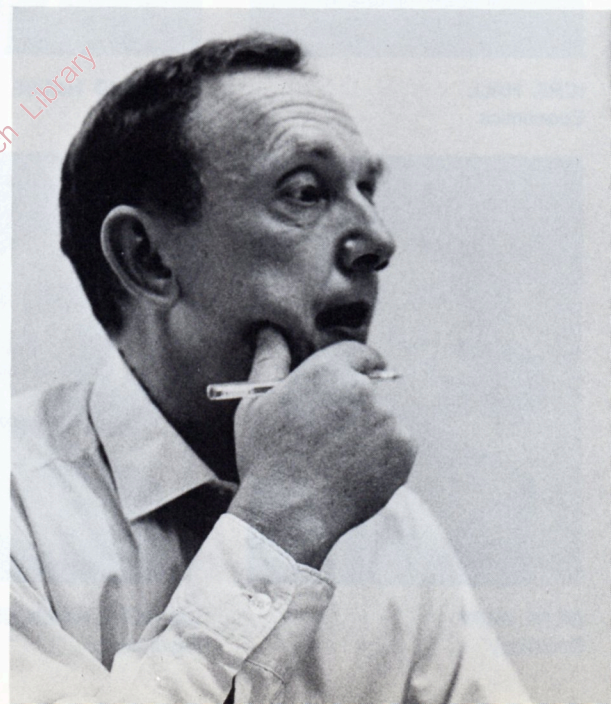


KAREN HIGH
German

Aperture: Dr. James Reppert

I think the thing uppermost in my mind is this: take a rectangle, start the northern point at Scranton and run the bottom line from Philadelphia west to Harrisburg. This we'll call Eastern and South Eastern Pennsylvania. The point is, I don't think many people know how many colleges are in that rectangle: 95, and it's growing. There are more colleges being proposed. Right here in our own city of Reading a junior college has been proposed more than once. There's one at York, one at Harrisburg. . . . The usual tendency, as anybody can tell you, is for the junior college to grow inevitably into a four-year college, though at the beginning that's not what anybody had in mind. Now, this will add more colleges to the 95.

Consider just for a moment: everyone of those colleges has a library. Everyone of those colleges, therefore, will buy the leading



Albright College Gingrich Library



book. That means 95 copies of the same book are bought by 95 libraries quite close together geographically. We needn't multiply examples, because that would be in all departments in all fields. Now where does the money come from? Well, largely from the private sector of the American economy. But the competition is not only for private funds. It is also for federal funds. These 95 competing colleges have no sense of closeness, no sense of relationship to each other, no sense of common purpose and common need. You can easily see what I'm driving at. We're now experiencing an explosion of knowledge that's taken place in recent years with computers and advances in technology. One result is that we're now publishing 123 titles a minute. How long ago was it that Albright put in its library? Just a few years. And we've already outgrown it. We're just about $\frac{7}{8}$ below capacity on the card trays and about $\frac{1}{4}$ % capacity in shelving. Obviously, this will be eaten up in less than 3 years, which means then you build another library. That means that every 6 or 7 years you have to build another library the size of the one we now have. This means in $2\frac{1}{2}$ years from now we will have to have a building fund to build another library. Of course with the growth rate, this allotment of time would tend to shrink; you move from $7-6\frac{1}{2}$ -5 years, and so on. Now, that means that not only does Albright have to build a library every 5 or 6 years, but 95 other colleges have to build libraries, too. So every time you talk about a new library at Albright multiply it by 95 and in a few years by a factor of 100.



All right, now what begins to occur to you? Baby, we've got to centralize. We've got to stop being parochial. We have to stop thinking in terms of the old school tie, that Annville 30 miles up the pike is a big rival. We have to start considering that Lebanon Valley is really in our backyard. If no one else will take the initiative, I think Albright College should. We should say, "Look. This is idiocy. Growth isn't going to stop." We need a central graduate library facility located say in Boyertown or wherever is convenient, with overnight deliveries. That's not too bad, because if you call the library at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and you want this or that book and you can get it at eight the following morning, that should suit your purposes. It's certainly better than having no book. This could be funded out of the Federal Model Cities Act. So you get \$50,000 under the Model Cities provision to set up this kind of experiment—it's really not an experiment actually, because experimental to me implies something that might not work. The advantages are fantastic. It means that you can keep a small working reading library on your campus. You could pretty much keep what you have here, and then the 95 colleges team up and buy into the central facility. By buying into the central facility, a college would have ready access to the more expensive scholarly books.



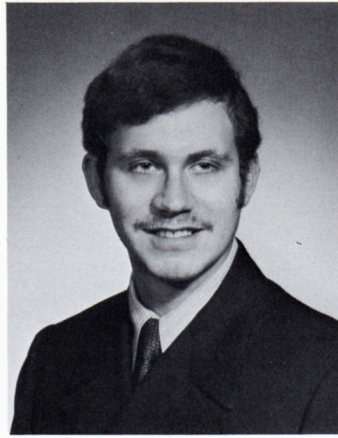
Albright College Gingrich Library



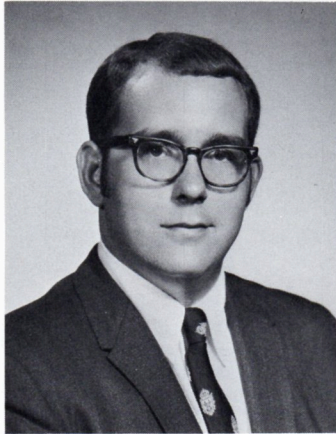
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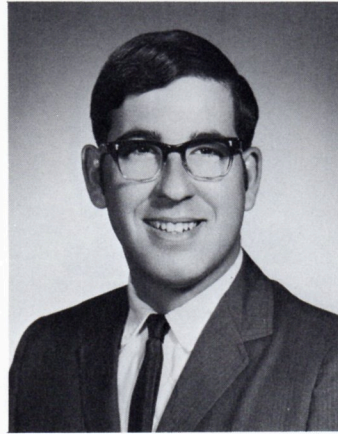
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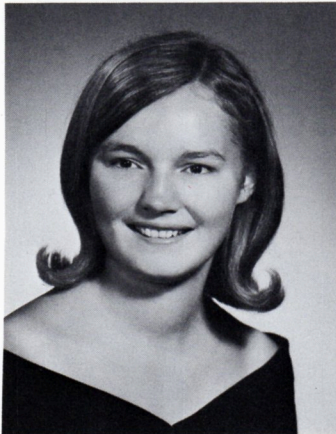
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Biology



PAUL HOLLINGER
Psychology



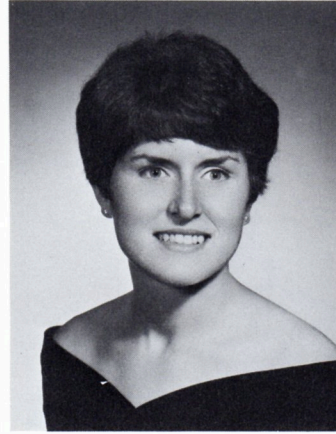
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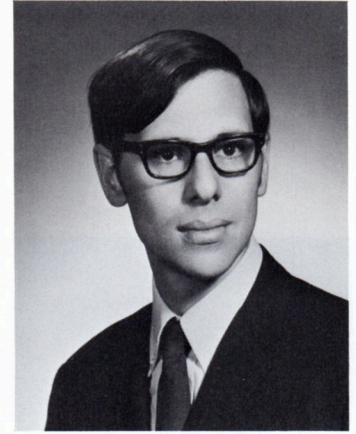
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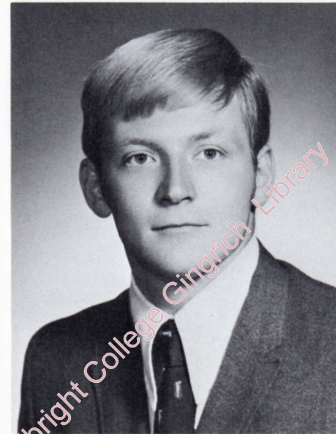
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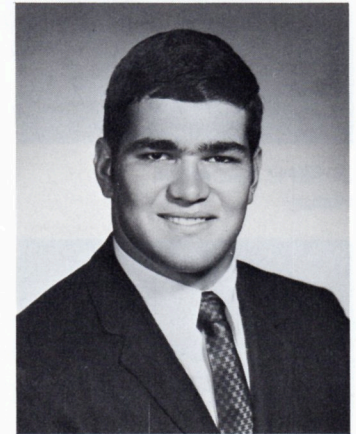
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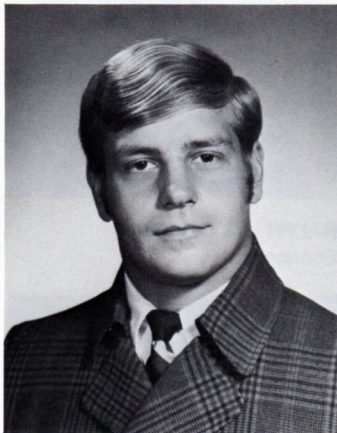
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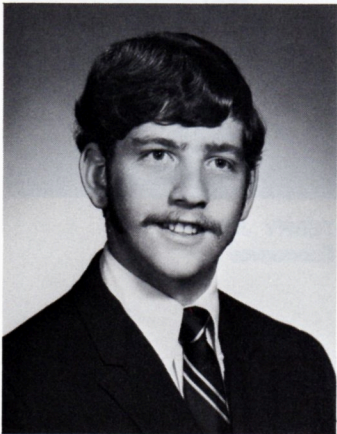
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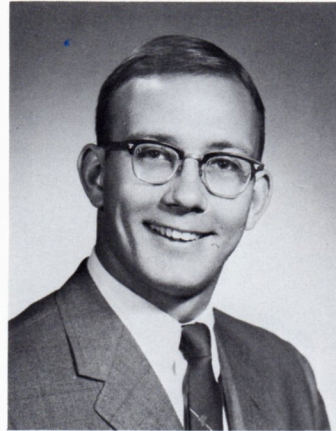
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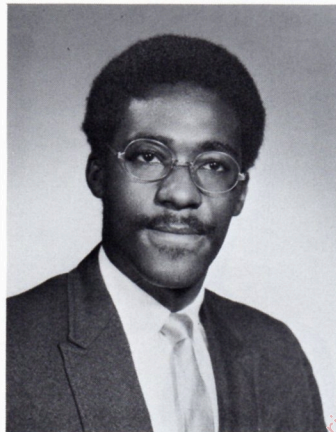
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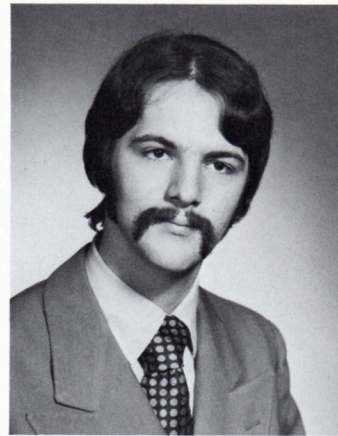
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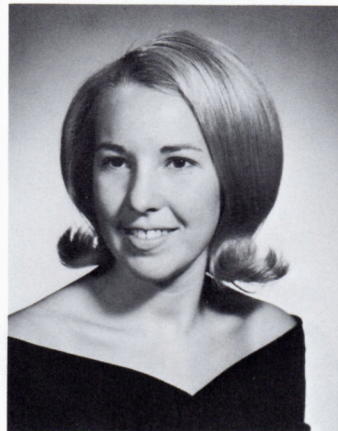
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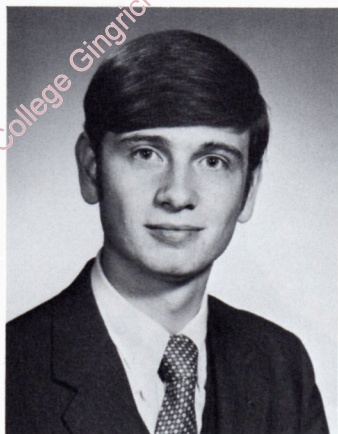
JAMES KELLY
History



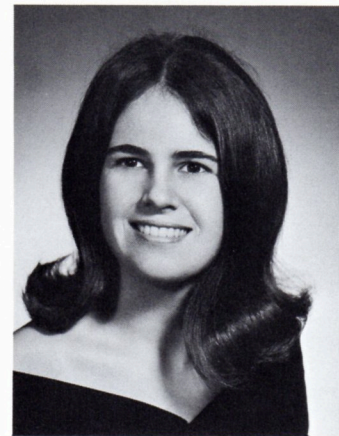
OWEN KELLY
English



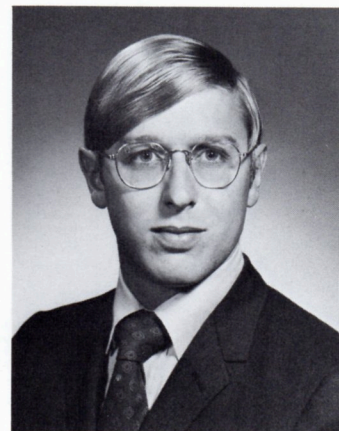
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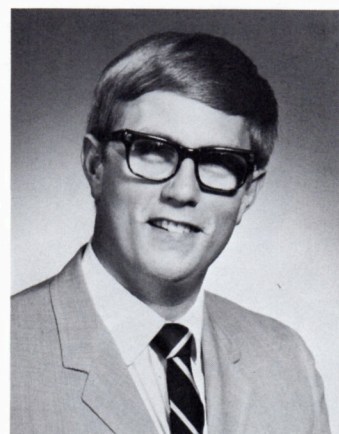
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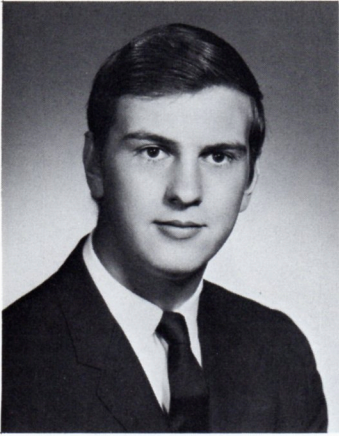
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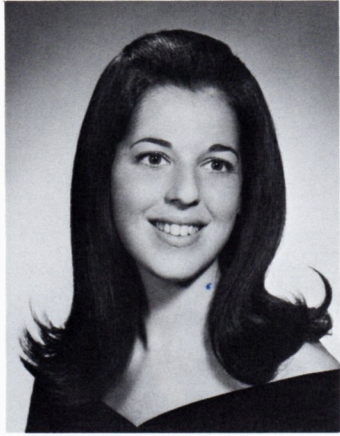
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SCOTT LAKE
Physics



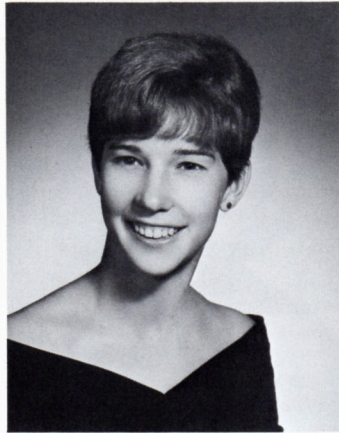
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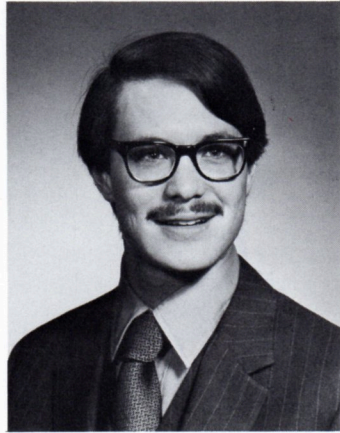
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English



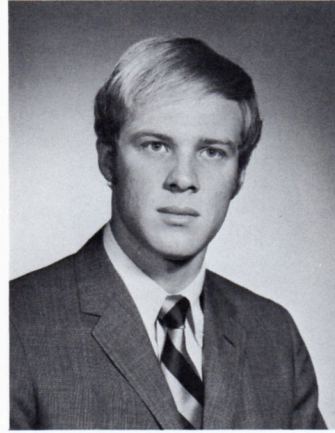
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English



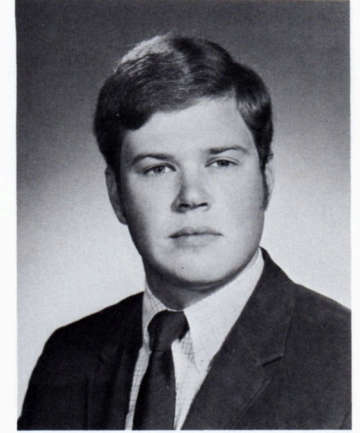
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Home Economics



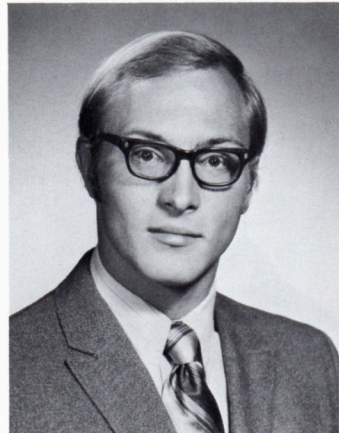
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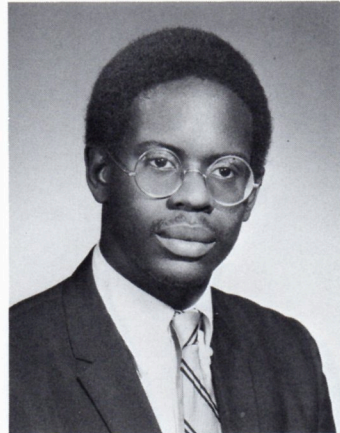
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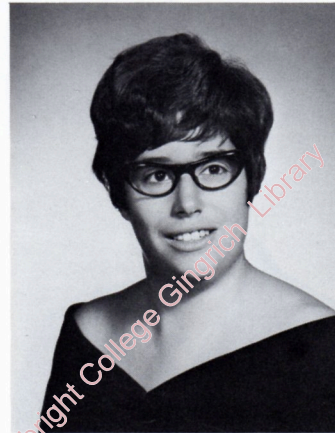
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Sociology



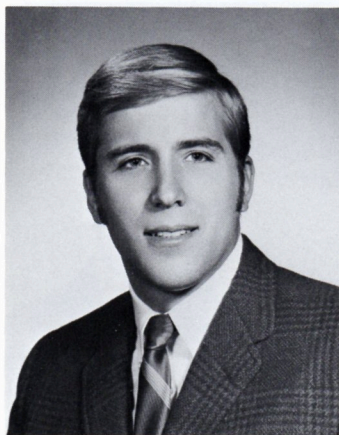
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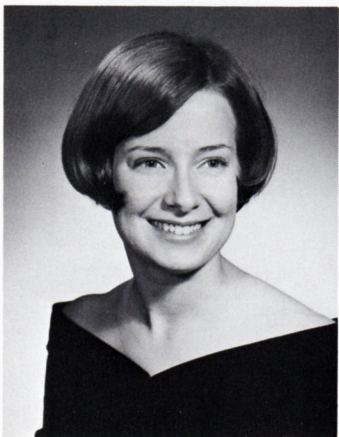
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STEPHANIE LOVINGER
Psychology



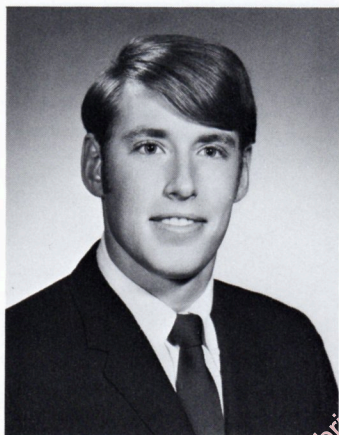
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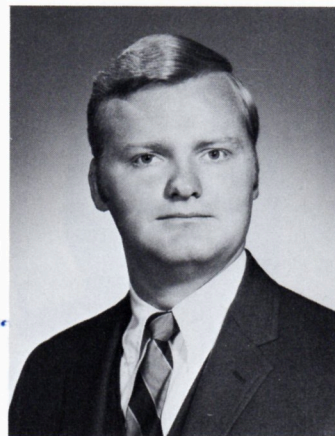
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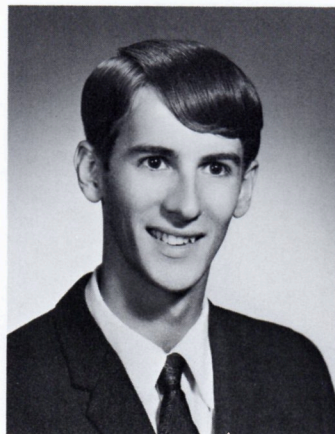
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English



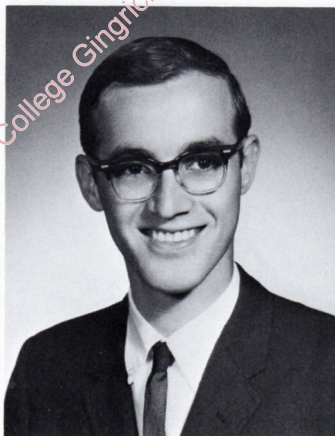
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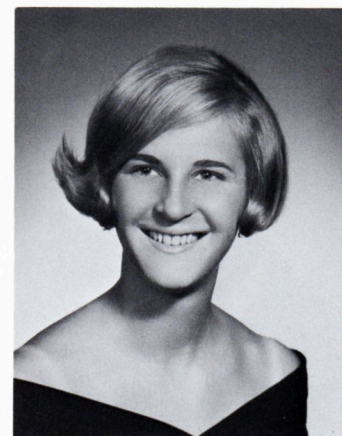
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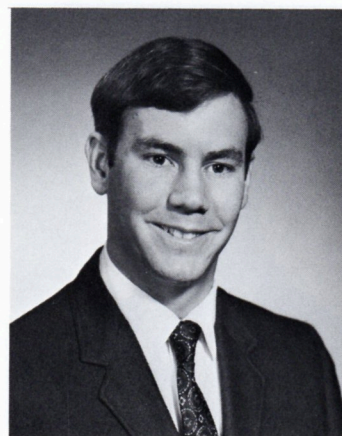
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DEBORAH MILLER
Chemistry



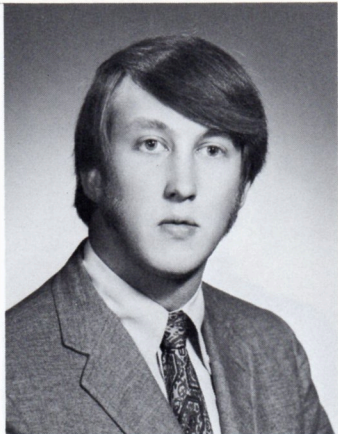
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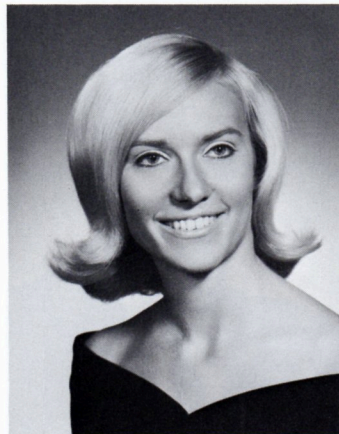
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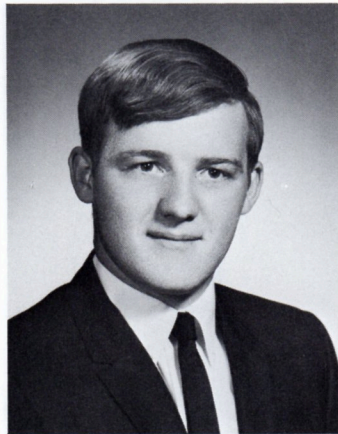
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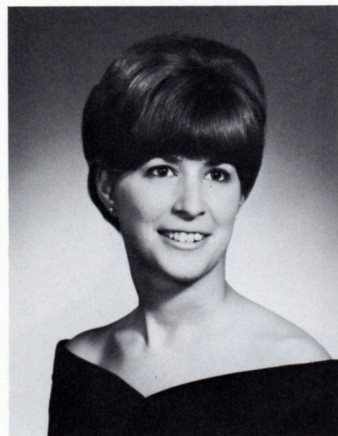
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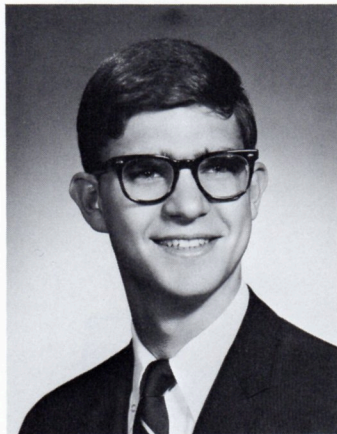
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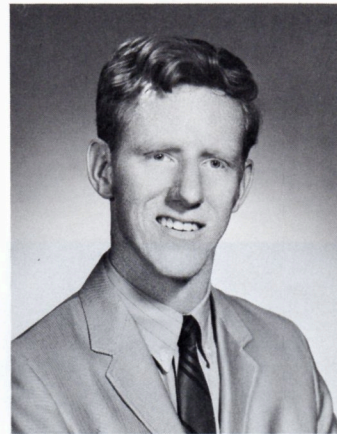
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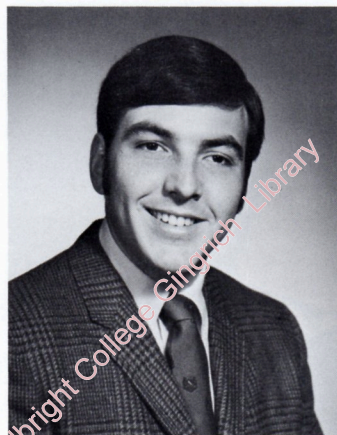
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JOHN MORGAN
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KENNETH MOYER
Biology



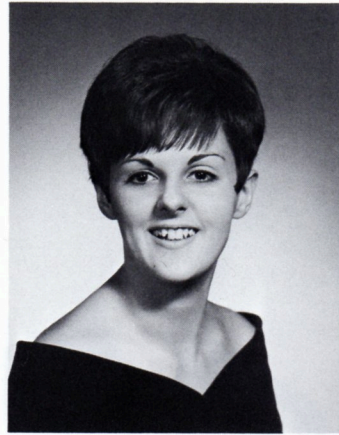
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MARY MOYER
Mathematics



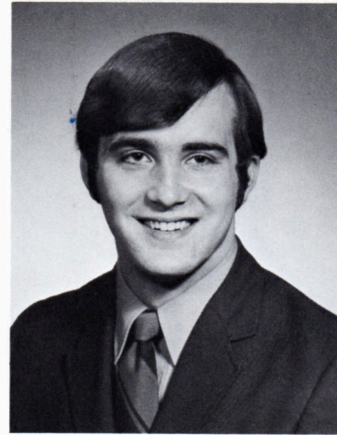
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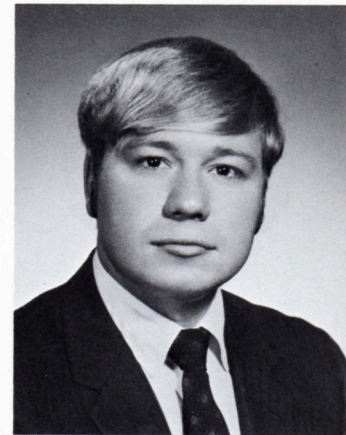
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MARLENE MURPHY
English



