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St. Paul's School

Certainty, Privilege, and the Imprint of History

THE AESTHETICS AND COMFORTS OF ABUNDANCE

It is a magnificent spring day. The sky is clear blue, the air crisp, and the sun golden in the sky. The landscape is lush green and the azaleas are exploding with blossoms of magenta, lavender, and deep orange. In short, it is the perfect day to visit St. Paul's School, which seems to stretch on for miles before me—aristocratic, manicured, perfect. I arrive midafternoon, the time for athletics, and see playing fields full of hockey and baseball players—lithe, graceful, and practiced bodies moving across the grass.

Everyone is helpful and welcoming. A man in a blue truck—probably one of the custodial crew—finds me lost on the road and tells me to follow him to my destination, the School House. Everyone waves greetings. A young man on a small tractor mower offers a wide, enthusiastic grin, and a tall, distinguished, slightly graying man gives a stiff and formal wave. I park behind the School House, next to a car with windows open and a young child inside. Having just arrived from the city, I wonder immediately how anyone could feel safe about leaving a precious child in the car. Fearing that I will frighten her, I smile and speak softly to the little girl. She babbles back, unafraid. The child's mother returns after

a couple of minutes. A plainly attractive woman of about thirty-five, she is one of five females on the teaching faculty. She greets me warmly, introduces me to her daughter, and drives off quickly to play tennis. I am struck by how safe, secure, and beautiful it feels at St. Paul's. It is a place where windows and doors are left open, people exchange friendly greetings, and babies wait in cars unattended.

The land belonging to St. Paul's seems to stretch on forever. There are 1,700 acres of woods and open land surrounding over 300 acres of lakes and ponds, and over 80 buildings. A shimmering lake carves out a graceful shape in the central campus landscape. On an early evening walk from the School House to dinner in the dining room, you can cross the lake by way of a quaint stone bridge. The evening light makes the lake a mirror; the lily pads that dot the water gently sway back and forth; and all feels serene and still. The traditional and graceful architecture of New England characterizes the campus buildings—sturdy brick structures with ivy growing up the walls and white, flatfaced houses with black and green shutters.

Among these quietly majestic old buildings are three sleek modern buildings that house the programs in dance, theater, and the plastic arts. A parent of a student at St. Paul's, who was interested in supporting the development of the arts program, gave three million dollars for these new buildings. Elegantly designed and highly functional, the buildings were conceived to be adaptive to the artistic mediums that they house. The theater in the drama building is layered, movable, and sparse, allowing for myriad rearrangements of space. The stage can be dramatically transformed from one performance to the next.

Mr. Sloan, the director of dance, worked closely with the architects and builders in the design of the dance building, and it shows the wisdom and inspiration of the artist's experience. The major dance space in the building is used for both classes and performances. Bleachers and balconies surround two sides of the dance floor, with mirrors and dance bars lining the other walls. Sunlight sweeps in the high windows and casts tree shadows on the dance floor. The internal lighting is soft and effective. The most extraordinary detail can only be fully appreciated by dancers. Mr. Sloan takes me into his office and proudly shows me the miniature model of the dance floor. It is a five-layered construction that took several months to build, and it moves and ripples when it is jumped on. "It is the best in the business" says Mr. Sloan. "The American Ballet Theater has the same floor."

The arts buildings symbolize one of the major missions of St. Paul's

School. In his ten-year leadership of the school, the Rector says that the building of the arts program is one of the developments of which he feels most proud. Along with the superb physical facilities, new faculty positions have been added in the arts; students can receive academic credit for course work; and there are numerous opportunities for students to give concerts, performances, and exhibitions. In his 1979 Annual Report, William Oates, the rector, stressed the connections between art and culture, art and intellect, and art and personal growth:

> "Work in the arts provides an opportunity for participants to learn about themselves. And this opportunity is particularly valuable for students at St. Paul's School because it allows, and in some ways demands, consideration of fundamental issues through observation, and testing, and experimentation. From fourteen years old through eighteen this chance is eagerly sought and required. This is the period of questioning and exploring, of self-doubt and braggadocio, the period of developing self-confidence and of maturing personality. In the arts are found cultural contradictions and conflicts, insight, informed speculation, tradition and discipline, and a general pattern for testing achievement and apparent success. The arts afford the use of uncommitted space for thoughtful and considered growth through consolidation of experimentation. And increasing knowledge of the self promotes and supports its realization."

In stark contrast to the angular lines of the art buildings, the chapel of St. Paul and St. Peter stands as a symbol of classic beauty. The hundred year-old brick structure was the first building on the St. Paul's campus and its stained glass windows, ornate wood carving, and regal dimensions mark the history and roots of this school. It is in these modern and traditional edifices that St. Paul's reveals its connections to past and present, its commitment to sacred traditions and contemporary change.

A BINDING TOGETHER

Chapel is the most precious moment in the day. It binds the community together. The 500 students from the third through sixth forms, and 80 faculty of St. Paul's come together at 8:00 four mornings a week. There is time for peace and reflection, for beautiful music and poetic words.

Streams of sunlight filter through the magnificent stained glass windows, shining down on all inside. They seem like the enlightened people, the chosen ones. There is the connection between mind and soul, body and spirit, the sacred and the secular. The baroque organ with pure and clear sounds is "one of the best in New England." It fills the space with rich, reverberating sounds. The organ playing is impeccable.

Chapel services are an expression of unity, fellowship, and a commitment to Christian traditions at St. Paul's. As a church school, it has had a long-time association with the Episcopal church, and the rituals and structure of the Episcopal ceremony still form the basis of morning chapel services. However, the denominational ties are no longer deeply engrained. The school catalogue stresses the relationship between spiritual commitment and community life:

> "Chapel services, studies in religion, and our common life in Christian fellowship are expressions of the unity and fundamental faith of St. Paul's School. . . . The school supports the beliefs of each faith, encouraging students to recognize the strength and loyalty of the commitments of their families. The school recognizes that all its members should discover the meaning of the Christian tradition in their own lives through free inquiry, and the experience of community life in that tradition."

