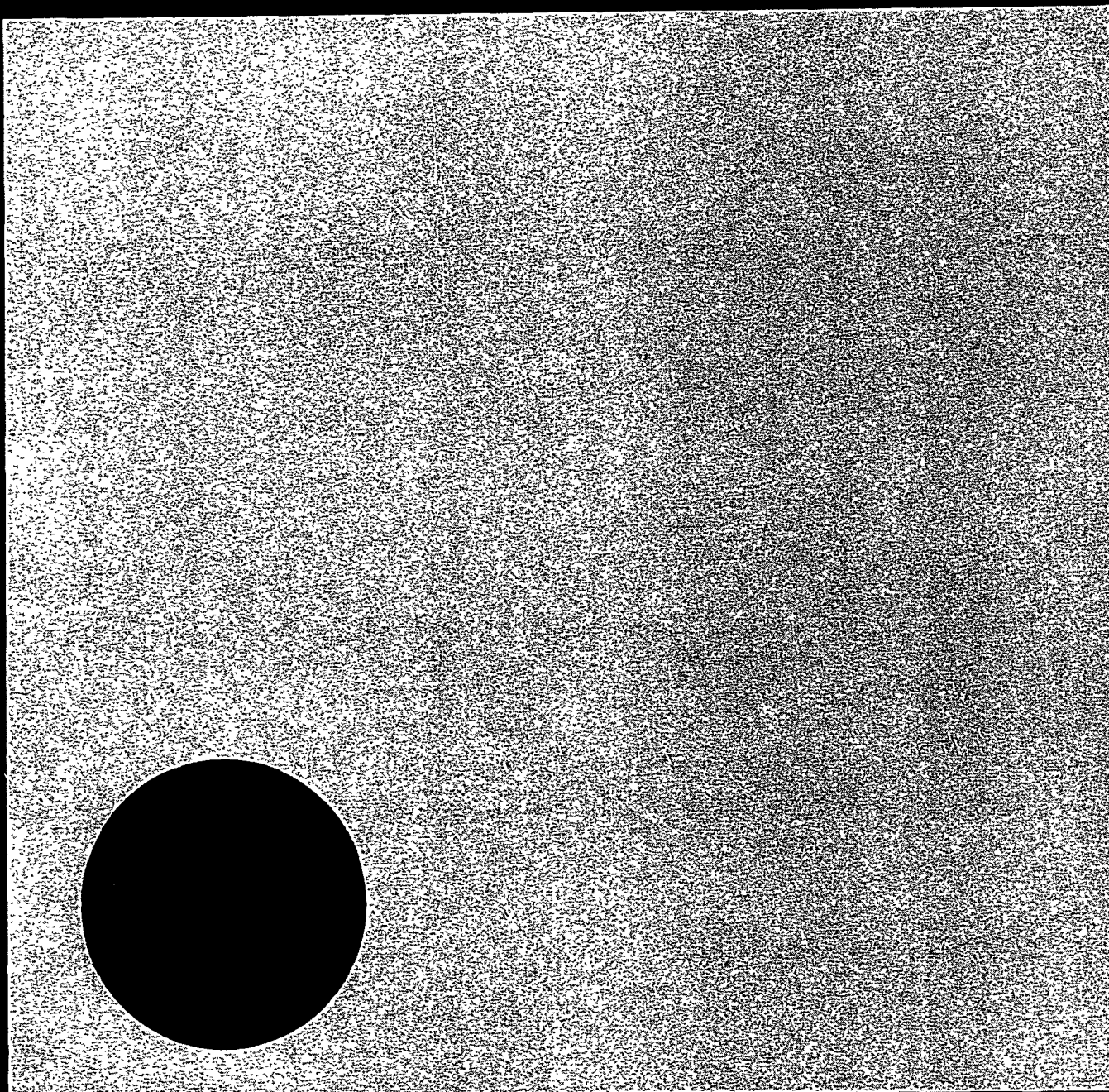


the elections  
and you...maybe

scholastic  
october 1, 1970





# Juggler

Notre Dame's journal  
of literature is now  
available at special  
subscription rates.

*"A fine beast of a magazine"*

— J. Michael Yates

Subscription: 3 issues only \$2.00  
mailed off campus and out of town  
delivered on campus.

Make check payable to:

Juggler  
Box 583  
Notre Dame, Ind.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



editorial .....	4
markings	
but maybe sharing is	
a little radical too/ <i>rick whately</i> .....	6
meandering on the	
sixth night/ <i>greg stidham</i> .....	8
trout fishing in the	
midwest: some notes/ <i>rory holscher</i> .....	9
week in distortion .....	10
the elections and you:	
no time for heroics/ <i>bill mitchell</i> .....	12
richard l. roudebush,	
you are a cowardly heel/ <i>mike mooney</i> .....	18
“the black panthers are a bunch of	
yellow dogs, creeps, and	
psychopaths”/ <i>charlotte casey</i> .....	20
a poet’s last voice/ <i>rory holscher</i> .....	23
dreams of a gypsy child/ <i>lance blazius</i>	
and <i>michael o’connell</i> .....	24
last word .....	26

editor-in-chief: steven brion  
art direction and photography: gary cosimini  
managing editor: bill mitchell  
associate editor: carolyn gatz  
assistant editors: steve dixon, jack fiala, rory holscher, john stupp  
assistant managing editor: greg stidham  
sports editor: don kennedy/ research coordinator: bob fulton  
business: howie sutton/ circulation: cliff zmick  
public relations: jeff noonan/ faculty advisor: frank o’malley  
staff: john balkwell, tim burke, greg chinchar, chuck donovan, bob garvey,  
phil glotzbach, jim guarino, joe hotz, bill kakish, dick kiernan,  
dave kravetz, tom macken, ed maccartin, dan merges, mike mooney,  
joe nescio, jim pauer, joe runde, steve schaefer,  
martin siravo, mary ellen stoltz, victoria vanpatten, rick whately, bill wilka  
business and circulation: mike casanova, dan hogan, william pelletieri  
photography: jim hunt, michael lonier/ artists: kim kristoff, ginny maloof

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

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

# Editorial

## What if They Had and Only Half the

And what if all of them voted, say, "Yes" on the resolution put before them? And what if the resolution asked for a ten-day recess in November giving students an opportunity to work for political candidates — to participate at least minimally in the electoral process? Well, if half the people came and all of them voted yes, the resolution still would not pass. At least not at Notre Dame.

Confusing? It's a long, long time, as the song says, from May to September. And many ideas held by many people concerning what has come to be called the "Princeton Plan" have changed over the summer. This goes for all members of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community, from the highest administrator to the students.

However, it seems that the administration's position has changed most drastically. Last spring, when criticizing the strike plan, Father Hesburgh was enthusiastic over the possibilities of students immersing themselves "constructively" in the electoral process. So were most members of the University. "Work within the system" became a battle cry of sorts. But this autumn the enthusiasm has fallen faster than the leaves that flood our sidewalks. Students are less ex-

cited and perhaps even cynical about the plan; former supporters have had second thoughts. And the Academic Council has formulated the mechanics of the referendum such that affirmation — already doubtful — becomes practically impossible. It is a system strangely reminiscent of those "Communist sham" elections we take such pleasure in deriding: passage requires an *absolute majority of all eligible voters* among *both* the faculty and student body *polled separately*. Which means that by staying home, instead of forfeiting one's right to a voice in community decisions, one can in effect vote no. Which means — given the historic meager participations in elections on this campus, plus the traditional apolitical quality of Notre Dame students — defeat of the resolution is practically ensured.

What is important, first of all, is that this represents an about-face in at least the vocal stance taken by the Administration. All the pleas for "participation," all the kudos thrown at the Princeton Plan must now be considered (at least partially) as successful maneuvers designed to keep the peasants quiet while hoping for re-enforcements and summer. Also, the Administration's claim that such political action can-

# a Vote People Came?

not be readily integrated into the intellectual life of the campus is increasingly suspect. We have long been quite able to painlessly integrate other "non-academic" activities into the University calendar and life-style: athletics for one example (football brings an end to Saturday classes and adds \$15 to a student's tuition in the form of unrequested tickets). Or certain funded research programs. Each of these adds dimension to the University's life. Political involvement, which would seem at least as necessary and positive as these, is not given that credit. The Administration has, in effect, done much more than remain neutral (and tax-exempt) by its chosen course of action: it has de-facto denied the community and the individuals who compose it the right to decide their own reaction to what Dr. Nutting has termed the "fever" now facing us. The referendum should have been decided by a simple majority, each member of the community to face and decide upon his or her responsibility in such a situation. Anything less makes tomorrow's vote a sham.

Socondly, the question quickly arises, "What then?" What to do given the situation and the limitations imposed? The articles and interviews in this issue are an

attempt to delineate the limitations and perhaps indicate some choices that are open and some that are not. It is important, however, to remember that, though there is no time for heroics, *some* form of action must be taken. Our voices must be heard clearly against what John Twohey has termed the Nixon/Agnew attempt to "elevate silence to a national virtue."

