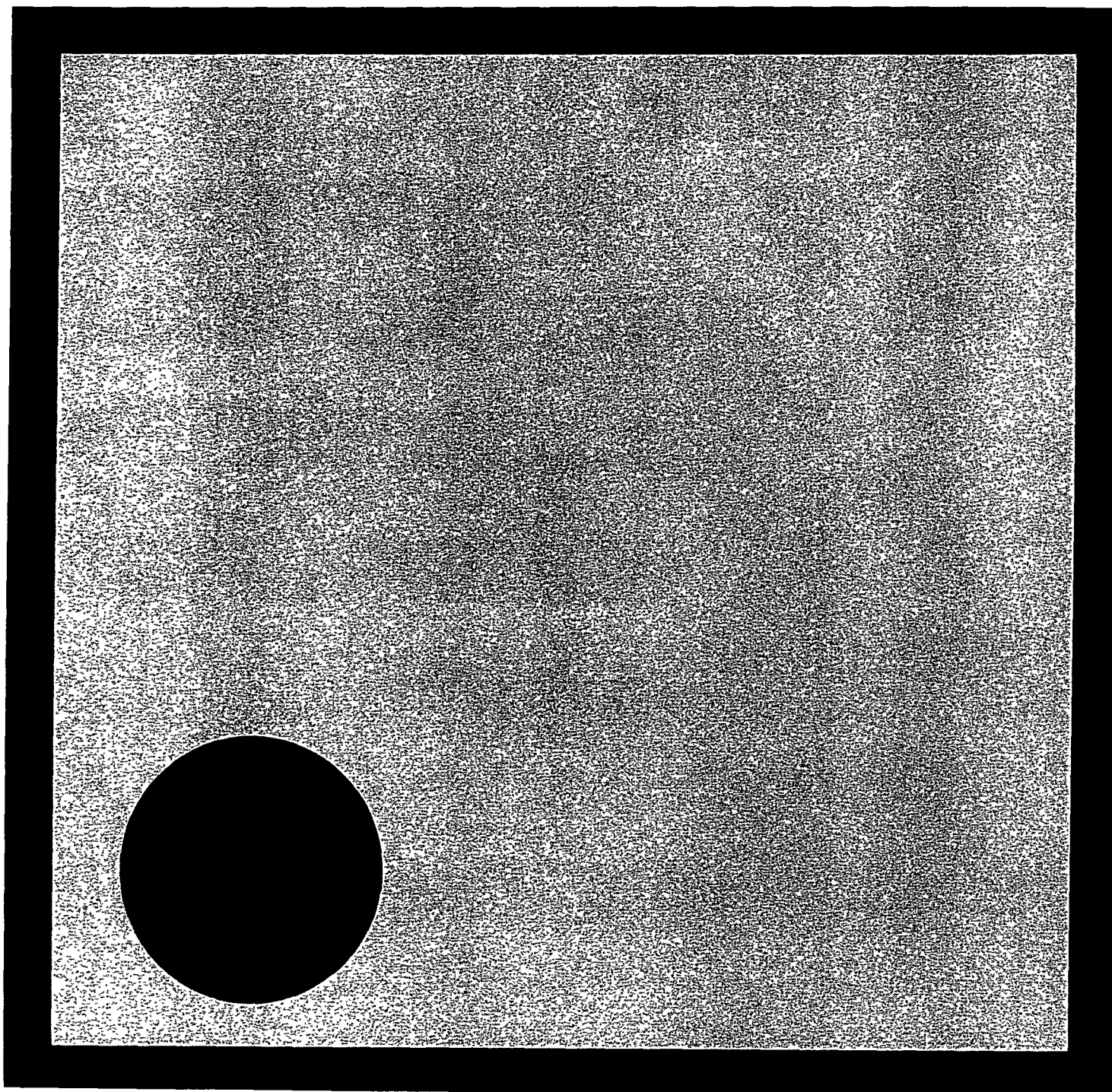


**scholastic**

**september 25, 1970**



# Juggler

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# Letters

Dear Editor:

We see as hypocrisy the extravagant celebration of Christmas when there is no peace on earth. So our group feels it is time for a Christmas boycott. We are not going to buy presents this year, nor are we going to receive them. We will do without decorations, and may be fasting on Christmas day instead of feasting.

Instead of spending, we will work for peace on earth by giving our money to help make amends for the suffering we have caused — such as by financially adopting a Vietnamese child, and by giving our time to stop the war. We are calling for people to put peace back in Christmas — what better way to observe the birth of Christ than to bring an end to the war this year?

We are counting on college groups to do most of the local work. Here are some possible approaches for organizing the boycott:

1. Contact local clergy — many should be receptive to taking commercialism out of Christmas and putting peace back in.
2. Organize picket lines at department stores and shopping centers.
3. Do guerrilla theater on the sidewalk in front of large stores. Dramatize the horrors of war or the contradictions in the thinking of the military.
4. Leaflet at high schools, train stations, churches and shopping centers.
5. Urge fellow students not to go home for vacation unless their parents agree to participate in the boycott.

We would welcome any criticisms and suggestions readers might have of this proposal.

Westport Citizens for Peace  
P.O. Box 207  
Saugatuck Station  
Westport, Conn. 06880

Dear Editor:

The proposed pre-election University recess to facilitate student and faculty campaign participation appears more and more as a symbolic gesture that is foredoomed to be empty of much political and educational impact. Supposing that a substantial number of the faculty and students are inclined and prepared to participate in some campaign, what roles will they be able to assume in the last days of the campaign? What then can be their effectiveness? Let us be realistic in answering these questions.

More significant than the recess-gesture would be the following courses of action:

- 1) Participation — beginning now and continuing to election day — in campaigns in Indiana and Michigan. This is possible with time that might ordinarily be used in non-academic and social activities. This long-term work in a campaign is likely to be more educational than crash-involvement at the end of a campaign. This kind of long-term involvement would also be an introduction for many to the conditions under which political activism must ordinarily be carried on. Jobs and family duties do not cease for those outside the University who would make political involvement a continuing, serious concern in their lives.
- 2) Reading home-town newspapers and becoming familiar with the way issues are being drawn in campaigns in home areas. Beginning now and continuing till election day — to write letters to the editor, to friends, to relatives, and to family — letters in which a persuasive argument is made on the choices open in local elections.

At this point in mid-September, there are ample opportunities for members of the Notre Dame community to participate significantly in the present campaigns for national offices. These opportunities do not require the splashy and largely futile gesture of University closure.

Sincerely,  
Walter Nicgorski

THE SCHOLASTIC

# Editorial

## On Crusade: Nixon at Kansas State

Wearing a purple and white tie (the school colors), and at one point linking his career with the fortunes of the University's football team (which recently staged a comeback after years of defeat and gloom), President Nixon delivered the first Alf Landon lecture at Kansas State University last Thursday. As on his previous visits to American campuses, he chose his audience well and was justly rewarded with several five-minute standing ovations. Reading over the text of the speech in the *New York Times* (17 September), we noted a frighteningly Evangelical tone—the President sounded suspiciously like a preacher talking to a group of enthusiastic Believers. Witness some selected but unexpurgated passages:

When Palestinian guerillas hijacked four airliners in flight, they brought to 250 the number of aircraft seized since the skyjacking era began in 1961. And as they held their hundreds of passengers hostage under threat of murder, they sent shock waves of alarm around the world at the spreading disease of violence and terror and its use as a political tactic.

That same cancerous disease has been spreading over the world and here in the United States.

After listing bombings in Madison, destruction of research work on "a cure for cancer," shootings of policemen and judges, and accompanied by scattered outbursts of "What about Kent State," Mr. Nixon said this:

The destructive activists at our universities and colleges are a small minority, but their voices have been allowed to drown out—my text

at this point reads, "The voices of the small minority have been allowed to drown out the responsible majority." That may be true in some places, but not at Kansas State.

Much applause. After several similar passages, Mr. Nixon ended his speech and told the students:

I can truly say to you here today: You are the heart of America. And the heart of America is strong. The heart of America is good. The heart of America is sound.

It will give us—you will give us—the sound and responsible leadership that the great promise of America calls for, and in doing so you'll give my generation what it most fervently hopes for: the knowledge that your generation will see that promise of the American dream fulfilled.

Read it over several times: the words are carefully selected. Like any good rally speaker from Jerry Rubin to Carl McIntyre, the President designed his speech for a particular audience with particular backgrounds and particular prejudices. The comments of a Kansas State professor as reported in the *Times* of 22 September, are to the point. The President, he said, learned this: "Appeal for civility to a basically homogeneous crowd raised on the white middle-class American dream, and the response is applause. Speak with the air of a moralizing preacher in fundamentalist country and ovations follow."

Perhaps what the President suspected after his crusade with Billy Graham in Tennessee, he now knows for sure.

# Carolyn Gatz



## The monster that devoured Dogpatch

"Count Yorga, Vampire" and similar concoctions taught one vital lesson to be forever filed in that creaking cabinet of the mind. Notably: a vampire may seemingly die, but, being the crafty creature it is, without that remarkable antibody the wooden stake what appears may be deceiving.

In another drawer of the same file cabinet, an overstuffed manila folder bears the conclusion drawn from its contents: "Politicians are like vampires." Witness Richard Milhous Nixon. Witness Arthur Goldberg. Witness Al Smith.

Witness Orval E. Faubus, six-term governor of the state of Arkansas. For twelve years, Faubus operated one of the strongest political machines to survive the hundred-year mark since Reconstruction. The state was essentially one party, embellished by that string of characteristics which created the South as it is identified today.

Undaunted by Mr. Rockefeller's intervening terms as Governor (during which Faubus built a mansion in the Ozarks complete with guided tours and managed Al Capp's new Disneyland *cum* Dogpatch), Faubus again placed his name on the gubernatorial ballot this summer. Two weeks ago, in the Democratic Primary run-off, Arkansas voters sent Faubus back to manage Dogpatch. The synthesized reasoning seems to have been that containing Dogpatch in a few designated areas was preferable to having it run rampant through the state.

There's a curious allegory somewhere here. It's about American political/cultural conditions and the cultural psychology underlying these. Listening to Nixon-Agnew rhetoric during this election, listening to Adlai Stevenson's opponent in Illinois, listening to Roudebush television spots, the allegory emerges.

The South one hundred and almost ten years ago was a nation defeated, humiliated, with a culture that had decayed beyond resuscitation. Reconstruction only served for gross exploitation — and consequently damnation for over a century to slow, painful economic

regrowth and cultural regrowth that made the economic look easy. Any northerner prone to quick generalizations about the blatant backwardness of the South agrees that reconstruction stands far from finished.

The nation, at this point, looks much like the South at the beginning of that fierce backlash after exploitation by the Carpetbaggers: threatened with humiliating defeat, embracing a dying culture, staunchly refusing to awaken to new social consciousness. And in the susceptibility of that time in the South, vampires took control, after the Carpetbaggers left — perpetuating stagnant conditions as much as possible, despite a world moving on.

The carpetbaggers of a hundred years ago were wrong; they were exploiters of the most pernicious sort. That's where the allegory breaks down.

For all the evil done by the carpetbaggers, it was the backlash which followed, led by Faubuses, that created the hundred years following Reconstruction. It was the backlash that stagnated the South.

It is in reference to the backlash that the allegory holds. There is a new breed of politicians, or perhaps only vampires re-awakened, emerging at a fast pace. And they readily denounce what they term carpetbaggers wherever they deem fit. Yet the clout in this rhetoric depends on distortion; for the liberal reformers denounced by Nixon, Agnew, Roudebush and Smith are needed today, at least more than any alternatives held out from the conservative camp. They offer the most moderate answer to the severe problems facing the nation; at least they may hold back the tendency to follow the South's path of a hundred years ago. But perhaps there is no need for truth in accusations. All one needs is a label, like carpetbaggers.