The beautiful and old architectural lines of the chapel are in contrast to the ruffled and contemporary people sitting in the long, carved pews. Dressed in typical adolescent garb—rustic chic—the students' faces are still and attentive. Some slump over in weariness, some eyes are half-closed, but most seem to be captured by the ritual. When their fellow students make music, they receive full attention and generous applause. The day I visit, the service is an all-musical program of Bach. The first piece is played well by a trio of flute, harpsichord, and violin. It is a slow movement that requires sustained and disciplined tones. Occasionally the violin is clumsy in technique and flat in tone, but that is the only evidence of this being an amateur performance. The second piece, which is the first movement of Bach's Third Brandenberg Concerto, begins energetically, but quickly degenerates. The students, led by a faculty conductor, barely struggle through the difficult string variations, but no one winces at the grating sounds. There is strong applause for the ambitious attempt. I am struck by the extraordinary difficulty of the music and the willingness of the students to do less than well in public. I am also impressed by the sustained elegance with which this musical disaster is carried off. This seems the ultimate in certainty and style. There is no

embarrassment, a full acceptance of the efforts made, and the expectation of applause.

The faculty sit in the upper pews, also in assigned seats. Chapel is a compulsory community event for faculty as well as students. Along with the formal evening meals, chapel is considered one of the important rituals that symbolizes community and fellowship, emphasizes discipline and ceremony, and reflects a sense of continuity between past and present. Looking down the row of faculty, the dominance of whiteness and maleness becomes immediately apparent. Most are wearing tweedy jackets and ties, and the unusual ones stick out—the blond and pregnant history teacher; the beared, tall, Jewish, head of the English department; the casually dressed dance teacher with a head full of irreverent ringlets. It is not that there is no diversity within the faculty, it is that their sameness is exaggerated in this setting as they sit lined up in the back pews of chapel.

It is also in chapel that one experiences the impressive orchestration of the school. All seems to flow so smoothly and evenly, almost effortlessly. Behind this smooth scene is the hard, disciplined work of many. "Chapel Notes" for the week tell what music will be played, what hymns sung, and what lessons will be read. A faculty member is assigned to regulate the acoustics system just in front of her chapel pew to insure the right volume for each microphone. Notes are delivered to the rector well in advance of the "Morning Reports." The rector arrives the day I am there and opens an elegant note from the senior class. The script is like calligraphy, the image above the writing shows a bird in flight, and the message inside combines poetry and allusions to scripture and prayer. The senior class has decided that this sunny day will be their senior-cut day and they are off to the beach in rented buses. Their absence is no surprise to anyone. Their actions are certainly not devious or even assertive. This is part of the anticipated ritual. The person sitting next to me whispers, "Of course the rector was informed about this well in advance." It is beautifully orchestrated—the anticipated "surprise" event, the ceremonial note to the rector, the announcement to the assembled people, and the restrained approval of everyone.

The supreme orchestration of events and people at St. Paul's reflects, I think, the abundance and privilege of the school. In order to be able to anticipate and coordinate life in this way, one must be able to foresee a future that is relatively certain. Years of experience rooted in tradition seem to guide the present. Some things seem to fall into place without conscious effort. It has always been that way. History has cast a form on

things. In his concluding remarks on graduation day, the rector underscores the mark of tradition and history, "This ceremony has become traditional, and, therefore, mandatory." In schools where things inevitably fall apart, where patterns of the past are not clearly defined, and where futures are neither certain nor promised, one doesn't sense this feeling of an orchestrated and smooth existence.

"Morning Reports" follow chapel. All gather outside on the chapel steps as the rector announces the day's happenings. He begins by formally welcoming me into their midst. "We have the pleasure of a visit from Professor Sara Lawrence Ligthfoot, and I would like to introduce her to those who have not yet met her." Applause and smiles follow with some picture taking. Then an announcement that startles me: "Robert Brown has been off bounds for smoking marijuana and will return on Friday." This is said with the same tone and demeanor as the welcoming words of the rector. This is the first time at St. Paul's that I have heard words of public discipline or sensed the exclusion of a community member—off bounds. It is also the first time in a very long time that I have heard "pot" referred to as "marijuana," its real name. It seems a throwback to the old days and sounds more forbidding and dangerous in its three-syllable incarnation.

Four times a week, faculty and students gather at the close of day for a formal, family-style meal in the dining room. This is the second major community ritual that echoes the traditions and ceremony of St. Paul's and encourages fellowship among students and faculty. On Wednesday evenings and weekends, eating is done cafeteria-style and dress codes are relaxed.

Ms. Susan Thompson, a vivacious, middle-aged woman, has been on the St. Paul's faculty since the school became coeducational a decade ago. She leaves her office at the School House in the early evening with just enough time to freshen up and change into a slightly fancier dress. The door of her apartment on the second floor of a girls' dormitory is wide open. For me, it stands as another sign of the feelings of trust and safety at St. Paul's and as a first sign of the obscuring of public and private boundaries between faculty and students. Anyone, at any time, can walk in and talk, make requests, and seek counsel. There are two other faculty members who live in the dormitory. A young, single woman lives on the third floor, and a married woman with a husband and child has the most sumptuous accommodations on the first floor. Each is primarily responsible for supervising the dormitory on alternate evenings. Ms. Thompson speaks of all three faculty as "strong" dormitory counselors and feels pleased at the disciplined and comfortable rapport that has developed among those who live there. Among students, this dormitory has the reputation of being overly strict and inhibiting.

In late spring, when students make room selections for the following year, most do not list this dormitory as their first choice because they want to escape the rigorous supervision. More than a few girls, however, seem to seek out the peace and security of this more disciplined setting.

Ms. Thompson's apartment has four rooms—a large living room, a study, bedroom, and tiny kitchen. It is simply, barely decorated with modest furniture. One bright, colorful canvas dominates the living room, a picture of brown people in a bustling market place. It seems strangely out of place contrasted with the severe, colorless environment that surrounds it. Home does not seem to be important to Ms. Thompson. She describes herself as a "workaholic," not much interested in homemaking. Life is not centered here, but in the school as community. Within a few minutes we are off to dinner. The campus is alive with students converging from all directions, walking briskly up the hill to the dining hall.

Students and faculty congregate in small groups in the outside hall of the great dining room, waiting for doors to open for dinner. Boys must wear jackets and girls the "comparable" attire. After the cut-off jeans, bare feet, and T-shirts of the daytime dress, the students look transformed in their formal attire. Ironically, the third-form boys appear even younger in their jackets and ties while the sixth-form girls look like mature, fully formed women in their spring dresses. The great dining room with high ceilings and stained glass windows is only used for formal evening meals. On the wooden paneling that lines the walls from floor to ceiling, names of the students in each of the school's graduating classes are carefully, aesthetically carved. A boy at my table can turn around and see his uncle's name carved in the wall behind him. It is misspelled.

