

surely you remember the celebrated Walker Report) is leading the directorship
On the seventeenth of August, I noticed in the paper that Robert
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lost thing to real politics I have seen lately; how different Weisberg's camp
the Spanish speaking Chicagoans & North Lake Shore Drive. That, I suppose, is
for the Illinois Constitutional Convention, appealing to a constituency split
Erhard Weisberg, a Chicago constitutional lawyer, was the man
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a Pittsburgh that exploded over the elitist unions. One can hardly blame Chic
oterie and the Black P Stone Nation kept the Chicago construction sites busy;

Labor Day Letter from Chicago

Sept. 26, 1969

Chicago had a quiet season. Only the SDS caused much stir all summer
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that the land reclaimed from Lake Michigan thirty years ago that makes up the
to September 4, & no rain fell in the city and from the Outer Drive going nor
yourself. Late Summer in Chicago was a hot season. For twenty three days, from Au
s. Now I was to see the anniversary of Chicago in situ and learn its lessons

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Editorial

To Seek Out & Cherish

"... the future of the world lies in the hands of those who are able to carry the interpretation of nature a step further than their predecessors; so certain is it that the highest function of a university is to seek out those men, cherish them and give their ability to serve their kind full play."

— THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

Huxley writes with a force of rhetoric undiminished by the passage of nearly a century. Creativity in whatever nature it may assume constitutes the ultimate objective of any community of scholars. These "interpreters of nature" — the creative minority, if you will — are more to be boasted of than an assemblage of memorial libraries, victorious football teams, smiling alumni or ponderous endowments unless we read Huxley's sense awry. But with the pride of possession there also rests an onus of responsibility. Unequivocally stated, "the future of the world" becomes entrusted to the university's ability to nurture and protect the production of ideas. Huxley's imperative bespeaks of an unimpeachable intellectual vision. A vision perhaps as yet unrealized, but nonetheless the ultimate goal of any university that seeks to achieve a standard of "greatness."

But what of Notre Dame? Is it capable of bridging the gap between the vision and reality? Unfortunately, recent events seem to indicate that a peculiar brand of myopia afflicts this University that renders Huxley's vision clouded to the point of obliteration. In the 50's the shibboleth of "academic excellence" spurred the administration to war successfully on the provincial and the mediocre. Since that time the University has survived an undefeated season, assorted disorders and vague rumblings of secularism. Now after the disappointing fiscal year '68-'69, the words heard most often

concern "fiscal responsibility," a "fiscal responsibility" that now seriously endangers the "highest function" of the educational institution. Those items first trimmed from the university budget were those termed conveniently "nonessential" (read unprofitable). The *Juggler* returned to find its budget indefinitely suspended while student films limp along on funds begged and borrowed. The Art Department in desperate need of room for expansion flounders as the bastard son of the Liberal Arts College. Young photographers must look to their own ingenuity or to St. Mary's for equipment and technical assistance. The advancement of the arts, culture in the refined sense, is left to hobble on its own without the financial crutch upon which it is so dependent.

Those seeking to lead the Notre Dame community must begin to realize that contemporary culture does not solely reside between the glossy pages of the *New Yorker*, in some off-Broadway cavern, along the aisles of the Guggenheim or on location with Fellini and Antonioni. Culture is immediate and endemic to the academic community. The academic community is perhaps the only place within our technocratic society in which a sincere interest in artistic development can be presupposed. An audience exists ready-made that can provide the constructive criticism and encouragement so important to a fledgling artist. The University is thus charged with a cultural imperative. An imperative that demands not only preservation and propagation on the aesthetic tradition it inherits but as well a recognition of the dynamic and revolutionary nature of art. While the traditional receives formal attention in the classroom the dynamic is all too often forgotten. The cultural history of our generation, or at least the first chapter, is being written here and now at the University. The artistry of that first chapter will in large part be determined by the concern the University exhibits for art and its evolution.

A Question of Priorities

On September 19, Notre Dame launched its six-million-dollar Law Center Program.

On September 15, Dartmouth's freshman week began. Ninety of the 855 freshmen were black. At Harvard, 95 of 1,200. At Brown, 77 of 818. At Wesleyan, 51 of 335. At Yale, 96 of 1,255.

At Notre Dame, 29 of 1,660.

The administration at Dartmouth had always held that they were eager for more blacks — but there were simply not enough qualified blacks.

Sounds familiar.

The Afro-American Society, at Dartmouth as at Notre Dame, objected. As at Notre Dame, they asked for travel money; they asked that the blacks themselves recruit blacks. And they asked for more financial aid.

Dartmouth responded with a five-million-dollar commitment to finance the expenses of recruitment and financial aid for a five-year project. The Afro-American Society began recruiting at Christmas and continued through the spring. And according to the *New York Times* and Charles F. Dey, dean of the endowment fund that financed the drive: "They were simply magnificent. They spoke to these kids as brothers, and that's something we could never have done." The dean of admissions agreed, "We just didn't know how to recruit blacks. We had no experience."

Two hundred and thirty blacks applied for admission to Dartmouth. One hundred and thirty — most of these from poor families, one-third of them from the South — were accepted. And the admissions standards were not lowered; only those who certainly possessed the ability to graduate from Dartmouth were accepted.

Dartmouth made some accommodations for the blacks after they had been admitted. The English department hired an expert in remedial writing to teach a special freshman course; for the first time, the mathematics department is offering a course below the level

of calculus. And a summer program called "Bridge" enabled 22 black students to take regular college courses and receive credit for them. The classes were limited in size and this individual attention prepared them for the college environment.

Why was Dartmouth able to triple its enrollment of black freshmen? It certainly was not the town of Hanover. Only three or four black families inhabit the town which is a two and a half hour drive from the nearest city. Much worse than South Bend. And the black recruiters for Dartmouth did not hesitate to point up this fact. Certainly, the academic excellence of Dartmouth was a factor. But the previous four years had seen black freshman enrollments of 8, 10, 20 and 30. It was only through the wholehearted financial commitment of five million dollars over five years that Dartmouth could bring ninety freshmen to its campus.

On September 19, Notre Dame launched its six-million-dollar Law Center Program. It will include a \$3.5-million building, and expanded library and faculty and room for more students.

We realize the financial difficulties that now confront Notre Dame. But the plans for a Law Center cause us to question the priorities of the University. The trustees who last year told us of the high priority of the black students' problems must have been kidding. A banal joke.

We think, perhaps, that Notre Dame has forgotten the commitment of a Christian university to undergraduate education, to a project, not of professionalization, but of personal understanding. And it is only through the personal contact of black and white students that Notre Dame can provide insight into the American experience of racism.

We urge the University to consider the divisive hate that permeates our society and to reconsider her priorities.



Ray Serrano

Game Theory: Conspiracy

Abbie Hoffman (Yippie!) has written a book called *Revolution For The Hell Of It*. In the book, Hoffman contends that progressive change can and will be fun. Yippies use icon, image, and myth in carrying out the theory — as in nominating Pigasus, a live pig, for president last year and in attempting to levitate the Pentagon in the 1967 march.

I mention this here because Hoffman is one of eight persons indicted for conspiracy to create disorder during last year's Democratic convention and whose trial began Wednesday. I also mention it because the games planned by both sides in the trial are neither funny nor conducive to progressive change.

The federal government is going to prosecute The Conspiracy (as the eight now call themselves) under the antiriot section of the 1968 Civil Rights Act. The Thurmond Amendment (appropriately named after a man long concerned about civil rights) makes it illegal to cross state lines or use interstate commerce to "incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in, or carry on a riot." A riot (riot: an act or threat of violence by one person in a group of three or more) does not actually have to occur, it only has to be talked about.

The eight members of The Conspiracy represent diverse viewpoints within the peace movement. Three are members of the National Mobilization Committee, two are Yippies, and two are university radicals. The indictment of the eighth member, Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale, is amazing in that he was in Chicago for less than four hours during convention week.

The trial is another chance for Richard Daley to vindicate himself, to gloss over what the television cameras silently recorded, to deny the conclusions of the Walker Report. Unfortunately, The Conspiracy is helping him out by allying itself with the SDS.

The power of SDS is largely symbolic. The organization is automatically linked with any campus unrest — the South Bend *Tribune* even tried to link it to the disturbances at last winter's pornography and censorship conference. Where SDS has succeeded has been in places where repressive administrations and oppressive police power have forced students out of any middle positions.

Having read too much about their own strength, SDS now plans a Chicago rally on October 11 to dramatize the trial of The Conspiracy. The theme is "Bring the War Home." Another confrontation, some more playing at revolution. It can only harm the chances of eight men who face up to ten years in prison (is this how martyrs are made?).

SDS already has internalized most of the evils of the system it is fighting. It is bureaucratic, uptight over ideological deviance, and it has its own credibility gap. Now it issues a call to battle with the Chicago cops which, if carried through, means a sacrificing of heads and maybe lives for The Cause.

The contradictions in our system can be exposed without human blood sacrifices. The radicalization of youth can continue without inviting armed backlash. We already have one war too many.

Markings

In Search . . .

"Cultural life" is a phrase that may be rich with connotations in some places, but at Notre Dame it is an essentially meaningless idiom. The current cultural establishment here seems to be keyed to continue an attitude by giving the students what they "like," never presenting them with alternatives, with the spectrum of art and culture that one must experience and assimilate before he can develop true taste. As the situation stands now, a student comes to Notre Dame with certain limited cultural values and then merely has these reinforced, not changed, while he is here . . . more organizations with the quality of the Contemporary Arts Festival must arise. . . . — DOME 1969

In search of variety, in search of expression and in search of finances, the 1970 Contemporary Arts Festival begins anew. Now in its fourth year, the CAF has expanded into a yearlong sponsor of the arts on campus.

The idea of promoting cultural activities over a short time period proved to be rather ineffective. There still remained a need to experience the arts; last year's festival only accentuated the fact. So instead of a three-week "cultural cram," the CAF has decided that with the time span of a year it had the ability to develop more fully certain aspects of last year's festival.