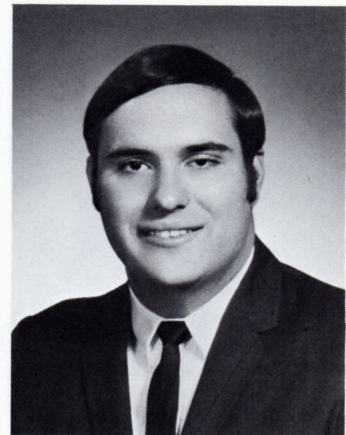
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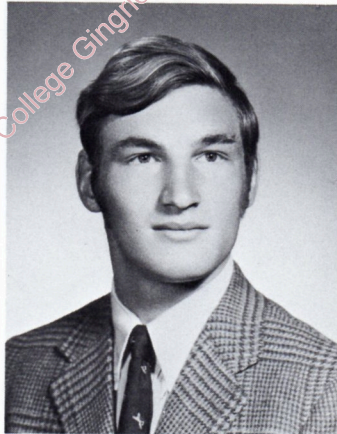
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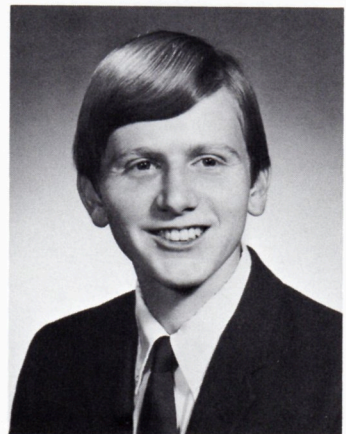
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ROY OCHS
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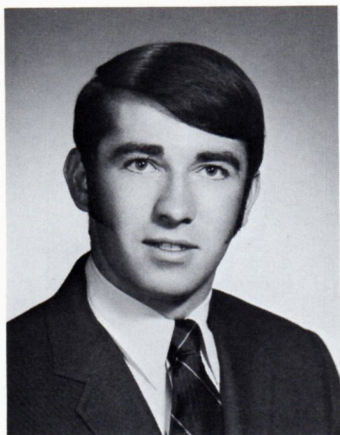


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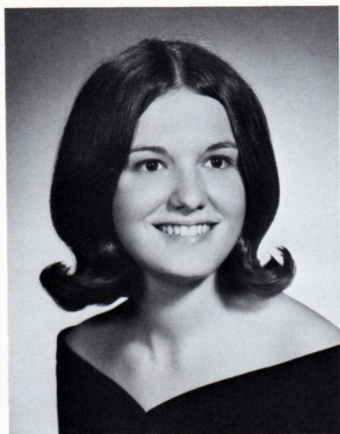


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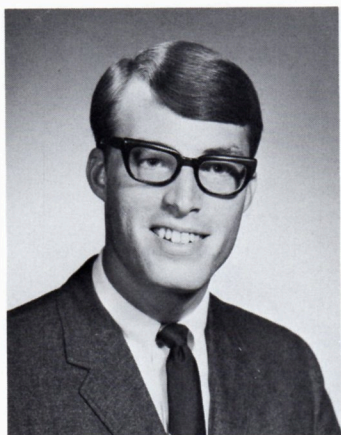




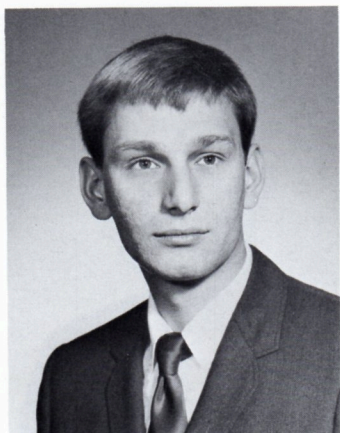
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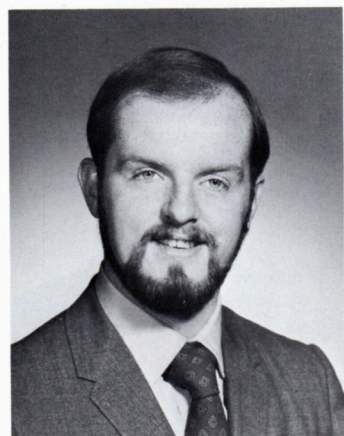
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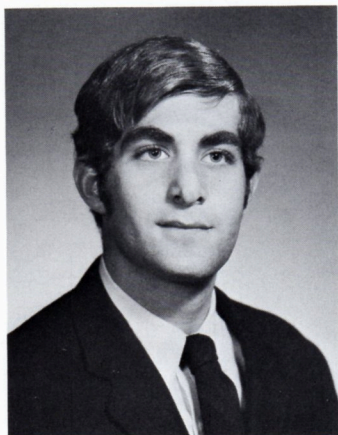
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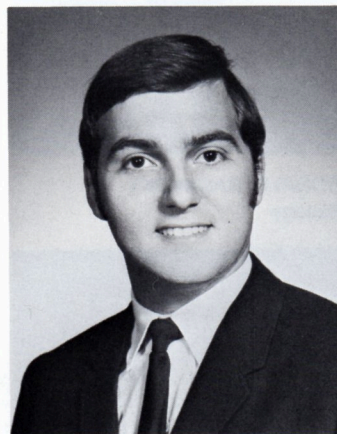
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KEVIN O'KEEFE
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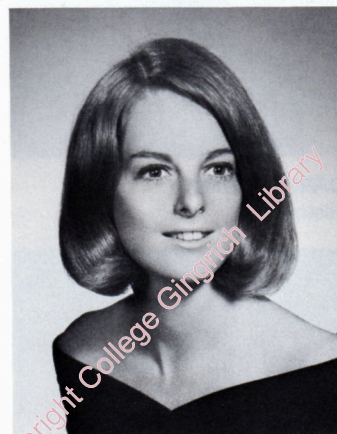
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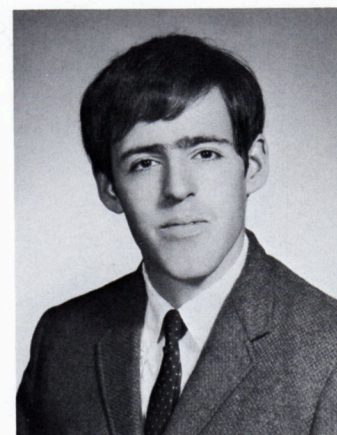
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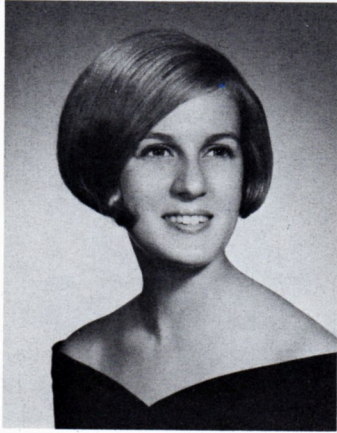
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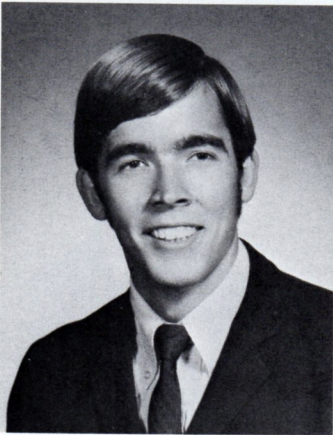
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HOWARD PLEASANTS
History



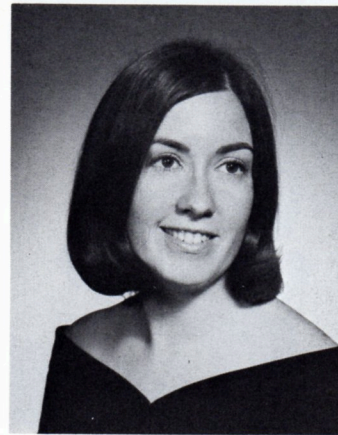
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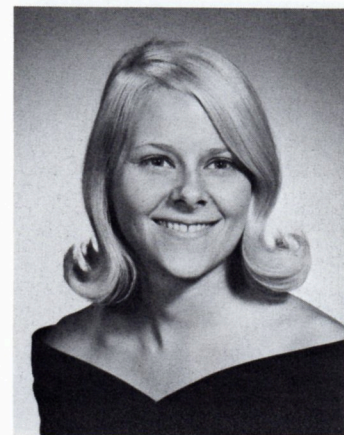
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RONALD RASANSKY
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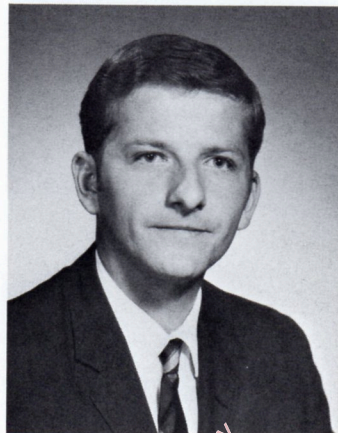
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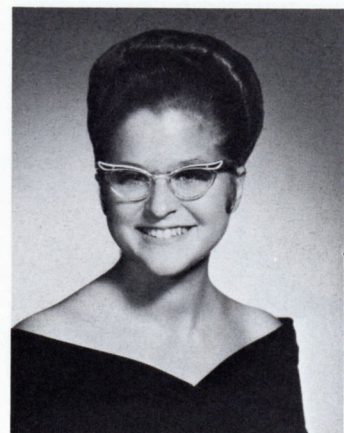
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Home Economics



CAROL REBER
History



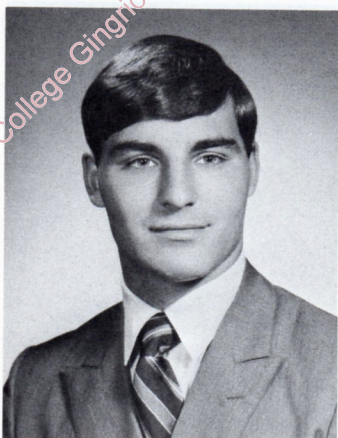
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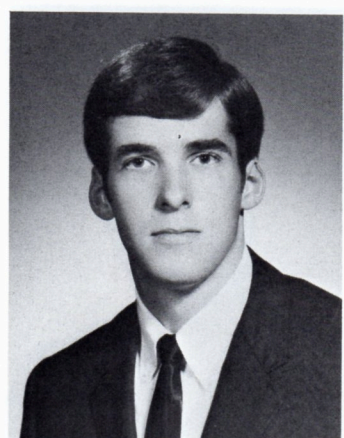
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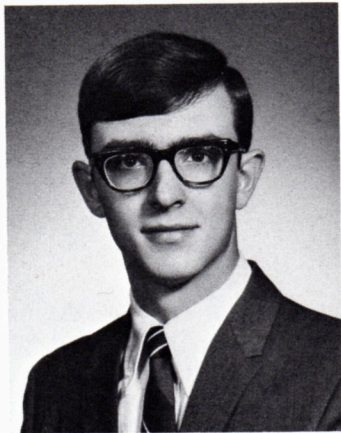
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TERRY RHODES
Economics



TODD RICHARDS
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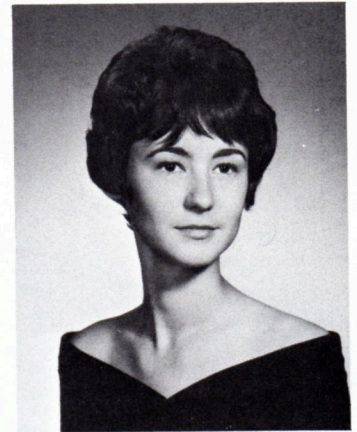
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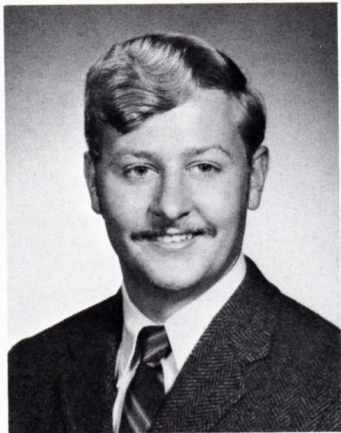
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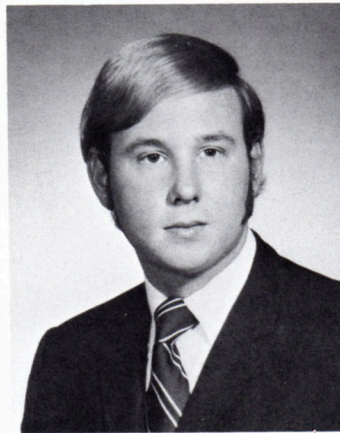
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Home Economics



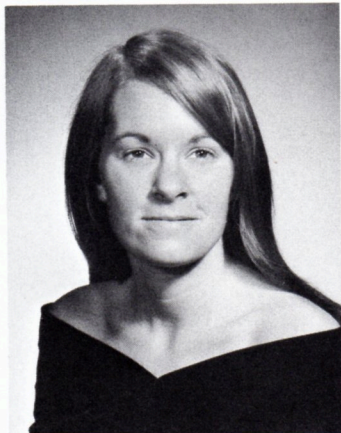
THERESA SAJDAK
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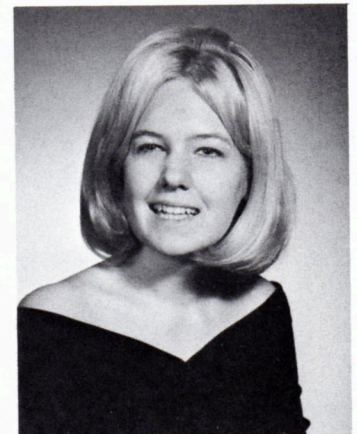
TIMOTHY ROBERTS
Accounting



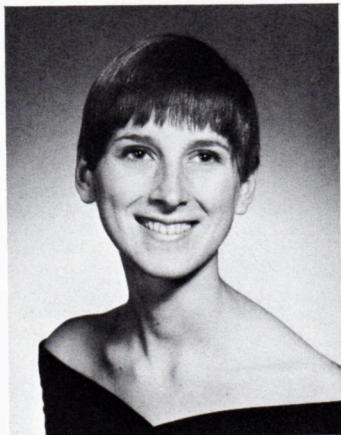
JOHN RYDER
History



CATHY RUDELL
Sociology



MARGARET SCHOFER
Home Economics



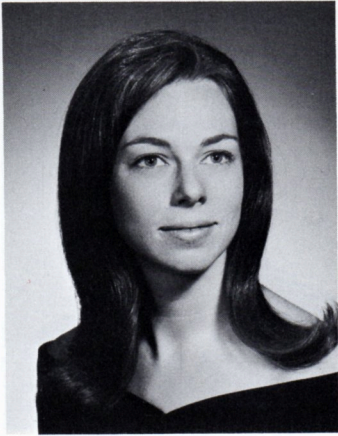
ALICE ROHRBACHER
Home Economics



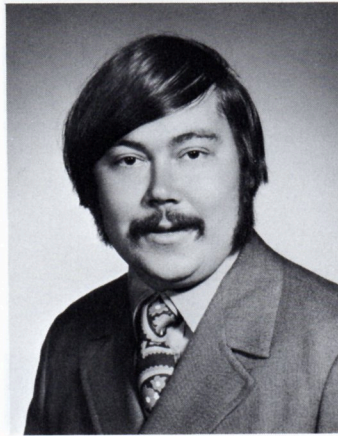
JEFFREY RYMUZA
Biology

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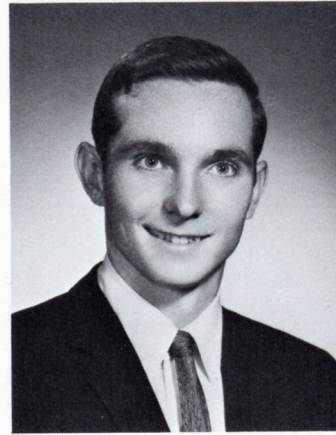




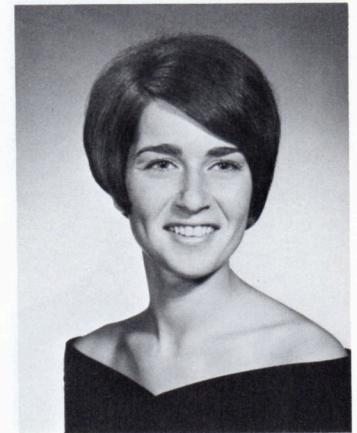
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Home Economics



WILLIAM SEIPLE
Psychology



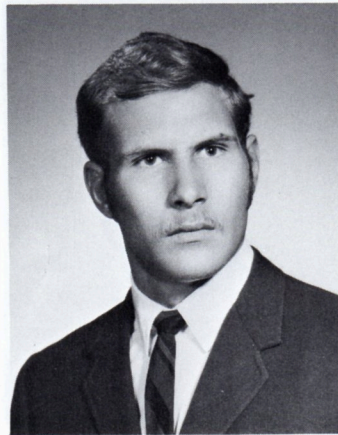
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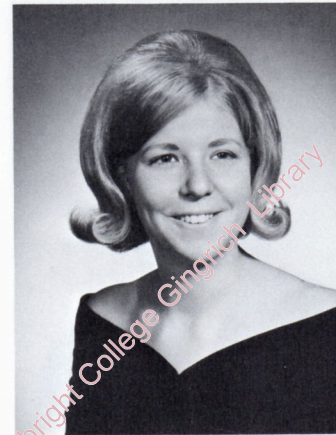
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EDWIN SCHWENK
Mathematics



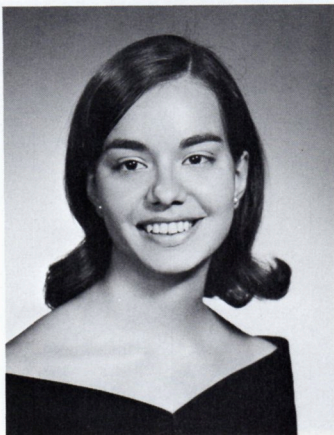
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DIANE SHUPP
Biology



NANCY SMINK
English

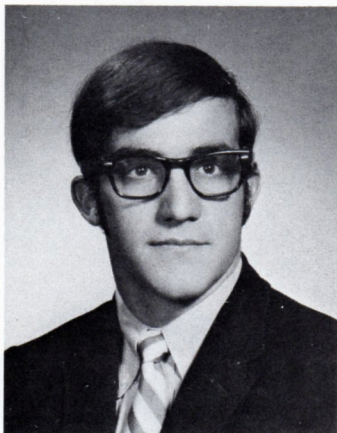


JULIA SEEGER
Mathematics

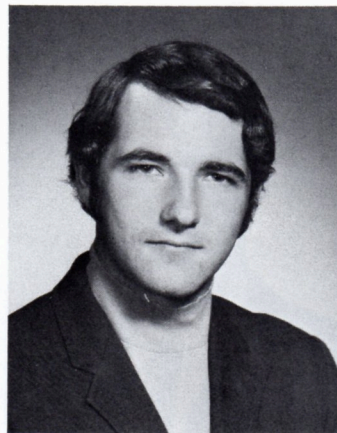


MARGARET SHIREY
English

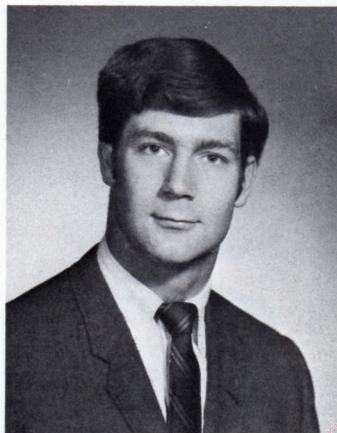
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BRUCE SMITH
English



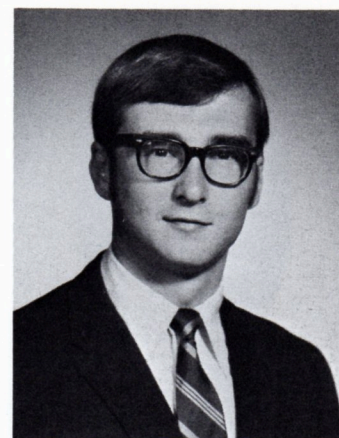
CRAIG SMITH
Economics



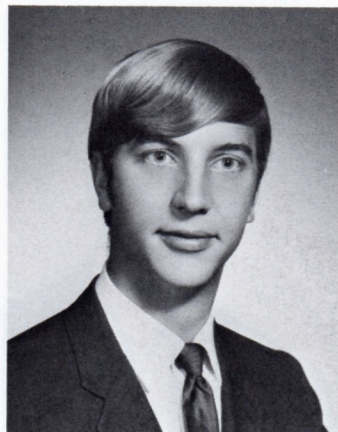
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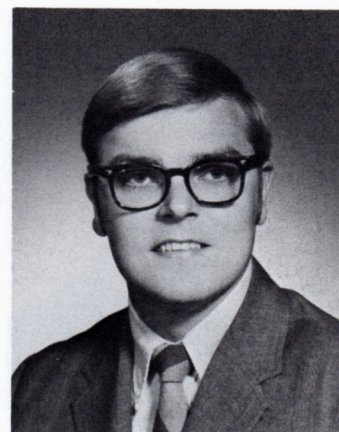
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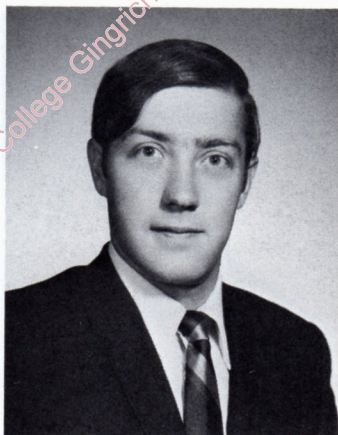
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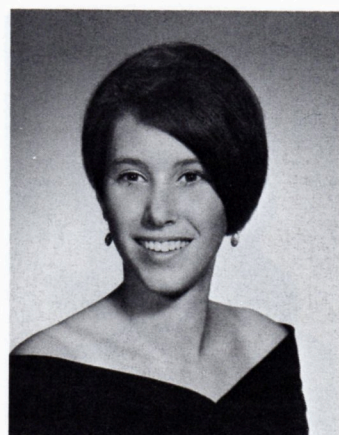
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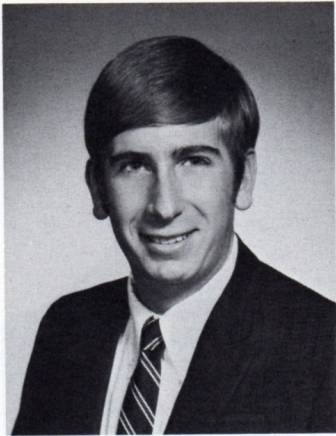
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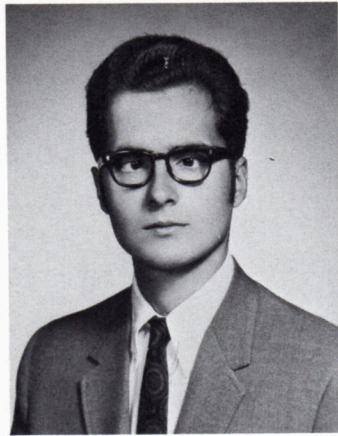
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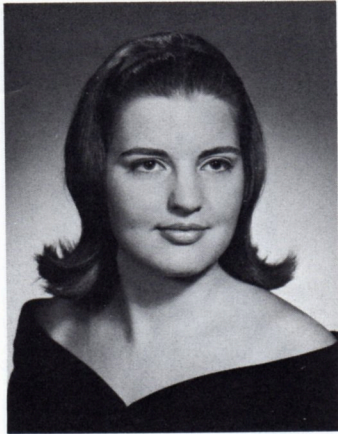
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Sociology



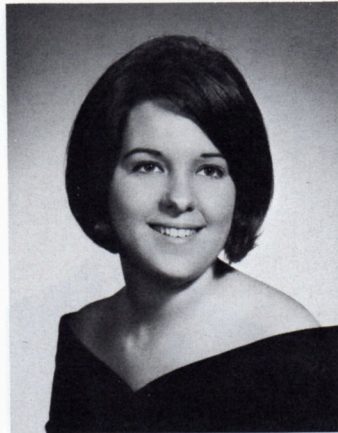
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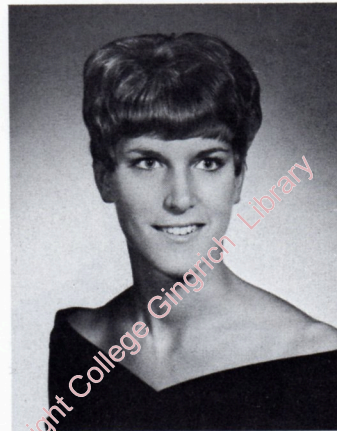
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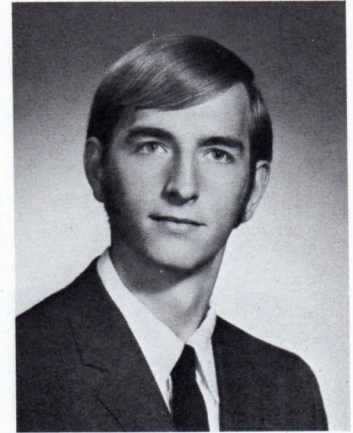
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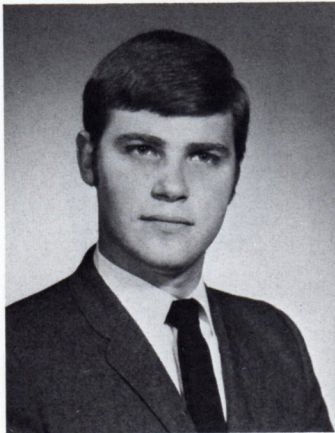
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Home Economics



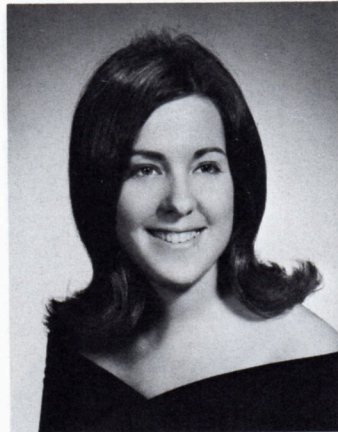
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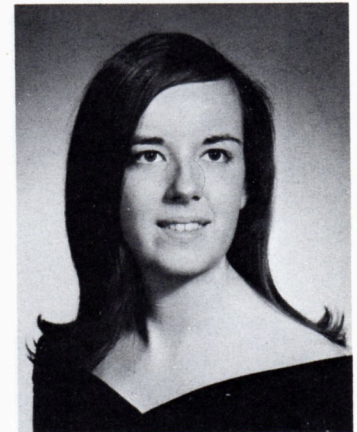
GREGORY STOUT
History



