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**March 6, 1970**



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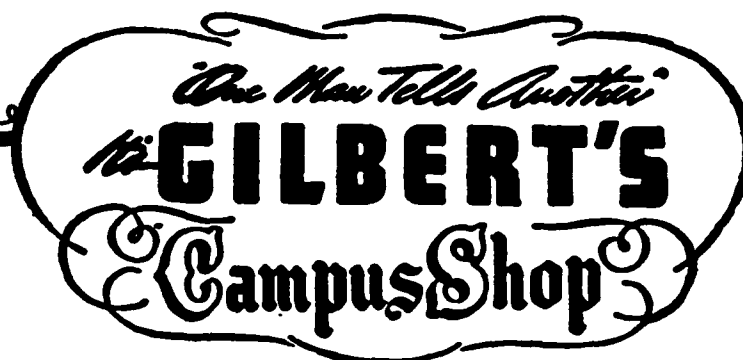
*in August*

never a service or carrying charge

WE REPEAT,

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WHAT COULD BE EASIER?



ON THE CAMPUS...NOTRE DAME

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# Letters

## *Biafra: Correction*

EDITOR:

This is to inform you that a "quote" used by your magazine in its February 13, 1970 issue was a misrepresentation of this organization's policies. It stated that Thomas S. Hamilton formed STUDENTS FOR BIAFRAN RELIEF because he believed that the organization AMERICANS FOR BIAFRAN RELIEF, New York, was an inefficient group which was not able to adequately alleviate the conditions of hunger in the strife-torn Biafran enclave.

Let me reiterate that the only reason for the separate establishment of SBR was and is because we believe that it is important to show a better side of the American student. This is our chance to put emphasis on the immediately concrete and constructive activism of the youth of America. This is, of course, secondary to the goal of alleviating the conditions of hunger among the former Biafran people.

We still do urge all students to continue to contribute to this campaign and most important — to write the President of the United States and their Senators and Congressmen demanding a greater effort by the United States Government in regard to the eastern sector of Nigeria. This end must be accomplished now and we certainly hope that students everywhere will help attain it.

Thomas S. Hamilton

## *Martin Scholarship Drive*

EDITOR:

The Organization for Martin Scholars, founded in 1949, has given financial assistance to 22 black students over the past 21 years. The program was initiated by a St. Mary's girl, and its primary purpose is to attract black students to the college. However, this year we are expanding our program to include other minority groups.

The organization has been funded in the past primarily through the contributions of the St. Mary's student body. This year, we are seeking aid from various corporations so that we might be able to offer assistance to more girls.

Still, much of our success lies with student donations. Our annual fund-raising drive will take place next Thursday and Friday, March 12 and 13. Tables

will be set up in Madeleva during school hours where we will be accepting contributions and pledges for our scholarship fund.

The Organization for Martin Scholars

## *On "The French Lieutenant's Woman"*

EDITOR:

One of my friends sent me a copy of Vince Sherry's piece on *The French Lieutenant's Woman* from the February 20 issue. I read it with mounting interest, several times in fact. I could ask numberless questions about it, but time, a short attention span, and failing health will permit only the following:

- 1) How does one "inform a novelistic act"?
  - 1a) What is a "novelistic act"?
  - 1b) Why is — never mind, it all gets too complex. Note the infinite realm for speculation offered by paragraph 3 alone.
- 2) What, really, is a "configuration of the infinite life force"? Mr. Sherry opts for the "eternal person," of whom, I believe, there have been very few. Or none.
- 3) How is it possible for a void to be well-ordered?

To plunge into the abyss of form, myth, image (oh, eternal earth-goddess!) which Mr. Sherry devises for us all is to test one's rhetorical stability, probably more rigorously than is wise in these uncertain times. It is enough to quote Mr. Sherry himself: "Matter is ignored; it will get its revenge."

K. L. Markle

P.S. To be just, Mr. Sherry *does* get 11 points for his choice of quotations, especially the Merwin, which was outstanding.

## *Erratum*

*The SCHOLASTIC erred in reporting last week that the Recruitment Action Program received \$22,000 from the Administration. The correct figure is \$2,000. We regret our mistake.*

# Editorial

## A Director of Expertise

At this time of the year it is customary to decry the "ineffectiveness" of the out-going student government. We must hesitate in this custom. In a one-year term of office it is difficult to produce and point to tangible accomplishments. Such accomplishments are the product of the cumulative effect of several terms and are visible only in retrospect. Seniors can recall pre-SLC days of curfews and sign-ins; days with no cars, no alcohol, and few women. Without being able to single out the accomplishments of any single student body president, we have come a long way from the idea of Notre Dame as a Catholic West Point.

But curfews, cars, Budweiser and parentals were all gut issues on which every student was an expert. Having solved those problems, larger issues confront us, issues whose complexity makes them seemingly insoluble: racial crises, academic and social reforms, defining the unique character of Notre Dame as a University both academically respectable and Christian. Perhaps the most pervasive and most subtle problem is the cultural estrangement of the student from established structures. To a great extent, these problems reflect both national and personal strife. The election of a new student body president will provide no panacea.

Nevertheless, the next SBP must attempt to alleviate immediate problems and react with flexibility and sensitivity to emergent ones. He must be responsive to the gripes of students and imaginative enough to articulate solutions. He will have to be committed enough to his task to spend many tedious hours laying the groundwork for proposals which may be implemented only after he has left office, if at all. And he must be able to sidestep bureaucratic trappings and the lure of subjecting subtle problems which affect people to "systems analysis," of both the technological and the ideological sort.

All this makes for an impossible task, and after the election, a largely thankless one. The SCHOLASTIC believes that Dave Krashna comes closest to meeting the requirements of the office of student body president. As Human Affairs Commissioner and chairman of the Recruitment Action Program, he has accumulated experience and demonstrated commitment. More importantly, he has proven himself sensitive not only to the issues themselves but also to the people involved.

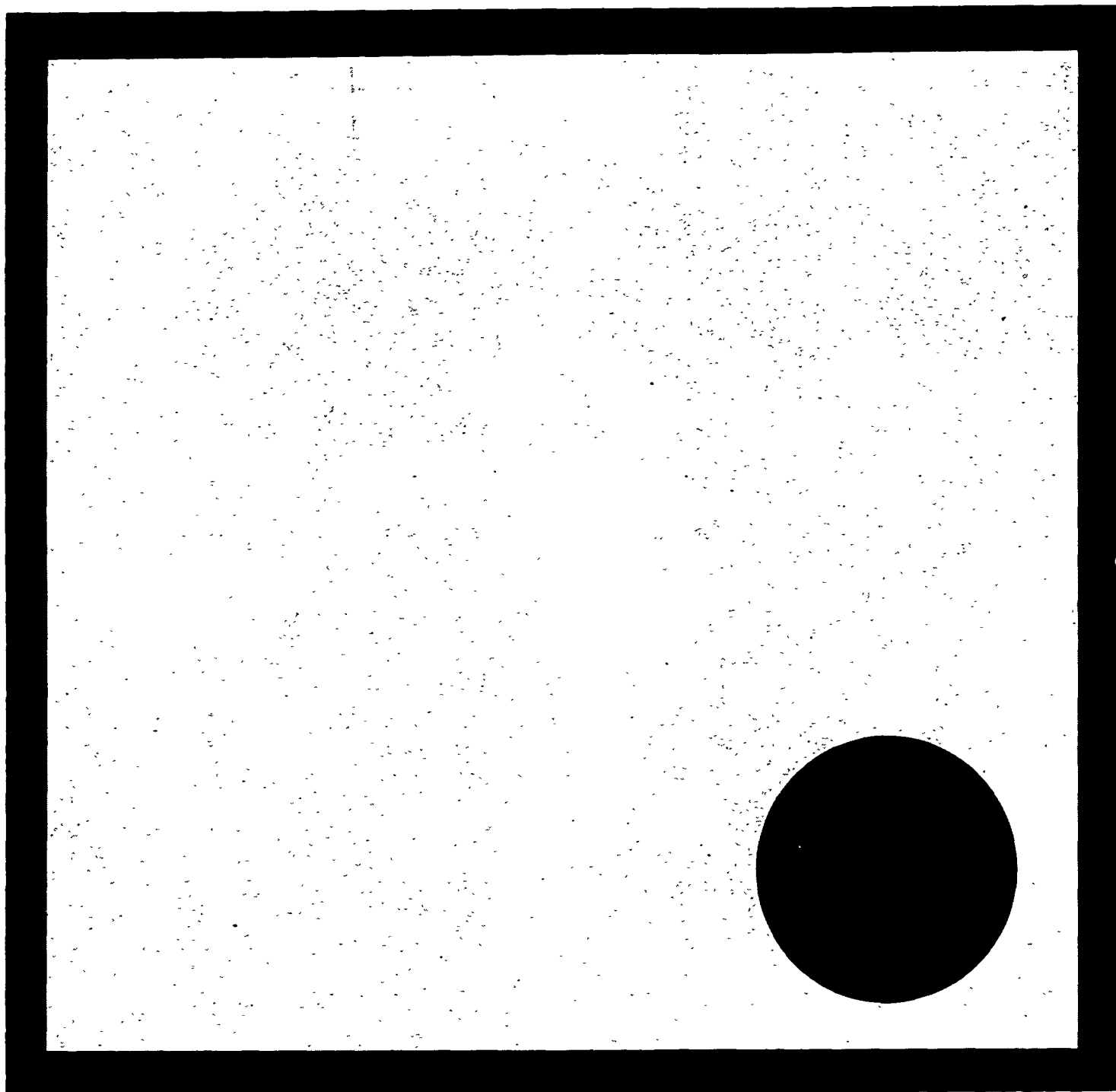
As a black, Krashna would be in a psychologically difficult position as SBP at a predominantly white

middle-class Catholic university. The student body should not elect him with a view to expiating its own guilt over racism: the election of a black will not automatically dissolve racial tensions. But racism is the most potentially explosive issue at Notre Dame, and Krashna could be an effective mediator between the administration and black students. We assert this not simply because Krashna is black, but because of his experience in dealing with the problem here and because he realizes the complexities of the issue better than any of the older candidates.

There will be much rhetoric in the campaign about how the various candidates will, when they are elected, visit each hall to keep in touch with student thinking. Perhaps some of the candidates believe they would, but Pete Peterson is the only one who has recognized that the demands of the dual role as student and SBP do not allow the time. Peterson has many solid and realistic proposals in his platform. He would be an asset to student government; not, however, as the head of it. We do not feel that he has ever indicated an ability to handle the day-to-day job of SBP.

Krashna's proposal to abolish the Student Senate demonstrates an awareness that, since the establishment of the SLC, the Senate has been neither legislatively necessary nor personally responsive to the student body. By replacing senators with hall presidents, the second problem can hopefully be alleviated. SBP candidate Tom Thrasher speaks of streamlining student government, but he would retain the Student Senate to do research. The research function of the Senate has been proposed in the past, but relatively few senators have ever been enthusiastic enough about their job to do any research. Additionally, Thrasher demonstrates neither knowledge of University structures nor a sense of the importance of creativity in vitalizing campus life. In addition, Thrasher shows no ability to think conceptually about the University.

No student body president will ever be able to drag an apathetic student body into an involvement in University issues. We can only hope for a leader who can attract to student government dedicated students who possess some expertise in dealing with student problems. It is then up to the student body president to impart his own creative vision, to give direction to the expertise. The SCHOLASTIC believes that Dave Krashna is the most qualified SBP candidate.



# Juggler

*The second issue  
will be on sale  
March 11 at the  
bookstore and  
through your hall  
representatives.*

Subscription: 3 issues only \$2.00

mailed off campus and out of town. Delivered  
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Make check payable to:

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John Keys



## A Mere Escutcheon

*... the wise man looks into space, and does not regard the small as too little, nor the great as too big; for he knows that there is no limit to dimensions.*

—Lao-tse

LOUIE'S as microcosm. Or even one small booth in the corner as the more microcosmic. Three of us and it will be pizza. And I must begin plot for I am not among sympathizers, I will demand half, I will demand with longing, disappointed eyes, I will demand with the benefit of an expertise unavailable to the common man, I will demand anchovies on half of *our* pizza. That appeared a reasonable compromise. Honorable before God and Man.

Only the aficionado knows the superlative chicanery herein perpetrated. Only he will realize that man in all his technocratic splendor has as yet found no way to confine the taste of an anchovy to a semicircle of mazarella and tomato paste. The taste of a spiny saltball, rolled across the piers of Benton Harbor, is all pervasive. I smiled and Richard curled at me an upper lip:

"Infamy! Dishonor! Why, thou owest Us another pie."

"'Tis not due yet. 'Twas not my fault. Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor pricks me off when I come on? Can honor take away the grief of a wound? Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. 'Tis insensible then? Yet, to the dead. Therefore, I'll none of it. Honor is a mere escutcheon. And so ends my catechism."

A goodly answer but I am grieved, cut to the quickest by mine own hand for I am now the exploiter, the imperialist, and I am Fallen, and my fall becomes tragedy of the highest sort, the milky, murky expanse of tragedy dehydrated and blown into a new dimension to suckle modern man.

I thus reduce all to an absurdity, do I not, by denying the real tragedies, the dead of Song My, the Brazilian rain forest, atrocities leveled against the poor, the hungry, the weak across the planet? Reduction? Yes,

but in it the truest direction of tragedy and its most profound dimension.

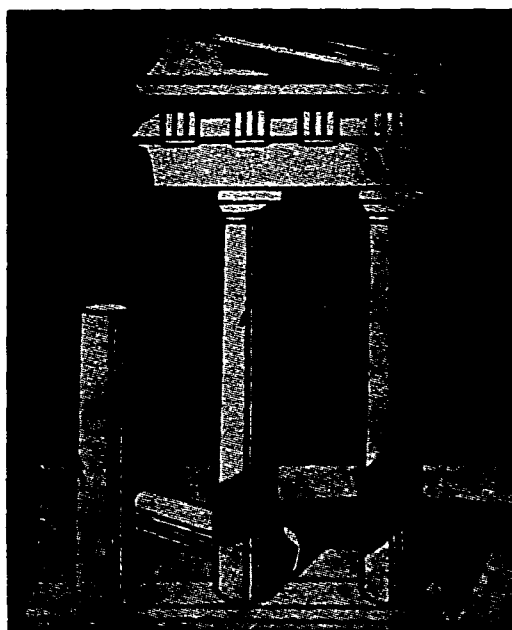
Poverty, War and their children are institutions; they are scientifically identified, and they submit beautifully to the mechanizations of politicians, legalists, moralists and cartoonists. But they have lost all power as tragedy because their faces no longer move, their eyes are glazed and petrified, the words no longer speak; they merely sound in the distance. Tragedy must seek a smaller place.

Konrad Lorenz, a famous, if not universally accepted, expert on animal behavior, observes that laughter probably evolved as the ritualization of a redirected threatening movement, as in the triumph ceremony of the graylag goose. Lorenz likes to talk that way. He is obscure in his subjectivism, he is perhaps extrapolating invalidly from his random observations and still he cannot mask the optimism he finds in man's ability to laugh.

Humor held in common can be the greatest architect of the future, pulling men to an understanding unattainable in the senates and star chambers of the powerful, publicly denuding the pomposity of the ideologue, counteracting the blind and uncritical enthusiasms for molecular movement so characteristic of herd animals. Lorenz says simply that a sufficient humor will "make mankind blessedly intolerant of phony, fraudulent ideals." G. K. Chesterton suggests further that the great, creative religions of the future will be based on a more highly developed, differentiated and quite subtle form of humor.

All this is to say only that new space must be carved from an old set of dramatic self-directions with both tragedy and comedy reshaped in the name of survival. It would mean a new life style of irreverence, sacrilege before the unreflective and unlaughing creations of man, blasphemy in the face of all that does not breathe.