Each faculty member sits with eight students at a long rectangular table with straight, high-backed chairs. Seats are assigned and rotated every three weeks, and students are chosen to create a mix of grade levels and interests. Grace is said by a man with a booming voice as everyone stands behind their chairs with bowed heads. Dinner conversation is somewhat formal and subdued. My presence may have been inhibiting, but I hear many students and some faculty complain of the forced quality of these occasions. The adults ask most of the questions, with polite responses from students. A willowy, blond girl in the fifth-form has come from upstate New York to study in the excellent dance program. A lively, bright-eyed, Black boy from Chicago is practicing for the Latin play to be given on the weekend of graduation. He tells us about an invention which he is trying to patent and seems to be knowledgeable about the legal steps that will be required to protect his idea. A sixth-form girl from New England is the most socially sophisticated and smooth. She speaks of her plans to go to the University of Colorado next year.

Dinner is swiftly consumed despite the ceremonial conversation. When the students are finished, each says dutifully, "Miss Thompson, may I be excused?" and she grants them permission. The permission granting seems almost archaic. As they seek permission to be excused, they appear suddenly childlike. Many times during my visit to St. Paul's, I am struck by the swiftly changing adolescent images. At any moment, the smooth exterior of the mature, worldly, adult-like image fades and exposes the awkward vulnerability of a child.

THE EDGES OF REALITY AND UNREALITY

The incredible beauty, seclusion, and abundance of St. Paul's makes it seem far away from the reality most people know. It is hard to conceive of anyone growing used to this magnificence. It is easy to imagine that people might quickly forget the ugly facts of life beyond this serene place. Occasionally, rumblings are heard underneath the smooth facade of St. Paul's.

Last year, just two days before graduation, several sixth-form boys decided to steal away into the woods and drink beer. Knowing well that alcohol consumption was against the school rules, these boys—some of them school leaders—decided to tempt fate in the final hour. Slightly high from their beer party and elated with the anticipation of their graduation celebrations, they sang loud songs and walked back along the public highway towards school. When they saw a car coming their way, the rowdy group stuck out their thumbs to hitch a ride. As luck would have it, these normally good boys were picked up by a faculty member who smelled liquor on their breath and felt compelled to report them. Disciplinary measures were harsh. None of them was permitted to attend graduation even though many of their families were already enroute to the ceremony. The boys were sent home immediately.

Although this sounds like a typical adolescent prank with grave repercussions, the underside of this near-perfect place reveals more serious problems of alcoholism, plagiarism, cohabitation, and drug abuse. One suspects that these cases are few and that the surprise at their mention reflects their relative infrequency. Mostly, St. Paul's seems to proceed without severe crises. The tempestuous period of adolescence is subdued in this setting, or at least it appears that the tempests are channeled into productive energy.

Although "real-life" often feels distant from life at St. Paul's, the truths told here sometimes seem unflinchingly real. Many times I was surprised by how students and faculty confronted worldly issues that usually remain unspoken or camouflaged, particularly in the context of school life.

A Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist from the *Boston Globe* is a visiting speaker in a sixth-form class on advertising and the media. The speaker is intense, witty, and probing. This semester, he is a visiting professor at Yale and his style with the St. Paul's students bears the same dry humor and sophistication that he must use with university students and colleagues. There is no talking down, no attempt to simplify. He begins his monologue on political advertising with a high-level, penetrating discussion about the packaging of political candi-

dates. His sentences are laced with difficult concepts and words. He speaks of metaphors, symbolism, conceptions of human nature, and the creation of images in political advertising. Uncertain about whether he is reaching his audience, from time to time he encourages questions. The students need little encouragement. Student: "Newspapers are historically known for having commitments to certain political candidates. . . . Is it true with television networks? Do they show favoritism?" Speaker: "CBS is a little to the left. ABC is to the right. NBC is asleep. . . . Mostly the networks research the prevailing attitudes of the audience and they match those fundamental biases."

Inspired by this line of thought, the speaker wants to make a more general point about ideological influences in the media. "In the media, being 'objective' does not mean being without bias or prejudice. It is a bias towards the mainstream. It means being white, middle-class, Christian, and capitalist." Even though these characteristics would seem to describe most of the students sitting in the classroom, the listeners seem unthreatened by the harsh criticisms. They listen intently, but their faces show no change of expression, no signs of emotion. The speaker's provocative words are heard, but not visibly challenged. The teacher, who has remained silent since introducing the speaker, fears the bold cynicism of the message and tries to offer balance to the discussion by referring to the democratic nature of the political process, the opportunity for people's voices to be heard through the ballot box. The teacher's comments are measured and reticent compared to the biting criticisms of the speaker, who continues to assert his pessimistic perspective. "Everyone gets to vote, so that seems to validate the democratic process. Consent implies democracy, which implies consent. . . . If the citizenry cannot make informed choices, should they be making uninformed ideological choices?" The dialogue between the teacher and the speaker grows increasingly intense and obscure. A student lost in the barrage of words interrupts with what he thinks is a straightforward question about Anderson's chances for success in the presidential race. However, the speaker responds with complicated notions, refusing to submit to facile generalizations or easy answers. "Consider the effects of not advertising. If you are not advertising, journalists will not take you seriously—the case of Anderson—because they think if Anderson doesn't advertise he will not be able to bring out votes. So journalists think he is not serious and generally disregard him."

In this discussion, I am struck by the pursuit of truth, the recognition of competing truths, and the spirit of inquiry and debate. The adults are not afraid to disagree publicly, nor do they alter the nature of their discourse in order to present a simpler, prettier picture of the world to their students. The speaker underscores the ugly undersides of the political process and attacks any remaining illusions of a fair race. The reality presented by the speaker seems very faraway from the serenity and perfections of St. Paul's. Ironically, the accounts of real-life events are far more truthful and probing than the stories normally told to students in other high school settings where ideals and illusions are more carefully guarded. The students at St. Paul's seem to greet the uncovering of truths

with a certain detachment. When the class is abruptly over, the students rise quickly and pour out of the room. The teacher offers a few last words, "Wrestle with the issue of democracy. . . .", but the students have moved on, seemingly undisturbed by the disturbing message they have just heard.

THE INQUIRING SPIRIT

The rector's address at the Anniversary Chapel Service on graduation day points to the "developmentalist perspective" that pervades the culture of St. Paul's. It is a stark and clear essay on facing the ambiguities and uncertainties of life beyond the relatively safe and nurturant environment of St. Paul's. "Can we learn to reconcile ourselves to imperfect choices. . . . We send our sixth-form friends on to a complex world, but we do so with confidence." In negotiating the myriad commitments and pursuits of St. Paul's, the rector is confident that the graduating class has "tested and explored options," met difficult and competing challenges, struggled against temptation, and emerged from the four-year odyssey ready to face the world. The challenges confronting St. Paul's students, however, are cradled in an environment nurtured by certainty, abundance, and respect. These qualities are deeply rooted in history. "St. Paul's is the center of love and care for many generations," says the rector after warning the graduates of the possibility of growing rigid and threatened as one faces life's imperfections. The certainty of love and care allow one to take risks and ask probing questions. "The inquiring spirit turns the words of the psalm into a question."

