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EMOTION RECOLLECTED IN TRANQUILLITY

Address by Professor Harvey F. Beutner

Address by Professor Harvey F. Beutner
on the occasion of the
Century Club Dinner
April 29, 1977, Memorial Student Center
Illinois Wesleyan University

Dr. Beutner had been chosen by the faculty, students and administration as recipient of the Century Club Award for 1977

Prefatory Note:

In his introductory remarks, Mr. Beutner announced that copies of Volume 3 of *The Iris*, a literary journal which he edits, would be available after his address. "*The Iris* is a symbol of my faith in the vitality and durability of the print medium," he said, "and an affirmation of my belief that poetry, as William Wordsworth states in his *Preface to Lyrical Ballads*, takes its origin from 'emotion recollected in tranquillity.'"[1]

Mr. Beutner continued, "I was impressed by the presentation given by last year's Century Club honoree, R. Bedford Watkins. He unselfishly gave of himself, and he offered his colleagues in the School of Music an opportunity to use and display their respective talents. In a different medium of communication, I have tried to do the same. Each work published in *The Iris* has a special and personal meaning to me, and I thank all who have contributed original poetry, prose, and art. I am especially grateful to Bernie and Kurt Gummerman for the format and typography of *The Iris.*"

As part of his tribute to the print medium, Mr. Beutner read a poem, "Printing," written by James Montgomery (1771-1854), the British journalist and poet who edited *The Sheffield Iris* for 31 years.

Printing

In me all human knowledge dwells;
The oracle of oracles,
Past, present, future, I reveal,
Or in oblivious silence seal;
What I preserve can perish never—
What I forego is lost forever.
I speak all languages; by me
The deaf may hear, blind may see,
The dumb converse, the dead of old
Communion with the living hold.
All hands are one beneath my rule
All nations learners in my school.
Men of all ages, everywhere,
Become contemporaries there.

I

I humbly and proudly accept this honor on behalf of the journalists among us. Rudyard Kipling observed: "Once a journalist, always and forever a journalist." *We know who we are.* We have kept the faith, and as Henry David Thoreau said, "If a man has faith, he will cooperate with equal faith everywhere. . . ."[2]

Since 1964, when I taught my first journalism class at Illinois Wesleyan, I have seen many fellow student journalists enter the profession where today they are serving with distinction. Only recently, without leaving the living room of my home, I could tune in on former students: Steve Vogel—WJBC; Stu Salowitz—WAKC; Dave Meng—WIHN; Lisa Miiller—WESN; Kathy Dancy—WEEK-TV in Peoria; or I could turn to *The Daily Pantagraph* and read features by Lori Boecker and Jim Roberts and sports stories by Wally Charneskey.

I take no credit for the accomplishments of IWU journalists except that I encouraged them and tried to help them develop their unique talents. I insisted upon correct spelling and an adherence to traditional rules of grammar and syntax. I urged them to look upon learning as an adventure and stressed the importance of their learning how to express *their own ideas* effectively. I never demanded that they learn how to express *my* ideas.

I accept this honor on behalf of the English teachers among us. *We know who we are.* We know why Johnny can't write, and why, sometimes, Mary can't write either. We know who is responsible for functional illiteracy in America. We have identified those "blind guides who strain for a gnat and allow the camel to pass through." We know a failure in written English shows everywhere. We also recognize friends such as Effie Howarth Sutton, a member of the class of 1913 and a charter member of the Century Club. In a letter of congratulation to me, she wrote: "We need on the high shcool and college levels more and more dedicated men, who are vitally interested in developing all the many, many facets of English. It is a subject, when rightly presented, that touches upon every other subject in the curriculum. The more you study English, the more it obsesses you. . . ."[3]

I accept this honor on behalf of the bachelors among us. *We know who we are.* As Thoreau said, "The man who goes alone can start today; but he who travels with another must wait till that other is ready, and it may be a long time before they get off." My selection

shows there is no reverse sexist discrimination at Illinois Wesleyan. I, of course, reserve the right to join the ranks of the married at any time.*

I accept this honor on behalf of the Harveys of America. Parents no longer name their male offspring "Harvey." That's great. It makes those of us who have this moniker rare and distinguishable—that is *when we are visible.* Jimmy Stewart and I have had a lot of fun with Harvey, and Harvey Firestone has done all right, too. At Stetson University, I shared an office with four other Freshman English instructors. Each morning one of my colleagues—without looking at me—would enter the office and stare at the ceiling, the wall, or the palm trees outside the window, and say, "Harvey, Harvey, Harvey. Where are you? Are you here? Are you out there? Where are *you*?" When one starts his day in such a manner, how can he be pessimistic about his own future?

