

My dearly beloved, three yrs ago it was my great good fortune to spend a term in Italy. While there I visited the ancient city of Ravenna, for nearly a century one of the four capitals of the Roman Emp. I went to see the mosaics in the 5th Cen mausoleum of Galla Placidia, sister to the Emp Honorius. Just outside it is a box with a coin-slot where you may insert a 100-lire piece and get 10 minutes of electricity in the dark tomb. And there, under one of the vaultings, I saw in glorious mosaic the seal of Wake Forest Univ--the Chi (you call it X) and the Rho, the first letters in the Grk spelling of Christ, with the alpha on one side and the omega on the other, the first and the last letters in the Grk alphabet. No, it was not evidence that WF existed, or was even prophesied, in the 5th Cen AD; it was instead one of the oldest of the Xn symbols. The only thing lacking to make it in fact the WF emblem was the motto that the founders of the Univ wrote under the seal, the extra dimension this comparatively young instit added to that ancient sacred rune, the Latin words pro humanitate, for, or in the cause of, humanity. The rumor that it really ought to be pre-humanitate is a foul slander made up by dullards in Chapel Hill. But it is the meaning to you and to me of that motto, for humanity, that is my subject for today, for I have been invited here to add what might be a discordant note to your theme-song of college jazz. I want to talk to you about our obligats to each other in educat. Now I know this may be an off-pitch chord in the orchestra, for to many of you college means independence, cutting the ties, undoing the apron strings. Other people? Who needs them? You do your own thing, you strive for individuality and experimentat in life-styles and friends and interests. To use the musical terminology, you came to college to compose your own cadenzas, to add your own trills and grace-notes to the stodgy and mundane tunes you are asked to sing. And I want that for all of you. You should all learn to stand on your own two feet, to handle the major crises of living that come up every day without calling home to mama every night, to know your own tastes and values--how do you know whether you like fettucini or onion pie in the Alsatian style or Gorgonzola cheese if you never get farther afield than McDonald's or Hardee of the Colonel? We all need to learn something to do to make a living, and that means self-knowl and self-discipline, managing our time and setting our own priorities. Know thyself was the first instruction given by the Grk philosophers, and it is still a good place to begin. That kind of independence is the goal of the growing-up process, and attaining it is a mark of maturity and an essential ingredient of adulthood. But what I would like for you to consider is a wider expanse of independence, the kind that comes only after mastering the crises of getting your class work done and your dirty clothes washed, learning how to get a few hours' sleep in the round-the-clock, three ring circus that is a college dormitory. I propose that you move beyond that knowl of self to a freedom that is available to those indivs who are so sure of themselves, so secure in their personalities, that they can w/o flinching confess their dependence upon other people. And that takes some doing. From earliest childhood we are all engaged in a struggle to throw off our dependence upon other people, and here is this nut suggesting that the awareness of our need for other people is the widest form of freedom, the capstone of a life-long quest for personal growth. And yet I submit that it is true. Some yrs ago there was a popular song, which I did not like, nor did ~~my~~ the finer sensitivities approve the tune that went with it; but the title line was a smash hit--people who need people are the luckiest people in the world. I come to wish all of you that kind of luck, *to invite you to live life with the richest form of adulthood*.

