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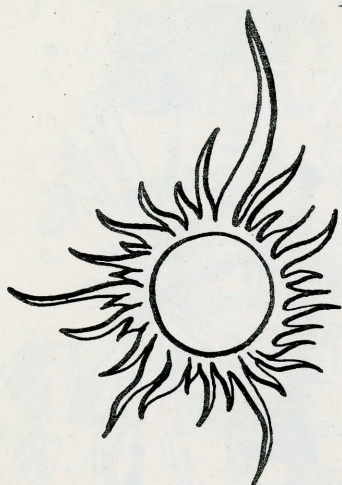
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**Thistle**



# THISTLE



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Love is a garment.....	Rob Hawk.....	3
The Machine.....	Jean Robertson.....	4
Electron Results.....	Daniel Calhoun.....	8
The Good Samaritan.....	Robert Jensen.....	11
The Boy who was Allergic to Water....	Joe Klemper.....	12
I Am Here.....	Richard Hunter.....	19
Five O'Clock Organ.....	Terry Spieth.....	21
A Summer in Vienna.....	Lynne Bischof.....	25
Letter to a G.I. Husband: W.W. III...	Fon Vestal.....	30
When I was very small.....	Rob Hawk.....	31
Kaleidoscope.....	Terry Spieth.....	33
Politics and the Campus Community....	Albert Klyberg.....	34
Strange Oboe.....	Fon Vestal.....	36
THISTLE Suggests.....		40

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Love is a garment loosely hung  
upon the frame of Time  
tempting the firebrambled boys--  
all gailed by forest pampered limbs  
arunning through the shale formed night--  
to find the swift limbed girls  
that kissed them tumbling soft,  
in yesterdays scorged night,  
by the trembling mat earth beds  
near the swirling sea river  
where rapids stalk the moon--  
and cry the hunters on  
through the braking tongue stars,  
while youth is agrowing old.

--ROB HAWK

## THE MACHINE

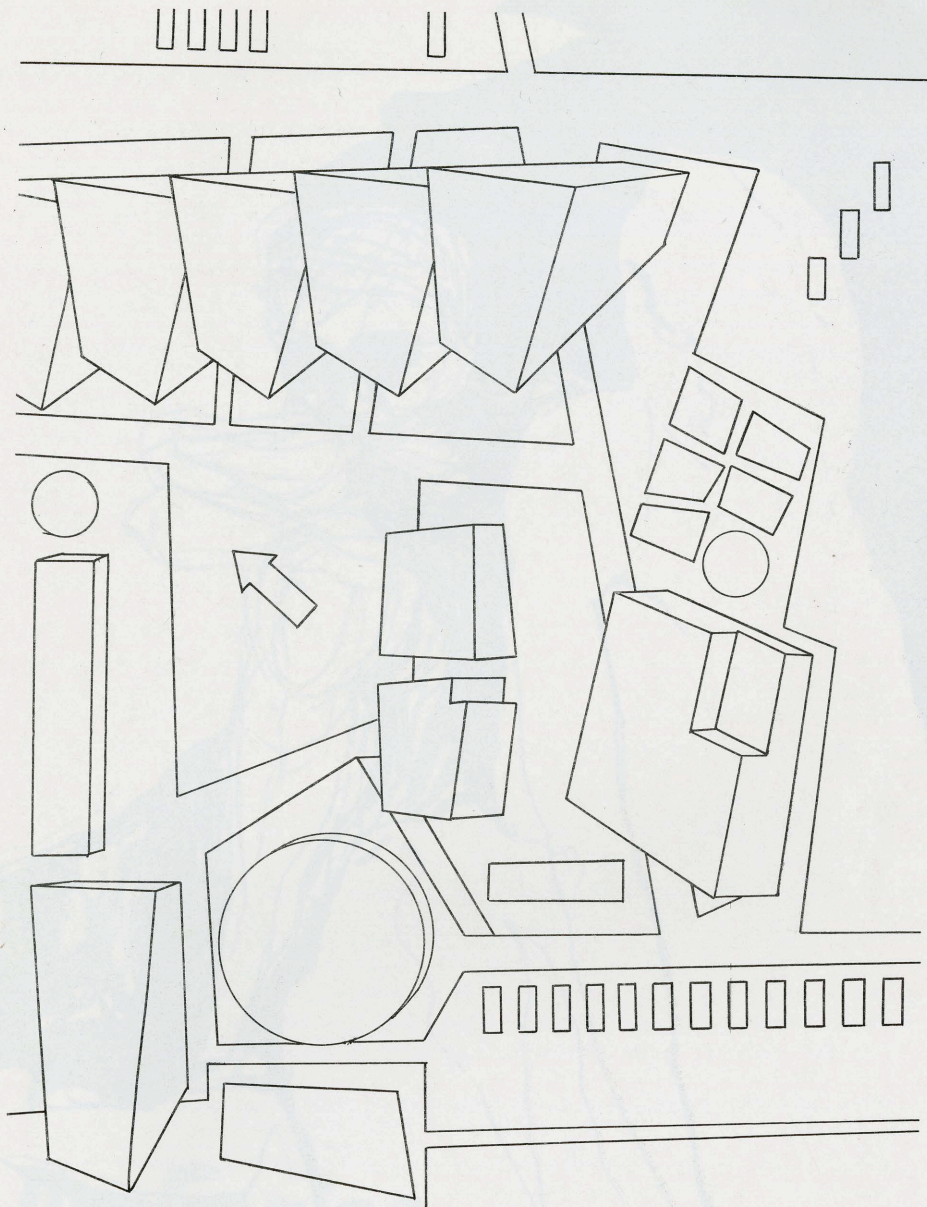
The refrigerator buzzes, the furnace rumbles, the clock-radio hums--what if they should stop? It would be as if all the people in the world stopped breathing.

IBM invasions have reduced us to numbers and notches. Personal knowledge of every student can be had at a moment's notice, at the push of a button. Who succeeds is regurgitated into one neat little pile: who fails into another. Twelve hundred individuals, their thoughts, their experiences, their disappointments, their joys--machine-processed.

A professor goes on leave. His year's research, finding information on the nature of people and government, to be submitted to a machine in order to determine the theories on which we will build our civilization! Are we really so--determinable?

The sun warms the briskness of a fall day. The leaves are turning, and I lie on the ground enjoying it, until suddenly I realize I am listening for the sound of a motor turning the earth...

--Jean Robertson







# Molly Faries

The votes have been cast, the results tabulated, and the Secret Service operatives, as grey, clandestine, and unobtrusive as a delegation of Amishmen at a barbers' convention, are duly depriving President-elect and Mrs. John Fitzgerald Kennedy of the opportunity to enjoy that inalienable right the Constitution guarantees to all American families but one, the right to privacy.

