



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
... a part of campus impersonality

The quiet

a dream gone bad

revulsion

Our colleges are a bit too much like high schools, and because we're no longer high school students, we find this stressful. Students may not be very mature when they first enroll at the university, but they are looking forward to the freedom to make mistakes and the help of capable people to set them right when they are made. If we weren't going to make errors in judgement or performance sometimes, we shouldn't have to go to college. We want a

background

The quotations on this page are taken from *Moderator*, a U.S. student magazine. They come from an article on suicide and student stress and they reflect a real problem on every campus. The problem is the gulf between the university in idea and the university in practice. The quotes are blunt and to the point and it's happening here, as well. The photographs are by Forrest Bard and Al Scarth.

chance to think for ourselves about politics and morals and how we can earn a good living and keep our integrity. What we get is a choice of a profession with a lot of little packages tied to a thread that leads to medicine or business administration or engineering, and the packages are called philosophy and economics and what-have-you. They are too seldom geared to us and what we are, too seldom taught by people who want to find out about us, and too seldom informed by our efforts to make our needs known. We don't know how. That's one of the reasons we came to college—to find out, not to be filled up with facts and ideas that other people believe are important.

University is really quite cold. Unless you're in a fraternity. I've met a lot of people in hot caf because I went out of my way to meet them. Sex is much freer on campus than in high school. By sex I mean kissing, petting, and anything farther than that. If you do too much too soon you misuse each other. You'll reveal your body but you won't reveal your soul to somebody. Sex is one of the biggest questions on campus among my friends. They all wonder just how far they should go. The learning system is sometimes a repetition of high school. Lectures are often a reflection of the professor. I only have one large lecture. There's more interaction in small classes. I'm very fortunate. I've got fabulous professors. But then I get along with just about anybody. I'd rather write a term paper than have Christmas exams.

Exams make me study. They're good for me. In a way, I was disillusioned after the exams at Christmas. I don't know anything about student union activities except the Jubilaires. There was a lack of communication so I quit. As far as CUS is concerned, I think unity is better than disunity.

—1st year U of A co-ed

I was sick of feeling that I was accepted for reasons having nothing really to do with me, but with the home or parent I came from. I was sick of the idea that you had to be rich, sleep with everyone, and kiss everybody's royal American to be someone. I only wanted to be myself, and that never seemed to be enough.

My parents hounded me about grades to the point where I spent more time worrying than studying. The idea of failure was the worst think in the world that could happen. There was no chance to begin over; if you failed the first

Do you have to jump off a building to get attention?

It's a damn shame that you have to emphasize suicide in order to dramatize the importance of student emotional problems. Suicide is naturally a problem of student mental health. But suicide isn't the major problem here. There are many nearly as severe.

At lot of us are really hung up over close personal or sexual relationships. I know students here who seek professional help because they are very confused about the future—their majors, their careers, even their reasons for staying in college. A lot of others have pretty

deep personal problems which make it difficult to study or to be motivated about anything. Some of my friends really feel the tension and get depressed easily.

All of these are problems which I would call "severe". Sure, they're not a matter of life and death, like suicide, but they are the difference between a life that is happy and worthwhile and one that is not. To me that is pretty important.

There are people here who understand what's going on with us, and they make themselves available. Our problem is that there just aren't enough of them to go around.

—William and Mary College

time, that was it. By the time exams came, I was a nervous wreck.

I went home before exams for the weekend. Then it happened, the worst it had ever been. Then came 75 sleeping pills, 125 aspirins, and a razor blade.

—A Wisconsin co-ed.

I don't know what happened. Midway through my junior year I just went stale. You come to college and you think you're on to a whole new thing. You run to your first class in September; Survey of European History. The professor says, "Read these six books. Do one ten-page paper and ten three-page papers by January 1st." Then to English class where it's 12 books and three ten-page papers by the same date. And on and on. None of it ever seems to tie in.

The second semester. First class: "Read six books . . ." Sooner or later you ask yourself, "Why am I doing this? What does it all mean?"

The Light and Dark Imagery in King Lear. The Effect of Peer Group On The Adolescent. James' Definition of Pragmatism. Meanwhile the outside world is moving on, maybe doing something.

The ultimate ridiculousness occurs a few months into your junior year. It's fellowship time. Practice writing resumes. Take the Grad Records, Law Boards, Medcats. The pressure is unbelievable. Ask yourself why, and you've got a big laugh coming. There's no answer.

In four years I took two courses that were worth anything. I was luckier than most. Anyhow, I spent most of my junior and senior years at a bar downtown chugging drafties and forgetting I was going nowhere. It's hard to explain. I wanted to be motivated. I wanted something to reach out and turn me on, but there was nothing there. . . .

—A Holy Cross Graduate

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... but there was nothing there