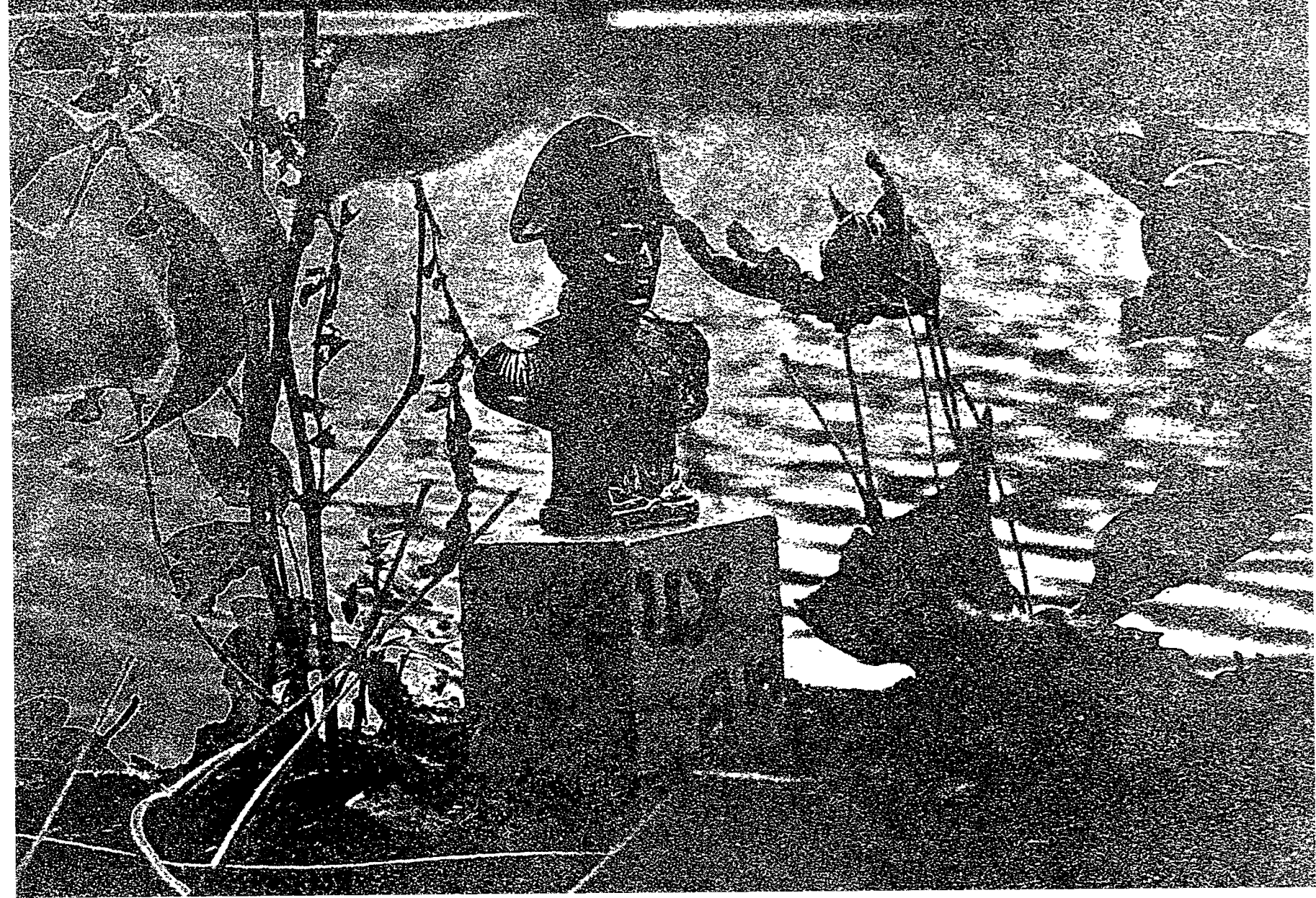


Come Together Over Me
Scholastic / Oct. 24, 1969





LEATHER!
SUEDE!

THE JACKETS YOU WANT!

Your Campus Shop has a fine selection of the latest leather and suede jacket styles for university men . . . in the new lengths, the new shades, the new styles. These fine jackets give you warmth and versatility . . . all priced with your budget in mind. See them.

BUY IT NOW.
PAY NEXT SUMMER.
NO SERVICE CHARGE.
YOUR ACCOUNT IS OPEN . . .



One Man Tells Another
GILBERT'S
Campus Shop

ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

Markings

3 out of 5 / Phil Kukielski	4
Mutual Non-Violence	5
Art on Ice	6
The Wonderful World of Calvin Coolidge	7
The Week in Distortion	8

Come Together Over Me: The Death of Paul McCartney	10
John Keys / Tom Machen / Bernie Ryan	

Women's Liberation: The Caldron Melts the Myth	18
Carolyn Gatz	

Modern Revolutionary Warfare — Counterinsurgency	23
Fran Maier	

Departments

Perspectives	28
We Are the Drama	30
Movies	31
Football Picks	31
Johnny Dee	32
Last Word	34

Editor-in-chief Richard Moran *Executive Editor* Philip Kukielski
Managing Editor Michael Hendryx
Art Director Michael Patrick O'Connor
Associate Editors John Keys, Raymond Serafin
Assistant Editors Pat Gaffney, Carolyn Gatz, Fran Maier
Photography Editor Gary Cosimini *Copy Editor* John Kwiecien
Sports Editor Terry O'Neil *Contributing Editor* Steve Novak
Business Greg Naples *Circulation* Michael Malone
Public Relations James Murphy
Faculty Advisor Frank O'Malley

Writers Marilyn Becker, Thomas Booker, Steve Brion, J. Gerald Burns, Kathy Callan, James Coburn, Michael Costello, Phil Glotzbach, Dennis Hand, John Knorr, Thomas Kronk, Tim Kuntz, James McConn, VeAnn Patterson, Kevin Reilly, Marilyn Riordan, Walter Secada, Mark Seeburg, Martin Siravo, Tom Ward *Copy and Layout* Mary Le Carr, Joseph Creen, Robert Devita, Eileen Donoghue, David O'Brien, Kevin O'Connell, VeAnn Patterson, Mark Richardson, Greg Stidhom, Mary Jane Sullivan, Colleen Unger *Business and Circulation* William Pelletieri *Photographers* Jim Hunt, Beth Malmsheimer

The opinions expressed in the SCHOLASTIC are those of the authors and editors of the SCHOLASTIC and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or student body.

Second class postage paid at Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Published weekly during the school year, except during vacation and examination periods, the SCHOLASTIC is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year (including all issues and the FOOTBALL REVIEW). Please address all manuscripts to the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of the SCHOLASTIC.

Phil Kubielski



3 out of 5

TUESDAY night before the Moratorium. Like most of the late-comers, I found myself milling around the lobby of the Center for Continuing Education and able to catch only occasional phrases of the speech Dellinger was giving inside. Standing next to me was John Twohey '64-'65 SCHOLASTIC editor and currently an instructor in the Communication Arts department. Dellinger was delivering his low-keyed spiel on the American social revolution and it wasn't long before we were drawn into conversation on that topic. I have since forgotten most of what passed between us, but one thing Twohey said that night has stuck with me. "This isn't America, Phil. America is to be found in the average gasoline station or bus terminal. These people here tonight aren't the real Americans."

The next night as I watched the Huntley-Brinkley report on the day of demonstration, I recalled Twohey's observation the night before. I remembered not only the words but the tone with which he delivered them — a tone of despair, of frustration and of defeat. But Brinkley was saying, "The moratorium leaders are calling the demonstration a complete success, surpassing all their expectations."

Success or defeat? Perhaps a bit of both. A success at least in the sense of being able to amass large numbers of people opposed to the war and the current administration's attempts to cope with the problem. But also a defeat. A defeat because the demonstrations failed to reach the core of America, the white middle-class Americans with 2.4 children, a carport and mortgage payments. An America where according to a recent *Newsweek* survey three out of five citizens maintained America was justified in intervening in Vietnam and only a handful believed the war to be simply wrong. An America where only half thought they should have any say whatsoever in the country's defense and foreign policy because they were not "well-informed enough to give solutions." And an America where nearly three out of five felt that demonstrators had little or no justification for their actions.

OCTOBER 15 then seems to have reinforced the beliefs of those opposed to the current situation but

has done little to change the minds of those outside the movement. The middle American just isn't impressed by demonstrations anymore; he's seen them on the six-o'clock news every night since those first few days at Little Rock. It's hard for him to be even sympathetic. The people he sees are young, noisy and exuberant but what disturbs him is that they seem to advocate the repudiation of all he holds dear — patriotism, knowing your place and a firm commitment not to "make waves."

On November 15 the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam is organizing a march on Washington dedicated to, along with ending the war, an end to ABM and all forms of militarism, alleviation of racism and poverty, an end to the draft and political repression, and self-government for Washington, D.C. Noble objectives, but hardly to be attained in a single day.

Will this demonstration change the minds of the middle American — those Americans to whom Nixon appealed last November, those Americans who voted him into office and those Americans that look askance at all demonstrations? As much as I'd like to think otherwise racism and poverty will still exist, the draft will continue and the war in Vietnam will claim its daily toll of casualties.

Even the most successful of demonstrations serve only to draw attention to a problem, in themselves they offer no solution. What is needed is not to draw more attention to a war that already inundates the front page and television screen in every home in America, but for solutions to be proposed and explained. Poverty and racism won't disappear if we all simply close our eyes and wish real hard.

The goal should not be to change the complexion of the streets of Washington for a single day but to change the complexion of the American people for the next decade. The McCarthy campaign of two springs ago proved that the American people can be reached and persuaded. But, only the hard way, door-to-door, face-to-face in homes, gas stations and bus terminals — the real America. Better a million people ringing the doorbells of a million middle Americans than a million people marching in self-congratulation of their liberalism.

Markings

Mutual Non-Violence

When was the last time you saw your mother react nonviolently as your brother dropped a glass of milk? What was your family policy toward quarrelling? Were physical reactions acceptable, or was shouting the limit? The Gandhian principle that "the home is the basic school in which nonviolence is developed" is psychologically sound. Professor Charles McCarthy cites this as the chief reason behind efforts to assemble a campaign of twenty-six radio spots emphasizing nonviolent resolution of conflict in family situations.

The spots will run for three and one-half minutes and will be aimed at the mother because children spend most of their time with her and watch as she solves her intrapsychic and interpersonal conflicts. A mother's aggressions are taught to her

children. And no society will ever reject violence if its boys grow up to emulate Mannix while its girls cheer them on.

The antiviolence spots will be aired nationally by stations in the Mutual Radio Network as public service announcements. Plans call for each acceptable bit to be used at least once by every station. (Individual stations then have the option to rebroadcast selected spots of their own choosing.) This means that each announcement will be heard by an average of forty million Americans.

Originally, the bits were to be authored by professional writers, paid by the network. However, it was decided that work done by students might contain more authenticity. Professor McCarthy cited the large — if untapped — amount of creativity he has observed as being

present in Notre Dame and St. Mary's students. He argued that many of them would be willing to devote time to a project calculated to reach such a large audience. He stressed that anyone could submit a script. The only stipulations state that the spots must be aimed at a national audience, and they must be able to capture and hold the attention of a listener who will probably be doing any number of things in addition to listening to the radio. (Prof. McCarthy is anxious to discuss details with anyone who might be interested, and can be reached in library office G-90.)

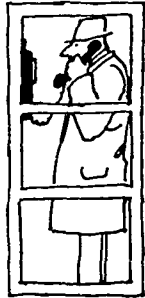
It is difficult to visualize the degree to which one campaign for non-violence will affect Americans. But, it is at least hopeful that an attempt is being made.

— Phil Glotzbach

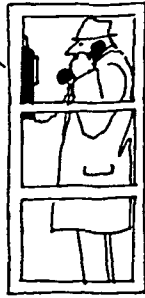
OPERATOR, I'D LIKE THE
NUMBER OF THE
TELEPHONE COMPANY.



ONE
MO-
MENT,
PLEASE.



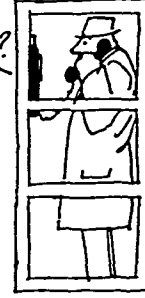
WHAT
CITY
IS
THAT,
SIR?



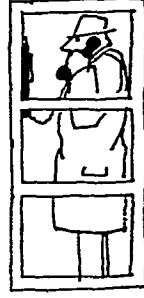
ONE
MO-
MENT.



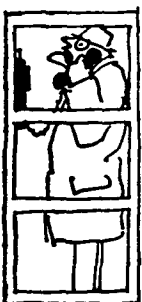
WOULD
YOU
SPELL
THAT,
PLEASE?



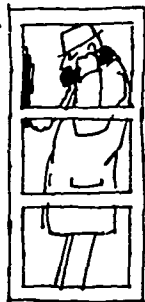
ONE
MOMENT.



ONE
MOMENT.



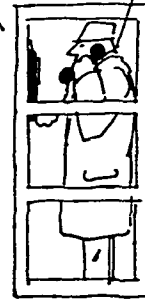
ONE
MOMENT.



BZZZZT! RUCK! PLEASE DE-
POSIT ANOTHER FIVE CENTS FOR
THE NEXT THREE MINUTES.

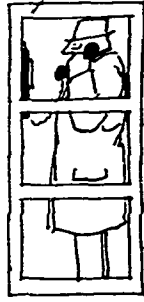


INFOR-
MATION.



INFORMATION,
I'D LIKE THE
NUMBER OF THE-

BZZZZZZZZZ



© 1969 THE NEW YORK TIMES 10-19

Art on Ice

Any group that is going to call itself the University Arts Council knows before it opens its first meeting that it is walking on thin ice. Added to the pitfalls of any infant organization, an arts council faces on the one hand that mass of students who couldn't justly be called philistines, but who never feel inspired to express themselves in the fine arts, and who effectively ignore or ridicule such activities around them, being generally satisfied with whatever offerings the environment provides. On the other hand are the crafty and creative students who universally suspect anything so bureaucratic sounding, who might be bashful about exhibiting their work or who are simply anti-any council and believe in bohemianism for its own sake.