The SCHOLASTIC urges the members of this community to vote "Yes" tomorrow, even given the limitations imposed and the probability of defeat. A substantial vote of affirmation will at least demonstrate to those who need it that the community recognizes the need for action despite the Administration's apparent desire to quietly block such involvement. An affirmation at this point can only be seminal; it must lead to concrete involvement between now and election time. But the vote must call for the University community to act on its stated belief that members should integrate lives of contemplation and action. Finally, it must represent one more voice raised in opposition to the campaign for silence now being waged by this nation's most powerful officials.

Markings

But maybe sharing





# is a little radical too

**T**HE People's Pantry is a group of people helping other people — nothing more, nothing less. Yet a citizen of South Bend described the People's Pantry as "unique," and the epitaph "radical" has also been ascribed. The People's Pantry is just made up of people who are willing to share, but then maybe sharing is a little radical, too.

When the normal educational processes ceased during last spring's strike, they were replaced by a student-structured program, the Communiversity. Communiversity was meant to be an educational and mutual-help experience involving students and South Bend citizens. Of the many programs planned only this one has survived the summer's cooling period.

Set up by students and citizens, it is a store-front welfare center owned and operated by the people. The items distributed include clothing, books, and food-stuffs. All, of course, are free. The doors of the Pantry are not opened only to the underprivileged, however. The people who run the store-front are also attempting to reach victims of factory layoffs caused by the economic recession.

Though the People's Pantry was established by private citizens, it has the unusual distinction of being recommended by the state welfare agencies, though in no way supported by state funds. So while the center deals with a state responsibility (i.e., supporting its underprivileged), it operates on private donations. Aside from caring for the material needs of the community, the program attempts perhaps an even more important service: increasing the political awareness of the underprivileged.

It is logical to assume that in a wealthy nation, the poor could be adequately cared for; but, of course, this

is not a reality. Probably, from the government's view, a raise in welfare payments would be suicidal. Not only would it cause taxpayers' outcries endangering re-election, but it would also disrupt an already disrupted war economy. What the people at the Pantry are saying is that such reasoning is unrealistic. In view of the war economy, welfare payments are far too small and the value of food stamps steadily decreasing. The Pantry's customers express disbelief that their America could let them down; they feel that the economic situation is indeed the government's responsibility. At the center there is an effort to make people realize that increases in welfare are impossible as long as the war in Asia continues.

Obviously, the people are being helped: the Pantry is constantly running out of foods and funds. The attendance averages fifty persons a night in the two open hours, and many of these people manage to donate items of clothing themselves. The building itself is a crumbling structure located on Hill Street just off campus, in the heart of one of South Bend's poorest neighborhoods.

Since most of the strike activities were confined to rhetoric and then dropped and seemingly forgotten, this program is a unique creature: a project that successfully made the transition from rhetoric to reality. The Pantry will run a collection this weekend for desperately needed funds. So before passing it off as another radical effort at usurping our government, stop to consider: survival as a nation is really quite impossible if we look in the wrong places for answers to its social ills.

—Rick Whately

Greg Stidham

# Meandering on the Sixth Night

Saturday night found me in an unusually disgusted mood, as those rare Saturday nights spent in the library are wont to do. And the loud music and the uncouth hollerings of a nearby section beer party certainly did nothing to cheer me up as I walked across the main quad toward Dillon. But some interesting things happened before I made it to my room that twisted my mood in a rare way.

As I was plodding across the grass near Father Sorin, I suddenly became aware of a girl I had overtaken. Blundering a curt "Excuse me" for the near collision, I hurried on. I had walked at least another 20 or 25 steps before feeling a sudden compulsion to stop and turn around. There was something about the girl, her walk, her carriage or *something* that made me want to speak to her. I hesitated a moment, almost afraid to speak, afraid to approach. But there was something nearly magnetic about her solemn step that drew me out, and after a few long seconds of debate I blundered what was probably the strangest line (for so it must have appeared) she had ever heard: "I'm not trying to be forward, but are you sad?" She really did look as though she were very sad. But the words were no sooner spoken than I reeled in disbelief that they had actually come from my mouth; somehow I managed to restrain my impulse to run in embarrassed panic.

Needless to say, she was a bit dumbfounded, assuring me that she was walking nowhere (which I knew was true) and that she was not sad (which I knew was false). But she apparently did not care for company, and my good intentions were outweighed by my cowardice. I made a second about-face and headed again toward Dillon.

Something strange had happened, though. My mood was no longer bitter, despite the armload of books that Saturday night. It was now pensive: it was reflective, sad. I dumped my books on my desk and walked back out, leaving my roommate rather confused. But I felt like a long walk and headed slowly for the beach of St.

Joe lake. After pacing halfway around the lake, I decided to sit down near Moreau Hall on a small, grassy hill that overlooked the wooded shore. I must have sat there for an hour, not thinking about anything in particular, but thinking about everything. Anything serious. Eventually my thoughts were interrupted by voices coming down the path, the voice of a male and another voice, quieter, of a girl. About 15 feet from me, they stopped and, whispering, tried to determine whether I was a live body or not — and if so, or if not, whether it would be safe to walk past me on this dark path.

Whatever they decided about my state, they did summon their courage to walk past, voices raised to assure themselves. I wanted to wave to them, or say hi, but I didn't. I just stayed there, sitting and thinking some more. About the girl, about the splash of the fish I just heard, about the guy and the girl who walked by, about the black sky. And then I got up to continue my walk.

Since I was on that side of the lake, I thought that, despite the late hour I would drop in on some friends living in St. Joseph Hall. Neither friend was in, so I sat down in the lobby, and stayed sitting long enough to be there when the midnight Mass let out. As I sat, I was shocked to hear from around the corner the sobbing of a man and the hushed comfortings of some friend. I listened, trying not to. His sobs were for a close friend, a policeman killed that night on some dark street.

I got up to leave without being seen by the two men and for the third time headed toward Dillon with the intention of going to my room. This time I made it to my room, and to my bed, but it was a long time before I finally dozed off. My mood had certainly changed. For the first time in a long time I had experienced a kind of empathy. To the girl who was walking, sad, on the main quad; to the couple walking along the lake; to the man who wept for his friend — thank you.



Rory Holscher

## Trout fishing in the Midwest: some notes

First, let me tell you about the promise of the country. In 1836, A. M. Lea wrote this: "The soil is generally two feet deep, and is composed of clay, sand and vegetable mould. . . . This latter stratum (of blue marl) is found from fifteen to thirty feet below the surface in the upland prairies, so that it is only necessary to sink a well to that depth to obtain excellent water wherever it might be wanted."

Now I must walk upstream; the lower parts of the creek are listless and poisoned; so the trout, who need cold, clear water, can only be found near the creek's beginning: a system of pure springs in an upland valley which hasn't yet been split by roads. As the morning dries, I walk an old cattle path, checking the water as I go, hopeful for the places where it slides over a rock and gravel bottom. Here the gravel acts as a filter, the water is always clean, and the trout can live and spawn.

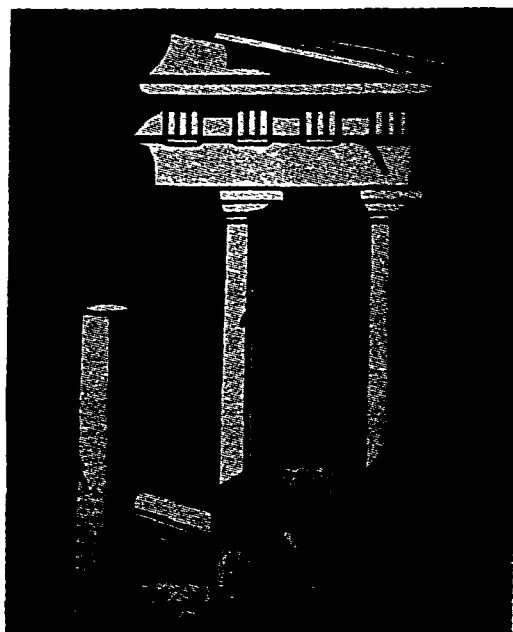
The ground is dry and firm, the old brush dried brittle, or sometimes burned away from the path. (Brush fires seem to start spontaneously this time of year, and it does no harm to let them burn, since they clear the land for spring growth, and never spread to the trees.) With the brush gone and many of the leaves down, I startle birds again, those species which confront the upland winter: the cardinals and flickers, the red-tailed hawk.

The midafternoon sun is not nearly so bright as an early summer morning.

Now consider this: "What does not change/is the will to change." That is, the will to change outlasts the specific act of changing; the will is constant, existing in another realm. That is, we gain the power to change things by assuming that certain forces are constant. Instead of struggling against these forces, we should try to align our efforts with them.

My shadow on the water would scare fish; I stand carefully, planning to cast where a bright riffle deepens into a pool. The leaves, flared to red and orange, have fallen to carpet the green water. First the tree leaves, then the leaves of bushes, and finally the grass—all the plants lose their green before winter, until just the pool's jade green remains. I dream of this stealth.