In search of variety, the CAF opens with an underground film festival October 11 through 17. Such films as *Chelsea Girl* by Andy Warhol and Stan Vanderbeek's *Scorpio Rising* will be featured. Under consideration for a series of jazz concerts are the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Gary Burton Quartet. The Lighthouse, a thirteen piece group will provide the rock concert. Their music, although mostly jazz-blues, has a full symphonic sound. In the field of dance the CAF plans to have performances by the companies of Murray Lewis and Lukas Hoving, February 26-28 and April 24-26, respectively.

The National Endowment for the Arts has given the Festival a grant covering one-third the cost of bringing the performers here.

Should you enjoy drama, a performance of *Macbeth* by the National Shakespeare Company, a professional American touring company, is planned for April 11. Or, if you prefer off-Broadway, *Tom Paine* an 18th-century, antiwar play will be presented in the coming months with the original New York cast per-

forming. Experimental theater, poetry and art lecture series are also in the planning for the coming year.

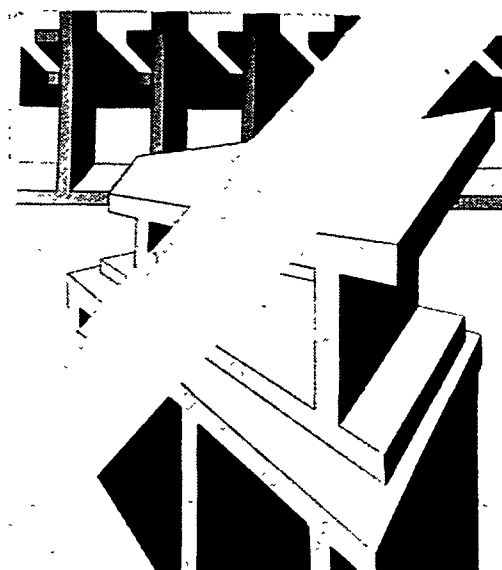
The search for expression will take the CAF into a new dimension this year. Emphasis will be placed on the student, the silent and unrecognized artist, here at Notre Dame. April 24 through May 3 student art will be exhibited.

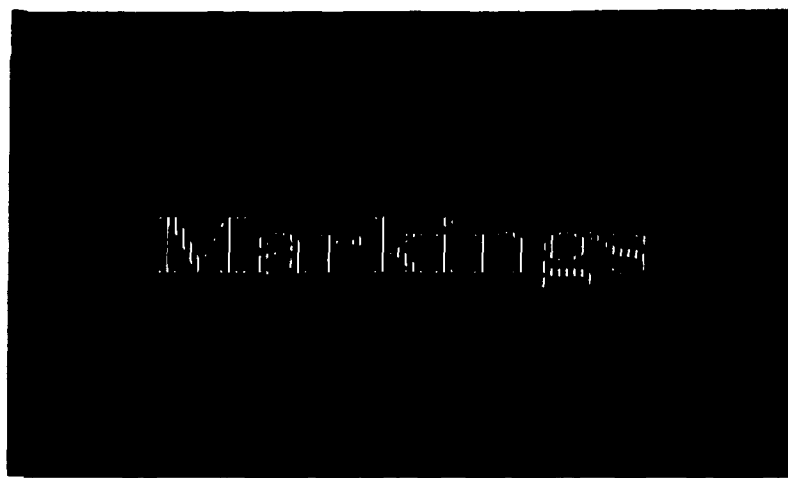
Not only is it necessary for a great university to develop a person physically and intellectually, it should also develop his expression and appreciation of the "cultural life." At Notre Dame this last area seems to be neglected. Students desiring to experiment are limited by space and money.

Unfortunately, in the search for variety and in the search for expression, the Contemporary Arts Festival is lacking finances. Last spring the administration agreed that it was necessary to provide funds for special worthwhile student organizations on campus. But now, because of financial conditions, they are finding it increasingly more difficult to assist such endeavors. Along the same line, it seems the CAF faces a cut in the annual allotment provided by the Student Government. As it stands now, the CAF is at an impasse; they cannot sign contracts for outside performers without the finances, and the finances are not coming in.

This is why the CAF will have to depend heavily on student support through the sale of patron cards on campus. Students now have the responsibility of developing and maintaining the Contemporary Arts Festival in their own hands.

—Tom Kronk





Juggler-- A Rather Universal Decision

In the beginning, there was consternation. Some members of the Student Life Council, notably Father McCarragher, could not understand why the meeting was called at all. He repeatedly argued that the case was not proper matter for the Council since the decision against the *Juggler* had not yet been finalized. SBP McKenna argued that Father Hesburgh's letter to Michael Patrick O'Connor spoke of the "discontinuation" of the *Juggler*. Steve Ahern noted that no matter what the present status of the *Juggler*, the bill itself was valid since it addressed its force to the future of the magazine, i.e., that the editors be assured of the continuance of the *Juggler*.

Professor Norling questioned the circulation of the *Juggler*. And student member Richard Meckel informed him that the sales of the Spring issue sold 500 copies, approximately the number sold over the previous four years.

At one point, Meckel asked for a suspension of the rules in order to call members of the English Department to testify to the need for and the quality of the *Juggler*.



At no point was the entire question of, to quote Father Hesburgh, "four-letter words," discussed. The strongest defense of the *Juggler* was probably offered by James Burtchaell who cited the fact that the *Juggler* had gone only \$102 over its budget while other student periodicals traditionally have greater deficits. He also noted that, while the *Juggler* was suspended, the *Science Quarterly*, the *Tech Review* and other low circulation, University-sponsored-magazines lived on.

Professor Schwartz believed that debate had reached an impasse, that there seemed to be a rather general affirmation for the student bill. He moved the question. An oral vote was taken; and by a 17-1 majority, the Student Life Council asked that the administration assure the continued publication of the *Juggler*.

The faculty left the conference room in what seemed to be a spirit of confidence. The status quo had been preserved. The *Juggler* lived.

Apparently. Some consternation, though, remained amongst the student representatives. SBP McKenna feared that the members of the Council had failed to realize the full import of their decision. It may have been Father McCarragher who wittingly or unwittingly led them to this complacency. Throughout the meeting, McCarragher reiterated his claim that the *Juggler* was not dead, but only in a state of suspended animation. Perhaps, then, the faculty and administration members of the Council believed that they had only brought the victim smelling salts, that she was bound to resurrect herself anyway.

But despite this certain lightheartedness, the *Juggler* did seem likely to survive. Should the administration remain adamant in its suspension of the *Juggler*, innocent outrage would be the likely reaction amongst Council members. And the administration is unlikely to invoke such outrage for a fee of \$4,200.

—Rich Moran

The Scholastic

Tenure, Credit & Dropping Out

Flexibility and interdisciplinary studies will highlight programs to be submitted by each of the four colleges to the Academic Council, Oct. 15. A proposal for a "concentration" program — to supplement the traditional "major" — in the college of science has already been implemented, while proposals of the other colleges are still tentative.

The Report of the Arts and Letters Curriculum Committee typifies the rationale followed in each school: "In general, the direction of changes agreed upon by the Council is toward a) lowering the number and kind of collegiate courses with a consequent increase in the number of electives and b) greater flexibility in the time of satisfying requirements. It should be emphasized that the curriculum described . . . is in no sense a utopian blueprint or a hard and fast specification, but rather a point of departure for trial and assessment."

The reevaluation of curricula in the colleges is the result of a letter addressed to the academic community by Father Hesburgh in the spring of '68, calling for the study.

According to Bill Locke, Student Government Academic Affairs Commissioner, "All the colleges are reshuffling their curricula in an effort to make programs more palatable to students by diminishing specific credit requirements and providing more flexibility in electives and options."

Ironically enough, the innovations, designed to increase the students' academic opportunities, all came from the faculty and administrative levels.

The "concentration" program in the College of Science has been implemented this year to provide a

broader undergraduate background for the student with a scientific orientation but who also has leanings toward the liberal arts or other interdisciplinary studies. The "major" program is substantially the same as the past science major course, geared for graduate work in the sciences through an intensive undergraduate curriculum.

On paper, the programs differ in that a student in the concentration program would have an additional 20 hours of electives, his total science requirement dropping from approximately 70 to 50 hours. These electives might be used for courses in other science fields, for sets of courses in nonscience areas to form a combination, or for a more liberal education.

The College of Arts and Letters is proposing a more liberalized curriculum also, but its proposals have yet to reach the final stage. Among suggestions submitted to the Curriculum Study Committee is the opportunity for "request classes." A group of 15 students might request a course by presenting a syllabus-reading list, with the consent of a faculty member and his department, to be used as a free elective. This measure would both satisfy immediate needs of the students, while providing a proving ground for pilot courses, and, says Locke, "counter an all-too-common opinion among educators that curricula can't be based upon transient interests." Locke offered "Drugs as a Mystical Experience" as an example of such a course.

In other areas the principle of pass-fail has been approved by the Curriculum Committee, says Locke, with only the details and formal approval awaiting. Locke predicts a

minimum of one pass-fail course per semester in each of the last four semesters, and adds that he is "pushing for more" since he personally feels that all courses should follow this system.

A university-wide proposal to alter the philosophy-theology requirement to six hours of each would, according to Locke, strengthen each department by upgrading the quality of courses and easing the teaching strain on the departments. Generally, the present requirement is 12 hours in each area. A proposal for a required course on Minority Groups and Prejudice in American Society has "aroused enthusiasm" from Vice-President for Academic Affairs Father Walsh and "high-ranking academic decision makers," claims Locke.

New options in the freshman year, a sophomore fine arts requirement, and a new foreign-language presentation are also among proposals discussed by the Curriculum Committee. Others, as black studies and the concept of interdisciplinary majors have not been reviewed by the committee due to a lack of time.

The Colleges of Engineering and Business Administration face the problem of being subject to outside accreditation (due to their professional nature) in their move toward increased flexibility. A proposal has been submitted in the Engineering College to reduce credit requirements from the present 140 to 128. Interdisciplinary studies are included in an effort to provide the student with a background in the humanities and social sciences.

The College of Business Administration is feeling a liberalizing trend, says Locke, in contrast to its traditional vocational orientation.