Knowing these preconceptions, this arts council may eventually change its name, but now that it is founded, with enthusiasm and ideas swelling, its need and usefulness are hardly at issue. The council, made up of a score of students and faculty, plans to stay detached from any other landed interest. The members conceive their main tasks as encouragement and fertile coordination of the isolated creative ventures of the campus community, both of groups and individuals. By being a contact between students working with film, music, drama, photography, writing, architecture, graphics or plastic arts, they hope not only to stimulate interest, but to promote collaborations and joint creations. Exercises that are ordinarily pedantic or hypothetical could, perhaps, be related to ongoing projects that might need a specific talent. An architecture or art student could help design sets for plays, for example. A writer of a scenario could find a film-maker. A rock group might find someone composing original lyrics. A poet might find someone who liked to do silk-screen illustrations for the text. Getting the desultory interests in touch with one another would be the first step.

By paying attention to what segments of the student body were interested in, and by keeping abreast with what films, groups, companies, performers or poets might be available, the arts council could serve as a clearinghouse and advisory center for cultural events throughout the year. There would be free help and advice for any group wishing to sponsor such activities.

A third function would be to set up a system of loans and grants. Should a student need money for canvas, acrylics, film, or some other material to carry out an idea, he would be given what he needed with the only stipulation that he exhibit the work when he was finished. That would be the reinvestment. Or, on a larger

scale, if someone should wish to redesign the decor of a coffeehouse, or start an experimental theater on campus, the council could not only get interested parties in touch with one another, but could loan some of the initial funds. The council has no money at present, but they are hopeful of finding a patron who would consider their endeavor worthwhile and sponsor their efforts.

Working in the open to promote expression and to make available to everyone the artistic interpretations of fellow students, the sense of spontaneity will increase; the council could arrange for topical displays in the student center or on the main quad. An interdisciplinary project on starvation, sex, the effects of television, or black history would not only enliven the sensitivities of the viewers, but it would call upon talents which might otherwise stay latent or unnoticed.

Eventually the council dreams of having a center for the arts on the campus, where poets could read, painters could exhibit, films could be shown and there could even be an open studio or two. Dr. Thomas Fern, head of the Art Department and an enthusiastic supporter of the council since it was first suggested, makes space for such functions in his proposed remodelling of the Fieldhouse. The idea is beginning to snowball.

Of the problems currently facing the embryonic arts council, the largest involves getting the support and receptivity of the students it seeks to help. It has no desire to impose, but simply to draw out what is already present. The reserved poet of Flanner or Walsh would have an opportunity to read publicly. Someone who makes chalk drawings or watercolor sketches might appreciate some friendly critique or a humble showing.

This effort to make the Notre Dame-St. Mary's campus more responsive and sensitive to the arts was not undertaken from purely aesthetic motives. The students and faculty who are working on this idea see a need and hope that a little bridge-building and a little encouragement in the right places will go a long way toward relieving unwanted stagnancy, unnecessary tension and needlessly frustrated artists. Tom Kronk, one of the initiators of the council, reports that a few minor projects have already been put into operation, like a group of writers reading one another's material. Kronk says the council is alive and well in the Baere's Crawe (in the basement of Breen-Phillips) with willing hands to set toward any service it can render.

— Pat Gaffney

It is a dark and wandering planet we inhabit, this generation of ours, bewildered by its dearth of heroes, frustrated by the meaningless, incessant harangues of peach-crate politicians and sales-rag sophists. The SCHOLASTIC would like to offer a balm for the wounded weary, a Mercurochrome to the little cuts of life, in presenting:

The Wonderful World of Calvin Coolidge

Calvin Coolidge, 30th President of the United States, was born of Vermont Puritan stock, but that did not squelch Cal's zest and flair for life. Deeply committed to his family he tried often to express his deepest emotions, saying of his relatives, "The Coolidges never slop over."

Cal's outlook on marriage was equally eloquent. He and Grace were honeymooning in Montreal but after a week Cal got restless and pronounced,

"Grace, gotta be going back home."

"Why?"

"Running for school committee, gotta go back and make a speech."

The President, who is said to have slept 14 hours a day while he was in office, was, as his background suggests, deeply religious. After one of the few times he did not go to church with his wife, she asked him, "How was the service?"

"Fine."

"What did the preacher talk about?"

"Sin."

"Well . . . what did he say about sin?"

"He's against it."

There was not a universal appreciation of Coolidge in his own day, and in a brash and irresponsible moment, Alice Roosevelt Longworth said of him, "Though I yield to no one in my admiration for Mr. Coolidge, I do wish he did not look as if he had been weaned on a pickle."

But in spite of the often sour visage Cal will go down in history as an undying optimist, a man pos-

sessed of penetrating insight who nevertheless saw all in its best light.

"Well, Cal, ya think it'll stop raining?"

"Always has."

But above all Coolidge was a powerful political leader and a master rhetorician. On Aug. 7, 1927, he



called a press conference. Marching into the mathematics classroom of the Rapid City, South Dakota, high school, followed by upwards of thirty newsmen, he pointed to the desk and with the admonition, "Line forms on the left," he presented them with the bits of paper which announced, "I choose not to run for president in 1928."

He also accomplished a great deal while in office. The situation in Nicaragua was extremely unstable

as rebel guerrillas roamed the hills, threatening the government and the U.S. Marines. Coolidge summoned ex-Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson to the White House, at the suggestion of the State Department, and laid it on the line, "If you find a chance to straighten the matter out, I want you to do so." Faced with another delicate situation in Mexico he defined more clearly the role for his new ambassador, "My only instructions (to you) are to keep us out of war with Mexico."

At another crisis, Vice-President Coolidge was presiding as the nation's senators screamed at each other across the chamber floor. A senior senator yelled to Cal to pound his gavel and amid the confusion he answered with dignity, "I will if they become really excited."

But, in the last analysis it was his drive and solid awareness of political reality which pushed him to the top. As the Republican convention raged in Chicago, Cal sat in with Grace in their hotel room. The phone rang; he answered, listened silently, replaced the receiver and turned to his wife,

"Nominated for vice-president."

"You aren't going to take it, are you?" she asked.

"I suppose I'll have to," said Cal.

Perhaps the most characteristic rendering of the man and his myth came not from the man himself, but from noted authoress Dorothy Parker who, upon hearing of Coolidge's death in 1933, exclaimed, "How can you tell?"

—John Keys

The Week In Distortion

Spiro Speaks

"A spirit of national masochism prevails, encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs. . . ." Mr. Agnew spoke at a \$100-a-plate Republican dinner. He spoke of "hard-core dissidents and professional anarchists . . . who characterize themselves as intellectuals." Americans never were much for book-learnin'. It produces a snob quite unlike the snobs who pay \$100 for baked chicken and Spiro Agnew. The dissidents, according to Mr. Agnew, are planning "wilder, more violent" anti-war demonstrations. Perhaps they will be turning up the amplifiers during the refrain of "God is Love." Where was Mr. Agnew last Wednesday?

War Surplus

The Nixon administration recently announced a shift in emphasis of American military capabilities. The plan calls for American forces to be restricted to fighting only one major war and one brushfire war at a time. This new proposal changes the doctrine that had allowed for two major and one minor war to be waged simultaneously. Rumor has it that plans are now being made with

the State Department for the United States to export our surplus wars along with wheat to underdeveloped nations applying for foreign aid.

More Masochism

Last week the dean of the department of journalism at the University of Moscow claimed that the mass media of both capitalist and communist societies were incapable of criticizing values and ills inherent in society. As a point of clarification he added that the American press "was the mouthpiece of those that owned them." For the record, the SCHOLASTIC is owned and published by the American Society for the Perpetuation of Masochism at the University of Notre Dame.

Inflation

The SCHOLASTIC was in need of change for a dollar and finding itself in the library basement, a representative was elected for the group. He approached the change machine. He inserted a dollar bill. It stayed in there for a while, just hung around. Our man waited, and the thing started to back out slowly, falling at his feet. One corner of the

bill had been chewed off in the interim. Who says Nixon can't stop inflation?

Odor-free

To celebrate National Clean Air Week (this week) most communities across the country are doing very little. In the United States, funds marked for control of atmospheric pollutants in no way equal the amount annually spent on cigarettes. Legislative attempts to limit the amount of airborne refuse have often suffered from the impotence of imprecise language, the lack of public concern, and the overriding influence of those against whom the laws are aimed. One New York cement plant was allowed to spew its dust across the county because it was "economically necessary" to the community. In the same county, a decision is still pending as to whether "pollution" includes the stench arising from a local hog farm.

Stop, Think

Former Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev is assailed and some of his criticism of Joseph Stalin eliminated

in a new edition of a history of the Soviet Community Party. To be published in December, the history scores Khrushchev's dual role of Premier and party chief as leading to "excessive concentration of power in the same hands."

The "updated" version of a history last published in 1962 omits from Lenin's testament the comment that the party and people suffered "serious consequences" when Stalin failed to heed his warning that the former was not suited to the job of party chief.

Is 1984 only 15 years away?

Not So Sweet

In the last decade, beginning perhaps with President Kennedy's call for physical fitness, Americans (even mention of the word brought visions of flab!) went diet and calorie-counting crazy. Thus began the boom in the use of cyclamates, artificial sweeteners. Last year 490 million cases of low-calorie soft drinks (Tab, Fresca, Diet-Pepsi, etc.) contained cyclamates. The annual sales volume of all products using cyclamates has been estimated at \$1 billion.

No more. Somebody began giving cyclamates to rats and found out that large doses of it caused cancer.

So last week HEW Secretary Robert Finch ordered all beverages with cyclamates off the market by Jan. 1 and other food products containing it off by Feb. 1.

Cyclamates were first marketed in 1950 — rest assured that after two decades of being legal, cyclamates had to be proven dangerous in a fairly conclusive manner. Which reminds us that the Marijuana Tax Act was passed in 1937, although 5,000 years of use have yet to prove any real danger in smoking the weed. One danger has appeared, of course, in the last few years: you might get busted. A man in Texas just recently got 50 years for selling two marijuana cigarettes. Wonder what kind of harassment the narks are planning for all the Diet-Pepsi freaks.

Both Sides Now

Two East German youths hijacked a Polish airliner at gunpoint this week and forced the pilot to make a landing in West Berlin, in the first commandeering of a plane from the Soviet bloc. French officials at Tegel Airfield said the two mechanics from East Berlin would be released to West German authorities for processing as refugees.

It wasn't too long ago that West-

ern nations spoke of severe recrimination as a deterrent to hijacking.

Wed

Peter Yarrow (of, Peter, Paul and Mary) married a niece of Senator Eugene McCarthy last Saturday night in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Willmar, Minnesota. Paul Stookey was best man and Marcy Mary Travis attended.

Also last week, Arlo Guthrie and Jackie Hyde were married in a Massachusetts field. The mood was jubilant and catering was by Alice (of Alice's Restaurant). The bride and groom each wore white, and each wore a wreath of plastic flowers.

Born

To Frank O'Hara, New York poet and art critic, killed three years ago in a car crash on Fire Island where there are no cars, and Clausura Burckhardt, German starlet, a baby ostrich; by Caesarean section; proudly named Mayakovsky by his father and Youdowhat by her mother.

—Compiled by J. Gerald Burns, Phil Glotzbach, John Keys, Phil Kukielski and Ray Serafin.



Come Together Over Me:

Three years ago, famed prophetess Jeanne Dixon predicted the death of one of the Beatles before the end of one year. On April 20, 1967, Wednesday morning at five o'clock an unidentified man, along with four police officers, died in an automobile accident near London. The man remains unidentified and American college campuses are now engaged in a religiously fanatical inquest into the mystery of the life and/or death of Paul McCartney.

Interest in the plight of Paul began long before the current nationwide rage. A student at Colgate last year spent the eve of Thanksgiving in a fervent all-night vigil for Paul. "I had more than enough evidence to refute the notion that his death was an idle rumor. Signs in the zodiac, clues in all of their [Beatles] recent work, and well-informed sources convinced me of the gravity of the situation," reported the student.

Beatlemania resurrected swept through most of the Midwest, including Notre Dame, within this last week. The *SCHOLASTIC*, in a diligent effort to keep on top of the explosive situation, began an extensive worldwide investigation trying, as always, to

separate fact from fiction. Contacts at radio station KCCS, in Columbia, Mo., reported that at that time they had four people trying to establish direct communications with a Beatles' representative at a secretive meeting at O'Hare Field, Chicago. Contact with a very reliable source at KICR radio, Iowa City, Iowa, revealed they had obtained *the* phone number which they had somehow dug out of the myriad of "clues" in Beatle songs, album covers, books and posters.

They immediately placed a collect call to the number in hope of reaching a Mr. Kite who, according to the lyrics of "Being for the benefit of . . .," would "top the bill." Unfortunately, Mr. Kite (or whoever answered) was not too enthusiastic about footing any phone bill. "But he did mention," reports KICR official Bruce Titball, "that he intended to press charges against us *and* that he would be in touch with us soon." A day or two after the phone call, the man from called KICR and told them that if they were interested in knowing something about the Paul McCartney mystery, they should be at O'Hare Field at a certain place at a certain time. A film major



The Death of Paul McCartney

from U. of Iowa, who wishes to remain unidentified, and an assistant were promptly dispatched to cover the story. They claim to have made a contact although they declined to elucidate further.

The SCHOLASTIC pursuit persevered. A long-distance call from the Notre Dame campus was placed to the London number. The overseas operator refused to make the connection. After a long spell of dead air, the soft-spoken operator opened up for the SCHOLASTIC:

Oper: This is a wrong number.

Schol: What do you mean, wrong? A friend left his number with me and told me to call him at . . .

Oper: Are you trying to get to the Beatles?

Schol: Well, not exactly; you see . . .

Oper: Listen, I've had thousands of calls this week for this number and ones similar to it. These numbers are connected to residential homes.

Schol: Oh, I'm sorry; actually I *am* trying to reach the Beatles. They seem to be quite a hot

item right now.

Oper: I *know*. But these numbers are for people just like you and me. And I'm sure they don't appreciate being bothered by calls for the Beatles.

Schol: I'm calling for the SCHOLASTIC, a student magazine at the University of Notre Dame.

Oper: Oh, Notre Dame? Congratulations on your victory over Army!

Schol: Thank you; it was nothing. I was wondering if you might have picked up some new scuttlebutt about Paul's supposed death.

