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

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

Editorial

The College Council and the PNV

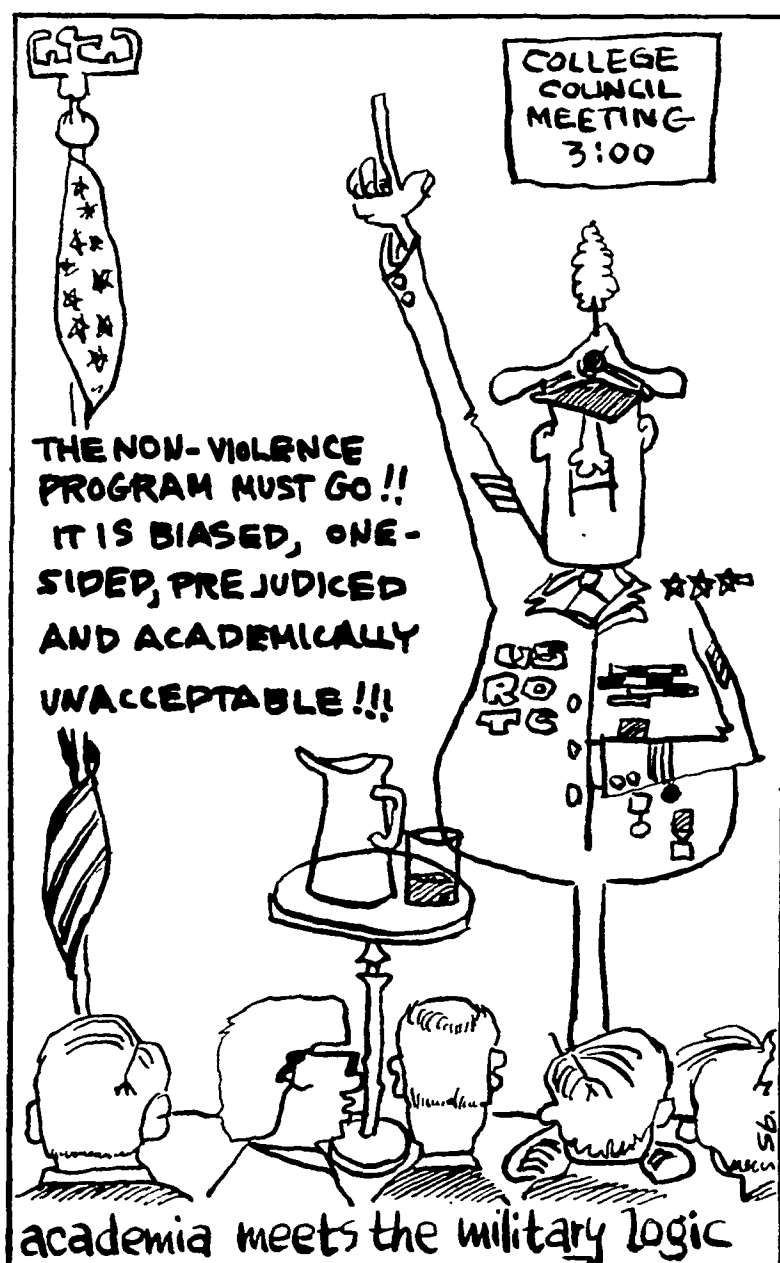
A little more than a year ago, eyebrows were raised throughout the academic community when Father Hesburgh told the enthusiastic supporters of the then-proposed Non-violence Program: "You organize the program and I'll get you the money." The eyebrows were on their way down last week when, after almost two semesters of the Program's operation, the Arts and Letters College Council began the castration many observers have long foretold.

The Council rejected its own subcommittee recommendation that the Program be authorized, subject to approval both by the Dean of the College and the Academic Vice-President, to hire its own core faculty. The council, in other words, took initial steps in undermining the existence of the Program. As the subcommittee report acknowledged, "while there are evident problems connected with the hiring of faculty outside existing departments, the committee recognizes that continuation of the Program would face considerable difficulty if it had to depend entirely on faculty in existing departments, since both present teachers of the core seminars will be leaving at the end of this term and not only their replacements but

additional men may be needed to teach a larger number of sections of this seminar next year."

Asking the College Council to reconsider their rejection of this recommendation does not overlook the problems and questions raised by the Program this year. There are many who contend that it has no place in a university. They raise many questions, such as the relationship between theory and action in a university curriculum, that demand serious consideration and responsible decisions by appropriate academic bodies. But the decision by the College Council was hardly serious or responsible. It goes in the back door and, intentionally or otherwise, emasculates the Program without an articulated reason why.

The subcommittee made considerably more sense: "It is the view of the committee that any long-range answers to questions connected with the status of the Program will require more extensive study than has been possible in the limited time available. Since, moreover, it is very late in the year to begin implementing such decisions as might be in order if there were either a restriction of the Program to existing departmental offerings or, on the other hand, its elevation to the level



of a separate department or a new major, the committee has concluded that only an interim decision is practical at this point."

If it is to improve this year's course offerings, the Program can hardly begin with the two strikes the College Council insists must be against it. Without the authority to hire a core faculty of at least one or two teachers, the Program will be unable to offer the very important introductory seminars which were offered last year. The Program has endorsed the policy of hiring some of its faculty through other departments as a means of encouraging the inter-disciplinary investigation of violence and non-violence in particular fields. But an economist or a historian is interested in teaching a course dealing with the particular economic or historical dimensions of the problem, not with devoting a semester to a general introductory investigation of the broad questions raised by the non-violent resolution of human conflicts. The Program seeks only the authorization to hire faculty subject to normal academic checks and balances: the approval of the Dean of the College and of the Academic Vice-President.

The inconsistency of the Council's decision is portrayed in all its irony by the accompanying cartoon, and in all its predictability in the article by Prof. John Williams on page 22. The *Scholastic* asks the Council to reconsider its decision and grant, at least for next semester, the minimum requirements for the continued and improved existence of the Non-violence Program. We urge the Council to accept the recommendation of its subcommittee.

Re-searching Priorities

Almost two months ago, a *Scholastic* editorial asked the University to re-examine its financial priorities to accommodate the increasing enrollment in the College of Arts and Letters. One month and one Easter vacation after that editorial, Father Edmund Joyce, the Executive Vice-President of the University, convened the Arts and Letters department heads to reassure them of the University's equity and to level charges of "deception" at the *Scholastic*. From all reports, however, the department heads remained unconvinced, and several noted that Father Joyce's explanations reinforced rather than rebuked the charges of inequity.

Of the charges levelled against the Administration, perhaps the most fundamental contends that it has refused to divulge its financial problems and decisions, and that University priorities have been determined in some dark water-closet of the Administration Building. A case in point is the scholarship situation. While the University inevitably points to the three industrial scholarships it has lost or its decrease in federal funds, it refuses to explain where the interest from twelve million dollars in SUMMA scholarship money has gone. A minimal return of 5 percent (while many bonds are earning 9 percent) would yield \$600,000 from SUMMA scholarship money alone. Yet rumors

contend that less than \$200,000 in scholarship aid will be distributed next year. This disparity must be explained.

The urgent issue of University priorities has been similarly clouded by rumor. Father Joyce, like a hypnotist who makes psychological fact out of fiction, has asserted his openness and equity without demonstrating it. But his subjects have retained some lucidity of consciousness: since his meeting, several students have uncovered interesting and important facts which compare the College of Arts and Letters with the Colleges of Engineering and Science. We will try to enumerate some of the more revealing discoveries. It is probably important for our credibility that we emphasize that the following facts derive directly (or by simple arithmetical computation) from the administration's own records and statements.

ARTS AND LETTERS

	1963-64	1969-70	
Enrollment	1754	2193	up 26%
Faculty Employment*	190	246	up 29%
Cost to University per credit hour (as given by Fr. Joyce)		\$45	
Cost to University per student per yr. (30 semester hours per year per student—excluding ROTC which is financed by the government)		\$1350	

ENGINEERING

Enrollment	994	782	down 20%
Faculty Employment*	50	68.5	up 37%
Cost to the University per credit hour		\$98	
Cost to University per student per year (22 semester hours of Engineering courses; 12 hour of A&L courses)		\$2696	200% of A&L

SCIENCE

Enrollment	531	623	up 17%
Faculty Employment*	80.3	99.3	up 24%
Cost to University per credit hour		\$93	
Cost to University per (20 hours of Science courses; 12 hours of A&L courses)		\$2400	178% of A&L

* It is important to note that the faculty census represents Teaching and Research Faculty members counted according to the source of their salary. In other words, a professor of chemistry might teach 9 hours and still be counted as zero—if his income was paid entirely by an outside grant.

The following comments may not be necessary but it is hard to resist making them. According to

our tables (the University's facts), faculty distribution has in no way resembled student flow over the past six years. Nor do our figures justify the remark that the schools of science and engineering, although more expensive, cost the University less because of research grants—the above tables are based on University expenditures.

And although the schools of science and engineering cost the University more, and although their students can expect consistently higher wages after graduation, tuition for the students of all colleges was the same \$1900 in 1967-70 and will be the same \$2000 or \$2100 next year. The tables also call into question the University's claim that each student pays only a small percentage of educational expenses. The \$1350 figure probably does not include the administrative costs of the University; nevertheless, it would be frightening for the Administration to admit that 40 percent of the Arts and Letters student's tuition was devoted to maintaining the bureaus and offices of the Administration. But then it would also be frightening for the University to admit that it collects a profit from each of the Arts and Letters students at Notre Dame. Yet those appear to be the only two choices.

It seems minimal and perfunctory to emphasize, at this point, that the budget-making and priority-setting bodies of the University must be widened to include more than just Father Joyce. Any allusions to equity by the present administration are fantastic. And it should surprise no one, in light of the above facts, that the Government department, with 15 faculty members and 345 majors (a ratio of 1:23, as to 1:7 in Engineering) has been forced to close its classes to non-majors.

The problem will not be alleviated next year when the University admits its largest freshman class ever; the percentage of Arts and Letters intents figures to be higher than ever before. The fact that the recent curriculum revision committee's recommendations for increased independent studies, experimental programs, augmented counseling and advising programs, and more numerous seminar offerings will aggravate an already burdened situation seems trivial in the face of prior injustices.

If we are to return humanity and personal consultation to the classroom, what is needed is a wholesale and relentless reform of the University's financial distributions. We would hope that the Administration would answer the questions raised in this editorial publicly within the next two weeks; the time of clandestine meetings and secret mutterings must come to an end at Notre Dame.

Markings

Housewarming

I GUESS I got interested in it all because about half of my friends from high school are on drugs now." There was also the experience of suddenly being forced to talk someone down from a bad acid trip. John Kwecien's reasons for helping to start "The House," a soon-to-open drug information and advice center, are both personable and understandable. The center was conceived in terms of other similar projects . . . for example Chicago's "Gateway House," a home run entirely by former addicts that seeks to establish a family atmosphere in order to provide a context in which those with problems can find their own solutions. "The House" project was begun at the start of the present semester under the auspices of South Bend's Drug Action Council, and is funded by the J.C.'s along with private contributions.

"The House," presently "Jane's Cafe" (209 W. Western Ave.), will eventually provide counseling and information on a twenty-four hour basis. At present, all workers are volunteers. Their actions will be focused towards providing understanding and personal contact; all will meet on a strictly first name basis (no questions). And, of course, there will be no charge. Present-

ly, "House" committee members work closely with St. Joseph hospitals. When a case involves a bad reaction to drugs, emergency room aids contact one of three students who are on twenty-four hour call. When the Notre Dame people arrive, hospital facilities become theirs and efforts to talk the patient down are only interrupted when it becomes advisable to administer counter medication. So far they have handled eight cases including acid bummers and an attempted overdose of barbituates. Feedback has been positive and several hospital staff members (including doctors) have volunteered their time. John advises anyone with an emergency involving drugs to go to St. Joseph's, since arrangements have been made there so that police will remain uninvolved. The same cannot be said of Memorial Hospital.

POLICE reaction to such student efforts has been favorable. As of now, a tentative arrangement exists whereby Indiana law enforcement agency laboratories will test drug samples to determine the quality of whatever is circulating in South Bend. A similar program

was started last summer in Madison, in which this information was made publicly available. Soon this type of information will become available in the South Bend area. Plans call for either a special newsletter, or simply the release of findings to the *Observer* and various South Bend underground papers. Other efforts with the police attempt to insure that drug cases will be treated more as medical problems than as criminal ones. Again, feedback has been positive.

Another aspect of the committee's program that is already operative involves speakers for local high school and grammar school audiences. Lecturers include Notre Dame committee members, former addicts, and other knowledgeable individuals. A normal presentation involves a maximum of information (e.g., the physical effects of speed, slang names for different drugs, possible psychological reactions to a given drug, etc.) and no preaching. Kwcien commented that the facts alone adequately develop any point which they might want to make. So far these efforts have been favorably received by school administrators, who have long recognized the existence of an information gap in this area.

The committee hopes to continue these efforts over the summer with teach-ins at local parks, possibly involving concerts with local rock bands. Tom Flanders, who has released an album of conversations that seek to create a greater awareness of problems connected with drug use, has been contacted concerning a possible return visit to assist these efforts.

PLANS for campus services include a drug information center, possibly funded by student government. Tom Tollaksen conceived this idea and has succeeded in ensuring inclusion of several books about drug use on this summer's freshman reading list. Next year the information center will release literature, answer specific questions, and refer those who might require special assistance to whatever help is available on campus or elsewhere. Presently, a special subcommittee of the SLC, composed of Dr. Josephine Ford, Fr. Riehle, and Ed Roickle, is studying the feasibility of various proposals concerning campus drug use. An on-campus center (perhaps under the auspices of psychological counseling) has been suggested. But Kwcien cited as most important the attitude of University officials, for little can be accomplished unless drug problems are regarded as medical, and not as matters warranting punitive action. A campus drug center would provide centralized counseling, and a number to call for emergency information (e.g., to help someone off a bad acid trip give him orange juice or vitamin B¹² capsules, perhaps a mild tranquilizer, quiet talk, and physical contact—if he wants that). Furthermore, it would present viable alternatives to administrative disciplinary action.

Kwcien and those working with him realize that more must be done than merely establishing centers and talking to high school students. Drug abuse is more symptomatic than problematical; answers must be found to such problems as parent-child relationships, peer group relationships, and the pressure which an individual exerts on himself. More pragmatically, it must be discovered why commercial drug houses produce more than twice the amount of barbituates needed to fill doctors' prescriptions.

Political implications are numerous. For example, our government's recent stop-the-grass-from-Mexico campaign seems to be based largely on fears of middle class parents that their children might start smoking, but the shortage of marijuana apparently induces would-be users to try something more potent. And, as Herbert Marcuse mentions, the entire question of which drugs are forbidden and which, encouraged by a given society, can only be answered in terms of that society's goals and the demands it makes on individual citizens.

John Kwcien sees the "House" project expanding to study all of these problems. Right now the "House" needs more volunteers, University encouragement (which seems to be forthcoming in terms of sociology or psychology department work-study programs) and financial backing. John Kwcien can be reached at 283-3506 (210 Morrissey Hall) and he is anxious to answer questions. The Housewarming will be soon, and people are badly needed.

—Phil Glotzbach



Markings

Desserted

IT was last fall that Professor Charles McCarthy suggested a way in which the students of Notre Dame and St. Mary's might respond to some of the unnecessary suffering which is found in the South Bend area. The specific problem with which he was concerned was that of the hundreds of children here who simply have not got enough to eat. The suggestion was that students volunteer to give up desserts so that the money saved might be used to buy food for these underprivileged children. The response was very good. Well over two-thirds of those who eat in the dining halls pledged to give up their desserts. At the time, it seemed that was the biggest hurdle to be made; yet the year is almost over and we still have no program.

