Scholastic
Nov. 7, 1969

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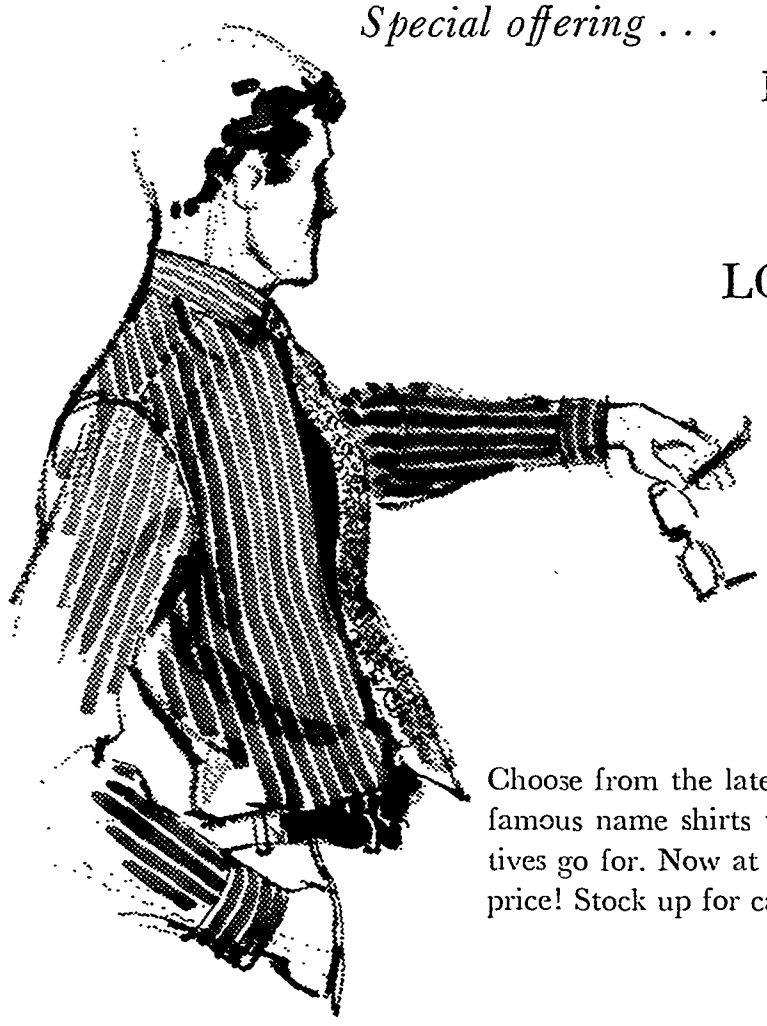

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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

scholastic

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notre dame, indiana
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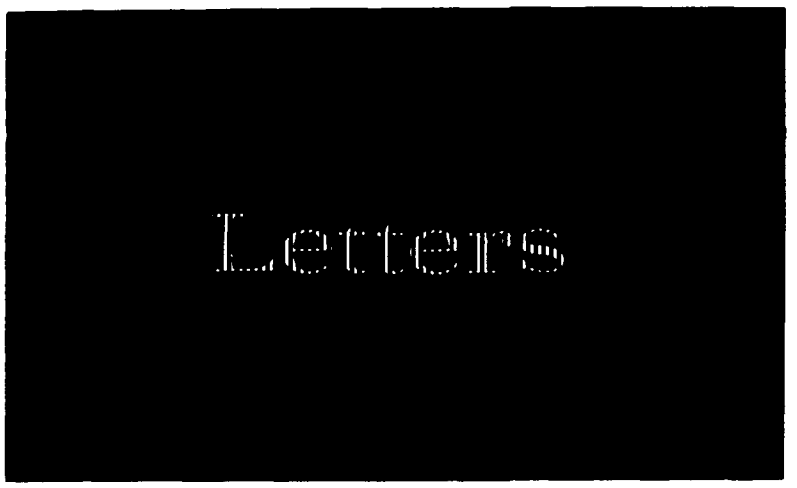


In a Chancellor-President Structure

EDITOR:

I hope it is possible to positively comment on your "Chancellor and President" editorial without implying dissatisfaction with the efforts of our President over the past eighteen years. A Catholic university today can no longer meet its deepest obligations, at least to the undergraduate student, without a resident president. "Being" in the community, which denotes more than mere physical "presence," is a necessary condition to "being" attuned spiritually, emotionally, psychologically, and intellectually to the needs of the community. It is a necessary condition to "being" able to respond creatively to the *ROOTS* of those needs. However, being in the community is no longer consistent with being president of a major university. Hence, the moral acceptability of a modification in the administrative structure.

As an alumnus of undergraduate and graduate programs at Notre Dame, as a faculty member and as an administrator at the University, I would like to suggest a person who could admirably occupy this new position. He is one of the oldest members of our faculty but one of the youngest members of our community. I propose him not as an example of the "type of person we need to fill the post" but as *THE* person to be Notre Dame's first president in a chancellor-president sturcture. Dr. Willis Nutting.

Pax Christi,
Charlie McCarthy

The Other Americans

EDITOR:

I was a little surprised to read Phil Kukielski's account of our conversation the night of Dave Dellinger's address on campus (SCHOLASTIC, October 24). For one thing, the quote he refers to, in which I observed that Dellinger's audience was not representative of the American public at large, is recounted in such a context as to make it seem I view gas-station attendants and those who ride buses as somehow not quite the same as you and I and other sons of Notre Dame.

What I wanted to point to in talking to Phil was what strikes me as the enormous gap in political ideology between the socially aware and involved group that heard Dellinger and what I called "the other Americans." The latter group, it seems to me, is not only unresponsive to his message of the need for immediate and deep change in our social order, but is downright hostile to it.

Within the University it is easy to acquire the notion that things are getting better out there beyond the campus boundaries. After all, everyone we talk to is properly motivated and for all the right things — racial equality, educational reform, an end to the war, and so on. But the feeling of solidarity and confidence this intramural talking-to-mirrors gives is deceptive, I think. Dellinger and those who believe he is correct are so distant in their thinking from those I called "the other Americans" that you wonder if a marriage between the two camps can ever be accomplished or if, as many believe, the inevitable encounter will be more like a rape.

John Twohey
Instructor
Department of Communication Arts

Woman's Liberation

27 october 1969/ dear editor/ this is to testify to one man's opinion that women/ not men/ once again have enslaved themselves/ if enslavement it has been/ this time it certainly is/ get on the chain gang girls/ meaning wlm/ mean really/ be an individual fine and dandy/ but/ be sure not to overlook being truly cooperative/ groovy/ courageous/ aggressive/ intelligent/ nonconformist/ explorative and curious/ independent/

sexually liberated/ what fun/ and revolutionary/ instead of all the things which you have enjoyed doing and being/ only afterward/ afterward/ teaching men to like it/ witness eleanor of aquitaine/ my first response to miss gatz's article in your last number was predictably enough impatient irritation/ after some thought/ however/ i decided to be flattered/ why just think/ the imperialistic phallic society/ took over/ it must have been by brute force/ as we all know that men are brutes/ and anyway/ some time ago men replaced brutality with a rather justifiable contempt/ at least more or less/ without saying that women have all the power/ such a remark would be stupid no matter how true/ i should like to point out that men are caged beasts/their turnkey is right reason/ women/ i believe/ have been free from this harpy all along/ and consequently free to bewilder men with their chaos/ and with considerable success/ but then i suppose the relative accessibility of the male orgasm excites a certain jealousy among our friends across the way/ as it were/ to say nothing of a desire to be groovy/ courageous/etcetera / all i can say to the wlm people/ i mean ladies/ is wow/ and please try to see that intellectuality and aggression are hardly worth pursuing/ if they don't come naturally/ women/ and i can't see that they have/ so much the luckier for that 53%/ in conclusion permit me to add/ that a more perceptive list of priorities might begin with a/ son's liberation movement/ back to your boudoirs, ladies/ don't know happiness when you have it/ preferring instead to pine after something which your last lover was self-indulgent enough to make you think you ought to have/ i.e., minds/ realizing that this is hardly proof positive of anything/ i respectfully close/ rob't john keefe/ 417 howard.

More on Liberation

Dear Miss Gatz:

If you're that disgusted about your sex, that uptight about your idea of your role as a woman, you've at least succeeded in gaining a catharsis of sorts through your highly unfeminine writing.

I might suggest that there are women who find themselves fully in their man, you don't seem to have been exposed to this, either experientially or theoretically. There are women who are able to tell the difference between masculine aggressiveness based on love and respect, and masculine aggressiveness based on the all-American desire for conquest. There are women, educated women, intelligent women, who give themselves to the man they choose because they *love* him, and not out of a pathological desire for a reverse-conquest — probably motivated by a very bad hurt in the past.

May the witches of the world continue forever; that will give those of us who look forward to the days of labor rooms and diapers a better chance at finding the kind of gentle, strong and loving men that you don't seem to have ever met.

I suggest that there may be a whole world of difference between what you think a woman ought to be, and what a real, living, independent, FEMININE woman really is. I hope someday you will be able to tell the difference before you're too old to enjoy it.

Miss Gail Boller
M.A. '68

The Walrus and Lear

EDITOR:

I read with interest the articles of October 24 on the death of Paul. It seems we need some clearinghouse for all the items of research on the subject. Every infant science must hurdle the barriers of communication between its adherents.

For example, I had long assumed that the source of the faint lines at the end of "I am the Walrus" was well known, and was consequently rather surprised by your muddled reading of them. They are in fact a direct quote from *King Lear,* Act 4, Scene 6, and run as follows:

Osw. Slave, thou has slain me. Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester. Seek him out
Upon the English party. O, untimely death! Death!

Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.

The surrounding text is a veritable mine of information, supplying lines like "supply the place for your labour . . . the exchange my brother" which seems to strengthen the look-alike brother theory of replacement at the expense of Billy Shears. Perhaps a thorough study of the entire play and its relation to the careers of the Beatles is in order.

On a separate point, the identity of the left-handed bass player in the MMT fortifications shot seems to present no problem. Comparison with the double-page group picture about five pages later should clarify things. Incidentally, how about Paul's empty shoes in *that* picture, standing forlornly alone, waiting to be filled!

There are many other things the article didn't mention (for example, the positions of John's and Ringo's hands on the back cover of Sgt. Pepper), but I assume it was not intended to be an exhaustive list of all the accumulated data.

John W. Berry
Department of Mathematics

Bobbie, Billie Joe and The Walrus

EDITOR:

Now we know what Bobbie Gentry and Billie Jo McAllister were throwing off Tallahassee Bridge.

Michael P. Kelly
Graduate Student
Department of English

What this letter alludes to is unclear. We can only speculate. Perhaps, Paul McCartney's body; perhaps, a bundle of SCHOLASTICS. We like to think the former. —ED.

John Keys

Dayton Ghost Poem

I REMEMBER only a little of those Kresge's one-piece-shiny-red-stuff plus cardboard-devil-mask-with-elastic-ripped-out-of-one-ear-before-you-ever-got-going suits that were Halloween in the early fifties. All I really have left is a smoky vision of my first Donald Duck mask buried with the Christmas bulbs in the basement and a yellow Polaroid photograph I found last summer of my kid sister as Tonto standing with Dad. He used to get as big a kick out of the whole thing as we did. He'd slip on his toboggan jacket, a cracked football helmet and his plastic buck teeth and we'd all head out after dinner.

That was in Minnesota and Halloween there was always one of the coldest and most wonderful nights of the year, but the snow was seldom more than ankle deep. Dad would stand in the street as Kathy and I hit one joint after another and at every one they tried to guess who you were and they almost always got it right after looking at the man with the teeth. You saw so many strange houses, houses you had never seen at night before, like the house of the old wrinkle who said her crab-apple tree was protected by magic giant squid. It was always very clear and starlit.

But we moved and in southwestern Ohio the beggar's night was always separated from Halloween itself and the whole thing was so confusing because you had to look in the newspapers to find out when it was. Then there would begin to sprout and grow this tiny fear, seeping through the magic, telling you that you were heading out on the wrong night and that if you walked up to some doorbell with your double-handled, reinforced, super shopping sack and gave 'em the standard "trick or treat" they wouldn't know what the devil you were talking about. There were a few cheap old ladies and dentists who tried to put you off but we hit the right night every time.

Most of the really great nights were spent with Charlie and "Big" and "Gerber" and some others. There was one year though when we had been eating, sleep-walking and breathing Shock Theater and Monster Monthly for weeks and we dressed accordingly: nylon stocking masks, cellophane tape scars which could pull the most Rockwellian face to hideous distortion, yards of billowy white gauze to feign bloody bandages or surrealistic ghost habits.