Oper: No, I'm afraid I can't help you.

Schol: Well, thanks anyway; it's been nice chatting with you.

Oper: You're welcome. Good-bye.

Schol: Good-bye.

The SCHOLASTIC continues to await further word from KCCS, KICR, the lonely vigilant at Colgate, and one lovely overseas operator concerning any late-breaking news of Paul's plight.

In the summer of 1967 the Beatles' popularity seemed to be in the throes of death or at least a stifling lethargy. The *Revolver* of August 1966 had been one of their least innovative mind assaults and the magic had begun to be rationalized. June brought a hot summer and the new breath that was *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts' Club Band*. The chronicle of extensive and pervasive death symbolism which focuses graphically, lyrically, and musically upon the beautiful Beatle, Paul McCartney, follows.

From the album, *Sgt. Pepper*: The inside of the jacket is graced by all four of the group, all smiling and mopheaded; but Paul is singled out in several ways. He sits cross-legged in a position suggestive of the old practice of breaking the legs of any corpse which would not fit in a standard six-foot coffin. Paul was 6' 2". He wears a gold medal which has been said to be an award bestowed posthumously upon a knight of the Queen's court. Paul alone wears a black arm patch bearing the initials O.P.D. Ontario Provincial Deputies? Yes, but also "Officially Pronounced Dead," the British counterpart of Dead on Arrival.

*

The famous cover of *Sgt. Pepper* casts many of the largest shadows of death. The setting itself is most reminiscent of a burial plot with many flowers and many pale faces from the past. Over the grave proper is spelled "Beatles" and over Paul's head, an outstretched palm, the Hindu symbol of death. He holds a long black clarinet-like instrument, the traditional English horn of mourning and in the right forefront, in flowers, a left-handed bass guitar, or better a side view of the letters P-A-U-L-? In the immediate front a small statue of Siva, the Hindu god of destruction. And, in one of the gaps across the top of the collage of heads once appeared the visage of Bela Lugosi. It has since disappeared from all known copies of the album.



The back cover is notable for the awesome presence of the blank back of McCartney and the telltale finger of George Harrison, a sixth finger, no less, which points to the scriptural reference "Wednesday morning at five

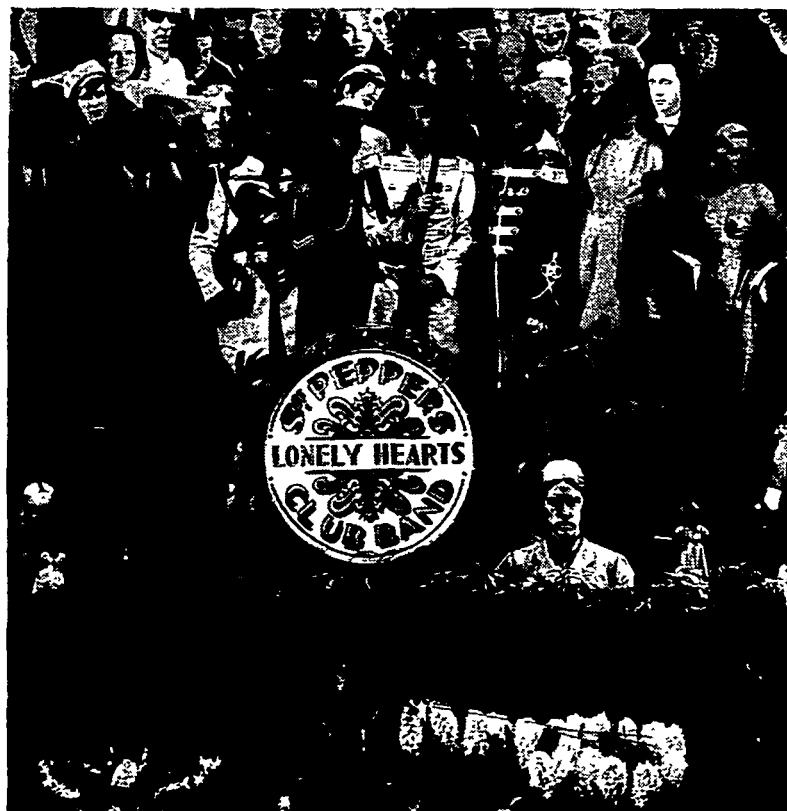
o'clock," the legendary time of death.

The lyrics of *Sgt. Pepper* are pregnant with clues to the (fickle?) fate of dear Paul. A blatant allusion to Billy Shears is made in the title song. (You inveterate movie-goers will recall that in the Beatles' movie, *Yellow Submarine*, the other three Beatles point towards Paul as they introduce the "one and only Billy Shears.")

"She's Leaving Home" describes the departure of a girl from her home and her parents on a Wednesday morning at 5 o'clock. As mentioned above, George points out with his mystical sixth finger the important line "Wednesday morning at 5 o'clock" when the tragic accident was reported to have occurred.

The spine-tingling message from "A Day in the Life" seems to jump off the back cover and explain how a "lucky man . . . blew his mind out in a car," an overt allusion to McCartney's crash.

Magical Mystery Tour came and left relatively undistinguished, save for the long-awaited L.P. appearances of "Strawberry Fields," "Penny Lane" and others. It was also accompanied by an extensive graphic portfolio from the television film of the same name and more BEATific revelation. The heavy symbol of this second sacred work is the huge black walrus, known in Viking lore as Death and in Anglo-Saxon as second death or D₂. It is difficult to verify the identity of the



Walrus, as Paul's usual instrument is the bass but he was known to be moving into more of the group's piano work. This leaves unsolved the identity of the left-handed bass player on the animal-doctor-police-tomb picture. The four policemen standing atop a concrete fortification, died with Paul in the crash and the doctors stand in the posture of a life-death judgment around a surgical-white table-piano. John sings, "I Am the Walrus" but little Nicola protests, "No You're Not" and even little girls know John is not a Swedish name.

Paul appears in the guise of a magician and always wears a crumpled hat, an ancient Druid death sign. In other pictures from the inner folio Paul sits behind a sign proclaiming "I (you) WAS." Paul is further dis-

tinguished in the ballroom scenes by a black carnation in his lapel (the others wear red) and a bouquet of black flowers which he waves menacingly. In a number of the pictures Paul appears without shoes, a symbol which appears more obviously on the front of *Abbey Road* where Paul is both barefoot and out of step with the others. In England people are buried without shoes.

*

Perhaps most ominous in direct challenge to the sensibilities are the lyrics from this album. At the end of "I Am the Walrus" at regular speed are the faint but clear lines from the murky backdrop, "Paul is really dead. Who will maintain us? Service in the village. Is he dead? Sit you down, Father. Rest you." "Strawberry Fields" is an overt reference to an English cemetery and at the end of the wild electric interlude, at 45 rpm a voice succinctly proclaims, "I buried Paul."

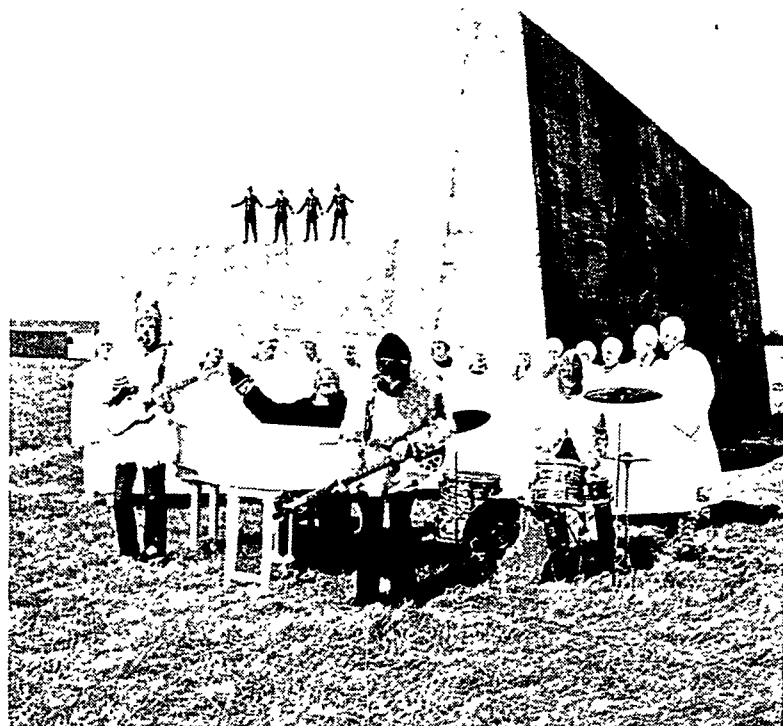
The lyrics to "Fool on the Hill" make reference to a man with a foolish grin, perfectly still, a man of a thousand voices talking perfectly loud, who is faced by the cosmic and eternal spinning of the world and setting of the sun. He sees and yet he is dead as he stands on his hill, his burial mound.

Some of the most significant myth to be found within the body proper of song text is between the folds of *The Beatles*. From *Glass Onion*:

I told you about the Walrus and me — man
You know that we're as close as can be — man
Well here's another clue for you all
The Walrus was Paul

Between "I'm So Tired" and "Blackbird," a reverse spin elicits the chant, "Paul is really dead, we miss him, miss him."

The theological implications of *Blackbird* itself are staggering. If Paul is seen as the blackbird singing in the dead of night he is commanded to take a broken pair of wings and learn to fly and is urged repeatedly, "You were only waiting for this moment to arise." Resurrection? "Yer Blues" reeks with death and the qualification of a death wish, "If I ain't dead already." And in "Mother Nature's Son" Paul sings, "Find me in a field of grass . . . swaying daisies sing a lazy song



October 24, 1969

beneath the sun."

Oh wow, now spin the "number nine" section of "Revolution 9" backwards and catch the squeaky voice whispering "Turn me on Dead man." It ain't fuzz on the needle, baby.

Now to the cover of the latest coroner's notes, *Abbey Road*. Beatle manager Brian Epstein was buried in a cemetery on Abbey Rd., Oct. 27, 1967. We have already sketched Paul's barefoot march across the cold blacktop. The clothing in the photo is, of course, of prime significance. Lennon leads in white, as the doctor, followed by the black-clad, sinister Starr, a mortician, then Paul the corpse, and finally, Harrison in the traditional blue denim of the gravedigger. The Volkswagen in its whiteness seems to denote an opposition to death (he probably did not die in a VW) and the license plate prefaced by the meaningless LMW is followed by "28 IF." Paul would have been 28 years old next June which would have been nearly three years after the advent of Sgt. Pepper. The significance of the number "3" is obvious.

*

The most convincing lines from "Abbey Road" are in the song "Come Together": "Got to be good looking 'cause he's so hard to see." Suffice it to say that Paul has always been considered the pretty boy of the group.

"Come together . . . over me" holds special theological significance. This plea for a convergence of people "over me" is strongly suggestive of a burial scene where all the loved ones of the corpse come to



gether and unite in mourning for his departed soul.

And finally we approach delicately one of the few Beatle songs which has yet to appear on an album, the lovely "Hey Jude." This is straight McCartney influence and the soft Poulsh voice seems unmistakable. But Christian folk tradition again dampens our hopes that Paul might, in spite of the evidence, still live, for St. Jude, remember, is the patron saint of hopeless causes. The power and humility of the invocation can leave us with no other conclusion than that Paul is indeed gone and that his disciples seek to carry on in his name . . .

13

in search of the historical paul

THE theory of a death in a flaming auto crash is perhaps in the last analysis an oversimplification. We must admit that it is highly unlikely that one so famous as McCartney could have died without notoriety. The explanation is trite and bordering upon the bourgeois. We will offer some of the alternative explanations.

The first is that Paul is a vegetable, or, at the very least, is suffering from a terminal illness such as cancer, hence the significance of the lone cigarette on the front of *Abbey Road*. Or perhaps a spinal defect. It has been said the lines, "He blew his mind out in a car," reflect Paul's revulsion to a private showing of his spinal X-rays after an accident of some sort, possibly the auto crash. Adherents of this school, most of them die-hard proponents of the Kennedy coma theory, remain a weaker sect than those who hold to the creed of absolute physical death.

Most difficult to grasp is the position of the intellectualist cynical subcult which preaches a symbolic death of McCartney, most probably through drugs. This is the so called zombie school, the basic tenet of which is that Paul is alive but totally unable to function as an active, positive human being, having fallen into a permanent state of semi-consciousness in which he is able only to receive sense impressions. The primary scriptural reference for this is the song "Fool on the Hill."

There still remain a vast majority of people, who will not accept the new, electrifying, 52 track doctrine just because many of its revelations have been recorded in reverse. They have branded it all a deliberate hoax, offering the threadbare arguments that because McCartney's pictures appear numerous times on recent album jackets and because the voice on so many of the great songs of late seem to sound so much like Paul that he must, therefore, still be alive. With the wonders of modern science it does not necessarily follow that a picture of someone causes him to exist. The argument is clearly tautologous.

One need not worry about the metaphysics at all in the light of the current axiom that Paul had an identical twin brother or better yet, that the Billy Shears, alluded to in Sgt. Pepper, is the winner of a Paul McCartney look-alike contest. The fact that McCartney's wife gave birth to her first baby last summer does not necessitate the existence of Paul himself, hence the reference to 4 or 5 magicians on the cover of *Magical Mystery Tour*. Indeed, Paul's replacement has taken his place. We need note also that Paul's wife, before their marriage, had been engaged to Paul's look alike brother.

As to the supposed similarity of voice, a student at Penn State recently conducted a study of Beatle voice graphs, drawings of perfectly individuated sound patterns, and concluded that "Paul's" voice on recent cuts is definitely not the same voice on the first albums.

The evidence for all arguments grows daily. Recently two college students from Cincinnati phoned Apple Records in London and asked the secretary, "Is Paul dead?" There was a pause of exactly fifteen seconds,

then she answered, "Call back later when you have all the clues . . ."

Whether Paul is dead, alive or vegetating in Argentina becomes remarkably irrelevant on the mythical level. The more important question, and one which depends tangentially on Paul's personal fate, is the matter of motivation: Why would the Beatles undertake such a task, so intriguing and immense? It seems obvious that their songs together with the accompanying literature are plotted to produce the mystery.