In January final plans for the program were drawn up, with the hope that it could be implemented during the second semester. Organizations downtown were contacted to help distribute the food. Given the rough estimate of the cost of each dessert by Mr. Price, it was calculated that breakfast and perhaps lunch could be given to over a thousand children daily. The proposal tried to anticipate every problem which might be encountered in administering the program. For example, it is conceivable that, consciously or unconsciously, people who gave up desserts might take more of the other food available in order to make up for a less satisfying meal. The obvious answer is that only the money actually saved by the dining halls would be used—eliminating any financial risk in the program. There would be no doubt about where the money would be going since all the money would be handled by students who would order the food themselves.

An experimental period, during which the actual savings realized by the dining halls might be accurately reported, was planned. The long and comprehensive proposal was submitted on Feb. 17 to the proper administrator. A meeting was suggested: administrators would help iron out any problems with the proposal, making consideration by the Vice Presidents a simple matter. This recommendation was not followed; the proposal rejected. No response or rationale concerning the rejection, except the idealism of today's youth, was offered. One can only speculate on the reason for this fact.

First, what would be the spirit motivating rejection of such a proposal, especially without publicizing reasons why?

Secondly, one must recognize the radical difference between forwarding proposals to higher administrative bodies and working along with the students in such a manner to arrive at the best solution for all concerned. To what extent is this the same as the difference between passing the buck and assuming responsibility, or the difference between intransigence and concern?

It may not be impossible to implement such a program next year. The need is still there, as is a strong desire to respond to this suffering in a concrete manner. Though the sacrifice of giving makes up part of a meal, this does not exclude the possibility of still helping these children. For this purpose a collection will be held (in the dining halls) this coming week. The money will be given to a few organizations who could use it to buy food for the children they help. ●

—Mark Mahoney

Archaic Labor Relations

LABOR-MANAGEMENT relations exploded decades ago, and though crises spring up periodically, the plight of the laborer has usually melted into the realm of the securely powerful, at least if organized. Not so for the unorganized, particularly not so for student labor, as has been clarified by the current clash between student dining-hall staff and the St. Mary's College administration.

In this instance, of course, the situation is not as simple as those of the big, wide world. The thirty-nine students working for Saga Foods actually pay for their education through scholarship from the college: Saga pays St. Mary's and the students receive a degree within five years, working 15 or 30 hours per week; the college absorbs any cost discrepancy between their hourly wage and educational costs. This program, with the particulars worked out through tradition, has existed for forty years; such tradition holds under law as strongly as a written contract.

The situation now centers around two facts. The college, for financial and efficiency reasons (with next year's required expansion of dining-hall hours) has decided to discontinue the program as the present students complete their degrees. Secondly, the college has decided to require written contracts to "correct abuses" in that forty-year tradition. The college claims that these involve no changes, but "corrections," though the logic of that claim is illusive when the only definition of the program lies in tradition.

unorganized, particularly not so for student labor, as has

It is significant to note that last year the staff students themselves requested a protective job description which caused conflict for the same reasons as those working now: the administration holds all power, which they are not sharing, and the routes of resistance open to the students jeopardize their scholarships (i.e., the college wants the program itself discontinued as soon as possible). The current friction echoes last spring's, when the college formulated the requested description; the staff and students jointly wrote a four-page list of criticism and suggestions, none of which appeared in the printed job description. As one of the student remarked, neither document contained "any protection for the students."

To ignore the fact that this year the administration has drawn up the contract without student representatives, and that they "ignored us for three weeks while we worried about it" despite a formal disagreement written and submitted by the students, the present state

of affairs alone looks like something that the AFL-CIO would consider anachronistic. As Chris summed up the situation, "A contract ought to be between two people; not imposed by one party upon the other who has no recourse but to sign, or get out."

The contract proposal from the administration lists six points; the staff students seem to view only the last two as unjust and threatening both to them and to the community that they are serving. The elimination of provisions for sick leave and eating time will force the students to take on extra hours of work, making a difficult schedule more difficult. Sick leave under the present system demands a call from the college nurse before the student is excused with work credit for scheduled time. The college contract eliminates this security, probably forcing students to work when ill or face an accumulation of extra work hours at the end of the year. Elimination of eating time as part of the thirty hours of work will increase overloaded schedules by five to six hours per week. The only option open to students who cannot meet class obligations with thirty-six hours subtracted for staff work is to go to a fifteen-hour work week, with a \$1,000 loan to fill the financial gap.

The sixth provision of the contract replaces the students' management of their program with Saga employees. Rather than elected responsive supervisors, these positions are to be appointed by the Saga manager. Superficially, such a plan might not appear disastrous, until this semester's experience with work-hours schedules by Saga employees is examined: despite repeated attempts to rectify the hours, several staff workers have been consistently underscheduled, so that some graduating students find themselves required to make up hours of work, ranging into the upper fifties. With relinquishment of what little management power they have, the staff students will have no recourse for injustices except quitting the program, which means quitting school. Since Sister Basil Anthony, Vice-President for Financial Affairs, suggested this option to a senior, the administration apparently does not view that alternative with any great alarm.

The staff students have begun work on an alternate contract to negotiate between the two parties. Yet until the problem can be satisfactorily solved, cessation of pressure tactics designed to force the girls to sign, such as the refusal to inform the students of the scheduled hours they will be required to work this summer would seem to be imperative.

Steve Dixon: St. Thomas and the Mexican Whore

9:20 p.m. Twenty seconds ago, the most profound thing on my mind was finding out exactly what time it was. But when I looked at the closest clock, I realized that it was set in a marble wall, that it reflected the rays of the light above it, that yesterday was my brother's birthday and I had forgotten, and that the fellow next to me was in a raging discussion with another friend about academic freedom in a repressed society. Ten seconds passed, and I had to look again to see what time it was. You see, I had forgotten.

Non-contemplative awareness is comprehensive perception. Reality is the tension, overlapping, opaquing, and interference of *all* the effects of *all* the objects within a certain awareness context. In the sense of this distortion by its divers transgressing perceptions, non-contemplative awareness is unreal. It caters to whims, passions, first loves. There is a tendency towards indifference to clocks or whatever in the light of, say, filial love, opulence, or academic irresponsibility. And consistently, these too suffer under and fall to more stimulating whims. You might say that in non-contemplative awareness, there is a chain-reaction of passion and indifference.

Contemplation, however, is an exercise in concentration. It is the isolating of its object from interfering effects of other extraneous existences. The conscious call to death of these existences so that the object of contemplation may be understood in its purity. Discernment, isolation and purification. On a very mundane level, contemplation is that intensive concentration that allows one to *crawl* into the vagina of a Mexican whore. It is also the ability to identify completely with the hopes, fears, and desires of another person, which is love. It is that action which allows one to feel one's arms and face being blown off in Cambodia while sitting somewhat safe in the solitude of one's mind. But contemplation is also the profound sense of humiliation that a president will feel if he decides to withdraw troops from an eight-year war. In defeat. Contemplation transcends thoughtful consideration. It operates in the realm of experience.

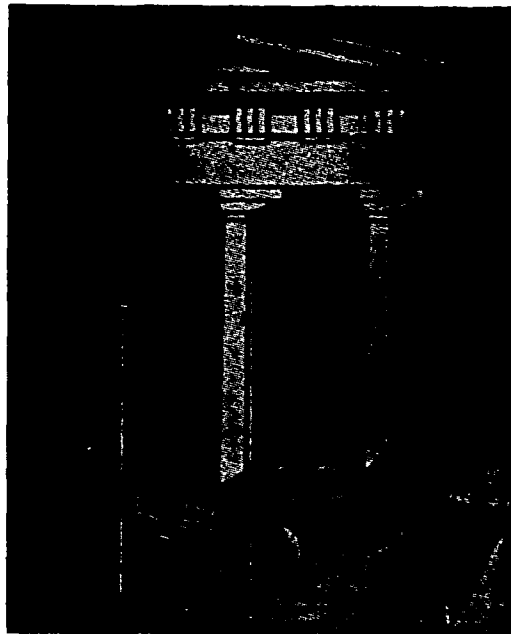
Over one and a half years ago, *Newsweek* magazine blamed the eventual death of most social action upon the dearth of prayer and contemplation at its roots. Social movements simply ran out of gas. The move-

ments which began with a certain moral vitality eventually died because of a spiritual and interior vacuousness. Strikes end, boycotts end, canvassing ends, writing ends, campaigning ends. The moral vitality and indignation last only so long as the goals of the movement remain the primary whims, passions, or first loves in the wider picture of the totality of living. What seems to be missing is the *experience* of what actually continues to happen if those goals are not achieved.

Saint Thomas Aquinas taught that there are three vocations: that to the contemplative life, that to the active life, and a third to a mixture of both. The pure contemplative life is one of self-gratification, inability to get out of oneself to others, and the incapacity for self transcendence. A sojourn in Hell. The purely active life is masturbation, moral life in indignation and negativism, doomed, as *Newsweek* has prophesized, to run out of gas in spiritual and interior infecundity. So, it is the mixture of both, of course, that Aquinas feels is the superior vocation. For, "it is the comparatively weak soul that arrives at contemplation that does not communicate to other men and manifest in action what it has come to know by experience."

But the attempted synthesis of the two realities, the isolated object of contemplation and the total picture of non-contemplative thought, is a paradox of human decision. For, in any serious decision, men are forced into meditation upon or, at least, intensive consideration of their peculiar problems. Their resolutions, however, are seen in the light of a total portrait of reality. Man decides or creates in the context of *his* perception. The world accepts or ridicules, propagates or destroys in the context of *its* perception.

But, in order that I may not be misunderstood, I should add that when Aquinas spoke of contemplation, he was referring to that depth and intensity of concentration and resulting love that is in union with the will of God. That quality of contemplation and the action that it propagates, the world has consistently frowned upon. For that level of contemplation makes the will of God the isolated object of meditation: it is the call to death to the personal whims, passions, and first loves of this world. Some sort of radical life-style that Jesus of Nazareth knew about.



The Week In Distortion

The ABC's vs ROTC's

A recent issue of the South Bend *Tribune* carried this human-interest story:

"Attorney George Stratigos, special judge in city court last Tuesday, said he found four University of Notre Dame students innocent of violating state liquor law charges because he was 'impressed' by the youths, even after they had entered guilty pleas. . . .

"The young men had pleaded guilty and Stratigos said, 'I invited them to change their plea.' Upon the change of pleas to innocent, Stratigos found the youths innocent.

"Stratigos admitted Friday that 'even though there might have technically been a violation I felt they showed respect for the court and so the court showed respect for them.'

He said, 'I was impressed by their behavior, their dress and manners. I followed my conscience and I did not follow the law.'

"Stratigos also said that a portion of the Indiana State Liquor laws makes allowances for military service men in uniform and added, 'the defendants are Notre Dame ROTC students.'

Whoever said Justice was blind?

How About That, Ben Franklin?

In a courageous attempt to snuff out big crime in our nation's capital, Washington police last week began to crack down on a pernicious group of hard-core criminals: the city's kite-flyers. Four were arrested one weekend and eleven the next, using horses and motor scooters. The

bust seems to have been triggered, some say, when an underground newspaper asked for permission to stage a kite-flying contest. But others note that the purge began soon after a dove kite directed by a long-haired individual tangled with (and downed) a B-57 super kite whose owner ran off shaking his fist and muttering something about "effete intellectual snobs."

Quote of the Week:

Two construction workers were overheard at the corner of Main and Washington; referring to a group of student canvassers during last week's strike. Said one to the other:

"Don't bother with them, Ed. Them elliterate bums can't be educated noway anyhow."



They tell us that poetry has limited place in the Scholastic. True. But poetry is at once most general and most particular. The following replaces a second column. It is a statement from the 1970-71 staff to Richard Moran, Michael Patrick O'Connor, Michael Hendryx, Phil Kukielski, John Keys, Ray Serafin . . . all our friends exiting in June, 1970.

THE JOINING OF HANDS

Our hands unable to touch
our fingers begin to think
we work across landscapes
 thick with impediments
I begin to walk through you
 you walk through me for a while
coming upon clear prairies
 and then we are retrieved

Sleepwalking in the streets
crossing a bridge
as if we were to couple
 among the roots of trees
I've laid our freedom on this town
 a map a grid
and the sea has rushed in
 to drown intelligence

In the poem I give you my hands
where you will sense
their joining overhead
 give me the birds of summer
beyond intelligence
 for they know ways in air
far countries where we need not meet
 married already there

In the poem I give you my hands
 you cannot lose

—*Nathaniel Tarn*

walking the line



WATCHING a pep rally from the 13th floor of the library would do it. Or instead of reading the *Observer*, just wondering at some of the matters of inconsequence with which it must occupy itself. Another good one is to stay on campus an extra day or two into a vacation period and try to rationalize why these vacant buildings should warrant such high esteem.

Notre Dame unwittingly reveals its inherent lie through such contrasts: she becomes a Victorian bride whose white floor-length gown is stirred by the wind to betray her sexy black-lace stockings to the preacher.

The wind was certainly whipping her skirts about on the night of April twenty-fifth. The *Johnny Cash Show* at the Athletic and Convocation Center proceeded in conflict with the An Tostal committee's Block Party held behind the fieldhouse. The conflict was one of time but certainly not of interest; it served to illuminate the fact that the Notre Dame environment creates men not as social animals, rather social men as animals. And a weekend such as An Tostal on this particular campus merely amplifies the bestiality of the Irish biped.

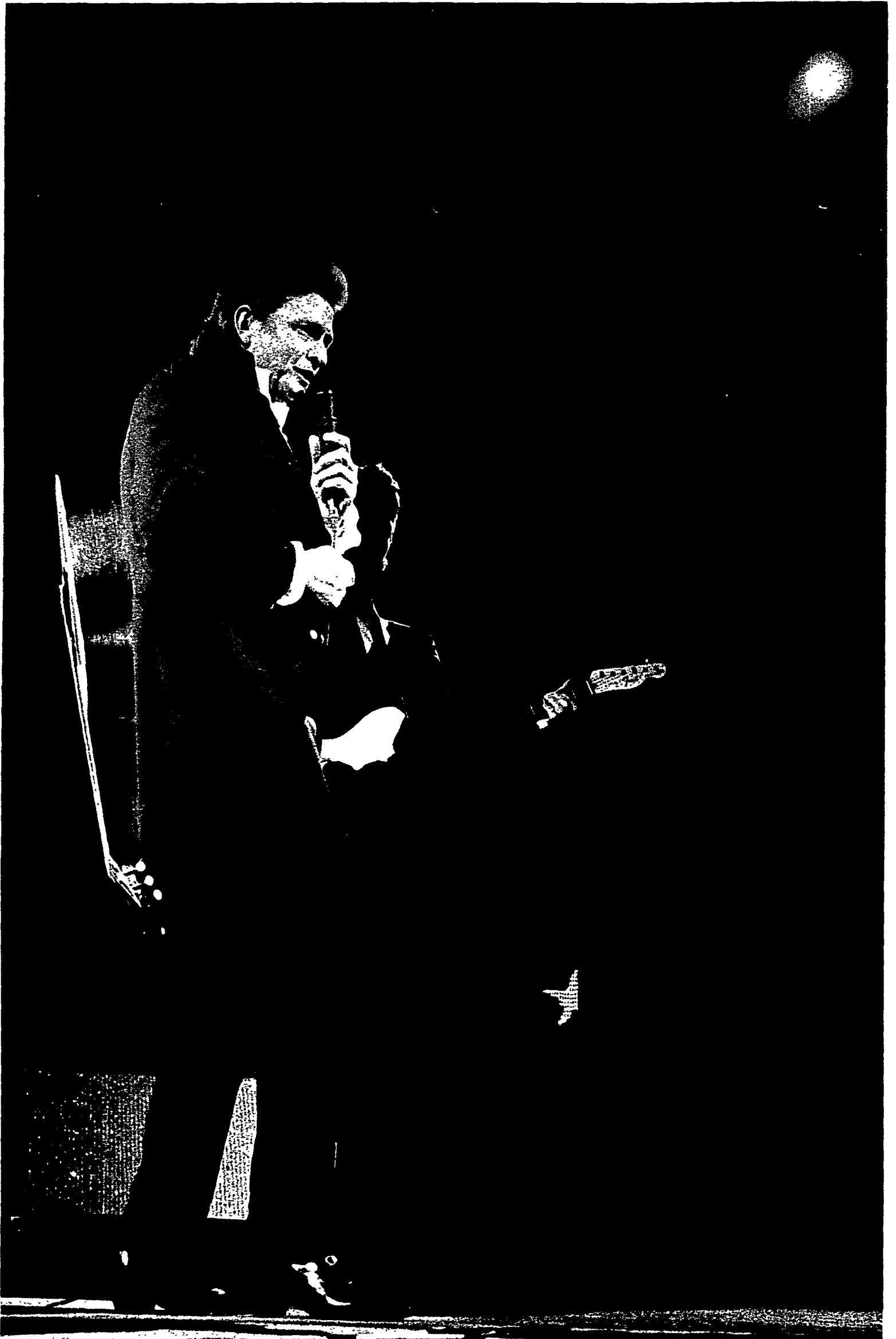
The composition of the two crowds was quite different. Most blatant at the fieldhouse was the disproportionate number of young men relative to young women (about five to one), which is strange considering that the real world's population is half female. Nonetheless, all were attired in outfits indicative of a camp young crowd: denim bells striking correctly at the ankle bone, lots of Army attire, beads and headbands, plenty of low-slung sweater vests, and feet either bare or underscored by tattered sandals.