It was a great night. We crawled through the graveyard, around Naomi Horner (1897-), down past Beulah B. Cool (1902-1958), playing flashlights off Big's ghost sheet as he danced heavily from headstone to headstone.

Our pockets gorged on small explosive "cracker balls" we held council and decided we had to really scare someone before the night was over, for tomorrow's noon tales as much as anything else. So we rang the bell at a small house and as a white-headed lady answered we growled and hurled the fire at her feet, she howled pitifully; we ran, laughing a short while, then walking silent.

IT CAN still be Indian Summer around Dayton in late October if it has a mind to and as we got a little older and less interested in candy we still went out because the night was still beautiful and it was wonderfully exciting to be on the streets when things were happening; and even at thirteen you half hoped for a witch crossing the full moon.

Paul Hickey talked the next day about how he used to drop cherry bombs in little kids' sacks and how it really took guts to slide your bag under theirs as that thing went off, but this year he had graduated to hanging around on his roof, above the door, with a bucket of water, soaking the little bastards. And the Centerville cops showed up at school looking for Dino and Mike who had been running around dropping M-80's in the gas tanks of lawnmowers and Dino was wearing his purple shirt and black splinter tie because he had just seen *West Side Story* for the third time.

In 1966 a man in Cincinnati raped and brutally murdered several women, most of them old, wrapping nylons about their throats, and that city balanced on its nerves' edge through the early autumn. A new "Strangler" roamed the streets, there were no suspects and the police could only wonder where he might strike next. Our corner of the state shifted beggar's night to the nearest Sunday afternoon but in the sunlight it became simply a beg. It was still that way the last I heard, even though the strangler is either locked up or dead. And candy is only chocolate and there is no more that sense of wonder because of that fear that all of Dayton had.

Markings

To Brew or Not To Brew

"No student may buy or sell alcoholic beverages on campus. Further, the use or presence of alcoholic beverages is forbidden in all public places on the campus. Public is defined as all areas on campus except rooms in dormitories." *Notre Dame Student Manual,* 1969-70.

The controversy over the question of student drinking on campus was brought to a head by an incident which took place on the night of October 4, in which campus security police — authorized or unauthorized — confiscated a keg of beer from a private party being held on an upper floor of LaFortune Student Center.

Student Body President Phil McKenna related the incident. About 9:30 McKenna saw the campus police dragging something past his office. Upon being informed that it was a keg of beer, he went downstairs and met the officers as they were leaving the building. They stated that they had been sent by Father McCarragher to remove the beer from the building. McKenna called the Security Office, who confirmed that the directive was from Father McCarragher.

McKenna's immediate efforts to contact the Vice-President of Student Affairs were unsuccessful, but he was able to reach Brother Francis Gorch, Student Center Manager. Brother Gorch's story was that he had seen the students bringing the keg into the building and had called Father McCarragher. According to him, Father McCarragher had said to allow one hour for the beer to be removed. If this was not done in the allotted time, Brother Gorch was to call the security police.

Later, McKenna was able to reach Father McCarragher in his office. McCarragher denied Brother Gorch's story and said that the Student Center Manager had called and asked him for the regulations on student drinking. McCarragher told him the rules but did not say whether or not to call security police.

McKenna then tried to reach Brother Gorch again, but was told repeatedly that Brother was not in. Finally, one student, posing as a priest, was told that he had just left for the Student Union office. McKenna intercepted Brother Gorch on the way. When confronted, Gorch admitted using McCarragher's name to authorize the seizing of the beer and admitted that McCarragher had actually not committed himself on whether or not the security police should be called. His reason for confiscating the beer was that he was afraid that dripping water would ruin the ceiling.

The keg was returned a week later. Meanwhile, other kegs remain untouched, but not untapped, around the playing fields of DuLac.

— Greg Stidham

Peace-
The charm's wound up.

I, like Solomon, . . .
could have my wish —
my wish . . . O to be a dragon,
a symbol of the power of Heaven — of silkworm
size or immense; at times invisible.
Felicitous phenomenon!

—*Marianne Moore*

Those who be gifted may call down the sun, draw down the moon, incorporate the revitalizing mysteries of the firmament into their own bodies. . . .

The girl Victoria lies upon her back, in a field of grass near the women's college; it is night, she is concentrating on the moon; pulling it to her, she stares, she has been there nearly two hours. It is getting bigger, closer, as she watches she cannot help but giggle.

"Well, I got freaked out by it, made my wish and forgot about the whole thing." She is a good witch, no tinge of frenetic diabolism or the black covens of the desolate windy heaths of England or the forests about Salem. No, Victoria talks of the benevolence of spirits, the wonderful but simple powers of her family, the bounty of prophecy flowing from a grandmother born "with a veil over her face" and of the open spaces, "Everything eternal and beautiful is in nature, the music the rainstorm makes as it falls upon my roof, all that is free, untroubled, unbothered is in nature." That is the voice of witchcraft.

"To be an animal is about the freest thing. I am very tempted to become an animal though Witch Leslie warns that it is best not to go into it except with someone who has done it before. It is best not to dabble except in numbers."

You take to the fields, it must be outside, and you sit on the ground, a circle with one dim candle flickering. It is best to have soft music and then you begin to float with the music and the wind. Visualize, look hard at what you want to be, see it with the inner eye, concentrate and you will become what you see.

"You put so much emotion and feeling into the animal that your Life Force is drained," quoth the "Laughing Cat," the witches' monthly periodical.

"Our house in Elkhart is wonderful," Victoria says. "It is ninety years old and there are many people there, there has been a spirit in my room for four years. An old dresser in there used to vibrate at night and when I would get up and touch it, it would stop. There was nothing in the house or outside it to make it do that. When we moved the new furniture in, the dresser we put in its place did the same thing.

"One night I was sick, with a coughing thing, and my mother came in to check on me. She saw leaning over me what appeared to be a head. Mother turned out the light, but it remained; she reached out to touch it and the face looked up in surprise, drew back against the wall and poof — vanished. Whoever or whatever lives in the door to the closet, I have felt breezes on my cheek when standing there. Leslie told me I should talk to it but I haven't gone that far yet."

Spirits are benevolent, they will not come in the presence of infidels or where they sense malice. Victoria's conversion came, in fact, after her father's spirit left his body, only for a moment, to check on her well-being. Sitting alone in her upstairs bedroom she heard footsteps ascend the stairs and her father, who had

been asleep in the living room below, poked his head in and asked what she was doing, then said good night. She then heard his steps retreat down the hall. Several moments later the stairs again echoed his footfall and he again stopped to say good night. She had heard no steps descend the stairs and he swore that he had not been in before. Spirits may leave the body to care for those they love.

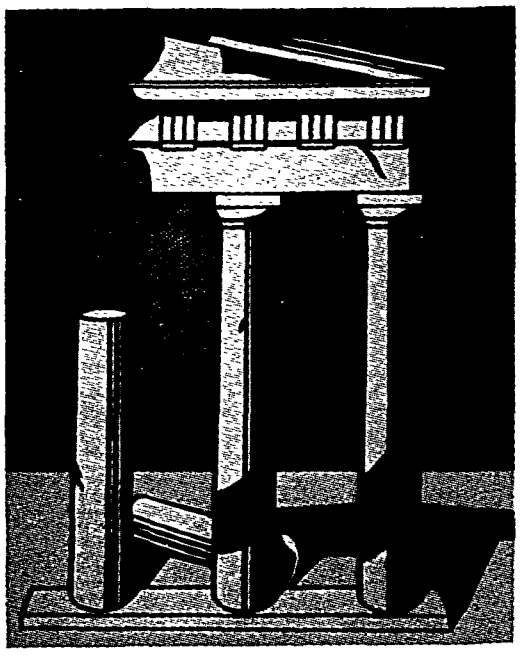
Victoria's own powers have drawn her to a fascination with the future. She anticipates; she knows who is on the other end of a phone before she answers; in times of crisis: she receives messages from people she has never met, emotional states warn of impending disaster, and as time passes she delves deeper into attempts to control her future. "I just got into the spell bit this summer. There was a guy I wanted to see, so I went up and sat on my bed, cross-legged and folded my arms; and I thought about it so hard I got a headache. A half hour later he pulls up in his little red Triumph, says the plans he'd made for that night just fell through. It works 99 per cent of the time."

And Tarot cards. A Marseilles deck, major and minor Arcana, wrapped in black velvet and a purple satin ribbon, one throws the cards in pattern and reads what is to come. Face cards; death, the tower of destruction, the fool a hangman, judgment, justice, the sun, the moon; "You get deep in, you become a oneness with your deck. You are supposed to sleep on them and you must keep your deck very personal, for everyone has his own vibrations and they may contaminate your cards. The more you work with them, the more you impart your own meaning to them."

To a witch's eye, the spread of covens across the country is symptomatic of a swelling desire to explain what is happening in a science-ridden world. It is an escape into a world of fantasy. People want things to happen, they want to be able to change things, adjust things to their own liking.

"But you can't just become a witch. To become one you have to know one and become an apprentice." This is not black magic Satanism. "I just do a few little things, pluck a few hairs, pick a few flowers and grind 'em up— that kind of thing."

John Keys



The Week In Distortion

The Plan

Mr. Nixon gracefully handled one of the most difficult challenges of his administration Monday evening as he squared his jaw, tilted his head and launched fearlessly into a near flawless pronunciation of a most difficult word — Vietnamization. He may have more trouble the next time he takes a look at it.

But for the linguistics, Mr. Nixon gave us little of anything new. The question, then, is why the big build-up for the speech — over the last three weeks rumor has flown that Mr. Nixon was finally going to give us his long-awaited and famous "plan." Instead, he merely reiterated that yes, indeed, he did have a plan.

The President probably picked up some more political capital by again saying he wouldn't be affected by any "vocal minority." In doing so, he probably once more succeeded in drawing more people into participation in the Moratorium.

The speech's appeal, then, was to the "great silent majority" (a term, of course, which has no necessary one-to-one relationship with any actual numbers, since one poll shows 57% of America favors Senator Goodell's proposed phase-out of the war by December, 1970. By definition, "the great silent majority" is made up of those people who support the President's views.) The great silent majority is expected to again support Mr. Nixon with their characteristic eloquence.

Early

Quotes-of-the-week department: "I don't like to be disturbed at home; I tell the cable office not to call me before 6:30 A.M. unless there's war."

U Thant

Humbug

Mayor Lindsay will become perhaps the first New York mayor in history to add a part in a theatre production to his other duties. On Dec. 15 Mr. Lindsay will narrate the first performance of a musical version of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol.* (The show is to be given free of charge to over 25,000 underprivileged children.) Once again Mayor Lindsay shows that his demanding job has dulled neither his altruism nor his aesthetic sensibilities . . . but "God bless Tiny Procaccino"?

A Bird in Hand . . .

A milestone in criminal law was reached last week when Judge Charles Sneddon of the Ogden, Utah, traffic court found a certain crow guilty of stealing parking tickets. Chief prosecution witness L. A. Jacobsen, Ogden police chief, testified that the bird had illegally snatched a large number of the bright-yellow tickets from car windshields, and had flown off to unknown locations with the apparent purpose of eating them.

Judge Sneddon handed down the sentence of thirty days and commented that the best way to stop "this sort of thing" is to "nip it in the bud." However, the case is still open as certain constitutional ques-

tions remain unanswered. It seems that during the trial, Judge Sneddon had ruled that the crow (which was creating a disturbance in the courtroom) was to be physically restrained from making any further outbursts. He then ordered the crow bound and gagged. This was done over the protests of legal aides who argued that the defendant's right to defend himself (as he apparently wished to do) was being violated, and that any conviction was bound to be overturned.

The crow is now free on bail pending appeal.

Spiro, Scene 2

Spiro Agnew has been the subject of conversation much of the last week or so. One Nixon adviser commented to a reporter, "An unusual fellow, the Vice-President. I think you're going to have good copy from him right along." And so we have.

Nixon himself offered nothing but adulations, "I am very proud to have the Vice-President with his Greek background in our Administration, and he has done a great job for the Administration. . . ." (As an afterthought, perhaps, maybe.)

Not to remain forever a mere subject of devotion, Mr. Agnew spoke on his prize subject, the decadent thinking of some youth, saying, "that we can afford to separate them from our society — with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel." Seems like the cider's getting a little too hard to swallow.