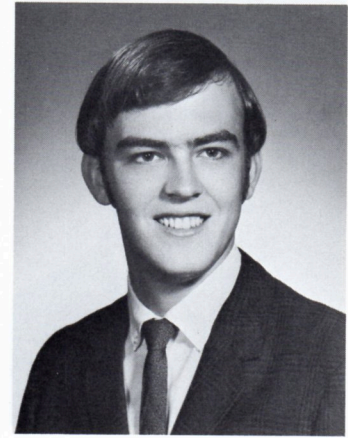
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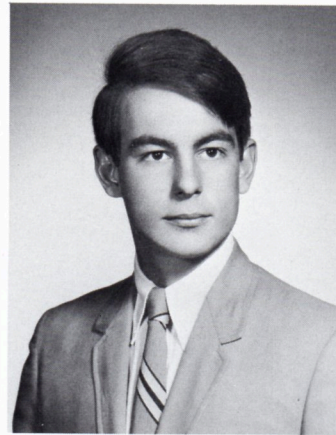
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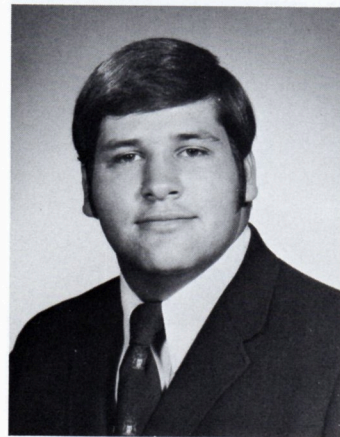
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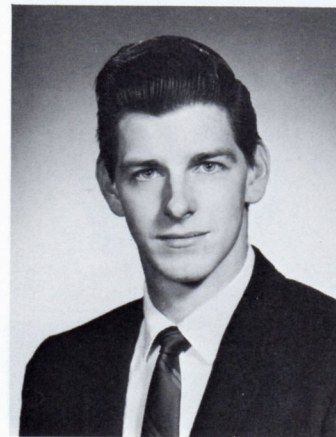
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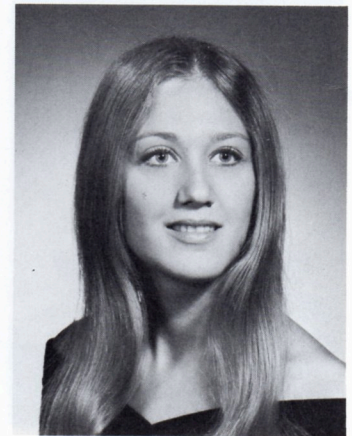
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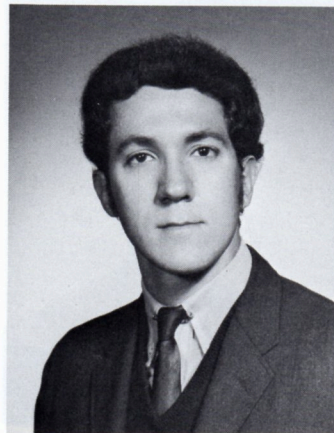
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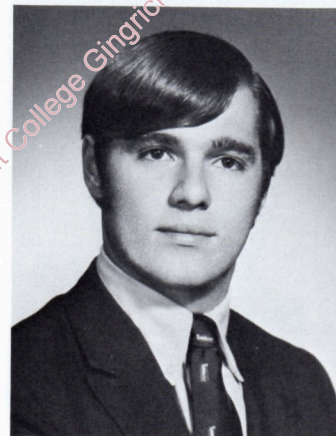
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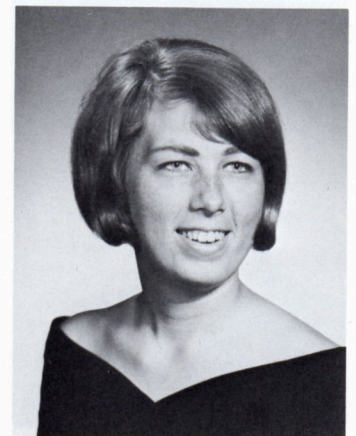
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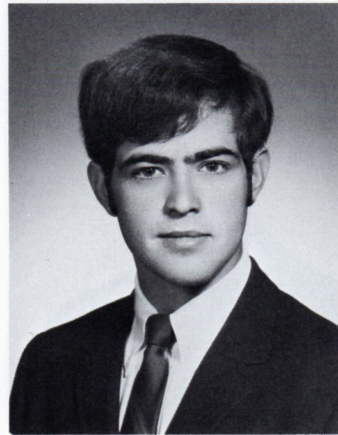
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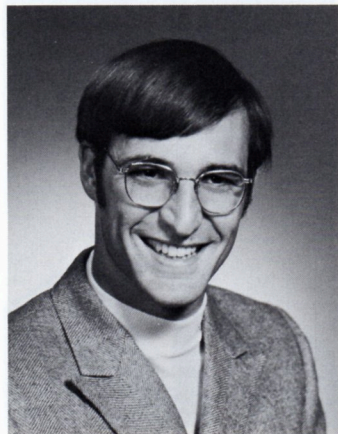
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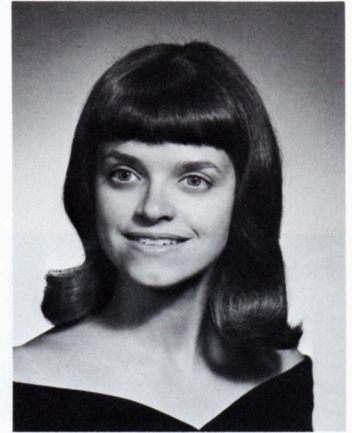
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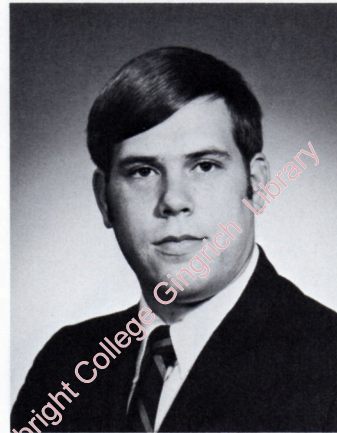
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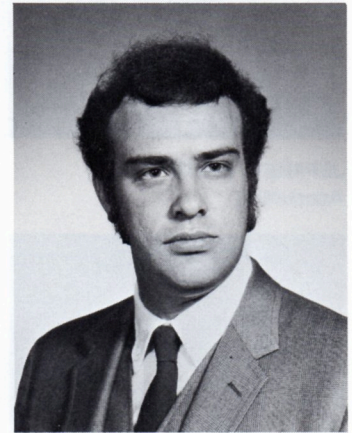
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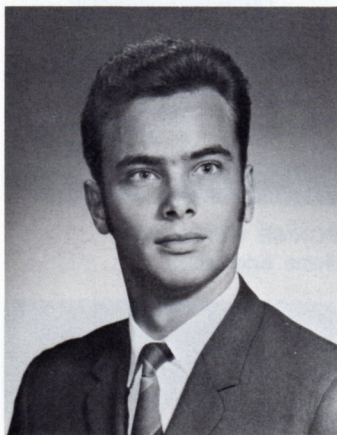
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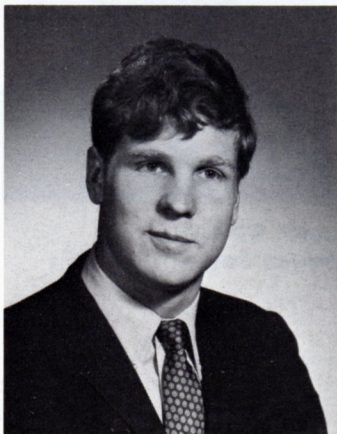
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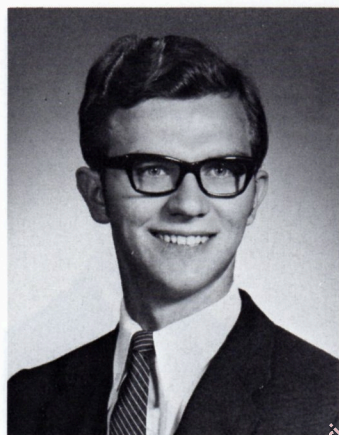
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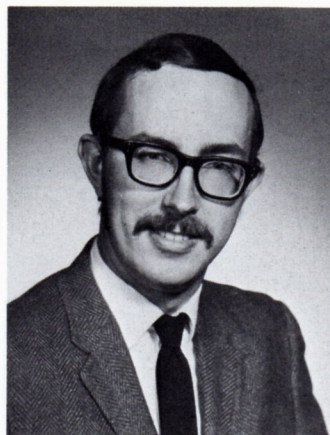
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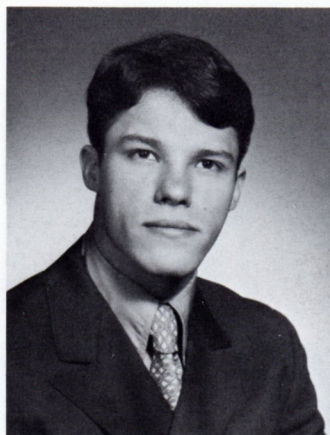
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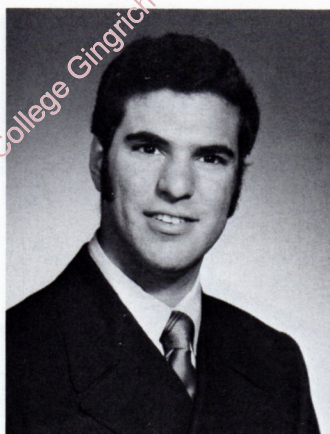
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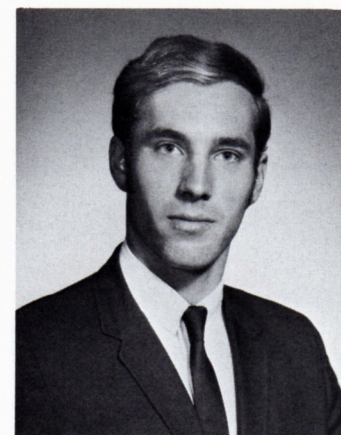
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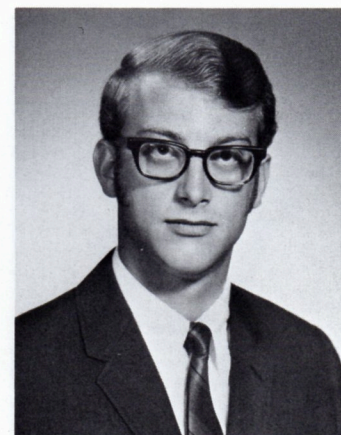
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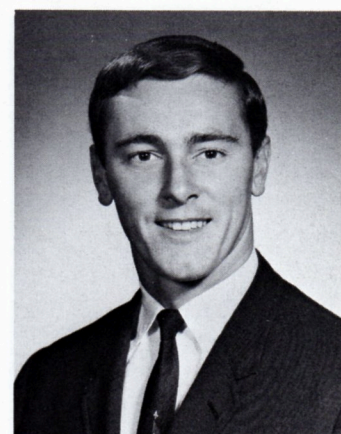
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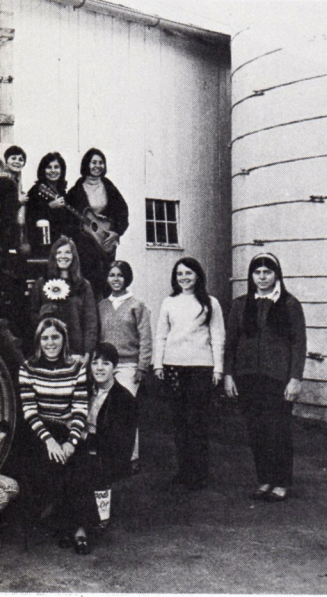
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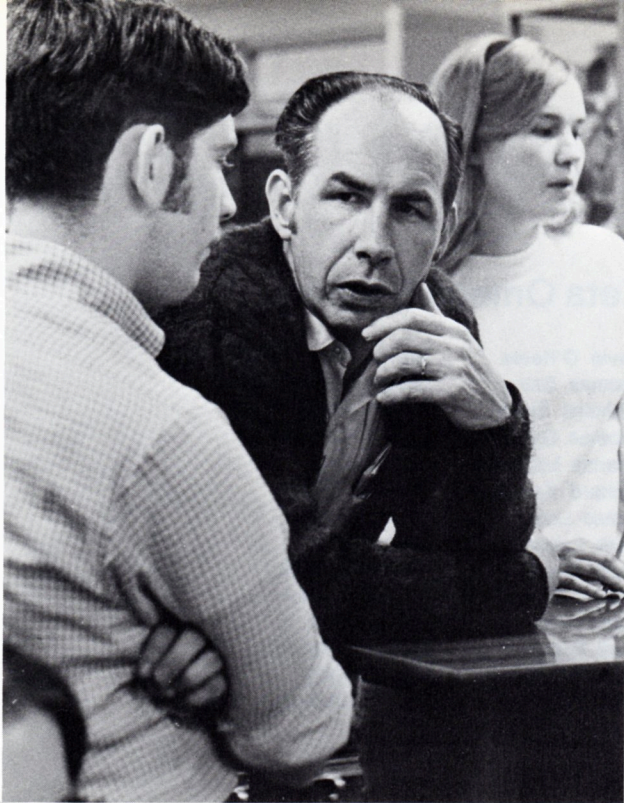
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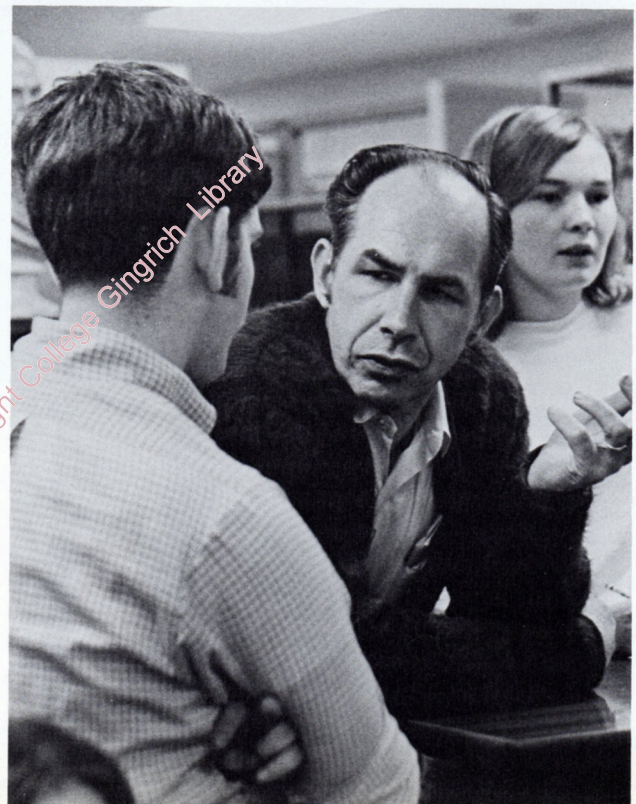


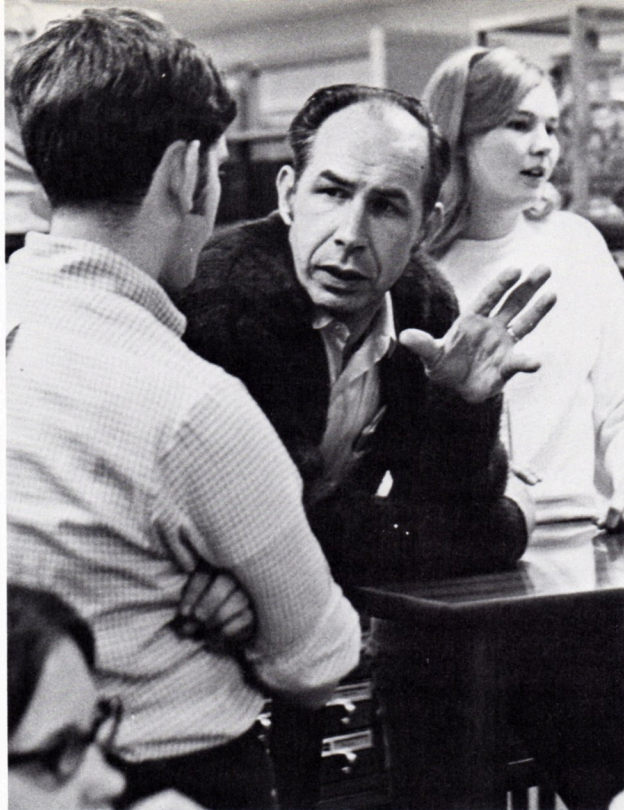
which the structure of higher education has been founded. The issue is more than a simple revolt against in loco parentis, and the causal factor more than the mere presence of a 'generation gap.' I suspect that many students are in revolt against a parental generation and the administrative or faculty embodiments of that generation not because they lack understanding of what we have said, but because they have understood us too clearly. The black protest is not simply a call for additional courses in black culture and history, but a questioning of the basic forms of communication, learning, and evaluation which constitutes the character of education today. The student cry for relevance represents in a profound degree a basic challenge to the assumption that the good man is the objective man, the analytical man, or the cultured man in the classic sense in which we have pursued these aims.

I cannot agree with those who suggest that the present student generation has become an essentially anti-scientific generation, nor do I

Aperture: Dean Robert McBride

The present era will undoubtedly go down in future annals as one of the most tempestuous if not revolutionary epochs in the development of higher education in America. Students have revolted, taken to the streets, invaded buildings, and exalted in the use of four-letter words to express their feelings. The history of the 19th century reveals the occurrence of a number of campus rebellions and revolts against both faculty and administrations at such prestigious institutions as Princeton, Harvard and Yale. But the protest of earlier student generations focused generally upon such practical matters as poor housing conditions, the poor quality of bread and butter, 7:00 A.M. required prayer sessions, overly rigid discipline and behavioral expectations. The present confrontation upon campuses zeros in on the very presuppositions or assumptions upon





for many years upon our campuses. We need a new conception of morality which makes real freedom possible. We need models of educational endeavor which combine the virtues of intellectual understanding and a sense of justice. We need a growing model of what church-relatedness means for colleges like Albright in the years ahead. Getting to the top of that hill, as Alice in Wonderland observed, is no easy task for either generation. The way is more like a corkscrew than a path.

believe that this generation of college students is more immoral than its predecessors. To grant the validity of much that this generation of students calls for, however, does not justify an uncritical praising of the wisdom of youth. Virtue is not synonymous with innocence, and the rejection of one hypocrisy does not prevent other hypocrisies from rising in its place. The freedom to choose one's own poison in terms of either behavior or ideas is not an adequate basis for the kind of morality and sensitivity that we really need. If the cry for relevance and contemporaneity means that one can reject all history before the revolution of Berkeley, then this generation of students can only be doomed to repeat the mistakes of its predecessors.

It is highly doubtful, in my mind, that even with the end of the war we shall return to the state of normalcy that prevailed before it. The moral and social problems thrust upon us by a technological society are massive, and the vibrations will be felt



An Open Letter to the Athletic Department of Albright College

Dear Sirs:

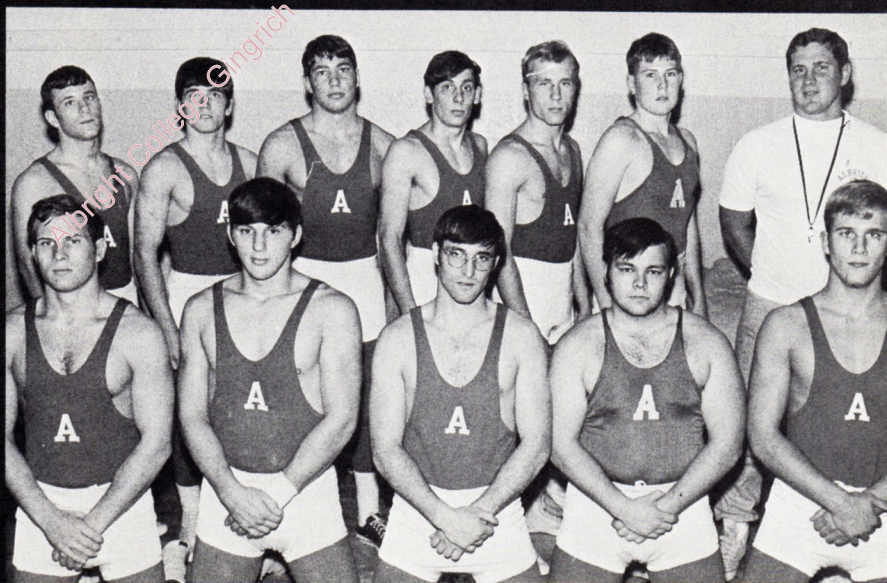
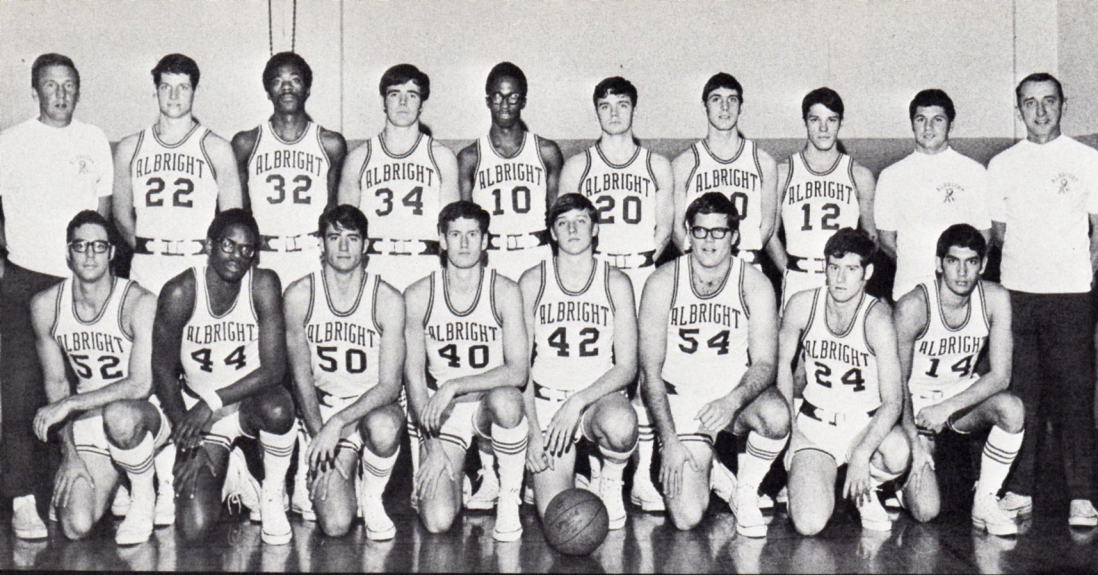
I wish to thank the Athletic Department of Albright College for their policy regarding the physical appearance of athletes who represent the College. As you may know, I recently sported a large, obnoxious, bushy moustache which I intended to remove should I participate in a wrestling match sanctioned by the NCAA. But I discovered that I would be unable even to try out for the Albright wrestling team unless I were clean shaven. I thought about making an issue out of what I thought was the denial of College facilities to a student because he did not meet the subjective standards of personal appearance as defined by the Athletic Department. I knew, however, that my chances of making the team would be greatly reduced unless I began practice with the team immediately. Fortunately, I decided to shave and get on with important matters, leaving issues and judgements to others.

It has been four days now since I have shaven, and the dramatic effect of that event upon my life has yet to be fully realized. The benefits to be derived from keeping one's face free of hair are obvious. For example, my pulse rate has dropped by twenty beats per minute. Consequently, I find myself no longer winded after climbing three flights of stairs. In general, I now have greater motor coordination. My reflexes are much quicker, and my peripheral vision has increased from 140° to 210°. And for the first time in 6 months, I can actually taste my food.

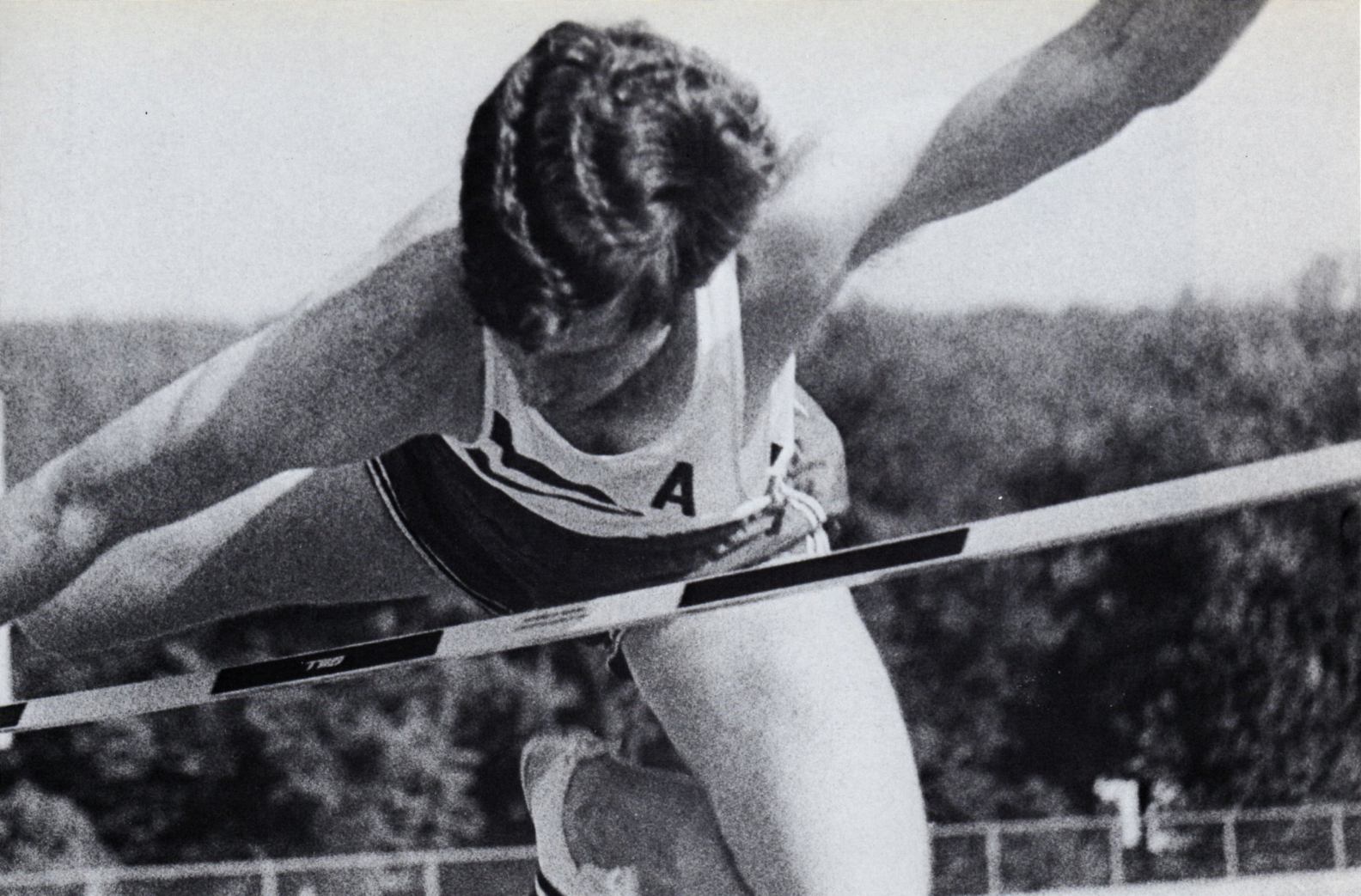
The physical affects of shaving are valuable, but of far greater value are the lasting spiritual benefits I have received because of your wise policy. While my face was bedecked with ugly hair, my attempts to relate to other people were futile. I actually believed that people would judge me by my performance. But now, I wake up each morning knowing that I can face the world with new integrity. My friends have recognized this and now look to me for leadership and guidance. The only disadvantage that I have found due to my shaving is that now I am much more attractive to girls--and we all know how harmful that can be to an athlete.

Realizing the countless benefits your wise policy has brought me, I should like to suggest that you expand it to encompass the entire Albright Community. You might, in this way, improve the academic climate and strengthen the Albright Family ideal. I realize that there are some important personalities in the sports world who are establishing life styles contrary to those which you hold dear. Joe Namath, for example, has proven that he can throw the old pigskin with or without facial hair. Fortunately, however, Muhammad Ali has been refused a chance to defend his title; and recently, fourteen Black athletes from the University of Wyoming were suspended for attempting to protest their opponent's racist policy. With these national victories in mind, you should easily be able to reaffirm your goals and enforce your policy on the Albright Community. Personally, I shall assist you in every possible way. After graduation, I plan to apply for a position in your Department. Certainly you can use a clean-cut, sincere young man like myself, perhaps to handle public relations.

