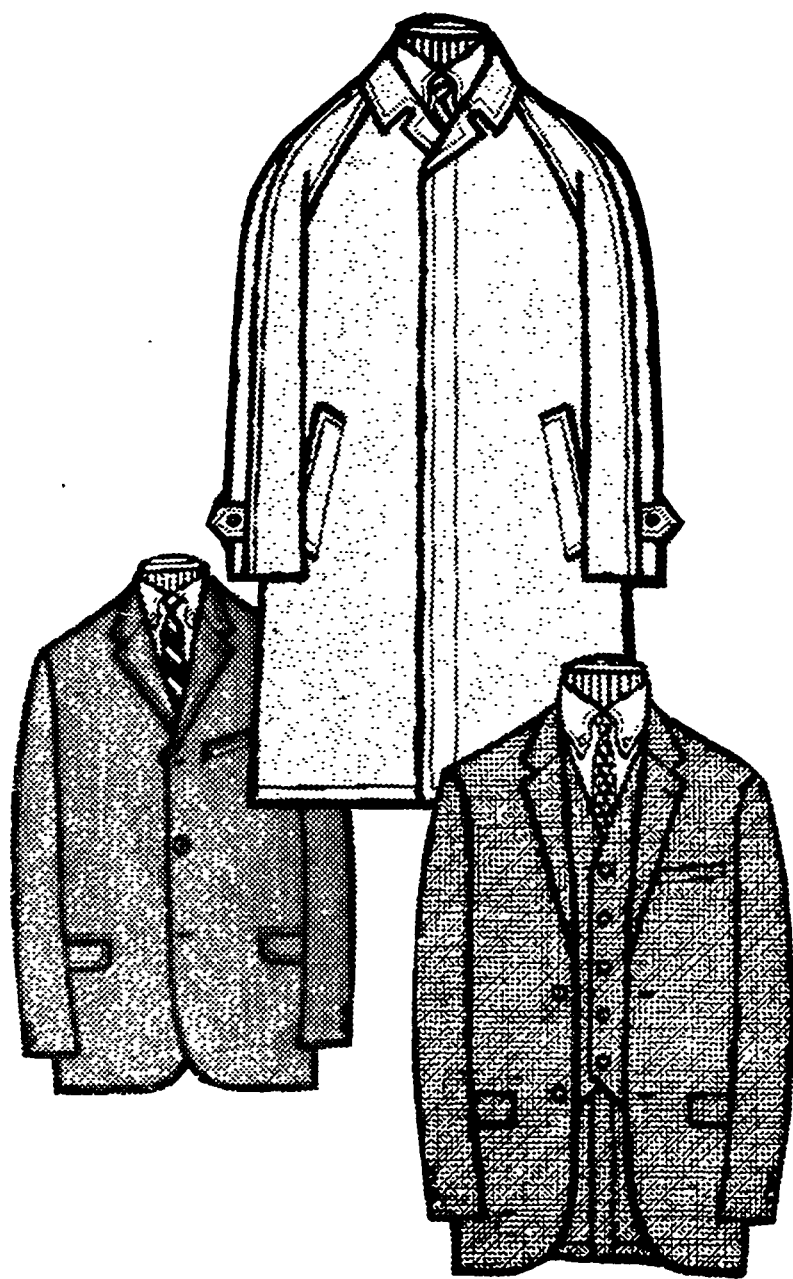


A Presidential Portfolio

Scholastic January 16, 1970



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Editorial

A New Portfolio

For eighteen years, Father Hesburgh has presided over the University of Notre Dame. In a period as long as that, the chances increase that a president, in forming an institution with his vision, will give that institution the limitations of his vision. In the early years of his office, Father Hesburgh opened the University to the world: Notre Dame flourished with his personal vigor, his flair for improving the public image and his realization of its physical and financial needs. But the University, having seized these, the fruits of the particular man, has become obsessed with these gifts, much to the demise of the spiritual integrity of the school.

The University has arrived at a point of moral crisis, the dimensions and complexity of which we have attempted to describe in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC. The solution of this crisis demands a person who is fully conscious of the internal tensions of the community, a person who not only hears about the problems but also experiences the anxiety, the suffering and the celebration of the community.

We feel that the time has come that Father Hes-

burgh relinquish his office as president. The presidential position has become a job, a task, a chore for him. He responds to the critics of his travels with the comment that "When I leave, all the papers are off my desk" or "When I'm here, I work double shifts." But it is our belief that the president of the University must look beyond the managerial dimensions of his job; he must be a person of the community as well as the president of the University.

It is also our belief that the structures which now exist are obsolete, that the internal governance of the community should be separated from its external propagation, that a Chancellor-President structure such as that described within this week's issue should be established.

We urge that action on these proposals be taken with the proper deliberation but without the cant and circumlocution that are the wont of the academic world. Finally and fundamentally, we ask that the University community seriously consider our proposals for reform.

Endgame

Father Hesburgh's letter of February, 1969, promulgating the fifteen-minute rule on disruptive demonstrations, dealt solely with the *form* of dissent: the definition of disruption and the response that the University would give. University policy leaves no room for moral consideration of the *cause* for dissent. Dealing solely in these terms, terms chosen by the University administration, the penalties incurred by the Dow-CIA demonstrators are questionable. Father Riehle's judicial implementation of the rule reinforces this doubt.

With five students suspended and five expelled on November 18, the Student Life Council acquiesced to Hesburgh's letter and established a court of appeals that would hear the case from a "guilty-until-proven-innocent" stance. The Tripartite Board of Appeals convened on December 12 and heard a detailed presentation by the ten students, a presentation defending only the principles of their actions. Under the judicial system dictated by the fifteen-minute rule, the Dean of Students, who had served as accuser of the students, felt no responsibility and was in no way compelled to prove the truth of his accusations. Fr. Riehle simply indicated the methods used to determine that five students should be expelled and five suspended. No evidence was presented to ascertain the legitimacy of his identifications, and, as the Board later reported, "there can be reasonable doubt as to the identity of the expelled students because, according to the testimony of the Dean of Students, identification at this point was made on the basis of his recollection." No guilt was proven at the hearing; no evidence was presented; in the system of justice constructed by the fifteen-minute regulation, none had to be.

The hearing of the Board of Appeals began with the presupposition that ten students had violated Hesburgh's law; the students were obliged to prove their innocence, the administration need only assert guilt. Three days later, the response of the Board went to the multiroled Fr. Riehle who then determined a final judgment and decreed a punishment. Unanimously, the Board members had attempted to "make human — not necessarily legalistic — judgments."

The Board spent the largest single portion of its statement acknowledging the challenge that the students had made to the University's morality. Notre

Dame has continuously avoided confronting these accusations in any manner more significant than rhetoric. "The accused students have provided this community with a conscience-challenging document that could be the basis of productive discussion toward defining . . . what those of us in this community mean by 'academic community' and 'Christian community'!"

The Board asserted that "There can be no doubt that the rules laid down in Father Hesburgh's letter were violated, that the normal activities of the University were disrupted, that the rights of others were violated."

Its recommendation asked "that the punishments be reduced . . . and that all ten punishments be the same." The reasons for its decision recognized that the University "appears not to have taken steps to avoid this confrontation." The presentation concluded, "In this case we feel that the punishments do not fit the crime."

The leveling of punishment by Fr. Riehle ignored the pleas that the issues larger than the letter of the law for once determine action in the academic community. The letter informing the ten of their fate, reduced the Board's document to an assertion of disobedience. Father Riehle sees suspension as the "minimum meaningful level" of response. The phrase itself echoes the claims of the demonstrators that their disruption had, in the face of the University's refusal to confront the moral issue, become the minimum meaningful demonstration. Finally Fr. Riehle recognized no necessity to comply with the Board's recommendations; for half of the defendants, the punishment was an affirmation of the original decision.

The last attempt to shake the obsession with form that had dictated all University action on the case came in an appeal to Father Hesburgh, to which the President responded, ". . . I consider this particular matter closed."

We deplore the success of the bureaucracy in burying substantial questions beneath ill-formed legalism, and we deplore the callousness of Father Riehle in perverting the recommendations of the Board of Appeals. Only the repeal of the suspensions and the recognition of the moral issues involved can eliminate the injustices already done.

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LIFE & CASUALTY

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Ray Serafin



Notes of a Native Laundry Bag

Allow me to introduce myself as 661837680, student. I am also S615730429425, licensed operator of motor vehicles, and I expire on 060670, which I suppose will wreck my birthday. As 382461826 I am a worker. The government says I can't use that for identification, so last summer Ford shortened it to 1826 and gave me an I.D. badge. I am 3670 who will graciously handle most obscene phone callers, excepting life insurance salesmen. I am also a long-distance phone caller though I am not yet ready to divulge this alter-ego. How the operators could allow someone to so blatantly impersonate me, good ol' — — — — —, is certainly beyond comprehension, yet it happened twenty-one times last month. Incidents like these convince me that my real identity may be best captured by 5600, laundry bag.

Besides all this I am Selective Service Number 2021948846; and I am 110, random, which would seem to rob me of my individuality since I have to share it with others. Now, in the past, I have generally associated other people with their names. For instance, over the last eleven years I have known Mike as flesh and laughter and curses and friend and enemy and, yes, sometimes blood. Yet now I know he is number 35.

One night during the vacation just past Mike explained to me, quietly, patiently, though not unemotionally, his plans to apply for C.O. status. A week later Mike talked to a civilian advisor at his local draft board. He left with a plan to stall induction until he could get into law school in the fall. If necessary he could go into the army as an officer candidate. "Even the officers who go to Nam," he said, "are safe compared to the guys who get drafted. Besides," he added, "a lot can happen in a year." Which seemed true enough considering his own sudden change of plans, a turnabout especially sad because I know he was not putting me on the week before.

RAY KNIGHTON, black, graduated from high school with Mike and me. Although he was big and strong enough to be an outstanding football player, I remember him as being too sensitive, one might even say too gentle, to fit that role. While others of us, white, went to college, Knighton went to boot camp. What the

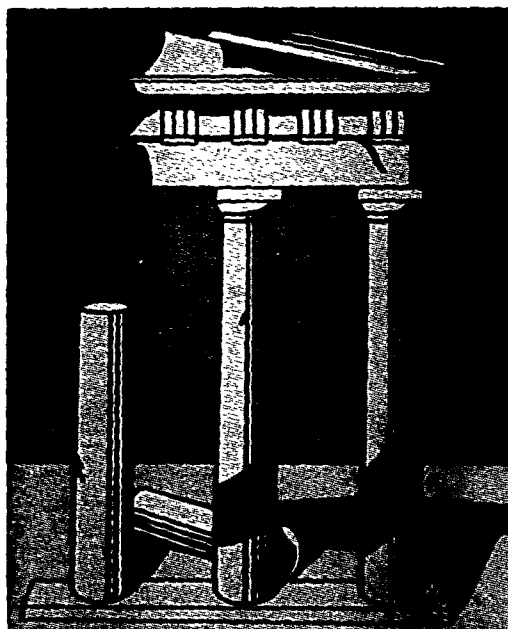
army did to that gentleness I do not know. But over Christmas I found out he had been sent to Vietnam and assigned to counting dead bodies after a battle. Whether the bodies were American or Viet Cong I do not think matters. What matters is that he went temporarily insane and had to be sent back.

Now I do not object to Selective Service numbers any more than I object to my other numbers; but neither do I hate those Selective Service numbers any less, and I find those other numbers despicable. They remind me that Vietnam is not a tragic accident but rather a natural outgrowth of a nationally and personally secular outlook on life, a view which claims to honor a son's death although his life was always defined in terms of a number. Which is to say that the military complex is equal to the technology complex is equal to the corporation complex.

On November 3, Richard Nixon said that Hanoi could not defeat or humiliate this country; only Americans, he said, could do that. A few weeks later, the news of My Lai, in its own curious way, affirmed the statement.

JIM ZAK, a Vietnam veteran, told me his story over Christmas—a story which, although in space and time different from what I have heard of Ray Knighton, is actually a continuance of the same story. "They would ask for volunteers to go hose down the bodies. Well, not really volunteers. But someone had to go out with a high-pressure hose to wash off the dirt and blood so that the bodies could be sent back."

My cousin's husband, Fred, completed the story by telling me about his friend who had been over there as a medic. "He had to put what was left of the bodies into plastic bags. He had to get used to it, so it just got to the point where he could eat lunch with one hand and work with the other. The only time he ever got sick, he told me, was when he had to deliver a baby. As soon as he finished he just came out of the hut and threw up all over." Which may, after all, be the only way to react to the start of life when its end is so brutal, so casual.



The Eon In Distortion

At such a turning point in the history of modern man, the advent of *our* decade, and in an effort not to be overshadowed by *Time* magazine, or *Poor Richard's Almanac*, THE SCHOLASTIC would like to offer its list of the most memorable events of the most recent quaternary of the Cenozoic Age.

First . . . Cenozoic Age

Early man discovers water near edge of lake and in mad frenzy becomes fossilized.

800 B.C., Moses leads first invasion of the Sinai, communication lines befuddled by brushfire but occupation lasts forty years, until the grape harvest. Recaptured by his commando units, June 1967.

The farmers of the Mediterranean and Mesopotamian regions continue to push for a sensible program of national farm subsidies and price supports. Although the farm problem fails to command the kind of attention that its gravity deserves, even as history moves from ancient times through Greece and Rome to the modern world, no civilization has ever wanted to feed all its people so the question remain primarily a superfluous one.

And Then . . .

Fourth century, Barbarians sweep

into Italy where they find Rome and other cities and sow the seeds of the Western military-industrial complex. Attila the Hun appointed chairman. And granted tenure.

1450, Johann Gutenberg discovers that people have long been neglecting the written word. McLuhan rediscovers this original thesis in 1966 and THE SCHOLASTIC runs *two* cartoons, 1970.

1492, Isabella and Ferdinand of Spain make possible the monumental voyage in which Christopher Columbus discovers a new continent. The new world is promptly called after Amerigo Vespucci.

