

SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame/ March 28, 1969

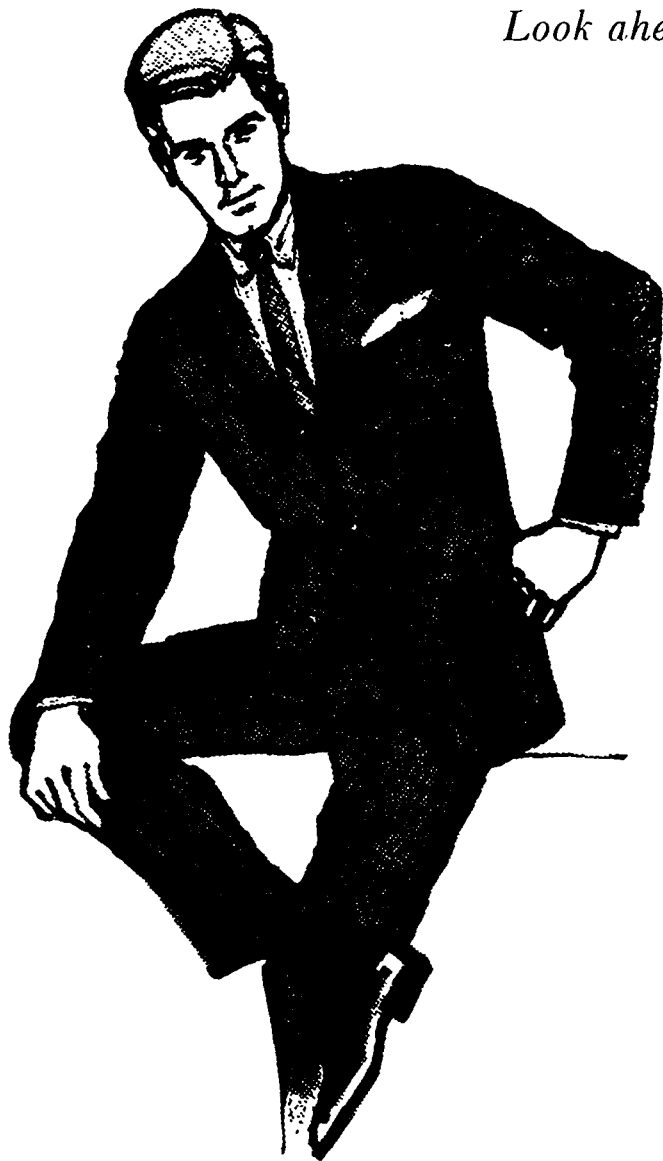


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This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
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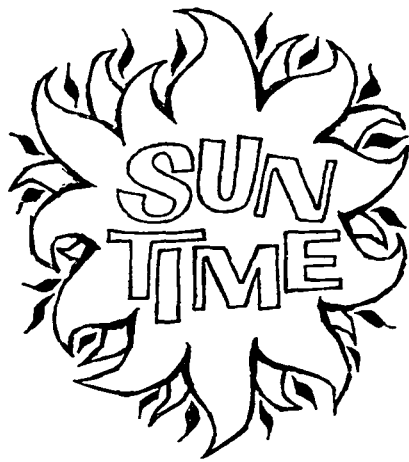
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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

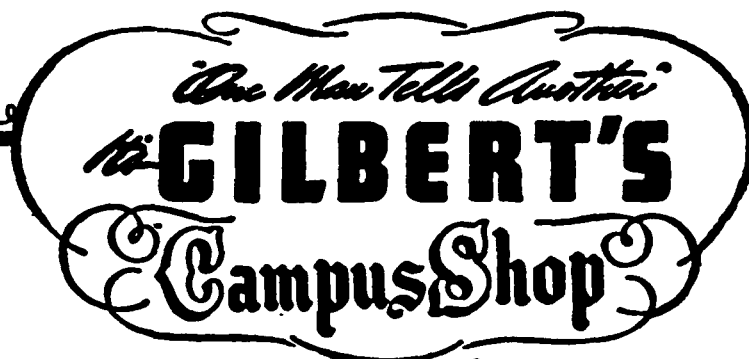


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ON THE CAMPUS...NOTRE DAME

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SCHOLASTIC

March 28, 1969 / Notre Dame, Indiana / Vol. 110, No. 19
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letters

The SCHOLASTIC welcomes letters from its readers on all topics of current concern. Letters should be addressed to William Cullen, Editor-in-chief; Scholastic; Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH HVS

EDITOR:

What's right with the Happy Valley Sanatorium? This is a question to which I reacted rather strongly last night at dinner, namely by dumping a bowl of porridge on my head and going into hysterics . . . and consequently, being released from the work detail, giving me a chance to assess the value and positive aspects of a life at HVS.

Sure, there are the pitfalls, but I, for one, know that I would hate to leave this place if ever I were released, feeling that the negative facets outweighed the positive, making the past fourteen years a waste!

Asking some of the other fellows this question, I got generally the same answer: they like Happy Valley because it's full of fun people like me.

A few of them mentioned the comfortable padding on the walls, the advantages of having a chamber pot in your room, the lawn, and the proximity of the Federal Penitentiary. Yet when they had calmed down, it all came back to the people! They come in all colors here, all shapes, sizes and degrees of violence. They come independently, at their family's requests, and by court order. The greatest part is that everyone has a different hang-up, a different part to play.

We have Ronnie, who lies under his bed on his back, painting a fresco on the underside of his mattress; we have Al, the Tangerine, and Gilbert, the King of Westphalia. There's Willard, the child molester, and Willy, the steamboat pilot, each with a role to play, a mystery to unfold. We have the new inmates, who aren't quite sure where they are; the schizoids, who aren't sure who they are; the retarded, who can't remember when they haven't been in a sanatorium — and the lifers, who can't quite believe they aren't ever getting out, and feel that they have outgrown the sanatorium just a bit.

We have the doctors, those who terrify us, and those who keep us in awe; yet in some form or another, they all attempt to reach us. And the

others . . . ? The various orderlies, nurses, their staffs.

And for the first time in the history of this institution, we have a chief staff doctor who has outflanked us, who has come forth *more* than half the way to listen, respect, and humor us.

Today, we find ourselves in the throes of a hysteria that will make or break the future of Happy Valley. The nuts on an oak tree could be likened to each of us! If we think independently and irrationally, psychotically and yet loyally, we will build a structure that will freak out the world! All this will be decided in how we degrade and ridicule each other.

Look about you — and make your world what you want it to be. If you decide you would like a well in the center of your cell, there can be one! Andrew Carnegie, whether he is Andrew Carnegie tomorrow or reverts to last week's Ambrose Bierce, has given much to Happy Valley without ever counting the cost. And perhaps the finest gift of all is the everyday belief in Desmond, the Easter Bunny!

If we can't have fun in this place, then why let yourself be committed in the first place?

Peter Petersen

WETTING THE REACTIONARY RUG

EDITOR:

Need one question why the ill-fated Untouchables of the cursed and averaged Majority suffer from intellectual dropsy and symptoms of withdrawal?

Why, plainly, the Statistician's Sandbox of Sleeping Dolts is just confused!

In Its muddled state of stagnation and political retardation, euphemistically called Conservatism, the Blond-Haired Hulk of Good Irish Potatoes Catholics has been shamefully deluded, villainously debauched, and now, finally, damningly dumped into the verbal vortex of a new thing called Thought.

First, our Father who art in the Administration Building suffers an attack of the spleen and slaps his 97% purebred Mute on the hand. Like a noble mastiff, docile only to his master, Amorphous Majority (and even that redeeming minority who have attained Buddha-Dhamma through meditation and campus publications) cringes, whines, and crawls

ignobly away, unconsciously conditioned not to wet the reactionary rug again.

And finally, the breaking point, if one could exist — Sweet Majority, Maker of the Laws and the Holy, is turned upon by its own! Premeditated Treason! With memories of the now-defunct Democratic Party lurking in their Ids and with Senator McCarthy still warm in their stomachs, they attack! The Eagles of the scout pack swoop down on the unsuspecting Webolos. Piercing the air with battle cries of "Community through Diversity" and "Life is just a bowl of Minorities," the disillusioned Davids confront and confuse the befuddled, crew-cut Goliath. Not only with their bold Nixon-like directness and their *Two Years Before the Mast* intensity (albeit these alone enough to fell any lesser Homogeneous Stratification), but also with their analytical arrows of detached doubletalk (an admirable few of which effectively tipped with the fatal poison of Commonus Sensia) the intellectuals' intellectuals cold-bloodedly do their thing.

And now our Majority, the Sociological Stillbirth that keeps on surviving, is down and out. On its right, Administration shouts, "A House divided cannot stand," while 3rd Floor La Fortune stands on its left whispering something about foundations and their sinking into mud.

J. J. Dwyer
324 Morrissey

OUT OF THE EARTHWOMB

An Open Letter to All Sensitive People of Conscience in the Motherland:

This is to inform you of the birth of Notre Dame-in-Exile or, Paradise Now, in San Francisco.

Since Father Hesburgh has by recent pronouncements exiled you from the land of the Virgin du Lac, we have seen the need to immediately establish Notre Dame-in-Exile. Those expelled, suspended or dismayed in their search for justice must be commended and welcomed. Leave your draft card with Rev. President, and crawl out of the earthwomb.

Peace, prayers, hair
and star-and-stripe-less flags,
Ned Allan Buchbinder
William C. Siska
Dan Lewis
1327 31st Ave., Apt. 1
San Francisco, Calyphornyuh 94122

Softly, We Will Leave You

Coming up with an illustration for the cover of an issue of this magazine probably ranks as one of the most difficult processes that the editors have to go through every week. For it involves translating into visual terms the key concept of the major feature stories inside, and we never seem to be really sure *whether the pictures and words we use on the cover actually do the job until we see the thing in the context of the whole magazine on Friday like everybody else.*

This week, however, it was easy. We came across the photograph of the earth from Apollo 8 quite by accident, in the process of working on another project, but we knew that it was the right illustration for this issue as soon as we saw it. The lines from T. S. Eliot about how the world goes came to mind almost as easily.

For, you see, the first feature on the extent of institutional violence, or war, coupled with the next three articles describing the horror of war, is meant to demonstrate the inacceptability of our history of war. The next article, an interview with Father Dunne, points out several lines of thought which indicate that we might, in fact, be able to learn from our mistakes, and therefore not have to take war as an inevitability. The final article on nonviolence presents the ideas behind the best-thought-out alternative to war that we now have.

However, none of those articles bring out as forcefully as that picture of our earth what must be done now. And that is, bluntly, to personally and emphatically reject Machiavelli's assertion that war is nothing but an extension of diplomacy.

There will always be conflicts between groups of people, and there will always have to be methods of resolving these conflicts. But viewing war as simply one means available to a party in the course of this resolution is no longer possible.

War has always been hell, we're told, but since August 6, 1945, that image has been so true as to become almost meaningless. We can't even begin to imagine what a megadeath—one million dead human beings—is all about.

Yet we continue, in what can only be described as a whimper, to measure out the drips and drabs of our humanity in terms of the minutes and months in which our intolerable, but "conventional" armed conflicts do not evolve into the final cataclysm.

It hurts pretty badly to have to make this concession in this context, but it may well be that we are foolish in even thinking that war can be stopped. Yet we have enough belief in man's rationality and his concern for his own self-interest to hope that we will see in our time the end of institutional violence.

For there is one thing that we are quite convinced of, and that is that unless war is renounced by the

peoples of the world starting now, we will never live to see our grandchildren.

This is not a matter of politics, it is a matter of life-style, in the broadest sense.

The point is this. No supply of conflict-resolving techniques other than war have been forthcoming, because there has never been a demand for them. There has not been a demand for them, because people have considered war at least an inevitable end to a serious conflict, and all too often, even a desirable one.

This is now insane. The survival of ourselves, our societies, and our humanity demands that this be stopped. And the only way that is going to happen is if, in the language of the bumper sticker, when wars are given, nobody comes. That's not facile, that's the only way out. The only way out.

Else, if some intelligence were to take a picture of our bright blue bauble on the cover in forty or fifty years, it won't look that way at all. The clouds will not swirl lazily, they will be whipped along by high-speed radioactive winds. The land will not undulate smoothly, it will be pockmarked by huge craters. The seas will not be the life-indicating green, but a slate gray. And the species that caused all this will have gone the way of their planet. They will be quite dead.

—Joel Garreau

"I'm sorry about your parade, sir. I guess I splashed on too much after shave."



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ND / news and notes

The Draftsman and the Divinity Student



IT ALL SUPPOSEDLY BEGAN last fall as the result of a "disorderly" demonstration at Oberlin College. At that time General Lewis Hershey, head of the Selective Service System, issued a letter to all draft boards maintaining that college students who physically interfere with military recruitment should forfeit their draft deferments and be subject to immediate induction into the armed forces (see Nov. 22 *SCHOLASTIC*). As the result of a recent Supreme Court decision, however, it seems unlikely that General Hershey or any draft board will ever be able to enforce that mandate.

In October of 1967, James J. Oestereich, who was then a divinity student at Andover Newton Theological Seminary, forwarded his draft card to his selective service board in Wyoming. Along with it he included a letter stating that he had chosen to do so on the basis of his right to intellectual freedom and his opposition to the war in Vietnam.

Shortly after this, Oestereich received a notice from his draft board stating that his draft status had been changed from the IV-D normally afforded to divinity students to a 1-A status as a result of his actions. After exhausting his appeal rights and passing through a myriad of judicial channels his case was presented before the Supreme Court through the efforts of the American Civil Liberties Union.

In handing down the 6-3 decision, it was maintained by the Court that a draft board could not withdraw Oestereich's deferment on "the basis of activities unrelated to granting or continuing of exemption." In other words, as long as Oestereich was in fact a divinity student he was entitled to a IV-D deferred status.

The decision is significant for a number of reasons. However, its primary importance rests in the fact that General Hershey had maintained that draft deferments should be given only when they served what he chose to define as "the national

interest." But according to this ruling by the Supreme Court and an interpretation of the 1967 Selective Service Act by Yale Law Professor John Griffiths, the President of the United States and, consequently, General Hershey to whom he delegates his power are *required* to provide deferments for certain groups of people among whom are divinity students and undergraduate students holding a II-S status. In the case of graduate students holding a II-S, however, participation in any unlawful protest may still result in their immediate induction into the armed forces because their draft status depends wholly on the discretion of their particular draft boards.

Because of the Oestereich case, the ACLU has begun to work for several reforms in the Selective Service Act of 1967. Among other things they have recommended that an amendment be made which would require that at least one-third of the members of any local draft board be chosen from people who have not been in the military service. They also maintain that the local draft board's ethnic composition should be made to correspond to the districts over which it presides. Finally, they feel that before assuming their respective positions, all draft board members should receive training in Selective Service law.

—T. W.