Meanwhile, Faubus is back in Dogpatch, blissfully managing an amusement park. Little comfort to a state that desperately needs genius in its leadership and not just the rejection of social/political anachronisms. But the voters did reject him and maybe it's time for the rest of the nation to take note of history.

# Steve Dixon



## In an unfinished chicken coop

Pre-college English courses were uncreative drags. Assignments were "exercises," the craft of putting strangled thought to paper, effectively, or at least coherently. Compositions composed in a funnel.

"Five hundred words, one side of the paper only, name and date at the top, print or type. Due Friday. Outlines by Thursday, of course."

Subject matter was the least consequential. Plopped before the novice by the anachronistic machinations of archaic text-book writers.

"Choose one of the twenty listed 'ideas' for a topic. You can, of course, write about something not listed. But see me before you write the outline." And on and on.

Topic tyranny disregarded, the outline was the single greatest demagogue. The finished outline placed the writer in someone else's unfinished chicken coop, enclosed him in barbed-wire, and told him to "finish it, fix it, and clean it up." Because by Thursday, the composition's subject matter was a finished product. All that was left for Thursday night was the drudgery of expanding the thesis to 500 words, shoring up the holes with assimilated or inspirational craft, and consulting Roget's for the most efficaciously enhancing adjectives. Inspiration and creativity smothered by schemata and technique.

Early in the game, it occurred to me that I should write on Wednesday, eek out an outline on Thursday, and cheating somewhat, hand in the reverse process on Friday. . . . But not out of respect for inspiration or creativity. Those were words describing prophets and science-fiction writers. No, the reversal came about because of boredom. The drudgery of knowing what had to be shaped ahead and the frustration of ineffectively tying dead thoughts together with dead devices.

College took its toll on this reverse process — single-step process now, since the outline is seldom required. Many ten-page papers were dead on page six and ceremoniously burned. Three-page papers turned out ten pages long. Inspirational manuscripts awaited the inspiration ten days late, while still others to this very moment await some intangible, unstruc-

tured truth force.

But, it doesn't matter. Writing is no longer drudgery. It is a learning process all by itself. Technique, craft, are still groping, inadequate, floundering things. But, things that flounder less violently as consciousness is stimulated by experience and increased by imagination in scope. Writing is the cause of considerable excitement and anguish. It belittles the writer, keeps him awake nights, and questions the direction of his life. In *Cannibals and Christians*, Norman Mailer writes of the great anguish and unspeakable difficulties Jean Malaquais had in writing novels. Mailer asks in bewilderment why Malaquais should even bother. To which Malaquais responds, "Oh, but this is the only way that one can find the truth. The only time I know that something is true is at the moment I discover it in the act of writing."

It is just these moments of intellection that are squelched or limited severely by the confines of the chicken coop. Boarded up in the closed, infinitesimal consciousnesses of outlines and schemata.

The game-plan, intentionally so, makes the going easier. The finished product, the goal, is already in mind. Just follow the steps to a satisfied culmination, however devoid of discovery. But, what is this column really all about? Not merely writing. Just as accurately, it may be about the way men structure their lives. The inevitable question of senior year is upon me now. People do refuse to relent, "What are you going to do with your life?" And my mind clicks ahead twelve light years and I think of some little planet that will get me to that all-fulfilling end within my grasp.

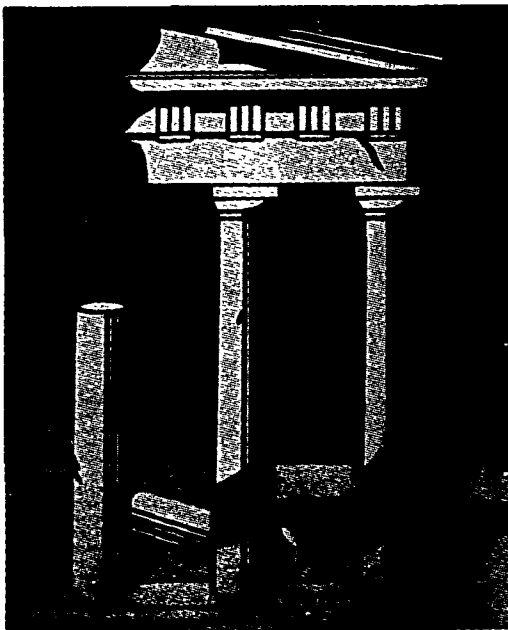
So I say to myself (I am growing deaf  
my dear) I say to myself: Boy,  
you are getting ready to trade  
the possibilities of the future,  
otherwise known as soul  
for the ego,  
the beans and the booze

Remember: that Guy died for us.

Norman Mailer

The possibilities, the possibilities.





# The Week In Distortion

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## *Myne Pette, Bouser*

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*New York* magazine reports the recent discovery of a Chaucer manuscript in the northern part of southern England. Apparently written when the poet was about twelve years of age, it is a short (twelve-line) poem entitled "Myne Pette":

Myne slepying hound is broun,  
His smale tale is down;  
Wel loves he bouns and  
scrappes,  
Strong wyn and myghty ale he  
lappes.  
This noble dogge has gentil  
herte,  
Smale foweles he taken aparte.  
His bark is loude, his tooth is  
longe,  
He kisses myn face with his  
sweet tonge.  
For the proverb saith that  
"He is gentil that dooth gentil  
thynges,"  
Up roos myn slepying hound

And to me brighte joly love he  
brynges.

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## *Just a Matter of Time*

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Unsure of whether this should go under "consolatory news" or "black humor," we simply offer the following for your edification from the *Vietnam Bulletin*, published weekly by the Saigon Embassy in Washington:

Maj. General Dong Van Khuyen, Commander of the Central Supply Command, told newsmen Wednesday that the Republic of South Vietnam Armed Forces would be logistically self-sufficient *by mid-1973*.

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## *Thanks Muchly*

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Transportation Secretary John A.

Volpe announced last week that \$290,000,000 will indeed be appropriated by the Congress for research on the controversial SST. Along with this happy assurance, Volpe had an optimistic word for the ecology-minded. "Noise problems," he said, "will not matter much initially because for the first five or six years the plane will go into trans-oceanic service. Take-off noise will be minimized by a fast climb."

Try telling *that* to the folks around Kennedy Airport.

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## *Mayhem in Minneapolis*

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Police recently raided the home of a Minneapolis resident active in anti-war campaigns, in the midst of a fund-raising party. One of twenty charges against the man, a University professor, was that of "partici-



pating in a disorderly house." The judge who heard the case, however, dismissed all charges, after speculating whether "there would have been such a raid had this been a fund-raising party for an alderman, Mayor, Congressman and so forth." He said he made his decision because "one incident cannot make a house disorderly."

Getting Wind of the Draft

Stolen from *The New Yorker*: "Columbia University Draft Information Center is in Dodge Hall." And furthermore, the local contingent of draft counselors (that's their office on the first floor of the library) is recruiting (drafting?)

women students to join their staff with the motto, "The Man You Save May Be Your Own."

(On the serious side, if anyone is interested in taking the draft counseling course in October, contact Tom Thies, Kathleen Grima, or anyone working in the library office.)



# Sam Brown: The Politics of Peace

*In November of 1967, when Senator Eugene McCarthy announced he would challenge Lyndon Johnson for the Democratic Party's Presidential nomination, Sam Brown left Harvard Divinity School to organize Students-for-McCarthy. In the spring of 1969, with opposition to the war perhaps at its most popular, he began work on what culminated in the October Moratorium. He has just returned from a trip to Vietnam and is working on a book. The article which follows is reprinted with permission from the August Washington Monthly. Because of space limitations, SCHOLASTIC is able to print only the first half of the article in this issue.*

**W**HEN I visited the North Vietnamese and NLF representatives in Paris last February, they made it clear that they had never counted on the American left to end the war. Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, the foreign minister of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (of the NLF), remarked that she found student radicals very sectarian and reluctant to touch political power. She continued that the confused assortment of political objectives on the left—from legalizing marijuana to overthrowing the government to providing free abortions—dilutes the political impact of the peace movement. The result, she suggested, is that the Vietnamese people and American soldiers carry the burden of America's social problems. Insofar as unrelated issues are tied to the peace movement, weakening it, Vietnamese people and American soldiers die every day because the peace movement has exported the costs of America's social problems to Asia.

I found these Vietnamese revolutionaries far more thoughtful than most young American revolutionaries. Their private conversation was radically different from their strident, ideological press releases, and they seemed to bear little malice toward the American people. They didn't express hatred for Middle America, or even for the soldiers in Vietnam. The negotiators seemed to be tough-minded realists, who expect a long war and don't believe that America is anywhere near collapse. In short, these communist leaders are very connected to reality, where political self-delusion can cost people their lives.

One such delusion within the American peace movement has been the notion that we can retain a private dimension of political morality for ourselves. We define the significance of peace rallies in such a way that we

cannot lose our purity. So if Jerry Rubin or the Black Panthers offend people from a peace platform, we conclude that Jerry Rubin's style is his own business and the Black Panther platform is logically separable from the war—therefore the offended people should pay attention to the anti-war political message independently of its context. We cannot be responsible for their confusion or stupidity.

Thus doves reason that they have the best of situations: if the war ends, they can take credit for political effectiveness; if it continues, they have personally separated themselves from the war policy. The problem, as Madame Binh pointed out, is that there is no private realm for people dealing with the politics of war. The significance of our acts in the peace movement is politically determined, not privately defined. Every time a 16-year-old high school student steps off the curb for a demonstration, there is a political effect. The war may be nearer or further from its end, according to the political impact of his action. This places an awesome responsibility on those who lead others into action.

**T**HE responsibility will be increasingly important as it becomes clearer that President Nixon is committed to some kind of non-defeat in Indochina which he calls "winning the peace." There is no evidence in his history that he could withdraw all troops from Vietnam and stop all bombing if doing so would be described as a defeat. This means that building peace politics is not superfluous. American, Cambodian, and Vietnamese bodies are still being blown apart every day, and only a peace movement which reaches Richard Nixon's constituency can stop it. Doves must find lessons in the

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“Unfortunately, irrationalities matter in democratic politics; and peace is not here just because we want it . . .”

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past five years of anti-war activity to avoid both the errors of previous strategies and the fiction that the war will dissolve of its own accord. Neither Vietnamization nor a naïve peace movement can end the war.

Since November, 1969, the President and Vice President have used the apolitical purism of many committed peace people to split the non-moral opposition to the war away from the anti-war activists. They realize that most American voters make political decisions largely on issues of tone and style rather than on the basis of rigorous foreign policy analysis. The right wing of potential peace supporters—those opposed to the war for a variety of non-moral reasons, ranging from its economic cost to the futility of seeking a conventional military victory—tend to cave in to Presidential authority, especially when the tone of his message is more congenial and positive than that of the doves who hold that we cannot grind an honorable peace out of a dishonorable war. The potential peace voters respond favorably to the calm, authoritative demeanor of the President behind the mahogany desk during a television broadcast, and they like neat, clean, thoroughly American behavior. They don't like long hair, campus protest, or, in short, anything which irritates the nerve endings of middle-class values. They may dislike the war, but they dislike radicals far more. Moreover, they inherit this country's anti-intellectual legacy, so that if the President calls for “team spirit” and the peace movement calls for “communal solidarity,” they go with the President. For them, “communal solidarity” smacks of the red specter and academic snobbery.