In the 13th century, a strong desire among Western Europeans for heady forms of Gothic religious experience make Marco Polo's introduction of Hanoi gold upon his return from a visit to the Orient a major event. This new feeling catches on quickly and people call the period the High Middle Ages. Fortunately, the problem is finally solved in 1958 when a young public relations man for E. I. Dupont Company explains that all science wants to do is create better ideas for better living through chemistry. And, in 1963, Timothy Leary confirms the principle that science is merely the servant of religious experience.

And Then . . .

1507-47, Henry VIII launches early

experiment in Christian family living.

1546, Luther dies and the Schmalkaldic War weighs heavily on the slippery-tongued French.

Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, American Indians use their native cunning to hoodwink innocent European settlers into paying exorbitant prices for huge tracts of worthless land. Although the settlers are later able to recoup some of their losses by employing mild forms of repression and genocide against the crafty natives, the Redmen continue their mastery over the newcomers during the 20th century by obtaining lucrative franchises in both the American Baseball and National Football Leagues.

In the mid-18th century, a psychotic German thinker, Immanuel Kant, undermines some of the basic assumptions of Western civilization by positing that the real is the really real. In 1915, Russia's Czar Nicholas II counters Kant with his own persuasive philosophy of dynamic nihilism. Fifty-five years later, the cogent American thinker, Strom Thurmond, continues to carry on this philosophy under its modern form of obstructionism. Another American, New York Met's dazzling first baseman, marvelous Marv Thronberry, gives the world perhaps the most imaginative answer to Kant with his philosophy of futilitarianism. Although the political leadership of most Western nations rejects Thronberry's insights they are quickly

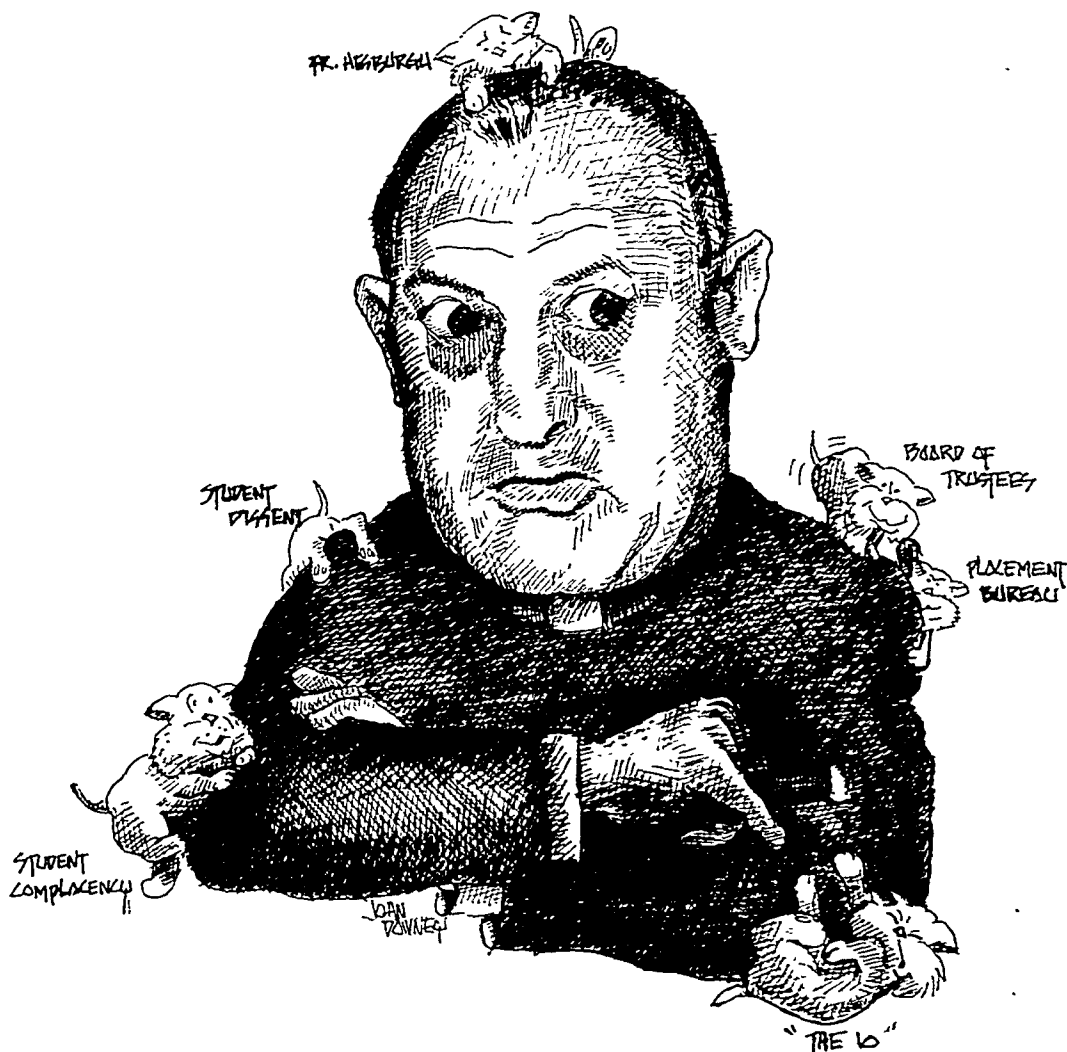
accepted by a number of minority groups around the world.

1765, James Hargreaves invents the spinning jenny despite the fact that English common law prohibited such entertainment.

And Then . . .

1812, James Madison becomes the least significant President of the United States at 5'4" and 100 lbs.

In 1877, America's intellectual, social and moral elite face a serious problem. It has been 12 years since the nation last participated in the honorable contest of war. This means that the youth of the nation no longer have an opportunity to train themselves in courage and to test their valor. The new colleges and universities provide the answer in the form of athletic competition particularly in the form of the all-American game of football. And so America quickly becomes the leader of the whole world, and the membership of the American Legion grows beyond all expectations. In the late 1960's, America's highest leaders continue to meet new problems with old ideas. President Nixon reassures a worried and uncertain nation by pointing to the example of the University of Texas' gridiron heroes. "The team that gives everything it has and goes for all it can get comes out with the



victory."

1917, Woodrow Wilson announces a "War to make the world safe for autocracy" and the art of public relations is founded.

1959, Andorra, Monaco, Liechtenstein, and San Marino apply for admission to the European Common Market and are awarded the Nobel Prize in Geography.

1962, Cincinnati Reds trade Frank

Robinson to Baltimore for Milt Pappas.

And Finally . . .

1964, Lyndon Baines Johnson announces, "We will not send American boys to fight an Asian War."



A Presidential Portfolio

The important question [facing Catholic higher education] is not whether a few Catholic universities prove capable of competing with Harvard and Berkeley on the latter's terms, but whether Catholicism can provide an ideology or personnel for developing alternatives to the Harvard-Berkeley model of excellence.

—The Academic Revolution

IT would be facile and pretentious for the SCHOLASTIC to propose the implementation of a new structure and the designation of a new president without acknowledging the difficulties of these reforms. In the following series of articles, the SCHOLASTIC examines the present crisis of the University, the methods of implementation of our proposal, and the problems and possibilities of replacing a man of Father Hesburgh's stature. Scattered throughout the "Presidential Portfolio" are profiles of some presidential prospects.

I: In Difficult Times

ANY discussion of the leadership of this University must inevitably consider the unique problems that Notre Dame must face as a Catholic institution. The types of problems we confront will predicate the qualities and attributes we must look for in the man to whom we entrust ultimate responsibility for the University's well-being. As Notre Dame prepares to face a new decade, we find this University in a position, on the one hand, eminently enviable and, on the other, fraught with complications that seriously threaten its future development. If the recent Gourman report is any indication, Notre Dame has achieved the much-ballyhooed academic excellence that has become the administrative shibboleth of the Hesburgh tenure of office. (This comprehensive study lists Notre Dame eighth among American undergraduate institutions of higher education.)

Historically our position now closely parallels the position in which many of the "Ivy League" schools found themselves half a century ago. Notre Dame is a small, Church-affiliated, sexually and religious homogeneous institution of modest economic means that is embarking on an ever-lengthening road of secularism, diversity, and expansion. But as Riesman and Jencks, the authors of *The Academic Revolution*, indicate, Notre Dame's path to greatness (quality) must stray from the "Ivy League" paradigm and must instead seek solutions to its problems that will continue to guarantee that ill-defined and often intangible spirit of Christianity.

THE FINANCIAL DILEMMA

Perhaps the most immediate and perplexing problem that Notre Dame must face in the future is one of finances. Last spring vague rumblings were heard indicating an incipient move toward a more disciplined fiscal responsibility. In the fall of this year, the problem emerged full-blown as the University submitted a severely limited new budget and warnings emanated from all fronts that economic problems were approaching the critical stage. Notre Dame's financial position has never ventured appreciably above the marginal, but it has only been in recent years that vision and aspiration have radically outstripped the University's ability to meet its financial demands with hard cash.

Father Sorin founded this university in 1842 with

an endowment that included seven religious helpers, \$541.23 and an oxcart. Since that time economic growth has been consistent but hardly astounding. When Father Hesburgh assumed office he inherited an endowment of eight million dollars which in his eighteen years as president has grown to a figure near 60 million. But behind these statistics lay a story of missed opportunity. In the postwar era when many universities were building considerable portfolios through speculative investment, Notre Dame invested its money in government and corporate bonds, which were "safe" yet vulnerable to inflation. The University's failure to align itself with the meteoric growth of the past two decades has left it a poor stepsister when considered against the example of other university giants (Harvard has an endowment of more than one billion dollars). It has been only recently that, with the introduction of the Lay Board of Trustees, interest has grown in the investment of common stock. But, by all indications the opportunity has been lost and the University must face the future with a tightly cinched belt.

Operating costs for the year 1970 will run close to 46 million dollars of which only one-fifth will be covered by tuition fees. The rest of the budget must be made up from alumni contributions and interest from the endowment. Further complicating the picture is the fact that of the 60 million dollars the University holds in endowment, less than ten million is free for the University to use as it will. The rest of the money has been specifically earmarked for special purposes, i.e., scholarships, endowed chairs, etc., and cannot legally be used elsewhere. Alumni contributions to Notre Dame are high (close to 80% donate), but the fact that the University must rely heavily on this method of financing poses further problems for the future.

The gap that exists between alumni and students is perhaps nowhere as dramatic as it is at Notre Dame. Graduates as recent as 1965 still remember the era of curfew, lights out, and compulsory Mass attendance. The Notre Dame they generally remember has little resemblance to the Dow-CIA demonstrations, antiwar activities and social consciousness of the current student body.

A recent letter to the *Alumnus* provides a typical case in point; Thomas Kerrigan '51 writes concerning the November Moratorium: "... if the board of trustees wants the financial help of the 'old' alumni in the years ahead, what can we expect from the University? Are

we to have a school that seeks a bright young lad because he has hoped and prayed and studied so he will qualify to attend . . . or are we to have these weird stupes who brag about avoiding service for their country, who are not in the least thankful to God for all the gifts and opportunities he has given them, and who obviously care nothing about the reputation, spirit and history of ND." If the University is to survive it must find a way to convince older alumni that the path it chooses to follow in the future is in keeping with the spirit of the older tradition. Simultaneously, it must commit itself to the social and intellectual self-awareness of the younger elements.

THE ADVENT OF ALIENATION

Although a case can be made for a qualitative difference in the students here and those at top-ranked secular universities that have faced strident rebellions, the potential for student strife is nonetheless as acute here as anywhere else. The "average" Notre Dame student may be less urbane, less sophisticated and more schooled in parochial obeisance than his Eastern counterpart but on the other hand he faces an administration whose proclivity for exercising authority with consummate alacrity can alienate even those of moderate persuasion. The famous Hesburgh 15-minute ruling was received with a great deal more resignation than vituperation here on campus. Most observers recognized the move as part of an effective public relations move by

the president and as an attempt to maintain order in an already divided trustee-alumni-administration-student-faculty community. What the 15-minute ruling really represents is simply another in a long series of rulings made *ex cathedra* by the president, rulings that steadfastly and inexplicably refuse to admit the central question.

Those students that chose to demonstrate against recruitment for Dow-CIA this fall sought to pose the question, "By what authority does the University tacitly condone the operation of corporations that we feel to be engaged in immoral and murderous war activities?" Had the University decided to meet this question head-on in responsible debate, all indications are that the majority of the community, while perhaps recognizing specific unjust practices of these corporations, would nonetheless uphold their right to speak on campus under the doctrine of free speech. By avoiding the core of the problem and by reacting only to its symptom, blocking passage to the recruitment office, the administration has only served to sow seeds of mistrust, and a suspicion that the University has something to hide.

Similarly, a long and frustrating dispute over parietal hours, finally resolved in the spring of last year, centered ultimately not on the right of a student to entertain a female in the privacy of his room but on the substantial fear that such a move would lead to a rise in the incidence of fornication. Recent administrative action has bred a deep resentment to the covert paternalism and the insensitive implementation of authority that only serves to further exacerbate those



Ernest Bartell

IT IS rare for a professor to be admired and respected at once by his colleagues and his students. Father Bartell has been in this position since he began teaching here in 1961, as an Instructor in Economics. He graduated with a degree in Philosophy of Finance from Notre Dame in 1953; received an A.M. in Economics from the University of Chicago (1954); an M.A. in Theology from Holy Cross College, Washington, D.C. (1961); and a doctorate of Philosophy in Economics from Princeton (1966). He was appointed Chairman of the Economics Department, and Associate Director for both the Center for the Study of Man in Contemporary Society and the Program of Latin American Studies in 1968. He was a member of the SLC and the Committee for Afro-American Students in 1968-69.

Father Bartell is seen by many as one who might help bridge the abyss that exists between students and administrators on this campus. He

is tremendously sharp and quick, an almost urgent energy and sense of activity are apparent even when speaking with him. It is this same quality which some foresee causing problems with alumni and others outside the University community. Of his ability, approaching genius, in working with all kinds of student groups there is little doubt.