Tandem Accelerators, Intestinal Transports, and Axenic Animals

DURING FEBRUARY NOTRE DAME received a total of \$762,538 for research, equipment, and educational programs. The greater proportion of that total is represented in the \$592,989 grant from the U.S. Office of Education for the construction of the biology section of the Life Science Center, an addition to the present Lobund facilities. According to Dr. Francis Kobayashi, assistant vice president for Research and Sponsored Programs, the new structure will be used to house ongoing research.

The largest single research grant, \$75,000, was awarded to Drs. Cornelius P. Browne, Paul R. Chagnon, Sperry E. Darden, Walter C. Miller, and A. Andre Rollefson by the Office of Naval Research. The nuclear

physics team is studying nuclear structure and the reactions induced by bombarding atomic nuclei with various particles or beams of particles from the University's electrostatic and tandem accelerators. According to Dr. Darden, the research is purely for knowledge, no strings attached, and, that as of now, there are no known practical applications.

When asked why the Navy was interested in funding the project, Dr. Darden pointed out that the National Science Foundation was actually providing 80% of the finances. He suggested that the Department of Defense was simply interested in keeping contact with the scientific community. Dr. Ernest Eliel explained that after World War II that department found that their store of

fundamental information had been depleted, and they have since been supporting basic research in an effort to rebuild their reserves. It seems though that the recent trend has been to cut back in this area. Drs. Kobayashi and Eliel further stated that to the best of their knowledge there was no ongoing classified research at Notre Dame.

Dr. Eliel's recent grant of \$21,361 from the Army Research Office for the study of the molecular structure of 1,3 dithiane and 1,3 diazane derivatives may have some application to radiation protection.

The other large grant, \$20,500, went to Dr. Tomoaki Asano for the study of intestinal transport in axenic animals.

—J. K.

In the Beginning . . .

Last week the SCHOLASTIC reprinted an article from the old Religious Bulletin which featured an unusual juxtaposition of the number of daily Masses and Communions with football successes and "school spirit." However, after Notre Dame lost a second game to Indiana, Communion totals dropped off. The Bulletin's October 25, 1950, issue exhorts an even greater effort at the altar rail in an article called MASS Formation for the Team Saturday.

"It is one thing to say that good sportsmanship is good religion. It is another thing to shout up your sleeve that Purdue and Indiana deserved to win, which they did. But it is something quite different to grumble that Notre Dame deserved to lose.

"After the Purdue game at least 2,010 [The number of communicants the following Sunday. Ed.] knew we have a football team. After the Indiana game 1,487 still clung to

the hope that we have a winner. The others don't believe that the altar rail is a fitting place to pray for temporal favors. . . .

"The best way to wreck a season is to prove that you do not deserve a winning team, that you are ungrateful and can't stand victory. Two defeats knocked the seniors back on their heels. They had hoped to graduate without seeing Notre Dame beaten. Let them shift the weight to their knees — may the student body follow their good example.

"We will try once again. MASS formation for the team Saturday. Back in 1933, when Notre Dame lost 5 games, and when there was lots of spirit on the campus, the Student Council and the Blue Circle organized a calling brigade which visited every room on the campus at 6:00 in the morning on the days when the team played. . . . And on the night before no student dared remain in his room when the football rally was in progress. The high-brows became low-brows and

cheered for ol' Notre Dame.

"Those were the days of faith, hope and charity. Will history repeat itself? Not if the lounge lizards have anything to do with it."

By the next issue of the Bulletin, October 30, things had picked up. Some sophomores or freshmen had been taken with religion or spirit — the distinction is not clear — and had made a nuisance of themselves that weekend in South Bend. The Bulletin responds with "Controlled Enthusiasm or Hoodlumnism — Which?" an exhortation to moderation.

"A review of certain events of the past week is in order. It will remain just between ourselves. You have done some things wisely, others unwisely. You realized the importance of school spirit, and made plans to bolster it before it waned and died. The number of Holy Communions increased somewhat — but Mass attendance did improve considerably. A team riddled with injuries has a special claim to your prayers.

"Okay — but your response could

Leroi Jones: A Separate Understanding of the World



LEROI JONES CAME TO Notre Dame last Sunday to speak to the Afro-Americans and he had an audience of a thousand whites, along with eighty blacks. For one hour he never raised his eyes from the center section of Washington Hall; he never once spoke of whites or blacks, but only of us and them. Nevertheless, he was a poet foremost and he engaged all the audience, much as Ginsberg did six weeks ago. Again, most of the audience understood little of what he said, but the blood of the poet grew in force from mind into soul.

The rhythms Jones used appealed to all of his audience; his voice swept its full range and in his poetry-reading he moved freely from song to chant to straight reading. He began: "We want to say a couple of things and then we want to say a couple of other things" and the easy rhythms of the poet followed through the talk, unclouded by political rhetoric.

He spoke of a black nation existing in captivity in America, of its race, its culture and its consciousness. "We had a war and we lost it — nothing mystical about that." He explained clearly that he has no

interest in atavism, that black nationalism is not beknighted primitivism. "We are not violent. We are not nonviolent. We are people."

"We are separated in the ghettos, we have separate intelligences and separate understandings of the world." The most distinctive part of black culture (a culture which exists whether blacks are aware of it or not) is the place of the artist in it — a vital intimate place. "There is no separation between the artist and where he has been and where he is going. That's the schizophrenia of the European artist." He spoke of the organic unity of the black nation and his poetry grew in its utopian vision of the black race ruling the earth. The whites are cast as old and degenerate and soft, lustful and gluttoned and wasteful. Black consciousness must arise to finally destroy the existential perversion that Western thought is lost in — the perversion of Ionesco, Cocteau and Sartre. The black man is in no existential dilemma; he is simply oppressed. As he said in his poems to his black brothers: "Open you full up. . . . Change to the actual energy of being."

—M. P. O'C.

have been much better. October adoration fell down miserably last week. Attendance at Rosary and Benediction Friday was 51% less than the day before. Juniors and seniors woefully neglected their adoration periods. Brother Boniface and an old lady from South Bend substituted for your slights to Our Lord.

"Your reception of Holy Communion Saturday would have been very much better, for instance, had you stayed on campus Friday night and gone to confession, instead of snake dancing around town, tom-tom serenading much of the night out here, making nuisances of yourselves in general and blockheads of yourselves in particular.

"You were right in your aroused enthusiasm for the team that needs your prayers, but your method of showing it went out of bounds except at the altar rail. The pep rally was all right too — great stuff! Yet it wasn't enough for the hoodlums who could not restrain their post-adolescent urge to sate themselves

in an emotional binge. Good sportsmanship will always be good religion. School spirit at Notre Dame has its religious aspects which we try to keep uppermost in your mind. If Notre Dame ever sets aside this aspect, it will mean that she has lost the 'spirit' that has guided her like a light to this very day. . . .

"If principles mean anything at all — stand pat on them. There are certain definable limits to your actions. If you keep these in mind and follow them, your actions will be above reproach, your conduct will be representative of the institutions you stand for — your family, your school, your Church.

"What are these limits? They are set by the Ten Commandments of God, the Precepts of the Church, the traditions of the University, and family honor. Among the Ten Commandments are the Fourth and the Seventh. By the Fourth we are obliged to show due respect to all superiors — parents, civil and school authorities, priests and religious.

And by the Seventh we are bound to respect the property rights of others.

"The University never has tolerated and cannot in conscience ever tolerate disregard for these Commandments. The University wants you to have good times — lots of them — but the right kind of fun. The University cannot condone crashing theatres, tipping cars, rowdy behavior. In the late twenty's, a Notre Dame student was killed during a welcome-the-team-back celebration. We have no assurances that another will not be hurt if wrong leaders pull you around by the nose. Enter into your festivities wholeheartedly, but suppress just as wholeheartedly any spontaneous deviation from them that would transgress the limits set above, and all will be well. Notre Dame wants you to shout — with shouts that burst from clean hearts. But she does not want hysterical freshmen or wild-eyed sophomores on the loose."

—T. P.

Ninety-Nine Kline in 35th Season



SPRING IS MANY THINGS to many people, and Notre Dame is no different. While there are those who are living for Easter vacation a select group is turning its attention to sports, and devoting much time and energy to limbering up muscles and

moves that have long lain dormant under the snows and gusts of winter. Take, for instance, the baseball team — that hard working and little publicized group that seems to exist on an almost subterranean level nowadays. Coach Jake ("99") Kline, going into his 35th year of coaching, has some outstanding prospects to work with. And work he does.

Weather permitting, the team may be seen daily from 3:30 to 5:00 at the outside field, working on fundamentals, drills, or maybe an intrasquad game. In case of rain, Jake and his boys move the scene to the old fieldhouse for the workouts.

This year sees a new addition to head coach Kline's staff in the person of new assistant John Counsell, a 1964 Notre Dame baseball captain and a former 350 hitter for the Irish. These two men are developing a cohesive unit of ball players, based on a core of 13 veterans out of a number approximating 30. This year, basketball players Bob Arnzen and Tom Sinnot, along with lettermen Bob Jaeger, Jim Phelps and Nick Furlong, shape up as the pitching nucleus that will attempt to better last year's 13-10 record.

Backing these men up, it appears

as if the rest of the team will consist of six veterans and three sophomores. At first base, two-year starter Dick Licini (.284) is back. Nick Scarpelli, last season's big stick (.329) has got a firm hold on the second base position. Rounding out the infield are sophomore Phil Krill and Tom Lux (.320).

The outfield will be anchored by centerfielder Dick Lucke (.308), Bob Voitier (.289) in right, and sophomore Jim Gieselman in left. The other sophomore making a bid for a starting berth is Jim Wright.

These men will begin plying their trade in a spring trip to Texas over Easter vacation where they will play seven games around the Austin-San Antonio area. Upon their return to South Bend, the team will open their regular schedule on April 14 at Detroit, and play their first home game April 18 against Bowling Green. These games start during the week at 3 pm, and on weekends at 2 pm. Those of you who would like to have a unique experience in these days of huge publicity and sporting conglomerates, would do well to drop in on one of these games and watch baseball being played at its best.

—M. H.

Reach Out and Grab



"EVERY CITY NEEDS TO have a progressive annexation procedure for a healthy environment, like Milwaukee, a classic example. The only way we have to go is to the north." With these words Mayor Lloyd Allen of South Bend explained plans to move Notre Dame into the city rather than moving a city to ND as the Gilbert's Suburban Coat ad suggests.

Mayor Allen in trying to justify the annexation plans reported that SB is already providing city services like police and fire protection. "Of course, there is the financial advantage too. The state distributes the state gasoline and cigarette tax based on the population. The law provides that students will be counted in the area in which they spend most of their time. So we must act now before the 1970 census since the tax distribution is fixed for ten years hence based on that census."

Allen plans to carry out the annexation of the Notre Dame area by an adoption of an ordinance by the SB Common Council. "Action like this requires unilateral action," commented Mayor Allen. "Notre Dame really has no say in the matter except through court action."

According to Indiana law the inhabitants of an area do not vote on the proposal, but it must be mutually beneficial. Here is the rub. There are serious doubts as to the benefits of the plan.

Mr. Philip J. Faccenda, special assistant to Fr. Hesburgh, reported that the University has not decided as yet what specific action to take, but the administration and trustees are not happy about the unilateral action. Mr. Faccenda said, "There are so many issues involved in this

question. I don't think any of them have been considered at length. For instance, there are at least five owners involved in the area under question. I don't think any of them have been legally notified."

Also there is serious doubt as to the mayor's statement that students are counted as residents of this area by the Census Bureau. This would bring up all sorts of problems: voting privileges, tax obligations, etc. When asked if students were indeed counted as area residents in the census, Mr. Faccenda said, "I don't know that that is a fact. If it is, it is a recent interpretation of the law. I'm not saying that the mayor's position is incorrect. I'd just like to see the citations in this regard."

There are again debatable points concerning the city services the mayor claims are given to the University. Mr. Faccenda said that the fire station on Notre Dame Avenue was given to SB by the University many years ago and actually serves as the basis for a reciprocal agreement whereby the city and University will come to one another's aid. Just recently when the city decided to abandon the station, the University gave the station for a neighborhood program on the condition that if it is not used, it will revert back to the University. In this regard ND's aid just might outweigh SB's contribution.

Moreover, Mr. Faccenda seemed to think the pros and cons of the situation had not been adequately weighed. "They tend to view us as a plant like Bendix or Studebaker." But the students are not like plant workers who go to their homes at night. The students live here. "If they are to be called citizens, then they have rights for protection. You can't say 'citizens' in one sense and then not in another." Mr. Faccenda further added that the cost of ND security is more than three times what the city would gain, not even considering the cost of the fire department. Thus it would gain with these two services.

The whole affair seems like an inadequately planned "reach out and grab" cure-all for South Bend without considering the problems involved. As Mr. Faccenda said, "According to Indiana law, the annexation must benefit both parties. It is hard to see where it would benefit us." It might be added, that it is hard to see where it would benefit South Bend.

—J. Z.

A Narrow Time



DR. RALPH MCINERNY, a Notre Dame philosophy teacher who writes fiction, has given birth to his second novel. It was not a labored birth, and McInerny says that his special brand of creativity is a fun thing to endure. In an age when epistles are mod and philosophers write monuments to the death of man, Dr. McInerny has been content to tell funny stories.

His latest begins with a dead child and relates the guilt felt by its parents in an antic sort of way. McInerny shuns the label of black comedy because his fable is not really satire but an expression of truth in a new mode.

A Narrow Time involves modern American parenthood with the usual amount of affairs. McInerny believes that though the average middle-class male may be tied down and beaten into submission, he doesn't really have anything better to do. Even tropic islands have their bad points. McInerny expresses this fact by making his hero swallow a bottle of contraceptives belonging to a former nun. The pills only make the hero sick and the nun brings new responsibilities. Thus suicide and tropic islands aren't even answers, if answers are to be found.

McInerny's first novel was considered funny but unoriginal by the critics. His present novel is again rather funny, but black comedy being out of fashion by this time, his work is certain to be classified as repetitious. McInerny, however, has a special gleam in his eye when he mentions his third novel. It is to be a panoramic novel of the Catholic Church in America today. He likes to talk about people saying Mass in the trunk rooms of seminaries and the sacrificial offering of green book bags.

Ralph McInerny is a man who likes to have fun with his responsibilities.

—M. Ki.

SMC / the week in review

Student Participation in Academic Committees

DEVELOPMENTS IN SMC's community government are moving into the academic sphere this week as recommendations from two sources are presented to the college.

Student participation on the academic committees of the college has been considered for some time, but February's Rank and Tenure confrontation catalyzed the movement.

The first step was the formation last December of an Ad Hoc Committee on Student Participation on Academic Committees, a faculty group of six to which six students were subsequently invited. Three degrees of participation were reviewed: student voice on relevant issues at committee meetings, the privilege of asking to have material placed on the agenda, and student voting power on the committees.