And so ends my catechism — Baltimore #2, the little madras one. We used to have baseball games with catechism questions. Is God a spunky shortstop or a lanky southpaw? And if you didn't know you struck out. I'm going to the dunes — hopefully to laugh with my friends.



# The Week In Distortion

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## *Your Silvery Beans*

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Last week in Los Angeles nearly .005% of the world's supply of moon dust was stolen from a display at a charity dinner where it had been invited when Mr. Agnew declined a speaking invitation.

Taken was a 2.3 gram (avoirdupois) sample of gravel about the size of a pinch of salt.

The dust was quickly recovered but when weighed, scientists had in hand only 2.294 grams. They chalked up the difference to a pollen-hungry quota-deficient drone bee.

The recovery was made by FBI agents working with local clairvoyants who accurately predicted that the thief and the moon dust would be found at a secluded lovers' lane in suburban Glendale, where a man and several children were filming their home movie version of *The Adventures of Peter Pan & Tinkerbelle*.

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## *Hats Off*

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According to *Newsweek*, Presidential press secretary Ron Ziegler announced last week that the White House police "will no longer wear their ceremonial hats"—those Ruritanian black plastic jobs with gold trim that occasioned such mirth upon their debut four weeks ago. The formal, \$90 white dress tunics survive, but not the hats. Instead, the police will wear regulation blue caps with special white covers. The plastic

numbers are being discarded, Ziegler said, because "the hats are a little too tight" and "I'm sure the President wouldn't want the guards to wear hats that were uncomfortable." He couldn't quite manage to keep a straight face through the announcement.

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## *Pornography*

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Governor Edgar D. Whitcomb of the great and glorious state of Indiana has announced a contest, boys and girls. A "My letter to the Governor" Contest, to be precise. Grade-school children are being invited by their governor to write him letters, relating what they think "is great about Indiana." Winners receive a free trip to scenic Indianapolis, dinner with Whitcomb, and a free copy of his book, *Escape from Corregidor*.

The contest is being sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce of Kentucky in conjunction with the Committee for a Healthy Hoosier Hysteria.

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## *So Much Chicken—!*

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Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox had a few words to say last week to Michigan's Representative Charles C. Diggs when Diggs labeled Maddox's passing out of the autographed ax handles he had used to bar blacks from his Pickrick Chicken House in Atlanta as distasteful. Said Maddox: "I've never met a more bigoted, hateful man in mah whole life."

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## *Free Home Trial*

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*The following is an ad submitted recently to the SCHOLASTIC:*

Would You Like to Become  
a Minister?

Ordination is without question and for life. LEGAL in all 50 states and most foreign countries. Perform legal marriages, ordinations and funerals. Receive discounts on some fares. Over 265,000 ministers have already been ordained. Minister's credentials and license sent; an ordainment certificate for framing and an ID card for your billfold. We need your help to cover mailing, handling, and administration costs. Your generous contribution is appreciated. Enclose a free will offering. Universal Life Church, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

*Now it seems we can buy that old-time religion.*

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## *Conspiracy Come Home*

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It was reported earlier this week that a Grand Jury in Dallas was investigating a charge that Ara Parseghian, Edmund Joyce, and several Notre Dame cheerleaders crossed state lines to incite a riot. The jury must determine whether there is a genuine relationship between the December 16th pep rally and the skirmish that broke out late in the fourth quarter of the Cotton Bowl. William Kunstler has declined to handle the case, asserting that "I've had enough



of these troublemakers." Neither Mrs. Parseghian nor Abbie Hoffman was available for comment.

### ... Nor Snow nor Dark of Night

Two men, believed to have been postal veterans still caught up in the mailman's ideology, disregarded inclement weather in robbing a Roxton Falls, Quebec, bank last week. Fully armed, they sped into the town under the cover of the dark northern sky on a snowmobile, heisted \$4500 as there arose such a clatter and sped off unharried across the luster of new-fallen snow.

### "Twaddle from Taipei..."

Chinese Lunar New Year celebrations, which began two weeks ago, ended Sunday amid lanterns, poems, riddles, and a new wording of the Generalissimo's promise to take back the mainland. In accordance with the theme, "spring couplet," set by the Chinese Nationalists' Cultural Renaissance movement, Chiang Kai-shek's speech of last New Year was set to dactylic hexameter.

### The Loved Ones

French law has taken the lead in fighting for the liberation of that nation's women. Recently, a French appeals court ruled that concubines have the same rights as wives when the man in the house dies.

Whatever happened to "Vive la difference!"?

### Gangland Gourmet

New release from Ballantine Books for all the gourmets in the audience: *The Mafia Cookbook*. Among the recipes will be such delicacies as Chicken Valachi, Eggplant Vendetta, and Bloodsausage Genovese. Plans now are to publish the book in two editions — regular cover (\$2) and bulletproof cover (\$100).

### Phony

The American Telephone and Telegraph Corporation's well-known subsidiary — the Bell System — announced last weekend that it has perfected a system of direct digit-dialing for phone calls between New York and London. The new system — requiring a mere 14 numbers (including area code) — costs \$1.20 for a three-minute call.

Now, if they can just figure out a way to perfect a system for calling from Manhattan to Queens. . . .

### Virgil & the Pie

Pizza is generally considered to be an Italian food of relatively recent origin. Not so, says Prof. John Ades of Southern Illinois University. Pizza, he says, dates back to the days of the Roman poet Virgil (70-19 B.C.). Prof. Ades quotes from Book VII of

Virgil's *Aeneid*: "Aeneas and his chief and captains . . . placed cakes of meal along the sword, beneath the viands . . . and they crown the wheaten base with fruits of the field. . . . They turn their teeth upon the fateful circles of bread."

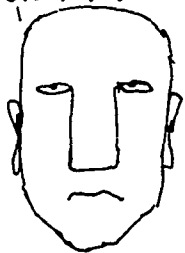
"There you have it," Prof. Ades says, "Wheaten base, slender cakes, fateful circles of crust crowned with a mixture of food, in this case fruit, but the dearth of pepperoni in those innocent years can easily account for this culinary infelicity." "*Arma vi-rumque cano*," that's right garçon, without sausage.

### Fuzz & Ponies

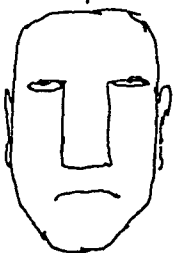
Off-track betting is, in New York, the most volatile of political issues.

Far be it from us to impugn the honesty of New York's finest. However, last weekend someone in the central police headquarters in New York City was trying to help out his fellow-fuzz. The police teletype, which normally transmits such things as fires, traffic accidents, carried the selections of some unknown handicapper, who was making his choices for the races at Roosevelt Raceway known to the world. The picks were followed by the notation "disregard previous miscellaneous information." However, anyone playing all the selections on the wire would have made a neat \$4.80 profit on his nine \$2 bets. We may see calls for a return of the mysterious handicapper any day now.

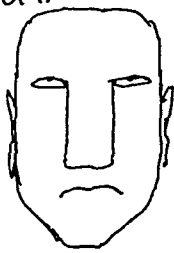
WHEN FASCISM COMES ARE YOU GOING TO STAY OR LEAVE THE COUNTRY?



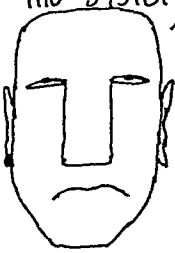
FIRST I'D WANT TO SEE WHAT EVERYBODY ELSE DOES.



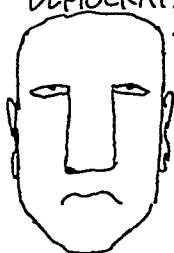
I THINK IT MIGHT BE MORE USEFUL TO FIGHT IT FROM WITHIN THE SYSTEM.



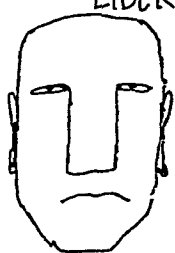
I DON'T KNOW IF THEY ALLOW YOU TO FIGHT FASCISM FROM WITHIN THE SYSTEM.



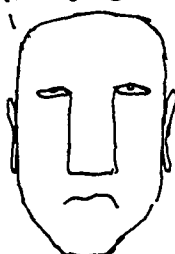
A LOT DEPENDS ON WHETHER IT COMES UNDER THE REPUBLICANS OR THE DEMOCRATS.



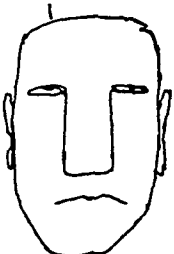
DEMOCRATIC FASCISM WOULD BE MORE LIBERAL.



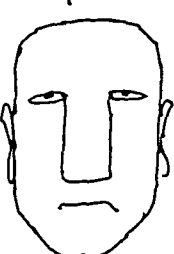
MAYBE IT'S BETTER TO HAVE IT RIGHT WING.



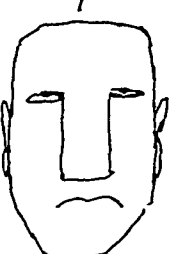
YOU MEAN SO PEOPLE WILL KNOW THAT IT'S FASCISM?



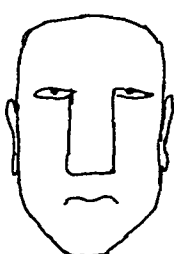
IN EITHER CASE IT'S BOUND TO BE REPRESSIVE.



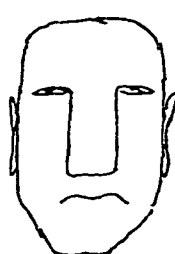
IF THERE'S A MANDATE FOR REPRESSION, WHAT CAN YOU DO?



REPRESS.



THAT'S DEMOCRACY.



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# The Indians of Brazil:

## A Continuing Story of the Americas

“The worst slaughter took place in Aripuana, where the Cintas Largas Indians were attacked from the air using dynamite.

To exterminate the tribe Beicos-de-Pau, Ramis Bucarr, Chief of the Sixth Inspectorate, explained, an expedition was formed which went up the River Arinos carrying presents and a great quantity of food-stuffs for the Indians. These were mixed with arsenic and formicides.”

—*The Brazilian Ministry of the Interior*

*Chief Black Kettle of the Cheyenne, after being assured of protection, was surprised and trapped by a force led by Colonel John M. Chivington on the night of November 28, 1864. Ignoring Black Kettle's attempts to surrender, the militia shot, knifed, scalped, clubbed and mutilated the Indians indiscriminately until the ground was littered with men, women and children.*

THE PASSAGE, from a standard history textbook (*The National Experience*), describes genocide—the systematic extermination of a people—in the western United States during the 19th century. Twentieth-century genocide has generally been more subtle and more sophisticated. But that passage almost perfectly describes what is happening, and has been happening for at least the last ten years, in the northern wilderness of Brazil.

Brazil's Indian population is being systematically exterminated by the Brazilian military and by small private armies. The booty, as in 19th-century America, is land and minerals. But as with all genocide, the most guilty parties are removed from the locus of their crimes: hidden and protected. In this case, the parties are foreign corporations and landowners who want the Indians eliminated, and a Brazilian government with a paranoid fear of "Communists." And the ultimate cause may well be a widespread and pervasive corruption of the society that allows this to continue.

THE BEGINNINGS of this slaughter go back all the way to 1500, when Pedro Cabal discovered Brazil, an area inhabited by three million Indians. The same story, with a few variations, was repeated all over the Americas; but the Portuguese conquistadors seemed especially adept and ingenious in their savagery. Norman Lewis, writing in *Atlas* magazine, states that as many as twelve million Indians were killed in these conquests. He quotes from the remembrances of a bishop who accompanied the explorers:

The Almighty seems to have inspired these people with a meekness and softness of humor like that of lambs, and the conquerors who have fallen upon them resemble savage tigers, wolves, lions . . . They set fire to so many towns and villages it is impossible I should recall the number of them. . . . These things they did without provocation, purely for the sake of doing mischief.

The original Portuguese and Spanish settlers enslaved whole tribes to work the sugar plantations, and

murdered anyone who resisted. But all this was mild compared to the sadistic slaughter that characterized the Brazilian rubber boom in the nineteenth century. Indians were enslaved as rubber tappers, whipped constantly to increase their "efficiency," and punished by being whipped one hundred times if their daily quota was not filled. Recovery from these wounds took six months. Workers who were intransigent or hopelessly inefficient were murdered by their white owners. Lewis again quotes from the diary of a young American engineer who witnessed a number of such executions at the British-registered Peruvian Amazon Company: the natives were hacked in two or beheaded by *macheteiros* employing "a grisly local expertise." Apparently, Indians were even sacrificed on great feast days. In areas where rubber companies wanted to open new trails, Barbadian head-hunters were hired to slaughter any local "wild Indian" populations; considered impossible to train. After these had been exterminated, stud farms were instituted to insure a constant labor force.

The activities of the Peruvian Amazon Company were exposed at the start of this century, just about the same time that the rubber boom in Brazil abruptly ended (new and better plantations had been founded in Malaysia). In its short lifetime, this one company had managed to murder approximately 30,000 Indians . . . although no one can be sure how accurate these figures are, Lewis writes. Discoveries such as these prompted the formation of the Indian Protection Service in 1910. Founded by Candido da Silva Rondon, with the most altruistic of motives (its motto: "Die If You Must, But Never Kill"), the agency degenerated soon after his death.

THE 130 OFFICIALS indicted in the last two years come largely from this agency (which has recently been replaced by the National Foundation for Indians). But, as *Atlas* and the German *Der Spiegel* emphasized, these government officials have usually been the hapless accomplices of a much more dangerous and sinister group—the *fazendeiros* or great landowners. For the last twenty years or so, the name of the game has been *land*, and the fantastically rich supplies of

minerals it holds. The interior of Brazil is one of the richest areas in natural resources anywhere in the world. The *fazendeiros* owe practically all their wealth to the presence of foreign business and industry in Brazil . . . corporations that want what that land holds and will pay well to get it.

Thus, in the past several years, the *fazendeiros* and their large, well-equipped mercenary armies, have moved into the Amazon jungles and stolen vast areas of Indian land (including much of the Teresa Cristina Indian Reserve). They have been sometimes aided and sometimes ignored by Brazilian government officials, all of whom until recently flatly denied the *existence* of any such groups. The methods used range from machetes, carbines and clubs to private planes with dynamite. (A Swedish anthropologist who exposed much of this, Lars Persson, reported in *Der Spiegel* that this fall Brazil had ordered "twelve Caribou airplanes with fittings for napalm bombs to be used in a campaign against Brazil's Indians.")

Norman Lewis, again in *Atlas* (January 1970), quotes a series of statements and headlines that appeared after the first exposure of the slaughter:

The Maxacalis were given firewater by the landowners who employed gunmen to shoot them down when they were drunk. . . . The Nham-biquera Indians were mown down by machine-gun fire. . . . Two tribes of the Patachos were exterminated by giving them smallpox injections. . . . To exterminate the tribe Beicos-de-Pau an expedition was formed which went up the River Arinos carrying presents and a great quantity of foodstuffs for the Indians. These were mixed with arsenic and formicides.

Slavery still exists in the interior, where, according to the testimony of one Boror Indian girl, "There was a mill for crushing the cane, and to save the horses they used four children to turn the mill . . ." Leprosy is still widespread; and in the middle of the Amazon there is an island where old or sick Indian slaves are left to die.

**L**ITTLE or nothing has been said about this genocide in the Brazilian press—there is a general self-censorship, and a government ban on any writing detrimental to the "peace and stability of the nation." Nothing, save for two small articles in *Time* (August 1961, May 1968) has appeared in the established American press. Any real information must be gathered from publications such as *Atlas* or from the foreign press—*Der Spiegel*, London's *Sunday Times*, Tunisia's *Jeune Afrique*.