The Middle Americans who favor an early end to the war hold the political balance between continued Nixonian Vietnamization or worse, and an early end to the war. A substantial majority of them would vote for “withdrawal from Asia as rapidly as possible commensurate with the safety of the troops” if the arguments pro and con were presented in equivalent styles. But the President can commune and communicate with the non-ideologues who want to end the war, and his message is not one of rapid withdrawal but of “winning the peace” and avoiding humiliation. And except for the 1968 campaigns and a brief moment last October 15, the peace movement has *not* been able to talk with, or feel with, its potential allies. The apparent result is that the President has disarmed his domestic critics while the peace constituency has grown larger than ever. I think he will lose on his peace-with-victory tightrope in the long run; but for now, even after Cambodia, the combination of support for this President and a peace majority is another paradox in the string of Catch-22 insanities which have characterized the war—prepared by a liberal President who spoke of ending the Cold War, begun by a President elected on a peace platform, waged by executive order to export democratic self-determination to half of

another country, escalated in the interest of protecting the troops, and continued on the grounds that it is the shortest road to peace.

**T**HOSE of us in the peace movement who have worked for five years on campuses, in campaigns, and in community activities like the Moratorium bear a large share of the responsibility for our alienation from the potential doves in Middle America. The fact that they support the President in a crunch follows partly from historical accident, partly from errors in political judgment by the morally committed, and partly from a lack of courage among the politically astute.

Insofar as the split within the peace movement stems from the student base of most anti-war activity, historical accident is largely to blame. I do not think students would have taken themselves seriously as a political force had the war not begun during the civil rights movement. In the early Sixties, young people learned that voting and precinct meetings were not the only effective forms of political activity, that extra-legal demonstrations worked in the face of a moral horror, and that American leaders often displayed both cowardice and hypocrisy in race relations. The civil rights movement, with all its implications about American politics, was almost a necessary condition for anti-war activism on the campuses.

It was also important that the war was begun by a Democratic President, for Lyndon Johnson's presence in the White House silenced many of those who are now doves against a Republican President. Hubert Humphrey, Arthur Goldberg, Edmund Muskie, Larry O'Brien, Adlai Stevenson III, Birch Bayh—none of the party establishment came close to breaking with Johnson. Even the intellectual community, which might have been expected to provide some leadership, was so closely tied to the Administration that its members—McGeorge Bundy, Francis Bator, Richard Neustadt, Zbigniew Brezezinski, and so on—were reluctant to speak out at first. So were the foreign policy experts, such as Roswell Gilpatric, George Ball, Averell Harriman, and Cyrus Vance. The result was that students were the original peace constituency almost by a process of elimination. Through the draft, we felt the war with the kind of harsh self-interest which motivates most political activity. The first major anti-war demonstration took place in front of the White House in the spring of 1965, organized by SDS. Senators Morse and Gruening spoke, sealing the alliance between students and brilliant eccentrics. When Eugene McCarthy announced his candidacy in November of 1967, everyone assumed that students would be his most consistent supporters, although all the pros, including Robert Kennedy, advised McCarthy against stressing student support.

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“In order to accept the idea that the Vietnam war is immoral, one must admit . . .”

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To say that students have formed the core of anti-war activism does not mean that young people are overwhelmingly dovish relative to other age groups. That is part of the silent majority myth. But I do think that young peace activists tend to have made certain moral judgments about the war, beyond pragmatism. This is a source of strength for the peace movement in that it provides the strongest motive for opposition to the war and also removes the recurrent trap of wavering doves: the victory wish. People who believe that the war is immoral are not tempted to dampen their activity when a vision of conquest is dangled before their eyes. In fact, most of us who have worked to end the war for some time believe that any semblance of a military victory in Vietnam would be disastrous for the United States. It would convince many Americans that the war was right and that it could be successfully repeated elsewhere. Also, a military triumph would go a long way toward replacing the Jeffersonian-revolutionary image of America as a place of hope with a Roman image of this country as a conquering empire.

**I**F the conviction of young people has been a source of strength, it has also been responsible for much of the self-containment of the peace movement. And the significant fact is not that active dissent began on the campus, but that it has largely stayed there.

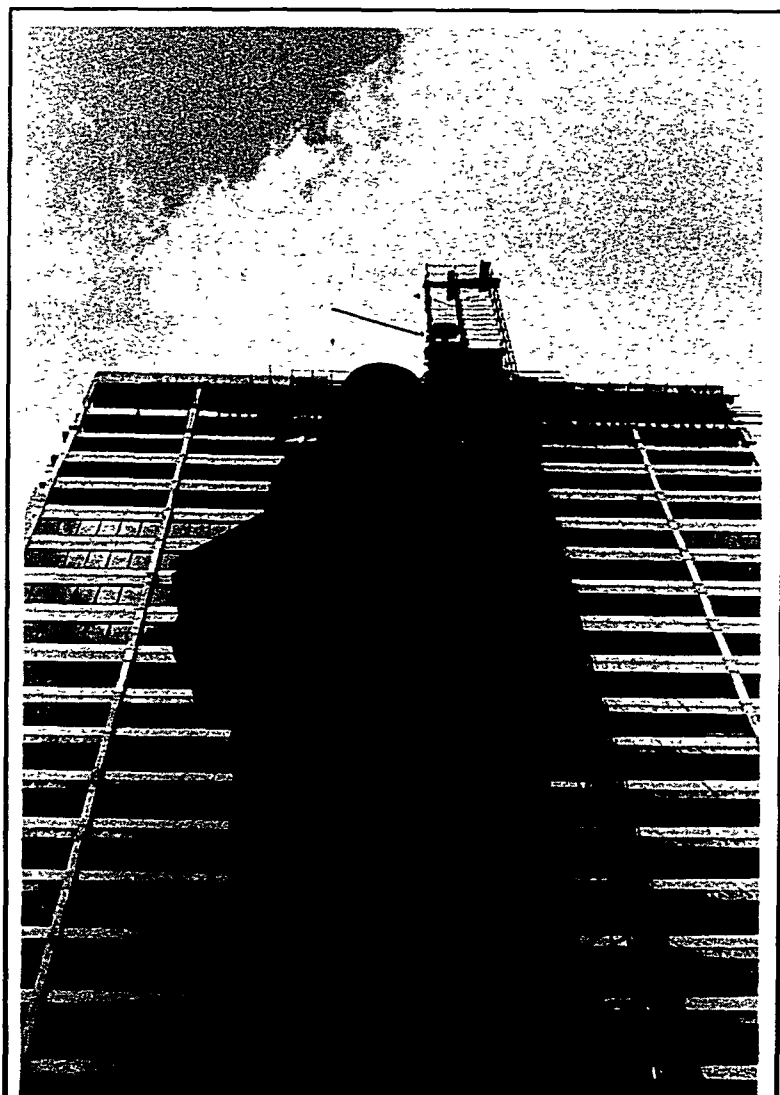
When anti-war activities began on the campuses, most of us were convinced that political education could end the war and that America was sufficiently biased against foreign conflicts to make it impossible for the government to wage war with substantial internal opposition. The draft forced us to confront the war early; and since we reached our decision to oppose American Vietnam policy largely through an intellectual process, we were confident that the country could do the same. So there were teach-ins on Vietnam in 1965 and 1966, and the Vietnam Summer of 1967 was originally called Teach-Out, a campus effort to reach into the community.

The weaknesses of the citizen education campaign became apparent very soon. For one thing, students presupposed a level of basic knowledge about Vietnam that simply didn't exist in most voters. If, in 1965, a student went to a doorstep and the lady said, "I don't know, the President knows more than we do," he became quickly frustrated with such blind deference in the face of facts about the war.

Students found that most voters employed a contorted decision-making process to analyze American involvement in Vietnam. It seemed that they should have been against the war until they knew enough about the issues to argue for it. Instead, people supported the war until convinced that America was wrong, placing the burden of proof on the students and

then being fairly complacent about studying the evidence. Many students found it morally repugnant that a citizen could support Lyndon Johnson's war without having read Bernard Fall, the Vietnam hearings, or even Douglas Pike and the SEATO Treaty, without knowing the history of the Viet-Minh or of French colonialism in Indochina, and knowing little about Ho Chi Minh, Marshal Jean De Lattre, or Ngo Dinh Diem.

It became quite easy for students to react against Lyndon Johnson's use of Middle America's historic anti-intellectualism with a kind of academic chauvinism readily learned from prominent professors. Thus it followed that since every intelligent person was against the war, anyone who supported LBJ was a fool, immoral, or both. With President Nixon reduced to visceral patriotism and respectable demagoguery to carry the war, the argument has been pushed to its conclusion: that people who support the war for immoral or irrational reasons should not count. This judgment is often felt but seldom expressed, because it runs headlong into the left's emphasis on participatory democracy. Unfortunately, irrationalities matter in democratic politics, and peace is not here just because we want it, or even if we can demonstrate on paper that it's a good idea. In order to build a successful peace movement, one must believe that Middle America should count, even after a week's canvassing in Ogallala, Nebraska, or Peoria, Illinois. The alternative



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“ . . . that his whole country is capable of  
perpetrating great wrongs, and that he  
himself is partly culpable.”

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is to join with classical aristocrats, who find the paper ballot a rather crude and absurd method of making political decisions.

Students found it difficult to break the ethos and life style of the campus in order to spend their time in homes and businesses. Canvassing operations and education campaigns require a great deal of organization and commitment to work which is generally tedious. A demonstration, on the other hand, only requires going someplace for a few hours, at least for the non-organizers. The atmosphere at a demonstration is one of a communion of peers, often with recreation and a heady emotional sense of solidarity. Moreover, the civil rights movement had given demonstrations an overtone of moral outrage, and that was precisely the message that the peace movement wanted to communicate: that the Vietnam War is a moral outrage.

Unfortunately, anti-war demonstrations did not succeed in dramatizing the moral aspects of the war, largely because the war was taking place halfway around the world. The sit-ins in the South could demonstrate the moral imperatives of the civil rights movement. One could see the violent clash of behavior against principle, and the connection to the law was clear. Peace demonstrations at draft boards and troop shipping stations attempted to make the same point regarding Vietnam, but the appeal to conscience was too vague or too strained. McGeorge Bundy and Robert McNamara were tucked away in an impeccably proper bureaucracy. They never delivered any napalm in person, and certainly never wore the coarsely hostile face of a Bull Connor.

Civil rights demonstrations had another advantage: they could appeal to the political self-righteousness of 75 per cent of the country in order to defeat the South. This was a significant political lever which the anti-war movement has never had. In order to accept the idea that the Vietnam war is immoral, one must admit that his whole country is capable of perpetrating great wrongs and that he himself is partly culpable. This is difficult for any of us to do. It is far more difficult than deciding that the South's brutal racism is immoral in the face of the non-violent courage of Martin Luther King.

Vietnam demonstrations also developed a high existential content, especially as the war dragged on beneath Ruskian platitudes. At some point it became necessary for all of us to *do* something, regardless of the political effect, in order to separate ourselves from the government. This year's May 9 demonstration was a good example. There had to be some response to the Cambodian invasion and Kent State. Because something had to be done and peace people knew how to produce demonstrations, a quick demonstration was put together. The May 9 rally in Washington was cathartic for everyone already committed against the war—a communion of the wounded, complete with a

mass swim-in in the Lincoln Memorial reflecting pool and speeches about every conceivable issue on the left. But the rally had little political effect on those not already on our side.

The failures of demonstrations as a peace tactic tended to restrict the morally-based anti-war movement to the campus. And, during gestation on the campus, it continually moved toward the left. The enemies became generalized into the System and the solution into revolution. Anyone who added a new plank to the canons of the left was considered purer than his predecessor, and the movement shifted in order to identify with its purest elements. People became unwilling to accept those opposed to the war for less comprehensive reasons. They had to be written off as opportunists and moral reprobates.

This is the first vicious cycle of the student peace movement: the longer it fails to end the war, the farther left it moves, splintering itself into multiple groups in the process, which in turn makes it more difficult to develop the new constituencies necessary to end the war.

I cannot argue strongly for a single-minded peace strategy without considering the emotional costs. Obviously, there are reasons for leftward sectarian impulses, growing out of the history of the Sixties—when this country identified many domestic problems and solved almost none. There is good reason for a healthy cynicism. A young person in this country has seen little but war, the draft, riots, racism, assassinations, pollution, and governmental ineptness since he came into political awareness. A person who is 21 has dim memories, if any, of the early Sixties, when there was a great deal of hope in America.