I accept this honor as a teacher of English and journalism at Illinois Wesleyan. I am a teacher at Illinois Wesleyan, or at least I regularly meet classes here. I am not one of the three other persons with whom I am often confused: a lineman for Gen Tel, a local bank employee, or an administrator in the public schools of McLean County. Since I came to Bloomington-Normal I have frequently been identified as one of these gentlemen who I trust have lived lives at least as exemplary as my own. I hope you appreciate my remarks; but if you do not, please do not blame my doubles for them.

I accept this honor, and I thank the previous honorees for their spoken and written words of encouragement and for the inspiration I gained from rereading and reflecting upon their work through the medium of print. They have left a record of their vision—for all to read who can and will.

II

My text is found in the *Old Testament* book of *Habakkuk*, Chapter 2, verses 1-3.

> I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.
>
> And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make *it* plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.
>
> For the vision *is* yet for an appointed time, but at the end it

shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.[4]

In the summer of 1967—a time when I was trying to overcome the depression and ennui that often follow receipt of a late-in-life Ph.D.—I felt—to paraphrase William Wordsworth—a presence which disturbed me. That presence was Marshall McLuhan, the messiah of the media, and his enthusiastic disciples bent on mass conversion to McLuhancy, an aberration which print advocates equated with lunacy. If I thought that I could rest on my dissertation in the old style of some of my college teachers, the advent of McLuhanism told me I was mistaken.[5]

It was in 1967 that I first read Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media; The Extensions of Man*, and it was in 1967 that McLuhan began popularizing McLuhan. Ironically, since he envisioned the decline and eventual death of the print medium, McLuhan made effective use of that medium to communicate his message. The fervor and rapture of the McLuhan converts is best recaptured in the printed word. The ecstatic McLuhanites who compared their seer to Socrates would have been well advised to heed Socrates' admonition to Crito: "Your zeal is invaluable, if a right one; but if wrong, the greater the zeal the greater the danger."

Ten years and countless books and articles later, McLuhan, who admits that he does not necessarily agree with everything he says, is still the best authority on McLuhanism. The essence of his message was and is: Every major new technology—currently TV, the computer and other electric circuitry—alters the "sensory ratios" of mankind and thereby causes changes so overwhelming that individuals, nations, and civilizations are powerless to resist. They are also blind to changes until after they have taken place, because man always looks at the present through "the rear-view mirror" of the previous technology. In *The Medium is the Massage* (not to be confused with McLuhan's other work *The Medium is the Message)*, McLuhan illustrated the dilemma of his contemporaries by quoting lines from a song by Bob Dylan: ". . .something is happening. But you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?"

Many of the "probes" advanced by McLuhan in his writings led me to reexamine my own attitudes toward the educational process in general and my teaching techniques in particular. "The family circle has widened," the oracle said. "The worldpool of information fathered by electric media—movies, Telstar, flight—far surpasses any possible influence mom and dad can now bring to bear. Character no longer is shaped by only two earnest, fumbling

experts. Now all the world's a sage."

The oracle continued: "Innumerable confusions and a profound feeling of despair invariably emerge in periods of great technological and cultural transitions. Our 'Age of Anxiety' is, in great part, the result of trying to do today's job with yesterday's tools—with yesterday's concepts. A new form of 'politics' is emerging and in ways we haven't yet noticed. The living room has become a voting booth. Participation, via television, in Freedom Marches, war, revolution, pollution, and other events is changing everything. Any understanding of social and cultural change is impossible without a knowledge of the way media work as environments."

