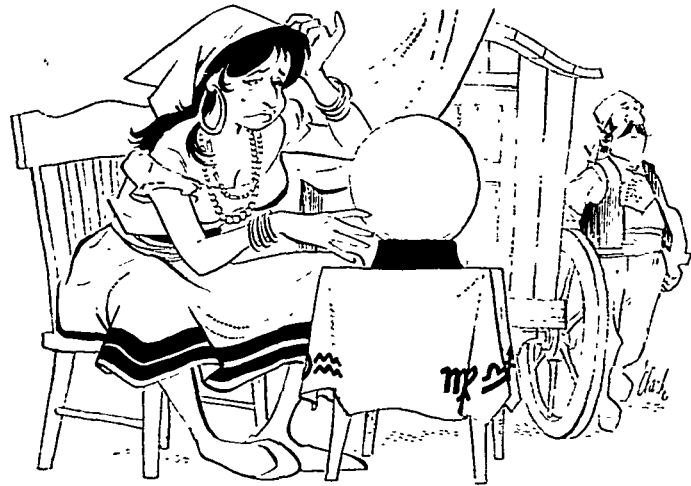


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Letters

A Prisoner of the Office

EDITOR:

With respect to your "Presidential Portfolio" and the Nutting for President movement, some remarks by Thorstein Veblen in *THE HIGHER LEARNING IN AMERICA* (1918) are still worth considering:

There is, indeed, more than a superficial resemblance between the typical academic executive and the professional politician of the familiar and more vacant sort. . . . Among the genial make-up that goes to dignity the executive office is a dutiful protest, indeed a somewhat clamorous protest, of conspicuous self-effacement on the part of the incumbent, to the effect that the responsibilities of office have come on him unsought, if not unawares. . . . In point of fact, here as in political office-seeking, the most active factor that goes to decide the selection of the eventual incumbents of office is a tenacious and aggressive self-selection. With due, but by no means large, allowance for exceptions, the incumbents are chosen from among a self-selected body of candidates, each of whom has, in the common run of cases, been resolutely in pursuit of such an office for some appreciable time, and has spent much time and endeavor on fitting himself for its duties.

As to the qualifications, in point of character and attainments, that so go to make eligibility for the executive office, it is necessary to recall . . . the characteristics of those boards of control with whom rests the choice in these matters of appointment. These boards are made up of well-to-do businessmen, with a penchant for popular notability; and the qualifications for executive office are such as will convince such a board of their serviceability. Among the indispensable general qualifications, therefore, will be a "businesslike" facility in the management of affairs, an engaging address and fluent command of language before a popular audience, and what is called "optimism" — a serene and voluble loyalty to the current conventionalities and a conspicuous profound conviction that all things are working out for good.

The duties of the executive office, Veblen goes on to point out, are such that "the chief executive is frequently called away from home on a more or less extended itinerary" while the diversity and incompatible interests of his several constituencies means "that the dominant note of his official life necessarily becomes that of ambiguity

by tradition the president of the university is the

senior member of the faculty, its confidential spokesman in official and corporate concerns, and the "moderator" of its town-meetinglike deliberative assemblies . . . ; and it is this surviving traditional preconception, which confuses induction into the office with scholarly fitness for its dignities, that still makes the office of the academic executive available for those purposes of expansive publicity and business-like management that it has been made to serve. Since it is only for purposes external, not to say extraneous, to the corporation of learning that this prestige value is seriously worthwhile, it is also only toward the outside that the make-believe of presidential erudition and scholarly ideals need seriously be kept up. For the common run of the incumbents today to pose before their faculties as in any eminent degree conversant with the run of contemporary science or scholarship, or as rising to the average even of their own faculties in this respect, would be as bootless as it is uncalled for.

There is no point in having a university president who does not have the characteristics Veblen described, for, as Veblen pointed out, from the strictly educational and scholarly objectives of a university, there is no point in having a president at all. Only in America does the office have more than a ceremonial significance, because it is only in America that universities are organized along the lines of rival business corporations competing for funds, students, and "prestige." So long as this remains the case, the president of necessity must serve as chief flack and fund-raiser. Professor Nutting would seem to be a singularly inappropriate candidate for such an office. Indeed, one may question whether any change in the incumbency at Notre Dame will make a significant difference in the way the university is operated. To fix the blame for present difficulties upon individuals is misleading, for whatever his intentions, the man almost certainly becomes the prisoner of the office. And the presidential office can only be understood in terms of that process of academic industrialization and bureaucratization which Veblen dissected in its early stages and whose elaboration and fruition we are witnessing today.

John A. Williams

Assistant Professor of History

Jim on Charlie on Ted

EDITOR:

Mr. Charles McCarthy, instructor of Non-Violence,

The Scholastic

has seen fit to depart from the lofty tenets of his unique discipline to visit verbal violence upon The Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., and his legions. (SCHOLASTIC, January 16, 1970). Lest the reader be confused, be it noted that one is to read Father Hesburgh for "Ted" in Charlie's dissertation. Had Charlie chose to comment upon the Gospels, we might be uneasy witnesses to the "non-violent" rechristening of John the Baptist as Jack the Dipper. As a volunteer in Father Ted's legions, I am compelled to reply to Charlie.

I have no judgment to render relative to the "Notre Dame Ten," save for the observation, implemented below, that they have been victimized by a patently meaningless philosophy (not to be confused with their deep religious convictions), and perhaps by inference, professorial bearers of this hallow creed. And lest I be verbally burned at a "non-violent" stake by Charlie and his legions, allow me to declare that I am a struggling student, not, mind you, a professor, of Christianity. But, Sirs, of the Aristotelian variety. And herein lies the real issue.

Based upon my reading of Charlie's tract, including his quotation from the "Defense," (appropriately quoted by Charlie as its style bears an amazing resemblance to Charlie's deathless prose) I would suggest that the Christianity and Ethical derivatives which mesmerize him and his legions are of the neo-gnostic variety: their implications as terrifying as those sponsored at Albi some centuries ago. We are told, implicitly, that salvation and its rewards of perfect justice and peace are to be found here. Just tear down the Establishment, non-violently obstruct your brothers, castigate the nearsighted and simply sport, not a Christian but a Christ-image. Then, Brothers, we are at Easter Morn with Dante. The mind boggles at the thought of Billy Graham escorting that most noble of Florentines through Hell and Purgatory. An express journey, no doubt!

Charlie and his legions might profitably reflect upon the fact that the tension between the Gospel of Love and the earthenware vessel which is the Church, has been noted and profoundly commented upon by a number of Father Merton's predecessors; notably Dostoevski and, perhaps more importantly, D. H. Lawrence. Or are they of the decadent Establishment which includes St. Thomas Aquinas (pardon the reference to the anachronistic Scholastic), Bernanos, Eliot and Soloviev?

Indeed giants of earlier ages, equally sincere and hungry for the realization of the promises of the Gospels as are Charlie and his legions, struggled with the issue of the earthbound Christians' frustrations in the face of the ideal preached. To hate war and labor towards its elimination is a noble venture. To love Christ and His Creatures is a noble venture. To suppose, however, that noble goals are secured without cognizance of the Curse of Adam is folly. This world began in a violent place—Eden—not in Plato's cave. To my mind, then, a University and Community rooted in the Judaeo-Christian ethic is best realized by acknowledging the Curse as well as the light at the mouth of the Cave.

James J. Carberry
Professor of Chemical Engineering

EDITOR:

A conscientious visitor to Notre Dame breathes deeply as he enters the Memorial Library main door; after all he is passing under an impressive mural of Christ the Teacher and has left behind, in the flanking walls, some of the Catholic mystical symbols. The brass list with the names of the donors that made the building possible makes him sigh. Now he is ready to look for the expressions of "the community," "the community spirit" he has read about.

At this stage we should approach our visitor and give him a sociological introduction into the role that myth plays in any organization, into goals as orientations, etc., but if we did so we might be considered subversive. So, our visitor, unsuspecting, walks in.

The strength of his commitment makes him disregard the first symptoms of the absence of the spirit he sees in the absence of smiles and greetings; after all, these are busy people and negative findings may well indicate a mistaken preconceptualization.

We observe him asking to be shown to the eating places. A wise decision — for eating is more than symbolic of communion, not by chance did Christ choose bread and wine. Where is a "family" to be seen at its best but when sharing food? He walks down the steps, (the elevator to the place is reserved for the staff) and we find him confused in front of the washroom doors and one that leads to the segregated faculty eating area. Eventually he discovers that the hall leads to another wing — the eating place. Surprise! no chairs, no tables, one wall covered with machines, the other with phone booths and, 30% of the places to eat facing the wall. He writes in a small notebook: this place was built so that communication between its users cannot take place; at least every precaution was taken to make conversation uncomfortable and transient. This observation will be made over and over: the Huddle has 80% of the eating positions facing the wall. There is a room one-fourth the size of the other one with tables and chairs, but with a convenient music box that makes conversation difficult. Could it be by chance, he thinks, that the architect disregarded the acoustics of the University Club to such an extent as to make conversation, undoubtedly a basic requirement of a community, impossible without speaking loudly? Or is it that the place was only designed for drinking?

Curious "family," this of Notre Dame, that needs special Dining Room for its "fathers," with paneled walls, upholstered chairs, and linen tablecloths. Indeed a curious family is this that needs segregated washrooms for the faculty!

We saw him last sitting in a plastic chair in "La Fortune" student center putting his notes and his ideas in order. He asks himself, how can a community grow in a place designed to prevent it? He is about to tear his notes up and curse the whole place when four students walk in, and under the stern gaze of an older man, rearrange four chairs, comfortably seat themselves and resume the conversation that had brought them there.

Hernan Vera-Godoy
Professor of Government

Phil Kukielski



A Roll-On Anti-Perspirant

ECOSLOGY is a strange sounding word. I remember the first time I heard it I supposed that it had something to do with the study of old fish. A red-faced trip to Webster's and some months later, environment control and pollution have become, in the words of President Nixon, "the great question of the 70's." *Time* and *Newsweek* have both run cover-stories on the problem while politicians struggled to go on record as vigorous defenders of clean air and cleaner cities. No self-respecting man would think of attacking ecology any more than he would consider inveighing against the Sisters of Charity or the sanctity of motherhood. And yet I cannot help but turn a suspicious eye toward this sudden infatuation with the notion of a Lysol-ed America.

What Nixon has called the great question of the 70's has in fact been a persistent problem for the past two millennia. Juvenal bitterly complained of Rome's filth in his satire on the city, the Thames was already polluted when Ben Jonson took to pen, the Romantic of the 19th century rebelled against the waste and destruction of industrialism and in our own century T. S. Eliot advisedly labeled all of civilization the Wasteland. No one suddenly discovered minutes before Richard Nixon's State of the Union Message that the world was overpopulated or that radiation was contaminating the atmosphere. It has simply become politically advantageous to consider these problems as major issues. And it is *why* it has become advantageous to consider pollution an issue that leaves me a bit hesitant to offer unqualified approval.

AMERICANS and perhaps all of civilized men accept as axiomatic that all that is beautiful, true and just must at the same time be clean, uncontaminated and pure. As a corollary to this our cultural mythos provides that

all that is ugly, unjust or deceitful may somehow be redeemed if only man could find a way to make it clean. We are in a time now when perhaps regardless of political persuasion, all of us feel sullied by the tumultuous events of the past decade; we all in our own way share the collective guilt for Chicago, Watts, Detroit, and Vietnam. What I fear is that environment control will become a Lady Macbeth complex of the first order.

Instead of facing our problems in a forthright direct manner, the temptation is great to deal only with the more salient manifestations of these problems. Our technology may well be able to rid the ghetto of rats and garbage, but will our technology be able to solve the problem of the "ghetto" of the mind? Antismog devices may well save our air from further pollution, but will attachments to chimneys be able to deal with the larger question of unrestricted industrial expansion? Making America beautiful again may make it more attractive to the casual observer but will it guarantee a better life for those men who live within that environment?

WHAT I fear is that pollution will only serve to push to the background the more controversial issues of race and foreign policy. Out of fear of the complexity of these issues we look to our technology to apply a deodorant to the jungle stench of Vietnam or a roll-on antiperspirant to the chaos of the inner-city. There is pollution abroad in America, but a pollution that extends beyond the air we breathe or the earth upon which we walk; what we face is a pollution of the spirit that is only manifest in the sulfurous environment we have bred. We all yearn to be clean again, but whitewashing the Capitol is only the beginning of the solution.

Markings

The Hangman at Home

"Not to decide is too have decided," reads a popular poster prominent in many student rooms. A recent effort of the Notre Dame Coalition for Political Action and the South Bend chapter of the New University Conference, the booklet *Misplacement at Notre Dame*, probes the apparently widespread contemporary phenomenon of "moral neutrality."

Lucid and logical development of arguments, scrupulous footnoting, and a balancing sense of humor (albeit a sometimes grim one, as seems appropriate to the subject matter) are all too infrequently characteristic of the public proclamations of campus groups on either extreme of the political spectrum. This booklet is a happy exception to the normally inflammatory rhetoric and invective of such efforts.

This book avoids explicit proselytizing and, though it argues from a violently anticapitalistic viewpoint, relies primarily on the weight of the usually objective evidence it cites for its ideological impact. The bulk of the book concentrates on the "corporate crimes" (ranging beyond simply military complicity to concerns of discrimination, ecology, and consumer fraud) of those firms which happen to be recruiting on the Notre Dame campus during the week February 16 to 26. The booklet, however, also delves into the larger questions which these "corporate crimes" pose: the unavoidable immorality of corporate capitalism and the complicity of the University on a more basic level than merely housing their recruiting activities.