A fine ability to communicate ideas clearly; an undogmatic and extremely warm temperament; an extensive background in student-faculty relation and social work; an understanding for the need of social action and change within a Christian context would seem to be his strongest points; an aura of almost hyperactivity might prove troublesome when working with alumni, etc. Father Bartell has said he feels the next President probably should be a layman. One student commented: "I don't think this University is ready for as progressive a man as Father Bartell."

who demand an end to the social and political isolation of the University.

THE BLACKS

Perhaps no one group on campus feels this frustration with quite the degree as the Notre Dame Black student. Several potentially violent racial incidents have already occurred on campus this year. A recent University committee meeting on the Black problem included a shouting match, a broken chair and a request that the white members of the committee leave the room while the blacks settled their differences privately. Blacks have been recruited for this campus with much the same willy-nilly enthusiasm as for a stamp collection; but little long-range planning has gone into providing for their emotional, intellectual and social well-being when they arrive in Indiana.

Notre Dame still has no Black Studies program (the only course to be taught in Black literature next semester will be conducted by a white professor whose abilities in the field are by his own admission "stop-gap.") Recruitment has been so successful this winter that Notre Dame will probably admit nearly 100 new Black freshmen next year, a move that will more than double the current population and undoubtedly complicate an already difficult situation. Should a racial confrontation occur at this University, the administration will find that it has alienated those liberal elements whose experience and familiarity with both personalities and issues would be most valuable in successful arbitration. The Black problem may well provide the occasion for the administration, from one point of view at least, to steep in a stew of its own making.

AN END TO ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM

Because of its traditional position in the vanguard of civilization, the American university and this University in particular can expect to come under increasing attack from those forces in disagreement with newer forms of social commitment. The student rebellion of the sixties has prompted an end to the *laissez-faire* position previously held by federal and local authorities. Unless American universities take a noticeable turn toward a more halcyon existence, reaction to academic turmoil can be expected to continue in the future.

Although Notre Dame as a private institution rids itself of the problem of dealing with a state Board of Regents, it must answer to a constituency of American Catholics whose sympathies do not lie with the intellectual life. Of the major American religious groups, anti-intellectualism has found its strongest foothold among Roman Catholics. But, the University proves vulnerable to the priorities of the old and the established as well as to the goals and aspirations of the young.

Notre Dame must continue to attract the bright, sophisticated Catholic male if it is to maintain its academic position. In this regard, it must be able to offer an environment at least as attractive as the prestigious

"Eastern schools." However, there has been no appreciable change in the quality of the student admitted to Notre Dame over the past three years, indicating that Notre Dame has "topped out" in its ability to attract bright students.

COEDUCATION

Next to financial assistance the reason most often stated for qualified students deciding not to attend Notre Dame was listed as its lack of coeducational environment. This fact becomes even more noteworthy when consideration is given for those academically qualified students who failed even to submit application because of the all-male environment. Coeducation at Notre Dame is perhaps inevitable. But the speed with which we move toward this goal will have its ramifications in diverse areas.

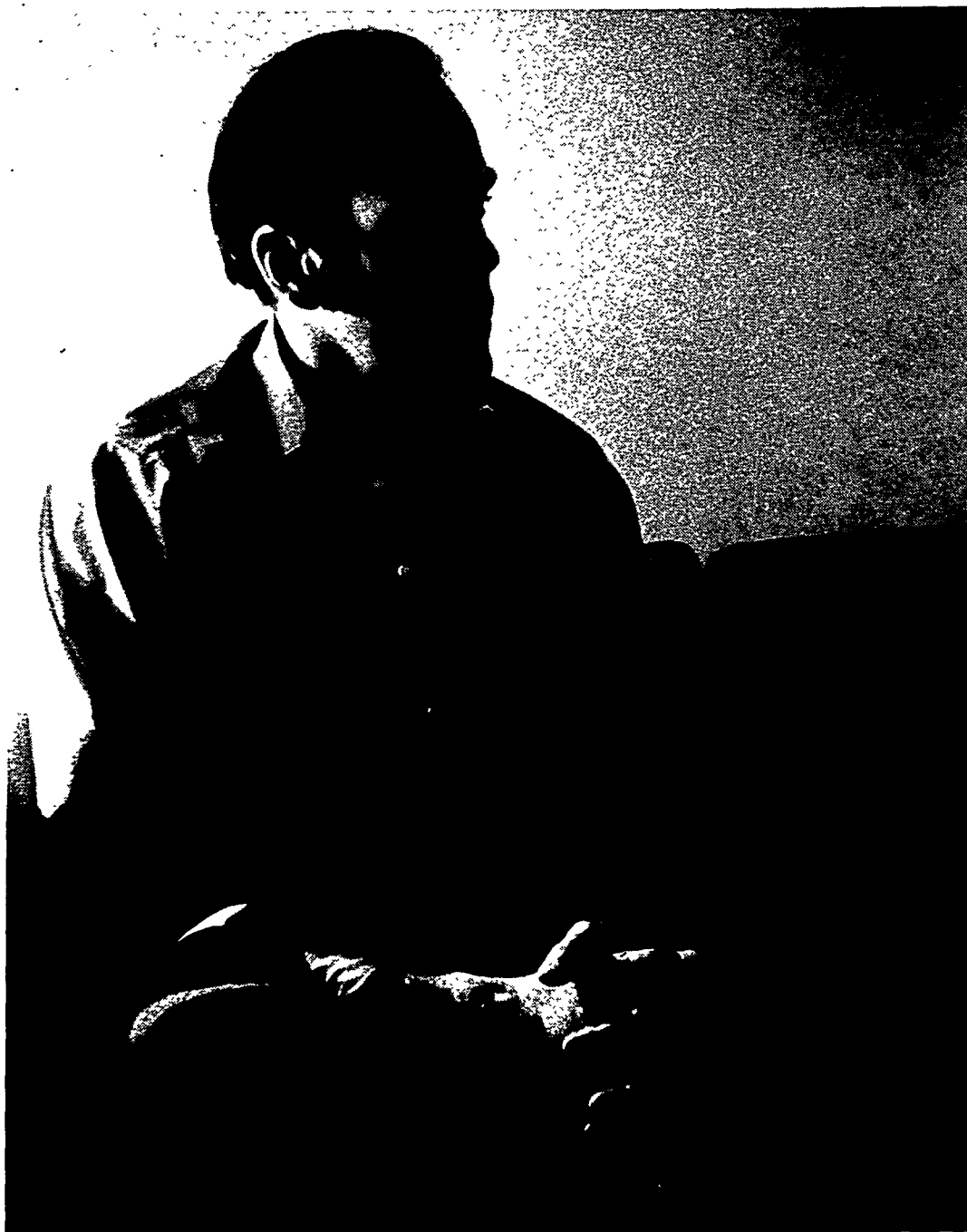
Merger with St. Mary's is part of the solution. While financial difficulties have habitually been used in defense of the status quo, it is indeed curious that two Catholic institutions in such close proximity and both perplexed with money problems would so steadfastly continue to compete for donations from the same interest groups (often the same family) and continue to insist on the duplication of facilities such as dormitories, classrooms, laboratories and dining halls.

TOWARD A NEW STRUCTURE

All these problems are ultimately symptomatic of a growing spirit of secularism that has swept both the Church in general and this University in particular. Perhaps the most elemental question that the University must face in the future is to define in acceptable communicable terms exactly the type of character the Catholic university must have in the future. It is perhaps as pointless for this University to indiscriminately embrace secularism as a cultural absolute as it would be for it to attempt to return to the head-in-the-sand monasticism of earlier eras.

Notre Dame must preserve its unique character, a character that must be a composite of the Christian heritage and a forthright attempt to meet the problems of our day. Notre Dame must create its own model for such a university rather than simply attempt to duplicate extant models. With the University arrived at this crossroads in its development, the need for responsible and responsive moral leadership is irrefutable.

What is needed here is a dual sort of leadership: a leadership capable of dealing with the larger Catholic and national community, capable of garnering support and assistance from these groups and a second type of leader capable of dealing with the immediate internal problems of the academic community. It is with full recognition of the economic, internal, religious and cultural problems the university must face in the future that the SCHOLASTIC advances the proposal that a Chancellor-President division of labor be instituted at Notre Dame.



David Burrell

BEING tabbed by many and varied people as the next President of Notre Dame necessitates a deep and intensive personal examination. Father Burrell is one of the most intense and dedicated people on this campus. He is a thinker—a very profound and humanistic thinker. He is an activist of sorts—if only in the sense that he is living from day to day by the Christian and humanist ideals he speaks of. One comes away from speaking with him having experienced total honesty and openness. There simply is no rhetoric in the man.

He feels that Father Hesburgh has done more, in his own way, than any man for this campus. The next President, whoever he is, will have to do things in *his* own way. The question of the Presidency simply cannot be approached with a more-

of-the-same-but-better attitude.

Fantastic possibilities exist here for a community where people will truly be allowed to develop. But perhaps the first steps, structurally, might involve a breakdown of strictly delineated student-faculty-administration camps, and a much less charismatic role for the President. "One of the things we have to learn here, as in society at large, is to live together." This is clear from the discussions that followed the Moratorium and the DOW-CIA action. Rhetoric? Somehow with Father Burrell one realizes that words are not necessarily evasions, that language need not be rhetoric. There is an undeniable immediacy about the man — one which cuts through almost any problem of communication.

Again, as with Father Bartell,

major problems may arise with a notably conservative alumni—if one doesn't listen, it might be very easy to dismiss Father Burrell as another half-cocked Christian radical. One shudders to think of alumni reaction to much of what he believes. However, he appears to be a man who could reverse the internal inertia that characterizes the University as a whole, one who could indeed begin creating a *community* that is more than verbal.

Father Burrell, who joined the University faculty in 1964, was graduated magna cum laude from Notre Dame in 1954, received his Licentiate in Sacred Theology from Gregorian University in Rome; he studied at Laval University in Quebec, and was awarded his doctorate from Yale University. He is now an Assistant Professor of Philosophy.

II: Concelebration of the Hierarchy

A FACULTY member recently observed that the ideal college administrator must have the wisdom of Socrates, the patience of Job, the vision of Thomas Jefferson and still retain enough humility to admit that he is invariably wrong. Perhaps this overstates the case, but it is apparent that the problems the administration must face here in the years to come cannot be effectively answered by a single man, even a man of Father Theodore Hesburgh's abilities.

THE PRINCETON PLAN

The suggestion that the office of college or university president must be divided into two separate and distinct functions has become common in recent years. Such a change has been undertaken by Princeton University and is reported in the May, 1969, issue of *College Management*. Under this plan, the chancellor, who will also become chairman of the Board of Trustees, will devote himself to "external" affairs (fund raising, alumni affairs, relations with government, community and foundations). The president could then concentrate his efforts on "internal" affairs (curriculum improvement, faculty appointment and student affairs).

Father Hesburgh has in recent years performed superlatively in those areas listed under the job description of the Chancellor, but he has been noticeably deficient in dealing with those duties listed under the function of President. Father Hesburgh's relative failure as a college president can be attributed to two factors that have no bearing on the man's personal abilities: try as he might, Hesburgh is incapable of bi-locality, and the men currently filling subaltern positions as Vice-Presidents are reluctant or unable to exercise their authority effectively.

Along with his duties as college president, Father Hesburgh also serves variously as Chairman of the Civil Rights Commission, a member of the Volunteer Army Commission, representative to the International Atomic Energy Agency, member of the Board of Trustees of the American Council on Education, member of the Board of Trustees of the Rockefeller, the Carnegie and the Woodrow Wilson Foundations, to list just a few of the positions he holds. Father Hesburgh may well be able to have dinner with the President and breakfast with the Pope, but he is finding it increasingly difficult to find time to break bread with the students at the University of Notre Dame.

A RESIDENT

Father Hesburgh's global activities have been a part

of his job as long as he has held the office of the presidency. And, perhaps in the early years of his tenure when students spent their time exclusively in the library, faculty members concerned themselves with teaching, and Catholicism meant Sunday Mass and meatless Fridays; his presence on campus was not always necessary. In 1963, in an interview with the *SCHOLASTIC*, Hesburgh defended his absence from campus in this manner: "We will assume that I am here half the time though I can prove, in fact, that I am here more than half the time—at least when I am here I work a double shift so things come out. I think the important thing for the president of a university is to be here when he ought to be here. I never missed a class dance yet. I have never missed a Junior Parents Weekend. I have never missed a graduation. I have rarely missed anything else that I thought to be important for either the faculty, the students or the administration."

Arguments on the relative merits of class dances aside, Father Hesburgh has most decidedly missed events of importance in the last few years. Perhaps much of the administrative debacle arising from the Pornography Conference and the Dow-CIA protests is related to the fact that Hesburgh was out of town when these events occurred. Because of his absence, Hesburgh's decisions on these matters must rely on hearsay evidence that, although honestly given, cannot adequately represent the complexity of these situations. The fact that Hesburgh has been away from campus when events of importance were occurring here is irrefutable, but the logic of the suggestion that a full-time president be named to replace him demands further elaboration.

THE CHAIN OF COMMAND

On paper at least, the University is never left without a president. When Hesburgh leaves, Father Joyce, Executive Vice-President, assumes the title of Acting President. Should Joyce and Hesburgh both be absent from the University at the same time, an order of succession for the remaining Vice-Presidents guarantees that the position will always be filled. On paper one can find little here with which to disagree, but unfortunately no institution functions in reality quite as is indicated on paper.

Philip Faccenda, Special Assistant to the President, insists that in practice Hesburgh gives his subordinates full rein. "In my time here I have never been overruled or criticized by Hesburgh in a decision I have made." But, one need only to review the major deci-



James Burtchaell

Despite the fact that his home is in Oregon and he has studied in Rome, Jerusalem and here at Notre Dame, James Tunstead Burtchaell, bears the imprint of his Cambridge education most distinctly. He bears it in the obvious way that he is always gracious and genuinely open to those around him, while being fully aware of his position and theirs. But he bears it also in the deeper sense that eludes definition, a sense that is bound up with the distinction between a moral statement and a moralistic one. In his pastoral work, counselling and theological writing, he has never allowed himself to make the ethical pronouncements that are so common in those fields.

