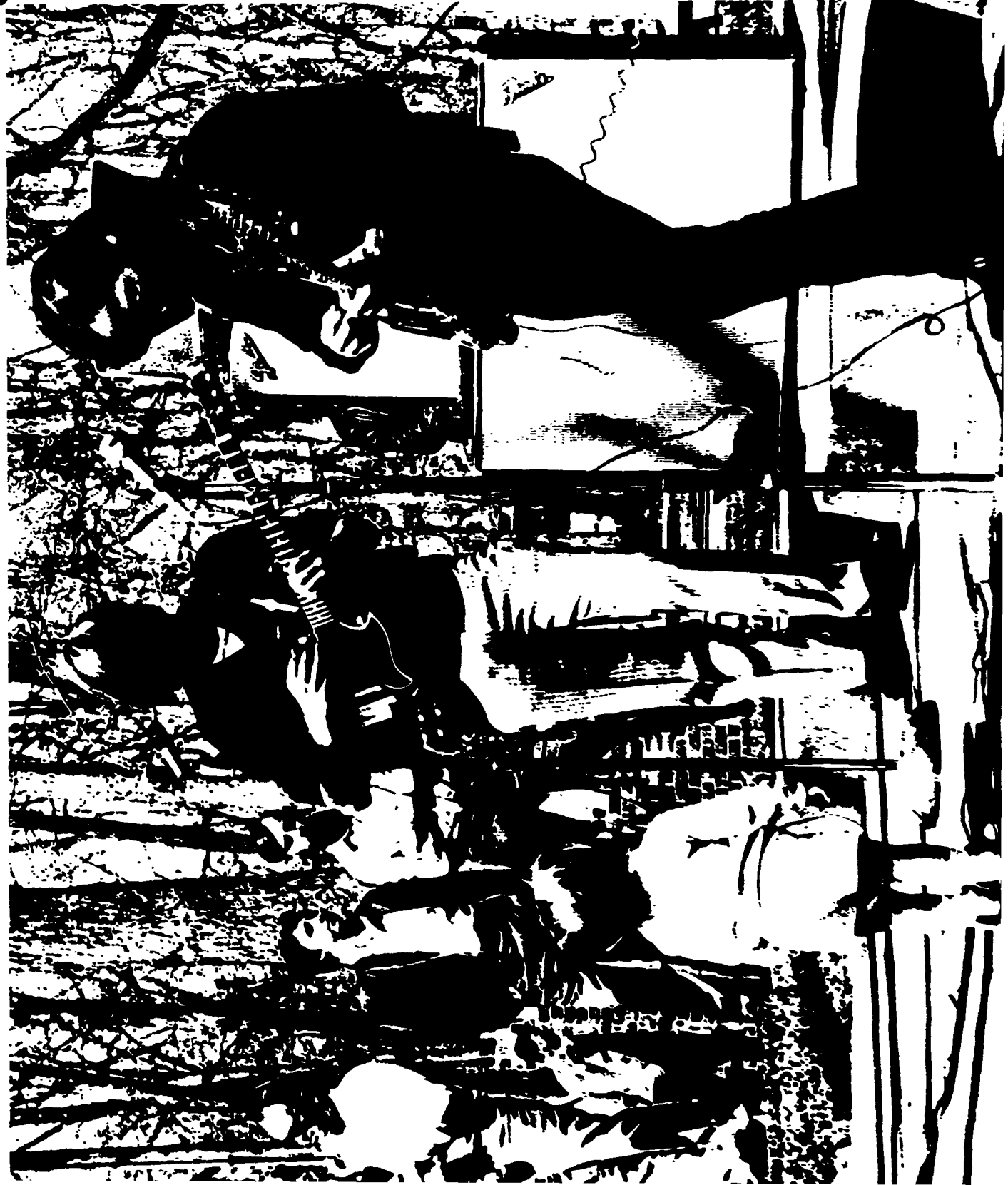


# SCHOLASTIC



potawatomi potpourri

tuesday's child:

the board & the movement

violence in search of peace:

an interview

with michael cullen

mouse droppings  
on excalibur ave.

may 9, 1969



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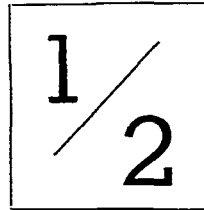


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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

# SCHOLASTIC

May 9, 1969 / Notre Dame, Indiana / Vol. 110, No. 21

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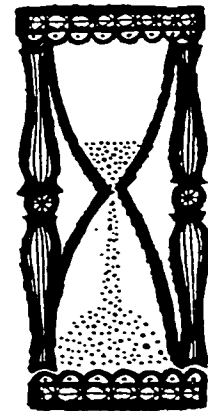
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# letters

## REVIEW OF CE II

EDITOR:

It is my opinion that the course evaluation booklet should be discontinued for a number of reasons. First, in the final analysis the booklet is not an accurate evaluation of a professor's technique. Ideally an evaluator can interview a representative portion of the class to obtain accurate comments on that teacher's effectiveness. But it is still only one man who writes up the evaluation. And practically, it is almost impossible to interview a representative section of the class with the deadline the booklet must keep. I really feel the best way of keeping people posted on what's happening in a course is the old word-of-mouth method. In my two years here before the appearance of the booklet, I encountered no difficulty in getting the scoop on a course. Simply ask around.

Another real difficulty with the booklet is the inability to obtain from a professor any indication of what he plans to do five months later. Most professors can give one an idea of what the emphasis of the course may be, but to be able to pinpoint texts, number of tests and papers, and atmosphere of the class is not possible. Many professors do not even decide on a real format until the class convenes at the semester's beginning and the students have sounded off or given the professor some indication as to what to expect from them. What good is it to write one thing and see another thing replace it? A number of professors go so far as to change their format once the booklet and its compilations come to their attention. Maybe they do not like to see things so neatly put into print. Or maybe the profs take pleasure in pimp jobs. Regardless, the booklet is just not doing its job. Besides, the first volume was directed to only a segment of the student body, the College of Arts and Letters. In its attempt to provide some factual context for course evaluation in the large Liberal Arts area, the booklet is nonfactual in more cases than it is correct. In many small departments, the good working relationship between students and faculty renders any attempt to project five months ahead as a hopeless endeavor. It does not say much for the versatility of academics. Case in point: the evaluation of the Spanish sections in the first volume was a

complete abortion. Not one of the evaluations, save that of Elementary Spanish, was accurate.

I suggest a student referendum to decide whether this booklet is worth the time and money. Include the question, "How factually accurate was the evaluation of your (the student's) courses?"

Pat Meter

## HOLY WAR

EDITOR:

I read with great interest your entire issue on War (March 28, 1969) and especially the essay by Reverend Maurice Amen, C.S.C., on the concept of just war. His otherwise excellent discussion goes seriously astray in his all-too-brief paragraph on Holy War and the present crisis in the Near East wherein he attributes Israel's sense of retaliation as something "partially inspired by religious conviction." By the judicious use of the adverb "partially" Fr. Amen has saved himself from being completely wrong. Despite the desecration of Jewish holy places in Jerusalem and the twenty-year exclusion of Jews from their Holy City, and though they now hold the City for religious reasons, the Israelis did not go to war in June, 1967, for religious reasons. It was the matter of their very existence as a state.

When Fr. Amen began his discussion of Holy War as related to the Near East, I was expecting some mention of the Muslim concept of *Jihad*-Holy War. The 1967 War to annihilate the Jewish state and the current terrorist activities of the Arab guerrillas are so regarded. Yet the conclusion one readily draws from Fr. Amen's discussion is that the Israelis were fighting a Holy War, and the Arabs were not. On the contrary.

In any case, it's still war.

Jonathan R. Ziskind

Assoc. Professor of History

## AMERICA ON TRIAL

EDITOR:

History is full of peculiar ironies. In the summer of 1945 American authorities hung all the towns and villages of Germany with the pictures and story of Auschwitz and the crucial slogan, "You are Guilty." Today all the television programs and many newspapers in America are filled with pictures and stories

of atrocities—theirs *and ours*—in Vietnam. Consciences grow uneasy, horror grips many who do not want to know this, and some rebel: does this mean that "We are Guilty"? Is the nation which initiated the Nuremberg trials now to be found wanting by the yardstick there applied to mankind?

The guilt question in war is very old. For a long time it meant only the issue of prior aggression. As such, "Die Kriegsschuldfrage" received much play after 1918. Since the Nazi experience, however, it has acquired a more comprehensive meaning. As the late Karl Jaspers wrote in *The Question of German Guilt* (1947), "a people answers for its polity." Then "You are Guilty" had, for every German, three meanings: that they must answer for the acts of the regime they tolerated; that they were guilty of cooperation with this regime; and that they stood by inactively when crimes were committed.

Now, like the Germans, Americans must face the fact that they, too, are guilty. We are collectively liable for the crimes which our military and our allies in Vietnam are committing in the name of America. (Cf., for example, SCHOLASTIC, March 28, 1969, p. 16). The question is in what sense each of us must feel coresponsible. Certainly in the political sense, inasmuch as we let such regimes as Johnson's appear among us. Perhaps morally insofar as most of us partially approve of the "cold war," and impotently submit to the Vietnam war machine. And clearly in a metaphysical sense; to quote Jaspers again: "There exists a solidarity among men as human beings that makes each coresponsible for every wrong and every injustice in the world, especially for crimes committed in his presence or with his knowledge. If I fail to do whatever I can to prevent them, I too am guilty . . ."

In Germany those posters have by now been almost forgotten. America is trying desperately not to watch those films, or listen to the stories of those Vietnam veterans who have gone to the limits of humanity and returned home. But the truth is now really at stake: now *our* national salvation depends on the world order established by Nuremberg. And *the* issue of this time, of this generation, has become "The Question of American Guilt."

Howard J. Dooley, '66

**a raison d'être**

**friday's child**

Very seldom are magazines published without a *raison d'être*, explicit or implicit. But a magazine need not have a single ideology from which it derives its "ultimate truths." Nor must editorial direction spring from a doctrine which condemns one group as demons while exalting another as gods. Such demons and gods are the product of minds unable to grapple with the complexity of the issues. At times, we will present only the confusion which we confront and the dilemma that leaves us powerless to judge.

And while some have labeled the SCHOLASTIC irrelevant and superfluous, we claim for it an authentic and important task, the examination of the institutions and persons that exert such massive influence upon our lives and the presentation

of new ideas where new ideas are called for. But the new SCHOLASTIC staff has pledged itself to other goals, goals more extensive than mere examination. Four years ago, John Twohey claimed that his SCHOLASTIC would not only report the news; it would "create the news." In echoing Twohey's words, we mean that our commitment extends beyond "putting out a magazine." Our commitment demands that we act according to our own advice, that we attempt to bring ourselves and the others of the University to a fuller realization of the self, society and history.

And perhaps more. Perhaps, the SCHOLASTIC must avoid flagellating cynicism and, while realizing and attempting to solve the problems, attempt to celebrate life.

Several things were interesting about last Friday's meeting with the trustees of the University. First of all, we discovered that they do have faces and arms, even legs — just like human beings. In fact, we discovered that they are human beings — much like everyman's father. *Sincere* might be the best word to describe their deportment. Yet other things were also evident; the trustees have been pitifully out of contact with the tensions and frustrations of the students.

About the students, information was readily available. Even the trustees must have caught some of the hints. The students, too, appeared human, not just a menagerie of radicals. ("And surely, the SCHOLASTIC staff isn't that big," the trustees must have thought.) The assembled students clapped politely, even enthusiastically, as the trustees were introduced. Occasionally, they even laughed. But the students betrayed other interesting phenomena. Despite their warm applause, the students were by no means content. A defiant hostility pervaded most of the questions, and the defiant and hostile questions received almost universal applause. Illogical or incomplete answers from the trustees were greeted with subdued laughter; and the pervading mood oscillated from the pathetic to the comic. One could not help but think of Sisyphus.

