

CHRIST COLLEGE NEWSLETTER

THE SPILLIKIN

Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, IN 46383
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A Note from the Dean

At the beginning of this academic year, we commemorated the twentieth anniversary of the founding of Christ College with a special symposium at which Dr. Richard Baepfer, the first Dean of the College, and President Emeritus A. G. Huegli, who was Vice President for Academic Affairs in 1966, talked about the origins and early years of Christ College. For the current CC students, who were either not yet born or in their infancy twenty years ago, this symposium was the equivalent of ancient history.

The end of this academic year marks twenty years of my personal association with Valparaiso University which means I have been able to watch CC grow from infancy to relative maturity. (The older I get the more I discover that maturity is always relative.) From 1967-73 I taught in the Department of English with forays into Christ College. Since then I spent two years in Cambridge, three years as Chairman of the Department of English, and nine years as Dean of Christ College.

Consequently, I know most of the CC alums (the Directed Studies alums belong to a previous era), and I recently came to the frightening realization that some of you are old enough to have children of college age. So far I have escaped the reality of teaching children of my former students; and should your child be the first to break that barrier, I would advise him or her to be gentle in informing me of that fact.

Fortunately (some of you may think it unfortunate), I still carry in my mind images of most of you as undergraduates. This always lends an element of surprise to Homecoming Weekend when some of you appear in quite different guises than those I recall. Despite these changes, the Christ College faculty are always interested in renewing acquaintances with you. At the suggestion of a number of you, we have tried to provide you with a special reason to return for Homecoming this fall, and we hope that most of you will be able to join us on Friday, October 2, for the inaugural Alumni Symposium.

I would like to suggest several other ways in which you can exercise your rights and responsibilities as CC alumni. First, stay in touch by sending a card or letter indicating what is going on in your life. Secondly, we are always looking for alums to lead symposia with present CC students on topics of mutual interest. Propose a topic; I promise to respond. Thirdly, you can, as a number of alums did this year, write a column for *The Spillikin* on a subject you think may stimulate other alums.

However, even if you are not in the writing or volunteering mood, we value your continued interest in Christ College and are pleased to send you the fourth issue of *The Spillikin*.

Arlin G. Meyer
Dean

Homecoming Symposium Planned

Of the three conversational topics forbidden at the Officers' Mess in the U.S. Navy, Christ College is glad to provide two as the subject of the first Homecoming Symposium. Religion and Politics, especially when mixed, can indeed prove volatile; but in the College's tradition of genteel discourse we should expect little less than blissful enlightenment from the presentations by alumni speakers and the ensuing discussions. We hope that as many of our CC alums as possible will be able to attend. Give yourself this opportunity to engage in dialogue with your peers. Why remember what things were like when you have the chance to relive them? As Kierkegaard put it, "Repetition, therefore, if it is possible, makes a person happy, whereas recollection makes him (or her--editorial emendation) unhappy." So get back in the act and get happy with us this fall.

Bill Olmsted

Homecoming Symposium
Christ College Refectory
Friday, October 2, 1987

Schedule of Events

- | | |
|-----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 10:45 | Keynote Address by Prof. Mel Piehl
followed by discussion |
| 12-1:30 | Luncheon Break |
| 1:30 | Presentation by Steve Schroeder
followed by discussion |
| 2:20-2:30 | Break |
| 2:30 | Presentation by Gail Ramshaw
followed by discussion |
| 3:20-3:30 | Break |
| 3:30 | Presentation by Patrick Kiefert and Marie
Failing followed by discussion |

Symposium Adjourns (approximately ending by 4:45)

(Please use the enclosed reply card to express your interest so we can plan the Symposium realistically.)

ANNUAL HOMECOMING OPEN HOUSE

Christ College invites you to attend an Open House in Mueller Hall on Saturday, October 3, at approximately 11:30 a.m. The faculty hopes to see many of you at that time.