In September of 1968, for example, in the midst of the furor of Pope Paul's encyclical, *Humanae Vitae*, he avoided the angry discussion of the institutional church that took up so much of that furor and kept to the central fact: "the birth control encyclical was disappointingly inadequate and largely fallacious." In that article, as in his few other published articles, he deals straightforwardly with the problem at hand: "A long portion of *Humanae Vitae* consists in an appeal for loyalty . . . The only possible way the Holy Father can or

should want his fellow-believers to share and disseminate his views is for them to be honestly convinced by . . . rational argument. Appeals beyond conviction to loyalty have their place elsewhere . . . and . . . in these systems constructed on loyalty, the leader is obliged to resign when he loses the confidence of his loyal constituency. This is not our system."

In addition to his preaching and counselling Burtchaell is a scholar; his teaching has principally occupied his three and a half years at Notre Dame—he has taught six different upper division and graduate courses, as well as freshman biblical theology.

The facts of Burtchaell's tenancy are impressive—a professional program for training clergymen in their pastoral work, one new doctoral program about to be inaugurated and the other three greatly expanded, and a completely revamped undergraduate curriculum staffed by more than half a dozen new faculty members. But the facts give little idea of the work involved in orienting theology here toward serious study, work that Burtchaell, along with Aidan Kavanagh, William Storey and Dean Charles Sheedy and others, has been occupied with on the most

difficult level, that of direct implementation.

If Burtchaell is to be considered for the presidency of this or any other university, considerations which are common enough but which he abjures as embarrassing, then the principal document in the portfolio is the statement of the Land O'Lakes Conference on Christian higher education. Burtchaell chaired the conference and this is the way he opened his introduction to their statement: "Some of us have been asking ourselves whether on any long-range view there should be a Notre Dame, or a St. Olaf's or an Iowa Wesleyan, or a Swarthmore. Our concern is for the particular way in which some colleges and universities are committed to religious development. No doubt all colleges, public or private, have some fairly clear commitment to values. And on most campuses there is likely to be some sort of religious worship and discussion. On certain campuses, however, the college itself stands within a faith tradition and explicitly undertakes to make religious development an eminent feature in the education it offers. We could not help asking why this ought really be so." It is a question worth asking.

sions that affect community life here at the University to realize that the initiative in these matters lies solely with Hesburgh. The men in charge of the University simply do not make the thoughtful decisions that must be made at this University on the day-to-day basis. But, it would hardly be fair to condemn Father Joyce in this concern. Since he holds the position of president only temporarily, he must operate under the subtle pressure of knowing that he must bear the responsibility of his office without the benefit of the commensurate power of authority. As an example, the proposal of the Art Department to renovate the Fieldhouse in the interest of the arts fell on deaf ears until Hesburgh met with members of the Arts Council and promised to "do what I can." The Fieldhouse now belongs to the arts. Notre Dame operates, but only sporadically, as decisions wait "until Hesburgh gets back."

The administration has been able to get by with this sort of "crisis response" operation in the past, but its abilities to meet the demands of the future under this arrangement are highly questionable. Internal questions have become too complex, too numerous, and too demanding of immediate priority for one man, Hesburgh, to cope with them on a part-time basis. And so long as he continues to deal with problems in this manner, hostility, frustration and divisiveness within the community will grow. As much as it may pain the man personally, as much as it may contradict his basic intentions, Hesburgh is no longer "of" the University community. Such a realization is difficult, especially difficult for a man who has dedicated his life to the betterment of Notre Dame.

THE IMAGINATIVE AND THE EXPERIMENTAL

While it is obvious that the present system proves inadequate, there is likewise nothing innate in the new suggestion to suggest miraculous transformation. On paper the change is relatively minor, but potential objections abound. Some of these objections might best be answered by Robert F. Goheen of Princeton where this change has just been initiated. In answer to the suggestion that this dual leadership will create more confusion than direction, Goheen answers, "In the final analysis the success of the team will be determined by the style, personality and ability of the individuals chosen for the job."

Careful consideration of the "personality factor" would be central to any decision of this sort at Notre Dame. The new president would have to be a man who would not only be responsive to the needs of the students and faculty but who would also be able to work effectively with Hesburgh. The job demands a man of initiative and accessibility, a man not afraid of the imaginative and the experimental.

Hopefully, the question of preeminence would never seriously arise. Each man would concentrate on the areas of his specific concern and act in conjunction with his associate in those areas where responsibility overlaps. However, should an insoluble difference of opinion occur, the chancellor (who, as Chairman of the

Board of Trustees, has the backing of the majority of the trustees) would win out in a controversy.

INVESTING IN THE INSTITUTION

Other questions arise on the financial level. Would prospective donors be reluctant to continue to donate money to the chancellor, a man whom they know not to be in ultimate control of the University? Phillip Faccenda answered in this way, "It's a popular misconception that people give money to Notre Dame because of Hesburgh. Actually this is not the case. Big businessmen are all too aware of the fact that Hesburgh's term as president is limited. These men invest in the institution, not the man." Notre Dame receives the bulk of its donations without the intercession of the president. "Hesburgh meets donors only a few times a year. Most of the actual fund raising is done by Jim Frick (Vice-President for Public Relations and Development.)" To substantiate his point, Faccenda points to the "Kodak money," money invested in Kodak common stock and designated to be used for scholarships, which "was given to us in a will. We knew nothing about it before then."

A PROCESS OF SELECTION

As important as the personality of the man selected new president is the process by which he is selected. If he must assume responsibility for the internal problems of the community, then it would seem only logical that the president should be selected by those groups that make up the community. When confronted with the problem of selecting a new administrator, Rice University invited faculty and student groups to submit candidates agreeable to them. At Syracuse, the university took this innovative move one step further and left the decision to name a new Chancellor squarely in the hands of a joint effort by students, trustees, and faculty. Three eleven-man committees from each of these groups were organized in the fall of '68 to consider nominees. The faculty committeemen were selected by the university senate while the Chairman of the Board of Trustees appointed the trustee committee. Students were selected from a "council on student life" and from volunteers from both the graduate and undergraduate schools. Names of prospective candidates could come from any source. Each of the three committees, meeting independently, rated in descending order of desirability the names it had chosen. The three groups then met jointly to decide upon a single candidate.

Understandably, this sort of selection process proves difficult to manage in practice. Somebody always ends up dissatisfied. But, if students, faculty, and trustees cannot meet at this University without falling into irreconcilable dispute, then the entire notion of "university" must be abandoned. Tripartite boards such as the S.L.C. have met with effectiveness and perhaps unanticipated civility here; there seems to be little reason why this method of presidential selection could not be implemented at Notre Dame.

III: A Prospectus for Charisma

In the American corporate tradition, the question of the presidency of any institution serves as a safety-valve for the unrest and the frustrated ambitions of the members. The thought of a new president teases the imagination of the disaffected, the jaded and the marginal; and whether or not the change is imminent or ultimately desirable, occasional conjecture is constructive and even a necessary exercise. At any moment shifting political sands or unforeseen catastrophe could make these questions urgent.

In regard to Notre Dame's president, Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, there are a number of opinions—some thoughtful, some impulsive, some responsible, some philosophical, some personal—that his stepping down is or should be on the horizon. At this moment in history, which seems pivotal vis-à-vis the world as well as the Church, university presidents are at the receiving end of most paranoid harassments. At the same time they are being looked to for solutions to problems which are more closely related to the human condition than to the public welfare. Key academic administrations, to their credit, are generally sensitive to these demands, but not all are capable of dealing with them. Last year's newsworthy resignations, including giants

like Grayson Kirk of Columbia or Samuel Stumps of Cornell, are merely the nose of the iceberg. Father Hesburgh carries around a growing list of similar defections, a list he refers to as his "necrology."

The opinion of how soon Father Hesburgh will either move up or down seems to vary in proportion to one's involvement in the policy-making activities of the current regime. Discontent and the demand for a replacement is strongest on the outermost circle; and as one moves through the student body, the faculty, and the alumni toward the administration, there is increasing satisfaction, not uncritical, but appreciative. Experience with other educational institutions or a sense of Notre Dame's history enables older or more widely travelled members of the community to make appraisals which are usually qualified, but usually affirmative.

SUPERIOR OR PRESIDENT

Father Hesburgh was made president in 1952 at the age of 35. At that time, Notre Dame was a good hard-nosed Catholic university with an incredible record in football, a faculty of awesome dedication, and a corps



Edmund Stephan

IN RECENT years American higher education has witnessed a growing number of university presidents being drawn from outside the ranks of the professional educator and academic community. The legal profession has in turn increasingly provided the type of executive administrator now required by the complex and socially aware institution.

It is in the light of this trend that Edmund A. Stephan, 58, Chairman of Notre Dame's Board of Trustees, must be considered in any speculation regarding the presidency.

Stephan, a practicing attorney with the Chicago law firm of Mayer, Friedlich, Spiess, Tierney, Brown & Platt, is fundamentally an outsider to the academic community, but his association with Notre Dame and education has been long and vigorous. Graduated from Notre Dame in 1933, he obtained his law degree from Harvard and later taught law

for a time at Loyola of Chicago. He was appointed a Trustee of the University in 1960 and was elected to his present position in May of 1967. As Chairman he is intimately involved with all aspects of the Board's function and is a member of every major committee except Student Affairs, the meetings of which he attends in an unofficial capacity.

Described by his colleagues as very intellectual and academically oriented, Stephan is said to be, next to Fr. Hesburgh, the most active figure in the affairs of the University. But by the nature of his profession and position his contact with students has probably been somewhat limited.

Stephan's qualifications as an administrator are impressive as is evidenced by his directorships of Brunswick Corporation, Amphenol, John Sexton & Co., Stepan Chemical, Thor Power Tool, AMK, and the St. Francis Hospital.

of priests and brothers whose commitment and sacrifice had not only built the place from home-made bricks of St. Joseph River clay, but whose teaching and ministry had fathered and mothered the school for a rocky century.

Father Hesburgh was appointed president by the Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross, a post which simultaneously entails the superiorship over all the religious activities on campus. Before this assignment he had taught in the theology department and served for three years as Executive Vice-President under Father John Cavanaugh. According to canon law, a religious superior could only serve for six consecutive years, but in 1958, the desire to keep Hesburgh led to an unprecedented division of administrative responsibilities. Father Richard Grimm was made religious superior of the Holy Cross Community at Notre Dame, and Hesburgh remained as president. This move toward clericalization, first in spirit, later in fact, culminated in March of 1967 when the Congregation of Holy Cross

withdrew its ownership and a board of twelve fellows became the legal patrons of the University. Since then, no longer can a president be simply assigned by the Holy Cross Provincial Superior. Thus, when the time comes to replace Fr. Hesburgh, the problem will be entirely new.

The bylaws of the Board of Trustees, ratified in 1967, contain a special section dealing with selection of new officers. Section II, article 2 reads as follows:

The President of the University shall be elected by the Trustees from among the members of the Priests Society of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Indiana Province, after receiving recommendations made by the Nominating Committee of the Board. The Nominating Committee, before submitting any nominations to the Trustees shall request a recommendation or recommendations for the office of President from the Provincial of the Indiana Province of the Priest's Society of the Congregation of



John Walsh

ALTHOUGH his field is education, (he received a doctorate from Yale in that subject in 1953), his recent experiences at Notre Dame have been primarily in the areas of administration and fund-raising. A teacher and hall rector until 1957, he became chairman of the Department of Education in that year. He was appointed Director of the Notre Dame Foundation in 1961, and during his tenure that position was given vice-presidential status and a new name—Vice-President for Public Relations and Development. In 1965, Walsh was appointed Vice-President for Academic Affairs.

His position atop the academic pyramid has forced him to become primarily an appeaser, a peacemaker in short, an administrator, whose job it is to reconcile the conflicting demands of a frequently warring faculty. Faculty power is a relatively new phenomenon, and the resulting faculty jealousy for that new-found power has drastically reduced the opportunities for academic

initiative from above. Some unkind critics have observed that an Academic Affairs Vice-President, with sufficient charisma and dynamism can and should become an innovative force; but whether the passivity of the office results from a lack of opportunity or a lack of initiative, the office of Academic Affairs under Fr. Walsh's aegis has reacted more than asserted.

Those who know him agree that Father Walsh is a genuinely affable and genial man, even if he sometimes has a bit of public relations residue left in him. More importantly he is, when he can ignore the postures his official role sometimes requires, an honest man who respects students and values their opinions. Despite a genuine effort to be open-minded and a willingness to listen to opposing views, he (like many of his colleagues) oftentimes seems genuinely incapable of a deep understanding of the wants, needs, and hopes of a disturbed generation of students.

Holy Cross. The Nominating Committee may also receive recommendations from any other interested person or persons.

This restriction of the presidency to a Holy Cross priest follows a revered tradition which was expected to repeat itself: in the final years of Fr. Hesburgh's administration, an heir apparent would distinguish himself, rise through the faculty and, without power-play or finesse, would accept the mantle when it was presented to him. This is the way it had been happening for decades. Before now, the Notre Dame presidency was not a question of power, but a question of filling an office, and at the end of his term, the ex-president would gracefully return to the faculty or a lesser administrative post either at Notre Dame or some other affiliated institution. Father Hesburgh, however, has irrevocably changed this pattern. His own vision and charismatic personality have not only helped put Notre Dame in a class with the "great" universities, but at the same time, he has expanded tremendously the responsibilities and the possibilities of his office. He has spoken of this problem a number of times, calling his job "untenable," talking about his double work shifts, joking that celibacy is his greatest advantage over lay counterparts, and indicating that as the crescendo of his obligations continues, his successor will have to have a computer mind, nerves of steel and be able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. Some simply point out that Fr. Hesburgh has brought that bulk of external activities upon himself, but it's common knowledge that he turns down more offers than he takes.

