



# THE SEMINARIAN

Volume XXIII

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Number 9

A Man Named Christ Lived . . .

"Limiting our definition of 'Church' to Parkway's physical plant and people, we'd say that we are seeking an opportunity to participate in contemporary worship which is Christ-oriented, and which is pertinent and relevant to today's issues. The reason we are Christians, rather than Jews, is grounded in our belief that a man named Christ lived and set a lifestyle which would benefit our lives, if followed. Hence, we seek an association with others who are concerned with the extra-ordinary humanity of Christ.

We also feel that Christ's message (his life) should not be confined either to the building called 'church' or to Sunday mornings or to 'churchy' meetings. We feel it is our responsibility to demonstrate our Christian concern by involvement in local and national issues--no matter how controversial.

For our children, we desire a warm, human association with others through which they can experience the presence of the Christ Spirit (or Christian Spirit). We wish them to learn, and be concerned about Christ's humanity. We would prefer that their religion be based on the necessity of employing Christian principles in this world for the emotional and human rewards to be derived in this world. We surely do not desire that their motivation for living a 'human' life now be the promise of some other-worldly reward.

We wish, for our family and for ourselves, the opportunity to share in a loving association with other individuals who are willing to accept our love and share their love with us as we attempt to establish a candid communication and concern."

TAKEN FROM: THE NEWSLETTER  
PARKWAY PRESBYTERIAN  
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS  
OCTOBER 6, 1971

## MRS. SAITO HOSPITALIZED

It has come to our attention that the wife of Mr. Saito has been hospitalized in Japan for the past two months. It is expected that she will remain there at least two more months. We would like to suggest that members of the Seminary community remember her with cards and prayers. Air mail postage to Japan is 21¢. Cards can be sent to:

MRS. MIWA SAITO  
Room 5-528  
c/o Gansenta Bydai  
2-10 Kawagishi-Cho  
Niigata-Shi, Japan 951

Dick&Sally McClain

## SEMINARY GIVES UNITED

The Lancaster Seminary community this year donated a grand total of \$901.20 to the United Fund. This figure includes student participation to the tune of \$70.20. Mrs. Hafer wishes to thank all of you who helped with this worthy cause this year, especially students, whose giving substantially increased over last year.

## THE STUDENT AS NIGGER

(This article is being reprinted from THE SEMINARIAN, Vol. XX, No. 1, 1968, because the problem to which it points has not yet been resolved! A reply to this article from Prof. Paul Irion also published in the 1968 SEMINARIAN can be had upon request.)

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hangups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First, let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we call education.

At Cal State LA--where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though they were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building there are even restrooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also, there is an unwritten law, barring student-faculty-love-making. Fortunately this antimiscegenation law, like its counterpart in the South, is not 100% effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections--which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run for most part by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always giving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump" students jump. I know one professor who refused to take class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God. Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out--each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Just last week, during the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying, "This class is NOT dismissed!" and lead her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through 12 years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing during those 12 years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders!

### STUDENTS:

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They gave up expecting things to make sense long before they left elementary school. Things are true because the teachers says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedmier tells you a noun is a person, place or things. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a rat's ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you find out teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been ever since.

What school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12 year course in how to slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality; obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Other--including most of the "Good students"--have been more deeply brain-washed. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around/ They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They're like those old grey-headed house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us reall good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat alot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick witted and subject to frequent spells of laxness. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kinds for whom every low grade is a torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there is a Last Judgement, the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in Hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. They're short on balls.

Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve on their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still don't offer any solid resistance. They lie on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue".

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in high schools, you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

### STUDENTS:

I am not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore, that teaching, like police work pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and other external trappings of authority.

At any rate teachers are short on balls. And as Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the state legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say - or else. The grade isn't a cop's gun, but in the end it's more powerful. At your personal whim - any time you choose - you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear - fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from ridicule and scorn? Respect for authority. That's what. It's the policeman gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whispers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance - and parade a slender learning.

You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the mean time what we've got in our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly gross is that the student has less chance than the black man getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing, damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only program them. If you're a black rebel they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college for a rebel is a little like going North for a Negro. You might stay and raise hell because you can't get away from it.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They're stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They're organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could theoretically insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogue, and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at - a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons - their own reasons.

STUDENTS:

*They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkley, have they even begun to think about using it.*

- Gerald Farber -

- (reprinted from UCLA Daily Bruin)

1968 EDITORIAL NOTE: We of course wish to state that the above article in no way reflects the situation here at our little educational isle of felicity, even LTS, but we, nevertheless, are indebted to Mr. Littrell for sharing this article with us in or order that we may ever show our gratitude for the goodliness of our condition.

1971 EDITORIAL NOTE: The opinions express above are not necessarily the opinions of the editors, but they very well could be!!!!

P E R S P E C T I V E . . .