Your humble servant,

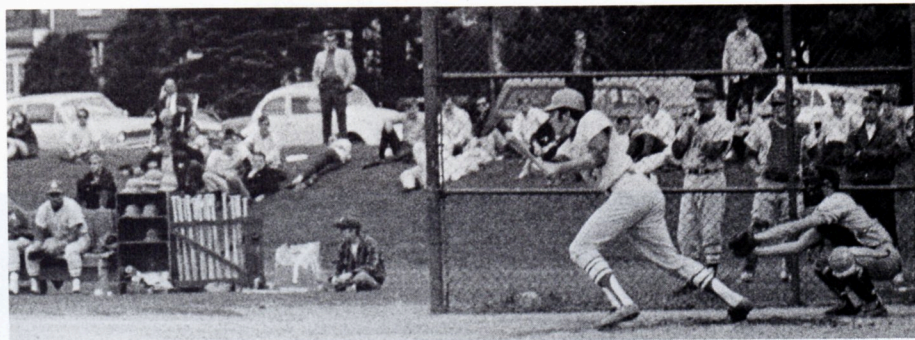




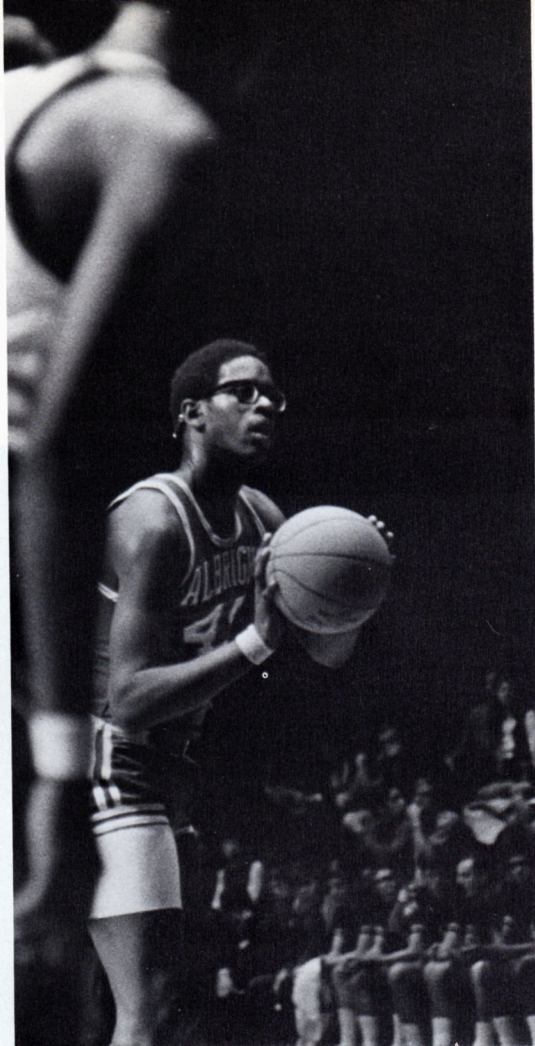


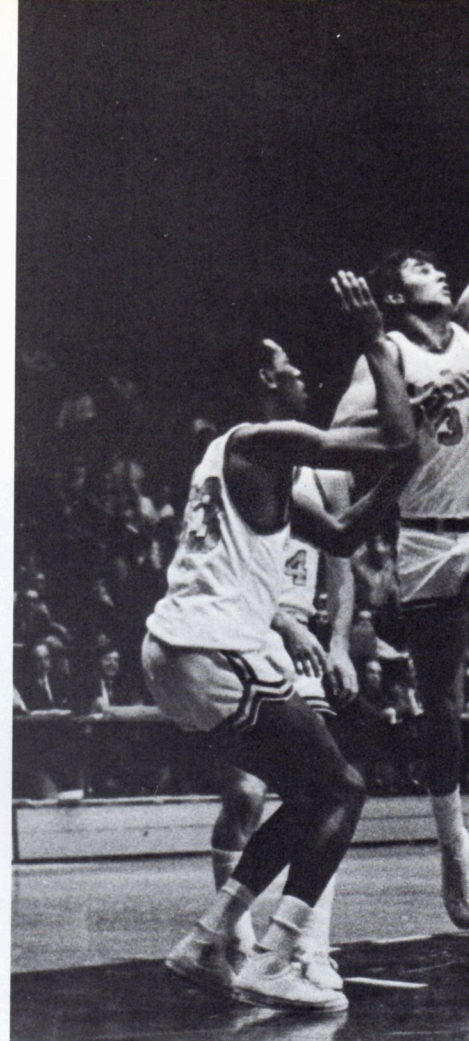
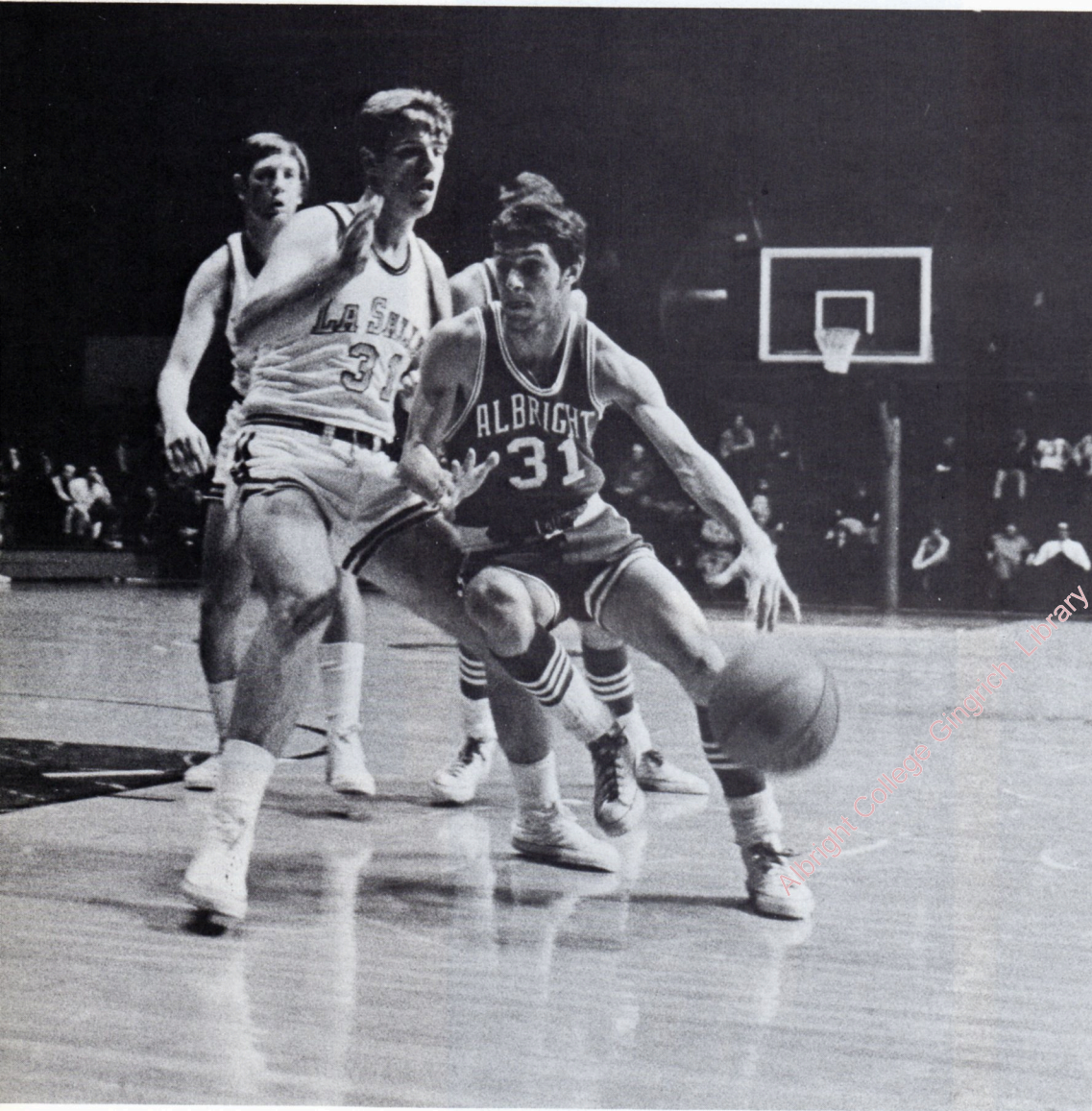
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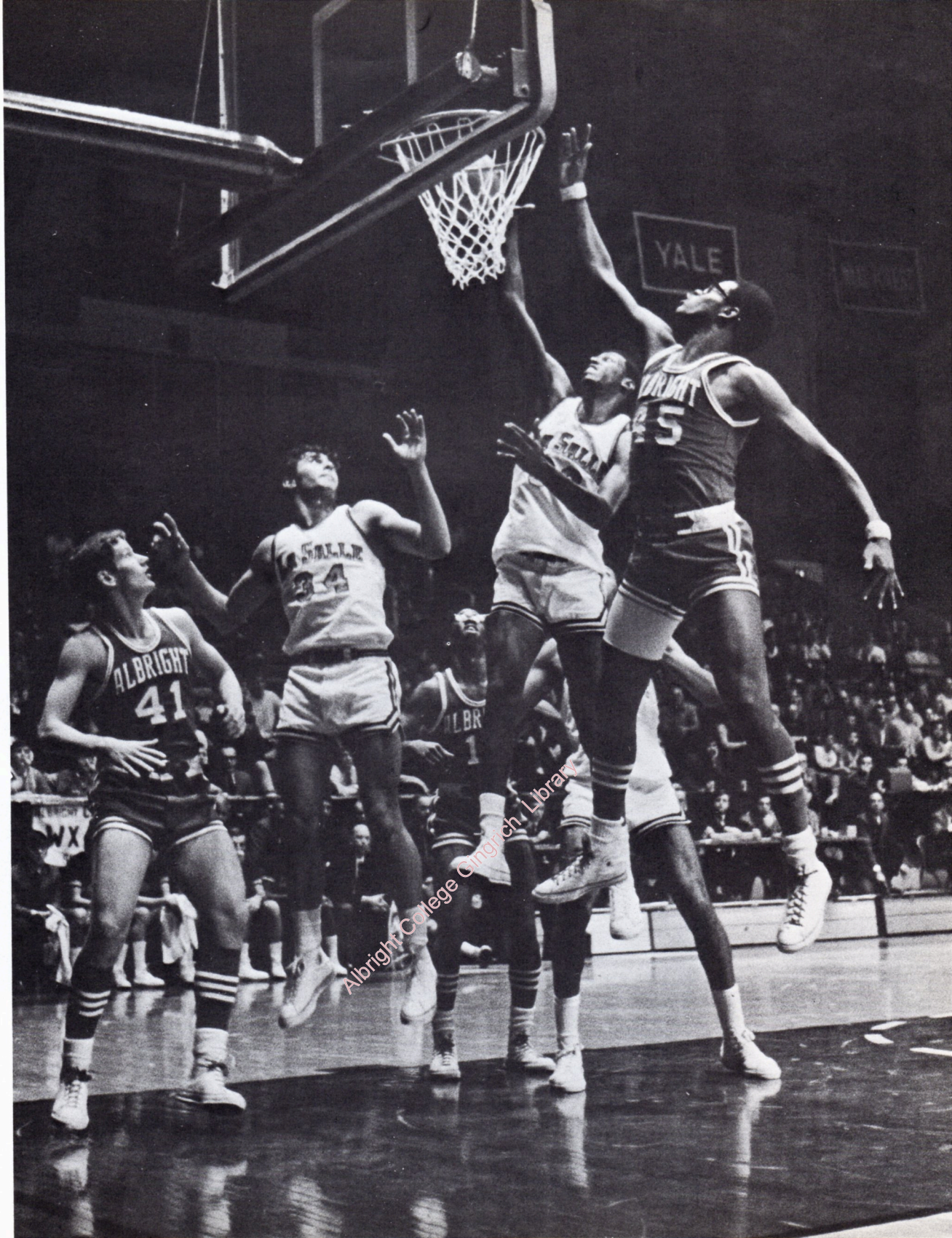
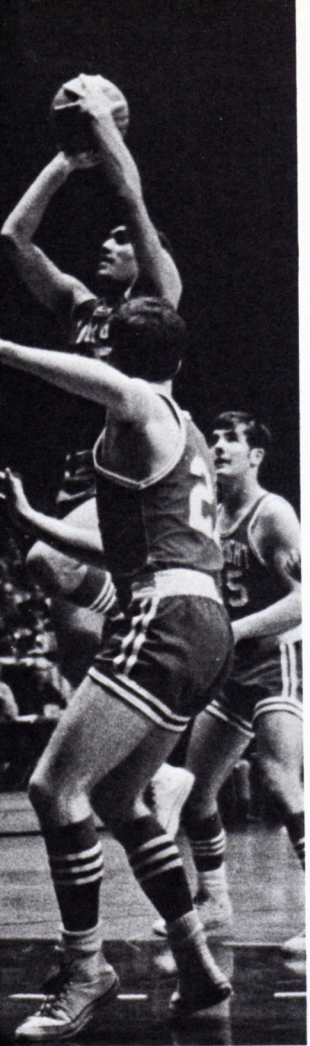














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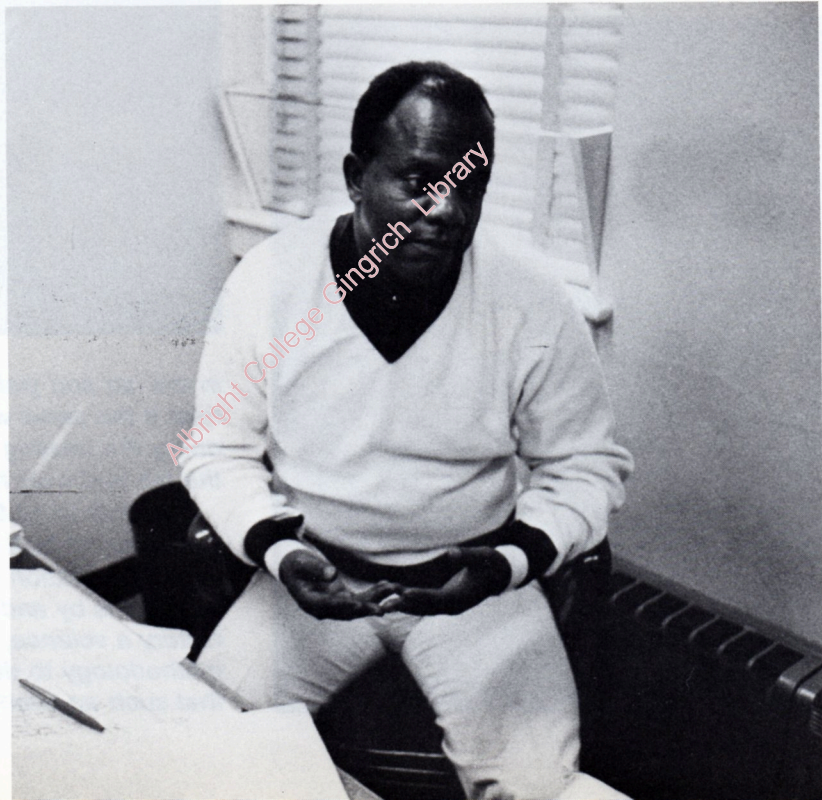
is now. I should be able to say to students that "these are the literary works which speak to this period of American history." As we study literature now, we, study it in isolation. We forget about history and sociology as it relates to literature.

When I teach literature to non-English majors, it should be from an inter-departmental point of view. Similarly, when I teach literature to English majors, it should be from an aesthetic point of view. I think that the outgrowth of an inter-departmental point of view would be to make literature more meaningful and more relevant for students. I think that the outgrowth of an aesthetic point of view would be having a student produce a good short story or a good poem.

Aperture: Professor Hammett Worthington-Smith

I think that the one problem in college level English is student response. It's kind of like a game the way we operate an English course now because the student in a general course—the student who is not an English major—generally does not know what kinds of things he should be looking for in a work of literature. Yet, we ask him; and, we become disturbed when he can't talk about these things in classroom discussion.

I think that it would help if the general surveys of literature were connected more tangentially with the English department and more intimately with the history department and the sociology department. For example, American literature should be more connected with the history department than it



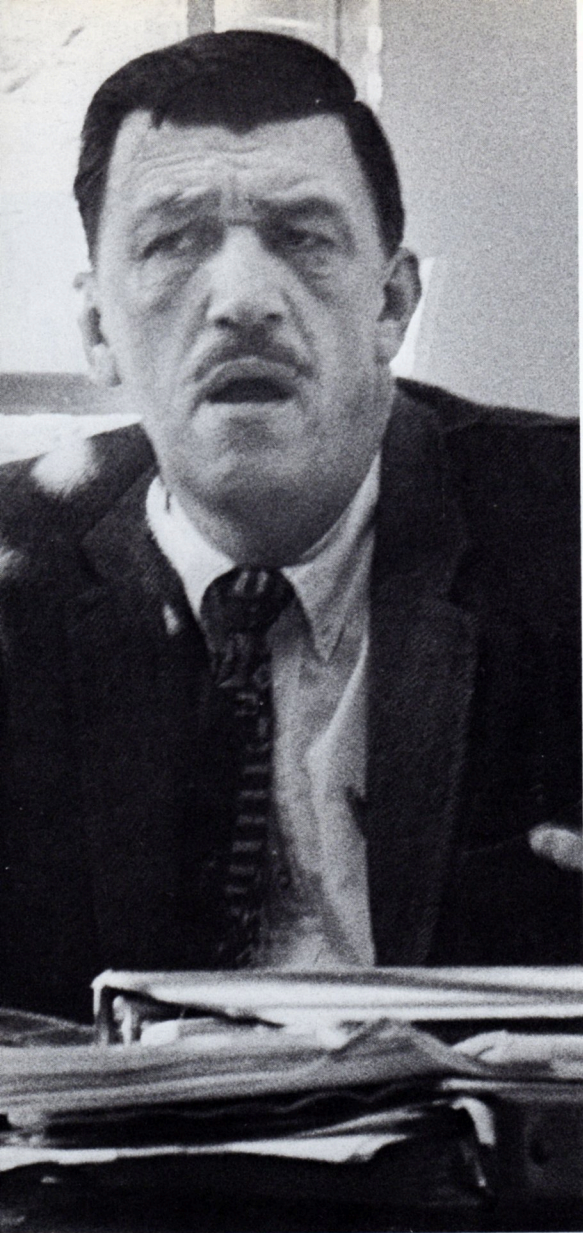
Aperture: Dr. William Hummel

So many people call history a social science and this I object to. I think history is probably in its highest form an art form and in its ordinary form part of the humanities. As far as its being a science, it's dealing with the most unscientific thing in the universe, namely, the human being. If you observed the recent moon shots, you know that the mistakes were committed by human beings acting like human beings. For example, that nut putting the television lens directly in line of the sun. A machine wouldn't do this. But that's what makes history interesting, the fact that human beings are so unscientific. You can count, for instance, on mercuric oxide yielding oxygen over



in the lab and yielding oxygen over here if you heat it the same way. But the human being who's doing the heating might not act the same way in the lab and over here.

The only thing that is scientific in history is the derivation of fact, but fact is not history. History is the interpretation which one renders on the fact, and this is by and large a creative process. To call history a science, then is false. We use scientific methodology to derive historical fact and prove that such an event happened on such and such a



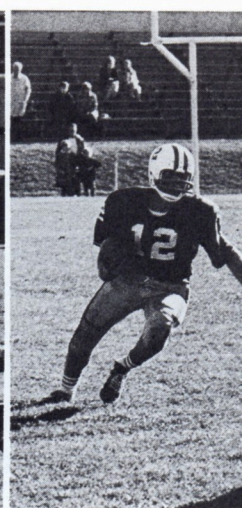
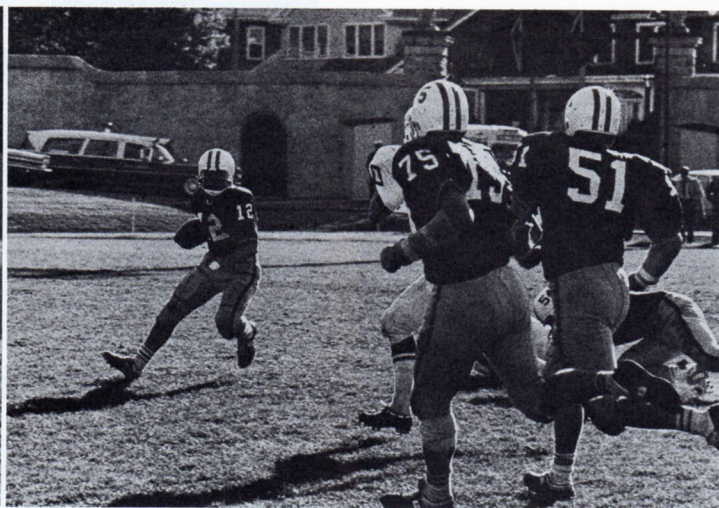
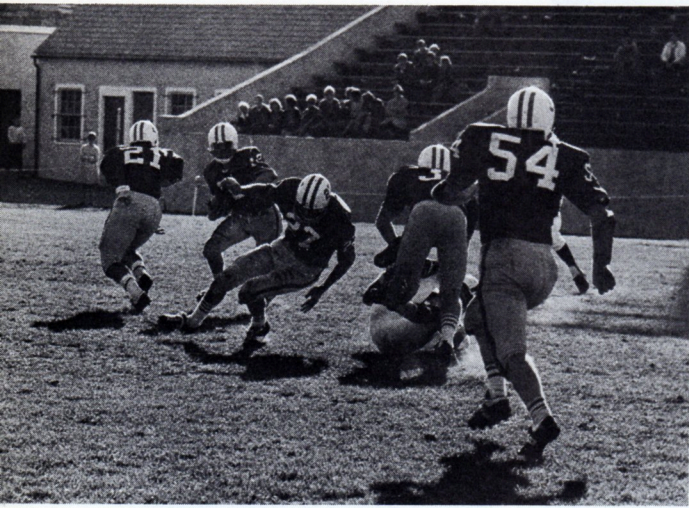
day, but this isn't history. Objectivity in history is a negative sort of thing.

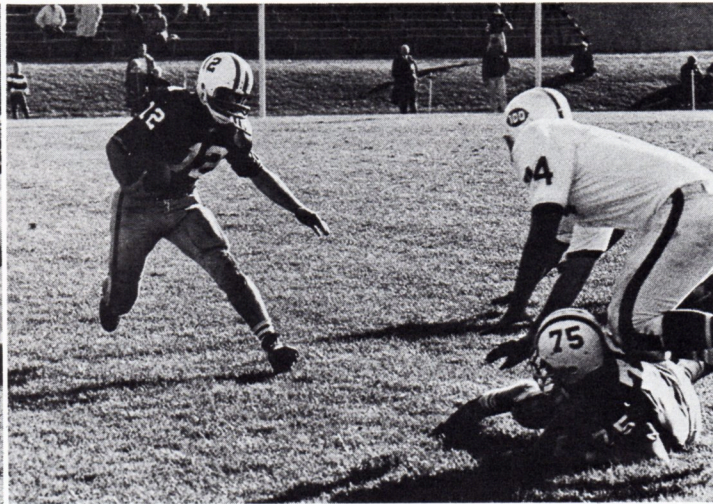
I guess I can also get in some dirty words here on the question of universities and colleges today. I think the one thing that bothers me most is that a student never stops to think. I think a great part of the revolution is social. It's a non-intellectual revolution. There's nothing intellectual about it, because the individual in his great urge to be revolutionary is asking for certain things that are about the process of learning. It reminds me very much of records that you buy, to cook by, to wash the babies' diapers by, to iron by. It seems that students are talking about honor systems, talking about this, about that, about the other thing and, even about knowledge. There's only one real way of doing this, the only way that it's ever been done, and that's to glue the seat of your pants to the seat of a chair and start reading.

Take a look at the university today. How much of the physical plant is geared toward the actual process of learning? I would say in the case of Albright and in the case of most other colleges, somewhat less than one-third. All the university really needs are the necessary labs for the science program, a library, a faculty and maybe two buildings that contain sufficient lecture halls—that's all you really need. What's the rest of the college: a football stadium, a gym, the dormitories, the student union building. If you take a look at any average small college—church affiliated or what have you—in America today, an educated European will, in many cases, not have heard of it. But there are no Americans and few Europeans with any kind of education, who have not, at one time or another, heard of Heidelberg. And the Heidelberg physical plant is less than half the size of Albright College, because the only thing it is concerned with is the faculty, the library, the laboratories and the necessary classrooms—no more, no less.



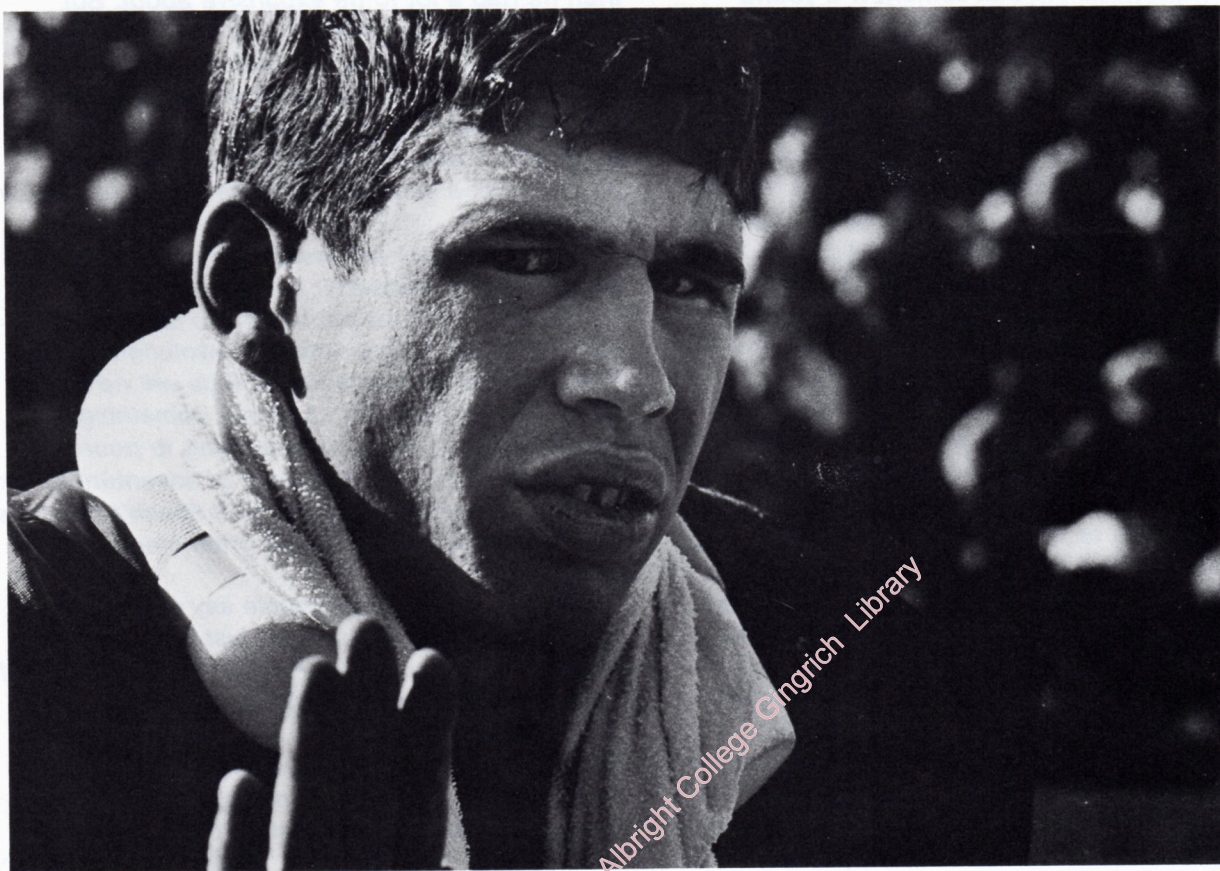








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Aperture: Professor David Voigt

We have a kind of a thing about youth that we feel. I mean it's not true, but we carry a sort of myth around that young people are more creative, more experimental . . . that somehow a young mind can be brought to bear on problems freshly and more challenging than old minds. In different disciplines, this becomes almost like a tyranny, but it's a differential sort of tyranny. In math, it's such that you're considered a has-been at thirty. In history, they still talk about young men as fortyish.