There is a connection, it seems, between feeling safe and protected and daring to move beyond safety. There is an invincible quality about these young people that probably reflects their privileged station, but also grows out of the maturity and confidence that come with positive and productive intellectual, social, and psychological experiences. Never once at St. Paul's did I hear a teacher diminish or undermine a student in any way. Never once did I see students act disrespectfully of one another. With no fear of abuse, there is plenty of room for open inquiry, for testing limits, and for trying very hard.

In an advanced dance class, the teacher is a benign but rigorous task master. A dancer with the American Ballet Theater for over a decade, Mr. Sloan has

"retired" to teaching. He approaches it with the same seriousness and dedication that must have sustained his successful dance career. Nine students dressed in traditional ballet garb go through their practiced motions at the bar. Without much talk, the dance teacher demonstrates the next step and then walks around the floor offering individual support and criticism. Suddenly, he claps and says "No." Music and motion stop. One dancer is singled out, "Maria, get your arms down . . . in the same rhythm, open your arms and plié." Maria, a tall, angular Hispanic girl, tries the step again without embarrassment, as everyone turns silently towards her. An hour later, when the dancers are doing complicated, fast-moving combinations across the floor, the teacher singles out Michelle, a pretty, petite Black girl, whose steps have been tentative and constricted. "That's a good start, but take a chance, a risk. . . . Go for it, Michelle," he bellows. It is a tough challenge as he makes her do it over and over again. She is awkward, unbalanced, and almost falls several times, but the dance master won't let her stop. As Michelle struggles to master this complicated step in front of her classmates some watch attentively, without laughter or judgment. Others practice on their own around the edges of the floor waiting for their turn. Everyone, including Mr. Sloan, exerts great energy and tries very hard. Imperfections are identified and worked on without embarrassment.

There is a rising crescendo in the mood and tone of the class as the steps get tougher, the music gets more rigorous, and the instructor and students more charged. The exhilaration and vigor of the final moments contrasts with the serious and subdued attentiveness of the early bar work. As dancers execute the swift steps across the floor, the wide range of skill and talent is revealed. Kara is a precise and elegant dancer whose hopes of becoming a professional dancer seem realistic and promising. Even when she is tackling the most difficult step, she is smooth and graceful. Yet she doesn't escape criticism. Mr. Sloan insists on the subtle, almost invisible points. There is always room for improvement. A very tall and lean young man, who looks awkward and primitive in comparison, tries just as hard, but never produces a step that even vaguely resembles the one demonstrated by the teacher. No one laughs or grimaces as he breaks down half-way across the floor. The challenge remains: "You'll do it like that for awhile and you'll build up to doing it better. . . . It's a very difficult step."

Another example: Thirty sixth-form students sit in scattered chairs, vaguely forming a semicircle, facing Dr. Carter Woods, in their first period class on human personality. Sitting, Woods tilts his chair back with arms clasped behind his head and begins to speak thoughtfully and tentatively. As a prelude, he says, "We're all good friends in here. We know each other well." Then, without notes and looking up at the ceiling, the teacher begins to ruminate out loud. "Freud had a little help from his friends, but they started out on a really good tack. . . . They all came out of biology. . . . Free association was an amazing thing . . . totally existential, totally client-centered, a total departure from tradition. Carl Rogers wasn't even imagined in those times." The contemplative monologue soon turns into a conversation as students move in and out of the discussion. The words are often sophisticated and the thinking convoluted as Woods and his students explore together the murky waters of psychodynamic theory. The teacher encourages them to think out loud, and search for meanings by modeling that approach himself. "I am not sure what it means to get in touch with one's senses. I thought

I'd work that out with you. Let me struggle with it for a moment." Then, in even more searching tones, Woods says, "I find myself wanting to know how I can best instruct myself in finding out what Frederick Perls means." Not everyone is with him on this exploration. Some are visibly confused, some attentively listening, others daydreaming, a few are not quite awake for the first period in the morning. Six or seven students are completely involved and challenged by the probing questions. Occasionally, a down-to-earth, concrete question is asked of Woods as some students seem to want to establish boundaries and limits to the wandering conversation. Woods resists getting pinned down. "*I* don't know, I'm asking you." When Woods approaches the board to review material covered before, most students respond to the certainty by copying the categories and lists from the board. The pedagogical message is clear: In order to understand, you must inquire and struggle to find meaning. To explore the full range of ideas, one must take risks and tolerate ambiguities. But this must be done in a nonjudgmental and accepting environment. When one of the students begins to slightly ridicule the "simplistic thinking" of the early psychologists, Woods responds immediately to her cynicism and encourages her to appreciate the slow evolution of ideas. "Science changes very slowly. We have the advantage of history. It is hard to move away from former, earlier authority." When the class is about to end, Woods says exuberantly, "The struggle—I'm happy in it."

Although the styles and substance of these two classes are very different, the themes of "love and caring" are prominent in both. The encouragement of risk-taking and moving beyond the safety zones are also stressed by both teachers. The success of the latter seems to be dependent on establishing the former.

Although it is likely that the nurturant and challenging experiences of students at St. Paul's help to build a community of trust and kinship, the careful selection of applicants is supportive of that goal as well. Choosing one out of every thirteen students who apply, the admissions committee makes a conscious effort to select young people who will thrive in the St. Paul's setting. When I ask one of the two psychologists at the school what kind of students are most successful at St. Paul's, he lists a number of characteristics: those with ego strength, a commitment to relationships and community; those who are outgoing, intelligent, and academically able. The applicants who are unlikely to survive the selection process tend to be those who are inward and withdrawn, who seem to be able to do without other human beings—the "young savants" who feel awkward socially. There are a few admitted who may at first "appear to be unresponsive" to people, but "manage to respond in more indirect ways." St. Paul's feels it can tolerate these more reticent souls if there is promise that they will make a unique contribution to the life of the community. There is some sense that diversity of backgrounds, styles, and temperaments is an integral part of a rich community experience. Learning to relate to those different from oneself is an important preparation for facing a diverse society and a critical part of articulating one's self-definition.