—J. Gerald Burns

Markings

Juniors, Seniors & The Union

There is some doubt as to which was more confusing: Northwestern's 10-0 lead over the Irish early in last Saturday's game or the new seating arrangements in the Notre Dame Stadium.

Some juniors were reduced to the indignity of viewing the game from the 10-yard line. Seniors who kept their cool and arrived late found the only seating accommodations left to them were in the aisles.

The new arrangement of assigned sections is the result of the referendum on the integrated seating of St. Mary's and Notre Dame students passed by the Student Senate during the last few weeks of the school year.

Despite appearances at last Saturday's game, there is an overabundance of tickets allotted for students. Tickets were reserved last summer for students based on the information obtained from the registrar's office at St. Mary's and Notre Dame. The forecast of returning students exceeded the actual number of students that registered this fall and some Juniors got tickets for Senior sections and so on down the line. The overcrowding may have occurred because, as Mr. Bouffard said, "when you have general admission sections people spread out more." In other words, 12 people end up sitting in a row that would usually be reserved for 14 persons.

—Martin Siravo

It took him a little while to see the light. But once he did, Student Union Director Denny Clark was quite a man about the whole thing.

Student Union announced Monday, in an *Observer* advertisement, that 250 Notre Dame-Purdue football tickets would be available to ND and SMC students in a lottery.

Deplorably, those 250 comprise

only five percent of Notre Dame's total allotment of 5,000 for this game. Ticket Manager Don Bouffard explained the breakdown:

—1,000 for administrative purposes (players who dress for the game receive two each; Fr. Hesburgh, Fr. Joyce and other administrative personnel are also given tickets).

—3,000 for contributing alumni (limited this year to alumni who reside in Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Indiana).

—700 for parents of students (limited this year to parents who reside in Indiana).

—300 for Student Union.

That's right. Bouffard gave the Union 300, but the students were getting a shot at only 250 of them. What happened to the other 50?

"These will be held out of the lottery," Clark explained initially. "Members of Student Union, Student Government, the *Observer* and the *Scholastic* will be given a chance to buy them. Dave Vecchi (social commissioner) and I will select these people. We have an awful lot of hard-working, nonalaried people in this organization. Their compensation is very little, and little things like this help to keep the system going."

Two hours and a couple hurried conferences later, it was a different Denny Clark speaking:

"That figure of 50 was a little high. When the social commissioner tossed that number out, I didn't think we'd need that many for our people. We planned to put any extras back into the till and add them to the 250. I'd like very much to cut out the whole thing and put all 300 into the lottery. But I'm fighting precedents that were set here in past years. These people expect them."

Associate Director Tito Trevino broke in. "I didn't even realize that 50 were being set aside. I think it's wrong. The students should have a chance at all 300."

"I'll tell you what," said Clark. "Give us five minutes and we'll have an answer for you."

In the intervening 300 seconds, Denny Clark became his own boss, not just Rick Rembusch's successor.

"We've decided to put all 300 up for the students," he said. "I feel ashamed of this. It's quite an error and I'll take the blame for it. I reacted automatically. When the tickets came from Bouffard's office, I took 50 off the top without even thinking."

"We're trying very hard this year to give the Student Union some credibility. Already, we've eliminated many inequities that have gone on in the past and right now we're trying to eliminate more. This sort of thing won't happen again."

—Terry O'Neil



Labor Day Letter from Chicago

I

THE LAST TWO weeks in August arrived with the World Business Issue of *Fortune*; I lustily opened to the list of the fifty largest commercial banks in the world, *outside* the United States, and found with some disappointment that Lloyds of London has slipped since Victoria withdrew her widow's pension to number 15. Last summer I was in French Canada for these weeks and only had the *New York Times* in which to study what I was assured were America's mortal throes. Now I was to see the anniversary of Chicago in site and learn its lessons for myself. Late summer in Chicago was a hot season. For twenty-three days, from August 11 to September 4, no rain fell in the city and from the Outer Drive going north I saw that the land reclaimed thirty years ago from Lake Michigan that makes up the Oak Street Beach was always crowded.

Chicago had a quiet season. Only the SDS caused much stir all summer (and that was business transferred at the last minute from Buffalo). Everything else seemed held over from a thriving spring. The reaction, too, to the SDS was predictable; the *Tribune* was as boorish as the *Sun-Times* was firm but careful. The *Seed* anguished over what freaks could do for radicals while retaining their pristine innocence. The Rev. Jesse Jackson (named one of the Junior Chamber of Commerce's Ten Leading Young Chicagoans), his coterie and the Black P. Stone Nation kept the Chicago construction sites busy; but it was Pittsburgh that exploded over the elitist unions. One can hardly blame Chicago for that; that great city has always had its union problem. Mayor Daley was there all summer but quiet (I am myself a hard, fat man—I can sympathize).

Bernard Weisberg, a Chicago constitutional lawyer, was running very hard for the Illinois Constitutional Convention, appealing to a constituency split between the Spanish-speaking Chicagoans & North Lake Shore Drive. That, I suppose, is the closest thing to real politics I have seen lately; how different Weisberg's

campaign would have been but for the Daley Democratic machine.

On the seventeenth of August, I noticed in the paper that Robert Walker (surely you remember the celebrated Walker Report) is leaving the directorship of the Illinois Crime Investigating Commission to become a vice president of Staren & Co., a commodity brokerage firm at 11 North Franklin in Chicago. Adjacent to that story was a picture of Richard Nixon and Checkers and above the blazoning headline, topping the page in typical semi-literate and ill-fitting *Chicago Sun-Times* style, "Rush call for medics at N. Y. rock festival," followed by what struck me as a rather hysterical piece of writing for that distinguished body that claimed it, the United Press International. ("Naked, like conglomerate, is not a dirty word.") Little did I realize the import of that newspaper story: a scant two weeks later *Time* magazine informed me that the festival was "history's largest happening. At the moment when the special culture of U. S. youth of the 60's openly displayed its strength, appeal and power, it may well rank as one of the significant political and sociological events of the age." I felt left out. I was in Chicago, the corner of Wabash and Eleventh. One block toward Lake Michigan, Grant Park. One block toward the West Side, the Chicago Police Headquarters, their spawning point, their womb. Truly, an awesome edifice, the only building in Chicago whose walls are not at some time of the day cluttered with winos.

August 23 the tropical storm called Camille was moving through the South counterclockwise to the vortices of the three great forest fires in Southern California.

But I honestly expected the retrospectives to come pouring out in a reverent and serious silence pained at least by a Republican in the White House, if not by the memory of blood on the white marble walls of the Conrad Hilton's restaurant, called the Haymarket.

Labor Day Letter from Chicago

II

A final alien example: The news of the anniversary outbreaks of violence in Czechoslovakia came three days after the Czech news agency reported with amazing aplomb that of its 149 trained travel guides, 146 this year have refused to guide Russians. This, the *Daily News* assessed, revealed the fundamental unsoundness of the Warsaw Pact, thus suggesting the testy attitude we (we who?) must take toward all treaties formed with Communists, raising again, in fact (in tedious patent fiction, you mean!) the Communist problem and the foreign relations problem & two or three other problems.

It is this reductionism that is destroying any serious approach to the politics of the human universe. If everything is a problem, then there are no solutions: this much is logically clear. Any mediocre Aristotelian would admit that. But further, what are problems? They have no substance; they are the concepts which were created to stand in for people in political discussion. But luckily for the progress of the new science, the people have fallen out as a recognizable integer in the syllogisms of death. The concepts, the problems stand in their stead and invalidate almost all political talk.

This complicated bit of transference, this grand rhetorical subterfuge is not always the problem. Occasionally it functions in a simpler way. Consider Harold "Red" Herrick, the president of the Chicago Patrolman's Association, who declared on the anniversary of the Chicago holocaust:

"I've been a policeman for 21 years. I don't think in any way I've brought dishonor to this uniform

by working the convention. In those 21 years I'd never seen anything like the pornography these agitators had. Since the convention, every city I've been in has singled out Chicago for praise in our handling of the demonstration. We receive a lot of communiques from other police departments asking how we did it, so they can handle a similar demonstration better, if possible."

That man's problem is fairly simple: he has not yet noticed that he is distinct from his uniform. He is blustering a defense of his clothes without noticing that he is not standing in them, but looking at them. He is one of the policemen all over the country that suddenly noticed that they have dropped out of a greater whole of America. He has found a functional identity in self-protective gabble; he is alone now, alienated. No longer a puppet of greater ideals, he's in this for himself and he aims to come out alive, above and beyond anything else. He is the tailor wearing clothes for the first time.

Similarly, Adlai Stevenson III's comments reveal that the difficulty in politics lies with political parties that don't work right: "A political party that hates its youth has no future. The events of a year ago made the new challenges clear." As if the challenges were somehow obscure, as if the kids in Grant Park, by talking (and screaming and bleeding; no one was killed) granted reality to what they were talking about.

Robert Walker said on Sunday the 24th: "Today, I am much more concerned with the future than the past." As usual, in the reckoning the present somehow dropped out.



III

This has been our way for a long time — the way of generalizations & further the way of searching out problems, defining & positing solutions to them. We know the way so well that we can let computers work out the problems as soon we pose them. And we are presented with scenarios for the future of the world on computer printout sheets. Thinking can now be done in tanks, because thinking about the problems was becoming itself a problem and so how else to handle it but put it in a barrel, close it up and shake. Lo, the results do pour out. The best examples of solved political problems (or political-ecological) that invariably come to mind are the Jewish problem which beset the Germans under Hitler and the Trotskyite problem which so troubled Stalinist Russia. For a while in the fifties and early sixties, America relaxed into its own Negro problem very comfortably. The virtues of the Civil Rights Movement in comparison to the Moscow trials of the late twenties are clear; the body politic cheered over its grumbles here while in Russia, nobody said anything. Luckily that problem-solution complex has been destroyed; the black people of America are too new to politics to fall to such a rhetorical subterfuge. They noticed rather quickly that they were the Negro problem and that there was no Civil Rights Movement. They have since assiduously applied themselves to creating a political entity that could answer to such a title.