That Sen. Kennedy's Roman Catholic religion played a significant role in the polling seems almost a foregone conclusion. It seems probable that Catholic voters supported the winner by a margin approaching three to one, while four years ago, those same voters registered a small majority for the Republican candidate. No proof can be adduced that the shift was due solely to Kennedy's religion, but whatever the reason, it must be considered the deciding factor in such heavily Catholic eastern seaboard states as New Jersey and Maryland which chose Kennedy only by a very narrow margin. On the other hand, his religion undoubtedly hurt the president-elect in the border states, Kentucky, Tennessee and Oklahoma, and in Ohio.

Whichever way the political scientists finally resolve that question, it is unlikely that the issue of a candidate's church preference will ever play again as prominent a role in American politics as it did in 1960. The Pope will not celebrate solemn high mass at the Rev. Mr. Elson's National Presbyterian Church come next January, nor will an auto-da-fé be celebrated on the White House lawn for members of the Planned Parenthood Association. It will be demonstrated, once and for all, that a Catholic can govern the United States without taking orders from the Vatican. That should be a great relief to persons honestly and sincerely concerned about the problem of church-state separation in America. Once again, they will be able to discuss that problem intelligently without being accused of blind bigotry against the members of one religious faith.

By 1964, when these problems arise, the people of the United States will have lived through an extraordinarily dramatic and intensely interesting four years of political change. John Kennedy seems to be a vigorous, energetic, and intelligent young man with a burning sense of mission. He feels his country has ceased to progress satisfactorily during the past eight years. He says we have to get moving again, and he evidently intends to present some far-reaching social and economic legislation to blast us all off dead center. Whether he can persuade his Democratic Congress to cooperate in such a venture remains to be seen.

The Republican-Dixiecrat alliance should continue very strong in the next Congress, and the narrowness of Sen. Kennedy's election victory does not give him the moral authority that would have come with a clearer popular mandate. The first hundred days of the new administration should tell the story. A new president never again commands the prestige that he does the day after his inauguration when the memory of his victory at the polls is still fresh. If Sen. Kennedy has those magnetic qualities of leadership that so many have claimed for him, he should be able to get much of his program enacted in the first three months of next year. If his suggestions are rejected, or even delayed, on the other hand, his administration may bring far fewer changes in domestic affairs than everybody now expects.

In foreign policy, the president has vast discretionary powers, relatively unencumbered by Congress, and in this area, the Kennedy administration may bring some especially significant changes. We can expect a more energetic American effort to woo the neutralist nations, and particularly India. We can expect a massive effort to rebuild our crumbling political fences in Latin America. We can expect a much more sympathetic attitude toward Asian and African nationalism, and a more substantial American effort to win the sympathy, respect, and admiration--if not the military support--of the newer nations of the world. Kennedy's expressed sympathy for the anti-colonial movements in Asia and Africa, and specifically, in Algeria, may put a heavy strain on the North Atlantic Alliance, and especially on our friendship with France. Our tie to Nationalist China may be weakened as a result of Kennedy's views about the basic indefensibility of Quemoy and Matsu. But if the struggle for survival today does depend on the outcome of a peaceful competition with the USSR for the support of the uncommitted peoples of the world, Kennedy's tactics may swing the balance back to our side in a race that, one must be frank to admit, has not gone altogether well for the past eight years.

--Daniel Calhoun



## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A man who had fallen among thieves  
lay by the roadside  
with his bottle  
one hundred proof dry  
down the block

Now by chance a priest  
patrolling his beat came by  
and he stopped  
and left a folder in the puke  
and passed by to the other side

And likewise  
a cop  
ministering to his parish came by  
and he too passed by on the other side  
not caring to notice  
the mess by the curb

But a cankered old outcast  
with snot on his nose  
and love in his heart  
fell down with the filth in the gutter  
and cried

--ROBERT JENSEN

## THE BOY WHO WAS ALLERGIC TO WATER

Bobby Statler was one of the greatest guys I've ever known. He was tall, good-looking, and had a tremendous line with the girls--nice girls, too. He used to ignore them, and it would drive them crazy. He'd always complain to me that such and such a girl was "hot to trot" or "warm for his form," and he wasn't kidding most of the time. Of course Bobby had money, too--his old man was in construction (although Bobby'd always tell people he owned hotels), and kept his boy in pretty good financial shape. In fact, he bought him a Corvette for getting into med school, which was more of a bribe really than a gift, cause Bobby was one helluva ballplayer and had already been offered a bonus to play Class B ball for the Sox. But his old man wanted his boy to be a doctor and his boy didn't mind the Corvette, once they had agreed on fuel injection.

In fact about the only thing wrong with Bobby, that I can think of, is that he was allergic to water.

You don't believe it. I know; neither did I. But it's all in the records if you want to look it up, anytime. You don't have to take my word for it.

Now when I say Bobby Statler was allergic to water, I don't mean he'd catch cold if he stayed in swimming too long. I mean he was allergic to water in any form, size, shape, or color. He couldn't go swimming, he couldn't drink water, he couldn't have ice in his drinks, he had to use mouthwash instead of brushing his teeth. He couldn't even take a shower or a bath--his old lady would have to wash him with some alcohol stuff instead. For if Bobby tried to touch, drink, or even get too close to water, he'd break out in a rash, or throw up, or get all white and shaky, or maybe even all these things. It was no joke.

Now you may think there was something psychological to do with it. That's what I thought at first--I thought he was scared of water or something and had built up his fears into abnormal proportions. I mean I've had a few psych courses and you learn a lot of queer stuff from those case histories they give you.

So one night at a party, Eddie Risen and I decided to try a little experiment. Bobby used to drink a lot of scotch, always straight, and he was getting pretty well laced up that night. So Eddie and I played like we were

getting drunk, too, and had all kinds of contests to see who could drink the most. I filled up three big glasses, only Bobby's being straight, of course.

"Le'sh shee who the man ish!?" challenged Eddie, trying to sound drunk.

"Hell, yesh!" I agreed, feigning difficulty in standing up.

Bobby was not one to turn down a challenge. We each lifted our glasses and started drinking. As I said, Bobby had had plenty already. He never finished his drink, but passed out cold. Halfway, though, Eddie caught him and eased him down to the floor. According to our plan, I went and got a glass of cold water, and threw it in Bobby's face to revive him.

Almost immediately, Bobby woke up. But even before he was revived, his whole face had broken out into a terrible rash, and his body was shaking like crazy. His eyes opened and he tried to talk, but he was so out of breath that he couldn't make a sound, except for a deep wheezing noise like he was dying or something. Then Eddie pointed to Bobby's hands. They were red and swollen enormously.

Finally somebody called a doctor. Bobby could do nothing but lie there shaking for a good twenty-five minutes. Both Eddie and I thought he was going to die, though neither of us said anything then. Twice Bobby passed out and somebody took his pulse, which they said was very fast and very faint.