Cynicism will dominate most of the reasons that are given for the intrigue. It is easy enough to suppose that the entire charade is a publicity stunt. If so, the Beatles, despite any artistic quality they may have achieved in their lives, are gross.

More probable, But still banal, is the explanation that the Beatles simply wanted to dupe their fans. They may have felt that they had reached the artistic limits of their form and that they could only surpass what they had done by compounding a more or less literary (story) technique with the techniques of the musical arts.

But there is a third possibility, that the Beatles have attempted to establish a genuine religion. Approximately three years ago, they declared that they were more popular than Christ. Not much later, they enlisted the Maharishi as their spiritual counselor. Their "religion" appears to be a somewhat articulate synthesis of the two spiritual leaders. The death of Paul and the allusions to his continued life ("turn me on, dead man") mythologize the indivisibility of life and death and the ultimate victory of life over death. The mystery is not unlike the Christian myth of Christ's death and resurrection. Repeated allusions to spiritual unity after death reflect the teachings of the Maharishi about Brahmin, the Hindu God.

Some have speculated that the Beatles, with their music, are attempting to resurrect McCartney. That would put Paul in a league with Jesus Christ and Lazarus—Elias and Houdini are still trying to break into the big leagues. It is more probable, however, that the Beatles are invoking Paul as their muse and as their mediator with the indivisible spirit.

Various theologians and historians write that Jesus was not at all a spiritual figure, but that he was a charismatic leader deified by eleven or twelve fishermen who concocted an elaborate hoax about his death. Similarly no one knows a great deal about the circumstances surrounding Paul's "death." The veracity of the myth will never be beyond question.

Shortly after the alleged accident, the Beatles released *Sargeant Pepper*. It was, to understate the case, unique. Three more albums followed the *Sargeant Pepper* tradition: *Magical Mystery Tour*, *The Beatles*, and *Abbey Road*. Until recently people thought that these albums were nothing more than the musical creation of four talented young men. But a closer look, enlightened by rumor, suggests that the Beatles are exploring much more of life than narks and revolution. The tragic lyrics and the mysterious covers allude too

blatantly to death and its archetypal myths to dismiss the depth of the Beatle vision.

The Beatles are singing not only about death but also about reunion. In "A Day of the Life":

I read the news today, oh boy
about a lucky man who made the grade
And though the news was rather sad
Well I just had to laugh . . .

Although there is a definite allusion to the fact that "the news was rather sad," there is a note of joy as well—the "lucky man" had "made the grade."

The reunion, however, is not a resurrection. Christians refer to death as a reunion with God but not as pure spirits. Nowhere do the Beatles refer to a new body or a new mind. They refer, rather to a reunion of spirits someplace other than here on the physical earth:

The Magical Mystery Tour is waiting to take you away

Waiting to take you away.

The tour is magic because it is purely spiritual. It is mysterious because one must die to live.

In *The Beatles*, their next album, the questions of happiness over death, and where we are all going are left behind. What is encountered here is the means by which one takes the tour:

And when at last I find you
Your song will fill the air
Sing it loud so I can hear you
Make it easy to be near you
For the things you say endear you to me
You know I will.

At this point the theology of Paul should become more clear. He was on a magical mystery tour, separated from the body and in a state of the spirit. He was revealing this spirituality through the Beatles' music.

The theology of Paul has striking Christian as well as Hindu overtones. The Christian concepts of peace and love between people is continually emphasized. Paul is assuming the role of Christ and the remaining

Beatles, the roles of the disciples in the handing down and spreading of the Truth. However, unlike Christ, Paul is not resurrected, but is in a spiritual state of collective unconsciousness, urging as well as assisting others to attain a fuller consciousness in life. The manner in which Paul carries out his Christ role, as well, as how those who follow him, are to respond, with consciousness rather than faith, are purely Hindu in their origins.

The Paul theology is augmented by a kind of liturgy in the four albums since Paul's death. The music, like all music employed in a spiritual experience, heightens the encounter and integrates the world of objects and the world of spirit. This was a natural integration for the Beatles in that the Beatles, as musicians, employed music to communicate even before the death of Paul. Music is the essence of the Beatles and the essence of Paul as well.

The concept of revolution as dogma is important. Not primarily a reference to political or social revolution the dogma asserts a revolution of the mind from an individual consciousness to a universal conscious as Paul ultimately unifies us with himself.

The Beatles definitely are trying to tell us something. That Paul is dead or alive or a Zombie is of little importance. What is important is that there is a spirit implicit in the Beatles, and that they are trying to communicate that spirit to us. They are trying to tell us, to share with us their feelings about the earth, about the cosmos, about each other. Some theologians contend that it makes little or no difference if Christ was as Hindu overtones. The result is a synthesis of the two, a myth or not. In the case of the Paul theology, because it is purely spiritual in its perspective, what actually happened is not important. That some of their ideas, some of their spirit, be exposed to the world is important . . . for them and perhaps even to us.

How many Pauls can you fit on the head of a pin?

—Bernie Ryan



Come Together

Here come ole flat top
He come groovin up slowly
He got ju-ju eyeballs
He want holy roller
He got hair down to his knee
Got to be a joker, he just do what he please

He wear no shoeshine
He got toe jamb football
He got monkey finger
He shoot coca-cola
He say I know you, you know me
One thing I can tell you is you got to be free

Come together, right now, over me

He bad production
He got walrus gumble
He got Ono sideball
He got feet down below his knee
Hold you in his arms yeh you can feel his disease

Come together, right now, over me

He roller coaster
He got early warning
He got muddy water
He want mojo filter
He say one and one and one is three
Got to be good looking cause he's so hard to see

Come together, right now, over me

Beyond all this fiddle . . .

What the Beatles needed was financial success. During their early years they found it necessary to structure their music according to the whims of the bubble gum set. Only after their albums and movies became commercial phenomena were they free to direct their own careers. They were free and it was time to innovate.

Fortunately, they listened well to artists outside the sphere of Rock; the lyrics of Bob Dylan and the sitar of Ravi Shankar proved strongly influential. In the recording studio they achieved new effects in their electric sound. Unable to duplicate these effects outside the recording studio, subsequently — to the distress of Ed Sullivan — they forfeited the possibilities of live performances. To their four-man group they added the solemn tones of a symphony orchestra, bringing together two areas of music which had previously looked on each other with contempt. Drawing inspiration from American musicians, Paul McCartney and John Lennon learned about the Blues from Chicago. Looking back to the late twenties and early thirties, they incorporated the style of the megaphone crooners into their compositions.

During this period of experimentation the Beatles cut three albums (*Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, *Magical Mystery Tour*, and *The Beatles*). The predominant characteristic of the three is a constant fluctuation of style. Their "sound" changed as often as their religious affiliations. The only common trait of all three albums is their unusual album jackets (if you consider a plain white album jacket unusual). One didn't buy their new album because he liked their other albums, but to satisfy his curiosity as to what was new with the Beatles. Clearly, the predominant characteristic of the Beatles became unpredictability.

With the release of their latest album, *Abbey Road*, the dust from the previous period of turbulence seems to have finally settled. From a first listening, it appears that the Beatles have taken a step backwards to the days of *Rubber Soul*. After producing songs like "I Am the Walrus" and "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" they now move, with no easy transition, back to four-man harmony in "Because" and "Here Comes the Sun." In contrast with this seeming regression in style are the lyrics of John Lennon; they have not become any easier to understand. "Come Together" is about a creation of John Lennon's mind called "ole flat top."

Being a philosopher of sorts, "flat top" says things like "one thing I can tell you is you've got to be free," among other statements which are too complex for anyone but Lennon to interpret. Maxwell Edison, of "Maxwell's Silver Hammer," is a psychopath who murders a young girl, a schoolteacher, and a judge with his silver hammer. This tale is coupled with a bouncy, good-time beat (a digression here on the intricacies of Black Humor might be appropriate). Lennon seems to be obsessed with Utopian worlds ("Strawberry Fields," "Yellow Submarine"). "Octopus's Garden" describes a pastoral paradise under the sea. Ringo is the lead singer and proves again that he has the most interesting voice in the group.

The Beatles' music is more finished and refined in *Abbey Road* than in their past three albums. The innovations of the former period are intermixed so that no one of these innovations becomes blatantly apparent. The album is not altogether free of attempts to prove that the Beatles can adapt to other musical forms. If you close your eyes and listen to "Oh! Darling" you can easily imagine yourself at a late fifties block dance. "I Want You, She's So Heavy" is an unsuccessful try at playing blues-rock. (The Led Zeppelin does a much better job with this type of music.) Both songs are strongly reminiscent of tunes the Beatles have recorded before. But for the majority of the album the music had a subdued quality; the tempo remains steady and unfrantic with the string and brass sections intermittently adding a somber background.

While the album provides easy and pleasant listening, it lacks the rough but brilliant touches of originality that are, by now, expected of the Beatles. The analogy of Frank Sinatra singing Ray Charles' "Hallelujah, I Love Her So" is not altogether unfitting. Charles approaches the song with an emotional intensity that gives authority to the coarse grains of his voice. Sinatra glides through it with the ease and tact of a master vocalist. In comparison to the harsh sincerity of Charles' voice, Sinatra's polish is like flat seltzer. While *Magical Mystery Tour* and *The Beatles* have been criticized for their spotty quality they possess a brash vitality which *Abbey Lane* lacks. *Abbey Lane* is the result of a well-sustained and skillfully performed session. The Beatles display the cool of experienced performers, but they overdo it. They are too cool. They come dangerously close to being detached from their music.

—Martin Siravo



Women's The Caldron I

The witches are coming. They will whirl shrieking into the milieu, chanting and hexing oppressors of all sorts. They will throw toads and dirt into a steaming caldron to drive power out of the hands of the oppressors. They will use theater, revolution, magic, terror and garlic flowers to abolish exploitation, all the while basking in the mythology of the haggard sorceress to shatter the myth of the lace-trimmed lady.

W.I.T.C.H., Women's International

Terrorist Conspiracy From Hell, is the most obvious arm of the Women's Liberation Movement; it is a Guerrilla Theater resistance organization to combat oppression, particularly the oppression of women. The gimmick source lies in history: "Witches have always been women who dared to be: groovy, courageous, aggressive, intelligent, nonconformist, explorative and curious, independent, sexually liberated, and revolutionary (this may explain why nine million women have been burned as witches)



Liberation: Melts the Myth

... They bowed to no man, being the living remnants of the oldest culture of all—one in which men and women were equal partners in a truly cooperative society, before the death-dealing sexual, economic, and spiritual repression of the "Imperialistic Phallic Society" took over ..."

Witches hit Wall Street a year ago; they have screeched into Chicago (SCHOLASTIC, Oct. 10). Covens are brewing all over the United States, and South Bend is on the

map. Actually, the witches are already here. They exist under a film of Revlon potion: "A witch lives and laughs in every woman. She is the free part of each of us, beneath the shy smiles, the acquiescence to absurd male domination, the makeup or flesh-suffocating clothing our sick society demands." Membership is by declaration: "You are a witch by being female, untamed, angry, joyous and immortal. You are a witch by saying aloud, 'I am a witch' and thinking about that."

to break away from plastic femininity

The struggle for women's liberation has been a sporadic but persistent element in the history of civilization. Without becoming imbedded in history, the contemporary thrust of the women's liberation segment of the New Left can be clarified by tracing it from the Suffragette movement. The battle for political rights for women began as a phase of the abolitionist movement, when Susan B. Anthony and Lucretia Mott urged freedom for both the slave and the unfranchised female. After the Civil War, the male abolitionists saw the deferralment of the vote for women as a necessary political concession to secure the vote for the black man. Victory for the Suffragettes took fifty more years and an increased militancy.

Since the birth of the Civil Rights Movement in the '60's, legislation has guaranteed an end to discrimination on the basis of race or sex. But the women have learned with the black people that a victory in the legislature does not guarantee an end to oppression, and, further, that in the area of sexual discrimination, the government feels little pressure to enforce the laws. More importantly, the women who worked for the freedom of the black man suddenly were confronted with the absurdity and the complexity of their own situation. Women came, in the early days of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, ready to contribute to the struggle against racial oppression. They were received with an attitude in the organization aptly expressed by Stokely Carmichael in 1964: "The only position for women in SNCC is prone."

For the Women's Liberation Movement, the knowledge gained through Civil Rights went beyond the insults and the restrictions faced. Linda Seese, a WLM leader, summarized the concepts gleaned: "White women saw the black matriarchal society and began to discover an alternative to the lives of their white, middle-class mothers. We realized the biological-inferiority-of-women argument to be a lie and a myth. We saw women manage jobs and families. We saw women rule their own roosts, not merely deciding what color car to buy . . . At the same time, we saw the dangers of the matriarchal society—the oppression of black men. We do not advocate such a society; we do wonder why people condone the oppressions of all women everywhere while they condemn the oppression of black men."

From this relegation to menial tasks and exclusion from decision-making processes in political movements, the women activists slowly began to talk to each other and from common experiences define the problems of

women in the political arena and in society. Heather Dean wrote one of the first calls to the Feminine Caucus: "Women should undergo this process of self-examination with each other, but away from men . . . women must fortify themselves against the punishment of the male chauvinist and the paternalism of the male liberal. Once women have shared the process of self-discovery and the experience of independent decision-making, they are ready for the real struggle . . ." From these Feminine Caucuses the various arms of the Women's Liberation Movement have grown.

The Liberation Movement has since begun to gel, employing the strength gained through solidarity. From the reactions of laughter and disbelief directed at the Feminine Caucuses, the size and strength of the groups increased until the women in Toronto threw out the challenge to the New Left: "any man living in a relationship of exploitation who speaks of liberation (for any other group) is voicing political lies . . . We are going to be the typers of letters and distributors of leaflets (hewers of wood and drawers of water) NO LONGER." The ridicule continued, until usurped by rampant paternalism.

Separating the Women's Liberation from the general foray of leftist groups and closing its doors to men temporarily has placed the cause of women as a prime issue in the push for restructuring of society. Token power and prestige have within the last year been bestowed upon women in SDS, SCEF, underground newspapers, etc. But "A few women making it means little. Blatant chauvinism still exists . . . recent women speakers at a peace rally were greeted with hoots, laughter and obscenities. All of the conditions of the early sixties still exist . . ."