Unfinished Business

Kevin Boettcher ('79) is a Senior Research Analyst at Honeywell Systems and Research Center in Minneapolis. Prior to this position he earned his Masters in Electrical Engineering and his Ph.D. at M.I.T. Kevin is a member of the University Alumni Board which brings him to campus a couple of times each year.

A few years ago I was passing through Valparaiso and had a little time to stop on campus. Though I had spent a predominant fraction of my Valpo years at Gellerson as an engineering student, I was surprised to realize that I wanted most to visit Mueller. In thinking later about this inclination, I sensed that for me Christ College represented some unfinished business. My experience with CC was that challenges were offered that I did not meet and questions raised that I did not answer. Some of these I am still wrestling with. (I have yet, for example, to construct a characterization of the "good man" that would not, I am sure, prompt an outburst of single-spaced, typewritten commentary from Mrs. Wienhorst.) With this in mind, I therefore attributed my urge to return to Mueller not as one to relive old times, but rather as a desire for further inquiry on the questions and challenges left unresolved.

Shortly after that visit, I saw Van Kussrow and related my experience to him. I ended my explanation with the comment that I thought I could really benefit from retaking some of my CC classes, since in the intervening years I had become more aware of their intended punchlines. His reply provoked further consideration of the nature of my unfinished business at CC. Given such a perspective in looking back, he said, there would be little gained by actually revisiting the classroom armed with better-developed ideas about issues. One would still be likely to come away feeling that these issues were unresolved and were in fact even more complex than originally imagined.

At that point, to better understand my unfinished feeling about CC, I considered my experience as a Valpo engineering student. A feeling of resolution seemed to dominate this retrospection. No doubt this stemmed from one of the major emphases of the engineering curriculum: mastery of methods for solving technical problems. These methods were usually exercised on examples and assignments for which solutions existed. This was in contrast to the usual CC classroom experience, where understanding the problem in all its complexity was itself a formidable task, let alone obtaining its solution by application of an appropriate technique. Resolution was the rule in the engineering curriculum; in CC it seemed to be the exception.

The essence of the unfinished feeling now became more apparent. When I left Valpo behind for graduate work in engineering, I expected that the focus of learning would be on more elaborate problem-solving techniques. However, I discovered that the engineering problems that I now had to contend with were even more complex, and that understanding the problem itself was in fact the pre-eminent challenge. Resolution was still possible, but only after careful application of skills of inquiry. I realized that to the extent I had these skills to apply to a complex engineering problem, it was as a "by-product" of my earlier struggles with problems left unresolved back at CC. Thus it was not because of a better anticipation of punchlines that a revisit to CC had appeal, but rather, as Van Kussrow had suggested, because of the potential for continued development of the skills of inquiry. As I continue to find application for these skills in a number of diverse contexts, it is apparent to me that the process of developing them is an item of continuing business that is likely to always be unfinished.

Kevin Boettcher

Waste Products

Kristin Gehring graduated from Christ College in 1974. Since then she has been working in the theatre, as an actress, teacher, director, and administrator. She also confesses to a fair amount of time spent as a temporary secretary. This month she finished the three-year Professional Acting Training Program at Temple University in Philadelphia and earned her M.F.A. in Acting.

I think television is evil. It's not natural or invigorating for human beings to spend more than a few minutes staring at an inanimate object, moreover one that God did not make. Staring at dots in ever-changing patterns is not a creative activity, nor is it a productive activity. It is a drug.

Now there is a place for drugs. As Hallmark says, "Sometimes you face your problems bravely, determined to change the world, . . ." (open the card) "and sometimes you hide under the covers with a plate of fudge."

This bemused, defeated cynicism is familiar to me in the urban environment. I have been living in cities for the last thirteen years, since I left Christ College. A good portion of this city time has been spent in offices, where defeated cynicism runs rampant. On Monday one hopes for Friday. At 9:00 one hopes for 5:00.

And then one goes home and watches T.V.

We are all becoming morons, and our children have even less capacity than we to imagine anything beyond the pseudo-experiential history they've sucked in from the tube. Watching television is not an experience. It is a parasitical reaction.

