

OF WISCONSIN

*The Editor of
"The Daily Cardinal,"
who is a
philosophy major
at Wisconsin,
views his contemporaries
with mild surmise
from a peak in Madison
by Jeff Greenfield*

*With a subjective
photo-portrait of the
campus scene,
by Charles Steinhacker,
far from
his Dartmouth aerie*

There is no Wisconsin Man.

He is as diverse as the state which sent Robert La Follette and Joseph McCarthy to the United States Senate; he comes to the University from small farms in Wisconsin hamlets and from the cavernous buildings of Manhattan; his beliefs fill the entire spectrum of political, social, and sexual thought; his direction is as universal as the school which teaches both Artificial Insemination of Cows and Ancient Greek on the same campus.

The University of Wisconsin is uniquely Jacksonian: It is a huge, sprawling, overcrowded, raucous, dynamic place to grow up in. Its students drink gallons of milk each week and top the weekend off with kegs of beer (Wisconsin is one of a few schools that permit beer—albeit 3.2—to be served in the student union). It is a university where political freedom is preached and practiced.

A faith in unfettered political action has made Wisconsin "the most picketed campus in America." During an incredible three-day stretch in the fall of 1962, startled onlookers saw a picket against fraternity discrimination, a fraternity march against University regulation, and a civil-rights rally supporting the integration of the University of Mississippi.

Leaving a Board of Regents meeting for a moment, University President Fred Harrington looked out his Bascom Hall window at the rights demonstrators. "Well," he said drily, "at least they're getting interested in something."

This is an understatement. Wisconsin men are interested in the world they're going out to join. Some of them want to change it, too; and Wisconsin has given them a free hand in expressing their dissatisfaction and their suggestions.

This freedom finds ample outlets. Wisconsin opens its forums to all shades of thinking, from Communist Party leaders Gus Hall and Herbert Aptheker to the John Birch Society's John Rousselot and Clarence Manion. It sports a flourishing Conservative Club and a raft of liberal, pacifist, Marxist, Trotskyite, and Socialist groups that never fail to enrage the rural-dominated state legislature.

Its student newspaper, *The Daily Cardinal* (occasionally called "the Daily Red" by disgruntled conserva-

tives), is one of a handful of school papers financially independent from the university. It pays its own way on voluntary subscriptions and advertising, has no editorial faculty advisor, and gleefully publishes columnists whose views alternate between those of Ayn Rand and Karl Marx. It has the incredible task of satisfying a readership of 25,000 students whose interests run from hot-rodding to abstract art, from the Beatles to Beethoven, and from ski weekends to nuclear-test opposition.

When Wisconsin men don't like something, they tell the University about it—and the University often listens. ROTC used to be compulsory at Wisconsin; opposition was channeled into imaginative protests, such as the annual Anti-Military Ball, which follows the glittering Military Ball every year and features skits and satirical songs. Then, during one ROTC marching ceremony at a football game half time, the students welcomed the ROTC boys by singing—in perfect rhythm—the Mickey Mouse Club theme. ROTC was made voluntary in 1960.

The Wisconsin administration, in fact, takes such an open view toward student views that, as a campus leader put it, "If the paper and student government shut down for a year, we'd probably get a seat on the Board of Regents."

In the past year, junior and senior women have been given free hours on weekends. Moreover, a faculty committee, appointed by the president, is expected to liberalize the entire approach to the off-campus social life of the student. It may even abandon the time-honored concept of *in loco parentis*, the theory under which the school supervises the student's life "in the place of the parent."

Wisconsin men live as they think—separately and distinctly. Like Gaul, they are divided into three parts: dorm, "Greek," and independent.

The "dormies," who live relatively far from campus social centers, are branded unfairly as "squares," as apathetic oafs whose main loves are Sheepshead playing, loafing, and weekend beer blasts. They exist in large part autonomously, with their own student government and recreational areas. During the long cold winter, it is difficult to muster up the courage needed for a twenty-minute

CAVALIER - June 14

walk through the snow to attend a lecture or political debate. Limited by law to a six per cent ratio of out-of-state and foreign students, the dorms reflect a somewhat more parochial population and attitude than does the rest of the school, which sports students from every state in the Union and from over 50 foreign countries.