With this history behind it, it becomes evident, however, that the significance of the Women's Liberation Movement lies in its growth from New Left organizations to a point beyond them: "Women's Liberation has grown from women in the movement — who were in their twenties, white and middle-class — to include groups of once nonpolitical housewives . . . college students, and high school students." The struggle to relieve women of oppression is not a class, caste or minority group struggle; it is the battle of 53% of the population to free themselves of the molds cast upon them by tradition, by their own myopia, and that of the remaining 47%. ". . . women's liberation frees women to be more womanly — to break away from plastic femininity. It is part of the struggle to free all human beings so they can develop naturally and creatively."

the demise of the dancing dog

Yet, the largest obstacle to meaningful progress in this battle to eliminate proscribed roles is the inability of society, including women, to recognize the plight. The reaction is akin to Dr. Johnson's eighteenth-century appraisal of a woman preacher — she reminded him, he said, of a dog dancing on its hind legs; one marvels not at how well it is done, but that it is done at all.

The import of Dr. Johnson's insult lies in his deification of role — a woman preacher was unmistakably out of hers. The question, then and now, is rather than a dancing dog, what should a woman be? Marilyn Salzman Webb, focused on American culture and discovered that a woman can, with approval, play "Secretary, Sexpot, Spender, Sow, or Civic Actor." Marilyn Webb then became a witch.

Twenty-eight million women work in the United States economy, in almost every job listed by the Bureau of Census. The general statistics reek of equality until one discovers that 31% of the employed do clerical work. "I have a bachelor's degree in French literature. The smartest thing I ever did, however, was to take a typing course my junior year in high school; without it I would never be able to find a job." Of the 13% who hold professional positions, half are elementary level teachers, and a quarter are in the "soothing" profession (health, nursing, etc.). In 1964, the median income of male workers was \$6,283; for females it was \$3,710.

The relegation of women to the "menial tasks" of the labor force is only an easily seen symptom of the problem, and liberating women to work to full capacity only begins the complex struggle facing contemporary woman.

In *A Room of One's Own*, Virginia Woolf hyperbolized the situation: "Young women . . . you are, in my opinion, disgracefully ignorant. You have never made a discovery of any importance. You have never shaken an empire or led an army into battle. The plays of Shakespeare are not by you, and you have never introduced a barbarous race to the blessings of civilization. What is your excuse?"

For brevity, cutting through the anthropology, the subservience of women in Western civilization serves as the umbilical cord that irrevocably links her to the status quo. The position of women is peculiarly derived from the contemporary human situation.

By reinforcing the myths that define woman and her role, the society limits those areas in which women can create themselves: "A woman's place is in the home,"

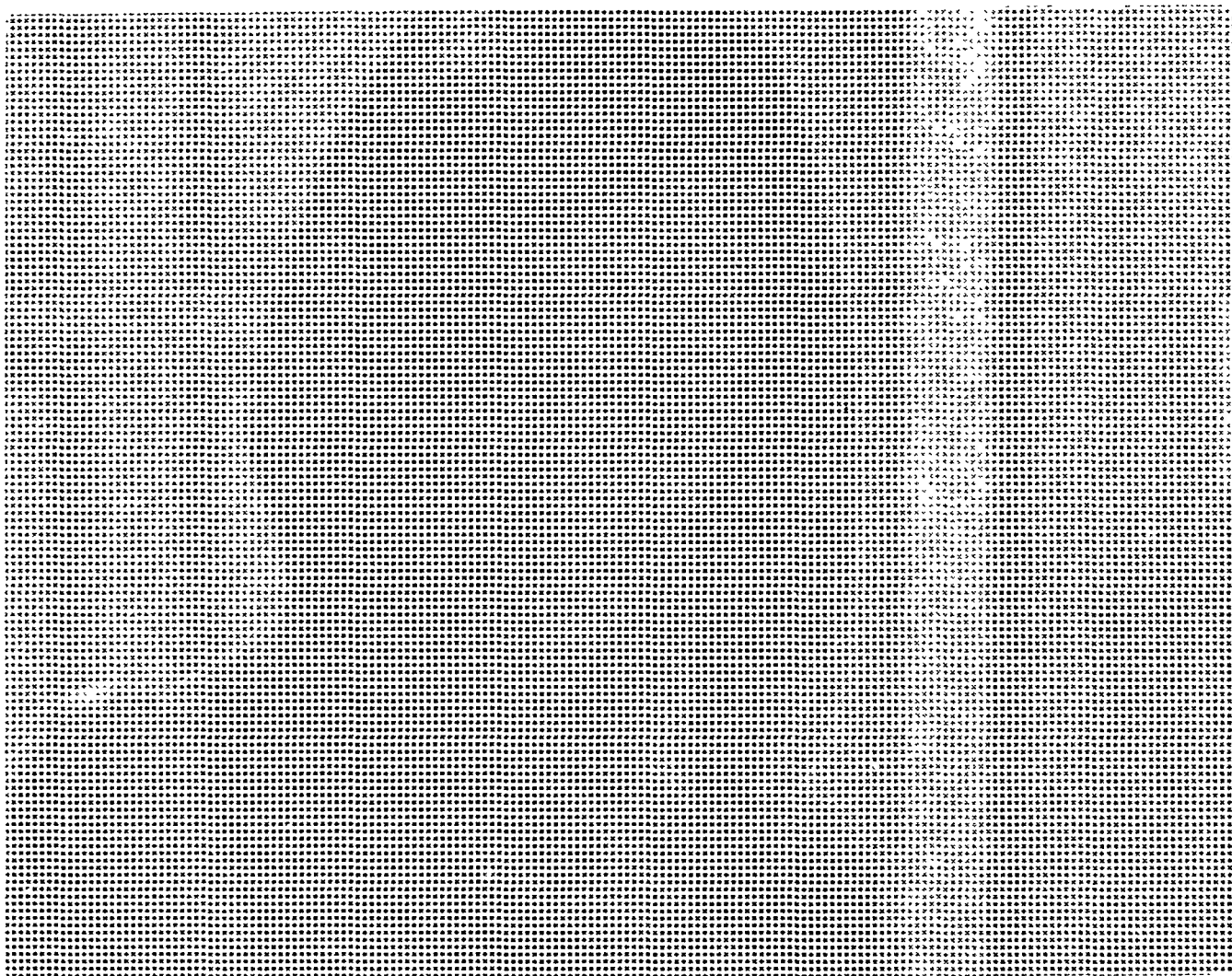
"the weaker sex," "women are to be screwed and not heard." The male chauvinist psychologists erase any tendencies to ignore the myth. Bruno Bettelheim, 1965: "We must start with the realization that, as much as women want to be good scientists or engineers, they want first and foremost to be womanly companions of men and to be mothers." Erik Erikson, 1964: "Much of a young woman's identity is already defined in her kind of attractiveness and in the selectivity of her search for the man by whom she wishes to be sought." A rather secondhand identity.

"Sisters, Brothers, Lovers . . . Listen . . .," an essay by Canadian women activists, explains the correlation between the women's role and the contemporary human condition. If that condition is seen as one of loneliness, alienation and fear, then the logical corollary is that persons will seek security. "Men attempt to alleviate this fear by having a person — a woman — whom he can depend upon and dominate. He must see her as an inferior in order to strengthen his identity which is constantly threatened by an inhuman society. This leaves the woman with only one role with which to eliminate her similar fears. She must gain her identity through that domination." The reciprocal situation might work, if the woman never came to Marcuse's realization that "Free election of masters does not abolish the masters or the slaves."

This conqueror-conquered relationship appears most strikingly in another societal problem: the tendency to relate to other people as objects. Women experience this tendency in the extreme. "The objectification of women is the cause of the most renowned stereotype of women: female as sexual object. SHE is an object which can titillate and satisfy HIM. The man's ego must be catered to and bolstered at all costs."

While the *Playboy* mentality occupies first place, the advertisement media provides the next most blatant degradation of women; Madison Avenue openly pursues the myth of fulfillment through the conqueror-conquered syndrome. The identity of woman quickly emerges as relying on physical attractiveness to bag a male. After the wedding, the power of lady America is purely and simply the power to buy. Her power to buy, along with her appearance, and social finesse are the criteria upon which the success of the male depends. And through him, the success of Mrs. America.

The ultimate insult comes from a woman's sister though; if the truth be known, both men and women find the company of men more dynamic, more interest-



toads and dirt in the homecoming court

ing. From being a little girl whose grandfather teases her about boyfriends, the individuality of 53% of the population is slowly channeled and coddled into the basic mold, the Ovarian Mentality: "You are to be pretty, not as smart as men, sexy, and not compete with men in any way." Sociology has proven that constant repetition will turn any myth into truth.

The easiest, most blatant way to point out and fight a myth that strangles is to begin with another myth and then move on. The Women's Liberation Movement aims, finally at the liberation of both sexes, because of the definition of liberation: "to move freely through a lifetime's experience, learning from all, and regardless of one's supposed 'place,' expressing oneself in ways that have rarely been possible in our conformist society."

The witches are coming. They will whirl shrieking into the milieu, chanting and hexing oppressors of all sorts. They will throw toads and dirt into a steaming caldron to hex the Homecoming Court. They will chant and screech in return for the stares; they will conjure and curse the games at the Circle. They will hex the audacity of a du Lac miniature as the end of all dreams. They will use revolution, magic and garlic flowers to abolish the degradation of the term "St. Mary's girl," all the while basking in the myth of the haggard sorceress to shatter the myth of the dumb broad. Maybe, sometime, they will even accost the golf course.

Carolyn Gatz

The Scholastic

Modern Revolutionary Warfare Counterinsurgency

This is the second in a two-part series on revolutionary warfare by SCHOLASTIC contributor Fran Maier; last week he dealt intensively with the problems of the insurgency; he now shifts his focus to the counter-insurgency and provides some relevant historical examples.

GIVEN that successful political insurgencies must proceed methodically from weakness to strength, it follows that the most economical, effective techniques of counterinsurgency must be applied very early in the revolutionary campaign. Time works to the advantage of the insurgency, and a government's lifespan will depend on the speed and precision of its response.

To strike back at a threat to its power, a government must first establish a where, a whom, and a why to strike. The insurgency must be identified, isolated, and its potential evaluated; thus every state in existence today has some form of a political security police. Governments not only outline their own programs, but prescribe and define the manner and extent of opposition as well. Security forces insure obedience to the limits of acceptable dissent, and ferret out those elements which are intolerable.

In a totalitarian regime, insurgency is an enormously difficult proposition; judicial codes are merely the methods of expediting and formalizing police activities. Overt resistance in a society of total police surveillance is impossible in any fashion other than the sporadic outburst; equipped with extra-legal powers, security forces are able to A) establish their ubiquity through the use of elections and informers, random political "raids," searches without warrants, detention without charges, etc.; B) dispense with hampering popular notions of privacy, due process, and "rights" which proceed from anyone or anything other than the state itself; and thus C) sense, recognize and attack undesirable political elements at an early point.

In the "total state," police are everywhere, and their presence is deliberately obtrusive, though their methods remain covert; the police create and maintain precisely the same sort of terror-consciousness on the part of the populace that the insurgency attempts in its second phase. Police states are the results of dogmatic political systems — the latter can be revolutionary governments in the process of social redress, or merely elitist power cliques concerned with their own longevity. In either case, political pluralism is usually intolerable and political activity is molded to ideology.

Whatever is *not* the police then, is necessarily suspect, and something as radical as an insurgency must hibernate, go underground and decentralize its nerve centers to prevent and diffuse the impact of police strikes. Total police suppression from the start can effectively block the construction of an insurgent infrastructure. One can cite the record of the Gestapo. The early success of the Gestapo in smashing anti-Nazi sentiment can be attributed to the German people's enthusiastic support of Hitler; by the time discontent began to set in, the police had perfected their grip, and *support* was no longer essential — merely acquiescence, which the Gestapo itself coerced.

THE SUCCESS of a counterinsurgency campaign in a totalitarian situation depends, of course, on the actual competence, size and resolution of the security forces. Batista was a dictator, and his power nearly absolute, but he neither understood nor effectively applied that power, and consequently provided Castro with an easy target.

Suppose, though that the government in crisis is limited in its *methods* by its own apparent ethics — the case in question: the “open,” democratic, politically pluralistic society. An order which defines itself as tolerant, which theoretically attaches importance to legal means as well as political ends, is much easier prey to initial insurgent inroads. An insurgency's first phase is characterized by the fact that it operates largely on the legal side, and only partly on the fringe of illegality, through its agitation and subversive tactics. The insurgency may or may not have been recognized for what it is; if it has been identified as such, only special police and a few people in the government generally realize what is developing.

The government's problem is that the actual danger at this point will appear to the nation as minuscule compared to the demands made by an adequate response. The potential political situation may be explosive, but objective convincing proof will be difficult to deliver, and the sacrifices needed to smother the incipient insurgency will appear senseless, annoying. The insurgent, if he conducts his war intelligently, will be banking on an attitude of complacent indifference or disbelief; he will strain to enhance the confusion by making the transition from peace to war as gradual as possible.

Four basic methods of attack are available to the counterinsurgent during this first phase of revolutionary war. They should be developed and applied simultaneously.

FIRST the government must identify and act directly on the leaders of the insurgency; this implies constant, thorough *surveillance* of the country's political atmosphere by the government's security arm though it need not imply *repression*. Once the leaders are exposed, the government must harass them relentlessly, with any

legal means at its disposal. This harassment can and should be accomplished with a minimum of publicity, while the potential danger of the insurgency is slowly, subtly emphasized; even in an “open” society, police influence on the media can be enormous — it can amount to actual manipulation of news events, and presents the counterinsurgent with his most effective route to the populace. Through the media the government can enhance its own image, while reducing the insurgents to malcontents, terrorists, crackpots and bandits.

At its earliest stage, an insurgency has no life apart from the cadre that created it; by arresting its leaders or restricting its contact with the people, by banning its organizations and publications, the government can smash an insurgency before it takes root. This activity is easy if a government has provided itself with revolutionary laws; these laws are essential *prior* to a crisis. Arrests must be justified; the distinction between normal and unacceptable political opposition must be defined in advance; trials must be quick, efficient to preclude the development of a “crusade” around the “martyred” leaders. Above all, security forces must be recognized and respect their own legal limitations — extra-legal activity will arouse further, more widespread and “legitimate” opposition, and thus play directly into the hands of the insurgency.