No matter what one's ideological affiliations, the book makes fascinating reading. One discovers that General Dynamics has in its employ "186 Armed Forces retirees, none under the rank of captain, including a four-star general, a lieutenant general, five brigadier generals, one vice-admiral, and 19 rear admirals . . . who received an admirable average of \$770 in their

monthly pay envelopes plus an average of \$400 each month from the Treasury in pensions"; that a description of National Steel's corporate and family genealogy reads exactly like a chapter from *The Robber Barons*; that a Sears, Roebuck executive is quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as commenting, "We look for the beady-eyed young man who is interested in making money."

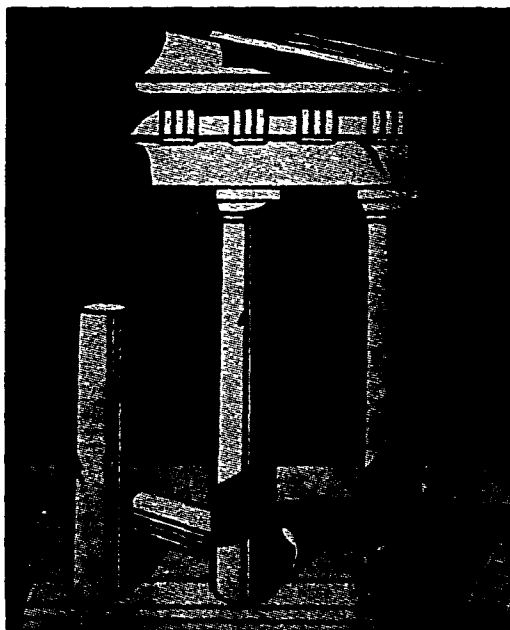
Criticisms of the booklet are minor ones. It is finally a tightly knit and compelling exercise which must be highly recommended to any individual concerned with one of the most pressing of modern problems. Can one divorce himself, we are asked, from the ethical consequences of his actions? Can "doing one's job" relieve him of moral culpability? Can the University and its members, after all, be academically objective and morally neutral participants in a diseased society without becoming infected themselves?

Bill Locke & John Zimmerman

What does the hangman think about
When he goes home at night from work?
When he sits down with his wife and
Children for a cup of coffee and a
Plate of ham and eggs, do they ask
Him if it was a good day's work
And everything went well or do they
Stay off some topics and talk about
The weather, baseball, politics
And the comic strips in the papers
And the movies? Do they look at his
Hands when he reaches for the coffee
Or the ham and eggs? If the little
Ones say, Daddy, play horse, here's
A rope — does he answer like a joke:
I seen enough rope for today?
Or does his face light up like a
Bonfire of joy and does he say:
It's a good and dandy world we live
In. And if a white face moon looks
in through a window where a baby girl
Sleeps and the moon-gleams mix with
Baby ears and baby hair — the hangman —
How does he act then? It must be easy
For him. Anything is easy for a hangman,
I guess.

— Carl Sandburg

Misplacement at Notre Dame. Published by the Notre Dame Coalition for Political Action and the South Bend Chapter of the New University Conference; available outside the Placement Bureau in the Administration Building. \$1.00 to company recruiters, \$.75 to administrators, four bits to faculty, a quarter to students, a dime if you're getting interviewed and free to divines.



The Week In Distortion

Hail Harvard

Even old Dink Stover of Yale would have been proud of Harvard president Nathan Pusey. Last month when the Boston Patriots came around begging for a place to play their singularly mediocre brand of football in Harvard's ivy-covered stadium, Harvard upheld the finest tradition of Avery Brundage amateurism. Threatened by a franchise switch if they were not housed in a 50,000-seat stadium according to the AFL-NFL merger, the Patriots told Pusey they could slap an extra 10,000 seats on the Crimson's 40,000-seat arena.

Pusey turned them down because of the "fundamental incompatibility" between amateur and professional athletics. True to its dogma, the University of Notre Dame ruled such grounds "insufficient" for a divorce of this nature.

Wisdom

Washington correspondents recently revealed that the 91st Congress will probably table the calendar revision bill now pending in light of recent Selective Service directives restricting draft call to 30 birthdays per month.

Certain Senators became aware immediately that a combination of high draft calls, a large number of deferments, and a shortage of terrestrial cycles would necessitate either a draft moratorium or an ex-

pansion of the year, or, more simply an overall restructuring of the Gregorian calendar.

Olympia, Washington?

Seven years ago a small brown bear was found near the town of Folsom, California, badly burned in a forest fire. Nursed back to health by the townspeople the bear was given a fine home and named, appropriately, "Smoky."

This past week Folsom received a letter from one of the many cubbyholes of the federal government. That's in Washington where a lot of laws are made, where there is only a modicum of damage from forest fires each year and no town pets of the calibre of Smoky. The letter informed the town that federal law permitted only one bear in the country to use that name and that Folsom would have to rename its ward. The town categorically refused and officials in Olympia, Washington, were annoyed, fearing they might be in for a long court fight to retain their state's identity.

Coordination

Once again the government has demonstrated that the myth of uncoordinated activity and different branches working to cross purposes is just that. For, President Nixon, in a recent visit to Chicago, announced the administration's willingness to aid the city in its battle

to save Lake Michigan from death by pollution. His words received an immediate response from the Army's Corps of Engineers. Of late these guardians of the people have been hard at work dredging the bottoms of various lakefront harbors. This is an invaluable service since much polluted matter settles to the bottom, and a rather large amount of the foul stuff has built up.

However after the bottom matter has been dredged up, the Army (in a typical display of foresight) is proceeding to redeposit it in another section of the lake. Such past action, coupled with recently announced plans to dredge 29 more harbors this year, succeeded in arousing the ire of Mayor Daley. He has lodged a protest with President Nixon demanding that such actions cease (or at least that the dredgings be dumped on the Indiana side of the lake).

Merry Mailbag

Responses have been pouring in from President Nixon's announcement of his soon-to-be-heard "State of the World" address. The governments of Brazil, South Vietnam and Nigeria have asked for advance copies of the text. Closed-circuit showings in the barrios of Sao Paulo are being contemplated by the Bishops' Relief Fund.

Viewer-poll results on Mr. Nixon's televised press conference have also been collected. Ninety per cent of the viewers polled were especially struck by the President's statement

on Thailand assuring the American people that we were only there on "the direct invitation of the Thai government." Seventy per cent of this group felt he spoke with a noticeable drawl; fifty per cent of that group said they thought they were watching a summer rerun.

Counter-Reformation

A check of religious preferences at Baptist-endowed Franklin College showed that there are more Roman Catholics enrolled than Baptists. *Harper's* magazine will next feature a story entitled "Franklin University — The Great Catholic University."

Triple Threat

A multithreat hijacker with a bomb, a gun, two bottles of gasoline and a lighted cigarette lighter commandeered an Eastern Airlines jetliner to Cuba Monday. The message received from the plane appeared to indicate he was juggling all of these at once. Following Eastern's lead, TWA and United Airlines announced shortly thereafter that both airlines had plans to replace feature length movies with similar in-flight psychodramas for their passengers' entertainment.

Railing the Grand Funk

Grand Funk Railroad, who are (or which is, depending on your syn-

tactical preference) getting \$10,000 per concert, have a new album out. (Their first effort is currently number 12 in the nation.) Its title: "A *Second Coming*." Hopefully, it won't be to Notre Dame.

Social Security

The manager of a Cicero motel escaped serious injury last week when he was struck in the chest by a bullet fired by a would-be robber. Arthur Henning, 48, met the man's demand for the cash box by hitting him over the head with it. The gunman, obviously angered, replied with a shot aimed at Henning's head which narrowly missed, and a shot to the chest which didn't miss. The bullet was stopped, however, by Henning's coat, a wallet, a book, and a metal social security card. He received only a severe bruise.

How Henning managed to stuff the breast pocket of his sport coat with a wallet, a book (Barth, *Sot Weed Factor*), and a metal social security card has yet to be explained.

No Golden Seal?

Last week the famed Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval was non-negotiably denied to our hero Spiro. In fact, Agnew was placed under severe censorship from that organization. It seems Mrs. Agnew released top-secret info when she commented

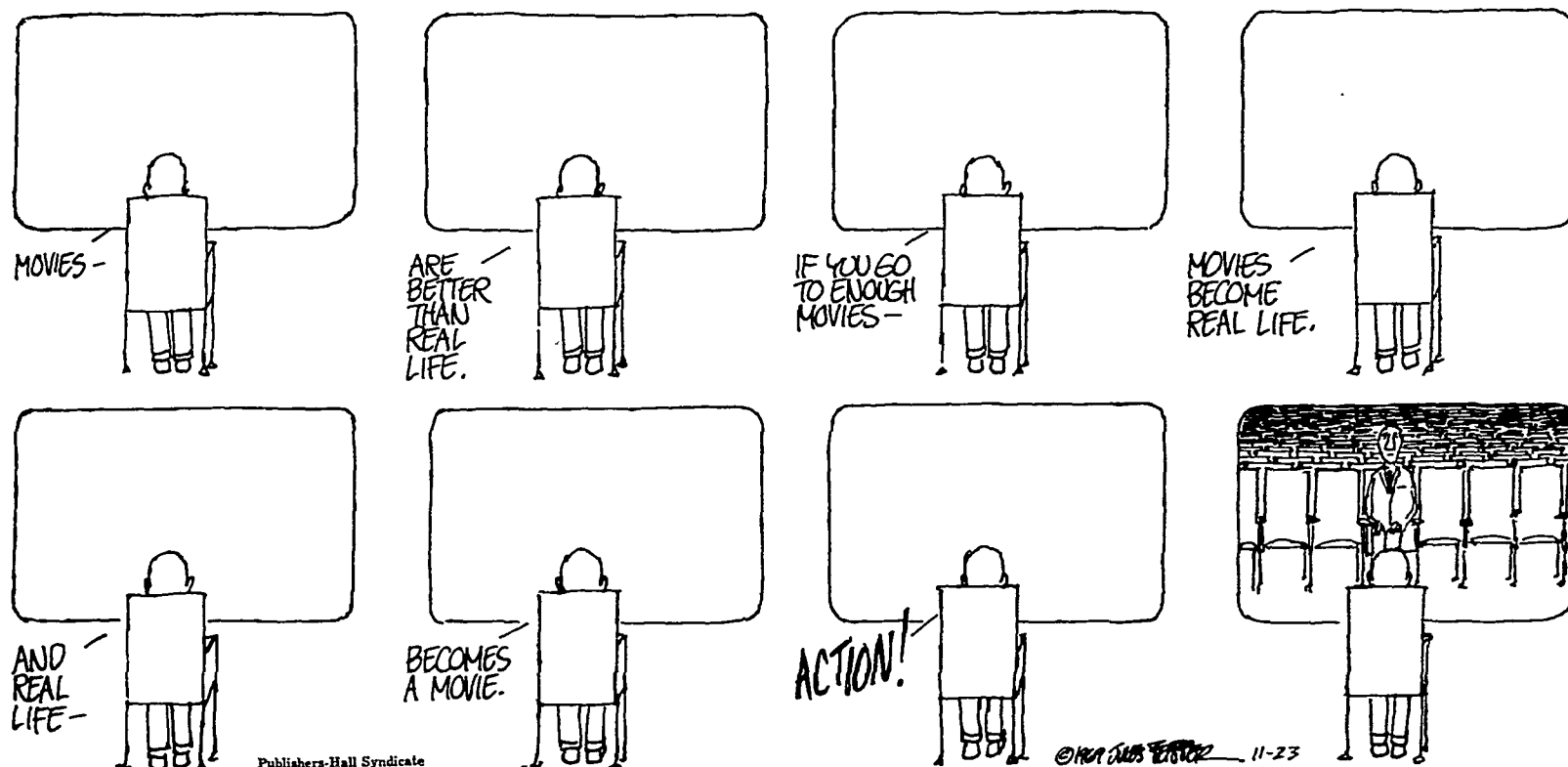
on hubby Spiro as having only one fault "if any could be found": he has never learned "to pick up his clothes." But then Mrs. A. ought to consider increasing her stock of understanding; surely small exceptions in virtue may be granted to so busy a man. On the Food for Thought side — just goes to show how small a hurdle can trip a big man.

The Winter Palace

President Nixon, long aware of the powerful influence of the Northeast upon national affairs, is determined to develop within Washington a palatial setting reminiscent of Versailles, St. Petersburg and Reykjavik in an effort to counterbalance the Massachusetts aristocracy.

Carefully ordering his priorities, Nixon first appointed his court jester. Though applications flow continually to the White House, Spiro has endeared himself to all and appears safe in his position.

In his latest move Nixon had his White House guards clad in the spiffy britches and tunic of a Tchaikovsky nutcracker. We hesitate to invoke the timeworn proverb concerning the gift of an inch but feel it appropriate to remind the President that Napoleon III was deposed in 1857 by a military coup when their nonnegotiable demands for red pants were not met. *Pantalons rouges!* Right on, *Monsieur Presidente*.



Black Path in a White University



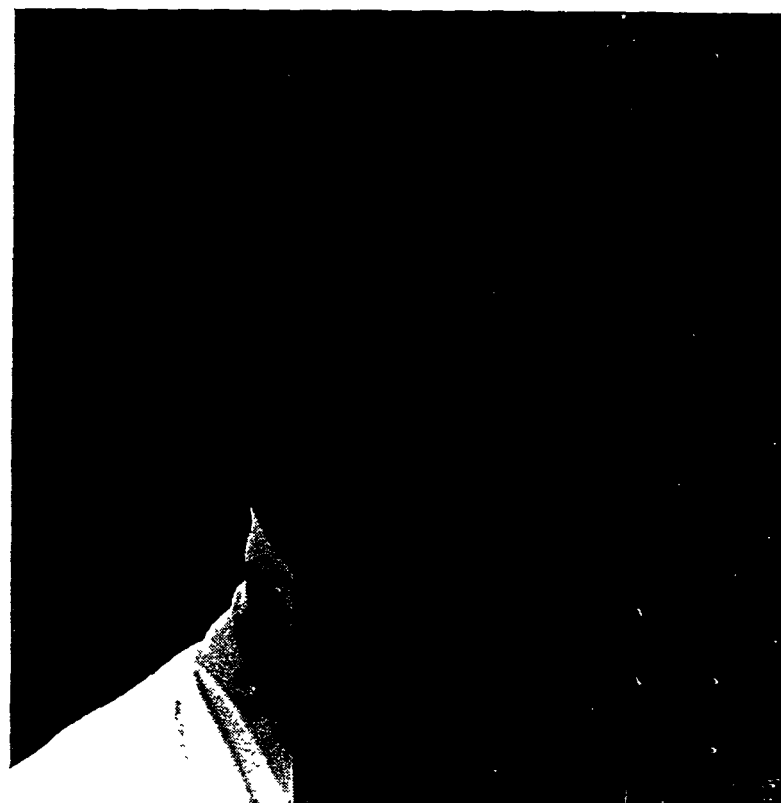
Black Studies Fusing Idea and Action

This is the first of three articles dealing with the racial tensions at Notre Dame and St. Mary's. In the next article, the SCHOLASTIC will examine the difficulties of minority recruitment and black student life, and finally the racial situation at St. Mary's. We hope that our readers will not hesitate to send us their thoughts and comments on the series.