Perhaps it would be better to say that the posing of problems and then their solution is a way of dealing in a reality somewhere between the words and the people (i.e., let us recognize, but not apologize for, the existence of those pseudo-humanities, the social sciences). But that point makes relatively little difference. We still are nowhere near the people who compose the body politic. We seem, then, to have a people problem.

Aha! Lo, it looms in the distance. We do have a people problem and there is a solution. Listen:

... the comradeship that came from spending so much time together was a feeling of community that almost transcended ideological differences ... Our expansiveness was accentuated by the unexpected friendliness of local people. Blacks radiated ... welcome sympathy. I had not experienced

such genuine interracial good will in years; genuine, I say, because looking suspiciously for sarcasm ... I found only respect. ...

You guessed it; there's the solution. But listen some more:

I felt brotherly and joyous, awed and a little alarmed at such a mass of believers whose life style and social ethic had so much in common.

Just to break the suspense, the first quotes were from Ellen Willis on Chicago 68 and the second from Barry Farrel on Woodstock 69. Declare that we are all one and you have just as good a pseudo-moral reality as the rest of politics ever created. It happened twice and that just goes to show it can happen again and save the word. Or in the immortal saying of Janis Joplin: "We don't need a leader. We have each other. All we need is to keep our heads straight and in ten years this country may be a decent place to live in." My own editing trick above was merely in service of an ordinary idea — we are not all one. A nice, even fundamentally Catholic idea (no Catholic ever supported a democracy)—we are flawed, not exactly guilty of, but certainly sticken with, original sin. By moral reality I mean the only important thing — each person trying to survive. That problem cannot be glossed over. What is to be learned from politics cannot be scaled down; politics has to be extrapolated from the way people live now and it will not do to confuse the two problems. Community notions when they're working on that big a scale apologize for nonnormal behavior. They are derivative of the sociological concept that explains that there are enough people who nonnormal in different directions that it all evens out in the end. Don't apologize, whatever you do, don't apologize. Normality is a big bogey man, the offspring of the seduction of the humanities by technology. It deserves only to be ignored. And ignore all the problems because they aren't going to the troubled people, to all the people who can be implicated in creating them. Off in a jolly corner, they're fine. They might help — I doubt it, but they might. Anywhere else they're killing people. No one was killed. No one was saved.

Michael Patrick O'Connor

Can Nonviolence Ride Again?

James Douglass

I HAVE BEEN asked to respond to the question, "Can nonviolence ride again on the American campus, as it did during the years of Martin Luther King and the early SNCC?" My answer is a provisional yes.

If nonviolence is to ride again, it must be clear that it is not being set in motion as a tactic appropriate to the Left at a particular stage of its development. A genuine rebirth of nonviolence on the American campus could only mean its being chosen deliberately by the young as a radical life-style expressing the nature of man, a life-style which is visionary enough and revolutionary enough to be rooted in the reality of a Love-force driven to resist the institutions of a twisted humanity and to re-create man in the form of a universal human community. The root of nonviolence is the revolutionary power of God's love.

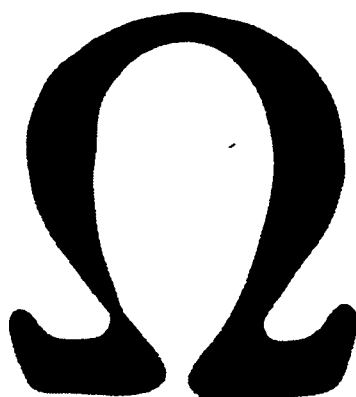
Every enduring nonviolent movement has been sustained by such Love-rooted energy: The campaigns of Gandhi, King, Danilo Dolci, Vinoba Bhave, and Cesar Chavez are all testimony to this. For the individual in such a movement, nonviolence is a radical life-style which demands that a man become God in love and endurance. It is by passing through a night of solitude and self-denial that the Satyagrahi, Gandhi's "man of Truth-force," will discover within himself a more profound Self which is the power of nonviolence. In the pre-Gandhian terms of St. Athanasius, "The Logos became man, in order that we might become God." Only when a man has thus become God, by reducing himself to zero and by opening himself to a fire of love and a vision of universal community, will he be pre-

pared for the trials of a life of nonviolence. And only by having passed through that kenosis and reincarnation can a man know the living revolution of Gandhi and King, a permanent revolution against institutionalized murder until there is no longer oppressor or oppressed but only the convergence of all men in God's humanity.

What hope of acceptance does such a vision and discipline have on the American campus of 1969? I believe that in essence the vision has already been accepted by a revolutionary community of students known as The Resistance, who may have the faith and energy to grow into a nonviolent movement of more enduring significance than even the civil rights movement.

The Resistance is made up of the young men who have refused to cooperate with the Selective Service System to the point of refusing induction into the military, and who thus face up to five years' imprisonment (or six, if they are sentenced under the more paternal restraints of the Youth Corrections Act). The number of resisters is still relatively small, although in

James Douglass, the author of The Non-Violent Cross, recently came to Notre Dame's Nonviolence Program from Hawaii. "Can Nonviolence Ride Again?" appeared in the September 24 issue of the National Catholic Reporter.



recent months it has begun to reach in some areas what the government must regard as epidemic proportions. (At the August 27 induction at the Oakland Induction Center, out of 482 people called for induction only 242 showed up. And of the 242 that showed, 28 refused induction. Two weeks before this, on August 13, 275 were called, 120 didn't show up and 35 refused.)

WHAT HAS made the steady growth of The Resistance so significant is that its members possess a philosophy and a life-style whose revolutionary potential, should it catch on widely as it is showing signs of doing, is great enough to overturn the American way of death — not only in Vietnam but in the ghettos of our cities and in the shantytowns of American capital abroad. Should the Pentagon begin to lack its usual surplus of willing bodies to carry guns and serve as cannon fodder, should it face instead the prospect of hundreds of thousands of young people from every sector of American life filling the jails in defiance of its dictates, American militarism and the capital it protects would inevitably have to pull back its tentacles from across the world. The insight of the men of The Resistance has been to see that the key to unlock the prison of militarism and global oppression, the key to set men free, is a single life: *my life* — so long as I don't sign it away to fear, so long as my life remains free and in the service of life. But under the totalitarianism of the draft, the freedom to serve life has to be won by resisting death.

If kings were cabbages, and if General Hershey were just enough to invite a single-sentence appeal from The Resistance to each 18-year-old as he enters his local board to register for death, the words of Doctor Zhivago would carry The Resistance message as urgently as any: "Life itself — the gift of life — is such a breathtakingly serious thing!"

The Resistance message extended is: Therefore choose life. Don't register for the service of death, don't carry the card of death, don't seek deferments or even the c.o. classification so that the system of death is upheld for others, don't step forward for death, don't take the oath of death. Choose life instead, the life of all men, and if that means suffering and going to prison, then prison becomes the price of life, a price worth paying for the life of mankind. Resistance means life. And those who have risked their future for life have found in the process faith, hope, and an incredible community as well. There is more freedom

in some prison cells than the Free World dreams of. The resister in accepting prison out of love chooses God's freedom. Then I am most free, was the way Paul put it while in his chains.

The high personal cost of Resistance, and especially of advocating Resistance, as underlined by the straight three-year sentence (highest in the San Francisco Bay Area) given Dave Harris, has not impeded but increased the growth of The Resistance. The faith and commitment are too deep for acts of repression to do anything but spread further the good news which Harris gave repeatedly to his campus audiences:

"It's time to say, I'm given one thing on the face of this earth. That is my life. I intend to use my life as a way to build the lives of my brothers."

And Harris again on the proper disposal of that draft card which is today's pinch of incense to a globally murderous Caesar:

"In reality, this is not a piece of white paper. In reality, this is a death warrant. I've signed this death warrant, and I now tear this death warrant up. My name goes out on no more death warrants, and my body stands between any man and that death warrant. I stand here today and tomorrow and the next day with my brothers and I don't stop standing until all my brothers are on their feet."

MY OWN experience from working for a year and a half with the Hawaii Resistance, and from seeing such men as Dana Park and Nick Reidy go to jail for years rather than cooperate with killing and injustice, has left me with more faith in the God of Love than my bishops have ever inspired and more faith in America than its present institutions could possibly justify as sane. For a pilgrimage these days, I go not to Rome (John is gone) or even Assisi (Francis went to People's Park), but to visit at Safford, Arizona, where Dana plays a guitar behind a wall and waits for the rest of us to join him — in freedom.

And many are joining out of their own commitments. Few do so with any hope that their act will remake the earth politically. Resistance is a lonely and intensely moral decision, taken by the solitary individual without any calculation of political success. Nevertheless the political strength of The Resistance in reshaping America is far greater than most resisters have realized.

Thus one further condition if the nonviolence of



The Resistance is to ride as powerfully as it might: I believe that if The Resistance can somehow pass from where it is now nationally, a floating community of deeply committed people with almost no organizational structure among them, into an organizational stage which would further, not destroy, community (as Cesar Chavez's organizing has strengthened the migrant workers), The Resistance could become the most important life-force of our time. The mobilization of entire campuses and communities around the issues of noncooperation and nonregistration with the draft aid to resisting GI's, and nonviolent direct action against the war, would hasten by years and thousands of lives a genuine Nixon withdrawal from Vietnam.

The logic of Resistance is becoming alarmingly clear to those issuing the orders for Vietnam, whether from draft boards or military quarters: The boys just aren't moving as obediently as they used to, in many cases they aren't moving at all, and in growing numbers the boys are becoming men by bucking the entire march of death. The stage at which two and two and fifty suddenly make a million is the very real nightmare in higher headquarters. The GI Sanctuary sustained for over a month by the Hawaii Resistance at the Church of the Crossroads in Honolulu, numbered 25 GI resisters supported by a community of hundreds and which has spread as far as the University of Notre Dame (where two of the original GI's took sanctuary again in early September at the Episcopal Church Convention), is the sign of the eschaton — if those who can interpret will organize this energy across America into an ever-widening community of resistance.