On a deeper level, there is a strong sense among young people of alienation from the values which built the American economy—impulse repression, acquisitive drive, and status mobility. These frustrations add up to a strong motive for believing that America's problems are insoluble, and that the war is but a symptom whose termination will be of little use.

Finally, there is a feeling that the war cannot be ended on terms other than the Carthaginian Peace acceptable to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Obviously, any tough-minded political discipline toward ending the war is senseless if the chances of success are zero. The existential alternative is to keep one's purity, protect one's life style, and demonstrate a personal separation from the war policy.

This is a dilemma for those who believe that the war is wrong: defeat appears likely and recommends that people withdraw into a personal purity, while ending the war requires that people move toward Middle America and become politically effective.

To unravel this problem, I think a few false issues must be separated out. First, personal appearance, language, and life style have nothing to do with the

"Middle America is still sexually Victorian on the whole, but politically pragmatic, while students . . ."



substance or purity of one's political views. Behavior that is offensive to Middle America neither establishes nor identifies real political differences; it merely offends Middle America. Burning the flag or shouting obscenities at an anti-war rally is for many doves a shortcut for the years of hard work which would make real political enemies on substantive issues. If done for its political effect, such action creates needless liabilities and fosters the self-deception that one is politically righteous in proportion to how much he is despised.

Another kind of false purism follows from an inquisitorial tendency on the left to exclude as many people as necessary to insure the holiness of the group. This is the opposite of the political instinct, which is to include as many people as possible in the interest of achieving an objective. You take your allies where you can, not necessarily making heroes of them, but keeping them in the camp.

It's very dangerous to generalize a personal code of moral absolutism into politics. Many of us cannot accept the draft for this war on personal, moral grounds. But I find it ethically untenable to suggest that everyone who doesn't agree with us is automatically immoral—unworthy of respect and human consideration.

Such absolutist judgment would represent a curiously non-situational ethic for a generation which accepted and popularized situational ethics in sexual relationships. Middle America is still sexually Victorian on the whole, but politically pragmatic, while students are politically absolutist and sexually situational. One

could, as Richard Nixon has, drive a truck through the gap.

On either side of this gap the combatants act like members of the old religious sects, where different rules govern one's conduct toward people outside the group as opposed to those within it. Thus, it becomes possible for an honest, fair-minded judge to display a total disregard for due process in dealing with a long haired radical. On the other hand, it is possible for people on the left—whose internal ethic calls for a loving ethos, an understanding of human weaknesses, concern for the poor, and non-violence—to direct blind hatred toward Middle America, to call people pigs, to glorify militance, and to display considerable cultural condescension toward "hewers of wood and drawers of water," from tobacco farmers to cab drivers to hard hats. The response is obvious.

Sect-like behavior is the source of a second vicious cycle within the peace movement. People in the middle respond to the sign language involved and to the external codes of conduct, not the internal ones. Sectarian violence on the left is the most salient aspect of what the press calls a peace-youth cult.

Perhaps strategic violence in the anti-war movement is yet another legacy of the civil rights movement, during which young people have seen that pompous official statements on the futility of violence consistently ring false against the scramble of politicians to throw money and concern into any urban riot area. But most Americans don't feel guilty about the war, nor do they feel that young demonstrators are its victims. Again, the moral imperatives of the peace movement have been different and weaker than those of civil rights. In any case, I find political violence wrong in principle, and anti-war violence is also strategic nonsense, creating even more needless enemies than flag-burning.

Sectarian violence on the left is the complement of the hard-hat phenomenon on the right. They represent the culmination of the familiar process of polarization.

The real crux of the dilemma over protecting principles comes when it is necessary to make judgments about issue priorities—to choose among contending goals in the interest of effectiveness. This is particularly difficult for young people, who dislike the notion of effectiveness itself because it represents to them the very craving for success that alienates them from America. They have seen too many allies announce with supercilious dignity that they are going to be effective within the system and then drown all moral commitment in self-advancement.

Many older doves not so alienated from success or the work ethic are also wary of the effectiveness trap. Some can remember the Cold War Fifties, when liberals adopted Brooks Brothers suits to "effectively" protect those falsely accused by Joe McCarthy. And liberals continued to adapt themselves to the times until they decried the missile gap in 1960 so they could be effective



“... are politically absolutist and sexually situational. One could, as Richard Nixon has, drive a truck through the gap.”

in making social reforms and finally began the Vietnam war to demonstrate that they were more flexibly effective anti-communists than the hawkish Republicans. In a sense, the trap is responsible for the whole Vietnam mess; for the last generation of liberals made an ideology of effectiveness and finally came to believe in their own tactical compromises.

In order to handle the effectiveness trap, people must have enough self-confidence to believe that the steps necessary to end the war will not erode their commitment to other issues. Adopting a style that does not offend Middle America is itself no compromise of principle. The danger comes when liberals transform Brooks Brothers suits into political disaster, and today's doves must be able to tell when an acceptable style becomes a substantive sell-out.

People must also believe that the war can be ended. Otherwise, they join many students in the non-effectiveness trap—if you decide that it is impossible to win on anything, it makes sense to go down to defeat shouting the pure gospel on as many moral issues as possible. If, on the other hand, doves decide that the peace movement can in fact end the war, then the purest anti-war position is the one which ends the war fastest without compromising the principle that the war is wrong. That position would undoubtedly be tough-minded in that priorities must be chosen and sacrifices made in the interest of ending the war. Jerry Rubin may have to be excluded from a platform to keep John Lindsay, because, coldly, Lindsay is far more politically valuable than Rubin in any successful anti-war strategy. The position would also be painful—it would even be necessary to cultivate dovish potential among racists. But the position would also recognize the daily blood-cost of the non-effectiveness trap.

I think everyone who has a moral commitment against the Vietnam war feels some of these drives toward left sectarianism. Certainly I do. On the night of the Cambodian invasion, part of me wanted to blow up buildings, and I decided that those who have waged this war really should be treated as war criminals. There must be a certain point in the midst of an insanely malevolent situation at which any sane person wants to become a maniac. Discipline and caution appear deceitful.

But despite past frustrations and failures, I think that political self-discipline is precisely what is necessary to end the war. My own feeling is that this war is in fact less intellectually intractable than the long-run problems of pollution or the distribution of wealth in America, and less emotionally deep-seated than alienation from the Protestant work ethic or the overwhelming problem of race. But it throws up an enormous psychological barrier to the perception of these problems, simultaneously draining the nation of lives, resources, hope, and conscience. Therefore, I think that ending the war is a necessary first step toward meeting



more difficult problems, even though ending the war may mean short-run sacrifices of efforts to cope with them.

Also, you have to have faith that the American people will choose the more humane political path when confronted with clearly stated alternatives, and then you work to state the peace choice persistently in the most acceptable style. Until you lose that faith permanently, left sectarianism must be regarded as politically foolish, and only lack of courage causes people who believe so to remain silent.

These realities have been clear for some time. They were paramount in the plans for the Vietnam Moratorium, drawn up in the spring of 1969, when the politics of Vietnam were considerably less carnal than they are now. Nixon and Agnew had not wrapped their policy in the flag, nor had polarization proceeded to the point at which many hawks would cheer the killings at Kent State. But it was clear, at least to our ideological minds, that the President was not going to withdraw from Vietnam quickly and blame the consequences on the Democrats. This option, which so many commentators thought likely because of its “peacemaker” attractiveness and the fact that it would direct any McCarthyite backlash at the Democratic Party, was rejected in favor of a Presidential desire for an outcome with victory written on it somewhere. It seemed that he was going to get out of Vietnam as slowly as possible, while selling the idea that he was getting out as fast as possible.

By spring, many doves had recovered enough from the doldrums of the 1968 campaign to consider new peace initiatives. Jerry Grossman, a Massachusetts businessman, first suggested the outlines of what became the Moratorium. Beginning with a student base, because that was all we could count on, we wanted to develop a single-issue citizen organization with sufficiently eclectic appeal to create a majority for withdrawal from Vietnam.





# being a clown is no laughing matter

**W**HEN one grows older and ventures backstage at the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus, he learns that being a clown is, pardon the expression, no laughing matter. A real clown is a performer, an entertainer, an artist.

In effect the entire circus is one Clown who puts on his white pancake, big red smile, and ruffled collar to produce one effect — that of being The Greatest Show on Earth. And from the press box high in the Convo, the production appears completely successful. A cast of 280, costumes valued at \$500,000 — and scores of trained animals from schnauzers to elephants, whose dollar worth can't even be estimated. Forty-seven acts are presented in three hours.

The quantity of entertainment is itself staggering, but when the thought finally hits home that each entertainer is among *the* most talented in his field, all an appreciative spectator can do is sit back and repeat, "Wow . . . this *is* The Greatest Show on Earth! Wow . . . this *is* The Greatest Show on Earth! Wow. . . ."

The Clown presents a one-dimensional personality to his audience, simplifying his personage to the point at which it evokes no complex emotions, only laughter. But beyond his three-ring necklace, his spotlight make-



up, behind the corridor in which the smiles are kindled before an entrance, rests his soul — his other dimensions.

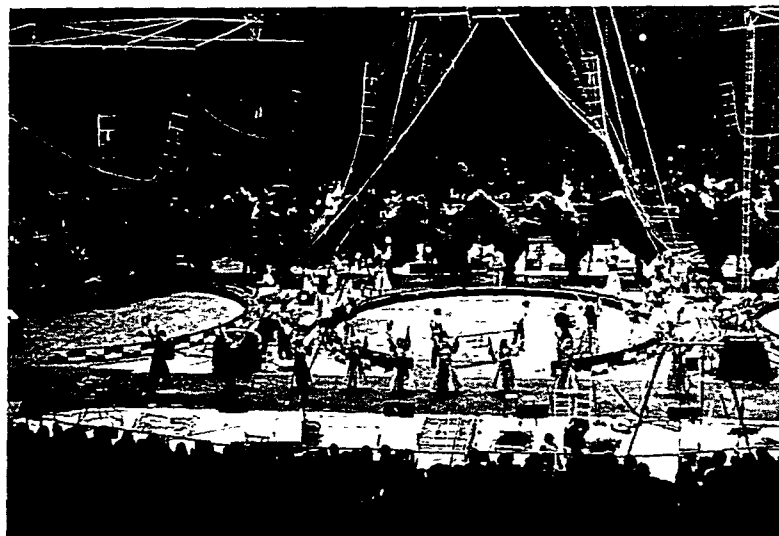
**T**HE circus backstage is a particularly fascinating collage. Racks of glittery costumes, calliopes and stage-coaches that appear a thousand miles from home in the Notre Dame Convo, dogs in skirts, chimps in suitcoats, clowns scolding their rambunctious children, the world's greatest tiger tamer in line behind maintenance men waiting to buy a cup of coffee; five hundred different personalities all together for one purpose — to put on the largest extravaganza in the world.

Each person has his own reason for being in that particular place at that particular time. Jack Joyce, for instance, is the Program Director. He's the number-one man as far as the performance goes. He joined the circus 43 years ago at the age of 18 when he had had his fill of school, performed for a number of years, clowned, moved into circus management and has held his present job for two years.

Unfortunately, one of his jobs appears to be maintaining the performance façade for reporters backstage; hence he tends to accent the whiteface of his

Big Clown and discount the features where friction has rubbed bare the Clown's face.

Danny Chapman is a clown whose innocent-looking greasepaint smile seems only to outline the one he sports on his own face. He joined the circus before World War II, took time off for the army, and returned to the show in 1945. He loves the circus life, his children, his wife, and even wide-eyed campus reporters. He instructs young men at Clown College in Venice, Florida, in the winter months.