In 1968, in an article entitled "All the Candidates Are Asleep," McLuhan recognized a truth which William Godwin, the British philosopher, saw long before the advent of the electronic media: It is not affluence but the flaunting of affluence which disturbs the underprivileged. McLuhan wrote: "Moral concern over poverty and injustice and stupidity is not new. What is new is that the victims of poverty and stupidity are now steeped. . .in affluent images. The discrepancy between the old and the new images enrages the victims. The child standing in his crib wallows in TV images of adult life as much as the poor are enveloped in images of physical splendor. The result is that the young TV watcher decides to bypass childhood and adolescence. The poor quite naturally decide to bypass the bureaucratic maze that denies them cornflakes."[6]

In the late sixties, many high school and college students took McLuhan seriously when he suggested that the most meaningful learning might be in the outside world rather than in the classroom. One high school dropout asked, "Why should I go back to school and interrupt my education?"[7] Another young disciple of McLuhan—evidently intent on bypassing adolescence—addressed his father: "You see, Dad, Professor McLuhan says the environment that man creates becomes his medium for defining his role in it. The invention of type created linear, or sequential, thought, thus separating thought from action. Now, with TV and folk singing, thought and action are closer and social involvement is great. We again live in a village. Get it?"[8]

An older disciple—charged no doubt with electric circuitry—wrote: "My children had lived several lifetimes compared to their grandparents when they began grade one." Another said, "Fixed positions become as impossible as fixed targets when all information is instantaneous." A young activist said, "Naturally, being unintelligible is a virtue in an oracle, academic or otherwise. It is

part of his charisma. We love Marshall McLuhan because he makes it impossible, and therefore unnecessary, to think logically."[9]

Writers, teachers, and scholars—angered by what they saw as the uncritical acceptance of McLuhan's "probes" as truths—spoke out. Novelist Herbert Gold observed: "Some young literary types have been so influenced by McLuhan that they take his claim that print is obsolescent literally—they don't write. Because of McLuhan there has developed a whole literary scene in San Francisco where there are no writers. They live in tribes and communicate orally—all very McLuhanistic." A critic wrote: "McLuhan is the first to extol inarticulateness and illiteracy as the virtues of a dawning new day. And that is transvaluating values with a vengeance."[10]

III

It is too early to assess the long-range effects and implications of McLuhanism on those of us fated to teach basic English and logic to America's first TV generation. However, the influence of McLuhanism upon the writing and thinking of college students was quickly noted. Professor George Williamson of the University of Chicago lamented: "I can't really insist on anything that could be called a 'standard.' I'm happy if I can find essays which show some kind of connection between the conclusions and the evidence offered." Professor Wayne C. Booth cautioned: "To gloss over our need for defenses against irrationality with such phrases as 'the medium is the message' is to sell out our humanity. We must do exactly what McLuhan deplores: continue to think in what he calls the old, fragmented space and time patterns of the pre-electric age."[11]

In my own classes during the last ten years, I have noted the effects of cradle-to-college television. Often I write comments similar to this in the margins of student papers: "Your essay reminds me of a neon sign flashing in the night. The images, pictures, and ideas are often fresh and graphic and even beautiful, but there are no connecting links." The point is that the student educated on TV expects me—the reader—to make the connections, to make the transitions, and to fill in the meaning. As McLuhan would say, "This is all very McLuhanistic."

The psychological impact of television viewing upon the minds of the young is cause for concern among parents and teachers.

Research conducted by the Center for Communications at Fordham University shows that today's child has watched television for some 3,000 to 4,000 hours before he starts to school, and by the time he graduates he has clocked 15,000 hours of TV time and 10,800 hours of school time.[12]

The National Association for Better Broadcasting estimates that the average child between ages 5 and 15 watches the violent destruction of more than 13,400 persons on TV. "Most are gunned down," reports Frank Orme, the association's executive vice president, "but fire, rape, poison, acid, spiders, snakes, crocodiles, pitchforks, knives, time bombs, live steam, poison gas, hypodermic needles and an assortment of heavy blunt instruments are all used to add spice and variety and thrills to the spectacle of death." He fears this mass mayhem is destroying children's natural capacity for sympathy and impressing them with the need for a powerful, totalitarian figure to protect them. "Today's television," Orme says, "teaches children that violence is fun, evil is powerful, and the world around and beyond us is full of unknown terrors. Our cherished institutions and concepts are weak and subject to imminent destruction by callous brutes. To survive we must delegate the job of protection to powerful, single-dimension individuals who disregard the non-violent, democratic processes."[13]