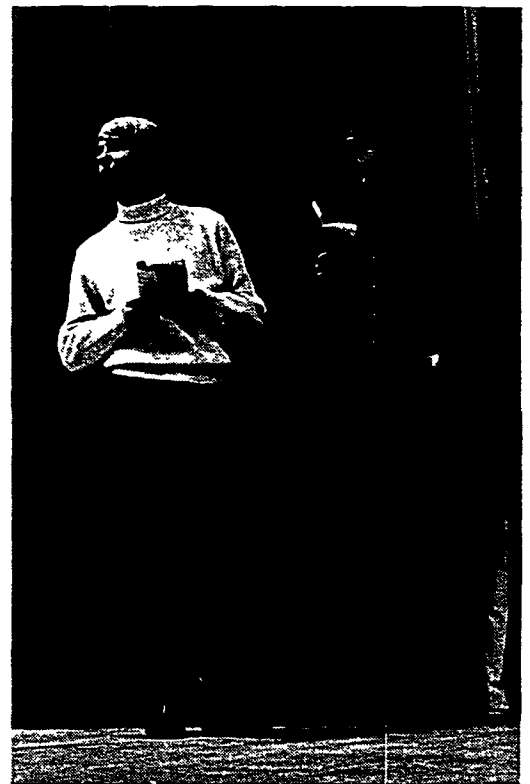
Wherever the Ad Hoc Committee recommended participation in all three areas, students are designated as "full members" of the committees. Full membership is slated for four academic committees, while on the Academic Standing, Admissions and Scholarship Committees, student

participation is reserved for policy discussion only, not for reviewing individual cases.

The local chapter of the AAUP is also discussing student roles. But as Dr. William Hickey, chairman of the local chapter comments, "The specific recommendation could very well be that there will be no student participation." Dr. Hickey is also chairman of the Rank and Tenure Committee, the group on which the Ad Hoc Committee is withholding their own recommendation. Because Rank and Tenure is designated for restructuring, the Ad Hoc Committee is deferring to the AAUP recommendation. Dr. Hickey views student involvement on the Rank and Tenure Committee in the form of a "summary recommendation" drawn up by the department majors and presented in committee by the department chairman.

The Ad Hoc Committee's recommendations will be voted upon by the Faculty Assembly and the student body.

— J. D.



"I Wonder What the King Is Doing Tonight"

Panty Raid '69: A Sign of the Times



EN ROUTE TO SAINT Mary's a group of about 20 freshmen was impressed by the need to make their first panty raid one of definite distinction. So they removed the large Saint Mary's College sign which stands at the main entrance. One problem, however, did remain: where does one display such a large, unwieldy sign of conquest?

Due to the lateness of the hour, the sign was placed in a semi-private

locale in Stanford. It was not private enough to escape the attention of one rather irate janitor. It was then decided that the sign must be displayed for the benefit of the student community.

The next night, the sign, the eight students required to carry it, and a number of spectators proceeded to the North Dining Hall. According to one of the group, "We were on the roof, and I was just beginning to tie the ropes when the cops came. They had hidden in the bushes, and then came out when we all got up there. There were four of them, and they all began to shout, 'OK, you're all surrounded. We've got you covered. Come on down.'"

According to the previously devised plan for escape in case of trouble, they all scattered, taking a two-story drop and heading for Stanford. However one group member was taken into custody by the efficient campus police, and the sign has now been returned to its original location.

— M. E. S.

SEVENTY-EIGHT TILTERS, smiters, peons and trees are pursuing the elusive right through might in ND-SMC's most ambitious production of the season, Lerner and Lowe's *Camelot*.

Although Publicity and Promotions Director John Sheehan terms it "the simplest production of *Camelot* that anyone's ever tried," set designer William Byrd's primeval forest appears to refute that. In line with director Reginald Bain's insistence on using the entire theater, the audience will have to cleave their way through the foliage from the lobby to their seats. Consistent with total environmental involvement, the "Lusty Month of May" scene will probably be staged in the audience. Even the orchestra will be costumed and mobile as they shift stage positions on a pageant wagon.

Making *Camelot* his "fleeting wisp of glory," Lance Davis plays Arthur. Tom Broderick as Lancelot smites for right and for Phyllis Redgate, Guinevere. But perhaps Bain's most inventive casting is King Pellinore's sheep dog. "But in *Camelot*, that's how conditions are."

— J. D.

on other campuses

THE QUESTION of a University Senate has been discussed, degraded, and attacked often over the last month here at "The Great Midwestern Catholic University." At other schools—not so timid and not so staid—the idea has advanced somewhat father.

The Cox Commission has urged the formation of a University Senate at Columbia, stating that its existence might have prevented last spring's disturbances there.

At Valparaiso, somewhat closer to TGMWCU, students have won a voice in the "University" Senate, which has been something similar to TGMWCU's Faculty Senate, but with greater powers.

At the University of New Hampshire, a 13-man committee proposed early this month that a University Senate be established as the "only legislative body for university-wide policy." The UNH plan recommended that the Senate be composed of 77 members—30 faculty members, 30 undergraduates, 12 administrators, and 5 graduate students. The administration members would all be *ex officio*, while the student and faculty members would be elected.

BLACK STUDENTS at Duke University, protesting "inhuman conditions" withdrew from the University earlier this month.

The Afro-American Society announced that 23 of Duke's 77 black students would withdraw immediately, and 17 more will leave at the end of the semester.

The decision to withdraw came after the Afro-Americans had limited their options to three, which senior Chuck Hopkins outlined as: "One, we could remain and disavow ourselves from the University. Two, we could destroy the place. Three, we could withdraw from Duke, refusing to legitimize an illegitimate system."

After choosing the latter course he said, "We will put an end to the constant destruction of our minds and humanity. We will establish a Malcolm X Liberation School."

THERE IS GOING to be a student disruption at Fordham University next month. The disruption on the Bronx campus will be in support of the capitalist system, however, not against it.

An internationally known radical organization, Paramount Pictures, will sponsor the disruption. The cause will be the filming of *On A Clear Day You Can See Forever*, which stars Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand.

Fordham agreed to permit the use of its campus after Columbia University refused to permit its campus to be used because it "did not

want to unduly alter the normal atmosphere." As a result of the agreement, Paramount will set up two \$2,500 scholarships for minority groups at Fordham.

Student extras, approximately 100, will be used in the scene. They will receive the standard minimum wage for an eight-hour day, \$29. The students are being urged to volunteer their services, with their pay donated to another scholarship for black students. Paramount has agreed to match student contributions toward the scholarship.

HOLY CROSS is thinking of taking the plunge in 1971. The faculty of the college have received reports from three separate committees favoring co-education at Holy Cross.

Faculty sources indicate that few changes in curriculum, courses or faculty composition would be required by the move.

A college spokesman said the school plans to poll alumni as well as students and faculty before making any recommendation to the trustees. Some faculty members suggested that Holy Cross postpone any decision until the results of Yale's transformation to co-education are studied.

—Steve Novak

feiffer

I KNOW
WHAT I
WANT
OUT OF
LIFE.



EVERYTHING!



BUT PEOPLE
ARE ALWAYS
TELLING ME
NOBODY
CAN HAVE
EVERYTHING.



AND THAT
I HAVE
TO SETTLE
FOR LESS.



THAT EVEN
MOVIE
STARS
HAVE TO
SETTLE
FOR LESS.



AND JET
SETTERS
HAVE TO
SETTLE FOR
LESS.



I WOULDN'T
MIND SETTLING
FOR LESS.



IF I JUST KNEW IT
WAS MOST
OTHER PEOPLE'S
EVERYTHING.



Dir. Fellini/Int'l Syndicate 1969

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Ancestral Voices Propheying War

by Thomas Payne

WAR IN Vietnam. War in Nigeria. War in Palestine. War in Yemen. War in 1950, war in 1939, war in 1914, war in 1870 . . . war in 3000 B.C.

War is something of a recurrent phenomenon. There's been alot of it—check the newspapers or the history books if you don't believe it. Some of the reasons for deciding to war have been very silly. In the 18th century, England and Spain went to war over a pirate's ear, and in 1852, Russia went to war with France and England over the right to run the shrines in the Holy Land.

Of course, this really isn't the reason why those countries went to war. There were higher issues involved if one views it from an historical perspective. Spain and England clashed over colonial policy, and the war for the Holy Land was really a war over Russian imperial design on the eastern Mediterranean basin.

But if we examine these "higher" reasons, they seem pretty silly too. For all the blood at Sebastapol, a Russian fleet now harbors in the United Arab Republic, and the Spanish and British colonial empires are long gone.

Many other aspects of human existence are, of course, similarly tragic and futile. If one chooses to document the failures of mankind, he could very well include broken marriages, poverty, insanity, general social and economic disorientation . . . the list goes on. For all his accomplishments, for all his computers and jets and flights to the moon, for all his psychology and sociology and theology and philosophy, man still has not progressed very far at certain levels.

So why then all this concern for war now? The tremendous destruction and loss of life involved is certainly one reason. The losses of a World War II will stay with us always—the concept of megadeaths that is used to describe the effect of the next world war is incredible; it is impossible to grasp. How many people have come to grips with the meaning of even one death, much less one *million* deaths.

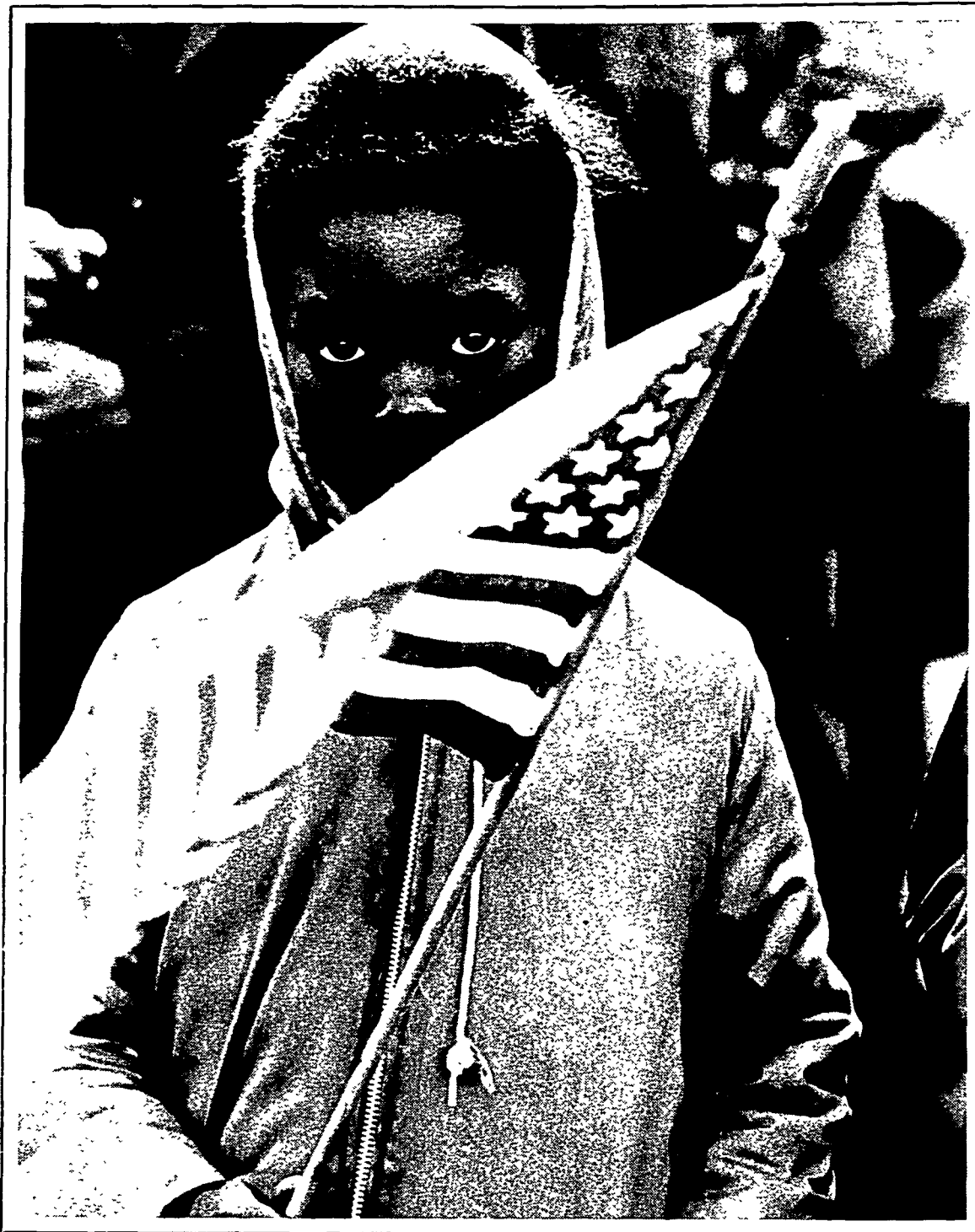
More than this, war concerns man because it involves an incredible sense of frustration and is a gruesome reflection of the tragic flaws in his nature. Man prepares war: he saves for it, trains for it, taxes himself for it, burns up the hard earned savings of peace for it, enters into it through a conscious act of the will—knowing all the while what it will entail. Man, the creature endowed with the sublime gift of reason, uses his thinking and planning abilities to create for himself a hell on earth.

Men, of course, are violent, and there probably is little that can be done about the fact that individuals will act heatedly, emotionally, and violently. Whether one believes in a primal fall, a radically egocentric man, or a blindly selfish id, one sees the difficulty, if not impossibility, of destroying the tendency towards casual acts of violence which exists in the soul of man—unless, of course, one were to propose a system of psychological controls resembling Orwell's *1984*.

However the question of whether or not the institutional violence of war can be eliminated remains. Mankind has reached the point where the decision to commit one's forces to battle can no longer be made upon a calculation of projected profits and losses, for the destructiveness of modern war makes everyone a loser.

Even short of nuclear conflict, war in a world as small as ours destroys something in everyone, whether it be by sapping the quality of the society he lives in, shaking his confidence in the ethical system he believes in, or actually by the killing or maiming of his person at the hand of some stranger who has been designated as the enemy.

And yet, war is always entered into after premeditation, planning, preparation. For this reason, modern man, if he is to survive, must find a way to avoid taking the final step. □



THE UNACCEPTABILITY OF WAR: SOCIETY

Divided We Stand

by Joel Connelly

Combatants and those who have to decide whether or not they will serve as such are not the only ones whose lives are affected by war. Vietnam is 8,000 miles away, but the war there has profoundly affected our society, and thus the quality of all our lives.

ONE MAY ARGUE that war dominates man, but the contention is proven only by looking at specific wars and specific societies. As a result of Vietnam, we may study the effects of war in the context of the United States today. What effect has it had upon the individual? Has the fabric of American society been torn by conflict?