The fraternity man [Greek] is a curious breed. His number has been declining in recent years, as has his influence (neither the top student government positions are held nor is the newspaper run by Greeks). The University has taken an increasingly active role in attempting to prevent racial and religious discrimination in Greek membership. The Inter-Fraternity Association has expressed support for this goal, but wants to run its own house. Despite its support, there is tacit recognition that discrimination does exist. Only one fraternity on campus has Negro members, and that is an all-Negro group.

The Wisconsin Greek is the "Joe College" citadel. He has a definite sense of campus obligation (although prodded by the desire to win the blood-drive trophy or homecoming award) and represents the last gasp of the "rah-rah" spirit that has declined as higher education has gained in importance. (In five years, Wisconsin has seen the death of the Prom, Campus Carnival, and the Ice-Carving Contest. Fans are as likely to laugh at the cheerleaders as they are to cheer. In fact, when a pert young thing exhorted the fans to "bring 'em out of the huddle!" a wag obligingly shouted, "Get the hell out of the huddle!")

The Greek resents University intrusion into fraternity affairs, such as discrimination and off-campus regulation of members. Almost 2,000 of them staged a silent protest march in the rain in 1962. They are more than likely to observe that "the Hill is out to get us." Yet often they become disillusioned about fraternity life. Seniors in growing numbers leave the "house" for apartments and the social and sexual flexibility that goes with them. They thus merge with the third group of Wisconsin men: the independents.

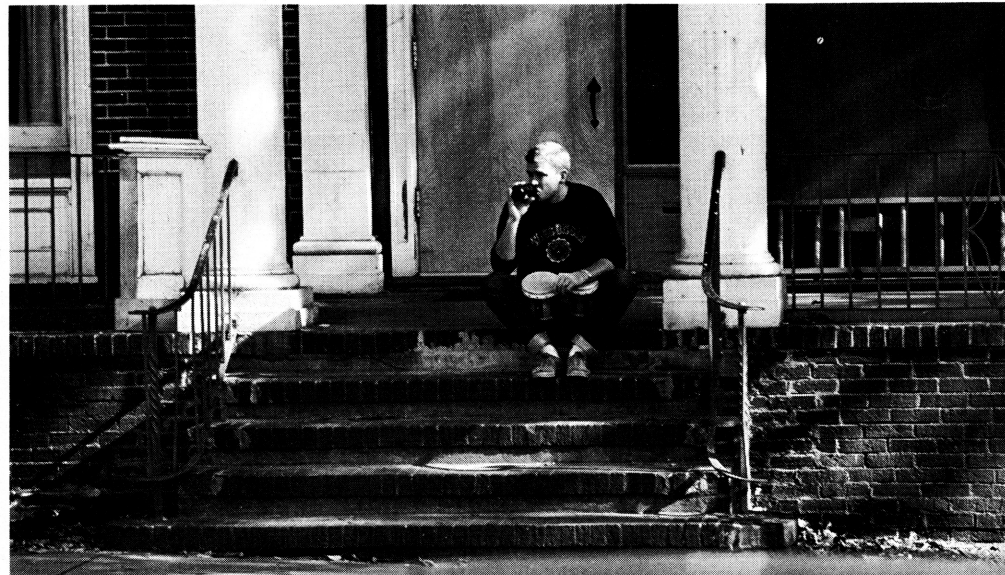
This breed lives in housekeeping units, in private rooms, and in apartments. University rules say a man



BOY MEETS GIRL AND VICE VERSA



EXISTENTIALIST



THE POET

must be 21 to have his own apartment, but the rules are studded with loopholes that make it easy to taste the joys of independence. This is where the bulk of the out-of-state students live.

