



Dr. Brian Meehan, Salem's newest member of the English Department, glares with Miltonian earnestness.

Irish Prof Loves Salem

by Shirley Smith
and
Beth Wilson

When Irish eyes are smiling
All the World seems bright and gay
The lilt of Irish laughter
Will steel the heart away.

Irish eyes are smiling in the English department with the addition of Dr. Brian Meehan, a well-traveled bachelor who just arrived at Salem from UCLA where he completed his doctorate. Dr. Meehan has danced to mariache music in Mexico, researched his doctoral thesis in the British museum in London, and travelled extensively in the "land of his forefathers" — Ireland. Of course, all his favorite writers are Irish — James Joyce, John Synge, William Butler Yeats and Sean O'Faolain, but while researching his doctorate in London, Dr. Meehan found Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke to be a profoundly "cerebral and religious" Seventeenth Century poet. He hopes some day to make this thesis into a book; already he has published some isolated poetry in the Winter of '72 issue of the *Southern Review*.

And now you ask — So what is he doing at Salem? Why isn't he in Ireland "stealing the hearts away?" Dr. Meehan came to an all girls' school because he is interested in women's liberation. He thinks that there is intellectual stimulation here; the girls speak up, voice their opinions and "find their own feminine identity." Colleges need variety in experience.

Several cigarettes later, we found that we definitely had not

ANNOUNCEMENT

Moravian Candle Tea
Brother's House

November 30 -- December 2

December 7 -- December 9

2:00 -- 9:00 p.m.

Mrs. Wade Boggs will be in Winston-Salem Wednesday, November 15th to show the slides for the Boggs Tour at the Hilton Inn. Anyone interested in going, see Laura Ferguson, 7 Sisters, or meet in front of Sisters at 6:30 for a ride.

encountered Dr. Meehan among the yellowing list of college professor stereotypes favored by the editors of *Cosmopolitan* and *Women's Day*. Perhaps what set him apart from the stereotypes were his combined passions for the films of Frederico Fellini and the collecting of records of famous operatic tenors such as McCormack, Schmidt and Tauber. He became a Fellini freak while attending UCLA, when he loved within walking distance of Westward Village, the premier center of the West Coast which touted Fellini's films *8½* and *Satyricon*.

Anyone who would like to meet this fascinating intellect can sign up for his interim course on Renaissance Lyric Poetry; or if unable to wait until January, stop by his office and ask him to lunch or offer to give him a lift to his apartment (he doesn't drive). If you attended the Pierrettes productions last week, you might have seen him perform in *Formed Oak*. If none of his aforementioned virtues strike you as remarkable, you might be looking for a good chess or pool opponent: yes, the smiling Irishman loves a good sport as well as he loves Milton and the Seventeenth Century, Fellini, Tenors, and... well, maybe not as well as Ireland.

by Dee Wilson

A tall, slender brunette breezed down the basement hall of the FAC to admit us into her soundproof office. With a broad smile, Peggy Hart apologized for her lateness explaining that she had just finished accompanying a voice student. Accompanying is something Peggy Hart enjoys doing as part of her new job at Salem. She feels she could not employ her music degree solely in teaching without being able to play some herself. And, Peggy has accompanied many different people and groups, including the Governor's School Chorus.

Seating herself comfortably on the piano bench, she drummed her slender fingers on top of the piano — giving us the details about her job and her new life at Salem. Peggy is not unfamiliar with the "ins and outs" of the FAC nor for that matter of Salem campus. She is a '69 graduate, who like some of us now, was forced to run her

The following remarks by Dr. Walter Metzger, professor of history at Columbia University, are excerpted from the Special Report of the national Conference on Education, held in honor of the 200th Anniversary of Salem College last spring:

Nothing in academic discourse lends itself to such earnest rhetoric and is so pervaded by an air of unreality as the subject of academic governance. Yet no subject has graver implications for the freedom, solvency and moral stature of American colleges and universities, and none is more in need of the tough intelligence that educators, when they steel themselves, can bring.

Anyone who has pondered the subject knows why it tends to encourage chitter-chatter of a not very edifying sort. First, the word "governance" itself sets semantic traps. It sounds like government, and it sounds like guidance, but it couldn't mean both and it could mean neither, since, in context, it may take on intimations of management, or organization or administration, words with a rather different ring.

The ambiguities of the term set us to wondering (out loud and often at length) whether a college is more like a country or a factory, more like a family or a supermarket, more like a voluntary association or a social agency — as though to establish what something is more nearly like is to gain impression of what it really is.

One might conclude — as I would — that a college is sui generis, is not like anything but itself, but this conclusion is not likely to be reached before we comb the social landscape for analogies and send our metaphors into moral combat.

Our interest in what we unmelodiously call restructuring can also engender idle talk. If there ever was a time when these academic Goals were divided into three tidy parts — when students did nothing but learn, professors nothing but teach, administrators nothing but run (and run very fast on

some occasions) — that time is surely past.

