Alfred I. duPont-Columbia University Awards were presented in the Rotunda of Low Library. Above: John Larson, correspondent, accepts the award for NBC News and Dateline’s “A Pattern of Suspicion,” an investigative report on racial profiling by policemen in Cincinnati and other cities. To his left stands Melanie Jaworski, journalist ’98, associate producer. Producers Andrew Lehren and Jason Samuels stand in the background. Most Leslye Stahl of CBS’ 60 Minutes sits at left.

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“Peter Brook has been devoted to the simplest and most elusive of ideas, namely that theater is not a result, but a search. Like Bokar, his search has been for truth. And like Bokar, he does not claim to have found it. But he and his company have ventured closer and closer to the essence of an art form.” —Gregory Mosher

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DuPont-Columbia Awards Ceremony in Low

On Jan. 13, the 2005 Alfred I. duPont-Columbia University Awards were presented in the Rotunda of Low Library. Above: John Larson, correspondent, accepts the award for NBC News and Dateline’s “A Pattern of Suspicion,” an investigative report on racial profiling by policemen in Cincinnati and other cities. To his left stands Melanie Jaworski, journalist ’98, associate producer. Producers Andrew Lehren and Jason Samuels stand in the background. Most Leslye Stahl of CBS’ 60 Minutes sits at left.

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Peter Brook and Company Head to Columbia continued from page 1

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The Humanities. This consisted of reading and discussing great books from Herodotus to Dostoevsky. Our instructor was Lionel Trilling. He had hazel eyes and a charming smile. He conducted the discussions graciously and always seemed to have something more to say than he actually revealed. The object of our reading seemed to be to find ideas we could argue about. Ideas were what we were after, not feelings or a sense of what is written. We were certainly not reading for pleasure. I kept finding things that pleased me; however, and Trilling corrected me every time. My pleasure in the work itself was not to the point. He brought the discussion back to the idea we were pursuing. It seemed that we were about to find it when the bell rang and our instructor vanished. On Monday next, it would be another book and another great idea.

I was also taking a course in English literature with Raymond Weaver. Weaver would make a dramatic entrance; then sit at his desk without saying a word for a minute or so. Then, glaring at a student and in a deep, resonant voice, he would launch a question. The questions were intended to mystify. Once when he did this—What is Aristotle’s Poetics about?”—I answered immediately, “How to write a play.” As this spoiled the suspense he was aiming at, he pretended not to have heard.

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Besides Contemporary Civilization, I was required to take a course called "The Humanities." This consisted of reading and discussing great books from Herodotus to Dostoevsky. Our instructor was Lionel Trilling. He had hazel eyes and a charming smile. He conducted the discussions graciously and always seemed to have something more to say than he actually revealed. The object of our reading seemed to be to find ideas we could argue about. Ideas were what we were after, not feelings or a sense of what is written. We were certainly not reading for pleasure. I kept finding things that pleased me; however, and Trilling corrected me every time. My pleasure in the work itself was not to the point. He brought the discussion back to the idea we were pursuing. It seemed that we were about to find it when the bell rang and our instructor vanished. On Monday next, it would be another book and another great idea.

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