In large part from urban centers (New York, Chicago, Milwaukee), the independent has a more cosmopolitan outlook on life in general and sex in particular. He likes to live with no strings attached. Six years ago, a candidate won the presidency of the Independent Students Association on a one-point platform: Abolish the Independent Students Association. He did.

Sex rears its lovely head most often in these independent circles. Girls are uniquely out of place in dormitory and fraternity rooms, and the great outdoors holds little promise for the fires of love when it's 20 below outside.

Apartments, therefore, are the chief stamping ground for the amorous Wisconsin man and his companion. Rules forbid women spending the night with men, but this rule has all the impact of Prohibition. Willing young ladies obligingly sign out to friends' homes and give instructions to tell any inquisitive housemother that the errant lass is in church, bird-watching, or studying an eclipse.

The "beat-theatre-art" crowd plays the beloved game of "musical beds" with frequent trades, alliances, and breakups. Engaged couples do not accept the code that premarital sex is wrong. "As long as you're going to be married, I don't see what's wrong with it," a 20-year-old coed said frankly.

Even those who do not practice sex don't demand or want a virgin for a husband. "One of us sure as heck better know what's going on," a junior commented.

Wisconsin men do not, unfortunately, enjoy a year-long Dionysus. A large percentage of men are still "saving it for their wives," and probably a majority of Badgerettes remain intact until their wedding nights—or so disgruntled Wisconsin men often indicate.

Virginity does not, however, mean what it once did. Short of actual intercourse, there are pretty much no holds barred. Dormitory lounges on weekends resemble De Mille's *Ten Commandments*. (cont. on pg. 38)

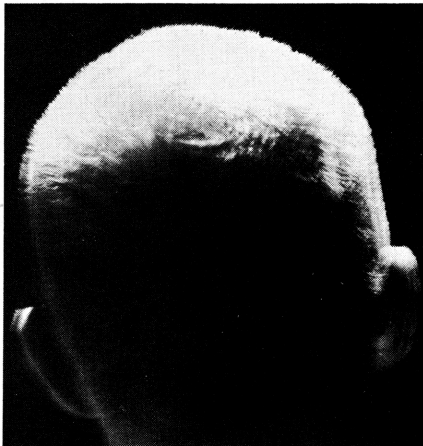


WINTER'S ICY GRIP

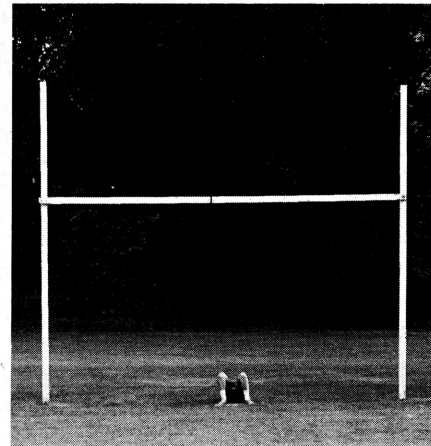


THE RENDEZVOUS

THE STUDENT



A HARD DAY



UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

(continued from page 33)

The good-night scene, as closing hours approach, looks like Grand Central Station in New York on the day the boys leave for boot camp.

Because it is impossible to talk about a Wisconsin man, it is impossible to generalize about his attitudes toward the world he will soon enter. Most are like their counterparts at any other school: self-centered, apathetic, ready to coast to a middle-class niche and moderate affluence on the strength of a college diploma.

There is a kind of discontent about the world for many, though, and a deep enthusiasm for a concept which offers a chance to make a better world. The Peace Corps recruited a record number of applicants during a one-week program last spring (Deputy Director Bill Moyers called Wisconsin "the Peace Corps U."), and Wisconsin can take pride in having had more graduates lead the National Student Association in the last ten years than has any other school.

What sets the Wisconsin men off, basically, is the University itself. It

welcomes diversity; it encourages dissent; it takes all who want a college education yet demands standards which eliminate almost one-third of each class within one semester. In other words Wisconsin is not a one-track school. It is as broadly directed as the students who come to it.