The list of atrocities goes on and on; to document them would be to indulge in cheap sensationalism. But the fate of the Cintas Largas tribe—one of a group of holdout tribes in the Mato Grosso area of Brazil—must serve as representative. They had been fairly safe until the last two years, when deposits of rare metals were discovered on their lands. As Lewis writes:

What these metals were, it was not clear. Some

sort of security blackout had been imposed only fitfully penetrated by vague news reports of the activities of American and European companies, and of the smuggling of plane-loads of the said rare metals back to the U.S.

The extermination was organized by local gang leaders, who were able to destroy all but one village which was inaccessible on foot or by canoe. For that remaining task, they used a Cessna light plane loaded with dynamite. The pilot flew over the village during its annual fertility ritual, dropping packets of sugar to lure the frightened natives out of hiding. It then returned and dropped the explosives. "No one has ever been able to find out how many Indians were killed, because the bodies were buried in the bank of the river and the village deserted," Lewis reports. The survivors, who fled inland, were later located by a canoe expedition, tortured and massacred; the bodies were thrown into the Aripuna River. Lewis, who went to Brazil last year, got this information from one of the killers who was furious over the fact that he had not been paid the \$15 he had been promised. The man later told Lewis:

I want to say now that personally I've nothing against Indians. Chico found some minerals and took them back to keep the company pleased. The fact is the Indians are sitting on valuable land and doing nothing with it. They've got a way of finding the best plantation land, and there's all these valuable minerals too. They have to be persuaded to go, and if all else fails, well then, it has to be force.

**D**AN GRIFFIN, managing editor for *Ave Maria* magazine, was a Papal Volunteer in Brazil for three years. His description of recent political history in that country illuminates the Indian situation, and raises a large number of even more disturbing questions. The present military junta led by Emilio Garastazu Medici took over in 1968, after the death of General Costa y Silva. Costa y Silva in turn had succeeded Castelo Branco, who had engineered the 1964 coup against the civilian government of President Goulart. Goulart, a long-time enemy of the generals had been pushing steadily for control of foreign investments and widespread land reform (which included appropriation of some of his own holdings). His government was also trying to pursue a more independent foreign policy—especially vis-à-vis the United States. The military, on the other hand, was paranoid in its fears of a "Communist" uprising among Brazil's poor. They desired ties with the United States; more importantly, they were and remain totally committed to encouraging in every way possible the increased presence of foreign investors in order to bolster the country's economy.

The two military juntas have pandered to foreign businesses; the first Economic Minister, Roberto Campos, specialized in advising foreign investors. Moreover, they have created a secret police (the Department of Public Order and Security) and temporarily suspended civil liberties (December, 1969). The only publication that refused self-censorship (*Veja*) has been assigned a gen-



eral to overlook all news releases. A whole crop of "anti-Communist" paramilitary organizations have grown up under the junta's auspices, including the MAC and the "Anti-Communist Hunt Commandos." This last organization, composed of members of the police and the armed forces, recently murdered a "leftist" priest and several student agitators (*Commonweal*, July 25, 1969).

Twenty percent of Brazil's land is owned by foreign investors, the largest of which is the Boat Carriers Corporation, an American company. Most of this land is controlled by American and German corporations, and a recent issue of *Nation* spoke of "massive land purchases by American speculators." Most of this foreign-controlled land also happens to be located in the areas where the greatest carnage is reported: the Mato Grosso, Minas Gerais and the Amazon Valley. Coincidentally, the United States seems to have played a large (and still mostly unexposed) role in the coup that ousted Goulart. The Goulart government asked this country for a loan. The request lay in Washington for over a year; one week after the take-over, the loan was approved. Washington sent a telegram to Rio de Janeiro congratulating the new government within hours of the coup. A Latin American correspondent for the *Chicago*

*Tribune* apparently offered his paper's help in stirring up sentiment for the military. Within three hours of the military's march on the capital, an "international pharmaceutical company" offered all the bandages and medical supplies needed. Sao Paulo is filled with American pharmaceutical companies. *Nation* (May 26, 1969) reports that then-ambassador Lincoln Gordon was very close to the military leaders who engineered the coup. The United States Brazilian mission now houses 900 American personnel—and this country pays \$750,000 to train the Brazilian police.

**T**HE PRESENT military junta thus is apparently friendly to both foreign investment and the United States government. They have two large things in common: full recognition of the economic value of Indian lands, and a paranoid fear of Communism. The second may also have something to do with Brazil's project of genocide. The military government is cracking down hard on leftist student and Roman Catholic organizations, especially since the Brazilian bishops' recent stand against its use of torture. (It is interesting to note here that the State Department and the CIA are also presently investigating the "Catholic left" in



Brazil as reported in *Commonweal*, July 25, 1969.) The relevance of all this becomes terrifyingly apparent in the light of a statement from *Der Spiegel*:

The reason given by some candid Brazilian officials for the murderous extermination policies is that the Amazon Indians are uncivilizable and that there is a real danger they may become prey to Communist propaganda.

Put them together: a twisted greed for land and its wealth (the same force that has generated many of the atrocities committed in the past by "imperialist" nations), plus a pervasive fear of Communism. These two together have often resulted in the wholesale extermination of a people, in genocide.

That nothing has been said (except for a demand by over 2,000 European anthropologists that the guilty be immediately brought to justice) is horrifying but not, ultimately, surprising. The Brazilian government is nowhere more efficient than in censoring news. It has also managed to throw up a facade of reform to hide the truth: it insists the criminals have been punished (they

have not); it cites the establishment of Indian reserves (in one of these, an Indian civilization where "no one was ever punished" has now been equipped with a government-trained "militia" and a penitentiary); it has reduced the charges against the defendants to "a slight misuse of authority." The United States government has said nothing, neither have the American corporations who stand to profit most from any such land clearing. This too is understandable in the face of My Lai, cluster bombs and the American Indian.

But what is more disturbing than the fact that the most guilty go typically unnamed and unharmed is the psychological disease that makes such a thing possible. Western man's undeviating obsession with land, and the great wealth that can be extracted from it, is horrifying. Even more so when it becomes institutionalized in the form of large corporations or corrupt governments. The bogeyman of Communism is spoken of as an enemy terrible enough to justify the killing of an entire people. The hunger for wealth (in this case 62 million dollars' worth of land) "necessitates" the extermination of a country's whole native population: "We are Christians," said one Brazilian, "and that land rightfully belongs to us." The "civilization" process of an Indian population requires that we destroy their whole culture and put them in reserves, penned like animals for exhibit.

**J**OHAN COLLIER, a twentieth-century reformer, characterized the American campaign against the Indians as "a collective corruption . . . which reached deep into the intelligence of a nation." It is this same corruption, this same pervasive sickness that characterizes the genocide in Brazil: it is present in the Brazilian government that alternately aids and directs this genocide; and it is even more terribly present in the American and other foreign investors whose very presence at once generates and prolongs it, and who, for the shallowest of economic motives, are willing to profit from it. But nothing is said, and the genocide continues. Brazil's leading social historian has stated that by 1980 the Indian population will be completely wiped out.

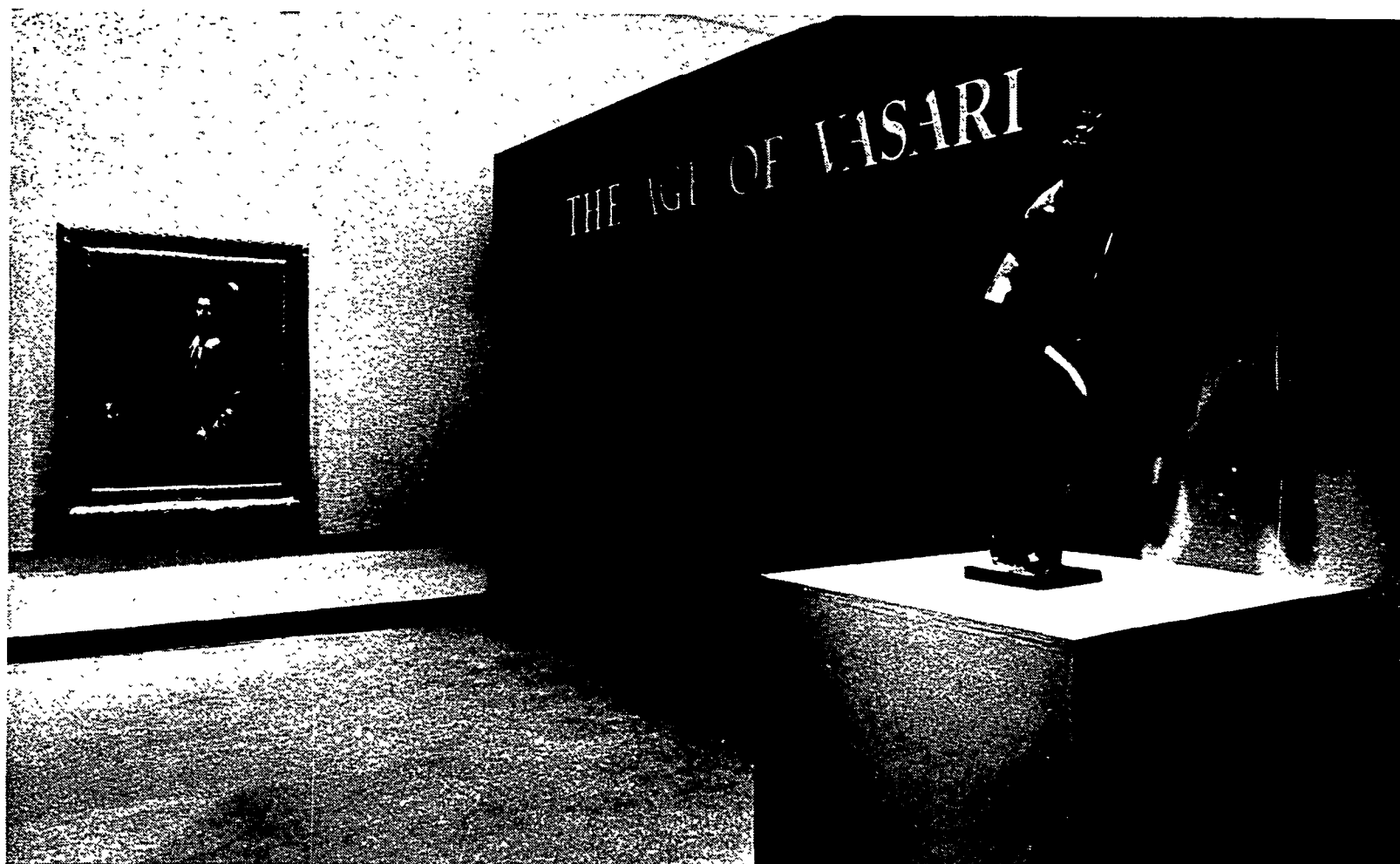
The horror of genocide is so huge that at times it escapes comprehension. The full fruits of this indulgence also tend to escape us: the dehumanization of the murderer, the death not only of the victim but also of the executioner. Genocide means the extermination of *both* sides; and the only people who refuse to see that are those who can stop it. The disease is fatal; it is only a question of time. Seattle, one of the last of the Indian chiefs to surrender to the United States government, saw that. He wrote to President James Polk:

Your decay may be distant, but it will surely come. Even the white man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend cannot deny his destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see . . .

# Steve Brion

The Scholastic





## *Art Belongs to the Masters*



FEW of the 'Old Masters' are better qualified to be the focal point of an exhibition in a university museum than is Giorgio Vasari. At a time when the university stresses the need for a diverse curriculum, Vasari's versatility provides an ideal for emulation." The enthusiasm expressed by Dean A. Porter, Curator of the Notre Dame Art Gallery, is not limited to connoisseurs of art in the South Bend area. European art critics have already taken notice of "The Age of Vasari" exhibit now on display at the Notre Dame Art Gallery; Dean Porter calls the exhibit "probably the finest we have ever displayed here."

Giorgio Vasari, a sixteenth-century Florentine contemporary of Michelangelo, epitomized the Mannerism movement in Italian art. Reacting against the mathematically precise ideals of the High Renaissance, the Mannerists saw the artist's task as the interpretation rather than the imitation of nature. The unusual, often disproportionate figures which resulted represent the artists' search for a manner of expressing themselves in the sixteenth-century climate of turmoil and change. Vasari, Salviati, Cellini, Parmigianino, Giovanni da Bologna — the major Mannerist artists are all represented in the current exhibit.



WHEN Dean Porter began making plans for "The Age of Vasari" more than three years ago, he was advised to forget the idea; even the Director of the Art Institute of Chicago considered it a project too difficult to attempt.

The major Mannerist painters worked with oil on wood panels. Relatively few exist in this country — perhaps two dozen — and all are fragile and quite difficult to transport. But with the aid of his art students, Dean Porter constructed as fine an exhibit on Vasari and his contemporaries as any curator could hope for. Art students began researching every available painting of the period. The voluminous correspondence with the leading art experts and curators in North America and Europe totaled more than one thousand pages. Dean Porter spent an entire summer searching for valuable material in nearly every major art collection in the United States.

The most outstanding work exhibited, Vasari's "Allegory with St. Jerome," was also the most difficult to obtain. One of the best paintings of the sixteenth century still in existence, its appearance at Notre Dame marks the first time the Art Institute of Chicago has loaned it for exhibition. To prevent crack-



*The painting shown on the previous page is Parmigianino's portrait of Lorengo Cybo, captain of the papal guard. The painting above is Francesco Salviati's "Portrait of a Gentleman." The sculpture on the preceeding and facing pages is by Giovanni da Bologna. The Bologna statue on the preceeding page is his "Venus" from the Boboli Gardens; on the facing page is his "The Rape of the Sabine."*





ing in the painting's wood paneling, a constant temperature of 72° and a relative humidity of 50% must be maintained. This necessitated an extra packing box equipped with two-inch styrofoam padding, and the hiring of an armored truck for the trip from Chicago.



THE amount of work which went into the exhibit has been immense, but Dean Porter and student-workers are convinced that their efforts have been worthwhile. Thirteen of the seventeen oil paintings are on wood panel. The exhibit also includes seventeen sculptures, ten woodcuts, ten engravings, numerous copies of original political writings of the sixteenth century, and every major Vasari drawing in the country. In addition, several lectures by experts on sixteenth-century Italian art have been scheduled for the month of March.

After leaving Notre Dame on March 31, the Vasari exhibit (minus "St. Jerome" and three other oils) will be on display for a brief time at the State University of New York at Binghamton. Its stay here has seen the number of visitors to the Art Gallery more than double.

The great appeal of the Vasari exhibit lies in its "relevance" to today, as it reflects the artist's search for expression in a time of war and social change.