Across the campus were people who had searched

closets for their best clothes, without enjoying the comfortable option of dressing to the occasion: twelve thousand had come in their Bargain Barn shoes and shirts and Robert Hall suits. Dressed as if for church services or Sunday school they came for a celebration of meaning in life and hope in death. The God, country and brotherhood themes that run through country music transformed this form of play into a form of worship for one night.

AN Tostal was play also, but with a different bent. It was a three-day slate of games, complete with winning and losing, rules and referees, conquerors and vanquished. Prizes were awarded to those men who excelled in the games — games which themselves were indicative of all the ideals which an all-male atmosphere tends to produce. Prizes were awarded for a display of superiority over nature by gang-mutilation of caged pigs; the winner of the gluttonous pie-eating contest was lauded. The most sexually insatiable male won his laurels in the kissing marathon. Finally, as proof that physical prowess isn't the only mark of a real man, an exercise in capitalistic exploitation was conducted wherein a man could purchase a female or a jock to do for him whatever he wishes.

If An Tostal was a game of plastic society, the Cash concert was the personification of earthen humanity. No one won or lost a game that night at the concert; rather they came together to hear their lives of sweat and hope captured in a song, immortalized for their own gratification and offered as humble sacrifice to their Maker.



STANDING with his two children at Gate 6 performers' entrance was Wilmer Baker, who had come all the way from DeKalb, Illinois, to see the show. "There's real true meaning to pert' near all of his songs," he said of Cash's music, adding that "it makes a lot more sense than all of this 'bee-bop' stuff."

Wilmer appeared to be the type of person whom country music heralds. He was a friendly family man whose kind blue eyes met one's gaze from behind the weathered skin of a well-worked visage. And his straightforward manner would not allow him to terminate dialogue just because the reporter's line of questioning had not broken the barrier of superficial interrogation.

Talking about country music *qua* country music was a dead end. He liked it, and that was all he had to know. But he went on to something much more important. He talked about his eight-year-old nephew, afflicted with leukemia, who had written a fan letter to Cash from the hospital; a few days later, he received a long-distance phone call from Nashville. It was Cash who spoke with young Neil for some seven minutes. A tape recording was made of the conversation.

"I wish everybody could listen to that tape," said Wilmer. "It's got a lot of real true meaning to it." Wilmer was a fan of country music, and a believer in Cash's humanitarianism.

JOHNNY CASH has become a unique cultural phenomenon in the United States by virtue of the politically polarized audience that follows him. Wilmer Baker belongs to one class of Cash fans. The second are the urban and suburban youth who have come to appreciate the honest, life-death value system of the rural fans. Their affinity to Wilmer's class goes beyond the vogue of working-class dress to a real respect for and in their way of life.

In February of last year in Oakland, California, "freaks" comprised one third of Cash's audience; at Madison Square Garden, in September, the two groups were nearly equal in number. The charismatic Johnny Cash had brought the "Woodstock Nation" and the "Wallace Nation" together in arenas at the two extremities of the continent to pray the prayer of human compassion.

It was interesting to note that no more than a handful of Notre Dame students attended his show Saturday night. It was also a disheartening indictment.

But then it *was* An Tostal weekend, and that meant a 48-hour reprieve from the sterile structure of academia, substituting it with the anesthesia of frivolous and gaming cruelty. Cash, too, took a reprieve from life. For more than ten years he had buoyed himself up to swim through his schedule of one-night stands on 100 tabs of Benzedrine a day. He was driving so hard, so fast that he couldn't take time to see he was going nowhere.

One September morning in 1967 he woke up only to discover that during the night, the law had decided it was time to give Cash a pitstop. Jail is a valueless experience except for the self-confrontation demanded by a low ceiling, three bare metal walls and some bars. That morning Cash had time to look at what he had

been and what he should be, to decide upon living a career and living life, and to ferret out the difference between playing music and making music.

Apparently he shifted his primary concern from the act of singing to the reactions he elicited by it. He sings to make people feel better. He takes his show on the prison circuit — Folsom, San Quentin, Leavenworth — to make the prisoners "forget where they are for a few hours." And if he receives a fan letter from an eight-year-old boy from Niles who has leukemia, he'll call that boy and arrange to meet him when the show comes to South Bend.

While the An Tostal anesthetic was being substituted for humanity, Neil Baker was in the Convocation Center easing the agonizing pain manifest on his bloated and discolored face with a humanistic confrontation.

Neil was happy though, and honored. His wheelchair was positioned in the aisle only a few seats from the stage. And when his hero with whom he had spoken over the telephone announced to 12,000 people that he would sing "I Walk the Line" for his friend Neil Baker, there's no telling how quickly his young heart shot that troubled blood through his body.

He was having his mother tape the show so that he could relive it over and over again. From time to time he checked on his mother to make sure that the microphone was aimed at the loudspeaker. What he wasn't noticing was that each time he would take his eyes off her and resume singing along with the music, she would zero the microphone in on him, catching what would probably be among his last words.

BUT that Saturday night, Notre Dame was oblivious to Neil and his mother. Bands of five and six intoxicated Irish bipeds dressed in work clothes were to continue roaming the dark campus into the early morning hours in the quest of fleshy females.

Tomorrow, another game of Notre Dame masculinity would be played on a more grand scale: eight hundred youthful warriors were to overpower and pillage all of St. Mary's college dormitories, molesting their occupants along the way, in a "panty raid." The passing herd would be awarded perhaps the most highly coveted graces of the weekend: a smile and a benign wave from University President T. M. Hesburgh.

Two days later, the *Observer* would run a condescending review of the concert citing as particularly poor the Carter Family (initiators of modern Country and Western music 43 years ago) and Carl Perkins (an old friend whom Cash added to the show as therapy for a potential alcoholic). The review was intended to leave one with the sense of amusement that so coarse a performance could be conducted at the stylish concert auditorium.

Notre Dame straightened her skirts; in so doing she again passed off the possibility of accepting life under the shadow of death.

And a week later Neil Baker, having understood life to his satisfaction, died.

jack fiala

breaking the pattern: strike week

I.

We begin to understand something of what it must have been like for the people of, say, Paris, in the early 1790's: the inability to gain any kind of distance or perspective on an event so immediate and large that it fills our vision. We can see nothing else. Indeed, we can not even see the event correctly: we are too close to the painting to make out the details.

But even at this close distance, even given this myopia we seem never quite able to avoid, at least a few of the details in one corner of the canvas become clear. The article will attempt to speak about a few of these, to put them in focus and give some clarity to the turbid cloud of events of these past two weeks.

From the first, the terms used were at best inac-

curate: "strike" with all its implications of demands and concessions and actions aimed specifically against the thing struck was poorly chosen. The transfer of learning from classrooms to the streets was never intended as a statement against the irrelevancy of higher education. If that is the case, if universities are morally and spiritually sterile, then why has the center of dissent in this country been at just those institutions? Why has the Vice-President aimed his libelous foamings at the "effete intellectuals" (now "anti-intellectuals") rather than at the mass of workers? It took a bit of time to overcome this particular myopia, and to get about the business of talking to the people who must be spoken to if the revolution is to succeed. The effectiveness of that



unity, as measured by the only yardstick immediately available (canvassing, letter-writing campaigns, teach-ins, etc), is at least more hopeful than the impotent in-fighting that characterized the Continuing Education Center siege. We will have to wait for any more meaningful indications.

Equally clear is the difficulty in forming any kind of alliance between the student and worker classes. Built-in hostilities, fears, and self-righteousness in both groups have created walls that may make impossible the kind of unity that made the French and Czechoslovakian protests of last year so effective. The foundations of these walls are at this point hidden so deeply in the American psychic soil that their delineation is impossible. However, the knowledge that such walls exist, the painful realization that the burden of dissent and revolt will fall on the heads of the student population leave us free from many former illusions. That freedom may allow us to move ahead again; it may also help us prepare ourselves for what happened in New York City last Friday.

That same overwhelming insensitivity, that lack of an ability to understand and share others' sufferings and troubles has perhaps begun to break this week. We are a nation that needs Kent States in order that we may feel. We are silent and passive while hundreds of thousands of totally innocent people die in Southeast Asia; we are enraged and repulsed when four students are shot in Ohio. That same numbness is the most damning comment on the moral state of our country today: it is the numbness that precedes death, perhaps the numbness that indicates death's presence.

But playing Jeremiah at this time is self-indulgent and morally wrong. And the indications from this week are that it may also be premature. The temptation at these times is to become easily optimistic. But it is clear, all of this aside, that the revolution, if it is to succeed, must be a revolution of means. For our ends are largely the same as those of our fathers and mothers: the actions and words of Father Hesburgh and of the Academic Council and the large role played by this community's faculty, would bear this out. We must refuse now to indulge in the myopic means that characterize that generation's actions: wars of suppression to free a people, escalation to deescalate, killing to save lives, the Orwellian debauchery of language. If those means are rejected, we are left with a choice between the two that remain: we can either work through the system or we can reject it out of hand and resist. We are now trying, again, the former; hopefully with less of the naivete that characterized the McCarthy Children's Crusade. We may decide to try it again next November; but that may depend on the results of this week's activities.

It is clear, however, that shouting and rhetoric simply will not work: the strike became politically effective only after all that was over. And the revolution can not be made overnight: the Vietnamese prepared for almost ten years before attacking their Japanese rulers. If we are to continue to reject violence as impotent and fatal, we may be forced, while building the revolution inside us, to grit our teeth, work within a near-impossible system and be patient.



II.

Springtime dissent on college campuses, as Jay Schwartz points out in his Perspectives article on page 28, has indeed been a predictable phenomenon. The recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, now lost amid the dust and light of the last two weeks, was almost entirely predictable—right on down to the locked doors of the Continuing Education Center and the entrenched rhetoric of enraged students and defensive trustees. Students were at severe and often irrational odds with administrators and, for the most part, faculty members couldn't have been less interested. The fragmentation appeared to be just as resolute as it was ludicrous. All of which disappointed a few optimists, but surprised virtually no one.

The pattern began cracking at the May 4 student rally with Father Hesburgh's speech against the Nixon policy, and by May 11 the pattern had been just about shattered with the passage by the Academic Council of the student-written "academic option" proposal.

The pattern under attack, which has forever plagued the Left, is circumscribed by its own spasmodic bursts of political awareness and activity, bursts which often make themselves felt via arrogance, impatience and irrationality. Too often in the past, the Left has neglected its homework and still expected an intelligent response from society. The Left has not been purged of its problems by the past two week's activities; indeed, many of them have been present in glaring obviousness. The point is simply this: the Left seems to have more alternatives open to it than it previously counted on. The danger in such a suggestion, of course, is to dabble in a kind of 1968 post-Indiana optimism that proved to be so futile by the time the streets had been cleared in Chicago. So what are the alternatives for change the strike has opened up?

The broad-based support for the criticism of the Cambodian invasion suggests the *potential* for more power in the people than there once appeared to be. Father Hesburgh, students, and "just ordinary citizens" who oppose the war do so for different reasons—but in many respects last week their focus merged in direct action for peace. More importantly, they share a conviction, though admittedly of varying degree and di-

rection, that somehow this country must be turned around. All of which does not lay a very solid base for a revolution, but does say something about making things in this country less bad: in spite of the threat of repression, in other words, the country appears ripe for radical reform.

If there is any hope at all for the next few generations of Americans, it appears to be in a vast re-ordering of democracy as we have known it. Such hope may have found its vital spring in the implicit negation of the system's ideals by President Nixon. In escalating an

eight-year undeclared war by invading still another country without the consent of Congress, he has offended those who believe in the system and have stood by it—in addition to the more anarchical critics of society who have finally realized that this country is going to be turned around *only* on its own terms, on its own foundations. Thus the concern for the Constitutionality of the war among those who have previously condemned the conflict as immoral, unChristian or inhuman. The realization is growing that, as stirring as those condemnations may be at an anti-war rally, they do not reach the forces of change in this country.

What seems to be needed among those who share a repulsion at American policies at home and abroad is careful reflection about the demands of citizenship. It is simply not enough for individuals to announce their own disavowals from the society amid ringing proclamations of personal or religious confessions of faith. Like it or not, Constantine died a long time ago and the Congregation of Faith is not the State and no man is an island. The question that each person must face is that of his responsibility in a pluralistic society. If he chooses to share that society, what are the implications for his own conduct and service?

The common good of the secular society does not appear to be the same as the common good of the Christian community, or for that matter, of the university community or the working community. Specifically, what of the relation between the university and the nation?

Among the chief fears articulated throughout the strike at Notre Dame has been "the politicalization of the university." If that phrase means dictating a particular political stance for all in the community to adopt, the fear is, of course, justified. What has been the intention and for the most part, the result of the efforts of the past two weeks, however, is quite different. In large measure, the students, faculty and administrators of this place have recognized their laxity in realizing the obligations of their citizenship. The effort to become a good man begins, of course, with the kind of personal reflection and study that a university has traditionally devoted itself to. But for all the criticism about the "secularization" of the university in recent times, the events of the last two weeks indicated how little the university has realized its critical social responsibility to *this* society.

For the first time ever, students and faculty concerned themselves directly with a political proposal made by their chief administrator. Together, they became politically aware and while their political actions differed and even conflicted, they *did* act. The Hesburgh petition may have been moderate, but 20,000 persons were approached and persuaded to act, if only in signing their name.

Students probably have not been as surprised by any development at Notre Dame in recent years as they were by the decision of the Academic Council to accept the student-written academic option proposal. They were further amazed that the Council recommended a student-faculty referendum for October to decide if the calendar would be juggled for the sake of political action in November.





What the students are surprised at, and what Father Hesburgh and the Academic Council have made publicly clear, is that the University is interested in encouraging its members to become active and responsible (not to be read as acquiescent or moderate or radical or conservative) citizens in whatever society America will become. Their activities will range from GOP committee work to civil disobedience, but indications are that their political awareness and political action will be less naive and more human.