Worst of all, we're watching the same things. The minds of millions are formed by exactly the same configurations of dots emanating from the box.

You know, things don't look good when I stick my head up and look around. People are not nice to each other unless they can get something out of it. Furthermore people are damaging each other at a frightening rate.

Looking at a box to diminish the terror is not a good way to deal with a negative trend. Nor is eating a plate of fudge.

We need each other. We need to see and hear each other.

When I act on the stage, my primary concern is the other people on stage. Most, if not all, of acting training consists of techniques to sharpen awareness, to hear each other better, to affect each other and be affected. To say what you mean and allow yourself to feel fully.

Do I think live theatre does anyone any good? Does going to church do any good? I think so. If we all get together in one place, in flesh and blood and not in electronic effigy, if we all hear our terror together, speak our despair together, try to shake off our cynicism together--if we all pray together, maybe it will rain. If we all practice fighting dragons together, maybe we'll be ready when the firestorms come.

We must listen. We must feel, or we'll destroy ourselves when we're not paying attention. When we're trying to forget.

We must speak our minds. Or we'll lose our feelings. In another fifty years children will have lost the capacity to respond. Emotions will have gone the way of tails. Because they're not needed when in the company of a box.

I chose theatre because it's my way to Act. We're all in trouble. It's not a time to bury our heads in our desks and wait for the hands of a clock to shorten our lives.

Sure I own a television. I also own a toilet. Both are necessary to relieve myself periodically.

But I don't spend an average of 6½ hours a day watching my toilet.

God help us.

Kristin Gehring

Reflection on Twelve Years: Essential Baggage

Roberta Mahr Drews ('75) has studied in France, traveled in Europe, taken a Masters in City and Regional Planning at Harvard, worked for the Congressional Budget Office in Washington, D.C., and is currently a corporate marketing manager with the First Wisconsin National Bank in Milwaukee.

What did we take with us when we left? Dean Meyer asked me to expand my comments from the CC Alumni Survey, which asked what impact a liberal education had on us and how it achieved those results. The goal of such an education remains, even from the vantage point of a banker, an inquiring mind, capable of exploring new subjects, developing theses, and articulating and defending positions. In other words, students need to learn to read and write. Further, as Dean Baepfer was wont to say, the test of an education is what we choose to read once we're no longer required to read anything.

The more interesting question is not what we learned but how we learned it, and the unattended fact in debates over education is that teachers convey at least as much through their example as through their art. It may be uncomfortable to admit that we influence one another, and still less so to acknowledge that we have claims on one another. Nonetheless, a key to learning is observing those who go before us, and those beginning the journey need the examples of those moving before them.

This point can be illustrated by reaching back to my days in Christ College. Sue Wienhorst set a pattern of discipline that still awes and eludes me. When her husband was gravely ill and hospitalized, she didn't abandon herself to brooding and handwringing. She quietly continued her work, analyzing our papers and crediting them with more intention than we had in creating them, and so led us as much to an understanding of personal responsibility as to an ability to construct paragraphs. Warren Rubel never discussed commitment to the life of the mind. But students listening to his homilies in morning chapel overheard reflections on the relationship between man and God, while those wandering through his office in late afternoon found a search for man and art. His lectures, we saw, were not means to a livelihood but observations on a personal journey. Richard Luecke demonstrated the intensity of ideas. Through his eyes, the arts and sciences were transformed from the segments of course catalogues into the process and product of education. The arts of inquiry unlocked the sciences of subject matters, and suddenly we glimpsed the power of an idea to change our world view.

Though we have left Christ College to become fellow diggers in the sand, as Dr. Rubel once described his lot, the message to you who remain is that your

examples continue to inform us, even while your lectures, faithfully noted in student binders, have fallen behind our memories. We can't easily define in a job description the example required of a teacher, and the danger of attempting is that moral bigotry and prejudice are too easily substituted for intellectual honesty and rigor. But you deserve thanks for what you have been and encouragement for the journey ahead.