Late last summer I went out for a few drinks with an old high school friend just back from Vietnam. I began talking about television scenes I had seen of Saigon after the Tet offensive, expressing outrage at U.S. blanket bombing policies of civilian areas. My friend chuckled.

"If you think what we did to Cholon was bad you should get a look at what we do to captured V.C. north of Saigon. The practice is to take three Gooks up in a Huey helicopter in which the door is open. They ask 'em to talk. If they refuse one is thrown out of the helicopter at an altitude of 1,500 feet. If no answers are forthcoming they throw a second Gook out. Inevitably the third talks. That's interrogation — Vietnam style."

I was appalled, and sat in silence as this guy that I once went to school with almost automatically ticked off a long list of tortures used to make the "Gooks" give information in battlefield situations. He ended with the comment, "What our guys do isn't half as much as what the Arvins [South Vietnamese troops, ed.] do in making them confess."

Later that evening I sat down and tried to coldly analyze my outrage over what I had heard. I discovered that I was not alone in either the degree or nature

of my feelings. I thought back to the looks on peoples' faces in the law school lounge when they saw U.S. jets dumping bomb loads on Saigon suburbs during Tet. I remembered the effect on many of America's most distinguished church leaders when CBS ran a film clip showing U.S. Marines systematically burning down a village suspected of harboring V.C. and recorded the epic comment from the captain in charge: "We had to destroy this village in order to save it."

These events which came to mind last August, plus the experience I had with the friend who was just back from battle, illustrate what has become a national phenomenon in the last three years. There is revulsion with this war, revulsion among every group in our population but especially among the young. This revulsion goes far beyond disagreement with policy. In fact, it has triggered much of that disagreement. People are simply disgusted with what they see going on.

Vietnam is the first major war in history to be televised. In World War II the home front was able to read an endless number of doctored accounts of what was going on. Heroism was stressed and horror, especially if we were responsible for it, ignored. Complex situations were ignored in what one saw in print. In fact, only twenty years after the event do we learn that the bombing of Dresden was ordered by Churchill in part to convince the Russians, nearing the city from the east, of the effects of Western airpower. In World War II, our cause was good and our actions were extolled. No doubts were ever expressed in print, and newsreels dwelt on Jap Zeros being blasted out of the sky and the smiles of the liberated.

The current war is something far, far different. Our motives are more open to question than with any other American war in this century. However, more importantly, our actions in time of war have been exposed as never before in history. People have had the opportunity to see what is being done in the "defense of free peoples." The bombings, the slaughter of civilians, all has been flashed across our television screens every night.

The result was at first what commentators referred to as a "deep unease" about the course of events in Vietnam. This in itself was unusual, since post-World War II foreign policy has been for the most part bipartisan. Rarely had there been any basic questioning of such goals as "stopping communism" and "containment of China." Now, however, people were aroused and began to ask "Why are we there?" and "What are we doing?" Some protested, but most simply felt uneasy with what was taking place.

The nation looked to the government for an explanation. The government in turn resorted to old arguments about "defending free peoples" and "stopping aggression." The Johnson Administration assured the country that the war would be won in a matter of months. However, victory was not achieved even as thousands of servicemen perished. On the screen the horror of the war was brought home more and more. Those who questioned began to doubt. Those in doubt were transformed into active opponents of the war.

By early 1968 the promises of the nation's leadership lay in ashes. The "enemy" in Vietnam unleashed a massive offensive even as the Administration boasted of victory. In order to crush resistance in the cities, American bombers blasted the homes and the people our nation was supposedly fighting to save.

The war reached its zenith of unpopularity. Poll after poll showed huge majorities responding affirmatively when asked if it had been a mistake to become involved in Vietnam. More importantly the people of

the United States had become, and still are, alienated from the leadership of the country. Primary after primary saw more than 80% of the voters reject the Administration. The President could not travel anywhere in the nation for fear of hostile demonstrations. He was finally compelled to withdraw from competition for reelection, but even then was unable to appear before the convention of his own party for fear of outbursts in the hall and in the streets.

THE ALIENATION of people towards leaders persists today even though the national leadership is different. The early months of 1969 have seen a nationwide reaction against construction of a new tool of war — the hitherto popular antiballistic missile. The incoming President gets a cautious vote of confidence from 60% of the people. But even in his first days in office, 40% are unwilling to express approval of his actions. According to all indications, Nixon is looked upon with suspicion. Commentators say he will be suspected until a peace settlement is reached. If no such settlement is forthcoming, according to former Kennedy press secretary Frank Mankiewicz, "Nixon will be unable to go on."

War has left the people alienated from and distrustful towards their leadership. But what of their attitudes towards each other? On taking office in 1961 President John F. Kennedy pleaded for unity and an end to strife. However, if we look at the state of the country today, class and race conflicts are at a new high.

Opposition to the Vietnam war has arisen from both the campuses and the suburbs of the upper middle class. The educated in America were the first to worry, the first to express dissatisfaction with old myths, and the first to take to the streets. The affluent youth of the colleges of the U.S., expressing a dedication for the moral over the material, took to the streets as early as the spring of 1965. They were soon followed by the young professional people and educators, who a decade earlier had labored in the campaigns of Adlai Stevenson. The students and the suburbanites, the latter greatly increased since the 1950's stood against the war. By April of 1967 they would march 250,000 strong in New York protest parades.

But where was support for the war coming from? Who tramped down Fifth Avenue in the "Support Our Boys!" parades? In large part the Vietnam war has been fought by poorly educated lower-middle-class whites and blacks. From the former group came the patriotic affirmations, but also the reactions. The labor unions not only endorsed Johnson's war policies, but stridently denounced those in dissent. Those screaming out for intensification of effort did not organize escalation rallies, but rather attacked those marching for peace, as in a 1966 New York peace rally, where a flying wedge of 25 husky youths in Catholic high school letter jackets smashed into a group of suburban matrons from Women Strike for Peace.

The reactions grew with the protests and the war. The lower-middle classes found a hero in George Wallace, and cheered lustily as the former Alabama governor promised to suppress the "hippie students, demonstrators, and phony intellectuals." The culmination of reaction came in August of 1968 at the Chicago Convention. A crowd of 5,000 students outside the Conrad Hilton Hotel was attacked without provocation by the Chicago police. The good lower-middle-class citizens of Cicero and Bridgeport clubbed and maced the upper-middle-class students from Shaker Heights, Evanston, and Ann Arbor.

THE CLASS CONFLICT persists today. A recent Harris survey showed that the white working class, next to the blacks, is the most alienated group in America. Their resentment is directed at those who are better educated and more insulated from the turmoil of the cities. It has been accentuated by the war. Rather than bringing America together in a cause, Vietnam has divided her along class lines.

The greatest division in America is between white and black. It is racial, of course, but it is also economic. White America earns on the average \$9,000 a year. White America has a house in the suburbs and two cars in the garage. The black man, on the other hand, more often than not exists in a ghetto without even the sham assurance of "equal opportunity." He receives an inadequate education, an education in the history and society of the white, and moves on to service employment.

Before the war began in earnest there was some indication of better days to come. It was apparent that all the civil rights laws in the world weren't going to improve the lot of the ghetto black. A War on Poverty was launched amidst much fanfare in 1964 but everything came to a grinding halt as the war gobbled up the resources of the country. More was spent on Vietnam in five weeks than on the ghettos in a year.

What, really, could the black population of the United States have thought of priorities which placed a war 8,000 miles away ahead of America's festering cities? Black America was called upon to bear an inordinate brunt of its prosecution. As white youths secured deferments to attend college, the youths of the black ghettos were drafted in ever-increasing numbers.

These factors made black America an early opponent of the war. Leaders from Martin Luther King to Stokely Carmichael denounced U.S. actions and goals, pointing to what the "defense of freedom" in Vietnam was costing the oppressed at home. However, simple fact does not tell the story of alienation. The denial of aid to the ghettos was a political and social issue. What it created was an attitude.

The ghettos simply lost hope in the political processes and government of the United States. True, hope was revived with the Robert Kennedy campaign of 1968, but it was dashed once more with the Senator's assassination. The greatest leader of black America was shot down in cold blood two months before Kennedy. No aid was forthcoming from Washington. The schools continued to rot. Prices were higher than ever before, higher than in the affluent suburbs. Unemployment among black youths continued at an astronomical level. So, for three straight summers the ghettos exploded in looting and burning.

The alienation is still with us. It grows with every moment of hesitation on the part of Nixon. Its source is the war, which in spite of peace talks and bombing halts will cost the nation \$25 billion this year. Last year the President's Commission on Civil Disorders warned that America is moving towards two societies, one black and one white, separate and unequal. The report of the Commission has not been heeded.

What has war done to American society? The individual may not at once see what has happened. However, when his own feelings are aroused, he can imagine what has happened to millions of others. If he watched the Democratic Convention on television, he can identify with either police or demonstrators depending on his attitude. He will certainly not remain silent, and so will himself demonstrate one great truth of war society — the intensity of emotion.

The Vietnam conflict has caused greater division in the country than at any time since the Civil War. The populace in general is distrustful of its leadership. The electorate threw out of office the man who escalated the war and refused to give a comprehensive explanation for it. There is no indication that it trusts the cautious, professional politician who was elevated to the presidency last November with a bare 43% of the vote. If the nation is suspicious of its leadership, so also is it divided within. The college students and affluent suburbanites stand in opposition to the myths which have been prevalent in American society since World War II. The lower-middle-class whites stand in defense of God, country, and, presumably, Notre Dame. The two groups met head on in Chicago last August. What occurred in front of the Conrad Hilton was a dramatic demonstration of attitude and class resentment. Finally, and of greatest consequence, black America stands alienated as a result of factors inherent in the war as well as the neglect resulting from it.

Richard Nixon stressed in his inauguration the theme of "Forward Together." It's a tremendous slogan, but what can it mean as long as we have a divisive war? "Forward Together" means nothing as long as war is a dominant factor in the affairs of the nation. War has split the people of the United States of America. War has been the cause of misery and deprivation, not only in the jungles of Vietnam, but in the jungle that is the West Side of Chicago, Illinois. The fabric of America will be restored only when war ends and war priorities are reversed. □





THE UNACCEPTABILITY OF WAR: INDIVIDUALLY

Duty

by Tom Noe

The problem with being a soldier is the things that come to be expected of you.

EVEN yet, he lingers behind the rest, alone. It is now a long while since his comrades in the platoon scattered themselves confusedly through the jungle undergrowth, in a blind haste that would have appeared comic had they not been retreating under fire. Propped against the trunk of a fallen tree, Peter pauses still a little longer. It is not that he finds the idea of fleeing for his life reprehensible — his concern for his own life is as real as many a man's — nor is it that he is brazenly stalling his retreat to shame those who left with such speed and in so agitated a state of mind. One would think he lingers even now to make use of this unexpected opportunity, to pause, listening to the silent assurances of the night

and the gentle conversations of the jungle, and rest by himself. He has had too few chances to be alone, too little time to recollect; he has had no time to think at all, since he came overseas. He has been too busy.

He listens with a rapt attention to the night. He has not attempted to shift his position now for a considerable time, fearful perhaps that some careless mismove would frighten away the night that has dared come up so close to him. At first he was rightly held suspect by the night and the jungle. With an uneasy eye they scrutinized one who had until then been engaged in brutalizing the jungle in order to hunt those who were in turn hunting him. But Peter is not that kind of a hunter anymore. He has lain still and quiet and fearless in the midst of the dark night; and the jungle, though like an animal that still suspects the hunter who has only thus far sat harmlessly by, slowly begins to trust

Peter. Nor does Peter stalk the jungle, lying in wait for the moment of greatest trust to spring out suddenly, catching the night unawares, and despoiling it of its silence and beauty. For the moment, he has even stopped stalking men.

He holds his rifle yet, to be sure, but at such an angle that it is harmless and would be impossible to fire immediately, even if he were given the order. The barrel has dug forward into the earth, and the butt end pushes up under Peter's arm. His right arm half rests on the gun. He must have sat down very fast, for his legs are doubled up under him, and his left foot seems impossibly wrenched out of its proper place. His back rests against the fallen tree, and his head tilts backward over the trunk at a strange, though not ungainly, angle. His mouth has fallen open, in a silent hymn. Unblinking, Peter's eyes regard the stars in their slow transit around the sky. His eyes are as fixed as an astronomer's lens, and he has not let a single moment of the night pass by him unregarded. His eyes gaze up to the stars, open. The helmet has fallen off, and lies behind the tree trunk.

ALL ALONE here, has Peter fallen asleep? Sleeping while on duty in times of war is traitorous! But Peter, a traitor? He has already earned three medals for bravery in nine months. Surely if someone were to see him thus and accuse him, he would respond alertly, defend himself easily enough. He has reasons enough to reply satisfactorily to any challenge. Until a challenge should come, then, perhaps he does sleep.

Still he dallies unaccountably, though. Or is this some error in assignment? Has he been ordered to fulfill some duty, obey some regulation for a certain time here in the jungle? There are no other men around, so Peter cannot be the sentinel for an outpost. In any event, a sentinel should stand, and not be forced to sit in a torturous cramp. Is he assigned to watch the jungle itself, to guard it, report on movements within it? Does he attempt to protect this particular section of the jungle? From whom should he defend it? Until now he himself has terrorized the jungle. What treachery is that, that the enemy should thus declare his companionship and regency of the oppressed? What regulation is it, that would prohibit Peter from returning to his bed this night? It would have to involve a duty of high regard, of total intensity, to demand such unflinching dedication. Peter has not even dared to stir an inch. His legs are bent in upon themselves. He seems oblivious to the posture he finds himself in. His head arches back, hung tightly in the air.

Yet his eyes are open. Has he stopped to simply pass the time? Surely one would not choose so uncomfortable a seat as Peter now occupies. A greater seriousness is apparent. Peter remains silently watching the stars through the trees. If not on priority assignment, then, possibly Peter has stopped to think seriously for a while, and is so intent that he fails to notice the aches in his legs and neck. How profound this fit of meditation.

What event would demand such a depth of concentration? The awards ceremony is only nine days away. Few other moments in Peter's life would merit as much deliberation as this would. Perhaps he sees it even now. The U.S. flag is snapping mightily in the wind of a blue sky, rare during the monsoon season. Everyone in the outfit is standing in ranks out on the just-repaired landing strip. Brown barren dust blows off the dirt mounds at the edge of the field, and some of that dust will cling to and accompany the soldiers on the trip stateside. Departure is at 1800.

The last official act of the campaign is the awards ceremony. Peter stands in the front line, last of twelve men to be decorated, all for superior or heroic fulfillment of duty. Peter stands erect, forcing down the wild grin that tempts him. He can smile afterwards, but not during the ceremony.