Dr. Frederic Wertham, a leading psychiatrist, says, "Media mayhem may supply the immature individual with a first suggestion, reinforce preexisting tendencies, deflect constructive forces into destructive channels, or facilitate the transition from daydream into action." According to Wertham, we have not only educational and noneducational television, but another kind—anti-educational, "for entertainment by violence is education for violence." He believes the anti-educational effects are manifested intellectually, emotionally, and socially. "Intellectually, the immature get a wrong frame of reference, a faulty model of social reality. Emotionally, continuous exposure to gross and brutal scenes eventually blunts the finer sensibilites. The brain is flooded with an endless stream of violent images, leading to general unconcern with other people's suffering. Socially, the mass media violence has a wide influence in the direction of a devaluation of human life."[14]

Morry Roth, who admits he has been wandering through the groves of TV as a paid observer for eleven years, also expresses concern. In "Gutenberg, goodbye," he writes, "Violence on television makes me so mad I could kill. That's exactly what the Surgeon

General's report said and what any number of other studies have shown: TV violence provokes real violence. It isn't getting any better: the most popular hour-long shows on TV in recent years have consisted of 35 minutes of chase, five minutes of shoot-'em up, and 20 minutes of commercials."

Roth points out that children are cruelly treated by television. "Even worse than Caesar's 'bread and circuses,' children are fed a diet of programming selling violence and commercials selling refined sugar in various forms. With a minimum of distractions outside the aura of the tube, it is the children of the poor and the uneducated who pay."[15]

If it is true that the average American is confronted with 650 advertising messages a day, we may speculate concerning the influence of TV commercials on the minds of children. Dr. S. I. Hayakawa compares television to a powerful sorcerer who snatches the child from his parents for three or four hours a day and alienates them. The child, he suggests, has a negative reaction to television's material messages and the result is rioting, drug-taking, alienation and radical politics of young people. "A child sitting in front of a TV set gets no experience in influencing behavior and being influenced in return," says Hayakawa.[16]

Personally, I find the commercialization of emotion and the assignment of emotion to be among the most objectionable aspects of contemporary television advertising. The equating of the purchase of a particular product with love and the suggestion that the viewers who truly love their wives, husbands, children, or even their dogs and cats will select only the advertised brand must be deplored. Equally offensive is the assignment of stereotyped emotional responses to those "actors" who are being exploited in TV commercials and newscasts and the implication that any person who is human and humane will react in a similar fashion.

Perhaps the best test of what television is doing in 1977 lies in the challenge offered by FCC Chairman Newton Minow at the 1961 convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Washington.

> I invite you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air and stay there without a book, magazine, newspaper, profit-and-loss sheet or rating book to distract you—and keep your eyes glued to that set until the station signs off. I can assure you that you will observe a vast wasteland.

> You will see a procession of game shows, violence, audience participation shows, formula comedies about totally unbelievable families, blood and thunder, mayhem, violence, sadism, murder, Western badmen, Western good men, private eyes, gangsters, more violence and cartoons. And, endlessly, commercials—many screaming, cajoling, and offending. And most of all, boredom.[17]

If anyone in this audience of more than 400 persons present in Memorial Center tonight subjects the Peoria TV channels to this test and finds television is better today than it was in 1961, I wish he or she would write me a letter. The tragedy is that—with rare exceptions—television has not realized its potential. When we consider that in the average American home a television set is burning for almost six hours a day and that ninety-five per cent of some sixty million homes have television sets—one-fourth of these homes have two or more sets—we are staggered by the opportunity for meaningful communication and angered and frustrated by the current TV fare.[18]

In my vision, I see a ten-year-old boy watching TV in a mobile home parked in a trailer court that has sprung up near the farm where I was raised. (We are raised in Indiana—not reared.) It is 5:30 p.m. Lenny has been home from school for an hour after being bussed 30 miles roundtrip to a consolidated school in a nearby city. Lenny's parents are not home. Both hold low-paying jobs and drink heavily. In fact, the television set Lenny is watching was obtained by his parents from a fence who specialized in stolen TV's. The TV set represents Lenny's parents' attempt to provide him with a means of entertainment comparable to that possessed by other boys in the trailer compound.