We would think, then, that the primary product of the meeting was a mutual awareness, not so much of the credibility gap, as of the generation gap. This awareness can be the foundation for renewed attempts at understanding.

But will Father Hesburgh's proposed forum constitute a real response to the problem?

Perhaps.

Perhaps, it is a beginning. But these forums must be given legislative authority. In other words, the forum must be empowered to propose reforms to authoritative bodies within the University — whether it be the Academic Council or the Board of Trustees.

The purpose of the forum should be twofold: first, to win back students alienated from the University structures; to accomplish this it will be necessary to hold open forums — in much the same manner as last Friday's meeting; but more vitally important are meetings which can produce concrete proposals. These meetings are possible only when speaking privileges are restricted and parliamentary procedure is observed.

But the matter of student representation on the Board of Trustees remains. The question was denied an answer throughout Friday's session. The trustees chanted that membership on the board was not sacrosanct; but never was membership offered to students. The trustees excused themselves by speaking of the ineffectiveness of having one or two student members on the Board, thereby admitting the polarization of opinion into student executive groups. Yet never did the board consider avoiding the "Uncle Tom" syndrome by admitting more than one or two student members; instead, they would decline such a vulgar role by merely refusing to admit *any* student members: a method remarkably similar to post-reconstruction enslavement.

What we are saying, then, is that neither the forum nor student representation on the Board of Trustees is sufficient in itself. Both must become realities before students can actively participate in the direction of the University.

There was an era in academic history when one could accurately determine the quality of a university by looking at the percentage of co-eds in its student body. During the past few years, however, most of the major American universities have attempted to allow for more women students. Last weekend Notre Dame in accordance with that move announced its intentions to approach coeducation in conjunction with St. Mary's College. Father Sheedy, in presenting the University's intentions, said that beginning next year some 245 freshmen from each of the two institutions would enjoy a wholly coeducational climate in four of their courses. He said that both schools would also attempt to intensify the co-ex program in order to triple the number of participating students to about 2,000.

Father Sheedy emphasized that this move towards coeducation does not constitute a merger. However, in the words of a former SMC prof, "It sounds as if the cow has been sold and a decision is needed only as to how it should be cut up." St. Mary's financial problems would, of course, prohibit the institution from participating in this project unless Notre Dame could be counted on to take care of the major portion of all expenses.

As planned, the ultimate goal of the ND-SMC project will be to create a rapport paralleling the "Har-

vard-Radcliffe plan." Although for the time being ND and SMC will continue to grant separate diplomas, Father Sheedy allowed that if a woman "becomes totally involved" at Notre Dame, then she should logically receive a Notre Dame diploma. However, he left open the question as to what might happen if a Notre Dame student became "totally involved" at SMC. It would seem unlikely that a student would be willing to come to Notre Dame if he were not to receive a degree from that institution.

Father Sheedy announced that the ultimate end of the project would be to create a 3:1 ratio of men to women. This, of course, compares to the ratio presently existing between Harvard and Radcliffe. Hopefully this ratio should allow for a stronger assertion of feminine opinion in Notre Dame's spectrum of academic inquiry.

But the "Harvard-Radcliffe plan" will not solve Notre Dame's social problems. Harvard is located in metropolitan Boston. Besides Radcliffe, Harvard men can rely on women from Wheaton, Simmons, Emanuel, and Wellesley colleges along with co-eds from many other institutions to enhance their social situation. As we know only too well, South Bend is not Boston. And so for every Notre Dame student with a date, there will still be one resigned to "the circle" and another resigned to his room. —T. W.

#### AS TO HOW THE COW SHOULD BE CUT UP



MARKINGS



# INCREASING THE YIELD OF IRISH GREEN

Overlooked in the controversy over opening last week's meetings of the Board of Trustees was a most significant action on the part of the Board's finance committee. Notre Dame's investment policies have been altered substantially as a result of the committee's actions with the Trustees firmly asserting their authority in matters of finance.

In the past Notre Dame has been known for its conservative investments. At least 50% of University funds have been invested in bonds yielding around 5%. Notre Dame has shied away from playing the stock market as other universities, particularly Ivy League schools, have made over 10% a year by getting on at the ground floor with technological firms such as IBM and Xerox. As one knowledgeable observer on the scene puts it, "Fr. Joyce has invested Notre Dame funds in the past as though the country were going to collapse tomorrow."

However, times have changed. Most universities have some time ago departed from the practice of investing 50% in bonds with the other half going into stock. The stock portion has in recent years been increased to 60% and often 70% at many schools. Notre Dame, as a result of action by the Trustees, is now in line with this trend.

The finance committee decided last week to set a target of around 10% as far as yield is concerned and also to place more responsibility in determining investments in the hands of the New York financial counselors, Brundage, Storey, & Rhodes. The University does not now and will not in the immediate future invest in highly "controversial" corporations such as Dow Chemical.

The finance committee, which is made up of eight lay Board members plus Notre Dame Vice-Presidents Frs. Joyce and Wilson, acted in a spirit of dissatisfaction with past investment policies. Complaints were expressed as to the low yield on Notre Dame funds. At present, interest and dividends on most University investments comes only to 4-5%. A number of Trustees complained quite openly of "unrealized profits" in Notre Dame's investments. The dissatisfaction led to the decisions to set a target and allow for increased influence of the investment firm.

—J. Con.



SECRET SUAC HDQTRS

## LAWLESSNESS

FOR TWO MONTHS a Student Life Council subcommittee headed by ex-SB Vice President Chuck Nau has studied the events surrounding the Pornography and Censorship Conference of early February. The subcommittee's report, a thoroughgoing analysis of what went on as well as the roles played by individuals and groups concerned with the conference, may understate one particular incident for the simple reason that the incident concerns the chairman of the SLC, Law School Dean William B. Lawless. The incident is one of the most revealing to occur during the hectic days of the conference.

On the day before the police raid on 127 Nieuwland, two minutes of the film *Flaming Creatures* were shown by accident in the auditorium of the Center for Continuing Education. *Flaming Creatures* had not been scheduled, and in fact SUAC Commissioner John Mroz had agreed not to show the film due to rulings against it on the part of two state supreme courts. When Mroz learned the film was being shown against his instructions he ordered it stopped and hurried over to the Continuing Education Center.

On reaching the Center Mroz proceeded to the office of Center Dean Thomas Bergin, who had earlier called him over the showing of another unscheduled film, *Kodak Ghost Poems*. In Bergin's office was Dean Lawless, who had been active in reaching the accord not to show *Flaming Creatures*.

As soon as Mroz entered the office Lawless began to berate him, accusing the SUAC Commissioner of breaking his agreement not to show the film. Mroz attempted to interrupt to explain that the showing was an accident. He was told to "Shut up!" Lawless went on, saying that Mroz had done nothing for Notre Dame. SUAC member and

Young Republicans Chairman Mike Kelly interrupted to ask about the highly successful Sophomore Literary Festival of last year. Lawless replied with the words, "That was nothing! Everything he's done is nothing."

The enraged Law School Dean continued to berate Mroz, threatening to have the Commissioner thrown out of Notre Dame. Again and again Mroz asked to be allowed to explain the accident. Again and again he was told to "Shut up!" A witness described the scene with the following statement: "Lawless was red in the face. He was sweating. He was shouting. He said the Pornography Conference was a direct embarrassment to the Law School. He said Mroz had allowed himself to be taken advantage of by 'a bunch of shyster Jews from New York who are only interested in money and damaging the reputation of Notre Dame.'"

In all, Lawless berated Mroz for about 15 minutes, not allowing the Commissioner a single opportunity to reply. He called Mroz "good for nothing" and, according to Mroz's testimony to the SLC subcommittee, threatened on more than one occasion to have Mroz thrown out of Notre Dame.

The incident just described is deeply disturbing, especially since Lawless chairs the very body which legislates student affairs and has been entrusted with reporting on what went on at the conference. SUAC's Kelly raises this issue eloquently in reflecting on the conduct of the Law School Dean. Kelly states: "Dean Lawless' actions during the entire week of the Pornography Conference defeated the entire purpose of open dialogue which was the basis not only of the conference but supposedly of the entire University."

—J. Con.

## WE OPENED IN PEORIA

"This is the time of King Arthur." Lance Davis, currently appearing as Arthur in ND-SMC's production *Camelot* is ND's first winner of a McKnight Fellowship at the University of Minnesota for 1969-71. The first artist-scholar year will involve graduate course work followed by a year of apprenticeship with the Guthrie Theater.

Lance has visions of great beginnings with Guthrie as the "proverbial spear-carrier." "The best training for actors comes in a system where older actors train apprentices. Guthrie is a fantastic opportunity to work with probably the best repertory company in America. As opposed to Broadway, the resurgent theater today is repertory."

When Lance returned after sophomore year in Angers, the two schools' theater departments had merged into the Co-operative Speech and Drama department. "The two years since the merger have been marked by phenomenal expansion in the direction of experimental theater. Over Easter, as part of SMC's 125th anniversary, we took *A Company of Wayward Saints* on national tour for high school and alumnae groups. We opened in Peoria (that sounds like *We Bombed in New Haven*) threw all our costumes and props into a trunk, bounced out to the East Coast in a station wagon and closed in Cumberland, Tennessee.

The most ambitious theater on campus will take form June 2 when Director Reginald Bain begins casting the thirteen-member summer repertory company in *Luther*. Adding *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Private Ear and The Public Eye*, the company will offer three plays every week from June 20 through August 3.

In addition to acting with the repertory company, Lance will teach voice and body in the high-school workshop for area students. Lance terms it "very hectic, but exciting." "After this I'll know if I still want to be in theater. It's fascinating that this has all happened within a year. People on most campuses have been cinematically oriented. The exciting things about theater are coming through here. An actor can come off the stage, look at you and talk with you. This you can't have in a film."

—J.J.D.



HEY - THAT YOU SLEEPING BEAUTY?  
WITH OUR  
SPECIAL GUEST STAR

## BRINGING HOME THE BACON

Michiana, the big country. Middlebury to Valparaiso, good land, most all of it farm land — and in all that country An Tostal cannot rent a pig.

Last year's mucky pork parade was such a great show that it had to be repeated, but according to HPC Chairman Ron Mastriana, reports must have leaked to the local 4-H, and area farms are having none of it. It seems the pigs lose a lot of weight in a long chase, and since pounds are money the rent-a-pig just doesn't thrive.

But Ron got wind of the big Walkerton livestock auction and thought he'd give it a whirl. Accompanied by a knowledgeable friend

to do the bidding, he bought ten pigs, in assorted colors, ranging from 140 to 170 pounds. "You really have to be careful," he ventured, "if the pig is under 100 lbs. the guys'll kill it. If he's over 300 he could roll over and kill the kid, and even over 180 they're too slow to run."

The pigs will be at ND for one afternoon performance Saturday when, sharing the stage with a host of other animals, they will face teams from each hall and 5 or 6 contingents from St. Mary's in the field beyond Holy Cross Hall.

"I don't want any pigs in Badin," shouted one official. So be it, but watch the sausage. —J.K.



## ANOTHER PERVASIVE MYTH

### DATING DEJA VU

Would you believe that the dating situation at Notre Dame compares favorably to that of such co-ed schools as Cornell, Stanford, and Berkeley? According to a survey compiled by Pete Nardi as his Senior Essay in Sociology, it was found that, in both the percentage of students dating, and the frequency of dates, ND is not very different from Cornell, and there are some indications that dating patterns at Berkeley and Stanford are in this same range.