REPLACING CHARISMA

University presidents as a rule serve long terms if they have any ability; if not, they usually have their nervous breakdown or are squeezed out quickly. Notre Dame's uniqueness, its moral consciousness, its personal concern, its close faculty-student rapport, its attractiveness to a crosscurrent of economic and intellectual strata, especially since its exposition into excellence will require of its leader more than competence. Hesburgh, as they say, will be a difficult act to follow. Monuments to his imagination and hard work are on all sides. But as no one can cover all the bases simultaneously, Hesburgh has needed a push occasionally, a Corby riot or a wee hours' chat to help move his hand. In spite of his blind spots, Fr. Hesburgh, possessing rare charismatic personality, manages to achieve what he wants.

The faculty is generally pleased with the space they have to move. Although obviously not everyone is

funded or in bliss, Fr. Hesburgh has done a spectacular job to free them from inhibitions and pay them competitive salaries. Even those who favor a new head and a change of emphasis have to think long and hard for a candidate to match the gamut of Hesburgh's interest and his drive.

Hesburgh's eventual replacement could conceivably come from outside the University. Also, if the Board of Trustees settled on a man who was not a Holy Cross priest, and the board of fellows approved, the latter body could change the bylaws by a two-thirds vote, and the designation would be official.

REPLACEMENT

Among the priests, there are several fairly young faculty members who have the credentials, and a number of knowledgeable old-timers who probably have the capability, but no one so far has stepped forth with both and expressed a desire to take on the man-killing duties of high-level administration. If a potential candidate develops some interest, Hesburgh might introduce him to the grooming process; but so far there have been only nibbles at the bait.

Hesburgh, it is further believed, would never step down while the University was in the midst of crisis, which is, in fact, his diagnosis of the current situation. As one of his friends puts it, "he's not one to back down from a fight."

As Hesburgh ages, some of his ideas, formerly termed left-wing, are looking less progressive to far-sighted activists. Radical thinkers have little patience for him to catch up with them, and they have little sympathy for the brakes which slow him down: his obligations to the complex spectrum of interest groups and his own insights into the past and future of university life. There is still far more room for initiative under Father Hesburgh than men are taking, especially among his executive staff members. Perhaps the problem of reform does not lie directly in the personality of the chief, any more than it lies in the constitutional structure of the chain of command; rather its locus is in the middle, in the men who have the delegated authority, but who do not or cannot bring themselves to use it.

The unusual solidarity amongst the vice-presidents of the University, a solidarity founded in Hesburgh himself, fails to create the diversity of ideas, the dialectical tension, that gives birth to an evolving community. The new president, whoever he might be, whenever he might be, must avoid this stagnant mediocrity and choose men who are more than administrators. And he must make the same demands of himself.

Philip Kukielski and Patrick Gaffney



Paul Waldschmidt

THE president of the University of Portland, Rev. Paul E. Waldschmidt, C.S.C., was an undergraduate at Notre Dame from 1937 to 1942. Upon graduation, he went to Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., where he studied theology. He continued studying theology, first at Laval University in Quebec, and then at the Angelicum in Rome where he received his doctorate.

Fr. Waldschmidt taught at Holy Cross College from 1949 until 1955 when he was transferred to the University of Portland. The following year, he was named Dean of the Faculty, equivalent to Fr. Walsh's post in Notre Dame's current administration. He served in this capacity until 1962 when he was named president.

Among his outside activities, Fr.

Waldschmidt is the Chairman of the Metropolitan Steering Committee for O.E.O. programs in the Portland area. He serves on the board of the Oregon Symphonic Society, on the board of the Oregon College's Foundation, and on the board of governors of the *Ave Maria* magazine. He was recently named by Nixon to the Presidential Task Force on National Priorities of Higher Education.



"What's your name?"

"Got none."

"Where do you live?"

"Live? What's that?"

C. Dickens

One Too Many Mornings

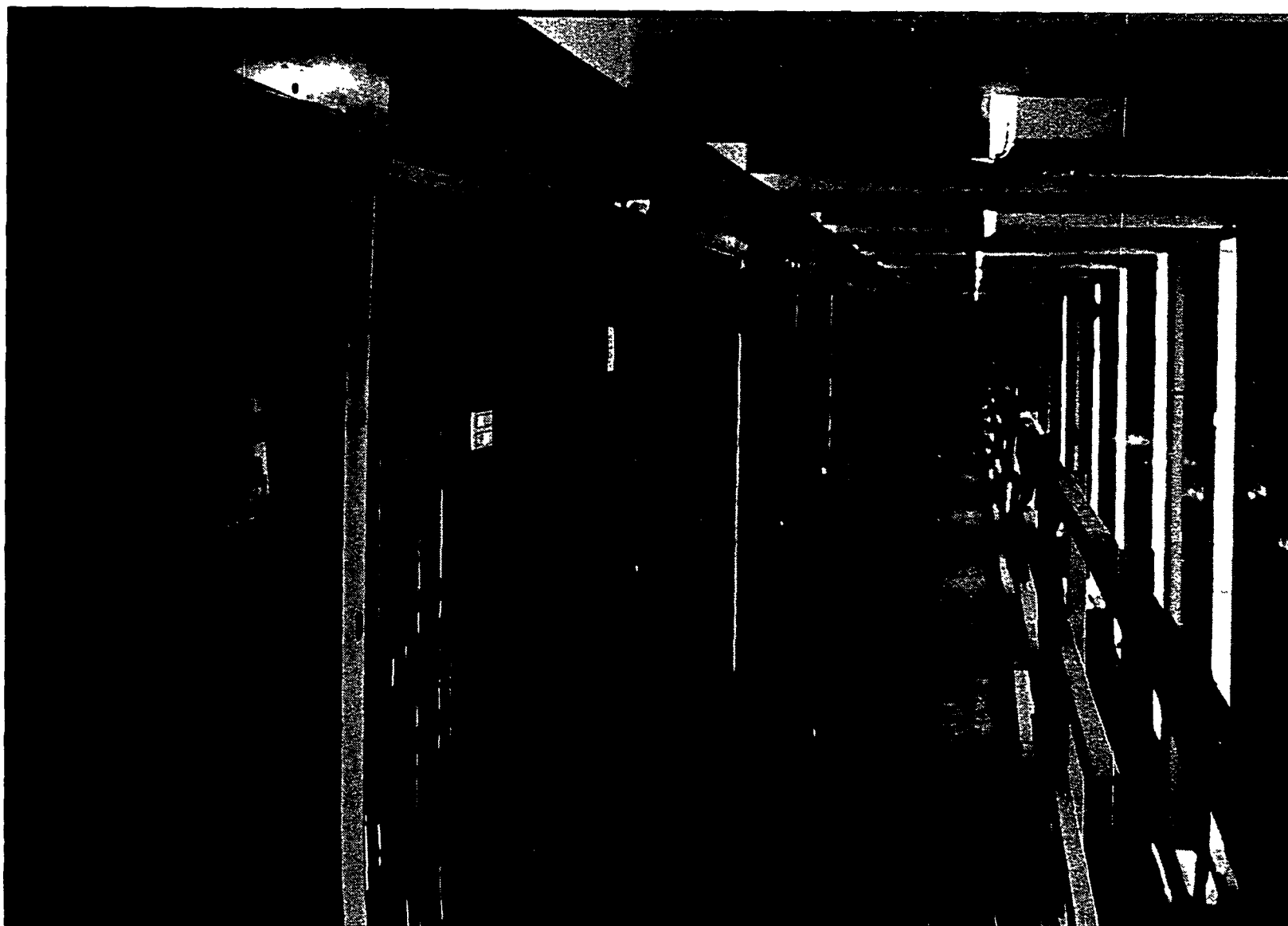
On September 26, 1969, guards of the state reformatory at Pendleton, Indiana, opened fire on a group of inmates who were lying face down in protest of a prison denial of their requests that they be allowed to wear Afro haircuts and read "black literature." In an effort to ascertain the conditions which fostered this incident, the SCHOLASTIC offers the following subjective examination of the state penitentiary at Michigan City.

IT IS, perhaps, fitting that the Indiana state penitentiary lies on the other side of the tracks in Michigan City; the ancient and tragicomic rails of the South Shore run through the center of the white-frame residential area which harbors the ugly, off-white hulk, home to some 1,920 criminal offenders.

The men housed at Michigan City are for the most part serving long-term sentences (over 420 are "lifers") and most are over thirty. There are a few who don't meet these qualifications. They are the young kids, the dangerous ones, recently shipped to the prison from Pendleton, the reformatory downstate where nobody wants them around.

We entered what could have been, from its appearance, almost any government building, and no one seemed to take much notice. A few uniformed officers carried papers through doors and we waited, thumbed through the several religious pamphlets scattered across the tables, studied the paintings which stood propped against the wall over our heads: a demonic Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis; three excellent, almost architectural oil portraits of little black children, the photographic models stuck prominently in the corner; a green, tongue-shooting snake coiled about a creamy egg; Dr. Martin Luther King, a blue tear welling in the corner of his eye. Prices quite reasonable.

We were introduced to Dr. Mathews, a geriatric, cigar-chewing buzzard who, someone said, must have been a dentist the way his hands shook. He said he was a retired Air Force captain, other sources have it he's an old guard; at any rate he had obviously been around penal institutions and parole boards many years. He was now a senior counselor looking forward to a retirement in May. I have since become aware of many inconsistencies in Mathews' verbal travelogue and consequently this report, unfortunately, may be inaccurate in certain details.



& A Thousand Miles Behind

After the formality of sign-ins we passed through one gate which slid open mechanically, heavily. Another gate barred our way and was immobile until we had been counted and a seedy little man had raised his hand in signal. The move approved from both ends the electric gate rolled back. Two more such ceremonies and we were inside the wall.

INMATES watched—suspiciously; there were many in their blue denims standing idly near the entrance to the first cell block. It was clean, light and very quiet. These particular cells were built to sleep four men but most of them now have only one mattress. “That’s because of the sexual problems, you just can’t put these men together or you have problems.”

Midway down the corridor, another set of bars and near the edge sat two men, staring. Death row. “We have seven men in there now scheduled to be executed,” said Doc Mathews, “but they won’t die.” The last man to die in the Indiana electric chair was a Fort Wayne man who had murdered his wife and distributed her parts about the cellar. That was in 1961. The trend of recent Supreme Court rulings and gubernatorial deci-

sions has gone against capital punishment and it seems as though the public conscience must be quite grossly offended before it will demand that the death penalty be enforced. “But lifers make your best inmates,” Mathews added, “what they do they do on the spur of the moment. They’d never do it again. It’s not like a paperhanger who nearly always commits his crime again.” He mentioned later that the rate of recidivism at Michigan City is about 60 per cent.

Crossing part of the yard we came to another building designated, almost cheerfully, the Lakeside School. The average educational attainment of the prisoners here is about fifth grade, but if tested their ability would actually measure closer to a third-grade level. There are about one hundred thirty men enrolled in the school, most of whom are in the primary grades; the rest study at the high school level. They are taught by a handful of civilian, salaried teachers and by several inmates who receive 20 cents per day for their endeavors, the same wage as their students, the same rate as every other inmate, whether he works or not. They used to get 18 cents a day but that was on a six-day week. They now work five days. They have lost eight cents a week.

Many of these men are learning their ABC's for the first time and at least one prison educator is fond of remarking, "If they (grade school teachers) don't teach kids to read we'll have to eventually." He went on: "Imagine what it would be like in a place like this and not be able to communicate, you couldn't read letters from your loved ones, you couldn't write 'em. This is really the only presentable, workable form of rehabilitation. I'd rather have these men in school than those crazy shops."

He called a young black man who had just walked past and asked if he could put the inmate on the spot. The interview rang of a formal cross-examination, "Aaron, how long have you been in school here?"

"Five years this past August."

"What grade did you start in?"

"First."

"Could you read or write?"

"No sir."

"What grade are you in now?"

"Tenth."

"Has your education done much to change your opinion of yourself?"

"Yes sir it has, definitely."

"If you knew then what you know now would you ever have done it?"

"No sir."

The man walked away and the teacher whispered dramatically, "He's a lifer."

Most of the men at Michigan City have below average IQ's and the school is a privilege extended to only a few. It is easy duty and classroom effectiveness was noticeably low. The prison has more pressing operational needs and the majority of inmates have been branded by authorities as either unwilling or unable to learn. The fact of long-term sentences and age weigh heavily here; most want only to pass their time in peace and quiet with as little trouble and effort as possible. The school is probably the most quiet way of doing time but it demands effort. As we left I noticed the sign strung prominently across one end of the hall—"But for the Grace of God . . ."

On the way out Doc Mathews was asked where the ascending staircase led. "That used to be the Rock. Anybody who was too tough we'd just throw 'em up there and forget about 'em. They don't do that anymore."

WE ENTERED another cell block four tiers of one-man cells heaped in the center of a massive, barren structure with towering windows which admitted light but little scenery. As we walked about the block, peering into every cell I thought of the museums I had seen, painted wax, chambers of horror each with its own story of the macabre. Exhibits of nearly every fearful curiosity imaginable set neatly on shelves in easy view—safely roped off.

The cells actually appeared more comfortable than I had imagined they might. The conveniences of plumbing (except showers—there is one for the entire block) were there, bunks, desks, or worktables, some had radios, yet all of it incredibly small, about 6' x 8', and

ultimately restrictive and psychologically very difficult.

Many of the cells were open and it seemed there was a certain amount of movement allowed but there were no men outside their cells except at the entrance. Inmates are never allowed in another man's cell. Social life must be minimal or there is trouble.

Tropical fish, an inexplicable preoccupation with so many convicts, provided what little delicate animation there was. It is said that they simply have a soothing effect on confined men. There was a noticeable quest for things of beauty; many painted, collected stamps, carved wood or worked leather. One man, a large tattoo of Ruth across his bicep, made billfolds. He had drawers full of the finished articles. Proud of what he had made, it must have been frustrating for there was no obvious market for his work and the wallets seemed destined to remain in drawers for a long time.