The fact that the set is stolen merchandise does not disturb me as much as the reality of what television is doing to the mind of Lenny. Bernard DeMott rightly asks: "How much can be said for an intellectual vision whose effect is to encourage abdication from all responsibility of mind?"[19] I find it extremely difficult to communicate with Lenny. I feel he is being robbed of his identity by a mechanism no one fully understands. He is being denied a vision which may be found in the printed word. He is being denied direct and frequent contact with the great out-of-doors which is within walking distance of his mobile home. He is being denied an opportunity to develop an awareness of his skills and talents and to exercise creative imagination. No one takes the time to introduce him

to worlds beyond TV.[20]

Since my early education was essentially Rousseauistic and Wordsworthian, the emotions I recollect in tranquillity must be vastly different than Lenny's. Contrary to what McLuhanism teaches, I believe I and others of my generation were more directly involved with our environment than young people have an opportunity to be today.

I lived in a world of true sensation—not synthetic sensation. I milked cows by hand; I fed chickens; I gathered eggs from beneath pecking Leghorn hens; I pitched hay; I drove horses; I cleaned barns; I cut wood; I filled woodboxes. I picked wildflowers; I collected leaves; I skated on a pond. I felt life; I cut my fingers; I stubbed my toes; I slid from a barn peak—collecting wood shingle slivers all the way and stopped miraculously at the eaves—or I would not be here today. I itched from hayseeds and muck soil. I went barefoot; I was bitten by mosquitoes, stung by yellow jackets, and scared by garter snakes, blue racers, and rattlesnakes.

I read *Uncle Wiggily's Puzzlebook, Black Beauty,* and *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates,* and I recollected in tranquillity while perched on the seat of three-horse riding plow. How can I communicate with Lenny? One of the few places in America where one can still receive a natural education similar to mine is among the Amish. If it were feasible, I would recommend an Amish internship for young people, but this would not prepare them for the world in which we and they have to live.

My teachers were not forced to compete with television in order to enlist my interest. For the first five years I attended a two-room rural school. I recall Charles Boniface—a great teacher—who taught the third, fourth, and fifth grades in one room. He put down the two fifteen-year-old bullies who were terrorizing the younger children, so the rest of us had time for emotion recollected in the tranquillity of an orderly classroom. He was a man who took country kids on nature hikes and walked the boys to a nearby farmhouse so they could listen to a broadcast of one of the 1932 World Series games over a battery radio. Of course, the Cubs lost to the Yankees! He put a hoop in a basement room adjacent to a coal bin, so we boys could learn to shoot baskets "good like all Hoosiers should." I cried if I had to miss school; I didn't cry because I had to go to school. The minds and emotions of the pupils who studied under Charles Boniface were being educated. Learning was an adventure. Unlike Lenny, we were not trapped by an image-set.

Our imaginations were being stimulated and our intellects were being challenged.[21]

I conclude with words of vision from Thoreau, whose *Walden* and "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience" I have explored with more than 500 college freshmen over a twenty-year period.

The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us.

Only that day dawns to which we are awake.