The best way to describe "the ethos of the St. Paul's community is that it is Eriksonian in emphasis." That is, there is a stress put on trust, industry, and autonomy. The rector, who admits to being profoundly influenced by Erikson, speaks of an evolutionary change in the school under his decade of leadership; "The school has moved towards a more developmentalist approach." From an administrative point of view, the "new approach" was visibly initiated by hiring two school psychologists who have become an integral and critical part of community life. One trained in counseling and consulting psychology, the other originally trained as a researcher in psycho-biology, these two men have carved out unusual, nontraditional roles at St. Paul's. Along with teaching half-time, they participate in all community responsibilities, including attending chapel and dining room meals, coaching sports, and living in student dormitories. Beyond these regular daily duties, they offer counsel, advice, and support to individual students and faculty. Carter Woods's office door is always open. "I had to work very hard to keep my door open. At first, everyone thought of the psychologist's work as secretive, mystical, something that happens behind closed doors." Now when students come to see him about personal dilemmas and stress there is little separation made between the intellectual and psychic spheres of life, but an attempt to see students as "whole."

The developmentalist view offers a "different view of human nature"—a view that can anticipate universal patterns of behavior and attitude formation. The psychologists seek to convey the progression of these patterns to students and faculty alike so that neither group will be surprised or upset by characteristic human dilemmas that tend to emerge as prominent at different stages of development. As one student said with enormous relief, this new knowledge of human development "helps me forecast my life," offers new interpretations, and some solace when things feel as if they are falling apart. For faculty, the developmentalist view changes their perception of students as "good or bad." Now when they have lost all patience with the antics of the thirteen year-olds, they can be gently reminded that these are anticipative and appropriate behaviors for third-form students, and that these characteristics are transitional and transforming. By fifth form, these students will appear as changed human beings and "we know some of the reasons why."

Not only do the psychologists offer individual counsel and guide the interpretations of behavior, they also give direct consultation to faculty

who are struggling with problem students or having difficulties negotiating with one another. For a few years now, Derek James has sat in on the faculty meetings of the history department, where there are a couple of "volatile members." After their not infrequent fights and disagreements, James helps them discover the origins of their struggle and supports them through a temporary resolution. Carter Woods offers the same sort of listening and counselling role for the religion department, a department often fractionated by polarized views of the appropriate curriculum for adolescents facing contemporary realities. And every Monday at lunch time, the rector, vice-rectors, chaplains, and psychologists meet with the trainer, who runs the school infirmary, to share information on any students who seem to be having academic difficulties or physical and mental health problems. They go around the circle offering their pieces of information on individual students, encouraging other perspectives and interpretations, gauging the seriousness of the problem presented, and finally assigning one of the group to follow-up action. It is an attempt at gathering and synthesis of information, orchestration of efforts, and careful attention to detail. Says the rector, "We don't want anyone to fall through the cracks." The Monday lunch is also another indication of St. Paul's efforts to work with "the whole child." It is here that "experts" of the body, mind, and soul gather to piece together their perspectives and offer their images of health.

The academic courses taught by the psychologists provide an opportunity for students to learn important material on culture and human behavior, as well as confront and express their own feelings and attitudes on questions of personality development, sexuality, and human relationships. The psychology courses are filled with sixth-form students who, having already met the academic requirements for college entrance can now take the more freewheeling courses that might be considered less than serious by college admissions officers. Envious third- and fourth-form students, and some unconvinced faculty, continue to refer to the psychology curriculum as "breeze" courses. It is likely that the readings and written assignments are not as demanding in these courses as in others, but the intensity and seriousness of the issues raised must surprise and baffle some unsuspecting sixth-form students.

Dr. James, a thin, bearded man with a gentle and inquisitive style, teaches the seminar on human sexuality. Twenty students sit around a large, rectangular oak table, many of them draped casually on chairs, some sitting on the edge of their seats with intense animation. Several students wander in late and the atmosphere is easy. No one opens a book or takes notes. James begins by presenting

statistics on a study reported in the *New York Times* that surveyed attitudes towards homosexuality. "What would you do if your best friend said that he/she was a homosexual?" James merely recites the study's findings. He does not elicit responses from his students because he judges it to be "an invasion of their privacy," and in opposition to "the cultural norms" well established in this classroom. Almost without direction or provocation from the teacher, the discussion heats up to an animated pitch. Sometimes James makes brief comments or tentative suggestions, but mostly students direct their comments to one another, offer opposing opinions, and disagree vehemently. The girls, sounding womanly and worldly-wise, dominate the conversion. One very straight, handsome young man seems to have accepted the role of "traditionalist," or worse, male chauvinist and welcomes the abuse that is hurled towards him. The discussion of homosexuality is short-lived. It quickly turns into a discussion of differences in the ways men and women express feelings of rage, sadness, joy, and love. James willingly follows the shifts of direction and mood and says, "The culture comes down so hard on males being tough and hard . . . they are not supposed to be tender . . . if you're not hard and strong, you're not male." A rush of responses follow as the conversation grows increasingly autobiographical. One girl challenges, "But I've seen *both* my parents cry." The "traditionalist" stirs a response by claiming that only the weak cry, "My mother rarely cries and my father *never* cries." Another boy speaks up for the first time, with some embarrassment, "My father comes home, walks down into the basement, and hurls pyrex glasses—(he's a chemist)—against the wall . . . comes upstairs, takes a deep breath, and eats. . . . He takes his anger out on objects rather than people. . . . It is sort of bizarre." Family stories are revealed as most students try to make distinctions between themselves and their parents. They recognize the profound influence of parental values and behaviors, but they also stress their conscious intentions to find their own style of expression. Affect and intellect, information and expression, are fused in the student conversation. The atmosphere remains nonjudgmental. Trust is high and the discussion flows from being charged and forceful to moments of humorous release. When the bell rings to mark the end of class, I am startled. For the past fifty minutes, this has not felt like school and I am shocked by the intrusions of school sounds. The students seemed undisturbed by the abrupt transition. Immediately, they are out of the room and on to the next class without apparent confusion. To them, this is part of school.

