Terry Van Dover 3/31/86 Jane Webb

(Married young; quickly saw that it wouldn't work out.) When I left him, he told me that he would be the first to laugh when I feel on my face. I said to him, I am not only going to leave but I am going to buy myself a sports car, a diamond ring and a fur coat. So I did. While I was married, I worked part time at a 7-11. It wasn't long before I knew I couldn't stay with him, and so I started working and working and working at the 7-11 and I eventually worked my way up to manager. I guess I was 21. And that;s where I got the money and that's where I got the money to go back to school.

When I left him he told me he didn't even want me to have his name. I didn't want it anyway, so I took my own back. I think even if I marry again I will keep my name.

□ chose CNC because it was close and it was cheap and I had gone to Thomas Nelson, taking two or three courses and I felt like it was just a big high school. I always got As but I didn't feel challenged at all. I had heard that CNC had a really good English Department—that was when Dr. Sanderlin was head of the Department. I think now it's not as hard or as strict as when Sanderlin was the chairman. That started when Dr. Millar did away with the automatic F.

□ enjoyed the Styron Scholars program. It got me into a lot of things I had not been intrdouced to, like "The Course" and the comet course I took from you and George. I won't say that I liked physics, but I'm glad I took it now. For the job I now have. And it looks good on the resume.

Eventually the courses made me think about different things. The people who were in the courses with me--I could see myself being different from the young students, and I could see how a person changes as he grows older and sees that things are not ever black and white but are really many shades of gray. There is not one answer for anything, but it is important to ask yourself to look at the different options, the different choices.

I liked being on the campus. \square liked the sesne of belonging, of having an identity. It made me feel good to walk along and everyone I passed knew me or knew something about me. I had a feeling of identity, of being someone special. That also made it hard to leave.

Øne of the nice things about college is the lack of responsibility. You get to start over again each semester. You wipe the slate clean and start over—you always have another chance. There were always so many things I wanted to take. I enjoyed working for the school paper. And it made me

exposed to other things—to the theatre, to music, to restuarants, because of the articles and reviews I had to write. And it was interesting, coming up with new opinions I had to express all the time.

The worst thing about CNC is that it is limited. Like the German Department where there is only one professor. You get tired of hearing the same old jokes, time after time, of only having him. And the number of courses is limited. Some courses only show up once every five years and then you can't take it. But I liked it being small. I would have felt lost in a larger school. As it was int he beginning—at first at CNC I was just a face in the crowd. I was determined to be a face that people knew.

I am happy—now that I am working. I spend one whole year being unemployed. Everyone in this world had been telling me the employers would snap me up—and in the real world, nobody snapped me up. All those people had been lying to me all this time. It's easy to excell in college once you know what to do, but those talents don't necessary get you a great job—or even any job.

Going to get a job, it's important to know the right people, to have perserverance, knowing where to look, and asking for help. I should have asked for help a lot sooner. Writing great term papers doesn't get you a great job.

I should have gotten a job at WVEC as a program assistant, who was going to do a lot of things like the time I spent at Newport News Cablevision. I think that they were looking for something different. I came across as a writer and they were looking more for a camera person. I think they thought I was just going for that job on my way to something else.

I wish that people who go to college would understand they aren't going there to get a job, that the purpose—theri purpose—should not be got get a job. College is where you go to learn to bat around ideas and to learn history and languages and that sort of things, and you should not care about getting just the right job when you get out. People who just want to do business should go to business colleges, not to a real college, and people who just want to do computers ought to go to technical school. I think that's really how things are in Europe, although I understand they're getting more like us now.

William and Mary--I got the form letter from them the same day I got a personal letter from you and that helped me decide. But I realized the William and Mary students weren't people like me. They were all 18, they were the children of alumni, they all had little alligators on their shirts. Although they may have more opportunity to learn--more courses. But I also felt a real identity by that time at CNC, and I just didn't want to start all over again.

I think I enjoyed most the people you got to know, especially the professors. If other students got to know the professors like I did, it would better their adventure. Most students are in awe of their professors. When they talk to them like a regular person they find out how real he is, with families, and the same kinds of problems everyone has. That relationship will stick more than the ones with fellow students. The professors can help you, not just while you're there but once you've gotten out of college, also. The people I've called on have been professors, and they've helped me.

(In studying Images of Madness in Styron's fiction,) I thought it wasn't legitimate to analyze the characters in psychological terms. They weren't real people, they were characters, and they'd been manipulated. But it was kind of fun in "Lie Down in Darkness" to know what kinds of games were being played. And it amazes me to know that a 26 year old person could write like that, could see life like that.