Clearly, the role of the professor has grown complex, the metamorphosis of closeted administrations into ones that are more open to the world and sharing has given rise to the professor as campus senator, as Ombudsman, and as union chief. Nor are students any longer pent up in a niche.

Today, in the wake of campus turmoil, one finds such functional combinations as the student evaluator of the faculty, the student planner of curriculum, legislator on campus policy, and, here and there, student trustee. Undoubtedly, the new mixed roles are worth discussing; unhappily they are too often discussed on a paltry plane.

We trivalize these mixed arrangements by presuming that their success or failure hinges mainly on their pacifying impact. No doubt, they do perform calming functions, but it is not only as an antidote to violence that these mixed committees and councils must be assessed. The violence that entered campus life was but a symptom of a deeper and more enduring tendency — the tendency of the young and not so young to withdraw their deposits of consent from the accounts of the established and official leaders. We must ask whether structural reforms have replenished these accounts, have added to the moral reserves without which authority turns into power.

We must ask whether the current tranquility on the campus is anything more than a sullen peace, brought about by greater economic pressures and lighter draft calls, but signifying no repair of broken loyalties. But often, instead of speaking to the issue of legitimacy, we speak to the lesser issue of regulation.

The subject of academic governance, when it does not turn us into metaphorists and numerologists, seems to turn us into very mechanical engineers. Or else into wielders of catchphrases that save us from having to come to grips with the diffi-

cult and sometimes frightening realities.

Today, reigning the commonplace is "accountability", a word derived from trust lawyers and theologians; yesterday the password was "community", picked up from sociologists and humanists; soon, we may fetishize "productivity", as economists teach us to value everything, even governance.

That these words often serve merely ritualistic functions was brought home to me the other day when I visited the campus of a middle-sized Eastern state university, one that had gone through an elaborate process of self-study. The student-faculty-administration body in charge of this study was called the Commission on Community Design — and that in itself was enough to give me semantic warnings: "community design"?

It's like "planned spontaneity" and "bureaucratic ecstasy" — a formidable contradiction in terms. The Commission, in a multi-volume report, came out squarely for the principle of accountability, which it defined as the requirement that each person be evaluated and criticized — and if need be sanctioned and disciplined — by each of his or her major constituencies; the president by trustees, faculty, students, and the public; faculty by students, chairmen, and deans, etc.

If the authors meant what they write, they were espousing chaos. Imagine the endless rigmarole of evaluation, the constant assault on collegial comities as each man became his brother's keeper and potentially his forsaker. But no one meant these words to inspire deeds. What happened was that a new administration, succeeding a rather unpopular one, wanted to start out the new regime with fragrant symbols.

That the word "accountability" was used not for sense, but incense, came home to me when I realized that in point of fact, the new administration was operating a very tight ship, and gave very little responsibility either to the faculty or the students. It was quite clear that, despite their salute to topsy-turvyism, the president and vice president intended to keep the administration right side up.

My main concern, though, is not that euphonic formulas can be used to conceal intentions, but that they can be used to conceal reality. Very important things are happening to, as well as in, academic governance, and some are highly deleterious to it.

One of these historic changes has to do with the flow of decisional power from authorities located on the campus to those resident in the world beyond. Though colleges and universities have become richer and more complex than ever before, they have also become, in my view, less self-directive than they ever were before. They have become "delocalized" — with consequences we are just beginning to perceive. Delocalization is not a single process but a congeries of processes, all working in the same direction and achieving a similar end.

Hart Has Piano Soul

hairdryer in order to block out the noise so she could study and earn that degree. Peggy doesn't feel the atmosphere of the FAC has changed, and the only startling difference at Salem is the privilege of drinking in the dorms. As a former president of Sisters, she found it exciting to attend a party downstairs where one was allowed to imbibe.

Most of her time Peggy spends in teaching private lessons and in accompanying; however, she does set aside some time for the personal pleasures of listening and playing. Peggy enjoys a broad spectrum of music from the melodies of Mozart, Schubert, and Brahms to the big brass sound of Chicago and Blood, Sweat, and Tears. She likes to play the piano music of Charles Ives, a contemporary composer. Peggy also confessed she was no fanatic about opera but preferred art song where a soloist is accompanied by piano. But, that may well be because Peggy concentrated on piano

rather than voice when at Salem, although she did sing with the Archways.

The major rival to Peggy's love of music is her passion for travel. She has just returned from a trip to San Francisco where she was impressed by the cultural atmosphere. Her favorite section of the country is New England because she loves the snow and the people.

Peggy's return to Salem is rather accidental. She was teaching private lessons in her hometown of High Point because no other job offer was available except, as she put it, "out in the middle of a cornfield in Nebraska." For a graduate of Salem and a holder of a Masters degree from the University of Illinois, opportunities were scarce. Naturally, she was ecstatic about being asked to join Salem's faculty when a prep department teacher left. Salem should be equally happy with having her back in a new capacity as teacher rather than as student.