The C.O. approaches the line of men from the reviewing stand after a fine speech, and he and his orderly pause in front of each man in the line. The orderly carries a dark blue velvet case full of medals, shiny and just delivered from a company in the States, while the C.O. picks them up and pins one or two on every man. Peter is the last, and there are three shiny medals left on the blue velvet case. The C.O. picks up each of these and pins it to the front of Peter's full dress uniform, the uniform he had worn only once before while on duty. That was when this same C.O. had welcomed the men—double the number that stood here now. He smiles now, and shakes Peter's hand. Did he shake the others' hands, or only his, because he got three medals? He didn't notice; he was staring straight ahead. Peter almost breaks out into a broad, impossible grin and hopes that his hat doesn't blow off. Then a smart right face, and the 12 men, Peter leading, march ahead of the others into the carrier plane for the trip home. One of the hats does blow off. Its wearer ignores it.

But no grin of pride now plays inadvertently on Peter's open lips. Perhaps he is reflecting on a different scene. In 13 days, he is at the homecoming party his mom promised him in her last letter—he still carries it in his wallet. There is a big punch bowl on the dining room table, and everybody drinking out of whatever is available, even the jelly glasses. Uncle George, who has his own punch supply out in the kitchen, has a cartoon-cherry-red nose, and Aunt Evelyn laughs at him. Mom is in her blue dress with the black buttons and did her hair last night, the same style she always uses. Peter is wearing his dress uniform again, but the tie is loose, the hat hangs on a wall-peg thing—new since he left home—just inside the door. And all this time he hugs Josie and hugs her and hugs her close to himself.

Again, the joy of these thoughts brings no involuntary smile to Peter's lips. If one may trust his upturned face to give any hint or indication of the type of thought that Peter indulges in so ardently; then one must conclude that he is considering matters of a much graver nature, matters perhaps more immediately at hand.

HE SHOULD hurry along to his conclusion, however. The time is slipping by. Already the east begins to grow light and he is still many miles from the base. Soon the sergeant will expect him to report for the day's duty roster, and if he is absent, especially in so unaccountable a fashion, he must expect to be punished. Breakfast must be eaten. There are potholes which the rains have opened in the landing field. All patrols have been called in to help reconstruct areas of the base damaged in the last shelling. Peter's comrades have already returned, albeit helter-skelter, and are now back at the base.

Would Peter dare refuse to obey, to fulfill his duty? But surely what he does now involves some duty. For no other reason would Peter be persuaded to thus brazenly disobey the explicit orders of his superiors.

Still he lingers! Peter's eyes remain open, as if he is ready to rise and attempt the long march back to the base, but has not the will to do so. His mouth gapes wide. His head does not rest on the log he is leaning against, but arches back, and is held suspended by the muscles in the neck. He should be able to reckon every

minute of the approaching morning by the exact angle that the sun makes into his eyes. He arches back toward the dawn, and his eyes, dry now since the film of liquid evaporated from them, catch the first glints of sunlight.

Even now the sergeant, up most of the night supervising the care of soldiers who made it back to the camp wounded, has taken a count and finds that Peter is missing. His soon-to-be-medalled soldier is not to be seen, and he orders a patrol sent out in search. He does not know that there is no need for fear or concern, for Peter sits quietly alongside the fallen tree. Even he is, unaware of the countermanding orders that Peter has received, orders whose authority supersedes that of the sergeant. Peter is safe, for he hasn't so much as bothered to move, and the jungle has no reason for doing him harm. Peter's higher duty can be carried out uninterrupted.

THE morning sun slants more and more directly into Peter's open and upturned eyes. The trees above him are thin-leaved, and soon his face is nudged out of the dark green around him and into the light of the sun.

How resolute, if only he were a sentinel! He holds himself absolutely motionless. Why his breathing is not even perceptible! For so long a time! A commendation, at least. The area has been guarded well, even if that has not been Peter's intention. Surely any enemies lurking in the forest would have long before now been fooled out of hiding by Peter's perfectly executed pantomime. The jungle has certainly been fooled, for it now ignores the fact that Peter is a man. The leaves scatter sunlight across his uniform, which was previously made to match the green of the jungle undergrowth. The parrots are sounding unawares overhead. The small creatures that exist in the jungle far out of the sight or attention of men have decided that Peter can be trusted completely. The dark leaves bring forth insects and small animals, rodents and tree-snakes. One of these snakes waits patiently for its prey not six feet above Peter's head. The rodents scurry unconcernedly around Peter, or across him, if necessary, on the way to their destination. Often their cheeks bulge with berries or other food.

But it is the insects who are Peter's greatest company. They seem to want to become familiar with every part of him, and they inspect by turns his rifle, his legs still twisted under him, his uniform, and even his face, travelling the broad striated highway of his neck, scaling the chin and exploring the whole of the upturned plateau. Such busy creatures. Little soldiers they must seem, all formed in teams and patrols. They prowl the forest, and they are the ones who ultimately rule it, as only the purposefully unnoticeable can rule. They busy themselves over Peter, acclimating themselves to a wide expanse of new and interesting territory. Not tired even yet, Peter? You will not close your eyes for one second? No, not even one. Will you close your mouth, then, and swallow, to moisten your lips and tongue? Not even that consideration for yourself.

Peter will wait a little longer now. He has seen the night of the jungle, and now his open mouth hungers for the sun. He strains his throat towards the sun. Peter's eyes are dull to the sun, and he gasps open-mouthed for it. It seems his aching throat would choke from such exertion, but for the fact that he has already continued many hours in this condition.

Think again, Peter. Look at the time! It were better, if you have this time to waste, to spend it among your own kind, with your fellows. You are still new to the jungle. But your friends know you. Do you not

long to see them again? They have supplied your needs and wants for so long now; can you cut yourself apart from them? Has this mission given you such a superiority that you now refuse to associate with them? Has the solitary nature of this duty hardened your heart? They will not understand, Peter, that the duty you owe must be carried out in the jungle and only there. They will try to take you back. Even now they are searching for you.

Listen, Peter, you can hear them—footsteps, of several men. Ignorant of your new assignment, they may remove you from your post in the jungle. Hope that the jungle has adopted you, Peter. Hope that they do not catch sight of you, for then they will take you away. If you could melt immediately into the devouring earth beneath you, they would not find you. It may yet be.

Quiet, Peter. Does your heart not thunder in your chest? No, it does not. They are very close . . . close . . . will the jungle hide you, Peter . . . yes, they have not seen you . . . they are passing by . . . they are moving away. The swishes in the undergrowth pass by, farther away. The assignment is safe. It can be carried out with haste, the earth is damp and ready.

Rest now, Peter. □





THE UNACCEPTABILITY OF WAR: ETHICS

Just or Unjust, It's Still War

by Maurice Amen, C.S.C.

Often does good come out of evil. But that is God's, not man's, plan. Man knows that only evil can come out of evil, as good out of good.

— MAHATMA GANDHI

QUITE a few things are dying these days: slogans and starving children, tired old politicians and RFK, pornography conferences and *Vaciline*, movie star greats and great revolutionaries, commitments to nonviolence and hopes for ultimate peace, love between man and wife and warm handshakes, young soldiers who do not understand fully why they are *there*, and spirits of those who tried very hard to be *here* and *now*. The sadness entailed in death — the death of anything — hopefully prefigures some change, some new awareness, some reaffirmation.

A few venerable (= aging, aged, now dead?) concepts are shaking under a too-late-in-coming queasiness. The death rattle can, in some instances, provoke the same reflections which death itself occasions. Can we take the nausea and the nostalgia which any war causes, the images which any war shatters, the promises which are heralded by any war and which are usually unfulfilled, aching remembrances at the con-

clusion of the war, sort them out, and posit any different conclusions about the just-war theory?

War is nausea and horror. You only have to watch the evening news on TV to see the horror and feel the nausea, or talk with a serviceman who left a chunk of his flesh on some numbered hillside in Viet Nam, or casually glance at a still-picture coverage of any conflict. But nausea and horror in some instances eventually change into nostalgia, into a longing for war. Think of the man — he can be of any age — whose sole significant contribution to humanity (or so he believes) was his participation in WW II, or Korea, or Vietnam, so his memories are only of noble effort, heroic stances, and vindication of his awareness that, after all, we were right. War shatters personal images and compromises our humanness: we refuse to think of the details of war. What happens to a man after he has killed and feels relief in killing, if not some satisfaction? Peace by any means and peace at all costs: convictions which were meant to exclude war. The war continues or even ends and no one has yet established that this was actually the war to end all wars; that this was the war to establish peace for all times.

THE traditional teaching of the Church holds that a given war may be justifiable. The possibility that this war might be labeled unjust must always be present, or the just-war theory becomes farcical. If no war is ever declared unjust, this would seem to signify that the Church or churches or theologians are bowing to the will of the nations — becoming ministers of the state. They thereby, at least temporarily, forego the implementation of yet another facet in the check-and-balance system upon which democracy, at least in this country, rests. We normally think of the checks which one branch of government has on another branch. Should not the Church (or religious attitudes) provide another check on The System overall?

Bernard Häring has provided a recent statement on Aquinas' just-war theory. Häring's conditions for a just war can be summarized in this way:

The war must be the final resort, the last extreme measure in the political order. The war must be a counteraggressive defense: a just and necessary defense of the existence of the nation and the right to a decent life for its citizens in accordance with their dignity as humans. The evil consequences of the war should not be worse than the people would have to endure if no resistance were offered to the hostile forces. If the war is an offensive war, then it is unlawful and immoral. Any warlike act which anticipates the certainly planned offensive attack of the enemy is to be viewed as a defensive act. Similarly, police actions which have a "legal" basis and which are directed against the ceaseless and tyrannical misuse of the power of a nation are justifiable. Only lawfully constituted authority may declare war and only when the necessity of national defense exists. The combatants must at all times be prepared for the peaceful settlement of differences; if one nation is so prepared, the other warring nation may not demand an unconditional surrender. In order to be justifiable, the war must be just in its basic causes, motives, and means. If the leaders of a nation are in doubt about the justice of the cause or the actual necessity of self-defense, they may not begin a war which would be just. Finally, the unleashing of an atomic attack or the waging of an atomic war must be viewed as unethical.

THE most detectable element is aggression. The just-war theory joins national and international sentiment in demanding that no nation involve itself in an aggressive war. In the recent Sino-Soviet incidents, each side asserts that the initial act of aggression was on the part of the other nation. The North Koreans insisted that the *Pueblo* was performing an aggressive operation and demanded that the captain and crewmen confess to their aggression. The US government and military have carefully tried to demonstrate that our forces have not been the aggressor in the Korean or Vietnam conflicts. If an armored division or even infantrymen were to cross the demilitarized zone, the Vietnam conflict would change significantly in scope. The artillery may lob any number of shells across the zone, but this operation may still be viewed as a defensive maneuver. The US has consistently stressed that its bombing of North Vietnam has been defensive: matériel routes, strategic military locations, but not unrestricted bombing. Thus any hint of territorial aggression in war must be avoided.

The major presumption in the just-war theory is that the governmental leaders maintain control over all aspects of the war: evaluating the need for war; declaring, waging, and concluding the war. The information

which is needed to justify a war is generally available only to those leaders, and they are presumed to be ethically concerned. But insofar as others — citizens or the international community, participants or observers, ethical theologians and philosophers or the bromidic man in the street — have a knowledge of the reasons for and details of the war, they too may conclude to the justice or injustice of the war.

This evidence for compliance or noncompliance with the justifiable war criteria is not easily available to most individuals. The criterion of just means, however, has significance because of the data from military and journalistic sources. The use of nuclear weapons is carefully restricted. Considerably unfavorable response and commentary have attended the use of napalm, the bombing of targets which are questionably solely military, the treatment of displaced and unhoused South Vietnamese citizens, the atrocities which can accompany any military endeavor (such as cutting off the ears of the dead enemy). But unjust acts need not be classified as unjust means in the just-war theory. The atrocities may indicate an attitude of nonevaluation of means, and this attitude will tend to help anyone judge the given war as immoral.

THE Second Vatican Council acknowledged the threat, frightfulness, and ravages of any war, and urged mankind to be about peace and justice. In condemning the savagery which is available through modern weaponry, the subversion of guerrilla warfare, and the new uses which have been devised for terrorism, the Council explicitly labeled as infamous the calculated and methodical extermination of a people, nation, or ethnic minority. The pastoral constitution on the Church in the Modern World implicitly accepts the inevitability of war, and posits that international agreements which stipulate the treatment to be accorded prisoners and the wounded must be honored. The Council's condemnation of total war is inarguable: "Any act of war aimed indiscriminately at the destruction of entire cities or extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation." Further, the Council fathers viewed the amassing of weapons as a deterrent to enemy attack as a possible aggravation of the causes of war: "The arms race is an utterly treacherous trap for humanity, and one which ensnares the poor to an intolerable degree. It is much to be feared that if this race persists, it will eventually spawn all the lethal ruin whose path it is now making ready." The conciliar document contains a curious mixture: praise for those who prevent the extermination of others (seemingly, war is *the* means for such prevention), and praise for those who consciously object to all war; exhortation for those who are in the military because they are "the agents of security and freedom of peoples" (in the extreme need, by war again?), and exhortation for those whose lives have been devoted to the achievement of peace. The thrust of this section on war, however, is for the peoples of the world to be peoples of peace, and this attitude reflects John XXIII's prior statements in *Pacem in Terris*.

During the deliberations before this document was voted on by the bishops, Cardinal Alfrink (Netherlands) pleaded that the completed document avoid any suggestion that the use of nuclear arms could ever be justified: "The question which moves the minds and hearts of all mankind is not the manner — whatever it may be — in which nuclear war can be justified or not; the greatest anxiety of the entire human race is that nuclear war should ever come." Bishop Hannan (Wash-

ington, D.C., now in New Orleans) argued that tactical nuclear weapons could be used "with their limited effect, against military objectives in a just war according to theological principles." Archbishop Beck (Liverpool) extended the thoughts of Hannan: "There may well exist objects which in a just war of defense are legitimate targets of nuclear weapons even of vast force. The Council should not condemn the possession and use of these weapons as essentially and necessarily evil." Unbelievable.

THOSE bishops who chose to speak on the schema which included the statement on war seem to indicate that a reaffirmation of the just-war theory was at least considered, and that some statement on ABC (atomic, bacteriological, chemical) warfare was included in the initial text. The final document stated merely that war is to be avoided; no attempt was made to give a list of the conditions under which a war could be considered as justifiable; no mention was made of any availability whatsoever of a conceivably justifiable use of the ABC means of waging war. Thus the statement in sum reasserts the words of John XXIII: "It is irrational to believe that war is still an apt means of vindicating violated rights."

Pope John was speaking of using and even the threat of using atomic power in warfare. The continuing presence of the possibility of nuclear retaliation has seemingly changed the just-war theory. The Council did have the opportunity to reiterate the just-war theory. In its active refusal to do so, the validity of such a theory can be questioned. Did the Council mean to reject the theory? It seems that the Council attempted to reject war. Period. Just or unjust, it's still war.