SOME people are with the circus for the money, some because they love it more than anything else, others because it's all they know, and still others for reasons quite unique.

Gesa sat on some scaffolding backstage Friday before the show, giving his reasons. Toying with a bottle of make-up, head bowed (somewhat self-conscious about the undue attention paid him), the young Hungarian told me that this was his way of avoiding military service in Hungary. "War is no good," he said. "I like peace." He made a half-joking peace sign with his strong fingers, then looked up with his great sensitive smile that asked first if he was being understood.

Sufficiently answered with another smile, he went on to say that he didn't especially like the money-grubbing circus people and that Americans have a way about them which makes him very uncomfortable. The circus isn't his life; he said that he's trying to get a job with the Jefferson Airplane light show. The long-haired acrobat admitted that he did like American music very much, and talked about how sorry he was that Hendrix had died.





One other exception to his disenchantment with America is his circus train cubicle-mate and girlfriend from Scarsdale, N.Y. A graceful and completely feminine blonde, Bridget has taught Gesa his English, in addition to teaching him that all Americans aren't cold and ugly. As independent performers, Gesa and Bridget sparkle; together and away from the circus they are simply warm people.

Sunday night they left South Bend for St. Louis where the Big Clown was to entertain for a few days. Along with the several hundred other circus people Gesa and Bridget are transported in the long, silver Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey train — second-class freight shipped from one town to the next.

Of course, it's not quite as glamorous as Jack Palance's, and the field behind South Bend's Inland Trucking Company isn't too aesthetically pleasing either. But the contents are impressive. The train is reminiscent of Herb Garner's description of a person — a man is like the car which inevitably makes its entrance at every circus. Driven into the arena, it stops — and out of it pour a thousand clowns — all dancing and kicking and raising hell.

Sipping her breakfast coffee Sunday morning, Bridget noted, "Not everyone who puts on make-up is a clown." Being a clown is no laughing matter.

**jack fiala**  
**photography:**  
**michael lonier**  
**& gary cosimini**



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# marx, jackson, and the american experience: an interview with ronald

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*Scholastic:* What is American Studies, how did it get started and why?

*Weber:* There's been a lot of discussion about American Studies for several years here, and a lot of people interested in starting a program. But last year was the first time it got off the ground. It was okayed by the Academic Council last spring. I think one of the reasons that it came to be now was the curriculum studies we've done: one of the recommendations in there was for more options for students, particularly more interdisciplinary studies. American Studies is one of these. Among others, Black Studies, Comparative Literature. But I think it came to be now simply because it was set for the times.

*Scholastic:* When did it get started first on other campuses?

*Weber:* As an academic study, it dates from right after World War II. It began at several places simultaneously — Pennsylvania, Yale and the University of Minnesota among others. It began when many teachers felt that American Literature courses didn't deal enough with historical matters, didn't take into account the culture in which the literature was written. There are now something like 150 universities that give undergraduate degrees, and about 50 that give doctorates in American Studies today. Among these are Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and other large state universities. It's not a new thing really.

*Scholastic:* What do you think is the benefit of this kind of study?

*Weber:* I think it has lots of benefits. Principally, it seems to me to be almost the ideal kind of undergraduate major in that it cuts across departmental lines. It makes much more sense on this level to provide broad interdisciplinary training rather than narrow departmental training. Beyond that, if one is interested in the American experience or culture this is



a particularly revealing way to study it — i.e. from various standpoints instead of only one. Another thing is that I think interdisciplinary studies are particularly congenial to students right now. Students are very restless with the barriers between bodies of knowledge. Lots of faculty members feel the same. And by bridging them I think we are particularly fit for the times. It's a particularly useful way to study on the undergraduate level. And beyond even that, I think the

*As the brochure states, American Studies is a "search for an understanding of the American experience from an inter-disciplinary point of view." Last week, the SCHOLASTIC spoke to its newly named director, Professor Ronald Weber. Dr. Weber graduated from Notre Dame in 1957, received a Ph.D. in American Studies from the University of Minnesota, and joined the faculty here in 1963.*

# weber



study of American society is a particularly exciting kind of thing, principally because it's not a subject like so many that seems to exist "out there." It's internalized, inside you. So that studying the American experience is studying yourself; the things you discover are in a sense self-discoveries. More practically, I think American Studies is a sensible kind of training for Law School or for working in communications.

*Scholastic:* At this point is it strictly interdiscipli-

nary, or do you plan to create courses on your own?

*Weber:* It's not going to be strictly interdisciplinary but it will have to remain largely so. The experience at other schools is that you get more and more courses within the core area — that is provided by the program in American Studies itself. I myself am slightly mistrustful of that kind of study. I much prefer the "going out" into other departments, the history or art or English departments, say. And then just a few courses in which you try to integrate the sort of things you've discovered. As the program is now set up, it requires 30 hours — 24 of which are taken in the participating departments, six of them in the American Studies coordinating seminars. I suspect that as we go on there will be more seminars provided and some elective courses which could be taken by other than American Studies majors.

*Scholastic:* How are the graduate programs set up? Are they more or less specialized?

*Weber:* I can only speak with limited knowledge, but you can get a Master's or Ph.D. in American Studies. It used to be that some of the schools wanted students to have a Masters in some traditional field so that they could get teaching jobs in a given department. But now it is quite possible for students with American Studies degrees to get jobs in those departments. This doesn't seem to be quite so much a problem anymore. There has even been a great explosion of American Studies programs in high schools or junior colleges. So there are plenty of jobs available in the field. On the doctoral level you continue the same sort of interdisciplinary approach; but you tend to specialize a little bit, especially when you get near your thesis, which has to be read and accepted by two or three departments. As far as course work goes, you are forced to be very interdisciplinary. You'll take courses with people working for doctorates in sociology or art or anthropology.

*Scholastic:* One criticism of most graduate programs



is that they are pretty tedious. Is there any potential here for their being less tedious?

*Weber:* In my experience, the American Studies Ph.D. program is not different from a regular research Ph.D., except that the scope of inquiry is much broader . . . which in a sense makes it even more difficult, almost a doctorate and a half.

*Scholastic:* What sort of combinations are common in American Studies? Are there combination programs between American Studies and other fields?

*Weber:* It used to be that the principal combination was between literature and history, but I think one of the great changes in recent years has been the bringing in of many different areas. There's a lot of interest in sociology, in government, anthropology, art, and popular culture so you get combinations which are much different from the traditional literature-history ones. Social sciences have come much more into interest in American Studies. I suppose that the traditional English-history combination is now a minority position in the totality of American Studies today.

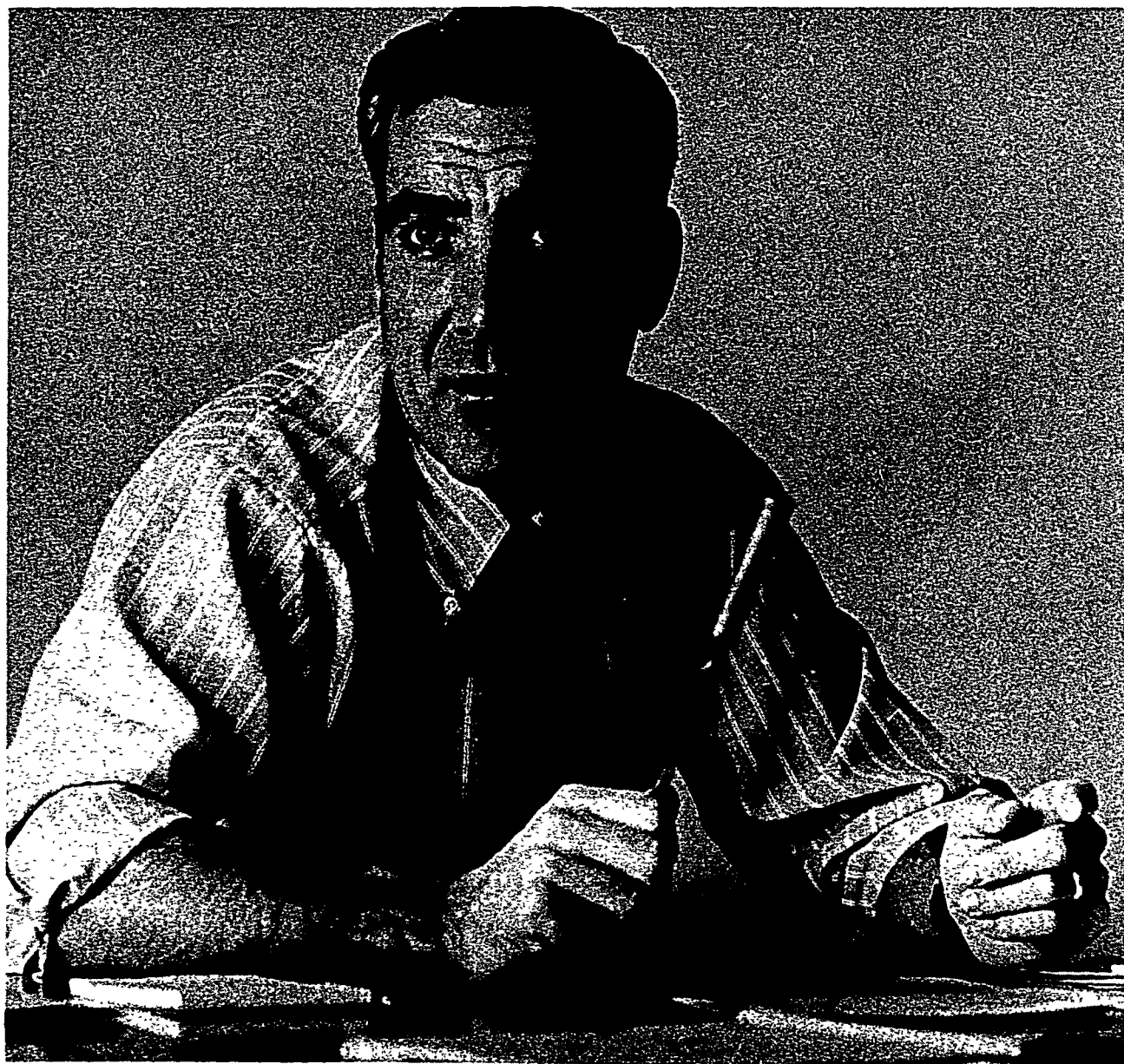
As we go along in the American Studies program, I would hope there would be more courses with distinct American emphasis offered by some of the other departments. In the beginning, however, we are starting out with American literature, history and government because these are the three areas which offer the most American courses.

*Scholastic:* How have other departments responded to this plan?

*Weber:* Well, it's really too early to answer the question. As I mentioned, the program was just approved in late spring. We're just beginning and we don't have much sense of our relationship with any department. But the program has had the endorsement of the participating departments; all my contact with them leads me to believe they're enthusiastic about it, but we really haven't gone on long enough to have any real experience with them yet.

*Scholastic:* You were talking about advantages of the program before, and a lot of them seemed to center around the idea of their usefulness to the students. It would be easy to level a charge that it is dangerous to decide what students want and set up priorities simply on what the students want. How do you feel?

*Weber:* I think that the program of American Studies here and elsewhere is particularly appropriate for the needs of the times, especially for student interests. I think that one of the pieces of evidence along these lines is that out of the last twenty-five years of the American Studies program has come some quite penetrating scholarship. Several books have certainly come out of the American Studies movement; for example, Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land* or Leo Marx's *The Machine in the Garden*, Ward's *Andrew Jackson*, and many others which are, to me, powerful examples of the intellectual and academic validity of American Studies. I think that over and above student interest in it and how it happens to fit in with the times, it is a very exciting intellectual area of inquiry.