But after awhile Bobby started to recover a little, and by the time the doctor got there he was better, but still wheezing away like mad. The doctor gave him a shot of something--somebody said it must've been adrenalin--and covered him with a blanket. I was standing closest, so the doctor turned to me as he got up.

"How'd this happen?" he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked, really not sure what he meant.

"This kid almost died," he yelled. "Now are you going to tell me what's been going on here or do I have to call the police?"





"I threw water in his face," I explained. It seemed a very logical answer to me.

"I mean before--why did he break out in that rash?"

"Because of the water. You see.."

But he didn't see. He headed for the phone.

"Wait," said Eddie.

The doctor stopped, the phone in his hand.

"It's a long story," began Eddie. And for some reason the doctor listened to him. We explained about Bobby as well as we could, telling about the allergy. For awhile the doctor was somewhat skeptical, and held onto the phone. But soon he got interested and forgot about the police and the phone, which he released, like a Hollywood "bad guy" releases his gun to listen to the "good guy's" report that the "bad guy's" buddy has just double-crossed him and confessed.

We finished the story, and by this time Bobby was awake and listening. The doctor, not aware of this, said, "Boy, if this isn't one for the books!"

I winced to show him that Bobby had heard.

"Son," said the doctor turning to Bobby, "I think there's a psychological basis to all this."

"No stuff," commented Bobby. (He didn't exactly say "stuff," but then he wasn't exactly a good Presbyterian.)

"No..it's not," I said. "We've just proved that it's not psychological," I assured them, looking at Eddie. But Eddie was not so convinced, so I decided to let the old medic find out the truth for himself.

"Have you ever seen a, -er, psychiatrist?" he asked Bobby.

"You mean a head-shrinker?" Remember Bobby was still pretty drunk. He wasn't always so well mannered.

Anyway the doctor had his way, and a couple of weeks later Bobby went to the head-shrinker. At the time I didn't know what possibly could have made him go, and I concluded that his allergy must have really had him worried. But since then I have talked to a lot of people about the case, and found the real reasons. Among the people I have talk-

ed to is the analyst, or the head-shrinker, as Bobby liked to call her. You see, the idea of a lady head-shrinker was something Bobby really went for. She wasn't pretty or anything, and she wasn't exactly built with the latest aerodynamic principles in mind, but she was kind of nice--to me, anyway. I mean for a lady head-shrinker. She was German or Russian, and her name was Dr. Tinatsky. Bobby called her Tina, when he could think of nothing better.

The other reason he went to her was that to him the whole thing represented a big game. Bobby Statler, in addition to being allergic to water, was somewhat allergic to sticking to the truth. His talks with Tina were no exception.

Some of the stuff he fed her was really funny. He asked her not to reveal anything he told her to anyone else, and she said she wouldn't. So he began telling her about his first father and the divorce and everything else. Of course Bobby had never had any other father, and there had never been a divorce, but good old Tina sucked it all up. He told her about all sorts of insecurities, handicaps, and hostilities. He borrowed a psych book of mine and made up dreams with obvious wish-fulfillments. He created an Oedipus complex that would have convinced Papa Freud himself. And Tina kept jotting it all down eagerly. He would break things significantly in her office--he choose a native wood carving of a naked woman, a picture of a woman, and a compact. "Mother symbols," he explained to me with a wink.

Slips of the tongue were his specialty. He would be talking along and all of a sudden a word would escape him, and he would laugh it off and say it couldn't have been very important if he couldn't remember it. "Repression," he would tell me knowingly. "Very significant."

Bobby's dreams were the most far-fetched of all, but he insisted they were terribly profound and revealing. He had to sleep with a pad of paper and a pencil and write down his dreams every morning. But Bobby liked to sleep late, so he would write down his dreams the night before. He had dreams of cows, skyscrapers, ocean voyages, murders, even one where he kept trying to climb a tree but couldn't because it was too soft. "Phallic symbols," he smiled.

All this went on for about two months, with Bobby going for his sessions twice a week. His mother began questioning the wisdom of the plan; it was getting to be quite a project financially, and there was still no word

on the water problem. Once she suggested that he try going to her chiropractor, whom she swore by. But Bobby, who kind of liked the whole thing, insisted it was doing a lot of good and that he and Tina were getting close to the root of the problem.

And whether he knew it or not at the time, he was right on one of those counts.

I found out later from Dr. Tinatsky that one day Bobby came to her in a depressed and humorless mood. Evidently fed up with weaving his tales, he admitted that his "first father" was a creation of his imagination, along with an older sister (who had allegedly seduced him early in his teens). He confessed that his parents had always been happily married and that he was an only child, slightly pampered but not seduced.

At this point, Dr. Tinatsky had stood up and said, "Congratulations."

Bobby had looked up at her, a bit puzzled.

"What do you mean?" he had said.

"I mean that it's taken you quite a while to admit that you haven't been telling me one ounce of truth all along. These notes make very interesting reading, and are more revealing than you may think. Suppose you come back to me when you're ready to start talking."

Bobby told me this on a Monday. On Thursday he didn't go back to her--he told me he was finished. But the following Monday he returned to her office. And I guessed they were having some pretty serious sessions after that, cause he didn't tell me much about what was going on.

Two weeks later I left for school. I got on campus on a Wednesday. Thursday night I got a phone call from Eddie Risen telling me that Bobby Statler was dead. He had slit his throat from ear to ear with a straight razor, while lying with all his clothes on in a bathtub filled with water.

I went home for the funeral, but only talked to Eddie. He had been called by Bobby's mother who was completely hysterical, and had run to the house to find Bobby like he had told me. The bathtub was full and the water in it a deep red from the blood. I didn't get a chance to talk to Dr. Tinatsky. It was Thanksgiving before I saw her and got filled in on the rest of the story.

After the session where Bobby admitted lying, they had begun to progress rapidly. He convinced her by his avoidance of several topics that he was repressing something very significant. She made him try to fight it, she created problems, she defined conflicts, she even gave him this stuff they call "truth serum." But he wouldn't--or couldn't--talk.

Then one day, with another doctor, she hypnotised Bobby. What he had been repressing in his story--and what he had pushed back into his subconscious some sixteen years ago--came out under hypnosis. Bobby had had a younger brother, who had died at the age of three. This in itself was somewhat startling. But the account that followed was something that made me shiver to listen to.

Bobby was five, his brother three. The two boys were playing at a lake, and their mother had left for a moment, telling Bobby to be careful and look out for his brother. Whether the younger boy fell or was pushed, the doctor could not tell. At any rate the mother returned to find her younger son drowned. Grabbing Bobby in a fit of hysteria, she threw him down and held his head in the water, coming close to drowning him and intensifying the guilt complex he could not bear, had managed to repress the entire memory for sixteen years.