I think you'd find that all this business about the young mind and the young brain would not necessarily apply if you could get older people in the habit of going back to school. Subsidize them. Make them go every 3 or 4 years. They do this at Otterbien. Here, you have a real problem getting a sabbatical, and it tends to make professors look more stale than they really are. Young people now really have the advantage. They're on the formal education treadmill and they're with it.

I was listening to Art Shostak from Drexel talk at a Pennsylvania Sociological Society meeting about the kinds of reforms that are going to take place in the 70's. We're going to have a lot more interdisciplinary feedback, he said. This interdisciplinary approach will bombard us with knowledge. It will have to for us to begin to understand the kind of world we're living in today. I think it'll get to the point where partnerships between professors and between professors and students will be formed in which everyone will teach each other.

This revolution will also be against existing formalism. Shostak showed a picture of a Playboy

fold out. Real big long thing. And one kid had written a term paper on this fold out . . . right across the torso. Pretty expansive term paper, but then he had a lot to be expansive about. But Shostak was saying how here's an example of unorthodoxy, a fine term paper done against a setting that allowed the student's imagination to work. He said, "I'll bet that kid's quaking in his boots about how I'm going to react. But he's going to get a surprise, because I react extremely favorably."

Another kid took an assignment and made a game out of it, handed it to the guy and said, "Here, this will show you what I've learned if you play the game." Style-wise the revolution against formalism will be tremendous. Kids will no longer be treated as cups but as seeds, something to develop fully rather than something to pour knowledge into. There's plenty of adventure in this for someone whose flexible, who doesn't need the egoistic comfort of being the great source of knowledge.

It bothers me to hear people say maybe we should face up to the fact we just have average students and treat them as such. I don't like this. I think you can do a lot of damage by calling kids "average" and giving them the cup approach. This is a big problem. I have about sixty students this semester, the majority oriented towards cups. When someone tells the rest that they're in the minority, that minority says, "that's too bad. I have a right to change something." I think there's a profound point here: It's the idea that a dean or a professor can't keep on playing platoon leader.



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Aperture: Reverend William Marlow

The way we relate to each other sometimes can become so shallow that everything seems common and ordinary. I'm convinced that the very things that seem common and ordinary can become uncommonly significant, uncommonly tender, uncommonly sensitive. We assume too wrongly that excitement is out there some place and has to be chased after. It seems that we've lost the sense of the importance and the uniqueness of our own and of every other self.

Relationships with human beings are the most valuable experiences in all of life. The significance of ordinary relationships overwhelms me—to be recognized as a person, to be recognized as someone who is able to do some loving and to receive love, to have that almost magical moment when a conversation is no longer one person listening and another, but when two people understand each other on a level that is genuinely significant because it's honest, and because it's real, and because it's deep, and because it doesn't phony things up by only talking about those things which seem to be acceptable to the other person. I'm convinced that most of us too rarely open ourselves up in the kind of way in which other people can understand just what we are as unique persons. We wear masks to hide what we're thinking; we wear masks to play different roles with different people, and because of this all kinds of rot develop between us and in us.

We're hung up on keeping appearances, putting our best foot forward, thinking that we've got to impress other people with the sort of thing that we are convinced will make us look good. So we hide the very parts of our lives that we ought to be sharing, and we pretend that we are strong and consistent. We crave flattery. We seek admiration. What we really want, I believe, is acceptance and understanding of the unique feelings that are really ours and the kind of sharing of one's self with another that can only come with a high

degree of openness. I'd like to see every person recognize his own worth as an individual, and come to feel that he's immeasurably valuable not because of his accomplishments, but because he's alive, but because he can be a full person. Now, I'm convinced that what a person believes about himself determines how he will relate to other people just as what a person believes about other people will determine the positions he takes.

If an individual is so hung up that he feels he must conceal most of what's going on down inside of him, he'll waste tremendous energy in that effort to conceal and have little left for genuine creativity.

It's important to recognize the significance, the beauty of common everyday relationships. It's equally important to point out the significance of recognizing the ugliness, to point out the significance of taking an honest view of what goes on inside that wouldn't make us look good if it were publicized—the parts that cause me to be inconsistent and inconsiderate and insensitive. The significance of recognizing and admitting to this ugliness is really very important. I take the demonic within me very seriously, much more so today than I would have a few years ago. By the demonic I mean the pull in the destructive direction that's within my personality. Call it a contradictory nature, a split, my abilities or will or intentions. Whatever you call it, it's real. And it doesn't go away. And I don't outgrow it. And I do understand what someone else meant when he said the good that I want to do, I don't do; and the very things that I don't want to do, I wind up doing.

Because I know this demonic is within me, I believe it's within you too. And I believe it's in every man. And I believe this same contradictory nature gets into our human institutions, no matter what institutions they are. It constantly produces hurt and must constantly be seen as a threat and attacked. I think we so naively feel that somehow



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or other if we leave things alone, the hurtful qualities in our society will simply disappear. We should have tremendous evidence by now that this just doesn't happen at all. I think the role of the demonic in our life orientations is very underrated these days. I want us to stop being naive about our ability to fool ourselves with rationalizations, our ability to justify the most horrible immoralities, our ability to twist peoples' lives and explain it as if it were for their own good. This is why the tragedy of a war like Vietnam and the immorality of poverty and the hideousness of prejudice must really be treated by us as if they were huge cancers that can't be left up to someone else.

Strangely, I find that recognizing this demonic draws me closer to other people and much closer to the belief that we live creatively only because of the possibilities of understanding and forgiveness that come into our lives as gifts that people can share but that people have not invented. People have not created the ability to overcome the guilt that's with each of us. This really says to me that there's life above this human life that makes these gifts of understanding, forgiveness and love possible. My aim in life is not to make people (quote) religious, but to help them become more human. The real meaning and significance of life is found when we recognize the transcending possibilities of life, recognize that we can share a kind of communication that we did not invent, that we can participate in the kind of love that we cannot take credit for, that we can find the demonic in us being absorbed by our potentials for understanding and forgiveness.

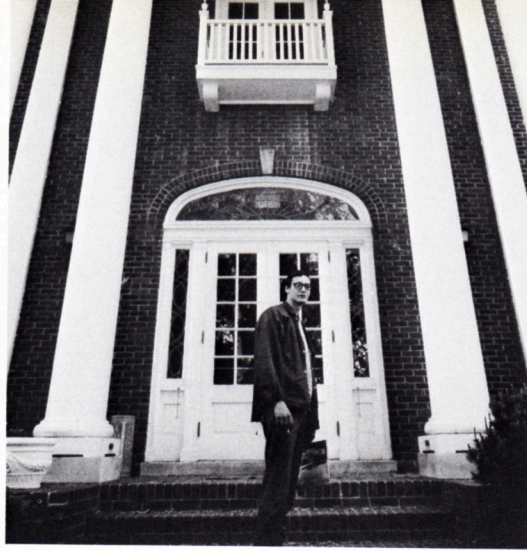
I'm convinced that a gathering like a college can become more than a collection of people. It

can become an open community of responsive, warm human beings—not of human beings that only present themselves in the best light, but of human beings who present themselves as having tremendous needs for understanding as well as tremendous capacities for contribution. If a place like a college is to become more than a collection of people, our priorities must change. We must put greater emphasis on the uniqueness of every human life. We must recognize the central importance of the unique personalities of every person with the community. But then we must also recognize that a sense of inadequacy and failure is in each of us and that my becoming free as a person depends on what you can do for me by accepting that part of me which I don't have in common with everyone else, but which is uncommonly significant because it is uniquely me. Anything resembling this is going to take a great deal more trust and honesty and openness than is usually present. But I think it's possible when we recognize the potential we all have.

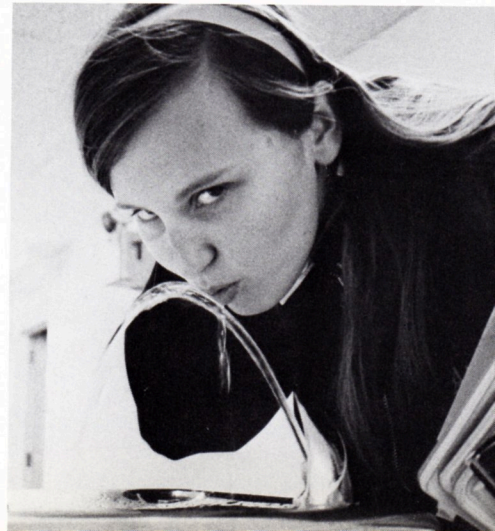
What maturity really means, I think, is the willingness or the ability to look honestly at what's going on around us and recognize its ugliness as well as its uncommon significance. If this begins to get into our lives, we no longer become doctors in order to hang out a shingle on the wealthiest street in town, no longer become lawyers to prove people morally wrong but legally right. We become doctors and lawyers because people need to be healed and defended. I don't know of anything more important for a college to do than to give to the people who come here a sense of the significance of life. I think if this is not here or in any community, nothing else we can do will ultimately be worth anything.

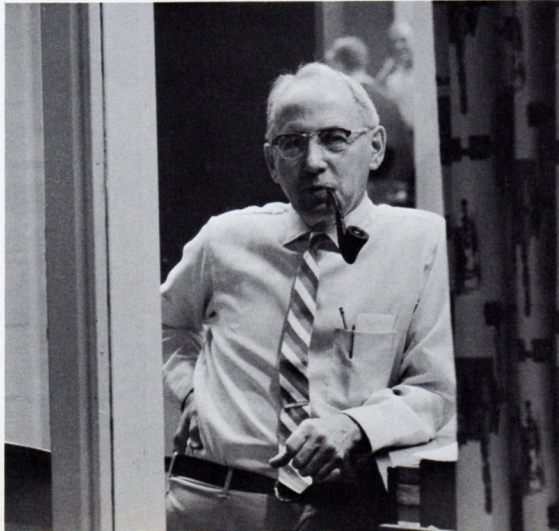
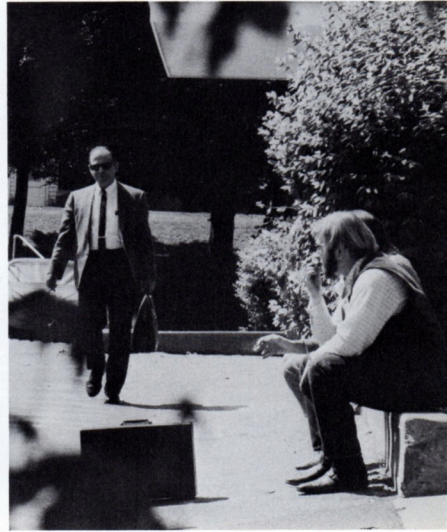
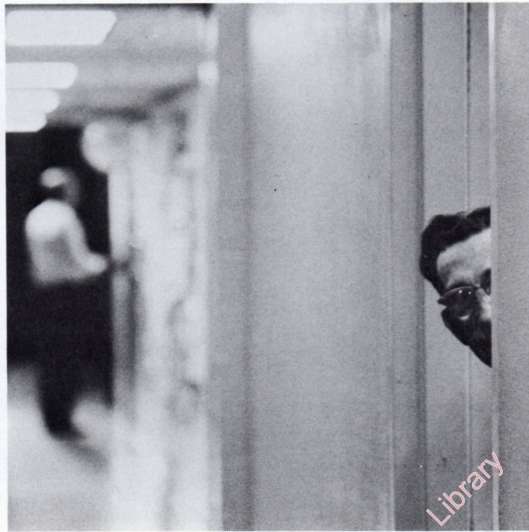


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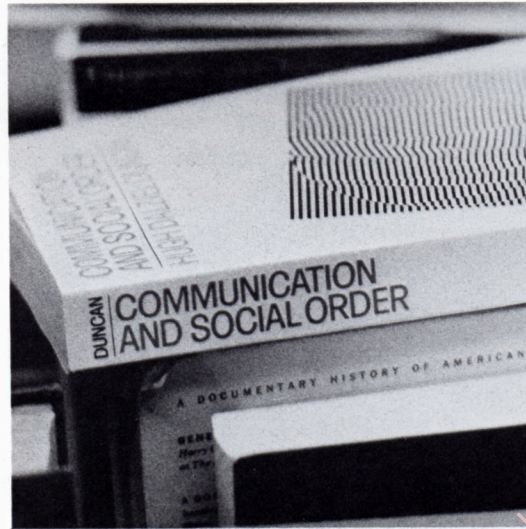
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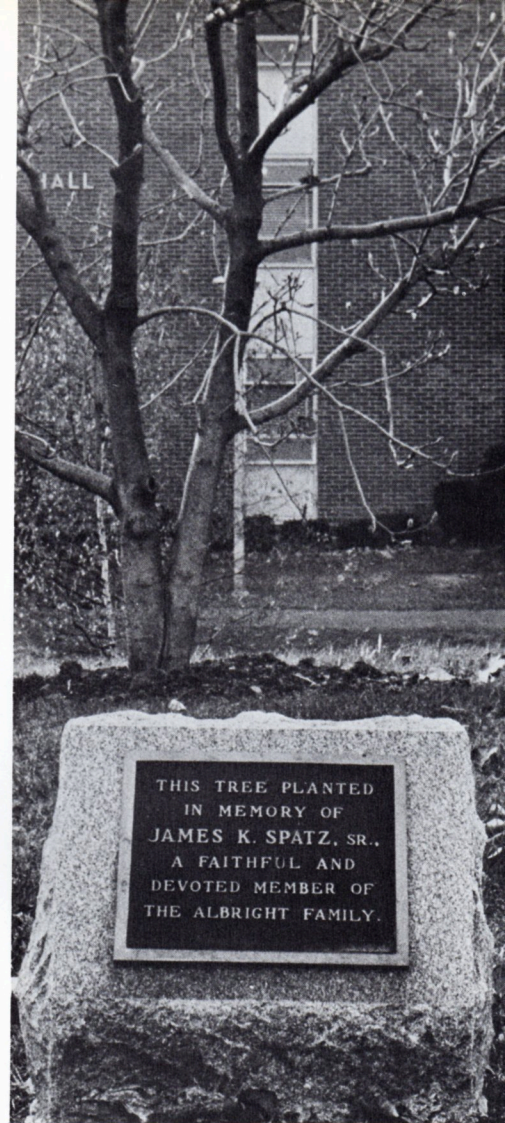


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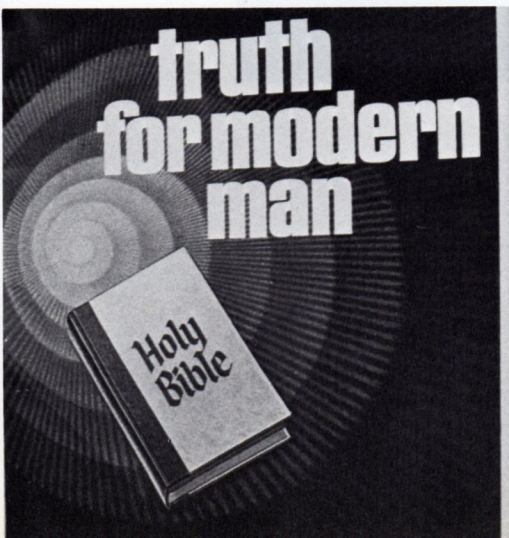
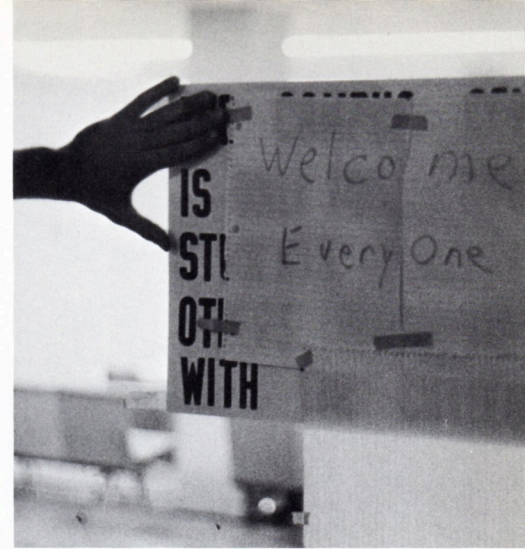
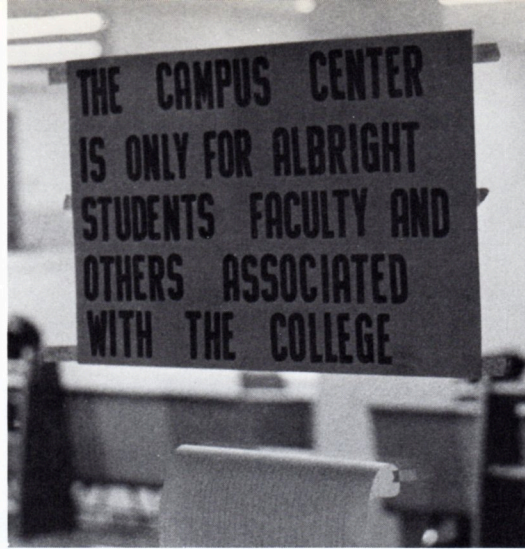




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Aperture: Professor Gary Adlestein

Get Out of Your Province

The best way I can describe the relevance of literature is to make an analogy with the idea of provincialism. Provincialism can be defined in terms of one's geographical situation. The provincial is someone from a small town, who lives away from urban centers and judges everything by the standards of his own limited experiences. He's likely to be distrustful of things that don't fit into his limited frame of reference. He accepts without question the values of his inherited system.

If you make the analogy chronologically speaking, the present is a province in time. Certainly, there's no more important moment than the present. If you continually live outside of the present, something is wrong with you. On the other hand, to think that the standards of this moment are the ones by which you should judge everything is as narrow-minded as the person whose values are determined by his geographic province. The way to cure geographic provincialism is to leave your small town and go to visit other cities and countries—travel, expose yourself to other values, other peoples, and learn to extend you own values. When you travel, you begin to learn just how small a part of the world your province is. You can do the same thing with literature. It does one good to leave the present to converse with Plato, Shakespeare, and Jonathan Swift. You're not likely to meet these people in Reading or North Plainfield in 1970.

Where You're At

Literature is a kind of vicarious way to leave the limited realm of your experiences. When you travel, you discover how different things are in other places; when you travel in literature, how different things are in different times. But by exposing yourself to different places and different times, you discover too that which is the same. That's a very important discovery. There's something about a mother-child relationship in China that's very similar to the father-son

relationship here. It's the same when you go back and read the Iliad or Hamlet. The process of imaginatively traveling also serves an ontological purpose. It's self-defining. It helps you know what it's like to be a modern. You'll probably have a better idea of your modernity after you've exposed yourself to, for example, the faith implicit in the world of Spenser's Fairie Queen. You may be someone who doesn't believe in anything, but you learn a great deal about what you do have, don't have, and perhaps desire when you imaginatively project yourself into the serenely faithful world of Spenser.

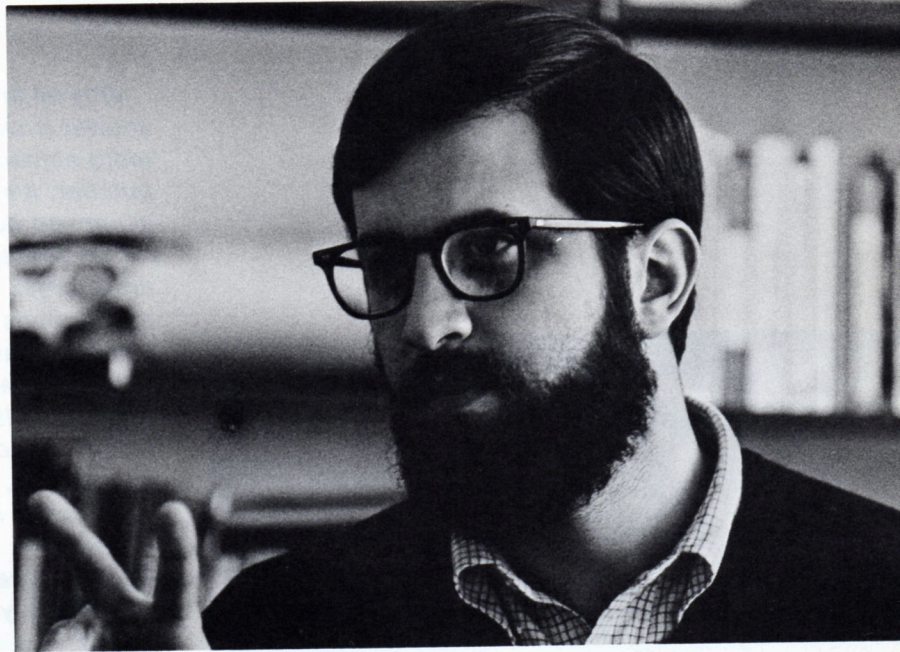
"Boy You're Gonna Carry That Weight"

Before the end of the 18th century, there existed a generally agreed upon system of belief values. When man began to see the world through the eyes of Locke and other empiricists—as a bunch of particles bumping into each other—that old value system went out the window. Creating a new value system became a very real problem. That's the modern problem. Poets are grappling with it. They're trying to get back in touch with a world order that, defined in modern terms, has some meaning and offers some security. But the modern situation is never to accept a world view or value system merely because you have inherited it or have been given it by some authority. The modern way is to discover by yourself, to be an Ancient Mariner. If there is to be value out there, it's going to have to be meaningful to you. Art is very important in this struggle. The poet is in many ways a quester for and creator of value, purpose, and order.

The Poet and Vietnam

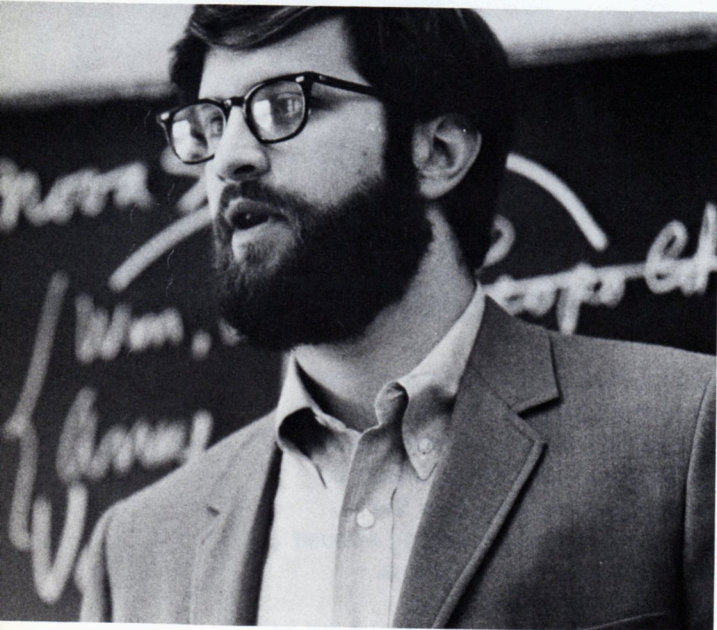
Some poets attempt to reinvest the empirical world with value, to bathe it in the wonder and mystery that science and technology have destroyed. Others create symbolic worlds (eg. Yeat's "Vision"), which we can imaginatively share.

In the battle for peace and the end of wars in



general, the poet has been advancing a cause. The front upon which he wages his campaign is the front of language. His enemy's weapons are abstraction gobbledygook, officialise jargon or whatever term you choose to describe the abstract, de-humanizing, depersonalizing misuse of language by the pro-war faction of this administration or any other war-making administration. The poet fights against this kind of misuse of language, especially the misuse of language that you find in the mouth of a military scientist. You all know the pattern: we "secure" an area; They—the enemy, engage in a "terrorist attack." We "neutralize" the enemy. They "murder" our boys.

Consider the very impersonality of the word "enemy." He is never considered a human being. He is abstracted and depersonalized into Cong, Red, V.C. or Charlie. Where does he live? Not in any real hometown with all its warm connotations of living. No. The V.C. hold up in places like iron triangles, war zone Z or sector 6. The thing is to transform people and turn them into statistics and segments on a map, which according to your logistics must be wiped out.



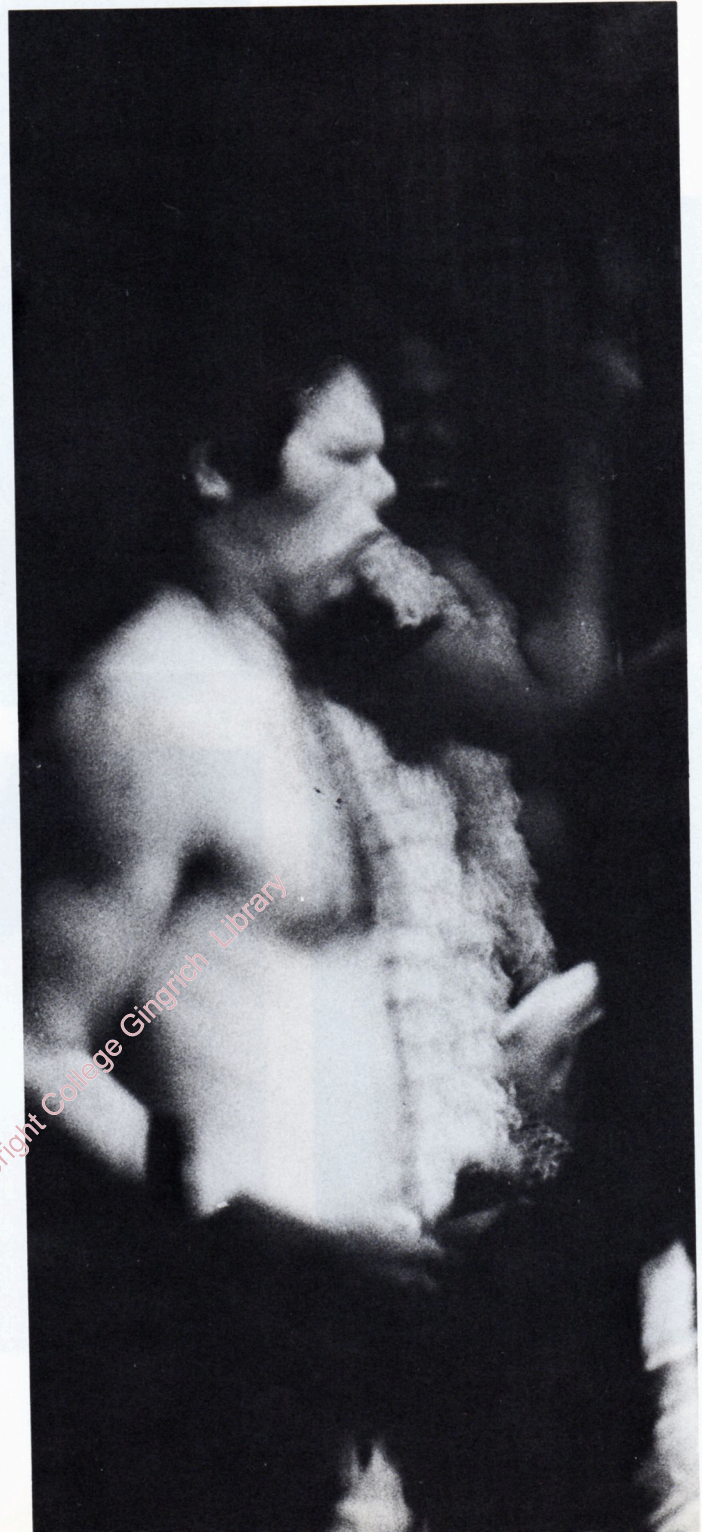
Why all this abstraction of language? The answer is simple: the better, the smoother, the more efficiently and scientifically to gas, maim and butcher. It's much easier to handle an enemy when you do this to him first.