My revulsion at the tour of the cell block stemmed more from the psychological difficulties they implied for their inhabitants than from its physical state. The lack of freedom of movement would be most difficult to cope with, the inability to talk face to face with others, the stark power of the cage, the knowledge that you are unable to do anything about your situation, the knowledge that you are unable to get up and walk out when you start feeling uptight about it all—that is what must be most difficult.

PHYSICALLY the blocks were clean, but at night they must be noisy, making communication nearly impossible, and it is said that they are fiendishly hot in summer. Heat rises in the huge structure and the air of the upper tiers becomes so thick that sleep is difficult. In winter, the men below shiver in their bunks.

Again into the yard, and as we walked Doc Mathews explained the plight of so many of the prison industries. The clothing and shoe shops had been closed, the tobacco shop would be phased out in the next couple of weeks. As I understood it these were facilities which provided for the various institutional needs of the state but which were now fading for lack of funds and outside interest. There was a barber school but graduates cannot obtain licenses on the outside; there was a plant for producing soap and detergent for the state but they no longer had any material with which to work. Even the metal shop where state license plates and road signs are made, the most consistent industry here, is not a full-time operation. All the omens bid danger as there is no more potentially explosive situation than a prison full of idle men.

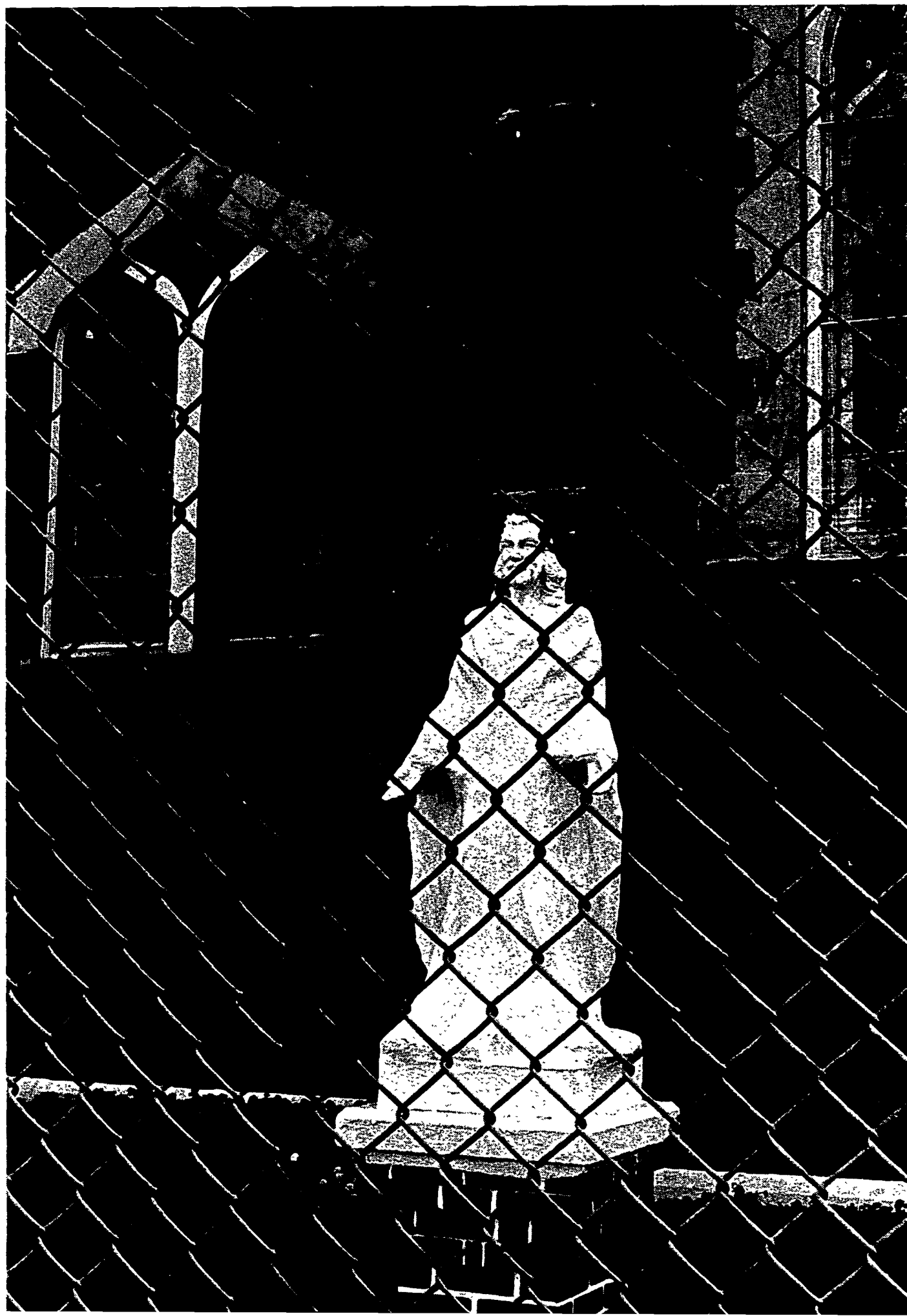
Mathews talked of the high riot potential at Michigan City. Though there has been no mass disturbance in the last three years he warned that if a pending committee decision at the Pendleton reformatory went against the inmates there, there was bound to be trouble here. He pointed to the power plant, citing it as the key position on the post in the event of a riot. It was most heavily guarded and really should be outside the walls.

Mathews announced we were going into the vocational education school and that after our tour he would

ask our impressions. He obviously had a ready-made conclusion in mind. It was true. No one worked. There was little or nothing to do. There were a number of old typewriters in a shop and a bit of activity; a little less of both material and work in television and radio repair; no one at all in the commercial and fine art department; a few masons and a few bricks; lathes, sanders and saws stood idle as inmates gawked at us. There was also an automobile body shop, mild curses written in the dust of the derelict machines, a laundry,

and an upholstery center beneath a small sign which read hopefully or, in other cases, pathetically, "It's Just a Matter of Time."

We left, Mathews having made his point rather eloquently; there were men to work but nothing to work with. The problem is that due to unionization of most of the trades which these men are learning there can be no market competition and thus little income from the various enterprises. Often there are no materials and too there is difficulty in getting jobs in their chosen



trade once on the outside, again due to the unions' policies against ex-cons.

As we headed for the recreation area we were made aware of the guard turrets. Mathews listed the items of the arsenal contained at each post with the summary comment that those guards are equipped to "do business at any distance." There were guard posts at the four corners of the inner compound atop a 20-30-foot smooth concrete wall broken at intervals by small gun ports. There were two more posts on the corners of the recreation area.

You have to pass through another gate to enter this area where you find a football-baseball field, a cement-carpeted miniature golf course, outdoor basketball courts and a number of picnic tables. In winter the focal point of activity is a large gymnasium containing a hardwood, full-length basketball court, two televisions and facilities for a number of individual sports. At the time of our visit only those inmates who were permanently assigned to recreation were present. These are men who are unfit for school or any of the shop or industrial assignments due to age, infirmity, or mental deficiency. "A lot of nuts end up here."

There was a noticeable lack of recreation in progress as the majority sat staring awkwardly at the tour of college students and the daytime reruns of "I Love Lucy." All inmates are permitted one hour of recreation per day in the evening.

Next stop: mess hall. Very quiet at this time of day, also very clean; a big man sloshes scalloped potatoes in a cavernous vat. In the hall all seats face forward and I supposed that that was to minimize interaction in an environment where communication often means trouble. Prison officials have been troubled lately by demands for special diets in accord with religious beliefs, many of them Muslim. So far the demands have not been granted.

You can't see very much of the seclusion ward at Michigan City but you can talk through the white iron-work to the guards on duty. One of them stands and fiddles with the electric chair, rolling it back and forth as he talks, explaining how 73 men have died in this black wooden instrument which, when hooked up and a leg grounded to the floor, can send 3500 volts through a man's body. The chair was built from the wood of the old gallows by an inmate who was later released. But as fate would have it, the man murdered his wife and later returned to become the eleventh victim of his own handicraft.

The seclusion ward consists of a number of "strip cells," completely barren cubicles with an ever-blazing light. A mattress is tossed in at night and removed in the morning. The prison's troublemakers are assigned here for varying periods of time until they cool off or are sufficiently punished for their transgressions. The terms of confinement are usually short though one man, a Black Muslim, has been there nearly a year and a half because he insists it is a religious conviction that he have one of his ears pierced—against the orders of prison officials. These men normally receive regular

meals but Dr. Mathews assured us that the really tough boys got only bread and water—just like in the movies. An ex-warden at Michigan City recently told a Notre Dame professor that many troublemakers here and at Pendleton are confined to their cells with their hands manacled behind their backs.

We again entered the yard, marched past a chapel encased in barbed wire and chain link, and into the building which houses the honor dormitory. A large room vaguely resembling a medieval hospital, there are two lines of approximately 45 beds each, no partitions, scattered tables, stark and somehow more depressing even than the cell blocks. But here there are no guards, inmates are permitted to associate freely, watch television until lights-out at 10:30. The relative freedom is the great advantage; but there was a shake-down the morning of our visit and guards found hypodermic needles, razor sharp knives and a quantity of "speed." In all, nine men were busted out of the dorm cutting its population to about 80.

From there we left the compound and were led into the relative splendor of the Hoosier Room. It is here that the three-man board meets to consider the yearly appeals of all those eligible for parole under state law. It was here that Doc Mathews discussed some of the major problems at Michigan City and at most other prisons.

"Help and salaries are the biggest problems," he said. They are about five short of their necessary number of counselors; there is no resident psychiatrist. The penitentiary is supposed to be staffed with a guard force of 430 but they are now operating with 360. Salaries are poor, most guards pulling only \$96 per week. When questioned as to their quality Mathews hesitated, then answered, "Well, let's just say we have guards. You can't expect to get anything but the bottom of the barrel if you don't have the money." As a result the inmates are often tougher and a good deal smarter than their keepers. The implication of guards in the drug traffic is a growing and serious problem. They are underpaid and are given the chance to make a little extra cash on the side; the inmates have weapons (shivs, pipes, brass knuckles, Molotov cocktails) and the guards are at a definite disadvantage.

According to Doc Mathews, inmates do not perceive themselves as criminals; for all the circumstances and all the evidence to the contrary he has "met only two in all these years who were guilty." As we passed through the gates and were being counted again, a guard approached the main station, "Gimme three cans of deodorant, got a big area to cover . . ." He was handed three containers of MACE.

"Old Harry's gone haywire again."

A state prison is an ugly place to live, an unproductive place to work, and it must close in ferociously upon a man, any man who still has the capability of imagining a world of grass, softer faces, highways stretching as far as you could want to go. But it is habitable; time passes quickly in sleep.

John Keys

The Scholastic

perspectives

charles mccarthy faith & violence: the ten

The SCHOLASTIC has asked me to comment on the "Notre Dame Ten—Dow-CIA" event. Specifically the editor has requested me to comment on the implications and possible repercussions of the University's response to the ten students. The following three statements should serve to identify the event and to capture the seriousness of the problem it raises.

The first statement is the letter sent by Theodore Hesburgh to each of the ten students who appealed to him after the Dean of Students' final decision.

Dear (Student's Name):

According to last year's judicial code which you chose for your appeal, there is no appeal to the President provided. However, I assume that anyone can appeal to me at any time.

Your action took place November 18, 1969. You were officially suspended by the Dean of Students on December 16, 1969. I heard nothing from you until today, January 8, 1970.

I have reviewed totally all the events, procedures and written rationales, and am convinced that the decision rendered in your case was just, and I uphold it.

I am generally open to discussion with any student or group of students, when not prevented by previous commitments. However, in view of the above decision, I consider this particular matter closed. I did discuss the matter in general and in particular with Mark Mahoney who delivered your letter.

Very sincerely yours,

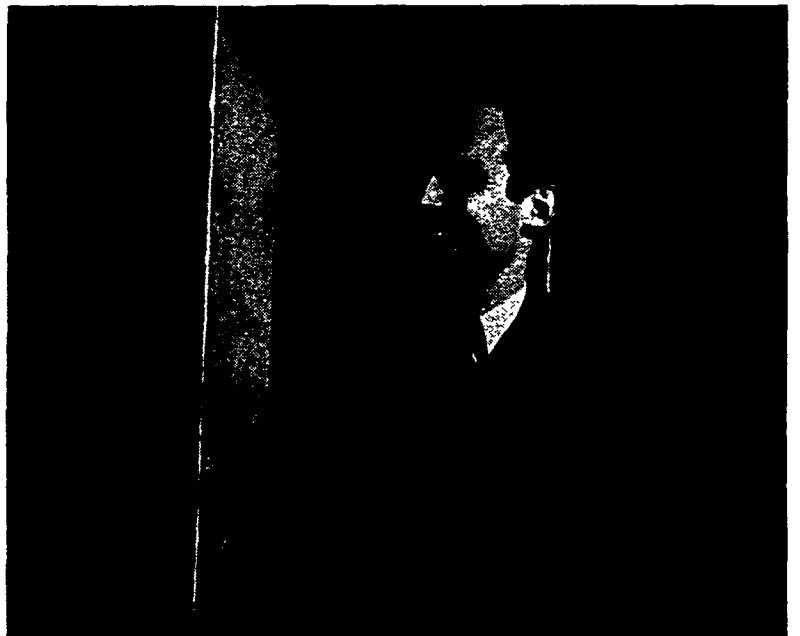
*(Rev.) Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C.
President*

This second statement is an excerpt from Thomas Merton's *Faith and Violence* which was distributed on the second day of the Notre Dame - Dow - CIA event.

The problem today is not to lose sight of the real problem of violence, which is not an individual with a revolver but is death and genocide as big business. The big business of death is seen as "innocent" because it involves a long chain of indi-

viduals each of whom can feel himself absolved from responsibility because he has been efficient in doing his little job in the massive operation. . . .