... I cannot afford this time the luxury of invisibility. For the uses of invisibility, as Ralph Ellison has made so vividly and painfully clear — an inability or unwillingness to see the particularity of one's fellow man, and with it a crucial indifference as to whether one is seen truly as oneself — these uses of not-seeing and of not-being-seen are of the essence of racism.

—John Hersey, THE ALGIERS MOTEL INCIDENT



First of all, I am white. Living in a white-dominated society, and accustomed to the exclusive company of whites, I am generally not conscious of my color. But in researching and writing this story it has been necessary to always bear in mind the implications of my color. The implications themselves are sometimes limitations: I cannot pretend to know the black experience or to be able to capture a black man's thoughts. There have been times when I have felt that particular whites, even white students, have used and oppressed me with their wealth and status. At those moments I have wished that I could be part of a black raiding party which turned its wrath on Grosse Pointe rather than 12th Street. But these moments pass quickly — the oppressive situation can be skirted because I am allowed a certain mobility.

You would not expect to find me attempting to write the "white view" on any topic; and since I am white, you would not expect me to try to capture the black view. Racism contributes to the acceptance of the notion that there exists a single black ideology, because racism refuses to recognize that the black community has an authentic inner political life with all the dissension that that implies. But blacks themselves, for practical political reasons, have occasionally fostered the myth. Imitating others who have fought for liberation, blacks express a desire to close ranks in order to form a power base of strength. Organizational discipline and adherence to a united line of action are important tools to any minority which seeks to cause change. On a personal level I have seen the effects of this at Notre Dame when I have been able to talk with a black on a one-to-one basis, and watch the same black take on a decided coolness toward me when he is with his peers. Social pressures dictate that in the second situation I should be treated as a honky. (I may be called

a honky for simply writing this story — I will hope that the salute will be given, and accepted, as a ritual.)

The desire to present a show of ideological unity also has broader social effects. When a black feels that he is responsible to his entire community for what he says or writes in public, when he feels that he cannot contradict what one of his brothers has said, the resulting statement is likely to be doctrinaire. This is not to say that a black cannot effectively communicate his individual views; nor is it to imply that there is no truth in violent black rhetoric. But, again partly because of my greater chance for social mobility, I do not think the pressures are as great on me in writing a story on the implications of Notre Dame's proposed Black Studies Program. That is one excuse for me, a white, writing this story. Another is that, as James Baldwin and other blacks have pointed out, the so-called black problem is really more of a white problem.

At this point it becomes necessary to stress that I am not going to apologize for being white. That is what is commonly referred to as "the liberal bag." Guilt, I believe, serves certain necessary social and moral functions — but when it blinds a man to the consequences of his actions it can unwittingly serve destructive ends.

I am not trying to persuade you, in the fraudulent tradition, of American journalism, that this story is "objective." I do not have an all-seeing journalistic eye — my "eye" is an "I" and what it sees is filtered through my mind. I decided on this lengthy introduction because of the delicacy of the subject matter. By giving you a sense of my presence throughout the story, I hope that you will be able to correct any inherent biases. The story is only an instrument, and by knowing some of the maker's shortcomings you may be able to effectively use it. The worth of this story on Black Studies, then, finally depends on my own moral imagination, and yours.



"You don't even know who you are," Reginald had said. "You don't even know, the white devil has hidden it from you, that you are of a race of people of ancient civilizations, and riches in gold and kings. You don't even know your true family name, you wouldn't recognize your true language if you heard it. You have been cut off by the devil white man from all true knowledge of your own kind. You have been a victim of the evil of the devil white man ever since he murdered and raped and stole from your native land in the seeds of your forefathers . . ."

—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X

The proposed Black Studies Program at Notre Dame cannot be isolated from the Black Power movement. Black Power should not be confused with a simple drive for more power for blacks; that is, it should not be confused with the transformation of blacks into facsimile WASPs so that they can move up the socioeconomic ladder. Too often the price of admission to the white world has been the black's willingness to assume a stereotype, a stock character invented by whites in order to avoid looking at the man's individual humanity. In any oppressor-oppressed relationship, it is unnecessary for the master to really know the servant. "Never thought it would happen here," the whites of my home town, Detroit, said in 1967 as they eyed the blacks working next to them, or for them, on the automobile assembly line; and the young blacks were wearing their berets into the factory instead of leaving them in the lockers.

On the other hand, the oppressed has to know the master well, has to know his weaknesses, in order to forge his daily existence. I am not trying to glorify

being born into a life of constant struggle — I find nothing intrinsically good in suffering, nor even in survival. The point is that many blacks, knowing the white world so well, apparently found that world to be morally bankrupt, hardly worthy of imitation (a view I myself generally share). Pride in being black then is implied in Black Power in order that blacks might face the universal problem of establishing an identity on their own terms.

For several reasons the move to restore black history and culture took aim most dramatically at the universities in the form of demands for Black Studies Programs. The educational system is our most accessible purveyor of culture. Black experience and culture, ignored or caricatured in the past, demand recognition today. Ideally, had the system done its job, there would be no need for Black Studies — the course material should have been included in the traditional disciplines. Black and white American history interacts at all times — the onus for the separation of the two lies with the white system which did not originally recognize this fact.

Additionally, universities, bastions of liberalism that they are, tend to be more guilt-ridden than other institutions. The guilt in this case stems from a recognition that educational mythology has promised more than it ever delivered. Instead of being "institutions of higher learning," universities allowed themselves to become training schools for government and big business. The universities turned out what these interests wanted, and what they didn't want included blacks who could not readily internalize middle-class norms. Despite claims to equality, the universities were selective, and blacks were mostly selected out.



the main thrust of this article was to explain the summer shenanigans concerning black studies. but after several days of examining the summer's activities, it was concluded that there was neither time nor space to divulge the plethora of trivialities encountered over the summer. instead, all evidence indicated that the pathological, omnipotent white father had struck again.

—Dave Krashna, "NOTRE DAME'S GREATEST CHALLENGE," SCHOLASTIC (Sept. 19, 1969)

The preceding section has all been a very abstract defense of the theory of Black Studies. The theory probably shouldn't need such an elaborate defense. The unique and dual nature of the black experience in

America should obviously be legitimate grounds for study. My defense, then, may have seemed condescending. But before moving on to the gut problems of actually instituting a Black Studies Program, I wanted my own theoretical stance clear.

Throughout the country, programs of black studies have been generally formed in haste as a response to militant black action, or as a response at least to threatened action. At Notre Dame, the threat of a boycott of the UCLA game, in December of 1968, by black basketball players coerced the administration into setting up a University committee to study the problems of black students. The committee recommended that a Black Studies Program be established

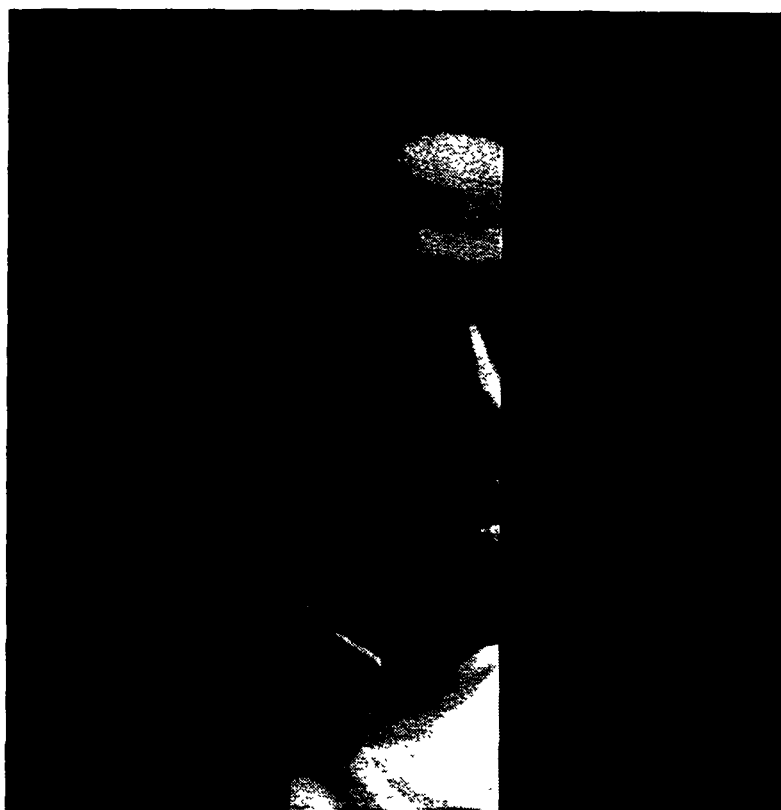
within the College of Arts and Letters, but the proposal suffocated under bureaucratic trappings. A second student-faculty committee submitted another proposal, one which is expected to be passed soon by the College Council and then by the Academic Council. Funding of the program is not likely to be a problem — it is unimaginable that the Board of Trustees would challenge Fr. Hesburgh in this area. On paper at least, Notre Dame will have a Black Studies Program in the fall.

Fr. Bartell, a faculty member of the University Committee for Black Students, is being candid, however, when he says that "the program will be academically viable, but the odds on getting a really successful program may be against us." San Francisco State, Harvard, Wesleyan, Cornell, UCLA: all have Black Studies programs conceived in haste, and all are racked with dissension. It seems cruel to suggest that, in the long run, the bureaucratic delays which set back the program may prove beneficial. After all, the delay was unjust to those blacks who were stymied in their attempts to move the University to action before the threatened basketball boycott. Had the University understood the urgency before that confrontation, a sensible program might have been in operation this year. Certainly the delay was unfair to those seniors who still supply the impetus for making the program a reality and who will be gone before its full realization. And I can only sympathize within my own limitations, with the blacks who have been told too many times that they must go slow. Yet if we can all learn from the unfortunate experiences at other universities (I grant that that is a big, rhetorical if), then we can yet turn the delay into advantage for both the University and the general black community.

Black Studies Programs hastily put in operation have too often raped the all-black southern universities. Because the concept of Black Studies has spread so recently, there are few competent specialists in the fields of black history, culture, and social science. These specialists have generally been concentrated in the all-black schools — none of which can compete with Harvard or even Notre Dame in offering financial inducements to these faculty members. The systematic raiding of the black universities is paternalism at its racist worst — "keep our own niggers happy, soothe our own guilt feelings, and let the rest of the blacks fend for themselves." All in the best capitalistic tradition, of course, the same kind of attitude I expect from Dow Chemical Company. If the existence of a Notre Dame is important to Catholics, it is at least as important that academically prestigious centers based on the ideology of blackness should also be allowed to develop.

At Notre Dame, the University Committee (now in its third reconstituted form) is currently focussing on the hiring of a director. Without a director, there is still no real Black Studies Program at Notre Dame. I have been told that all the candidates being interviewed are from northern schools — although because of the delicacy of the negotiations, no one wants any names released prematurely. Competition among white universities is still very stiff, and members of the Committee are not uniformly optimistic of being able to land someone who meets their qualifications.

Dave Krashna, one of the students on the University



Committee, says that whoever the director will be, "He needs an awareness of his blackness. He has to be very together in his thinking too, but his experience as a black person is crucial." That final judgment falls to the blacks on the Committee — I know I could not make that decision, and I doubt that any whites could. The director must be strong enough to impart his vision to the program; the program as drawn up is intentionally vague for that reason. He must also be someone who can attract Black Studies professors and counselors. At present George Seabrooks is the only black counselor, and he also works in the admissions office. Another form of racism is to imagine that because a counselor is black he can relate to all other blacks.

Finally, Fr. Bartell stresses that "The director needs adequate academic credentials to command respect in the college, at least to help him implement his programs." The faculty, when the program begins, will include white professors. Even if the Committee wanted an all-black faculty, the competition for black professors is too tough and the number of teachers, black and white, who have the necessary academic credentials is limited. There is a view that intellectual credentials themselves, however, are "white." The extrapolation of this view is that a black who has worked in the community is best qualified to teach Black Studies.

As a reaction to the sterility and irrelevance of many academic pursuits, this view has some merit. There should be a place in Black Studies — and also in other studies — for visiting lecturers who, irrespective of educational training, have been actively involved in the area being studied. Racism is served by this attitude since it suggests that black studies is not worthy of serious and disciplined intellectual effort. The academic background needed to teach at a prestige university may be regrettably severe—there is nothing intrinsically wrong in someone teaching a course even if he has no degree. But Black Studies cannot be isolated from the university milieu without opening itself up to charges of inferiority. Any changes in the academic structure must ultimately be university-wide.

[IV]

Africa is, after all, no longer a virgin; she's been raped. We relate to here and now.

—HUEY NEWTON

So far I have concentrated on the academic and cultural ramifications of a Black Studies Program at Notre Dame. But there is also a political facet inextricably bound to the control of any Black Studies Program. This political aspect is the most delicate area because it contains the most explosive potential.