A trout takes my lure, and I brace against his first surge. As if he were legendary, the veins grow in my arms. The hook firm in his jaw; I know that it does not hurt him, but he must be terrified by the pressure of the line: nothing has ever held or pulled at him before. Now he is in the deepest part of the pool, but soon he will be jumping, perhaps he will shake himself loose. I watch the line rising across the pool, away from me. The surface heaves and bursts into spray, my rod bends madly, as a divining rod bends to water: my fish comes into the air, shining.



# The Week In Distortion

---

## *Zap: Notes from the Bathroom*

---

Lifted verbatim from the Chicago *Sun-Times*:

Mrs. Martha Mitchell, outspoken wife of the Attorney General, blamed America's professors and educators Sunday for destroying the country. "They are totally responsible for the sins of our children. . . . The whole academic society is to blame. . . . The professors in every institution of learning. . . . It makes me sick at my stomach. They're a bunch of sidewalk diplomats that don't know what's going on. They don't have any right to talk. They are the sidewalk diplomats, who do not know and have no right to express an opinion on diplomacy. Why, some of 'em can't talk as well as I can, and I can't talk very well." Mrs. Mitchell said she was

calling from the telephone in her upstairs bathroom at their plush apartment on the Potomac "so John won't hear me talking to you."

Shades of Jeremiah, Martha. And what would be your thoughts on sidewalk diplomats as compared to, say, the upstairs bathroom variety?

---

## *Polls Tell All*

---

In an exclusive random sample telephone survey, the SCHOLASTIC has determined that the St. Mary's freshman class is definitely not liberated. At least, none were free last weekend.

---

## *Profundity of the Week*

---

As students in Indiana, it is not permissible to say "what terrible weather *you* have out here." Once the raindrops hit your body they are yours; you can't send them back.

---

## *Silver Linings*

---

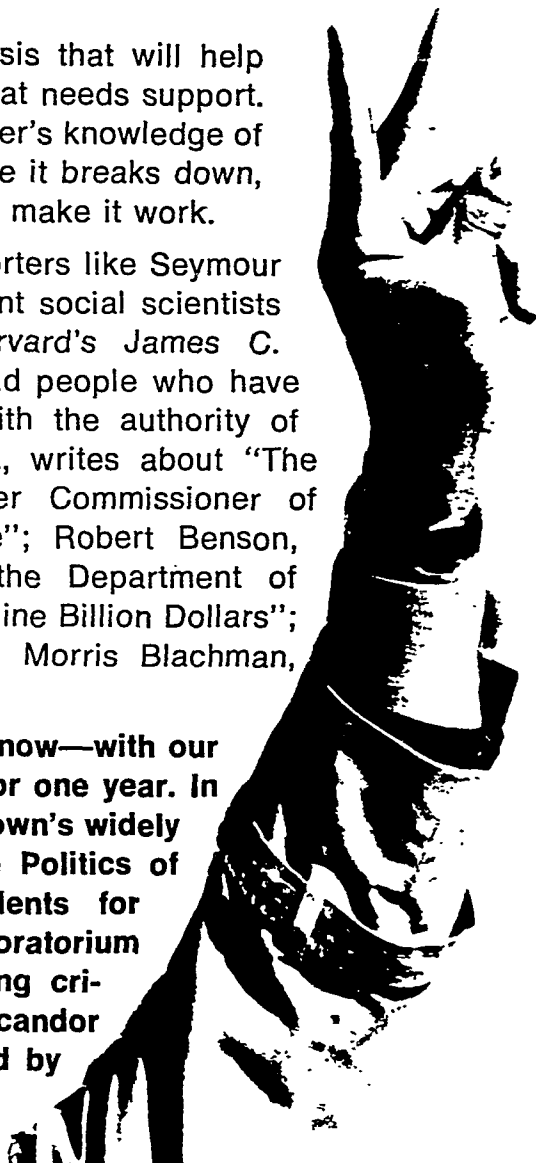
Those freshmen bedded down in the infirmary have found some advantages to their dorm. The guys down the hall don't blast their stereo at 2 a.m.; the guys down the hall don't scream drunken obscenities at passing girls (or nurses); and the guys down the hall are compassionate listeners to tales of Emil T. Of course, all these advantages hinge on the fact that the guys down the hall have been dead for twenty-seven years.

# Let The Washington Monthly take you inside the system

with disciplined fact-finding and lively analysis that will help you understand what needs changing and what needs support. This exciting new magazine gives you an insider's knowledge of our system of politics and government—where it breaks down, why it breaks down, and what can be done to make it work.

Its writers include Pulitzer Prize-winning reporters like Seymour Hersh, Nick Kotz, and Jerry Landauer; brilliant social scientists such as Yale's James David Barber, Harvard's James C. Thomson, Jr., and Brandeis' Philip Slater; and people who have actually worked in the system and write with the authority of experience: Bruce Oudes, formerly of USIA, writes about "The Great Wind Machine"; Arthur Ross, former Commissioner of Labor Statistics, explains "The Data Game"; Robert Benson, formerly assistant to the Comptroller of the Department of Defense, tells "How the Pentagon Can Save Nine Billion Dollars"; and a former Air Force intelligence officer, Morris Blachman, writes about "The Stupidity of Intelligence."

Let these people take you Inside the System now—with our special introductory subscription of just \$5 for one year. In addition, you'll receive a free copy of Sam Brown's widely acclaimed Washington Monthly article, "The Politics of Peace," in which the organizer of Students for McCarthy and coordinator of the Vietnam Moratorium analyzes the peace movement—"a fascinating critique" (The New York Times) . . . "absolute candor . . . deserves to be read in full and pondered by anyone concerned with public affairs" (The Washington Post).



The Washington Monthly  
1150 Connecticut Ave. N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20036

Please send me a **free** copy of Sam Brown on "The Politics of Peace" and enter my subscription to **The Washington Monthly** at \$5 for one year (one-half the regular price). My \$5 payment is enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(This special offer is good only through December 31, 1970)

nd



*The SCHOLASTIC's Dave Kravetz spoke with Provost James Burtchaell last week. The interview that follows is a reconstruction of their discussion.*

**Scholastic:** What do you think of the statement approved by the Academic Council concerning the October 2 "Princeton Plan" referendum?

**Fr. Burtchaell:** I think that, as the statement stands, it is in its best possible format; as chairman of the steering committee which drew up and submitted the statement to the Academic Council, it would be hardly justifiable if I felt otherwise. The Academic Council was committed to the drafting of a proposal concerning the referendum by its resolution of May 11; the action of the Council on September 21 was merely the fulfillment of this commitment. In our judgment, the proposal submitted for University vote is in the easiest possible form, for all concerned, in which it could have been phrased.

**Scholastic:** Could you comment on the charge that the scheduling of the recess would politicize the University, or involve the University in the political process?

**Burtchaell:** The University, by its very nature, cannot get involved in politics; the independence of academic pursuit must necessarily be preserved. However, I see no threat to the University's political detachment by the scheduling of a fall recess, as such an action is by no means an endorsement of any particular candidates. The Princeton Plan is intended to provide the opportunity for the student to engage in the activities of his citizenship; in effect, however, it is simply a vacation during a different time period than students are accustomed to. The scheduling of a fall vacation is as much an endorsement of political action in one sphere or another as, for example, Indiana University's scheduling of a Christmas break is a suggestion of the unification of Church and State.

*(continued on page 14)*

# the elections no time for

## bill mitchell

"**S**TUDENTS," the guy told me, "are interested in politics to the extent that they'll sit around a guy's room and have a bull session. When it comes to the nuts and bolts of politics, they're just not interested. Students don't want a recess to work in politics."

Tom Loughlin, the middle-aged campaign coordinator for Don Newman's bid to unseat John Brademas in the 3rd Congressional district, figures there's not much doubt about the outcome of tomorrow's referendum. He felt this way before the Academic Council established the requirement of an absolute, instead of simple, majority. So did most people who know any number of students at Notre Dame. How come?

Peel off a few months, peel them back to May 4: **STRIKE AT NOTRE DAME.** Political awarenesses getting pricked right and left, political fervor and rhetorical commitments soaring to untold romantic heights. Down on the ground, the party hacks and the hard-line radicals were on to something: by September, they figured, all that stop-the-war work, all those commitments for political action would rest undisturbed on the embarrassing pages of some kid's diary. All of which was an obvious-enough prediction, spurring a rather original, though perhaps hurried, response: The Princeton Plan. A ten-day recess to permit widespread political action by students.

# and you: heroics

If political consciousness were to be preserved when the reinforcement of a clenched fist at a groove-in on the quad had passed, something would have to be done *then* about the future. Many of the plan's boosters, in fact, based much of their praise on its very futurity. Go back to class, we'll fix things in the fall.

The Academic Council, picking up the lilting mañana beat of Father Hesburgh's effusive praise for the plan, voted to vote in the fall about how everybody would vote on the plan. So much for sustaining political awareness.