The Promised Land

The people of Boston voted Tuesday on a proposal that the city celebrate the nation's 200th birthday by hosting a mammoth Expo '76. If Nixon should award the celebration to Boston, she would certainly not be without the historical landmarks around which the spirit of the revolution might be reconstructed. There is, most notably, Boston harbor, site of the famed Tea Party, a most prominent symbol in the fight for freedom. What better way to commemorate such deeds than by filling in nearly 700 acres of Boston harbor and making more buildings.

I Do, I Do

Few in this country realize the existence of a national barrier to free exchange which protects one of womanhood's most sacred markets. That wall became more fearsome Tuesday as Labor Secretary George P. Schultz set forth new guidelines for the extension of work visas to live-in maids entering the country.

One of the express purposes in tightening restrictions is protection of Americans for increased competition in the market for husbands. Under the new rules, women applying for the visas must, among other things, convince authorities that they are not entering the country primarily to hunt a husband.

Quotes

"I can add that the petal belongs to the common Butterfly Orchis; that my mother was even crazier than her sister; and that the paper flower so cavalierly dismissed is a perfectly recognizable reproduction of an early-spring sanicle that I saw in profusion on hills in coastal California last February."

—Fashionable Demonia Socialite Adelaida "Ada" Durmanov

"If any man were so flagrantly foolish as to care for nothing all his life long except the most costly, careful and persistent preparation of plans and models . . . would we not pity his insanity and think that something great might have been built with what he has wasted."

—Martin Luther

In Memoriam: David Darst, C.F.M.

His glance fell on the top story of the house adjoining the quarry. With a flicker as of a light going up, the casements of a window there suddenly flew open; a human figure, faint and insubstantial at that distance and that height, leaned abruptly forward and stretched both arms still farther. Who was it? A friend? A good man? Someone who sympathized? Someone who wanted to help? Was it one person only? Or was it mankind? Was help at hand? Were there arguments in his favor that had been overlooked? Of course there must be. Logic is doubtless unshakeable, but it cannot withstand a man who wants to go on living. Where was the Judge whom he had never seen? Where was the high Court, to which he had never penetrated? He raised his hands and spread out all his fingers.

— Franz Kafka

"All the workers ask," the leaflet read, "is sanitary quarters in the camps . . . drinking water and toilets in the fields . . . honest weight of the grapes they pick . . . a fair day's pay for a hard day's work . . . recognition of their right to bargain with the boss through a union of their own choosing . . . an end to brutal beatings of workers, pickets and organizers." The SCHOLASTIC *presents the first of two articles on the migrant farm workers. This week's article attempts to articulate the development of the movement in California and its reflection in the activities of South Bend. Next week: the migrants around St. Joseph County, their painful task of urbanization, and the role of the local community in the grape boycott.*

THE story is a classic. The organizers come to town and form a union. The attempt to organize is met by management and government, who attempt a pincer attack on the fledgling union movement. The story is a classic, well known to students of American history. Except the story is not a tale of the 1890's; the story is *now.*

Somehow, back in 1935 when Congress decided to pass the Wagner Act, they forgot about farm workers. No, that isn't right, either — Congress remembered farm workers well enough to place them in a "special category" which excluded them from collecting unemployment insurance, and from collective bargaining.

In 1962, Cesar Chavez decided that the law of the land had to be changed; he set about to change it. Chavez started to drive the roads of California's grape country, talking to the people who picked the grapes of California. He sent out cards to all of the farm towns of the San Joacquin Valley, asking the people how much money they thought they should be paid.

Chavez got some 80,000 cards back. By his own admission, 95 percent of the people who replied were satisfied with the $1.25 top wage they were being offered. But there was still the five percent, and it was those people that Chavez approached. In September of 1962, Chavez met in Fresno with 287 others, and formed the National Farm Workers Association (NFWA).

The immediate intent of NFWA was not simply the unionization of farm workers. The organization served as a Chicano's answer to the Sons of Italy, with a little more to offer. The NFWA was a social organization, in both meanings of the word. NFWA served to unite the people of the valley to provide common forms of entertainment, but more importantly, NFWA formed its own credit union and bought goods in volume to gain discounts for members. By August of 1964, NFWA had a thousand members, and in November the assets of the credit union reached $25,000.

The first strike by NFWA was in May of 1965, and concerned not grapes, but roses. The issue, logically enough, was wages. The workers at Epifanio Camacho were told they would receive $9 per thousand for grafting roses, but were only given $7. The Union and the

Strike!
Mexican-Americans
On The Move

people got together and decided that there would be a strike. They succeeded brilliantly. On the first day, not a single worker appeared for work.

For two days the fields were empty. On the third day, the company imported Filipinos who did not know about the strike. Of the 35 men brought in, 28 stopped work in the first hour, and all had quit by noon.

Finally, on the fourth day, the company made an offer. They promised the workers a 120 percent wage boost, but no contract. Though Chavez and the other leaders of NFWA wanted to hold out for a contract, they abided by the will of the people, who wanted to go back to work.

THE strike against the grape growers of Delano — the strike which has grown into a nationwide crusade — began shortly thereafter. The AFL-CIO Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, a small union dominated by Filipinos, went on strike against DiGiorgio Farms, Schenley Liquors and other growers. AWOC was asking that the maximum wage be raised from $1.25 to $1.40.

Schenley and the other wine and liquor bottlers signed contracts with the unions, and DiGiorgio soon joined as well, after the workers there voted overwhelmingly to be organized by the newly formed United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC), which was created following the July, 1966, merger of NFWA and AWOC.

In May of 1967, UFWOC took action again. The union began to organize workers at the 12,500 acre Giumarra Vineyards Corporation. In June, UFWOC sent Giumarra a registered letter informing the management that it represented the workers and asking for a meeting to discuss a union representation election. The company did not respond. UFWOC contacted the State Conciliation Service about arranging a meeting, but Giumarra held firm. Through June, the union tried to negotiate. Through July, the union tried to negotiate. In August, the union escalated.

On August 3, 1967, a strike was called by UFWOC. Between 80 and 90 percent of the Giumarra workers walked off their jobs that day, but the company still had a few weapons left. The management at Giumarra began to bring in nonunion laborers, including some illegal laborers from Mexico.

The union responded by calling for a boycott of Giumarra Table Grapes. Other growers, however, allowed Giumarra grapes to be marketed under their labels and thus so the boycott was broadened, in January of 1968, to include all grapes from California.

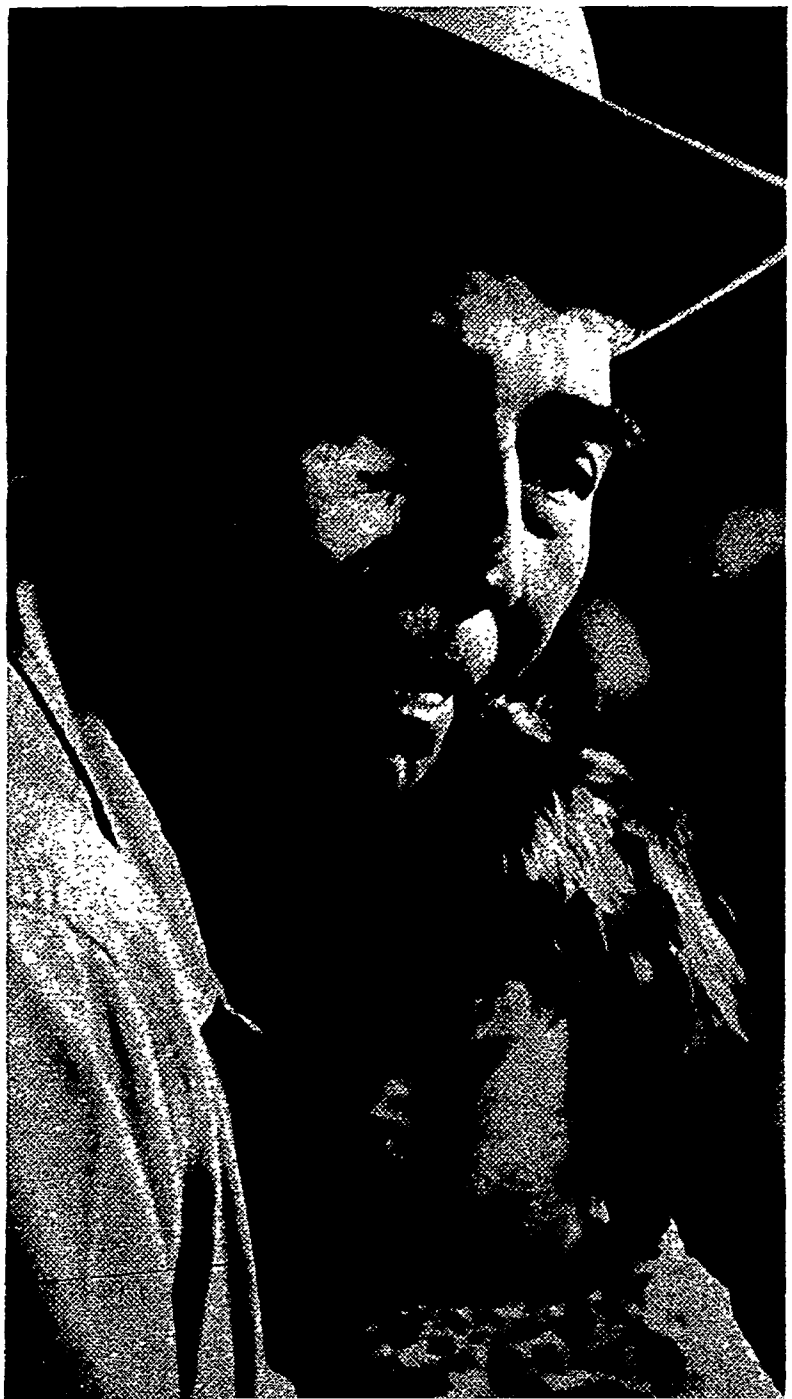
Today, the strike continues against Giumarra and the other growers; the boycott continues against grapes from California. The situation from which the California strike arose is not, however, one limited to grapes, nor to California. The problem is migrant labor.

In 1967, a Senate Subcommittee on Migrant Labor pointed out that "despite the migrant's vital function

in our nation's farm economy, his earnings are the lowest of our nation's work force." In the same year, the Department of Agriculture issued some statistics of its own. The average hourly wage for farm labor in 1967 was $1.33. At the same time, the average for other unskilled labor was $2.65. Prior to the beginning of the strike in California, the average wage was $1.13. Today, in the fields where the union is working, this wage has risen to $1.85.

John Angel of the Farm Bureau Federation, claims that workers do not have it so bad. "A farm worker can earn $6,000 a year. They earn up to $1.76 an hour." If Mr. Angel assumes that each worker will work 52 weeks a year, perhaps, it is possible — it would only require him to work sixty-five and one-half hours per week. Since the average migrant worker in California is employed only 24 weeks a year, he would have to work over 24 hours a day to reach Mr. Angel's $6,000.

THE Farm Bureau claims that UFWOC is conducting an illegal boycott of California grapes and cites the National Labor Relations Act's proviso barring secondary boycotts. However, it is legal under the federal law for farm workers to engage in secondary boycotts, since the NLRA, which prohibits a secondary boycott, specifically excludes agriculture from its protection and benefits. Moreover, the grape boycott is a primary consumer boycott which is perfectly legal and which calls for consumers to stop purchasing a product directly involved in a labor dispute. The emphasis of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee centers around this consumer boycott. Chavez has said that, "The appropriate method for a nonviolent union such as ours is a direct approach to the conscience of the American people. Our right is to make that appeal, and their right not to buy California Table Grapes, are things the farmers cannot take away from us."



The classic situation of a new union is one in which government tries to suppress the union. Given the state of the labor movement in the United States, no administration could safely attack organized labor and survive. So the government operates through another channel — the Department of Defense.

In 1966, the Pentagon bought just over $40,000 worth of grapes for the 200,000 men in Vietnam. In 1967, the year the strike began, the figure climbed to $214,330. Last year, the purchases reached the half-million mark, and in the first six months of 1969, the Pentagon bought $675,000 worth of grapes for Vietnamese consumption. The Nixon administration, following the lead of its head who stated last year in a California speech that, "I will continue to eat California grapes and drink the product of these grapes wherever I can," has increased DOD grape purchases by 700 percent. In this year, the Pentagon will send eight pounds of grapes to Vietnam for every man stationed there. When asked what the reason was for this dramatic upsurge, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird noted a decline in the availability of oranges and added that "the men like grapes."