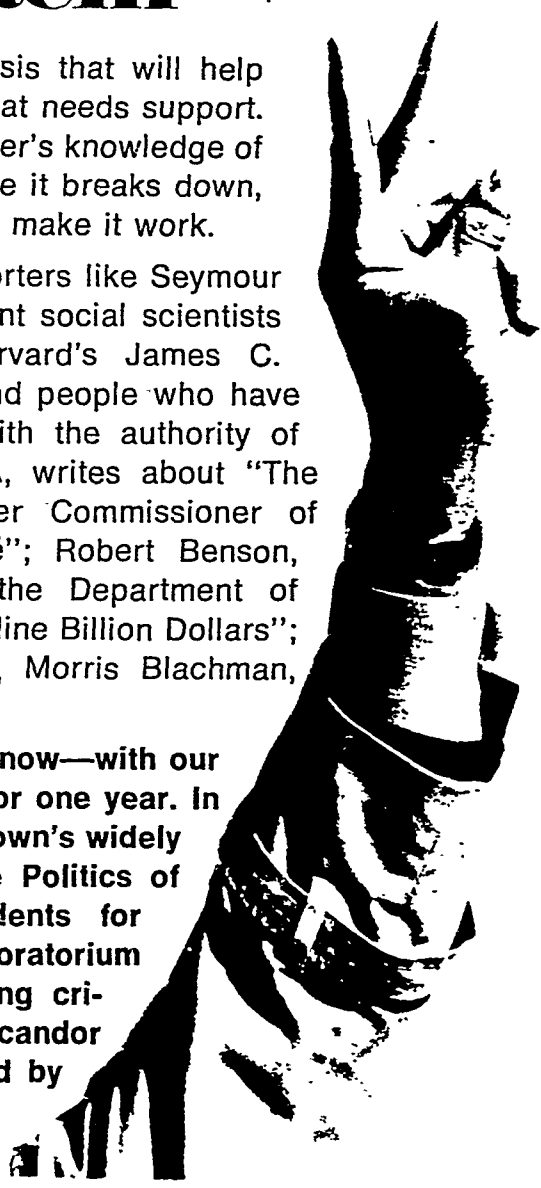


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# perspectives

## how lancelot did save sir urre

### bob meagher

THE question "what is a teacher?" is surely not posed here in frigid detachment or idling curiosity. The very fibers of this question have been spun of dashed expectations and hardened disillusionment. Cast as "students" and "professors," we meet in professional, stylized competition or else retreat in comradeship of commiseration. We stare at each other or stare together at the proverbial "institution" that we ourselves form. Echoing Heidegger's judgment that "the light of the public darkens and obscures everything," many despair of speech, despair of the city and flee to the cave of modern philosophy, the assurance of solipsism and the qualified solitude of intimacy. This despair and the posing of the question "what is a teacher?" are perhaps rooted in an experience described by D. H. Lawrence in *The Rainbow*. The experience belongs to Ursula, his heroine, and quite possibly to us, as well.

She would not consider the professors as men, ordinary men who ate bacon, and pulled on their boots before coming to college. They were the black-gowned priests of knowledge, serving forever in a remote, hushed temple. They were the initiated, and the beginning and end of the mystery was in their keeping.

But during this year the glamor began to depart from college. The professors were not priests initiated into the deep mysteries of life and knowledge. After all, they were only middle-men handling wares they had become so accustomed to that they were oblivious to them.

What, then, is the teacher? In the midst of religious, intellectual, moral, and social degradation and

impoverishment, the temptation is to ask too little, instead of too much from a teacher. A student may ask a teacher for a moment's friendship, a glimpse of adult decency, the warmth of a kind word to cut the chill of one's relations, a home-cooked meal, a family's embrace to nourish one's memories and dreams. But to ask for only this is finally to ask too little. Donatism is as grave a heresy in the "free city," the university community, as in the City of God; for there is a spiritual complicity between the teacher and the priest, however rivalrous they may be. Both work miracles, both dispense "the deep mysteries of life and knowledge," in spite of their own poverty and mediocrity. The teacher risks being called wise and the priest holy. Both risk the sin of scandal. To work a miracle and to be a saint or seer find no necessary convergence. Paradoxically, it is in their radical divergence that each attains peculiar clarity. It is when a sinner works a miracle that the respective meanings of sinfulness and of the miraculous reach tragic brilliance. We may recall the account of Lancelot's miracle in T. H. White's *Once and Future King*. Lancelot, "with treachery and adultery and murder wringing (his) heart like a cloth," believes that only the pure of heart perform miracles. And so do others believe. All of England look to him for the cure of Sir Urre. Lancelot contemplates the publicity of his deceit, the loss of his honor, and fings a harness with which to hang himself. Finally Lancelot, certain of failure, works the miracle. By White's account:

The tents were being let down, the banners waved. The cheers which now began, round after round, were like drumfire or thunder, rolling round the turrets of Carlisle. All the field, and all the people in the field, and all the towers of the castle, seemed to be jumping up

and down like the surface of a lake under rain. In the middle, quite forgotten (Guenivere's) lover was kneeling by himself. This lonely and motionless figure knew a secret which was hidden from the others. The miracle was that *he* had been allowed to do a miracle. "And ever," says Mallory, "Sir Lancelot wept, as he had been a child that had been beaten."

Behold, in Lancelot, the teacher. Those who do not understand have never had a teacher. Those who have never had a teacher will never understand.

**W**E must never ask too little of a teacher. A teacher is one who respects speech and reverences silence. Like the poet and the story-teller, the teacher knows the power of words to articulate the pulsations of life. He knows the creative rush of consciousness that fertilizes experience and conceives the human word, the human story. "All sorrows," says Isak Dinesen, "can be borne if you put them into a story or tell a story about them." The specifically human world is the world of speech, as Hannah Arendt suggests when she says:

However much we are affected by the things of the world, however deeply they may stir and stimulate us, they become human for us *only* when we can discuss them with our fellows. Whatever cannot become the object of discourse — the truly sublime, the truly horrible or the uncanny — may find a human voice through which to sound into the world, but it is not exactly human.

The lethal quest of man today to plan and dominate his world knows of no exit but the very abandonment of that quest by the poet and the teacher who live to complete the world by speaking of it and with it and in it. The "free city" is a place of speech but also a place of silence. It is a place of ritual but finally a place of mystery. In Mr. Frank O'Malley's words:

Teaching belongs to the active life or, rather, to that activity which is the overflow of thought and contemplation. It is the utterance of truth to men who will grow upon the utterance as mystery and rebel against it as formulation.

God is one who speaks and man too, made in God's image, is one who speaks. God breaks the silence of eternity with a word that evokes all things from a void of nothingness and caresses them in a covenant of love. Man breaks the silence of time with a word that fashions his moments and builds his history. We may notice, in the book of *Genesis*, that while every beast of the field and every bird of the air were brought before Adam to see what he would name them, there is no mention of God or man being brought before him to receive their names and thus their reality, their completion. The human and the divine are dark and hidden in the mystery of their final complicity. When man speaks, creation must listen; but when God

speaks, man must listen. Man is first a *hearer* of the word of God, spoken in things and in time, and then a *confessor* of that word. The silence which is broken by human speech is to be a silence pregnant with divine speech, a silence in which man sees the world in a grain of sand and hears the Word of God in the voice of a man, tortured and taken from us. It is a moment in which, with Augustine, one may say: "Each particle of sand in the glass of time is now precious to me."

The teacher reverences silence; and the "free city" finally embraces what cannot be spoken. The teacher realizes that the possibilities of man range from the demonic to the divine. Thus, he knows the manifoldly *ambiguous* character of silence. It betokens either everything or nothing, either the divine or the demonic. Men may hide in the silence of ignorance, prejudice, and concealment or, having witnessed the exhaustion and shattering of words against reality, men may rest in a silence pregnant with mystery. The teacher's words drive others towards existence, towards what Mr. O'Malley has called "the act of the real tasted with the mind and thought with the fingers." The teacher drives others and himself towards silence, the silence which follows, judges, and completes all that can be spoken. Finally, student and teacher, in the fellowship of silence and mystery, *weep* together ambiguous tears, the meaning of which cannot be spoken, each tear a tiny prism of the whole of life and death, the "free city" and the City of God.

*Bob Meagher, long an admirer of Hannah Arendt, Lancelot and Kaboom breakfast cereal, teaches in the theology department and is a passionate Underground Gourmet cook. This essay was first given as a speech during the "Free City" programs last spring. A friend, when speaking of him recently, offered a passage from Aquinas: "The reason why the philosopher may be likened to the poet is this: both are concerned with the marvellous."*



PETER WEISS wrote *Marat/Sade* in 1966. Two years later, after a trip he and his wife made to Vietnam, he put together this short work which he called *Notes on the Cultural Life of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam*. Except for the length of its title and a few brief but powerful passages recalling the vision which charged his play, Weiss's latest work shares next to nothing with *Marat/Sade*. There are no three-dimensional people here, let alone such magnificent characterizations as Jean-Paul Marat and the Marquis; rather, there is a chorus composed of types and featureless citizens, heroes and villains, suffering peasants and Yankee imperialists and artists concerned only with "collective effectiveness."

It is the difference, finally, between art and polemic. Weiss's book becomes, at moments, a work of art only *despite* itself. Its truth, a crucial one, is uttered almost offhandedly — buried beneath piles of propaganda, shouted stock accusations and shallow odes to the revolution. But to dismiss it all so easily is to ignore the

frightening problems embodied in the book's two qualities mentioned above.

*Notes* can perhaps be divided into three sections. Weiss first offers a survey of Vietnamese cultural development from its earliest recorded signs until what he terms "the beginnings of modern literature" around 1930. He makes it clear that the village tradition is one of constant struggle — with nature and with the invading forces of a series of conquerors, principally Chinese. Thus, "the current slogan, 'Fight and Produce,' is completely in line with age-old Vietnamese concepts." There is a continuity in Vietnamese culture which extends all the way back to the Mesolithic civilizations in the Hoa Mountains 100,000 years ago; and there is a tradition of resistance to military conquest which seems almost that old. For Vietnam was first colonized and conquered (by the Chinese) in the first century BC. And as Weiss puts it,

For the next thousand years the history of Vietnam was an epic with a recurrent theme: attack from the north, defense, defeat, revolt and resistance, expulsion of the enemy, new attack, new Chinese domination. These experiences provide the background for the exceptional endurance, patience and toughness of the people.

Always it is the peasant who bears burdens imposed by the powerful and who revolts when he can carry them no longer; always it is the peasant and his culture who suffer but survive amid the passage of empires.

However, the bulk of *Notes* is concerned with the culture that exists in Vietnam, especially the northern part, today. Weiss records interviews with artists and writers, stories of soldiers, excerpts from poems and a survey of the underground literature in the South. Mixed in with all this is a refrain that becomes tired because it is so obvious: the Americans (and their puppet government) will lose, he says; the people of Vietnam will once more expel their conquerors.

This is unsatisfying enough, for it has all been said and heard before. Weiss is content to accept the good he finds and ignore the evils — both potential and actual. He espouses an almost orthodox Marxist aes-

for us a

Peter Weiss. *Notes on the Cultural Life of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam*. New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1970. \$2.25

THE SCHOLASTIC



thetic: art must serve the people, the nature of this service to be determined by the government. But even more saddening and frightening is the ease with which he ignores the dangers of that aesthetic. Artists become "cultural workers," who exist only to aid in defending the revolution and its culture: "... as the supply trucks roll forward, so too do the writers share in the defense effort." He quotes a Vietnamese writer:

For us a book is a weapon. Our readers know how to use a jungle knife, a hand grenade. They want to have the same trust in what a book says as in their weapons. Writing must support them and strengthen them. . . .

Weiss has no qualms about all this, apparently. And that blindness hurts even his ability to help the defense effort: for example, we begin to doubt the truth of his figures, even when he speaks of American bombing damage that is probably as bad as he claims, if not worse.