Conducted with the aid of the Sociology Dept. among 200 ND seniors and sophomores, the study resulted in several surprising statistics. In frequency of dating, the percentages showed that 10% of the ND students don't date at all, as compared to 12% of the Cornell students. Thirty-one percent of the Notre Dame seniors, 50% of the sophs, 35% of the Cornell students, and 33% of the students at Berkeley and Stanford date once a month or less. Dating 2 to 4 times per month are 30% at Cornell, 31% of the ND seniors, and 26½% of the sophs, while only 8% at Cornell, 7½% of the ND seniors, and 4% of the sophomores date 8 times a month.

As to whom these Notre Dame students date, Nardi found that 35% of them had a majority of their dates with SMC girls, while 13½% dated mostly townies, and a horny

50% went out generally with girls from outside the area.

If at Cornell, where the ratio is 3/1, Stanford, where it's 2½/1, or Berkeley, 1½/1, the dating situation is not significantly better, then why do Notre Dame men perceive their own predicament as infinitely worse? Pete thinks the problem is simply the sterile social atmosphere at everyday Notre Dame. The lack of girls during the week, in classes and around the campus, is much more disconcerting than the natural conditions of a co-ed school, where girls are always present. Another reason may be two "myths" that permeate the social psyche here. One is that, as ND students tend to believe, co-ed schools all over the country have it much better than we.

Another pervasive myth concerns SMC. Ninety-seven percent of the responding students agreed that the first thing one hears as a freshman is "how terrible the dating situation is at SMC." As a result, many surrender to their lethargic status as ND men and the myth goes unchallenged.

Only 35% were satisfied with the social situation here, which would seem to be the same 35% who date mostly St. Mary's girls, while the 64% who rate the social "life" as "very poor" are probably those who must leave the "community" to get some action. —D. M.

## LOVIN' DEGREE

The Nth Degree is moving outside for the duration. Coffeehouse co-managers Nancy Hagan and Maureen Phillips tallied receipts of almost \$2,000 for the year, and announced that May's weekends in the grass are free. A present SMC sophomore has been selected for the \$1,000 Nth Degree scholarship.

"Next year we want the art people to display their work. We also plan to include campus playwrights and more performers from I.U. and Holy Cross. Our Monday night auditions are turning up real talent." Getting performers is no problem but the Nth Degree has been heavy on folk. For a change, and to diminish the debt from Chuck Perrin's three-part folk festival, next Wednesday will be "Oldies but Goodies and the Lovin' Spoonful Night." Perrin is also staging a children's hour Sunday afternoon with his local protégés and "their own coffeehouse thing." —J.J.D.

## HOT TOWN, SUMMER IN THE CITY

St. Mary's, this June, enters the summer-school market. SMC will offer a series of programs for graduate credit, one of which will be an interdisciplinary study of urbanization in America.

Urbanization — the 20th Century Challenge, offered from June 16 to July 25, is aimed primarily at "teachers, governmental, quasi-governmental, and business leaders who have an interest in urban affairs." However, the program is not intended solely for graduate students; any interested undergrads will find a chance, too, to accumulate graduate credit in urban study. —M.B.

# potawatomi potpourri



*In 1967, while in San Francisco, Allen Ginsberg organized a Gathering of Tribes for a Human Be-In, a communal celebration of peace, people and psychic prosperity. Since that time, a flood of Be-Ins, Love-Ins and Kiss-Ins has firmly ensconced this activity as the hip equivalent of the annual IBM outing. Last Thursday in Indiana's own Mishawaka the Michiana community was treated to its first taste of Central Park in exile.*

POTAWATOMI PARK undoubtedly serves as a perfect site for the 4th of July celebrations, Veterans Day Exercises and assorted pick-up games of tag and hide-and-seek. But, ordered rows of benches dressed in the pallid park department green and the latest in concrete slab "cheap but modern" bandshells hardly forms the ideal setting for Waldenesque communion with nature. Nevertheless, the Ad Hoc Committee for the Celebration of Spring chose Potawatomi for their May Day festivities, much to the chagrin of the local police and those area citizens whose taste in music runs more toward Hank Williams than toward acid rock.

Around three o'clock, the crowd began filtering into the park and staking out choice spots on the grass in front of the bandshell. The wooden benches were summarily ignored by all save the curiosity-seekers. One disgruntled wino passed me on his way out, obviously disturbed by the disruption of his afternoon slumber

and muttering under his breath "dirty crumb bums, dirty crumb bums."

It has become almost axiomatic that whenever the legions of the left gather that handmaiden of radicalism, paranoia, waits in the eaves. An announcement over the P.A. system ominously advised those "drinking or drugging" that plainclothesmen lurked in the shadows ready to whisk them off to an expense-paid vacation in the South Bend jail. Fortunately for those planning psychic excursions, the shadows of Potawatomi are rather well concealed on sunny afternoons. The "plainclothesmen" actually would have been hard put to look more conspicuous. They congregated in small groups on the periphery of the crowd, uncomfortably dressed in sweltering grey suits. Some displayed badges imploring onlookers to "Support Your Local Police"; others carried walkie-talkies and they all inexplicably insisted on wearing Broderick Crawford Highway Patrol sunglasses. But, at Potawatomi, paranoia was by no means the exclusive privilege of the left. The cops shifted their weight with bridegroom awkwardness and struck up nervous conversations among themselves. Their cool was continually shattered by amateur photographers who showed as much interest in them as their more colorful charges. They alternately glared in their best Jack Webb style, disdainfully turned their backs or, in more extreme cases, resorted to a righteously defiant "O.K. so what if I am a cop!"

**C**aptain Electric moved into its first set and the tension eased appreciably. The hips concentrated on getting into the music while the cops moved away from the amplifiers, massaged their eardrums and drifted off into visions of warmed-over pot roast and the prospects of catching the tail end of *Dragnet*.

*When I look out my window  
Many sights to see  
And when I look out my window  
So many different people to be*

When *Captain Electric* finished the microphone passed to Sister Joanne Malone. Sister Joanne is a member of the Sisters of Loretto in St. Louis and is one of the "D.C. 9," a group that entered the Dow Chemical offices in the nation's capitol and proceeded to pour blood on the files as a gesture of protest. Sister hardly struck the "nun" pose one remembers from grammar school days. Still — she hasn't quite been able to rid herself of that otherworldliness. She wore a simple red dress that seemed a little too plain and little too red to be stylish. She reminded me of those plain but exuberant high school girls that used to baby-sit on weekends. The ones that smiled too much but were kind, gentle and hopelessly destined for motherhood.

As Sister Joanne described her Dow encounter the crowd fell into a respectful silence. Everyone tried to chuckle enthusiastically at Sister's opening remarks because Sister had guts and the audience wanted desperately to make her feel at ease. But, the laughs were forced and the subtle embarrassment of their failure only made everybody, including Sister, up-tight. Just as Sister completed her speech a small child, who had crept into the bandshell unnoticed, vigorously slammed one of the cymbals that had been abandoned by the band. The crowd broke into spontaneous applause — as grateful for the child's innocence as for Joanne's heroism. Yuban coffee jars began to circulate through the crowd to solicit contributions for her legal defense. Small change abounded. A single penny made its way into the jar, donated by a somewhat rotund housewife who sardonically added "I haven't got a job."

The next speaker was an S.D.S. student dressed in working-class blue denim. He spoke articulately but, after delivering an insightful analysis of the Chicago labor situation, his rhetoric began to run away with itself. He lauded the demonstrators at San Francisco State for "sending pigs to the hospital." One shocked spectator retorted, "What we don't need is more violence." The cops who heard the exchange winced in unison and reports of a bad scene spread through the audience.

**T**HE SPEECHES over and the bands playing again, attention gradually turned from the bandshell to small rap sessions beginning within the crowd.

One intense-looking radical cornered Sister Joanne, exchanged a few words and began copying addresses out of a small book which Sister carried with her. Returning the book he added the avuncular "Sister, I think you are going to be a disillusioned young idealist," and vanished through the crowd.

A Notre Dame graduate student had been cornered

by an aged South Bend matron to be faced with this exchange:

Grad Student: Can you accept world government?

Matron: No.

Grad: Why?

Matron: Do you ever read the Bible?

Grad: No, that's just a magic book.

Matron: Well, if you did, you would know that your Social Security number is the mark of the beast that will bring the apocalypse.

Grad: What does that have to do with world government?

Matron: World government, socialism — it's all the same. Just look at Sweden.

Grad: (*thoughtfully*) Sweden seems like a nice place right about now.

One rather sophisticated brunette in a yellow and blue pants suit was berating a dark, gaunt young girl who was vaguely reminiscent of those grammar school pictures of Pocahontas.

Brunette: What color are you anyway?

Answer: I don't see what difference it makes.

Brunette: I just want to know so I can categorize you. It's people like you that those Communists are using as pawns. Why don't you niggers go out and get a job and work like everybody else?

**A** MIDDLE-AGED MAN in grey, apparently bored with the lack of excitement, seated himself on the grass next to a few unusually attractive Daughters of the Neo-American Revolution, hopeful that he could remember something apolitical to say. But the eerie strains of Tim MacCarry's sitar blending cacophonously with the hard rock of Captain Electric made conversation all but impossible. Just as well. The cop probably couldn't have made it with them anyway.

On the bench farthest away from the bandshell a Korean War veteran was explaining his opposition to the war to a South Bend high-schooler. "The trouble with most of the people around here is that they just don't understand what is happening around them. They don't think, they just react. Hell, they kicked my kids out of the park around 1 o'clock because they were afraid they'd get the plague or something."

A crew-cut Vietnam veteran stood on the other end of the bench in a T-shirt holding a sign that read "Stupid Doped Students." The two vets ignored each other.

Around dinner time, the crowd began to disperse escorted by neighborhood kids on bikes who were evidently wondering if their playing field would be cleared before dusk.

An elderly housewife dressed in a battleworn putzfrau outfit grabbed my arm on my way out and poked a nicotined finger in my face. "Do *you* read the Bible?" she accused. I answered patronizingly in the negative, much more concerned at that moment with missing dinner than the Book of Revelations. Pushing back her glasses on a nose that should have belonged to an Irish barkeep she solemnly declared, "Well, if you young people read the Bible you wouldn't turn out like these people." I couldn't help but wonder that if I did catch up on my Scripture, would I turn out like her?

—Phil Kukielski



# tuesday's child: the board & the movement

**W**HEN IT WAS OVER, everybody duly thanked Fr. Hesburgh and the several trustees who had given an hour of their time to openly meet with 400 students in the Engineering Auditorium. As one trustee had made succinctly clear, these people have many other responsibilities and would rather be home with their families (or maybe at least Palm Springs?).

Whatever name anyone wants to give to that Friday's event (like "dialogue," "gripe session," or "a lot of bull"), it was certainly the bastard child of the confrontation originally envisioned by Tuesday's night's radicals. To the background of the Student Center's soft FM music, approximately 35 basically frustrated students met that night to plan the week's strategy.

The meeting, like most radical ventures, did not begin at the projected time. The fragmentation of time into minutes and seconds, says McLuhan, is a reflection of the fragmentation of the industrial man's personality. Time, though, is meaningless to these people who are not organization-oriented. Lacking organization, strong leadership, and broad-based support, Notre Dame's leftist students cannot be classified as a "movement." For the most part they are simply sensitive people, which readily explains their frustration.