The Princeton Plan was largely an effort to transform the 1970 elections from non-event to event on American college campuses. The effort, at least at Notre Dame, has failed. Regardless of tomorrow's vote count.

The post-mortem must begin with the plan itself. In retrospect, the idea of staging shotgun nuptials between students and politicians during a campaign's last two weeks appears without much link to the reality of American politics or American students. Students needed their consciences reprimanded as soon as they returned to school; politicians needed volunteers all along—but perhaps least of all in the last two weeks. As Tom Bruner, Senator Vance Hartke's local campaign coordinator said, "Our campaign will



*John Twohey is an instructor in the Communication Arts Department; he has experienced New York state politics through the position of aide and speech writer for a State Assemblyman from Manhattan. Steve Dixon spoke to him for the SCHOLASTIC last week.*

*Scholastic:* How valid is the charge that passage of the referendum would politicize the University?

*Twohey:* The University as an institution is not the students and faculty of the University—that is, the individuals. The behavior of the individuals in the University does not determine the nature of the University as an institution. Now, if the University decided to turn over some of its funds for political action, then you could say that the University was politicized. Certainly, the Princeton Plan will not have that kind of an effect.

Of course, the University administration is apprehensive. The plan and similar recesses at other universities could mean the growth of active integral participation of universities in matters of state. Administrators fear the dissolution of the ivory tower—academic image. To the extent that that image is real, administrators fear the loss of the accompanying freedom, funds, etc.

Personally, I think it is a waste of valuable resources, the individual participation and the voice. At one time the Church was actively critical of the state from a moral point of view. I think that the University should take over, since the Church no longer has that kind of force.

*Scholastic:* What effect do you think the referendum would have on the learning process at Notre Dame?

*Twohey:* Fred Dedrick summed up the situation pretty well during the strike week: "When during your university experience do you remember being so intellectually stimulated?" Discussion during the strike did have its somewhat limited direction but always lent itself to large questions.

As far as the learning process goes, it has been suggested by Kingman Brewster that students should be given a year off during their undergraduate education to travel, write, work politically or whatever, as a very important part of their education. The Princeton Plan might get some administrators to recognize the educational advantages of such extended recesses.

*(continued on page 15)*

(continued from page 12)

*Scholastic:* What effect, if any, do you think the recess will have on the normal academic affairs of the University?

*Burtchaell:* At most, it would have the effect of any vacation period.

*Scholastic:* What issue do you think is at stake in the entire recess debate?

*Burtchaell:* I view the recess as, essentially, a fall vacation which is conveniently scheduled to coincide with the period of peak political activity immediately prior to the elections. The University has the prerogative to adjust its calendar in whatever manner it sees fit; any decision of this scope must necessarily be made by the entire University, that is, by the people who make up the University, both faculty and students. It is up to the individual members of the University community to vote for or against a fall vacation—either to campaign, or else to afford to other members of the community the opportunity to do so.

*Scholastic:* How do you assess the chances of the referendum passing the combined Notre Dame-St. Mary's community?

*Burtchaell:* Frankly, I feel the chances of its passing are slim. The Law School has already turned it down; to my understanding, the pattern overall has been from 5-1 to 10-1 against the proposal. In what might be considered a prelude to the actual vote of October 2, St. Mary's faculty assembly voted 66-1 against the proposal. I don't think that passage of the motion by the entire University is very likely.

*Scholastic:* If the referendum proposal does not receive a majority of affirmative votes, what then? What recourse would be left to the sincerely interested student who did wish to campaign for a candidate?

*Burtchaell:* The role of the University student is fundamentally to be a student. If involvement in the political process is, on mutual agreement, made more convenient by the scheduling of a recess, with no shortening of the academic year or any interruption of the learning process more serious than that of the regular vacation period, then there is no conflict whatsoever. If the convenience of the recess is not agreed upon by an absolute majority, the student must then choose between his academic and his political activity.

*Scholastic:* What of the very idea of the plan? Will it do any good?

*Burtchaell:* Whether or not the mass involvement of students in political action would be effective is a question I don't feel competent to answer. Some have thought it to be effective; I really don't know.

*Scholastic:* How will you vote?

*Burtchaell:* No comment.

be won or lost by that time. The final two weeks may be the campaign's finale, but it is not necessarily its climax. The two-week recess is a rather simplistic approach to the problem."

But Bruner also pointed out that "the time for working in mock conventions is past; the time for actual political participation has arrived." The point being this: the need behind the Princeton Plan remains real and unfilled. The 1970 elections are still a non-event at Notre Dame.

Is it necessarily the case? Or is there some plan somewhere that will walk the line between the theory and practice of the university and the state, that will sustain (or create) affiliations between the reflection of a student and the action of a statesman? For the truth needs to be discovered in leisure and in independence, and needs to be spoken clearly in the hectic world of American politics.

It's as foolish to maintain that members of the university should say nothing to society as it is to insist that university courses stand the test of society's relevance.

Maybe the tragic flaw in all this is just such a search for a plan, when what's needed is lasting inspiration. Plans are generally made for issues. When the troops get out of Cambodia, the reasoning goes, who needs political action? American politics rattles on by the campus, with mindless rhetoric often filling the gaps where thoughtful words might have been spoken. Politics doesn't exist at Notre Dame this year, because the issues are worn and the inspiration weak.





If You're Interested In Their Positions,  
Or Want To Join Their Campaigns

•  
•  
VANCE HARTKE  
Democratic Candidate for U.S. Senate  
Campaign Coordinator:  
Tom Bruner  
233-1719  
•  
•

RICHARD ROUDEBUSH  
Republican Candidate for U.S. Senate  
Campaign Coordinator:  
Bill Etherton  
317-632-5401  
•  
•

DON NEWMAN  
Republican Candidate for U.S. Congress  
Campaign Coordinator:  
Tom Loughlin  
287-3357  
•  
•

JOHN BRADEMÁS  
Democratic Candidate for U.S. Congress  
Campaign Coordinator:  
Sam Mercantini  
234-3119



(continued from page 13)

*Scholastic:* What of the plan itself? Is it a good way to get students into political action?

*Twohey:* At the time of the Cambodian invasion the plan represented the emotion of the moment. I thought it was a very good thing. Now I'm a little more skeptical. It's a mistake to set aside two weeks, work two weeks, and assume that that takes care of your political obligation for the year. That's like the Catholic Church's Mass on Sunday obligation. Rather, I'd like to see extended commitments. If people can take the time to see six football games, certainly those same people or others can find result of such two-to-six-week jabs at the system.

*Scholastic:* Do you expect to see the type of political action that you speak of?

*Twohey:* Not really. Even if the plan should pass, there's a good chance that those two weeks will be looked upon as the be-all, end-all solution. Of course, all kinds of things could happen that could promote a burst of action. Troops to the Middle East, fulfillment of the communist threat to take over the Cambodian Capitol just before the elections to embarrass Nixon. Or, perhaps the impact of Nixon's request for an additional 1,000 F.B.I. agents to work on college campuses. What does it take to be called secret police?"

But response is not always tempered by patience. Failure should not stop students. But thus far, it has seemed to.

*Scholastic:* What importance do you see in passage of the Princeton Plan or some substituted alternative?

*Twohey:* For some time the Nixon Administration has been trying to elevate silence to a national virtue. The goal, I suppose, is to build a society of sheep. And it's clear through their sledgehammer rhetoric, Administration spokesmen are trying to coerce the academic community to join the silent majority. So it's all the more important that academicians refuse to be intimidated in this way. Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell should know that there is a certain element in this country that will continue to voice constructive dissent despite attempts to shut them up. By Nixon's definition, silence means assent. It's important that this kind of silence be broken by those who do not concur with the style and content of this administration.

*Scholastic:* How will you vote?

*Twohey:* Yes, pessimistically. . . .



*Last spring, Dr. Willis Nutting's name emerged as the central one in the chancellor/president proposals that bore fruit this summer. He remains one of the most exciting men on this campus. Joe Hotz spoke to Dr. Nutting; their conversation follows.*

**Scholastic:** How valid is the charge that the recess to campaign for Congressional candidates will politicize the University?

**Nutting:** I do not object to its being politicized. For everybody, including young people, there comes a time when certain things have to be done—times of crisis. In these times of crisis, I think it is very important to allow something to be done that is not normally done. When a person has a fever you don't treat him as if nothing is wrong—and it seems to me that students in the last few years have quite rightly had a fever. Consequently, to go on with "business as usual" is not the right thing to be done.

**Scholastic:** If the referendum is passed, what do you think will be the effect on the individual student's learning experience in the context of Notre Dame?

**Nutting:** I suppose that a lot of people will just sit back and do nothing during that time, which in itself might be a good thing. Doing nothing is a part of coming to know—the "sweet doing of nothing" as the Italians say. Those who actually take part, I think, will really find that they have learned something. Maybe not the same kind of thing that they have learned in school, but it will be something that they will regard as being very significant. During the Cambodian crisis last year when students went into the streets and factories, I never found a student who did that who said that it was time wasted. I think that a student might gain a better understanding of his fellow man, and his fellow man might gain a better understanding of him as a student.