Several sessions later, Dr. Tinatsky had told Bobby of the incident. For a moment he say silent, dumbfounded. Then he began to recall the particulars of the drowning, of his mother's hysteria, and of his own reactions. He spoke freely for nearly two hours, and at the end of his talk asked for a glass of water, which he drank without any ill effects.

And that night he went home and killed himself.

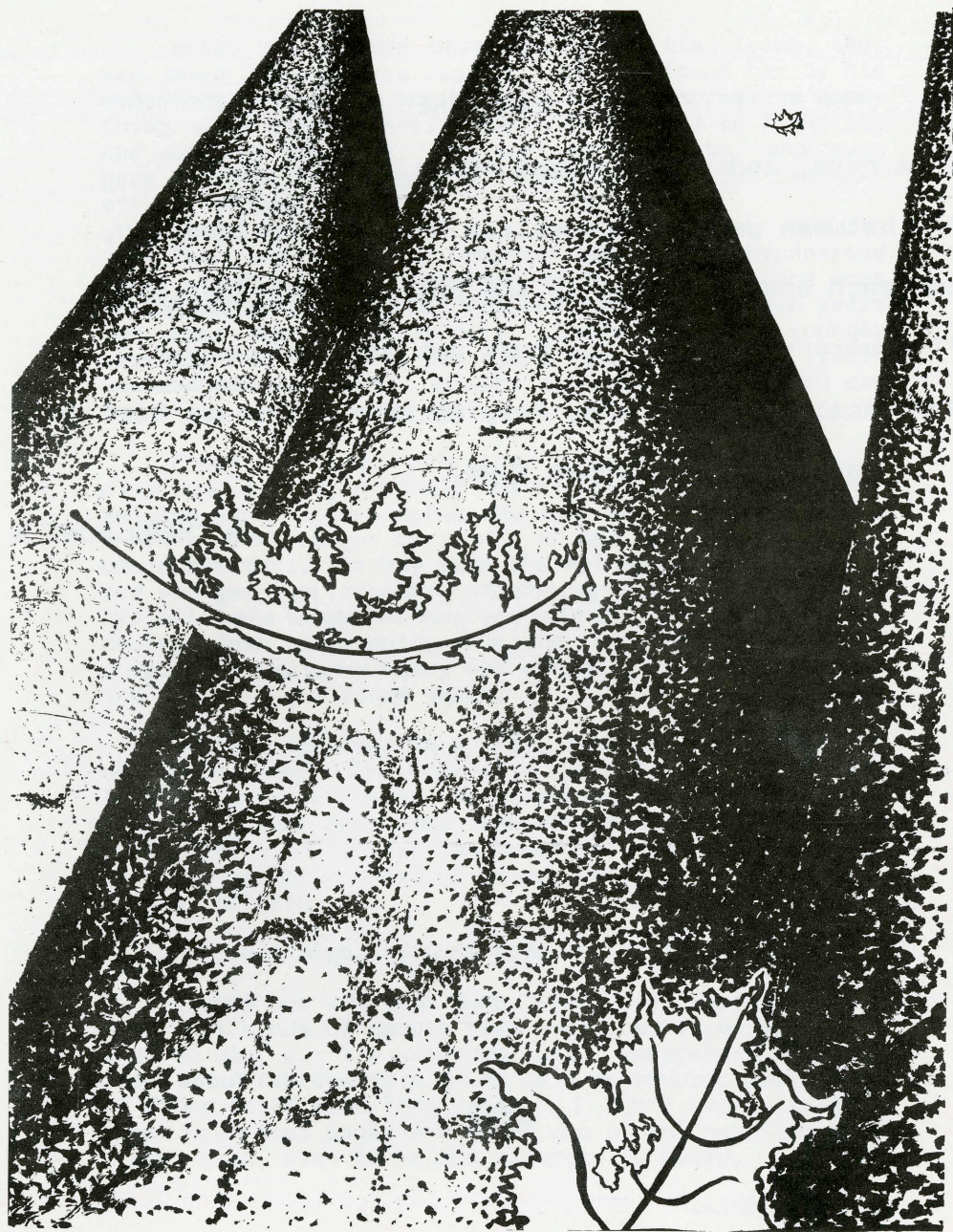
I went out and saw Bobby Statler's grave the other day. All kinds of people have explained to me why he did what he did, but I'm still not sure I understand. Something about repressing guilt as well as memory, and a lot of other stuff with long names. I don't know. It just seems funny that Bobby used to be one of the happiest guys I ever knew, even if he was allergic to water.

--JOE KLEMPNER

I AM HERE

I am here, and you are over there,  
And between us is a numberless host of faceless men,  
And each one is saying in the politest way possible,  
"I'm very sorry, but you must not pass this way;"  
And faceless though they are, we cannot bear to hurt their  
feelings and disobey them.

--RICHARD HUNTER



## FIVE O'CLOCK ORGAN

Awash through noon-tide's white  
Tight buffeting-about, the  
Fragile armor cracks and buckles, leaves me  
Overexposed  
    to noon's rolled Umbrellas, high  
    Heels chink-chink-chinking up and down  
    the hard concrete and me

But when the whiteness finally fades, and  
Creeping five-o'clock shadow-black  
Blots the brilliance golden yellow...

When dead and dying bones of leaves  
Bestir themselves to cover mine--  
Scurry down the empty pews at last  
Between the Pipes,  
Obliterate the noon-made marks and scratches  
As they never were...

Then stretch those great trunks vast into the sky--  
    my sentinels, so shadow-cast, my mourners  
Then low-humming these my organ Pipes  
    their hides tear-streaked, summon up for  
We the weak our requiem...

So melancholy whispering,  
    so deep and doloroso dying  
Strains that darkly glow and  
    darkening, blow from lost  
    the lonely corners of the soul,