Previously I spoke of the importance to Notre Dame of finding a strong director for the Black Studies Program. The University Committee's course recommendations are intentionally vague: "It is understood that the courses specified in this proposal will not exhaust the courses that could eventually be taught in (or in conjunction with) the Black Studies Program, but that the director of Black Studies will have the authority to develop, give content to, and establish these and other courses."

These powers are necessary both in attracting a director and also in providing him the possibility of giving the program the impetus it needs to get off the ground. A bad director can wreck the program. But no matter who the director is, he will have to resolve a pair of contradictory demands. The first will be a demand made by the University community and by his own academic background that he take a broad and objective approach to his program. On the other hand, certain black groups will undoubtedly pressure the director to slant the program toward certain ideological goals.

The demand to politicize black studies here, if it comes, will be put forward by one or more of the black nationalist groups which are generally termed militant. The nationalists themselves are not united on how they would implement a Black Studies Program—a point made vividly clear at UCLA a year ago. UCLA asked their Black Students Union to recommend a director for the Afro-American Studies Center being established. Vying for control of the Union, and thus the directorship, were Black Panthers and a cultural nationalist group called US, founded by Ron Karenga. On January 17, 1969, Panthers John Huggins and Bunchy Carter were assassinated after a long and emotional Union meeting on the question of the directorship. Five members of US were eventually indicted for murder, and evidence indicates that the slayings were premeditated — the Panthers believe that Karenga himself ordered the "political assassinations" and have vowed vengeance, though Karenga has thus far eluded them.

Any attempts to impose a political direction on Black Studies ultimately harms both the University and the black movement itself. If Notre Dame's director shows a susceptibility to student ideological pressure to

propagandize certain views, the black infighting will inevitably follow. Black Studies becomes a battleground and the losers' views will be buried. The victors may find that they have destroyed the program by severing the intellectual relationship between black studies and the concept of the University as a collective educational endeavor.

The question of politicalization then demands a hard look at the uneasy balance between academia and activism needed in a Black Studies Program. The Black Studies Program must serve two masters: the intellectual life of the academy and the black social milieu which gave rise to the original creation of black studies. The program here must recognize the uniquely dual experience of Afro-Americans, the experience of having carried and even created American culture without ever being admitted to the American mainstream.

If the program does not leave room for blacks who want to work within the black community, then it is morally sterile. America can no longer afford indifference to the poor and the alienated. *Time* recently reported that at Harvard, which takes an academic approach to Black Studies, many blacks leave the school because they do not find Black Studies relevant to their own experiences of living as blacks.

Carrying the ideal of "community action" to extremes, however, opens up Black Studies to severe politicalization. Militants at Cornell last year asserted that the purpose of black studies was to enable "black people to use the knowledge gained in the classroom and the community to formulate new ideologies and philosophies which will contribute to the development of the black nation." Logically, then, they demanded the establishment of Course 300c, Physical Education: "Theory and practice in the use of small arms and hand to hand combat. Discussion sessions in the proper use of force."

Certainly a study of the history and philosophy of black nationalism is as justifiable as (and probably more urgent than) a study of the American Revolution. But the Cornell militants sought to impose on Black Studies the shaky intellectual premise that there exists in this country a separate black nation which needs liberation. This nationalist viewpoint, which in itself represents only one black viewpoint, demands careful study; but that is all that the University owes it. The University does not owe it sympathy based on liberal guilt feelings; it can safely encourage student participation in the political and social life of society, yet it should not be regarded as a source for primarily generating activism. Properly, the university should be based on certain ideals, including respect for ideas, freedom of speech and inquiry, and the elimination of intolerance. The University has the duty to ensure the student's right to be exposed to a broad exploration of any subject, an obligation which any politicalization of Black Studies violates.

[V]

It is necessary for a black man in America to develop a profound distrust of his fellow white citizens and of the nation. For his own survival . . . he must develop a "cultural paranoia" in which every white man is a potential enemy unless proved otherwise, and every social system is set against him unless he personally finds out differently.

—W. H. Grier and Price Cobbs, *BLACK RAGE*

In researching this story, I asked a certain black student to meet with me and discuss certain aspects of the Black Studies Program at Notre Dame. At first he agreed to talk to me the next day. By that next day, however, he had changed his mind — he did not want to talk, despite my assurances that it would all be "off the record."

I can hardly presume to blame that black. We knew each other only superficially, certainly not well enough for him to make any judgment on the honesty of my intentions. Additionally, the white press has a long history of ignorance, insensitivity, and distortion in its coverage of blacks — simply recall how the "liberal" *Chicago Sun-Times* at first covered the murder of Fred Hampton, printing only the official police version of the raid.

The incident, however, was symptomatic of the lack of communication between black and white. The problem at Notre Dame only reflects the cultural situation, past and present, in America. My own hopes for Notre Dame's Black Studies Program lie primarily in this area of communication. There are limitations to how much the University can do to eliminate racism in this society. If significant numbers of blacks with intellectual potential are not equipped to handle the collegiate environment, the causes can only be attacked at the lower educational level and in the political and economic institutions. At the cost of surrendering its intellectual independence, the University should not engage in training students to be functionaries either for the "liberation of the black colony" or for the CIA and its style of liberation.

Notre Dame's proposed Black Studies Program provides for a student to leave here with a double major. There are practical reasons for not immediately setting up a major in Black Studies alone, reasons directly related to size of the Program and the fragility of Black Studies everywhere. For the black social movement, however, there would seem to be valid reasons for keeping this setup even after the Program attains stability: black communities need black lawyers and black doctors and other black professionals in order to economically control the community.

The University Committee's proposal also recommends "that all Notre Dame students be exposed to one of several Black Culture courses stipulated by the Program of Black Studies as a requirement for graduation from the University." Such a requirement, I believe, would have a profound effect in undermining the institutional racism which is so covert and which stifles communication. The task of reconciliation will still be difficult — some of the most open-minded white



faculty members at Notre Dame were on the University Committee, but still relations were often strained. Requiring everyone to take a course in Black Studies is not an end in itself, but by clearing the air of old racial myths and ingrained attitudes it can be a first step.

Above all, the militant view that Black Studies programs should be closed to white faculty and white students must be rejected. However severe the black need is to retreat into themselves in order to firmly establish an identity, the legitimacy of the University depends on free academic inquiry. A numerical majority of blacks on the faculty may be necessary for the confidence of black students. Ideally every people should have the opportunity to play the most important role in writing their own history. But Afro-American history and art should not have been separated from American studies as it is now. It is necessary that both blacks and whites see how the two forms of study, as they are now taught, contribute to the entire notion of an American culture.

Some blacks may insist that only blacks can understand the black experience; and in the sense of living the black experience, they are, of course, correct. Dave Krashna, when asked what use there is for a person to study black culture, responded by asking, "What does a theologian do?" Without trying to read into that answer anything which Krashna did not intend, I believe that between theology and black studies is found that common ground where universal experience can transcend pure functionalism. As the shadow of technocracy threatens to turn us all into "invisible men," men without identities, the universal passion and humanity of the black experience can perhaps liberate all of us. The black experiences of love, passion and death, of beauty and ugliness, are fundamentals to which we can all relate. Perhaps we can even find some techniques for meaningful survival.

Ray Serafin

The Apocalypse



AND the students at one moment stepped forth from their dorms to the sparkling scene of South Bend gloom. And they stopped; they surveyed; and they saw the controlled futility of the rampant rhetoric which alone was the formula of the stagnant situation. And they counted on fingers the farce of last February and the Fifteen-Minute Rule of suppression and the "fair" suspension of Ten and the brand-new forbidding injunction. And they comprehended the great, vast, ludicrous situation.

And the students at one moment began to mumble the words of an old rabble-rouser (even those disagreeing with all of those actions joined in the mumble): "He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression for if he violates this duty he establishes a precedent that will reach to himself." And the words made a hum that permeated the grounds.

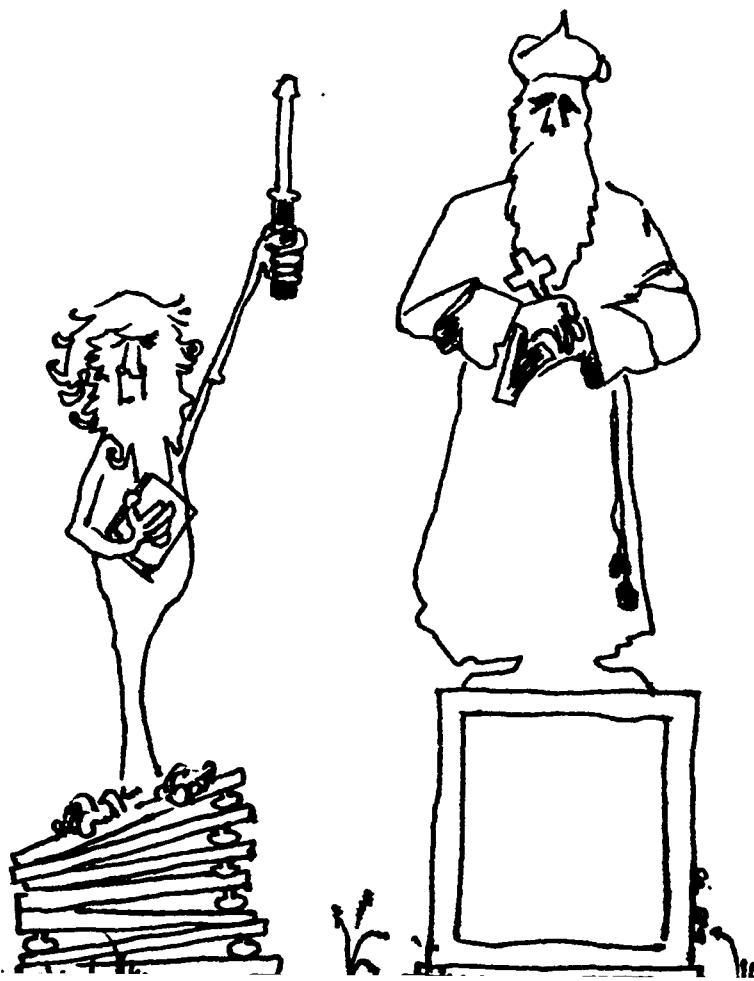
And they procured a large scale and carefully weighed the good and the bad of both sides, the good and the bad of all arguments raging about. On the right side they placed oppression. On the left they laid the dissent and its tactics. And the scale dipped far to the right. Oh,

to be true, when released, the left side flew high in the air, knocking the tactics off to the ground. So a moment of silence followed this skit at which time each little mind — those from the large and those from the small — pondered and assessed within their own heads. And concluded.



AND silently, vast lines formed at the portal where forms of resignation from the school were obtained. And people sat silently around and about filling in blanks and thinking it out. And the magic of quiet loomed save for occasional snickers and borrowing of pencils and queries as to spelling of the phrase "du Lac." And the forms were returned to the powers that be — astonished they were. And professors, secretaries and underpaid maids all joined the foray. An aura of decadent joy filled the smog.

Belongings were packed and sent to their homes; yet all of the students continued to stay. And after some days of leisurely talk and a little of play, a decision was finally made.





Having learned fairly well the lesson of San Fran and all of those clubs, having learned fairly well the precepts of nonviolent resistance, the University began to move en masse to resolve — in the only manner left when illusions of rhetoric fell by the side — the problem of its own existence. Quietly, with astounding organization and unity of purpose, the forces applied all amassed information and contrived to render the just retribution — nonviolent destruction of ye olde institution.

With quiet precision teams were detailed, an army of nonviolent resisters pushed to the brink, proceeded to wield the solution determined. And only a giggle was occasionally heard.

CAREFULLY, *carefully*, so that nothing was broken, the place was destroyed. Carefully, *carefully*, so that nothing was destroyed, the place was dismantled. Taken apart, piece by piece. And stacked on the quads.

Engineers and artists worked side by side, applying all skills to pack all the books, encase all the tools that nothing of value might be destroyed. And only occasional titters of mirth disrupted the work.

Crowbars and screwdrivers took all apart. Doorknobs and doors were removed from their hinges. The whole quagmire place came slightly unhinged. Windows extracted and tiles removed — all left their old moorings. Everything was done that could safely be done. And only occasional guffaws struck the air.

AND only occasional belly-laughes pierced the clang and the clatter of efficient stacking of furniture, doors, and all paraphernalia making huge stacks all over the quads. Tidiness was aimed at; tidiness achieved.

And great gales of laughter detonated the hum of organized labor when the great Golden Dome came gently down. Happily, busily, a team fell upon it to take it apart so that even the dome could be rebuilt from the start.

They pulled down the walls. They struck down all barriers. And stacked them quite nicely like large decks of cards.

The statue of Sorin and other such things were laid to their rest in cushions of snow. With only occasional chuckles emitted.

And police to the rescue faced utter dismay. Too many workers to haul all away. And as they approached the students would say, "I don't go here. Just passin' through." And only occasional titters of glee flew with the wind.

HAPPILY, *happily*, peacefully, *peacefully*, busily, *busily* for days, for days, they leveled it all. Huge crates of nails and cartons of screws provided metallic clang to balance the boom of the wood. A symphony dominated; a symphony of, at last, significant change.