Although St. Paul's explicitly recognizes the dimensions of the whole child and the inextricable interdependence of the psyche, the soul, and the intellect, it views its mission and purpose as clearly educational. "St. Paul's does not try to be a therapeutic community," warns Carter Woods, who is constantly having to delineate the boundaries between educational and therapeutic efforts. These boundary lines are not always so easily drawn. "St. Paul's goes to every length, uses every resource to provide educational resources for a student. . . . We spend thousands of dollars a year on an individual student, trying to help him or her over an academic hurdle . . . we would rather spend it on a student than on a

building." But when problems seem to originate in families, beyond the boundaries of school, and when the response of the student is to be disruptive in a way that "infringes upon the good of the community," or the space of other individuals; then the student is asked to leave. Woods has recently returned from the West Coast, where he accompanied a troubled boy home on the airplane. After months of trying to "incorporate this boy into community life," St. Paul's felt it had no more resources or energy to offer. The boy's problems were too profound to be addressed by the faculty, and his acting out was beginning to negatively affect the lives of other students. At the other end of the flight across country, Woods had to face the sensitive task of communicating the bad news to the parents, their harsh defensiveness, and then their sense of defeat and guilt at their son's return.

On many occasions, families are included in the school's attempts to help a student who is having major problems. The parents of a girl who had serious trouble with alcohol were asked to come to St. Paul's to meet with the psychologists and members of the faculty. Attempts were made to explore the history of alcoholic problems within the family, and long-distance calls were made to a psychiatrist in the Midwest who had treated members of the family for mental distress. As parents, siblings, and outside professionals rallied together to pool information, offer support, and express their feelings, Woods orchestrated the combined effort, carefully negotiating the terrain of family and school responsibilities.

In seeking the counsel and support of parents, St. Paul's has begun to take a different view of family-school relationships. Traditionally, families were systematically and purposefully excluded from participating in school affairs. Told when they delivered their child to the campus in September that they should return at the close of school in June, parents were expected to be invisible and silent, uninvolved in their child's acculturation to St. Paul's. Never did anyone suspect that parents and teachers would disagree on the basic values and cultural perspectives that should be imbued in their young charges. Trust and partnership were assumed because there seemed to be harmony of values between home and school, an unspoken consensus. Besides, many of the fathers had themselves been students at St. Paul's and were confident and knowledgeable about what happened behind the closed gates. As the world beyond St. Paul's has become increasingly complex, as family structures grow more diverse and uncertain, and as St. Paul's adopts the developmentalist perspective, it has seemed increasingly important to welcome families as a vital resource and as an important source of information. Woods speaks of families as a critical "connection to the culture," and recognizes their

profound and primary role in the lives of students. Some families are not comfortable with this change in the school's view of them. The father of a troubled boy, who had been asked to come up to St. Paul's, felt awkward and inappropriate as they sat talking together in Wood's living room. Expressing his initial wariness, he said, "I'm feeling uncomfortable here. When I was here as a student, families were made to feel unwelcome."

UNIMPEACHABLE POWER

At St. Paul's, the rector wields great power. Everyone describes Bill Oates as powerful—a power that is defined both by the traditions and expectations of his role and the character of his person. He is energetic, uncompromising, and focused in his goals. Yet he does not wield power carelessly. It is a restrained authority, always held in check and used sparingly. Although faculty emphasize his great powers, they also talk about his political intelligence, his keen understanding of decision-making patterns, and his thoughtful and balanced consultation of the people involved. For example, there are fifteen faculty and three students on the admissions committee who work for months reading and making judgments on over a thousand folders. After reaching carefully negotiated decisions, they make recommendations to the rector. The final decision about who gets admitted rests with the rector, "but he is wise enough to recognize when an overturned decision would greatly violate a difficult and consuming selection process or offend an important constituency." In every entering class, there are inevitably the rector's choices; students whose families are important donors to the school or who have connections to external sources of power that the Rector wants to tap into.

Faculty rarely argue with the rector, or even dare to disagree strongly. No one risks being late to meetings with him. People who normally seem strong and sturdy in their roles appear strangely submissive and accommodating in his presence. One teacher, who challenged the rector with an opposing view in a small planning meeting, told of his restrained but scathing response, her sense of bravery and risk-taking in even raising the issue in his presence, and the buzz around the faculty room when the word leaked out that she had acted irreverently.

Even though his dominance is without question, his style is not dominating. Rather, he appears supremely civilized and benign in man-

ner. He takes on the demeanor of the rectors who were his predecessors. The weight of the role, already well established and deeply forged by history, seems to shape perceptions of him just as much as his own actions. As a matter of fact, many students describe him as friendly and approachable. He knows every student's name and can speak knowledgeably about their special and unique styles, personal struggles, and important triumphs. Every Saturday night, he and his wife host an open house with punch and their famous chocolate chip cookies. Most students stop by at some point during the evening. Says one, "It's fun to go and shake his hand and chat with him. I have a friend who goes to Exeter and she says they never see their headmaster. He just disappears and never comes out." Some faculty say that with reference to student life, Bill Oates is the best rector of a preparatory school in the country.

They speak differently about the life of the faculty, who seem to be the least powerful, most disenfranchised group at St. Paul's. Faculty receive no contracts or terms of appointment. In December, they receive a letter from the rector stipulating the next year's salary. (The one I saw was a Xeroxed form letter with name and details written in hand). Occasionally there is a mild word of encouragement or support, but mostly letters are short and only explicit about the salary. Faculty do not view these letters as perfunctory. Even those faculty who feel confident about their work and contributions to St. Paul's silently worry about their fate on that December day when letters arrive in the mailbox. One young faculty member spoke of seeing an elder of the faculty, "a 'lifer' as the kids call them," who had been at St. Paul's for over forty years, anxiously awaiting his letter, trembling when he opened the envelope. "It was then that I began to think something was wrong with the system."

Although the notion of a system that works without contractual arrangements seems archaic in this day and age, all faculty do not see this as a problem. As a matter of fact, there seems to be a fairly clear line of demarcation between the old and the new faculty. The old, themselves raised in preparatory institutions, many from very privileged backgrounds, steeped in the traditions and habits of St. Paul's, see little problem in the established patterns of the faculty role. At times, they view the new faculty's demands as irreverent, whining, and threatening to the comfortable stability of the place. New faculty, who tend to come from less affluent backgrounds (without independent incomes), many of whom were not raised in exclusive schools, are more likely to view their role as a professional one and want some legalistic and contractual safeguards. Says one new faculty, "On almost every vote there is a divided faculty. It makes it impossible to make any progress on most of these issues."

Even though there is a divided view of faculty privilege within the current system, most seem to agree that beyond the walls of St. Paul's the faculty have options open for them that are indeed extraordinary. One of the first things the rector mentions in my conversation with him is his attempts to provide support and encouragement for faculty growth and development. He has gone out and raised funds for the generous provisions of faculty leaves, travel, and study. The faculty have a full paid year of leave, travel grants for the summer that will be raised to $3,500 next year, and study and tuition grants for further graduate study. Recently, the rector arranged for the endowment of the "Dickie Fellowship Program"—a program of visiting scholars and experts in the various fields of study offered at St. Paul's. Every year, each department is able to invite to the campus for two days a nationally renowned person in their field who will offer counsel, support, and advice to the faculty. These visits offer renewal and an opportunity for reflection and self-criticism.