Roberta Mahr Drews

A Letter from Bangladesh

After graduating from Valpo in 1979, Mary Burce Warlick attended the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University, receiving an M.A. in 1982. Since then she worked for one year with the U.S. Refugee Program in the Philippines, for two years as a Foreign Service Officer at the Embassy in Manila, and for one year as a Staff Aide at the Foreign Service Institute in Washington. Last summer Mary and her husband, Jim, began a two-year tour at the U.S. Embassy in Dhaka, Bangladesh.

Last August, following six months of Bengali language training in Washington, D.C., my husband, Jim, and I arrived in Dhaka, Bangladesh, to begin a two-year tour at the U.S. Embassy, our first joint assignment with the State Department as a "tandem couple" in the Foreign Service. In doing so, we began a new chapter in our professional lives which heretofore had been developing on separate but somewhat parallel paths.

Pursuing two careers as a couple can be difficult under any circumstances; this is especially so in an international context. For nearly four years, during our time in the Philippines and back in Washington, we had managed to coordinate the timing and placement of our assignments with separate employing organizations. After careful thought, however, we arrived at the conclusion that the continued development of our individual professional interests might be more feasible, over the long term, if we shared the same employer. So here we are.

Jim's responsibilities are in the Embassy's political section where he primarily follows Bangladesh's external relations. He has found the work interesting, varied and challenging, with ample opportunity for analytical reporting and a certain amount of travel. I'm working as an economic/commercial officer with responsibilities for energy, science and investment, among other issues. Last September, soon after our arrival, I spent several interesting days in Chittagong, Bangladesh's major port city and an important industrial center. I was particularly fascinated there by my visits to a large garment factory and a shipbreaking facility, both growing and important industries in Bangladesh. Jim and I both hope to see more of the country in the year ahead.

Bangladesh is much as you might imagine: a densely populated country of over 100 million mostly very poor people with a fairly uniform geography and somewhat predictable scenery of rice and jute fields as far as the eye can see. One does not need to go far from Dhaka to be struck by this uniformity, and the poverty, of course, is evident all around. Nonetheless, there are changes afoot. While it is a predominantly Muslim country with certain social restrictions, for example, on the activities and appropriate dress of women, Bangladeshi society, in general, is relatively open. Women are increasingly entering the work force and do not find their effectiveness particularly constrained. Recent political developments also reflect this growing openness with last year's lifting of martial law and a return to democratic rule.

At the same time, however, it is difficult to fight off a sense of great frustration in a country whose economic problems are still so great and where real progress is not readily apparent. Several images in Bangladesh particularly underscore the ongoing toil of human labor: women and children sitting in the heat of the noonday sun hammering bricks into small pieces for use in construction projects; groups of unprotected, diminutive men breaking apart ships for scrap value with little more than blowtorch and hammer; beggar women collecting leaves from the side of the road for a few pennies' sale. As a fellow human being, one is moved to pity and despair. As a Christian, one must see hope.

We have entered a new chapter in our personal lives, as well, with the recent birth of a son, James III, born in Bangkok on January 4. His life is bound to be an adventure, as our lives have been thus far, travelling a path as yet undetermined but certain to surprise and fascinate and mystify.

Bangladesh is far from Valparaiso, but if any of you are ever in the neighborhood there will always be a welcome sign on our door here (at least until our departure in August 1988)! God's blessings on your lives and work!

Mary Burce Warlick

Establishing the Antis

Since graduating from Valpo in 1970, Robert Scherpelz has taught high school mathematics and science as well as physics with the Peace Corps in the West Indies. He earned an M.S. in Nuclear Engineering from Oregon State University and currently works for Battelle N.W. Laboratories in Richland, Washington.

The image is getting familiar: the former radical hippy now wearing a three-piece suit. Twenty years ago you could see him on television shouting obscenities, and now he's making a living selling stocks and bonds on Wall Street. Has selling out become the natural progression for the Flower Children of the '60s?

A superficial scan of my personal "fact sheet" could give a similar impression: joining a few protests on campus, marching in the streets during the 1968 Democratic Convention; getting a graduate degree in Nuclear Engineering and now working at the infamous Hanford Plant. It would be easy to fill in the gaps in this story and come up with a conclusion of sellout.