The book states, then, that historically art and the village culture generally have held the Vietnamese together against their oppressors; they must continue to do this and only this:

For Vietnam, art had to embody a single value. There is no room in Vietnamese art for the portrayal of doubt, oppression, or unrest. In this country, where revolutionary success must be defended every hour, cultural and artistic activities can have only one function: to strengthen, hold together, and encourage.

Perhaps, but in the process the artistic impulse puts in danger its very existence—puts its life in control of anyone with the power to decide what will be this "single value." Given Weiss's profound and brilliant vision of revolution in *Marat/Sade* — an impossible situation where one "invents meaning" and kills for an abstraction — one wonders how he could have ignored such things.

What gets lost, sadly, is the book's undeniable truth — a truth that is at the heart of America's continued

failure and continued presence in Vietnam. Haiphong has been under attack since the first century A.D. The Vietnamese people, the peasants, have fought and outlasted invaders since that time. And, bolstered by a village-oriented cultural tradition that offers a continuity Americans cannot begin to understand, they will continue to do so. They have, as Weiss so clearly sees, "an inner determination and harmony, a firmness and spiritual durability inculcated in them for decades, centuries."

America cannot win. But that point only comes clear in the next-to-last chapter, when Weiss leaves behind the polemic and speaks, as an artist must, to the imagination. He describes a pontoon bridge to Haiphong built to replace a steel one American bombers had destroyed. It is shaky and appears ready to collapse. But the Vietnamese will repair it, or build a new one after the next attack. He then offers a passage that compresses everything he has tried to say into one brilliant image, and makes the whole book worth the trouble:

From the opposite bank of the Red River come the columns of trucks toward the city, single file over the narrow, swaying pontoon bridge. The heavy, fully laden vehicles creep up the steep clay bank. For more than an hour we have been waiting for traffic to be free to move in our own direction, and with us waits an endless line of cars, carts, and people. Following the trucks a thickly crowded procession of pedestrians comes slowly over the bridge, many pushing bicycles that are also loaded with parcels and bundles. The patience of the waiting people is geared to a time span without end, before them and behind them. Our guides smile. If we do not make the plane, then we will fly next week, and if we do not make that flight either, then we will simply stay where we are. . . . In the dust on the far side stand a waiting throng, with bicycles, baggage, and crowded trucks, jeeps, buses, carts. On bumpy roads, over gravel and sand, between bomb craters, we put the miles behind us, and the traffic coming towards us from the opposite direction is without end.

# book is a weapon

steve brion

---

# looking for a red wheelbarrow



THE new tradition of grit music, Mid-America music, country-rock, or any of the other tags given to the style evinced by many artists in the past two to three years (the latest converts of note being The Grateful Dead) is an attempt to forge a distinctly American sound by merging conventional modern forms of rock, folk and country with the traditional sounds of the backwoods fiddle, harp and autoharp. Sometimes the result is utter chaos, sometimes there has been a touching upon the right mixture, and once in a while someone who really never left at all comes home. John Stewart, in *Willard*, comes home.

It's not that he couldn't write lyrics that weren't direct and aimed at the gut of America — he previously had been criticized while with the Kingston Trio for composing supracerebral material that conflicted with the group's style. He left them, and the necessary self-searching process began, culminating in *Nashville Roots*, *California Bloodlines* — in which his interesting, mellow voice (The *Times* says he sounds like Cash; I disagree, because nobody sounds like Big John.) speaks and sings, laughs and cries about the farm people, the hill people, the people whose reality is the earth and the rain, whose life moves by season, not work week. Stewart loves the land. "Oh, Mother Country, I do love you" is simply, emotionally, positively, the ultimate statement of *Nashville Roots*.

The land has changed, though, and so Stewart is searching the past and present for the causes and the answers. He still finds joy and love in the dark, solemn people who are stirred by the seasons and by traveling — "Big Joe he ain't ever coming home" — the truck-driving man, and the awful pain of loneliness and memory. But there is something added now: even Mid-America begins to feel the sting of the unjust war (though Stewart implies it has always felt it) and the heat force of the oppression from without that the historical American individuality has always resisted. So there is a new hint in Stewart — the people

in the hills of Tennessee and the plains of Nebraska now can relate to some of the things that those "damn kids in college" are screaming about.

Good God almighty my darlin' Jesus,  
you are a friend of mine.  
Come on along' we'll sing another song  
of Jesus in his prime.  
They caught him the yard, the national guard  
and Jesus, he was crucified.

Opened up the door, he's seen it all before  
And Jesus, he is on your side.

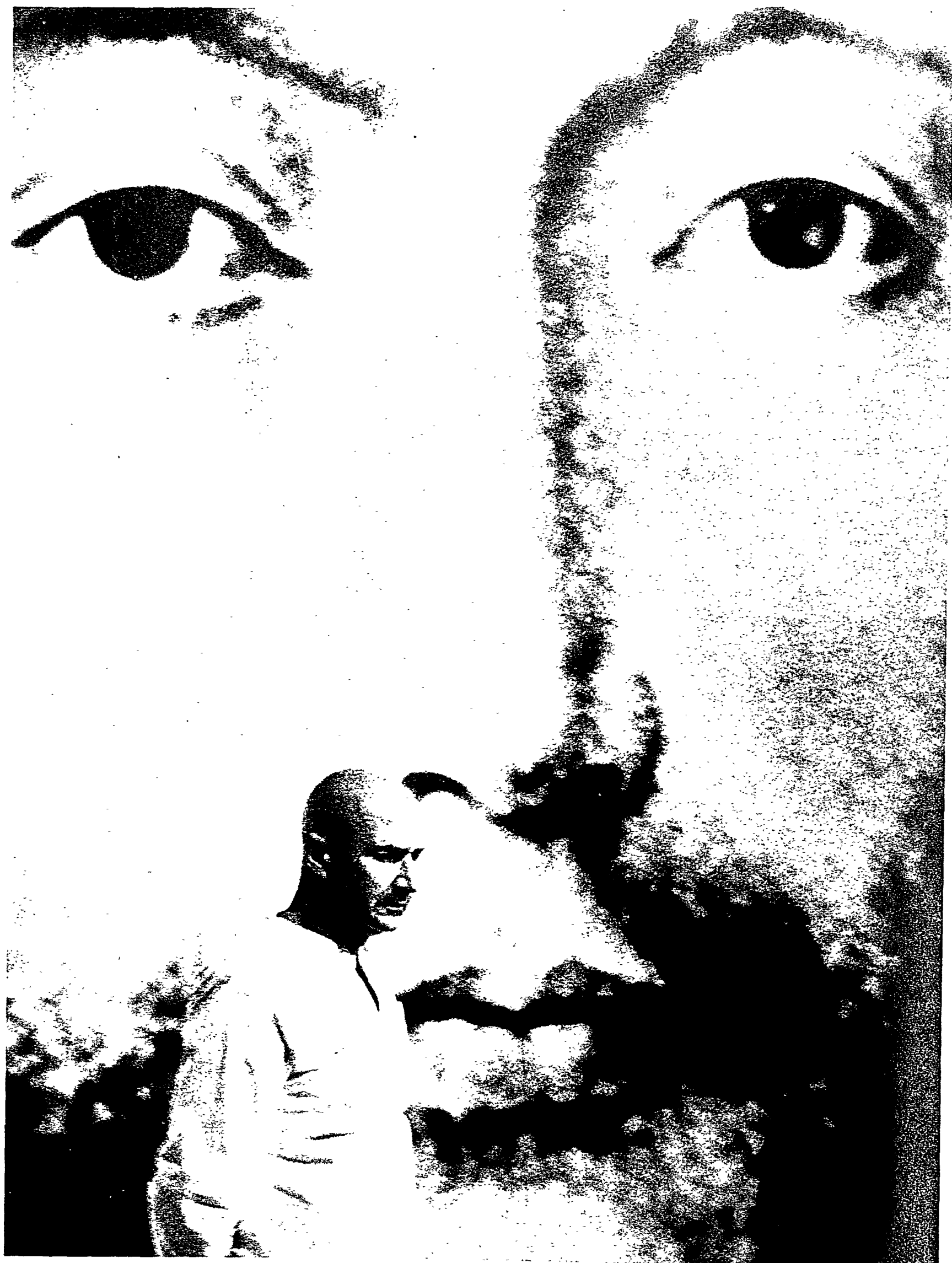
—"Friend of  
Jesus"

There are other instances: "Oldest Living Son" tells about a father's helpless anger and frustration about his loss of a son: "never really understood what the medals from the President were for." The album's pervasive tone presents this kind of quiet, unaccepting anger toward situations in which we should not be involved. This does not make it any kind of protest album but more one of awareness — a people awakening to the fact that "Mother Country" is in danger from its inhabitants and the abuses of its institutions.

The presentation of this is all down-home, including Doug Kershaw's rasping fiddle and the extensive use of knees as a percussion instrument. The lyrics are spare and clean, with "Julie, Judy, Angel Rain" as hauntingly moving as "Big Joe" and "Bellyful a Tennessee" are raucous. A timely warning about Stewart — if you cannot accept emotionalism and sentiment, you might be sickened by such cuts as "Hero From The War." But then cynicism is a step away from sophistication. On the other hand, the honest statements of doubt that Stewart makes may entice you to lay aside an assumed role of student cynic and wonder at the strength of the earth people.

john hurley





# just ask the policeman knocking at your back door

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CINEMA '71 is alive and ready to begin a new season of cinema operations. As usual, we have tried to incorporate both the traditional and the contemporary into our schedule. The season opener, which will be October 3, is Godard's recent work, SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL which, as the title suggests, includes *The Rolling Stones* among others. Susan Sontag has an interesting capsule description of Godard:

Godard's insouciant mixtures of tonalities, themes, and narrative methods suggest something like the union of Brecht and Robbe-Grillet, Gene Kelly and Francis Ponge, Gertrude Stein and David Riesman, Orwell and Robert Rauschenberg, Boulez and Raymon Chandler, Hegel and rock 'n' roll.

Of course, he isn't all that at once, just most of it. Anyway, since he is probably the most imitated and controversial director of his age we have included ALPHAVILLE and PIERROT LE FOU in the program. Godard's bizarre blending of the science fiction with reality, ALPHAVILLE is a classic even in our own time. PIERROT LE FOU is relatively new to this country, having been released in 1969, though it was made in 1965.

Of interest to artists, futurists, surrealists, and drug addicts is the Surrealist Film Festival which will occur in mid-November. Some of the films here include such seminal works as Bunuel and Dali's UN CHEN ANDALOU, Cocteau's ORPHEUS and BLOOD OF A POET, Bunuel's THE

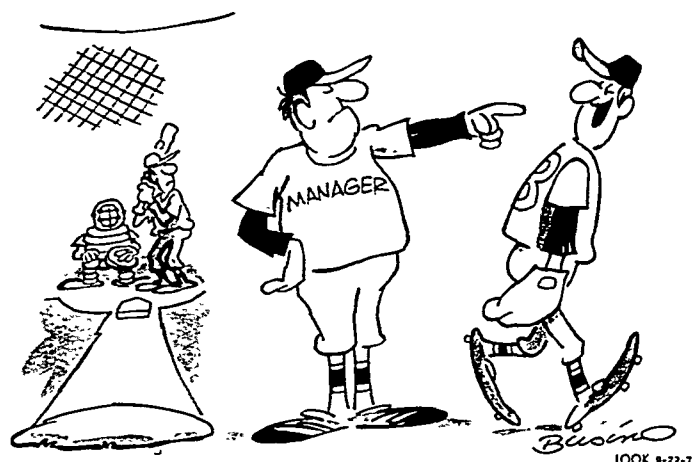
EXTERMINATING ANGEL and Resnais' memory-shattering LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD.

