
REFLECTION

The world is dying from a lack of thoughtful men. Men have no more time to think, or rather, they do not take time. The college itself is no longer a cultural centre; it has been transformed into a real confinement because of those who make their wisdom out of an egoistic indifference. The confinement lies where the digging is done which has no sense, which does not unite the digger with the community of men. And we want to escape from the confinement . . .

Even if the modern student learns well, he does not cultivate himself. Those who withstand this calamity, do not feel it. What we must be concerned about is not this misery, in which we live as well as in laziness, but it is the banishment of reflection in the student.

A few strides on any modern campus, and you may analyze any of these personalities.

Grumbler is never satisfied: he has been mooring on the same old hick place for three or four years, and he never got anything out of it. The classes are dull and so are the professors. He sleeps in every morning and misses several periods. If he gets a one o'clock permission: "What does he think we're gonna do in town till that time?" And if the permission is too early: "Has he gone nuts?" A member of the Faculty seems to be giving him too much attention: "He's after me, he wants to catch me." Another one does not give him any: "Stuck-up! He could have given me a lift!"

Poor Grumbler! Perfect cipher who has not even the ambition of being vulgar, but simply the pretension of being great! He criticizes everything and criticizes nothing. He has not even what he needs to be laughed at . . . too bad! Never satisfied, never happy, he will go into the future grumbling all the time about everything and about nothing . . .

Then there is Dreamer: he walks alone, slowly, and would give you the impression of a deep thinker. You might meet him under a more eccentric aspect, when you have to get up in the middle of the night, to go and knock on his door, and tell him to lower his radio to finally discover that he has his radio on his pillow, two inches from his ear, and intoned at the highest volume . . .

One could think that the dreamer has discovered the wealthy resources of solitude. A soft music makes him forget everything around him, and he admires only sentimental and languishing overtones which send him off on the wings of Dream and let him float in the fluid regions of fancy. This is not an atmosphere favorable to a healthy and worthwhile reflection, which would allow him to assimilate a few ideas from his studies, his readings, and his life experience. Who is really worried about this assimilation in our modern college? We could certainly not accuse Casanova or "Skipper" of any abuses in this realm.

Casanova talks about girls. And the girls talk about him . . . He writes every day to his "sugar pie", and every day, he receives a letter or two from her. He reads Love Comics and tries his best to live by them: they are the pattern of his numerous love stories most of which he actually never lived. He may have been engaged a couple of times but "he always realized at the last minute how precious his studies and his liberty were . . ." His room wall is covered with pin-ups: he never looks at them after two days of attentive study of Anatomy at the first of the year. Now they only contribute to maintain his reputation among his visitors. He likes to be with girls or only to feel their presence around and blow sweet nothings in their hair. This characteristic classifies him very often under the next heading: "skipper".

Skipper is a very quiet personality. Nobody notices him: because he is never around. He disappears swiftly and, after a while of practice, he will abandon the burglar method and boldly come in through the door early in the morning. He is always checking on everything, but he dreads the minute when he will be checked. He has always a good story fixed up: the Faculty wonders how many more incredible places will be discovered where Skipper "was still on the campus" . . . He may think that he is developing a very high psychological quotient, but all that he will get out of his pranks will be a more or less accurate sense of foreseeing, and this to the prejudice of all his other faculties.

At last comes Little Sport: he has been detained, clipping cuts from every magazine or newspaper about any imaginable sport for his scrap book. He knows all the scores, all the records, all the players, name, middle name, surname, and nickname. And you know that he knows . . . He will also deserve the denomination of skipper when a

game in town is at stake. He will find a very important use for your extension cord if you are not using it. In a word, you may apply to him what Juvenal said about the early Romans, that all they wanted was "Panem et circenses."

We could write a few more pages about Busybody, Know-it-all, Gambler, Glutton, Noisy, Pool Maniac, etc . . . Still we would reach the same conclusion: this is the way students are; this is the way men are. They have time for nothing. Today we speak about sports, girls, music, we criticize and we discuss banalities. Tomorrow, we shall discuss poker, golf, politics and neckties, stretching our lives as much as we can, without ever finding the truth of man.

Even though the apparition of a poor Pascal should mean more to us than the birth of a few wealthy anonyms, we are afraid of solitude and reflection scares us. We should need solitude to bear our defeats and to prepare our victories. We must part from the multitude to think and join it to act. Then we will accomplish, we will create! We must acknowledge ourselves and the universe. We must take reflection for what it really is: the strength of man which allows him to defeat fatality, to find solutions to riddles which have none. Reflection, the only arm of man in his struggle against life, against death . . .

Sources: Theory: "La Terre des Hommes" by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.

Characters: S.D.U. campus from a satirical view-point.

DENNIS NORMAND '53.

Nuit D'été . . . (suite et fin)

Vous étiez là, Lise et vous savez sans doute
Ce que mon cœur chantait tout le long de la route.
Soudain au flanc moelleux d'un nuage qui dort,
La lune montre dans le ciel sa corne d'or . . .

C'est l'heure des adieux, cette heure solennelle,
Où l'ange des regrets emporte sur son aile,
Pour que notre bonheur ne dure pas toujours,
Les rêves de jeunesse et les serments d'amour.

Il fallait nous quitter . . . Longtemps nous hésitâmes,
Comme si nous laissions quelque part de nos âmes.
La brise du matin soufflait dans les tilleuls . . .
Longs furent les adieux — — Puis nous revîmes seuls.

Vous n'étiez plus là Lise, mais vous savez sans doute
Ce que mon cœur scupira tout le long de la route.

Charles Pelletier '53.