Is a certain amount of optimism entirely out of order?

III.

Despite the needed analysis of waning and ebbing after the energy of last Thursday, the problems in a mass political movement from within the academic tower must be examined. As the thought patterns among the working class present a peculiar set of dynamics and problems, so the class of the quasi- or real



intellectuals, more particularly of those living within the established system of higher education, offers unique problems to any mass sentiment united for productive activity. The job further complicates itself as the drive for potency pushes beyond modes accepted within that system. Witness the Strike. The peculiarities of each group offers both similar and divergent lessons in the growth of political awareness or, if it may be said, awareness of reality.

As John Williams points out in "Power and Freedom in the Academic Temples" (see p. 22 of this issue), American higher education has long since relinquished total autonomy from the status quo, departed from the Cardinal Newman ideology. Indeed, the case is a strong one charging that as the academic realm exists, it tends to function to preserve established society, rather than providing deep questioning of the norm.

With this background, the size of the task behind the litany of last week's accomplishments emerges. Outrage alone does not account for action running counter to the established order. Within the normal milieu, there is little compulsion to sacrifice a privileged position to register dissent. A stand against the norm requires jerking out of the narcotic of day-to-day pressures, and in the academic environment these are considerable. Germane to this is the fact that, unlike workers striking for wages, the concerns of political activism appear to lie in a secondary, removed position from the engrossing "world within a world" that the academic may become. The war is far away. And the pursuits of education may appear sufficiently productive for future alterations of

must remain the possession of the people forming it. society's evils. But meanwhile the killing proceeds.

What this leads to is the difficulties and peculiar necessities involved in a strike within the academic community, once outrage or empathy cause the community bubble to burst. These are the problems of "rhetoric" and "action," words tossed around extensively. And the problem of the unique elements demanded in the substitutes once a halt to academic business-as-usual occurs.

A stand against national policy fits politely into the order of the academic community, however, as long as it remains verbal. But talk is cheap, particularly within the educational house. Thus, the harangues demanding concrete action, more than solemn or joyous rallies, which alone fall into self-gratification, even with boycott of classes. Once large numbers of persons have agreed to take the risk of a step outside normal concerns, as occurred during the time span of last week, the sustenance and direction of that energy become a delicate matter. The rhetoric will continue to occupy a position of honor, because of the orientation of the people creating the movement. Concrete action, even as meager as class boycott, demands preservation of the momentum which began the whole thing, which burst the bubble. And greater difficulty is inherent in a stand against national policy than against issues internal to the university. This places heavy demands upon the rhetoric used; it must maintain the delicate balance which keeps people active outside the security of regular life activities. To keep the momentum, to waylay the gravitational pull to retreat, the movement must remain the possession of the people forming it.

The sense of possession only arises when the action proposed and the rhetoric flying about likewise belong to the people. To echo other statements, it is essential to speak to people where they are in thought processes. Which does not imply stagnation in the growth of awareness; that growth is inevitable from commitment and activity. Which also does not imply kow-towing to pristine naivete or self-complacency. The dynamics of alienation as opposed to deepened awareness, the dialectic that may be laid at the doorstep of rhetoric, are not peculiar to a student movement. The same reality holds true for workers or any other societal group. The dilemma involved revolves around the possibility that this reality may involve repetition of tacks that seem naive or futile to those who have tried them before without fruition.

Political awareness and its companion, some sort of astute analysis of the situation beyond abstract contemplation, are not pushed by the educational process. Political activism is an "extra-curricular" absorbent of energy. Those that take up this banner therefore generally stand beyond their peers in information and thought processes plus experience, on the subject. All of which leads directly to the major point of crisis during the strike: the crisis of leadership. The broad-based nature of last week's events naturally formed a coalition of spheres that at any other time remain separate, to a greater or lesser degree. These include Student Government, CPA, the Afro-American Society, and other less clearly delineated groups. Leadership within each of these then vied for similar influence within the strike, while paradoxically avoiding decision-making responsibility, attempting to avoid the destructive effect of charges like the cry of "elitism." That leadership and elitism are mutually exclusive characteristics should be obvious, though the latter may lie as a trap within the former. Thoughts on this crisis converge in the melange of problems presented above, and point again to the necessity of ceasing ideological/tactical/rightist/leftist haggling to attempt any form of mass commitment. Extraneous pressures were involved (as pressures from all sides upon Student Government), but the destructive power, or wasted energy at least, of a vacuous leadership situation supersedes explanations.

A student mass movement includes components *uniquely different from*, say a movement by workers. Because of the orientation of an academic community — education, the battering out of ideas — extensive questioning will occur even unclothed by the academic bubble. If not, the specimen represents a meager intellectual façade. Mass action at this point in national history has repeatedly demanded concentration of effort on one issue, or obviously related issues, to achieve unity. Yet concentration on one issue to the exclusion of less obvious, secondary questions, or without plunging to discover the causes of crisis, is antithetical to the pose of students, scholars, or quasi-either one. Unity and deepened exploration have to co-exist, making for a two-front battle (education and action): success at this, as any military man can attest, is a feat worth applause.

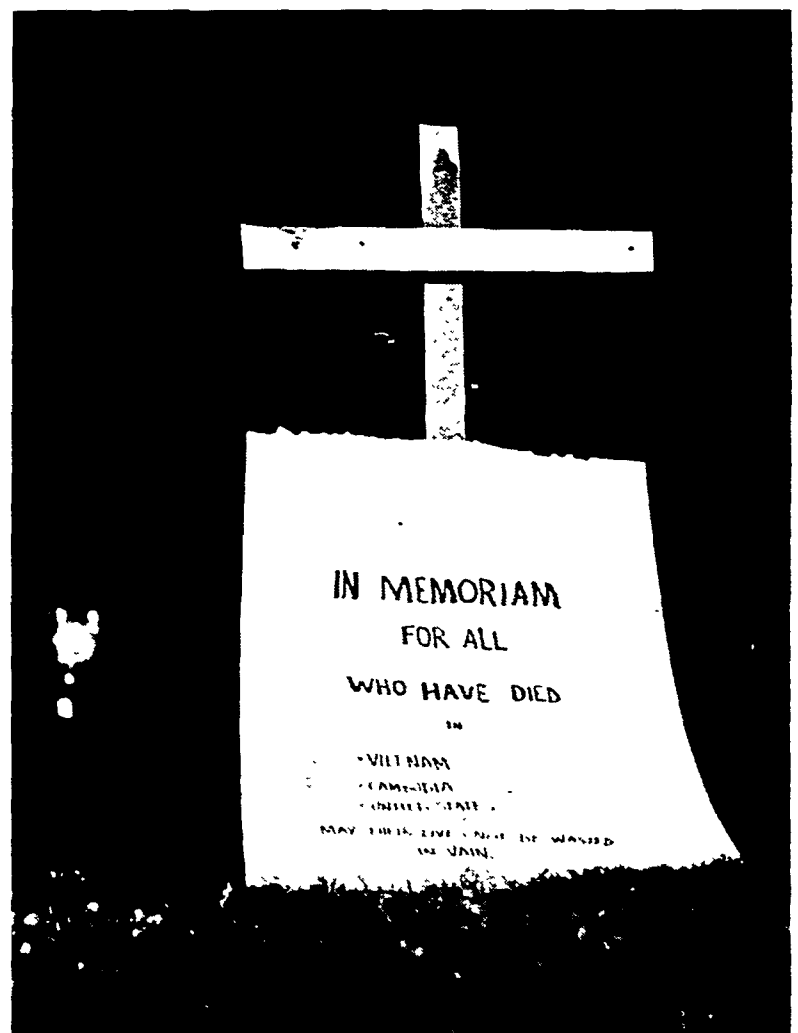
A student movement opposing established principles works against the outside, attempting to present a phalanx unified around one issue, with the internal clash

of ideas on broader, deeper questions raging within. If it all worked in practice as in theory, the dynamics, with all their difficulties, would amaze. It does not, because of the shortcomings of the community environment. But it approaches a goal/ideal worth consideration.

There are elements within the present society which maintain that significant cultural change will necessarily precede political change and may carry the second in the surge, alleviating the need for political revolution. The momentum of opposition to the Cambodian invasion had to overcome the reluctance of the academic community to speak loudly. This involved turning off, temporarily, engagement in curricular education. That stand, and the different education that replaced it, began what could be evolution to change the style of institutional education. That is some form of cultural alteration at society's roots. Because outrage at an injustice in national policy pushed large numbers of people out of security and created a new style of daily concern, of education, even if only for a week, some beginning of alteration in style may remain as an effect, even with the bubble back.

Total: to all of us, 4,000 or 20,000, welcome to the anti-war movement. It did not end this week, nor will it next week or at any visible date. If the strike has ended, the war has not. And future wars have not even begun.

steve brion
carolyn gatz
bill mitchell



power and freedom in the academic temples

THE gap between ritual and observance in universities is not necessarily greater than in any other complex organization, but it often seems that way. This is because the academic life requires that all actions be explained in the language of timeless procedure and high-minded principle. The most expedient act is acceptable if it can be made to appear as though it fell from the lap of history in its never-ending march toward a perfected civilization. If it cannot, then everyone concerned is in for a sticky time of it.

Consider the difficulties that arise from the need to justify in academic language political accommodations granted to previously unprivileged constituencies. The history of higher learning is full of such instances. In the later nineteenth century, for example, American businessmen complained of the irrelevance of academic curricula and of the unresponsiveness of clerical control. Andrew Carnegie believed that students "wasted their energies upon obtaining a knowledge of such languages as Greek and Latin, which are of no more practical use to them than Choctaw." He, along with other business leaders, wanted courses in banking, engineering, commerce and transportation. Academic leaders resisted the pressure, pointing out the timeless character of classical curricula and pure research, and the unfitness of complicating humanistic learning with the study of practical affairs. But the businessmen were very rich and, once they began founding business and technical institutions of their own, the leaders of the established universities capitulated. Soon business- and industry-oriented courses appeared in nearly every university catalogue, and clerics were dumped by the dozens from boards of trustees. The learned rationale that subsequently justified the change-over quickly became part of the accepted stock of academic pieties.

During the twentieth century, universities have steadily enlarged their most cherished beliefs to accom-

modate governmental as well as ecclesiastical and industrial clients. In 1916 the Yale faculty, on very appropriate grounds of academic precedent, refused to grant credit for ROTC courses and faculty status for ROTC personnel. But President Arthur Twining Hadley, fulfilling extramural commitments of his own, brought about a speedy reversal of the decision, formulating the mixture of patriotic and learned defenses for the practice that we have heard rehearsed so frequently in our time. Twenty years later, it was, ironically, Hadley, along with Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia and other aged guardians of conservative economic wisdom, who protested futilely as young liberal professors embarked upon their long romance with the federal bureaucracies. The high-minded principle of "academic freedom" offered protective cover to a number of innovative practices during the last four decades. Among them were the teaching and preaching of "unsound (i.e., liberal) economic principles," and the espousal of cosmopolitan political, racial and cultural concepts in the remoter groves of academe (i.e., bush-league state institutions and the surviving church-related schools). No one would wish to deny the noble intentions and many good works involved in the struggle for "academic freedom." But it is important also to recognize that the slogan facilitated the creation of trust between academics and powerful and rich new benefactors. In addition to the federal government, these included the philanthropic foundations which entered the market for academic goods and services in a big way after the Second World War, and the growing academic professional organizations which, by eroding institutional loyalties and facilitating geographic mobility among university personnel, helped to introduce a measure of vertical integration into a decentralized system of higher education.

The point of this historical excursion is this: American universities, despite their pretensions as undefiled temples of inherited values and "civilized discourse," have always been ready, if not anxious, to accommodate new clients who had the money and political clout to

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force their way in at the gates. To paraphrase the old frontier cliché, they have capitulated first and answered the questions later. In our own day there are still other constituencies asking for a piece of the academic action, which is to say that they are asking that their perceived needs be met by academic services.

Among these constituencies are women and non-white minority groups, along with specialized groups among the faculty and the students at large. The claims of these groups upon universities today are as preposterous — in terms of conventional academic pieties — as were the claims of industrialists in 1890 or of militarists in 1916 or of Keynesians in 1938. Their needs, be it also noted, are often in conflict with those of established constituencies and therefore all the more easy to castigate as “illegitimate.” But the most striking difference between present and past situations is that the new clients appearing at the gates lack the money and the approved forms of power by which earlier claimants triumphed. Some of them have therefore resorted to verbal and physical disruption as the only coin available. This strategy has won some notable concessions, but the overall effect has been to strengthen the insiders’ natural tendency to cry “barbarians at the gate.”

THE gap between academic ritual and observance in meeting the employment rights and educational needs of women is fully examined in the CPA pamphlet, “Sexism at Notre Dame.” The subject need not be dwelt upon here, except to note that the violent and destructive raid on St. Mary’s of April 27 offers a more eloquent comment upon the role of women at Notre Dame than any compilation of data could. The failure of the Notre Dame administration to prevent or even to interfere with the raid also speaks to the gap between ritual and observance in matters of law, order and “civilized discourse.”

Two student-related issues provide a further study in conventional academic responses to external pressures. Both involve programs designed to meet the needs of potentially explosive student constituencies. These are the Black Studies Program and the Program for the Study and Practice of Non-Violent Resolution of Human Conflict. Both were called into being by the President of the University, who also managed by various means to breathe financial life into their sails. It then devolved upon lesser dignitaries to fit them up with a proper set of academic credentials and set them afloat in the proper channels. Therein lies the difficulty.

Now there is no difficulty in finding academic credentials for the study of black history and literature. The trouble arises not from the demand for Black Studies as such, but from the accompanying demand that such programs be staffed by black faculty. Many white academics recognize that the black experience in white-dominated classrooms is an unfortunate one, but this is a political, not an academic argument in favor of the demand. Academically, the demand for black-run Black Studies programs violates the convention of “scholarly objectivity”; and since it is frequently backed up by implicit or explicit threats of disruption, it also violates a well-advertised reluctance to make concessions “at the point of a gun.” Thus people who think nothing

of concessions to “legitimate” power (as in the requirement that ROTC courses in history and politics be taught by military officers, or to money, as in the institution of a course in “travel management” at the behest of a wealthy travel agent), find acquiescence to the black demands an intolerable violation of “academic freedom.”

Nevertheless, acquiescence there will be. Despite private professorial mutterings about “capitulation,” there will be a Black Studies Program with a black director and probably such additional black personnel as can be speedily and economically recruited. Once again academics have crossed the bridge between ritual and observance. One suspects that the critical factor in prodding them was Father Hesburgh’s continuing commitment to black enrollment and curricula and the potential embarrassment that failure to make concessions might cost him in his own political career as chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. In any event, the concession was made and, if history is any guide, an impressive and persuasive academic rationale will follow in due course.

THE fate of the Non-Violence Program presents an interesting study in contrast. Like Black Studies, Non-Violence came into existence as a response to the needs of a new student constituency, in this case the large and growing number of students who have turned from the prescribed academic culture of detachment and observation to an ethic of commitment and participation. Again, academic justification for the program lay conveniently at hand: the present and proposed instructors in the Program offered respectable academic credentials and incorporated respected treatises in philosophy, theology, and politics into their courses, while the religious emphasis of the Program also provided substance to the official rhetoric of this most Christian institution. And it is not unlikely to have crossed the mind of those in authority that Non-Violence would serve as a “pacification program,” providing a respectable way of channeling student energies away from activism and disruption. The Program’s emphasis on “interpersonal and interpsychic” relations rather than group conflict violates the fundamental radical premise that there are no personal solutions to political and social problems. One has only to compare the numbers of students involved in the Woodstock-style October Moratorium and Free City exercises with those involved in the more militant actions directed at Dow-CIA in November and the Board of Trustees in May to realize how fully Non-Violence’s search for harmony has prevailed over the strategy of confrontation. The pacific and positive nature of Notre Dame’s strike of May 4 and after is further evidence of this influence.