For the company and for the employees of the company which make flame-throwers for Vietnam, North Vietnamese are not people — they are things or just numbers. The company and the employees can forget the reality of what they are doing. Let us be honest. The real crimes of the Vietnam war are committed not at the front (perhaps no crimes can be committed once one is in such an inhuman situation), but are committed in war offices and ministries of "defense" around the world where no one ever sees the horrors of war — where no one ever has to see any blood. Modern technological mass murder is not directly visible like individual murder. It is abstract, corporate, businesslike, cool, and free of guilt-feeling. It is this polite, massively organized white-collar, well-oiled murder machine that presents us with the real problem of violence in the world today and not the violence of a few desperate people in the slums. It is absolutely necessary that we stop blessing and canonizing this "pure" violence of corporately organized murder simply because it is respectable, efficient, clean and profitable. Murder is not to be passively permitted — it is to be prevented — it is to be RESISTED — especially when it becomes MASS MURDER.



January 16, 1970

The final statement is an excerpt from the "defense" which the ten students made to the Appeals Board, Dean of Students and President.

Father Hesburgh, in your letter of February 17, 1969, you quote in the most favorable context another unnamed university president who said, "Who wants to dialogue when they are going for the jugular vein?" Pages of exegesis would barely suffice to untangle the explicit and implicit jungle mythology of such an attitude. The statement does not become any less dreadful when adopted by the president of a Christian university. (It was originally made by the president of a secular university.) That it smacks of something other than the spirit of Christ crucified and the spirit of the early Christian martyrs almost need not be said. That it is the product of a moral system that has been devised as if the Incarnation had not occurred needs most emphatically to be said. That it cannot be adopted by a Christian or by a Christian university also needs to be emphatically proclaimed. The spirit of your letter is the spirit of the above-quoted statement. We call upon you as a fellow Christian and as President of our University to disclaim that statement and to disclaim that spirit.

If there was ever a sign to show a Christian that his stance is inconsistent with Christianity, it was the "total" public acceptance of your letter. Public morality is not Christian. Public ethic as well as the ethics of your letter are the ethics of survival. The supreme good of the University of Notre Dame as stated in your letter is that it continue to exist. This means that no other goods can be maintained if the "good" of survival is threatened. There is no moral action in Christian life except the act of Christian love, and there is a direct antithesis between Christian love and the ethics of survival or self maintenance. There is an antithesis between the ethics of survival and the Sermon on the Mount. The rational ethic of survival does not walk two miles when forced to walk one; it does not give the tunic when the mantle is taken. Love, not law is the basis of the constitution of the Christian community; if love fails, law is no substitute. Christian love fails only when I refuse to love. Laws governing individual conduct as composed by the president of a corporation and approved by the Board of Trustees of a corporation are something which a Christian community can totally do without. In fact, this "fly by night" law-making of a few is totally inconsistent not only with the ends of a Christian community but also with the end of a highly intelligent university community.

There is almost an abyss between the statements of Tom Merton and the ten students, and the statement of Ted Hesburgh. All imply ethical stances or moral codes. Each calls itself Christian. But the "incarnating" of the spirit of Ted's statement precludes the living of the spirit of Tom Merton's and of the student's statement — at least as far as the event under discussion is concerned. Beyond this, it is now a matter of fact, that the

Christianity of the "Notre Dame Ten" has no place at Notre Dame. It is also a matter of fact that Dow and CIA have been found morally acceptable organizations and therefore do have a place at Notre Dame. For me then, the implications of the University of Notre Dame's response to the ten students are that Notre Dame is dangerously near a counterfeit of the Gospels and an act of hypocrisy and that it is bearing witness to the Catholic people of the world in general and the Catholic people of the United States in particular in a way that is perilously close to scandal. "Notre Dame" should not forget that one is enabled to live as a Christian by his incorporation in Christ. And what this means "Notre Dame" is that each of us achieves his personal destiny in and with the rest of the Church; members have it within their power to assist other members or they have it within their power to make it difficult for other members to achieve their salvation. Bearing false witness, proclaiming a false gospel by word and deed to a country and to a world that desperately need the "good news" is satanic.

If the implications of the "Notre Dame Ten—Dow-CIA" event are severe, the possible repercussions could be as disastrous as fighting terminal cancer by going to sex flicks. But I personally think that the repercussions are going to be good — very good, because I think Ted is going to reverse himself and suspend the suspensions and return the boys' tuition for the missed semester. He is not going to reverse himself because he cannot enforce the "15-minute rule." He is going to reverse himself because he is going to know that what Dow, CIA and the "fifteen-minute rule" are symbolic of is totally inconsistent with Christianity and any destiny that Notre Dame might find meaningful to pursue. He is going to reverse himself because he is going to know that for Notre Dame to fulfill its destiny "diakonia" and not "domination" must be the key word governing the use of authority. Ted is going to reverse himself because he is going to know that it is very important that he lighten the burden he placed on those ten students by taking that burden on himself. Ted is going to reverse himself because he is going to know that only by disclaiming Dow, CIA and the 15-minute rule can he be the sacrament that he is meant to be. Ted is going to reverse himself because he is going to know that students, alumni, administrators, and we, the faculty, need his proclamation to assist us to our destinies. Finally, Ted is going to reverse himself because he knows that Jesus Christ and not S. I. Hyakawa, nor Kingmen Brewster is the "significant other" for him. And once Notre Dame reverses its stance in the world the repercussions will be miraculous.

Mr. Charles McCarthy, Director of the Program for the Study of Nonviolence and Professor of the Collegiate Seminar, received his B.A. from Notre Dame in 1962, Mr. McCarthy has also earned a law degree from Boston College, an M.A.T. in English education and an M.A. in Theology, both from Notre Dame. He is a member of the Massachusetts Bar Association on their request and assisted the ten students charged with disruption in the preparation of their defense.

THE *Cactus Flower* is in full bloom at the Colfax. Or so says the advertisement. Actually, it appeared to be wilting. I guessed the ending in the first five minutes. Doctor gets his faithful companion Nurse, and young insecure girl gets her artist/boyfriend next door. Ah me . . . the ambition behind the film is staggering. Makes you almost want to cry.

Like most stage plays adapted for the screen, this one appeared to be shot in about 4 interior scenes throughout the entire movie. Well, it could have been worse. It could have stayed in the kitchen, like *Raisin in the Sun*, or the bathroom, like *Marat/Sade*, instead this one chose to frequent the office of a quiet, cool, playboy (with a heart of gold) dentist (Walter Matthau). Of course, being the dirty old man that he is, Matthau chases after young, nubile, lithe Goldie Hawn all the while missing his real love Ingrid Bergman who plays his nurse. Hah, hah . . . but the audience knows that time will tell, and that everything will work out all right. That's show biz.

Actually Matthau does the best job of all, though Ingrid Bergman isn't far behind. Goldie Hawn is obnoxious and cannot act at all, a fate that was once peculiar to Shirley MacLaine. Her artist neighbor Rick Lenz is the victim of an abominable role—his stage name is Igor Sullivan. Listen to some of these lines:

(To Goldie): "You're a kook, but a nice kook."

(To Ingrid Bergman): "Let's run away and live on your Social Security."

THE film progresses through a hundred cases of mistaken identities, fake marriages, occasional swear words (2 bastards and 1 son-of-a-bitch), insipid dialogue:

Rick Lenz again, this time to Goldie: "I've outgrown it, sex is for teen-agers."

Tooth-Jockey Matthau provides a creditable performance and together with Ingrid Bergman he manages to salvage something out of the abyss. Like *Sterile Cuckoo*, it's a case of cliches running wildly out of control. The camera was out of focus sometimes and rarely used with anything more than a soap-opera kind of stance.

Poor Rick Lenz. Pity him. Forget him.

What artist would sit reading next to an open unabridged dictionary? William Buckley maybe, but c'mon, who are they trying to kid with all this meaningful/self-searching/pathetic artist slop. Ah yes, we'll manage to grasp a few happy scraps of life you and I. I hope someone will read my plays. Etc.

"A man who lies cannot love." Or so says Goldie Hawn. Well, a film company that lies cannot make a film with material like this. It's a tried and true formula. Let the public eat cake. Watching sex exploitation flics is better than watching this kind of exploitation. It's a pitch to the lowest common denominator and it hits it square on the head. The sooner that Hollywood stops making these kinds of films, the better—with the success of independent films, the end may not be far off. Thank God.

—John Stupp

A Wilted Flower



ORANGE

FLAVOR

Kool-Aid

INSTANT SOFT DRINK MIX • ADD SUGAR



MAKES
2
QUARTS

NET WT. 8.17 OZ.

or Kesey in the Sky with Diamonds

—All right, all you Beatlemaniacs, album cover searchers and true believers in Paul McCartney. . . . Who was it that came up with the idea of buying an old school bus, painting it in psychedelic day-glo colors, piling about 20 people into it for a trip around the country and, while keeping everybody zonked out of their minds on LSD, making, of all things, a movie of it—all of the passengers, of the disbelieving citizenry and even of any traffic cop with guts enough to try and give them a ticket?

—The Beatles, right? . . . You know, The Magical Mystery Tour . . . right?

—Wrong.

THE TRIP ON THE BUS

It was way back in 1964, almost before either the Beatles or LSD had even been heard of that this thing got started. The originators of the idea and perpetrators of the deed were a number of freaked-out cats who called themselves The Merry Pranksters and whose leader, Ken Kesey, was recognized as an Emerging Young Writer of considerable potential. Their story, and the story of what happened after the trip(s) on the bus, are all set down in Tom (not Thomas) Wolfe's book *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* which has recently been issued in paperback by Bantam.

Kesey had published two books before the trip, one of which, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, is a very good book indeed (better, in fact, than *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*), but had become more and more fascinated with drugs and movie-making and was easily convinced to take part in, or rather to lead, the trip. The trip itself was conceived as an attempt to see and record the *real* America while high on drugs—taking LSD is supposed to open one's mind to the secret meaning of things; hopefully it would provide the artistic intuition needed for capturing the mythic dream of America. So the Merry Pranksters—Kesey, Neil Cassady, who was the prototype of "Dean Moriarty" in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, Sandy, Hassler, Gretchen

Fetchin, Mal Function, Mountain Girl, and eight others—set out to look for America.

As things developed, the movie, despite taking virtually endless reels of film, turned out to be something of a bust (but, then, so did the Beatles'). The trip, though, was anything but that. Between the effects of the drugs, the cramped and communal living quarters and the accepted segregation from those Americans not perceptive enough to be engaging in that particular experiment at that particular time (a sort of "you're either with us or against us" attitude or, as they put it, "you're either on the bus or you're off it"), the situation was set for what Wolfe describes as something of a communal religious experience. Suddenly, individual egos started merging into the One of the group and individual members could almost magically intuit what the others were thinking and feeling, could suddenly *know* what someone was going to do; in short, a sort of *supraego*, a group consciousness was formed. Thus it was as this busload of heads went from California to New York, and back from New York to California, staying so freaked out all the way that they even made Timothy Leary and his disciples in Upstate New York look "dour" by comparison.

With their return to California, the Merry Pranksters set out to preach the good news of acid and, in order to do this, organized the "acid tests" mentioned in the title of Wolfe's book. This was still back in the good old days when LSD was legal in California, so that what they did was to announce a dance with light shows, acid rock and other psychedelic paraphernalia at, say, the Fillmore Auditorium: draw a substantial crowd of heads, straights and onlookers; and start serving free kool-aid. Naturally it was hot and sweaty and crowded, so everybody drank the kool-aid; just as naturally, the kool-aid was laced with LSD. Thus, half a generation of Californians were introduced to lysergic acid diethylamide right under the watchful, but powerless, eye of the cops.

Eventually Kesey gets picked up on a second count for possession of marijuana, the penalty for which can run up to five years in jail. He jumps bail and escapes to Mexico but finally returns to California where, after one chase scene too many, he is caught by the narcotics men. He manages to get off pretty lightly and the book ends with his unsuccessful attempt to convince the newly converted heads that LSD is not enough, that they have to go "beyond acid" if they're really serious about this unlocking-the-secrets-of-the-universe bit.

THE MAN FROM GLAD

So much for Ken Kesey. Now, as for Tom Wolfe . . . One cannot read *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* without being impressed by his powers as a writer. Despite my earlier comment, let me make one thing perfectly clear—Tom Wolfe is a very good writer and *T.E.K.-A.A.T.* is a very good book. (Wolfe, by the way, is apparently going to come here for the Sophomore Class Literary Festival—his appearance is to be highly recommended.) Wolfe's style, almost rococo in its flowing and fantastic use of words is a beauty to behold, a joy to read. The book is actually journalism, but sentences like these (describing Kesey's introduction to LSD) have never been found on the pages of *The New York Times*:

"LSD; how can—now that those big fat letters are babbling out on coated stock from every newsstand. . . . But this was late 1959, early 1960, a full two years before Mom&Dad&Buddy&Sis heard of the dread letters and clucked because Drs. Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert were french-frying the brains of Harvard boys with it . . . LSD! It was quite a little secret to have stumbled onto, a hulking supersecret, in fact—the triumph of the guinea pigs! . . . They were onto a discovery that the Menlo Park clinicians never—mighty fine irony here: the White Smocks were supposedly using *them*. Instead the White Smocks had handed them the very key itself. *And you don't even know, bub. . . .*"

But despite page after page of this amazing prose, I still had my doubts about Wolfe and his book. The truth was that I thought that he had been taken in by the Pranksters, that when he attributed an almost religious quality to their episodes he was crediting them with too much. Wolfe is actually a leading member of the Eastern writing establishment, one of those whom Norman Podhoretz would describe as having "made it." Famed for his all-white suits, in which he looks for all the world like a hip Man from Glad, he is the essence of cool aplomb, of keen intelligence and cutting wit. But look how he describes his first meeting with the Pranksters:

"But I know she means stolid. I am beginning to feel stolid. Back in New York City, Black Maria, I tell you, I am even known as something of a dude. But somehow a blue blazer and a big tie with clowns on it and . . . a . . . pair of shiny lowcut black shoes don't set them all doing the Varsity Rag in the head world of San Francisco."