All of these life-giving benefits seem critical to the survival of faculty members who must give seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day to their work at St. Paul's. It is a special kind of work that demands an extraordinary level of commitment and participation. All faculty must live on campus; all must attend chapel and evening meals with students. Beyond their classroom teaching, they are required to coach sports every afternoon, counsel and advise students on a daily basis, and serve as dormitory residents with disciplinary and overseeing chores. This is a total institution that blends the realms of work and play, private and public roles, and parenting and teaching. The rector chooses faculty whom he judges will embrace the totality, not resist it. Some faculty are superb in the classroom, but are let go because they do not give totally to the community. A faculty member must be ready to offer his full and complete commitment. "It is a life with a different kind of rhythm," says the rector—a rhythm different from those that shape the work-life of most other adults. The full-time commitments of faculty are balanced by "22 days off at Christmas, 22 days for spring break, and 13 weeks of summer vacation." Despite the generous periods of time off, the demands on faculty are extreme and one wonders why faculty do not break down under the pressure or rise up in revolt. Surely some people thrive on this lifestyle. The totality of commitment feels comfortable; the inclusive quality embraces them as well. Others must find ways "to get others to nurture them . . . so they don't go dead in the process . . . unless we give to ourselves or find others who will give to us, then the demands of this life are too extreme." Returning to graduate study provides this nurturance for some. As one faculty member put it when he began to take

courses at Harvard, "Finally I had to do something for myself." Outside study may offer intellectual stimulation, adult interaction, and a great escape from the boundaries of St. Paul's. However, most speak of their sojourns at the university as nurturance, as a time to give to themselves in a way they have had to give to others. It is what the students call "a feed," a filling up on goodies that helps sustain them through a work life that often feels selfless and other-directed.

Faculty life, therefore, is precariously balanced between giving out and taking in, with pressures that impinge from above and below. They must be willing to fulfill the multiple roles of teacher, counselor, parent, and even confidante to students, all requiring adult-like responsibilities. Yet they must be willing to leave their fate in the hands of a benign, but authoritarian rector, assuming a childlike role in relation to the supreme parent. There could be tension, then, between the demands of the mature authority they must exude in relation to the students, and the docility required to submit to an even greater authority. For some, there may be comfort in the ultimate submissiveness of their position—a comfort that allows them to respond fully to student needs and demands. For others, I would imagine, there is a basic contradiction between how they are treated and the roles they are being asked to assume in relation to students—a contradiction that forces some to leave, some to find external sources of stimulation and support, and some to become stagnant and dissatisfied, no longer in touch with their needs.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS: A MINORITY PERSPECTIVE

The majority of students at St. Paul's come from families of affluence and privilege. They exude the casual certainty and demeanor of entitlement that reflects their upper middle-class status. Many already have the savoir-faire and cosmopolitan style of people much beyond their years. Their Calvin Klein T-shirts, Gloria Vanderbilt jeans, L.L. Bean jackets, and Nikon cameras dangling from their necks show restrained opulence. Their sophistication is accompanied by an open friendliness. Every student I spoke to willingly and spontaneously responded to my questions. Some approached me with generous words of welcome and eagerly told of their experiences at St. Paul's. Their stories of life at the school were uniformly positive. They praised the rector, their teachers, the academic

program, and the school's rituals and ceremonies. Mostly, they echoed the rector's words of "love and caring." There were the typical and expectable complaints about dress codes and dormitory rules, but surprising praise for the food. For most students, St. Paul's is an inspiring and demanding place where they feel challenged and rewarded.

A decade ago, St. Paul's became coeducational and now girls make up 40 percent of the student body. The theme of the graduation symposium this year focused on the first decade of coeducation at St. Paul's. Several fifth- and sixth-form students (including a boy from Central America and a Black girl from New York) and a female faculty member with the longest tenure at the school, gave short presentations about their experiences with and perceptions of coeducation. The presenters were carefully selected by department heads and the rector. Speeches were written, critiqued by faculty, and rewritten several times. One student, exasperated by the close scrutiny, complained of the "censoring" of her ideas when she tried to speak her mind. But the public stories that emerged conveyed the success and richness of coeducation at St. Paul's. Said one student enthusiastically:

> "As males and females living together, day to day, we see each other both at our strongest and at our most vulnerable moments. We encounter each other in the classroom—and at breakfast. Superficiality *cannot* survive fried eggs in the morning. Casual, regular interaction compels a better knowledge of ourselves. In my personal experience here at St. Paul's, I have seen a great change in my own ways of thinking. One that I had not been consciously aware of, but a change that I had taken for granted. In my first year, I tended to think of people in distinct male or female roles. Now I realize, by encountering people in a coeducational setting, that I must free them to be individuals, free them to develop the full spectrum of human responses and potential."

The audience of parents and alumni greeted the messages with polite, but restrained response. Even with the rector's encouragement of candor, the audience did not speak of what was on their minds: the issue of sexual norms and practices among the boys and girls.

To a visitor, the girls at St. Paul's seem fully integrated into the setting. They are serious athletes, sensitive artists, bright and inquiring students, aggressive journalists, and student leaders. In ten years, the comfortable assimilation of girls into the historically all-male environment appears to have been accomplished. There are other signs of the incorporating arms of St. Paul's. Admissions committees stress their concern for diversity among the student body. In a small history seminar that I visited, students came from all over the country and the world: Germany;

Japan; New York City; Capetown, South Africa; Denver; Maine; and San Francisco.

Less impressive is the minority presence at St. Paul's. Black and Brown faces are few and far between. A Black student says that they are now 4 percent of the student body; a more knowledgeable source claims a 7 percent Afro-American presence. I was eager to learn about the history and experience of Blacks at St. Paul's and turned to Lester Brown, one of two Black faculty and the new assistant dean of admissions. Brown's perspective reveals an intriguing blend of historical recollections and contemporary views.