The Dutch Catechism, which was written after the Second Vatican Council, tends to support the view that the just-war theory is being progressively rejected. The assumption is that war is not normally Christian. "The Christian conscience must always try harder and harder to draw stricter limits to the permissibility of war." The time seems ripe for the declaration that most of the elements involved in war are unchristian.

The prefatory quotation from Gandhi was found in the context of his reflections on the United States' use of the atom bomb. Gandhi deplored the allegation that the atom bomb was used to "bring in nonviolence as nothing else can." He felt that the awe and subsequent realization of horror which were attendant on the two uses of the bomb in WW II would temporarily so disgust the world that it would turn away from violence. "This is very like," he said, "a man glutting himself with dainties to the point of nausea and turning away from them only to return with redoubled zeal after the effect of nausea is well over. Precisely in the same manner will the world return to violence with renewed zeal after the effect of disgust is worn out. . . . So far as I can see, the atomic bomb had deadened the finest feeling that has sustained mankind for ages. There used to be the so-called laws of war which made it tolerable. Now we know the naked truth. War knows no law except that of might. The atom bomb brought an empty victory to the allied arms but it resulted for the time being in destroying the soul of Japan. What has happened to the soul of the destroying nation it is yet too early to see."

Theologians and scholars who are concerned with ethics have, in the past, viewed war as justifiable. Is such a stance any longer viable? Nuclear war itself is certainly not just. But short of that final nuclear holocaust (after which ethical considerations will be

impertinent if not impossible), other ethical evaluations may be made about war. The war of conquest (take everything you can get) is no longer viewed as just, and has always been hard to justify. Shades of Manifest Destiny and the Spanish-American war! "We have always wanted Cuba; why didn't we take it when world-wide reaction would have been minimal?" Just or unjust, it's still war.

The war of aggression is no longer viewed as just — or is it? A number of years ago I read a doctoral dissertation which attempted to justify the Italian invasion of Ethiopia (needless to say, written by an Italian). The conclusion of the study was that the Italian invasion was a just war — and most probably the last ever justifiable war of aggression. International sentiment if not ethical judgment had seemingly condemned all wars of aggression long before Italy vindicated its defeat at the spear-wielding hands of the Ethiopians during their first confrontation before the turn of the century. Admittedly, the denouncing cries of the nations of the world in regard to wars of aggression even today are uttered only when opportune. Hitler could take Austria, but as long as he took no more territory, the world was content. Russia could move into Czechoslovakia and the cries were not anguished. "Take no more, or we will stop you" is hardly sufficient condemnation of a war of aggression. Or did many nations believe that Russia was, after all, simply reclaiming its own territory? The concept of the Iron Curtain is of European-American utility: everything on the other side is Russia's and Russia may do with it as Russia pleases. "We'll let you take this much, but no more." Just or unjust, it's still war.

Some people mistakenly believe that the Holy War concept is dead, but they have not thought long enough about the Israeli-Arab conflict (and they have not delved deeply enough into the Cyprus and Nigeria-Biafra conflicts). When religious convictions enter into the dedication of one of the sides, the Holy War concept seems to be there. One of the justifying motives is religious. The razor-sharp sense of retaliation in the Israeli mentality is partially inspired by religious conviction. If the retention of Old Jerusalem by the Israelis is ever condoned and allowed, the world will have responded to the religious sense of the Jewish nation. The Israelis have been careful in their conquests: Jerusalem is nonnegotiable territory (but then it is a Holy City — their Holy City), but the temporary retention of the Sinai peninsula is viewed as a defensive necessity, as are the short but gruesomely effective and deadly darts into Jordan, Lebanon, or the UAR. The possibility of a Holy War has not even entirely disappeared from the textbooks. Häring can still say, "No nation has the right without a direct divine command to annihilate any other nation." Just or unjust, it's still war.

THE realities of war and even the questions which are occasioned by reflecting on the just-war theory make one shudder. The all-out endeavor on the battlefield is supported by considerable praise of victory, laudatory verse for the dead or sometimes even for the surviving heroes, triumphalism, and hatred for the enemy at home. To the victors go the spoils. One nation not at war continues unrestrained supplying of munitions and weaponry to nations which are at war. Good old profit motive? Hostages are taken and executed and this immense wrong stirs endless and possibly unrestrained hatred and fierceness. Prisoners are taken, slaughtered or starved or put on death marches. Theoretically, they may not be punished for trying to escape,

but that nicety itself escapes all sides in the war. Callous disregard for bodies — the symmetrically arranged crosses, the grassy stretches, and perpetual care will compensate for this disregard at a later date. No one can comprehend the total of individual sorrows caused by the losses in even a minor skirmish, let alone in a major conflict or war.

Many of the remarks which follow are angry — and will produce anger for those who will want to say, “There’s another side to the story. You haven’t considered all the facts. You haven’t told it like it is.” Haven’t I? Just or unjust, it’s still war. And it’s hell.

Some elements of war seem so humane but have their inhumane side also. The Geneva conventions were drawn up only to be ignored by one side. Why is it always the other side? Why do not the Geneva conventions have to be followed unless war is declared? A nation may acknowledge the right of certain of its members to refuse to bear arms for conscientious reasons. Yet when this happens after some soldier acquires firsthand knowledge of war he refuses and is court-martialed (do they execute such any longer?); he deserts and is labeled traitor or coward; he eventually returns home, goes to prison, and lives with the scorn of others thereafter. One side declares the Tet holidays as noncombat days, and then launches the Tet offensive. The other side wants to have Christmas off, and it is spent uneasily, fearing attack. Truces are agreed upon and then broken when the moment seems right. Hand-to-hand combat is always resolved: someone dies at his enemy’s hands. Much more convenient to call in an air strike or artillery fire beforehand. You save your own men and do not know definitely that you have killed; perhaps you have succeeded in frightening them away. In order to save a village, a group of servicemen have to burn it to the ground. If the enemy can be put into some disorder, it would be better than killing them. So marksmen sit on a hill a half-mile away with high-powered rifles across their knees until an officer is spotted. He alone is shot and the disarray ensues. Certain means only must be used, yet any sort of chemical warfare is damned outright (sheep dying in the Southwest led to protests from the outraged). A gas which would induce temporary paralysis or severe nausea would seem more humane, but watch out for international adverse reaction and commentary. A city is saved, perhaps to remain divided forever. In attempts to achieve peace, obliteration bombing is used, with the nicety that the bombing nation tries to warn the people of the city of the impending disaster. Or Hiroshima, which conceivably saved a million (American) lives and countless (Japanese) lives also — did anyone ever get an accurate count at Hiroshima? And then six days later, Nagasaki. And then the unconditional surrender. Just or unjust, it’s still war.

THE aftermath of war produces its own horrors. The Nuremberg trials were perhaps materially correct and just (war criminals should be punished) but formally illegal. The world looked the other way. Eichmann was finally brought to justice. West Germany extends its 20-year statute of limitations in order to continue the prosecution of Nazi war criminals. Occupation forces are needed after any conflict. The continuing presence of military forces can undermine a nation’s culture if not its self-identity (the Americanization process continues). For some occupation forces, no end is in sight. Just or unjust, it’s still war.

The threat of war produces its own hysteria. A few years ago, fallout shelters were in vogue if not *de rigueur*. Theological journals printed articles describ-

ing under what precise conditions you could kill someone who was trying to enter your own sanctuary from nuclear warfare. This country previously had its own exercise in frenzy: the imprisonment (or did they call it restriction? or internment?) of Americans of Japanese origin or ancestry was irrational, unjust, and blameworthy. Now we have ABM sites being located in areas where people do not want them (“Can’t they see the real threat of war?”). International treaties are balanced against one another, yet a nation can be drawn into war and thereby summon the participation of an opposing nation into the same war. Neither participating nation warring directly against the other, however. Nuclear nonproliferation treaties and mutual-disarmament agreements are drawn up, signed, and then the endorsers of the treaties suspect those who did not sign, just as they continue to suspect those who did sign. The cold war continues. Just or unjust, it’s still war.

Do we ever learn? Even granting the world’s belief in the inevitability of war, where are the international courts of justice which have any realistic authority? The memories of the glories of war are endlessly continued. The tomb of the unknown soldier is a sober reminder. Are there any nations which do not have such a memorial? And some of those countries are probably contemplating where and how to erect one. Did you ever have a picnic on the site of Dachau? The grounds there are lovely. Medals of honor, purple hearts, bronze stars, clusters, endless varieties of paraphernalia, veterans of foreign wars. Constant reminders of war. Just or unjust, it’s still war.

I wonder what would happen if the USA declared their absolute neutrality: it’s war, and we are not going to have any role whatsoever in the conflict. To use a bumper-sticker and poster slogan: “Suppose they gave a war . . . and nobody came?” □





Is War Inevitable?

An Interview with John Dunne, C.S.C.

*War is an extensive and even common event, but it is also, and more importantly, an unacceptable and intolerable one. Yet many men accept this fatal contradiction as a matter of course because they believe that war is historically and humanly inevitable. But is it? In the following interview with SCHOLASTIC editor William Cullen, John Dunne, author of *The City of the Gods* and *The Search for God in Time and Memory*, recently honored by the Danforth Foundation as one of America's outstanding university professors, suggests some other possibilities and perspectives.*

Scholastic: The first and second parts of this presentation treated the extent of war and its unacceptability from the point of view of individuals. But are there any philosophical openings or insights which might suggest that this unacceptable situation of war is not inevitable?

Dunne: I've thought this over myself and I think that there may be some evidence for this position. It's all in the direction of showing how war is not really a matter of hard and immutable facts of life and history. The first consideration along these lines is that the way war actually occurs has a lot to do

with the mythology of the time. Tolstoy makes a point of this in *War and Peace*: he explains how you have a battle, like the kind of battle Napoleon fought, in which a few hundred thousand men are fighting and one side wins, according to the rules of the game, so to speak, and then a whole nation of millions of people regard themselves as defeated.

When Napoleon invaded Russia, however, he was faced with a people who didn't act out of this same mythology. They also lost battles to Napoleon, but didn't regard themselves as defeated. Napoleon made his way to Moscow, but then found that he simply had to retreat. There was nothing he could do; he lost his whole army, and all the rest — all because the myth of the formal battle was not accepted by the Russian people.

War is then waged in very different ways in different periods of history, and the inception and subsequent conduct of a war depends very much on the current myth. I think, then, that this first consideration gives one a less rigid, a less simple perspective on what the history of war is. There are not, therefore, these hard and immutable facts about the place of war in history.

Scholastic: Are there any indications that man senses within himself a deeper, more profound strain that runs against war?

Dunne: Yes, I think so. If you look at the war epics of the past ages, there is a kind of wisdom about war that is not always perceived by those who know the epics or read them. Take the *Iliad* and the *Mahabharata*, the great Indian war epic, as examples. In both of them is the idea that both sides are destroyed in the war, both the winners and the losers. You get this sense that it is always possible to win a battle, but never to win a war.

I have a more or less peculiar theory of the *Iliad* myself. It seems to me that Homer is being ironical about the war between the Trojans and the Achaeans over Helen. You notice in reading that there is a kind of smaller war within the war, between Achilles and Agamemnon over Briseis, and this mirrors the great war between the Trojans and Achaeans over Helen. In a sense the absurdity of the quarrel over Briseis is a parody of the great war. Of course, you could read the *Iliad* and just get a sense of heroic warfare: that is the way it is ordinarily read. But if you look a little deeper at what is being said, there is some irony and perhaps even parody in it.

The *Mahabharata* is even more incisive in this respect. Everything is destroyed. Everyone loses. What I see in all this is a kind of pessimistic wisdom that man has about war. It is possible to miss this wisdom; but it is also possible to see it. To see it would make a great difference.

Scholastic: Then man does have a deep-lying conviction against war in general, one which has never been fully recognized or explored?

Dunne: Yes, these examples suggest that in the whole history of war, there could be a greater insight into what war really is, into what is really happening. I'm not suggesting that this insight is common, but it is possible. And it's even ancient.

Even among modern philosophers, you could use Hegel's idea of "the cunning reason" in history as the basis for this kind of perspective on war. Hegel talks about the interplay of purpose and cross-purpose in history, and you could use the Second World War to illustrate his point. That was a conflict of purpose and cross-purpose between the Allies and the Axis, but the outcome of the war was not what either side really intended or envisioned. This seems to be characteristic of wars in general: you have a conflict of two opposing purposes and the actual outcome is the achievement of neither purpose.

It's as though there's a cunning third element that wins out, that triumphs through these purposes and cross-purposes. Whatever you say about that third element, it does seem that there is usually a mutual defeat in a war, in some sense, and men have seen this in almost every age.

Scholastic: What would you say about the proponents of political realism, who hold that their position is the only frank appraisal of the hard facts of human life and history?

Dunne: I think that there is also an irony in this kind of position, a hidden irony, separate and even contrary to the thoughts of the author who expounds this position. Suppose, for example, just as a thought experiment, that Machiavelli was being ironical in *The Prince*. Caesar Borgia is perhaps the main exemplar that Machiavelli uses in his book. It is interesting to see how, even though he is ruthless in the use of armed force, and in the use of the two weapons of violence and fraud to gain his own ends, even though he does all the "right" things from the point of view of political realism, he loses in the end, due to bad luck. Then, in order to show how "firmly" he laid the foundations for his kingdom, Machiavelli says that the kingdom lasted a whole month after Borgia died. You almost feel at that point that there is an irony in *The Prince*. At any rate, to do this ironical reading oneself, just to see what happens, is extremely suggestive.

The recent *Report from Iron Mountain* is a modern version of this type of book, one which was consciously intended to be ironical. It is being ironical about so-called political realism: the thesis was that "peace, though perhaps possible, was not desirable."

If you get to the heart of political realism, then, you discover this kind of irony. The first impression this position gives is one of utter frankness, of utter cynicism. But when you perceive the possible irony in it, it gives a second impression of a *naïveté* that doesn't appear on the surface. When you connect that back to the pessimistic wisdom I was speaking of in the war epics, you can immediately see that there is something in man's heritage and wisdom which is closer to reality (and, therefore, closer to genuine realism) than the tradition of *Realpolitik*.

Scholastic: What about this tradition of *Realpolitik*? Are there any flaws or faults that can be seen through an investigation of the history of political realism?

Dunne: Yes, the very fact that realism has a history seems to suggest a basic problem with this position. What was realistic at one time ceases to be realistic at another time. What was realistic in the time of Richelieu was no longer realistic in the time of Bismarck. And many of the things that were realistic in the time of Bismarck are not realistic at the present time.

If you compare political realists from different epochs — Machiavelli, Richelieu, Bismarck, and some contemporary political realist like Hans Morgenthau, for example — you can see the difference in what is thought to be realistic by each of these men. What this seems to reveal is that the realities of human life and

human history are not hard and fast realities, but are, on the contrary, ever changing. What seems to be inevitable in one period is not all that way in another.