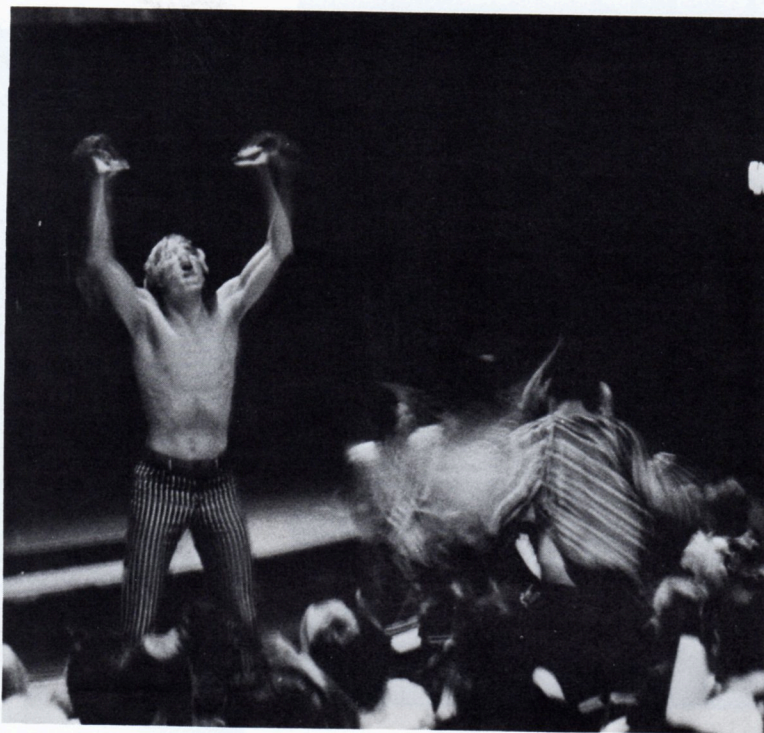
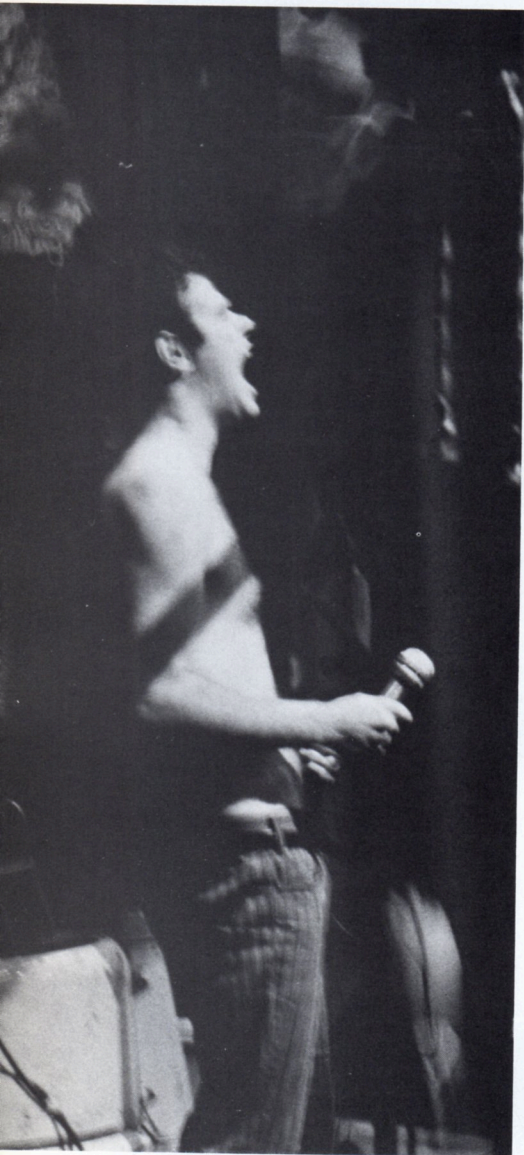
The strategy of the anti-war poet is to use his art to break through the smoke screen of abstractions and to bring his reader into immediate and personal contact with the pain and horror of war. The war experience is brought down from its abstract levels which appeal to no one's emotions to the realm of experience where we can feel, see, hear, and smell it. The poet rubs our nose in it.

Here's an example of how a poet operates, trying to awaken you to experience. He appeals not only to your mind and your logic, he tries to appeal to your emotions through metaphor, imagery, rhythms and so forth. This poem is called "Confession" by Morton Marcus. It does imaginatively what the color photos of the Mylai massacre in Life magazine did pictorially:

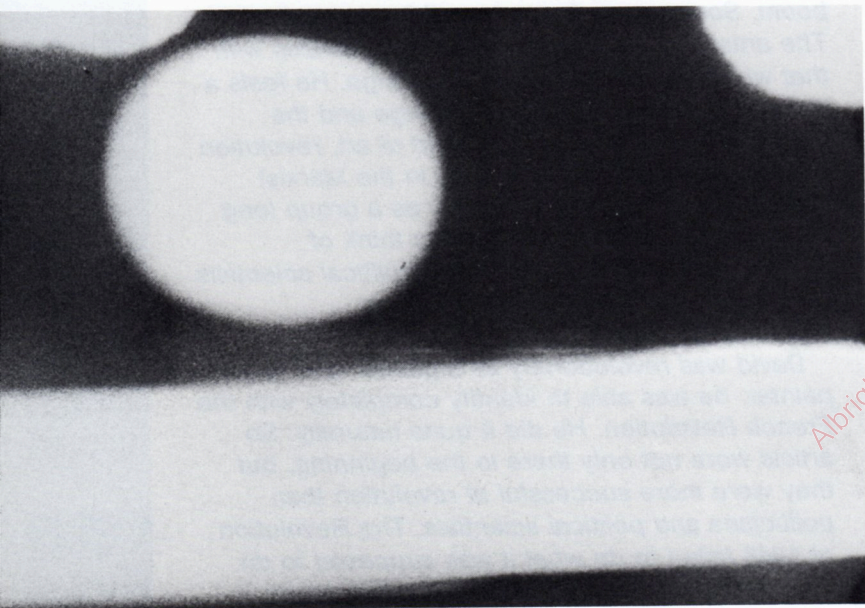
How do I say
that I'm a murderer?
I drag my shadow
as if it were a sack
full of discarded bodies.

My count is indefinite
but probably includes
the 8 mothers
who ran through the caves
of my colon
with burning hair;
the baby
shaped like a scream;
the two girls
with hands and wombs
of flaming water;
and, on my spiral road,
the boy who crawls
farther and farther
from his legs.





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Aperture: Professor Harry Kousaros

It would be nice if teaching painting and art history were something like teaching mathematics or even chemistry, where students could memorize generally accepted facts as a basis for academic conclusions. But it isn't that way and that is what I think students have the most trouble understanding. They have to develop a sense of taste, cultivate it if it has been allowed to grow at all in the past. I can't give them a clear, universally accepted philosophy or aesthetic standard. They have to do it themselves. If they're able to do it, if they can allow their taste to grow freely without having it nipped in the bud by previously established prejudices received from say family or cultural-economic background, fine. But most of our students come from backgrounds where art sensitivity has been almost totally lacking with the exception, perhaps, of a journalistic approach to aesthetics: what the family has been able to absorb from the mass media. In this case, they know about a few individuals. Picasso. They know about Dali, Salvador Dali. They know, perhaps, about Jackson Pollock because of Life Magazine. But this is not the kind of honest, natural, free development of taste based on sensitivity that is necessary for any kind of meaningful thinking.

I think it's true that people are more aware of art today. In that sense, we are in the middle of a cultural revolution. But I think that this is due to the media. The media has presented an image of art as something to be desired. It gives one instant status and so, to that degree there is a great deal of snob appeal connected with the art boom. Its suberbia suddenly feeling that Now we've got the money, we've climbed over a number of dead bodies, but now we're concerned that we've neglected our sensibilities. They spend a good twenty or thirty years getting as much as they can. Then comes the time when they want to save their souls. Artistically, they're infants. But art provides the instant status they desire. It's here that the media has made them aware of art and, what's

worst of all, dictated what their tastes should be.

When it comes down to the educational aspects of art, I'm in a difficult position. Where painting is concerned, I teach knowing full well inside of me that one cannot teach painting, cannot teach someone how to be an artist. This is why I don't structure the painting classes too much. This is why I don't force it to follow a particular aesthetic philosophy of painting. The emphasis in painting class is on free expression. I don't have to worry about whether they have a particular body of rendering techniques—how to make glass look like glass, how to make silver look like silver.

One of the values of our courses, I think, both in the lecture and in painting is that they give the students who take them a break from the memorizing approach that is all too common. I have a lot of refugees, I think—people who are trying to free themselves from the grind. I would go so far as to say that if this were the only service I offered the students of this college, it would justify the department.

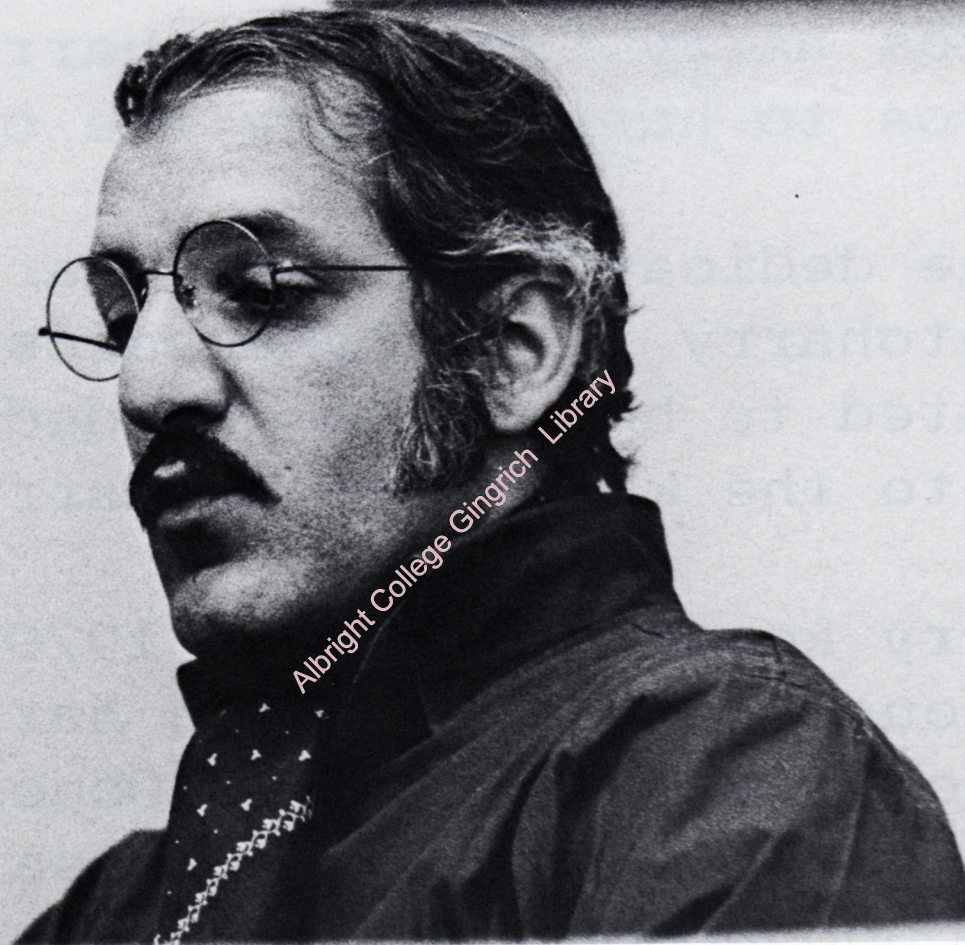
We say we're in the middle of a kind of cultural boom. Some go so far as to call it a revolution. The artist has a personality that sympathizes with that which is in the process of change. He feels a natural tie with the forces of change and the struggles of the age. In the world of art, revolution has as old a tradition as it does in the Marxist world. Artists were revolutionary as a group long before other groups. You have to think of Robespierre & Co. as social and political scientists before you can find another group as revolutionary as artists.

David was revolutionary as a painter and as a painter, he was able to identify completely with the French Revolution. He did it quite naturally. So artists were not only there in the beginning, but they were more successful at revolution than politicians and political scientists. The Revolution of 1848 failed to do what it was supposed to do. The commune failed in 1871—abortive, tragic, violent, monstrous on both sides. But artists in their various revolutions, say the revolution against the Academy in the 19th century, emerged

victorious as we all know from the values that even middle-class society places in impressionist and post-impressionist painting.

Then, go from that revolution to others and you find that painters have gone much farther than men have dared to go in the area of government. Man hasn't even dared try anarchy, for instance. A good number of artists are anarchists—not activist anarchists, but inside of them they are anarchist-libertarians. In their work they have experimented with the disorganized, the destructive and have succeeded in accepted and viable styles of art, such as Dada, based on anti-art.

Camus said it best in *The Rebel*: One can view all rebellion as the pre-condition of liberty, whether it be political and of society or spiritual and of the self. It may be that every nation needs two revolutions. First, a revolution of the traditional sort grounded in political and economic realities. Then, a second revolution based on cultural and spiritual values. The freedom to be, that is, followed by the freedom to be human. In the diagnosis of our present malaise, I think we should always opt modestly for the lower case r, for we are not in such a position that we can know what judgment history will pass on us: Revolution or merely revolutionary.



o harry kousaros to harry kousaros to harry
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o harry kousaros to harry koukougouto saro
oto harry to harry kousaros to harrykousar
ousaros to harry kousaros

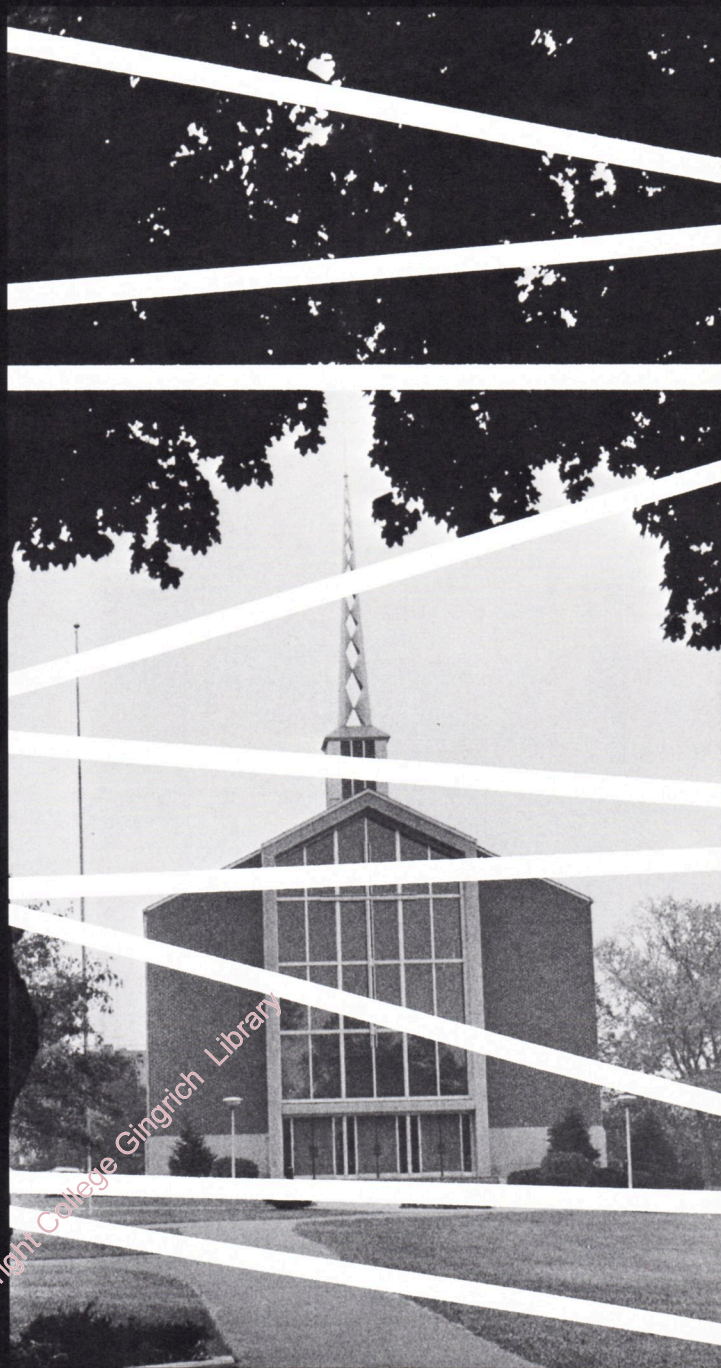
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THE CUE, 1970
ALBRIGHT COLLEGE



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From the very start, let us bring news of our protagonist. The following is from the bulletin of Albright College:

The Albright student enters a campus in which his academic life and his social contacts in all areas are blended. Beyond his attendance in class, he must budget his own time and contribute to those campus community activities that most call his interest and talent.

Now we may leave the bulletin.

College was a big sprawling word even to a technology-oriented twentieth century mind. It had its own peculiar blend of past, present, and future. But as egocentric as Stephen Goodman was, being just out of high school and all, the present interested him most. And of all the things that happened in the present, Stephen was most interested with what concerned his own immediate existence. Stephen's mother and father had said the first of the hard goodbyes (there would be more), demanding that he not experiment with drugs until he had finished his education. It was a mean promise to exact from a boy in these

apocalyptic times, but Stephen promised. He had a thing against LSD and hippies anyway. He resented those of his own generation who *demand*ed that he live in a world of love and flowers, but kept this to himself. He did not think much of people who went around wearing their philosophy like ashes on the forehead. Of course, this made Stephen look like a fence-sitter, and sitting on fences was not comfortable even for a short time. Somehow the human anatomy was just not built to maintain such narrow perch. And there was always some people trying to pull fence-sitters off to one side or the other as though all fence-sitters were simply too weak-minded to decide which side of the fence they wished to call home.

The architecture of Stephen's personality resembled some provincial cathedral that had been designed and built over several centuries by warring factions of the Church. He carried a lot of different ages within him: sixty-five years old, nineteen, twenty-eight, forty-nine, et cetera. Stephen imagined the period in which he lived to be not so very different from previous periods. The present was a period of global anxiety. Anxiety had been caused by Hitler in 1939. Today, Hitler was exchanged for huge gaps between an advancing technology and the kind of security only more humanity could provide. This new generation believed in technology more than any before it, but it also believed in witches, tribal knowledge, orgy, and revolution. It had no respect for the unassailable logic of the next step. Authority was a manifest evil to this generation. It was authority who had covered the country with suburbs and stifled

its children with the situation comedy. The authority had presented itself as honorable, and it was corrupt. It had set itself up as the Light, but it had lied. Hemingway had been right after all, "if it made you feel good, it was good." This was a Romantic age, and everywhere the Now Generation was struggling to overcome the impersonality that accompanied a binary promise of heaven.

And Stephen was at Albright, an institution dedicated to producing innocent, bright-eyed, decent-minded, merry, red-cheeked, idealistic individuals it could be proud to send out into society. The college was in the last stages of what it called the Albright Family, kind of like a big buddy. Stephen fell backwards on his bed and lay there with his hands cupped behind his head. The mattress was not two inches thick and the springs had lost their tone so that the bed curved like a hammock, but it was his for the duration. In four years, he would be out in the free and fat society, a servant of the future social machine in which all irrational human conflict would be resolved. He—no, they would all be servants of the moon. They would go to live in houses that looked pretty much the same. The men would get jobs. The wives would give up herculean careers as doctors, analysts, sociologists, when they got married and relinquish all for hubber and the kids. Stephen was offended by this portrait he imagined of himself after four years. And institutions always promised to fare better in the long run than any so-called individual. Stephen felt a vague sense of suffocation as he put on a collar for supper.

It was bound to come to Albright sooner or later.

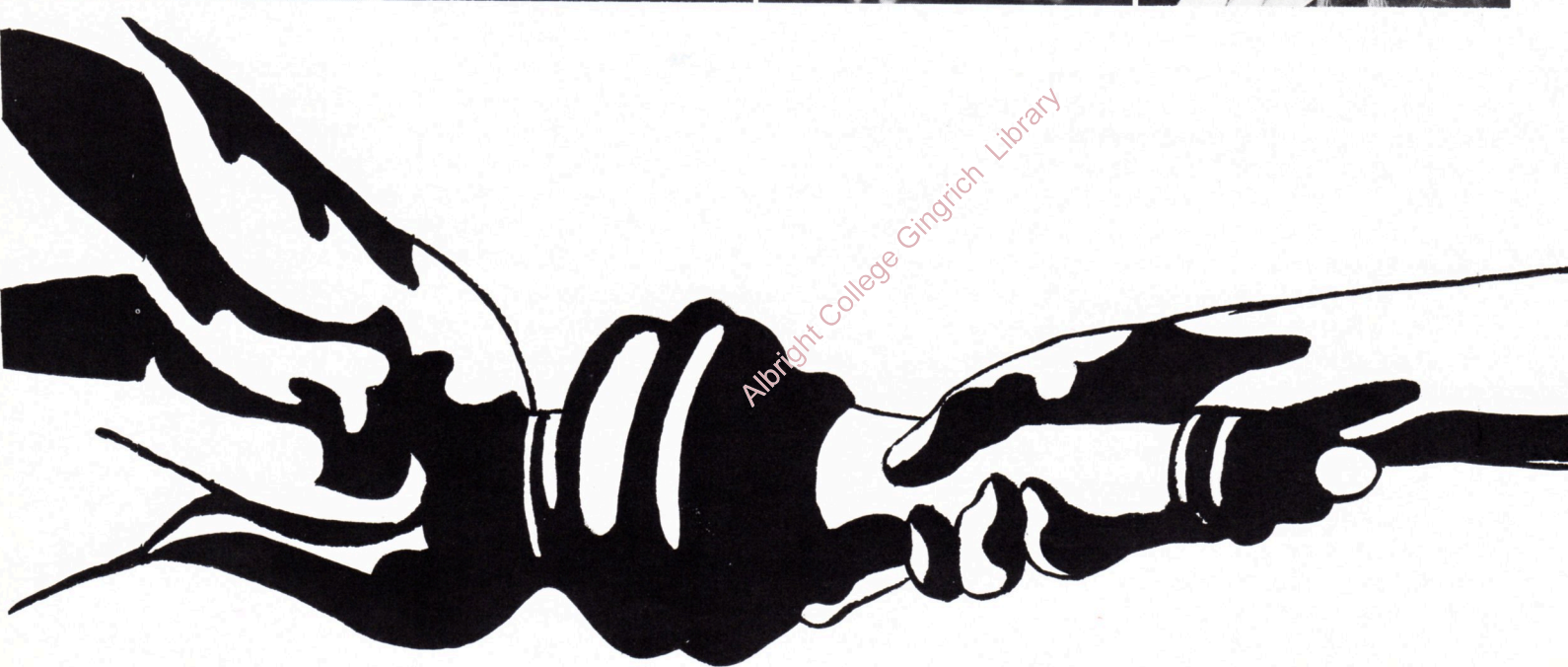
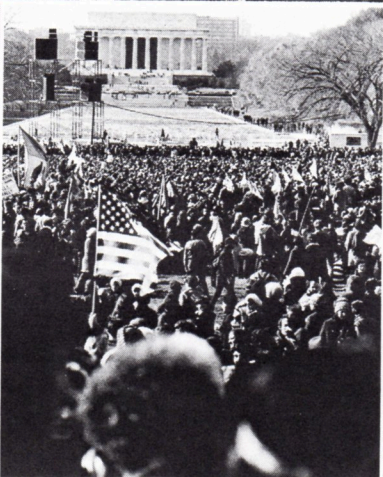
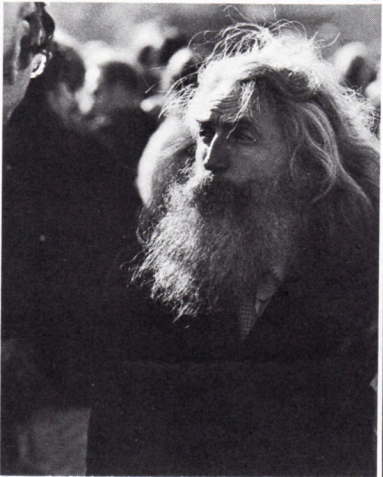
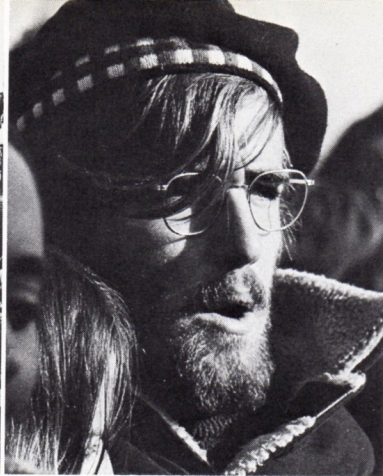
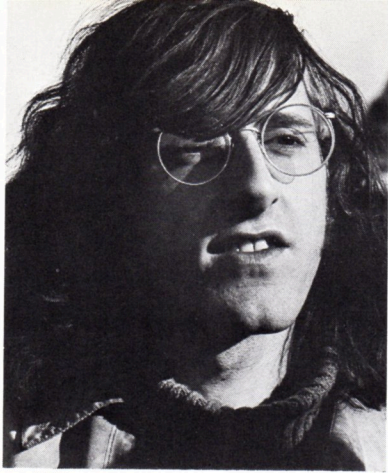
We, the students . . . kind of like Lincoln in technologyland. Rumors went slap back and forth like water trapped between bulkheads. The phalanx of the proletariat came down on the library dressed like the legions of Sgt. Pepper's Band, spewing forth their high intentions in dishrag prose. Stephen did not feel comfortable with the so-called radicals. They seemed too smug and self-righteous. And the so-called moderates were either blind or evading the real question: weekend revolutionaries. The black minority already lived in the 21st century when the white man could be rendered invisible at will. But together they had taken over the library. They had not meant for the study-in to be one step in a master plan to take over the college. Rather, they had meant . . . and here the reasons became so clear and yet so vague, so moral and yet so primitive, that there was no need to talk about them.

Thoughts raced like Mongol hoards across Stephen's mind. At first, it looked like the Second Coming. The community was up in arms crying "hoodlums! draft dodgers! Communists!" Albright made the Evening *Bulletin*, and WFIL-TV mentioned the college in its latest late evening round-up of world news. The sounds of revolution shook the ground. A small inedible mushroom rose above the dormitories. The sky convulsed. Liberated vestal virgins scattered wire-stemmed poppies while the revolution's leaders blushed in gaping innocence. The heat was tremendous. Stephen's face melted like wax. Squirrels went mad and threw themselves out of trees. Nutless survivors lashed themselves to straight-backed chairs and counted paper clips. The fantastic fictioned future had come, as

frightening as a young girl's first nightmare and with about as much tact as a repugnant rhinoceros.