THE YOUNG MEN of The Resistance are teaching the Church and the nation that the life-style of the Gospel is not innocent, abstract, and murderous, like the life-style of the Quiet American. It is instead a life-style of justice and love, and true justice and love are realistic, personal, and affirming in a very concrete and particular way. The good news of justice and love demands that you and I act in obvious ways for obvious reasons: So that life will continue to exist on *this* planet and not be buried beneath storms of radio-activity. The good news demands that we act so that the genocide of Vietnam will cease, and so that a true

democracy — self-government by all of God's children, all the people on this earth — might begin to come into existence. The Gospel demands that we stop this war now — which is poisoning everything in American life — that we free ourselves from mass murder abroad so as to dedicate our energy and resources to resolving the race issue, with freedom and justice for all. The Gospel demands that we have the courage to recognize the harvest here of what we are sowing abroad, the likelihood of a civil war soon in our own country with inconceivable consequences, if we do not each of us undertake far-reaching and painful decisions now for the sake of justice long overdue: to the Vietnamese, to the blacks, and to the young Americans whom we are so willing to bury or lock up.

The Gospel, as the man Jesus whom it celebrates, is not abstract but particular in its demands. The men of The Resistance are responding to those demands with their lives and are thereby suffering a liberating crucifixion.

A great forerunner of The Resistance, A. J. Muste, once wrote an essay titled "Holy Disobedience." Disobedience is holy when it is disobedience to illegitimate authority. There can be *no* legitimate authority for the command to kill, unless God should be President — and few believe that is the case today. The killing of a man transcends man's authority. Resistance to any pretense at the authority to kill is an assertion of God's law over life and is therefore holy. Nonviolent resistance is a pro-life affirmation.

I take it as no accident, then, that the symbol of The Resistance — the omega, for the ohm or unit of electrical resistance — is also in the Apocalypse the symbol of the end and fulfillment of man. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end." To resist the order to kill is to bear witness to the fulfillment of life, in fact it is to make the ultimate and fulfilled life of the Omega present in the midst of men now. The realism of the Gospel states that the only way to make peace is to live peace as if it were already here, by loving men without compromise and thus by resisting all illegitimate authority. That is what Jesus did. That is also why He was crucified by the State. Which may suggest finally that in ceasing to crucify other men, and in directly resisting such inhumanity, we may be preparing a crucifixion of ourselves. But in that nonviolent cross there is life.

Can nonviolence ride again? Yes, and its name is The Resistance. □

does anyone here remember the kerner commission?

Two years after the bloodiest civil disorders in American history, Detroit has a black candidate with a real chance to become mayor. The campaign there is set against the familiar urban backdrop of crime, racism, and fear. Detroit is just an example of all our major cities, trying to survive and perhaps even make living there a matter of preference. The problems are black and white, but the solutions aren't.

IN THE early 60's came the young white visionary liberals. In Washington, JFK said, "the torch has been passed to a new generation," and it seemed their energy alone would bring the country prosperity and harmony. In Detroit, Jerry Cavanaugh symbolized the new breed as he swept into the mayor's office in 1961, upsetting the old-line labor-backed incumbent. Here, surely, was another young man with a bright future.

A special rapport developed between Washington and Detroit in those first years. Cavanaugh's administration had model city ideas which were always quickly funded by the federal administration. People felt the cities could yet become the pride of America.

With John Kennedy's death, a part of Jerry Cavanaugh's spirit must have been gagged, too, though it wasn't obvious at first. In 1965 he won reelection even easier than Lyndon Johnson had beaten Goldwater's little old ladies in tennis shoes. But to Johnson, Cavanaugh was just another mayor. Perhaps worst of all, Cavanaugh had presumed to openly question LBJ's priorities in escalating the Vietnamese conflict. The Richard Daley type became the administration's darlings, and the lines of communication between Detroit and Washington broke down.

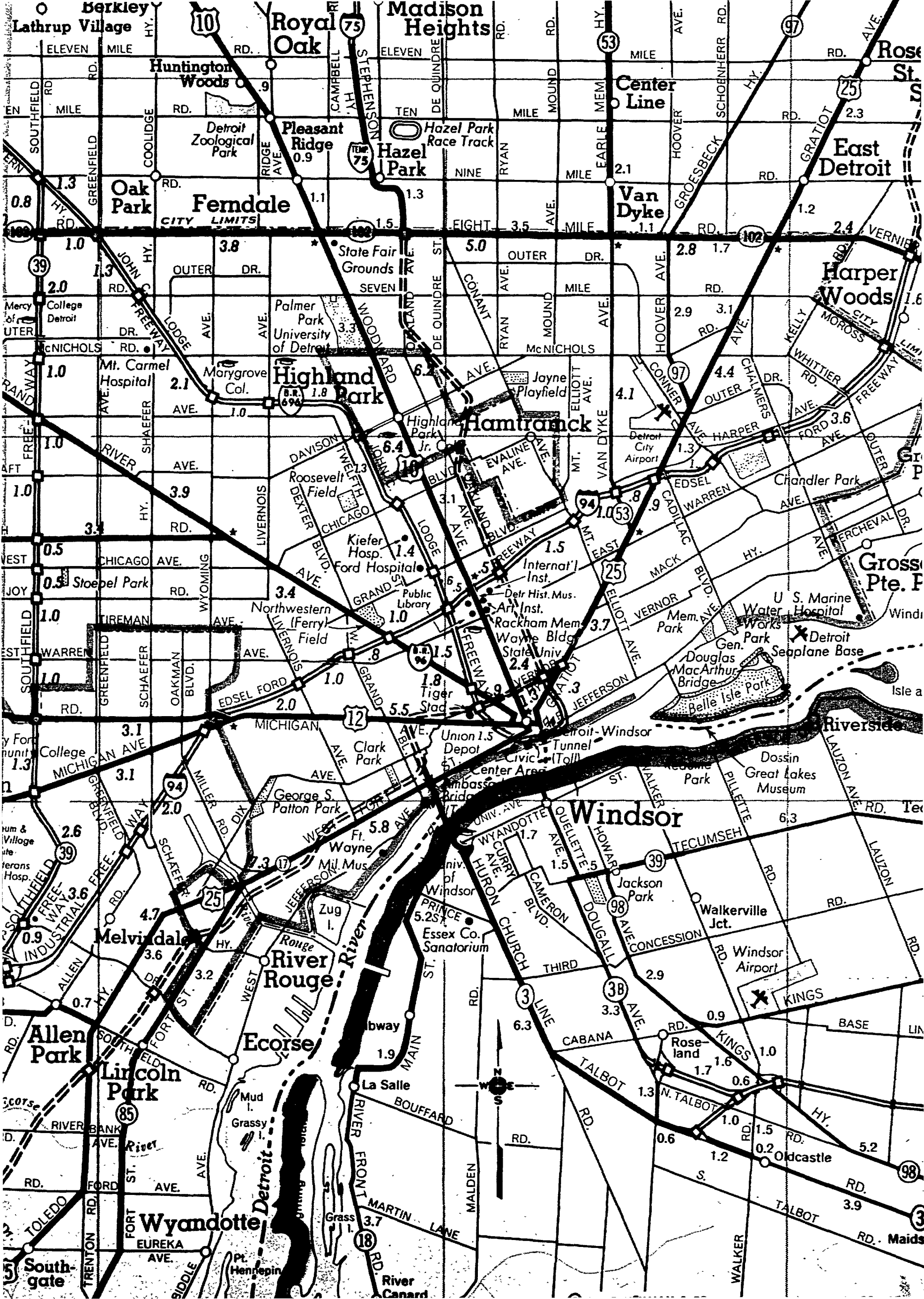
THIS SUMMER Jerome P. Cavanaugh announced he would not run for reelection. Had he run, both he and the city were probable losers in what was certain to become a mud-slinging campaign. Yet for all his recent troubles, his hassles with the city council and the city's deep-rooted financial woes, he could have survived politically — except that during his administration something which people said couldn't happen in Detroit happened on a larger scale there than anywhere else.

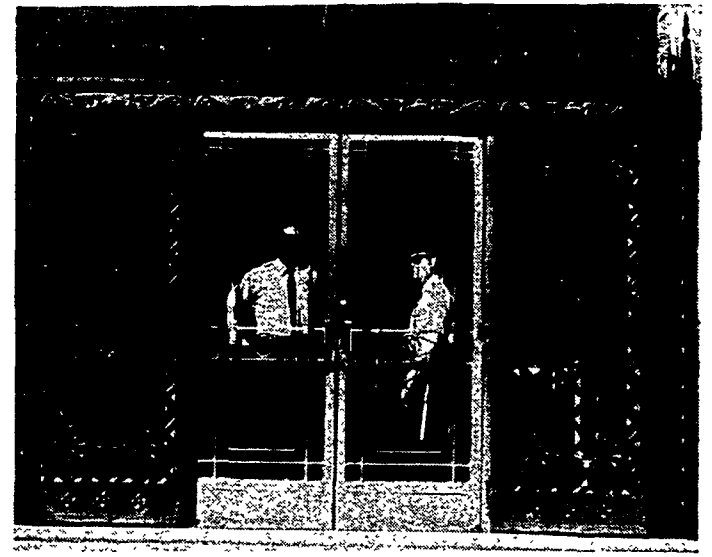
Detroit's health was always measured by the automobile plants' productivity, and the automotive industry was more prosperous than ever. That meant more employment, especially for blacks. So it wasn't supposed to happen *here*, you see, because Walter Reuther had put the Negro in the middle class, behind the wheel of one of those shiny cars that pass him, up to sixty times an hour, on his assembly line.

Then in July, 1967, somebody opened the radiator cap on the city which thought of itself as a shiny Cadillac rolling down the interminable assembly line of history. What spat out violently were the real live soul and guts of the city demanding retribution for having been driven too hard, too long. And the white brains, though behind their suburban barricades and unburned, were not untouched either. Fear fed rumor; and though you had seen the nearest shopping center quiet and untouched, you couldn't convince someone who insisted *they were there*; they were burning and looting; people knew it was so because they had heard from someone else who had heard.