I have faith that ultimately television *shall speak, and not lie,* but this will not *surely come* if you and I sit idly by. If the Philistines should eventually triumph in this world, let it never be written that our bodies were found by the TV set.[22]

NOTES

I have taken the title for my address from William Wordsworth's *Preface to Lyrical Ballads* as it appears in *English Poetry and Prose of the the Romantic Movement*, edited by George Benjamin Woods (Chicago, Scott, Foresman and Company, 1950), p. 351. Wordsworth wrote: "I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind." Objections may be raised concerning the appropriateness of the title for a discussion of McLuhanism and television. McLuhan frequently quotes Wordsworth. In *The Medium is the Massage* (New York, Bantam Books, 1967), p. 45, McLuhan uses lines from Wordsworth's "Expostulation and Reply" to support his impressions of the impact of television upon modern man:

The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

What I am protesting against is the contemporary "degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation" which is fostered by television. Wordsworth's assessment of communication in 1800 is applicable to our own time. He wrote, "For a multitude of

causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies." My original title was "Merchants of Emotion." I rejected this as too restrictive, especially after a colleague believed upon hearing the suggested title that I was going to talk about English teachers!

[2] Quotations from Thoreau which appear in this address may be found in standard editions of *Walden* and "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience."

[3] I have the handwritten letter from Effie Howarth Sutton in my possession.

[4] *The Holy Bible,* King James Version.

[5] Ian Sowton, who reviewed *The Gutenberg Galaxy* and who was quoted in the New American Library edition of the work, captured some of my own initial responses to McLuhan. In *Edge,* Sowton wrote: "If McLuhan's way out it is because that's where we really are. His book opens directly and creatively out onto every humane activity known to man; it forces consideration of pressing, up-to-date (futuristic, yet) problems in politics, economics, philosophy, literature and post-Newtonian physics ....It leaves an average professor...feeling somewhat like a cross between a dodo and an astronaut with a heart condition." Dwight McDonald wrote, "McLuhan is an ingenious, imaginative and (above all) fertile thinker. Compared to Mr. McLuhan, Spengler is cautious, Toynbee positively pedantic." My basic texts for the study of McLuhan are *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man,* the New American Library edition, copyright by Marshall McLuhan, 1964; *The Gutenberg Galaxy: The Making of Typographic Man,* the New American Library edition, copyright University of Toronto Press, 1962; and *The Medium is the Massage,* by Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore, copyright by Bantam Books, 1967. The quotations attributed to McLuhan which follow are taken from the above works unless otherwise noted.

[6] *The Saturday Evening Post,* August 10, 1968, p. 36.

[7] "The Class of 1989," by Marshall McLuhan and George B.

Leonard, *Look*, February 21, 1967, Volume 31, No. 4, p. 23.

[8] Quotation appeared in a drawing by Alan Dunn, copyright by the *New Yorker Magazine*, 1966, and reprinted in *The Medium is the Massage*.

[9] For ideas and for quotations I acknowledge my indebtedness to Tom Wolfe, who reviewed *War and Peace in the Global Village* (Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore) and *Through the Vanishing Point* (Marshall McLuhan and Harley Parker) in *Book World*, September 15, 1968, p. 4. The review, titled "McLuhan: through electric circuitry to God," was accompanied by a drawing by Wolfe.

[10] "The Last (The Very Last) Word On Marshall McLuhan," by Robert Fulford and Ralph Thomas, *Chicago Tribune Magazine*, June 11, 1967, pp. 29, 43, and 46.

[11] "'Now Don't Try to Reason with Me': Rhetoric Today, Left, Right, and Center," by Wayne C. Booth, *University of Chicago Magazine*, August 3, 1968, pp. 12-15. The statement by Williamson appears on p. 12. Booth's comment on McLuhan appears on p. 15.

[12] "The Future for Print," by Charles A. Sprague, *The Quill*, June, 1967, p. 31. Sprague says, p. 33, "On the score of practical utility, Print holds the lead as the primary means of acquiring knowledge."

[13] UPI and AP news dispatches.

[14] *Chicago Tribune*, Tuesday, September 17, 1968. Report of an address by Wertham before the Communications Forum sponsored by the Center of American Living, Inc.

[15] "Gutenberg, goodbye," by Morry Roth, *Chicago*, June, 1976, pp. 152-154.