**Scholastic:** Do you think that students will be very effective in their attempt to communicate with those outside the University?

**Nutting:** That we will see. That I don't really know. I think that if they sincerely want to accomplish something, they will have to make an effort to communicate. I remember the campaign of 1968, the "Clean for Gene" movement. It seems that they may have to put off some of the particular badges of their uniqueness if they are going to accomplish something, and I think that might be a good thing for them to do.

**Scholastic:** What do you think about the possibility of losing class time for a campaign recess?

**Nutting:** If that happens, then we really would be getting somewhere! It seems to me that one of the things that this proposal does is to help break down this absolutely asinine idea that we need a certain amount of time for the learning process. What is behind this, it seems to me, is not the learning but the credit—that a certain amount of time is needed to gain a certain amount of credits to graduate, and that if you cut off some of this time, then these credits may not be fairly gained. I think that this whole business is so absolutely bad. I would like to see this business of equating time with learning, so many credits with so many hours, undermined. In his article (SCHOLASTIC, Sept. 18), Mr. Roos talked of the need for time to see the gleaming truth. In reality, though, truth and knowledge come by means of insight—insight that comes in spurts and at any time. If the credit conception of learning could be undermined, I think that would be wonderful because that isn't the way people learn at all.

**Scholastic:** How will you cast your ballot?

**Nutting:** Well, I haven't seen the actual proposal yet, but it seems to me that I would vote for it.

**B**EYOND Angela, meanwhile, a couple of crucial contests hang in shaky balance. It will make a difference to the country if Richard Roudebush ends up sitting in Hartke's Senate seat. If you liked Clement and Harold, in other words, you'll love Roudebush. So it is with the Newman-Brademas race. That the balance of power in Congress is at stake in these elections is at once obvious to and seemingly ignored by most students.

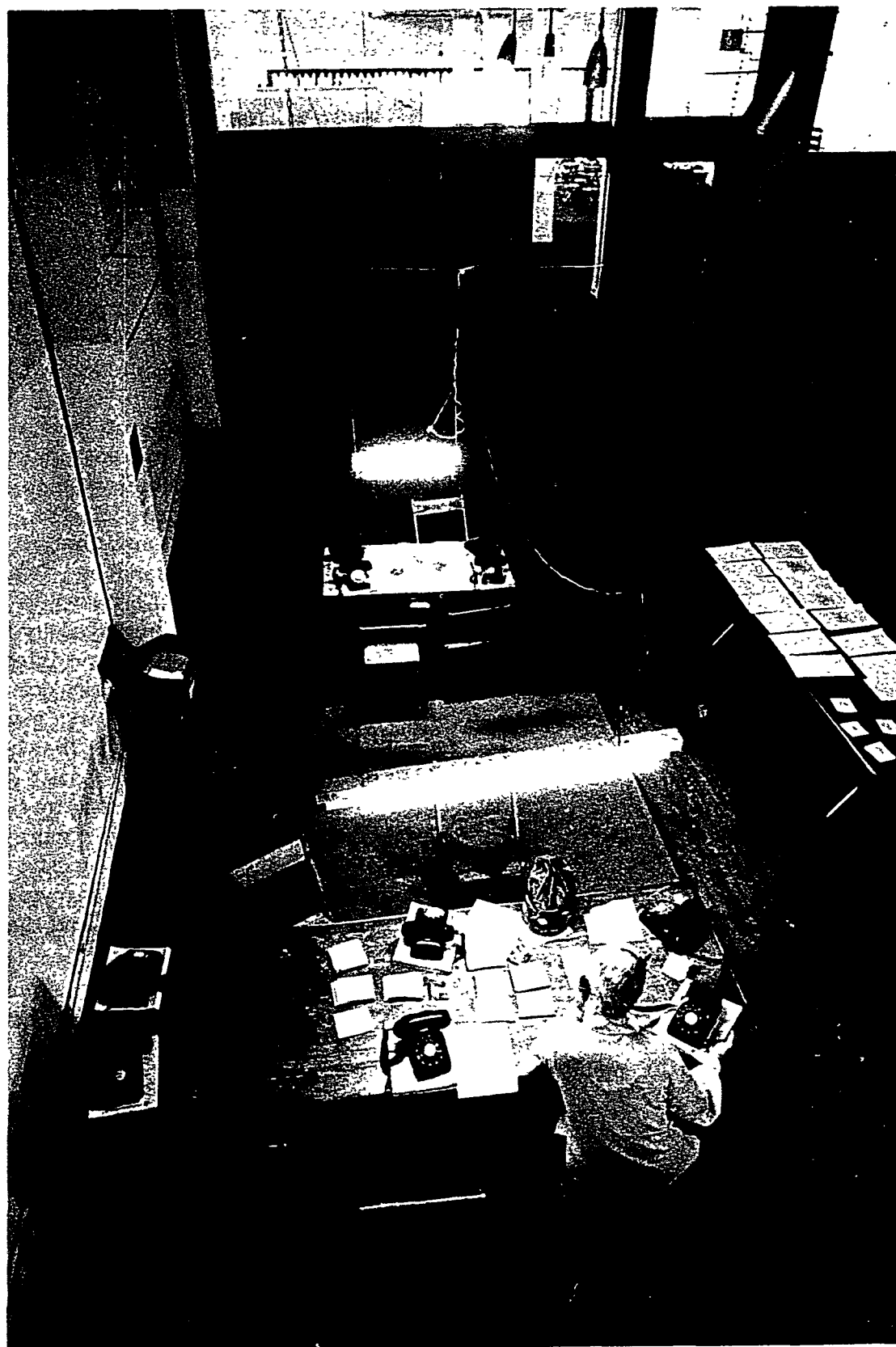
Between October 1 and November 3 sit 34 days. If students take learning seriously, most of their waking hours in these days will be filled with class and study. Even the most ardent of scholars, however, will involve themselves in other activities as well. With or without the recess, the choice is clearly theirs: Will they integrate political action in their lives or won't they?

If they choose the former, campaign chairmen on both sides concur with a spokesman for Roudebush:

"We need all the volunteers we can get." With a couple of qualifiers. "We need students who will do the traditional work of a campaign," Bruner said. "We don't need rhetoric and revolution. If they don't conform to South Bend norms of dress and hair length, they won't be of much help to the campaign."

It's an old tune: postpone the counter-culture to knock on doors, stuff envelopes and do things more tedious than politically profound. But tedium is of worth in politics, and it is an alternative to doing nothing—a path not without its own political effect. The choice whether to act politically is finally an individual policy question: what effect do I want my life to have on the life of the polis?

But that other question seems to linger as well: Do the 1970 elections really exist at Notre Dame? ●



From: the office of U.S. Rep. Richard Roudebush, R-5th Dist.

To: Senate campaign coordinator

Memo: television campaign

VIDEO

Close-up of rifle

Rifle is being loaded

Rifle is loaded - apparent  
enemy soldier

Soldier aims gun at camera

Disclaimer slide

ALL

The Viet Cong is a more sophisticated manufacture  
rifle.

The way we they are to kill and maim American  
servicemen are given a choice of communist countries.

Senator Vance Hartke voted for the bill to permit  
American trade with these communist countries.

Isn't that like putting a loaded gun in the hands  
of our enemies? That's one more reason why you  
should vote for Dick Roudebush.

Roudebush thinks the way you do.

# Richard L. Roudebush,

OK, now picture this. You're a steel worker in Gary. Or a machinist in Indianapolis. Or a banker in Elkhart. You work all day, come home, have dinner, down a couple of beers, then flick on the TV and stare back at the Big Blue Eye. All goes well on the tube until the Indian raid is interrupted by a little capitalism. The first commercial has some bald guy trying to talk you into borrowing money. The second is not so innocuous.

The second commercial is the one described above and its words "Viet Cong" and "kill" and "American servicemen" stay vivid in your mind long after anything John Wayne or Cochise or Joe Garagiola said has faded forever. The entire political ad lasted 30 seconds.

It should come as no surprise that the effect this ad had on you—and the effect that similar announcements have had on other Americans in different states—has not gone unnoticed. Though one scientist estimates that such 30-second spots affect only 1% of the public, old political pros know different. They point to the campaigns of Gravel in Alaska and Metzenbaum in Ohio as proof of the effectiveness of TV advertising. The candidates have backed the pros up, to the tune of (according to *Time*, 21 September) \$58,888,101 invested in air time alone in the 1968 campaigns.

Television advertising, particularly the 30-second ad, is not without its opponents. It is impossible to convey any substantial information in 30 seconds (Senator Hart has publically admitted the futility of trying to explain his position on the volunteer army in a half-minute), so that the ads tend to reinforce voter views or inflame voter passion but hardly make them more knowledgeable of the issues. And while a newspaper story or even long television program gives the voter a chance to consider, the 30-second spot allows time for nothing but viewing.