THE Delano strike has done much for the Mexican-American people of the United States. Besides making the Chicano a visible minority, it has helped to unite the Chicanos, in much the same way that the Civil Rights movement united black people in this country. It has placed before the people of the United States the sorry facts of Chicano life — an infant mortality rate 125 percent higher than the national average, a maternal mortality rate 118 percent of the national average, a disease rate 200 percent higher than the national average. Most Chicanos never finish grade school because they must travel, following the crops. Those who do stay in school find that the language barrier separating them from the rest of the school — and the faculty — keeps them from achieving their full potential.

When the Civil Rights movement united black America, almost immediately dissent sprang up within the united black front. The movement broadened itself, and began to deal not only with integrating facilities, which was the initial thrust, but also with what had to be done after the blacks had gained access to these facilities, and what was needed to insure that blacks would emerge from subjugation. The same thing is becoming evident within the Chicano movement. On September 16, the 159th anniversary of Mexico's independence from Spain, Chicanos in scores of cities in the Southwest celebrated "Chicano Liberation Day" by leaving school, marching, and holding rallies.

The parallels between the black movement and the

up-and-coming young Chicanos should be clear. Both groups support the other in the hope that, if one wins, the other can profit from its victory. In each case, the role of the white man appears the same — to organize support within the white community, and to work within the white community to make the struggle of the movement easier.

Like Doctor King, Cesar Chavez is willing to go as far as possible and fight as long as necessary to gain victory. But Chavez has said, on many occasions, that he feels human life to be paramount in his struggle. "If the strike," he has said, "means the blood of one grower or one grower's son, one worker or one worker's son, then, it is not worth it."

ALL of this may seem somewhat irrelevant to the city of South Bend, Indiana. But the problem extends far east of Fresno.

In 1968, upwards of 2,000 migrant workers were employed in the Saint Joseph County area. There are approximately thirty-five migrant camps in a five-county area which includes Saint Joseph, Marshall, La-Porte, Kosciusko and Elkhart. For six months a year, these camps are homes for migrants who travel up the stream from the Rio Grande Valley. They travel north to find work, and when they get here, they are paid 75 cents an hour. Jim Bowman, writing in *Focus Michiana* in September of 1968, cited the cases of two families of six in this area: one earned $110 for 150 man-hours of work, while the other received $87.74 for 144 man-hours.

There are three streams of migrants throughout the country. One begins in Mexico and comes up through California into Oregon and Washington. A second group of migrants enters Florida from the Caribbean and travels along the coast as far north as New York and Massachusetts. The largest, however, is the mid-continent system. Beginning at the Rio Grande, the stream goes northward and branches out, one branch going northwest through New Mexico and Arizona and as far north as Idaho. Another branch reaches Idaho by way of Wyoming and Colorado. A third branch travels the wheat belt, extending as far north as North Dakota, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. The largest branch, however, deposits itself in our area. Of the 172,000 workers in the mid-continent system in 1964, 79,000 ended up in Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, or Ohio.

The migrant is in the stream because he cannot afford to get out. In the cities, the fate of the Chicano (Mexican-American youths who comprise the bulk of the migrant workers) is much like that of the Black. So the Chicano stays in the stream.

Organization of Chicanos in the South Bend area has not moved forward with any great speed. At present there are two organizations to serve Chicanos in the area. *El Centro,* the Chicanos' community center in downtown South Bend, is a part of the OEO's limited neighborhood self-help program, and often bogs down in the bureaucratic red tape. The other organization for Chicanos is the recently formed United Mexican-Americans. UMA is much the same as Chavez's initial NFWA. The members are joined by a shared culture, and use their organization as a social device. Perhaps in the next year or two, UMA may become a more political organization.

IF UMA is to become a more "activist" organization, it may need to take as inspiration an Ohio organization called FLOC, the Farm Labor Organizing Committee. FLOC is headed by 22-year-old Baldemar Valesquez, whom some have compared with Chavez. Through union affiliations, FLOC is attempting to get enforcement of laws which are already on the books and passage of new ones. FLOC negotiated a contract with 19 northwestern Ohio farms in 1968 and got an improved contract this year. It appears that the union is on its way in Ohio now.

But the fight must go on, locally and nationally. Cesar Chavez has committed himself to total victory, or total defeat. It will be one or the other. As Chavez has said: "Sure, we know it will take time. But when we win in Delano, we'll win everywhere; we're fighting the strike of the century for our people.

"How can I say this without sounding presumptuous? Really, it's a nonviolent fight to the death. They destroy our union; or we conquer them. We'll take them on everywhere, wherever there are grapes — anywhere. Anyway we can do it, we'll do it. There's no turning back now."

Steve Novak

"They Block Every Window Tight With Tin"

Joseph Szalay, a tailor in South Bend, has lived in America for ten years. A freedom fighter in the Hungarian Revolution, he believes in social involvement. Practicing this belief, he is the Indiana state representative of the International Serra Club, and blood bank chairman of the South Bend Knighte of Columbus. In recent years he has visited elementary and high schools to talk with students about his life in Communist Hungary ("The young people are clase to my soul"). Speaking to Notre Dame students is his next objective. "I feel this is a mission I have. To tell your people what it is like and what it means to live under Communism."

In front of Mr. Joseph Szalay's tailor shop is an American flag. It flew at full mast on October 15. Walking inside the shop you are confronted with the fragments of a man's past made public. Hanging on the walls are pictures of bomb-torn buildings and demolished armored tanks, a map of Sopron-Gyor, provinces in Hungary, a letter from Governor Rockefeller congratulating Mr. Szalay on becoming a citizen of the U.S., a letter of thanks from the United Citizens for Nixon-Agnew Committee and a poster that reads "I am proud to be an American." Through the front of a glass-cased counter can be seen books and pamphlets with titles like *Delinquency: There Is A Question* and *The Hungarian Revolution In Perspective.*

As the layout of his shop seems to imply, Mr. Szalay holds strong opinions on the state of affairs in America today and appreciates opportunities to discuss his past. Sitting at a table near the back of the store, he spoke to me of the Notre Dame Moratorium Rally, where he gave an impromptu speech warning the demonstrators that Communists were behind the antiwar movement. Still a little uneasy with the phonetics of a new language, he spoke slowly, punctuating each of his sentences with a facial expression. "On one side I am very happy and proud because I see many young students who are free to express his own opinion . . . Not behind Iron Curtain. No. If you don't do what Communist government want, I tell you, shoot you down like a dog or put you in concentration camp."

For Mr. Szalay, it is impossible to talk of the present without referring to the past. His life under a "Communist regime" looms like an unforgettable, poignant backdrop, heightening the contrast between his former and current life. On this day he told me of his past.

He was twenty years old and living in his native province, Papa, when Russian troops occupied Hungary. A year later he had his first confrontation with Soviet policy: he was thrown out of college on the basis of his parents' historic ties with aristocracy. During the period that followed, he attended "designing school" while working in his father's tailor shop and was married to Emma Kovacs. Having no interest in politics and wanting only to "serve God as a layman official," he joined the Catholic Youth Organization, of which he became president. Monsignor Feher, who spent 36 months in a Nazi concentration camp, became his "spiritual leader."

In 1949 both Mr. Szalay and Monsignor Feher were arrested by the Russian secret police. "We were questioned time after time about our tactics of bringing so many people together in our religious belief. When we did not give good answers we were put into the middle of a small, dark room with members of the secret police. Each had a rubber hose which they used to beat us. Another time they chain our arms and legs and throw us into dark cell. Monsignor died because of the torture but I was young and have good condition so I was able to survive." Mr. Szalay was then taken to a concentration camp in Bernadcut, where he joined 2,000 of his countrymen. He was kept there for seven years.

After being released and reunited with his wife, he was refused permission to return to Papa and was sent to the province of Gyor, 66 miles from Budapest.

However, even in his new home he was not free from the suspicion of the secret police. Because of this, his freedom was severely restricted. "Every night at nine o'clock I have to be in bed. And every morning and every night the Communist secret police check me, to see if I am in bed or not. I can only walk on Main Street. I never can go to church, I never can go to movie, I never can go to bar. The only place I can go is to work and back home." It was while living under the surveillance of the secret police in Gyor that Mr. Szalay witnessed the uprising of the Hungarian people.

"Nobody planned the revolution. You see, after Stalin died and Khrushchev came, this gave us a little more freedom. When you give a little more freedom to people you can't give this much. The people want more and more . . . The time came when the people feel, we feel in 1956, is better die today than live under Communism tomorrow." On October 23 of that year, the members of the Petofi Club, university students in Budapest, took over a printing press, printed a broadsheet of demands to be met by the Communist government, and started a march to Petofi Square that ended in a revolution. When they reached the square, named after the poet Sandor Petofi who, in 1848, led an uprising against the Habsburg Monarchy, they read their demands and many people joined their march.

Later they tore down a statue of Joseph Stalin, built upon the ruins of Marianum Roman Catholic Church. "This statue was a symbol of 12 years under Communism. The people see this and say, 'Take it out, we don't want to see anymore. We don't need this anymore.' " The crowd then marched to a radio station, controlled by the Soviets, over which they wished to broadcast their demands. "At that time we don't have a free radio station. These thousands and thousands of people, who don't have anything in their hands but a piece of paper, want to tell the whole nation about their demands. You know what happen, the Russian secret police are waiting for these people and fire on them. This time 10,000 people wounded or died." This incident united the people of Budapest. Soon after, their battle for freedom began.

WHEN the news of the uprising in Budapest reached Gyor the following day the citizens gathered en masse in the streets. "This day I never forget. I wake up and the secret police don't come to check if I am up or not. I walk out to the street and see people hugging and kissing each other. They are happy because they feel freedom." (In recounting this event Mr. Szalay, to better illustrate the mood of the people, stood up, raising his arms and his face, and said, "We have freedom. We have freedom. You see, this is the way it was." I nodded to assure him that I knew how his people must have felt, but Mr. Szalay protested. "No, no, you people can't realize what it is to feel that. You have to live through it.") "I went out on the street and many people know me. In Gyor I work at department store, like Robertson's, and because many people know me right away they want me to be their leader." Mr. Szalay led the citizens through the streets for a while and then procured guns from an unlikely source.

During the time the Russian soldiers occupied Gyor they were housed in apartment buildings along with the citizens of the province. This intermixing of their troops with the Hungarians proved to be a mistake for the Russians. "There was a very good friendship between the Russian army and the Hungarian people. These Russian people lived with us for twelve years. This is enough time to see and learn who we are. They see that even Hungarian people have more freedom than they have." When the revolution broke out, the Russian troops in Gyor sympathized with the citizens. "This is how we get ammunition and guns. The Russian army give it to us, even tanks . . . They don't want to fight because they want their freedom too. They know that if Hungary get their freedom, and then Czechoslovakia get their freedom, and then Poland, and then East Germany, and the next step the Russians get their freedom."

ONCE the citizens had received the arms they needed they took a more aggressive step. "That day we went to jail to open up and let out politicians, political prisoners. About 5,000 or 6,000 people rush in the jail." However, the Russian secret police, still loyal to the Communist government, pulled up in a truck, hoping to check the disturbance. "One of the secret police saw me and recognized me. Right away he started with the automatic gun to kill me. I don't know why, only God knows why, I don't die. I see two or three people fall around me and I don't know why God save me." One young girl, "about 21," was caught from behind by the fire of the secret police. "She get cut down by no less than 20 bullets. She look like scissor cut her. After this the people run at the secret police because they are no more than maybe 13 or 14. What happened to them I don't know because I run to open the jail doors." Fighting continued on the 25th and 26th of October, in which time Mr. Szalay joined the newly formed revolutionary government in Gyor and became a freedom fighter.