The academic system here at L. T. S. has become so powerful that it is now destroying any possibility of creative dialogue between faculty and students concerning our future education. The almighty grade still reigns. It makes students pussyfoot through the corridors while in the presence of the faculty. There is an unbelievable double fear prompted here not only by the measurement of our academic work but also by what could be our evaluation of the way we are being educated. Students are simple afraid to speak. For some reason they still want the degree that is given by this place, which seems to carry with it the prerequisite of being uncritical to the process.

Faculty, can you not read the handwriting that is on the wall? You are running us through a production line as if you were turning out machines via mass production. Might I remind you that there are only nine or ten seniors on campus. The total student body numbers less than one hundred people. But are we getting the type of education one would expect from a small school?

Is there no way to take a positive approach to education and make it work? Students are getting tired of just having their fingers slapped. They might soon say "to hell with y you--institution" and find a better way to get their education. Then you may have all the reserved parking spaces you want, a campus without dogshit, and a library building where you can bury yourselves behind nothing but piles of books. For the students will have gone. They will be in the world, where one can learn something about the Church and the word of God.

- C. Stumb (Curly) -

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EXPERIMENTAL WORSHIP

*Experimental worship and materials for this purpose is the business of a New York group. They have a \$1.00 catalogue, and a booking agency (PROVO MUSE) for groups who play in churches.*

WRITE TO:

NEW MUSIC AND ARTS EXCHANGE  
152 West 66th Street  
New York, New York 10023

(reprinted from IUM Newsletter)

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Youth Today is the "interpretive newsletter for pastors and youth leaders reporting what the now generation is doing and how to bridge the generation gap between church and campus. It's free!!!! Write: Youth Today, IVCF, 233 Langdon Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53703

To stimulate community and fellowship and to alleviate boredom, a brand-new, red-hot social organization has been formed on campus. With a motto of  $\pi\epsilon\lambda\omicron\upsilon\mu\epsilon\nu\ \acute{\alpha}\nu\theta\epsilon\nu$  (haul out the lexicons for that one), the SSSSCA (alias quadruple SCA), stands for popcorn, movies, television, and the art of wild careening.

The Single Senior Seminarian Social Club of America has its headquarters in Richards Hall. Begun for the purpose of providing an outlet for the creative activities of the few remaining bachelors in the Senior Class, the group has acted quickly and efficiently in setting up and sponsoring various social events. The SSSSCA, which is run by a three-man Board of Directors, has also firmly established beaucroatic foundations by writing and approving a constitution, drawing up an emblem symbolic of our major interests, and by nominating a faculty member to be its advisor. Our choice has not made up his mind yet, depending on the spiritual implications of serving as an advisor.

Although the club is still young, we have faced up to our social obligations, especially concerning possible segregational practices. Thus, the Board of Directors have amended the constitution, so that we may admit a token Middler, a token Junior, a token female, and a token married couple. The board also predicts that bussing will not be necessary in carrying out these policies. In line with this policy, the SSSSCA is proud to announce the selection and admittance of a token Middler.

Any inquiries concerning our social club should be made at our office at 218 Richards Hall.

- Board of Directors -  
Rich Bardo  
Bill Bower  
Cliff Herring

Remember the HUB coffee hours at 9:30 each evening. Use this chance to work on toys in the Toy Shop!

SEMINARIAN STAFF: Editors: Wayne Strever, Steve Cote'/Staff: P. Allamong

The first ASW class of the year will begin Tuesday, November 23. Our guest will be Dr. Noss, who will speak on the topic "World Religion and the Christian Faith." The sessions will be November 23rd, 30th, December 7th and 14th from 7:30 P.M. to 9:00 P.M. Location for the classes will be announced at a later date.

- Margaret Stumb

### THE TOY SHOP NEEDS YOU!

The Toy Shop has now been open for quite some time in the basement of the HUB. The toys are placed in need of repair, cleaning, or painting. Each one must take it upon himself to get down there to do some of the work. We had made a commitment of 50 man-hours per week. Now is the time to meet that commitment.

Ted Corcelius is the head of the project. If you have any questions about the procedures necessary for working on the toys, please see Ted. It is suggested that some students or wives may want to simply go over and pick up a few toys to take home and wash or fix. Also, the HUB evening coffee hour should be used to work downstairs on these toys.

- Steve Cote'

### INTERNATIONAL NIGHT SUCCESS

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Good food, good company, and a good turn-out all combined last Thursday evening for a great get-together on International Night. We are blessed with a good number of people from other lands in our community this year. To take the best advantage of this opportunity, ASW sponsored this night of fun, food and fellowship. Around 80 members of the community came out for this occasion. I hope this will be just the beginning of long and rewarding relationships with all of the international students. We owe a big "thank-you" to ASW; especially to Diane Strever and Karen Walthour, chairmen. -S. Cote'