I feel fortunate to be a child of the '60s. Our mini-generation was at the cutting edge in a unique part of our social history. A ballad-writer proclaimed that "we are stardust—we are golden," and we felt that we were a royal priesthood, a chosen people. In retrospect I would say that we were motivated by a mixture of youthful rebellion and idealism, which are really fine ingredients for growing up. We were not afraid to try out new lifestyles and new social/political philosophies, even if (or perhaps especially if) they conflicted with the comfortable standards that seemed to work well for our parents.

Now this child of the '60s has become an '80s adult who is working in the nuclear power industry, which hardly looks like I've adopted an alternate lifestyle or social/political philosophy. However, I do not think that my current career path is in conflict with the ideals of my youth. I see my anti-establishment youthful period as a time of developing independent, critical thinking skills, which are skills that a good scientist should employ. I try to approach scientific issues with the same intellectual honesty that motivated many of us twenty years ago.

My chosen field of research, health physics (radiation protection), is currently involved in a controversy between the "mainstream" and some "dissenters." The dissenters are few in number but very

visible, and they claim that current standards and practices are insufficient to properly protect workers and the public from radiation hazards. My background as a protester, critical of the system, would push me to side with the dissenters in this issue; after all, the dissenters are fighting for the little guy, whereas the mainstream sides with big utilities and big government. In most of the cases that I am familiar with, however, the dissenters' claims are based on some pretty shoddy science. When I look at realistic pathways for radiation exposure, or see the results of dose-response studies, I keep coming to the conclusion that the positions held by the large majority of health physicists are scientifically sound. I believe that the practice of health physics has been very successful in developing policies and procedures that offer proper protection from radiological hazards.

I have found that it is hard to accuse someone of selling out, since selling out requires either personal or professional dishonesty. The technical professionals I know in the nuclear industry are generally competent, dedicated people who strive to perform good scientific work and are genuinely interested in the safety of their co-workers and the general public. It may be hard for those of us who grew up with an anti-establishment attitude to accept the fact that we are now supporting the system, but interesting paths can sometimes lead to surprising destinations.

Robert Scherpelz

Perspectives on China

The following three pieces on China were written by Valpo alumni, the first by R. Keith Schoppa, a 1966 graduate of the Directed Studies Program, the second by Sara Dorow ('86), and the third by Kathy Caemmerer Bach ('82).

Since 1968 Keith Schoppa has taught in the Department of History, chairing the department for the past eight years. A true scholar-teacher, Prof. Schoppa has specialized in East Asian Studies. Many of you have benefitted from his courses in history and literature. In addition to numerous articles on China, he has written two books. The first, Chinese Elites and Political Change, was published in 1983; the second, All the Tragic Scene, was written in Hawaii and China during the past year and should be published shortly.

Having completed an Individualized Major in East Asian Studies under the supervision of Prof. Schoppa, Sara Dorow went to China last summer and has completed her first year of teaching at Northeast University of Technology in Shenyang.

Kathy Bach has lived in Taiwan for the past several years and teaches literature at the Tapei American School. In a recent letter she described herself as an "Ex-Patriot, a strange animal, at home with those who are not at home."

Many years ago John Fairbank, dean of Chinese studies in the United States, coined the word "culturalism" to describe the traditional Chinese view that the significant reality of China was not the limited political unit of the nation-state but the whole of its culture—in the face of which all else was barbaric. The following insightful descriptions of Chinese student attitudes today by Kathy Bach and Sara Dorow reveal that the Chinese who belong to many different nations in the late 1980s still share basic cultural orientations and viewpoints. Specifically, student attitudes in a Communist people's state, a "geriatric fascist" state (Taiwan, as described by Bach), and thriving capitalist strongholds (Hong Kong and Singapore) suggest that despite revolution and modern economic development, the traditional cultural undergirding flourishes, to greater or lesser degree.