Still, you *can* measure Detroit's pulse by the automobile plants, but not by looking at the economics of

ray serafin





cars sold and people employed. It is when the factory becomes environmental to you that you begin to *feel* the city, as a pulse must be felt and not x-rayed. Detroit has no single great ghetto like Watts or Harlem. Instead, pockets of ethnic groups and wealth and poverty continually elbow each other. To the immediate north of Wayne State University, near downtown, is GM's main office building. Walk through the campus the opposite way and you find the poor, the unhelpful (a contrast not lost on the militant black editors of the campus newspaper, which they have named *The South End*).

But the automobile plants bring the disparate elements together face-to-face in a large industrial complex that encourages facelessness. Here you can begin to read the handwriting on the wall — written in the john, for instance. Graffiti are supposed to be funny. Profanity and obscenity are excusable when in the pursuit of humor. Instead, you find here anonymous greetings of hate addressed to the writer's co-workers: "The only good nigger is one with a bullet in his head."

Frighteningly, the man who wrote that statement probably has his own gun, and it's not unlikely that he has several. Gun sales continually soar in the area, as do homicides committed within family or friends. The man in the factory is neither dumb nor red-neck (despite its flirtation with Wallace, a heavy labor vote allowed Humphrey to carry the state last November) but his fear makes him an easy mark of rumor and prejudice. "If there's any more trouble, I'll shoot before any one of them gets within a half-block," is not an atypical statement.

The people in the Detroit area furthest removed from the inner city show the most marked irrational fear. Grosse Pointe defeated an open-housing proposal although pitifully few blacks could afford to live there. The suburb is not nearly as uptight about the respectable-looking Mafia leaders who pay their mortgages with the dimes bled from thousands in the inner city who hope their number comes up. At the same time, the fastest growing sport among suburban Dearborn

housewives is learning to use firearms. Dearborn has steadfastly resisted even token integration, although thousands of blacks work there every day in Ford's sprawling Rouge automotive complex.

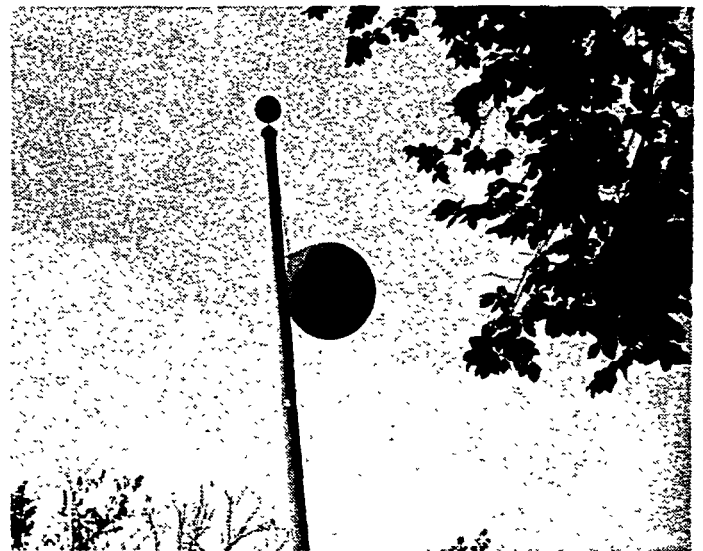
ALL ALONG 12th Street the businesses close shop for the last time. Two years ago a police raid on a 12th Street blind pig was the catalyst that set the civil disorders in motion. The street symbolized the city's problems, and, right after the riot, plans were drawn up to make it a symbol of hope instead, to make it into a people's park. But money never came and people chose not to talk about the city's shame or even to shop anywhere on the infamous street.

A black hi-lo driver in one of the auto plants raps with you on "crime in the street," and he says it's largely a fabrication of the news media. "The papers blow up every single thing that happens in our area," he says, "but it's no different than it used to be. I don't worry every time I've got to walk down the street as everybody seems to think. I got other problems to worry about."

Then the next day you're in the barber shop and the radio has Smokey Robinson singing, "I Care About Detroit," a spot commercial for a special day planned downtown. "Going downtown for that Sunday?" the barber asks jokingly. "Well, I sure wouldn't. Of course, I don't live down there, but I've heard . . ."

So Sundays downtown belong to the young, the street people, the "freeks." They're black and white down there and moving to the sounds of their own culture provided freely by their own musicians. And they set up shops on the sidewalk, call it a "flea market," and don't need any security guards against shoplifting.

A lot of the street people are apolitical, but more of them are beginning to recognize that the police and the courts see them as being all the same. The culture of the freeks is their political crime because its way of life threatens authority's strangling hold on the creative life. John Sinclair, Minister of Information for the White Panther Party, received 9½-10 years in



prison for possession of two marijuana cigarettes (even though under cross-examination the chemist who had examined the samples admitted his methods were not foolproof).

Meanwhile, an all-white jury in Mason, Michigan, returned a verdict of "not guilty" in the murder trial of Detroit policeman Ronald August, accused of murdering Aubrey Pollard, a black youth, during the 1967 riots. John Hersey's, *The Algiers Motel Incident*, reconstructed the close-range shooting of three black youths by police who were able to find no guns in the motel. After leaving the scene, police failed to even report the incident to their superiors. At the trial itself, the presiding judge told the jury that their only verdicts could be "not guilty" or "guilty of first-degree murder" — nothing in between, an extraordinary order.

Judicial actions like these are especially tragic because America's judicial system has in the past wielded tremendous influence in correcting social injustices. But it is not easy for a judge today to buck popular opinion — as Judge George Crockett found out last spring. When a Detroit patrolman was murdered outside of a meeting of the Republic of New Africa, the event was tragic but still not justification for the witch-hunt which followed. Police arrested all 142 people at the meeting of the RNA. Crockett, a black himself, has long been considered one of the outstanding constitutional lawyers in the state. He released 140 of the prisoners because they were illegally restrained of their liberty, a judgment subsequently backed by the Wolverine Bar Association, among others.

News media were quick to castigate the judge and distort his actions. The Detroit Police Officers Association printed a full-page ad in the *Detroit News*, calling for the judge's removal. State legislators called for an investigation. White police officers picketed Recorder's Court in protest. The next day (in an event not covered by the major newspapers) black policemen and 39 other black groups demonstrated their support of Crockett and were told that they constituted an "unlawful assembly."

Although the news media insisted the public furor they were fanning was not racial, the incident had all the earmarkings of earlier attacks upon Adam Clayton Powell and Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay to the media). No stink at all was raised when a black man, Danny Thomas, was shot in the head attempting to protect his pregnant wife from a gang of whites. The *Detroit News* reported the incident on page 2 and the next week failed to note that the victim's wife lost her baby. . . .

IN THIS CITY Richard Austin will try in November to become the city's first black mayor. Austin, Wayne County Auditor, topped the primary field in a cautious and lackluster race which still drew heavy voting (47%, the highest for a Detroit primary in 32 years) because of his presence.

Austin is a moderate black who generated no immediate enthusiasm when he announced his candidacy last spring. The city's better-known blacks shied away from challenging the expected candidacy of Jerry Cavanaugh. Other blacks thought that the mood of the cities, as reflected by city elections in Los Angeles, Minneapolis and New York, indicated that they should wait four more years. At the same time, militants feel the time for any waiting is past (a caption in the *South End*: "To John Watson: 'You Speak of Violence' — Watson: 'Naw Man, I'm Talking About Freedom'").

Still, the black community backed Austin solidly on primary election day. In most black areas the percentage of people who voted was higher than for exclusively white areas. But blacks make up only 32% of the city's voters, so even if they turn out *en masse* they can't insure his election.

Austin's opponent in November will be county sheriff Roman Gribbs, who is careful always to say "justice" with "law and order" and is equally cautious of saying much of anything else. By nominating Austin and Gribbs in the nonpartisan primary, Detroiters rejected the reactionary followers of councilwoman Mary Beck — or it may be that she came across as simply



There's somethin' happenin' here
 What it is ain't exactly clear
 There's a man with a gun over there
 Tellin' me I got to beware

Stop now -
 What's that sound?
 Everybody look
 what's goin' round.

Steve Stills

too personally obnoxious to most of the city since even the respectable "law and order" based groups refrained from endorsing her.

But her supporters will now all gravitate to their second-best white hope, Roman Gribbs. Gribbs has only to pass himself off as a moderate. His method is simple: keep the campaign quiet, avoid touchy subjects. Voters will notice any evasiveness by Richard Austin much sooner so he must speak out: on civilian control of the police, on federal spending for Vietnam and ABM instead of the cities. Gribbs simply says that they shouldn't be issues, and he's still a moderate.

It is Austin who must make the inroads into the white community where the bulk of voters is. But in the primary he pulled only 7% of the vote there,

a percentage he must triple in November. In a campaign free of overt racism, the voter's unspoken fear becomes preeminent. Moderates and liberals can say "Gribbs looks like a good man" and feel free of personal racism. Austin, they guess, is capable but Gribbs is any candidate they want him to be. So they'll vote for a white (though they don't mind if he's going to help the blacks). They might even convince themselves that Richard Austin is too militant.

There is a coalition manifesting itself throughout America. Born of fear, it threatens to ingrain itself in the country's psyche. The coalition is not voiced except in the voting booth. And overt racism is easier to fight than the silent unease which drives moderates to this coalition with the reactionaries.

how the art department,
presently occupying corners
of four buildings
(o'shaughnessy hall,
the law building,
the fieldhouse &
a cottage on bulla road),
attempted
to centralize itself
in available facilities &
reached no happy
end

—steve brion

THE WALK from O'Shaughnessy Hall to a small, two-story cottage on Bulla Road takes fifteen minutes . . . past the library and the new high-rise dorms, past mothers and fathers on their way to the first football game, past Indiana housewives tacking up cardboard "Parking, one dollar" signs to apple trees. The cottage, its dirty windows supporting huge cobwebs, is the present home of the art department's senior painting class. The dirty windows hide some of the most creative people now on this campus.