Second, the government must strike against the cause and sources of the insurgency. The counterinsurgent must isolate and “internalize” the disturbance i.e., cut it off from outside support. This can be accomplished by tightening border security, suppressing international coverage of the insurgency, and applying appropriate diplomatic pressure to surrounding countries. Further, and more important, the government must act decisively to alleviate the social problems at the base of the insurgency; this should be affected with a maximum of publicity to project a dynamic, active concerned image. The target is, obviously, the populace; if a power structure depends on the continued existence of the social problem in crisis, it must still *appear* to be engaged somehow in improving the situation. The “solution” may be nothing but a local anesthetic, but it must be projected as much more.

Third, the government must infiltrate and misdirect the insurgent movement. At its infancy, an insurgency will be necessarily small; it will consist of many “generals” and few “privates.” If government agents can break down the insurgency's ideological solidarity from within, the group will disintegrate and derail. At the very least, infiltration will provide the government with critical intelligence on insurgent activities, e.g., when the triumphant Bolsheviks seized the records of the Okhrana (the “Czarist” secret police), Lenin's personal secretary was exposed as a security agent. Further, between one quarter and one-third of the total membership of the American Communist Party is estimated to consist of Federal agents and informers. Such heavy, thorough infiltration may well cause the insurgency, riddled with indecision, to dwindle on its own, before it can resort to violence.

Finally, the government must reinforce and extend its political machine. This consists in redeveloping con-

tracts with the populace, drafting new legal procedures for the looming extraordinary circumstances, building and retaining police and military forces, counterinsurgent operations and preparing the economy for the shift to an efficient war footing.

ONCE an insurgency has realized its second phase, i.e. once it has introduced violence in the form of sabotage, terrorism and guerilla warfare, it has succeeded in building its political organization. It consists either of an elite party directing a united front, or a large revolutionary movement bound to the cause. The target country's map reveals three sorts of areas: 1) "red areas" where the insurgent effectively controls the populace and carries out guerilla warfare; 2) "pink" areas where there are intense insurgent attempts at organizing the people, and moderate guerrilla activity; 3) "white" areas not yet affected by the war but nonetheless threatened and exposed to political subversion.

The government camp at this point will be characterized by its confusion. The allegiance of the populace, and the competence of its leadership are in doubt; legal and military structures have not yet been accepted to the war; the economy is deteriorating, counterinsurgent forces are torn between dispersing to hold everything and concentrating around vital nerve centers. Conventional military techniques are useless against an enemy who refuses to fight unless he is massively superior, whose mobility allow him to consistently outmaneuver government encirclements, whose contact with an intimidated populace smashes the government's intelligence network.

The counterinsurgent is saddled with several important liabilities: 1) he is responsible for law, order, and the population's overall security; these considerations tend to disperse his military efforts; 2) he is traditionally unsuited to political ideological warfare; if the society is politically pluralistic it will lack a coherent ideological motivation, and thus the government will be denied a functioning degree of solidarity; 3) governmental responses to the crisis will be slow in coming and obvious to the insurgency's intelligence web, thanks to the government's own legal procedures.

The problem of victory for the counter-insurgent, in the face of these problems, is not how to militarily clear an area. Nor is it the temporary destruction of an area's insurgent infrastructure. Rather, it is the securing of popular support in the target area through political education and social reconstruction; in this sense the insurgency effects profound changes whether it wins or loses — by its second phase it has the government reacting in emergency measures to undermine insurgent social programs. These measures in turn redirect and modify the posture of the government itself.

COUNTERINSURGENCY by this phase will require a huge concentration of efforts, resources and personnel. These efforts *must not* be debited all over the country, though the urge to do so is severe. Rather they must

be applied successively area by area, region by region. In a selected area, the counterinsurgent must a) concentrate enough armed forces to destroy or expel the main body of armed insurgents, b) detach for the area sufficient troops to oppose an insurgent's comeback in strength and install these troops in the towns, villages where the populace lives, c) contact the populace, control its moves in order to sever it from the guerrillas, d) unearth and liquidate insurgent political infrastructure, e) set up, through elections, new provisional local authorities, f) test these leaders through assignments, replace incompetents, organize self-defense units, g) group and educate leaders in a national movement, h) win over or suppress insurgent remnants.

Destroying or expelling from an area the main body of the guerrilla forces, preventing their return, installing garrisons to protect the population, tracking the guerrilla remnants — these are predominantly military operations.

Identifying, arresting, interrogating insurgent political leaders and agents, judging them, rehabilitating those who can be won over — these are police and judicial tasks.

Establishing contact with and control of the populace, organizing local elections, testing new leaders, organizing them into a party, doing all the construction work needed to win the active support of the population — these are primarily political operations.

That political operations should take precedence over all others is a matter of principle and practicality. What is at stake is the country's political regime; to defend it is a political affair. Military activity is important only insofar as it affords the political power enough freedom to work safely with the people in a target area. A revolutionary war is 20% military and 80% socio-political — the percentages are rough, but affect a true ratio; overall counterinsurgent responsibility should remain civilian at every possible level. Overt military control of the populace means that the counterinsurgent has, in effect, acknowledged his own defeat: unable to cope with the insurgency, the normal political order abdicates in favor of the soldier caste and mentality which at once becomes prime and easy prey to insurgent propaganda.

COUNTERINSURGENCY, on the strategic level, must enforce a singleness of direction, it must bend *all* its social, diplomatic, military and economic resources to the coordinated task of smashing the insurgency. Civilian-military command must be tightly centralized, and absolute; territorial commands must be made indigenous to their areas of control, and given control of mobile groups operating within their areas; military, police and administrative personnel must be adapted away from traditional political neutrality and schooled in social reconstruction/communication, and acceptable scopes of political dissent — they must be made to understand, support and fight for the government's political rationale so that in turn will project as convincing teachers.

Once political preparations on the strategic level have been completed, the counterinsurgent can proceed with his tactical offensives. The first mop-up area should present a fairly easy tactical target; success here will allow the counterinsurgent to acquire experience, confidence and momentum.

The first tactical step has been already outlined: the destruction or expulsion of the guerrillas from a target area. Tactically, this can be accomplished by reducing national strategy to the "grid square" level. Mobile units, plus static units already in the area and their reinforcements, begin a series of sweeps in the form of concentric circles narrowing to trap the main-force guerrillas. The sweeps are next conducted from the inside out, aimed at expelling the remaining irregulars. Finally, the overall operation is reduced to several smaller "sector" police actions, allowing troop activity to decentralize, but simultaneously intensify grass-roots pressure. Throughout this step, forces in peripheral grid squares have intensified their efforts to disrupt guerrilla escape or reinforcement.

The second step will demand deployment of a permanent, static, locally oriented unit equipped with large "agitprop" squads for popular political pacification. This unit must be deployed where the populace lives; it has to assume its place in the daily routine of the people as an educative and protective agent. If the populace is awkwardly dispersed, it must be centrally relocated, e.g., the Malayan strategic hamlet policies developed by Sir John Templar French, during the Communistic disturbances of the late forties and early fifties.

The third step is contact with and control of the populace; this can be initiated by organizing the people into social work crews to clean streets, rebuild demolished roads, houses and infirmaries. The nature of the effort must be collective, to build a social identity along lines drawn by the government; further, popular crew efforts must be paid for or rewarded by the government — arbitrary impressment of hostiles will backfire. Next, a thorough census should be taken, and fool-proof identity cards issued to distinguish friendlies and cut off the guerrillas from their prey. A curfew and careful travel restrictions should follow. Intelligence collection can be facilitated by multiplying the contacts of the bureaucracy with the people; every soldier, policeman, nurse, census-taker, etc., must be developed as a potential factfinder.

ONE of the most difficult problems facing the counterinsurgent is convincing his own forces of the war's "totality" i.e., that there can be no neutrality in regard to the insurgent, or any precise division of labor among counterinsurgent operatives. Every member of the counterinsurgency must be ideologically as prepared as his enemy opposite number, ready to fulfill his specific task in the collective effort, but also ready to teach, comfort and build on the individual level. Propaganda during this step should be designed to elicit approval or at least understanding from the population for government efforts.

The fourth step, elimination of insurgent political cells, is essentially a police matter. Prior to a "purge" in a specific area, intelligence must be thorough, credible and exhaustive; further, a purge should not be attempted unless it can be followed through with governmental political reconstruction. A large number of minor suspects may be arrested, and on the basis of their disclosures, the cell members may be apprehended. Counterterror and torture, while they may serve very useful purposes in extraordinary cases, should not constitute a general policy toward the insurgency. The ideal goal of the government should be the political rehabilitation, not physical elimination, of the dissident agents. Thus, amnesties and judicial leniency can serve to weaken the insurgent when applied as escape clauses in return for insurgent surrender and collaboration.

The fifth step includes local elections. Once the insurgent infrastructure is destroyed, a wide spectrum of political activity can be tolerated again. The election must be absolutely free, and the responsibility, the *necessity* of voting must be stressed. While the elected officials will be merely *provisional*, weak, elderly and puppet-minded, candidates should be screened out or deemphasized. The war vitality of these leaders will determine the course of the war.

Testing these leaders, and replacing these leaders, and replacing the incompetents, comprise the sixth tactical step. Their performance in social-economic affairs will establish or damn their reliability. Needless to say, in all cases adequate police protection must be provided to give the leader freedom of action.

The seventh step is the most critical in a counter-insurgency's success: the organization of a "national movement" to compete politically with the insurgent. Just as the counterinsurgent has himself worked to find leaders, those leaders must work to find activists, militant supporters; to keep the militants together, the leaders need the framework, backing and guidance of a dynamic political party. The counterinsurgent political party should select its members very cautiously to prevent political sabotage or the emphasis should be placed on quality rather than quantity.

FINALLY, the eighth step consists in a massive political-military effort at winning over/or suppressing the last guerrilla remnants. If the government has enlisted popular support, this can be accomplished quite easily as the guerrillas will be reduced to starving bandits.

If an insurgency manages to reach its third phase — mobile warfare — political inertia favors its victory. At best the counterinsurgent will achieve a military stalemate and maintain elements of his identity through political negotiations and coalition.

At worst, it will be annihilated.

Fran Maier

The Scholastic

No socket to it.



If you were always near a socket when you needed a shave, that would be one thing.

But you aren't.

You're all over the place.

So you need a shaver that goes where it's happening.

A shaver like the brand-new battery-operated Norelco Cordless 20B.

With floating heads that fit the curves of a man's face.

And self-sharpening blades inside those floating heads that shave close and smooth

every day. The Norelco unique rotary action keeps the blades sharp while it strokes off whiskers. Every time you shave.

The Norelco Cordless gives you close shaves *anywhere*. Up to 30 days of shaves on only 4 penlight batteries.

Handsomely styled in jet black and chrome, there's even a mirror inside the cap. So you can see what you're shaving.

And it's small enough to fit your pocket. Very self-sufficient.

All ready to sock it to your beard.

Norelco®

Even on a beard like yours.

©1969 North American Philips Corporation, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

perspectives

robert meagher / a family, not a city

THE FOLLOWING brief reflections are the offspring at once of disillusionment and hope. For those whose identification with the Church was once tight and is now rather tenuous, these remarks will resolve nothing. They are neither technical nor practical. The problem is far easier to formulate than its solution. Our Church seems not to be our Church. I would suggest that to be more like itself, the Church ought to be more like a family, in spirit and in truth, whatever that means institutionally. My purpose is simply to sketch broadly and boldly a pattern according to which the Church might well understand itself. What this leaves unsaid are the enormous responsibilities and tasks of which the Church will be unmindful as long as it is preoccupied with its own identity. It is with some misgivings, then, that we add still further reflections to the life of a Church which ails so critically from lack of significant speech and action. It is with a view toward such speech and action that these brief remarks are offered.

A father of sixteen children, who may be presumed to have spoken with some expertise on the matter, once described to me the task of fatherhood as one of drawing admittedly questionable lines of distinction and then having to defend the cogency of such distinctions as if they were intrinsically compelling. For example, a father might decide and decree that children over ten may stay up late or that children under sixteen may not date. Such lines, if they are more than arbitrary, mark stages of education and responsibility. Such demarcations, if responsibly determined, punctuate and render intelligible the gradual conferral and appropriation of a tradition, in this case a family tradition. Finally, however, a father may and must draw the critical line between himself and his children; he must distinguish between where the family tradition has led and where it will lead. It seems, then, that a father or parent owes two related yet distinct gifts to his children: the gift of a tradition and the gift of freedom.

These remarks on parenthood ought not to be strange or ill suited to our experience and conception of the Church. For the Church has chosen, with infant baptism, to pattern itself after the model of a family. When infant baptism, rather than adult conversion, is made the ordinary criterion for membership in the Church, then there appears to be an obvious and undeniable conspiracy between the Church and the family,

in prospect if not in reality. The rule is that one is *born* into the Church; and conversion is as much an exception for the Church as is legal adoption for the family. And it is not as if the Church had or felt it had no alternatives to infant baptism as *the* entrance to its community. In sects of one variety or another the Church has been presented with embodiments of other alternatives. It is in the face of these quite clear and somewhat compelling alternatives that the Church has insisted upon infant baptism and, consequently, upon the familial maxim that one is indeed born into the Church. The "old man" and the "new man" are spread but days apart; they are reared and grow to maturity together. This option for infant baptism, conscious and consistent in the Church's past, has definite implications for the Church of the present, a Church toying again with the possibility of becoming a sect.

WHEN A PARENT conveys to his children a tradition he implies that belonging fully to the family is somehow contingent upon conforming to the traditional ways of the family. This is altogether reasonable; for the family is its past, from the perspective of its tradition. Thus there is a sense in which a child is not, for instance, a "Smith" unless he lives and values and believes in accord with the "Smith" family tradition. Still, a family's roots extend into the soil of the future as well as that of the past. A family is professedly Janus-faced and must look to its children as to its ancestors in order to see itself. The family is its future, from the perspective of the freedom of its children. In giving to his children their freedom and their future, the parent must admit the family tradition will become whatever his children do with their lives. Similarly, the Church, as a family, must concern itself with freedom as well as with tradition, and owes both to each new generation, if the Church is to have both a past and a future. There are those who would wish to insure one at the cost of the other.