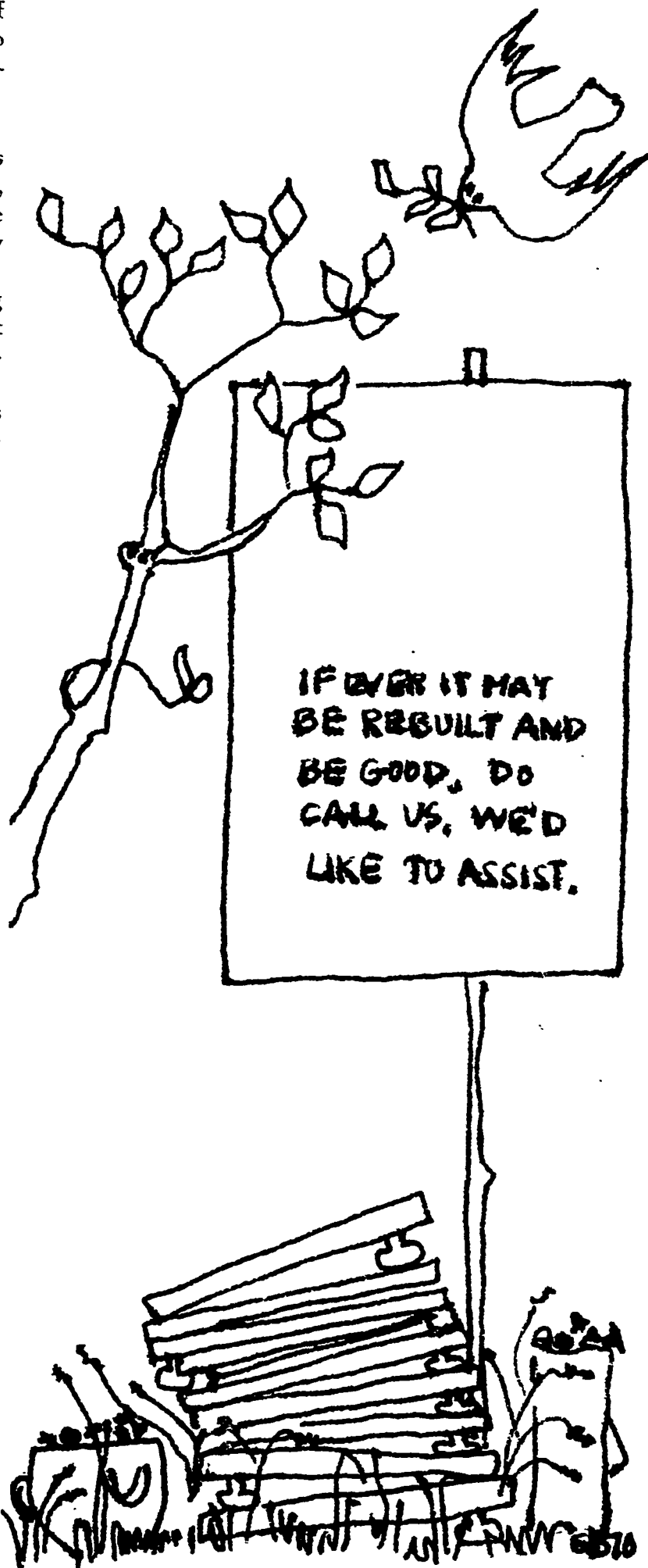
And when all was done, they sat down to rest. To survey the neat piles and shake hands all around, with wry little smiles lighting each face.

No longer were racism, oppression, or grades a struggle on the scene; just one large united body of beings — one in decision and success in their labor. And one small cluster of astonished courtiers with mouths hanging open.



AND peace hovered over the ruins — the neatly stacked nuts and the bolts. And each that could see, could see it was good. And before the grand exit a poster was posted which said in small letters: "If ever it may be rebuilt and be good, do call us, we'd like to assist."

—Carolyn Gatz & Kathleen Grima





As Dan Berrigan awaits final confirmation of his reservation with the U.S. prison system, he gives an occasional sermon, writes an occasional poem. What follows are some reflections on the former, plus an exclusive of the latter.

I KNOW I am only a man," King Theseus tells Oedipus in the latter's ordeal at Colonus, "I have no more to hope for in the end than you have." Daniel Berrigan, the Jesuit priest and felon, tells his contemporaries much the same thing in the poetry he writes and the draft files he burns. But as a dramatic tragic figure, Daniel Berrigan, S.J., falls hopelessly flat. A tragedian like Sophocles would dismiss a realist like Berrigan as entirely too free, entirely too willing to suffer a fate sought after rather than struggled with.

Almost two years after he and the other eight members of the Catonsville Nine napalmed 400 1-A draft records in that Baltimore city, Berrigan says he awaits the beginning of his three-year sentence with no hope in the world he has revolted against. "I wish I could tell you there is some hope after what we did,

but I can't." He says he would like "to stand up and try to speak some words of hope and joy," but predicts instead that "things are going to get desperately worse before they get better." The human condition, as Berrigan sees it, is hopeless; it is only in human beings that he can find hope.

"The times are inexpressibly evil," he wrote in a meditation a few days before the Catonsville action, "... and yet, and yet, the times are inexhaustibly good, solaced by the courage and hope of many. The truth rules, Christ is not forsaken . . . the stone in our heart is dissolved; we take heart once more." The sort of hope he sees in others is the source of his own. "The war goes on," he points out, "and there is nothing I can do to end it — but there is something I *can* do. I can turn my life around with a few friends, with the hope that some Americans, some Vietnamese will hope in that." It is in this transformation that his daily reflection and his daily action have converged in a kind of poetry of politics. It happens daily and concretely. "There is no way to avoid the long haul of life," he admits, "except by despair and violence." And

DANIEL BERRIGAN: Finding Good Places in the Bad Times Ahead

*"It is not in words
that I should wish
my life to be distinguished
but rather
in things done"*

there is no way to face such a haul except by confronting the day-to-day problems of a man living among men. "The question is not so much what mad men are going to do to the innocent," Berrigan insists, "but whether we can live together, whether we can find a basis for life other than the official basis for death."

FOR an answer, Berrigan goes to his "resources" — a search beginning with what he likens to a "Buddhist drawing of life — which has very little to do with such things as where we were born, what our particular religious tradition has been — except as available resources for where we want to go." In a realization of his own tradition, which is by no means closed to the thought of others, Berrigan reflects on what life and death mean today for himself and his fellows. He praises Saint Thomas for describing a rhythm of mind and hands; he seeks the integration of reflection and action. For reflection, he insists, is only half of human living: "the other half is very cruel, very carnivorous, very American." The temptation is strong to stall the

transition to action; but not to act runs the risk of discovering one's reflective resources to be finally worthless. "Some people need fifty years," Berrigan observes, "as well as a position as a tenured professor, to come to the decision that 'no change is possible.' And they're right there to prove it." The decision for reflective action, especially if it would involve civil disobedience, is recognized by Berrigan as a burden — especially on students. He advises thoughtfulness but cautions against regarding a degree as a sort of "plenary indulgence," saving students from the historical and moral responsibility of action. What was it about his own reflection that led him to Catonsville?

"I had a simple conviction," he explains, "that this was a good thing to do at this time." After years of acting inside the law, he has concluded that "very little is politically useful other than the violation of laws." His decision to act, he says, involved two major considerations: the victims of the war (GIs, prisoners, the people of America, the Viet Cong, the people of Vietnam), and his effort to be faithful to himself: what does it mean to be a man today? His bases for action

do not involve far-ranging political objectives. "We're talking about something very modest and concrete, with an act of faith that it will go further." To bank one's actions on the expectation of world-wide results is to flirt with insanity, he submits.

Berrigan likes to describe the transition from reflection to action as the turning around to face what Albert Camus called "the blood-stained face of history." Like Camus, Berrigan is about the business of setting limits on what man can endure, and on what man can do about what he cannot endure. Berrigan acts as he reflects, realizing that neither may be done indiscriminately. He pulls in his life, the life of the men about him — and responds with an active meditation. It is a meditation that does not abandon history, but rather acknowledges it integrally. Berrigan's actions betray an awareness of Camus' insistence that "it is those who know how to rebel at the appropriate moment in history who really advance its interests." The question Berrigan must leave to tomorrow's critics is whether his actions constitute an actualization of that contention. All of which, it seems, is alright with Berrigan. He acknowledges the ambiguity of action and lives with it, acts with it.

BERRIGAN has no pretensions of monopoly on good action, and is not particularly concerned with endless recollections and explanations of what he has done. "It might be important to you," he told a group of church leaders in a recent sermon, "that I am going to jail, not because I am by any means morally superior, but because I am a certain symbol of action. You're not interested in hearing an apologia from me — any more than I want to hear an apologia from you claiming yours is the only way of life." Berrigan says the church needs a multiplicity of active symbols; it does not need the crippling power of inaction among its Christians.

The sort of action Berrigan has chosen has in many ways left him powerless; to invite a jail sentence is to write off the fundamentally free power of leading life actually from one day into the next. But both Dan and his brother Phil, a Josephite priest who faces five years in jail for Catonsville and another similar action, believe action should be accompanied by acknowledgment. Both are disillusioned with an admittedly amoral legal system that has cranked them into jail terms. As several spectators commented last week at the trial of the Dow-sacking D.C. Nine, and as Julius Hoffman has made pretty clear for four and half months now, there is little hope that practitioners of American civil justice will listen to defendants' pleas to consider legality in light of morality, the right of conscience as well as the might of order.

But what, then, for the civilly disobedient citizen? If it has become no longer acceptable to obey the laws of the land, neither perhaps is it acceptable to endure the consequences of the ensuing disobedience. The resolution of that kind of paradox probably has something to do with underground revolution. Berrigan prefers the unresolved paradox. "One important reason to surface after an action," he contends, "is that it helps to build the community." In burning draft files at Catonsville, he says, he tried to help "create the kind of com-

munity that would allow one more step." The action has certainly paved some sort of way for those who have followed: the D.C. Nine, the Milwaukee 14, the Beaver 55, the Chicago 15, the Boston Eight, etc., etc. But with the increase in action has come the intensification of the paradox: more and more radicals are convinced of the need for resistance to U.S. laws — and at the same time are disenchanted with the prospect of a frustrating and perhaps pointless trial and jail term. The two obvious alternatives rate a quick review. The first, working within the law, is no option to the resister because it negates the personal belief that has led him to civil disobedience. The second, going underground, replaces the frustration of a trial with the frustration of a symbol gone unrecognized. And attacks on draft board files are simply not worthwhile in any but a symbolic fashion. The government may be inconvenienced, maybe even delayed, but they'll get their bodies in spite of the raiders. Civil disobedience is worthwhile to a community to the extent of its symbolic and/or practical power of transformation. The Catonsville Nine and the other groups have been at the very least thought-provoking symbols. But as the government continues, by preventive and legal means, to insulate itself and the community at large against such actions, how worthwhile is it today to burn those hunting licenses?

BERRIGAN's reply, of course, would be: "got any better ideas?" He says that, it seems, not in justification of an action he has long since finished justifying. Rather, he chooses to labor with the old as he seeks new forms, new symbols for a new life. "We are without power," he contends, "because we are inept at creating alternative means of living." Attempts at that creation are visible throughout the political left, but more so in life styles than in political actions. Berrigan insists it is in those life styles, though, that the new political symbols will find their seeds. From Ché, Berrigan has learned that "in the worst of times, the most we can hope for is to share our lives." Maybe it is the "residue of hope" he discovers in this sharing that Berrigan finds the capacity to resist the security of an ideology: reactionary or revolutionary. He must not neglect loving natural life in his rebellion against unnatural death. The life he would lead demands the sort of balance Erik Erikson, in describing Gandhi, terms "an almost mystical conflux of inner voice and historical actuality." Daniel Berrigan is a poet, but like Theseus, his political life insists this: "It is not in words that I should wish my life to be distinguished, but rather in things done."

Unlike many of his contemporaries interested in "things done," Berrigan has no blueprints: "I've got no programs, no five-year plan," he admits. He sees the limits of his action and looks for new symbols, new ways to live up against the limits. Like he says, he doesn't know what's on the other end of it all: "It's a question, rather, of where we are when the Lord returns." Upon each man lies the burden of creating the place where he'll be, a place "described by conscience and the cries of the world." Berrigan values means over ends; he figures he'll enjoy life and do the gospel in public.

—Bill Mitchell

I AM PRIVILEGED TO VISIT ONCE MORE THE GOLDEN DOME AND FIND IT STILL AT HOME. FOR WHICH THANK YOU FATHER HESBURGH

Dan Berrigan

The Golden Dome, the forehead of God the Father by Phidias, wrinkles in puzzlement.

The Golden Dome, the forehead of Zeus pregnant with deities; their beatific beneficial thought.

The Golden Dome cracks like a golden egg; "the last egg I'll lay," squacks the corporate goose.

The Golden Dome furrows with perplexity, the gold leaf flakes like dandruff. A Buddha on a bad trip, "what the hell gives here? Sister Joann in miniskirt, rambunctious students speaking in tongues, old time religion a rout, pot, hunkering outside agitators, burning hunting licenses."

The Golden Dome goes straight up, a weather balloon, air force surplus. "The weather up here is bad, bad, sir." Over. "Hell on wheels up here, sir." Over. "GET US THE HELL DOWN FROM HERE, SIR." Over.

The Golden Dome, the forehead of Father Hesburgh, filled like a cornucopia with golden thoughts, thoughts of gold, dreams, dome upon dome rising, El Dorado, Zanadu, the topless towers, the Kremlin onion domes. O build us bigger and better foreheads.

The Golden Dome; outer space, inner space, the ecology of the brain, its skull, its terrain, the explorers of consciousness, the space men of spirit.

The Golden Dome of Mary Mary quite contrary. She floats there, uneasy as a Pasolini heroine on guy wires; a Macy balloon on Thanksgiving filled with supernatural helium. Uneasy; mindful of the mocking helicopter lift of Jesus by Fellini. Her thought streams out, uneasy; sky writing over South Bend, a Pepsi commercial at a State Fair; "O what next, Father Hesburgh?"

The Golden Dome, raised by the solid clerics, cut loose by the airy tribes. The Holy Cross Fathers turn over in their graves, eggs sunny side up, eggs over. The graves are a garden, alive. The grave trustees offer in tribute to Father Hesburgh, a golden domed stop-watch.

"WATCH THEM, STOP THEM, FATHER HESBURGH." Father Hesburgh, his mandate given, is invested in the Order of the Golden Dome by Holy Mother State.