Nevertheless, Non-Violence’s success as a pacification program has been incomplete. Several of the students involved in the November demonstration were enrolled in Non-Violence courses and the director of the Program helped to articulate the religious rationale that the ten suspended students presented in their defense. Things come to a pretty pass, Lord Palmerston once remarked, when religion interferes with private life; how much more true, our officials must have rea-

soned, with those fictive persons who form our large institutions.

It was at this point that the future of the Non-Violence Program darkened considerably. At the time of the suspensions of December 16, the Program was put on notice that it would be "re-evaluated." The director thereupon resigned, apparently under the assumption that this act of personal atonement would dispel the political clouds overhead. This assumption proved to be incorrect. The process of re-evaluation was not in itself extraordinary, nor were the faculty committees that carried it out necessarily ill-disposed to the Program. But the delay caused the Program's plans for future staffing and course offerings to be placed in suspense, which in turn made evaluation by orthodox academic standards even more difficult. The faculty members charged with the evaluation had trouble digesting the emphasis on participation found in some parts of the program and also the intense personal commitment expressed by many of the present and pro-

posed instructors. There was also the problem of granting the Program autonomy in matters of staff and curricula without giving it departmental (and therefore permanent) status. Perhaps another factor difficult to reconcile with conventional academic beliefs is the enormous popularity of the Program with students; when the main problem besetting a class is one of over-attendance, it must be doing something wrong.

The result of the re-evaluation, if the recent decision of the Arts and Letters College Council represents the final word on the subject, is that Non-Violence will be allowed to continue — at least until the money recruited by Father Hesburgh runs out — but in an emasculated form. The Program will not be able to hire its own instructors except with the collaboration of the regular departments. Which renders the appointed process a government of men and not laws, since the hiring of a controversial instructor will depend upon the good will of department chairmen who may or may not be in sympathy with the objectives of the Program.

The same appointment procedures were adopted for Black Studies, but with substantially different prospects so far as the Program's objectives and the needs of its constituents are concerned.

WHAT accounts for the difference? In the face of what is known and what is likely to be divulged, we can only surmise. Both programs once enjoyed the backing of powerful higher authority. Presumably Black Studies retained that backing and the proper channels were redirected in its behalf; Non-Violence lost its backers and was forced to make its own way upstream alone. The moral would seem to be that academic innovations can flourish if they are in behalf of the rich or the powerful, or if the rich or the powerful find it expedient to enlist their support. Otherwise, confrontation, resistance, and other disruptive strategies will be the only ones available to outsiders trying to get in. This is not a pleasant prospect; but for some groups, such as blacks and women, it may be an inevitable one. For other dissident students and faculty, however, one may well ask whether it is worth the effort disrupting our academic supermarkets in order to be served. Perhaps we are better advised to accept the distinction between schooling and education, to regard our present institutions as centers of vocational training and certification and — once race, sex and class barriers to admission have been removed — to look outside for education to the free universities now growing up outside the classroom walls.

In a broader sense, of course, the recurrent tension between academic ritual and observance expresses the tension between Cardinal Newman's ideal of the university and Andrew Carnegie's practical model. Conservative critics of the present state of academic affairs would probably agree, adding the provision that Cardinal Newman's ideal and the ideal of popular education responsive to the needs of a democratic society are an incompatible combination. To which one must reply that the combination has never really been tried.

john williams



perspectives

I. carl estabrook the christian, capitalist university

"When you talk about violence . . . , talk about General Motors . . . there is a total breakdown of law and order with respect to corporate crime."

—Ralph Nader

"Academic freedom is not so much freedom from somebody or something as freedom to do something."

—Fr. Theodore Hesburgh, upon receipt of the Meiklejohn Award of the AAUP

Apparently unbeknownst to most people connected with the University of Notre Dame, there has appeared on the corporate horizon a cloud no bigger than a man's hand which will perhaps test the sincerity of the claims of the University authorities that there is something unique about this *Christian* university. I refer to the Ralph Nader-backed movement called "Campaign G.M.," an attempt to use a combination of moral suasion and public pressure to force the country's largest corporation to display some modicum of social responsibility. It affects Notre Dame in that the liberal (not at all radical) leaders of the campaign are attempting to convince universities and other ostensibly socially concerned groups not to let the General Motors management vote their stock for them—the usual procedure—but to vote it in favor of a series of reformist resolutions to be presented at the May 22 stockholders meeting in Detroit.

Notre Dame is notoriously close-mouthed about its financial holdings, and it is clear only that the university has "some" GM stock (there are apparently at

least 1800 shares in a student loan fund); but it is almost painfully open in expressing its desire to exercise its corporate Christianity "through channels." It is now presented with one. How will it react?

Two months ago, The Project on Corporate Responsibility—a Washington-based group of young lawyers backed by Nader—launched Campaign GM by proposing nine shareholder resolutions designed to curb the worst social abuses perpetrated by General Motors. They had chosen no mean target: GM's gross annual income—\$24.3 billion—is larger than that of any government of the world, save those of the U.S. and U.S.S.R. It has 794,000 employees worldwide and 1.3 million shareholders. With its economic muscle, G.M. can afford to be particularly blatant in spreading its social costs. GM products account for more than one-third of all air pollution in the U.S., says the Project. It has refused to institute safety reforms except under government coercion and has attempted to forestall reforms by such expedients as trying to find something unsavory in Mr. Nader's private life. GM has also been something less than a leader in racial matters: of its 13,000 dealerships, seven (count 'em, seven) are owned by non-whites.

The Campaign GM proposals, all of which are opposed by management, are: (1) the election of three "public" representatives to the board of directors; (2) the creation of a shareholders' committee on corporate responsibility to look into GM policies on air pollution, motor accidents, racial discrimination, and

the nation's lack of a cheap, effective mass transit system; (3) the amendment of the company's charter to require the company to carry on only activities which are not detrimental to the public health, safety, and welfare or in violation of the law; (4) commitment by GM to public transportation, (5) auto safety, (6) industrial health; (7) warranty of products; (8) an end to air pollution, and (9) racial discrimination.

GM management planned to omit from the proxy statement sent to shareholders all mention of these proposals, but on March 19 the Securities and Exchange Commission ordered GM to place proposals (1) and (2) in the material mailed to shareholders on April 9. (If Campaign GM had been forced to do their own mail out to all 1.3 million stockholders, postage alone would have cost \$81,000.)

Twelve per cent of GM stockholders are institutions such as universities, church organizations, and the like, and it is clear that their attitude will be extremely influential in determining the outcome of Campaign GM. Harvard, MIT, Yale, Columbia, Stanford, Michigan, Penn, Texas, and Michigan State have been confronted by groups within their ranks demanding support for Campaign GM. So far, few institutions have decided against management—Texas Law School and the City of New York (at John Lindsay's direction) are two who have, but the University of Texas, Michigan, and some others have refused to support the campaign. What about the University of Notre Dame? Must it not, as a Christian University, behave differently from these others?

II

In the midst of the discussions among the Notre Dame Ten last fall on how they should respond—in the context of the Christian university—to being railroaded for their actions against Dow and CIA, one of the Ten exclaimed, "Look, this isn't a Christian university: it's a *capitalist* university!"—his implication being that the two are mutually contradictory. And, indeed, he surely has some support from the reigning pope, who has written

It is unfortunate that on these new conditions of society a system has been constructed which considers profit as the key motive for economic progress, competition as the supreme law of economics, and private ownership of the means of production as an absolute right that has no limits and carries no corresponding social obligation. This unchecked liberalism leads to dictatorship rightly denounced by Pius XI as producing "the international imperialism of money."

Populorum Progressio, 26

Now, it is difficult to deny—and many would not wish to do so—that Notre Dame is a capitalist institution in the source of its economic life blood, its mode of internal and external operation, and the purposes for which it produces hardware, software, and humanware. The trustees represent the peculiar constituency of business men and corporate directors who immediately or through the allied agencies of the military and government direct the flow of money into the university and thereby determine its nature (See the student

publication, *Notre Dame, Inc.* for some specifics of this arrangement.) Externally, the corporation Notre Dame du Lac, Inc., seems to behave like any other capitalist institution in matters such as its investments. Internally, do we not employ the controlling metaphors of capitalism as the very basis of academic life? To paraphrase the pope, "Profit (in grades, degrees, etc.) is the key motive for academic progress, competition is the supreme law of academics, and private ownership of the means of production is an absolute right." (Who owns the University?) By the inculcation of these fundamentally capitalist modes of relationship, we fit students for life in a capitalist world while we are also turning out the executives, officers, and managers that capitalism requires. Furthermore, the University functions as a research-and-development center at the behest of the economic structure: what research gets done depends largely on which corporation, foundation, or government agency is willing to put up the money for it.

"The University assumes a political position by its mutual support for the social and economic system . . . responsible for repression and exploitation at home and abroad."

—the "Notre Dame ten," December, 1969

Few would seriously argue that Notre Dame—like all present American universities—is "politically neutral" at this level. The university can afford to be aggressively neutral on the non-choice offered by a Humphrey-Nixon election in order to protect its political alignment with the capitalist economic structure, its arrangements with Dow Chemical, Gulf and Western, and the CIA, and its function as a peculiar sort of factory dealing in human products. The question for Notre Dame is, can a politically capitalist university be also a Christian university? The present authorities clearly believe that it can and that there is no fundamental contradiction here. But even if we admit, for the sake of argument, that such a beast is imaginable, it seems that the Christian-capitalist university is constrained to pursue its capitalist enterprises in accord with Christian ethics. Hence the importance of the test posed by Campaign GM: it is hard to believe that the Christian-capitalist university can vote *against* the attempt to introduce social responsibility into corporations and still be true to the ethical demands of its Christianity.

In a way, of course, it's good that there has been little or no call from within the Notre Dame community for support of campaign GM: not only does the university have the opportunity to exercise the Christian virtue of doing good in secret (rather than merely doing well in secret!), but also those of us who cannot dispel our suspicions regarding the intentions of the university structure in the use of its economic *and* political power can be edified by the spontaneous and un-coerced support by Notre Dame for Campaign GM. That would also indicate that the university saw the political and social effects of its activities. If, on the other hand, the university should choose to deliver its proxies to management, one may begin to be rightly skeptical of the politics of the Christian capitalist university. Wait and see on the 22nd of May.

II. jay schwartz

those juvenile marats of academe

RECENTLY during the Senate vote on Judge Carswell I happened to witness the reporting of the vote on a Student Center television set. Crowded about were a number of politically astute undergraduates who were allied in their disdain of the alleged mediocrity of the Floridian. They were visibly pleased when Roger Mudd, the CBS newsman, came on to analyze the just-announced vote. Mudd delighted the onlookers even more when he was seen beaming from ear to ear just before he realized that he was on camera and that the whole nation was watching the unbiased proceedings. His mood turned mock serious as he interviewed Senator Dole of Kansas. Dole lamented the defeat and remarked that it would probably be necessary to change the Senate in order to change the Court. Mudd exclaimed that it sounded as if he were suggesting a "purge." The Kansas senator caught on the word purge as the room erupted in semi-orgiastic delight and a voice commented facetiously that he probably wanted to purge all "us communists."

Mudd's use of the word was rhetorically conclusive but hardly precise. Dole was merely talking about good, old-fashioned, take-it-to-the people politics. However, Mudd's use of "purge" conjured up the political nightmares of the twentieth century and was able to excite the latent paranoia in the Student Center and to reinforce the illusion of persecution on which the Left has always thrived.

As spring comes to Indiana it seems timely to write about the Old Left and the New Left as they prepare for and carry out their seasonal offensive on the nation's campuses. Anatole France once observed that men who were quite willing to die for their beliefs were quite unwilling to be uncomfortable for them. Spring is comfortable and hence spring and revolution are birds of a feather. However, as we have witnessed, these juvenile Marats of academe are a fierce and unrelenting breed. Humor is hardly their strong suit.

These sons and daughters of World War II veterans seem just as proficient at military tactics as their fathers ever were and they occupy administration buildings with a verve that Eisenhower would have admired on Omaha Beach. Their fathers, schooled in the arts of war, were rarely better.

In reality, the politics of this New Left is little more than a carry-over from an older radicalism. A few new ingredients have been added. The primary new fact is that the present generation is a genetic miracle. Margaret Mead in her recent book, *Culture and Commitment*, became one of many academic liberals to testify to the fact of a genetic miracle which occurred sometime around 1947. Woodstock Nation or, rather, its publicists, have repeated the delusion: a genetic miracle contrary to all evolutionary prescription has occurred and a new race of people has been born. Love, peace, amicability constitute the new order of things. Evil has been selected out of the race. "Don't trust anyone over thirty," which has always been part of a political programme, has now become a statement of biological fact.

Yet if there are elements new in the New Left, there are far more elements old: the latent persecution complexes, the floating resentment against things as they are, the moral absolutism. The end result has been a vicious sectarianism rarely seen in American politics. The traditionally pragmatic and empirical strain in the Anglo-American tradition has been cast aside as divinity students have roundly denounced business as usual. These messianic fulminations have been eagerly received by the Marcuses and Schlesingers of the world who, with a goodly number of their academic colleagues, have always been attracted to a politics of final resolution and have always been distrustful of human life in all its splendid variety. They have ardently agreed since time immemorial that all life should be politicized, all attitudes "enlightened" by a judicious political education, all hate quietly legislated into oblivion.

OLD Left and New Left alike have always been quite convinced of their role as political and metaphysical victim. They repeatedly shudder at the charges made by a rude majority which calls them communists and other similar names. Yet there is far more delight than terror in their reaction to catcalls. They delight in the accusations (which are often true) since it affirms their status as men apart and somehow above the workaday world. Like Prometheus, they are proud of their defiance of the customary, convinced of their intellectual superiority, and quite positive that they are naturally entitled to privilege. They are sensitive and perspicacious. The others are dull and narrow. They see themselves as victims of silent majorities who hate fire-bearers.

This victim complex leads to a conspiracy theory of reality which pictures Robert Welch and H. L. Hunt as lurking behind every political tree. Witness the abnormal preoccupation with the military industrial complex, surely less unified in reality than in Tom Hayden's nightmares.

This Promethean stance clearly runs counter to political history but facts, more than not, are often ignored in favor of fantasies. The Left has been in effective political control of American society since the New Deal. They are not the "outs" and they have not been for forty years. They and their intellectual cronies have been the torturers; certainly they have not been the tortured. The new breed which always styles itself romantically as running against walls has, on the contrary, been running through doors graciously opened by liberal administrators, academic and political.

THE New Left like the Old maintains a floating resentment against the world as it is. This accounts for their radical distrust of traditional wisdom and their insistence on relevance as a guide to truth. They disdain what Chesterton called the "democracy of the dead," preferring instead the conclusions of their private intellects. The courage of the commonplace is not their cup of tea. Their life style is a combination of apocalypse and romantic heroics.

The insistence that old men have nothing to say about new things is generally called adolescence. Unfortunately, adolescence can be a permanent state of mind. The cult of youth has rarely been so dominant; the disdain for history rarely so widespread.

A friend once told me a story about an Italian village he had visited in the Po Valley. This village, typical of so many Italian peasant towns, was poor and run down, filled with drippy-nosed kids, fattened women and derelict men. In the middle of this village was a church run by an old monsignor. In this church, placed prominently on the altar was a brass spittoon. It was well and often used. Occasionally the children would knock it over while they played hide and seek in the confessionals and throughout the church.

Periodically a devout socialist would pass through the village and suggest that the church which no one attended be converted into a day nursery (shades of Mr. DuBois and Sacred Heart!). Everyone would immediately agree and then continue in their old ways.