A student at St. Paul's from 1969–73, Brown graduated with an engineering degree from the University of Pennsylvania and has returned to his alma mater for his first job. Lester Brown was born and raised in West Philadelphia and calls himself a "Philadelphia boy." He went to school not in the familiar Black territory of West Philly, but in Kensington, a working-class, Irish Catholic neighborhood where he experienced open hostility and some violence towards Blacks. It was a fiery, dangerous time. He rode the elevated street cars and buses on his hour and a half trek to school. His walk from the streetcar to the school sometimes had to be protected by police and national guardsmen. Because Kensington was a magnet school with special resources and a more academic climate, Brown decided to become "a sacrificial lamb." He soon discovered that the white kids inside were friendly and good, while the white kids outside were hateful. "It was not a matter of race, but of how you behaved that counted." He and two other buddies of his from West Philadelphia were discovered and "adopted" by a generous Jewish woman—a volunteer in the school who offered them "cultural enrichment," friendship, guidance, and support. Brown called her "my fairy Godmother." Everything she touched magically turned into something good. It would happen invisibly. "We didn't know how things happened. Suddenly, everything would come together." So it was with Brown's coming to St. Paul's. When he was about to go on to high school, this woman asked him about his plans. He had thought of going to Central High School, a Philadelphia school with a good reputation, but she said, "You know, Lester, there are other options you should consider." Without much effort, he and his two friends found themselves spread apart in fancy private schools, faraway from family.

Brown remembers the transition to St. Paul's as immediate and easy. His experience with "good whites" in the Kensington School made him not prejudge or stereotype his white peers at St. Paul's. When Brown arrived in 1969, a strong, cohesive group of Black students provided so-

lace, support, and a source of identity for individual Blacks. (Brown remembers there being forty-five Blacks in the school as compared to twenty-three eleven years later.) A strong group consciousness permitted individuals to move forcefully out into the sea of whiteness and not feel overwhelmed or confused. Brown remembers the leader of the group, a strong articulate, political figure, who gained respect and some measure of fear from faculty and students. He was not considered radical, but he was disciplined and outspoken, and everyone knew he was serious.

Blacks were a clear presence on the campus in the early seventies. "Believe it or not, we even had a Third World room—a space we could make our own, decorate the way we wanted to, a place to gather." The energy and vitality of this cohesive Black group infected the campus spirit. Aretha Franklin's and Ray Charles's sounds could be heard across the manicured lawns; poetry readings portrayed Black voices; and parties were dominated by a Black spirit. "We were so sure of ourselves, we invited the *whites* in!" The irony of their success as a strong and dynamic force on the campus is that it led to their own demise and failure. Soon there was little differentiation between Whites and Blacks. The boundaries that had helped them establish their identity and made them strong enough to reach out eroded, fading into blurred distinctions.

Now the Afro-American Coalition has become the Third World Cultural Group. The "Coalition" label was seen by faculty and students as an overly political symbol, and the "Afro-American" image was deemed as too exclusive. In its recent incarnation, the Third World Cultural Group is an integrated club, generously sprinkled with whites. With no clear identity or purpose, many say it should be disbanded. "It's not doing anything for anybody." Others say it should be expanded to include a more generalized service role. There are more than fifty people signed up for the the Third World Cultural Group—"It looks good on their college applications." However, rarely are there more than ten or twelve who show up at meetings. This year, a white girl seems to be a favorite choice in the slate of nominations for president—a far cry from the spirit and ideology of the early seventies.

All recognize that the transitions within St. Paul's are a reflection of changes beyond the walls of the school. With fewer cities bursting into flames, with a lessening in the threat of violence and force, and with a softening in the rhetoric of Black consciousness, the thrust of affirmative action has diminished. Additionally, many Blacks feel more reticent about becoming "sacrificial lambs." In the last several years, the Black applicant pool at St. Paul's has yielded fewer and fewer qualified students. Increasingly, prospective students have been turned off and in-

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timidated by approaches and images that have worked well with their more privileged and white counterparts. Since his return, one of Brown's major roles has been the recruitment of minority students. His active and sustained efforts have produced a significantly larger applicant pool that will bring fifteen third-form Black students to the school next fall—a major ripple in the still waters of St. Paul's.

Even those who have worried about the invisible and weakened status of Blacks at St. Paul's do not seem to be suggesting retrenchment or a return to isolation and separatism. But many Black students do speak of the need for a swelling of numbers and an encouragement (or at least validation) of togetherness. Group consciousness now seems to symbolize weakness rather than strength. The third- and fourth-form boys, who play junior varsity basketball together, have found a way to withstand these negative perceptions of their groupiness. They justify their togetherness by claiming that they have athletics, not necessarily race, in common. According to Brown, the Black girls have no such vehicle for group awareness, and so they suffer more from isolation at the school.

Class also divides the group. Most Black students come from working-class, urban backgrounds in New York, Chicago, and Boston. When they come to St. Paul's, they are overwhelmed by the abundance and plenty that surrounds them. At first, nothing is taken for granted. "They appreciate the green grass and woods; they appreciate the gym floor; they appreciate the room accommodations." It takes them almost a year to make the major cultural shift, cross the class/ethnic boundaries, and begin to feel comfortable. At the same time, they are required to make a difficult academic leap. Courses at St. Paul's demand a kind of thinking they may have never experienced in their prior schooling. "They've never had to think before." They are expected to be questioning and articulate, and their academic skills are not as practiced or sophisticated as their peers'. The dual demands of cultural assimilation and academic competence bear down on them with great force. It is amazing that they hang in, survive the onslaughts, and return the next year ready to face the challenges.

But where does this lead? Most likely, a prestigious college career will follow. Next fall, Cheryl will go to Amherst. Others have gone to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Williams. Stephen, the only Black boy in the sixth form, will not go immediately on to college. He'll travel to Spain with no clear plans, no job lined up, and no facility in Spanish. His career plans seem to be distantly related to his travels. He hopes one day to enter the foreign service, and he wants "to get Spanish under his belt." He seems apologetic about his vagueness, adrift and alone in the school.

Stephen and Cheryl will be sad when school ends and they will have to return to New York and Chicago for the summer. "We have no friends at home," they say. Away from their family and friends for four years, they are strangers at home, feel distant and awkward in their old neighborhoods, and will miss returning to the now-safe environment of St. Paul's. Their profound connection to the school, and their sense of disconnection and alienation from home, seem to be related to what Lester Brown describes as the "breeding of arrogance." He fears that successful accommodation by Blacks to St. Paul's means that they are likely to leave as "different people" with well-socialized feelings of entitlement and superiority borrowed from peers, from faculty, and from a culture that inevitably separates them from their own people and, perhaps, from themselves. The naturally smiling and open face of Lester Brown grimaces at the thought. He, too, feels implicated and guilty about his participation in this process of cultural and personal transformation.