Despite the shortcomings, politicians will continue

to use as much TV as they can afford or the law will allow; despite his public hope that the 30-second ad will be outlawed, Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien urged Democratic candidates this year to put their best media men "at the center of your campaigns."

An important example of the use/misuse of television advertising is the current attempt by Republican Congressman Richard Roudebush to unseat incumbent Democratic Senator Vance Hartke. The campaign is important for two reasons: first, if they passed out Emmy's for poor taste and bad faith in political advertising, Roudebush's efforts would win hands down; second, the half-truths employed by both camps could be used as a primer for anyone interested in studying the realities of American political campaigns.

The last point is in some ways more important than the first. Many people have the tendency to group politicians on a "Gunsmoke" basis: good guys vs. bad guys. But with more and more investigation one finds his hero's white charger looks more and more dapple grey. The end of political innocence is the beginning of political awareness. To the cynical it becomes an exercise in classifying the bad and the worse.

THE eye of this political storm is the Roudebush advertisement described (above) in camera directions and script. The ad went on the air on September 8; on September 14, Hartke campaign manager Jacques Leroy sent a telegram to Indiana television stations informing them that "said advertisement is false and defamatory," and, in compliance with Burns Indiana Statute 2-518, serving notice of such a complaint to the stations. He also demanded that the stations air a retraction of comparable length in a comparable time slot: "The text of the 30-second slot maintains, in part,

that Senator Vance Hartke voted for the bill to permit trade with those communist countries," without mentioning (conveniently) to which bill the commercial refers.

Roudebush filed a substantiating memo with the stations citing a history of six Senate votes as the basis for his position that Hartke had in effect sold guns to the enemy. In a telephone conversation, Roudebush spokesman Gorden Durnell insisted that the Congressman's refutation of the "false and defamatory" charge rested on that six-vote history and not on any single vote as the ad's script would have the viewer believe.

Hartke forces insisted that the ad referred to the Senate vote on the Export Expansion and Regulation Act of 1969 and that Hartke did not vote for the measure. The Roudebush memo also mentions the vote on that bill (H.R. 4293), using it to substantiate his claims.

The contentions of those two notes led to a whole series of mind-boggling discoveries:

are unnecessary by a consistently conservative candidate in a conservative state running against a liberal. It isn't so much that the spots are so factually inaccurate as they are simply gross.

But the Roudebush people apparently don't see things that way. In the year of Agnew and Mitchell (Mr. and Mrs.), clubbing opponents to death seems to be the conservative forte; and the thirty-second spot advertisement—bordering on the distortion of fact, playing on voter fear, bidding for the revenge vote—seems the best club of all. It boils down to this question: when you have a candidate like Roudebush who has the favored political position and the financial backing so that he has no need to club, but clubs anyway, what can we expect of him once in the Senate? The difference between Roudebush and Hartke is that while both employ half-truth, Hartke at least keeps it between himself and media chiefs while Roudebush by implication foists it upon the public.

---

# you are a cowardly heel

---

- The fact is that Hartke did not vote at all on the final passage of H.R. 4293 (Congressional Record, S13088). In fact, Hartke's vote was more conspicuous for its absence than any alleged affirmation; assenting votes on the measure included those cast by most of the Senate's major Democratic liberals, and Republican Senators Brooke, Percy, Fong, Packwood, and Prouty. On the basis of Hartke's non-vote, thus belying a contention of the Roudebush memo, WNDU's lawyers advised the station to remove the commercial.

- Hartke's manager Leroy noted in his statement to the television stations that Roudebush had voted for "major export legislation" in voting in favor of HR 4293 on *October 16*, 1969, implying that by such a vote Roudebush himself had committed the sin of attempting to trade with Moscow. Roudebush did vote for HR 4293 on the 16th, but at that time it was essentially only an extension of the 1949 Export Act, a measure deemed repressive by a subsequent Senate committee and amended, Hartke not voting on the amended bill. When the amended bill was finally voted on in the House, it was passed by voice vote—Roudebush contending that he voted against it.

- The Chicago *Sun-Times* carried a story on September 18 headlined "Seven hippie-types act in film for Indiana candidate." The "hippies" were paid "\$75 dollars apiece" to depict the young men and women supposedly traveling from state to state to create trouble while committing a number of distasteful or illegal acts. The article notes, "The filming was paid for by backers of U.S. Representative Richard L. Roudebush (R.-Ind.) . . ." Enough said.

After all this, the important result is not conclusions drawn from House or Senate votes, though both are important. Roudebush is at least consistent in his conservative opposition to trade with Eastern European countries, while Hartke has shown moments of indecision. It would seem that such campaign practices

The title for this article is "Richard Roudebush, you are a cowardly heel." Perhaps the title should read "You pays your money, you gets your choice," or "you get the government you deserve."

## Mike Mooney



## perspectives

# "the black panthers are a bunch of yellow dogs, creeps, and psychopaths"

## charlotte casey

James H. J. Tate of Philadelphia, August 31, 1970:

*"I have given the police instructions to go after the Black Panthers and other unlawful elements and if necessary to conduct house-to-house searches."*

Frank J. Rizzo, during a TV news interview, September 3, 1970:

*"The Black Panthers are a bunch of yellow dogs, creeps, and psychopaths."*

**T**ATE is the Mayor of Philadelphia; Rizzo is the Commissioner of Police. The Black Panther Party had called for the plenary session of the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention to meet in Philadelphia over the Labor Day weekend; the meeting was expected to attract a large number of black and white radicals from the different revolutionary movements: black liberation, women's liberation, Third World struggles, and anti-war movements.

And the stage was set.

Enter Rizzo—a Mafioso type who has built and is building his own law-and-order empire on his reputation as a tough cop, on the fact that Philadelphia has the lowest crime rate of the top ten cities (which was true even before he was Commissioner) and on the fears of whites that "racial violence" is inevitable and imminent in the schools and streets of Philadelphia.

The real origin of the racist, not "racial" violence in the City of Brotherly Love was apparent in the week preceding the People's Convention. On Saturday, August 29, a Fairmount Park Guard was shot and killed during an attempted bombing of the police station—allegedly by five former members of the Black Unity Council.

Early Monday morning the police arrived, supposedly with "search and seizure" warrants (which they neglected to show) at the three Black Panther Information Centers, under the pretext of looking for suspects in the so-called murder case. (On TV later, "Sherriff" Rizzo referred to the confrontation that followed as the "showdown at the OK Corral," and bragged that "we humiliated them—we took their pants down." No one hearing the man could doubt that he was, and still is, out for blood: "They're nothing but barbarians; they deserve no mercy under our law." For nearly an hour at dawn on Monday, over 100 cops and FBI agents, armed with machine guns, semi-auto-



matic rifles, shotguns, and tear gas, fired upon both the North and West Philadelphia centers from rooftops, alleys, streets, and helicopters. The Panthers, greatly outnumbered, defended themselves, but had to surrender as the offices became saturated with tear gas. When they came out, they were stripped and put up against the wall: police continued firing and only stopped because the people looking on were shouting and protesting.

After the court calendar was manipulated so that Philadelphia's most reactionary judge could set bail, 16 black men and women were booked on "assault, conspiracy, and possession of deadly weapons," and held for \$100,000 ransom each.

Rizzo and Tate had their excuse to escalate the tension so that the Convention could somehow be prevented from happening and the local Panther chapter could be intimidated into non-existence. The Philadelphia papers were full of scare headlines and editorials. The entire police force was put on full-time duty over the weekend; all holidays were cancelled. Liberal spokesmen from liberal groups of black, whites, lawyers, clergy, city officials and civil libertarians spent the week issuing liberal statements condemning the "violence on both sides"—ignoring the fact that the violence on the side of the state is institutionalized and the Panther's violence is merely a form of self-defense, a legal right. The Jewish Defense League tried to have the convention banned, and failed. The Panthers tried to get a court order restraining the cops from violating the rights of the convention, and won. And the plenary session of the Revolutionary People's Convention took place; the place: Temple University, in the middle of the North Philadelphia ghetto. Rizzo's death-wish wasn't granted; only one arrest was made in all of North Philadelphia that weekend, far fewer than normal.

The ten thousand people who gathered were there to make revolutionary plans, not revolutionary violence, although most would recognize the need for both. As at the May 1st New Haven rally, the Panthers kept everybody's cool for them. They knew that any confrontation would result in later police reprisals on the black community in Philadelphia—there are more than enough unprovoked attacks as it is.

**T**HE revolutionary plans consisted of the drawings up of a new constitution, and most of the people—blacks, women, homosexuals, street people, Communists,

Youth Against War and Facism, White Panthers, Young Workers, Young Lords, Young Patriots, Third World Maoists, Trotskyists, Quakers . . . came prepared with demands that they wanted inclusion in the new constitution. The Wilhelm Reich-oriented Yellow Springs Collective circulated a paper which spoke of the liberating potential of our sexuality and stated that "not to fuck is counter-revolutionary." A Youth (Against War and Facism) remarked that he hadn't noticed that there was a strong trend in that direction.