Before the meeting opened, small groups of students with some claim to influence gathered to formulate a semblance of an agenda. Most of the crowd spent the time idly, slumping in their chairs, a few making motions toward sleep. These people had been to these meetings before, and all their conversation was lazy and subdued—until the arrival of three members of the Afro-American Society. Their entrance into the room was electric and pointed dramatically to the noticeable absence of blacks in any campus demonstrations — although black and white radicals battle the same structures, few attempts have ever been made to coordinate efforts.

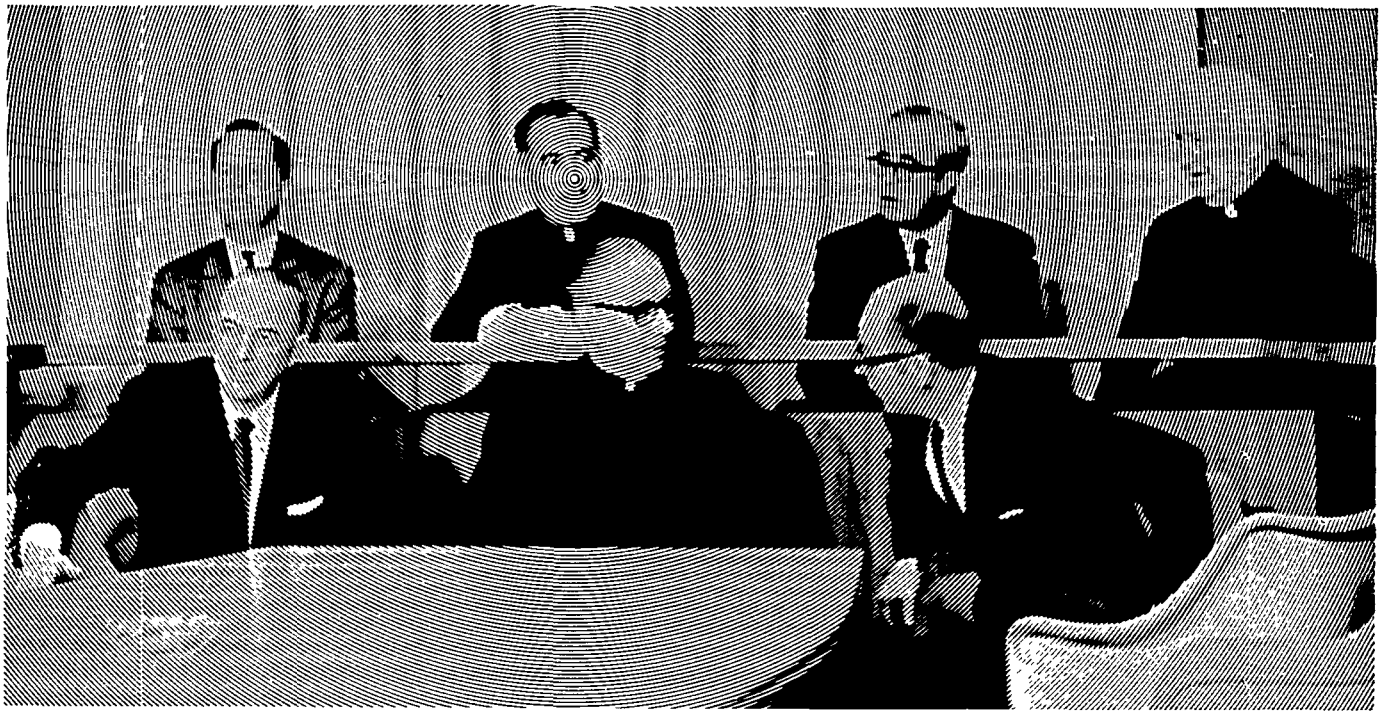
Finally Tim MacCarry of the Young Christian Radicals offered to chair the meeting — some semblance of

parliamentary procedure is always observed but rarely with any distinctive success. The first item dealt with a resolution, which was going to go before the Student Senate, recommending that the Board of Trustees meetings should be open and minutes of those meetings should be published. Delegations were formed to present the students' requests to Edmund Stephan and Fr. Hesburgh before the board meeting scheduled for Friday.

**E**XPRESSING LITTLE confidence in the power of a student government-passed resolution, the students argued over the question of tactics to pursue if the trustees' meeting was not opened. One suggestion was to give the trustees fifteen minutes to open the meeting, after which the students would endeavor to physically open up the meeting. The idea of a student strike came up as a possible response which could help mobilize moderate support. But with a group composed of students who were at various stages in the process of going leftist, the only consensus that could be reached was that individuals would have to decide tactics on their own when the time came. Undoubtedly this was the only plausible solution since, as the debate preceding the CIA lie-in last fall showed, the individual must eventually wage the same war of arguments with himself in light of his own experiences. In addition, it seemed best to remain flexible and not advertise tactics which would dismay campus moderates and allow the administration to prepare its own responses (such as a shift in the site of the trustees' meeting).

Discussion at the meeting even turned to the issues that should be presented at the meeting of the trustees in the event that students would be allowed into the Kellogg Center. Specific issues like ROTC, coeducation, and the blacks' situation were brought up but the group decided against focusing on these issues. Marty McNamara argued influentially for concentrating on the issue of a University Senate since the solution to other problems becomes easier once students have gotten a





foot in the doorway. The blacks at the meeting, perhaps a little reluctantly, acceded to this logic. The University Senate envisioned at this meeting was not, however, of the McKenna-Dedrick class: it was, rather, of a bipartite nature, with administration being left out. Working through a structure to ask that structure to replace itself with a new structure that excludes the members of the first structure probably lacks a certain logical structure. Such are the ways of revolution at Notre Dame.

**F**RIDAY MORNING the trustees held their first session at 9 a.m., without students. Nine a.m., however, is too early for any radical undertaking so flyers called for a general student meeting at noon on the main quad. At lunch in the South Dining Hall two students, one dressed as a priest and one dressed in a black business suit wearing a sign that said "trustee," threateningly chased after a third student. But when the meeting began at the flagpole, the issues became increasingly more complex than any guerilla theater.

The night before, Phil McKenna supposedly impressed on Fr. Hesburgh the possibilities of militant student action. Outwardly TMH was unimpressed, offering only to set up summer meetings between student leaders and members of the Board of Trustees' subcommittees. The gesture did not find enthusiastic student response at the flagpole. Bill Luking, who was involved with a similar meeting with trustees last year, observed that "we talked to them and they smoked cigars."

Student government people were sympathetic to demands that the trustees' meeting should be opened but felt that it wasn't a point over which to risk confrontation. Phil McKenna found himself in the same position Richard Rossie was in at the ROTC review a year ago: trying to tell people who had just supported him that it was best to stay within the strict boundaries of the system. Even Fred Dedrick, who has a better understanding of and communication with campus radicals than any politico of recent years, found himself echoing McKenna's conciliatory stance.

But the Left has an inherent and largely justifiable mistrust of student government. With a comment of "if someone hangs up the phone on you, go knock on his door," the group decided to move to the front of the Kellogg Center. There, confrontation with trustees on their way to the 1 p.m. session was possible.

**E**XCEPT FOR three or four students singing a few choruses of "up against the wall, . . . . .," the march to Kellogg inspired little fear in bystanders. Several students tried to get in the north end of the building, but the security guard inside refused to open the doors. He also claimed to know nothing about when the trustees were to meet. The students, not looking for a confrontation with campus security, left quickly as one student called back, "we're really with *you*, man."

Sitting on the grass in front of the Continuing Education Center, the absurdity and frustration of the situation became painfully obvious: there is a passage from the Morris Inn to Kellogg under Notre Dame Avenue. The trustees need never even see the students. So the group moved once more, this time right into the lobby of the Morris Inn. There was no confrontation there either though, and it is debatable as to whether the students or Morris Inn were the most embarrassed.

Bernie Ryan, who was chairing the discussion, did his best to maintain order but the arguments became violent. By this time Fr. Hesburgh had conceded to come with Edmund Stephan to an open meeting behind the Morris Inn at 5 p.m. Many felt that it was only a token substitute for finding out what happened at the meeting of the trustees, that "it's like reading the *Alumnus* to find out what happens on campus."

Word also came in that the Board of Trustees' educational subcommittee would meet in May in an open session with students. Another half-victory for the radicals: it opened dialogue, but dialogue is non-legislative and only a means of working toward student ends.

More out of frustration than practicality, the students passed a motion to send a telegram to Fr. Hesburgh, asking him to immediately come out and explain why the trustees' meeting was closed to students. A few minutes later the meeting moved back outside the Morris Inn to the grass in front of Kellogg. Although arguments over tactics still were being waged, no real chance for any dramatic confrontation any longer existed. Discussion had sapped most of the afternoon's energy; the liberal love of rhetoric is such that it finally succeeds in showing absurdities in most opinions and cripples action. There was little left to do but lie on the grass, gazing at the impermeability of the Kellogg Center's draped windows and noting the building's massiveness from your position.

—Ray Serafin



## a war against pacifism in smalltown america

**E**VERY WEEKEND morning for a long time now, Edmund John has been driving the 27 miles from his home opposite the Voluntown, Conn. post office to the submarine plant on the Thames River in Groton. It's a long drive on any day; in winter it can be a day's adventure. But shipfitter John says he doesn't mind; he likes his job and he likes his town.

He's not alone. Walk down Main St. and ask a couple of Voluntown's 1,200 citizens about the place. They all seem to know. Founded in 1721 on land given to volunteer fighters of Indians, it was originally named Volunteer Town. Himself a World War II veteran, John points out that Voluntown had the highest percentage of enlistment in Connecticut in that war.

But today almost no one other than Voluntown's own 1,200 really remember the Indian fighters, or even the enlistment records. The board of selectmen won't admit it, but Voluntown's place on most maps is due to a 40-acre run-down farm on the far side of town. Since 1962, the New England Committee for Non-Violent Action has been coordinating direct action for peace from their farm headquarters in Voluntown. After seven years, many people (including several at the farm) are beginning to wonder if maybe Mr. John is right when he steels his eyes and fires: "They're in the wrong town."

Harassment and abuse have become as much a way

of life as night watch and washing dishes for the inhabitants of the 230-year-old farmhouse. Carloads of young men from town have been piling onto the property for seven years now, and for a while their abuse was limited to obscenity and screeching tires. But on July 15, 1966, ten teen-aged attackers threatened residents with butcher knives, smashed windows, and broke down the front door with an ax. In the fall of 1967, the barn was burned to the ground. Shortly after that attack, the FBI foiled a Minuteman plot to blow up the farmhouse. It is particularly this group — the Minutemen — that has terrorized pacifists into recognizing the peril of their predicament.

**O**N A FRIDAY EVENING last August, I was leaving the farmhouse after a visit when one of the residents asked me to glance at the bulletin board. There was posted a message from the Minutemen: "TRAITORS BEWARE: Even now the crosshairs are on the backs of your neck." Twelve hours later, six people had been shot in a Minuteman raid, a raid broken up by State Police.

It was about 2:45 a.m. when the raiders "rushed in the kitchen door like storm troopers," said the wounded Mrs. Roberta Trask. A 30-year-old junior college teacher spending the summer at the farm with her two young children, she had been sitting up to watch for the usual



harassment with Mrs. Mary Lyttle, wife of pacifist author Bradford Lyttle.

"We were sure we were going to die when we saw them," Mrs. Trask said. "They had rifles with fixed bayonets, packages of tape and rope and tanks of gas-line strapped to their backs."

After taping both women's eyes, one of the Minutemen told another to "go round the rest of them up" (there were 27 people living on the farm at the time). Before he could, the police burst into the room (50 of them had staked out the farm on a tip).