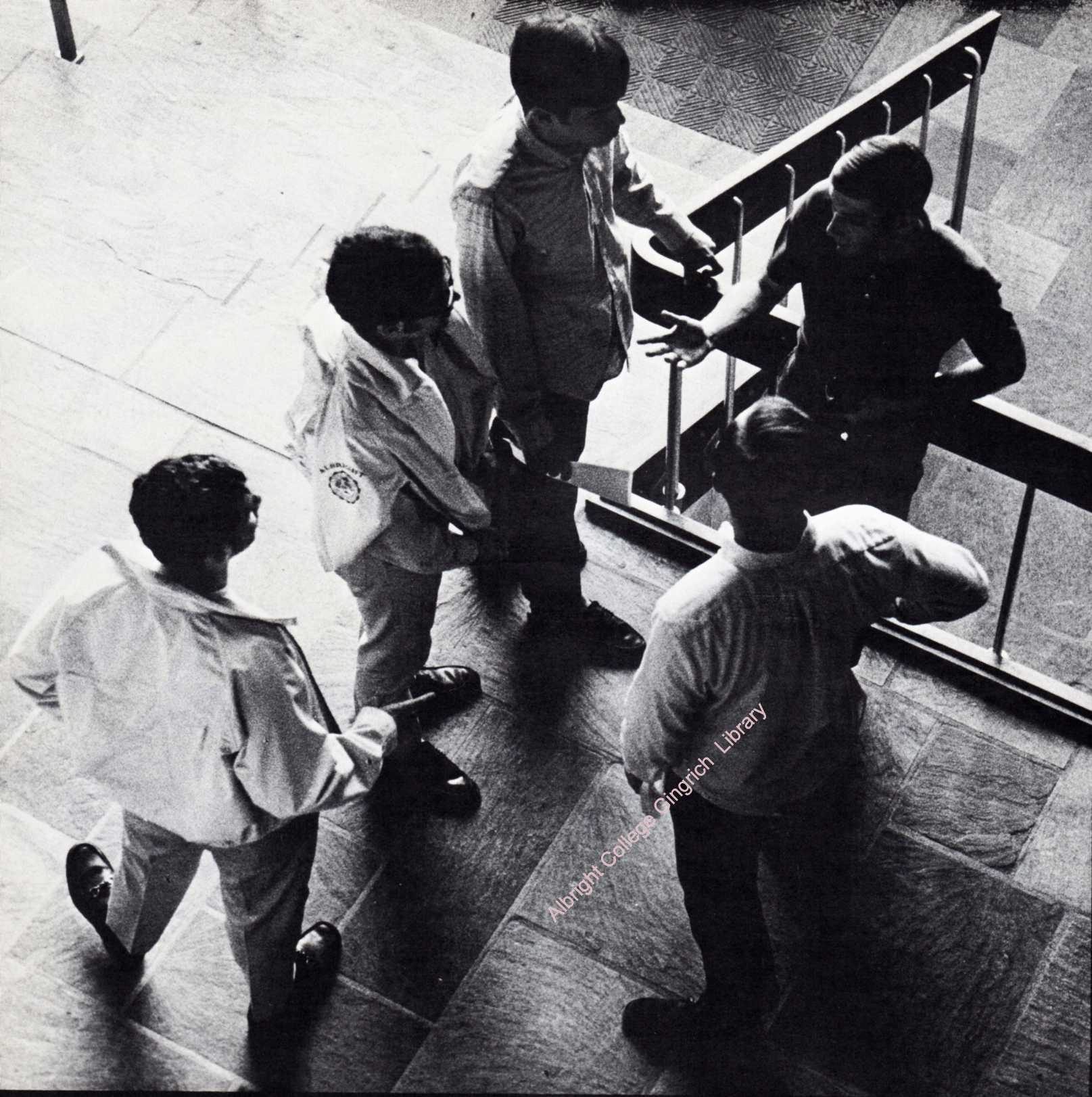
Some people objected to the use of four-letter words by the students, but not Stephen. At least those four-letter words presented concrete images, things that were graphic and precise. But in addition to the four-letter words, the revolutionaries cried for relevancy. And if the rest of the campus knew what it meant by relevant, that was more than Stephen knew. It was one of those words that looked loaded and sounded impressive, but it drew no blood for Stephen.

Mental prophylaxis offended Stephen. Over a period of four years, the modest everyday fellow of his daily routine had become servant to the wildman of him. He heard the blare of motorcycles out at the fairgrounds. Humanity and technology seemed to come together for him in those big Harley-Davidsons—embitterment of the flesh, rhythm in the pistons. Gas and cheap perfume—half the smell in American adventure. Stephen's psychedelic dreams burned out at 80,000 feet. He potzzed down the hall to the bathroom, a towel slung across his shoulder like an Indian blanket, a tube of *Clear-a-sil* in his hand. He examined himself in the mirror. He smiled and shook his head in comic disbelief. "Funny," he thought, "to spend four years of your life like this and not know if the end result bore a curse or a promise."



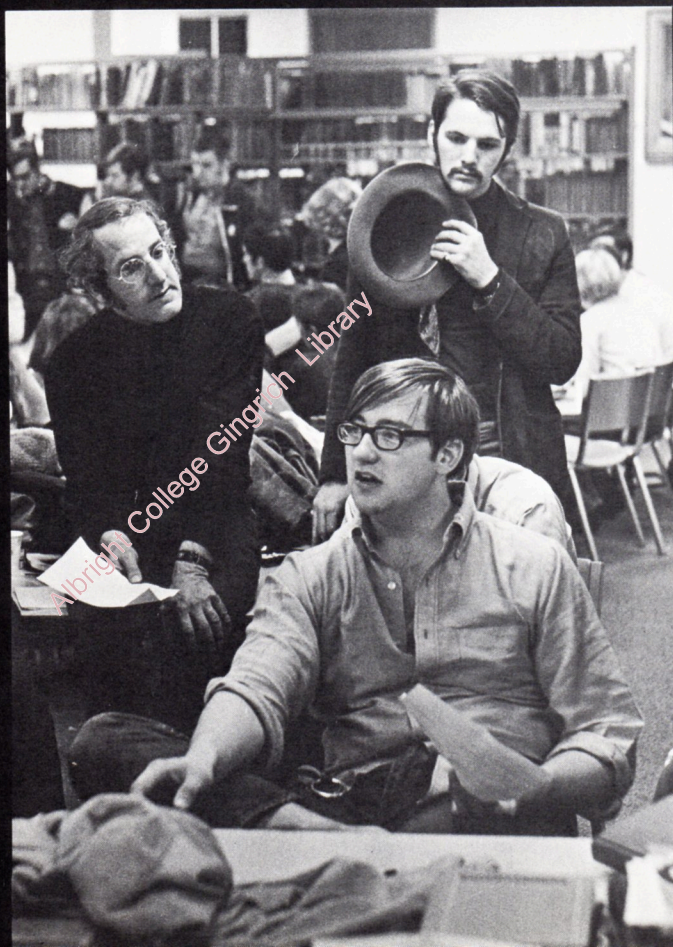
Albright College Gingrich Library

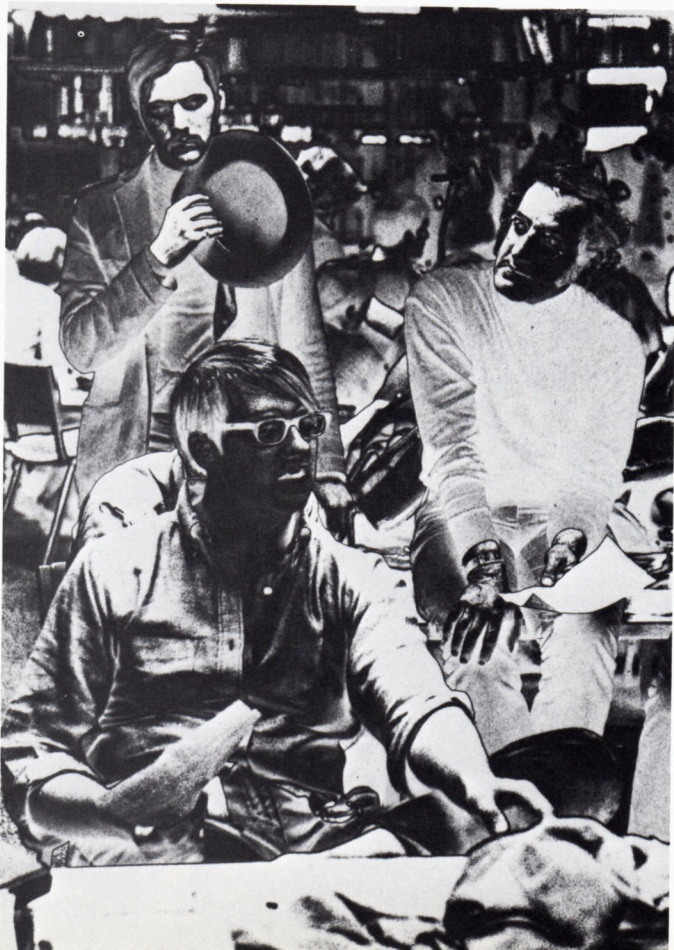




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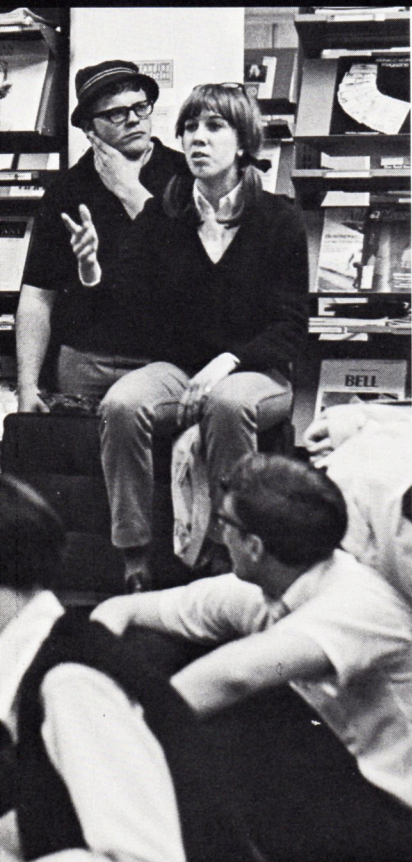












Albright College
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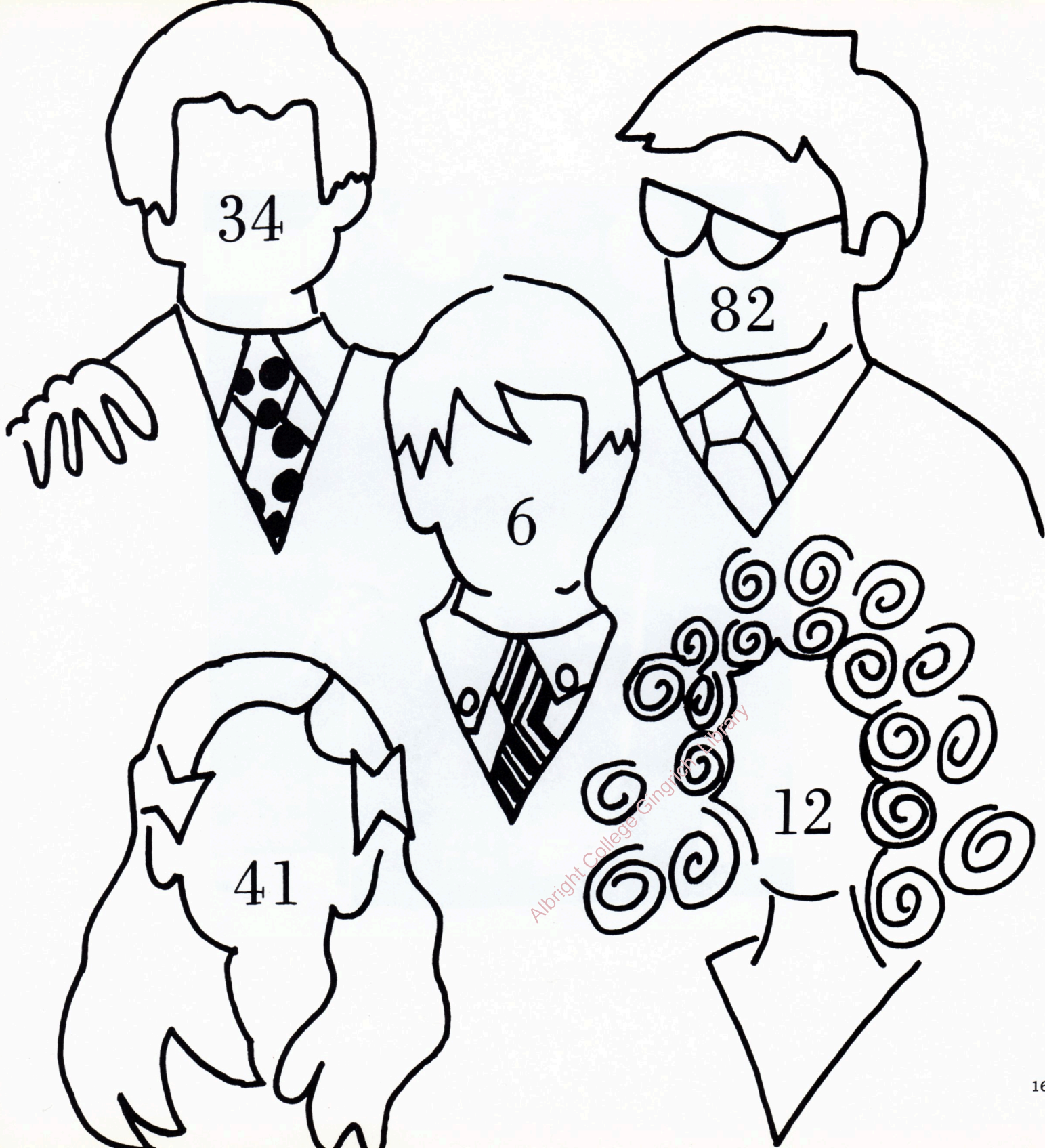
Alice thought the whole thing very absurd.

WHO ARE YOU? said the caterpillar.

I—I hardly know Sir, just at present — at least, I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.



Aubright College Ginseng Library



34

82

6

41

12





It was much pleasanter before, thought poor Alice, when one wasn't always being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit hole — and yet it's rather curious, you know.

I AM THE WALRUS

Words and Music by
JOHN LENNON and
PAUL McCARTNEY



B A G F E
 D7 A A7
 I am he as you are he as
 you are me and we are all to-ge-th - er — See how they run like pigs from a gun or how
sim.
 — they fly I'm cry - ing Sit-ting on a corn - flake —
 Yel-low mat-ter cus - tard —
 Sem-o - li - na pil - chards —
 D Fmaj7 G A A7 F
 wait-ing for the van to come — Cor-por-a-tion feashirt, shipid bloody Tuesday man
 drip-ping from a dead dog's eye — Crab-a-ock-er fish-wit-par-no-graphic priestson boy
 climb-ing up the Elf-fel Tow - er — El - o-men try pen-wit singng Ha-ro Krishna man

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REVOI

What do the lyrics mean?
 what do **YOU** mean!?

on parade, ships, etc., by a high-
view [*re- + view*; also *-u*], *n.* 1. to
 at, look over, or study again. 2. to
 view in retrospect. 3. to survey in
 or writing; make or give a survey
 ne or inspect; specifically, to inspect
 ops. 5. to give or write a critical
 book, play, etc.). 6. to re-examine;
 -examine judicially, as a lower court's
 go over (lessons, etc.) again, as in
 to review books, plays, etc., as for a
 reviewed **rev**.
), *n.* a reviewing; review.
 /Cr), *n.* a person who reviews; es-
 who writes reviews of books, plays,
 paper or magazine.
), *v.t.* [REVILED (-vīld'), REVILING], [ME.
vider, to regard or treat as vile; see
 use abusive or contemptuous language
 or about; call bad names. *v.i.* to use
 -*SYN.* see **scold**.
 -*SYN.* see **scold**.
 -*SYN.* see **scold**.
), *n.* 1. a reviling, or abusing
 instance of this; abusive speech.
), *n.* 1. a revising or being revised.

REVISED (-vīzd'), **REVISING**, [Fr.
reviser; *re-*, back + *visere*, to survey, freq.
 1. to read over carefully, as a manu-
 i book, etc., to correct and improve,
 ate. 2. to change or amend; as, they
 tax rates. *n.* 1. a revising or a revised
 ing; revision. 2. in *printing*, a proof
 ections have been made, for looking
 g again. Abbreviated **rev**.
 rd Version, a revised translation of the
 orary English by a group of American
 mplete version was published in the
 1952.
 n, a revision, or recension, of the
 King James, Version of the Bible,
 ittee of American and British scholars;
 ment was published in 1881, the Old
 1885; abbreviated **R.V.**, **Rev. Ver.**
), *n.* a person who revises; also

REVISIONISM, *n.* 1. a revisionist's work
 of this; revisionism or revision-
 nscript etc. 2. a revisionist's
 -*adj.* of or involving revision;
 -*n.* the policy or practice

REVISIONIST, *n.* a person who revises,
 revision of, some accepted theory,
adj. of revisionists or revisionism.
), *n.* a reviser.
), *adj.* of, or having the nature or
 n: as, a revisionist committee.
), *n.* 1. a reviving or being revived.
 coming back into use, attention, or
 decline. 3. a new presentation of a
 ture, etc. some time after it has first
 4. restoration to vigor or activity,
 coming back to life or consciousness.
 of religious faith among those who
 ferent, usually by dramatic, fervid
 meetings. 7. a) a meeting charac-
 d preaching, public confession of sins,
 renewed faith, etc., aimed at arousing
 b) a series of such meetings. 8. in
 validity, as of a judgment or contract.
REVIVIFICATION, *n.* 1. the fervid spirit or
 eristic of religious revivals; evangelical
 the tendency or desire to revive former
 institutions, etc.
REVIVIFIER, *n.* 1. a person who promotes
 cious revivals. 2. a person who revives
 ustoms, institutions, etc.
REVIVING (or **LETTERS, LITERATURE**),
 the related to learning and literature.
v.t. [REVIVED (-vīvd'), REVIVING], [ME.
 Fr. *revivere*; L. *revivere*; *re-*, again +
 1. to come back to life; live again
 to come back to consciousness. 3. to
 health and vigor. 4. to flourish again
 5. to come back into use or attention.
 did, effective, or operative again. *v.t.*
 to life. 2. to bring back to conscious-
 ing back to a healthy, vigorous, or
 ition after a decline. 4. to bring back
 ntion. 5. to make valid, effective, or
 6. to bring to mind again. 7. to
 etc.) again after an interval.

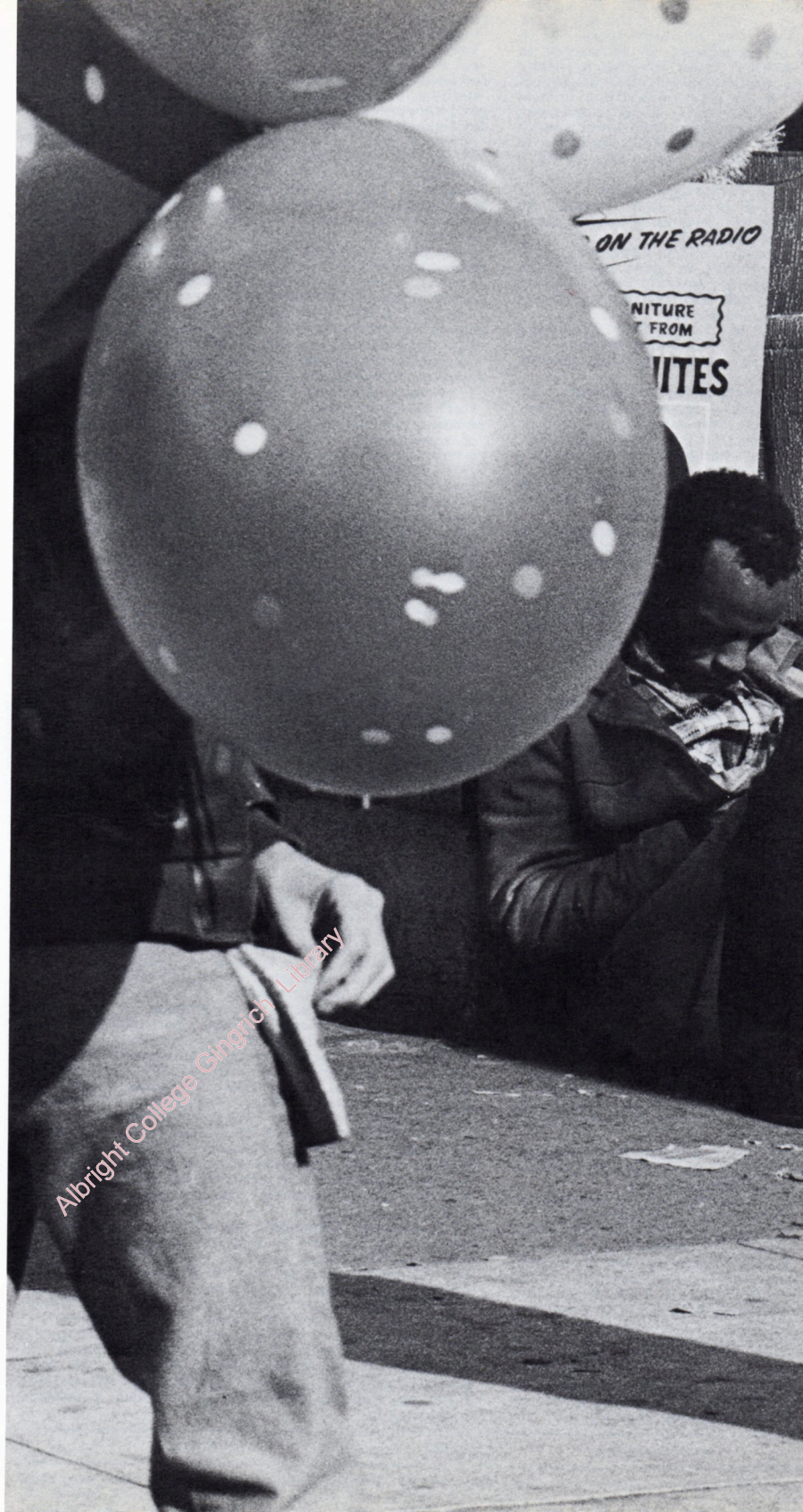
REVOCABLE, *n.* a reviving; or being revived.
REVIVIFY (ri-viv'ə-fī'), *v.t.* [REVIVIFIED (-fid'),
 REVIVIFYING], [Fr. *revivifier*; LL. *revivificare*; see **RE-**
 VIVIFY], to put new life or vigor into; cause to revive.
v.i. to revive.
REVIVIFICATION (rev'ə-vis'ns), *n.* (< **REVIVISCENT**), act of
 reviving or state of being revived; revival or renewal.
REVIVIFICATIONIST (rev'ə-vis'n-si), *n.* reviviscence.
REVIVIFICATION (rev'ə-vis'nt), *adj.* [L. *reviviscens*, ppr.
 of *reviviscere*; see **REVIVE**], coming or bringing back
 to life or vigor; reviving.
REVOCABILITY (rev'ə-kə-bil'ə-ti), *n.* the state or
 quality of being revocable.
REVOCABLE (rev'ə-kə-b'l), *adj.* [Late ME.; OFr. (Fr.
révocable); L. *revocabilis*], that can be revoked: cf.
 revokable.
REVOCABLY (rev'ə-kə-bli), *adv.* so as to be revocable.
REVOCATION (rev'ə-kā'shan), *n.* [ME. & OFr. *revoca-*
cion; L. *revocatio* < pp. of *revocare*], a revoking or
 being revoked; cancellation; repeal; annulment; spe-
 cifically, in *law*, nullification of an offer to contract.
REVOCATOR (rev'ə-kə-tōr'i, rev'ə-kə-tō'ri), *adj.* [ME.;
 LL. *revocatorius*], revoking or tending to revoke;
 containing or expressing a revocation.
REVOICE (rē-vois'), *v.t.* [REVOICED (-voist'), **REVOICING**],
 1. to voice again, or in answer, as an echo. 2. to re-
 store the proper tone to (an organ pipe, etc.).
REVOKABLE (ri-vōk'ə-b'l), *adj.* that can be revoked:
 cf. revocable.
REVOKE (ri-vōk'), *v.t.* [REVOKED (-vōkt'), **REVOKING**],
 [ME. *revoken*; OFr. *revoquer*; L. *revocare*; *re-*, back +
vocare, to call]. 1. to withdraw, repeal, rescind, cancel,
 or annul, as a law, permit, etc. 2. [Rare] to recall
 (something past). *v.i.* in *card games*, to fail to follow
 suit when required and able to do so; renege. *n.* in
card games, a revoking. —*SYN.* see **abolish**.
REVOLT (ri-vōlt'), *n.* [Fr. *révolte* < *révolter*, to revolt; It.
rivoltare; LL. **revolutare* < L. *revolvere*; see **REVOLVE**],
 1. a rising up against the government; rebellion;
 insurrection. 2. any refusal to submit to or accept
 authority. 3. the state of a person or persons revolting:
 as, they are in *revolt*. *v.i.* [Fr. *révolter*], 1. to rise up
 against the government. 2. to refuse to submit to
 authority; rebel; mutiny. 3. to turn in revulsion
 from a group or opinion that one has adhered to.
 4. to be disgusted or shocked; feel repugnance (with
 of, against, or from). *v.t.* to disgust; fill with revulsion.
 —*SYN.* see **rebellion**.
REVOLTING (ri-vōlt'ing), *adj.* [ppr. of *revolt*], 1. engaged
 in revolt; rebellious. 2. causing revulsion; disgusting;
 repulsive; offensive; loathsome.
REVOLUTED (rev'ə-lōōt', rev'ə-lūt'), *adj.* [L. *revolutus*,
 pp. of *revolvere*; see **REVOLVE**], in *biology*, rolled back-
 ward or downward at the tips or margins, as some
 leaves.
REVOLUTION (rev'ə-lōō'shan, rev'ə-lū'shan), *n.* [ME. &
 OFr. *revolution*; LL. *revolutio* < *revolutus*, pp.
 of *revolvere*; see **REVOLVE**], 1. movement of a body, as
 a star or planet, in an orbit or circle; in this sense,
 distinguished from *rotation*. 2. apparent movement of
 the sun and stars around the earth. 3. the time taken
 for a body to go around an orbit and return to its
 original position. 4. a turning or spinning motion of
 a body around a center or axis; rotation. 5. a single
 turn of such a rotating body. 6. a complete cycle of
 events: as, the *revolution* of the seasons. 7. a complete
 or drastic change of any kind: as, a *revolution* in modern
 physics. 8. overthrow of a government, form of
 government, or social system, with another taking its
 place: as, the *English Revolution* (1688), the *American*
Revolution (1775), the *French Revolution* (1789), the
Chinese Revolution (1911), the *Russian Revolution*
 (1917). Abbreviated **rev**. —*SYN.* see **rebellion**.
REVOLUTIONARY (rev'ə-lōō'shan-er'i, rev'ə-lū'shan-er'i),
adj. 1. of, having the nature of, characterized by,
 tending toward, or causing a revolution, or drastic
 change, especially in a government or social system.
 2. revolving or rotating. *n.* [pl. **REVOLUTIONARIES**
 (-iz)], a revolutionist.
Revolutionary Calendar, the official calendar of first
 French republic: see **French Revolutionary Calendar**.
Revolutionary War, the war (1775-1783), by which
 the American colonies won their independence from
 England; *American Revolution*.
REVOLUTIONIST (rev'ə-lōō'shan-ist, rev'ə-lū'shan-ist),
n. a person who favors or engages in a revolution.
REVOLUTIONIZE (rev'ə-lōō'shan-iz', rev'ə-lū'shan-iz'),
v.t. [REVOLUTIONIZED (-izd'), **REVOLUTIONIZING**], 1.
 to make a complete and basic change in; alter drasti-
 cally or radically: as, the automobile has *revolutionized*
 American life. 2. [Rare], to bring about a political
 revolution in.