The young socialist would continue south on the road to Rome.

The only good things about the church that everyone could agree upon were that it gave the children a place to play, the old priest place to spit, and the young socialists a cause to pursue. And the people were content to let it remain so.

The moral of the story was that these villagers were at home and at ease with their God, their church and their world. They knew instinctively that life had its contradictions, that churches rise in slums, that one worked things out as far as he could and no more.

ROMAN PUCINSKI, the Democratic Congressman from Chicago, recently hailed as a "landmark decision" a court ruling that the telling of Polish jokes constituted a violation of the Civil Rights Act of 1966. The court held in favor of a steelworker of Polish descent who had been subjected to ridicule in the mills. The court enjoined the plaintiff's co-workers to cease and desist the telling of such jokes.

The problem is that the joke is on us all. When a Polish joke becomes a judicial problem, the end must be near. But surely this is only the end result of thinking which has forever tried to politicize every aspect of life. The regulation of jokes, attitudes and opinions occurs when men believe that all problems are political problems. The beginning of wisdom will come when judges realize that moral problems are not subject to judicial solution. Love cannot be reduced to an item on a legislative agenda.

Our courts must begin to recognize their limitation as well as their extension. Judges are arbiters of law, not social workers. They should insure political equality; they have no constitutional imperative to demand social and economic uniformity.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY once made the sage remark that to elect the President he would rather have the first fifty names in the Boston phone book than the faculty of Harvard College. He knew how Harvard would vote. What Buckley realized was that, strangely enough, college campuses are often the most intolerant communities in our society. The opinions of the Left prevail to various degrees in administrative, faculty and student ranks although a conservative is a hard man to find on any campus. Discrimination comes in all shapes and colors.

It is high time that we open up dialogue on this and other campuses. Presently the liberal students' entrenchment merely snickers behind the protective womb of the Non-Violence Program. It is time that our radical establishment drop its naive assumptions, stop its gratuitous guffaws, and recognize its own narrowness. This certainly would be preferable to collective ego trips before a Student Center T.V. set.

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A DERBY ODYSSEY

This article was intended for print in last week's issue, but in deference to the spirit of the student strike and in consideration of the incongruity of publishing a "sports article" in light of the Kent State incident, this writer felt that postponement was necessary.

ON page 800 of Webster's *New World Collegiate Dictionary*, the same page that lists such etymological delights as "keloid," "kenosis" and "keratogenous," tucked neatly between "Kentucky colonel" and "Kenya" is "Kentucky Derby." Scholars define it as "an annual horse race run at Churchill Downs in Louisville, Kentucky." However, a friend of mine offers a more unique definition. He views the Derby as "a day-long party through which horses occasionally run."

Friday, April 24 (late in the afternoon):

Entering the room of Rick Rennix, who's constantly glued to the tube for sports events of any nature, I'm greeted with,

"Hey, are we there?"

There where? What the hell's on his mind?

"C'mon, you know. Are we there? The Derby, man, the Derby!"

Oh, yeah, the Derby.

Initially we planned to hitchhike down Route 31. But after I conned the SCHOLASTIC out of twenty dollars, we were able to coax a friend of ours who had access to a car into making the trip with us. We then made arrangements with Derby officials to supply the "press" (the three of us) with free passes to the race.

Friday, May 1 (about two):

If anything, US 31 accentuates the seemingly unending flat plane of land sometimes called Indiana. The highway slices through towns with names like

Plymouth, Peru, LaPaz, Mexico and Bunker Hill; all original Hoosier names. The road itself isn't exactly an engineering marvel. It has to be the only road I know that crosses railroad tracks where the speed limit is 65 m.p.h. Excellent driving managed to get Rennix, Ken Wilmer and I to Indianapolis in about three hours. We thought we were home free to Louisville until . . .

Friday, May 1 (5:00 p.m.):

Skirting Indianapolis on US 465 we skidded to a halt as a Volks in our lane apparently stalled in front of us. As we passed them someone held up a blue and gold "ND" blanket (the universal signal of distress for any ND student). Rennix noticed this (and the two girls in the back seat of the Volks) and signalled us to pull over. This was to prove a fatal mistake. There were three of them. Their story went something like this:

"We were hitchhiking and this guy picked us up but he ran out of gas, I guess, and could you guys take us to a station and get some gas for him; I mean, if it's not too much trouble."

I thought it was too much trouble, but Rennix and Wilmer thought different. So we headed for the nearest Gulf station.

Ahhh, but that man in the Volks was clever. He knew what these three were really like and had used a clever ruse to ditch them. We had some inclination of this when, driving back with a gallon can we spied the man in the Volks in the other lane waving his arms and tooting his horn, ostensibly signalling his okay. Okay

for him, but not for us. As one of the hitchhikers put it,

"Looks like you've inherited us."

I said there were three of them. But nary a one of them was from Notre Dame. Two girls and one guy. Oh, well, it was only another two and a half hours to Louisville. We figured we could put up with their incessant, boring chatter till then.

Friday, May 1 (9:00 p.m.):

Rennix, Wilmer and I intended to stop at the first bar in Derby City to catch the Knicks-Lakers game on TV. After driving through what seemed the entire city of Louisville searching for a place to drop our guests off, one of them said,

"Oh, hell, why don't we all go to a bar together?"

Togetherness. Just what we didn't want. But, it was nearing game time and we were sick of driving around, so we agreed.

Finding a bar in Louisville that will accept your phony cards and is cheap isn't an easy task, especially when none of us had been there before. But we stumbled upon a dive on Fifth Street that fit the requirements. After a few dozen beers, and with the Knick game drifting farther into oblivion, we started asking the patrons for a few tips on "the big one." But only the proprietor of the place had convincing words for Rennix,

"Son, if you box Dust Commander and Admiral's Shield I'm afraid you're gonna walk outta that place with a hatful of money."

Saturday, May 2: "Derby Day" (2:00 a.m.):

By now we didn't even care if there was a race the next day. When our three friends suggested they spend the night with us in Wilmer's Olds we couldn't have cared less. We drove to Cherokee Park in suburban Louisville and parked the car on a grassy knoll to catch some sleep. Now, Oldsmobiles are fine if three try to sleep. But six? Forget it. Louisville's finest didn't help much either, twice knocking on the window with such innocuous queries as,

"Y'all goin' to the Derby? Better get an early start." Or, noticing our New York license plates,

"Y'all from New York?"

Rennix continually muttered "Dust Commander, Dust Commander" in his sleep. I couldn't understand how he could sleep with all the mania that surrounded us. I wasn't able to, and I was ready to call it quits when we left for Churchill Downs the following morning.

Saturday, May 2: "Derby Day" (11:30 a.m.):

Churchill Downs isn't really an awe-inspiring spectacle at first sight. Its upkeep appears shoddy, and in many places it seems to be falling apart. But, passing through the turnstile into the clubhouse area, one immediately feels contact with the "old" Southern traditions. It's no longer 1970, but like 1870. Even the crumbling structure assumes a new appearance: very appropriate and very Southern.

We headed out to the infield. The first race was about to be run, so we decided to make our first bet of the day. In the program Diane Crump (who would later be the first woman jockey to ride in a Derby) was

listed as riding a horse called Right Sean. It was just a hunch, but we pooled a five-dollar win ticket on her anyway. She won, in a photo-finish. We collected \$20 winnings and had our first taste of victory (for two of us, it was also our last).

The infield was a conglomeration of every type college student you could imagine. Straight and freak. Clean-cut and ragged. Drunk and stoned. Boy and girl. But they were all having a good time. The atmosphere was like that of a huge picnic, with everyone contributing to the party in his own way. Strumming guitars and not so harmonic voices were to be found at every turn. Like the man said, "a party through which horses occasionally run." Apparently the "Woodstock Nation" was no new thing for them; it's been happening here for years.

Saturday, May 2: "Derby Day" (5:25 p.m.):

I put \$2 place bets on High Echelon, George Lewis, My Dad George and Corn Off The Cob, as did Wilmer. Our position in the infield did not afford a view of the start, but a nearby "infielder" had a portable TV that suited our needs more than adequately. Strange . . . here we had driven over 300 miles to see on TV anyway.

The race is history. Dust Commander pulled away from the field in the stretch and won going away. He went off at 15-1 odds. Needless to say, Rennix walked out with a "hatful of money": almost \$60 worth. Wilmer and I broke even for the day, but it really didn't matter. The experience itself was worth more than Dust Commander's purse.

Saturday, May 2: "Derby Day" (about 9:00 p.m.):

Wilmer drove for about an hour until he complained he was seeing "signs and cars that aren't there." I took over and, kept awake by the cacophony broadcast by WLS, managed to return us to South Bend in one piece. I plan to make the trip south to Louisville again next spring, as do Wilmer and Rennix. The Derby's like a good vintage wine: once you've tasted its delights you've got to go back for more. And, I doubt you'll ever be satisfied with just one refill.

DON KENNEDY

In continuing the SCHOLASTIC's annual policy of awarding "Athlete of the Year," and to keep the selection in the hands of the student body, the following nominees have been placed on this ballot for student voting. Ballots should be returned to the box placed outside the SCHOLASTIC office no later than Sunday night, May 17. The SCHOLASTIC office is located on the fourth floor of LaFortune, next to the Student Union offices.

The nominees:

Bob Olson.....
Mike McCoy.....
Austin Carr.....
Phil Wittliff.....

"I'm Writing Along in a

T. S. Eliot in his important essay, "The Three Voices of Poetry," presents an interesting distinction which he unfortunately does not elaborate upon: "The first voice is the voice of the poet talking to himself—or to nobody. The second is the voice of the poet addressing an audience, whether large or small." The first voice is an odd thing: it speaks the poems that cohere only for the poet himself, the poems that repeat the same subjects, the same rhythms and phrases. Pound's reaction to his first volume, *A Lume Spento*, is probably characteristic of the poet in his mature days listening back to the first voice; he calls the poems in that book "stale cream-puffs." But what is missing in the cream-puffs is probably just a matter of experience. In *The Cantos*, Pound is sure of himself: he knows how his verse works and he can make it do the things he wants it to, just as his verse often compels him to take up subjects he might otherwise have missed. Too often that surety which marks a mature poet is mistaken as a mark of quality: there are good poems, too, that were written by "immature" poets. The shift (or progress, if you prefer) from the first voice to the second often shows best what it means to write poems, shows the very toughness of the business. That is why young poets will always be read; much as readers say that they must attend to young poets to guard the literary tradition, they are really interested in seeing how hard it is to do this thing, to make a poem.

Pound himself suggests something of this when he remarks that "with the real artist there is always a residue, there is always something that does not get into his work. There is always some reason why the man is always more worth knowing than his books are. In the long run nothing else counts." The something in the man makes the growth into the second voice a progress which commands our interest: in the long run, nothing else counts.

Quickly Aging Here: Some Poets of the 1970's is an anthology of poems built again on, in Eliot's phrase, a "new and shocking valuation of all we have been." All the patterns here are "new in every moment." The volume includes 35 poets and about 225 poems. It is, as one would expect of an anthology of poets who have neither published volumes nor been included in other major anthologies, neither all good nor all bad. It is a constantly exciting and demanding book to read, however, and that is probably all that it should aspire to be. It is disappointing in that it includes no major prosodists, only one concrete poet and a rather dull one at that, no poets of the historical imagination, and no signs of new shapes for poems, except in one case; but it is also edited solidly enough to contain no flaming anti-war poetry, no dull-mindedly self-conscious black poetry and no mediocre religious verse. It does not try to be overly clever and it does consistently keep one's attention with a lot of good poems: that is more than enough for a good poetry book.

Yet I feel tempted to add that "that is more than enough, for a book with its limitations . . ." Because there are limitations. The obvious ones, of course, want

little attention: there is too little space for each poet, as in all anthologies; concretism has been most interesting lately as it merged with minimalism in the fine arts and it is difficult to reproduce in book form poster poems (so often impressive for their coloring alone), word trees and die cut poems. These objections have their replies built into the nature of anthologies. But there is a more subtle insidious limitation: most of these poems, good or bad, have the feel of "magazine verse." They often arrange their subject matter on a Procrustean bed of a length between 15 and 40 lines: poems get published in magazines, so poets have simply gotten used to writing poems that fit nicely into them. The ambition, in an odd-looking realm like length, or Louis Zukofsky has kept him out of magazines for most of his career. The length of the 4 poems or "the 29 songs" are not lone examples. Long poems are not the only ones that suffer either: two lines of poetry look strange on a magazine page, too.

Editor Geof Hewitt's introduction quotes a long passage from Bill Knott's "To American Poets," but he inadvertently omits the single line that catches all of Knott's criticism of the way poets think about themselves: "What I mean is: maybe you are the earth's last poets." That line goes far beyond the hortatory purpose of the rest of the poem to the core of the desperate possibility that the historical tempests we suspect are not being recognized because we are inside them. And they may shift to engulf us at any moment. We must be prepared simply by being as pure as we can for the moment of destruction, because that is all the preparation possible.

In his poem "I Don't Know," Knott talks about poets' complicity with the political imagination of mediocrity grounded in money values as the primary example of their impurity:

I don't know but I can't see much difference between
John Ashbery or Donald Hall or Barbara Guest
or David Wagoner or William Meredith or Anne
Sexton or Sandra Hochman or Thomas Clark or
Kenneth Koch or others writing

a poem . . . and a U. S. aviator dropping a bomb on
Vietnamese women

and children: both acts in these hands are in defense
of oppression and capitalism

The poets represented in *Quickly Aging Here* have purified themselves of some of these vices, particularly the latter: it is not that the material of the poems has changed, but merely that there are new, finer edges to the discriminations in approach to it. Although there is a similar feeling in these two passages for subject matter,

Rain falls on synagogues in Amsterdam.
In Prague. In Athens. In Jerusalem.
Rain falls on synagogues and stains them gray.
Rain in Venice
invokes the odor of canals

Conspiracy"

where Shylock flesh decays, decays.
He smells it, he
refuses to be disgusted, he
despairs of knowing
what hideous things his own breath might be saying.

A lump of soap is the new in him.
A yellow band, a hill of bones, a pound of flue . . .
from BARBARA G. GREENBERG'S "THE VICTIM"

the human waste cannibals designed the master and
his life
robot you understand sorrow to the end
can unlack horsemen. Storm seems berries—
until the truth can be explained
Nothing can exist. Rain
blossomed in the highlands—a
secret to annual grass sticks—razor today engraved
sobs.
The lion's skin—ears, to travel.
from JOHN ASHBERY'S "EUROPE"

the two poems are radically different. Ashbery cannot maintain, even in this short section, the careful distances between subject matter and poet, between poet and verse form and between verse form and subject matter that, in concert, allow Mrs. Greenberg's stunning "he/despairs of knowing/what hideous things his own breath might be saying." The byplay and counterplay of rhetorical conventions and points of view that set up Ashbery's poems finally make him incapable of being simply as clear as Mrs. Greenberg is, although she is just as ambitious.

Generalizations of this sort are difficult to sustain: but I still cannot resist saying that this group of poets does consistently have an eye out for avoiding the conspiracy of *just accepting things* that implicates many of the poets Knott criticizes.

Most of the poets in the volume have reassessed the calm in which poetry is usually read and found it not a pregnant, but an empty void. Many of them would second Dan Gillespie's suggestion that poetry should be "simple, stripped, direct," in a word "straightforward communication." Gillespie says of his own selected poems that they "hopefully stand on their own, and should be understood on first reading, without need for 'critical interpretation.' The poems should reach out and touch, not mystify." The dangers of this assertion should be obvious: there seems to be a necessary reduction of the importance of rereading a poem.