Submission and deference to authority is still a hallmark of these markedly different Chinese societies. Though the famous Confucian hierarchical familial bonds (father-son, husband-wife, elder brother-younger brother) have been altered by different forces in this century, Bach's and Dorow's essays point to the continuing authority of males, parents, and teachers. The group remains the basic social unit, and the most crucial group, the family, maintains a strong and often determinative influence on individual lives despite revolutionary changes in the PRC and the often deracinating effects of developing capitalism in Taiwan and areas of Southeast Asia.

Today, of course, Chinese nation states are also important, and national pride is a potent force after more than a century of China's subjection to Western powers and Japan (1842-1949). Dorow describes it as fierce and idealistic in the PRC; and while Bach points to the paucity of idealism in Taiwan, national pride is readily apparent there as well. During my recent studies in both Taiwan and the PRC, the extent of media coverage of a Chinese golfer on tour in the West (Taiwan), the Little League baseball team in the Little League World Series (Taiwan), and the national women's volleyball team (PRC) were striking. Not the hero adulation or the vicarious satisfaction of American sports enthusiasts, this basking in victory was more the expression of a sense of national superiority finally realized in an arena of international competition.

There are obvious cultural differences wrought by greater affluence in Taiwan and the relative austerity of the PRC. Bach notes among Taiwan students the ubiquity of the 1980s' individualistic drive to get rich, while Dorow points to the general PRC student desire to "serve the motherland," saving it by the application of Western technology. Nowhere are such differences so readily apparent as in television programming. Taiwan television includes game shows with prizes and sitcoms and soap operas with settings in ultra-modern apartment buildings. There are advertisements for every imaginable consumer good. PRC television stresses extensive coverage of political events and of China's successes in its effort to accomplish the "four modernizations"; soap operas are generally historical. The only "game" show I saw was a College Bowl-type competition among students. The few advertisements promote earth-moving equipment and heavy industrial machines, obviously not aimed at the individual consumer.

Though I believe the cultural core of Chinese-ness is still alive in both Taiwan and the PRC, the stronger challenge to it, as Bach attests, comes from the increasing affluence and accompanying individualistic ethos in Taiwan. The current PRC campaign against "bourgeois liberalization" stems from the PRC's perception of the changed life-styles and changing values in Taiwan, Hong Kong, and Singapore and consequent fears about the fate of Chinese culture should Western values flood into the PRC unchecked. Throughout most of the last two centuries, the central question was whether the Chinese nation could be saved in the face of the Western onslaught. Now the crucial question seems to be whether Chinese culture which has withstood (some say absorbed) barbarian onslaughts for millennia can be saved during the process of modernization.

R. Keith Schoppa

I meet with a small group of students on Thursday afternoons in my relatively large living room. They come to practice English, to sit in a warm comfortable place, or to ask quiet questions about American students. I use this forum for delving into subjects either inappropriate or unapproachable in the classroom. We often talk about politics and beliefs.

One day, I casually asked if those politely fidgeting on my cheap vinyl-covered chairs wanted to join the Communist Party some day. Shy, dedicated W.J. flushed

a determined (and appropriate) red and quipped, "The Party saves us. It is our only hope." W.W., whose obvious reactions are uncharacteristic of the Chinese, kind of snickered. I innocently inquired about his reaction. "Of course," he said, "we all believe that. But I want to join the Party so I can get a good job."

Yes, Chinese students are, like most American college students, both cynical and searching; there's got to be something to believe in, if only for practical reasons. For university students, eventual membership in the Party may mean connections at a better job post or more perks for the fairly unexceptional living conditions most will face. Party connections, or any connections for that matter, may mean placement in a choice city or company.

The job search facing American college students is completely foreign to Chinese students (who are fascinated by the concept), for they are assigned jobs. Chinese students are of necessity, therefore, "career oriented." Nothing like the corporate ladder or "dog eat dog" mentalities shape Chinese students. The image is not that of boldly ascending a ladder but of sliding in the back door--right into a comfortable, well-located work situation.