The Golden Dome like a schizoid brain, flows left and right, two streams of conscience.

Right side. Yacht trips, White House parleys, lawnorder, good housekeeping, ivy league transplants, medieval grandeur, pigskin thoughts, money thoughts, Time mag, mad comics, mod clerics, clear sailing, cops coming, ground breaking, gold bricking.

Right side. rent-a-tent rent-a-tent rent-a-tent. ROTC. Think right squad right right not wrong right is might out of sight fight for right states rights oil rights mining rights rubber rights white is right.

Left side. O what a pod, a jumpin bean, a radium implant, a Jesus word, a Buddha tooth, a Zen filament, a golden bat, a radar squeak from that belfry. Small space in the golden attic for the Gospel of Saint Matthew; a crowded phone booth, in a brazen bull's belly, a hot line to the slum towns, hospitals, resisters, prisoners, victims, hoods, hipsters, gurus, Indians, potheads, freaks, sufis. An open line to the dismembered battered drained unearthed illegal remnant of the earth. Listen; "Are you with me?" Listen; "I am with you." The Golden Dome is resonant as a hive of golden bees. The golden honey pours from its spout, a wholeness, a history.

Gold gold gold, it is man, it is the burning bush at the crossroads, it is the golden bough flowering.

Gold gold gold. The golden gates open, the poor enter first, Father Hesburgh.

Gold gold gold. The rain of gold. Danae conceives, Mary conceives. O what sons the gods get, golden sons, they dance they celebrate. Jesus that long haired golden boy treads like Shadrack the durance that fuses and releases all his gold. Fuse, release, resist, gold, gold, gold, golden resisters, Father Hesburgh.

perspectives

joseph m. duffy

ROTC: a small affair

What passing-bells for those who die as cattle?

WILFRED OWEN

NEARLY a year ago I was asked by a colleague to write a statement for the Academic Council which would represent the extreme left position on ROTC—one, that is, which would altogether reject ROTC as a legitimate academic program. Such a position seemed mild to me rather than extreme—inevitable, in fact, and reasonable. Indeed the labelling of ROTC as killing school would, I thought, have rendered simple justice to the work of the military on campus. There was a tactic behind my colleague's request, however, and that was to use my statement as a radical extreme which would perhaps alarm some members of the Academic Council and therefore persuade them towards acceptance of a middle course of modified reduction of the military reserve enterprise.

In this case I was being exploited as a resident radical—universities yearning towards adequacy require their token blacks, homosexuals, poets, and radicals—but the strategy was candidly put forth by my colleague. I was agreeable to his liberal good intentions even though the outcome seemed predictable, since the time of the meeting on ROTC status was administratively calculated—it was held during the spring final examination period after the *SCHOLASTIC* and *Observer* had ceased publication and at a time when the decision could be kept from the notice of potentially dissident students.

My statement on ROTC was based on an academic argument. The position advocated withdrawal of all official recognition from ROTC courses, the denial of faculty status for ROTC personnel, and the admission of no substitute academic courses for ROTC credit. Such a decision would effectively relegate ROTC to the category of such extracurricular organizations as S.D.S. or Y.A.F. This seemed to me to represent a generous concession to the status of ROTC since its main concern is not merely peripheral to but out of the mainstream of the University; and it contributes considerably less to the intellectual, moral, cultural, ideological, social, or

physical life of the campus than any other extracurricular program. A narrowly circumscribed body of instruction and procedures directed towards a term of military service is the material of ROTC, and this instruction is given on university grounds for convenience, not because, as with other activities, it derives its basis and definition from the common experience and common interests of those living within the university environment.

I felt that from the point of view of the academic whose concerns are professional rather than moral, a more significant and much more disturbing factor than the presence of a killing school is the incongruity of academic status for ROTC. That incongruity is underlined at Notre Dame by the inexplicable attachment of ROTC to the College of Arts and Letters. But ROTC could be grafted on any acquiescent college—or on none—since its courses are taught outside the context of traditional university disciplines by men whose profession is not teaching and research, but military service. It muddles the issue to attempt to justify the ROTC staff as academic because of minimal degrees held or the course as academic because of some resemblance in content to certain university studies. The anomalous position of the military man on the university faculty is crucially conveyed by his failure or his inability to devote his full time to any recognized academic discipline. His profession is nonacademic, his deportment is nonacademic (his public opinions are subject to military restraint), and his teaching is wholly directed towards a nonacademic object. That nonacademic object is the structure and institution of the military itself which should neither be recognized nor served by the University as part of its official life.

THIS argument still seems mild and reasonable in a pretty stereotyped academic context. A year has gone by and the situation has not changed notably except



that fewer students are submitting to the blandishments of the military reserve organization. In the official life of the University ROTC does not appear to have undergone academic attenuation. Its program, serviced by its own personnel, is still given under the strange auspices of the College of Arts and Letters; and its command is still extended *ex officio* voting membership in the council of the College of Arts and Letters. In the world outside, the violence continues: the American military leaders, masters of the men who are hospitably received by the College of Arts and Letters, are the triggers for this country's aggression in Asia—high-level gunmen who in a more sensible order would be charged for their bloody crimes against the human race.

Since the university, whatever its delusions of significance may be, has so little real power in the life of contemporary society—it cannot manage and kill as the government can, nor exploit and deprive as business does, nor propagandize and deceive as the mass media do—it seems like straining for a very minor point to argue against the perpetuation of a killing school on this campus. Moreover, such a discussion introduces questions of value, assumes shared concern over human worth, human dignity, human justice; it even suggests the existence of moral issues and inevitably demands that moral judgements take precedence over efficiency of university operation or over the snowy dreams of order of trustees or over the rights of individuals to be recruited on campus. The problem of ROTC is a small affair in a small place, and yet its introduction is liable to be embarrassing to those who are painting the meretricious facade of the university, the public image of academic entrepreneurship—the lust of the university to be coy mistress of capitalism and masochistic hostage of government. Such discussion blemishes and therefore defeats the purpose of the advertisement; it leaves the lust sullenly frustrated. The whore disguising whoredom with mincing appeals to civility, the victim denying (but enjoying) its victimization with strutting pomp of impartial search for truth, undergoes spitefully the ordeal of exposure.

LAST year Father Hesburgh circulated his druidical regulations to the national press (and afterwards to the students and faculty) but was silent about the armed mob of police which had just previously invaded the campus; he had no word about the complacent boast of

the local district attorney that it was fortunate no one was killed during that foray at the Pornography Conference. Someone might have been *killed* over the acquisition of a film that was eventually shown for the phlegmy titillation of a thick-necked audience at police headquarters. More recently the Engineering Council, which has a history of reticence on any conceivable public issue, in a flush of literacy and self-congratulatory ardor defined the likeness of the University in tablets of law and excluded those whose proportions were mathematically unsuitable. There is in Father Hesburgh's regulations, in the recent University injunction (against everything public, one presumes, except indecency), in the engineers' quaintly fastidious edict, something very cold. Their appeal for docility is, at last, meagre, shrivelled, and forlorn; it displays a true absence of proportion, a lack of a sense of human priorities, a want, indeed, of any feeling about the complexity of life itself. The University is not a collection of intellectual gnomes marching in good-natured lock-step to a piper's tune of civility—their pale rhythms insulated against the threat of gnostic invaders. The University is—potentially—a larger, more dynamic, more imaginative place where, as elsewhere, real adversaries are contending over fundamental issues; they are engaged in creative war whose goal is paradoxically a synthesis involving a whole human society.

Not Father Hesburgh's regulations, nor the University injunction, nor the engineers' prejudices are important enough to risk arrest over. The places of real power are outside and the urgent contests will take place there. But wherever they are encountered, the attitudes that would continue to bind the suffering wit and outlandish striving of the human person are worth challenging and defeating. Here on the campus the job is to persuade the uncommitted, to meet the cunning of power with the cunning of instinct, to counter pretension with exposure and risk of embarrassment. The age of blind guardianship of the good life for a few is over, yet the custodians of the old privileges are formidable and tenacious in holding on to their authority and the successful revolution is far off. If all the Lord's people were prophets, as Moses exhorted, the institutional manacles would soon be broken and we would all now have the future we want. In the meantime there is joy in the vision but, after that, the resolve to endure and to undergo long pain. And there is, as well, the intransigence always to ask the small question in the small place. What uncouth ethical or academic assumptions allot ROTC a continued place on this campus?

Mr. Joseph Duffy, a professor in English, received his undergraduate degree from Columbia and his doctorate from the University of Chicago. He has taught at Notre Dame for the last sixteen years. Professor Duffy has recently completed a study of Charles Dickens, called Pickwick and Other Strangers.

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

**Into the cities iron heart.
And out again, upon
the unplumb'd, salt,
estranging sea.**



THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN.
A novel by John Fowles. Little, Brown & Co.,
Boston, \$7.95.

HISTORY can make a nice novel. No one doubts its credibility; all the pieces fit. According to the cult of the historical novel, the narrative should proceed along a line determined by historical touchstones, objective correlatives which give the story an existence in particular time. The space between those known points constitutes an imaginative field, an area in which the artist rewrites history as the interpenetration of psychic rather than documented phenomena. The novelistic act seems to arise from a belief that there are forces which set the historical reality into motion. Those forces are in thin air, or so they seem.

The task of the novel is then to incarnate those forces in the historical situation, in its people. All of which is a delicate business: the characters are immediately in danger of becoming abstract ideas, their humanity sacrificed to an intellectual or psychological conception of what they should be.

Fowles has calculated the difficulties and gauged the odds. He knows that the approach can lean toward the clinical: in the first chapter, he informs the novelistic act with the metaphor of "the eye in the telescope" — observation and magnification, a focus on the reality and the dreams of the experience of Victorian England.

There were, incredibly enough, life forces rumbling under the plaster cast of the Victorian life style. Those forces are fundamental, organic; when they push against the straitjacket of Victorian "morality," a tension is created. It is the tension of the age, and of Fowles' novel. In the novel, the psychic opposites find their expression in two characters, two modalities of life, the historical person (whose being consists only of the constrictions of the particular age) and the eternal person (the configuration of the infinite life force).

Charles S. is a 32-year-old scientist, a paradigm of the Victorian age, withering from the neck down. He conceives of himself as a function, as a scientist; there is ritual in his life, but it celebrates nothing but itself. His life is, in the words of the poet W. S. Merwin, "a small animal dying in a bottle."

Into his well-ordered void intrudes the organic eternal, the embodiment of all the forces against which the Victorian culture had perpetrated its vicious holding action. Sarah W., the French lieutenant's woman, enters the novel, bringing with her all the symbols and mystery of the eternal earth-goddess. She is standing on the beach, looking out to sea, waiting for the return of the French lieutenant, her demon lover:

But where the telescopist would have been at sea himself was with the other figure on that somber, curving mole (of beach). It stood right at the seawardmost end, apparently leaning against an old cannon barrel upended as a bollard. Its clothes were black. The wind moved there, but the figure stood motionless, staring, staring out to sea, more like a living memorial to the drowned, a figure from myth, than any proper fragment of the petty, provincial day.

The history in which the woman has her roots is geo-

The Scholastic

logical, outside of civilization. The French lieutenant, an enigma which captures all the mythic possibilities that have been lost in Charles, never returns.

They meet on the beach; appropriately enough, Charles is gathering sea shells for his laboratory, clinking around inside his utterly known and boring universe. He is with his fiancée, Ernestina, the "right girl"; Ernestina is only what the age expects of her, more intrigued by the idea of marriage than by Charles. "She had once or twice seen animals couple; the violence haunted her mind." The relationship of Charles and Ernestina is defined in history, but it is an arbitrary history, the neurotic whims of a highly neurotic age; their encounter is of masks. The organic forces lurking under all of Charles' Victorian "to-do" pull him toward Sarah, but his attraction to her must first filter through all the ludicrous machinations of a Victorian conscience. In pushing through his artificial Form of life, the forces break that Form. Charles is left standing in the ruins of his conception of himself, and surely enough, there is nothing left. When he loses what he thinks he is, he is nothing, *nullus*.

"**W**E are what we pretend to be. So we must be careful about what we pretend to be," says Kurt Vonnegut. Charles pretended to be something; but pretending becomes pretension when it claims to have a rational truth which the man manipulates to hold the universe under control. His abstracts interpret only through other abstracts, not through nature. Nature loses religious significance as his abstracts move him further away from it. Reason is capable of refusing to be the servant of nature and instead, it thinks, is its master. The cosmos became a machine, with Charles at the dashboard. He controls, he thinks, but he never gets around to participating. He lives outside of nature; he is what he thinks he is, but the components of "what he thinks he is" are not natural. So when he loses what he thinks he is, even nature (Sarah) rejects him. He has no being finally, either in the historical situation or in the eternal flux of the cosmos. Nowhere is a bad place to be. It creates problems for the organism therein situated.

LOGOS vs. BIOS. Ideas vs. Will. Form vs. Matter. Human history can perhaps be traced along the lines of such conflict. But the conflict stretches far antecedent to humanity: the struggle of matter to organize itself into forms through the mystery of energy is as old as geological time. As long as the form remained organic, functional inside of but subjugated to the physical and temporal principles of nature, the conflict was creative, adaptive. As Fowles acknowledges in one of the novel's literal statements, "Matter is eternal, the form non-eternal."

Sometime ago science probably realized that it really could not control nature inside an idea. There are blind and unconscious (unreflecting) forces of nature, from the growth of plants to the hunger and sex instincts of animal and man, which the rational intellect cannot penetrate and arrange. But science wants the idea, wants its order — it is the fault of closed systems. And the Idea will never come to complete realization

until Nature is utterly defeated and negated. Thus all that remains is arbitrary, probably untrue to nature, Form. Matter is ignored; it will get its revenge.