In the first place we cannot, *(even in an individualistic, centrifugal world)* know who we are without other people. We need them to compare with, to observe the conseqs of their behavior, the connection between deeds and results; we need each other to learn from. All the definitions of education say something about the relatshp betw the indiv and the group. You may merely translate the Latin word educatus to get the point: it means one who has been led from, led out of, something, usually considered childishness, or superstition, or national or racial exclusivity, or ignorance. *to be led forth from all that implies a leading into something larger, into knowl, into humanity.* One of the basic lessons we learn from other people is that we are like them, and yet different from them. But in the fundamentals the likenesses are the stronger. We can underst the Hebr prophet who wrote, Have we not all one father? Has not one God created us? Why then are we faithless to one another? Or the Latin poet who wrote, Homo sum; nemo me alienum puto--I am human, I can regard no one as a stranger to me. Or the Engl poet who has the Grk Ulysses say, I am part of all that I have met. All of them said that we cannot know indiv indep until we know each other, until we underst the human nature that is our common heritage. So learn from others, past and present. Suffer with Antigone as she wrestles with the awful probl of burying her dead brother against the decree of her father the King, and you know a bit more of yourself. Stand w/Lear and his erring daughters, or w/David weeping over his lost son, and feel the agonies of parenthood long before you become parent; take the hemlock w/Socrates and feel the pains of a teacher condemned by the school board for trying to make children think; walk into Isaac Newton's study and measure the tremendous impact of the human mind; ride w/Joan of Arc into battle, following her divine

purpose of great lit is to teach human experiences. and perhaps see general gap in better basic emotions -

voices, and become aware of the explosive, ^{irresistible} appeal of religious enthusiasm; ^{hit w/ windmills w/ Don Quixote - folly} sail on the Beagle w/ Chas Darwin and get a sense of the humility of a scientist at work. I could go on and on, but I won't. You are a part of all that has gone before, of all that other people have done and dreamed of and regretted and enjoyed. You were born in Greene and Rome and Ravenna and Padua and Paris and Oxford; you were born in Bethlehem and in Jerusalem and in Antioch in Syria and in Cluny and w/ Emmanuel Kant in foggy Königsberg. Without all those others we would still be living in caves and eating raw meat. We must confess our dependence upon others before we can declare our independence for we can learn much from them. Pigmies, as an ancient Roman said, can see farther than giants, when they are standing on the shoulders of giants.

In the second place, we need each other because learning and growing are collaborative activities. The most recent definition of education I can find is in a book that came out last year. Education is a process of interaction by which the individual potential is activated, shaped or channelled, and a change thereby produced in the self. I'm not sure I know what all that means, but it is the word interaction that I want to emphasize, for the process, whatever it is, takes place in a community of learning. I am not sure that students need professors, though I would like to think they do, but I ^{do} know that some of the most enduring wisdom I know came from students. I remember one young woman the first yr I was at WF, and that takes you back to ancient times, who had a bad day. She said, some days you just can't make a nickel, and ever since, when I've had one of those days, I have used that line. I've learned other things, of course, for students have taught me much. And leaving aside the dubious proposition that students learn anything from professors, I can say that your most valuable learning experiences will ~~come~~ come from your peers. I know it is possible to get an education in individual seclusion, even following a plow. Once you crack the alphabet code and learn to read, all you need is a library and you can sup with the giants of the past. But the library must be well-chosen; Abraham Lincoln became a lawyer because he found a law book in what he thought was an empty barrel he bought from a pioneer pressing westward. I've wondered what Amer hist would be like if it had been a book on horse-shoeing or carpentry, or a collection of sermons. It is possible to self-educate, but it is difficult and rare. The process needs interaction, and that's where you come in. Sharing ideas, arguing a thesis, book-talk, must go on among you for education to happen. You need each other. Educat is a two-way street between the library and the classroom, and the coffee pot, which symbolizes not the ladies of Salem but the bull session of students. You go to the library and you read a book, and then you go to the coffee pot, the meeting place, and you try out what you've learned. And you learn most from books you disagree with, for either you answer the argument and reason yourself ~~into~~ into a counter-argument, in which case you have expanded your mind, or you accept the disagreeable, in which case you have also expanded your mind. And if you cannot defend the argument in the bull session, you go back to the book to see whether you understood it correctly, or whether it was just a weak and untenable thesis. That is learning. An idea w/o a bull session helps only the one person; the bull session w/o an idea is a waste of time. When you notice that the session you are in degenerates into a discussion of who is going with whom, or who is wearing what, it is time to get up and leave. And another thing: the person getting an education ought to be so full of ideas, w/ conversat sprinkled liberally with "Have you read so-and-so's book" remarks, that people not in the process hide when they see him or her coming. Frightful bores, these learners! Drudges, bookworms, brains, we have a number of pejorative terms for them. But that is what it takes, and that is why we need each other, for we not only learn about other people because they are human too, we also learn from other people. ^{Also need other people - lonely, even in crowd - don't weep. Find someone lonelier + have party. We all need help sometimes, be worthy}