They, and the rest of the art department, are at this time working under the worst of conditions. They are presently spread out among four buildings: O'Shaughnessy Hall, the Law Building, the old wrestling and fencing rooms in the Fieldhouse, and the cottage on Bulla Road. Even the Fieldhouse is a recent "improvement"; previously, classes had been held in the Holy Cross annex. The art history survey course has about two hundred students in each section, which obviously affects the quality and even the possibility of discussion. Each period at least ten students in Professor Kinsey's design course can be found standing or sitting on the windowsill because there are no seats.

But there is more. Out of a total of thirteen full- and part-time staff members in the Art Department, nine are practicing artists. To an artist a studio is of prime importance — just as his laboratory is to a scientist. Only one of these men — sculptor Konstantin Milonadis — has a studio in O'Shaughnessy. One other has a room in the architecture building. Father Flanigan works in an unheated garage in an apple orchard near Route 31. The rest of the department must work in their own homes.

Inconvenience, overcrowding, lack of classroom space, poor-to-miserable working conditions — all are common problems for all the fine arts, whether literary or visual or musical, on a campus that concentrates most of its efforts and money on things only peripherally related to education. The *Juggler* debacle, the absence of an orchestra or even of a small chamber

group, the cut in funds for *Cinema 70* (last year rated perhaps the finest student film series in the country) . . . the examples are almost endless here and in almost every other "liberal arts" school in America. This nation is, at its psychological foundations, a pragmatic, progress- and science-oriented one.

BUT THESE facts are perhaps obvious. The critical consideration here is the very nature of art as a medium for communication: *it is visual*. It must be seen to be understood. And because it is visual, this same "seeing" is critical to the learning process. An art department, to function at all properly, must be housed under one roof — not in four widely scattered buildings. It must be possible for each student and each professor to see and to be able to study and learn from what each of his colleagues is doing. This is the most important consideration here — and one that cannot be overemphasized.

The future looks even worse. The new art curriculum proposed recently by Dr. Thomas Fern, department chairman, attempts to increase student-professor interchange to correct at least some of the errors of past years — to in fact give the art student at Notre Dame a better education. The administration seems favorably inclined. But the new curriculum requires much more studio space, much more opportunity for the student to actually *see* his professor at work, much more room for the professor to watch and perhaps even learn from his student. At present there simply is no more room in any of the four buildings.

Also, Dean Crosson of the School of Arts and Letters has proposed for next year a fine arts requirement for all undergraduates in that school. There is presently such a requirement for those in the General Program. This would add an extra load of students with absolutely no place to put them. The rationale of approving such a program while making no provisions for increased space is absurd.

THIS PAST summer, Dr. Fern sought to solve at least part of this problem. The art department needed space badly. The Fieldhouse seemed to offer much — about seventy-five thousand square feet—all of it unused except for the two art courses housed there already. Dr. Fern solicited the help of a local architect, a graduate of Notre Dame, who offered to donate his services. The building was found to be structurally sound, measurements were made and plans drawn up. The program was presented by Dr. Fern to all the members of the administration except Father Hesburgh, who was apparently not available. There were to be both student and faculty studios, graphics and lecture rooms, photography and industrial design labs, and a student forum. The renovation was to be done over stages and, when completed, would supply classroom space for other departments in the University — not to mention the space vacated by the move from O'Shaughnessy. The total cost was quoted by Dr. Fern as approximately one million, three hundred thousand dollars. This breaks down to about seventeen dollars per square foot; the cost of new construction can run as high as fifty.

Dr. Fern was told that the cost was too high, that there was no money to be had, that the Fieldhouse was scheduled to be torn down anyway this fall and replaced with a new mall. He was not told that the university had plans for a six-million-dollar Law School program. He then offered verbally to raise at least part of the money himself. He got no answer from anyone in the administration. But there was still the new curriculum, the new Fine Arts requirement, and an increasing number of students. With the Fieldhouse scheduled to be razed, the two classes now there — a graduate painting class and the fine arts course for General Program students — would be displaced. There was absolutely no place, reported Registrar Leo Corbaci, to put them. Notre Dame just had no more space — at least for the fine arts.

At this point, Father Walsh tentatively suggested that Dr. Fern look into the Rockne Memorial Building as a possible alternative. Again, measurements were

taken and plans drawn up. The Rockne offered about thirty-two thousand square feet, it could house everything but the large lecture classes, and almost nothing needed to be done to make it usable. With the Fieldhouse a dead issue, Dr. Fern only recently made a verbal request for use of part of the building (the squash courts) this year.

There seemed to be hope — but not much. For there were two factors capable of jeopardizing the move. First, the building is obviously not yet completely vacated: there are still some P.E. classes held there and the pool must be used until the planned new one is built at the Athletic and Convocation Center. But the logistics here are certainly not insurmountable. The second, and largely unstated, problem is tradition. It is strong here, and the thought of turning the Rockne Memorial into a building dedicated to the visual arts may have grated on certain members of the administration. Father Joyce has for the time being vetoed the move . . . there seem to be "other plans." And Mr. Corbaci said recently, "The Rockne [proposal] is dead in the sense that it was never alive."

And so people like senior Fred Beckman and others continue to receive awards from the finest art institutions in the country. They all have had their training at Notre Dame. The annual student exhibit continues to be outstanding — and poorly attended because the major portion of the university community is unaware that it exists. The Art Department continues to house perhaps the largest single group of creative people on campus. The Council of the College of Arts and Letters approves a fine arts requirement in its new curriculum and has no idea where to find the physical space for it. The University has just announced a six-million-dollar program for the Law School. Ground has been broken for a new biology laboratory. The new high-rise dorms are almost completed . . . and Dr. Fern has been told that he should look into the possibility of using the old paint shop behind Stepan Center as working space for his students.

MK 3446

a single and distant
whistle brings back
loneliness
a stare
a fear

a tune

unfamiliar
faint
frightening
beats
undistinguished
unnerving
undeserved

wonder

a footstep
a hand
eternity

again

distant
and
faint
its been heard before
a tune
think
whistle in the dark
all the same
undistinguished
who
why.

tom kronk

perspectives

chris wolfe/on pacifism

"You have learned how it was said: Eye for eye and tooth for tooth. But I say to you: offer the wicked man no resistance. On the contrary, if anyone hits you on the right cheek, offer him the other as well; if a man takes you to law and would have your tunic, let him have your cloak as well. And if anyone orders you to go one mile, go two miles with him."

MATT. 5:38-41

I WAS a pacifist once. For twelve hours. It was on a senior high school retreat, and I looked at those words (above) and said to myself, "Self, there just ain't no way of getting around them words." And I was a "pure" pacifist, because I took the words literally, realizing the awful implications of a world where evil could be totally free to utterly destroy anything in its way, where *this* world might be deprived of those people who believed that pacifism was needed to enter the next.

"Pure" pacifism is rare today, because it entails the complete rejection of the use of force in human affairs, a rejection that few people are willing to accept. Such a believer would have to accept anarchy theoretically, for order depends on something in a society having the monopoly of the use of force in the name of the society, usually a police force. He would have to accept any regime that could obtain and maintain control of a society by means of force. He would be denied the right to forcibly oppose the raping of a wife or the murder of a child. He will fight evil when it takes the form of famine, disease, catastrophe, but will offer evil a "sanctuary" in the bodies of men, its most effective vehicles. A literal interpretation of those words would mean accepting the transformation of God's house into a robbers' den. (At this point, one begins to suspect that something may be wrong with literal interpretation: when Christ drove the sellers from the temple, He didn't just "shoo" them away — He whipped them out.)

The sensible evaluation of the quote must be figu-

rative. Hyperbole, a familiar device in Semitic speech and argumentation, was used here to preach the evil of force used in the service of mere *vengeance*. This does not preclude, however, the possibility of force in the service of, say, love and justice.

It struck me as interesting one day to wonder what Christ would have said about a situation slightly different from one of His parables. Suppose that the Good Samaritan was wandering along the road and happened to run into a man *in the process of being beaten up* rather than after the fact? What would Christ have desired that man to do? It is speculation admittedly, but reasonable speculation, I think, to say that the Lord would have asked him to do his best to defend the poor guy. There would be something pharisaic in a passerby's saying that the law forbade him to use any sort of force, whatever the situation may be.

There is a sort of heroic irresponsibility of sorts in declining to defend not only self, but also that which the self cherishes most (or ought to): wife, children, friends, and country. Moreover, self-defense is rarely confined to just self: the bully who walks up and wipes you out for no good reason is not unlikely to continue that policy with others. Proper and moderate retribution in such cases would be defense of others as well as of self.

ON THE LEVEL of the body politic, the state has rights which are today often ignored because of exclusive concern with quite valid individual rights. One of those rights is the right to self-defense, to wage a just war. A war is just if those who fight it have the right motives, if the authority is just, and if the reason for fighting is itself just; in our own country the crux of the matter is usually the last of these criteria. Since this comes down to the question of morality of *specific* situations, an evaluation of "just reasons" is impossible to give. But two things ought to be noted at any rate.

First, a person must be *certain* of the immorality of the war before he acts: either by refusing to be

inducted, or whatever. If the question is unresolved, then his action must admit the precedence of the state's right to demand military service of him.

Second, the state has a right to punish anyone who refuses to fulfill his military duty; but acceptance of such punishment does not in itself justify the refusal. One myth of civil disobedience in general is the idea that acceptance of punishment for an act makes that act justified. The truth is that acceptance of the punishment is relevant only to the question of tactics; it has nothing to do with justifying the morality of an action.

IN GENERAL I BELIEVE that young people today are too ready to assert the immorality of war, a natural reaction to the opposite (and less preferable) extreme of Germany in World War II. Many people are sloppy about distinguishing between immorality and impracticality; others (much fewer in number) develop pacifist attitudes surprisingly quickly when they come face to face with the reality that most soldiers don't just fade away — they die in all sorts of ugly ways.

The present brand of pacifism (in some ways a very "choosy" type), perhaps, is wrong in being so exclusively preoccupied with the morality of war. It ought to at least consider more fully the morality of "not-war" in view of the gravity of the citizen's duty to defend the state. For instance, in a somewhat related matter, St. Thomas Aquinas entertains the notion of even obeying an unjust law if the authority promulgating it is just, so important is the duty to the state.