--T. SPIETH

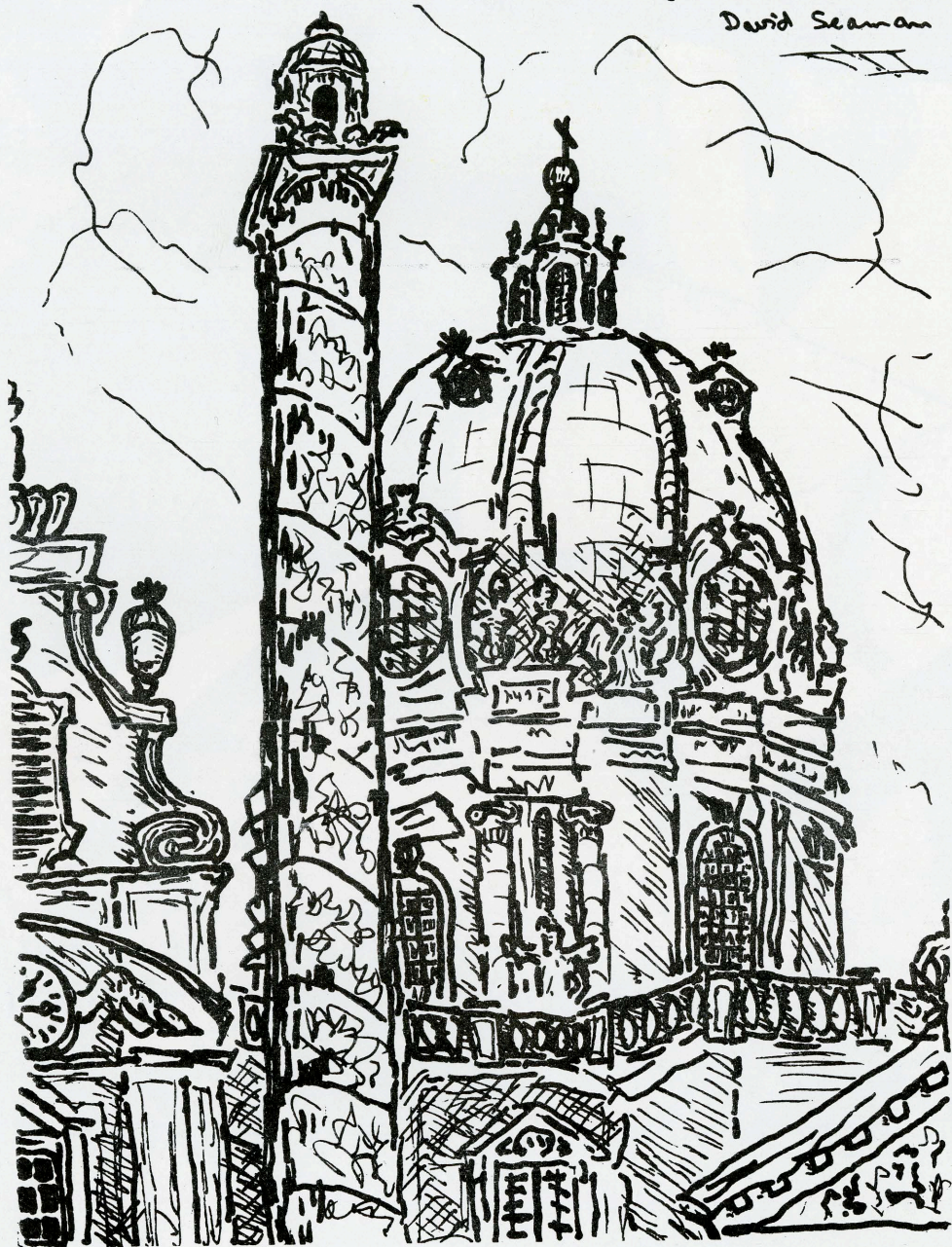






Wien, Karlskirche 5-III-60

David Seaman

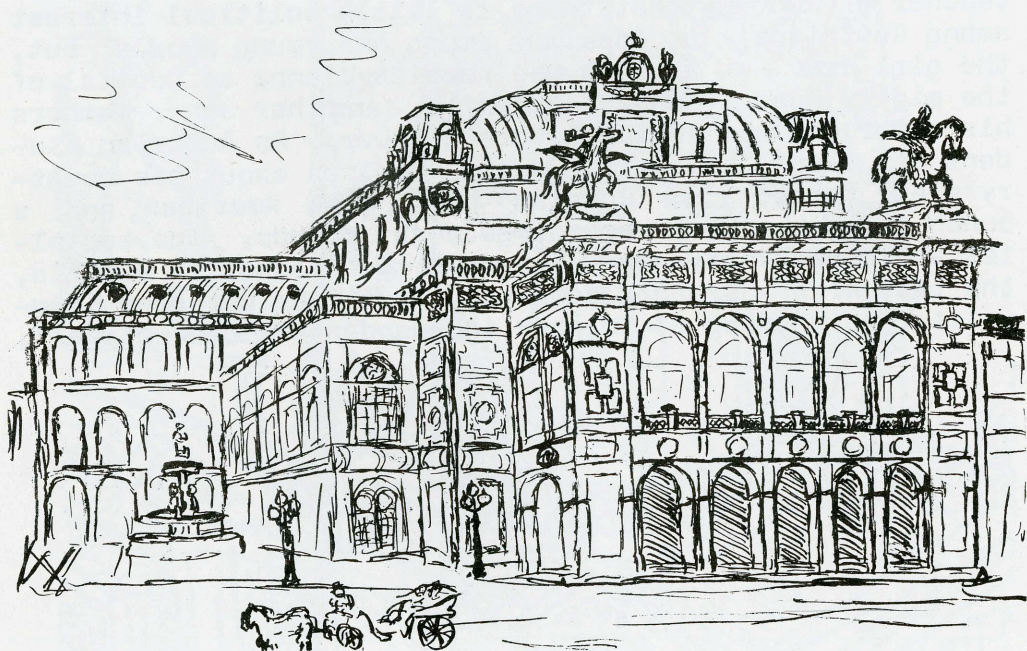


# A Summer in Vienna

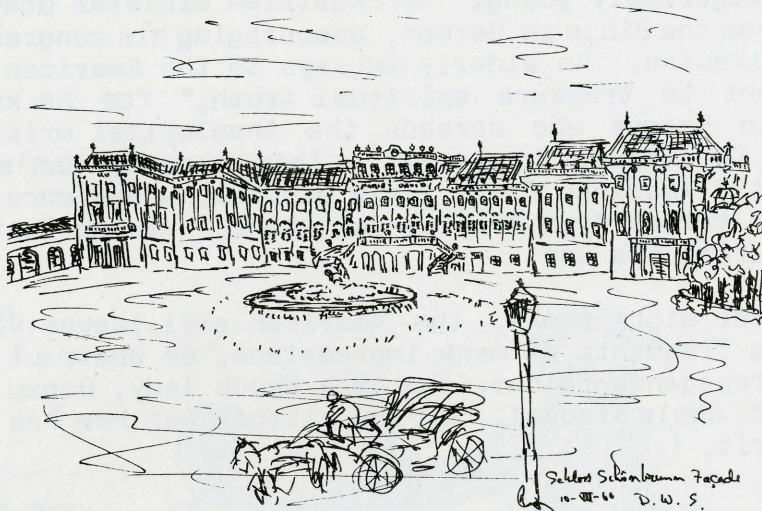
On the Sunday evening in summer when an American girl enters the city of Vienna, she is accompanied by families walking home after a day in the Vienna Woods. An elderly man among them salutes her, waving his boutonniere, as she watches from the bus. The city is overwhelming in its grandeur, although the American is a city girl: "This is the Rathaus, Karl's Church, the Opera, the shopping district, and yes, you should not miss Saint Stephen's Church, or the Schonbrun and Belvedere Palaces."