The impression is unshakeable. Wolfe has been outdone by the Pranksters; their day-glo suits and American flag pants—their whole life-style, in fact—have so overwhelmed him that he must show them to be somehow special, somehow apart from and different from most men in order to justify himself. And, one suspects, the whole effect has been compounded by the powerful and charismatic influence of Kesey so that what was really just the freaked-out wanderings of a bunch of acid-heads has now become, in Wolfe's version, something mysterious and mystical.

But is this really the case? I myself, despite my early reluctance, eventually found myself completely won over to Wolfe's "version." Wolfe has done his homework; he quotes extensively from a number of books on the Sociology of Religion and shows a number of interesting parallels between the development of the Pranksters and that of many major religions (the initial vision—often through drugs, the charismatic leader, the disciples, etc.), he attempts to re-create the religious overtones of the LSD experience (try to realize it's all within yourself . . . and life flows on within you and without you) as reported to him by numerous users and, finally, gives the reader the story of Kesey's self-proclaimed attempt to establish a religion which could keep the drug-induced experience, or *kairos*, alive

while moving "beyond acid." If all of this sounds rather technical, don't let it scare you; I am just trying to show that Wolfe, besides being a master of prose, is still a conscientious and objective reporter, and that when he tries to tell us about "the unspoken thing" the Pranksters had going, he is not really only phantasmizing about it all.

"WE BLEW IT"

In the middle of the 1950's America underwent a supposed religious "revival." Church memberships soared, Billy Graham and Bishop Sheen became famous, Ike became a Presbyterian and Americans in general supposedly became holier, and thereby better, people. Ten years after there was every sign that the "revival" was very dead indeed; the effects of the Vietnam debacle, charges of "irrelevancy" and a cover story in *Time* which asked "Is God Dead?" had all seemingly combined to again lay religion to rest. Well, five years and one *Time* cover story later, we again seem to be on the verge of another revival. Are the chances for the success of this one any better than those for the first?

I believe that Wolfe has something to say here and that his answer is "no, they are not." All of it—meditation, Pentecostalism, "church renewal," even astrology—will have to go a long way before ever becoming integrated into the Great American Consciousness. I have twice mentioned that Kesey sought to turn the hippie movement (this was 1967, when they were still called that) into a new religion which went "beyond acid"—what this boiled down to was that Kesey perceived that a religion based on a chemical cannot survive, for it is a religion based upon a *technique*, a religion which can open your eyes to the God-experience but which will not let you share the experience, the *real* experience, yourself. Or, as Wolfe writes:

"*Beyond Acid*. They have made the trip now, closed the circle, all of them, and they either emerge as super-heroes, closing the door behind them and soaring through the sapling sky, or just lollygag in the loop-the-loop of the lag. Almost clear! Presque vu!—many good heads have seen it—Paul telling the early Christians: hooking down wine for the Holy Spirit—sooner or later the Blood has got to flood into you *for good*—Zoroaster telling his followers: you can't keep talking hoama water (to *see* the flames, of Vohu Mano—you've got to *become* the flames, man . . . and it is) either *make this thing permanent inside you or forever* just climb draggled up into the conning tower . . . for one short glimpse of the horizon."

But Kesey failed. The heads stuck with their god of LSD; this path to salvation was so much easier, so much more *dependable*. And so it may prove with the present revival's attempts to revive the mystery and sacredness of religious experience.

The last words in *T.E.K.-A.A.T.* are "we blew it." The most important line in *Easy Rider* is the same. Both end pessimistically; the one with a bang, the other with a whimper. Meditate on that for a while.

Michael Costello

The Scholastic

movies

STATE: Following up successes in *Bullitt* and *The Thomas Crown Affair*, Steve branches out in a semi-family type production called *The Reivers*. McQueen has made a living portraying rascals and roustabouts but it is fairly certain that this is a step down the ladder rather than up. Regardless of its Faulknerian origins, the story is a bit preposterous and Walt Disney-ish. It may be the best film downtown this week, which is quite a left-handed compliment. See it, and find out about the Whores of Babylon. They're in the Bible. At: 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

GRANADA: Woody Allen is a comic genius but two hours of him is enough to choke any horse. From the horse's mouth: *Take the Money*

and *Run* might make you take your money and run . . . run down to see *Fanny Hill*. For times call: 233-7301. The postwar answer to Chaplin.

COLFAX: *Cactus Flower*. Matthau is average in this below-average comedy of errors. Bring a tape recorder. Some of the lines are the worst since Molly Bee meets Sandra Dee and Bobby Vee in *Beach Blanket Bummer*. At 1:13, 3:09, 5:05, 7:01, and 8:57.

AVON: Moving-to-the-rear dept.: *Fanny Hill* may replace *Funny Girl* this weekend. So far, the manager is uncommitted to either. *Fanny Hill* is one of those rare films which seeks to plumb the depths of man's depraved primeval existence and find some meaningful answer to man's sexual relations in 1,000 different positions. For human pretzels only. There will be time allotted between reels for heavy breathing, panting, and occasional nose-picking. For times, call 288-7800. What a choice.

CINEMA '70: Due to difficulties beyond our control, we will have to

postpone Bergman's *Shame* to another weekend. Instead, we are bringing in *Titicut Follies*. The documentary portrays with incredible realism life in the real madhouse, an asylum for the criminally insane. The repulsive reality revealed in *The Titicut Follies* sickens, shames, and forces one to contemplate the manner in which our society treats the least of our citizens. Producer/Director Frederick Wiseman has succeeded in exploring issues which loom larger than any prison, and touch those of us fortunate to be on the outside looking in. Filmed in Massachusetts, the movie has withstood numerous attempts by the State to censor and squelch such a nasty, messy business. The triumph of *The Titicut Follies* is that it brings such awful business out into the open where it ought to be. This is the best film in town this weekend, and possibly any weekend. Screenings at 2 and 8, Saturday and Sunday in the Engineering Auditorium. *Shame* will be shown later in the year.

—John Stupp

chicago

If the weather in South Bend of late has struck you as it has struck so many of us, that is, as insipid; if, indeed, the idea of South Bend has struck you in the past, and strikes you even now, as insipid; then you may be considering going for a few days to Johannesburg, Maida Vale, Folkestone, or Santiago de Chile. We recommend Chicago, however, because of our love of the South Shore and also because it's closer.

Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the authors of the *Fantasticks*, have a new play being mounted at the Goodman Drama School Theatre called *The Celebration*; it's about

being drunk and in love, is a musical and, shock of shocks, is also very good. The Goodman is right behind the Art Institute, a rock's throw away from the downtown terminus of the South Shore in beautiful Grant Park.

Hair! is still at the Shubert, but you could probably walk to Johannesburg, have tea in Maida Vale, and walk back before you'd get tickets.

Believe it or not, that's theatre in Chicago.

Music is a little better. For you classical stiff, bear in mind that Chicago Symphony has not sold out a performance in a decade. So pop in Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan, before 8:30 o'clock Thursday, Friday or Saturday and you're bound to at least get a seat.

For those of more *moderne* taste, William Russo, a classical composer whose head has fallen open in two parts, conducts, directs and performs in his own *Liberation: A Rock Cantata* Sundays at 7 and 9. The place is the Free Theatre of the Columbia College Center for New Music, which is no longer in a hollowed out bowling alley above a seedy bar, but in the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church at 600 West Fullerton. No

reports available on how it sounds in a church, but it sounds great in a hollowed out bowling alley.

If you're looking for a nice place just to wander around in, rumors about Lincoln Park, Circle Campus or Meigs Field notwithstanding, you better keep going to Santiago de Chile.

As for just plain movies, *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is still at the Playboy at 1204 North Dearborn in its record-smashing eighth month. As to the girl in the ads: if you don't know what she's curious about, give it all up, but if you want to know if she's pretty, don't bother, she's not, she's fat. That's why she's yellow.



the last word

IT WAS just past 1:00 on September 26 when a dozen white prison guards at the Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton opened fire on the 250 prisoners collected in the prison's volleyball court.

Forty-six men were wounded. One was killed.

The men had been engaged in a peaceful protest against the brutality of the Reformatory's conditions. According to an official of the reformatory, "There was no riot . . . All inmates were enclosed in a chainlink barbed wire fence . . . Fifteen guards stuck riot guns through the fencing (10—15 feet from the inmates); shooting from waist high, they fired directly into the men. Some couldn't pump fast enough.

"Inmates were sitting and lying down and they slaughtered them like pigs; men screaming, crying, and begging for guards to stop shooting had their legs blown out from under them." These, once again, are the words of a reformatory official. Other details of the incident can only leave one in awesome unbelief.

All but one of the men had been laying on their abdomens in the confidence that the prison's guards would not shoot them in the back. One young man stood, alone, back turned to the firing squad and hand upraised in the clenched Black unity salute. Someone was heard to say, "That one is mine!" The presiding officer, Captain Jason Huckleby, dropped his white hat—the signal to fire—and the standing youth, a 20-year old, fell to the ground with five shots in his body and one single, fatal shot in the head.

Round after round was pumped into the rising, twitching, falling bodies on the volleyball court before the order to cease fire was given.

That night, all the demonstrators who had not been shot were jammed into the "hole." At least seven men were placed in each two-man cell. All told, 171 of these human animals were confined. Guards then sprayed mace from aerosol cans through the ventilation slots into the cells.

With the exception of one 16-year old Hispanic American, all the massacre and gas victims were black.

THE official quoted earlier further charged that the governor's task force spent one hour at the most within the institution when it conducted its probe. They talked to no inmates and were completely controlled by administration officials.

Governor Whitcomb responded to the incident with a promise of placing improvement of the state's prison conditions high on his list of priorities. He also decided that "no employees of the Pendleton reformatory will be suspended or released."

A Grand Jury investigation yielded this statement: "From all evidence submitted, the Grand Jury has concluded that the guards were in the performance of their duties at the time of the incident; therefore, there is insufficient evidence to place criminal responsibility on any of the reformatory personnel involved."

The *Anderson Herald*—a local Indiana newspaper with dual American flags and the words of the pledge of allegiance on its masthead—reports that "Someone . . . was photographing the entire incident, showing the docile men and the manner in which the guards fired. Authorities heard about the film and went after the pictures like mad dogs, a prison official reported.

"A general shakedown was conducted until the film was found, confiscated, and presumably destroyed."

The Grand Jury reports that "the film identified by Gary L. Dortch as the film used by him in taking pictures of the scene at the time of the incident, was of no value to the Grand Jury since the negative was not of sufficient quality from which pictures could be made."

Almost unbelievable.



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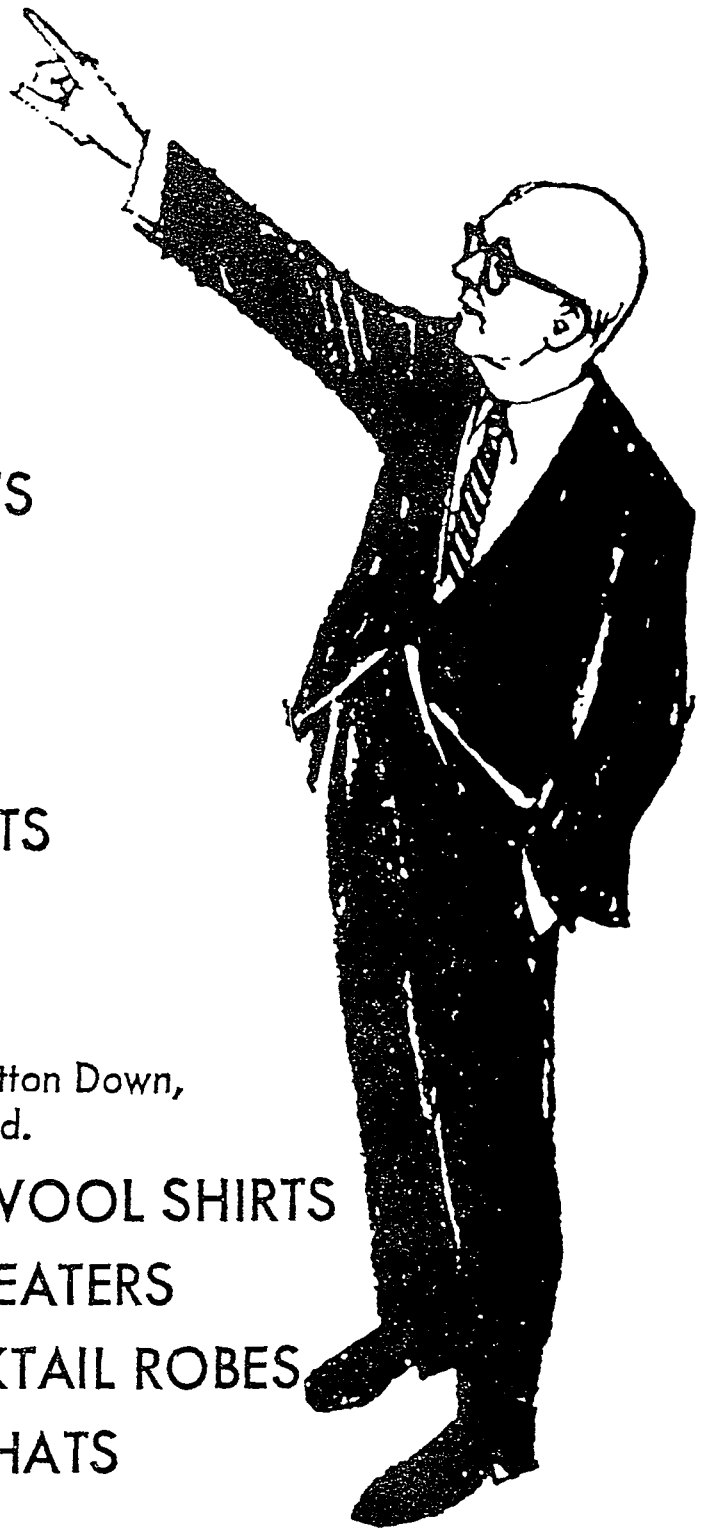
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