*Official Grand Opening. Sunday, March 8, 1970.*

*"Giorgio Vasari and the Sala Grande in the Palazzo Vecchio," by Edmund Pillsbury, Assistant Curator, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. Thursday March 12, 1970 (3:00 P.M.)*

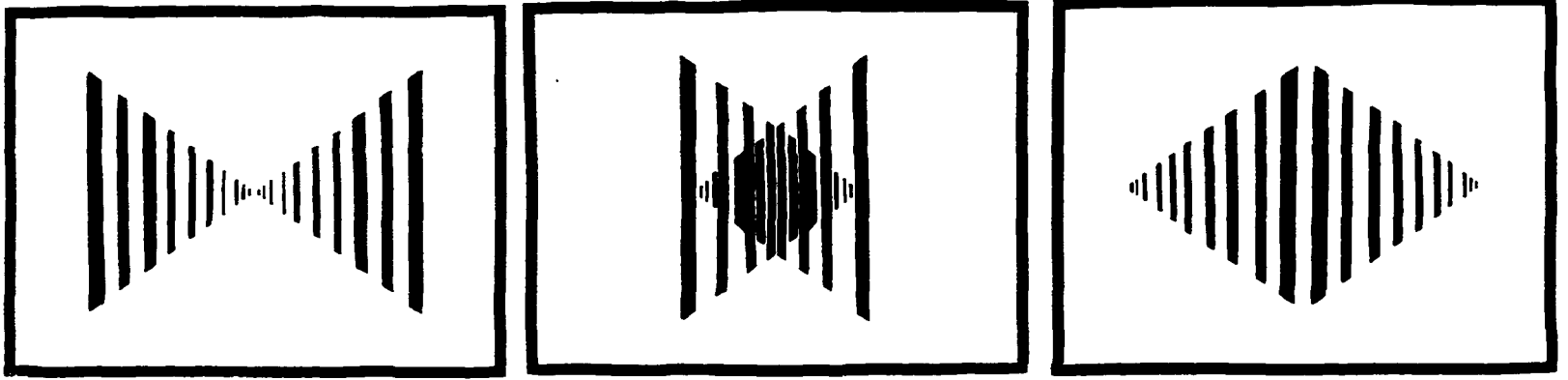
*"The Implications of 'Disegno' for 'Maniera' Painting," by Maurice Poirier, Graduate Student, Institute of Art, New York University. Friday, March 20, 1970 (8:00 P.M.).*

*"Speculations About Early Florentine Mannerisms," by Irving L. Zupnick, Professor of Art History, State University of New York at Binghamton. Saturday, March 21, 1970 (10:00 A.M.) (tentative date).*

*Exhibit Closes. Tuesday, March 31, 1970.*

*All of the lectures will be held in the Art Gallery. The public is cordially invited.*

*—Bill Wilka*



# An Appeal to the Academic Billboard

*The publication of student government's report on co-education has served to revitalize the issue. The joint meeting of the executive committees of the Board of Trustees of both institutions to be held on March 20 has made the issue all the more urgent. John Zimmerman explores a few of the report's findings.*

ON May 2, 1969, the University announced to its faculty plans to initiate steps to make Notre Dame and St. Mary's "substantially co-educational with each other." The announcement was characteristically deceiving. It soon became apparent that neither school knew exactly what co-education was and, interestingly enough, didn't care to find out. The announcement itself was clever P.R. but the task of encouraging increased cooperation between the two schools was relegated to a committee (specifically, the Co-education Coordinating Committee) with powers ill-defined and goal unknown. The Committee was able to expand the co-exchange program, provide increased shuttle service, arrange for new football seating procedures, and agree on joint registration for the future; all this provided a convincing illusion of progress while the Committee frantically looked for something to do next. And when an idea inspired the one side to negotiate, the other, with the ultimate prerogative of a "yes" or "no," usually responded with politely caustic subtlety in the negative. The questions the Committee and both schools should have asked (and have successfully ignored) were

"Why does this Committee exist?" "Where are we going?" and "How do we get there?"

The first question is all too frequently answered by alluding to the social inadequacies of a monastic Notre Dame. This is, of course, the most familiar student response and is certainly a valid one. But the social welfare of students has rarely, if ever, motivated the powers-that-be. To convince in terms of the academic billfold is to motivate. Since the social advantages of a co-ed Notre Dame have been repeatedly and definitively outlined, it would be best to abandon the temptation to repeat that outline just one more time and to consider instead the academic and financial implications of a co-ed Notre Dame.

Unfortunately, too many Notre Dame men tend to identify with the ego-elevating myths that question female intellectual ability. Those myths must be discredited if we are to grant the "Notre Dame woman" the status of something more than a social tool. For the sake of argument, two of these myths will be referred to as the "intellectual-inferiority theory" and the "distraction theory."

THE "intellectual-inferiority theory" contends that women are less intelligent than men. Surprisingly, of those who returned questionnaires designed to assess the general feeling of Notre Dame's tenured faculty toward co-education, four per cent indicated that they still subscribe to this theory. And yet the evidence against such a myth is overwhelming. The Educational Testing Service and National Merit Scholarship Foundation have found a predictable similarity between testing scores for men and women, and high school academic averages for women are consistently higher than those for men. A research team at Princeton discovered that the average academic records of women in highly respected liberal arts colleges often surpass those of men. And the majority of the Harvard/Radcliffe class of 1967 who received honors were women.

The "distraction theory" contends that the male student is continually distracted by women during classroom lectures. Kingman Brewster, President of Yale University, summarizes all of the surveys, studies, and reports which give evidence to the contrary when he notes that "... far from being a distraction, the presence of the opposite sex results in more intense participation and study."

It is more important to give credence to the assumption that women would enhance the academic community and would themselves benefit from participating in that community. Many dispute the contention that there exists such a thing as a "feminine viewpoint." The Princeton Report, "The Education of Women at Princeton," makes a point worthy of consideration when it notes that "... young men have a good deal to contribute to young women's understanding of Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, and young women have something to say about Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* which would not occur to young men." A discussion of society, politics, the theological aspects of family planning, or the values of love and marriage fail to provide the Notre Dame student with a total perspective when void of the female viewpoint. Men's clubs have their place in society but the University was not meant to be, nor should be allowed to be, a four-year training camp for antifeminists.

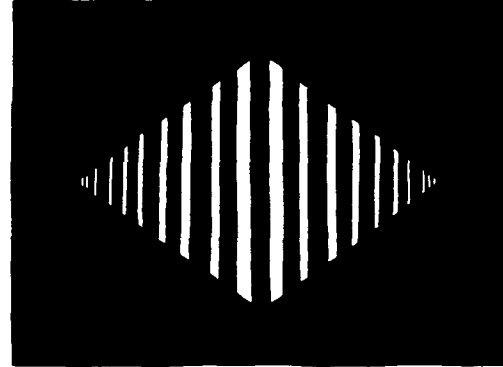
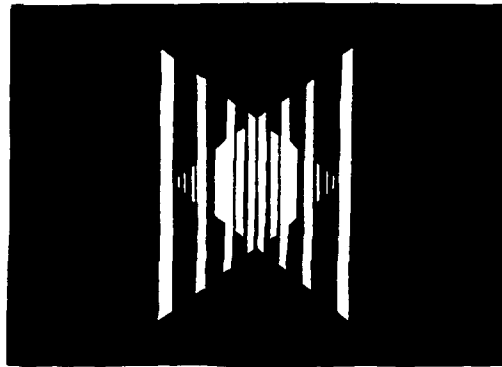
Financial considerations are alternately stumbling blocks to and motivation for change at Notre Dame. It is an unfortunate fact of University life. But the present financial instability must dictate efforts for

future stability for both Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Since both schools have committed themselves to work toward "substantial co-education," financial wisdom begs the academic hierarchs to define what "substantial co-education" is. St. Mary's is enlarging its student body to approximately 2500 by 1975. In order to do this they must build a new library or expand their existing facilities to maintain accreditation — a considerable financial investment since one of the best undergraduate libraries in the nation already stands in the community and since 86% of St. Mary's women use the Notre Dame library on a regular basis. St. Mary's will have to provide new housing facilities while Notre Dame men are forced to live on campus. Classroom facilities at St. Mary's are only 30% utilized while Notre Dame's utilization is 70% (high for any university). And yet both institutions are content to "cooperate" only when it means cooperation will be without financial commitment. We are indeed guilty of calculated myopia.

THE loose coordinate system that best describes the Notre Dame-St. Mary's cooperation as it now exists is hardly co-education. Financially, a co-educational system is almost universally less costly than a coordinate system, and yet we insist on ignoring the evidence, perhaps in the fear that a study of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's "cooperative" future might show that our two presidents have been toying dangerously with the future of both institutions. To revere both presidents and their administrations is admirable, but to do so at the expense of both institutions is unforgivable.

On March 20-21, the Executive Boards of the trustees of St. Mary's and Notre Dame will meet in Florida. Co-education will be the focus of discussion. Unless both groups drop pretensions and jealousies, unless both groups decide to conduct a study of the academic and financial ramifications of any possible course of action for the future, those days would be better spent in sun soaking and beach bathing. The trustees have decided to decide. Their decision may establish a direction and a goal for both institutions in working toward co-education. Hopefully. But as of yet the nagging questions remain: "Where are we going?" and "How do we get there?"

## John Zimmerman





*The members of the panel from left to right, Mike Litka, John Houck, Rudolph Gerber, John Roos, Les Foschio, Phil Faccenda.*

“picking scapegoats”

“not a political trial”

“officers of the legal system”

“a violent confrontation”

“the aftermath of a police riot”

“everybody lost”

## CONSPIRACY TRIAL: 6 VIEWS

On Thursday, February 26, the SCHOLASTIC sponsored a panel discussion on the Conspiracy trial. The participants, all of them from the University community, were men with varying legal backgrounds and diverse political allegiances. The discussion lasted some two hours. What follows is only a small portion of the original conference. Some low, evil scum of the earth, some insipid bog of a carpetbagger, stole the damned tape recorder and accompanying tape before transcription had been completed. (We demand law and order.) Unfortunately, then, we are unable to present the discussion in its entirety.

**Gerber:** It seems to me it could be argued that in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial everybody who was involved wound up as a loser. The defendants lost because they were found guilty of inciting a riot, of contempt of court, or of both. Judge Hoffman lost because he lost control of his own courtroom. More fundamentally, he lost because he lost his impartiality, or at least the resemblance of impartiality — particularly in handling objections and also in imposing

final sentence on the defendants. I think the judicial system itself lost because in the eyes of the public, it came out looking very weak and very pitiable. The prosecutor lost because it seems very likely that this case will be appealed to a higher court and perhaps be overruled there. Finally, I think the government itself lost, because instead of silencing the defendants, it permitted them to have the very privileged opportunity to use the courtroom as a means to speak di-

rectly and passionately to underground elements in the United States, the very elements that the government wishes to silence.

I think because of this manifold loss in the Conspiracy Trial, the ultimate outcome is one of irony. The "bargain basement Robespierres," who wanted to foment a revolution and whom the government wants in jail, will very likely be eventually released at the government's expense and chagrin. And the same judge who handed down the very oppressive sentences will be overruled by a higher court. And the government that sought to make the trial the trial-to-end-all-riots-and-all-public-dissent in this country may well find that it has not only provoked more riots in the streets but actually subjected the riot act of 1968 to a constitutional test that it cannot survive.

In my opinion, if there is a winner in the Conspiracy Trial the only possible winner is the jury system itself. Somehow the 12 people who were involved as jurors, and who were subjected to perversions of justice on both sides of the bench, found the ability to distinguish the basic issues involved and even more surprisingly to have come up with a verdict which neither the government nor the defendants had expected. However, even the jurors will have lost if they persist in revealing in interviews and syndicated columns the intimate and private details they transacted in the sanctity of the jury room.

**Houck:** I was going to talk about the Trial, but instead I am going to have to talk about your characterization of these eight defendants as "bargain basement Robespierres," a term coined by my beloved colleague Professor Norling. I think this is just totally unfair. I have heard and read about three or four of them. They are no more foolish or demented than I think our society is. Bobby Seale, for instance. I may find it difficult to explain some of his actions, but I find this no more inexplicable than our society, which claimed for 150 years some belief in the Bill of Rights — in equality — and did not practice it. So who is the fool? Bobby or society? David Dellinger, who has been a pacifist for 30 years, attempted to tell us something about the futility of war. Something about what is in the make-up of man that allows him suddenly to reach some catharsis in war that he can't reach when he is involved in an unequal brutalizing society.

Tom Hayden's statement founding the SDS — the Port Huron statement — is as valid a criticism of our industrial society as one can find in a whole flock of volumes in our library. So maybe their particular actions may be questionable in our court of law, but they are not fools. I suppose the very real problem is who is the fool today — so I would question that part of it.

**Gerber:** Mr. Roos, do you want to make any comments?

**Roos:** I would basically agree with much of what Professor Houck said, but I would make this comment. Professor Gerber said that everyone lost — and I think that this is true. I would even go further and say that the jury system lost, in a way. I say that, because



the peculiar characteristic of the verdict—its being unexpected — leaves some arguments that it was a compromise. But, if everyone lost and if, as Professor Houck said, both sides were acting in some questionable way, the question is where does the most responsibility lie. It seems to me that one way we have to approach the question is to look at the genera-

### The Participants

Philip Faccenda, Special Assistant to the President. Mr. Faccenda received his undergraduate degree from Notre Dame in 1952 and his law degree from Loyola University in Chicago.

Leslie Foschio, Assistant Dean and Assistant Professor at the Law School. Mr. Foschio graduated from the University of Buffalo in 1962 and received his J.D. from the State University of New York at Buffalo in 1965.

Rudolph Gerber, Assistant Professor of Philosophy. Professor Gerber received his B.A. and M.A. from St. Louis University in 1962 and 1963, respectively. He also received an M.A. in Comparative Literature from Columbia, and his Ph.D. from the Louvain in Belgium. Professor Gerber moderated the panel discussion.

John Houck, Associate Professor of Business Organization and Management. Mr. Houck earned his B.A. at Notre Dame in 1953 and his law degree here in 1955, as well as advanced degrees from North Carolina and Harvard Law School.

Michael Litka, Assistant Professor of Business Organization and Management. Professor Litka graduated from the University of Grinnell in 1953, received an M.A. from Iowa and his law degree from Iowa Law School.

John Roos, Assistant Professor of Government. Mr. Roos graduated from Notre Dame in 1965 and will receive his doctorate from the University of Chicago.

tion which supposedly has the power and to see what their responsibility is and the way they respond to it. It seems to me that the greatest irresponsibility was on the part of the government — and especially on the part of the Attorney General's office and the people who dictated that policy. It seems to me that they had an enormously prudent and equitable decision to make. Prudent in the sense that they had to look at what would be the consequences of:

- a) trying such a questionable constitutional law.
- b) having a judge like Judge Hoffman, who already had the reputation of being harsh,
- c) picking out these particular people as scapegoats in a way to try and establish a policy. They had to prejudice public opinion as to what would be the consequences of that judgment and I think that they failed in that policy.

**Foschio:** Well, I would like to approach this as a lawyer. I think one thing that is important to keep in mind is that courtrooms in the United States are not built for the trial of political questions. Unfortunately this particular trial is being colored as if it were a trial of political questions. True, the defendants themselves wish to have their political views aired, but that's not uncommon in controversial trials in this country. Throughout our history, indeed even before the Constitution was enacted, there were trials of great force and moment involving grave questions. For instance trials going back to the Zenger trial involving freedom of press, and more recently, Dr. Spock's trial involving freedom to protest the Vietnam War, have been accompanied by great public attention and emotion on the part of the participants, the government and the spectators. This is inherent in a democracy that has a court structure which separates powers: mainly that the court presides, the prosecution prosecutes, the defense defends and the jury decides. What is important to remember here, also, is that if there is any fault, it may not lie at the feet of any one individual involved with the proceedings. It was, after all, Congress that passed this law. The passage of the law implies in some way that it was intended to be enforced. One may question whether it was desirable to enforce it against these defendants, but the fact is that the United States Attorney, who does take an oath to administer the laws fairly and prudentially, presented the case to a grand jury. These people decided that there was sufficient evidence to bring the case to court. It's just not possible within our system for a court of law to act as a public forum. As I see it, what happened here is what happens in every public trial: the defense always wants to be acquitted. Indeed, if these men had wanted to use the forum for purposes of making a speech, they could have as easily pleaded guilty and addressed the court at the time of sentencing and made as much of a speech as they made in the course of the trial, albeit for a more concentrated period of time. But what is important here is that the judiciary acted in the way it ordinarily operates. The Chicago Conspiracy Trial proceedings operated just as they do in any routine criminal case, whether it be a simple as-



sault charge or a homicide. The essential elements were all there. Nothing else was done, in the general sense, that was not done in any other case. For instance, the defendants had their choice of counsel. True, Mr. Seale had some problem with Judge Hoffman on that and there definitely is a very strong point of law to be argued on whether he really was denied his right to assistance of counsel of his choice. But in its broadest essentials, the American machinery of criminal justice operated in this case very much like it operates in every other case. The problem is, the criminal jury trial system simply is not an adequate forum for the deliberation of these kinds of issues. And unfortunately for the defendants, if they had a strategy to gain sympathy with the jury, perhaps by being somewhat more provocative in their pleas throughout the proceedings, I think this strategy undoubtedly worked to their disadvantage. Dr. Spock, as you recall, had a similar controversial issue involved in his trial, yet his trial proceeded in an orderly fashion, with unsatisfactory results in the first instance, but he was later vindicated on appeal. If one agrees with the defendants' political purposes, one can only hope that the appeal in this case will be similarly successful. But it seems to me not to hit the mark to criticize this trial as totally out of line with the purposes of American government and the American system of justice.