Kruschev is also in Vienna on this summer evening. When the Russian leaves, one newspaper headline says, "Gone at Last," but the American girl is shown propaganda leaflets remaining in a private home. She is told by her Viennese teacher of German that there is little political interest among Austrians, or idealism among her young people, but, the girl has met a woman who recalls Vienna as capital of the mighty Austro-Hungarian Empire, and her son remembers his older brother living before the war. An Austrian student can laugh, however, with the American about his country's air force: five Russian jets, five American, and a bunch of gliders with recordings of jet sounds. The socialist and conservative parties are the two largest in Austria, the teacher of German also says, about four per cent Communist, and a group of "bloody independents" like himself.

The business boom in Germany is heard in Austria, which has loose trade ties with Western Europe, and both the U.S. and Russia. Austria specializes in tourist trade, timber and wood products, textiles, and steel. The factory worker dreams of owning a little car, as his bosses' wife waits for an invitation to the Opera Ball. Nevertheless, the American girl notices a lady selling park bench tickets, and the places where she can buy veal cutlet for fifty cents. An American couple traveling behind the Iron Curtain in a modest car, report having been surrounded by large groups wherever they parked, and even asked once if they had to work for a living. To the American girl, Vienna, like the mountain sides of all Austria, is clean and cared for; people treasure their little plots, and buildings constructed from valued natural resources.



Vienna - Opera - 2-VIII-60 David Seaman



"Oh, I know your country, and I would not live there,"  
a Viennese says. "Here one can appreciate the beauty."

If Vienna is old, it is serene in its age. Visiting the places pointed out earlier, the girl looks at them and listens to them, trying to discover the quality of the creators and their ages. Saint Stephen's Church, begun in the thirteenth century, is still being built. Here dramatic Baroque paintings hang above altars characteristic of an earlier, more thoughtful eastern Gothic style.

The American enjoys being with a boyfriend in the evening, along the lighted Donau Canal, as dancing waltzes are played.

In this Catholic country where few of the major Protestant denominations are officially recognized, Protestantism is vigorously young. An Austrian minister prays and reads from the Bible in German, encouraging his congregation to do likewise. An elderly man says to the American girl, "We ought to treasure spiritual truth," for he knows a woman in Prague who spreads the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg in secret. This elderly man's wife brings the American fresh apple strudel, as she once carried food scraps from American kitchens, keeping Austrians alive during the war.

After eight weeks, the American girl leaves Vienna, with the fragments of many impressions, an abstract picture: a propaganda folder, the park bench lady, Donau Canal at night, apple strudel. Yet the picture for her has unity and spirit.

--LYNNE BISHOP

--sketches by

DAVE SEAMAN



Schloß Babelsberg Garten  
11. VII. 00  
D. W. S.



LETTER TO G.I. HUSBAND -- W. W. III

Honey

I've told you about Janey's pink playsuit

Three times

And Billy's new tooth,

But you have to know and do

That this is all I say.

The capital letters

In high school texts

Our Love and Life and Liberty

Have melted.

We have already died

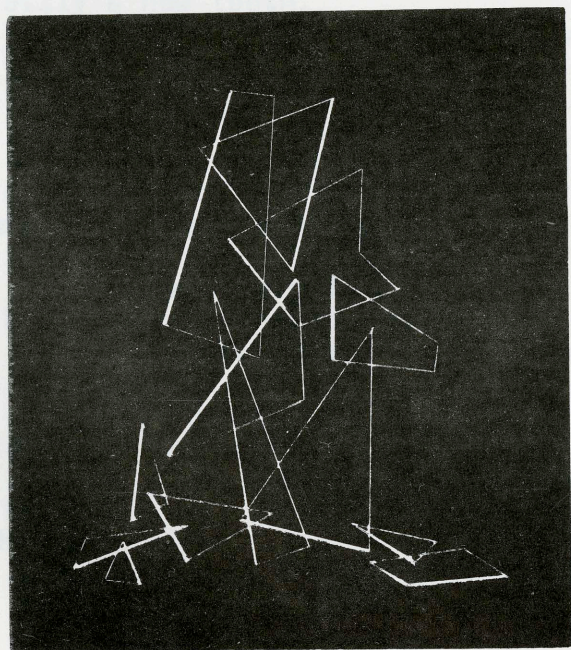
For them.

--FON VESTAL

When I was very small  
there was a forest in the back lot  
encased by phantom trees and magic hills  
where angels bumbling played  
the games of constant time  
with imaginary fervor.

But now, when I return,  
the lot would not encase a doll house  
the forest is a single tree  
by a midget gopher mound  
and the angels are faded dreams--  
of when the world was real.

--ROB HAWK



## KALEIDOSCOPE

Old man rocking there by the fire, what is that cardboard thing in your hand?

And weary old man, your proud chin, your proud wrinkled chin, why is it so wet with tears?

I see you crying there, I see you staring at the colored bits of glass star-scattered on the floor. And what tragedy have you seen just now? Don't tell.

For I know already, unhappy creature.

I know the faded cardboard cylinder was your long-ago treasure, your Kaleidoscope. The glittering bits of glass belong in the tightly clutched cylinder, they are the stuff the glorious World in your hand was made of.

Yes, and all those shining tears are not your own; I saw them shed by the little blue-eyed bed-time boy, your grandson, as he cried so softly on your neck. That hurt, old man, didn't it hurt. We both know why, don't we.

I saw you give the Kaleidoscope to the little fellow, Edwin is his name. He looked through the hole at the fire, and found a beautiful new world of color, movement, form, and constant change. He was so delighted with it. Remember, grandpa, how he saw Indians dancing and lily pads in a blue sea, and all sorts of strange sights. Yes, you remember. And then you reached over and shattered the end with your pipe, didn't you, and the glass bits that had created the illusions of form, or change, and the seemingly endless parade of new wonders, spilled out onto the rug, just where they lie now. And then he saw, didn't he, little Edwin saw the ordinary old glass that had been his world in a tube, the little bits of bottle glass gleaming in the firelight.

And then he said 'O, grampa!' in that hurt little voice, and burst into those warm tears that bathe your neck. I'll bet you thought your heart would burst, didn't you, old man. But it was not in vain. He will remember the litter on the rug, old man, and the faded flowers on the cardboard Kaleidoscope. I promise you, we will remember.

--TERRY SPIETH

## POLITICS AND THE CAMPUS COMMUNITY

It is customary every four years during the Presidential campaign for the American public to renew at least what passes for an interest in public affairs and the people some of them will elect to govern the country. This interest aroused by the quadrennial classic has been known in some cases to surpass the enthusiasm for the annual world series.