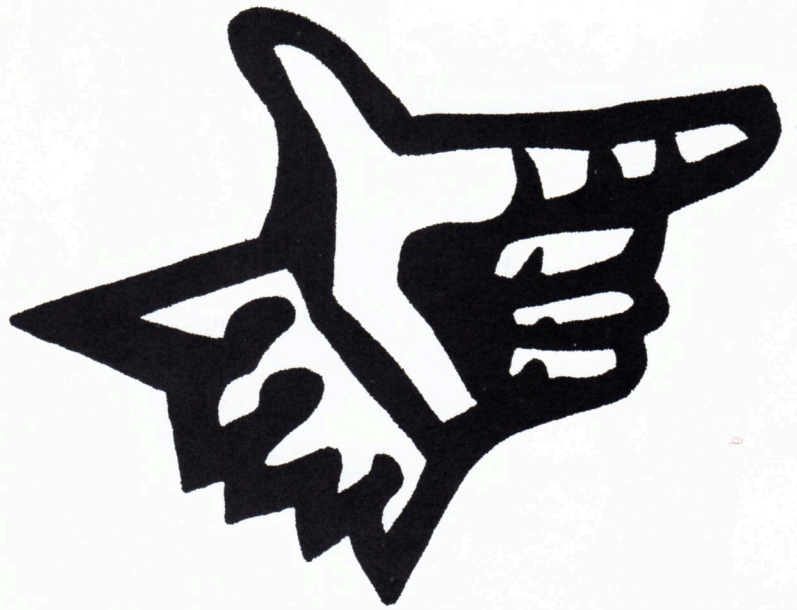
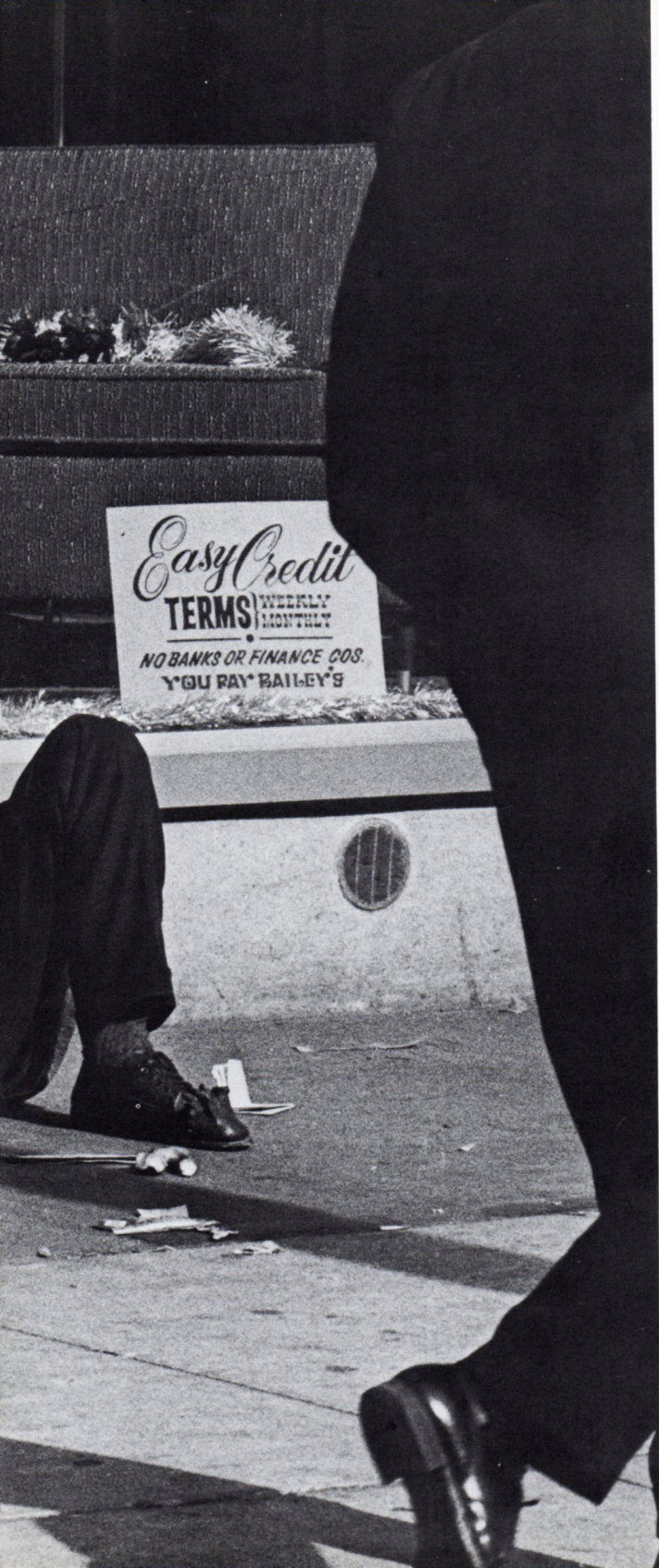
revindication

revisit

revitalize

ten, even, here, over; is, bite; lot, gō, hōrn, tōol, look; oil, out; up, use, für; get; joy; yet; chin; she; thin;
 n, ring; a for a in ago, e in agent, i in sanity, o in comply, u in focus; ' as in able (ā'b'l); Fr. bāi; ō, Fr. fr.
 ch; kh G, doch. See pp. x-xii, 1 foreign; * hypothetical; < derived from







Albright College Gingham Library



Albright College Gingrich Library



Airman on Do
Expected Home

Sit-in Continues
At Albright College
Reading, Pa. — (AP) — Dissident students at Albright College continued a sit-in today, calling for a meeting Thursday and airing of their 23 demands. Some 700 students from the college's 1,200-enrollment are taking part in the protest, demanding liberalization of school policies, higher Negro student enrollment, black professors, an Afro-American center and open dorms.

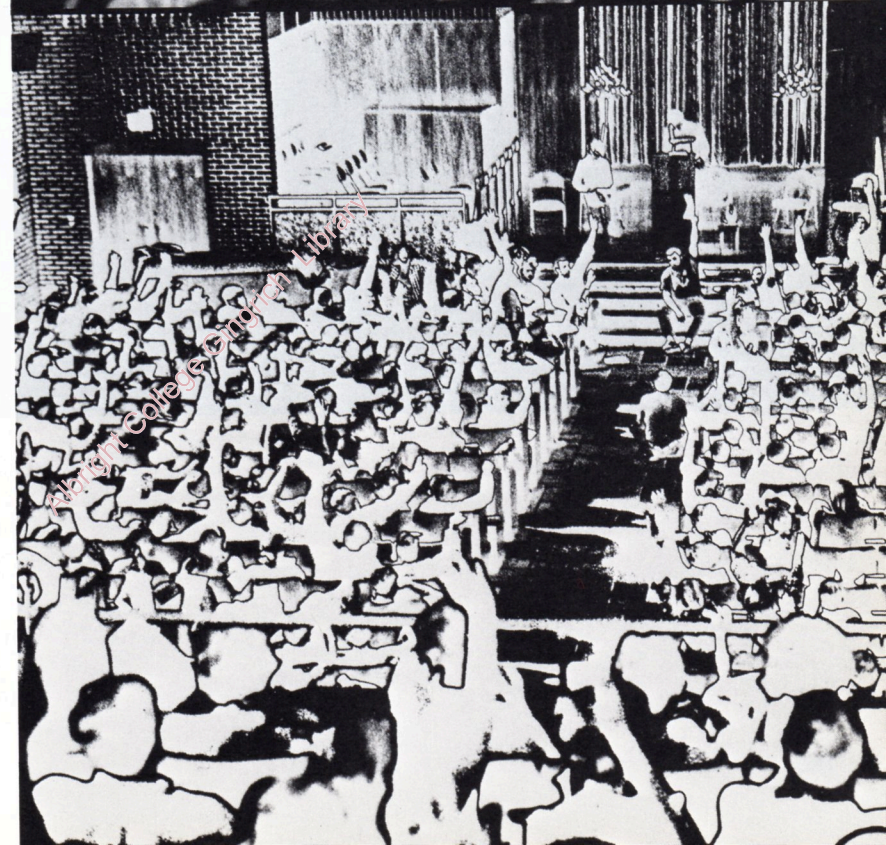
The Crime Count
There were 58 major crimes in Philadelphia yesterday: 41 burglaries, 13 robberies and four weapon offenses. On the corresponding day last year there were 43: 28 burglaries, nine robberies, and six weapon offenses.

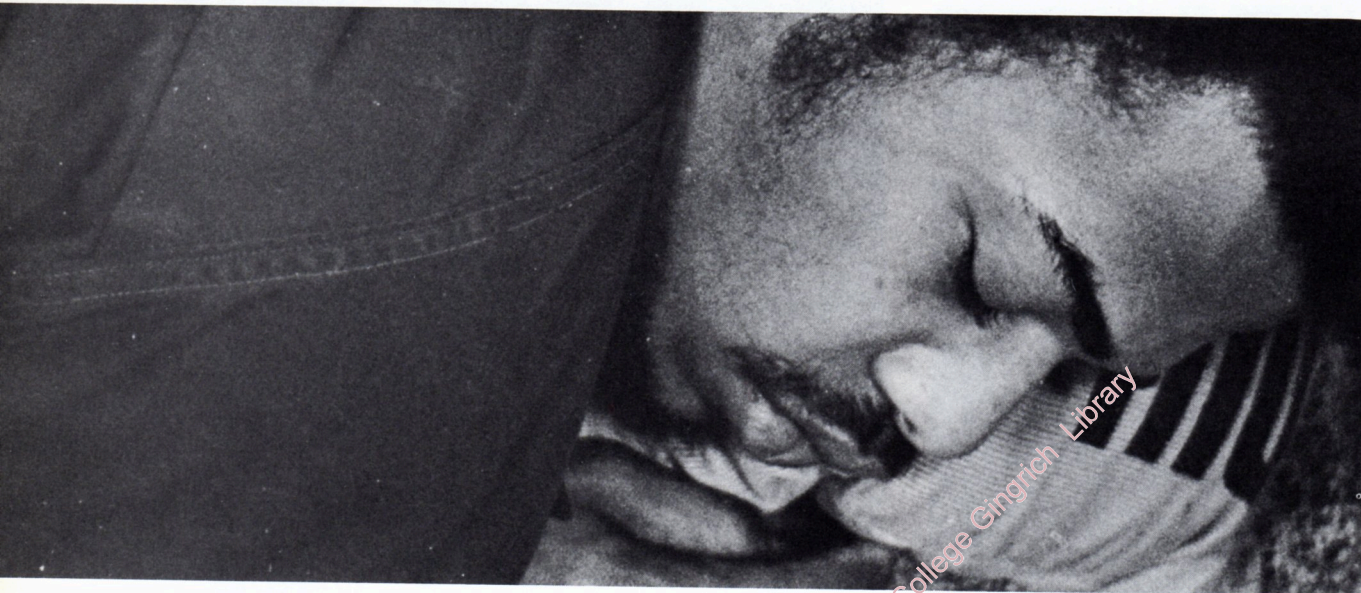
Now Is Dull; m drum Lives

Ill), Senate Repu
who had been by
Continued on Pa

**Rep. Tay
Father Hi
By Teen-**

Solomon Tayoun,
State Rep. James
(Phila), was pu
night and robbed
keys after he left a
meeting called to
growing narcotics i
South Philadelphia.
Detective Edward
spoon said the elder
of 1818 Ritner st., wa
by a teen-age boy
driving his 1969 Dodge
man st. near 6th abou
Tayoun related tha
approached the car
for a cigaret. Tayou
gave the boy a pack o
but the boy said he d
them.
The youth punched
over the left eye. Tay







IS Love
an apple

Albright College Gingrich Library

LIBRARY



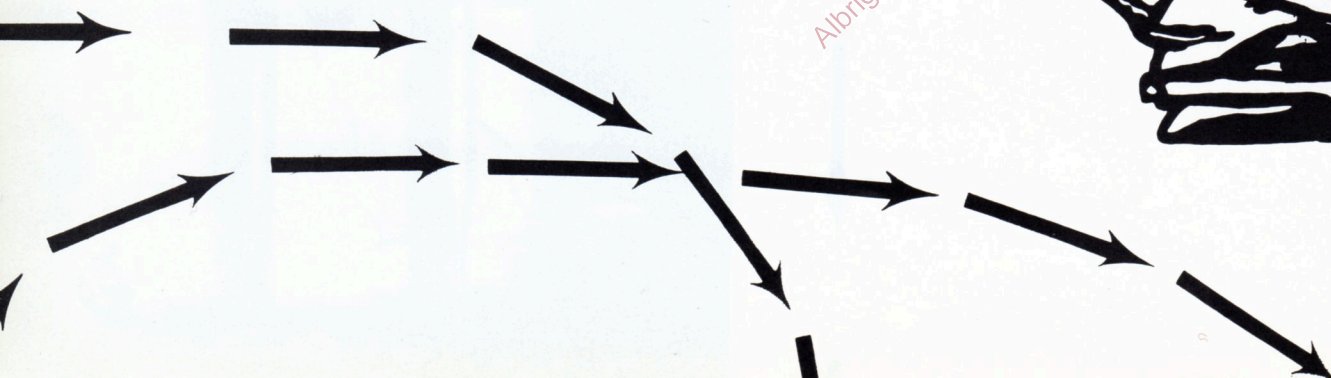


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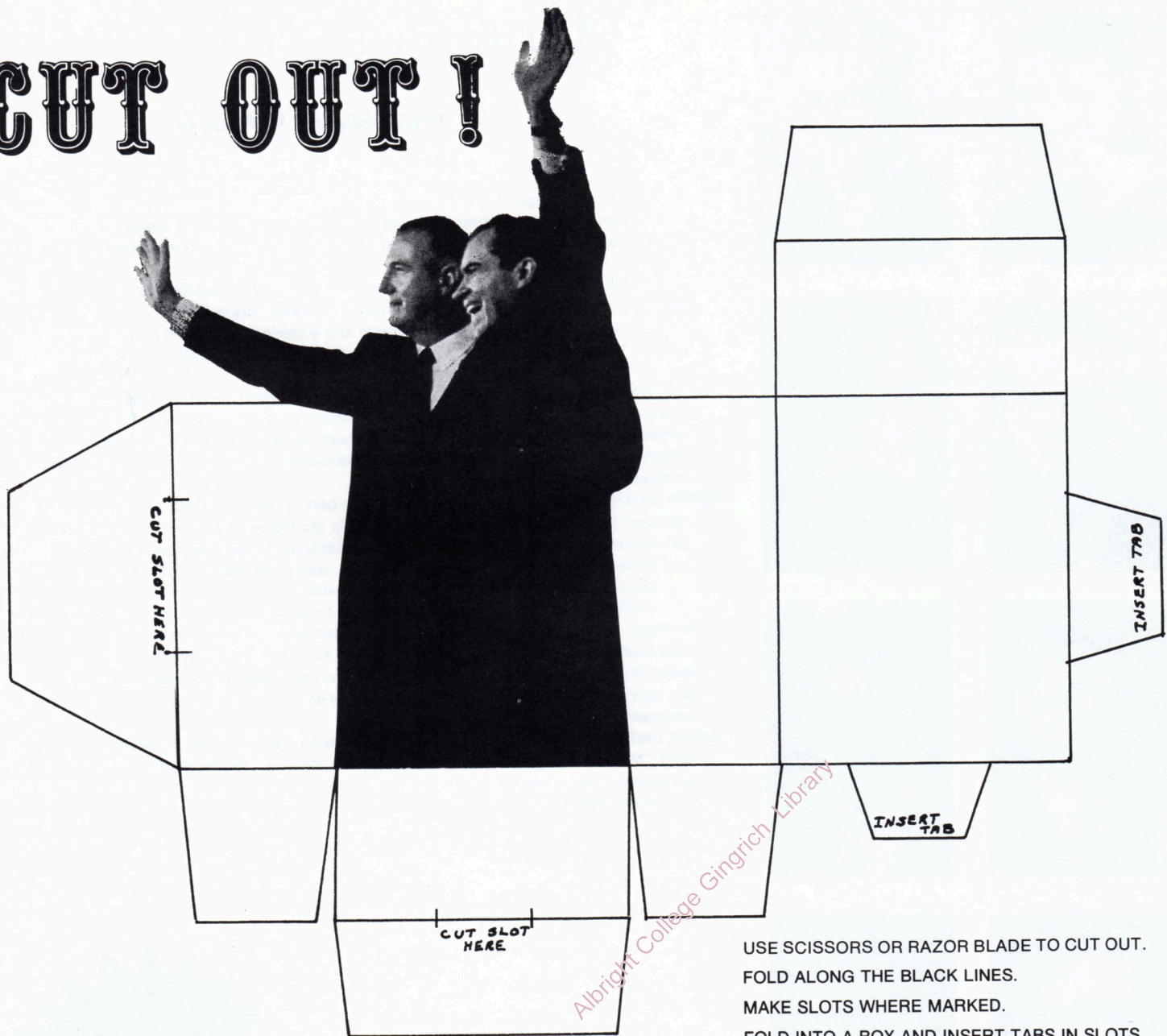
The caterpillar
was the first to speak.

What size do you
want to be? it asked.

Oh, I'm not
particular as to
size, Alice hastily
replied; only one
doesn't like
changing so often.



CUT OUT!



a silent majority production

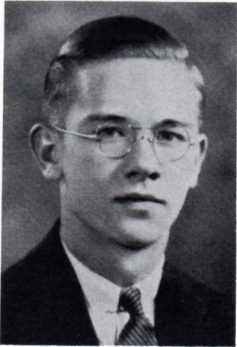
USE SCISSORS OR RAZOR BLADE TO CUT OUT.
FOLD ALONG THE BLACK LINES.
MAKE SLOTS WHERE MARKED.
FOLD INTO A BOX AND INSERT TABS IN SLOTS.
(IF YOU LIKE, USE TAPE OR GLUE INSTEAD)
INSERT A PENNY INSIDE THE BOTTOM OF BOX
SO IT WON'T TIP OVER EASILY.

Class of '70

Wonderous Epistle



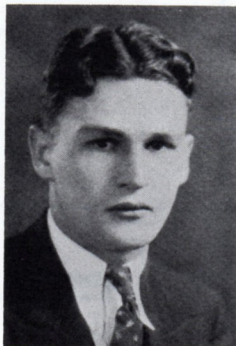
LI POO: Li is an exchange student from Korea and prominent soprano of the Glee Club. His chief contribution on singing tours, we are told, are stories of his native country and a repertoire of incredibly vulgar jokes. In exchange for Li, the United States got the Korean War.



PAUL ENTWEILER: Class President and winner of the *Gusher and Goodwill Award*, Paul was a vital cog in the workings of this year's class. However, his belief in what-the-people-want-the-people-get-ism and a student body who didn't know what it wanted but wouldn't admit it, led to Paul's resignation in late September. Disillusioned, Paul ran off to join the American Legion.

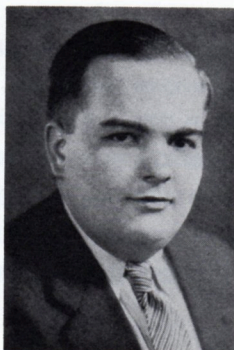
TOM SAURBIX: Author of the celebrated experimental novel, *Vestals, Vassals and Vessels*, Tom is widely known as a person who is little hampered by experience or inhibitions. As easily ruffled as cajoled, it doesn't take much coaxing to get him to show you his definitive collection of *Sports Illustrated*. When he graduates in June, Tom hopes to become a storm trooper.

GERRY SMITH: Gerry hails from the Midwestern part of Dorando Falls, Maine where he is reknown for his books, *A Narrow View* and *In the Name of Apple Pie*, works dealing with patriotism in the cities. Gerry has presented lectures to the American Legion, the D.A.R., and various other local groups. As a lecturer, Gerry has the knack for stirring people somewhere between the duodenum and the anus.



BERTIE HUME: This delicate young creature can be seen sauntering across campus every Monday, Wednesday and Friday in French curls and her Army-Navy store jump boots. Bertie says it was because she was impressed at an early age by polysyllables that she decided to major in Progressive Pedagogy. She can be as sweet as any coniver when she wants to be. But don't be misled. She is also been reputed as capable of grossing out a Marine recruit sergeant.

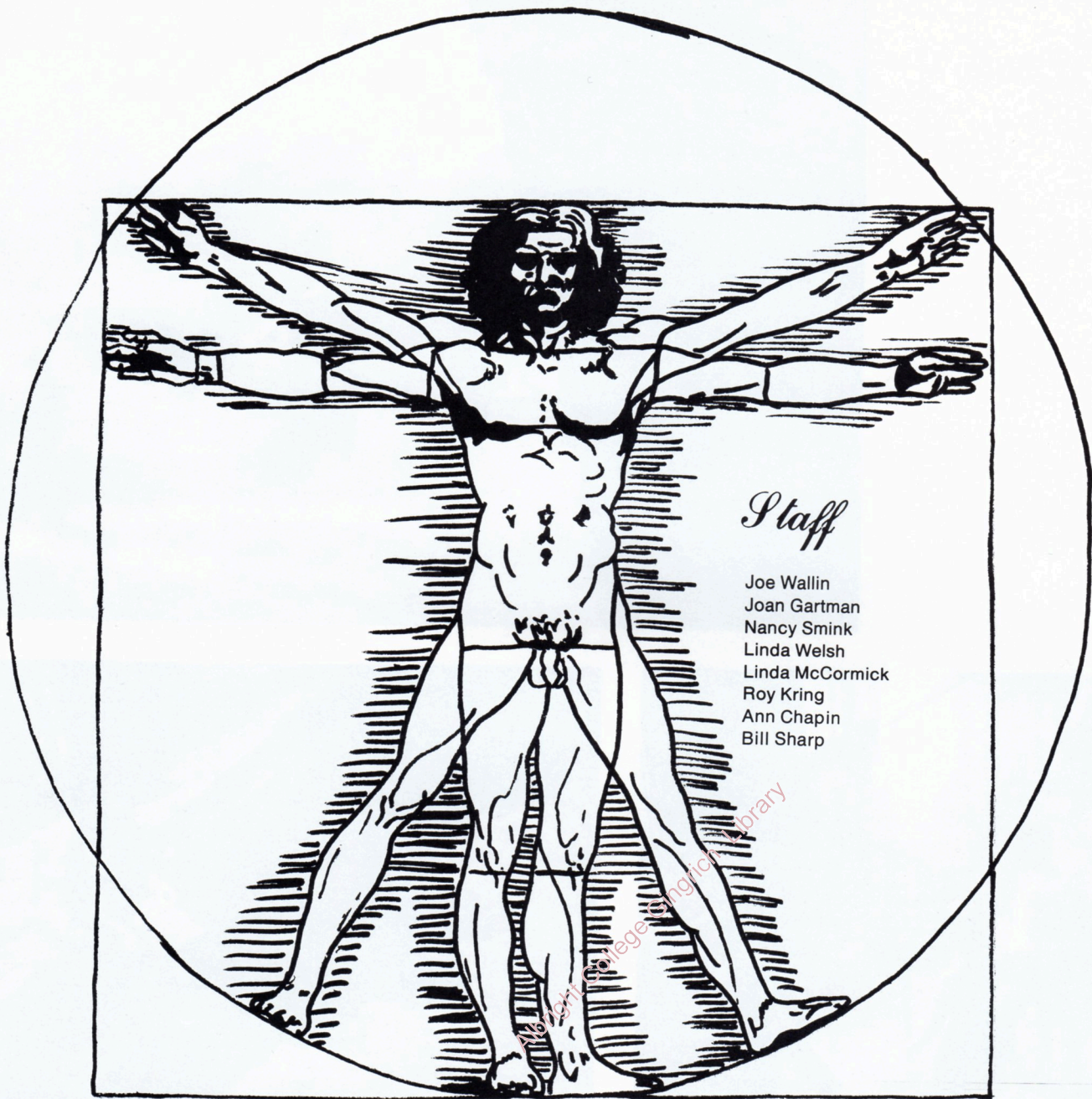
CARRIE EMSING: Sweetheart of papa and billboards, Carrie is best known on campus for her quip, "When I say 'yes,' it's only a manner of speaking." Because of her daredevil verbal acrobatics, she is also widely known by men for openly defying man's exclusive right to the double standard.



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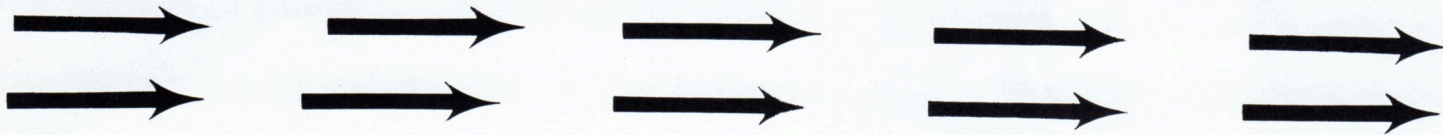




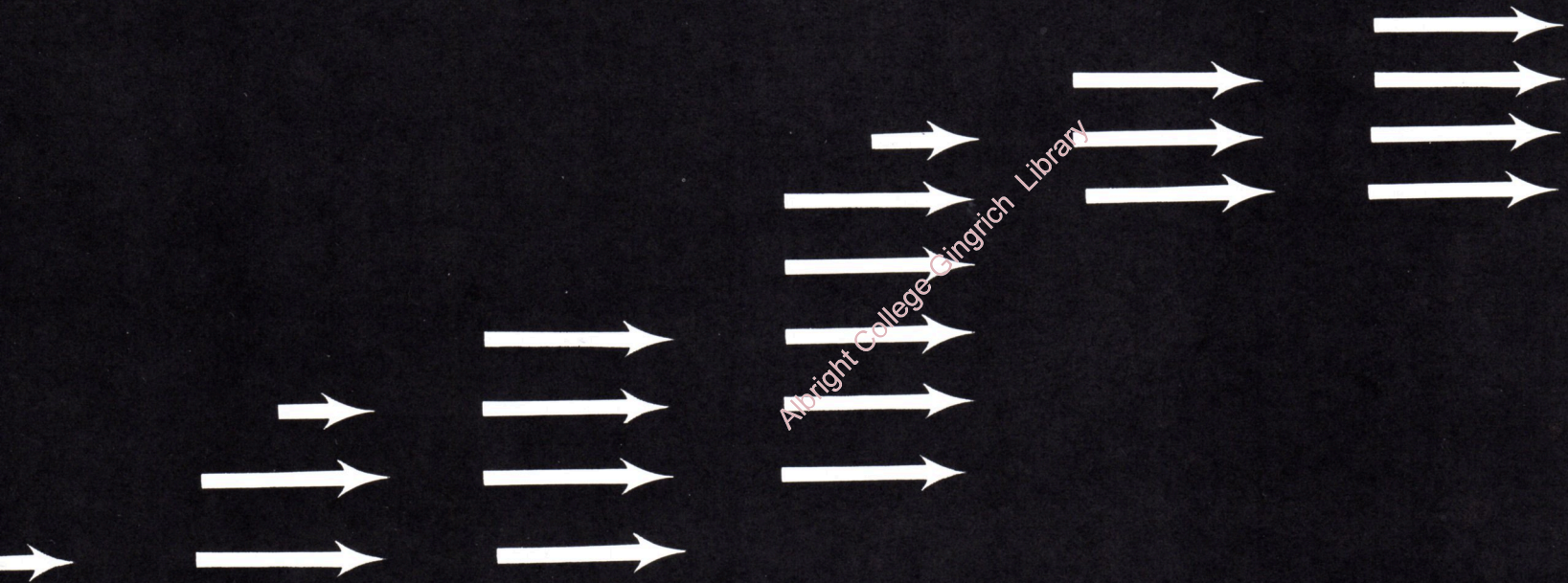


Staff

Joe Wallin
Joan Gartman
Nancy Smink
Linda Welsh
Linda McCormick
Roy Kring
Ann Chapin
Bill Sharp



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Acknowledgements

Mrs. Joyce Bourg
Mrs. Eleanor Spencer
Mr. Joe Crilley
Mr. P. David Tan
Mr. John Urian
Mr. Abe Orlick
Mr. Kevin Nolan
Rev. Robert Smethers


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by DAVOR PHOTO,
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I...I...!!



Wm. Cooper, editor

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