**Litka:** I think some of the reaction to the trial has belonged to those who didn't understand what Professor Foschio was talking about: the workings of the system, the rules of evidence, the procedural laws, canons of judicial ethics. I think it would be very easy to get the impression that it was a very unfair trial, that Judge Hoffman was unfair, and prejudicial. When one looks at the workings of the structure and when one considers the political beliefs that were proposed as evidence and overruled, the charge of unfairness appears less substantial. If one read any of the local press, any of the Chicago papers, the letters to the editor, you understand that quite a number of these people revealed a lack of knowledge of the legal system. I have here one in which the writer claims, "The



obligation of the defense attorney is to his clients, not to the judge, not to the court, and if it should be otherwise, justice would cease to exist, if indeed it has not already." "But this overlooks the basic premise that the attorney is an officer of the court: he takes an oath, he understands the rules of evidence, and most will accept them. I think that a knowledge, whether you agree with it or not, of the legal system will show that not everybody lost. I think a big paradox in this case is that the defense seemed to ignore the rules of trial procedure, yet the first communiqué coming from Cook County was something to the effect that they would now focus on the issue of an appeal bond; now they're going to go to a strict adherence to the rules on the appeal. So I find this somewhat inconsistent.

**Faccenda:** I think the reason I wanted to be more careful with my comments is that I have considerable experience with many of the parties involved in this present discussion. I had ten years of practice in that particular city and have been before that particular judge on 30-odd occasions. I think many of us are ignoring what the two lawyers closest to the case have said. Mr. Kunstler said the other night that, in his opinion, what was really on trial was the American legal system. And about a half-hour later on a different station, I listened to Mr. Foran, and he agreed that what was on trial was the legal system. Now that's probably the only thing that those two lawyers were able to agree on for four and one-half months and I think it's a point that we should focus on. Foran said since he believed that the system was on trial, he felt that he was successful because the trial had finally concluded and an issue had been presented to a jury. And that, regardless of the outcome or the verdict, he had been successful. Kunstler said that he came to Chicago believing that our legal system could not handle a political trial, and he had set out to prove that point.

I personally don't think that anyone gained anything from this particular trial. I don't think anyone in any part of society gains from violent confrontation, and I think this trial was a violent confrontation. I think it's going to make bad law; there's an old saying in the law that hardship cases make poor law. And I think this is a hardship case. The appellate court is not going to get a nice clean legal argument; they're going to get a legal argument fraught with emotion, on all sides. I'm going to be very interested in seeing how they get out of it. I think they are going to be forced into making bad law, because to do otherwise would be to deny completely their history, their entire training. Because if they take Mr. Kunstler's viewpoint, that the legal system is inadequate and, therefore, they rule in his favor, they are going to destroy everything they've lived for their entire lives. A very difficult thing for any of us to do. On the other hand if they uphold Mr. Foran in his viewpoint, they're going to uphold the judge, and this would be one of the rare occasions when they will have upheld that particular judge. So, while I'm guessing that it will not be that clean in this particular case, I don't think that you can rule out the possibility that the appellate court will, as has been stated before, release the defendants.

March 6, 1970

**Gerber:** I would like to make a few questioning comments about the political aspects of the trial. A proper question seems to me: Is the present legal system, in particular the courtroom, the proper place to resolve political differences? We have newspapers, we have political parties, we have conventions, we have elections, we have a whole complicated and really very peaceful way of confronting opposing political views. And in that sense, I find it easier to justify the conduct of the defendants in the streets in Chicago than to justify their conduct in the courtroom. It seems to me that demonstrating in the streets is a legitimate way of effecting a political change in this country — even if demonstration leads to some minor inconveniences, and occasionally some major inconveniences; but to prolong that controversy in the courtroom by deliberately impeding the judicial machinery seems to interject a political dimension into the judicial system where perhaps it does not belong. Our judicial system is certainly not perfect, perhaps it does carry too much of the cast of the establishment, but nonetheless, as Johnson might say, it's the only judicial system we have. While it certainly needs change, I don't think that the most intelligent changes in the judicial system are made by defendants who use abusive language in the courtroom, who insult the judge, who move in and out of the courtroom as they wish and who engage in birthday parties and other similar festivities in the courtroom. All of this type of activity is very proper on a television program or in novel form as a comedy; but it certainly does not seem to be proper in a courtroom which for the vast majority of the citizens in this land is the last recourse for justice. If you don't get justice in the courtroom, you simply don't get it. So the question I suppose I'm leading up to here is what sorts of techniques could have been used by the judicial system to insure a trial on both sides without permitting an undue admission of this political flair into the judicial proceedings.





**Houck:** I'd like to go back to your first point that seemed to say that the seven or eight were bad boys and that there was no provocation coming from the other side and therefore one can put the onus of the whole thing on their backs.

The government, Judge Hoffman, the actions of the Attorney General, conditions in nineteen hundred and sixty-eight, are things we've forgotten about. We've somehow lost the patient here, which really isn't these seven or eight men, but the question of how we make larger decisions in our society around the areas which we feel very strongly about. I can recall very vividly in '67 and '68 working very hard in primaries and either my candidate Robert Kennedy or McCarthy winning every one and then losing at the end and then somehow or another trying to influence a convention and then somehow or another getting the Walker Commission report, in which one of their major conclusions is that this was a police riot. I don't have to say that this was a police riot; it was said by some other people. I don't have to castigate policemen; I think it's very difficult to live in these trying times and not make mistakes (and maybe mistakes were made on three or four different sides, in 1968). But, then the federal government, and incidentally an attorney general, decided not to proceed on this case, having learned about political trials from the Spock Case.

But then comes a new attorney general, who is one of the most political attorney generals we've had in a very long time, maybe the architect of the so-called southern strategy. He makes the decision, given all of the political turmoil, given all of the cloudiness of the events of '68, to go after these eight men by having his federal attorney up there start presenting evidence to a grand jury. I think, given this tight context, one can have a better understanding about these eight men and how they reacted. Whether they're guilty of bad manners or judicial courtroom indecorum, I suppose we'll find out on the basis of appeal. But there is a larger thing here and the Attorney General *knew* it, when they went after the conspiracy charges. Conspiracy is an open door to bringing in issues like life-style and value systems, things which may have nothing to do with anything a court can do a fairly decent job of determining. A court can determine what the facts were in a limited area and what would be the appropriate laws to be applied to these laws. And they knew it when they went in on the conspiracy charges. (Of course now we've got the big problem of finding them not guilty on conspiracy.) This allowed them to bring in all the life-style and value questions and to find the defendants guilty of moving across state lines. It's a very interesting thing. So, it's a question of who is abusing this delicate thing, the trial system. I think the blame can be distributed around.



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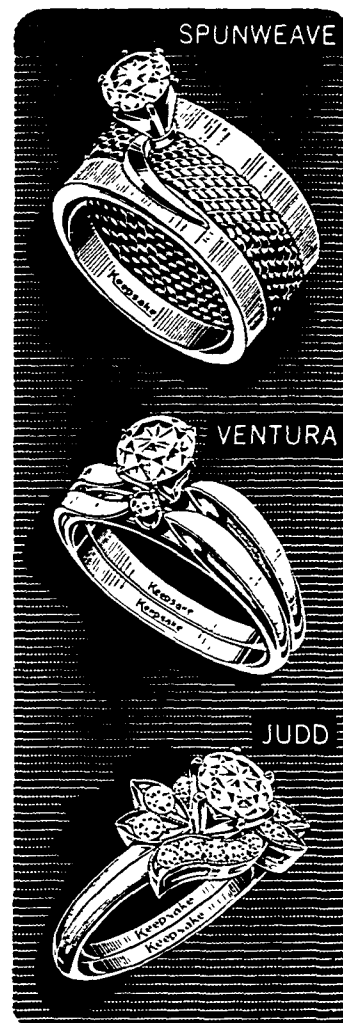
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# perspectives

jack fiala,  
ed mccartin  
& bernie ryan

## on community & campuses

**T**HE Notre Dame community. An ideal touted by Father Hesburgh in speeches across the country. A phrase from the bannerhead of *The Observer*, and the goal of recent student body presidential candidates. What does it mean?

Richard Rossie viewed the student body as a political power bloc; he acted as their "mandated" spokesman. But Phil McKenna saw that there was something missing in confrontation politics. McKenna saw that the students are more than a source of power, and in his campaign, he continually expressed concern for the personal development of each individual. He tried to realize a community of respect for the individual, and he failed.

McKenna channeled the efforts of student government into breaking down impersonal structures through academic reform, co-education and hall autonomy. His

ideas were the culmination of the attempts to transform what had been a veritable military academy into a Christian community. The groundwork had been laid by Minch Lewis, Jim Fish, Chris Murphy, and Richard Rossie. But McKenna gave student government a new direction, and he fired at University structures. However, Phil didn't carry out his attack to its logical conclusion. The structure of student government went unscathed, and at the expense of the community that was his goal.

One could call McKenna's failure his prophecy. He short-circuited student government in attempting to bring about community through a structure which, by its very nature, is antithetical to community. His administration's failure to achieve that particular aim has given us a new perspective on the future.

*A university-wide community would be one in which*

each person lives, and works together with, and has a common respect for every other person. The atmosphere of a university-wide community would be one which is conducive to the development of smaller communities within it (e.g., the Afro-American Society, YAF, General Program majors, residence halls, etc.). The atmosphere is one of *mutual respect*. This is an abstract definition, granted; it cannot be anything but an abstract definition. Because community is an end in itself, to define precisely what community is (if that could be done at all) would be to presuppose what specific shape that end will take. To define community is to negate the process of personal interaction which shapes it. To relegate the formation of community to student government is to ignore a segment of the community one wants to achieve. To use community as an issue in a political campaign is an absurdity.

Community in the sense of this definition includes *all* of the people — majority rule does not. What happens when student government initiates a program and a certain percentage of the student body is opposed to it? One segment of the student body gets virtually everything it wants, and the other segment gets virtually nothing. It's a zero-sum game; it's all or nothing. The defeated minority has no recourse but to attack the source of its alienation — student government. Would this action reflect respect or concern for the opinion of all in the community?

AND what place has a political campaign in a community? How much mutual respect do campaigns engender? The very nature of a campaign is combative and fractious. Can one reconcile that with a (Christian) community? How often does a defeated candidate work as an integral part of the victor's administration? When candidates say, "We've got to focus this campaign on the people of the community," are "the people" merely nameless, faceless votes, merely 50% plus one? The students are objectified as "supporters," as individuals with whom to be concerned only at election time. Campaigns create programs and offer candidates to fill the demands of the programs. The voters and the candidates are objectified, and the election becomes an exercise in robot theater. Is there a concern for the individuals in the community? The campaigns of the "Left" and the "Right" are political masturbation; ideological campaign programs are spewed forth for self-gratification. There is no attempt made to reconcile differences between candidates; in fact, petty antipathies are unconsciously created so that the students, the "community," can be offered a "choice."

Last September, the "Left" sought Bernie Ryan as its Presidential candidate for the following year. When Bernie declined, the focus shifted to Ed McCartin and Jack Fiala. The nameless, faceless "Left" was preparing for Armageddon in March, 1970. The equally objectified "Right" was also mobilizing. All three potential candidates had a difficult time in reconciling community as an end, with Notre Dame politics as a means, and decided not to participate in partisanship in the coming election. Instead, what emerged was an idea of government by unanimity as an alternative to electoral campaigns.

With that decision came the first of the Farley Hall Chapel meetings (designed to find more efficacious and less antagonistic forms of student government), and the initial proposals of government by unanimity. All conceivable candidates of both factions were present. The petty antipathies withered away with discussion, and the air was stripped of factious rivalry. The suffering of students at Notre Dame seemed much more important than ideological differences. For the first time, all sides were discussing the possibility of acting as a community in resolving common problems. For an instant, there was a realization that problems should be approached in a spirit of mutual respect for each other's views.

But the election was three weeks away; the idea of unanimity was subsumed under two different guises. The campaign began.

THE concept of unanimity is a difficult one to grasp, but one that is intrinsic to a true community. Unanimity, like community, implies by its very definition *all* the people. And this does not presuppose that differences of opinion do not exist. On the contrary, they do exist, but this does not necessarily mean that there is diametric opposition in difference of opinion. If this were a Christian community in which selflessness prevailed, there would *never* be diametric opposition, for selflessness demands sacrifice — sacrifice of partisan views and personal caprice.

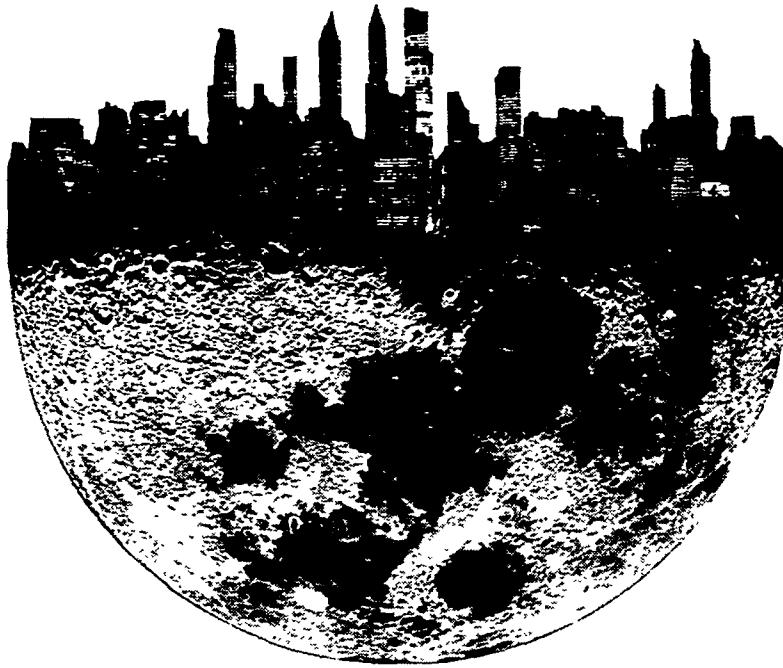
This article is not intended to be a diatribe against the candidates in this election. They are but tragic heroes caught in a structure which can never bear the fruit of community. This article is intended to demythologize student government, to attack that structure, to show that things are not what they appear to be, that neither this election, nor any subsequent election will bring us any closer to community than we were on April 1, 1969. The prophet has shown us the way, and we have ignored him.

The aspirations, dedication and sincerity of any of the candidates cannot be doubted. There is an admirable nobility in any person who puts himself in the position of Sisyphus. The stone of Sisyphus is the structure of student government, the structure that demands that a Student Body President attain his office through a divisive campaign and attempt to use that office as the driving force for community.

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*Jack Fiala, Ed McCartin and Bernie Ryan are juniors at the University. Messieurs Fiala and McCartin were candidates in last year's student body presidential election and served this year as student senators. Bernie Ryan has been the Off-Campus Commissioner for the past year.*

*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.*



*By heaven, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion.*

(POLONIUS, IN *Hamlet*)

**F**OR the life of me I never could figure out how Saul Bellow's *Herzog* ever became a best seller. The book has almost no plot, its chief character is a Jewish intellectual that one could scarcely ask middle-class America to identify with, and it persists in bandying about the most complicated ideas in the most profound way.