So it appears to me that there is a basic illusion in the position of political realism. What was realistic in each period depended on what sort of basic unity existed, and the fact that this unity could change its nature from one period to another would show that, for example, the contemporary political realist's "balance of power" is not the only possible situation for a man to exist in.

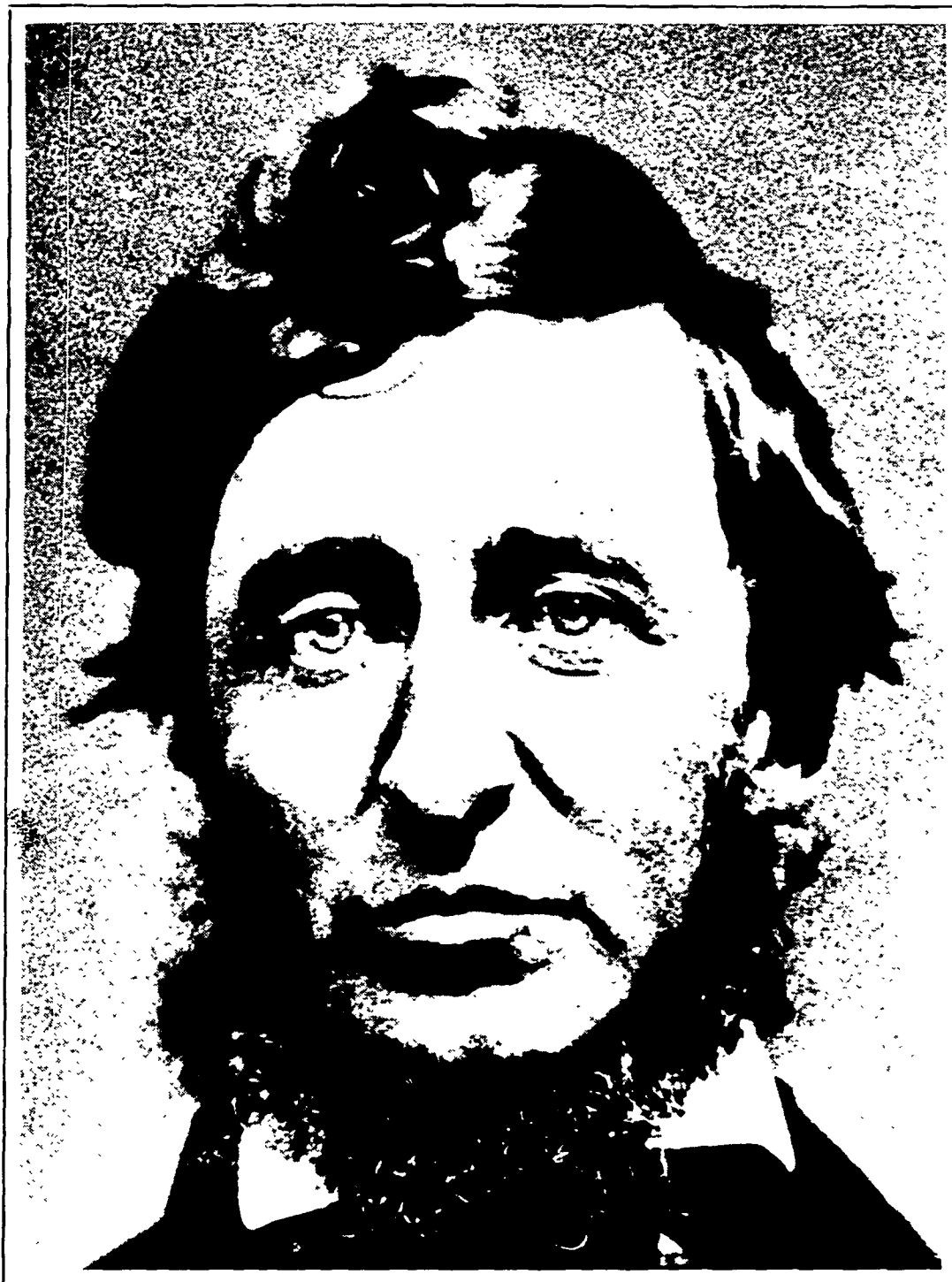
Scholastic: What about the future basic unity and the inevitability of war in that unity?

Dunne: I think that there are movements underfoot to create some kind of higher unity among men, other than the political realist's community of fear. The situation with regard to war would be fundamentally altered if any such thing should happen. And this is not unrealistic; it can really happen because such things have existed before. You can find times in human history, to take one example, when there was a community of belief as a kind of basis for society.

All of what I've said suggests that the historical facts about warfare are very changeable and very fluid. It would seem to me then that war, at least in any definable form, is not inevitable. □

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AN ALTERNATIVE TO WAR

An End to Silence

by Richard Moran

Men have always thought that war is inevitable. Perhaps, it is for that very reason that war is inevitable: out of terror, men act as if war will come anyway. Out of fear they fight; and out of fear they die. The myth is perpetuated; and war is perpetuated. Man must begin to speak above the myth.

THE terrifying grip of history on war and on peace has smashed the human will to resist. Seldom can man escape from this grip; seldom can he heroically raise his voice to defy history: today there is only silence among the great mass of people. There is only the silence of a people who have come to accept the future as a duplication of the past. And this silence is a feeble assent to the violence of war. Man no longer puts faith in his voice; it has been cracked and drowned in the "inevitabilities" of history: "I don't like the war either, but I can't do anything about it."

Reason and persuasion have fallen before the violence of history. War reigns. Violence reigns. And man

is about to die, spiritually if not physically. Man, the concrete, individual man, no longer holds faith in his own ability to be heard. He believes only in the mass movement; he believes that the person who defies the movement of stampeding masses will only be trampled underfoot—all to no avail. But a closer, less terrified look at history — a look that acknowledges the direction of history and the persons of history as well as the brutal force of history — would demonstrate that voices have been heard. Some people today still hear the voices of Jesus and Tolstoy, of Gandhi and King. But these voices have been heard only because they appeal to something quite different from power, something quite higher than history.

Twenty centuries ago, the Jews of Israel believed that only a power more mighty than the Romans and, hence, more mighty than history, could turn back the force of history. *Messiah* no longer simply meant "the anointed one." The Messiah, to overcome history, would have to be armed with the sword of power and anointed

with the blood of Romans. He had to be Alexander or Napoleon; he had to be Quixote, the knight of buckler and lance, not Quixote, the knight of faith.

A man among the Jews did change the direction of history. But before he could, he had to spend half of his career dispelling the "historic" definition of *Messiah*. He refused to change stone into bread, to plummet unscathed from a pinnacle for the power and glory of kingdoms; instead, he blessed the meek and he died in humiliation. Christ refused violence; he refused the normal courses of power. But more than any other man in history, his voice was heard; and history itself was changed.

DESPITE this institutional violence, the thread of non-violent resistance continued to wind through history from Christ to Martin Luther King. Henry David Thoreau, himself not a Christian, still felt the pulse of Christian nonviolence: "For eighteen hundred years . . . the New Testament has been written; yet where is the legislator who has wisdom and the practical talent to avail himself of the light which it sheds on the science of legislation?" With his essay "On Civil Disobedience," Thoreau becomes one of the first Americans to separate his own nonviolent conscience from the duties demanded by the state. "When a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize. What makes the duty more unjust is the fact that the country so overrun is not our own but ours is the invading army." Thoreau's words cannot be taken lightly, not today when the sins of America are so much more blatant and so much more hideous.

THOREAU's answer to the Mexican War, though, was not violence. He allowed himself to be jailed for refusing to pay his poll tax. A probably apocryphal, but nonetheless indicative, story relates that his good friend Ralph Waldo Emerson visited him in the jail and asked, "Why are you in here, Henry?" Thoreau thought for a moment and retorted, "Why aren't you in here, Waldo?"

The dissenting minority, according to Thoreau, must pledge itself to morality — no matter what the majority might inflict upon them. "It is not so important that many should be as good as you, so long as there is some absolute good somewhere." Thoreau sees that the force of history, the force of the majority of the people (since they merely ride the crest of history), is amoral. He condemns this mass amorality and points to its historic sins, "Why does it not cherish its wise minority? Why does it cry and resist before it is hurt? Why does it not encourage its citizens to be on the alert to point out its faults, and do better than it would have them? Why does it always crucify Christ and excommunicate Copernicus and Luther, and pronounce Washington and Franklin rebels?" And we might ask "Why does it call Gandhi a nihilist and Martin Luther King a Communist?" Perhaps, because the eyes of the majority can perceive nothing but violence and the voice of the majority can scream nothing but hate for those who try to speak above history.

EVEN more radically nonviolent was Leo Tolstoy who at the age of fifty-seven, having written *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, underwent a traumatic spiritual crisis in which he totally rejected institutional Christianity — chiefly because of its corrupt history



and its defense of violence. But while rejecting the institution, Tolstoy threw himself passionately into a search for a pure Christianity, a Christianity actually based on the life of Christ and the Sermon on the Mount. Tolstoy argued that governments pretend to hold the highest religious teaching known to man so that they can dominate their people. "That teaching, however, is in its nature opposed not only to murder, but to all violence and therefore the governments, in order to dominate the people and to be considered Christian, had to pervert Christianity and hide its true meaning from the people, thus depriving men of the well-being Christ brought them."

The well-being that Tolstoy writes of is a spiritual well-being, not a physical well-being. The nonviolent Christian will suffer when he resists. And yet he must be prepared to accept his suffering. "Only a man who is quite befooled by the false faith called Orthodoxy, palmed off upon him for the true Christian faith, can believe that there is no sin in a Christian entering the army, promising blindly to obey any man who ranks above him in the service, and, at the will of others learning to kill, and committing that most terrible crime forbidden by all laws."

The voice of Tolstoy was too loud for the Orthodox Church; he was excommunicated. But his voice, together with the voice of Jesus and Thoreau, was loud enough for Gandhi. In the last two years of Tolstoy's life, he and Gandhi were in constant correspondence. Gandhi became the first modern leader to massively actualize the principles of nonviolent resistance. Gandhi was able to coordinate his saintliness with genuinely political action. His method, *satyagraha* (force which is

born of truth and love or nonviolence), demanded much more planning and much more moral direction than the method of violence.

ALTHOUGH Gandhi's methods were nonviolent, they were hardly passive. The passive sheep of history are irresistibly borne on the mass movement. Their silence is a feeble assent. But Gandhi was a man of direct action. His first step was always to visit and write the British authorities explaining the Indian grievances and asking for amelioration of the problems. Having used all rational means, he would go into a period of meditation. He would then explain to the authorities all his plans for civil disobedience — not to threaten them but to inform them of the truth to which he was bearing witness. Having done everything else possible and having explained the rationale, he would begin to disobey the unjust law.

The most famous example of his nonviolent disobedience was his protest against the salt tax. Starting out with 78 followers, Gandhi, en route to the sea, amassed 180,000 people who began to collect salt from the sea. About 100,000 were arrested. But within the year, the prisoners were released and the salt tax was lifted.

Gandhi's voice resounded above law, above history, and above conventional ethics, "A man has not been given power to create, he has not the slightest right to destroy the smallest creature that lives." Gandhi's ideas and actions redirected history because both his ideas and actions transcended the power syndrome: "My life is an indivisible whole and all my activities run into one another; they all have their use in my insatiable love of mankind. . . . I do not know any religion apart from human activity. It provides a moral basis to all other activity." Gandhi's ability to participate and direct history might demonstrate what is needed to deflect the forces of history.

Gandhi was able to employ nonviolence because of his faith in the spirituality of man. Richelieu, Bismarck, and Morgenthau have acted as if war was inevitable because they have had no insight into spirit, because they have disregarded the possibility that the spiritually conscious man is transparent to the material force of history. Unfortunately, war becomes inevitable when the political leaders act as if it is inevitable. Gandhi liberated India not by simply using nonviolence as a political tool but by living by his fundamentally personal creed, a creed not susceptible to historical forces.

THE same faith in the spiritual that vitalized the nonviolence of Jesus, Thoreau, Tolstoy and Gandhi pervaded the writings, speeches, and actions of Martin Luther King. In the preface to his book, *Stride Toward Freedom*, King states quite simply, "This book is an account of a few years that changed the life of a Southern community [Montgomery], told from the point of view of one of the participants. . . . More precisely it is the chronicle of 50,000 Negroes who took to heart the principles of nonviolence, who learned to fight for their rights with the weapon of love, and who, in the process, acquired a new estimate of their own human worth." In *Stride Toward Freedom*, King repeatedly cites Christ, Thoreau and Gandhi as the persons who brought him from a politics of force to a politics based on a personal creed of creativity and love. It is interesting to see that the force of history includes not just the mass movement toward war but also the personal quest for peace.

Like Gandhi, Martin Luther King emphasizes first

that "nonviolent resistance is not a method for cowards; it does resist." The mind and emotions of the nonviolent resister are not passive; the spirit must be strong. Second, nonviolence "does not seek to defeat or humiliate the opponent, but to win his friendship and understanding." Third, the nonviolence is directed against the forces of evil rather than against persons who happen to be doing the evil. Fourth, the nonviolent resister must be willing to accept suffering. The fifth point is perhaps the most basic: nonviolent resistance avoids not only external physical violence but also internal violence of spirit — the nonviolent will hate his oppressor no more than he would kill him. For King, as for Christ, Tolstoy and Gandhi the principle of love is the core of nonviolence.

King's critique of Marx also indicates his dedication to the spirit of nonviolence rather than the brutal inevitability of history. His first criticism of Marx rejects the Marxian materialistic interpretation of history; his second complaint refuses to accept Marx's rejection of a "creative power who is the ground and essence of all reality — a power that cannot be explained in materialistic terms." Marx, like most modern thinkers, insists upon the inevitability of history. But it is important to notice that the persons who have existentially proved the insufficiency of this theory — Christ, Gandhi, and King — have had what might best be called transcendent world views. Perhaps it is this faith in creative spirituality that escapes Marx and Morgenthau and which allows man to speak above and live above the materialistic forces of history.

THE paralysis of modern man when confronting the force of history is the paralysis of a man who is spiritually barren. Man's refusal to rebel against the deterministic forces of history has delivered him into the role of Adolf Eichmann — who executed six million people not because he was immoral but because he was amoral.

The modern man submits to Morgenthau's interpretation of history as an attempt to achieve a balance of power: the peaceful man should always be prepared to throw himself on the high side of the scale. Until modern man realizes that it is not only a balance of power but also a balance of bodies that is achieving this counterfeit "peace," there will be no real peace; there will be no soothing, no relaxation of the paralysis. There will be only silence.