Although usually somewhat removed from the pedestrian flow of things the campus community manages, however feebly, to demonstrate an awareness of the campaign too. It is even rumored that in some quarters of our ivied ivory the discussion of politics is seriously jeopardizing the conversation time usually devoted to crucially important subjects such as dating, sports, and last week's "Maverick" show.

Perhaps the foregoing observations have exaggerated the situation a bit, but I believe the results of a study of the political awareness of our campus community would demonstrate a striking parallel. As one who is moderately interested in politics I become incensed and alarmed when someone admits election eve he does not know there is an election going on, or when someone else blurts out that he has just learned the Secretary of State is dead; the man at the time had been dead for two weeks!

Neither ignorance of current events nor laziness in keeping up with them is the major illness of our community, however. Most of us do reasonable well keeping informed about what is going on in the great outside. The main problem seems to exist in making these current events relevant to the campus routine. The seemingly characteristic complacent and apathetic attitude, the sense of remoteness and aloofness in the all-engaging, all-absorbing campus-centered community contributes to the unreality and unimportant position to which current events are usually relegated. On a few occasions there have been break-throughs; the surge of activity last semester over civil rights and the loyalty oath are examples.

Yet to the observer this degree of progress is not enough. There is still one basic underlying problem yet to be defined, let alone solved. If I may be so presumptuous as to define it, I would say that the members of our campus community have no real sense of political purpose, dedication, or direction. They call themselves liberals or conservatives, Democrats, Independents, or Republicans, yet their actions and discussions are dichotomous and incongruous, thus evidencing the absence of any rational political consistency.

A survey by one of our political science professors supports this charge. After determining the political inclinations of the members of a class, he asks them to vote yes or no on issues which have become party-line stands. Invariably the vast proportion of the class votes for the stands of the opposite party. This demonstrates both an ignorance of the political parties and how they stand and a shallow, superficial understanding of the basic political philosophies.

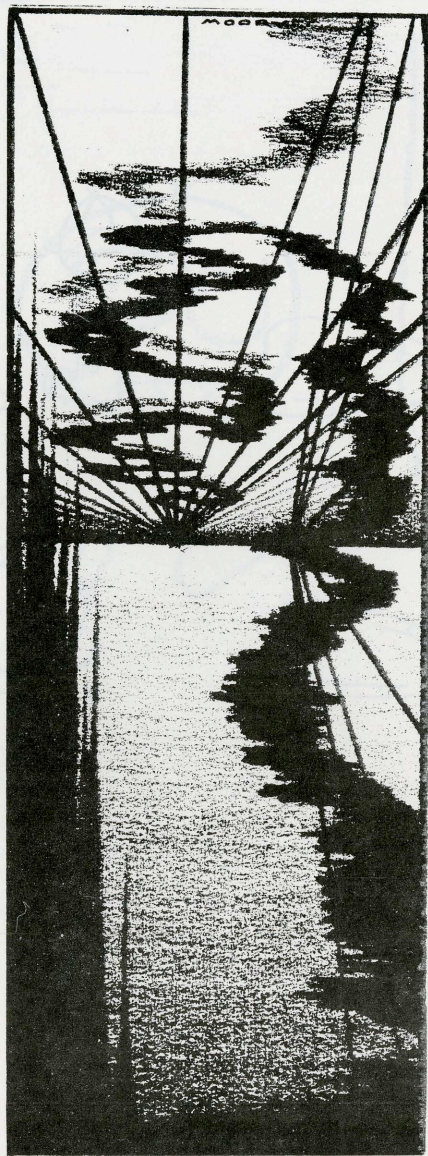
One reason for the confusion and mixing of inconsistent political philosophies is the great need for definition of the terms "liberal" and "conservative." Although I am sure it was not done purposely, there has been little attention paid in balancing and contrasting the views of speakers at the college. An examination of a list of the college lecturers for the last few years clearly shows a majority of liberals with hardly any conservative representation at all. Perhaps some think it strange that I, a Democrat and a liberal would protest this; but I do, and most vigorously. Political persuasion to any cause by out-and-out conditioning is dangerous. The recognition of Red China, for example, has almost become a fetish with some members of the faculty. When a discussion was held last year on this subject no one was available to oppose recognition.

In the future it would be well if the students could see a contrast of views; if an argument is worth anything it should be able to stand scrutiny and challenge. When, and only when, the adherents and advocates of the various political causes and issues have an equal opportunity to present their case can the student truly evaluate and determine his own position. Only then will there be a real development of a personal political philosophy. Credo by osmosis is no substitute for thoughtful and deliberate political growth. This growth will occur when both sides have an opportunity to present their case. A healthy climate for the continuance of this political growth is one which contains active and responsible public affairs organizations - one where partisan groups are determined not to defeat or embarrass each other, but to advance the edification of all through cooperative competition against the common enemies of ignorance and apathy.

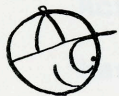
--ALBERT KLYBERG

Strange oboe  
Now haunting  
Through the deep, tympanic roll of my life  
Across how many dark planes of night  
Have you sung  
Unheard?  
The flavor of your trill  
Sounds high  
Low melody  
Seeps and reaches out  
From midnight swamps.  
Alone in the darkness  
Of simplicity  
The clear note waits  
And is sometimes touched.

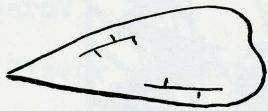
--FON VESTAL



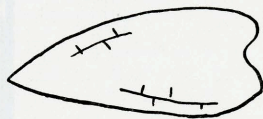




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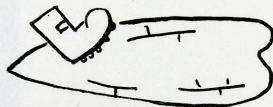
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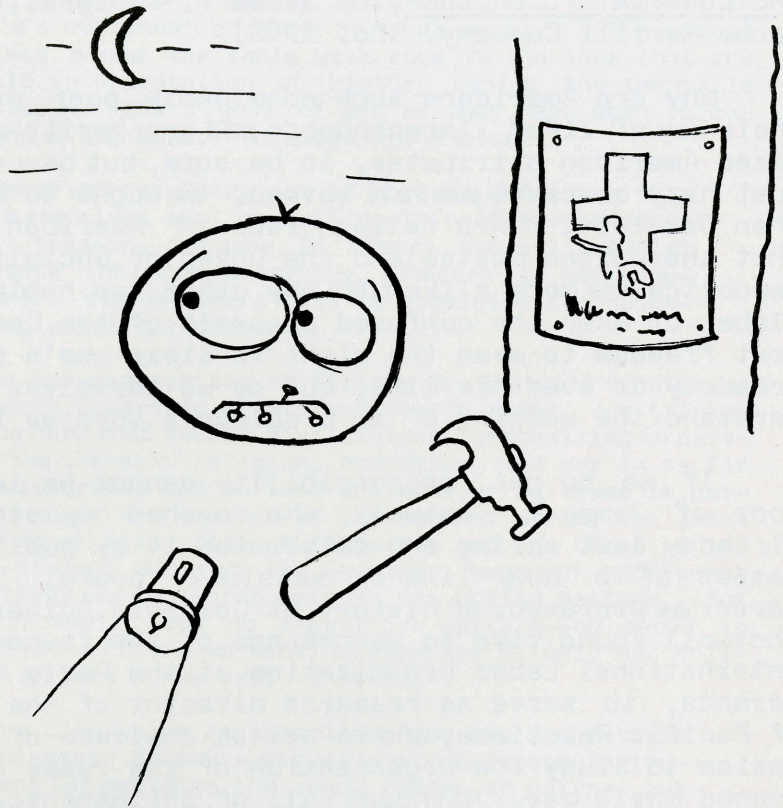
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THE ICONOCLAST