[16] *To Kill A Messenger: Television News and the Real World*, by William Small (New York, Hastings House, 1970), p. 8, and UPI and AP news dispatches. Small, who was news director and bureau manager of CBS news in Washington at the time his book was published, noted that ancient Persian generals had messengers killed when they brought bad news. His epigraph is from King Henry IV, Part II, "Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news hath but a losing office, and his tongue sounds ever after as a sullen bell. . . ." Small is constructively critical of television. At the same time, he challenges TV's most caustic critics to recognize the reality and potential of the medium instead of ignoring its influence. He quotes Heywood Broun: "No body politic is healthy until it begins to itch." Small's work and John

L. Hulteng's *The Messenger's Motives: Ethical Problems of the News Media* (New York, Prentice-Hall, 1976) have made me aware of the magnitude of the problem confronting those who seek to improve television.

[17] *To Kill A Messenger,* pp. 8-9.

[18] Statistical information based on *To Kill A Messenger,* p. 1, and other sources, including UPI and AP news dispatches.

[19] "Against McLuhan," by Benjamin DeMott, *Esquire*, August, 1968, p. 73.

[20] Small, in *To Kill A Messenger,* notes: "Television has changed America to an indoor country; it delivers everything to the living room and much that comes is neither welcome nor invited."

[21] In the small rural high school which I later attended, I encountered another great teacher, Morris Alger. He encouraged me to read and to write. He introduced me to the classics of English and American literature. He gave me the opportunity to resurrect *The Springfield Student,* a mimeographed student weekly which had expired under poor management; he entrusted me with the editorship and my friend, Kenneth Dahl, with the business management of the publication. He inspired within me a love of the printed word—and of journalism—which continues to this day.

[22] In my address I said: "American television needs to be laundered. I recommend first a hand scrub with Fels Naptha—to remove the tattle-tale grey (of D-level movie reruns perhaps). Then the machine treatment with Tide—'Tide's in—dirt's out'—is essential. A pre-rinse with Ivory—99.44 per cent pure—and a final rinse with a few drops of Little Boy Blue bluing will prove helpful. Drying in the sun and wind is recommended." I am aware of the possibilities of television, and I would like to conclude my notations with a few words of advice from men who have studied the media. In *To Kill A Messenger*, Dr. A. William Bluem writes: "We must train a generation of citizens to 'read' the new media—a task which many in the field of motion pictures have long since undertaken. We cannot assume that an entire civilization will acquire sophistication and knowledge in the conventions and techniques of a medium by accident. If we do not attempt to provide such understanding, the pressure to silence the medium will continue." Horace Newcomb in *TV The Most Popular Art* (Garden City, New York, Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1974), quotes Charles A. Siepman: "Let us by all

means continue to find out all we can about what television 'is.' But there remains a larger task: to determine what it *should* be and take steps to bring it nearer to the heart's desire." Newcomb adds: "Expression of the heart's desire has often been the province of the arts. To bring television closer to it does not mean to impose one's will for the masses on the art form that entertains them. Our task is to find out where the aesthetic qualities of television come from in the culture that produces them, and to find out what those qualities might become in the future."

In "Notes on the Future of Education," Bruno Bettelheim, writing in the *University of Chicago Magazine,* emphasizes the point that the acquisition of values is more important than the acquisition of knowledge and skills. "What is sorely lacking in our education," he writes, "is the education of the emotions. And these cannot be educated without clear values."

**Dr. Beutner was married June 4, 1977, to Dr. Allaire Schlicher, assistant professor of Spanish, in St. Paul's Monastery Gardens, Hesston, Indiana.*

PAST CENTURY CLUB HONOREES

1960 William T. Beadles, Insurance
1961 Wayne W. Wantland, Biology
1962 R. Dwight Drexler, Piano
1963 Elizabeth H. Oggel, English
1964 Rupert Kilgore, Art
1965 Dorothea S. Franzen, Biology
1966 Joseph H. Meyers, English
1967 Marie J. Robinson, Speech
1968 Bunyan H. Andrew, History
1969 Wendell W. Hess, Chemistry
1970 Jerry Stone, Religion
1971 Doris C. Meyers, Philosophy
1972 John Ficca, Drama
1973 Robert W. Burda, English
1974 Max A. Pape, Sociology
1975 Lucile Klauser, Education
1976 R. Bedford Watkins, Piano
1977 Harvey F. Beutner, English-Journalism

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The honoree for 1978 is Dr. Frank Starkey, Chemistry.