It is worth reemphasis to note that the motivation of Jesus, Thoreau, Gandhi, and King—the motivation of all these men whose voices were heard in history — was a faith in the principle of love as a creative force that could redirect history. All these men rejected a purely scientific view of history, a view of history which demands the elimination of the concrete individual's ability first to resist and then to move history. The scientific view of history demands that the concrete be abstracted, that the one individual (Christ or Gandhi, King or Merton) be absorbed into the mass movement and that only the net effect be measured. This attempt to make sense of history necessarily eliminates the individual who cannot be made sense of, who can only be loved.

ONLY by refusing to accept the balance of power as the only way, only by refusing to join the balance of bodies can man begin once again to be heard by history. Whoever beholds the creative power within the universe must accept his duty to transmit this creativity. He must resist nonviolently. □

1969 Contemporary

by J. Patrick Dowdall and Richard Roddewig



ON COLLEGE CAMPUSES throughout the country, one of the more exciting innovations has been the student-initiated contemporary arts festivals. In keeping with this spirit, the Contemporary Arts Festival was inaugurated at Notre Dame two years ago. Its purpose was to provide a forum for the expression and critical examination of the various contemporary art forms. Building upon this concept, the 1969 Contemporary Arts Festival will bring together a group of artists in a program characterized by variety — presenting both the avant-garde and the traditional.

The program will begin this Sunday, March 30, with the opening of the exhibit "Contemporary Art in the Midwest" at the Notre Dame Gallery. Primarily a three-dimensional show, this exhibit features nearly forty works by outstanding, young, Midwestern artists. Their works cover a wide range of technique, medium and style. Some of the works are political; a few of the artists participated in the "Violence in American Art" exhibit, which commemorated the Democratic National Convention. Other works, like the massive hard edged canvases of Stanley Edwards and David Smyth, represents a more detached and abstract perspective. Also included are constructions, "Funk art," weaving, large metal sculpture, and sculpture using mixed media and light. The show will run until April 30.

The Firehouse Theater of Minneapolis, a widely known experimental group, will perform on April 16, en route to their three-week tour of the East Coast. For several years, the Firehouse has been the vanguard of the avant-garde theater in the Midwest. Highlighting their past performances was the up-dated production of Bertolt Brecht's *A Man is a Man*, a wild, boisterous tragicomedy, and the psychedelic *Jack, Jack—A Trip*, which shocked the Twin Cities by its nudity. The Firehouse will present either *Rags* or *Faust*. *Rags*, an experimental musical, in the words of one critic, "defies comparison, almost defies review." The play is loosely structured and even chaotic at times. *Faust*, (or more accurately, *A Mass for Actors and Audience on the Passion and Birth of Doctor John Faust According to the Spirit of Our Times*) is a "throbbing drama of sin and remorse"; its contributing authors include Bob Dylan, William Shakespeare, Allen Ginsberg, the Book of Job, T. S. Eliot, and many more. No matter which play they present, the Firehouse will assuredly provide an unforgettable experience.

In the field of poetry, James Dickey, Michael Yates, and Paul Carroll represent widely divergent poetic styles. Dickey, whose poems have appeared in numerous magazines and have been published in several volumes (*Buckdancer's Choice* won the 1966 National Book Award for Poetry), is the current Poetry Consultant to the Library of Congress. A former football player and air force pilot, Dickey is well known for the vividness of his poetry readings. His recent publications have included critical works, the latest of which is *Babel to Byzantium: Poets and Poetry Now*. Dickey has referred to Michael Yates as "violent and unpredictable with a wild unconventional imagination." Yates, a young poet from British Columbia, has described his poetry in this

Arts Festival

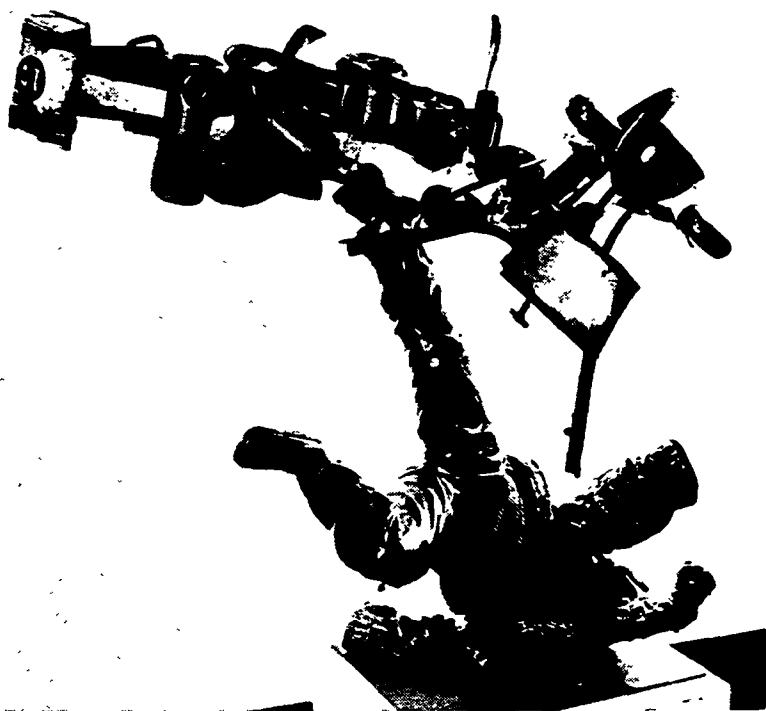
way: "There are no rules. No codes. History, myth and scholarship (three words for the same gorgon) have only closed doors for me: they sacrifice the quick to the very dead." His *Canticle for Electronic Music* is typical of his wildly untraditional style. Paul Carroll, poet-critic, is editor of the influential literary magazine *Big Table*. His recent anthology, *The Young American Poets*, is a collection of work representing 54 notable young poets and has received the highest critical acclaim.

THE WORLD OF dance will be represented by the Don Redlich Dance Company. This past year Redlich performed at the prestigious Hunter College Dance Series. His choreography is quite diversified. In many of his works, such as *Dance for One Figure, Four Objects*, and *Film Sequences*, he presents an overwhelming multimedia effect. Redlich can be satirical as well, as evidenced by the humor of *Henry and Alice*, a drama of the loves and lives of a football hero and his would be *femme-fatale*. Dance films will also be shown; such modern greats as Alwin Nikolaïs, Martha Graham, Jose Limon, and Ann Halpin will be featured.

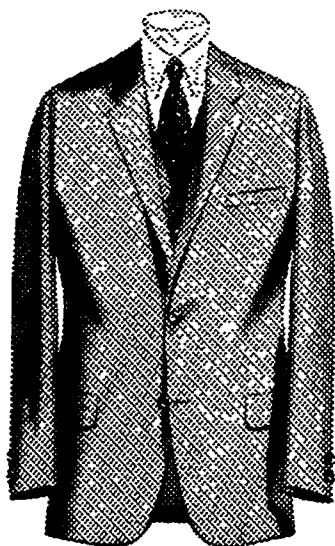
Likewise there will be great diversity in the musical events of the festival: an avant-garde program, a piano concert, a concert of songs, a harpsichord program and a blues concert. The Creative Associates of the University of Buffalo is a group of young musicians (mostly composers) who work on new music under the direction of Lukas Foss, prominent composer and conductor of the Buffalo Symphony. The Creative Associates has become regarded as the "mecca for new music in America." In the past few years, they have performed works of such artists as Boulez, Stockhausen, Crumb and Cage. One memorable performance was Byorgi Ligeti's *Poème Symphonique* in which the Associates left the stage while 100 metronomes played the sixteen-minute work. Included in the program at Notre Dame will be Foss's *Paradigm* (1966).

Mrs. Kountz has been described "as one of the finest American pianists of our time;" her numerous guest appearances included appearances with such noted symphonies as the Cleveland Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic. Her concert will feature modern composers such as Bartok and Stravinsky. Patrick Maloney, tenor, is no stranger to the Notre Dame campus. He has performed here several times in the past few years. Contrary to what many claim, he believes that the art of song is still an important part of modern music. His program will be highlighted by Virgin Thompson's musical arrangement of several of William Blake's poems. A harpsichord and flute concert by Dorothy Lane of Northwestern University and the Chicago Symphony will demonstrate the modern use of a very traditional instrument. The blues concert will feature a major American blues group.

The keynote speech by Russell Lynes, managing editor of *Harper's Magazine*, will place the whole festival in the proper perspective. The topic of the speech will be "The State of the Arts in a Changing Modern World." □



Opposite page: Creative Associates of University of Buffalo and Don Redlich Dance Company. Above: Poet James Dickey. Below: Example of "Contemporary Art in Midwest."



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Movies



AVON: *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is this year's splendorama of the Erroll Flynn original. To a degree, the film succeeds in spectacularizing its audience. Still, a problem: The movie doesn't achieve film characterization, except in the case of David Hemmings, young photographer turned berserk pony soldier. For a film that spared no expense, the result is rather mediocre, the best attempt by Tony Richardson so far, but still a disappointment.

COLFAX: *Smith* is a Walt Disney cowboy story. Call 233-4532.

GRANADA: *Where Eagles Dare* is a classic case of barnyard roosting by those two old egg-layers Clint (Rawhide) Eastwood and Richard (Hamlet) Burton. The barnyard, fortunately for the "drama" end of the *Eagles*, is behind enemy lines, deep within the impossible, impenetrable, hostile, and dark foreboding mountains, etc. Call 233-7301.

STATE: *The Killing of Sister George* is "the lesbian film to end all lesbian films." Or so say the ads. If that's the case, *George* may have some moral-aesthetic justification, after all. Otherwise, it is the *coup de grace* to a tiresome, shallow theme still dragging along on the kick value of lewdie, commie-fag, sex (har-har) and the usual sprinkling of breast and buttock. Of course, I doubt you will see either breast, or buttock. Somehow, that prospect cuts me to the quick with profound Hefsex nostalgia. In fact, I've been thinking of a short flick myself — *Nostalgiarama* in which all the Bunnies of yesteryear would sort of get together and do a weird bunny-dervish, completely nude (natch), except for fluffy white tails stuffed in their mouths to prevent any ill-timed blurb of logic. If you're interested, call 233-1676. And I love you, I love you all. Please believe me.

— Fran X. Maier

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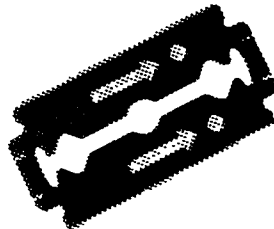
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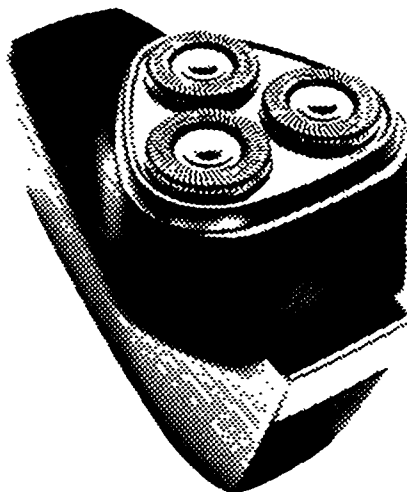
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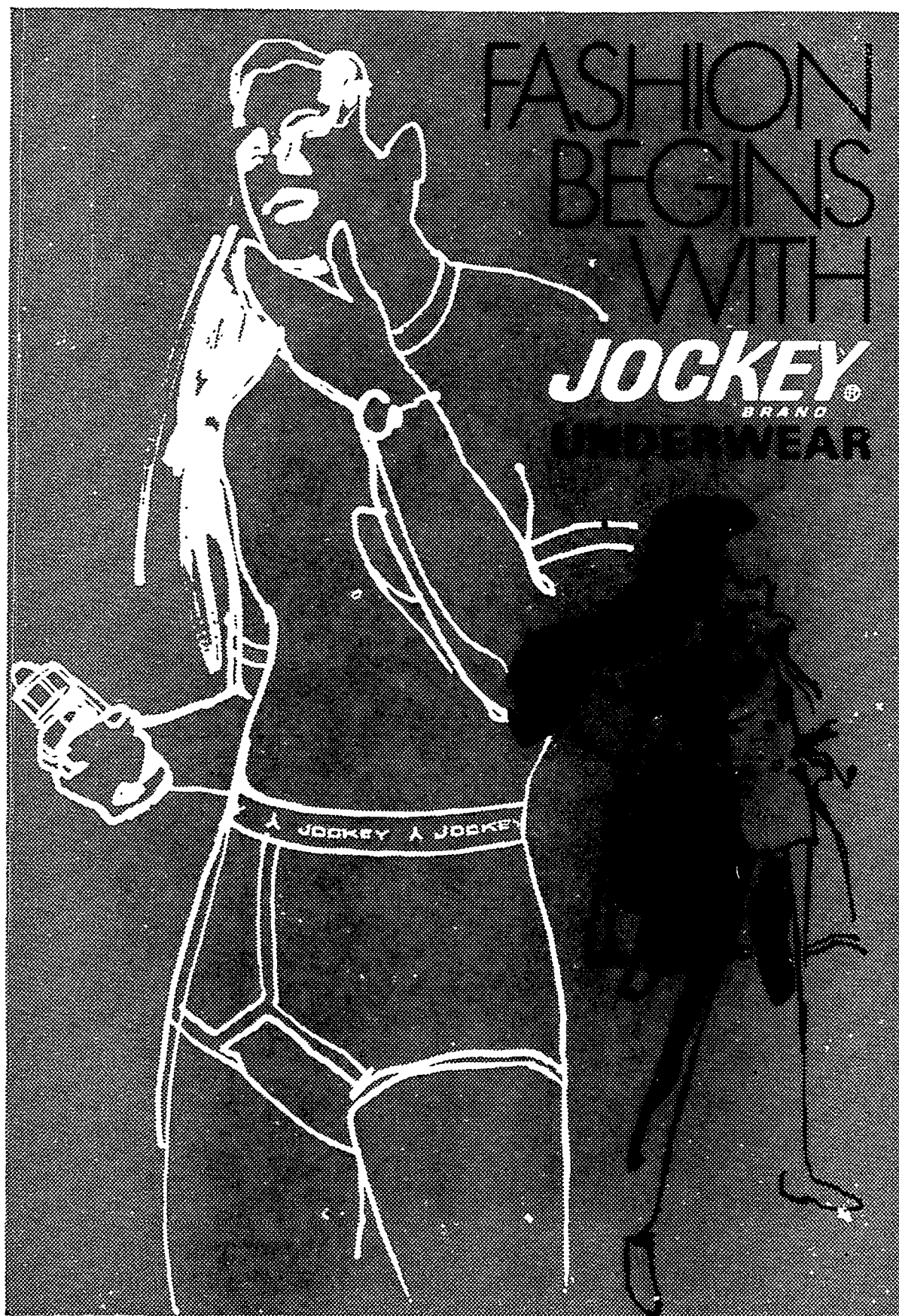
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