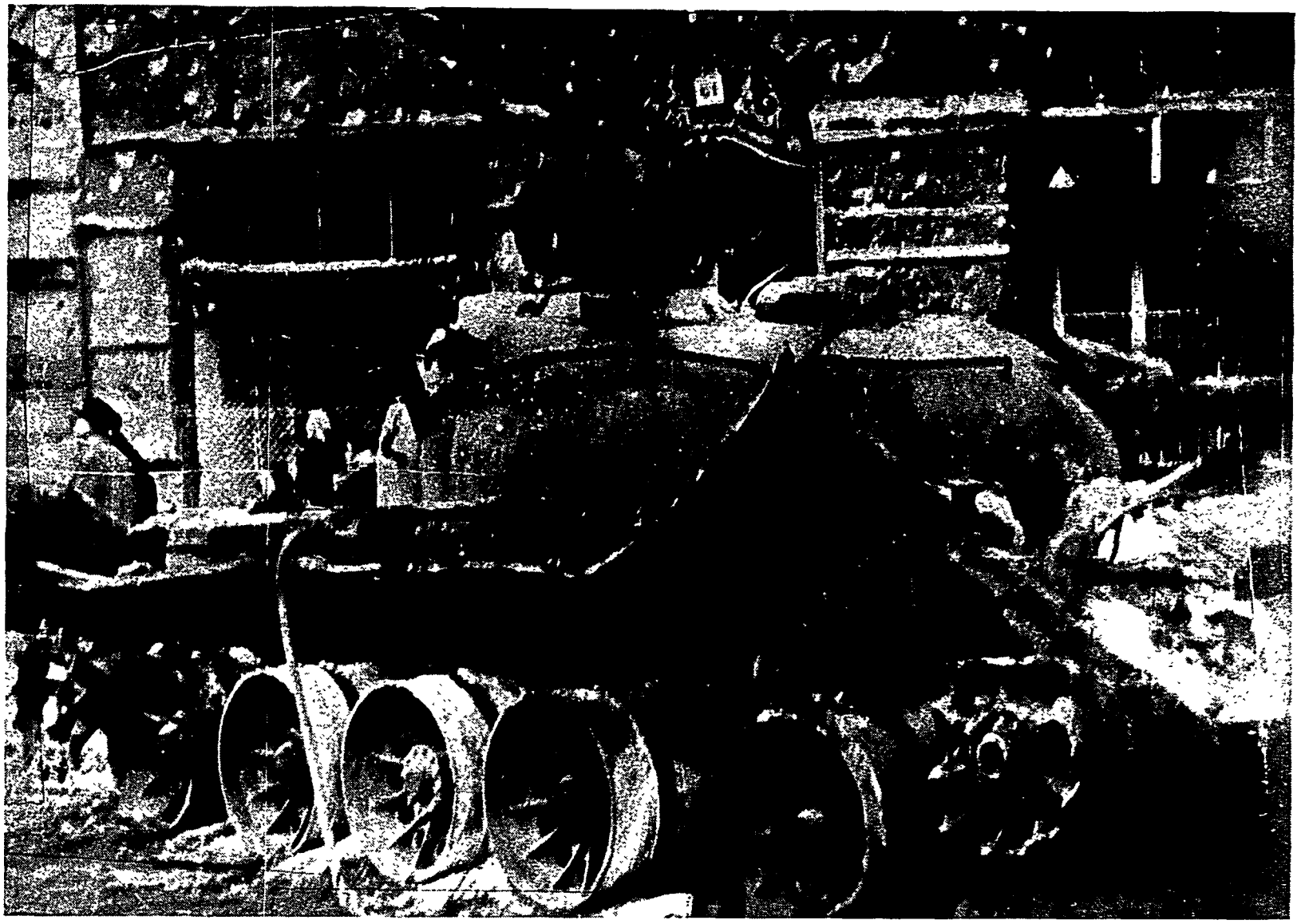
After discovering that their soldiers were supplying the Hungarians with weapons, Russian commanders decided to remove their troops and set up camp on the outskirts of the province. Further protective actions were taken by the Russians during the withdrawal. "I have a good friend, a writer, who spend 17 years in concentration camp in Siberia. He said he talked to many soldiers who came back from Hungary. They said that their leaders took away all their bullets so they don't have a chance to fight. Their leaders tell them, 'If you see any sign of American soldiers, don't start firing.' "

Similar withdrawals took place throughout Hungary. The Russians made concessions to Imre Nagy, the man chosen by the freedom fighters to be the leader of their new government. (Formerly, the Communist government had appointed Nagy, a Hungarian, to be premier. He now sided with his people.) They promised to withdraw all troops from Budapest, disband the secret police, and rectify the "serious sins" of the past 12 years. Nagy announced that his new government would embrace the "democratic forms of self-government initiated by the people." It appeared that the Hungarians had won.

BUT the bogus victory was short-lived. On November 4, Soviet tanks and dark-faced infantrymen (Mongolian soldiers who replaced the original occupational forces) moved into Gyor. With the rest of Hungary, the citizens of Gyor looked toward the free world for help. Many demonstrations of displeasure over the inhumane actions of the Soviets were made: in Denmark bells rang, the French and British marched in the streets, Communists in Italy turned in their membership cards, and in Belgium students stormed the Russian embassy in Brussels. But no aid in the way of manpower was sent to Hungary.

Despite this, the Hungarians were confident that the U.S. would not fail to respond to their plight. "We talk so much about U.S., all people behind the Iron Curtain, because these people were a symbol of freedom. We know the U.S. history and we know the U.S. is behind any people who want to be free. And we really expect the U.S. to help us." Newly-elected President Eisenhower, afraid of starting a bigger war, decided against intervention. Instead he publicly denounced the double-dealing Soviets and requested that 5,000 Hungarian refugees be admitted into the United States without regard for the niceties of the immigration laws. "When we hear that (Eisenhower's decision not to intervene), believe me, thousands and thousands of people are really shocked. We don't expect that. But still we feel that in the U.S. the people not feel like this. They want to help people who want freedom."

With the Russians occupying the province again, it was no longer safe for Mr. Szalay to stay in Gyor. "I have many friend who were arrested and I have one friend who said 'Joe, if you don't escape you'll be arrested too.' I know this but I am afraid to tell my wife we must leave. At that time my wife was pregnant. And I am afraid to tell her anything that will worry her." But, luckily, his wife made the first move. "She tell me. 'My dear, my dear, we must leave.' " That same day Mr. Szalay and his wife attempted to leave



Gyor. "There were Russian soldiers in the street checking anybody who walk by to see if they got any arms or not, any pistol or weapon. And I was armed. I think to myself, 'I don't care what happen to me, if the Russian stop me and check me, in my own country, I kill him.' I was very worked up. This is a miracle to me. We walk by him and he don't check me. We left our province and went to Sopron (by train). This is the closest town. We stay over there one night and in the early morning we started for Austria."

The area between Sopron and the point at which Mr. Szalay wished to cross the Austrian border is mostly forest. While journeying through this area, Mr. Szalay and his wife met 30 other Hungarians who also wished to escape from Hungary. They joined the group and proceeded to the border. "We are only 10 minutes from the border line and five secret police stop us. They wanted to take us back. And I said to my wife, 'Don't worry about it. I know that God don't want me to go through again what I had gone through before. Somehow he will help us. Just believe me and I'm sure we have some kind of chance.' There was one secret police up front and one in the middle and one in the back. The other two went to get other police to help take these people back. When these two secret police went down some little road my wife and me just automatically jump in the bush. When they take the other people away we were left and went free."

From there Mr. Szalay and his wife, for fear of being detected, crawled on hands and knees over a distance it would have taken ten minutes to walk. It took them four hours. After entering Austria they traveled to the town of Morbisch. "I was in Austria just two days and I was advised to go to Switzerland. I live in Geneva for two years and I had to get out because I received word from my father that the Russians had arrested and tortured him. Finally, they killed my father because I would not go back. So I wasn't safe in Switzerland anymore because there are many spies there. While I was there, it happened that some Hungarians (also living in Geneva) were killed or taken back." He went to the United States Embassy and showed an official the letters from his father and told him of his background.

MR. SZALAY was admitted to the United States, received his naturalization papers while living in New York, and came to South Bend in 1964. In the two and a half years that he has owned his own business, he has acquired 4,000 customers and has started the first accredited European custom-tailoring school in the state of Indiana.

As I was leaving the shop, Mr. Szalay introduced me to a young man who had recently escaped from Czechoslovakia. The young man had been sent to Mr. Szalay so that he could help the newcomer to find work. "This gentleman, he don't speak any English, he came yesterday and tomorrow he started work . . . Anybody who want to work can work. This capitalist regime, I call it a capitalist regime, gives more freedom to people than any other nation."

—Martin Siravo

The Sorrowful Part of Peace

It can be easy, perhaps even fashionable, for the unattached and romantic student to protest the war. Not so easy is the step to active resistance. But hardest of all is to resist because you believe in the power of love while knowing that those with whom you share the deepest love—your wife and children—must bear the sorrowful consequences of your resistance.

On September 24, 1968, Michael Cullen and thirteen others burned 10,000 draft files taken from Milwaukee's Selective Service boards. The Milwaukee Fourteen's public statement included an assertion that "joy surprisingly is made possible only in the laying aside of plans for a comfortable, private future." Behind Michael Cullen, the political activist, is Michael Cullen, the husband of Nettie Cullen and the father of three children, ages three, two and one. That family follows Cullen into the life of the Resistance.

The Cullen family began as the marriage of an immigrant Irish insurance salesman to a registered nurse in Milwaukee. Their present and future life revolves around Michael's imminent removal to prison because of the Milwaukee Fourteen's action. Currently the Cullens direct Milwaukee's Casa Maria House of Hospitality which provides whatever physical and spiritual benefits it can for the poor and migrant workers in Milwaukee.

Michael and Nettie Cullen spent October 15 at Notre Dame, and Michael spoke to the crowd on the main quad gathered for the Moratorium Day activities. Afterwards, the Cullens agreed to discuss the implications of resistance with SCHOLASTIC *Assistant Editor Carolyn Gatz and Associate Editor Ray Serafin.*

Scholastic: Nettie, did you have any idea of the life you would someday be living when you first met Michael?

Nettie: At that time it was impossible to know, but I always thought we would have an exciting life of some sort. Mike's personality was the same then as it is now. Even though he wasn't political, he was involved in organizing young people. I did start questioning myself before we were married; I thought I would be able to accept different ideas, or even a different way of life.

Scholastic: Michael, do you ever feel any sort of conflict between a responsibility to your family and a responsibility to your beliefs?

Michael: Well, some think I work too hard. But when we met we knew that the possibility of creating a future included the probability of sorrow. The full risk came home to us when we [the Milwaukee 14] went out to burn files, knowing that we would be jailed right away. Maybe I acted too aggressively, but I felt it was something I had to do. When I was in jail, Nettie said something that was very important to me. She said "to be silent would be worse." She was experiencing pain inside when I was in jail that first month. That's when all the romanticism goes out of the action. Suddenly you're in jail and truly cut off from your family, and your whole life is in a new direction. It was hard on the family — I know how painful it has been for me in the light of how much I love them. This past year I've been travelling around the country; my absence from their lives is all part of what I call the price of raising the peace sign. There is a demand that I suffer, and Nettie must be the wife of the soldier.

Scholastic: What effect do you think that the differences between general attitudes of society and those of your community will have on your children?

Nettie: Because of the community we live in, the children will be in contact with a large number and variety of people. We've started our own school — it isn't completely out of the system, but the majority of the teachers and all of the children come from our com-

munity. The public school system teaches the children to march, to carry a flag, to salute. Along with it goes the subtle propaganda and the value system which says that all people who go to jail are bad people. I took the children aside once and tried to explain why their father was in jail and what jail is all about. They miss Mike and it's hard on them, but that's one of the beauties of the community, seeing that there is someone to take their father's place, that there are other fathers and mothers, too.

Scholastic: How do you think they'll react when they're older and have to interact with other children who weren't brought up in the same sort of community?
Nettie: The only thing we can do is show them the reasons why their father had to go to jail, so that they can have confidence in themselves and in their parents, confidence that we were doing what we had to do.
Michael: And in a sense it's no different from raising children in any other time except that their value system is going to have to be lived out rather than just talked about. We were all brought up with faith, but a struggle was never offered to test that faith. And a lot of us found ourselves without faith when the Church structure began to fall. So as society begins to crumble, without faith, we despair. Our children are going to be raised in this struggle, and I have no doubt they'll be better people for it. Their job will be to expand the community — not just to run the hospitality house, but to literally change society.

Scholastic: Have you thought about what the woman's role in the movement, Nettie?
Nettie: It's to realize her identity and start living it out. I can't see her role as it has been, as typist and housewife and childbearer.

Scholastic: Then you don't see her role as being defined through a man?
Nettie: Not through a man but in cooperation with men. That's equality. The movement isn't just for women's liberation, it's a man's liberation, too. It's an "equal growing." Mike might feel threatened by what some people have been expressing as women's liberation; but what it is really is an individual person, who happens to be a woman, finding her own identity.

Scholastic: Have you ever considered doing anything for the resistance movement that would result in your own jailing?
Nettie: I have already, but not in the public eye. I find it difficult to go out and do something while there are millions of people watching, taking pictures and saying, "Wow, you're a good girl, you're really great, you're beautiful." That to me is really shallow.