By this score *Mr. Sammler's Planet* ought to break all publication records. The little plot evinced in *Herzog* has diminished almost to the vanishing point, the title character is, if not more Jewish, certainly more intellectual, and the book is, as one would expect, full of ideas.

All of this is rather odd because this is not a particularly propitious time for a novel of ideas, or at least of ideas expressed quite so explicitly as Bellow is prone to do. We are scarcely three sentences into the book before we are told:

You had to be a crank to insist on being right. Being right was largely a matter of explanation. Intellectual man had become an explaining creature. . . . The roots of this, the causes of the other, the source of events, the history, the structure, the reasons why. For the most part, in one ear and out the other. The soul wanted what it wanted. It had its own natural knowledge. It sat unhappily on superstructures of explanation, poor bird, not knowing which way to fly.

Now this is surely a finely honed bit of reflection and any author who can write this well certainly deserves our attention. But when roughly half of a 300-page book is devoted to similar musings one begins to see

# Artur Sammler:

the problems that can develop. . . .

But perhaps the fault lies within ourselves and not with the book — if this is not exactly a “propitious time” for a novel of ideas, the reason may lie in a certain intellectual and moral anemia of the times, in *acedia*, the despair that comes from boredom. The late Harvard sociologist, Pitirim Sorokin, had a theory of cultural change that classified societies as moving through a cycle of three phases, from the “ideational” to the “idealistic” to the “sensate.” Sorokin never hesitated to classify modern society as belonging to the “sensate” stage of the cycle (i.e., a state which tends to abandon reason and faith for ephemeral sensual pleasures and which stresses action over reflection): an evaluation with which Bellow would find himself in complete agreement. We have all become Marxists, at least insofar as we accept Marx’s famous dictum to approach philosophy from the standpoint of changing the world rather than understanding it. As Mr. Sammler puts it: “Evidently it’s a disgrace for true nobility to substitute words for acts.” Similarly, we have allowed ourselves to become immersed in sensuality. Bellow comes down hard on this point. To quote again from one of Mr. Sammler’s periodic musings:

You wondered . . . whether the worst enemies of civilization might not prove to be its petted intellectuals who attacked it at its weakest moments — attacked it in the name of proletarian revolution, in the name of reason, in the name of irrationality, in the name of visceral depth, in the name of sex, in the name of perfect instantaneous freedom. For what it amounted to was limitless demand — insatiability, refusal of the doomed creature (death being sure and final) to go away from this earth unsatisfied.

**A**S the above quote indicates, Mr. Sammler (and, by extension, one ought to include Bellow, I suppose) tends to take a rather conservative view of contemporary trends. However, he well deserves to. A Polish Jew by birth and an Anglicized intellectual by upbringing, Sammler was trapped in Poland when the war started; and, before it had ended, he had lost his wife, his wealth, and an eye to the Nazis. Having survived one period of national madness, Sammler was scarcely eager to usher in another one — and it is clear that he sees the potential for madness in the rebellion of today’s youth.

All of this is graphically illustrated when Mr.

# A Gentleman & A Scholar

Sammler is asked to speak to a group of university students. Mr. Sammler is an elderly gentleman and, as they are often prone to do, he had managed to get side-tracked onto a number of peripheral issues and was running overtime. Worse yet, he made an offensive remark about the English Leftists of the 1930's and, before he quite realized what had happened, he was being shouted at and pushed away from the microphone by a rude and unmannerly (the key words here) group of students who tell the audience to disown this "effete old shit" whose "balls are dry." They do and Sammler flees, analyzing the situation (as usual) on the way out:

And he was not so much personally offended by the event as struck by the will to offend. What a passion to be *real*. But *real* was also brutal. And the acceptance of excrement as a standard? How extraordinary! Youth? Together with the idea of sexual potency? All this confused sex-excrement-militancy, explosiveness, abusiveness, tooth-showing, Barbary ape howling.

Bellow is quite right in isolating "the will to offend" as the key variable in the youth rebellion. In fact it is only because most youths are as yet unwilling to offend (that is, to act uncivilized in a situation *that is defined to be civilized*) that the youth revolution is still confined to manageable proportions. What Bellow is admitting here is that society is, to a certain extent, an *artificial* entity but one which, nevertheless, must be maintained even if it leads to such absurdities as defining the use of atomic bombs against civilian populations as "civilized" and throwing a rock through a window of the Department of Justice as "uncivilized." As society is artificial, so does it become terribly vulnerable once people stop abiding by the rules. This vulnerability can be overcome only through the adoption of some of the unethical tactics used by the malcontents; and thus the plunge into the madness of revolution and counter-revolution is begun. Of course, the rub here is that one feels obliged to do *something* to stop the brutally real and murderously uncivilized foreign policy of America, and Mr. Sammler's solution, that of a slightly arid speculation, has proved of little value.

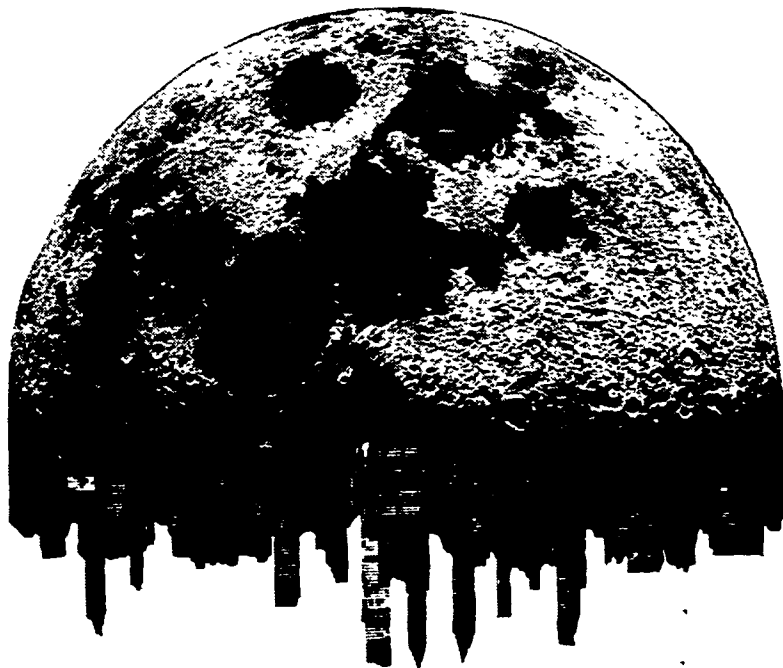
But I really didn't want to get into politics here. If the book is conservative, it is so in a cultural rather than a political sense. Bellow is hardly an advocate of the Vietnam war and he has some equally dissenting views to register against the Silent Majority. He holds them equally guilty of having turned aside from those values of the past that *are* worth conserving, namely,

"scientific humanism, faith in an emancipated future, in active benevolence, in reason, in civilization. Not popular ideas at the moment. Of course we have civilization but it is so disliked." This is, in fact, what liberalism (surely one of the most maligned concepts of today) is all about. Truth, justice, and other atavisms. This is what gives the book its air of pessimism:

Like many people who had seen the world collapse once, Mr. Sammler entertained the possibility it might collapse twice. He did not agree with his refugee friends that this doom was inevitable, but liberal beliefs did not seem capable of self-defense, and you could smell decay. You could see the suicidal impulses of civilization pushing strongly.

**I**N short, *Mr. Sammler's Planet* is, as they say in the trade, a *difficult* book but also (again the inevitable phrase) one that is "well worth the effort." I personally enjoyed it though many will no doubt grow impatient with Sammler's incessant *thinking*. At times, Bellow's eagerness to take issue with present trends leads him to sounding like a sort of Jewish Norman Vincent Peale ("A few may comprehend that it is the strength to do one's duty daily and promptly that makes saints and heroes") but, all in all, the book ought to be marked as a major success in the career of a writer who has made a habit of achieving major successes.

**Michael Costello**



# There was a leak in the johnny



*For about two-hundred years we'd been blowing it up, getting it ready.*

*Ben Franklin and that lot apparently got it started. De Toqueville examined it and saw that it was good; Horation Alger illustrated how it works, and Walt Whitman deified it. Millions of lungs spent themselves inflating it.*

*All that work just so we could have a nice float to parade down Broadway some Thanksgiving Day. We bleached its hair blond, baptized it by immersion in a vat of Man-Tan, and it was just about ready . . . just about . . .*

*That hissing sound you heard coming from Washington Hall last weekend was Edward Albee letting the air out of the balloon.*

A LOT has happened in the last eleven or twelve years. In 1959, I LIKE IKE stickers still adorned bumpers of fin-sprouting American automobiles, The Beatles were still taking O-levels in a Liverpool academy, Bill Cosby was playing basketball for Temple, and most of the cast of *Hair* were sporting crew-cuts.

This was the milieu out of which, or perhaps, against which, sprang Edward Albee's *The American Dream* and *The Death of Bessie Smith*. The force, the importance, of these plays derived not so much from the artistic craft involved or from well-wrought dramatic form, as from their saying what needed to be said to the United States of the turn of the decade. It is by grace of novelty and not necessarily

quality that this play merits attention. So if it is the freshness of a message for a particular audience in a particular era that was essential for a play's effectiveness at the time, what happens when the message becomes stale or obvious?

This consideration poses itself a primary in planning a production of such works as these Albee plays. Does one dust them off a bit and stage them as they are? Call them historically important? Does one tell the audience that the play is a milestone in the American Theatre and they should therefore enjoy it? It is much to their credit that William Byrd, Jr. and the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theatre chose otherwise. By means of two wonderfully imaginative sets, some creative acting, and a life-giving injection of the production with the power of multimedia bombardment, Mr. Byrd & Co. patched up and compensated for some faulty aspects of the early Albee's craft and presented the revived plays as still relevant and compelling statements vis-à-vis contemporary America.

In *The American Dream*, the earlier play, Albee contrives not dramatic personalities, but animated characters in a comic strip world. This can provide humorous and effective satire if handled cleverly and creatively; the Washington Hall performance proved it could still work. The core of the American family portrayed are Mommy (Jean-Marie Meier) the domineering matriarchal figure whose every movement recalled the sweeping grandeur of a Loretta Young T.V. entrance; Daddy (Fran Donovan) who distills to a sort of personified sigh; and Grandma (Rita Gall) the



engaging old philosopher in residence Mommy and Daddy consider senile and disdain for her age. This motley array of sterile celluloid characters in their sterilized celluloid apartment provide the target gallery for Albee's potshots at American mores, language and illusions of progress and success. Much of what was fresh satire in 1959, however, no longer is; but the good delivery by the cast helped to make most of the humor workable. Rita Gall is outstanding as Grandma, the only role which permits any freedom at all outside the rigid restrictions of caricature.

Into this realm of euphemismic inanities (about fixing the "Johnny" and "cutting off his-you-know-what"), inverted-cliché-ridden palaver. ("What an unattractive apartment you have here!"), and trivial banterings of not being able to get "Satisfaction," walks the Young Man (Chuck Amato), the perverted messiah himself. He is described (in his own words) as "mid-west farm boy type, almost insultingly good-looking in a typical American way. Good profile, straight nose," etc. It is discovered however, he is rotted and hollow within, money-grubbing, incomplete. He has been bereft of heart, feeling, and potency, all of which departed when his alter-ego, the American Dream that was, was convicted on counts of cliché-violating by Mommy and Daddy, and subsequently dismembered.

The final tableau of *The American Dream* is probably the most effective moment of the play. Mommy and Daddy welcome the second coming open-armedly, pour the alcoholic libation and recite the litany of achieved "satisfaction." Mommy lords over the Young Man, Daddy poses precariously astride Mrs. Barkley and Grandma draws the curtain informing us that as a comedy the play must end here.

**T**HE *Death of Bessie Smith* is a social commentary of quite a different nature. It marks Albee's departure from Absurdist caricatures to a more concrete Realist form. *The Death of Bessie Smith* is built around the demise of the famous Blues singer who died of injuries suffered in an automobile accident when she was refused admittance in a Southern white hospital. The force of the play stems perhaps more from its historical underpinnings than from Albee's dramatic artistry, but nonetheless, there are visible foreshadowings of the power of the later Albee of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* and the Pulitzer Prize winning *A Delicate Balance* in the see-saw verbal battles between the Nurse (Missy Smith) and the Intern (Jean-Paul Mustone). The work of both throughout this difficult Memphis-accented dialogue is effective despite the fact that they are handicapped by Albee's insufficient character development for so ambitious a task as he undertakes in so few pages of script. To develop effectively The Nurse as a character would have required more than the token attempt at presenting background we get in Scene Two with the father (Robert Rossi), or the seemingly meaningless telephone call to the Second Nurse (Carol Riordan).

Just as the brilliant sets and Miss Shanabarger's well-designed costuming served to set the action of these plays into a more workable context for 1970, on a larger scale, the montage of slides, filmstrips and music provided a background for the two plays themselves, forcing connection-making and showing the setting for these dramas to be not the theatre but the nation of 1970 itself. The Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval on that final tragic tableau in *The American Dream* somewhat didn't let you have the last laugh you expected.

## James Chandler



# Watching Them Shoot Horses



TAKE an evening off this week to catch *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* downtown at the State. A week-night — to be alone, to be open, to judge and be judged. *Horses* is a meatgrinder; it's not a pleasant film or experience. Its length (2½ hours) and intensity will scrape you until your pennies shine, and stuff up your fat college pipes with slaughterhouse manure.

The scene — a dance marathon on a California pier in 1932. The characters — a potpourri of pathetic dreary types including the hero, Robert (Michael Sarrazin) and his dance partner Gloria (Jane Fonda). *Horses* has turned out to be the sleeper of the year; with nine academy award nominations. *Horses* is a fine film, no doubt about it, and everybody's dutifully jumping on the bandwagon. There's a point where a good film is obliged to be great by the richness of its potential, by the fertility of its raw material. *Faces*, *Hunger*, *Shame*, *Woman of the Dunes* — these are great films, films that allowed for no mistakes, no lax egotistical diversions in either acting or direction that might detract from the clarity or originality of their stories and deliveries. And *Horses*? *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* has landed quite a lot of praise, some of it wholly undeserved. *Horses* is deficient; it

promises so much, that, when it connects, it's annoying, unsatisfying. And that's what needs to be discussed.

Pauline Kael, reigning queen of cinema critics, has designated Jane Fonda as "Actress of the Seventies." If we can hope for nothing better, then film is in for a very long coffee break. That Jane Fonda survived *Barbarella* and Vadim is a tribute to her personal integrity, but it doesn't make her Princess of the Performing Arts. Miss Fonda has talent, and she displayed it effectively in Arthur Penn's *The Chase* with Marlon Brando and Michael Redford. That was several years ago. Since then she has distinguished herself as Henry's daughter, Peter's sister, and Roger's latest conquest. It's been downhill all the way, and now, with *Horses*, comes the vindication.

Or does it? Fonda plays a hard-nosed, pushy, tough-talking bitch out to screw the world before it screws her (again), with no real hope for the former, and all too much certainty of the latter. There are times when she is brilliantly convincing: her defiant hostility as she dances on alone, spotlighted, after she's been dumped by her partner; her single burst of joy when she drags her sailor through the second dance derby



to stay in contention; her final, strangled "Help me!" as her strength fails at the suicide. Very fine. Still, the bulk of her lines are unconvincing, strained, as if she were embarrassed or intimidated by the character's utter bitterness and despair — much of the time she's trying to infuse fire into dialogue she obviously can't understand or relate to. She tries too hard, and flops, especially in her needling of the pregnant girl contestant (who, incidentally, delivers an *excellent* performance). Not all this is Fonda's fault, naturally; the script calls for some incredible clichés, e.g., "I'm getting off this merry-go-round" — "What merry-go-round?" — "Life!" and "Just what the world needs, another sucker!" etc. Still, a lot of the blame is Fonda's, because several of her co-actors and actresses beat the script to render superlative characterizations.