But the man who appears to me to have raised the question most forcibly was Socrates, one of my favorite people. Condemned to death *unjustly*, he asks his friend

Crito how he can answer the laws if, when he tries to escape the decision, they come to him and say:

What are you about? Are you not going, by an act of yours, to overturn us — the laws and the whole state — as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and trampled by individuals?

His love for his country then makes him accept the unjust judgment and die; not defending *himself*, but the existence of his Athens. It is magnificent testimony to the importance of man's duty to defend his country, physically if necessary (Socrates did that too, and courageously) in all but the most certain cases of injustice.

Each week the SCHOLASTIC will make this column available to a member of the University community to explore and comment upon contemporary issues. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the SCHOLASTIC.

Chris Wolfe is a junior who served as an associate editor of the Observer last year. In addition he represented the student body on the Student Life Council.

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movies

If...

AVON: Mr. Rosenberg is shifting from *If*, a bad film with a good director, to *Three In the Attic*, a bad film with a worse director. The problem with *If* is its visual incoherence, its irrelevant symbols (embryo, "chick," headmaster, etc.) its naive attitude toward what it sloppily conceives as the "revolution." The material is there, but *If* is so busy copying from *Zero for Conduct* and tickling contemporary revolutionary idealism, that it completely flops in depicting a believable crisis. As for *Three In the Attic* — squashed between some great opening credit — solarizations and a swell ending cartoon, there occurs the final, ob-

scenely blatant prostitution of the Pepsi Generation. *Three* is a massive dose of Librium; it is so depressing it makes me long for senility. Admission: \$2.00. Call 288-7800.

COLFAX: *Me, Natalie*. Pattie Duke shooting around on her iron penis, probing for the meaning of it all. This is almost as big a drag as *Valley of the Dolls* — though in *Valley*, at least, she was constantly on the nod, and thus largely innocuous. Times: 6:19, 8:34. Admission: \$1.50. Call 233-4532.

GRANADA: *Butch Cassidy and the Sun Dance Kid*, with Paul Newman. The critical reaction to *Butch* has been rather mixed, and I haven't seen it yet. So you might as well take the chance and see the Bolivian Army in action. I've heard they're real professionals. Call 233-7301.

STATE: *The Lion In Winter* is distinguished by its overpowering, emotionally exhausting acting. Hepburn won the Oscar, but O'Toole is a good deal more than her foil. In fact, the entire cast render performances markedly superior to their rather



disjointed direction, and the film's generally mediocre cinematography. *Lion* is far and away the best show in town — its plot and personal entanglements are intense enough (and sustained enough) to grip the audience fast for its full three hours. Shows at 2, 5 and 8. Admission: \$2.00 (and well worth it). Call 233-1676.

football

Picks by Terry

Notre Dame over Purdue — Psychologically, it is Notre Dame's turn to be loose and ready. Watch Irish defensive back John Gasser. Humiliated a year ago by Purdue, he should be ready for revenge.

Ohio State over Texas Christian — No trouble for the Buckeyes . . . not yet, anyway.

Southern Methodist over Michigan State — Spartans' inexperienced secondary is no match for a hot Chuck Hixson. If he is cold, SMU's Excitement '69 will sink to a scintillating 0-3.

Michigan over Washington — Instead of going home, the Huskies spent this week practicing in Spar-

tan Stadium, following Saturday's 27-11 loss to Michigan State. Seven days in Lansing is a curse no team can endure.

Texas over Texas Tech — An outstanding offensive show as the Longhorns open defense of their Southwest Conference title.

Southern Cal over Northwestern — Once again, the Wildcats put up excellent resistance before bowing . . . by no more than two touchdowns.

Air Force over Wyoming — Very big game for the Cowboys, Western Athletic Conference kingpins who are fighting an inferiority complex.

Mississippi over Kentucky — After

yielding 58 points to Indiana last Saturday, the Wildcats have had a tough week of practice. They're not quite in the Rebels' class, though.

Florida State over Miami — With one victory behind them, the Seminoles rate an edge over Miami, which opens its season tonight in the Orange Bowl.

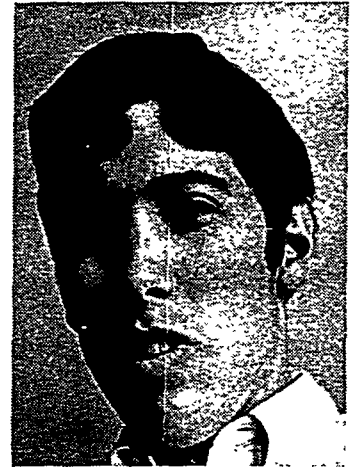
Nebraska over Texas A & M — One for the Big Eight over the Southwest. The Aggies may not score.

LAST WEEK'S RECORD:

8 Right, 2 Wrong, .800.

SEASON RECORD:

8 Right, 2 Wrong, .800.



the last word

“**S**T. JOSEPH,” continued the teacher, “might be called a foster-virgin.” No doubt an enviable position. Undoubtedly, this status enabled him to develop some solidarity with Elizabeth, a virgin-in-law.

The whole trouble, of course, with pagan babies was that you’d send the money. You’d pit yourself as a boy against the entire race of cootie-infested girls; then, you’d go for good money. The class president, already thrice-deposed and thrice-reelected — he used to smoke in the john — would call a meeting of the class. Of course, you don’t have to move; you were already there. You just sat, caused a ruckus, and selected a name for the five-dollar baby. Fido, we decided, was a fine name; the teacher, perhaps that title is presumptuous, approved; she noted its derivation from the Latin *fides* meaning faith. Then, as I said, you’d send the money. And wait. Every day, you’d say to yourself, “Today’s the day.” But they never sent it, the pagan baby. I mean you sent the money. But the thing never came. Which was probably just as good anyway; the neighbors didn’t like you hanging around with niggers. Might decrease the property value.

So we stopped buying pagans and started buying goldfish. They were more expensive. But they came in different colors. And they never lived long enough to take home. The class had saved up enough to get some fish. Somebody brought an aquarium; we plugged the hole with a wad of bubble gum. Another kid volunteered to use his thumb in a pinch.

We sent the biggest kid in the class out to get seven dollars and thirty-six cents worth of fish. We figured he’d have to be big to carry all those fish. He was gone for four hours. Finally, one fish. Big fish. It was in a plastic bag filled with water — and one fish. He plopped it down on the teacher’s desk. It died. The bag broke. Both laid unflushed in the toilet for two weeks. Death be not proud.

Which didn’t do a bit of good for the nun’s fish fixation. Especially when, a couple of weeks later, a kid came in and told her he’d just swallowed a goldfish. “It just popped out of the water fountain.” Then, I guess, the peristaltic pressure went to work. The nun

(remember, she had *fides*) believed. After that, we all had to bring strainers and glasses to school. One kid would hold the glass, the other would strain. But the principal feared the strainers, not necessarily the glasses, would decrease student morale. So after a couple of weeks, we had to quit. Another kid swallowed a goldfish, this time a black one. They had to remove the nun.

HIGH SCHOOL wasn’t too much different. One kid used to throw up during English class. The English teacher always got upset. Especially, the first time. The kid decided to go with the stationary throw-up. That’s the kind where you don’t bother to move. You just let it fall to your chest and trunk section whence it rolls down the left pants leg. A lovely trick. But it, as I said, upset the teacher. “Do something, Spezio.” So Spezio would stand on his head — or write on the bottom of his shoe.

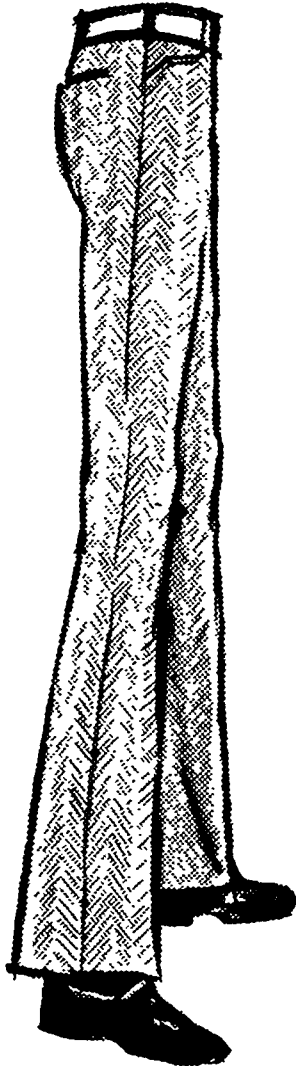
The same kind of thing began to lose some of its humor when you got to college. You got kind of tired of the Friday and Saturday post-drunk throw-ups, the johns stinking and the students — who still had not learned the sacredness of the human spirit — shouting obscenities at girls on the quad. Even the smell of pep-rally sweat lost some of its appeal. And while the rain was falling, on one April 4, a scraggly border guard near Alumni Hall told you that a friend of yours, blood-dead, with a bullet, got what he deserved for snooping around in other people’s business. And after your junior year, the Black Studies program floundered in one or another bureau. The literary magazine was closed because it became a refuge for people who liked to use four-letter words; the pep rallies continued. ROTC was sustained. And you remembered bayonet drill and that the only good bayonet was one with guts on both ends.

And you remembered the dead fish laying on its side in the toilet. You hope that you can salvage enough wonder to cherish the mystery of the persons you love.

— Rich Moran

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On the seventeenth of August, 1933, in the latter part of the

d have been but for the Daily Democratic Review.

closest thing to real politics I have seen since; how different politics is

in the Spanish speaking Chicagoans and how different politics is

for the Illinois Constitutional Convention and how different politics is

Bernard Weisberg, a Chicagoan, is a very different person

er but quiet (I am myself a native Chicagoan) and a very different person

that; that great city has always been a very different place

as Pittsburgh that exploded over a coal strike and a very different place

coterie and the Black P-1s and a very different place

son (named once of the British) and a very different place

what breaks out to for a very different place

Truman was as different as the

and held over from a very different place

that was business from a very different place

Chicago and a very different place

street scene was a very different place

and the same place and a very different place

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