THE REFORMER

--BILL SHEAR

# THISTLE SUGGESTS

THE LONG WAY TO FREEDOM, by James T. Shotwell. (New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc. 1960).

Why are Americans such abominably poor salesmen of their way of life? Independence and prosperity are recognized American attributes, to be sure, but beyond them the most hazy concepts prevail abroad. We ought to be shocked when Jawalalal Nehru tells a group of American students that the United States and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics are more alike than any other two nations of the globe, or when the confused peasants of the Congo interpret freedom to mean the right to seize one's neighbor's property or even his wife, but do we ourselves fully understand the meaning of as precious a word as freedom?

If we do not, responsibility cannot be laid at the door of James T. Shotwell, who reached his eighty-sixth birthday last spring and celebrated it by publishing the latest of a long line of scholarly books. During his career as professor of history at Columbia University, Mr. Shotwell found time to become one of the founders of the International Labor Organization at the Paris Peace Conference, to serve as research director of the Institute of Pacific Relations, and to act as chairman of the Commission to Study the Organization of the Peace during the Second World War. Although full of philosophical wisdom, his works always bear the marks of the man of action as well as the scholar. His latest book has such panoramic scope that it might be classified with H. G. Wells' Outline of History, or even Spengler's Decline of The West. It conjures up memories of the great Lord Acton, who devoted a long, scholarly career to accumulating materials for a great history of freedom which never saw the light of day. From the perspective of philosophy of history it ranks with Croce and Toynbee, sedulously following a threadlike pattern through man's turbulent past.

But Shotwell's book is more modest and practical than any of these. His major thesis is that "Freedom is not escape from responsibility, but the acceptance of it. It is a social as well as an individual fact--a function of

justice." So far Mr. Khrushchev might be inclined to agree. He might also agree that Lenin and Stalin reversed the classic definition of war by Clausewitz, and that for them peace is a continuation of war by other means. But he would doubtless pound the table with rage at the idea that the economic interpretation of history denies the immutable character of the rights of man as they have been voiced throughout the ages. To quote Mr. Shotwell:

Never was casuistry put to more powerful use than in the claim that opposition to policies of state is treason, because in theory the collectivist state includes everybody, whereas in non-communist states there must be provision for opposing political parties.

In the perspective of history Mr. Shotwell vindicates his thesis, starting with pre-historic times, and tracing the long hard road toward civilization, emphasizing in particular the themes of religion, economics, and war in so far as each liberates and in turn enslaves. The theme is pursued through the empires of the ancient world, the great religions of Asia, through feudalism and the birth of the nation states; through the English, American and French Revolutions and two world wars to the United Nations. But Prof. Shotwell sees no repetitive pattern--no cycle to determine the future as mankind stumbles blindly and belligerently into a new era. Instead,

The claw which he inherited from his prehistoric ancestors became a marvellously accurate instrument for moulding the crude forces of nature, but now, just at our time, we are turning into a new era which has only just begun but which will never end: the era in which we must think out way through rather than grapple with nature with animal strength.

It is not Americans alone who must face this challenge. "In the long future the City of Man will embody the City of God." The book is a magnificent confession of faith and optimism coming from an octogenarian.



Anyone who enjoys reading good biography is familiar with the name of Andre Maurois: but for someone who is not, a good primer would be his Etudes Litteraires. This series of six short biographical sketches of men in the world of French literature, was written specifically for the American public. Maurois hoped that his presentation of the lives of these six men would enable Americans to understand French literature and the French people better. The six men included are Paul Valery, Henri Bergson, Andre Gide, Charles Peguy, Marcel Proust, and Paul Claudel -- a rather heterogeneous and therefore universal sample. Maurois gives a rapid sketch of each man's life followed by an interpretation of the essence of the man's writing and thought. The talented Maurois, in this interpretation, creates an "atmosphere" for each individual he portrays, and this "atmosphere" is the key to Maurois' genius as a biographer. In the development of the rich characters of the six unique writers in this series, Maurois uses his special talent freely.

An interesting and enlightening accompanying sample of Maurois' thought is found in Aspects of Biography, a collection of lectures given in Cambridge for Trinity College. Here he discusses biography as expression, as a science, and as art. Interesting reading in and for themselves, these lectures also provide an excellent ideological background for reading any of Maurois' more extensive biographies.





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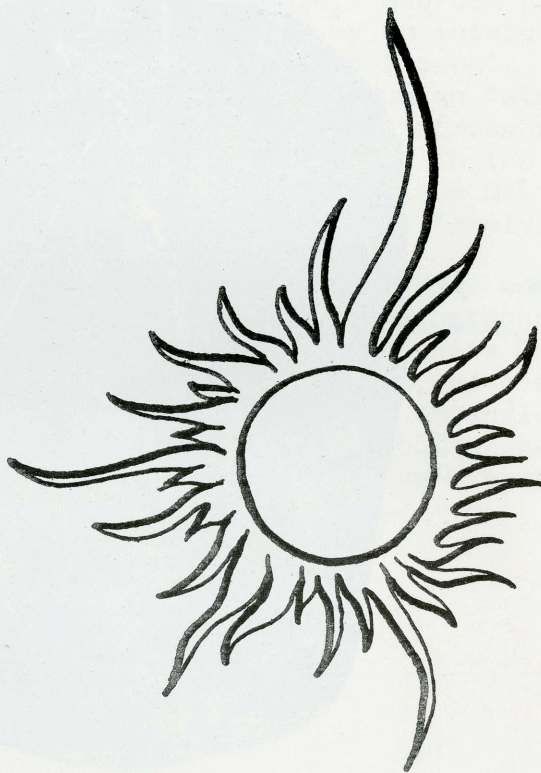
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THISTLE is published each semester by the students of The College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio. Volume III, Number 1, November 18, 1960. \$.75 per issue.