Scholastic: Do you feel at all that your role in what the two of you are doing has been secondhand?
Nettie: I suppose I might have what other people might call a secondhand role. I wouldn't really care for Mike's role either. I wouldn't want to take on his speaking engagements, like he's asked me to a number of times. I'm not going to step into his shoes after he goes to jail — if I talk to groups at all, it will probably be only local ones, small ones.

Michael: I would say that it is a team — sometimes equal, sometimes not. I couldn't be the man I am today, the man I think has become quite gentle, if it weren't for Nettie. In many different ways I probably couldn't understand the capacity of love if it weren't for her. And I feel that my going out and speaking is an obligation beyond the question of wanting. You have to, especially after actions like the Fourteen's. If you morally place yourself in front of society, then you have a tremendous responsibility to speak to that society. And I know people *can* be touched by words.

Scholastic: Do you think you will be able to continue to grow as persons with Michael in jail?
Nettie: I don't know . . . it's going to be hard. Even in letters and visits it's difficult to get down to what's happened in your brain since you last saw each other. I don't think it's going to be impossible. It is going to be difficult.
Michael: We've been in jail the last year, in our heads; and we've had to work out what was meaningful. We've kept from losing the deep honesty that we have to have in each other's lives in order to grow, to be something, to be together, to be, in a real sense, in love. And in a sense we've been in jail for the past year just waiting on the uncertain future, not knowing what's going to happen to our lives, knowing that at any time I could be picked up by the FBI, knowing that we are continually being harassed by those in authority, knowing that I could be hurt, or my family — they run the same kind of risk because of who I am. It's been hard on us, it's been tremendously painful. Nettie will have to become much more independent just because of the position she's in.
Nettie: I once told Michael it was an involuntary liberation. But that isn't really it, either — it takes two people, a man and a woman, to work out a man's role in liberation and equality. I will have the responsibilities, the decisions to make about the family when Michael's in jail, and I can see myself having to grow a lot faster in a lot shorter time.

Scholastic: Finally, what were your personal reactions to everything that happened during the Moratorium at Notre Dame?
Nettie: It said a lot, especially to this community and to communities like it all over the country. . . .
Michael: And the involvement of the Church — Notre Dame is the pinnacle of everything that is rotten in the Church and also everything that is possibly good, especially in the Institute for Nonviolence; and to see that in the archbishop today, and in the tearing of papers that are really idols, death warrants to man — to finally pull that down in front of the whole community — sixteen hundred years being brought back in a single day. Now it is for us to realize what happened. We have to be willing to go on into the future, nonviolently, as resisters on any side. We are brothers—we declared that today. And that is the power of the meeting, the power of the Eucharist, the power of the sermons, the readings, the songs and the dances. It is the hope that Christians care because we are eternal people, that mankind has value and that to go to jail is a small price for not killing a man.

The South Bend Seven

FLIP over your draft card sometime and on the back in small print you'll find the following information: "Any person who alters, forges, knowingly destroys or knowingly mutilates or in any manner changes this certificate . . . may be fined not to exceed $10,000 or imprisoned for not more than five years or both." The phrase "knowingly destroys or knowingly mutilates" was added by the 1965 Selective Service Amendment specifically to deal with the emerging political phenomenon of draft-card destruction. And it was this piece of federal litigation that the South Bend Seven willfully disobeyed at the resistance Mass, October 15. The seven, Peter Smith, Tim MacCarry, Tom Henehan, Chuck Darst, Bill McElroy, James Douglass and Karen Weller, are now awaiting the government's reaction to that act.

On the surface, the case seems patently cut and dried—the accused admit their guilt, the law stands forthright and unambiguous, witnesses abound. A prosecutor's dream. But, the unpalatable circumstances that surround this act of civil disobedience are turning that dream into a District Attorney's nightmare. And for this reason, George Beamer, a South Bend attorney who has been advising the seven of the legal consequences of their action, feels that it is "difficult to predict" just what the official reaction might be. Quite simply the case presents nearly as many complications for the government as for those individuals directly involved.

Undoubtedly, the state will be able to build an ironclad case against the seven should they choose to bring them to trial under the above-stated regulation. But, to use the words of one of the student resisters, prosecution under this statute would be "messy." First the act of civil disobedience itself breaks what has come to be regarded as the stereotype. The resisters include not only four young draft-eligible students but two faculty members and a woman.

To compound the problem both of the faculty members are veterans and fathers. Peter Smith received a commission in the Navy from the NROTC detachment at Holy Cross College in Worchester, Mass. Between 1960-64 he served on active duty both aboard the destroyer *Edison* and later as a mathematics instructor at the Navy Post-Graduate School in Long Beach, California. He finished his service commitment in 1966 as a lieutenant after serving two years in the inactive reserve. James Douglass of the newly instituted Nonviolence Program served six months of active duty in 1955 in the Army and spent three years in the inactive reserve. Smith is the father of three: ages one, two and three; while Douglass carries pictures of his own three offspring in his wallet.

As if this information were not enough to prompt even the most hard-bitten of officials to turn a jaundiced eye to the whole proceeding, the situation is further complicated by the fact that the trial would have to be held in South Bend. A situation sure to breed tension between the academic community and the local residents. The case is rife with the potential of turning

Any person who alters, forges, knowingly destroys, knowingly mutilates or in any manner changes this certificate or who, for the purpose of false identification or representation, has in his possession a certificate of another or who delivers his certificate to another to be used for such purpose, may be fined not to exceed $10,000 or imprisoned for not more than 5 years, or both.

"To be silent would be worse"

into a show trial something on the order of the current Conspiracy proceedings.

THERE is some speculation that these factors will prompt local authorities to take the "hot-potato approach" to the problem and pass the case off as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. If this tact were assumed, the actual act of draft-card destruction would be ignored entirely. Local draft boards would simply be notified of the resister's actions and thereby subject the student resisters to reclassification as 1-A. Within a few months, they would probably receive their physical notice and if they should fail to report they would be liable to prosecution as draft delinquents. This move would eliminate two thorny problems. Smith and Douglass as veterans and Miss Weller by virtue of her sex would not be liable for court action. Further, the cases would be handled individually outside of South Bend in the home towns of the four students.

But even this solution is not without its distasteful complications. Incorporated into the Selective Service Act of 1965 is perhaps one of the most extraordinary directives to be issued by the legislative branch of our government. The order directs that the Justice Department explain in writing to the Congress any decision *not* to prosecute the willful destruction of a draft card. This stipulation puts the District Attorney in the uncomfortable position of facing an unpopular and potentially volatile court case should he decide to prosecute, and the prospect of Congressional scrutiny of his actions should he decide to the contrary.

The one possible course of action yet to be considered is that the government will simply throw up its hands, do nothing and wait for the whole affair to pass unnoticed into the libraries of the South Bend *Tribune*. James Douglass provides a case in point. Two years ago on Holy Thursday at the Church of the Crossroads in Hawaii, Mr. Douglass destroyed his draft card for the first time. No legal action was immediately forthcoming. In February, Douglass returned to his home town of Seattle and requested another copy of his card and informed the board at that time of his intention to once again destroy the certificate. Two months later Douglass was reclassified. But not reclassified as 1-A as one might expect. Instead his 3-A deferment (fatherhood) was dropped and in substitution he was given a 4-A classification in light of the information he had volunteered to his board regarding his previous military service.

Although no legal counsel has been formally engaged by the seven, Father William Lewers and Thomas Shaffer, both of Notre Dame, along with Beamer of South Bend, have been functioning in an advisory capacity. Beamer suggests that a "policy decision regarding the case will have to be made in Washington, not by the local District Attorney." Peter Smith indicated that the group expected to be notified of that decision in "around two months." Until then, in the words of Mr. Beamer, "The posture these fellows must assume is defensive. The next move is up to the government."

—Phil Kukielski

perspectives

dr. thomas carney/

confusion, destruction & the university

This, the first of a two-part article on student power by Dr. Thomas Carney, diagnoses violence as a symptom of radicalism on college campuses. Dr. Carney is a member of the Notre Dame Board of Trustees.

In this article I shall discuss student power. As is my prerogative, I won't define what I mean by student power. Instead, I'd like to consider not only what power students do have, but also what rights they have to use that power, what authority they should have, what the consequences of the use of different kinds of power are, etc., etc.

It is unfortunate that the words "student power" have become synonymous with "student volence." It is understandable, since before student violence, or at least the threat of violence, there was no student power. It is unfortunate for two reasons: first, because now students might believe that violence is the only way to win concessions as to their rights and, second, because administrations will resist student power if they are afraid of violence, not power.

It seems to me that every halfway enlightened university administrator has been made aware of the necessity to give students some authority in deciding issues that affect them. Possibly it is too much to expect that the students, having won concessions by means of violence, would now cease to use that method. The homely adage that you should stop running after you have caught the streetcar probably, unfortunately, will not hold. The difficulty with some, of course, is in deciding whether or not the streetcar has really been caught.

No one has to point out to me that all the problems existing between students, faculty and administration have not been solved. On the other hand, I believe sincerely that methods now do exist for solving them. The occasions on which I have been a part of the quadripartite discussions of Notre Dame problems have been among the most stimulating of my life. Tangible evidence is available that a nonviolent approach to solutions is possible.

My concern, of course, is that there are those who are not interested in solutions. They are literally interested in the stimulation that comes from violence. Others are interested only in bringing the strong to their knees. Someplace, sometime, a whole people will begin to demand more than just change, more than just elimination of a system. They will demand a program.

Those who believe that they are proposing new theories when they say that revolution itself is the important thing should reread Georges Sorel. Sorel was rather contemptuous of revolution with objectives. He thought useless the preparation of "models to which they can compare existing society" and then, presumably, plan to change that society. Rather, he proposed to use his own term, a "myth" which he described as "an expression of a determination to act." Myths required no program. They required only action, and hopefully a program would result. It is, again, a belief in action without a goal.

Abbie Hoffman, in his book, *Revolution for the Hell of It,* says, ". . . clarity, alas, is not one of our goals. Confusion is mightier than the sword."

Confusion and destruction can work as motives for action just so long. Soon it will be apparent that the terribly naive idea that something better always arises from that which has been destroyed is dead wrong. The revolutionaries will be left with nothing but memories, and there is nothing so pitiful as a revolutionary whom revolution has passed by.

Almost exactly 40 years ago, Walter Lippmann (if you'll pardon the expression) wrote in *Preface to Morals* a description of the consequences of iconoclasm. The words are at least as applicable to some of the students without a purpose today as they were when they were written in 1929. "The more recent rebels betray an inability to imagine the consequeces of their own

victory. For the smashing of idols is in itself such a preoccupation that it is almost impossible for the iconoclast to look into the future when there will not be any idols left to smash. . . . The happiness of the rebel is as transient as the iconoclasm that produced it. When he has slain the dragon and rescued the beautiful maiden, there is usually nothing left for him to do but write his memoirs and dream of a time when the world was young."

It is sad to see some radicals under 30 already "dreaming of the time when the world was young." They have torn down idols and they have nothing with which to replace them. Because their vision is limited, their supply of idols is limited. Because they lack imagination, they cannot even create new idols. Sad it is to be so wanting in judgment, imagination and creativity that the end of all ends is to destroy. Sad it is to be so lacking in creativity that it is possible to reach the end of destruction, to be able to say, I know nothing more I want to destroy; to be able to say, I am at the end since I know not what or how to build.

Nietzsche said, "Nihilism represents the ultimate logical conclusion of our great values and ideals. Because we must experience nihilism before we can find out what value these 'values' really had." In many cases, I cannot even give the iconoclasts credit for wanting to determine values.

Please believe me when I say I am no stranger to revolution and even to violence. I am in favor of revolution, of radicalism, but revolution and radicalism with a purpose. The sad thing today is that the radical does not have to be without a cause. There are causes, tremendous causes, to which his energies can be turned; but in many cases violence and destruction become a cause. Radicalism should not be an end in itself. Jean-Paul Sartre said that the greatest sin in the world is to turn what is concrete into an abstraction. It seems to me that, in spite of the very physical effects of violence, it has become almost an abstraction to those who practice it. To them it is an answer. To me it is the answer to the wrong questions.

I disagree with those who say that history is irrelevant. Those who believe it is will obviously not be aware of the history of violence in colleges. Lawrence R. Besey, in his book, *The Emergence of the American University,* talks about the riots and brawls and "throwing of stones at professors' houses and, in at least two cases, the actual murder of a professor" during the pre-Civil War college days. Read, also, about the heated cannon balls rolled down the corridors at Hobart in 1811, the shootings at Georgia in 1824. Look with trepidation at some of the foreign universities of today — closed for months, and even years, by senseless violence, the purpose of which even the participants cannot explain today.