Mrs. Trask's thigh was filled with more than 100 fragments of shot when a Minuteman lunged with his bayonet at a trooper and the trooper's rifle went off accidentally. A policeman had two of his toes shot off by a Minuteman as he approached the house. After he was hit, the trooper wheeled and fired in the direction of the shot, as did another trooper from a bush near the house. The Minuteman fell blinded, his eyes filled with shot. Another raider was shot near the farmhouse and two more were wounded with one bullet by a trooper firing into the dining room.

State Police guarded the farm until December, when the commissioner phoned and said he had decided to remove the guard. Arraigned on a slew of charges starting with attempted murder, the Minutemen pleaded innocent, and then guilty to a variety of lesser charges. They have since been sentenced.

The courts have cleared the case from their dockets, but the night watch at Voluntown has been increased. There is little the pacifists can do should the Minutemen strike again, but they must continue to watch for fires and the usual harassment from town.

And the war against pacifism waged by many of Voluntown's 1,200 continues. Ken Parker, the town's police constable who runs the Phillips 66 station at the junction of 165 and 138, ran into the pacifists during his term as school board chairman. The boys at the grammar school needed a basketball coach and found one out at the farm. Dave Miller, a young man more noted for his draft card burning than for his collegiate jump shooting, was spending some time at the farm and welcomed the opportunity to coach. Miller, the first man to be prosecuted on the draft card burning law, lasted only a few minutes before Parker found out he was from "the farm." "Get out of here and don't come back," blasted Parker, and the boys still needed a coach.

Residents of the farm warn visitors never to stop at Parker's gas station for directions. In the three times I stopped there last summer, I was sent successively to Route 138, ("about four miles down"), to Route 49, ("about eight or ten miles over"), and to hell, ("anybody who goes up there has gotta be one of 'em").

For the record, the farm is about two miles north of Parker's station on Route 165.

**P**ARKER has not eased up his hostilities since the raid. I stopped to chat with him on the day before Easter. He didn't remember me from the summer, so I asked directions again. "I heard of the place, but I don't know nuthin about it," Parker told me, "besides, it's nuthin but a god-damned pig farm up there." "Yeah," echoed two of his pals sitting on tires in the garage. Before I really got started running out the door, the police constable had picked up a wrench and was heaving it into alternate walls of the garage, bellowing: "god-damned, yellow-backed draft-dodgin bastards."

Others in Voluntown are less expressive. "They don't bother me none," said one man the day after the shooting, "so I don't guess I have to bother them."

A common complaint is that "they give the town a bad name. Voluntown was never in the news until they came. Now it's pacifists this and pacifists that. But what can we do?"

One housewife, whose husband works at the submarine plant, leaned on her kitchen stool and said through her screen door, "Well, let's face it, they're different. Even the kids know they don't belong to us — they're not our kind."

But not everyone in town is out to run the pacifists off their farm. Mrs. Hattie Griffin, the 71-year-old registrar of voters, notary public and recently retired justice of the peace, suggests, "People ought to just leave them alone. I'm no pacifist, mind you, but I've had dealings with them people and they've always treated me like a lady."

She said a group of American Legion members started a petition to "run them out of town" a couple of years ago — but it didn't work.

One of the pacifists had joined the Legion, gotten himself elected commander of the local post and then marched in a peace parade with his Legion uniform — cap and all.

Mrs. Griffin can't understand the legionnaires' anger: "Why shouldn't he be able to wear his uniform — it was a special occasion wasn't it?"

She recommends one philosophy to everybody: "Live and let live — it's the best way."

**B**UT THE PEOPLE at the farm know all too well that Minutemen don't buy Mrs. Griffin's philosophy. and that townspeople like Parker are not likely to adopt her tolerance. In the months since the attack, there has been some discussion of abandoning the farm. Many residents have left on their own. All overnight visitors are warned that they are actually risking their lives by staying there. Can people live with such a daily threat?

For Marge and Bob Swan, a couple long involved in civil rights and peace activities — and who helped set up the CNVA farm in 1962, there really isn't any question.

"Some say we could go to Boston, to Hartford and to other places," says Marge, "but as long as we do what has brought this kind of retaliation we won't be safe." They have not entertained thoughts of curtailing their activities, but suggest the need for a reassessment of their position.

"We're very aware that if we're opposed to the present violence of the status quo and to violent revolution," says Marge, "then we have to figure out what we mean by nonviolence in very practical terms."

She sees the need to think in terms of "a society based on nonviolence not as a utopia — we'll always have conflict — but we must use different means . . . nonviolent means . . . to deal with injustice and exploitation."

Meanwhile, the work at the farm continues. Howard Hagen, a classics graduate from Syracuse who celebrated his 18th birthday six years ago without the traditional cross-town trip, is supervising the construction of a new building at the farm. Designed to house a library, meeting room and kitchen, the structure is going up via volunteer labor and contributions. It will be dedicated on Memorial Day in honor of A. J. Muste, the American pacifist who died in 1967 at age 81.

Edmund John figures the people at the farm are "in the wrong town." Wrong town, wrong time, wrong country — there doesn't seem to be any way for pacifists to fit into a violent world. But then maybe, as Muste kept insisting, "There is no way to peace, peace is the way."  
—Bill Mitchell

# violence in search of peace: an interview with michael cullen



INDEED NAPALM IS THE INEVITABLE FRUIT OF OUR NATIONAL UN-CONSCIENCE, THE SIGN OF OUR NUMBNESS TO LIFE.

— Statement of the Milwaukee 14

On September 24, 1968, fourteen men burned approximately 10,000 1-A draft files which they had taken from Milwaukee's Selective Service boards. The Milwaukee 14, as these men have come to be known, included five priests and a Protestant minister. To dramatize the issues behind their destructive act, they used home-made napalm to burn the files in a Milwaukee square dedicated to America's war dead.

Michael Cullen, the leading figure in this group, came to this country from Ireland in 1964 to pursue seminary studies. After dropping his priestly, though not his religious, intentions, he worked as an insurance agent and spent a year as a community specialist for the Wisconsin State Employment Service. Leaving the state service he became, and remains, director of the Casa Maria House of Hospitality which provides whatever physical and spiritual benefits it can for the poor and migrant workers in Milwaukee.

Cullen also is the editor of *The Catholic Radical*, an organ of the Catholic Worker movement. He is mar-

ried to an American, and the father of three children, but because of his part in the Milwaukee-14 action he faces possible deportation when he goes before a federal court in July. When Cullen was arrested last November, the state set bail at \$30,000. He finally ended up paying \$10,000 to get out of jail a month later. The excessive bail has been appealed to the state supreme court, which will delay his state hearings until after the federal trial.

Recently, Cullen spent a night at Notre Dame and spoke informally in Dillon's chapel. After a question-and-answer session in which he intently listened to others as much as he himself spoke, Cullen, who is 26, showed his youthful and Irish sides as he led the singing of revolutionary-folk songs of his homeland. A gentle man who reveals his own inner struggles when he speaks, Cullen stayed up all night with friends at Notre Dame. Still eager and lively the next morning, he was interviewed by SCHOLASTIC editor-in-chief Rich Moran and associate editor Ray Serafin.

**Scholastic:** What's the difference between a Christian radical and a "secular" radical?

**Cullen:** I think maybe where some of us break with the SDS in tactics is that we go far beyond a political point of view, mainly because we deal with history as well as a style of doing things. We deal with a history that we are born into, a faith community. You believe in the Gospel or you don't; and if you believe in it, you articulate it and it certainly colors the way you act. Christ goes much deeper than the political. He deals with man as a special kind of being that has claim to eternal life, which is why the 14 [Milwaukee 14] stood around to accept the consequences of what we did. That's something that political people can't understand.

**Scholastic:** In view of the history and organization of the Catholic Church, why would you call yourself a Catholic radical instead of just a Christian radical?

**Cullen:** Well, maybe it makes more clear the complete roots. There are various kinds of persons who articulate themselves as Christians, but I don't claim their various denominations. I think Catholicism goes much deeper. One of the unfortunate things with Catholicism, as we wade through the water of renewal now, is that people feel that Catholicism should go out the window because the structures that were relevant are now breaking up. But I think there are some relevant things in the 2,000-year history of Catholicism that are important to be kept.

**Scholastic:** Why did the Milwaukee 14 single out the Selective Service System for their actions?

**Cullen:** You take the draft system because it is a sort of a total system. The government has decided to have certain claims upon you, claims that are, I would say, very contrary to the Gospel. It says that at eighteen years of age we want to tell you whom to kill, where to die and who the enemy is. And in a war we will decide whether it is right or wrong. That is contrary to the idea of free conscience and certainly contrary to the idea of choice.

The draft system in this country right now is causing the physical destruction of a section of mankind. People are dying because of that draft and people are killing because of that draft. And I guess I feel a moral responsibility to strike at that.

**Scholastic:** What did you hope to accomplish by your attack on the draft system?

**Cullen:** I think that the main thing is that most of us were at a point in our lives where we saw people still dying in the war and we asked, "What does a good man do in a society like this?" You keep saying "no" as well as you know how within the law and you find out nothing works within the law. Or at least nothing has worked within the law, not just for me for the last three years, but for many people for many years. The government's power is in the hands of a few and isn't affected by its citizens. I think we saw this in Chicago in the political realm. Even trying to elect a president is out of our own hands, and we really aren't a democracy anymore, at least in Chicago we weren't. But the thing is that we struck and hoped to accomplish, first of all, the freeing of our own lives, which is where you have to start. But I think hopefully, within the act, you act as if it will have a conscious effect on people's lives. We knew it would be something very new, it

was an act that was rather revolutionary even though we have a slight history of destruction of property in this country, like the Boston Tea Party. But this was sort of cutting right into the core of things, it was an act of destruction saying that we were going to take as many files as we could get out of that office within a period of time where no violence would take place, and we would destroy them. That means ten thousand guys in Milwaukee will not go to war in the next year, at least they have a choice about it. Now if they want to go to war, those guys could rush down to the draft office and sign up and the guys would take them very happily. But guys have come to me in Milwaukee often and shook my hand and said, "Thanks very much, man, I'm going to California, I don't have to go to war." And, of course, that's effective, too. Now, of course, Uncle Sam doesn't have to worry about getting his 10,000 men, he can pick them up somewhere else in the country. But at least the guys in Milwaukee didn't have to go.

It also struck home in a public thing and shook people at the roots. I know people in Milwaukee now who are really thinking about the draft but didn't think about it before. Now that we raised these questions, high-school kids have been educated to the fact that maybe they don't have choices. And also we raised very radical questions about the war. I think for many of us it was a deep freeing of ourselves in saying that we can say something in terms of history to shape the future of man and to shape the future of the unborn.

**Scholastic:** Do you think a volunteer army would further help to set up a military caste system?

**Cullen:** That's up to us as a free people. If we want to sit back on our asses and let them develop the kind of power that they want to develop, and have their contracts with all these big universities developing biological and chemical warfare for them, that's our problem. It's like the president at Utah who found out two years ago that for the last 16 years on his own campus they were developing biological-chemical warfare. That's our own fault. If we allow the United States Army to take that kind of power, then we're to blame as a people. We have to keep up with them and make sure they're restrained.

**Scholastic:** How do you react to arguments that if everyone is allowed to decide what laws he will obey or what war he'll fight in, anarchy would result?