**G**IG Young as MC cuts the film's strongest personality. He's bored but manipulative, completely fallacious, and concerned not with the contest but the "show," not with the contestants but the voyeurs, the audience. His lies, his exhortations, his trickery manufacture the venom that is the film's agony — the marathon is a facade collapsing on those who choose it as a way out. The allegory of "The American Way" is, of course, partly blatant, almost heavy-handed, but belted out from behind Young's tormented smile, with all the noble drivel and ragged applause seems to fit frighteningly well.

Susannah York, as Alice, turns in a superior performance as the pretentious, aspiring actress dancing to be discovered. When one of her dresses and her makeup kit are stolen (by Young, incidentally, to equalize the "show"), she begins to fall apart, and finally cracks up while taking a shower fully clothed. Her sexual habits are rather odd as well: she assaults the hero in a closet on a ten-minute rest break.

Red Buttons and his partner are excellent as a background couple, as are the pregnant girl and her husband. The girl is best in her exhausted gestures as she sings "The Best Things in Life Are Free" to a blinding spotlight. The audience tosses her tips, and as her husband tries to restrain her as she stoops for the coins — "We need the money."

Another problem though — the hero. He literally pops into the film's "present" and falls, into a position as little more than a foil for Fonda. He wasn't designed to, so he can't be blamed, really, for a mediocre job. What's wrong isn't the acting, but the part itself. That's the writer's fault. With less of the film's burden on Fonda, she might have been more relaxed with herself, more reconciled to her past. As it turns out though, the hero retains little more than an awkward presence throughout most of the sequences.

*Horses* rarely drags, though, despite the mistakes in acting and script. The length of the film is unobtrusive until the last few scenes — you are given a break, an intermission, after the first derby. The lighting and sets create an authentic, distressing atmosphere, which, when combined with the camera's confinement to three of four basic rooms, wrings the audience through the claustrophobia, the trapped desperation of the period. Lighting is the film's single unblemished accomplishment throughout; low-level

"filler" light underlines the sordid rat-race on the dance-floor, the increasing chaos of the "dorms," the dark, empty presence of the audience. When spotlights are used, they're knives to cut out contestants' last bits of privacy; the few faces picked from the shadows of the grandstand are modelled into death masks by stark illumination of bone structure from the side.

The musical score deserves some mention. Both melody and lyrics in "Easy Come, Easy Go," are quintessentially reminiscent of the maudlin romance of the Thirties. The time is starkly beautiful, moody. During the crash, Billie Holiday's "Gloomy Sunday" was banned from the radio because people had taken to jumping out windows to its morbid lyrics. What "Easy Come, Easy Go" lacks in influence, it picks up in subtlety, in its every acceptance of its time. This is not to say that the music is obtrusive, but *important*, yes. Half-dead marathon dancers dragging each other around to this tune produce a remarkably powerful image.

Pollack's choice to emphasize content over style is legitimate, but gets out of hand. This choice works if the characters project as particularly interesting, complex people; acting can wholly absorb an audience if it's exceptional enough — witness *The Lion in Winter*. As we have already seen, several performances in *Horses* are terrific, but Fonda, and her hero, are *not*. They're designed to carry the film, and they foul up. They do an *adequate* job, but one that is not sufficient to excuse the lack of camera mobility and ingenuity.

**W**ITH the dance derby, things change radically. The shot of the employers painting the track lines among the feet of the dancers is excellent; editing picks up its pace to fit the greatly increased camera movement, and the accelerating frustration of the contestants. The cinematography of the first derby is the finest I have ever seen, anywhere, anytime. Pollack subjects the viewer to all ten minutes of the actual race, with the camera in among the couples as they struggle desperately *not to be last*.

The assertion was made earlier that *Horses* is a good film, but not great, and the ending bears this out. The last shot — the remaining couples dancing on and on to Young's insane rhetoric — is a nice touch, but the film's *climax* is in the preceding sequence, and is completely inadequate. *What* happens I'm willing to believe; *how* it happens is another matter. I'm willing to accept the hero's motive for the mercy-killing, but the dialogue at this point is simply horrendous. The tough-guy cop asking "Why'd ya do it, kid?" — it's unbelievable that Pollack would grab for a cliché like this to precipitate his line, the hero's answer: "They shoot horses, don't they?" When the audience finally hears that line, blurted out in boring monotone, they can't help but blush for Pollack, for the film's needless and embarrassing self-parody. That line should never have been altered. The writer should be shot. Among others.

**Fran Maier**

# B is for Bobcat Brutality



Ohio's Craig Love: A sledge hammer in sneakers.

Last Friday evening, SCHOLASTIC sports editor Terry O'Neil — armed with his checkbook, youth fare card and toothbrush — embarked on a journey to Athens, Ohio. He made United's South Bend-to-Cleveland flight by two seats and four minutes. He missed American's last flight to Columbus by four seats and spent Friday night in Cleveland. Saturday morning, Allegheny (two-thirds, confirmed) flew him to Columbus. Then he hitched (five rides) 60 miles to Athens, arriving at 12:35 p.m., in time to watch Ohio University whip Bowling Green, 77-76, and gain a berth opposite Notre Dame in tomorrow's NCAA first-round playoff game at Dayton.

**T**HE segment of U.S. Route 33 between Columbus and Athens, Ohio, displays the American highway in all its variations. If a road condition exists, it is to be found on this 60-mile stretch — soft shoulders, no berms, blind curves, four lanes of concrete, two lanes of macadam and even a traffic light with green on top and red on the bottom.

Traveling southeast from Colum-

bus, one notes that this variance of highway circumstance is not merely random. Rather, there is some order to it, an order which might be termed, loosely, "riches to rags." Near Columbus, Route 33 is a four-lane limited access thoroughfare, complete with clover leaf exit ramps. South of Lancaster, passing lanes vanish, followed by a tricky detour near Logan and, just outside Nelsonville, that crazy traffic light with the reversed color scheme. Nelsonville-to-Athens is best described as two lanes of potholes.

"They'd like to forget we're down here," sneers one Ohio University student. ("They" are Ohio legislators who fund the state's highway and education systems.) They pat us on the head and say, 'Be a nice boy.' I wonder what they'll say after we win the national championship in basketball."

**I**T is with such inflamed passion that OU has rallied to its 1969-70 basketball team. Last Saturday, for instance, there were 14,102 fans in the two-year-old Convocation Center, which is:

—3,263 more people than have

even seen an MAC game.

—2,731 more people than have ever been in OU's arena.

—1,022 more people than the place is supposed to hold.

The fire marshalls knew and didn't care; they were sitting in the aisles, too.

OU crowds boo opposing cheerleaders' routines, throw paper on the floor, chant, "Go to hell, B.G., go to hell," and insist, "We're No. 1, we're No. 1" just like they do at the big-time snakepits. Sheet signs ask, cuttingly, "What the hell is a B.G. anyway"? But if the Bobcat fan is a bit crude, surely he is not entirely to blame. The undeniable fact is that his basketball sensitivity has been dulled by watching the 1969-70 Bobcats bludgeon to death all 11 home-court opponents. Ohio University plays basketball with all the grace (and effectiveness) of five Neanderthal men . . . clubs in hand.

Largest of the "physicians" is Craig Love, a 6-8 center who has no touch, but digs out a bundle of garbage points underneath, not to mention 13 rebounds per game.

Forward Greg McDivitt (6-7) is stylish and mobile on offense, though

his defense is mediocre. Opposite McDivitt is forward Dave Groff, 6-5, 210 pounds of elbows and kneecaps — head cleaver in a gang of hatchet-men and the slashing, hammering symbol of this basketball team. Groff transferred from West Point two years ago, bringing to OU basketball a distinctly war-like attitude. Teammates called him "Bubba." Groff responded this season by leading the squad in fouls (88) and disqualifications (six), which is quite a lot, considering he averages less than 30 minutes per game. No official verdict has been rendered, but Groff's shooting touch generally is recognized as a bit more horrendous than Love's. Both, however, can muscle the boards and set picks of unquestioned solidity.

Ohio's backcourt is the frontcourt in miniature. John Canine (6-2) and Ken Kowall (6-1) are lean, wiry types who complement each other superbly. Canine takes more shots than anybody else, not all of them good ones, but he is hitting a respectable 45% from the floor. Kowall is a left-handed playmaker who directs Coach Jim Snyder's system of disciplined offense.

Two years ago, McDivitt and Canine were sophomore starters on an Ohio team which pieced together 12 consecutive losses and a last-place finish in the MAC. Since that string ended, the Bobcats are 41-14; they have won 31 of their last 37 games. OU was runner-up to Miami in the conference last year, then opened 1969-70 with wins over four Big Ten foes, including a super-sweet 82-80 triumph at Ohio State. The Bobcats rose as high as No. 5 in national rankings, but their MAC title was not insured until last Saturday's final game.

Bowling Green had beaten Ohio, 85-65, for the Cats' only league defeat. Another Falcon victory would deadlock the teams at 8-2 and force a conference playoff.

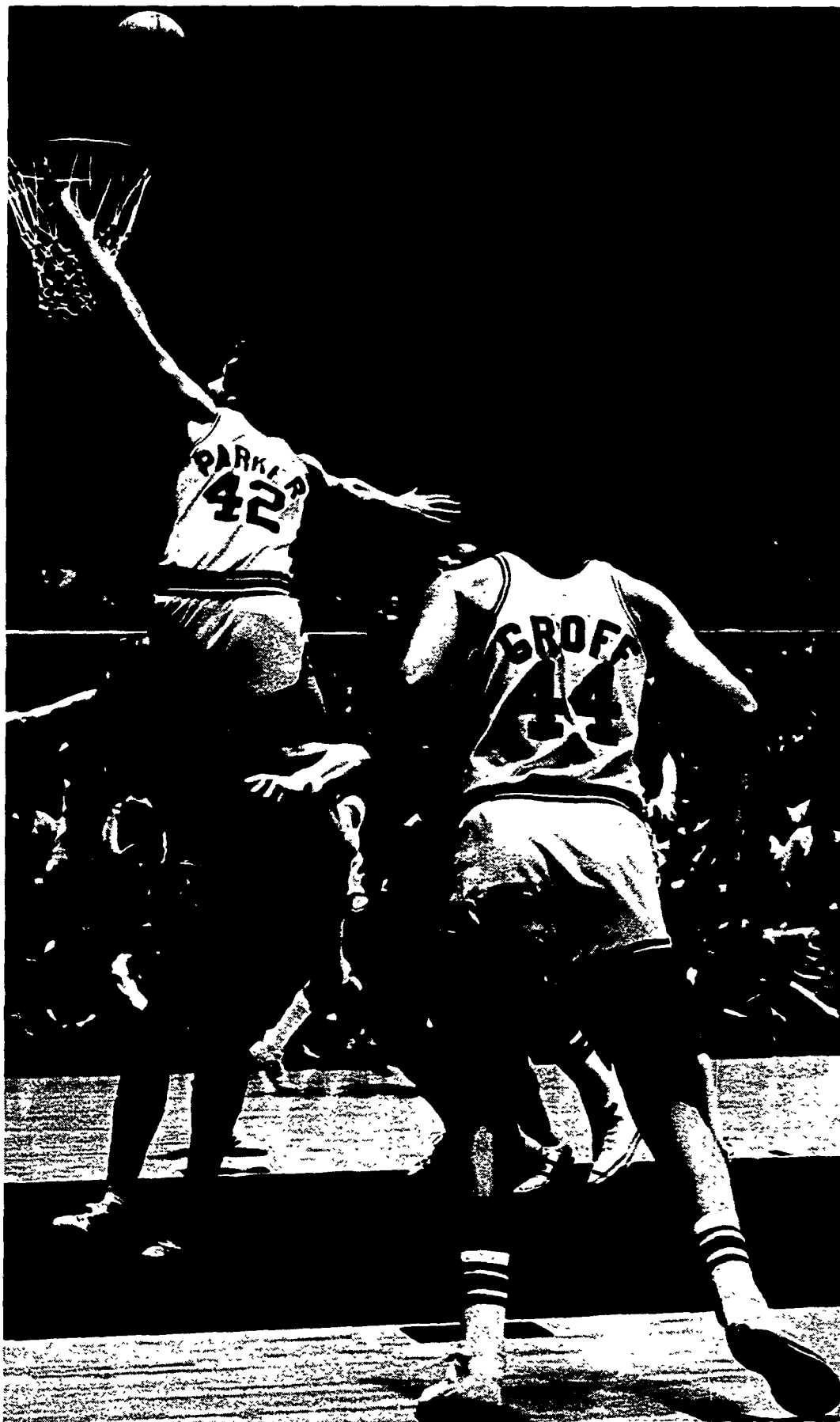
It was brutal basketball (44 fouls called, 144 not called) and Bowling Green easily could have won. Trailing 75-74 with 30 seconds to play, the Falcons had possession, but were pressured into a turnover and OU survived for a 77-76 win.

THE Bobcats are a very fundamental team. Their basic offense is double post (Fig. 1), similar to the one Notre Dame employs. It is designed to give Canine and McDivitt the 18-foot jumpers (Fig. 2, 3) and maximize the offensive board strength of Love and Groff. Both guards go to the hoop and each has mastered the art of dropping a pass

to Love at the end of his drive. Groff will put his head down and bull inside occasionally and Love will back in against his defender before popping a fall-away jump shot.

Irish center Sid Catlett certainly has the bulk and height to neutralize Love. Likewise, Collis Jones is an ideal defensive match for McDivitt, who has moves and is a good leaper.

*Typically Bobcat is this move by forward Doug Parker.*



At the other forward, however, Groff will have a few pounds on Tom Sinnott or Jim Hinga. Both must be careful to block out Groff on the offensive board and get good position when "Bubba" drives to the basket. Outside, Jack Meehan will give away speed to either Canine or Kowall.

Defensively, Ohio's most apparent handicap is at guard. Neither Canine nor Kowall is as tall, as quick or as springy as Austin Carr.

"We'll start out in our regular man-to-man," Synder promises, "but we'll have another defense ready if Carr starts to murder us. We might let Corde try him man-for-man or go to a box-and-one. We don't feel the rest of them (Irish) are great outside shooters, so the box may not hurt us too much."

Corde is Tom "T.C." Corde, a 6-0 guard whose appearance and court mannerisms are Xerox copies of Philadelphia 76er Wally Jones. Corde is much the best Bobcat guard on defense, though he is a definite offensive liability, shooting less than 40% from the floor.

**O**HIO is likely to show some three-guard offense, especially if Carr explodes or if a Bobcat forward stumbles into early foul trouble. That system will put Corde, Canine and Kowall at perimeter positions, with Love and McDivitt or Groff at double low post. OU can be expected to fast-break more often with three guards, but a wide-open running game would be decidedly to Notre Dame's advantage.

Ohio has been bothered this year by a full-court press. (Bowling Green pressed all night in its 20-point victory over the 'Cats.) Canine is unruffled by pressure defense, but Kowall, the southpaw, uses his right hand sparingly and can be overplayed to his left. The big men, of course, are poor ball handlers and of little value against the press.

Psychologically, Ohio has fine momentum, while the Irish have run aground with serious injuries and a loss to Dayton. Strategically, OU will hope to control the boards — in the person of Groff, specifically — and play at a measured pace. Notre Dame is looking for an up-tempo and a sizzling Austin Carr, who could force Snyder into defensive alignments he'd rather not attempt.