And finally, the whole purpose of educat is other people, for our motto is FOR humanity, ^{enough} People we can teach, or heal, people who have material needs we can meet, people we can be advocates for in court, or pray for. Many of them who have not done their reading about human nature and the changability of time cannot face the shock of change; those of you who have known the luxury of humane learning can cushion the shock of the onrushing future and the frightening changes it brings. We need each other, because in this interdependent world we do little more than take in each other's washing. You sell me gas, or food, or a suit of clothing, and I sell you a TV or a sofa or a shingle for your roof, someone else repairs the plumbing or performs the operation or lifts our spirits with a concert of music or a play in the theatre. The name of the game we are playing is learning, but its purpose is to put it to use, for each other. It is, as Lincoln said of his government, of other people, by other people, and for other people. And in that it is fulfilling and satisfying as nothing else can be. People who need people are the luckiest people in the world. ^{Add the WF motto to whatever you select as symbol of gem values, and see how rich it makes you.}

There is a quotation from the Mahatma Gandhi that may be helpful. There are seven sins in the world, he said, and I will interject that we are all of us tempted to commit every one of them. They are wealth w/o work, pleasure w/o conscience, knowl w/o character, commerce w/o morality, science w/o humanity, worship w/o sacrifice, and politics w/o principle. To know what that means is to underst how important we are to each other, and each other is to us, in this life.

and nowhere more often than on a coll campus.

Capit - Soc North - South
black-white
male-female
wax - inf.

Pre-School Conf, 1980

My dearly beloved, three yrs ago it was my great good fortune to spend a term in Italy. While there I visited the city of Ravenna, for nearly a century one of the four capitals of the Roman Empire. I went to see the mosaics in the 5th Cen mausoleum of Galla Placidia, sister to the Emp Honorius. Just outside it there is a coin slot where you insert a 100-lire piece and get 10 minutes of light in the tomb. And there, under one of the vaultings, I saw in mosaic the seal of Wake Forest Univ--the Chi and Rho, first letters in the Grk spelling of Christ, with the alpha on one side and omega on the other, the first and the last. It was not evidence that WF existed, or was prophesied, in the 5th Cen; it was instead one of the oldest of the Xn symbols. And the only thing lacking to make it the WF emblem was the motto ~~was~~ the extra dimension this univ has added to that ancient rune, pro humanitate. The rumor that it really ought to be pre-humanitate is a foul slander originated by dullards in Chapel Hill. But it is the meaning of that motto that is my subject for today, for I have been invited to add my discordant note to your theme of college jazz by talking about our obligats in educat to each other. Now I know this may be the off-pitch chord in the orchestra, for to many of you college means independence, it means doing your own thing, individuality and experimentat in life-styles and friends and interests. To use the language of music, you want to play your own cadenzas, to add your own trills and grace notes to the mundage tunes you are asked to sing. And I want that for all of you. You should all learn to stand on your own two feet, to handle the crises of living without calling home to mama every night, to know your own tastes and values, to learn how to manage your own time and set your own priorities. That kind of independence is a plus for you, a mark of your maturity and an essential ingredient of adulthood. But what I would like for you to consider is a wider independence, the kind that comes after mastering the crises of getting your assignmts done and your laundry washed and of knowing your own tastes and preferences. It is available to those individs who are so sure of themselves, so secure in their own personalities, that they can without flinching confess their dependence upon other people. Some yrs ago there was a popular skong, which I did not like, nor the music that went with it, but the title line was

It may be that the Engl clergyman and poet John Donne said it best. In one of his Meditations, written in 1623 when he was in bed with a serious illness, he told of hearing the church bell toll the death of someone in the parish. In lines that are I am sure familiar to you all he wrote of the common humanity, and the common mortality, which binds us all together.