Wisconsin men, in sum, are different. They share nothing of each other's ideals, goals, interests, or beliefs—nothing, in fact, but the same diploma. They may all be grateful, however, that Wisconsin makes room for all its men and makes them all welcome. □

JAMES JONES INTERVIEW

(continued from page 16)

artistic maturity, is one of the best American films ever made and has already achieved the status of the classic rerun. Ernest Borgnine, Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Deborah Kerr . . . several major careers were marked by the searching, savage imagery of Jones' inner eye.

Some Came Running followed, with Sinatra as Dave Hirsh, the warrior come home with the ineradicable salt of the unknown wound in his mouth. *The Pistol*, only a taut 158 pages, still awaits the camera. Now, Phil Yordan, an associate of Samuel (*El Cid*) Bronston, has purchased the best-selling *Thin Red Line*. And this last, to this infantryman from another field, could become a really great war movie—and, that is, a really great antiwar movie.

"The true test of an antiwar film," Jones wrote last year, "is whether or not it shows that modern war destroys human character." Jones' C-for-Charlie company had no heroes, and there wouldn't be a part in the film for Kirk Douglas. But his story attempts the task laid down by Siegfried Sassoon:

*Who shall absolve the foulness
of their fate
Those doomed, conscripted,
unvictorious ones?*

And it could, on celluloid, try again to convince us, as Remarque tried with *All Quiet on the Western Front* to convince the generation now dying, that in war the only victor is war.

HANNON: Do you "visualize" a scene as you write?

JONES: I think I have a strong ability to visualize. But I'm not sure this helped to sell the books or helps my current film work. The important thing is to have a strong structural sense.

Jones has worked on several films and is currently involved with a major, but highly secret, Western epic. For Darryl Zanuck's *The Longest Day*, he was supposed to add authentic army dialogue. If it had been authentic, the movie would never have been screened in public. Jones is an acknowledged master of this particular art form and has been known to air his repertoire in polite society.

HANNON: Weren't you the first novelist to use the four-letter word—Sgt. Warden to Karen Holmes in *Eternity*—when others like Norman Mailer were futzing around with synonyms like "fug?" Do you feel you can take some credit for the recent and welcome advance in literary freedom? Or do you think this freedom has already gone far enough?

JONES: I suppose, and I would like to think, I helped. As to the last part, I don't think it can ever go far enough.

Some of the better-known American reviewers don't agree with him on that point. Orville Prescott, in the *New York Times*, said that *Red Line* was "needlessly and tediously full of the obscenities of soldier talk and of irrelevant and repellent sexual figures of speech." *Time* magazine de-

scribed Jones' narrative style as "feces-on-the-barroom-floor realism."

HANNON: Do you think literary critics perform a useful and worthy function?

JONES: I suppose so. They've got to do something to make a living.

He wrote his last book in an annex off his bedroom, but now he has burst through into the *étage* above and has an office complete with bed, bar, and *bidet*. It is marvellously untidy with cans of Revelation pipe mixture and cartons of Marlboros, shotguns in and out of cases, handfuls of cartridges, Arabian chessmen, tape recorder, books on skin diving and on fish and on war and on women, upright typewriter, phone on the rug, pile of dirty laundry (shed by an overnight guest), sheafs of photographs, Pamplona souvenirs, and screwed-up balls of paper everywhere. Jones threw away the first four drafts of the first chapter of his new novel.

"Everytime I begin a book," he says, "it's like learning to write all over again. For me, writing is the utmost misery. Each time, I hate the book I have just finished writing."

HANNON: Finally, Jim, is there any popular misconception about you as either a writer or as a man that you'd like to correct? Here's your chance to amend the public record . . .

JONES: I am not a tough guy. I am not a lucky dumbhead. On the contrary, I'm a terrible coward and I'm really quite bright. □