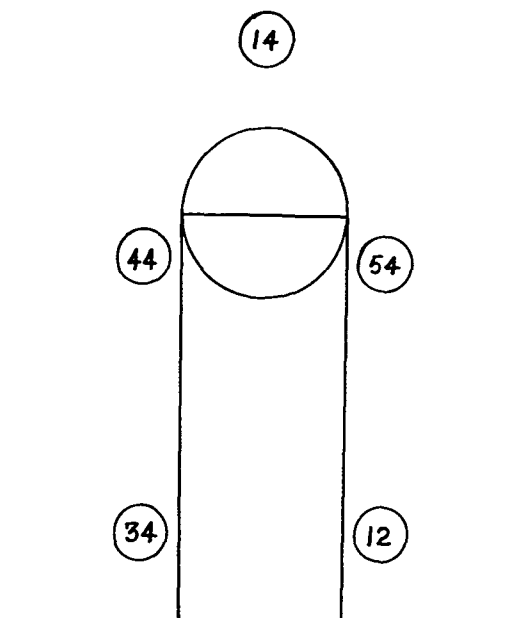


Figure 1

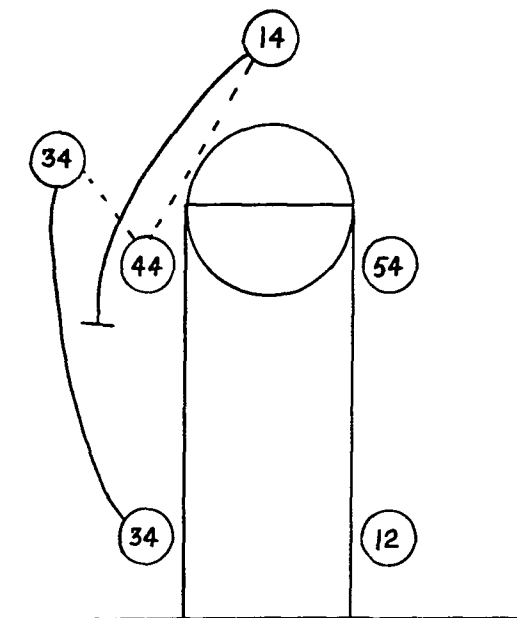


Figure 2

Figure 1: Miami's double post system — Ken Kowall 14, Dave Groff 44, Craig Love 54, Greg McDivitt 34, John Canine 12.

Figure 2: Kowall (14) passes to Groff (44), then picks for McDivitt (34) who gets the shot.

Figure 3: Kowall (14) passes to Love (54) and cuts through; Love dribbles into position, sets a pick and flips to Canine (12) for the shot.

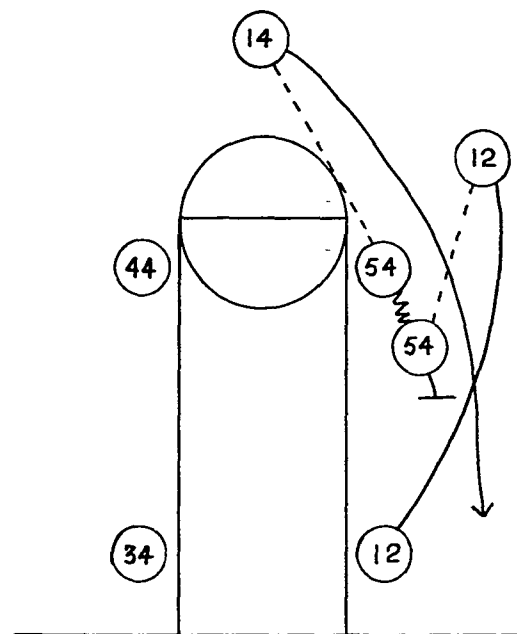


Figure 3

Overall 20-4, Home 11-0, Road 9-4, MAC 9-1											
Player	Pos	Ht.	G	FG	Pct.	FT	Pct.	Reb.	Avg.	PF-D	TP Avg.
Canine	G	6-2	24	187-415	.450	73-93	.785	67	2.8	57-0	447 18.6
McDivitt	F	6-7	24	138-322	.429	84-114	.737	214	8.9	87-5	360 15.0
Love	C	6-8	24	140-271	.517	53-96	.552	309	12.9	86-3	333 13.9
Kowall	G	6-1	24	103-241	.427	61-108	.565	67	2.8	61-1	267 11.1
Groff	F	6-5	24	79-152	.549	76-112	.679	153	6.4	88-6	244 10.2
Parker	F	6-4	24	51-117	.436	27-43	.628	97	3.9	72-3	129 5.4
Corde	G	6-0	24	44-112	.393	39-54	.722	38	1.6	46-1	127 5.3
Wolf	C	6-7	18	17-32	.531	10-17	.588	34	1.9	21-1	44 2.4
Miller	G	5-10	11	6-18	.333	4-8	.500	3	.3	5-0	16 1.5
Hunter	G	5-11	16	7-17	.412	9-12	.750	7	.4	20-0	23 1.4
Glancy	F	6-4	11	2-15	.133	0-0	.000	10	.9	3-0	4 .4
Rumpke	F	6-6	6	1-8	.125	0-1	.000	6	1.0	4-0	2 .3
Rogers	C	6-6	6	1-2	.500	0-2	.000	6	1.0	2-0	2 .3
*Howell	F	6-4	9	8-23	.348	15-18	.833	11	1.2	9-0	31 3.4
Ohio			24	784-1745	.449	452-681	.661	1221	50.7	566-20	2020 84.2
Opponents			24	650-1553	.419	491-744	.670	1103	46.0	505-25	1791 74.7

\*Injured, will not play tomorrow

# movies

GRANADA: *John and Mary* is a strange film. It defies any kind of precise description. It is certainly not a great film. It is certainly not a bad film. You might say that it threatens to become a good film. From the outset, the camera work and settings are superb, especially the interiors of Dustin's apartment which abound with a heavy geometrical motif, solids, perpendiculars, peculiar spaces — this is all handled very nicely by the cameraman. As I mentioned last week, in contrast to this heavy geometrical setting, the story itself is curiously nonlinear, consisting of flashbacks, flash forwards, and some fantasy sequences as well. The technique seems to me to be quite tight, but somehow the story itself never quite makes it.

It threatens at times to become a really good film. Hoffman is all right, which means he is worse than in *The Graduate* and a shade below *Midnight Cowboy* . . . which means, of course, that he is good — but very unexciting. Mia, inasmuch as she

usually maintains the look of some mental deviant, is nauseating most of the time, and embarrassing to watch.

Because the film is about an archetypal situation, it succeeds, but only because of that. Identification with characters is easy, but I think, too easy . . . the plot so weak that the psychological ramifications are watered down at best, and simply boring and old-hat at worst. The advertisement says: "This isn't your mother's love story." Well . . . that may be so, but it certainly isn't your sister's love story either, which means, ultimately, that it is fairly delightful, more or less happy, more or less gentle, more or less poignant, more or less good.

Again, on Saturday night there will be a sneak preview of a new film released to my knowledge only on the East and West Coasts — starring Eliot Gould and Donald Sutherland. It purports to be a satire of military life, in the manner of *Catch 22*, which should make it quite interesting. As usual, in the case with these sneak previews, I am not at liberty to divulge the title, but it may prove to be a SMASHING hit. The preview will be at 7:15.

Times: 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

STATE: By the time you read this, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*

will have been reviewed to the point of nausea, so I'll keep this short. Jane Fonda, in a controversial role, Michael Sarrazin as her dance partner, Red Buttons as the sailor, Susannah York as an aspiring actress, etc. And they are all quite good. And another thing, Gig Young is getting old . . . and so are we. A great film at 1:30, 4:00, 6:30, and 9:00. With a ten-minute breather in between. To rest your feet. So get down there and dance.

AVON: *Fanny Hill* to make up for all the money lost on *Funny Girl*. For Funny Fanny Fun, call 288-7800.

COLFAX: *Gaily, Gaily* is a film based on Ben Hecht's semi-autobiographical work. From all I've heard, it is pretty delightful, light, zesty, etc. They're probably right, comedy isn't dead, it just acts that way — but luckily not in this film, which is quite conservative in approach and very funny to boot. For times, call 233-1676.

RIVER PARK: Katherine Hepburn in *The Madwoman of Chailiot*. The premier lady of the theater awaits you, but only if you call 288-8488 first, unless, of course, you want to take a chance on the times, which as some would say, could be similar to eating cornflakes with water.

John Stupp

# chicago

The walking tour of CHICAGO personally guided by the SCHOLASTIC takes a slight breather this week to visit CHICAGO's most unusual movie theatre. THE CLARK on Clark between Madison and Monroe, the CLARK opens up around nine o'clock in the morning and presents continuous showings until early the next morning. The program changes every day and is almost always worthwhile.

Today at the CLARK, two grand old SHAKESPEARIAN movies are on.

Orson Welles' *Macbeth* is a stunning film: it is as tight as the original play and the acting is all good. Laurence Olivier's version of *Hamlet* is not so good, because it suffers more from overacting.

But Olivier himself doing the soliloquies is all that a Hamlet should be: which is to say, that one side of the character in this case the heady, almost effete intellectual, is well presented. Both of these movies are more than a dozen years old, that is, they were made when their stars and directors were still great actors, but not yet fat.

Saturday, the CLARK has *Ulysses* in the Walter Stark production and Max Ophuls' *Lola Montez*. If you have not read *Ulysses* and don't remember the plot of the *Odyssey* very well, then the movie can serve as a good introduction-reminder. If you have read it and liked a bit but not as much as *The Rainbow*, then you will find that

the movie is charming at least as often the book was funny and Milo O'Shea is good in the title role. *Lola Montez* is the controversial last film by French director Max Ophus', who also made *That Man in Rio* (a brilliant film). It is showing around the country in 6, 5, 4 and 2 hour versions. We saw the 4 hour version a while back and thought it could well be a bit shorter, so perhaps the 2 hour version the CLARK has as it should be. *Lola Montez* was, by the way, a famous whore and circus performer in the latter part of the last century; everybody she didn't sleep with, she entertained.

On Sunday the CLARK has that old Bardot hit *The Truth* and *Rififi* with Jean Servais, which we have never even heard of.

The CLARK is also cheaper than most theatres in CHICAGO and is even cheaper for students and they have great buttered popcorn.

## the last word

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere  
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.  
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out  
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*  
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert  
A shape with lion body and the head of a man.  
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,  
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it  
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.  
The darkness drops again; but now I know  
That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,  
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

—W. B. Yeats

**T**wo interrelated accusations formed the core of Guy DeSapio's column in Monday's *Observer*. Both of them concerned The Last Word of February 27. The first, a charge of journalistic irresponsibility, is not to be taken lightly. Mr. DeSapio's accusation struck me as seriously considered; I think that it should be seriously answered. Less well considered, I think, was the charge of nihilism. Nevertheless, it does give me an occasion to present some further thoughts about what was said last week.

In articulating his sense of professional responsibility, De Sapio has forgotten the peculiar position of a campus publication. The University community is not expected to accept any man's word as doctrine. My column was not an imposition of truth but an opinion offered for consideration. The presentation of opinion in a spirit of inquiry rather than dictation is, I believe, a basic presupposition of campus journalism.

The idea of the University implies the belief that understanding can transform or alleviate suffering. I did not hope to introduce a new malaise onto the University campus—my column was a diagnosis of the spiritual void in America today, not a plea for national disintegration. I believe that the apathy and depression

that have pervaded the campus have been produced by a country whose people look to it for succor when there is none. Under these conditions, hope must be found in other places and thus one sentence in the final paragraph read: "Because an individual person possesses some inscrutable, inner life, he can transform his experience into understanding and grace." By no extrapolation of thought can I consider these words nihilistic.

**N**ihilism is not necessarily antithetical to affirmation. If we fail to discriminate in our affirmation, if we affirm something without intrinsic value, we are nihilists. We are nihilistic if we can discover value nowhere except in the will to posit value, if we can only say, with Mr. De Sapio, "We have to look beyond our shortcomings — rise above our feelings — push ahead and not wallow content in our old age ready to die." Such unreflective clamoring for action is itself a product of the belief that God will bless whatever we do as long as we are Americans.

The future of America need not be a *meaningless* collapse. Father Dunne has often spoken of *kenosis*, the stripping away of superficial values which leaves man, the individual man, with only an undefinable value, a value inseparable from the human spirit. According to Father Dunne, this same process takes place in history, in the rise and fall of nations and institutions. When the accoutrements of sophistication and civilization disintegrate, we can best sense the indelible spirit moving in a person, moving through history.

**T**he alternate name for the Book of Revelation is The Apocalypse. This is no coincidence. Yeats' beast slouching toward Bethlehem may be rough and nightmarish; but he is alive and out of him emerges a vast image of the spirit of the world. The spirit of Bethlehem, the spirit of the rebirth of revelation.

It is not with glee or even joy that I anticipate the apocalypse of this nation. But in the face of this impending holocaust, we must look for something other than a ceremony of innocence. And in this search, perhaps we can discover the intimations of something greater than the nation. As a journalist, as a person, this is the only direction that I can offer, a direction offered to the persons of this nation. Anything else would be less than true, less than hopeful. Merely a nihilistic belief in progress.

—Rich Moran

The Scholastic

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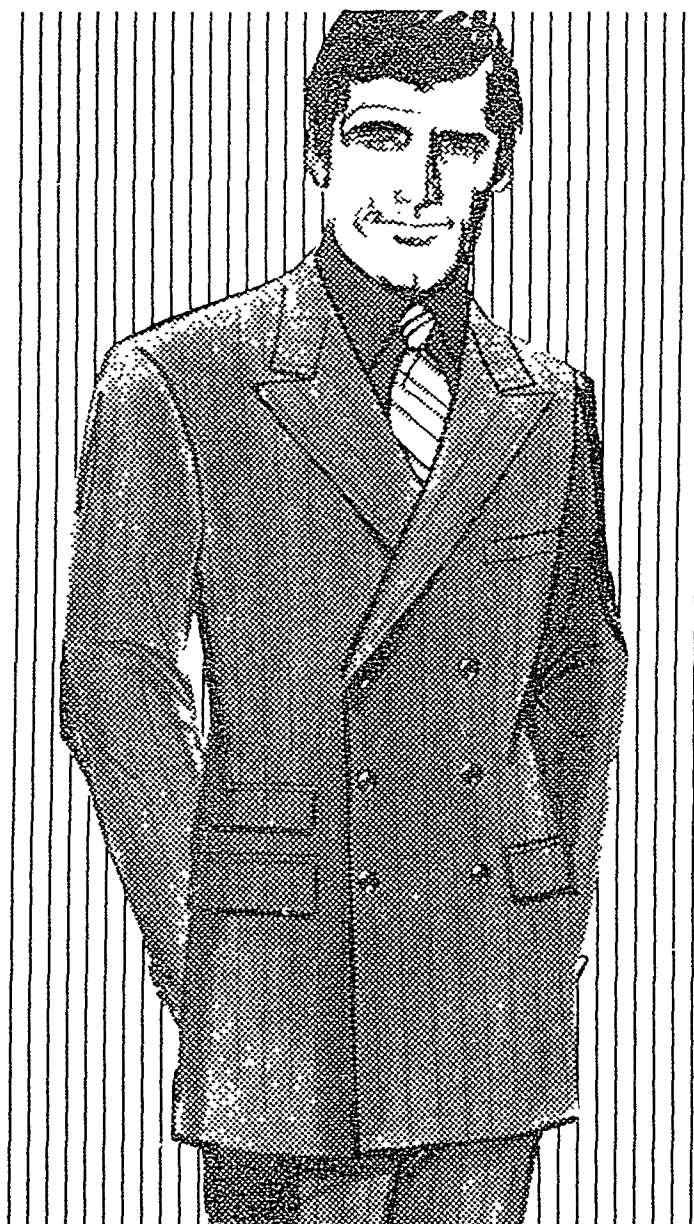


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