What I have said so far should make it clear that I don't believe that violence has any place on the campus at Notre Dame. I believe that here all problems can be solved. I believe that procedures are now available for solving problems without resorting to violence.

Dr. Thomas Carney is a member of the Board of Trustees of the University and a Senior Vice-President of G. D. Searle & Co. A graduate of Notre Dame and a former president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, Dr. Carney has written a series of articles which will appear periodically in this section of the SCHOLASTIC.

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.

JOHN MAYALL THE TURNING POINT

Nineteen sixty-eight and early nineteen sixty-nine marked the peak period of the Great Blues Resurgence. Electric blues bands got louder and more numerous. In fact, many, though not all, electric guitarists had become so wrapped up in noisy monotonous leads, that their "music" had begun to bear little resemblance to the blues which had been developed in black Chicago and in the black South. More importantly, a lot of the meaning had been lost.

John Mayall has been dedicated to the blues since the fifties. His bands, consisting of guitar, bass, drums, and John himself on organ, harp, and vocals and later, basic quartet plus horns, had included such men as Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, Keef Hartley of the Keef Hartley Band, Mick Fleetwood, Peter Green and John McVie of Fleetwood Mac, Aynsley Dunbar of the Aynsley Dunbar Retaliation, Jon Hiseman, Tony Reeves, and Dick Heckstall-Smith of Colosseum, and Mick Taylor, the new Stone. His bands had always played the blues with taste and good musicianship.

Apparently Mayall has been worried about the current direction of the blues. For in the spring of nineteen sixty-nine, he formed a strange new band. He decided to cut loose guitarist Mick Taylor and drummer Colin Allen. He also curtailed his own fine keyboard work. Mayall added fingerstyle acoustic guitarist Jon Mark, and Johnny Almond who plays sax and flute. Vocals, harp, and composition became Mayall's area of concentration. In July, Mayall's band was ready to come to the U.S. After winning raves at the Newport Jazz Festival, the group arrived in New York. Their performance at the Fillmore was recorded and released as an album this fall. Aptly named The Turning Point (Polydor), it is an album which must be listened to. The music is great and the fidelity is unsurpassed by any other "live" album.

Yes, the blues are alive and well without organ, electric guitar and drums. Johnny Almond takes most of the lead breaks. Mayall leads on a few songs which feature his usually interesting harp work. As always his vocals have a haunting quality. Steve Thompson and Jon Mark do most of the rhythmic work. Thompson's sweet-flowing bass playing is especially worthy of mention.

The first cut on the album, *The Laws Must Change*, is a bouncy number with interesting ("Don't throw rocks at policemen") lyrics. It is highlighted by Mayall's harp and Almond's flute. *Saw Mill Gulch Road* is one of Mayall's classic moody songs; it bears a lot of resembalance to *Sandy* from an earlier album, *Bare Wires*. *I'm Going to Fight for You J.B.* is notable as another example of John Mayall's continuing devotion to the deceased Mississippi bluesman J. B. Lenoir, and as an opportunity to catch Jon Mark's best guitar work. Johnny Almond's great sax solos on *So Hard to Share* make it one of the best tunes on the album. Side two leads off with a low-keyed recollection of his visits to *California*. Almond's soaring sax serves to heighten the effect of the song. Acoustic guitar and flute are also used to particular advantage on this cut. *Thoughts About Roxanne* is perfect listening for a rainy day, when you don't know where your woman is or when she's coming back. Almond's sax will lead you to many new places and many new thoughts. The last song on the album *Room to Move* is an up-tempo anthem to free love. Mayall's harp and vocal percussion effects are really good on this band.

John Mayall's band is talented and exciting. They have come up with an album which puts the efforts of other talented groups, such as Blind Faith, to shame. The lesson to be learned from this album is not to throw away organ, electric guitar, and drums, but rather to make better use of them. Musicians should play together, not against each other or the audience. No instrument should dominate a group. As Mayall says in *Room to Move,* "You've got to free me, because I can't give my best unless I've got room to move."

—Kevin Rooney

Jack Kerouac Is Dead

. . . because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn, like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everyone goes "Awww!"

—Jack Kerouac
On The Road

JACK Kerouac, frenetic, impulsive author, heavy-drinking, ever-rolling madman and "King of the Beats," has written the last chapter of his unfinished opus, *The Duluoz Legend.* The simple news of his death last week came forth like a scene lifted from one of his own novels, few eulogies or details, a kind word, a reverend nod; and off we go again, yelping into the 70's.

The chronicles began a dozen years ago with *On The Road,* the odyssey of Sal Paradise hitchhiking from Paterson, New Jersey, to Denver; then to San Francisco, joining the wild nomadic frenzy of Dean Moriarty who, among other things, crisscrosses the continent at whim in rented, borrowed or stolen cars. The series was cut short as Kerouac was blossoming into nostalgia at the age of 47, having recently finished *The Vanity of Duluoz,* the story of his athletic youth and the days he played on the varsity football team at Columbia.

Few respectable litterateurs and only rare condescending academics have considered Kerouac worth notice or serious comment, and they think they have a point. He was no Dickens or Nobakov, not even an F. Scott Fitzgerald, just one of those flashes in the pan whose first book was his greatest; and as someone said of his later works, "they aren't novels, they're just typing." He was undeniably a genius at storytelling, but the soul of his inspiration, the road and rootless Neal Cassady (of later fame in acid-bound San Francisco, riding with Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters in their psychedelic bus) never brought him the comfort or surrender of serene or penetrating wisdom.

The road was Kerouac's Road. He was a hero in space, not in time, a classic cowboy relentlessly pushing west and bouncing back, taking what pleasure he could find along the way. The whisky-drinking, pot-smoking, jazz-loving, "dharma bum" desperately sought an oasis in the wasteland. Starved for meaning, he never stood still long enough to be seriously tempted by despair. Afflicted by a restlessness which was not merely symptomatic, but became his normal chaotic condition, he was able to settle down only physically, and then only temporarily. After *On The Road* made the best-seller charts, his fame became a gratifying distraction and a source of income, but the only satisfaction or effective palliative was to return to the typewriter and narrate in that unmistakable, hyphen-filled prose, another installment of his quest.

He never shook the image he created for himself in his first novel, neither from the public's mind nor his own. He had no phone in the house where he lived with his wife and their cat, Stella, and he seldom answered letters, no matter what their topic. Ted Berrigan, who went to the house in Lowell, Massachusetts, on an open invitation to tape an interview for the *Paris Review,* tells how Mrs. Kerouac nearly chased him and poet Aram Saroyan off the porch with a broomstick. She later apologized for mistaking their motive, explaining that she thought they were more of those doe-eyed rovers dropping in to see the "King of the Beats," who wanted to spend a few days crawling through the bedroom window when the front door is locked, drinking all the

liquor in the house and crashing on the living-room floor. Actually, Kerouac gave up his harsh hitchhikings when he had made enough to travel more comportably, but it was merely a change of pace, not a change of conviction. He remarks parenthetically in *Big Sur* (1962) "all over America high-school and college kids thinking 'Jack Duluoz is 26 years old and on the road all the time hitchhiking' while there I am almost 40 years old, bored and jaded in a roomette bunk crashin' across that Salt Flat."

KEROUAC hated to write, but he took his journals very seriously. His impulsive outpourings were legendary. He wrote the entire text of *On The Road* in three weeks, and *The Subterraneans* took him three days and three nights, nonstop typing. He cooled somewhat, but was still very sporadic, usually working all night and averaging 8,000 words at a sitting. *On The Road* was reputedly turned over to the publisher, unedited, on a roll of toilet paper. Later he turned to spools of teletype paper, ripping off a sheet for a night's work, filling it and taping it to the last to form a continuous scroll, something like an endless roadway. Working at top speed, he ignored misprints and punctuation, and he never edited.

In his middle age he turned to haiku, beat sonnets, seascapes and to classical continental literature, citing Goethe or Dostoevsky freely. He once wrote: "My work comprises one vast book like Proust's except that my remembrances are written on the run instead of afterwards in a sickbed. . . . In my old age I intend to collect all my work and reinsert my pantheon of uniform names, leave the long shelf full of books there, and die happy. The whole thing forms one enormous comedy, seen through the eyes of poor Ti Jean (me), otherwise known as Jack Duluoz, the world of raging action and folly and also of gentle sweetness seen through the keyhole of his eye." Pundits may grin at the reference to Marcel Proust, and standing Jack Kerouac next to the outstanding French literary giant of the century might suggest the incongruity of a Hong Kong paper monkey replacing *La Victoire de Samothrace in the Louvre*. But their point is a historical and effete. It betrays something deficient in their understanding of American culture, just as it reveals the senseless quality in Kerouac's literature. As the saying goes, you can't feel an earthquake when you're standing in midair; nor could they in their ivory towers. Don't they realize the disparity from which Kerouac wrote? He and the thousands who lionized him were smothered souls, gossamer rebels without a cause.

IN 1948 Kerouac was in his late twenties and newly inflicted with sidewalk existentialism. He was sitting around talking with a friend about what the eccentric poetess and *salon grande dame* Gertrude Stein had named the "Lost Generation." Kerouac reports that he said, "You know, this is really a beat generation," thereby suggesting the adjective that would become the byword of the fifties. But Kerouac was not talking about Maynard G. Crebbs, or slinky bongo-beaters or sweat-shirted East Village others who liked to tap fingers to progressive jazz rhythms. Kerouac's "beat" described a mood and had nothing to do with music or movement; the understandable misreading came a decade and a half later when well-meaning scene followers presumed that *beat*nik and *Beat*les came from the same root. Really, the relation is only phonetic, for while the rock group was punning on their driving four-four, Kerouac was describing an oppression, an age of bland Republican paternalism, when everyone "sensible" was soberly set on the careful climb to prosperity, rising high by hanging onto the ascending American balloon.

Kerouac was surrounded by the "beaten down," the low key, the cool as compared to the explosive, flamboyant hippies. (Later, interestingly enough, Kerouac tried to change the meaning of the epithet, calling it an abbreviation for *beat*itude.) Into the stolid assurance, Kerouac introduced the mindless frolicking of Dean Moriarty, that untamable talker and drinker, freely making love, putting on and taking off wives, leaving a trail of babies across the continent to be reared without a father. Fed up and oppressed with the "debt" the young owed their respectable fathers, action and wild abandon became the only available salvation.

Kerouac hit the road on his quest for innocence and creative sanity, but there was no end-point, the highway itself, which had been his escape became his destination. He was convinced that he would get somewhere if he just kept moving, and he would get diversion, encouragement and a salary if he just kept writing about it.

TOWARDS the end, he was beginning to find himself, and it didn't seem to bother him that it was outside the mainstream he had once awakened and inspired. In the 60's Kerouac took a literary tact. Meanwhile, with his friend Allen Ginsberg (Carlo Marx in *On The Road*), the burgeoning body of Kerouac's spiritual children—affluent, energetic and recalcitrant — turned activist, socially conscious and political. Kerouac, from Quebec, and growing older as his first book was being absorbed by ever-younger readers could never quite lead or even follow the direction of the idealistic onslaught his authorship had unleashed. He said in 1968: "I'm pro-American and the radical political involvements seem to tend elsewhere . . . the country gave my Canadian family a good break, more or less, and we see no reason to demean said country. . . . I don't know one hippie anyhow. I think they think I'm a truck driver. And I am. As for L.S.D. it's bad for people with incidence of heart disease in the family."

But as death is inevitable for all of us, and salvation is hard won we might recall the words of another rabble-rouser who knew the dust of the road only too well, and whose followers never quite read his message straight either: "As you go, proclaim the kingdom of heaven is close at hand. You have received without charge, give without charge. Provide yourselves with no gold or silver, not even a few coppers for your purses, with no haversack for your journey or spare tunic or footwear or a staff. . . ."

— Pat Gaffney

Some of the Principals

Arthur Bergstrom . . .
. . . of the NCAA.

Bill Reed . . .
. . . of the Big 10.

Ara Parseghian . . .
. . . not consulted.

Dick Larkins . . .
. . . of Ohio State.

Fr. Joyce . . .
. . . influencing factor.

Fr. Hesburgh . . .
. . . ultimately, The Man.

The Unmaking of a Bowl

JUST BETWEEN you and me and the goalpost, Notre Dame is not going to play Ohio State Nov. 29 in a charity football game at Municipal Stadium, Cleveland. No way.

It only takes a few quick phone calls to find out that the college football bureaucracy is structured against it. Unfortunately, the "promoters" of this "game" had never made those phone calls, thus alarming the public needlessly.