The Form was life to the Victorians. Respectability, sensibility, paralysis were its hallmarks, its perversions. Unnegatable life forces push the unyielding Form into the shapes of insanity. It is the madhouse in which Charles is condemned to live at the end of the novel. He lives there, with his sons, and his grandsons, and us. His sons fought WW I, his grandsons WW II. Perhaps we have a choice about what we will fight.

For there are different possibilities. The novel locates them with Sarah. Sarah enters history, but her entry is that of primitive man's — artistic. She is working in the salon of D. G. Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, Ruskin, etc.; when the ruin that is Charles comes to see her there, she refuses him. He walks out into Thanatos, "a man behind the invisible gun carriage on which rests his own corpse."

Science destroys art, by making the cosmos a machine; a machine cannot sustain mystery. Imagination withers under the tyranny of "rational truth." In the novel, in the relocation of another possibility, art rejects science.

Sarah can exercise choice; she prefers to live inside art, inside Eros. Form makes matter possible in history, if it is a natural form, willing to acknowledge the limits of reason. The mind, the form-making capacity, reconciles with nature through imagination: images claim no rational truth, but operate inside symbols that are large and organic enough to celebrate, not define, existence. Participation takes the form of celebration, of conscious entry into the forces which are beyond the range of the discursive intelligence. The artist, the healthy artist (not he who exploits and cultivates his neuroses) uses his consciousness in the making of images, in the carving of idols, and lives inside his symbols, inside myth. For the artist, religious life is possible; existence interprets through organic symbols, not through abstracts.

If the symbols derive from the universal, the myth immediately has public, political dimensions. That Sarah should remain in the artists' alcove is not enough; her values must become public property. Salvation merely for the effete is worse than universal annihilation. Entrance into history today demands an entrance into political structures; political structures are the form into which life is organized.

But political man is a tired, frustrated, somewhat dismal creature. The possibility of revitalization through laws and abstracts has diminished almost exponentially as new laws are fabricated. Laws do not speak to the myth-making and religious capacities in man. Scientific Democracy, Technocracy, contradicts itself. The scientific obsession for an abstracted order destroys imagination; without imagination, empathy is impossible, and empathy is the kinetic of brotherhood.

Sarah, the promised messiah who will reinstate the natural order of the cosmos, is waiting to enter modern history. But her entry must be political, with "the other": she is waiting for the man who will give her the child, the incarnation in history of all the eternal possibilities of childhood. She waits.

Vincent B. Sherry

He Always Seem To Be Open

IN the Convocation Center press box Monday night, prior to Notre Dame's 115-80 romp, Tulane's sports information director Bill Curl distributed ink blotters propagandizing "All America candidate" John Sutter.

This night, Sutter, a 6-8 junior, would have an opportunity to document Curl's claims. Coach Ralph Pedersen had assigned him to guard Austin Carr. "Actually, it's a man-to-man defense with zone tendencies," explained Curl. "Sutter will have the primary responsibility, but the others will help out when possible." Coach Pedersen noted after the game, "We figured a fellow as big as Sutter could force Carr to change the arc of his shot a little bit. But I guess it didn't work, did it?"

Frankly, Coach, no.

Carr took the opening tap and leaped over Sutter for a 22-foot jump shot which netted him the Notre Dame single-season scoring record. From that point, things worsened for John until, with 7:22 to play in the first half, Carr flipped in a reverse lay-up, drew the foul from Sutter and converted a three-point play. Pedersen had seen enough. He substituted Dennis Riddle for Sutter and handed the task of defending Carr to 6-1 guard Ned Reese. In 12 minutes, 38 seconds, Austin had banged home 22 points against "All America candidate" John Sutter.

Reese was not much better, surrendering 10 points to Carr in slightly more than six minutes of the first half. After intermission, Tulane tried double-teaming the ball at half-court, then dropping back into a two-three zone if Notre Dame beat the press. Against that alignment, Carr got 21 more and a new single-game record of 53 points.

INEVITABLY, the question (for those who cared to discuss it) was, "How does Carr compare with Louisiana State's Pete Maravich?"

"They're two entirely different ball players," insisted Pedersen. "They're both great, but you must defense them differently. Last year, we gave Maravich anything he wanted (he scored 128 points in two games versus the Green Wave), played the other four guys tight and won both times. This year, we couldn't leave him alone because we're not that strong up front. (Reese held Maravich under 50 points each game, but LSU won a pair.) It was their big guys who beat us this year, not Maravich.

"Maravich handles the ball so much that you have to have a little guy on him, harassing him all the time. Carr isn't like that. You can play a 6-8 forward against him, hoping to force an adjustment in his shot. Carr has the better shot, but Maravich can do so many more things with the ball — simply because he handles it more often than Carr."

WHICH would he rather have at Tulane?

"Well, that depends on where I had to play and whom I had to play."

"Say you could add either to your present team, facing this year's schedule."

"I'd take Carr because we need a good outside shot this year."

"Say you were the coach of a professional expansion franchise and you had first draft choice. Maravich or Carr?"

"Well, if I had an expansion team, I'd be concerned with selling tickets and I'd have to pick Maravich. Believe me, he puts 'em in the stands and gives 'em a show. But if I needed a good all-around basketball player, I'd have to take Carr."

CONFRONTED with that same question, Reese drew a blank. "I just don't know whom I'd pick," he said. "I've played both of them now and I can't tell you who's taller or who jumps better or anything like that. The only thing I can hope to do is keep guys like those two from getting the shot away. Once Maravich or Carr goes up, there's nothing a guy like me can do. I sure didn't think Carr could destroy somebody like Sutter, though. If it were my pro franchise, I just don't know whom I'd pick.

"Carr is limited because he doesn't see the ball that much. And Notre Dame has so much better personnel than LSU that Carr doesn't have to shoot that much. He recognizes it and he's very unselfish. This double low-post system Notre Dame uses is a good idea. It will help Carr to develop as a pro prospect. He usually gets the ball at that 45-degree angle and takes you one-on-one. He's got a beautiful jump shot and he drives a lot better than I thought he did. He's got the potential to be a really great driver.

"Maravich controls the game much more. He brings it upcourt and his ball handling is amazing. He's not a gunner, either. I used to think he took a lot of bad shots, but I changed my mind this year. Carr's the same way; if he took a bad shot tonight, I sure didn't see it. You're talking about two players who are great, but in a different sense. They don't play the same style of game," Reese concluded.

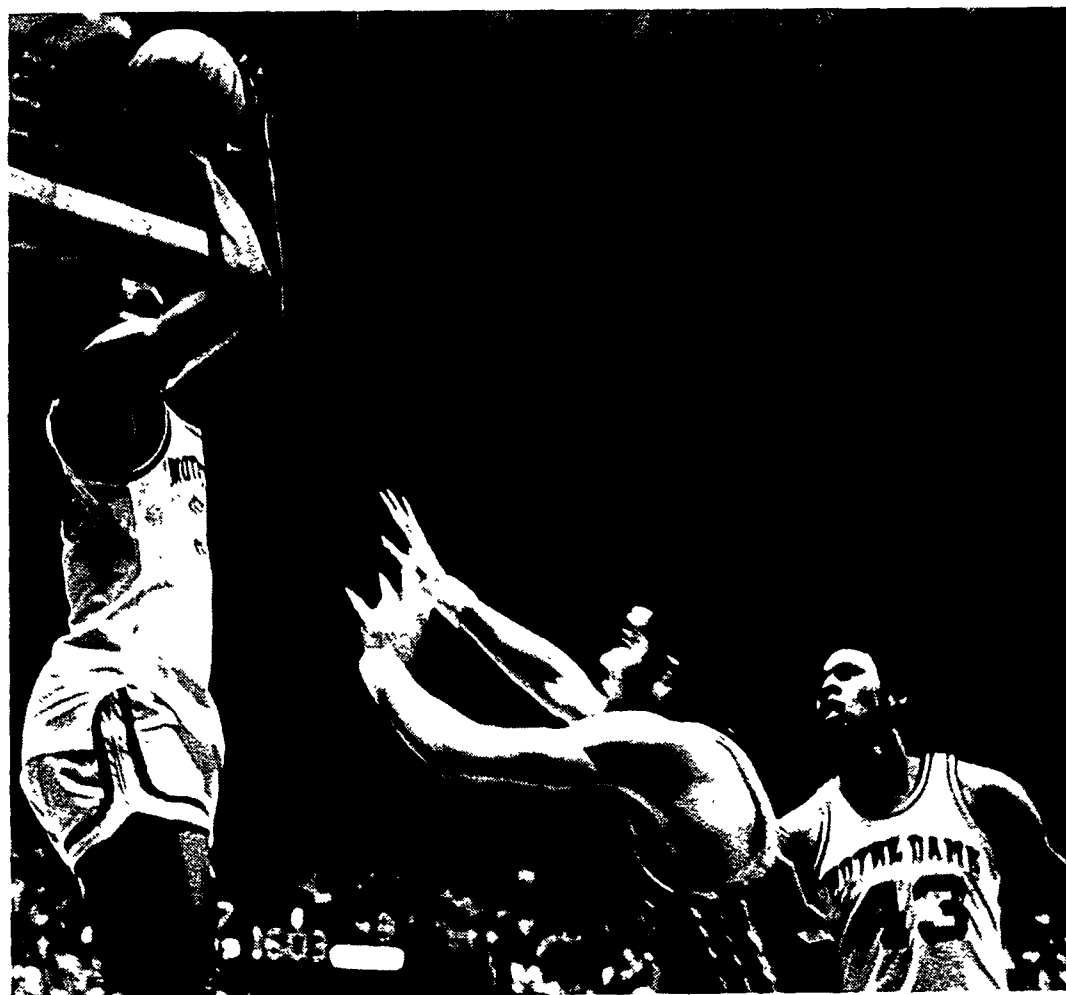
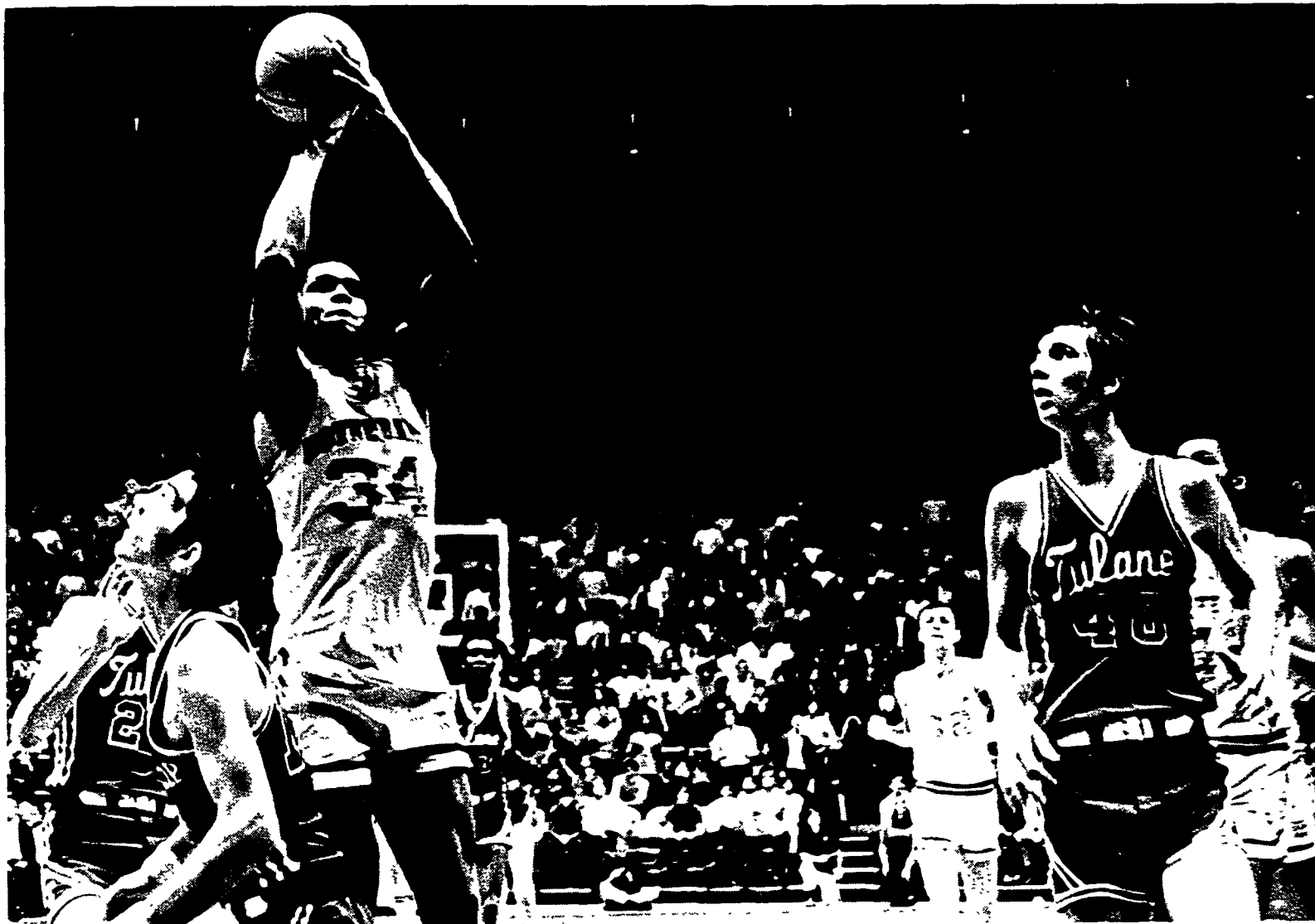
Overhearing the conversation, Tulane trainer Earl Porche dropped a comment: "Maravich has to work for his points."

AND Carr gets a lot of garbage?

"No, not exactly. He, uh, well, he always seems to be open."

—Terry O'Neil

The Scholastic



Keep this blotter handy you'll need it when

ALL AMERICAN CANDIDATE JOHN SUTTER

Rewrites the Tulane Basketball Record Book

Top, Austin Carr (34) eludes Tulane's Ned Reese (14) and John Sutter (40) for a jump shot.