**Cullen:** You know I think that whole word, "anarchy," is a kind of misused word. I don't get frightened by anarchy — I've never seen anarchy yet anyhow. I'd rather see anarchy maybe than what we have right now, because I don't think what we have right now is very human or very constructive. People say that by our actions we're breaking down the very fabric of this society. But what the country is doing in the world is far worse than what we're doing in burning some paper. But we're not just going out and burning anything we see, we're hopefully acting responsibly. Is what we have in this country that great? Well, certain things in this society are very great, but what we're doing in the world is much worse. We live off 60% of the world's people; we control economies; we have troops in 50 countries, so the question of anarchy is kind of a misleading thing. But as a Christian I guess we're talking about the kingdom of God, and the only thing I know is that we're asked to live a certain way by the Gospel. I don't mean a drippy religion kind

of way. I'm talking about the kind of thing Jesus wants us to do. Loving your enemy, well, what does that mean? It means feeding and clothing and sheltering him because each man is a brother. There is only one family of man and we can't be divided by nations any longer. We just speak a very different language, and yet it's not a very new language, it's as old as the faith I claim.

*Scholastic:* What are your reactions then to Fr. Hesburgh's famous 15-minute ultimatum?

*Cullen:* I think it was a very blind statement. I was very surprised to have a man of that background and that responsibility say a kind of thing like that. That's the kind of statement you expect out of a Mayor Daley, certainly not out of the president of a college of this caliber and this influence. And then there's the fact that this college is Catholic. You look at your bishops and see how poor they are, and you probably see Hesburgh in the same line. I'm sure he has thought about it since then, and I think he may have regretted it. I don't know, but to my mind it was a rather foolish statement.

*Scholastic:* How effective do you think nonviolence can be?

*Cullen:* Our biggest problem is that as yet we as white people have paid such little prices for nonviolence. And I say white people mainly because we've been left very poor, we've had very few heroes of nonviolence anywhere across the pages of a thousand years of Christian history. The early Church was very nonviolent and the people refused to participate in Caesar's army, going to the lion's den rather than taking part in killing. We're left without white heroes in recent history, though, and so we're trying to pick up another solution to social needs other than killing. Personally, I feel we haven't even begun yet. I am impatient with nonviolence, mainly because I'm impatient with myself.

I'm not the one who can stop the entire war in Vietnam, but I have to live in some kind of relationship with creation. All of which I'm not sure about, but I'm trying to understand it as I see it portrayed in the Gospels and by other writers other than the prophets and Jesus. I can sort of find my way through that and find some kind of solution for my own life. There is a power here that is beautiful and real, and that spirit, the Holy Spirit, can work in us if we allow our lives to be open to it.

But I'm never going to come up with absolutes for anyone until I'm finally at a point in my life when I can say, yes, I really believe that, I really believe I'm a pacifist. I'm not a pacifist; I am trying to become one, I hope I am becoming one. Nonviolence in my mind is like a theology: it always has the need for clarification, you never have the total answer for it. And probably this is the real theology, the theology of perfection which deals with your own life and deals with your brothers. And I think we haven't begun to look into that yet. It's amazing we haven't had the kind of Catholic reflection that's been needed, at least not up until now. I know you here are going to have a school of nonviolence next year. I think it's very good when we finally get people to pool energies, especially about the historical reflections of nonviolence in the Church. The lack of evidence in the Church for young people who want to get C.O. is really appalling to me. The Catholic bishops haven't done their work. Finally they came out with a statement that you can choose not

to fight in certain wars. Here in the 20th century when we've already got nuclear capacity to kill every man, woman, and child many times over they're finally coming out with that kind of solution. Well, they should have been out with that a hundred years ago.

*Scholastic:* When you look at the violent aftermaths of two nonviolent movements, like Gandhi's and Martin Luther King's, does it seem to say to you that nonviolence isn't effective on a political level?

*Cullen:* I think our biggest problem is that we expect one man to be our hero forever. I feel the same thing happened with Jesus; because He made such tremendous claims in His own life, we felt He'd done it for us. When really, what He did in my mind, He made an invitation to us to follow Him and to be like Him. And that's probably why the early Christians were able to live the way they did, and resist the way they did, because the memory of Christ was very fresh and green on their altars. This impact was very powerful, but it didn't last more than a couple hundred of years. And then you had a few followers who began to give their lives, and they kept the memories bright. But we haven't had real believers now, and we really need people to live that way. You can't have one King, or one Gandhi; you need many people who are striving to those ends. And that's really a matter of faith. I feel my faith in appealing to the souls of men has certainly increased as the result of actions like the 14's because I've seen through to things that I never expected to see, and I've found a willingness to go on to other steps.

*Scholastic:* What do you hope to gain in court during the trial of the 14?

*Cullen:* This has been a difficult question for me, because traditionally people of nonviolence have gone into the courts without lawyers and without recognizing the courts in many ways. I feel there is a need yet for that institution, like there is for the Church. I feel I can't leave the Church because I feel I'm responsible in some form for the people who've left there. I'm not crushed by the Church structure, I'm just horrified by the immense corporation of it, and the scandal it gives. The thing is that I feel that the law misuses the poor and they don't get justice. In the eyes of many lawyers and many judges the law is a game. But since the courts are the only thing we have in this country that we can consider to be a way of bringing about some kind of justice, we have an obligation in actions like ours. Some of the 14 don't believe this, and see the courts as an absurdity and should be treated as such. I would like to see the courts confront themselves, and I would like to be able to help them confront themselves. Maybe I'm a dreamer; we'll see. A lot of money has been spent already just to do the work of getting out what we want to say.

*Scholastic:* Would you prefer to be deported rather than go to jail?

*Cullen:* No, I'd rather go to jail here because I believe this is where important things are happening in the world right now. I think we are setting up possibilities for a real future for freedom. The weight lies on each of our shoulders as to how that future is going to be designed, and I want to be part of it. My kids are American, my wife is American, so I have a real obligation here and I certainly want to stay. Otherwise I would have cleared out a long time ago. Even after the action, there were possibilities of getting out, but I've decided to face the court.

# mouse droppings on excalibur ave.

## the cinema as art: out of sight

The scene: fade in long shot, two young hipsters smoking dope in basement with one naked light bulb, etc. Mucho furtive whispering (Mom and Dad are right upstairs!). Featuring Melvin, the leader, the slick-talking red-haired Jewish kid, and his "partner" Herbie, nebulous but sensitive understudy. Dialogue as follows:

*Mel:* Out of sight.

*Herb:* Yeah, out of sight.

*Mel:* Man, uh, oh this stuff, this is just too much . . . completely . . . Jesus.

*Herb:* Yeah, out of sight.

*Mel:* Listen, uh, maybe . . . maybe . . . I forget.

*Herb:* Christ! Christ, pass it here . . . you'd better roll another . . . oh wow, what a floor! Dig this floor! It's *red!*

*Mel:* Lookout, man, it's moving!

*Herb:* Oh, lookout, man, help, I'm falling! It's gonna get me!

*Mel:* Out of sight, man! You really look weird!

*Herb:* Help, I'm going down!

*Mel:* Ok, hang on, man, don't let it suck you in! Wait till I get over there . . . oh, what a drag, look, I can't make it . . . it's too far.

*Herb:* No, no . . . it's ok now, it went away, it went away to the other side. It's ok, it's . . . uh . . . hey, Mel?

*Mel:* Huh? OH! Great, Herbie, glad to hear it. We gotta do this more often.

*Herb:* Can't talk . . . oh wow! Look, man, I can see Him!

*Mel:* WHO? WHERE?

*Herb:* Him, right there. I think I see God in that cistern!

*Mel:* He's a drag and a bore. Let him alone . . . dig the weird staff he's got.

*Herb:* That's no staff, that's a snake! It's a snake! We'd better split!

*Mel:* Ok, man . . . hey wait a minute, first let's do some of this crystalline, ok?

*Herb:* OK, roll up your sleeve. I really dig this, it's really just so fine.

*Mel:* I'm with you, Herbie, you really got a head. Ouch! I uh, oh my God, what a kick, all over, what a rush . . . and they call . . . this . . . wrong . . .

*Herb:* Wow, man, let me at another of them joints.

Where'd you put it?

*Mel:* To hell with that! Dig some of *this!* Liquid oven cleaner! What a high!

*Herb:* Watch the match, man . . . it'll burn the . . . it's gonna get us! RUN!

*Mel:* Look, hey will you look a minute? See, just pop the needle through one of you eardrums and save the other one for hearing and stuff. God, what a hit! POW! What a gas. It dribbles right down the inner ear into the brain, and then: BLASTOFF! Wanna give it a try? Just once can't hurt. And dig this: it's LEGAL! Like, you can buy it in STORES!

*Herb:* In stores? Out of sight!

*Mel:* Here, let me load this time . . .

*Herb:* No, man, hold it . . . just let me have another uh, . . . uh, I think . . . hey, where's the matches?

*Mel:* HA! What, dope make you blind?

*Herb:* Dig this on the cover. I can be a lawyer in my spare time.

*Mel:* Yeah, well ok, but how would you make your bread? I mean in your time that *isn't* spare?

*Herb:* I hadn't . . . I guess you're right . . .

*Mel:* Let's go another round to celebrate.

*Herb:* You want some more meth?

*Mel:* Hell yes!

*Herb:* Where's the bottle, man? I . . . oh look, I got the needle stuck in the bottle top!

*Mel:* Hell, what're we gonna do! You idiot!

*Herb:* Gimme another joint, will ya?

*Mel:* Man, you wrecked my only needle!

*Herb:* I'll get you another one, honest!

*Mel:* I need more speed! I can't make it!

*Herb:* I can't help it if you're a freak for that junk!

*Mel:* Wow, man, I'm ruined!

*Herb:* Here, take a handful of these dex, that'll get you there!

*Mel:* I need my prod!

*Herb:* Look, man, I'm sorry!

*Mel:* Well sorry isn't good enough, you prick!

*Herb:* Yea? Well at least I don't shoot up OVEN-CLEANER!

*Mel:* You ungrateful son of a bitch!

(Hipsters begin to kick and struggle, fade out.)

*Mel:* Oh no, the light, man!

*Herb:* Man, it's the DEVIL!

## the cinema as art: out of mind

The other day me and my honey, or "fiancée" as she is sometimes wont to be called, was walking. I, spooning the tune to her of my latest soundtrack, was laying the words of it on her snappily as so:

*Penny Loafer, my root beer baby,  
Penny Loafer, I don't mean maybe,  
Penny Loafer, my bride to be,  
Penny Loafer, woncha walk with me.*

*Penny Loafer, girl you look so fine,  
Penny Loafer, ooh you're just my kind,  
Penny Loafer, couldn't give you no line,  
Penny Loafer, drive me outa my mind.*

*Penny Loafer, when you make me out,  
Penny Loafer, gotta twist and shout,  
Penny Loafer, you're Paradise,  
Penny Loafer, in you're sweet love-vise.*

Etc., but moderately.

Do you still love me? she asked, no doubt in jest.  
All my songs I write for you I answered. Of course I love you. And more so every day.  
Do you ever want to rap me right in the head?  
Right in the head?  
Yes, right in the head.  
Like this? I answered, playfully belting her mouth.  
Yes, like that.  
No, I said, probably as an afterthought, perhaps.

## the cinema as art: out of the night and into the light or film and the academy

Once upon a time there was a good fairy and a bad fairy, or so said my father, who should have known I suppose, though I doubted him at the time, still his advice was a teeny-weeny bit eccentric now and, though by no means odd, then, so I laughed then and he said you

laugh now, so I did. And then is now, and I'm not laughing anymore.

Which brings us to the point of the whole article. Whatever that may be.