Other dangers are suggested more directly when William Hathaway says: "To my mind the worst poems are boring poems. Personally I have a hard time getting through a short Wallace Stevens poem . . . Pedantry and esoterism have no place in the reading of poems." Disowning Wallace Stevens seems like the flip trick of a dull schoolboy and disowning him because he is boring is like disowning Blake for run-on sentences. The poet stands in danger of disowning his entire tradition for little more than whim; I am not objecting merely to a

severely mannered critical judgement, but to the lack of seriousness which sustains the mannerism.

Surely this search for reader interest has in part to do with the energy of growing into one's own poetry, of finding his own real voice, the voice he can use to speak to other people. There is a kind of necessary desperation about the development from the poet's first to his second voice, but it does not demand unloading so much of the baggage of the tradition, particularly some of these parcels. There is more of the genuine desperation in Eric Torgersen's statement, "Like everyone else in this country, the poet has to fight constantly to keep his mind free, perhaps more than others he must fight to free his language, which is everywhere in chains." This is the tense sort of celebration choked by desperation that Torgersen writes about in his own brilliant poems "Legends":

They lived in elaborate systems
of caves, they worked all day,
they wrote long letters to friends
and married strangers.
A secret everyone knew was never
mentioned; old longings
to speak it troubled their sleep.
After long lives, they went on
writing their last wills and testaments
for years, until their last inspiration
expired.

David Hilton contributes the volume's most beautiful poem, "In Praise of BIC Pens"; he writes of that desperation in a painfully flip way:

Others always skip over the word
That will bring the belligerents of the world
To the negotiating table, if only

I can get it written, or will
teach thin kids in Woetown, West Virginia,
To rebound tough and read Ted Roethke—

I'm writing along in a conspiracy
Of birds and sun and pom-pom girls
Lines to cheer old ladies with shopping bags

* * *

If only I can get it written. But always
When I get close to the word and the crowd begins
to roar
The common pen skips, leaves the page blank—

But you, BIC pen, at nineteen cents, could trace
truce terms on tank treads,
Could ratify in the most flourishing script
The amnesty of love for our dreaded enemies:

The ugly, the poor, the stupid, the sexually
screwed up —
Etching their releases across the slippery communi-
ques of generals and governors,
For behold you can write upon butter, Yea inscribe
even through slime!

QUICKLY AGING HERE

SOME POETS OF THE 1970s

Edited by
GEOF HEWITT



A DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR ORIGINAL

But nineteen cents no one pays attention
To the deadwood you shatter or the manifestoes you
slice in the ice —
For who would believe Truth at *that* price.

The ring of the poem is like the best of the old German tales about salvation: it will come from an absolute fool to all of us. Now sometimes the stories say that it will come from a fool made wise through pity, but that's because — who would believe salvation at the price of one fool? But who, on the other hand, wouldn't blow up his house playing with a high-school chemistry set if playing with a chemistry set could bring truth?

The two really ambitious poets in the volume are Stephen Shrader and William Harmon. Shrader is represented only by one poem called "The Campaign: Letters from the Front," a sequence poem of six letters with foreword and epilogue. The poem is a condensation of all you *would* remember, if you could only remember so much. And it tells all of what happens to you when you find out that you are inevitably dying; not of incurable cancer, not of your childhood rheu-

matic fever, but simply and inevitably dying:

Muriel, wife
I have coupled with the enemy and my parts
are no more. Pray that what is in your womb
is male, for Nortus
fretting also as her curls go limp
has called upon his first born
these ditches and pits, wife
how may I explain them
painlessly shallow
the mud on their sides like mucus.

The order of life in these poems is determined, but also vital in its awfulness: "First the erection, then death." And the needs are as abstruse as ever and as painful: "SEND PICTURES OF THE CHILDREN." Shrader is a brilliantly ambitious person and that is probably the secret of his success as a poet; as he describes it: "I am reminded of Craig Breedlove and of the many times he has attempted to break the land speed record at Bonneville Salt Flats. . . . I've always wanted to step out of a car travelling at, say, 600 mph (the car, incidentally, is shaking apart, disintegrating) and walk over to the stands where I would enjoy a Pepsi and talk to an incredibly beautiful woman."

William Harmon can define in a versatile manner both the nature of poetry ("poem/is/word/list/a/list/of/words/no/more/no/less/&/vice/versa") and the real substance of its concerns:

past all Calculation & belief it Came so huge
What colored cartoon Rodent Nightmare &
imagine It
A carrot Carrot growing wilde O Carrot wildly
wildly
& bloody huge too over Polite's City placid nursing
* * *
It came from Saturn's purgatory Ring

The giant informing Carrot and its concern with things and the names of things remind one of Milton's description of Satan. The names Harmon uses are all more familiar than those of Milton's imagination and his Bible, but they are never ordinary or even predictable. That then is poetry here: the naming of things, finding holy things or even making them holy, and praying to them:

From biograph & Texas Theatre & harley &
Davidson & the
Credit Mobilier of Americard & Star & garter
Chamber & Gross National Manifest destiny
It came from Finnegans final Fall & all &
mikrokosmos
Hellapoppin Gotterdamerung
It came from them
Him me you
O go down
On our
Knees
now.

Michael Patrick O'Connor

The Scholastic

Stopping the Battle

THE last weeks have brought both political and moral crises, and many persons in the Notre Dame community have felt the desperate need to act. At such a time, the arts assume a hard-to-define but important role in our lives. Art itself makes nothing happen; propaganda and slogans provoke action. But art is the expression of a human impulse which must be recognized if our actions are to be noble instead of destructive. The impulse is towards beauty and a sense of our position in the world, and art is a way of locating these things in our own experience. Without this location, there is little assurance that human events in crisis will not propel themselves into anarchy. The location in the recent experiences of war and dying ecologies is not easy; and, as the matter becomes more difficult, it is necessarily important that the artistic impulse be exercised and appreciated. Three events which recognize that are scheduled next week.

On Sunday, May 17, Professor John Matthias will introduce ten poets whose work has appeared in *Juglger* and in professional publications. There will be readings by Rob Bartelletti, Steve Brion, John Hessler, Rory Holscher, Kenneth Mannings and John Stupp, as well as by the four graduating poets mentioned below. Dean Frederick Crosson will present the Samuel Hazo Memorial Poetry Award to this year's winner, Michael Patrick O'Connor:

- The psychic energy that made archaic myths is still a powerful force in human life. Vince Sherry's poetry confronts that force directly, and works it into a form that at once allows a necessary expression of the unconscious, and makes an intelligent statement on life in the polis.

- Some of Marilyn Reed's poems are based on personal experiences, while others move out to engage social and political problems. She writes many kinds of open-form poems, and is also able to fit her verse into the tight structure of regular metrics (that's not easy), without losing her generous spontaneity of expression.

- Pat Moran may write of Africa, France or his native Texas; each setting is viewed in terms of the human events which occurred there over long periods of time. A historian would order those events by cause-and-effect laws, but in the poetry they are ordered differently: by the imagination, in order to provide an exciting, nonhistorical way of seeing.

- Michael Patrick O'Connor's poetry has enough range and depth to be discussed in impressive-sounding terms like epistemology, or Eros in form. But to talk that way would in a sense be unfair to the poems, because such talk might sound heavy and stilted; and the poems, for all the knowledge they display, are never like that. They move quickly, and are often downright whimsical. They are always a fine way of happening.

THE St. Mary's art students have shifted from ceramics to drawing during the past year, and the change is evident in this week's exhibit. Although the crafts are well represented by the impressive work of Anne Halpin and others, pencil, crayon and pastel drawings dominate. Rose Bernardi's pencil and crayon work is especially nice, as is the drawing of Cathleen Naphin and Marcia Stuglik's chevron experimentation.

Much of Notre Dame's senior art exhibit is devoted to experimentation with color (or intersection among colors in geometric forms) and form itself — how it is broken down and used in new ways. Some fine color experiments are done by Frederick Beckman and Frank O'Hara using hung, stained canvas; and by Larry Latimer's sculpture. The latter's "Just Enough Rope to Chair Yourself" (price: \$5000 cheap) and Bruce Carter's "Orange Forest" are wonderful: they celebrate. George Tisten's work provides a fine contrast to all this experimentation: it is traditional, and among the best in the show, combining sensitivity and a draftsman's accuracy. Both the Notre Dame and St. Mary's exhibits are worth the visit. And they are free.

Art and poetry come to our community this weekend. It is all good, it is all very much alive, it all celebrates beauty. It all orders, at least momentarily, the chaos.

—Rory Holscher

POETRY: Young Notre Dame poets
3:00 p.m., Sunday, May 17
Library auditorium

ART: St. Mary's student exhibit

ART: Notre Dame senior exhibit
May 10 through June 7
Gallery, O'Shaughnessy Hall

The Economics of Morality

Bertolt Brecht was decidedly not a believer in art for art's sake. Revolutionary in his thoughts as in his theatre, he wrote out of an aesthetic which was social and didactic. His plays are designed to encounter the audience on an intellectual basis (emotional empathy is a cardinal sin in a Brechtian playhouse), to convince them of the urgency of his argument and to exhort them to action. To this end, Brecht juxtaposed diverse dramatic techniques and themes in his productions; and although these productions often ended up looking like daytime dress rehearsals, they represent some of the finest dramatic work of the twentieth century. It is a commentary on Brecht's theatrical success that many of the "radical" innovations which characterized his Epic Theatre have, in fact, become dramatic convention for playwrights of decades since.

The recent ND-SMC Theatre production of *The Good Woman of Setzuan* perfectly reflected the effect achieved when Brecht sets his diverse arsenal of technique to work on a theme. The idea for the play seems to have sprung from an Oriental dramatic phenomenon, the Japanese Noh play. Brecht appropriated the skeleton of the Noh drama and worked into it a melange of Western convention (such as the Shakespearean disguise) and certain Noh traditions that apparently suited his conception of the play, e.g., the barren set, the effect of stylization created by the actors' masks and ornate costumes, and the Eastern god figures which he so deftly aborts. He develops these elements with his own brilliant poetry and wit, drawing the whole thing taut with dialectical tension and flavoring his message with Marxist political implication.

What results is a strange hybrid of Eastern and Western thought: a Japanese parable about a Chinese maiden (?) who, in the tradition of the archetypal heroine of the American Western, "can't pay the rent."

Setzuan, the scene of the tale, is the "half-Westernized" city, where people have reached economic impasse. In the Prologue, Wong, the Aquarian figure who becomes liaison with the gods, begins the play with these words describing his own plight, and by extension, the metaphorical dilemma of his neighbors:

I sell water here in the city of Setzuan,
It isn't easy. When water is scarce, I have
long distances to go in search of it, and

when it is plentiful, I have no income.
But in our part of the world, there is
nothing unusual about poverty. Many people
think only the gods can save the situation.

The gods, of course, do come. But they are on a quest of their own—to find one good person in the world to give them reason to continue its existence. This, as it turns out, is no mean feat, but at length they stumble upon Shen Te, the local prostitute who emerges as the Good Woman, and thus gives the world its *raison d'être*. And so the gods arrive, not to relieve poverty or alleviate the struggle for survival as Wong had hoped, but to impose on man a further burden of conscience in how he goes about surviving.

Shen Te, even with, quite literally, the world depending on it, questions her ability to stay good. She begs for assistance from the ear-trumpet-wielding gods: "I'd like to be good it's true, but there's the rent to pay. . . . Even breaking your commandments I can hardly manage." She asks of them how she is to obey their laws without incurring self-destruction, but the three Nixons-in-the-sky can't hear, don't answer—they simply go on spewing forth vacuous, evasive epigrams about "having faith" and "not being able to change the rules." They finally agree to give her money to buy a small tobacco shop, but it is immediately swooped down upon by other needy vultures (her long lost uncles, cousins, etc.) who loom ominously in the wings for most of the play. As Shen Te laments:

The little life boat is swiftly sent down
Too many men greedily
Hold onto it as they drown.

The Good Woman, then, becomes the Everyman and the play emerges as a kind of (Economics of) Morality Play.

The society that Brecht rails against is a world where love and survival have become mutually exclusive considerations. A world, indeed, where charity is subject to fundamental economic laws and relationships: the gods caution Wong to show interest in Shen Te's goodness, "for no one can be good for long if goodness is not in demand." Goodness, of course, is in demand in Setzuan for it has come to be synonymous

with "exploitability" and, as the saying goes, everybody loves an exploitable. But for the good person himself, charity is a fatal disease, and so the supply quotient is kept considerably down.

Poised squarely between the contradictory poles of her world, the Good Woman does what any respectable Everyman would do under the circumstances, that is, splits, undergoes a kind of personality meiosis. The alter-ego character precipitated by the polar strain on Shen Te's personality is Shui Ta, a cigar-smoking capitalist caricature who takes care of business—and consequently Shen Te—in a very efficient, pragmatic and often expedient fashion.

A man enters the life of the Shité (which is Noh-play-talk for protagonist) who is loved by Shen Te and disdained by Shui Ta, thus polarizing the schizoid personalities to an even greater degree. When this love finds tangible fruition in Shen Te's pregnancy, her already-precarious position becomes no longer tenable. The child Shen Te bears is a wedge driven into the crack of her split personality, keeping the respective halves of her character hopelessly apart. She is Brecht's metaphor for modern man, destroyed by contradictions, beautiful or otherwise; a creature forced to straddle diverging milieus; a psyche pulled and snapped like a wishbone by forces divine and societal, by qualms of conscience and necessities of survival.

It is characteristic of both Brecht and the Noh drama to follow theme with form, and the O'Laughlin production re-created a technical tension of contrasts appropriate to the dialectical nature of *Good Woman's* content. The beautifully alluring Oriental music set against film slides of Far East desolation lend a proper air of uneasiness to the performance. This effect is sustained in the action of the drama itself, as lighting, acting, set, and song are all played off one against the other to cause that uneasiness to approach outright audience anxiety.

Obviously, this kind of dramatic chicanery creates real problems for a cast of actors (it is by no means easy, for example, to play love scenes against a barren set in stark, bright lighting which illuminates the entire theatre) and yet Mr. Kenvin and the ND-SMC company made such scenes, in fact nearly all the scenes of the play, work, and work very well.

Anne Patterson is undoubtedly one important reason for the production's success. She juggled the roles of Shen Te and her antithetical alter-ego with a fine sense of both the contrast and simultaneity involved in the character(s). Miss Patterson brought grace of movement and a China-doll quality of innocence to the character of the benevolent prostitute, and her spoken rendition of Brecht's musical lyrics suffered not at all from their not having been sung, so much did she infuse the words with wonder and enchantment. Mark Genero as Shen Te's often not-so-loving lover, Yang Sun, captured erratic complexity of the unemployed mail pilot very capably; his "Song of St. Nevercome's Day" was forceful and effective without being overdone.