In a two-hour speech on Saturday afternoon, Michael Tabor of the New York Panther 21 (accused of "conspiring to blow up the tulips in the Botanical Garden and Gimbel's") ran down the reasons why the United States needs a new constitution. He pointed out that when the slaveowners and landholders drafted the first one, neither women nor blacks were considered "people."

He spoke of the fascist tendencies in the U.S. that whites are beginning to pick up on: Kent State, the "no-knock law," Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell's hard line on the "radicals." But he said that fascism is more than just a tendency in the black community. Rizzo's gestapo tactics had made that apparent to everyone.

Tabor called the U.S. the "number one threat to the continued existence of the human race" and denounced the Pentagon and big-Business warmongers who are attempting to repress liberation struggles over the world. Nixon, Agnew, Michell, Tate, and Rizzo are just puppet henchmen for men like Westmoreland, Rockefeller, and Mellon.

When Huey P. Newton, Black Panther Party co-founder and Minister of Defense, spoke that night the Temple University gym was packed and another couple of thousand people waited outside. Huey quoted the Declaration of Independence: "When a long train of abuses . . . evinces a design to reduce (the people) under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government and provide new forms for their future security." He also read the preliminary draft of the new constitution.

Security was very tight—the Panthers had frisked everyone who entered, and Huey was surrounded on the platform by a heavy ring of men and women bodyguards. The gym was electric with the kind of revolutionary enthusiasm that goes beyond the mere personalism or romanticizing of Huey or the Party. It was more a contact high of people who, having known all along they are united in a common struggle, get to feel it for once.

Factionalism didn't rear its many heads until the next day during the workshop on "self-determinism for women," when the group was split between the so-called "bourgeoise" feminist position and a Marxist analysis. The Panthers were criticized for having used the words "man" and "manhood," instead of "people" and "humanity" in the preamble. A group of radical lesbians walked out of the meeting because they felt the group had not given enough support to their extreme condemnation of the Panthers' "male supremacist attitude."

The rest of the sisters then proceeded to set forth a vision of post-revolutionary America: where free 24-hour day care will be available to all, where the state will make no laws governing social relations, where women will have equal access to all jobs and educational institutions, where media and propaganda will not be exploitative.

**W**HEN people came together again Saturday night, the vision was enlarged as the different workshops turned in their position papers. (Here I'm going to have to rely on Liberation News Service, since I didn't attend the final session.)

The Constitution's New America will provide for a people's militia, destruction of the standing army, dismantling of genocidal weapons, no more than 10% of the national budget spent for the military, and a prohibition against American military forces fighting outside national boundaries. Half of the militia will be women.

Police will be controlled by each community, police forces being composed of people from each community who would rotate their responsibilities at set intervals. There would be no national police or secret police, and no plainclothes police.

Education will be universal, controlled by the community; schools would stress social ideas and practice, students would have full control of school governments and newspapers, there would be no enforced state curriculums, "Liberation" pre-schools would be set up.

The health workshop took the position that a revolutionary attitude toward psychedelic drugs can only be developed after we see how drugs are used by people actively participating in the building of a revolutionary society. Both the drug and health workshops roundly denounced the use of speed, heroin, and other hard drugs which are used to keep people oppressed.

The constitution will state that children are not to be property—of parents, the State, or the collective

groupings in which they may live. They have a right to a broad education that will expose racism, male chauvinism, and heterosexual chauvinism.

A report from the "means of production" workshop pointed out that America's standard of living in a post-revolutionary period would have to decrease at first in order to help other people catch up. The right to freedom from hunger will be central; so will the right to a decent home. Agriculture will be decentralized, and thus overproduction (and subsequent destruction of excess food) will be eliminated, and the use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides minimized. "The only solution to air pollution is revolution," one workshop spokesman said, amid cheers.

The only solution is revolution. Delegates to the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention took an important step toward that American Revolution II. We now have a detailed answer for the query, "If you tear down this society, what are you going to replace it with?"

It will be replaced with, for one thing, a society in which Philadelphia will have to live up to its name: the city of brotherly and sisterly love.

*Charlotte Casey attended the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention sponsored by the Black Panther Party in Philadelphia early this fall. The essay evolved from her reactions to the Conference as a whole, with particular focus upon the Women's Caucus. She is gainfully employed in the library of the University of Notre Dame. The remaining portion of her energies are channelled into various political and community projects, with particular emphasis given to the South Bend Women's Liberation Caucus. She holds a B.A. degree in English Literature from Dunbarton College in Washington, D.C.*





## A Poet's Last Voice

**T**HOMAS MERTON'S last, unfinished volume of poetry is by far his most ambitious. It contains surrealistic meditations, passages of primitive myth, and much anthropological and historical source material. Any attempt to combine these elements into a single volume must be called high ambition, and may be regarded as a healthy effort to marshall some of the directions of contemporary poetry into larger movement. This is no easy task, however, and *Lograire* shows the strain. Its elements do not always work together. The surrealism, which moves between imagery, theological motifs, and mass culture blurbia, is sometimes clever or penetrating, but it is not consistently so. More often, it seems directionless.

It seems more important, however, to note the volume's successes. For one thing, it makes its sources and methods accessible to the reader. The poet as myth-maker or myth-collector can become incomprehensible, but Merton clarifies his myths beautifully:

### Hare's Message (Hottentot)

One day Moongod wanted to send a message to man. Hare volunteered to go to man as Moon-god's messenger. "Go tell men," said Moon, "that they shall all rise again the way I also rise after each dying." Hare the messenger deceived man, changing the heavenly message to one of earth. "You must die," he said, "just as I do." Then the Moon cursed Hare. And the Nagma must now never eat Hare's meat. They do not eat Hare the runner for the runner is death.

Like hundreds of poets since Yeats, Merton relies upon the work of anthropologists for his sources; but unlike many others, he is unwilling to accept it without criticism. Criticizing the anthropologist on his own terms is nearly impossible, since no one outside the field knows enough about what he's doing. Merton circumvents cleverly by using a psychological tactic. In a section loosely based upon Bronislaw Malinowski's journal, he cites the anthropologist's personal weaknesses — among these his desire for mastery over the people he studies:

"How wicked I am," sighed the anthropologist,  
"I need more quinine  
And no one shall sit higher in Trobriand than I."

In other words, the anthropologist is not always in a position to properly evaluate what he sees.

To me, this particular sort of criticism seems very unfair; but the impulse behind it is valid. In light of Merton's constant attempts to simplify the usage of historical and anthropological sources, the criticism points to this: the facts derived from these sources can be interpreted in ways (in Merton's case, according to a doctrine of the ascendant worth of the individual in society) that are just as valid as the anthropologist's esoteric interpretation.

Perhaps Merton's refusal to accept the obscurity of structuralism is linked with his difficulties in using it as a cohesive device. His primary intent was to "dream a world" which could be available to everyone. In a time of alienated consciousness, how could such a world cohere?

Thomas Merton. *The Geography of Lograire*. New York: New Directions Books, 1969. \$1.75.

*Well, I'm a Voodoo Child, lord  
I'm a Voodoo Child.  
Well, the night I was born  
Lord, I swear the moon turned a fiery red.*

*Well, my poor mother cried out loud, the gypsy  
was right  
And I see'd her fell down right dead  
Well, mountain lions found me there waiting  
And set me on an eagle's back  
And when he brought me back  
He gave me Venus which is rain.*

**H**ENDRIX was a schizoid. He had to be. His life came on too many levels for him to have been normal. Hendrix was early. We grew up with him and Cream. In '66 and '67 they were the first real groups to begin molding the culture. Acid rock. Music that didn't flow. It tore. We couldn't dance or move. But we began to get into it. The discord became an order. Our order. Something which only we could dig. It formed us and we formed it. We really grew up with them.

In 1966 Hendrix came out with "Are You Experienced?" Utilizing the blues form, he electrified it and shattered it. Once he achieved chaos he molded the pieces back into his idea of a guitar. The guitar was total guitar. Hendrix knew its potential and took it to its limits using intense drive and cunning.

"The Wind Cries Mary" — easy blues, smooth flow-

ing, suddenly a chop and a drop, elastic timing. "Are You Experienced?" — pride, arrogance. "Fire" — Mitch Mitchell all the way, and the lead echoes, piercing. "Third Stone From the Sun" — the Hendrix to come, "You'll never listen to surf music again."

Backing Hendrix in "Experience" was Mitch Mitchell on drums, and Noel Redding on bass guitar. Mitch Mitchell took the smooth coordinated techniques of jazz and revitalized them in the Hendrix blues-rock idiom. He provided Hendrix with a never-ending display of technical colors and controlled excitement. In '66 drums were on, "Fire." Noel Redding, however, was considered a weak link in the trio. His bass playing was described by some as uninspired or plainly dull. What he did provide was a large round bottom, the simple foundation on which Hendrix built his unusual solos.