—Fran Maier

## movies

CINEMA '69: *Marat-Sade* will close out the Film Society's yearly program in a four-day grand finale beginning this Friday evening. All screenings will be held in Washington Hall. Friday night is scheduled for the Collegiate Seminar, with showings at 7:00 and 9:30. Saturday and Sunday times are normal — 2:00 and 8:00, and Monday's screenings are the same as Friday's. *Marat-Sade* is adapted for the cinema from the notorious stage production of the same name. As a film it loses some of the impact of its actor-audience confrontation. Its power is intimidating, transfixing nonetheless. It is probably the smoothest stage to screen transition yet accomplished, and what it loses in immediacy is picked up rapidly by its macabre sense of humor-terror. Crowds should be sellout, so get there early. It's unquestionably the finest Cinema '69 has

had to offer, and caps off the best season for film Notre Dame has ever seen. *Marat-Sade* is a benefit show for the Film Society and prices may be slightly less clement than usual, but whatever they ask, pay it. *Marat-Sade* is worth your coat, your girl, your house, your car, etc.

ELSEWHERE: The only worthwhile show in town is *Charly* at the Colfax. *Romeo and Juliet* is back, this time at the Avon, and you may want to check it out — the prices are reduced to a dollar this Saturday afternoon, and a dollar-fifty through the week. The town is starting Bergman's *Hour of the Wolf* and *Shame* on the 16th, followed by François Truffaut's *Stolen Kisses* on the 23rd. If you must hit South Bend, save your bread till then.

*Fifi La Merde*

The Scholastic





## camelot

**P**ROPOSITION: Messrs. Lerner and Loewe's Lancelot du Lac is not the person anyone, King Arthur and Queen Guinevere excepted, could want for a brother, a son or a friend, to say nothing of a lover. The king is forever telling us that we don't really understand Lance, that what appears to be an oddly unfeeling chivalry coupled with an overblown, unattractive perfectionism isn't really so bad, but we never agree. As for Guinevere, well, love must be a many-splendored thing, but no thanks, anyway. Such is the bone which Messrs. Lerner and Loewe have tossed to the interpreters of romantic heroes and a very indigestible bone it is, for all concerned. Resolution: no matter who attempts this glorious role, he is doomed to uphill battle against an unconvinced audience. For, although armed with several charming (in the Merlinean sense, of course) songs—not the best ones in the show, but charming nonetheless — he is forbidden the slightest gesture of humanity and this edict is rather efficiently executed by his lines. Lancelot's laughs, sobs, and delights, as seldom as they occur, are grotesque affectations; Lancelot wandered out of Corneille.

This is only the deepest of several pitfalls, or rather chasms, which Messrs. Lerner and Loewe have built into their musical, *Camelot*. After the film — especially after the film — one would expect a college performance to plunge to the floor of each abyss. But the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theatre production has deftly avoided these: for example, it is not (somehow) surprising that Guinevere should suddenly fall for the man she has detested (and, we add, rightfully detested), not because of the miraculous resurrection which Messrs. Lerner and Loewe have been gracious enough to throw in by way of catalyst, but because Miss Phyllis Redgate's Guinevere does not fall like a ton of bricks, but has a few reservations. The production's only serious problem lies in the tension created wherever the plot embarks on a new improbability; this is certainly not the production's problem. Lance Davis as Arthur, Miss Redgate and Willem O'Reilly as Pellinor have so completely accepted the plausibility of their roles that they manage to convince. For Tom Broderick as the impossible Lancelot, too, a great deal could

be said; he keeps the monstrous egoism of the role to a minimum. Mr. Davis and Miss Redgate have a delightful way of making us forget just what sort of creature they lavish their affections upon. More positively, Mr. Davis renders King Arthur's ideal of "Might for Right" a noble ideal indeed and squashes the possibilities for silliness inherent in Arthur's struggle to think. Miss Redgate, although she waxes rather too eloquent when she has no lines whatever (it would be unfair to accuse her of "upstaging," however), knows not only how to sing beautifully, but what to do with herself while singing. The effusive loveliness of her Guinevere combines most effectively with Mr. Davis' delicately saddened nobility in the number, *What Do the Simple Folk Do?* Mr. O'Reilly's performance is slightly stagy, but his gentle grandfatherliness produces much of the warmth (this is not to say *schmalz*) in the royal family circle.

**C**amelot has to be a spectacle, too, and this production provides lots of spectacle, especially by way of exquisite costuming. The Maying and jousting scenes are both festive and playful (although occasionally too much of both) thanks to the subtle offhandedness of the chorus and the dancers. The potential of the simple yet elegant sets seems to be fully realized and the lighting, with one exception, is artful. The exception is an enragingly fidgety (and noisy) spotlight truly on a par with Messrs. Lerner and Loewe's script. The orchestra, although awkwardly weak in places, is very much with it, and provides the essential heroic-nostalgic atmosphere with considerable sophistication. The owner of Azim, the afghan who does a very fine job of being a riveting Horrible, is a very fortunate man.

Chuck Perrin, as Mordred, is actually nasty and wicked. There *are* touches of Shaw, but these are no doubt due to Messrs. Lerner and Loewe's connections with that writer and not to Mr. Perrin's.

You come out of *Camelot* not only singing the songs, which you have known for a while, but thanks to the director, Reginald Bain, and his cast, dreaming the dream.

—Robert John Keefe



*With less than a year remaining before his 65th birthday, South Bend businessman Julius Tucker should be counting the days until retirement. Instead, he continues to serve Notre Dame football players in his role as . . .*

## pro football's foremost free agent

**P**ROBABLY THE ONLY damaging thing Julius Tucker ever has done to Notre Dame is subvert the principles for which the Yacht Club stands. He is a successful businessman without an M.B.A. or a B.A. degree. He never attended high school and says they graduated him from eighth grade only because the school was short on desks.

It's an old refrain with different particulars each time. In this one, the guy knocks around in Rock Island, Ill., and Davenport, Iowa, until one day his big brother calls from South Bend and says, "This is where the action is."

So in 1923, here comes 18-year-old Julius Tucker, holes in three pockets and a nickel in the other, working in an office-equipment store for \$15 per week "and all the cold water I could drink."

Four years later, the brothers round up a couple of trucks and found Tucker Freight Lines. A winner. In 1934, Julius bolts the freight industry and opens Business Systems, an office-supply outfit. And today, at age 64 $\frac{1}{4}$ , he still presides over Business Systems, located at 126 South Main Street, downtown.

Perhaps the evolution of American business has decreed that today the self-made man is an anachronism. If so, Julius Tucker is a tribute to those men who started life three touchdowns behind and still got to the top without stepping out of bounds along the way.

Enough for the melodrama, you say? Get out a balance sheet and figure this one up. Since 1947, Tucker has negotiated, free of charge, pro-football contracts for more than 100 Notre Dame gridders. The going rate for agents is 10 per cent of all bonus money, salary money and endorsement cash a football player makes during his career. Let's say he's handled 100 players who averaged \$50,000 in career earnings. That's a total of \$5,000,000. At 10 per cent, Tucker's cut would be \$500,000.

**J**ULIUS' INITIAL contact with Notre Dame came in the early 1920s when he met Frank Halas (then coach of Davenport High, brother of Papa Bear George) and

Elmer Layden (a halfback for Frank Halas, later to become one of the Four Horsemen).

Tucker was an able aide to Layden during his seven-year stay at the Irish helm and became a personal business manager for Frank Leahy when The Master took over in 1941. He accepted not a cent for either job. It was in 1947 that Tucker got his start in contract negotiations. An offensive tackle named Zygmunt "Ziggy" Czarowski was drafted by both the Chicago Cardinals of the NFL and the Chicago Rockets of the All-America Conference.

"I did his negotiating and got him a pretty good contract," recalls Tucker. "Ziggy was a real popular guy on campus and a soap-box orator at the same time. He went around telling everyone what a great guy Mr. Tucker was and from that time on, many of the boys came to me for help when they were drafted." Tucker's office is filled with pictures of his boys — Hornung, Guglielmi, Hart, Lattner, Lamonica, Pottios, Scibelli, Stickle, Scarpitto, Izo, Carroll, Siler, Snowden, McGill, Schoen, Pergine Bleier, *ad infinitum*.

This year is one of Julius' biggest. Already he has signed Gerry Wisne (Lions), Bob Belden (Cowboys), Tom Reynolds (Chiefs), John Lavin (Chiefs), Chuck Landolfi (Bears) and Ed Tuck (Dolphins). Still not inked are Notre Dame's 1968 "names." Tucker is handling three of them — Jim Seymour (Rams), George Kunz (Falcons) and Bob Kuechenberg (Eagles).

With Seymour and Kuechenberg, there are extraneous problems. A change of ownership is possible in Los Angeles. Head Ram Dan Reeves may be looking for a way out after firing and rehiring coach George Allen within a space of 10 days this off-season. In Philly, beleaguered Jerry Wolman is finished financially. ND graduate Len Tose took over last week, fired ex-Irish mentor Joe Kuharich and began looking for a replacement. Likely, it will be two or three weeks before the Eagles are prepared to discuss Kuechenberg's contract.

Seymour's bargaining position was strengthened Friday by the retirement of Los Angeles's starting flanker Bernie Casey. That left only Jack Snow and



aging Pat Studstill, primarily a punter in 1968, as the Rams' only wide receivers. "I think they knew Casey was going to retire before next year," says Tucker. "That's why they went for Jim. We've been battling a certain figure with them. We won't raise it any now that Casey has retired, but this gives us a bargaining advantage."

About Kunz' status, Tucker reports, "It's just a question of money. We have a certain figure in mind right now and I think we'll get it."

**M**EANWHILE, Bob Gladioux (Patriots) and Jim Winegardner (Bears) are now negotiating through Consulting Services of Akron, Ohio. Terry Hanratty (Steelers) is being handled by Jim Morse, an Irish end during the mid-1950s, and advised by Leo Stepanian, an attorney in Hanratty's home town, Butler, Pa.

Tucker has his own theory about why this year's rookies are signing relatively late. "This year is a bit unusual because of O. J. Simpson," he relates. "Usually we have everyone signed by this time. But a lot of players and a lot of owners, too, are waiting to see how much Simpson will get. I don't think he's worth \$600,000 over three years or over five years, either. Nobody's worth that. Simpson's a good ball player, worth \$50,000 a year. If Ralph Wilson (Buffalo owner) is smart, and I think he is, he'll stick to his guns." (Wilson's present offer is \$250,000 over five years.)

"You know this whole thing started up in Green Bay," Tucker notes, "when Vince Lombardi paid \$1,000,000 for two ball players—\$600,000 for (Donny) Anderson, and \$400,000 for (Jim) Grabowski. What nobody realizes is that Green Bay has so much money they don't know what to do with it. When Lombardi went there, that club was losing a lot of money. So he made it a nonprofit organization and sold shares of stock to thousands of people. Then they started winning and they made money, but there was nothing to do with it. They couldn't give it to the stockholders, so they gave it away to ball players."

**T**UCKER ENJOYS a unique position with pro-football men. Julius has a portfolio of letters from Commissioner Pete Rozelle and 20 different clubs which documents his statement, "They respect me because they know I'm not getting anything out of it. I'm like one of their own scouts. These teams draft 20 players each year; it would cost them a couple thousand dollars to send out scouts to sign every one. With me, they have no headache.

"We usually can make a deal on the first or second phone call. (Unlike the Hanratty-Stepanian-Morse team, Tucker does nearly all of his bargaining by phone.) I know the owners and general managers and I know the value of my boys.

"On the first phone call, maybe I'll throw out a figure and the general managers will say, 'Ooooo, I thought you were my friend, Jules.' Then I'll say, 'This boy is good; his kind doesn't come along too often.' We'll joke around awhile and he'll say, 'Let me talk it over with the Vice President and the personnel

director.' Then on the second phone call, they usually meet my terms.