Above, Tulane's Public Relations Department must now wonder about the money spent to print those blotters.

Left, Tulane's Ned Reese (14) summarizes the story in one futile effort.



I'd Rather Be A Sparrow Than A Snail

SIMON and Garfunkel hate to finish albums and this is evidenced by more than word of mouth. *Bookends* contained four cuts which had been previously released as singles, and *Bridge Over Troubled Water* has two (a-side) singles. The album had been promised "any week now" ever since last September. Apparently they prefer touring, acting (Garfunkel plays Nately in *Catch-22*), and whatever to spending time with studio musicians. But now, the album is finally out.

Those who liked the Simon and Garfunkel television special (aired the Sunday after last Thanksgiving), and who were curious to experience some of their current concert fare, found their patience rewarded. For *Bridge Over Troubled Water* is a concert — or rather the last half hour of a concert. The opening songs and monologues have passed. Audience and performers have long since forgotten preliminary doubts. Earlier works have been recognized (*America*, *Dangling Conversation*, *Sounds of Silence*, et al.), and you have stopped wondering whether \$5.50 was too much to pay for a good seat.

Now the back-up group settles into a quiet (but rather elaborate) lead-in. You've heard it as a single on the radio and recognize the song which was obviously written for Art Garfunkel's tenor. After this, the album's title song, one begins to realize what Simon and Garfunkel mean when they sing "just trying to keep my customers satisfied." The above sentence could easily sound like a polemic against the commercialization and degeneration of popular musicians. However, a more sympathetic view would simply recognize that emphasis has been shifted. The tone has become lighter (though not insipid) with favorable results.

El Condor Pasa (the dust jacket informs us that the melody is authentically Peruvian) offers mildly philosophic lyrics with a maximum of support from the violins of Jimmy Haskell and Ernie Freeman, Ted Brosnan's recorder work, and an anonymous mandolin. *Cecilia* marks the pair's first attempt at calypso. But the intention here is not to present a cut-by-cut de-

scription. Suffice it to say that the first side of *Bridge* resembles the first side of *Bookends* in few ways.

The second side begins with *The Boxer* and little more need be said in praise of it. Paul Simon rightly considers himself a songwriter and not a poet. But, there are times when his images could find space in a literary review. *The Boxer* is such a song. It represents Simon and Garfunkel at their best, combining lyrics with a deceptively simple-sounding guitar roll — all into a unity marked most by its smoothness.

Purists will fondly remember *Wednesday Morning 3 A.M.* which was nearly devoid of external influences (except for the cello in *Benedictus*). After this came the folk-rock false start which rendered *Sounds of Silence* and the title song from the first album into 45 rpm vernacular. These atrocities (perhaps the word is a bit too strong) were counterbalanced by *Kathy's Song*, *April Come She Will*, et al. My point is simply that the production of Simon and Garfunkel albums has since improved steadily.

But enough digression — the evening is almost over. The last song is finished, and you hope for more than one encore. A few years ago, when Simon and Garfunkel began their concerts with *He Was My Brother*, (instead of *Mrs. Robinson*), the encore would be *For Emily*. Today, it is not without some surprise that you recognize the opening line of *Bye Bye Love*. (Reports of the death of the Everly Brothers have been greatly exaggerated.) Perhaps this also suggests a less-than-subtle shift in musical emphasis — "trying to keep my customers satisfied. . . ." But then you hear, very softly,

This is my song for the asking
Ask me and I will play
So sweetly that I'll make you smile. . . .

Once again it is clear that two artists *are* at work, singing the song of themselves.

Phil Glotzbach

movies

GRANADA: *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. Young-marrieds, Bob & Carol, introduce their friends, Ted & Alice, to today's sexual revolution. Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliot Gould, and Dyan Cannon. Also—on Saturday night at the 7:15 show, there will be a sneak preview of the movie starring Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow. Two shows for the price of one. Regular showings at 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

STATE: H. P. Lovecraft's *The Dunwich Horror*. Starring Sandra Dee, Dean Stockwell, and Ed Begley. A must for science-fiction buffs. I can hear the music of the spheres already. Call: 233-1676.

COLFAX: Hitchcock's *Topaz* enters its second week. Michael Patrick tells me that it contains only one "good" scene, and also, that it is worse than *Torn Curtain*. Having an implicit faith in human beings, I believe him and hereby pass the message on to you. At: 1:15, 3:34, 5:53, and 8:12.

AVON: *A Place For Lovers* and *A House in London* — or something like that. Call 288-7800.

CINEMA '70: Jean-Luc Godard's *Weekend*. The controversial French New Wave director's view of the American Apocalypse (How'm I doin' so far?). Starring, among others, Mireille Darc, who murders her mother and devours her husband's remains in a stew. I guess you can call that Apocalyptic. Screenings at 2 and 8 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium. Patrons free. It is Godard's first film in America, and it will be extremely interesting to view Antonioni's first American film — *Zabriskie Point* — in comparison.

RIVER PARK: *The Downhill Racer*, with Robert Redford. Call: 288-8488.

chicago

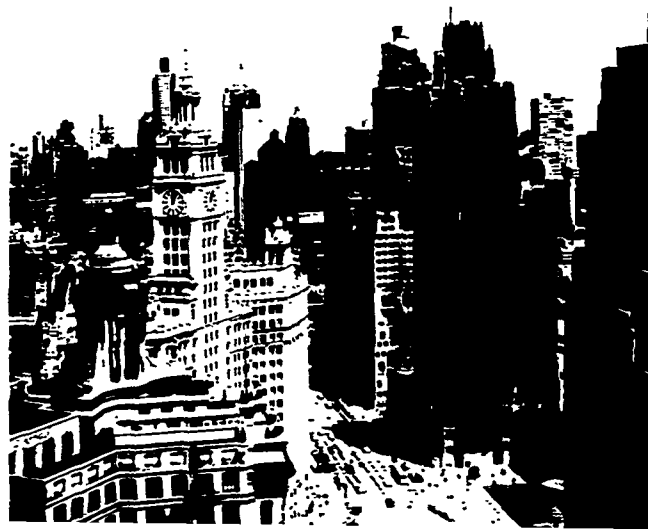
Heaven from all creatures hides THE BOOK OF FATE, all but the page prescribed, their present state, from brutes what men, from men what spirits know, or who could suffer being here below? The LAMB thy riot dooms to bleed today, had he thy reason, would he skip and play? Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food, and licks the hand just raised to shed his blood. Oh, BLINDNESS, to the future! Kindly given, that each may fill the circle marked by Heaven: who sees with equal eye,

as God of all, a hero perish or a sparrow fall, atoms or systems into ruin hurled, and now a bubble burst and now a world.

HOPE humbly then; with trembling pinions soar; wait the great teacher, DEATH; and GOD adore! What future bliss, he gives not thee to know, but gives that HOPE to be thy blessing now, HOPE springs eternal in the human breast; man never is, but always to be blest: the soul uneasy, and confin'd at home, rests, and expatiates in a life to come.

Pope's remarks sound funny now, but what else can one say of a city like Chicago? Not living there, not being there all the time, one loses any sense of it as a real place, a city where people live, breathe. It is the city cast over with the great miasma, the unknowable and undefinable curse that blights a city until its sacred removal. Some actions are

said to render a place holy, to make it a place the gods love to be in. The holy place is a vital space and the air there is beautiful. Chicago is a city damned by the end of the Conspiracy Trial, damned by outrages larger than any moral righteousness can suggest. Better to read Pope.



the last word

IT was 9 a.m. and David, one of my roommates, was talking to Harry down at Indiana Bell. He explained to her that this was the twelfth time that he had called about the telephone in the reception room, that in each of these twelve instances, a serviceman had been promised before 5 p.m. the next day, and that in each case, the phone had remained unattended. Harry was at a loss to explain the breakdown in the cause-effect relationship which had heretofore existed so flawlessly between her promise and the assignment of the repairman. Harry suggested that he call the service department.

David called the service department. Harry down at Indiana Bell answered. Once again David carefully explained the malady of our phone (it had failed the Timex underwater test). In a fit of inspiration, Harry recalled the case and, after checking his records, explained that our telephone, numbered 8548, did not exist. For the twelfth time, David noted that the phone had been 8549 but, in a primeval fall from innocence, had become 8548. Harry couldn't handle that one, and David's mumblings about original sin were of no avail.

Harry checked again but remained unenlightened. "There is no 8548 but there is an 8549." David tried to assure him of our existential evidence of the transvaluation of telephones.

After about fifteen minutes of carefully concealed deliberation, Harry returned to the telephone. "Well, we've thought this thing out, talked it over; and we don't see much we can do except send a repairman out."

Harry catches on fast.

IT is an awesome and silencing experience to stand at the feet of a bureaucracy, to watch it dangle its hands and arms to no effect but mutilation. A person standing at those feet laughs only to fill the void created as human speech exits in futility.

It is impossible to comment rationally on the charges and penalties of contempt brought against the Conspiracy 7 defendants. Monday's Chicago *Sun-Times* listed the litany of contempt counts. It was in utter disbelief that we read them, that we chuckled in horror; the sampling below is indicative:

William Kunstler:

Oct. 30. Referring to the chaining and gagging of Bobby Seale as 'a disgrace' and 'medieval torture.' 3 months.

Jan. 6. Asked witness Mayor Daley 83 questions which were objectional—mostly 'leading and suggestive' and asked to have the mayor declared a hostile witness in presence of jury although Judge had asked him not to

make the request with the jury in courtroom. 8 counts, 6 months each.

Feb. 9. Insisted he was right and the judge wrong in recollection of something Kunstler had said to the court. 2 months.

David Dellinger:

Oct. 15. Called Judge Hoffman 'Mr.' and argued with him. 6 months.

Jan. 30. Using the word 'bullshit.' 5 months.

It cannot be denied that the conduct of the "7" was not exemplary. But the deviance of their conduct must be measured against the larger issues that the trial evoked: the validity of the conspiracy law itself and the decision to try the demonstrators rather than the city officials (in a holocaust which the federal government's Walker Commission described as a police riot). But most important of the factors that menaced the orderly conduct of the trial was the encroachment of narrow legalism upon the defense testimony. Time and again Judge Hoffman ruled the defense presentation irrelevant because it concerned political issues outside the scope of the Judge's judicial vision. Repeatedly, defense attorney Kunstler was frustrated in his attempt to present to the jury evidence which questioned not only the guilt of the "conspirators" but also the wisdom of the conspiracy law, indeed, the wisdom of the American political and judicial systems.

The "7" felt that not only their plans for the conventions but also their life-style was on trial. For this reason, they chose not to construct their defense along tightly restricted lines but, rather, called into court the vanguards of their culture: poets, singers, and random radicals. Consistently, Judge Hoffman would refuse this testimony.

The Judge was consistently unable to see that the guilt or innocence of the defendants could not be determined within the confines of the law. The conspiracy trial may go down as a landmark case in the history of American law: it may mark that point in American history when dissent forsook civil disobedience as a viable method of reform. Forsook civil disobedience in favor of genuine violence.

The giant, waving his arms and hands, creates nothing; he only destroys. We stand at his feet giggling not in contempt but in disbelieving pity.

Harry down at Indiana Bell finally got out to repair the phone Monday. But there is no sign that the larger and more encumbered giant will ever again coordinate his vision and his action with the hopes of the victims that lie at his feet chuckling in frustration.

—Rich Moran



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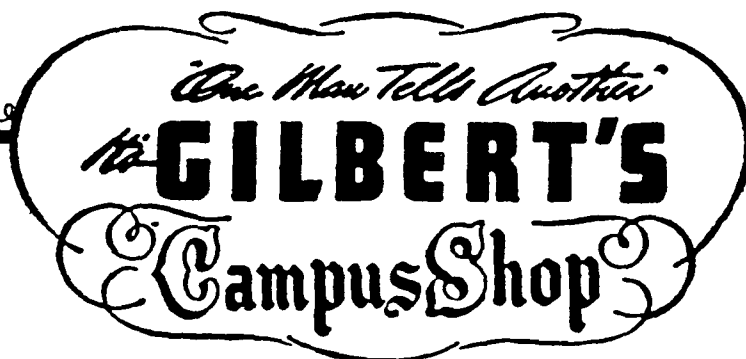
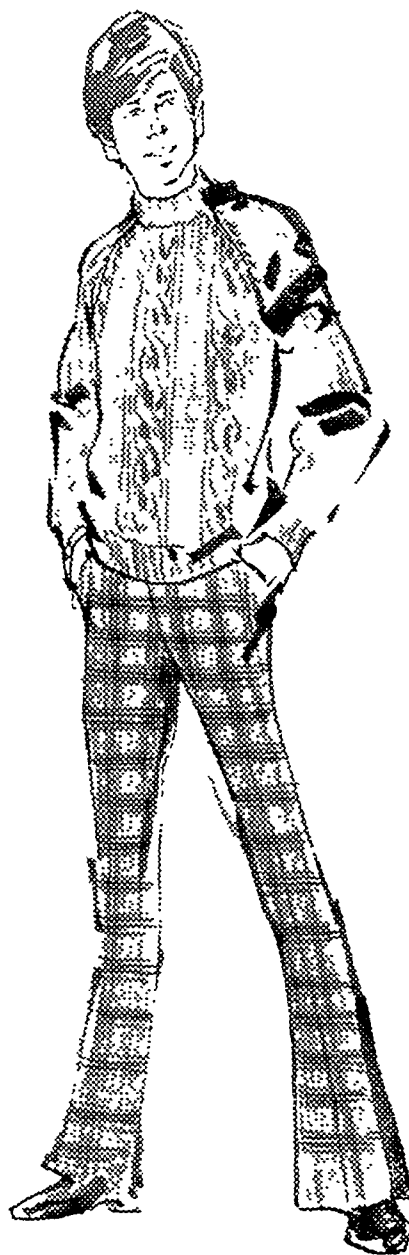
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