Brecht used the First God as vehicle for much of his pointed wit, and Jean-Paul Mustone delivered the one-liners perfectly with added touches of his own, making the tragedy of an ineffectual god laughable. It was Mustone, Missy Smith (as the gossip old witch-



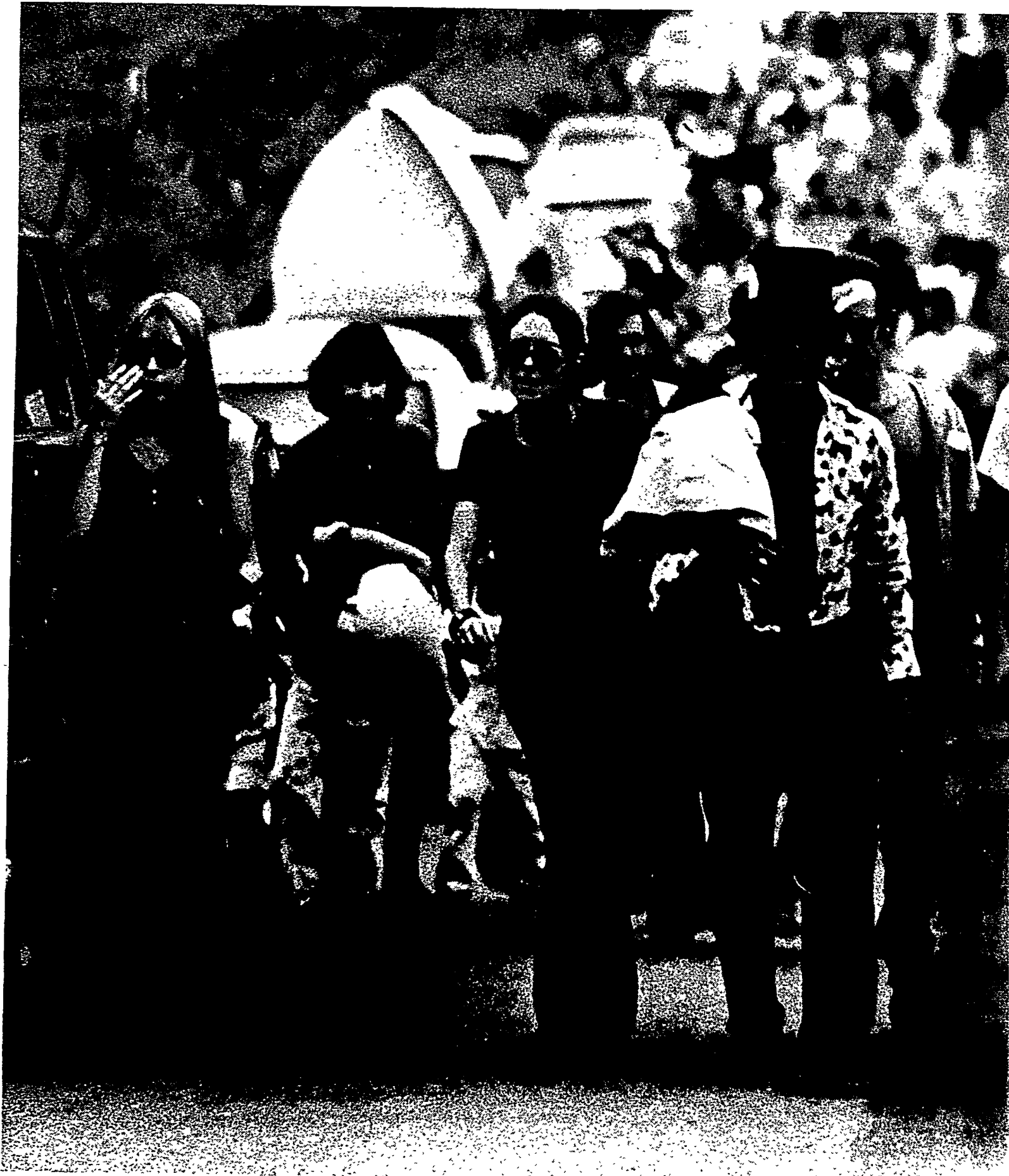
figure-in-residence), Willem O'Reilly (the Caesar Romanian barber) and Ray Berndt (the Policeman) who carried the brunt of the play's comedy; each was exceptional.

If the play is funny in parts, however, it is not intended to be a comedy. What emerges through all the Brechtian craft is the voice of Brecht himself, a voice disappointed in his fellow man for tolerating atrocities and impossible contradictions while waiting for God—Godot, St. Nevercome, or whomever—to come and make him all better. It is not difficult to determine where Brecht aligns himself in the Camusian side-taking between God and Man. The *Good Woman of Setzuan* is an act of faith and hope in the perfectability of man by man. The rules *can* be changed, says Brecht. Morality and survival needn't be mutually exclusive considerations.

As the Vaudevillian gods sing and dance their way off the stage at the play's end, Brecht attempts to create in the audience the awareness that it is, after all, only a song and a dance that they've ever known. And he is insisting that it will take more than a song and a dance or even a play to close the fissure in the psyche before she would be good in the landscape of the society she represents.

James Chandler

See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me.



Heal Me



THE film is *Woodstock*.

*Right behind you I see the millions
On you I see the glory
From you I get opinions
From you I get the story*

—the Who

The film is by Michael Wadleigh. God will bless him. Michael has done a very fine thing indeed. As one of the participants puts it, "We must be in heaven, man. . . ." God bless Michael Wadleigh. The lord has appeared among his people, and the good wine has been saved until last. *Woodstock* is good wine. *Woodstock* is the miracle.

*Whoever is simple, let him turn in
here!*

*To him who is without sense she
says.*

*"Come eat of my bread
and drink of the wine I have
mixed. . ."*

—Proverbs 9:4-5

From you I get the story. What is the story? Simply this — on a weekend last August some people got together to smoke dope, listen to music, and enjoy themselves, that's all. It was called *Woodstock*. It made all the papers. *Woodstock*, isn't that where Dylan lives?

The film is a sensation. Irrational excitement and sensual pleasure. Skinny-dipping, dancing in the rain, tripping out of your skull, feeling the air vibrate in your ears in the midst of a celebration of the gods. This is what the film conveys.

In the past there has always been something remotely perverse about watching films about music concerts. The sound tracks have been quite bad, and poorly engineered for the theater. The camera work has never really blended in with the performance, never complemented the music. The classic case in point is *Monterey Pop*. The circumstances were different, of course. It was filmed by several old men, members of a somewhat pretentious documentary cult. D. A. Pennebaker, the Maysles Bros., they all got into the act. The end result: a film that's as boring as a "greatest hits" record album. The performing groups shuffle one-by-one in front of the camera, to the tune of nauseating and restrictive camera close-ups. The big-name groups were predictably exploited, the crowd was rarely explored. *Monterey Pop* wasn't a film, it was just a lot of groups singing.

And since neither the film-makers themselves nor the performers were into anything special, the end result for the viewing audience is a sense of alienation, a sense of separation from the film. A voyeuristic feeling. The electricity which is always present at a live concert, the tension of people together in one place, this isn't felt at all. One has a similar notion when he is viewing a baseball game through long-range binoculars at Cleveland Municipal Stadium. The action is simply itself, working to separate the audience from the action, too far away to be adequately experienced by the audience; the camera's observant qualities are used against making one overly conscious of the fact that he is in-

deed just watching a film, there's simply no audience participation on even the most rudimentary levels.

Woodstock is different. New camera techniques (and, of course, new printing technique) are now important in involving the viewing audience in the film. Triple and double split-screen, super-imposition, stop-action framing, extreme wide-angle panning shots, these all fit together to capture the audience. The tension between each particular image of the split-screen construction creates something new and exciting. For once, the camera and the performers are equally exciting, and they both work to achieve the same level of tension, forcing the viewing audience to become equally involved and excited. The mechanics of the split-screen technique are never used for their own sake; they provide a simple artistic beauty, or perhaps make a gentle political statement. But it is always used with great skill and very excellent taste. The triple focus on Alvin Lee, lead axe of *10 Years After*, is very good — and this image is balanced against the driving rhythms of his bass player. The effect is stunning, the images cascade into each other smoothly, the group is explored and effectively presented in detail, with all the color and mystery of a live performance.

The sound track is very good. It contains four tracks of stereo coming from speakers located at the front of the theater, as well as the side and rear. The sense of sound and timing is excellent, the involvement total. The acoustics of the theater work to enhance the film.

The film is a *cinema verite* production. The cameras rove at will through the crowd recording the entire history of the event — with the hand-held camera, one gets a sense of pure mobility and factual reality through the lens (traditional characteristics of all *cinema verite* films); yet, in *Woodstock*, the aspect of fantasy and mystery begin to appear for the first time in a successful *cinema verite* effort. The dynamism created by the tension between the reality of the performance, and the fantasy created by super-imposition and screen-composition techniques, is in fact incredible. One example: there is a fantastic kaleidoscope sequence involving Mike Schrieve, the drummer of *Santana*. One feels the fantasy and the mystery, yet is conscious of the real situation at the same time. A powerful feeling is generated by this interaction. Let me assure you the feeling is a good one. Surrealism has been refined as a merging of dream and destiny. If that is indeed the case, *Woodstock* is certainly a pleasing blend of the surreal and the factual. This paradox is very exciting. Its effect is a result of a culmination of individual perceptions, and it is bound to affect a viewing audience.

THERE is a myth (a fabrication: a tale) spreading about these days, that films which employ the *cinema verite* technique are not political. It is even possible to read reviews stating that *M*A*S*H* (not a *cinema verite* production) is in fact not political. This is all stuff and nonsense. One must be careful not to confuse politics with propaganda. A film like *Woodstock* is political, not because it was filmed for political reasons (read propaganda), but because it explores precisely that very historical weekend which in itself was political. This is the reason that *M*A*S*H* is a political film, or the reason that *Salesman* is political. Write to the Maysles Bros.

— they will tell you how political *Salesman* is (possibly they will tell you other fine things also). Anyway, politics flows so gently into *Woodstock* that it is easy to miss them or ignore them. The rejection of the intellectual complexities of war, and the alternative embracing of antic behavior in *M*A*S*H* is a political occurrence, and the reasons and bonds which unite the *Woodstock* nation are political in a similar way. Some would argue that these bonds are tenuous at best, but that's a moot point. That there are bonds is evident by the events of the past few weeks, not to mention the Moratorium gatherings of last year.

My basic premise is this: *Woodstock* is political because it is a film about the lives of people who led political lives, about people who consider dress, music, drugs, and other fine things as part and parcel of a political existence. That is why it is a political film. This generation is a political generation. Consider the past few weeks. A generation which has known political life from the moment of its conception has now embraced ugly propaganda and raised insipid arguments for the economic boycott of the cinema and the recording industry. The strikers have done a dangerous thing. One can only hope that books will not be next. When art is arbitrarily made expendable, then the revolution itself becomes expendable, a fraud. Revolution is not a full-time affair. It is a part-time thing: it must blend in and become a part of a person's daily life, not disrupt it or cause it to cease altogether. What happens to artists who will not give up their art for the revolution? The revolution must have time for art and must never seek to dominate it, as is the suggestion now. In a capitalistic structure money is tied to art; this is perhaps unfortunate, nonetheless it is the case. Destroy the monetary means through a boycott and you are in danger of destroying art itself, especially in areas like the cinema and the record industry. The North Vietnamese laughed at Rennie Davis when he told them the revolution was a full-time affair in the United States. They knew that there must be time for art and life, or the revolution will destroy itself. This is what the people in *Woodstock* realized. Politics and art are part of their lives, and not mutually exclusive properties. That is why *Woodstock* is so impressive.

*Some of your youth seek pleasure as if it were all,
and they are judged and rebuked.*

*I would not judge nor rebuke them. I would have
them seek.*

For they shall find pleasure, but not her alone;

*Seven are her sisters, and the least of them is more
beautiful than pleasure.*

*Have you not heard of the man who was digging in the
earth for roots and found a treasure.*

—Kahlil Gibran

Woodstock is a deluge of pleasure. Colors, sounds, people, performers, everything is exciting. The film has power like you've never seen. The *Who*, Joe Cocker, Hendrix, Sly, Alvin Lee, *Santana*, Havens, *10 Years After*, Crosby Stills & Nash — three hours for three dollars, think about it. Power like you will never see again.

John Stupp

The Scholastic

the last word

There would be something incongruous and even wrong about a new editor running his last word in this last issue of the year: though the magazine belongs to us now, the year belongs to Michael and Phil and Michael and John and Ray and Richard. What follows is a speech Rich Moran gave before the University Forum meeting on May 2. It is on the Christian University. It is on leading, or trying to lead, the Christian life. We offer it in this space.

WHAT worries me about the following remarks is that they will be all too precious and too delicate, that they may even seem timid after Mr. Nixon's ruthlessly brutal words of Thursday night. It is unfortunate that the moral and educational position of this University is so depraved that we must lead lives of action to arrive at the privilege of contemplation. For all too often, that action will leave us without the peace of soul to engage in the thought and contemplation that must lie at the center of university life.

What is needed now is an honest yet devoted assessment of the position of the Christian university in terms of the immediate situation. Perhaps, we must ask how a Christian university should evaluate her internal activity and her external conduct, today, in a world torn by struggle and upheaval, in a society whose

fibres are disintegrating, in a country that is engaging itself in an immoral war and in the continued oppression of the poor and the Black.

But, as immediate as these questions are, they are not peculiar to this decade or to this epoch in history. For when we acknowledge that this society is dissolving, we acknowledge a central fact within the human condition: that the institutions of this world are transitory and, finally, only uneasy superstructures atop an irrational foundation of sands, shifting and quick. Within each human being, within society, there resides a terrible assembly of dark, inscrutable forces, always present—sometimes latent, sometimes active. Every institution, from its moment of formation, is subject to these forces, subject to the disintegration of the myth that glosses over these forces. Our question then, in

its simplest yet most universal form: How does the Christian university conduct herself in a world beset by original sin?

I am reminded of a passage from Trotsky, once related by one of my teachers. Trotsky describes history as a troop train moving through the countryside. The train is packed with soldiers. One particular soldier stands at a small window of the train and gazes at the miles of barren wasteland. Finally the train passes through a town and the soldier sees a girl standing not far from the track. He winks at the girl and she winks in response—but then she is gone. For Trotsky, the train represents the irresistible force and direction of the mass movement of history. The soldier is a meaningless integer. His love and his passion mean nothing amidst the ruthless force of history.

But if we look at this metaphor, not from the perspective of the train, but from the inside of the soldier's soul, we see that the wink means everything. And if we imagine the train as our deteriorating yet relentlessly brutal society and the Christian university as the soldier on that train and perhaps even Christ as the girl at the side of the road, we can understand the importance of the wink, the importance of a generous and gratuitous gift of understanding and love.

If we are to fulfill the possibility of this wink, we must first be courageous enough to unfix our eyes from the course of the train, to put aside our blind, uncritical love of our country, its history and its power. And if we then choose to wink, within that wink must reside a willful acceptance of the responsibilities of love. For while the soul of a university demands that we look outside the train, the flesh and bones that distinguish a Christian university demand, first, that our gaze be permeated with passion—a passion seeking eternal happiness—and, second, that it be generously committed to its vision.

As we design our university in accordance with this commitment, we must be careful that our complicity with the government, with the American myth, and

with the technological society does not keep our eyes fixed firmly on the forward course of the train—where there is ultimately nothing to see. And if, after winking, we discover that we cannot live our lives in the memory of that wink, we must not call our university Christian. But if we choose to make that claim to Christianity, we must live out the promise of that claim.

Then, if we discover that the wink demands that we hold each life to be sacred, we must respond to that demand and prohibit the intrusion of a government that would have us research its projects of killing, a chemical company that would have us make its weapons or a spy ring that would use our sacred space to recruit more spies to overturn governments and murder individuals.

And if we discover that the activities of the Colleges of Business and Engineering are designed to grease the mechanisms of the train or to board up her windows—if we discover that the vocational training that goes on in those classrooms and laboratories has nothing to do with looking upon the abyss—or possibly, the Kingdom—outside of the train, we must ask that those classrooms be closed or at least be given the tangential support that is consonant with our true priorities. Indeed, many of us wonder why the Board of Trustees that governs this University should be composed of those captains of industry that are responsible for the maintenance of the train and its track. Many of us wonder if this is not the group that is too busy to look out the window, too committed to the train to live in the memory of the wink, too obsessed with the welfare of the train to consider the loves and the hates, the sufferings and the joys of its passengers.

For if we continue to make claims to Christianity and continue to ignore the demands that these claims make upon us, we are no better than the soldier who stares hard-faced and unblinking at the girl whose tenderness lays siege to his soul.

Rich Moran

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