A Cleveland sportscaster named Bob Neal gave birth to the idea last month. Neal, of radio station WERE, suggested an Irish-Buckeye clash to benefit the hepatitis-stricken Holy Cross College football team. The Crusaders were forced to cancel eight games this fall, leaving their athletic program with a six-figure debt.

NEAL'S THOUGHT was turned into a city-wide effort by Ed Chay, a Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sportswriter. Chay enlisted the help of Tom Corrigan and Tom Tracy, respectively the presidents of ND and OSU alumni clubs in Cleveland. Actual promotion of the game was delegated to Nick DeVito, a 27-year-old attorney who is treasurer of Notre Dame's alumni group.

Two weeks ago, DeVito was effervescent about the game's possibilities:

"A lot of people in Cleveland have volunteered their time and we've got a green light all the way locally. The stadium is ours Nov. 29. Both alumni clubs thought it was an excellent idea and they've agreed to promote the game. We'll split the gate three ways and give Holy Cross a third. Any television or radio money will be divided between Notre Dame and Ohio State. The game's operating expenses will be minimal since there is no promoter's fee. The Ohio Society of Accountants has volunteered to audit every penny of revenue so that all three schools can see where the money is going. I've talked to the athletic director at Holy Cross and he's so overwhelmed by the idea he just doesn't know what to say."

DeVito claimed he had spoken with Notre Dame and Ohio State officials, though he refused to name them.

"Our first communication with Notre Dame was noncommittal," said DeVito. "The second time we talked, they showed interest after the financial benefits were made known. Ohio State first sent us a negative reply. In our second communication, by phone, we received a 'maybe.' "

DeVito did send letters to Frs. Hesburgh and Joyce in which he asked for a firm reply by Nov. 1. Fr. Joyce says he tried three times, unsuccessfully, to reach DeVito by phone.

HOWEVER, DeVito never discussed his proposal with Ohio State athletic director Dick Larkins.

"The only thing I have from this guy is a carbon

copy of a letter he wrote to Fr. Joyce," says Larkins.

Plainly, Notre Dame vs. Ohio State was impossible from the start. The opposition formed in three parts —

ASSISTANT Executive Director Arthur Bergstrom of the NCAA: "We would consider this game just like any other bowl game. In order to gain certification, the promoters must file application with the NCAA Extra Events Committee. At the earliest, this Cleveland group could present their application at the committee meeting on Jan. 1, 1970. But it could not be voted upon until Jan. 1, 1971. So you see, this game couldn't be played before the fall of 1971. We adopted this rule, Bylaw 7, to keep down the number of fly-by-night operators who want to capitalize on college boys. While we admire the good intentions of these men in Cleveland, we have no authority to waive the rules. Changes can be made only by vote of the members in convention and we won't meet again until this winter."

COMMISSIONER Bill Reed of the Big 10: "It is conceivable that the Big 10 could permit Ohio State to play Notre Dame, but I don't think it will happen. We do have procedures for the suspension of rules, and they are intentionally cumbersome. My assessment of conference disposition, however, is that there would be no inclination to suspend the rules for Ohio State. Nor do I anticipate any change in that feeling."

LARKINS of Ohio State: "Our conference rules state that our season must end by the Saturday after Thanksgiving and that only one conference team will play in a postseason game — the Rose Bowl. Besides, the faculty of this institution would never permit us to play in such a game. I haven't heard from anybody officially connected with this game. But even if somebody went through the long process of obtaining permission from Notre Dame and the NCAA and the Big 10, it all would be in vain." (It should be noted that OSU's Athletic Council, composed of 44 faculty members, has long been opposed to Buckeye Rose Bowl appearances. It voted against the current Big 10 rule which automatically dispatches the conference champion to Pasadena. In 1961 that was an unwritten law and Big 10-champ Ohio State was refused permission to play in the Rose Bowl by its Athletic Council.)

Ara Parseghian's reaction to the proposed charity game was a bit surprising. "I don't really think we'll play Ohio State, but I do hope such talk will stimulate a review of our Bowl policy," he said.

NOT SINCE 1925 has Notre Dame played a bowl game. That precedent was seriously reviewed for the last time in 1964 as Parseghian was rolling to a 9-1 record in his first season. At that time, some members of the Board of Trustees exerted mild pressure on Fr. Hesburgh to reverse his stand. Hesburgh said that if the Trustees wanted to go to a bowl, they'd have to begin looking for a new University president. End of discussion.

Now Hesburgh says he is "more open to the possibility of a change in Bowl policy than I ever have been in the past." But that is as far as he goes.

"This kind of talk goes on every year," Hesburgh notes. "There's really nothing to it, as of right now. Any announcement of a change in policy would have to come through Fr. Joyce's office."

But aren't motions of the athletic board subject to your approval?

"Yes, that's true."

Would you approve a change in our Bowl policy if the athletic board passed it?

"Well, that's too 'iffy.' I don't want to go on the record as favoring or disfavoring a proposal before it is passed."

Fr. Joyce is no less a diplomat. "Nothing is impossible," he says. "I have no comment on what the athletic board might decide in the future. That would be presumptuous of me. In the past, they have been overwhelmingly in favor of our current policy, but who knows what will happen in the future?"

WHAT WILL HAPPEN, Father, is that next month Notre Dame will receive Bowl invitations, just as it has every year during the Parseghian era. From there it is each man's guess.

This man is guessing that the semifinal decision will be resolved in a discussion between Joyce and Hesburgh and that the final decision will be resolved by Hesburgh alone.

That is the way it always has been. The athletic board is no more than a rubber stamp, and maybe less. It does not meet regularly and has not taken a formal vote on the Bowl-policy issue in recent years.

Fr. Joyce is important only insofar as he is able to influence The Man. Joyce was the focal point for supporters of the Cleveland game; they hoped to convince Joyce so that he would sell the idea to Hesburgh.

It is difficult to understand Hesburgh's sudden openness to change. You may be sure that it is his own mutation of thought. He will not succumb to pressure from alumni or Trustees. Likewise, Parseghian's opinion on the matter has not been sought by Hesburgh, nor has it been volunteered by Ara.

NOTHING has happened recently to refute Hesburgh's rationale that postseason football makes the players' season too long and keeps the campus in a state of frenzy for nearly an entire semester.

Hesburgh's change of heart could be caused by Notre Dame's $800,000 budget deficit, but he would never use that as an explanation to the public. Notre Dame could not admit that football is a money-making operation.

Someday Hesburgh may find the right combination of (1) Bowl invitation, and (2) statement for public consumption. That day he'll tell Joyce to call the athletic board together. Hesburgh will approve the athletic board's recommendation and Notre Dame will have its choice of Miami, New Orleans or Dallas.

Look for it to happen within two years.

—Terry O'Neil

movies

CINEMA '70, (in conjunction with the **BLACK MARIA** Cinema Group), presents its annual film series this weekend at Washington Hall beginning with the season premier of *The Battle of Algiers* by Gillo Pontecorvo. This harshly realistic account of the Algerian insurrection against France is the winner of 11 international awards including the Golden Lion (Best Picture) at Venice. By using documentary and newsreel techniques, Pontecorvo has succeeded in capturing the terrorism and atrocities of both the FLN and their French Colonial rulers, through an adroit mingling of historical objectivity and social conscience. Season patron tickets and a critical analysis of the film will be available at the box office. Showings Saturday and Sunday, 2 and 8 p.m., Washington Hall. Certainly the best film in town.

STATE: The Libertine with Catherine Spaak and Jean-Louis Trintignant in a surprisingly non-erotic attempt at Everywoman's erotica, (i.e., he takes her for a ride, she takes him for a ride, etc.). At 1:25, 3:25, 5:25, 7:25, and 9:25.

GRANADA: You can see anything you want at . . . well, that's right — *Alice's Restaurant* with Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde, The Chase*), Arlo, Officer Obie, and all the rest. Additional music by Joni Mitchell, the late Woody Guthrie, and others. Nirvana at 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

COLFAX: The Comic with Dick Van Dyke. At 1:17, 3:13, 5:09, 7:05, 9:01.

AVON: Funny Girl with Barbra Streisand. At 8:15.

CONTEMPORARY ARTS FESTIVAL

Yellow Submarine—Heinz Edelman's triumph of color and celebration of art direction; Washington Hall; Friday, Nov. 7, at 7:00, 8:30, 10:00. Admission: patrons, $.50; general, $1.00.

Son House—the great blues singer, Washington Hall; Tuesday, November 11, at 8:00. Admission: patrons, free; general, $1.00.

John Stupp

football

Picks by Terry

Notre Dame over Pittsburgh — Your Steel City tour definitely should include stops at Gustine's Restaurant on Forbes Ave. and Maury Wills' The Stolen Base downtown.

Georgia over Florida — Bulldogs know that a loss here will limit their postseason choices to the Sun Bowl and Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl. Florida's home-field advantage is reduced with the game in Jacksonville instead of Gainesville.

Louisiana State over Alabama — Tigers return home, rebounding from last Saturday's upset at Mississippi.

Missouri over Oklahoma — Mild upset. Mizzu has momentum after outslugging Kansas State, 41-38, a week ago.

Colorado over Kansas — Despite a 4-3 record, the Buffaloes are a fine football team. And that may be a pretty fair commentary on this year's Big Eight conference.

Michigan over Illinois — Illini played over their heads last week and were beaten by 27 points.

Indiana over Iowa — Hawkeyes are actually more talented, but the Hoosiers have Rose Bowl incentive.

Purdue over Michigan State — State's Highsmith and Allen meet their equal in the Boilermaker defensive line.

Minnesota over Northwestern — Tough pick. Surely the Wildcats aren't still thinking about Pasadena.

Georgia Tech over Tulane — Surprise in New Orleans. Tech's sophomores finally meet somebody their own size.

OCT. 25 RECORD:
7 Right, 2 Wrong, 1 Tie, .778

SEASON RECORD:
44 Right, 14 Wrong, 2 Ties, .759

the last word

THE IRISH lady down the street was bubbling with pride this summer. She decided she was the first person in the neighborhood to have Naugahyde installed on the seats of her car. When I asked her what Naugahyde was, she informed me that it was the hide of a nauga. The matter began to clear up, but I still wasn't sure of my ability to define nauga. "Naugas," she explained, "are gigantic Himalayan alligators."

Ever since I used to walk back and forth from St. Englebert's grade school, I used to imagine the glory of being the "only one" or the "first one" to do anything. No one need know; and the substance of the deed itself was unimportant. Several of my records, I suspect, are still unblemished by time and history. Never has anyone walking from St. Englebert's put his feet in exactly the same place as I did one Tuesday afternoon in second grade. Each step, informed by the ejaculation, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph" (300 days' indulgence), contained a uniqueness never to be matched.

Then, in fourth grade, drool ran down my Cardinal tee shirt as I was watching the *Wrangler's Cartoon Club* (with 30 minutes of cartoons from the Old Head Wrangler himself, Texas Bruce). Mattel, the toy people, had introduced a new, battery-operated atomic gun. The chant "Be the first on your block to blow it up" ran through my head for days.

I spent the better portion of my fifth-grade career studying the globe searching for U.S. possessions. Week after week, I confronted people whom I considered fonts of knowledge and asked them if I could list the Pacific islands labeled "Territorial Trusteeship of the United States" as U.S. possessions. But the question was never resolved. My first failure. I never put together the world's most complete list of American possessions. But I probably did as well as the State Department.

IN EIGHTH grade, I began to understand some of the joy of collective achievement, of community involvement. Together with the two fat kids next door (neither of them were Catholics; I had been liberated), I celebrated Bob Shaw's birthday with cake, ice cream and watermelon on top of their roof—we could spit the seeds almost twenty-five feet that way. Bob Shaw, born on June 26, pitched for the Milwaukee Braves; his flip card proudly announced that he held several dubious records including the most wild pitches in one season. Never before had anyone held a birthday party for him on top of that particular roof.

The highlight of my egotistical career came this summer when I became the first person (I've checked around and have found no exceptions) to watch a lunar landing while wearing a Roy Rogers Chuckwagon hat (imported from the Wild West) and reading *The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi* (imported from the Mystic East). The relics of my historic voyage will be on display Tuesdays and Thursdays from 3 a.m. to 5 a.m. in the basement of the Knights of Columbus Building.

It is heartening to see that the United States has adopted my ideals. Barring outside agitation, there is every possibility that within the upcoming decades, America will become the first country whose entire population is wiped out efficiently and mechanically: the atomic bomb, the neutron bomb, new advanced forms of nerve gas, even filthy air and water pollution.

So many wonderful alternatives. And all so viable.

—Rich Moran

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