Traditionally, one may not be Catholic if one thinks or lives in a certain way; still, those same "heretical" thoughts and lives remain somehow Catholic if born Catholics are responsible for them. Thus it may be in one sense true that a girl is not a Catholic if she uses contraceptives and yet at the same time somehow true

that it is Catholic to use contraceptives if Catholic girls indeed use them — a blatant contradiction within a sect, a commonplace occurrence within a family. Somewhere in the tangle of this paradox lies the formal criterion constituting the Catholic family or Church. Church and family share the same deeply rooted ambiguity of being spread across generations. Neither can afford to rely upon rigid principles alone for their continuity. Both are forced and blessed to live with children whose eyes tell stories of their own.

The gift of a tradition implies that children are somehow claimed, while the gift of freedom implies that children are not without claims of their own. Children are delivered to their parents. They were not consulted before being given life in this family and this Church. But parents thereby deliver themselves somehow to their children whose expectations they cannot exclude. A parent is, it seems, responsible for bestowing on his children a rather defined and specific past, while refusing to fashion or control their futures. He pours his own blood and "name" into the veins of his offspring, convinced that in so doing he is completed rather than contradicted. The Church must be sensitive to that same conviction, if it sees itself as life-giving and if it is to bear children who are at the same time infants.

When a parent's gift of life is conditional and self-assertive, then he dies along with the child from whom he demands back every drop of blood, and the family name, in recognition and submission. So too when the Church cannot surrender control over the future, will not fall to the ground and die to the offspring, then it will not bear fruit. Instead, the Church will remain both mindful of the tortured corpse of Jesus and determined never to be as weak and vulnerable and short-sighted as he. Perhaps no faintheartedness is so common and tragic as the loss of faith in the irrevocable and creative power of the gift of life. Parents and Church close themselves almost by reflex to what they have evoked, while children and "disciples" close themselves unreflectively to what they have received. Freedom is a risk for tradition, and tradition a threat to freedom, as long as either strives to be final. Both streams course deeply and evenly through an open and full life.

THE FUTURE is always as elusive and uncontrollable as it is unpredictable. The future is ambiguous in that one might conceivably regard the future as either possibly threatening or possibly revelatory. One's response to the uncontrollable, then, may follow basically either of two alternatives. In the face of the uncontrollable, in the face of one's children, one may either endeavor to strengthen one's control and reduce the uncontrollable to a minimum or open oneself to the uncontrollable, the freedom of one's children, with confidence and hope. (Assumed here is that one has done full justice to the past, that one has handed over responsibly an intelligible and loved tradition.) It would seem that neither Church nor family can confront control and openness as truly neutral alternatives. There is, at least for the Church, a rather compelling precedent for the renunciation of power and control of the life of Jesus, who chose

to live and to commend a life of weakness.

If we reflect upon Augustine's *City of God* with a view toward the fundamental alternatives available to the Church, it would seem that the Church might either sojourn after the fashion of Abel or found a city in the tradition of Cain. In his *De Trinitate*, Augustine distinguishes these possibilities as those of wisdom and power, or of the power of love and the love of power. The Church, no less and perhaps more than the individual, is forever faced with the tree of life and the tree of knowledge and must choose between wisdom and power. The Church may either act on its traditional insights alone and endeavor to make them finally true through power and control, or the Church may dedicate itself to a pilgrim's life of insight and confession, in the hope that truth will vindicate and enforce itself, though not apparently. It would seem that the biblical assurance that the gates of hell shall never prevail ought to question a siege mentality within the Church, as if it need defend itself and its trust against the future, and against its own children. The Church can eminently afford to give its children their freedom as its final gift to them and as its consummate act of faith in its suffering servant-lord. It is a Church unfaithful to its own tradition and thus unable to convey that tradition that needs to be fearful of giving the gift of freedom.

THE ENTIRE HISTORY of man, according to Augustine, is a succession of cities, of lives lived foolishly with a flash of power that cannot sustain itself. The world has enough such cities without the Church becoming a city or, what is equivalent, a powerful international sect. The only true city is the city founded by Christ, wisdom itself, a city never to be confused with the Church. It is founded not upon power but upon weakness, the proverbial weakness of the lamb led to slaughter. This weakness will always appear as folly to those who consider wisdom to reside in power, thus confusing it with cunning. The powerful await the final vindication of their power, the final establishment and consolidation of their order, their truth. The weak claim sight, always partial, of an order prior to the orderings of men, an order compelling and self-sufficient. The weak await the final revelation of the inalienable, intrinsic power of truth. The biblical remark that Jesus spoke with evident authority presumably had little to do with an assessment of his capacity to enforce the words he spoke. The powerful must carve their words from rock like the cities they erect, while the weak know that, if they are silenced, the stones will cry out in their place.

Robert Meagher, a 1966 graduate of Notre Dame is now an instructor in the Theology Department.

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.

We Are the Drama

"See Faust or be Faust?" The question has stuck in my head since last spring, when the Contemporary Arts Festival sponsored the Fire House Theater's production of *Faustus*. The play was "dramatic" — "soulful" — "dynamic" — "ritualistic" — "multidimensional" — blahblahblah, none of which describes the play's personal contagious whizbang. As we enter the theater, the cast asked every person in the audience, "Do you want to see Faust or be Faust?" Well, why the hell are you here? What will you do here? Who are you, anyway?

Somewhere in the first act I realized that the implication of this new drama form was that we *are* the drama; it is produced, after all, only in my own mind. And instead of intimidation by the questions from the cast, I felt grateful to have been included in the action of the play. It is the imagination of the audience which gives believability to the illusion. Contemporary Arts Festival's *Faust* last year crumbled a few assumptions about the theater, started imaginations raving, and ritually made us come together for a moment.

And I think that the Festival is about to do it again. Their first play of the year is Paul Foster's *Tom Paine*, next Monday night in the Stepan Center; it represents the directions in which American experimental theater has been going since *Faustus*. The Café LaMama Company has been off-off-Broadway (on a European tour) and has returned with new techniques and new dimensions for the theater experience. Though some critics maintain that participatory theater is developmentally a dead end, still the attractions of the form are strong — and the shared experience of the audience always falls somewhere between merely fresh entertainment and mass Dionysian epiphanies.

The audience is responsible for the success of *Tom Paine* — responsible to piece together imaginatively the



fragments of characters (the personality of Paine is divided into a real self and a reputation), responsible to fill the subjective gap when real time and secondary reality are jettisoned into a direct confrontation of audience and players. More than just representational acting, the production claims to present the audience with three levels of theatrical reality. First is the level of the text by Foster, tightly written and impossible to produce literally (e.g., stage directions call for a herd of turtles with burning candles on their backs to disappear as instantly as it appears). Next is the level of improvisation, written into the text as "seed lines" for the actors to improvise lines and movements, and scenes with and because of the audience. Chance and choice are suddenly legitimate dimensions of the drama. And finally the level of direct confrontation, in which the audience usually discusses the production, articulates its fears and/or appreciation, argues American foreign policy, comes together, etc.

The Café LaMama troupe's *Tom Paine* tries to capture the dynamics of one man in history interacting with historical forces. Each scene flares with imagination and sincerity — especially the sequence when the cast, naked under see-through draperies, embodies the spiritual innocence of the drawings and poems of William Blake (who was Paine's friend). And more than this, the play shows us how hard and where American contemporary theater is fighting for life and power.

Data: Tom Paine, a play by Paul Foster, presented by the Café LaMama Troupe sponsored by the Contemporary Arts Festival. Monday, October 27. Stepan Center, 8 p.m. Admission: \$1.50 and \$2.00. Contemporary Arts patrons free.

Steve Tapscott

The Scholastic

movies



GRANADA: *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* smacks of Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde*; camera technique is similar, the leading characters are graced with the same sort of ironic, self-conscious, flippant sense of humor, the result of the treatment is the creation of the same sort of villain folk-heroes, etc. Still, *Bonnie and Clyde* was a terrific film, and *Butch*, for its part, is at least enjoyable. Miss Koss plays an affected, expendable role; Newman and Redford interact casually, interestingly and provide the humor at the base of the entire story. *Butch*

deteriorates when the gang goes to Bolivia, especially when the two partners gun down six Bolivian bandits in a slow motion explosion of irrelevant technique. Nonetheless, *Butch* works, is funny and should be seen. At 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

AVON: Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl*. At 8:15.

STATE: *Death Rides A Horse* (at 5:15 and 9:15) and *Number One* (3:20 and 7:20) with Charlton

Heston. The latter story is based roughly on the career of Y.A. Tittle, former QB of the New York Giants.

COLFAX: *Sweet Charity* proves once and for all that Big Shirley Maclain cannot dance and has no talent. At 5:43 and 8:11.

C.A.F.: Watch for *Yellow Submarine*, coming soon. Further, *Virgin Spring* will be shown Friday evening, *Wild Strawberries* Saturday evening. Both Bergman films will be screened at 7:00 & 9:30 in Eng. Aud. Don't miss either.

football

Picks by Terry

Notre Dame over Tulane — The Green Wave is capable of two good quarters, but their second-half performance will be sad.

UCLA over Stanford — Game of the week. Bruins have the momentum and enough defense to harass Stanford QB Jim Plunkett.

Michigan over Minnesota — A touchdown edge to the Wolverines because of superior team speed.

Iowa over Michigan State — Hawkeye passing attack upsets the Spartans. Duffy's boys should be flat

after last week's emotional conquest of Michigan.

Missouri over Colorado — Tigers pass their first important Big Eight test. Then entertain Oklahoma Nov. 8.

Louisiana State over Auburn — LSU is oh, so tough at home. Auburn's young offense still is experimenting.

Georgia over Kentucky — A rout, friends. A good, old Athens-style rout.

Mississippi over Houston — The

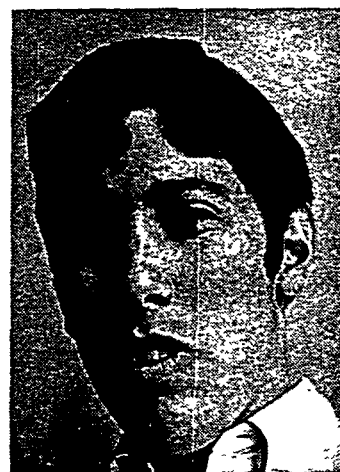
bookies are picking Houston by four points, but that can't be right. If somebody offers the Rebs and four, go for your wallet.

West Virginia over Pittsburgh — A big battle . . . both teams struggling for the No. 2 spot in next week's Lambert Trophy poll.

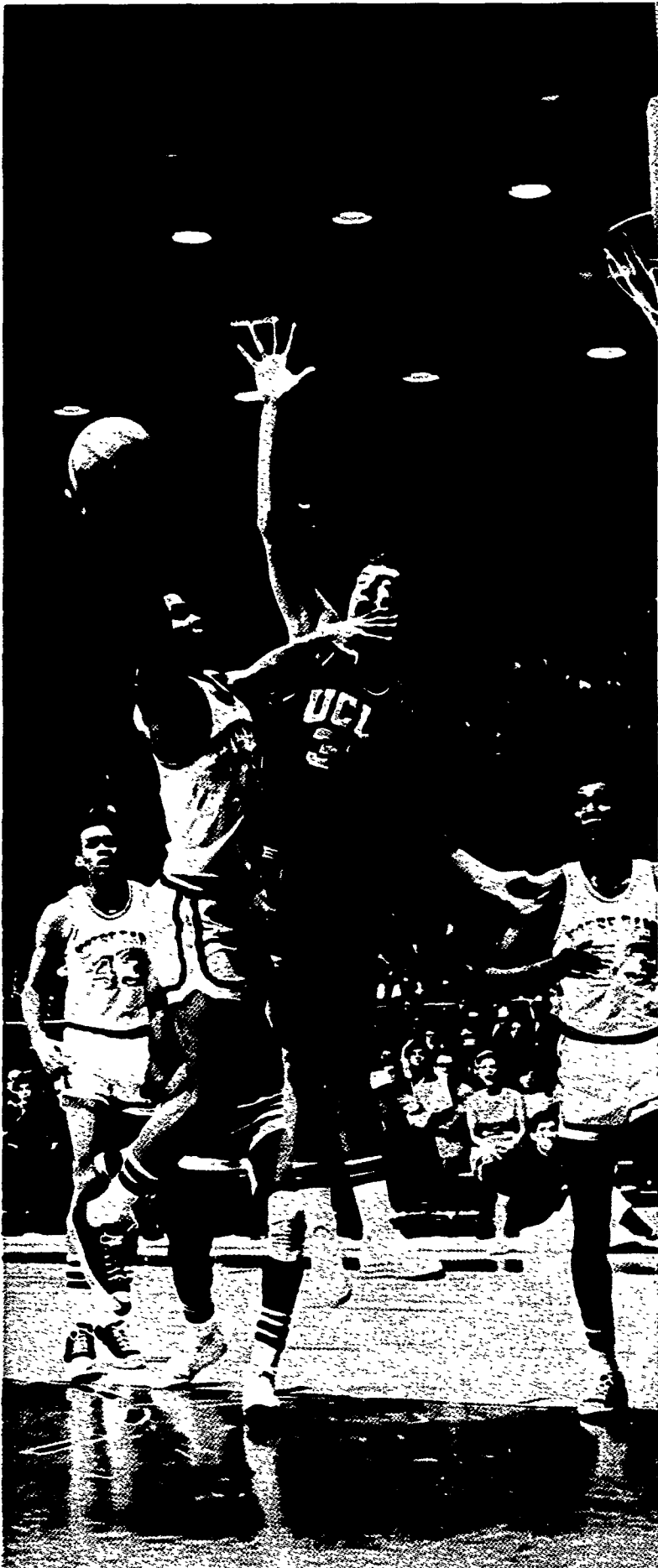
Purdue over Northwestern — Wildcats come back to reality this week, courtesy of Mike Phipps.

LAST WEEK'S RECORD

7 Right, 2 Wrong, 1 Tie, .778
37 Right, 12 Wrong, 1 Tie, .755



Johnny Dee



THE world of 6:30 a.m. belongs to milkmen, paper boys, dairy farmers and — for seven of the past nine days — to Notre Dame basketball players.