Oddly enough, this does not breed hopeless cynicism, but is part and parcel to a surprisingly positive outlook on the future. Students believe in China, and wish to "serve the motherland." My students' journals are full of self-exhortations to study hard and "gain knowledge" for the development of China. Even when one strips away the Party platitudes and matching embarrassment at the low standard of living, one finds a fierce national pride among these students. They hope for the good life, not only for self but for country.

This new generation of young students can afford to overcome their cynicism, for most are too young to remember much about the Cultural Revolution. They have heard stories about this bitter time but believe China can recover, especially with the aid of Western technology. This belief is particularly pronounced at a technical institution such as my own. Many students see Western technology as the wave of the future, as China's hope for emergence as a world power. I spend much of my time trying to convince them that not all the answers lie in technological know-how.

For some time, I feared that the mystery had vanished from my young students' lives, that they put faith only in technology or scientific fact. Indeed, in talking to Y.B. about dreams, I was told that dreams were not important because they were not fact. Yet in the next breath she was telling me that she believed God sometimes predicted the future in her dreams. (She missed my suggestion that perhaps this made her dreams important.) I am surprised by the number of students who refer to God or a god in their writing. Except for a few who are Christians, most students seem to loosely refer to the universe, to creation, or to fate. In a world where fact is king I have discovered hushed but almost gushing passion and wonder at the beauty of the trees or a friend's smile.

There's plenty of love around, as well. My eighteen-year-olds never cease missing their families, hometowns, and former classmates. "Oh, my mother, I miss you!" is a frequent journal entry. Love and loyalty go hand in hand, so these students would do just about anything for those people who are part of their circles of family and friends. Indeed, what is cheating to me, is, to them, helping a classmate pass the all-important exam. During a mock election in Listening class, nearly every candidate for "president of China" promised that if elected she would do favors for her fellow classmates. Curiously, no love is lost on people outside of these circles.

Romantic love at Chinese universities is quite a different story from that at American college campuses. For starters, students are not allowed to get married, and to have a boyfriend or girlfriend is to suggest that

that is one's intention. J.Z. once insisted that they were just too young to think about love or marriage, anyway. (Some are still trying to get up the courage to ask for a dance.) Yet I know that my students take an interest in each other, and that some of the older students find private places to meet despite eight-person dormitory rooms. When two young people do get married, it is, like political commitments, an odd mixture of passion and practicality.

Several students have indicated a desire for more "freedom" to fall in love. In fact, they often talk of the need for more freedom as university students. What they mean, I think, is that they want more control over their own lives. Like W.W., students are often told where and what they should study. He wanted to go into the Fine Arts, but is studying Computer Science. Daily dormitory life is rather structured as well. Bells or music rouse students at 6:00 a.m. for morning exercises, lights go out at 10:00 p.m. and monitors regularly check their rooms for cleanliness. Even social events are usually organized by department student monitors.

In the classroom, students do not feel free to disagree with the teacher, or even to ask questions. To do so would be to suggest that the teacher is not being thorough, and many teachers feel questions disrupt the class. This is compounded by the traditional methods of memorization and examinations rather than research and application. Imagine trying to get small group English conversations going!

Throughout all this I have found that in many ways the Chinese student is very much like the American student. He worries about passing but doesn't study as much as he says he does; he likes to go dancing on the weekend (Sunday); he procrastinates; he complains about the cafeteria food; he falls asleep in class; he sees university as a place to "learn about life." Yet there is a world of difference, for the questions he asks about "life" receive very different answers--Chinese answers.

Sara Dorow

It is not possible to talk of young people or any Chinese people at all until you specify which Chinese you are considering. Under the bigger umbrella of all "ethnic" Chinese there is great diversity here in the Republic of China. There are the citizens of the ROC who can be divided into various groups such as the Taiwanese, Mainlanders, and distinct groups such as the Hakka. Then there are the overseas Chinese who have transplanted their culture all over the world, especially nearby in Southeast Asia. With that said I can relate some experiences and try to draw some conclusions.