"Other times it's different. I remember when I handled Paul Siler (lineman on the 1966 National Championship team). I talked to Weeb Ewbank of the Jets before the draft. He said they wanted Siler and that I could write the contract. But when it came time for negotiations, he said he hadn't made that promise. So I went to Sonny Werblin (Jets' owner) and he said, 'Whatever you want is fine with us.'

"Naturally, a player has to be lucky and be picked by a club which has a lot of money. Carroll Rosenbloom of the Colts, for instance, is a man who will pay any price to bet the best ball players. He used to play football, himself. He's a millionaire now and the Colts are just a hobby for him. He wants to win the championship every year, no matter what it costs."

Art Modell, Cleveland owner and president of the NFL, is another soft touch for Tucker. Modell is decidedly opposed to agents; he favors nonpaid advisors for rookies. In other words, Julius Tucker is his kind of man. Modell insists:

"An agent won't get a nickel more for a player from me than the boy would get if he came in with his mother or his barber. Two kids who made our club out of last year's draft told me they had made a mistake by taking on an agent. They felt they had thrown away money. Every college and university has dozens of alumni who are prominent attorneys and sophisticated businessmen. They would be happy to represent a player without fee," Modell concludes.

**A**LL OF WHICH sounds like a tape recording of Tucker. "A lot of times I can get more money for a boy than an agent could," he says. "The owners trust me. I'll often throw out a figure 25 per cent higher than what I think the boy is worth and I'll get it. Last year when the Browns drafted Tom Schoen, I called Mr. Modell and he said, 'Name your price.'"

Are pro football owners really that deep in the palm of Julius Tucker's hand or is this just one of those old geezers who is nearing retirement and buoys the ego by lighting up his own scoreboard?

Well, hold onto your rocking chairs, Golden Agers, Julius Tucker, with his 65th birthday a couple hundred days ahead, is not considering retirement. "I never want to retire. I don't believe in retirement at 65. Lots of guys are 64 when they're 50, others are 40 when they're 64. The longer a person stays active, the better," he says.

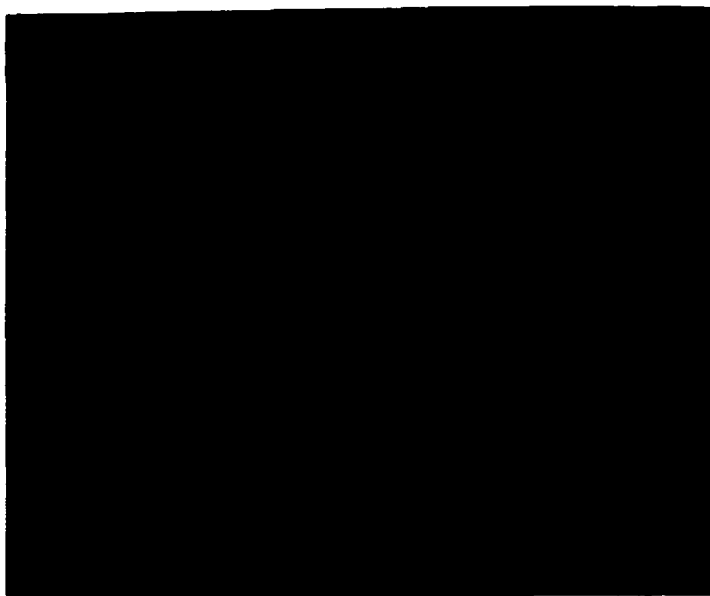
There is a noticeable youthful air about this man and it runs deeper than his fine physique. He's like a 16-year-old girl about photographs, removing his glasses for each shot and making very clear his distaste for profiles. He has the tell-it-straight candidness of a young idealist emerging from graduate business school. He doesn't like paid agents. He says, "They're phony. They're trying to cash the chips without knowing the boys."

Julius Tucker, pro football's foremost "free agent," really exposes himself, though, when he tells you Fr. Brennan is one of the finest men he's ever known. That's good people talking.

—Terry O'Neil

But for the adults there's something special to see  
 How Money Propagates! Anatomical — not for  
 amusement only!  
 The genitals of money! All, complete, the Act!  
 It instructs and makes you prolific! . . .  
 . . . Oh, but just outside, behind the last billboard,  
 . . . pasted  
 with posters of "Deathless," that bitter beer that  
 tastes  
 so sweet to the drinkers, if they chew fresh di-  
 versions with it . . .  
 but just behind the billboard, just back of it,  
 everything's real.

Rainer Maria Rilke



**T**HURSDAY, May 1: what a fine day for Notre Dame. The Northern Indiana hippies gathered at Potawatomi and put on a show for Phil Kukielski (see page 12). And, yes, it was the feast of St. Joseph the Worker. But even more exciting were the festivities here at Notre Dame, just outside the SCHOLASTIC window: the Hayes-Healy building was dedicated, a sterling example of what might best be called the Ivy League syndrome.

After all, how foolish was all the hooplah for a graduate school of business. (The heart does beat a little faster at the words, doesn't it?) Here, in our own backyard, we had Robert McNamara — whom the press releases advertised as "noted for the successful application of a 'systems approach' to the massive budget and programs of the Defense Department." Perhaps, it was this efficiency technique, one that could be learned only in a graduate school of business, that enabled us to escalate our war effort in Viet Nam so smoothly and unobtrusively.

Anyway, to greet Mr. McNamara and to christen (that is, to make the building a modern-day Christ, the saviour of the world) the shrine of Hayes-Healy, a choir of angels (seraphim; perhaps, cherubim) unleashed Handel's *Messiah* while the Notre Dame Glee Club bowed a reverent head to sing "Ramona" in honor of Ramona Hayes-Healy. And Mr. McNamara delivered a charming Kennedyesque speech on family planning — a speech that bubbled with creativity (and how to squelch it).

**F**ATHER WALSH, the Vice-President for Academic Affairs, hailed Ramona Hayes-Healy for expertise in management — another topic of vital importance in the Christian University. All in all, it was a lovely day: a tea-and-crumpets affair — not at all like the wine-and-strumpets splashes that Christ used to throw for the local peasants. No, this one belonged to the elite, to the Pharisees.

Don't get me wrong. There was an occasional troublemaker. Steve Moriarty, a Notre Dame junior disguised as a torn and wounded soldier, held a sign, "War is good business." We hope the University officials and the businessmen present realized the other half of the epigraph (or is it epitaph?), "Invest your son." Many of them have done just that.

In any case, a few graduate students in business noticed Moriarty. They surrounded him to make sure the guests would not be disturbed. This is ordinary policy among businessmen. As for the business grad students themselves, they were hardly disconcerted. After all, they have spent an entire year inside the Hayes-Healy building — a *Gardol*-like womb. And golly, when you're there for a while, suffering and death are not really real — you know that.

**T**HEN, some sophisticated gentleman, evidently a member of the Sanhedrin, walked up to Moriarty — who continued to hold his sign calmly above his head. The gentleman, though, was infuriated. Pointing to the ground, just outside Sacred Heart Church, he indicted Moriarty, "I am not a Roman Catholic; but I do know that you are desecrating this holy place." Moriarty, still calm, replied, "Well, sir, I am a Roman Catholic; and I am a theology major, and I do know that I am not desecrating this place."

Somehow, you get the idea that the gentleman had a warped idea of reverence; typically American, his reverence cherished not life, not spirit but property.

All the parts did seem to fit. There was the military — represented by a few ROTC instructors and Mr. McNamara himself (posthumously military). And, of course, industry breathed hard upon the lips of the military (a sort of death embrace). Not to be outdone, the institutional church stood shoulder to shoulder with this gentleman, the Grand Inquisitor. All at Notre Dame.

Has anyone looked at the direction of this University?

Rich Moran

The Scholastic

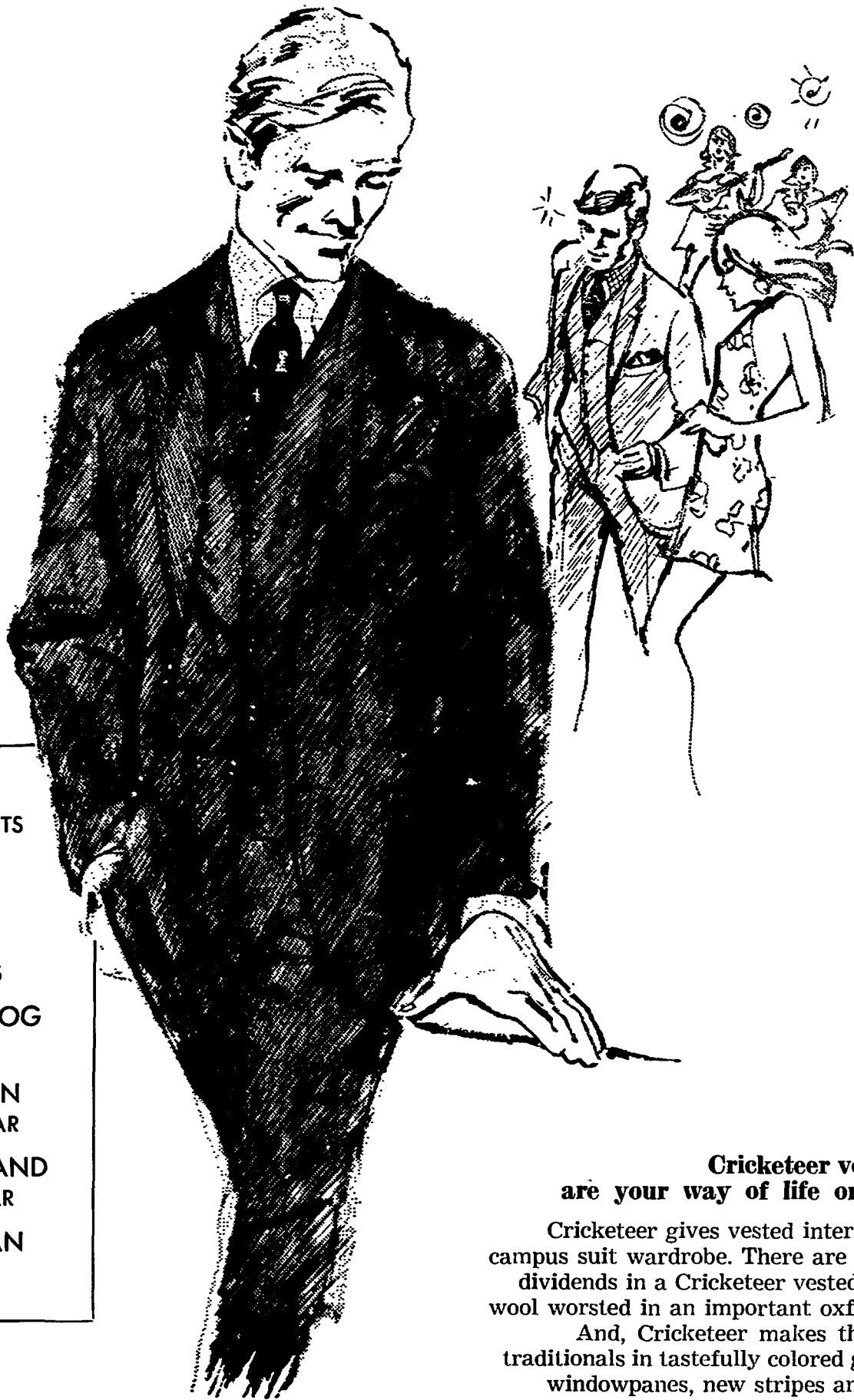
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