Today, the Irish ended a series of double-practice sessions which included a one-hour drill at 6:30 a.m., followed by a 3:30 p.m. matinee.

Coach Johnny Dee called the press together at Morris Inn for a medium-well filet mignon dinner last week, explaining the unique practice schedule between mouthfuls:

"I realize it's highly unusual, but we've got a number of players who were injured last year and must be tested. In addition, we want to make some changes in our game to suit the personnel. It's very hard to instruct these kids with 300 or 400 people sitting up in the stands, so we'll get them out for an hour in the mornings."

The hospital cases are guards John Egart (knee), Jack Meehan (knee), Tom Sinnott (knee), Austin Carr (twice-broken left foot) and Mike O'Connell (hand laceration suffered during the summer), and forwards Jay Ziznewski (shoulder) and Jim Regelean (back).

"Changes in our game?" What changes?

Captain Carr smiled at the question. "Well, we can't talk about those things just yet," he said.

Dee, beginning his next-to-the-last year at ND, was optimistic as usual. To wit:

"We've got the finest basketball program in the country. We've played before more people than any other team in college basketball, we've traveled more miles than anybody else, we've got the finest edifice in the world. I've been everywhere but Russia — only losers go there — and I know there's no finer place to play basketball than this one.

"Attack me anyplace you want; it doesn't matter. We've got the finest student body, the best schedule in the country. If a kid wants to accept the challenge to play big-time basketball, everything he wants is at Notre Dame. We're No. 1 in the country. We've just never won a national championship, that's all."

Dee calls this year's schedule "the most ambitious ever attempted by a Notre Dame team and the most difficult any college basketball team will face this year."

At this point, he can play the other tune for you, as well. "Don't think that we might not go up to Minnesota to open the season and lose in overtime by a point. Then we come back here, Michigan could beat us. And we go to Valparaiso and get stung over there. We might be 1-4 and not have played a bad ball game. The students would be mad as hell at me, but that's the kind of schedule we have."

After 20-7, We're Still No. 1

SUPERLATIVES aside, the first 11 contests will be challenging, indeed. The Irish sandwich trips to Minnesota and Valparaiso around a home battle with Michigan. Then three more Convo attractions with small-college power Northern Illinois, St. Louis and Big Eight-favorite Kansas.

Now comes the "greatest road trip in the history of college basketball," according to Dee. Notre Dame visits Indiana and Kentucky before flying to New Orleans where South Carolina, New Mexico and West Virginia will be poised for the Sugar Bowl tournament. The tour ends at UCLA.

"I'd be glad to get on that plane from Los Angeles with a 7-4 record and I might even be satisfied with 6-5. If we're 7-4, I'll be very happy and we'll be on our way to another tournament bid. I'm hoping that when tournament time comes around, the selection committees will recognize the difficulty of our schedule. If our 17-8 or 18-7 isn't as good as some other team's 20-6 and we miss an at-large bid because of it, then I've been unfair to these kids.

"What we're trying to do is bring the best basketball in America to the Notre Dame students and the South Bend community. This year, we're playing nine teams which won 20 or more games last season. (Actually, ND's 1969-70 foes had a '68-'69 record of 427 wins and 241 losses, a .624 mark.) Looking ahead to the 1970-71 season, we're opening up at home with South Carolina, and LaSalle will be in here later that year.

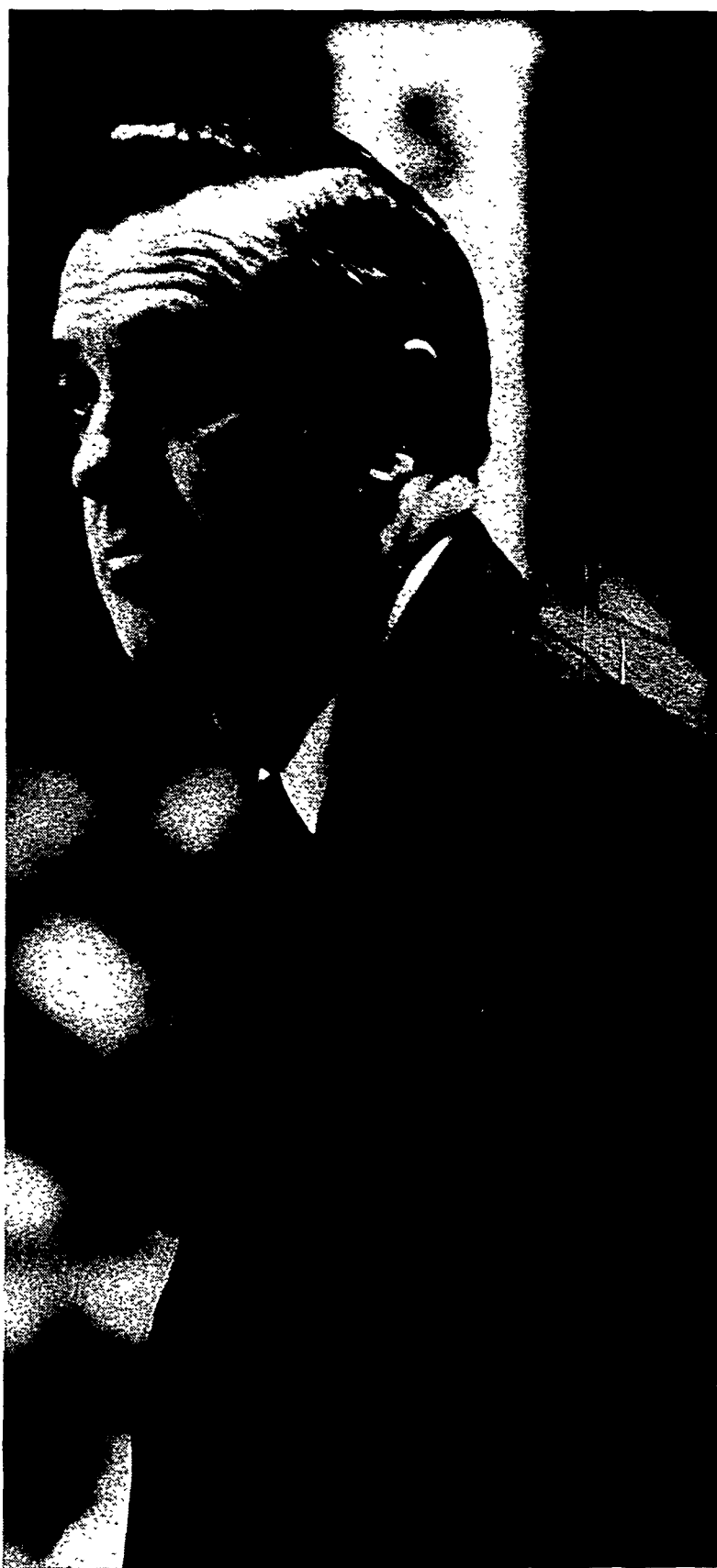
"It is important, however, that we play every at-large team in our district every season. If we play and beat the at-large teams in the Midwest, this is a big plus for us as far as the NCAA selection committee is concerned."

DEE called time out long enough for assistant coach Gene Sullivan to make a few judgments on the upcoming season.

"UCLA probably is the strongest team in the country, even without Alcindor," he stated. "They've still got Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe up front and they made provisions for losing Alcindor by red-shirting a 6-9 center, Steve Patterson, last year." Sullivan called Villanova's Howard Porter "the finest college basketball player in the country this year." The Wildcats visit Notre Dame Jan. 10.

Ticket manager Don Bouffard got his cue just before dessert, announcing that season ticket sales are running "slightly behind last year" and that student seats still are available.

—Terry O'Neil



Facing page, Austin Carr drives for lay up in last season's home opener against UCLA; Carr is himself laid up now with a twice broken left foot. Above, his ever-optimistic mentor, Johnny Dee.

the last word

High-school paragraphs always had a beginning, a middle and an end. It's too bad if life is similarly fragmented. Because if the beginning of life is only a preparation for the apotheosis of the middle, little but anxiety is discovered in the beginning, little but death in the end. One former member of CILA, Dan Doyle, spent the summer of a year ago in Montero, Bolivia. (For the uninitiated, CILA, the Catholic International Lay Apostolate, is a Notre Dame organization which sponsors poverty programs of sorts in the United States and Latin America.) Doyle is now a medical student at Harvard. The description of his project is interesting but too long to reprint here. His impressions are more than interesting; they are insightful.

POVERTY and disease were everywhere. Yet I did not notice that people smiled less, laughed less, loved less, nor drank more, fought more, or killed more than in my own country. Their release of their frustrations and desperation was less easily concealed, perhaps, than in my country, but in general I was amazed at the ability of people to adapt to incredibly harsh living conditions and to endure great suffering patiently. I found myself very soon accepting the conditions I saw all around me, almost as stoically as the old grandmothers who have lived too long to expect anything different. I might have reacted very differently if I had to face the prospect of spending the rest of my life under those conditions.

Having witnessed that poverty and the cheerful courage of the people to endure it, one begins asking those hard questions. How can the living conditions of these people be improved, how can their human dignity be realized, without imposing on them the greed, the selfishness, the eternal *material* discontent that seems to characterize the affluent societies? When man has finally learned to overcome the blind forces of nature and the random forces of society which have degraded him, must he inevitably develop new forces by which he degrades himself? Is it possible to have national, human development, economic development playing an integral role, without destroying the rugged, beautiful personality of a people that has learned to laugh in the face of hardship? Is large-scale industrialization the only or the best means of achieving the economic development antecedent to this national, human development? Is there any reason why the historical precedents of development in Western Europe and the United

States should be considered as classical models? Should the accidental forms of an "accidental century" be pressed upon the emerging nations just cracking out of the shell of tradition and awaking from the sleep of poverty?

THESE are some of the questions that hounded me this summer and that haunt me today. One quickly faces up to the fact that in Bolivia the major proponents of the same old bad answers are to a large extent people associated with the United States government agencies. We lavish funds on the Bolivian government for military buildup, yet little has been done in the critical areas of education and health. Americans, with the outstanding exception of Peace Corps volunteers and a few missionaries, automatically identify with the small upper class — military, diplomatic, and ecclesiastical circles — and from that point on all chance of meaningful contact or communication with the large majority of the poor, hungry, ignorant (because uneducated) Bolivian people, is pretty effectively blocked.

The other side of the coin is that Bolivian people themselves seem unwilling to join together in order to bring about constructive change. There is a host of political parties, and every minor politico would rather gain a petty victory for his party than see the country united and strong. This special form of madness is not limited to the upper levels of the military and the government but, alas, has spread down even to school-teachers and provincial functionaries. The dream of political grandeur seems almost a part of *machismo*.

THERE are those who say that once one leaves college and enters professional school or professional life, there comes the insidious accrual of interests; yet somehow I haven't felt it yet, and certainly I don't have enough money in savings for any interest to be accruing there. There are also those who say that when one is a student, idealism is cheap; but if that is so, perhaps one should stock up all he can before the price gets higher. Of course, the ones who say such things are older and more experienced than I. I only know that very often I think of working and living and raising a family in a place like Montero, Bolivia, or Roxbury in Boston, and it doesn't seem bad at all when I consider some of the alternatives.



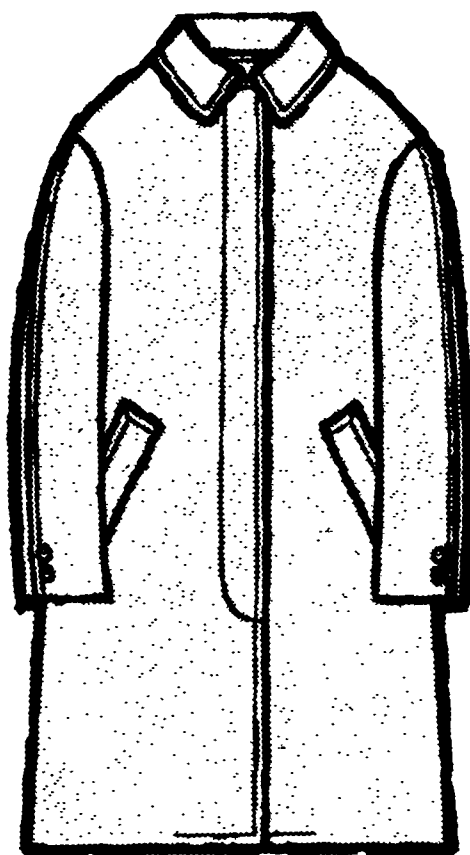
THE GENUINE
LONDON FOG®
 MAINCOAT®

Weather, even Michiana weather, poses no problem for the Maincoat® with its zip-in liner of 100% Alpaca. The shell is 65% Dacron®/35% cotton for wash and wear convenience and, as an added feature, the entire coat is treated with Ze Pel* for resistance to stains. This coats serve you long and well. In Oyster, Natural and Black.

\$42.50 unlined

with lining . . . \$65

Available in double-breasted styles

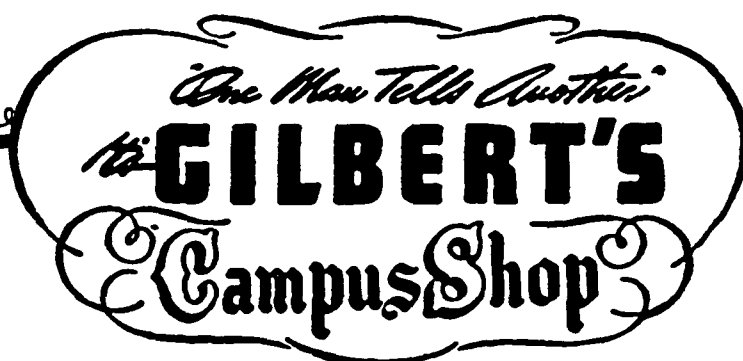


Use the exclusive CAMPUS SHOP WAY to buy . . .

you wear and enjoy your apparel now, when your need is greatest;

YOU PAY NEXT JUNE, JULY and AUGUST

With the Campus Shop Way to buy you pay nothing till next summer . . . and you never pay a service charge for this convenient way to buy. Stop in, your account is open.



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

[illegible]