THE other main festival we will run will occur in March. The films of Roman Polanski will be shown starting with KNIFE IN THE WATER and ending with the Americanized fiasco ROSEMARY'S BABY. Other titles in this series include REPULSION, CUL-DE-SAC, and also TWO MEN AND A WARDROBE, which he made as a film student.

Interspersed among these little festivals will be the series of weekend features, of which the three Godard films will be a major part. Other features scheduled are Pasolini's controversial film TEOREMA, Susan Sontag's first film, DUET FOR CANNIBALS, Robbe-Grillet's L'IMMORTELLE, Bergman's THE PASSION OF ANNA and others.

To show that we are not neglecting American films, MICKEY ONE, LILITH, and COOGAN'S BLUFF have been included since they are minor cult masterpieces. Other surprises may turn up, including the new American Zoetrope offering, THX 1138 starring Donald Pleasance (opposite page), Robert Bresson's THE PICKPOCKET, Richie's FIVE PHILOSOPHICAL FABLES. And more. Would you believe it, for only \$6.00 you can see them all free. Season tickets will go on sale within two weeks, so look for publicity. Patrick Smith and I look forward to seeing you there.

john stupp



# “That’s OK, I wanted some more time to work on my diary anyway.”

“**W**HO the hell does this guy Bouton think he is? What’s he tryin’ to do, ruin the good name of baseball or something? I tell ya’, it’s low, mean and downright rotten of him to publish a thing like that.” So echoed the laments of baseballdom on the release of the sacrilegious *Ball Four* earlier this year. But the funny thing was that, despite all the cries of foul play and treachery, none of Abner Doubleday’s finest got up and shouted, “It’s all a bunch ‘a lies, nothing but a lotta bull.” And you know why no one did. Because none of it is fictional. It’s all there, in black and white, a revealing glimpse of behind-the-scenes-baseball.

The fact is that Jim Bouton, 31-year-old righthanded pitcher, has written a book about baseball that’s one of the most incisive, candid and funniest ever written about the national game. Its merits stem not from a nonchalant revelation that ballplayers may, on occasion, use words stronger than “oh, gee whiz,” but from its perceptive unveiling of the achingly harsh world of baseball — the front-office men, players and coaches and the way the game is played both on and off the field.

Where, one might ask, does Bouton get the idea that he’s the know-it-all who should attempt a book like this? Well, Mr. Bouton has been there and back. He has seen it all. He gave his life to the game, completing his eleventh year in 1969. There were great memories (39 regular season victories and two World Series wins in two years with the New York Yankees) and bad ones (winning only two games for two different

teams in two different leagues in 1969). Bouton himself says, “There’s been a tremendous lot of good in it for me and I wouldn’t trade my years in it for anything I can think of.”

In form, the book is a diary of the 1969 season. It traces day by day a season of laughs and anguish with the hapless expansion Seattle Pilots, with Bouton struggling to make it again aided by his newly-found pitch, the knuckleball; and ends, suddenly in the frustrations of the National League pennant race as Bouton is traded to the Houston Astros.

**B**UT *Ball Four* is much more than a mere account of “one season in the life of a baseball pitcher.” It’s more a combination exposé and collection of side-splitting anecdotes. For example, there’s the account of a mock radio interview held in the dugout with the Astro’s Joe Morgan after he had missed a big curve ball for strike three:

“Joe, Joe Morgan, may I have a word with you?”

“Sure, Norm (Norm Miller, another Astro), how’s it going?”

“Fine, Joe, fine. We wanted to ask you about that pitch you missed. What was it?”

“Norm, that was a m . . . . . fucking curve.”

“Can you tell our listeners, Joe, what’s the difference between a regular curve and a m . . . . . fucking curve?”

“Well, Norm, your regular curve has a lot of spin on it and you can recognized it real early. It breaks down a little bit, and out. Now, your m . . . . . fucker, that’s different. It comes in harder, looks like a fast-ball. Then all of a sudden it rolls off the top of the

*Jim Bouton, Ball Four. Edited by Leonard Shechter. New York: World Publishing.*

table and before you know it, it's m . . . . fucking strike three."

"Thank you very much, Joe Morgan." And, in one of many anecdotes concerning pitching coach Sal Maglie, more of the same:

"Let's go over the Twins' lineup, Gary (pitcher Gary Bell)."

"Pitch him high and tight."

"Hell, he'll hit that over the left-field wall. You got to pitch him low and away."

"Pitch him away and he'll go to right on you."

"I don't know about all of that. I do know you've got to curve him."

"Oh no, he's a hell of a breaking-ball hitter."

Finally, Sal Maglie: "Well, pitch around him."

When the meeting was over, Gary and I added up the pitch-around-hims and there were five, right in the beginning of the batting order. So according to Sal Maglie you start off with two runs in and the bases loaded.

**A**s far as exposing the "other" side of the ballplayer goes, I think Bouton hints at what's going on in a brief paragraph:

Upon a promise from me that I'd never tell, Tommy Davis revealed that the man who had

nailed my shoes to the clubhouse floor, tore the buttons off my shirt and pulled my jockstraps out of shape was Gene Brabender. I have kept my word. I have not told a soul. Until now.

That's what the whole book's about. Telling secrets. Secrets about baseball life that others never talked about because, in the baseball world, it just wasn't the thing to do. I mean, it wouldn't get someone on any All-Personality list chosen by the rest of the players. But Bouton had nothing to lose. He saw the sunset of his career racing toward him, and jumped at the chance to write about it while he was still in it.

If you have nursed any pre-conceived notions about the people and the game of baseball, notions that Curt Gowdy and Sandy Koufax throw at you every Saturday, then forget it — this book will simply annoy you. But if you're interested, pick up a copy (it's in paperback now). It will make you angry sometimes. It will make you cry. Mostly, it will make you laugh. And before you read it, remember what Bouton himself says about the book,

. . . this is not so much a book about Jim Bouton as it is about what I've seen and felt playing baseball, for a season, up and down with an expansion team, and for what has been for me so far, a lifetime.

—Don Kennedy

## football

**Notre Dame over Purdue** — I'll stick with my earlier prediction of 27-10. The Boilermakers, for once, apparently have no passing game. Revenge will be sweet at last.

**Missouri over Air Force** — Could be a lot closer than one may think. The Falcons have come up with a dynamite passing attack that has rolled them to two straight.

**Georgia Tech over Miami (Fla.)** — Soph qb Eddie McAshan has looked very impressive for the 'Jackets in his first two start. Tech could be trouble for the Irist on Nov. 14.

**Mississippi over Kentucky** — The Wildcats' defense stymied Kansas State's Lynn Dickey in last week's upset, but the versatile Archie Manning will be too much to handle.

**Ohio State over Texas A&M** — The Aggies surprised a lot of people with their upset over LSU last week, but I'm afraid they're in well over their heads this week. Look for the Buckeyes to roll it up big to impress the pollsters in this their first game of 1970.

**Michigan State over Washington State** — Duffy will be out to save face in front of the home crowd after last week's disgrace against Washington.

**Florida over Alabama** — Simply because I don't like the Crimson Tide. Besides, Alvarez may be back for this one and the Reaves-Alvarez duo should ruin another 'Bama home showing.

**Pittsburgh over Baylor** — The Pan-

thers came close to an upset of favored UCLA last week, and appear to have greatly improved over last year's 4-6 squad.

**Louisiana State over Rice** — Aw, c'mon you Tigers, losing to the Aggies didn't help your prestige one bit. Now let's go out there this week and really rack it up, so when the season's over you can complain about not getting invited to a major bowl again.

**Tennessee over Auburn** — Should be a real barnburner, though. The Vols ground game is too much for Auburn's young defensive line.

Last week's record: 6 wins, 3 losses, 1 tie, .666 pct.

# the last word

## I

About two weeks ago I was paging through a copy of the South Bend *Tribune*. I pulled up short at a grainy, Instamatic picture of a young woman, smiling, in a fine-print dress — perhaps taken at a summer barbecue or while talking to friends. Beneath it, in the boldest print imaginable, was the following:

### THIS GIRL WAS A TERRORIST

Diana Oughton was a rich girl who became a revolutionary. She died in a "bomb factory" in Greenwich Village at the age of 28. She may have been holding the bomb that killed her and two other Weathermen.

In an explosive series of extraordinary articles on her life and death, the *Tribune* explores the disturbing and continuing aspect of the American scene today — how intelligent young people from affluent homes become such dedicated agents of destruction.

## II

Diana Oughton died sometime this past summer — perhaps around the time the Nebraska state legislature passed (by a 33 to 8 vote) America's first shoot-your-neighbor law. It states that a person may use "any means necessary" to protect his family or property or to assist another similarly endangered. More importantly, he or she can't be prosecuted or otherwise held legally accountable for any of his self-defense actions. Copies of the bill have been requested by officials in all the other 49 states.

During the debate before the law's passage, State Senator Terry Carpenter urged that Nebraska try out the law for a while "and if a few crooks get shot, that's not so bad either." He might have been more accurate and even prophetic had he said "when." Soon after, in Omaha, the part owner of a warehouse saw an intruder, fired some warning shots and then killed the man. The county attorney's office pressed no charges, saying the owner was "justified under the new state law." Some time after that, a man named Robert McBride killed

his stepson after an argument over the proceeds from a hog sale, turned himself in and pleaded innocent under the new law. A jury acquitted him.

## III

I could very easily be wrong, but I think one would be hard pressed to find in the above-ground press a picture of Robert McBride with the caption "THIS MAN WAS A MURDERER." Or a picture of, say, Generalissimo Franco or even an American fighter pilot or bombardier accompanied by the words "THIS MAN WAS A TERRORIST." Yet these kinds of distinctions are made daily by people on both the extreme left and the extreme right. And these few cases are only symptomatic: our peculiar collective myopia lets us accuse everyone but ourselves. There are reasons why "intelligent young people from affluent homes become such dedicated agents of destruction" — and many of them don't have much to do with psychological perversions. There are reasons why sane men pass insane laws — and these don't have much to do with protecting rights "as fundamental as the Constitution." But forgetting all this, what is important is that language designed to play upon our fears, and words that actively seek to divide men are both an indication of how bad the situation is and largely responsible for making it worse everyday. Labeling Diana Oughton a "terrorist" without calling Robert McBride a "murderer," condemning at great length violence in America as imaged in the Panthers and Weathermen while ignoring the 50,000 American and almost *one million* Vietnamese victims of the violence we have exported is not only dishonest but also suicidal. There will be no solutions and no end to the killing while we scream and refuse to admit that the death of a night watchman or a Cambodian peasant or a suspected burglar are each of them equally wrong and each of them equally detestable.

Shouting and shaking clenched fists, we step constantly backward, away from each other, until we are so far apart we can hear only our own voice and those on the other side are featureless. There is a desert between us.

—Steve Brion

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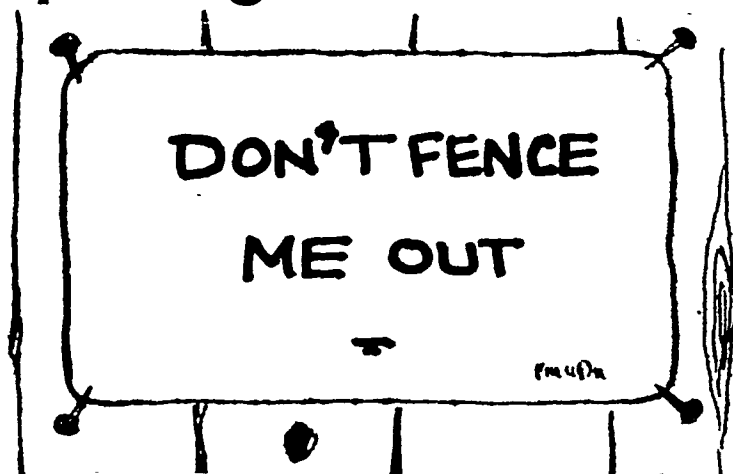
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