When first living here both my husband and I worked for Chinese companies, a unique experience for a foreigner. I was a salesperson in a travel company hired to do English promotional work. As the only non-Chinese employee and a woman, I found myself in an awkward situation. Oriental society is rigidly hierarchical, and I was someone who didn't fit into any slot. Because of my inflated salary as a foreigner I was on par with the managers, all of whom were men. For some this was reason for bad feelings as we worked together. But it certainly gave an insight into what a young woman could aspire to in a typical company environment. My co-workers put in long hours, often till 8 p.m. and half days on Saturdays as well. And all this at salaries an American would think abysmal. This kind of corporate grind awaits any young person in the job market. This is one reason why people are always quitting their jobs and opening their own companies. The competition is fierce and companies fail daily. But obviously some of them prosper because this part of China has developed rapidly, and much of it is due to the dynamic energy of the Chinese themselves.

Taiwan is just finishing its Industrial Revolution and the middle class is burgeoning. The upward mobility

of this population is in evidence everywhere, testifying to the desire of most people to amass a lot of money. The young people of Taiwan are less career-oriented which infers a sense of calling rather than an interest in making a bundle. This can be explained by looking at their recent history. This island was a poor corner of both the Japanese and Chinese empires that no one took much notice of until the Communist Revolution in 1949. The Taiwanese have been doubly unlucky, living first under the Japanese and now the Kuomintang who fled here with Chiang Kai-shek. Since '49 this island has been the economic and political showcase of the Nationalists. Economically it has been a great success, allowing the people here to accept the geriatric fascist political leadership. Because of the ideological emphasis of the Nationalists, the young people are given a steady dose of anti-communistic and militaristic propaganda in their schooling. While some recognize this as political white washing, most do not have exposure to opposing points of view. Thus, their political attitudes and beliefs are jaundiced to say the least.

When teaching at a local women's college, I was struck by the sheltered existence of the students there. Certainly traditional Chinese sex roles had defined their lives and left them with little expectation of a serious profession after graduation. One sees pregnant women in great abundance here, and male children are still largely preferred.

At Taipei American School where my husband and I teach now, we are in contact mainly with overseas Chinese from Indonesia, Malaysia, Hong Kong, and Singapore. These young people are from successful business families and are very affluent. Also there are quite a few students who are "paper" Americans in that they have gotten U.S. passports but have fragmentary contact with America. Rich families here can also buy passports from such countries as Tonga or the Dominican Republic. This fosters a mercenary attitude in regards to one's nationality but also bespeaks the tumultuous experience of twentieth-century China. People who lost everything in 1949 and fled with the clothes on their backs want to be sure it doesn't happen again. The young people are quite apolitical, and there is little if any idealism to be found on our campus. This is in keeping with the mood of the eighties but also underscores the fact that a young Chinese person has little to hold onto in the way of beliefs. To choose between the Communists and the Nationalists is almost no choice at all. Our western brand of liberalism born of the Christian faith or humanism is nowhere to be found here. When questioned about beliefs relating to the religious experience of most Chinese, one gets very little in the way of answers. Confucian rituals such as sweeping the family tomb do not lead one to be concerned with anything outside the family. The value of the family endures and great expectations are laid on the young to contribute to its honor. At our school this means entering prestigious colleges which will reflect well on the parents. The stereotype of the passive Chinese student who is drawn to the physical sciences and does well is the norm here. And on a larger scale all Chinese are proud when a Nobel prize is awarded to someone of their race as happened last year.

It is hard to get a clear picture of China in general because it is such a mixture of the old and the new. The outwardly modern Taiwan and the religiously animistic Taiwan coexist. People here are very superstitious by our standards. Shamans and soothsayers do a good business. And change is occurring at such a pace that speculation about the future is an educated guess at best. The Taiwanese are entering the political process and may elbow out the Nationalists. Traditional Chinese values and attitudes are now giving way to other influences, but what this will lead to is hard to say. For now people strive for material gain and the prestige it affords in a status-conscious society. There is no counter-culture as in America for young people to opt for and family expectations remain high.

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