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine own were. Any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

Trustees -- Dec 1980 / 1st Day '83

My dearly beloved, ladies and gentlemen, I appreciate your invitation to speak to you briefly upon the subject of history, which is my profession. It is not everybody's. Years ago, when I was in the grad school, group of students set out to go to hist convention in Okla City, drive ~~xxx~~ length of Illinois, stop for supper at Quincy.... Where hist is concerned, many of us were off all afternoon. And yet we are all indebted to the past for everything that we are, name, language, values, relig, nationality, institutions that supply our economic needs, the list is as long as civilization itself, for the present can add but a tiny pinch of gold to the enormous stockpile which it has inherited. The Univ, since its establmt in MidAges, has been given two assignmts--to conserve the best of the past, and to discover new truth to add to that from the past. History, as the systematic study of all that man has been in the past, all that he has attempted, and dreamed of, and imagined, and wished for, is at the heart of that university assignmt. Without the perspective of the past no one of us can have any idea about the present, or which policies one might prescribe for the future. There is a cartoon on my office door, shows young girl studying hist, complaining to her father, can you believe it! We have to go all the way back to 1965. Or woman, called hist dept, asked what kind of hist do you teach there? I could not understand. I mean, she said, do you teach anything that happened ~~since~~ before 1930? Lady, world not created the day you were born.

For there are people who were not only off all afternoon, but also have the arrogance to believe that nothing of consequence could have happened before they showed up on earth. R. Nixon could say that the moon landing of the astronauts (they get middle-toe) was the greatest thing that happened since the creation of the universe; John Lennon, ~~who seems to be well on the way to sainthood in our saint-hungry world~~ said a few yrs ago that the Beatles were more important than Jesus. In that kind of remark is the nature of the problem; only the present is valuable, all the rest is irrelevant. And yet so pervasive, so fundamental, is the fact of change taking place around us ~~stop the world so the dizzy passengers can get off~~ that the present does not last long enough. People who know only the present, who take courses in contemporary urban problems, or social maladjustment, or the election of 1980, are doomed to live forever in the past, for the present they thought they understood so well vanishes even as they are looking at it. It is ephemeral, it lasts but a brief moment, gone even as we think we have nailed it down, to be replaced by something new and different, the product of hist forces most of us did not bother to consider. Ignorant of change and of history, men become the victims of time; desirous of understanding only the present, they miss even that, as the moving finger writes but briefly, and then moves on. ~~They are like the TV repairman put out of business by changes in technology not in his manual, as compared to the physicist who understands the principle it works on.~~ History is the story of the present, told in terms of how it got this way, not in terms of the present itself; that difference in approach may appear small but it is in fact enormous in significance. *As Abraham Lincoln put it, If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. To know where we are, how we got here, and which way we are heading, is possible only in the perspective of the long view. And only a familiarity with human history can give us that. // As we begin the ~~end of year holiday~~ season, let us remember all the tradition and the haunting, mysterious beauty of candles and evergreens that symbolize the proclamation of God with us, Emmanuel, and give thanks for all that we have received from the past.

(possibly terrifying)

Respect the past; it is the fountain head of the present, and the prologue to future.

*To put it another way, from the perspective of sensual and material values we see the past and future only in terms of the present; from the frame of reference of the human spirit we ~~then~~ see the present in terms of past and future. There is a Latin proverb that precisely expresses the historical method: Stilus virum arguit, the style proclaims the man, the way we see past and future reveals the way we live in the present.

[and in that difference is the enormous treasure of a knowledge of the past.]

Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.
Time past and time future
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
--T.S.Eliot.