Ex-paratrooper, guitar for the Flames — split to London, Clapton and Beck — absorption and growth. The New Experience. America — Monterey and on — purple haze — acid. Fragmentation — water theme, confusion, haze — together, very together — success, haze and water. "Will I live tomorrow? Well, I just can't say." "... next, just ask the Axis."

"Axis Bold As Love" left behind the haze and confusion of album one and entered into the deepening psychosis that made Jimi Hendrix strangely distant, dangerously near. The shock and discord evolved. Hendrix not only was a brilliant musician and an accomplished studio technician, he was a gifted artist. Like many contemporaries Jimi realized the extension of himself in the electronic accoutrements of the studio. Hendrix was blues-evolution — sensuous, soulful, electric. Axis flowed.



"Pointing his plastic finger at me," — power and paranoia. Vision dreams, distorted fantasies — gold and rose — fire and water — I don't mind, it ain't me — splinters of reality — notes clear, sharp — tones of sex, haze and flashes — manifestations of Krishna — transcend the physical and bathe my eye — simple/complex — into the sea eventually.

In 1968 "Electric Ladyland." "Rainy day, dream away," "1983 — A Merman I Should Turn To Be." Sounds in waves, pulses, undulating rhythms, down to the sea. A science fiction story in four-four. Jimi constructs the passage of tides, and splits the world in two. Insulated lead — bubbles bursting under water, we who listened, follow. Some thought culmination. Others listened to Voodoo Child.

*I stood there next to a mountain  
And chopped it down with the edge of my hand  
Lord, I'm a Voodoo Child.*

Slight Reprise — Jimi returns to the blues form, ironically the form best suited for his message. "Never to return again."

A year passes, nothing. A smack bust. A new band. A Band of Gypsies — all black — too black. "Jellyfish in water — with the power of soul." "Message of Love" — or Confusion? Looking, Looking. Two voices a double helix, the haze is getting stronger. "Mmm, I see what you mean, brother."

"They aren't the same notes, man!"  
"But he's squeezing."  
"They're tortured."  
"It's an elegant statement."

Mirror images — definitely schizoid, disillusion and illusion . . . , "Give me the pipe, man . . . , What were we saying?" Just a little bit of a day dream.

*Baby Child as a man  
as a living grain of sand . . .  
Sitting on the ever changing shore,  
Greeting the sunrise  
picked up upon the Gypsy woman  
Hair Flaming Night as ravens even sleep . . . rain-  
bow cloth  
Tambourine complimenting her chant and choice of  
graces,  
And Love Her God. . . .  
I actually looked upon her on my right . . . coming  
forth.  
And Baby Child then secondly looked his left to  
eye  
And 11 or 12 women, men and little ones ap-  
proached:  
They clad in their master's wish;  
White robes swaying to be baptized  
These two worlds crossed each other in front of  
me, when  
Afterwards, Baby Child sipped a heartful of ocean  
Spat out the waste and walked upon the New Day.*

*lance blazius &  
michael o'connell*



## the last word

### I

It has been one of those weekends that never should have happened: a broken bike-chain, a broken watch band. (I keep gazing at an empty wrist). And on and on. Now a friend stands talking. I am like most people; when a scene gets this heavy, I try to lighten matters by thinking about woman, about love. And so it is Sunday night, very late; the light that hangs from an arch at Lyons Hall stretches his shadow the full length of a landing that looks out on St. Mary's lake. The air has turned cold and we watch our words dance momentarily before disappearing into the night. We speak for only a short time. Later I recall what he said: "If I let someone become the center of my life, I can't love her. I begin to seek certainty in her; I begin to possess instead of give."

### II

I remember, as we separate, back to last spring. The turmoil of those days saw perhaps the first real exposure here of the Feminist movement. The movement and the few women who spoke out for it were much maligned by most of us. The local majority charged that feminists were "unladylike." Or that they were Amazons who had long suppressed masculine tendencies and now, because of the looseness and "chaos" of the times, had the freedom to let them show. Or that they were jealous and bitter because they had failed to "find a man."

Much sensationalist, though perhaps necessary, showmanship surrounded the movement in an effort to awaken the public; but if bra-burnings and shouting were frenetic and exaggerated, how much more so were all the denunciations and desperate defenses mouthed by those who sought to belittle the movement and

ignore its truths. For the Feminists had struck at the deepest flaw in the fabric we proudly call the American consciousness. Most of us simply refused to admit this. Despite the movement's increasing popularity, despite the questionable Constitutional reforms recently, despite the University's rhetoric on co-education, most of us continue to ignore those flaws and the accuracy of Feminist charges.

There is a terribly frightening truth in the mirror they hold up to us. For, disregarding the rhetoric and show, the strongest part of their indictment is this: America is built on possession and the sanctity of property. We kill to protect them. And we destroy our ability to love because of them. Our lives become barren; the springs that make possible human friendship go dry.

### III

It is later now, still Sunday night. The walk down Angela and Pokagon toward home is almost over. The cold, as it always does, has brought with it the kind of clear and bottomless sky I come west each fall to see. The clouds have been pushed aside. The stars speak the distances we cannot begin to comprehend.

I realize I possess nothing. I think of the Indians, who once lived off this land and who understood that truth. They might have taught me to understand it too. But they are gone, and I have forgotten all these things: I seek possession instead of communion, and certainty instead of love.

I remember what was said to me in passing last spring. It has lain long, untouched and unnoticed, but it speaks again as I near home: the movement to liberate women is the most basic of human reforms; without it, there can be no other.

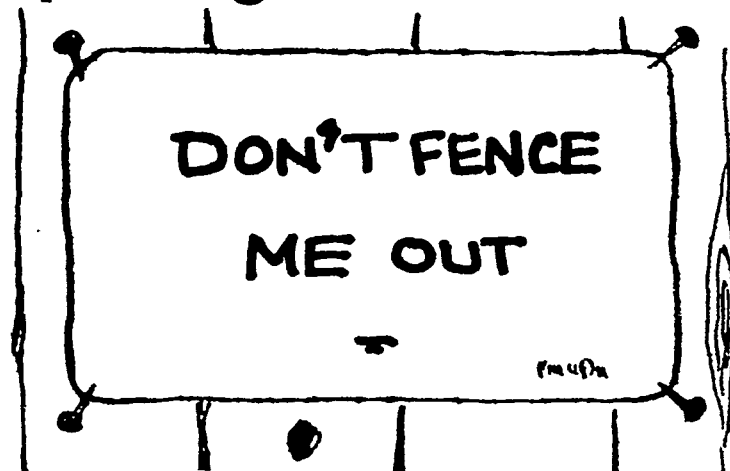
—Steve Brion

THE SCHOLASTIC



# Neighborhood Study Help Program

- a twice a week Tutorial program requiring three to four hours per week.
- a combined effort of South Bend parents and teachers with Notre Dame and SMC students—operating afternoons or evenings—M&W/T&Th.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... TELEPHONE.....

TIME: Afternoons 1:00 - 2:30 M&W..... T&Th.....

Evenings 6:30 - 8:00 M&W..... T&Th.....

Last year's Center if applicable.....

SEND TO: J. REID, 201 Morrissey — 3495  
H. HEISLER, 441 Lyons — 7992

What do you need besides rage to get rid of the draft?

**Knowledge.**

Midwest Center for Draft Counseling Training Session

October 2-3, Notre Dame, 2 sessions per day

For information and manuals call 234-5116

The only requirement is attending the sessions.



**CampusShop**



**M<sup>C</sup>GREGOR<sup>®</sup>**

**MAKES IT!!**

### SNO-STADIUM COAT

This all-weather classic has detachable hood, weather-beating pile lining underneath an all-wool outer shell. Choose yours from a variety of colors. The Sno-Stadium is a rugged, all-purpose coat that will serve you well.

*We've got*

**COATS! COATS! COATS!**

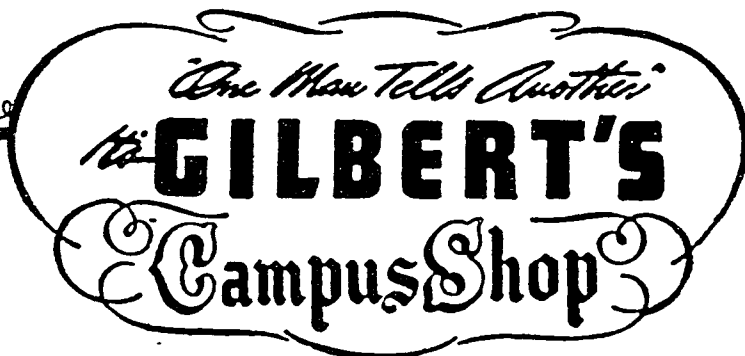
*Cords and wools . . . suedes and leathers . . . and more!*

also . . . remember . . . long-sleeve turtleneck shirts by White Stag . . . versatile!

**BUY NOW . . . PAY NEXT JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH**

and pay no interest or service charge of any kind.

*We're YOUR store in style, price and terms*



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME