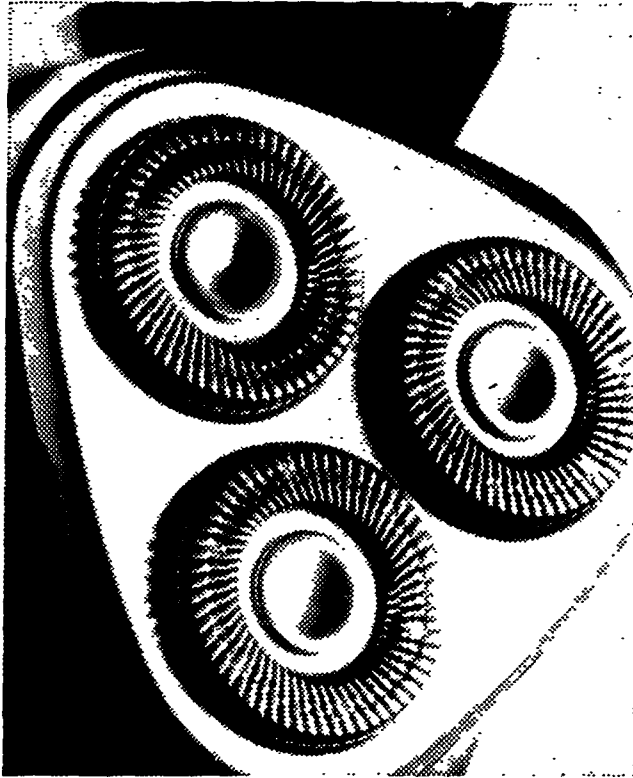


scholastic
october 23, 1970





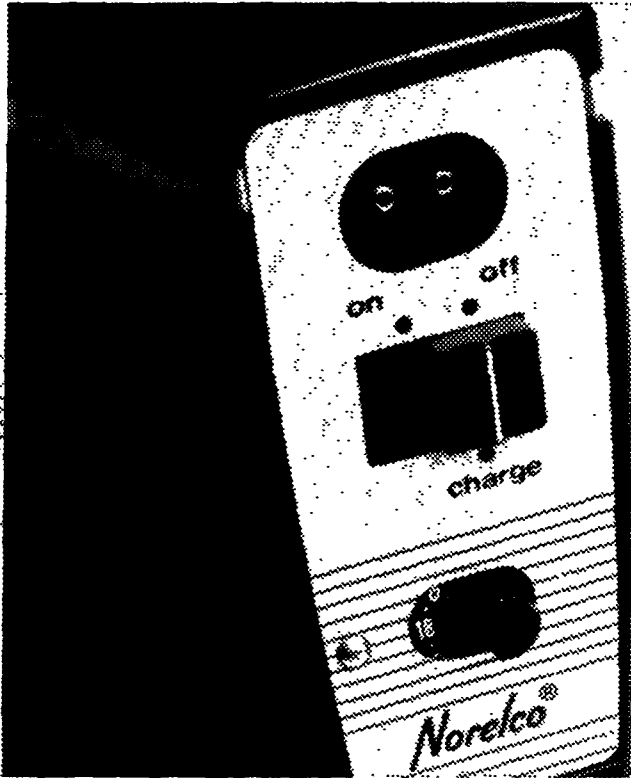
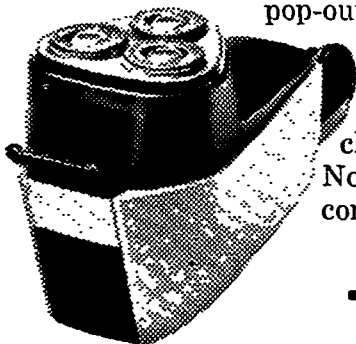
This is what we have against blades.

A shaver that shaves as close or closer than the new platinum and chromium blades.

99 men tested our Norelco Tripleheader 35T against these new blades. Each shaved one side of his face with a blade and the other with the Tripleheader. Our three floating heads followed the curves of their faces. And our eighteen rotary blades shaved in every direction at once (that's the way beards grow).

Blades can't do all this. They're straight. And that's why *seven out of ten men said the Tripleheader shaved them as close or closer than the new blades.*

What's more, the Tripleheader has a pop-out trimmer. So you can get your sideburns straight and even for a change. Now what blade can compete with that?



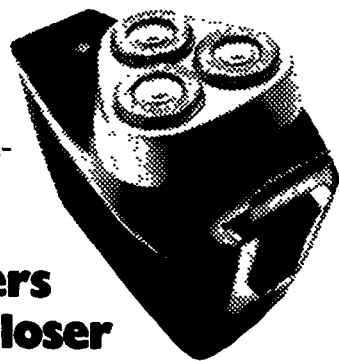
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Our Rechargeable Tripleheader 45CT has all the features of our regular Tripleheader. It has three Microgroove™ floating heads. And eighteen rotary blades that continuously sharpen themselves to cut down on bothersome blade replacement. And a hidden pop-up trimmer for neat sideburns and mustaches.

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Now what rechargeable can compete with that?



**The Norelco Tripleheaders
You can't get any closer**



letters	4
editorial	6
markings	
if i had a million dollars and you didn't have any/ <i>tom macken</i>	7
northeast center: can we really black it up?/ <i>john banks-brooks</i>	8
buttons/ <i>steve dixon</i>	10
if nixon took off his clothes/ <i>bill mitchell</i>	11
week in distortion	12
exhibits in a quandary: the peace movement stalled/ <i>carolyn gatz</i>	14
palestine and the zionists: a personal look from the other side/ <i>paul said</i>	18
all over the lot with george mcgovern/ <i>joe hotz</i>	22
our schizoid nation/ <i>william toohey, c.s.c.</i>	25
two-inch monuments/ <i>steve brion</i>	28
coming distractions/football	29
watching the seagull soar/ <i>mary ellen stoltz</i>	30
sportrivia/ <i>don kennedy</i>	32
last word	34

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

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

Letters

Infantile leftism . . .

To the Editor:

With apologists like Charlotte Casey the revolution doesn't need critics! Did you intend her article on the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention to serve as a textbook illustration of infantile leftism, or did it just turn out that way?

Philip Gleason
Associate Professor, History

. . . and cowardly heels!

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter to express my admiration of the beautiful, almost classical simplicity of Mike Mooney's article, "Richard Roudebush, you are a cowardly heel."

I have no words to praise the aplomb with which he dismisses objectivity, rationality, fairness and all those other awkward things which get in the way of a clear-cut issue. Reality itself shrinks in dismay before such singleness of purpose. When Mike Mooney takes the podium, Richard Roudebush should hide in shame, and rightly so, lest complications spoil the clarity of the issue. And speaking of cowardly heels, Senator Hartke seems to be the one running scared and low.

Mike Mooney has dealt a blow for simplicity; he has found it more expedient to dismiss complexity than to deal with it; he has made the two candidates cowboys and Indians so that the reader may make clear distinctions untrammelled by thought.

I submit that the ad in question hits home at Hartke; that Hartke ads insult an aware public with the question of which party has gummed-up the works; that many would be interested to discover just how much *Hartke* is spending on campaign advertising in view of Democratic criticism of Republican spending in

the Indiana campaign. And as far as Indiana being a "conservative" state, I inquire as to who elected Hartke, Bayh and Brademas.

Mike Mooney has not been mature enough to avoid the most elementary trap of journalism — personal abuse. And Indiana has the unique position of having not just one, but two U.S. senators who talk through their hats. Richard Roudebush will change that this November so Vance and Mike may take a vacation together.

As a former editor of a midwestern college newspaper, I would not have permitted such narrowness of view in a single issue, or expect to see it in a major university publication. Perhaps *THE SCHOLASTIC* should be renamed *The Hartke* following the narrow-minded, slanted, one-sided hogwash of the last issue. The issue was actually a disservice to Democrats. I trust I need not change political parties to have this letter printed in your free press in the interest of equal time. . . .

A Republican Notre Dame
Law Student
Rick J. Moskowitz

P.S. Concerning your headline, there are libel and slander laws, Mr. Mooney!

Beyond Arrowsmith

To the Editor:

I found the ideas of William Arrowsmith and your reflections on them very interesting and thought-provoking. The criticisms of today's educational system in America were acute in many instances: the lack of moral and spiritual direction, for example. But in some aspects the critique was unfair, and more importantly, I believe, the solutions were inadequate.

The article spoke of "whiteman's wisdom" as an egotistical disposition explaining many evils, including terrible waste of natural and human resources, violence, and racism so ingrained as to be almost ineradicable, and also spoke of "the personal and cultural violence peculiar to Western man." Does this not seem to be a rather excessive and unbalanced contention? First, what is the "whiteman's wisdom" which is spoken of? So many Western white men have acted in so many ways for so many reasons that it is simply impossible to justify a generalized reference to such a monolithic phenomenon. To charge all the waste, violence, and racism to Western white men in general is to lack proper analytical differentiation between the beneficial and destructive aspects of Western thought. And that the article blithely ignored the fact that Western thought has produced much of benefit is another of its deficiencies. Moreover it is hard to think of *any* particular "personal and cultural violence" which is peculiar to Western man — racism, for instance, seems to be endemic in almost all cultures.

The solutions offered to the problem were rooted philosophically (or rather pre-philosophically) in Indian and pre-Socratic thought, notably in the recognition of a larger, non-personal force: the vastness of nature, or a community of all men. It is difficult to see how the mere vastness of nature itself would provide any wisdom, as opposed to, say, certain norms rooted in nature's being. And "a community of all men" is not at all a thought peculiar to Indian or pre-Socratic thought — Western stoicism and Christianity both place much emphasis on this idea.

The ideas implicit in Indian and pre-Socratic thought do indeed provide much of value, but I think that there is a more complete source for revitalization of the West, which ought to be the special concern of those of us who study at a Catholic university; namely, Christianity. It, too, rejects the egoism of which Arrowsmith and you complain, quite rightly. It, too, can provide the moral and spiritual direction which

you, quite rightly, find lacking. It, too, sees that man must recognize a larger force which is expressed in the being of nature and in a community of all men. But that force is not by any means "non-personal." It is God.

The temptation to lump all of Western thought and action together and to blame all of our society's evils on this undifferentiated lump is quite understandable. But perhaps we should rather analyze Western thought, extract what is true and good from it, and thereby find in our own mind's backyard the way of thinking and acting which will provide the corrective for the evils of our society.

Chris Wolfe

Free, gratis and non-refundable!

To the Editor:

In the editorial printed in *THE SCHOLASTIC* for October 1, 1970, the following statement is made:

"... (football) ... adds \$15 to a student's tuition in the form of unrequested tickets."

One wonders about the source of such erroneous information. To my knowledge, no charge at all is made to a Notre Dame undergraduate student for the football season tickets he receives. These are given to him *gratis* for his own personal use. Since they represent a gift for the specific benefit of the Notre Dame undergraduate they are non-transferable and non-refundable.

Robert Cahill
Business Manager of Athletics

THE SCHOLASTIC invites its readers to react favorably, unfavorably, with love or with malice—in any case, to write letters. Please send any and all such material to: the Editor, Notre Dame *SCHOLASTIC*, 4th Floor Student Center.

Editorial

Like King at a Klan Convention

That's how it struck us, sitting in the Library Auditorium last Thursday while Ti-Grace Atkinson spoke. That she preached violent revolution rather than nonviolent reformation or that the crowd's fears were cloaked in crew shirts and (in some cases) long hair rather than white robes, made little difference. The fact was that almost no one listened much to what she said; it was quite enough *that* she said it, and that it was a *she* who said it.

So that when Atkinson began to say some undeniable and startling things, no one was listening — except those who already understood the truth of her words, or at least her anger. And by the time she began to tell us that (for example) if a woman uses contraceptives without her husband's consent, she can be charged with desertion, in most states; or that a woman cannot have her husband arrested for rape unless he holds her down while a third party actually commits the act; or that two women per day died in New York City from butchered abortion operations before the recent, more liberal law was passed — by that time, the scene had taken on a jocularly which smothered her charges and her warning. Nothing came of the evening except more misunderstanding and more hatred.

It is always revelatory when we who pride ourselves on our intellectual sophistication and lack of prejudice run head-on into a fear so deep and strong as to be almost ineradicable. Yet most of us manage to ignore even that elementary and relatively simple insight. To paraphrase, we have eyes but cannot see

and ears but cannot hear. For those of us who tried mightily to cast aside what Ti-Grace Atkinson said last Thursday, a small parable speaks quite clearly:

At one point, around the middle of her long talk, the speaker told the crowd, "You must bear the responsibility and guilt for the wrongs committed by those institutions you continue to uphold. If they are guilty of murder, you too are guilty of murder. Most Americans have blood on their hands. Look closely at your hands. What do you see there?"

From the back of the auditorium a male voice responded, quite distinctly, "Calluses."

The message that Ti-Grace Atkinson had tried all night to communicate was incarnated in an audience that sat, callous and deaf.



Markings

If I Had a Million Dollars And You Didn't Have Any

OUT of a total undergraduate enrollment this fall of nearly 6400 students, 707 of us are also enrolled in one of the ROTC programs. This comes to about 11% of the undergraduate student body. A breakdown of total enrollment in each of the ROTC programs for the last four years and this year follows:

YEAR (Fall enrollment)	AS (Air Science)	MSCI (Army)	NSCI (Navy)
1966	474	615	260
1967	469	608	264
1968	365	585	247
1969	265	418	216
1970	236	273	198

According to Dean Devere Plunkett, Director of Military Affairs for Notre Dame and Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, approximately \$717,000 is given to the University to finance scholarships for students enrolled in ROTC programs. Another \$200,000 is given by the government directly to the scholarship students in the form of \$50 per month checks for "subsistence" pay. Three hundred and twenty-five ROTC students are on full scholarship this Fall—approximately 46% of the total ROTC enrollment; nearly 5% of the total undergraduate student body. A breakdown of scholarships by ROTC program follows:

Program	Total Enrollment	Full Scholarship
AS	236	82
MSCI	273	106
NSCI	198	137
	—	—
totals:	707	325

This is indeed a large percentage of scholarships. Other campuses across the country offering ROTC programs (i.e. approximately 53 institutions with Naval Science, 275 with Military Science, and 235 with Air Science) obtain considerably fewer scholarships. As a case in point, Purdue—a campus three times our size—has only 92 scholarship holders.

Dean Plunkett attributes the large percentage of ROTC scholarships on this campus to Notre Dame's highly selective admissions policy (as compared to more loosely selective policies in state-run institutions): "Scholarships are granted on a competitive basis, and our boys seem to do exceedingly well in this competition. As a private institution, we obviously attract and admit students who can compete well in all areas, including competition for ROTC scholarships."

This year Congress appropriated funds for 5500 scholarships for each ROTC service branch (Army, Navy, and Air Force). The 325 scholarship holders on campus this year thus comprise approximately 1.4% of the 16,500 ROTC scholarships granted nationwide.

Conclusions drawn from such a brief review of basic statistics can often be dubious at best, but two sets of facts can be juxtaposed meaningfully: enrollment in ROTC programs at Notre Dame these last five years has decreased rather significantly (and it should be noted that the figures quoted here say nothing of the dropout rates during the spring semester of each school year or of the total number of students "graduating" receiving commissions from the ROTC program); and secondly, the government is doling out nearly \$1,000,000 to the University and its students this year for participation in military programs.

—Tom Macken

Markings

A ACTION
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N NOW

803

**NORTHEAST
NEIGHBORHOOD
SERVICE CENTER**

OFFICE OF ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY

PHONE
284-9675

HOURS
9 AM - 7:30 PM Mon-Fri
SAT 8 AM - 12 Noon

Northeast Center: Can We Really Black It Up?

AT 803 Notre Dame Avenue an old firehouse crumbles quietly; in it, five days a week, a Mrs. Perkins and her staff work. They are officially known as the Northeast Neighborhood Service Facility. One of four in South Bend, it is administered by Action, Inc., funded by the federal government through the Office of Economic Opportunity. Originally a recreation center, it expanded to include community services in 1968.

Simply put, the function of the Northeast Center is to serve as a liaison for people in the neighborhood to services in town, that is, the "you name it we do it" kind—offering emergency food, shelter, clothing, adult and youth education, job-seeking, recreation, paying utility bills, anything to help maintain a family life.

Actual volunteer work and funds, however, are scarce; all money from the government is strictly to maintain a staff, office supplies and the building. Direct economic assistance for the neighborhood is raised entirely by donations from charitable persons and groups. Approximately eight hundred dollars were raised in previous years but it has dwindled this year to twenty.

Other difficulties beset the Northeast Center, including a lack of neighborhood understanding: it is generally considered a badge of dishonor to accept the help offered by what many see as a "Poverty Center."

Because the Center is in an overwhelmingly black community, black leaders and volunteers are especially desired. Mrs. Perkins observed that the situation is continually one of white teaching black, but that "whites just do not understand completely the black child." (Her point is well taken: when was the last time you met a white student here who was raised on A.D.C.?) Too often the black youngster participates with the attitude that there "ain't no white gonna tell me nothing." Unfortunately, black college students have usually responded to Mrs. Perkins pleas with a few empty promises and virtually no help.

Dr. Scott, head of Black Studies, admits only limited knowledge of the Action Program as administered in South Bend, but has and is taking part in the service through Operation Head Start. He has also formulated several proposals for the organization. It was made

known that students qualifying under Federal guidelines may receive pay for their services while all qualified students are eligible for academic credit.

Vice-President of the Afro-American Society Rick Ames cited two reasons for the poor response by blacks at Notre Dame: general ignorance of the Center, coupled with an unhealthy preoccupation with academics; and the feeling that blacks would be stymied because white liberals maintain control over the purse strings.

Ames emphasized that the idea behind the Center is good, and that it has accomplished some worthwhile things; however, the actual effect is that of an anesthesia—stopping the pain but not the bleeding. He believes that if blacks in the northeast neighborhood adequately understood that they are being used to soothe white consciences, the Neighborhood Center would disappear or change radically.

He also felt that the Center shared the inherent fault of most public agencies: little is done to bring lasting benefits, although 1800 people were helped last year alone. In this instance, that leads to a chronic dependency of black on white. But the representative of the Afro-American Society sees the value of supplying the qualified student with federal pay and academic credit for offering his services there.

All concerned with the Center's survival recognize the great need for black leadership there. The question that remains, however, is a common enough one: can the blacks truly lead without full power of the purse? Economics has forced the Center and blacks generally to play a passive role in serving the individuals of the northeast neighborhood by hampering not only constructive action but also the desire in blacks to help brothers yet unable to help themselves. Plainly, cooperation among all members of the community is essential in reaching the community. Just as clearly, those with money must give freely; those who share the black experience must lead.

But while we are deciding just what to do and how, a mother with five children, no food and a fifty-dollar utility bill needs help. And the old firehouse that houses the Northeast Neighborhood Center crumbles slowly.

—John Banks-Brooks

Steve Dixon

Buttons

A QUALIFIED self-destructive feeling of helplessness has descended upon me from what I'll call the zenith of formative and symbolic distortion. Heavy. But, transliterated, that means that a combination of *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, "Joe," *When She Was Good*, and the divers crises of my closer friends is forcing my hands into the air: "What can I do?" "What about original sin?" "There will always be war . . . and the poor . . . and the insane." And on and on. So, I, at least, might as well be comfortable . . . or go play a game of handball.

That is what I mean by a qualified self-destructive feeling of helplessness. Self-protective withdrawal in the face of a world that is finitely nonredeemable.

But, last night, it occurred to me that all this despair about the inevitability of evil, the corruption of man by his social environment and so on came about while I was lying in bed, in my very warm room, listening to music and smoking a cigarette. Certainly, all this morbidity did not come from experience. So then, from where?

Well, obviously, from reading a few books, seeing an immoral movie, and listening to the cosmic proportions of the problems of particular people. And that's false, because, so they say, "that's not life," that's literature, media distortion, and cheap psychology and philosophy. Or is it? Man's assimilating processes are such that he never notes or records a fact, a thing, a conversation, or an event in a passive way. He takes what he sees or experiences inside, gives it symbolic form, perhaps formative meaning; that is, he inwardly re-creates it before it becomes locked away in the mind to be used for future reference or as a formative block of his Psyche. But, he does so selectively. In fact, it is his active selection, his bringing something to whatever he observes or feels that makes man a symbolizing, thus formative creature.

This selective re-creation may explain why I saw "Joe" and felt an emotion that bordered on nausea at the thought of people really believing that the characterizations of any one of the cultures presented were anything but grotesquely particularized. And con-

demned the movie as immoral. And why yet another friend saw the movie as somewhat valuable because it was a good portrait of middle-class rhetoric. Both of us focused unconsciously on different aspects. I interpreted the overall effect with moral indignation. He interpreted the same movie by reshaping his image of a speech form. My response, emotional. His response, cognitive. Both of us, however, before talking about the movie, were oblivious to the probable truth of both of our observations.

And that, finally, is what I mean by the zenith of symbolic and formative distortion. It is a kind of psychic numbing, a muting of an overall response to an event, facts, or experiences. It explains why I can lie comfortably in bed and feel sorry for myself and the world situation, and still in bed, smoke many cigarettes or choose to cop out before ever getting in. And it also may explain why my friend who analytically examined Joe's rhetoric may be able to make napalm in three years. All he will think about is how fast it burns.

In both cases, there is an insufficient harmony between emotional and cognitive elements — what one knows and what one feels. Thus, I could speak of feeling and judging without knowing anything from first-hand experience while a friend could know facts and figures without attaching any moral significance to his observations.

Such a rift between knowledge and emotion is by no means peculiar to my example. The ever-increasing rift between technological knowledge on the one hand and the capacity for moral imagination on the other is a well-known editorial polemic. And indeed, an important one. At Notre Dame, nonessential conversations are everyday ego flights, while indignant, thoughtlessly unarticulated moral precepts are equally profuse.

Perhaps such a gapped awareness will produce an age of button pushers: some will push the buttons without any concern for what happens afterwards; others will push the buttons because they believe that what they are doing is for the good. Perhaps that age is already upon us.

Bill Mitchell

If Nixon Took Off His Clothes

Every once in a while in American politics, someone stands up and makes perfectly clear what James Madison said in Federalist No. 10: "Enlightened statesmen will not always be at the helm."

Madison, who was addressing himself to the dangers of factionalism in a republican democracy, may have underestimated the corruption he predicted: "The influence of factious leaders may kindle a flame within their particular States but will be unable to spread a general conflagration through the other States."

As Vice President Agnew slashed his way across the country last week, feeding the flames and grabbing the votes of one interest group after another, the rhetoric of the Nixon administration picked up speed in its divisive nose dive toward demagoguery.

It's not as if Madison would expect the vice president to transform the roots of faction in men's hearts; he warned against that kind of evangelical politics. What he would look for, though, is some respect for what is best in men on the part of those who rule them.

Nixon and Agnew, in the tradition of the Wallace they beat, have sought what is worst in men — ripping the nation apart with appeals to the fears, prejudices and hatreds of Americans, building a majoritarian politics based not on any sort of common good — but on heightened (not enlightened) self-interest.

The salesmanship involved in all this found a successful training ground in the campaign, a contest of gimmicks that should have dispelled any lingering suspicion regarding the role of virtue in American politics. As Daniel Boorstin says, advertising as a political tactic "has meant a reshaping of our very concept of truth."

Jim Sage, one of Nixon's media men quoted by Joe McGinniss in his *The Selling of the President 1968*, put it like this: "The most powerful man in the world. And he's going to be elected on what he didn't say. He's created an image of himself through cornball sunsets and WASP-y faces and no one remembers what he says. Which is gobbledy-gook anyway, of course."

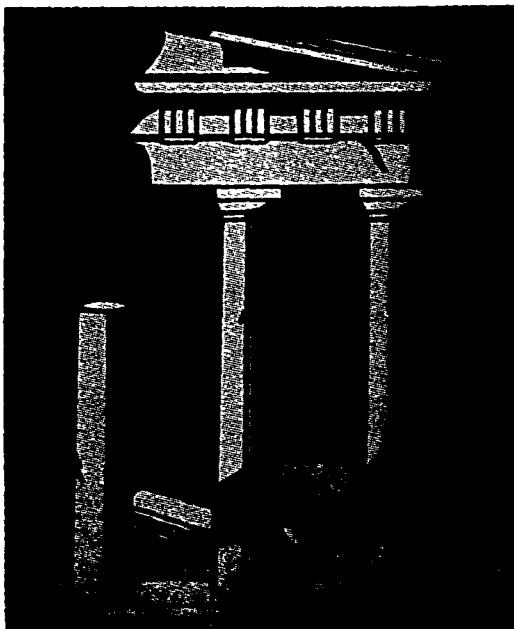
McGinniss begins the appendix of his book with a quote from Boorstin's *The Image*:

Nowadays everybody tells us that what we need is more belief, a stronger and deeper and more encompassing faith. A faith in America and in what we are doing. That may be true in the long run. What we need first and now is to disillusion ourselves. What ails us most is not what we have done with America, but what we have substituted for America. We suffer primarily not from our vices or our weaknesses, but from our illusions. We are haunted, not by reality, but by those images we have put in place of reality.

Images have made Nixon and Agnew articles of faith rather than men in whom we might trust — a transformation transparent in their own rhetoric, which seeks a kind of submissive acquiescence to all they do, and are.

The American electorate is being molded into media freaks: we're looking at Nixon and Agnew as they would have us look at them, as images. It makes little difference to them, finally, that some people conjure an image of bastard rather than saviour — just so long as the latter remains a majority illusion.

As Gary Wills suggests in his new book *Nixon Agonistes*, if Nixon ever took his clothes off, he'd disappear.



The Week In Distortion

or

It Is a Bad Word that comes from Washington, Always

Some weeks, the most recent among them, our nation's leaders just kind of stumble their way into this section.

Two Sides, One Coin

The Republican National Committee, no newcomer to the marketing game, is offering a sterling silver medal with portraits of Nixon and Agnew on one side, their seals on the other.

A silver model is offered to \$25 contributors; for \$10 you get it in solid bronze — with the same portraits, the same seals. Contributions of less than \$10 are hardly in the GOP tradition, and win no medal.

Neither medal confers a plenary indulgence, but emblazoned across

both the silver and the bronze is the hallmark of it all: "Forward Together."

So Much For Symbols

Like Agnew says, they're together: "Let me make one thing clear. As the Vice President in the Nixon administration I'm not on a frolic. I'm out here doing a job for the administration."

Last week, he went out to New York and did his job on Sen. Charles E. Goodell, the Republican who replaced Robert Kennedy. Agnew called Goodell "the Christine

Jorgensen of the Republican party" in an attack the White House has since taken credit for.

Like Agnew says, "While everything I say has not received the express clearance of the President, I have a sense of purpose and definition in what I'm attempting to accomplish. We'll just leave it at that."

Later in the week, he told an audience in Amarillo: "The hidden cause of malaise in America is the success—the success—of the American system." Later in the talk, he got back to the "radical-liberals," making things clear with his usual sense of purpose, definition and accomplishment.

Saigon's Short-haired Morality

The Thieu government, defended by Americans for the sake of liberty, self-determination and all that, published its latest police report: "2,172 persons were accused of having indulged themselves in social vices, including 130 ruffians, 261 gamblers, 217 prostitutes, 76 opium smokers, 121 persons sleeping on the streets, nine beggars, 123 violations of public sanitation and 1,236 young men having hippie

hairdos."

A government spokesman said the hippies were booked because they were "against the good customs and morals of our country."

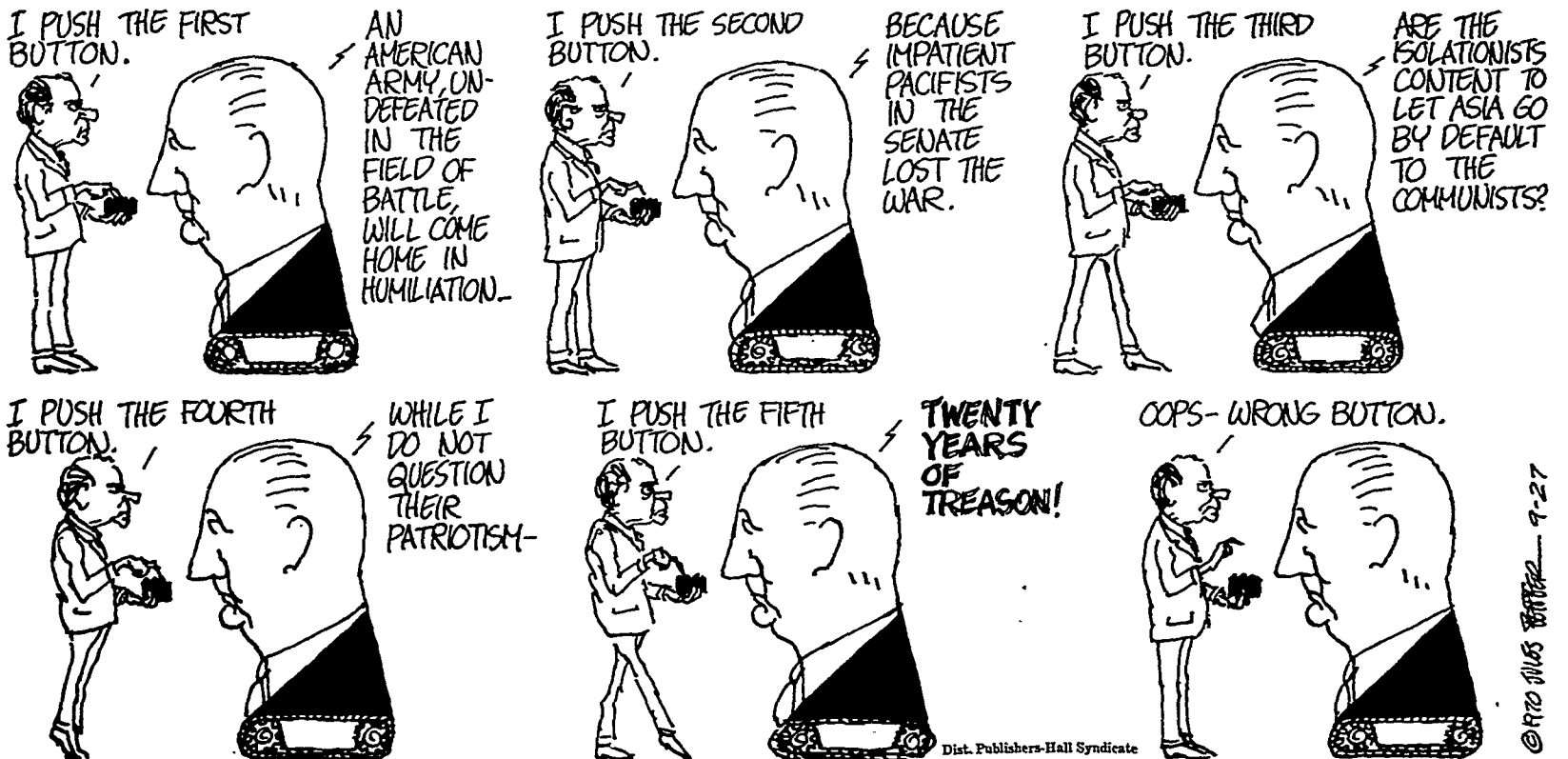
Campus Infiltration (from the Left)

Back in America, Rep. Richard H. Ichord, chairman of the House Internal Security Committee, defied a federal court order and published

a report listing 65 "radical" campus speakers.

Included in the cadre of dangerous characters were John Ciardi, the poetry editor of *The Saturday Review*; The Rev. John C. Bennett, former president of the Union Theological Seminary, and author Jessica Mitford.

All three were described by the report as members of the National Committee to Abolish HUAC (House Un-American Activities Committee), the former name of Ichord's Internal Security Committee.



Exhibits in a Quandary: The Peace Movement Stalled



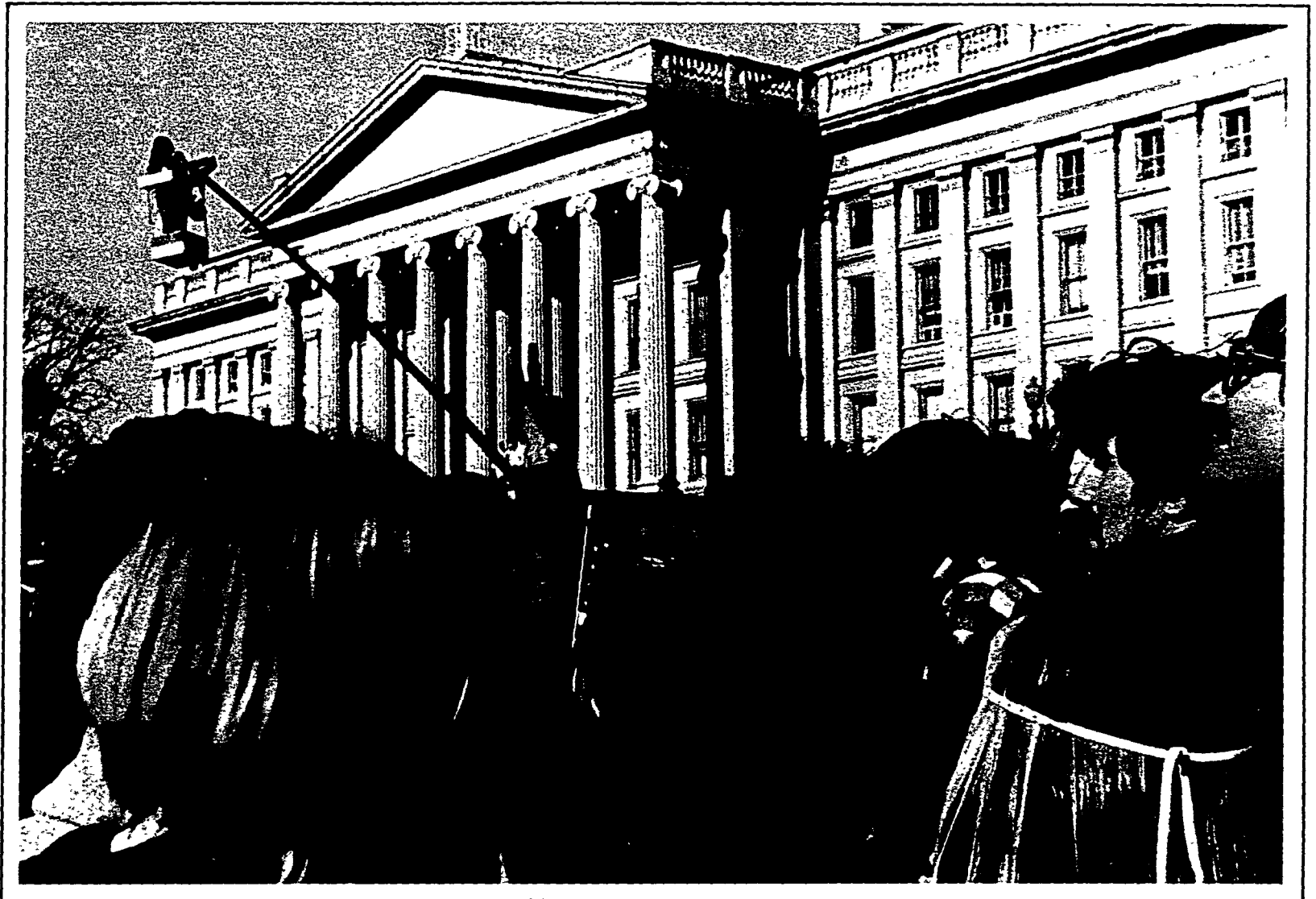
AT noon a year ago last week it dawned on a few campus politicians that within an hour the first Moratorium rally would develop on the lawn at the flagpole. The same cast of characters scrambled furiously for an hour and miraculously produced platform and microphones. The rally went on.

That incident and the drama which followed were the October Moratorium, Notre Dame style. Or as it might be termed, *the* epic peace endeavor in the annals of this university — to that point in history.

The events of last October 15 were well-planned, except for the “detail” of platform and microphones. Which is perhaps a metaphor for the peace movement as a whole and its predominantly student constituency.

The curious history of the new leftist movement in the United States is a vast project for some future historian — someone with greater distance than possible in the midst of the foray. Yet though the numbers vary, it remains true today and tomorrow and next week that, as Sam Brown put it,

Every month President Nixon in effect takes \$30 from every American taxpayer to ship across the Pacific Ocean along with 20,000 draftees. This is the installment payment on the 400 or so caskets and several thousand amputees and cripples that come back across the ocean each month.



But if the peace movement is to continue in this country, and if it is not to continue forever (that is if the war is to end), the current stagnation pleads for analysis. Analysis amidst the explosion of bombs and indictment of "rioters" at Kent State and possible plans for this winter — tactical analysis seems essential.

The following are episodes drawn from the past two years. They illuminate or create some questions, central to the problem of where/how/why the peace movement is, wherever it is. They are, as the subtitles say, exhibits. Together they form a collage that focuses upon areas demanding attention before any more eggs hatch.

Exhibit a:

Two years ago, a St. Mary's graduate crossed that thin line in the fashion world between a peacenik and a factory worker to take a job as the latter. At the encouragement of Students for a Democratic Society, she, along with at least several hundred other leftists, moved into the world of the working class to form an alliance between her political consciousness and their — according to Marx — latent radical potency.

To disintegrate barriers based on stereotype, she told them that she hadn't gone to college. The alliance, political or otherwise, never materialized. Her fellow workers would glance out of the corners of their eyes and query, "Are you sure you didn't go to college? You walk like you went to college."

Exhibit b:

Summer of '69, four post-collegiate individuals opened an office in Washington and held a few press conferences to announce the enormous undertaking of an escalating anti-war strike. Sam Brown reflected upon the efforts that went into the Moratorium in a lengthy article in the *Washington Monthly*. "The initial call and the founding statement were very centrist documents. We tried to set a moderate tone in everything — from the choice of the word 'moratorium' rather than 'strike' to our constant encouragement of activities that would appeal to people just right of our student base."

The goal of the Moratorium Committee was to attract a broader constituency than the student base from which they were forced to work.

The media then created the Moratorium, having been convinced by the Committee that indeed something was going to happen on October 15. The old snowball took command, gathering Congressional support.

The somber-Woodstock nature of the day at Notre Dame and elsewhere created the illusion of a mass commitment to anti-war work. The possibility of actually succeeding in counterchanneling the connection between the movement and its young advocates also emerged: it's supposedly easier for Nixon to dismiss campus protest than to dismiss 25,000 people in the same activities on Wall Street or 700 attorneys in Boston.

“There was a kind of huge peace orgasm in Washington that Saturday,



By November, the term Vietnamization had entered the vocabulary and appeased the snowball right out of existence.

New Mobilization to End the War forced, by its very existence, a coalition between the Moratorium Committee and the mass action planned in Washington for November. A larger Woodstock therefore replaced any attempt to actually convince people who weren't already anti-war. And Nixon watched the football game.

Sam Brown: “There was a kind of huge peace orgasm in Washington that Saturday, and everyone went home to sleep it off, convinced that the war would never end if the demonstration had no effect . . .”

Exhibit c:

A cold South Bend evening, as only South Bend evenings can be. And several score students, plus South Bend doves, formed a march to the Courthouse for the December Moratorium. The numbers had fallen since October, but the fervor was still around at least in the ranks of the march. The radical element transformed the action that night from the communal sunshine of

October into — for the unsympathetic — a more outrageous stance: the flag of Hanoi marched with people who left cars bearing “Another Family for Peace” stickers. What resulted was the realization that people, particularly policemen, react from superficial stimuli. The proof: a flag broken over the knee of a South Bend officer and several busted heads taken to the jailhouse rather than the hospital.

Two big questions: what is the relationship between the peace movement and broader political dissent? Or, between the moderate peace movement and those espousing more radical reasons for withdrawal from Vietnam than because American boys are taking a beating. And what indicting repercussions flow from the word “self-indulgent” when it becomes an adjective for the tactic of mass demonstration *per se*?

Exhibit d:

For contrast, as many as 600 students fit beautifully into an organized canvass operation during Strike Week last May. All of South Bend was hit. Everybody wore inoffensive clothes and carted information on the illegality (Constitutional) of the Vietnam War, on the damage it has done, and its failure to do anything beneficial. Twenty-five thousand signatures were affixed to Hesburgh's denunciation of the Cambodian invasion and continuation of the war. An envoy was dispatched bearing the petitions to Washington. One of Nixon's aides said thank you.

Exhibit e:

Few people would nod affirmatively on the even remote possibility of re-creating the mood which sustained the Moratorium rallies of last fall. The mood has changed and there is no turning back any more. The effect of such action is grossly apparent. Repetition of the canvassing project is a feasible but improbable alternative. Another couple of alternatives are visible however. Take violence. Take violence, Notre Dame style.

Scene: Strike Week, dead of night. Object of interest: ROTC building. Goal: destruction through inflammation. Enraged both by the Cambodian invasion and by the impotency of that rage to affect anything except possibly those wooden walls, a Notre Dame student stole down to the lake to hurl an ND Molotov cocktail. Set himself on fire three times, and failed to set the building on fire even one out of the three.

The cynicism in that description speaks not to the ineptitude, but rather questions the efficacy of such action in the *peace* movement. There is a fine but important distinction between the movement to end the war and that toward revolution, which might include violence.

Exhibit f:

During the early fall of this year, a strike by the employees of Kaywood Corp. in Benton Harbor caused

and everyone went home
to sleep it off . . .”

the employer to import students from Andrews University as scab laborers. Nine weeks of strike, which stretched to eleven before settlement, left the workers with empty pockets and no reasonable response (no response at all for several weeks) from the company on the union's moderate demands.

At the union's request, several cars of Notre Dame students and South Bend sympathizers traveled to Benton Harbor every morning at 7 a.m. to picket with the workers. Their attempt was to discourage fellow-students from strikebreaking, to establish solidarity with the workers and just to help out in any way they could.

With little enough money to feed their families, the strikers found funds to help out on travel expenses from South Bend.

As one of the workers put it, "We appreciate your coming. I've talked to a lot of the people here, and they all appreciate it." A victory party is planned for this week, for the workers and the student sympathizers. One small section of the long wall seems to have crumbled.

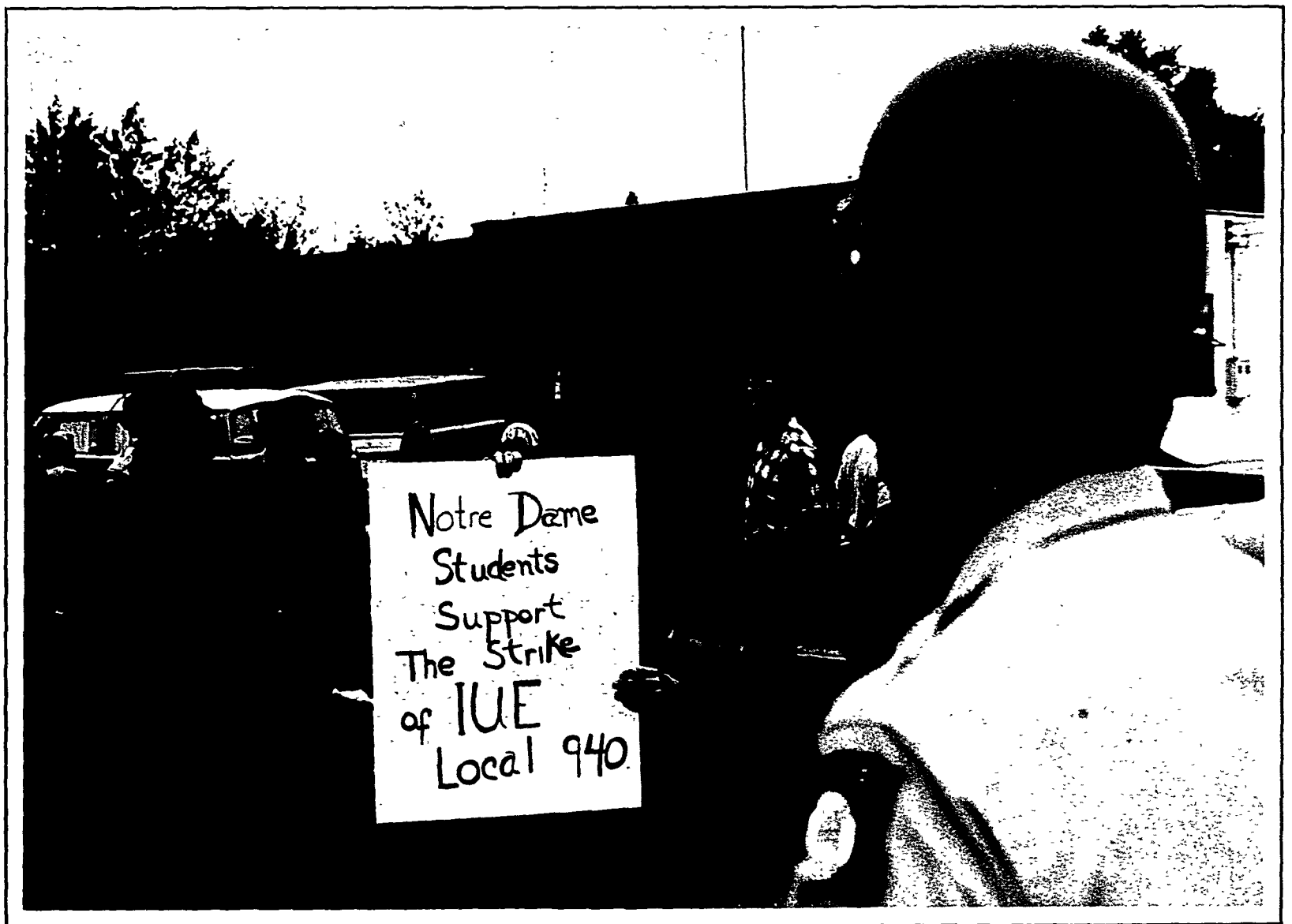
And Leon Hardy, a Benton Harbor policeman, complete with riot helmet, offered *the* paradoxical comment on contemporary politics when he proclaimed, "Well,

I'd just like to say that I'd rather have you people (the students) out here than the workers; at least you all seem to have some respect for law and order."

GRANTED, these are selected instances. But far more outrageous ones exist, as well as some far more logical. The location or imposition of some rhyme scheme in the confused circus of actions and reactions is the task facing anyone still committed to altering America's direction in Indochina and elsewhere. None of the rules previously used apply. None of the stereotypes fit. Nothing that has worked in the past looms as the one right answer for the present.

If it did, things would be easier, of course. But the peace movement at this point stands as Sartre's existential man: faced with the necessity of making judgments and carrying their consequences, though those decisions possibly hold no ultimate significance. And the prelude to that quandary itself lies in the presupposition that the man or the movement can find the energy to continue to exist at all.

Carolyn Gatz



Palestine and the Zionists:

Paul Said's parents were born in Jordan and now live in Lebanon, where he was raised. He was educated in British schools in both Egypt and Lebanon, and is at this time a senior at Notre Dame, majoring in communication arts. In 1948 and again in 1967 his parents lost property and business in the conflict that has centered around the Jordan River territory. The essay which follows represents his personal knowledge and reflections on events in the Middle East since 1948. It is an attempt both to inform and stimulate discussion on a tragedy generally quite distant from this community.

THERE is no such thing as an Arab — especially when the term is used to band together dozens of nations engulfing two continents and encompassing 100 million people. I should know because I belong to one of those nations. The fact that all those people speak the same language, often with such different dialects as to make them incapable of understanding each other, definitely does not constitute sameness. The Arabic-speaking people are white, brown and even black. In many cases their cultures are not similar. Some are extremely cosmopolitan, others are desert nomads. The South American people almost all speak Spanish. Why is it then, that we don't call them Spaniards? This absurd misconception must cease, so that people like the Israelis can stop claiming to be a nation of two million faced with the David-like task of defeating a horde of 100 million Arabs.

Throughout contemporary time, the Arabic-speaking people have faced the same problems: the uninvited presence of Western powers, better known as colonialism. The whole area was under the rule of Great Britain (when it was still great), France (which had given the world the fundamentals of human freedom), and Italy (probably trying to make a comeback in empire building). During the 20th century, one by

one the suppressed countries tore loose from the shackles of European imperialism. From these years of suffering, a not-totally unique feeling of nationalism was born among those countries. Decades and even centuries of apathetic political slumber made way for a nationalistic fervor that was to sweep the Arabic-speaking world. This desire for nationalism and independence, is the reason for Arab solidarity behind the Palestinian cause — and not a unified desire to destroy Israel.

During the first part of the twentieth century, Palestine (today known as Israel, in the better circles) was a British mandate. On November 2, 1917, Mr. Balfour, Britain's Foreign Minister, came out with his famous (or infamous, depending on where you come from) letter to the Anglo-Jewish leader Baron Lionel Walter Rothschild in which he declared that: "His Majesty's Government views with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object . . ."

THE fact that the country was then being used by the Palestinians must have somehow slipped his mind. The British, rather vague as to who should go where, but somewhat sensing the presence of a population already existing in Palestine, set a quota on the number of Jews to be allowed entrance to Palestine. The Zionists would have none of that. An intricate system of underground smuggling rings soon made a farce of the British laws. Britain, getting thoroughly bored with the whole thing, coupled with the fact that they were losing men daily to the terrorist organizations bent on unlimited Jewish immigration, passed the problem to the U.N., packed their tea bags and left.

That highly respectable body then decided to examine the facts. They discovered that during 30 years of British occupation, the Zionists were able to purchase only three and a half percent of the land of Palestine, in spite of the encouragement of the British

A Personal Look From the Other Side

Government, and by 1947 owned only six percent. The United Nations recommended that a Jewish state be established, granting it 54 percent of the land. That still did not satisfy the Zionists, who immediately occupied 80.48 percent of the total land area of Palestine. This territorial expansion took place for the most part before 15 May 1948 (i.e., before the formal end of the British mandate and the withdrawal of British forces from Palestine, and before the entry of Arab armies to protect Palestinian Arabs). Neither side particularly liked a partition which meant inevitable conflict. For centuries, the Palestinians and local Jews (sabras) had lived in comparatively harmonious co-existence.

The conventionality of the internal warfare was not enough to scare the people of Palestine from their beloved land — land which was not only a home but the mainstream of life. Therefore, it was time to start phase two of the Zionists' plan for the creation of Israel (to be devoid of as many Palestinians as possible). Psychological warfare was declared. In April, 1948, men of the Zionist Irgun Zvai Leumi moved into the village of Deir Yassin where they systematically and ruthlessly butchered 250 old men, women and children and then proceeded to dump their bodies in the communal well. The men of the village were all away fighting at the time. (For the skeptics, a quick glance over any good history book will bear out this and all other incidents mentioned in this article. At this point it might be interesting to note that the leader of Irgun, Mr. Menachim Begin, is a minister without portfolio in Israel and the leader of the Gahal party that withdrew from Mrs. Meir's coalition government because of their opposition to the American peace initiative. I wonder how the world would react to a Palestinian government that included Dr. George Habash of the radical Popular Front?)

ARTHUR KOESTLER called the incident at Desir Yassin "the psychologically decisive factor in this spectacular exodus." What he was referring to was the mass im-

migration of Palestinians from their homes. Hagannah, the official Zionist force led by Ben Gurion, dispatched loudspeaker vans to broadcast news of impending doom for those who chose to stay. Irgun's radio unit broadcast warnings that disease, pestilence and more massacres were in the offing. Irgun was only later disowned by Ben Gurion and the Hagannah.

Deir Yassin and the Zionist propaganda may have scared the ignorant peasants but they were certainly a vain attempt on the educated masses of Palestine. Thus, other means were necessary to achieve Zionist aims, and the method employed was physical force. Under the nose of the British, an all-out Zionist military offensive was launched which succeeded in forcibly removing those who had been stubborn enough not to succumb to the previous war of nerves. David Ben Gurion in his book, *Rebirth and Destiny of Israel*, in reference to that offensive said: "As fighting spread, the (Arab) exodus was joined by Bedouin and Fellahin, but not the remotest Jewish homestead was abandoned and nothing a tottering (British) administration could unkindly do stopped us from reaching our goal on May 14, 1948, in a state made larger and Jewish by the Hagannah."

Nineteen forty eight was not the only time that Israel would war with her neighbors and win. The Israelis, especially Moshe Dayan, like to publicize the fact that three times in two decades they have trounced the invading Arabs. While I would not dream of minimizing the Israeli claims of victory, it is always of the essence to include all the details so that a clearer and more vivid picture is seen.

Victory number one (1948) was the result of a series of circumstances: an official Israeli force and the lack of a corresponding Palestinian one. An early Israeli attack and a belated Arab defense (not to mention the fact that the Arab army was equipped with defective equipment supplied by corrupt government men). Victory number two came in 1956 when Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal and brought upon himself the combined military wrath of Britain and France.



Mrs. Golda Mabovitch Meyerson (Meir) Born in Kiev, Russia. Lived in America, 1906-1921.



Mr. Abba Eban. Born in Capetown, Union of South Africa. Reared and educated in England. Israeli Foreign Minister.



Mr. Yosef Tekoah. Born and educated in Shanghai, China. Israeli delegate to the U.N.

Israel tagged along and invaded the Sinai desert. Victory number three was, as everybody knows, the Six-Day War of 1967. Although vastly outnumbered, the Israelis were again "victorious," primarily because in a sneak attack they had managed to destroy 90 per cent of Egypt's air force on the ground. Secondly, the men's hearts were not in it. The Egyptians ran away from the fight because no matter what their leaders said about Arab unity, the Palestinian problem was Palestinian and not Arab as such — therefore not worth dying for.

IF there is a next round of fighting it will be much different. The people involved now are directly concerned in securing land usurped from *them* and not from a people they did not particularly care for. The only people that particularly cared for the Palestinians were the Palestinians themselves. This they learned in 1967; and this is the very point I attempted to make in the first paragraph — we may all speak the same language but we are not one.

After the 1967 war, the Palestinians came to the conclusion that the only way to liberate their country was to do it themselves. Commando organizations were born overnight. But in order to fully understand their significance one must be aware of the plight of the Palestinians as a people.

Ever since 1948 they have lived a substandard existence under the most thoroughly degrading conditions. Twenty years have passed, and a new generation born in refugee camps on U.N. relief of approximately eight cents a day. In conditions that would make the worst U.S. ghetto look like suburbia, their only aim is to return to their homeland one day — for many, a place only talked about but never seen.

Israeli propaganda claims that the Arab states maintained the refugees' situation to use as a political tool when they could have incorporated them into their own economies. This argument is false, as was shown in a United Nations Relief and Works Agency report

that stated: "Host countries have shown deep concern in the well-being of the refugees and have given substantial direct help to them in the form of educational, health, administrative, and security protection." Aside from that, does it ever occur to anybody that maybe the Palestinians do not wish to be incorporated into anybody else's economy? That maybe they are justifiably obsessed with a genuine desire to go home?

Palestinians living under Israeli occupation are classified as second-class citizens. Curfews are enforced, and movement restricted. Suspected terrorists or collaborators stand the chance of having their houses levelled and their persons arrested. This is not the sort of society that is envisaged by even the most radical Palestinians. Their one and only aim is to liberate Palestine with absolutely no thought of mass genocide in regard to the Israelis. For years the Israelis have been telling the usually uninformed West that that is exactly their intention. President Nixon, much to the horror of his Middle East experts, told a television audience that Israel's democracy must be saved from hostile forces bent on pushing it into the sea. For Mr. Nixon's benefit I would now like to disprove this theory and show its utter absurdity.

The 1968 Fatah yearbook clearly states: "We call for an Arab Palestinian state with no traces of Zionist racism, with all its military, political and economic institutions. Then, the Jew will find his place within this progressive democratic state irrespective of religion, color or nationality." Israel is the only country in the world that is based on the fanatical pursuit of a religion and where the only criterion for citizenship is Judaism: sensibly speaking, Fatah seems to have a solid point. Fatah is not the only group with such a view; the Marxist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine apparently shares it. In an interview with Dr. George Habash, leader of the Front, he is quoted as saying: "When the democratic national liberation struggle achieves its objectives, every Jew living in Palestine will enjoy equal and full rights with other citizens."

ON the 31st of December, 1968, in retaliation for terrorist activities against its airline in Europe, Israel decided to punish the terrorists' transit point. Israeli paratroopers landed in Beirut International Airport and systematically blew up 13 commercial Lebanese planes. The logic behind Israel's actions leaves a lot to be desired. I mention this in light of the recent Palestinian hijackings. The incident at Beirut does not lessen the gravity of the recent hijackings, and as a fellow Palestinian I cannot with a clear conscience justify the P.F.L.P.'s terrorism. While the end they seek is a very honorable one, the means with which they plan to achieve it are unreasonable.

The ideal solution may materialize the day the West will awaken from its Zionist-influenced sleep and come to the realization that a whole people have been wronged, and that this wrong must be corrected. The world is obliged to find out who is at fault. Mr. Michael Meacher, a member of the British House of Commons and one of the few Westerners to see the light, recently said: "So far the hijackings have caused no innocent deaths. But they have clearly riveted world attention on the one fundamental and just demand of all the guerrilla groups: that Palestine as a single sovereign state should embrace all Palestinians whether Moslems, Christians, Jews or atheists living together as equal citizens regardless of religion, color or race. When fully three million Palestinian Arabs living today in exile are involved and when all other methods to have this basic message recognized by the rest of the world have failed, was the price this time really too high?"

His insight bears with that of Barbara Mensch of Scarsdale, N.Y., a recent hijack victim. Upon her release she is quoted as saying: "I'm more sympathetic now that I've seen how they live in the refugee camps." Is that the only way the people of the world will eventually see the truth?

Paul Said

Father Theodore Hesburgh offered a possible plan for solving the Middle East crisis early this month. Writing on the editorial page of the *New York Times* of Oct. 1, he suggested "the creation of a Palestinian State on the western and eastern banks of the Jordan River on land annexed since World War II by Israel and the former state of Transjordan. As many Palestinian Arab refugees as possible would be assimilated in this new territory. It should have fruitful and amicable relations with both Israel and Jordan, which would be relieved to have these Palestinians nearby, but not within either of the adjoining states.

"The Sinai could be opened to both Arabs and Israeli, relieving the overcrowded conditions which feed Middle East tensions. A power and water grid could be developed, fed from two reactors in presently inimical states, contributing power and desalinated water, twice the flow of the Jordan River.

"The total cost of this would be about the cost of a week and a half of the Vietnam war at its height. The technology is present and operative; the economic studies have been made; only good will is necessary to achieve it and peace in the Middle East is in the balance."

Father Hesburgh's idea is obviously practical, but, in the eyes of the refugees at the present time, unfeasible. To accept an area of land that is not the Palestine they knew, whether it be a "flowering garden of food production" or not, is treason to the cause and aspirations that have kept them in the miserable conditions they have existed in for the last 22 years. In the final analysis, when all of my people come to the realization that Israel, as obnoxious as the idea may be, is there to stay, then possibly a solution on the lines of Father Hesburgh's will prove to be workable. Unfortunately, I do not see it materializing in the near future.

Paul Said

“and Senator,
what will you do
about war?”

Political Imagery
by Michael Lonier



All Over the Lot

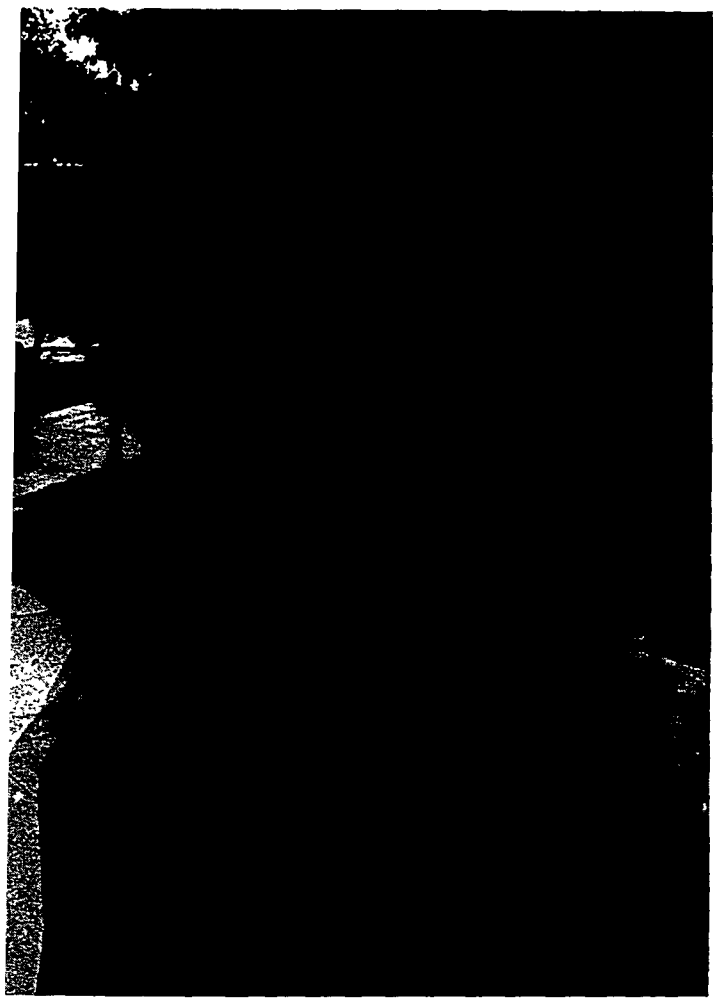
Friday, October 9, South Dakota's Senator George McGovern came to South Bend. THE SCHOLASTIC's Joe Hotz spent the next morning with him, and recorded the interview that follows. Hotz writes:

There may well be two types of politicians: the Machiavellian one, and another that is somehow more humane. George McGovern fits more comfortably into the second. This becomes obvious after spending a morning with him visiting migrant workers in South Bend's El Centro, listening to their problems and promising aid in Washington. You believe the man, because he has in the past investigated and worked to solve those same problems. You believe him, too, when you watch him at fund-raising parties, or question-and-answer sessions in Farley Hall, or reading Shakespeare to help Sister Marita's day school. On each occasion the same humane warmth is there. It is the kind of thing an interview can indicate, but not comprehend.

Scholastic: You were one of the early active supporters of last year's October Moratorium. A year later, what purpose did you see for it that prompted such early support?

McGovern: The most useful purpose it served was to provide a constructive rallying point for people who were in anguish over the war. It was almost inevitable that some kind of function of that type would have been held in the fall of 1969 to build pressure on the Administration to bring about an acceleration of our withdrawal. I think one would have to say, realistically, that the presence at all of the Moratorium rallies of the little handful of Viet Cong flag carriers, a little handful of people shouting "four-letter-insanities" helped to reduce the effectiveness of it in terms of molding public opinion. But I personally have nothing but a feeling of satisfaction that I stood up on the October Moratorium day a year ago.

Scholastic: What do you think the ramifications of the Moratorium have been during this past year? Do you think it aided any in the peace movement?



the arrival



adjusting his smile

With George McGovern

McGovern: I think it did in the sense that it brought together tens of thousands of people all over the country in a way that the policy makers couldn't possibly have missed. It was a demonstration of the strength and depth of feeling on the war, no matter how much they were inclined to dismiss it with their public statements.

Scholastic: Do you think there is any political end today that would justify violence?

McGovern: I think the only time violence is ever justified is when a government becomes so tyrannical that there is no other means of bringing about change. That was the rationalization of the American Revolution 200 years ago — that all forms of petition and peaceful assembly and cries for the redress of grievances fell on deaf ears and finally there seemed no recourse except the gun. We have not reached that point in American life today; we're not even close to it.

Scholastic: Could you evaluate the Administration's record thus far on the problem of hunger in America?

McGovern: Well, they've had a lot of rhetoric about hunger, but the blunt fact is that had it not been for my committee, the Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, nothing would have been done. We've had to drag the Administration along on every one of the initiatives that we've taken to strengthen our food programs, and they've given us little or no help in getting the Senate to pass legislation where it's been bottled up for over a year.

Scholastic: In recent weeks, many liberal candidates have been forced to take a stronger stand on the issue of law and order. Would you care to comment on your stance and possibly the situation that has arisen which has caused this stronger stance?

McGovern: I think very legitimately the liberals have been slow to recognize the urgency of the law and order issue. Sometimes law and order has been used by demagogues as a device to beat blacks over the head and suppress honest and legitimate dissent. There is another side of that issue that does command the attention of conservatives and liberals alike and that is



nausea, wrinkled suit

the fact that crime is on the rampage in this country. This is becoming a very violent and disorderly and crime-ridden society. We've got to begin thinking and doing more constructive things to upgrade and modernize our law-enforcement techniques. We've got to improve our court procedure, the facilities and personnel in our courts. We've got to improve our prison systems, our system for handling our prisoners or ex-prisoners while on probation. The whole process of dealing with the mounting crime and violence and disorder in this country demands more attention from liberals than is yet received.

Scholastic: Many political commentators feel that President Nixon has been able to dissipate the war issue and even remove it as a leading issue from the campaign. Do you agree?

McGovern: I think the war is still on more people's minds than any other single problem. What Mr. Nixon has done is to give a great victory to the war critics by moving about 75% in our direction. He's advocating now what he used to call us "bug-out artists" for



and back to the halo

a few years ago. Vance Hartke and I and other Senators were arguing for a cease-fire negotiated settlement back in 1965. We've been arguing for it ever since, and now finally the President has come around to that position. At least he has now said that he will no longer call us "unpatriotic" when we advocate negotiated settlements of the war and a cease-fire. I just hope that Agnew doesn't call him a "radical-liberal."

Scholastic: What do you think of Vice President Agnew's tactics in this campaign?

McGovern: Well, of course, I think Agnew is an outrageous and obscene person to demean the Vice Presidency as he has. That's the second most powerful office in the land; he's treated it like he was some kind of an irresponsible demagogue running for a courthouse post, willing to do anything in order to discredit his opponent. Of course, I want to say it is a mistake to put all the blame on Mr. Agnew. That would be like blaming Charlie McCarthy for what Edgar Bergen has him saying. Agnew reflects exactly what President Nixon wants him to say. □

perspectives

our schizoid nation

william toohey, c.s.c.

I can say, with no great fear of being wrong, that I know exactly what you were doing five years ago today. Five years ago most of us were watching a man from Rome, Pope Paul VI, ride through the streets of New York on his way to the U.N., where he delivered his now-famous talk to the Assembly. Most of us witnessed this on television, either the live coverage or, at least, the news reports later that day. We saw the streets lined with thousands (even the bars of New York emptied out), all straining to see the motorcade. Once at the U.N., the small figure clad in white spoke these historic words: "If you wish to be brothers, let the weapons fall from your hands."

In the spirit of Francis of Assisi, whose feastday it was (and consequently whose feast we celebrate again today), Pope Paul looked out at that diversified audience—men from poor nations and rich nations, big and small nations, socialist, communist, capitalist—and to all in that assembly he said: "Let no one be superior to others, never the one above the other. Men cannot be brothers if they are not humble. Never again the one against the other. Never, never again; never again war — war never again!"

But that was five years ago, and five years later (40,000 American lives later; 77,000 South Vietnamese

lives later; 541,000 NLF and North Vietnamese lives later; and 4,180,000 tons of bombs later) here we are, offering eucharist in the midst of war. We must be schizophrenic; as a matter of fact, it almost seems that schizophrenia substitutes for normality in America. Somehow we fail to see the horrible hypocrisy of gathering together for eucharist, while promoting fractionization through war. As Robert Hovda points out (and I am indebted to him for several of these thoughts), we are like the philanthropist who wrings his money from exploited people with his right hand and gives it to good causes with his left. We make war with one hand, and with the other we make eucharist. Simultaneously we join ourselves to Jesus and, inevitably, to all those with whom he is one, while at the same time we tear ourselves from them. We have failed to see that there is a desperate need to reconcile the gospel with our national public posture. But, strange as it may seem, those who *do* try to conform our policy to the gospel are precisely the ones consigned to the "lunatic fringe," pigeonholed and categorized with "write-off" labels like "pacifists" . . . "conscientious objectors" . . . "peaceniks."

Recently a priest said to me: "This war should have been over a long time ago. We should have gone in

there with the clout we're capable of administering and achieved the definitive military victory that was possible. But the anti-war people wouldn't let us." I wondered, when he said this, whether he ever thought, for even a fraction of a second, whether or not *Jesus* would let us, whether or not the *gospel* would permit it. He blamed the anti-war people. Why not point the accusing finger where it belongs—at Jesus and his absurd message!

Maybe that's our basic problem. Perhaps the greatest tragedy of all is that we don't even recognize the fact that God's word calls for a dramatic change in our national policy and personal outlook. We are so immunized by cultural serum, conventional wisdom, and non-gospel that we can accommodate the word of God to anything, even war. We have, for instance, heard about the just war theory for so long that we don't even bother to engage in the anguishing task of trying to reconcile it with the gospel—we even go so far as to *confuse* it with the gospel. By this time, we may be much more inclined to go along with St. Augustine, who believed that one could be a Christian and kill his enemies because the destruction of the enemy's body might actually benefit his soul. The less Jesus and his gospel serve as models for Christian behavior the more we become eligible for the judgment articulated by Erasmus many years ago: "Christ compared himself to a hen; Christians behave like hawks. Christ was a shepherd of the sheep; Christians tear each other like wolves. And who is responsible for all this? Not the common people, but kings . . . not the laity, but the bishops."

Today's readings present an excellent example of the necessity of Christ's message. Quite obviously they speak of marriage: Genesis refers to "bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh"; and in Mark's gospel, Jesus says, "At the beginning of creation God made them male and female; for this reason a man shall leave his father and mother and the two shall become as one. They are no longer two, but one flesh. Therefore let no man separate what God has joined."

But God speaks here about a basic human relationship of which marriage is but an example, one application. We need to catch the full implications of his word. We must recognize that what God has united is not only John and Mary in matrimony, but the entire species. When God became man, he did not simply take to himself a human nature, but all humanity. Jesus was joined to all men in such a way that whatever we do to any other man, even the least of Jesus' bretheren, we actually do to him. This is the most fundamental meaning of "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." This is the fullest meaning of what God has joined together. As today's reading from the letter of Hebrews puts it: "He who consecrates and those who are consecrated have one and the same Father; therefore Jesus is not ashamed to call them brothers."

Thus Paul could say that there are no more distinctions between Jew and Greek, slave and free, male and female (something for anti-feminists to ponder); and all of this means, in necessary extension, that there are no more distinctions between North Vietnamese and South Vietnamese, Arab and Jew, hard-hat and hippie. But we find this hard to take. Although it may distress the unreflective Christian heart, this is precisely what the Lord expects us to do.

Appreciating the importance of the brotherhood of all men would force us to repudiate a doctrine which has been causing great mischief. It is the principle of what John Howard Griffin calls the "inherently other." To the degree we look at others as intrinsically different than ourselves, we fail to recognize them for what they are—our brothers and sisters. The principle of the inherently other contributes to the evil one finds in militarism.

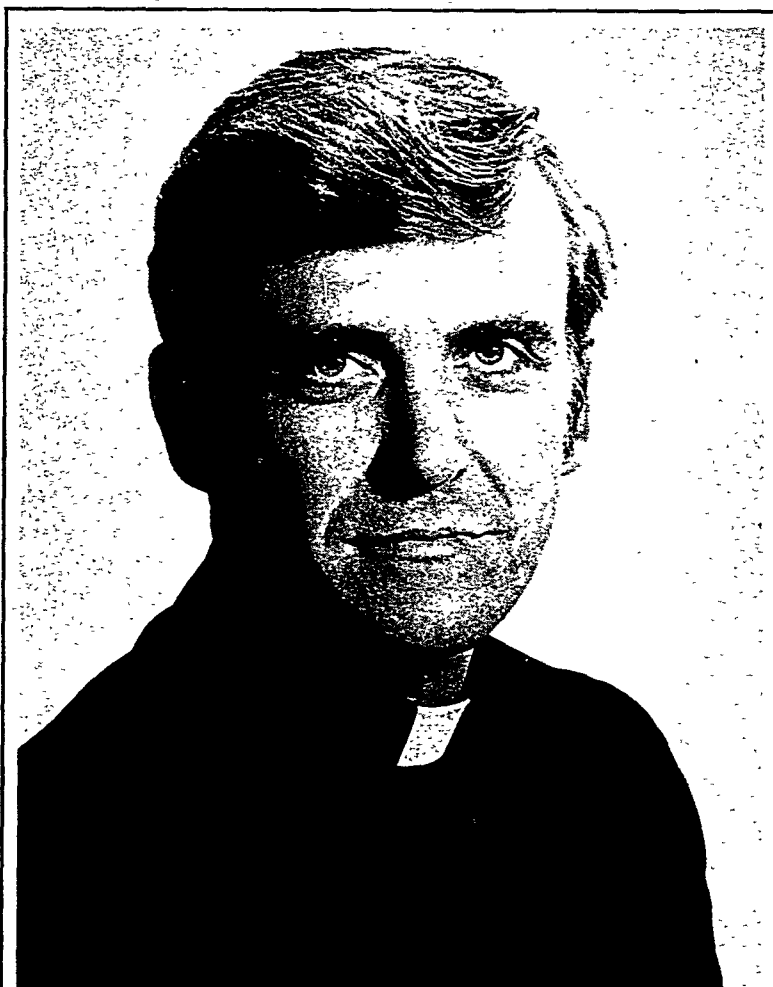
I can speak about this from my own experience, sad to say. Of the time I served in the marines, I spent eighteen months training marines to be what we proudly claimed were the world's deadliest fighting men, professional killers. Indoctrination with the principle of the inherently other is extremely important in this training. The enemy must be considered to be

basically different. To look upon your enemy as one who is like yourself—who has a mother, brothers and sisters, a girl he loves, who responds, like you, to a sunset, a beautiful song, the laughter of a child—to the degree he is viewed that way, it becomes difficult to kill him. Consequently, we must look upon our enemies as other than ourselves, in direct violation of the gospel, which says you must love your neighbor as yourself. We are so ingenious we even give our enemies dehumanizing, impersonal names, like “gook”; it all helps.

Frequently, men who are infected with the principle of the inherently other come back from battle, living victims of war, horribly twisted in their attitudes. Like Joe, from the movie of the same name, they can classify entire groups of people as inherently other, appropriate objects for scorn and sometimes even extermination.

Could we possibly hear God's word and remain as we are? Could we possibly comprehend the deepest dimension of his word about the union of the species of man, and continue to hate one another, to bomb, to burn, to maim, to kill? Could we possibly continue to ignore a plea like this issued four years ago by a group of Roman Catholic Vietnamese priests: “Let the great powers respect the right of people to autonomy and to ‘auto-determination,’ and let them not contribute further to making the war in Vietnam more and more murderous, thereby risking a global conflict.”

It's been a long time since Pope Paul spoke at the U.N. (“If you wish to be brothers, let the weapons fall from your hands”); it's been a long time since Francis prayed (“Lord, make me an instrument of your peace. Where there is hatred let me sow love”); and it's been a very long time since Jesus first spoke about loving our enemies, and recognizing that whatever we do to any other man, for good or for ill, we do him. Now it's very late and we don't have much time, but perhaps we still have *enough* time. And maybe, somehow, somewhere, someone will be struck by these words, and the significance of this eucharist. Perhaps then the Spirit will touch our spirits, and our hearts will burn, our lives will be changed, our world will be different.



*Father William Toohey, the new director of campus ministry at Notre Dame, delivered the above as a homily in Sacred Heart Church Oct. 4, the fifth anniversary of Pope Paul's visit to the United Nations. A Marine veteran, Father Toohey is the author of two books, *Rebuilding Faith* and *Free At Last*.*

Each week the SCHOLASTIC will make this column available to a member of the University community to explore and comment upon any issues of general interest to the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the SCHOLASTIC.

two-inch monuments

EZRA POUND, talking about the Chinese ideogram, writes:

But the Chinese still use abbreviated pictures AS pictures, that is to say, Chinese ideogram does not try to be a picture of a sound, or to be a written sign recalling a sound, but it is still the picture of a thing . . .

Much the same can be said concerning the collection of miniature African sculpture now on display at the Notre Dame Art Gallery. The exhibit includes goldweights cast by the Ashanti people of Ghana, and bronze soothsayers' figurines of the Senufo tribe, who also lived on the Ivory Coast. Though the two



are similar in that each tells a story while simultaneously performing a function, the actual ritual functions and the impulses that gave them birth are quite different and unique.

For the Ashanti, gold was not just a standard for economic exchange; it symbolized the eternal spirit of the sun (the source of all life), and was thus sacred. So the goldweights created by Ashanti artists from wax molds were at once tools for trade and a medium for ritual worship when used by professional storytellers. The small figures manage to express what one historian has termed "the complex philosophical ideas of the Ashanti people regarding the nature of the universe and the interrelationship of natural forces."

In marked contrast to the naturalism inherent in these figures is the abstract and highly stylized appearance of the Senufo figurines. Closely connected to a religion whose prophets and healers were women, the small (two-inch) bronzes were used to cure sick people, lift curses from others, and "ask forgiveness" from slain animals.

The detail and craftsmanship that characterize both the bronzes and the goldweights are amazing, especially considering their size. But even more fascinating and compelling are the vast traditions and myths comprehended by these small monuments — a heritage of love and laughter compressed into the short proverbs which accompany many of the statues. A few of the best:

- It is only when a gun has a man to cock it that it performs warlike deeds.
- The hen knows when it is dawn, but leaves it to the cockerel to announce it.
- If you pass up an Asantrofié Bird, you will forfeit great luck; but if you take it, it will only bring you misfortune.
- When you are in the middle of the river, don't insult the crocodile.
- The hen's foot does not kill her children.

There are many, many more; and the exhibit manages to comprehend a people who "combined a serious concern for moral and spiritual values with a warm and often humorous understanding of human behavior." It is quite a world.

—Steve Brion

THE SCHOLASTIC

coming distractions

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter will be shown tomorrow night, probably at 7:30 and 9:15 in the Engineering Auditorium.

Fr. Dan Berrigan's **Holy Outlaw** will be shown Wednesday, the 28th, also in the Engineering Aud.

Chi Epsilon will sponsor a picnic at St. Joe Farm, for all civil engineering undergrads, grads, faculty and their families. Hot dogs, beer at minimal cost.

October 31, 8:30 p.m., finds the **Second City Players** at O'Laughlin Auditorium improvising a mixture of drama and social commentary.

Lee Harwood will be here to read his poetry in the Library Auditorium, Sunday, November 1, at 8 p.m.

CAF will present a **Bergman Festival** on November 2 & 4. Monday—**The Seventh Seal**, and Wednesday, **Through a Glass Darkly**, at 8 and 10 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium.

The Graduate will be shown on Nov. 5 and 6, and Friday also features the Notre Dame and St. Mary's combined chorus.

If you like impressive shows at impressive prices, **Sergio Mendez** and **Brazil 66** will be in concert Sunday, November 7, at the A&CC.

Jane Fonda (and her politics) will be at Stepan Center, Sunday night, November 8.

Mortimer Adler, author and educator, will speak in the Library Auditorium on Monday, November 9.

Tuesday, November 10, will feature the **San Francisco Mime Troupe** at 8:30 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium, performing "The Independent Female—or—A Man Has To Have His Pride."

And in the near future; Cinema '71 will present a **Surrealism Festival**, November 16 through 20.

At the **Notre Dame Art Gallery** are serigraphs by Charles Murray, lithographs by Sam Francis (to November 18), and a wonderful collection of miniature bronze statues from the **Ashanti** and **Senufo** tribes of the Ivory Coast (to November 15).

football

by don kennedy

Air Force over Boston College — Seven in a row for the Falcons if they win this one. Good thing they're not on our schedule this year.

Georgia Tech over Tulane — The 'Jackets have been hit with key injuries in their last two outings (both losses), but should get back on the winning track with this one. Soph qb Eddie McAshan appears to be faltering.

Ohio State over Illinois — The Bucks have one tough game on their schedule. This isn't it.

Michigan State over Iowa — The Spartans were out of their league in the last three games (Notre Dame, Ohio State and Michigan), but fared well enough in last week's intrastate classic to merit a win for

the home-town folks in this one. Duffy's job may be up for grabs after this season.

Auburn over Louisiana State — Battle of the two Tigers. After four in a row over "nothing" teams LSU finally faces some decent competition in unbeaten Auburn.

Pittsburgh over Miami (Fla.) — After being held down 35-8 at half-time to a highly touted West Virginia squad, the Panthers made comeback history by rallying to a 36-35 win. Pitt has now established itself as No. 1 contender for the Lambert Trophy, symbol of supremacy in the East.

Michigan over Minnesota — Wolves needed a second-half rally to top the Spartans last week. This

one'll be history by the end of the first quarter.

Southern California over Oregon — A disappointing season for the Trojans could be even more bleak without a win this week. The way things are going in the Pacific Eight this year, a surprise upset by the Ducks is certainly not out of the question.

Texas over Rice — The Horns will boil them.

Stanford over UCLA — Bruins have been erratic. A good effort here, though, could shatter the Indians' dreams of a Rose Bowl visit. The UCLAns have a knack for last-minute rallies.

Record to date: 20 right, 9 wrong, 1 tie. Pct. .690.

Watching the

THE Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Theatre production of Anton Chekhov's *The Sea Gull* opens with no flare of trumpets or ostentatious theatrics. Instead, the audience watches two cast members arranging furniture. The tone of the production is a workaday one, but that is not at all to say the effect produced is one of mediocrity. The set itself, the properties, the lighting, the costuming and the staging are subtle; and it becomes quite easy to overlook their importance, simply because they are executed so well. One of the highest compliments that can be paid to the fluidity of the entire play is this lack of glaring prominences. The production's technical aspects are completely integrated into the action of the play itself. But all of this would be of little value were it not for the skill of the performers.

It is difficult, if not totally impossible, to pick out a leading character; the people in *The Sea Gull* are seen interacting as their daily lives unfold. Chekhov has often been unjustly criticized for a preoccupation with trivia: *The Sea Gull* is a masterpiece of the subtle tensions which confront men and women. There is a constant interplay of frustrated emotions, of people grasping at each other for support, pleading for love and understanding.

Irina (Nori Wright) is a vain, egocentric and slowly aging actress. Her petty irritability and blindness to the needs of those around her are magnificently portrayed. Trigorin, her lover, is played by Mark Genero, and he comes across strongly as a man determined to protect himself and his own interests — never considering the possible destruction of those whose lives he touches. Missy Smith brings a beautiful



Seagull Soar

Mary Ellen Stoltz

freshness to the role of Nina. She is an impressionistic ingenue, awed by the literary fame of Trigorin, and anxious to play an important role in his life. Her attempt, and subsequent failure, contribute to her maturation as the story progresses. Treplev (James Hawthorne) is Irina's son, and, to her, a perpetual reminder that she is no longer young. Sensitive and struggling to create an identity as a playwright, his attempts are met with scorn from his mother, and his love for Nina is a failure. Treplev's anguish in seeking for recognition and success is the moving plea of every artist misunderstood by those whom he most wants to reach.

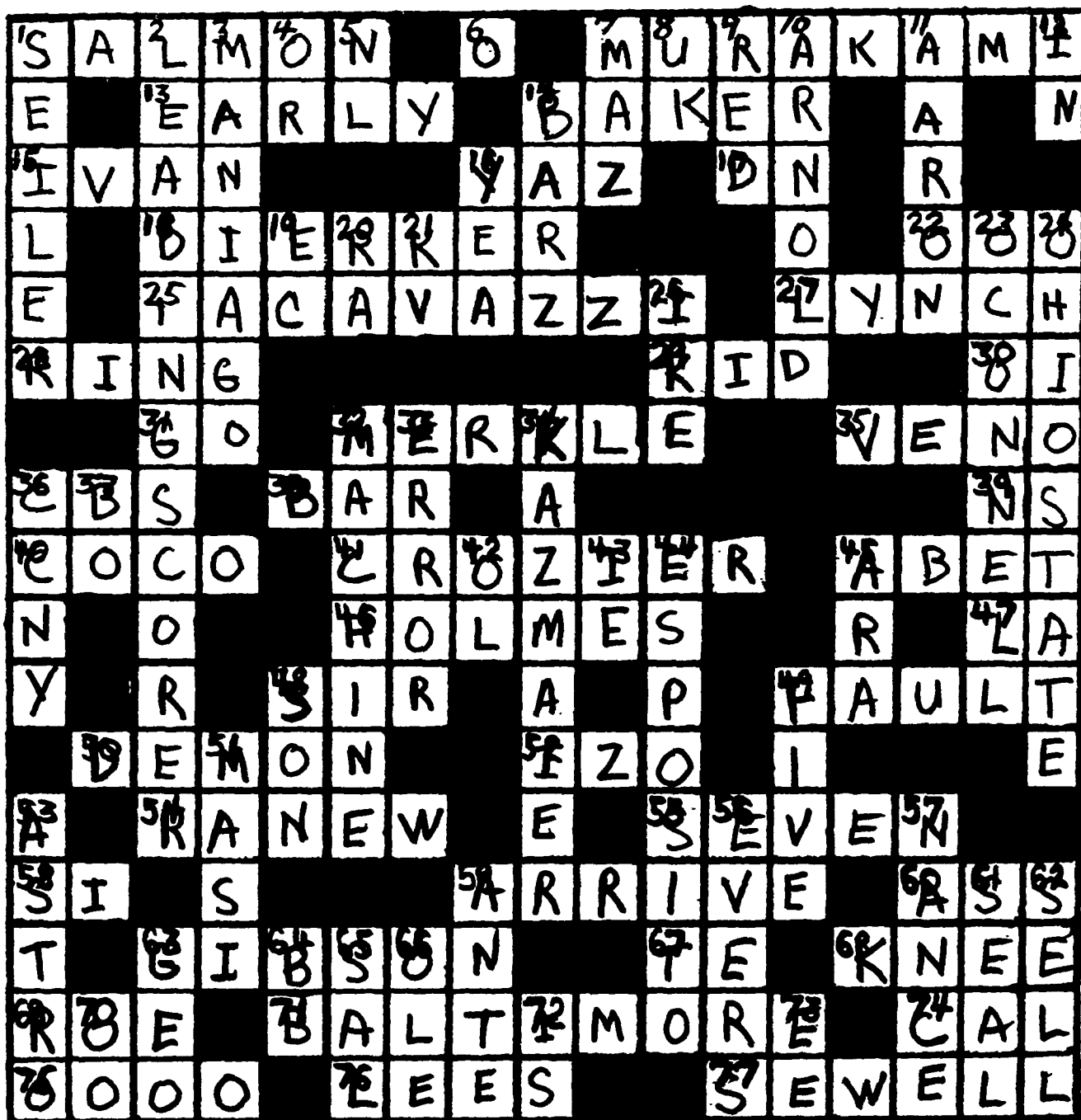
The role of Masha is played by Anne Patterson, who indicates her unhappiness with every movement. Miss Patterson's entire bearing conveys her sense of despair and lifelessness. Tom Broderick plays Sorin, a kindly old man and omnipotent observer; he sees the distress but can do little but offer comfort. Biding time until he has none left, Sorin witnesses the slow destruction of those he loves.

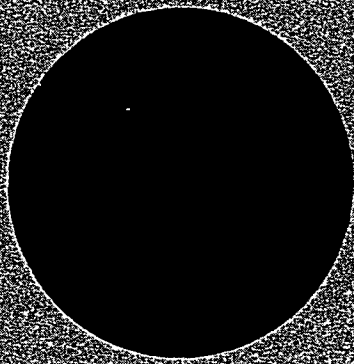
Medvedenko (Rick Homan) achieves his goal in a marriage to Masha; but it is an empty victory. Homan's portrayal of the teacher is an effective statement about those who have found that their lives' dreams turn into inescapable nightmares. Jack Fiala as Dr. Dorn makes a very favorable debut on the ND-SMC stage. His portrayal of the benevolent physician is warm, compassionate and humorous in an ever-tense situation.

This production of *The Sea Gull*, directed by Reginald F. Bain, is a commentary on the daily trauma that is life; the entire cast has communicated emotions of the innermost soul. □

SPORTTRIVIA

(Giving Answers to Great Questions)





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the last word

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," Alice said a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

Someone connected with the special state grand jury that handed down its verdict on Kent State one week ago today must possess a fine and ironic sense of history. Because the decision came one year and one day after the October 15 Moratorium that marked last year's popularization of and mass involvement in the movement to end the Indochina war. And though the verdict itself marks the start of no new stage in that movement, it escalates and deepens the despair and hatred born of Nixon's Cambodia decision.

In direct opposition to the Scranton Commission's report, the Ohio grand jury stated, "We find that the major responsibility for the incidents occurring on the Kent State University campus . . . rest clearly with those persons charged with the administration of the university." It also recommended that National Guard troops sent to any campus in the event of future trouble should be armed with live ammunition.

Add to this, Attorney General Mitchell's threat (made the same day) that, if things don't calm down soon, "citizens outside government might feel they would have to resort to vigilante tactics." Add to this the license given recently to the FBI in handling future university disturbances. Or the Weatherman threat of bombings in, for example, the South Bend area. It becomes clear very quickly that to speak of the "politics of fear" is to belabor the obvious.

What may be more accurate is something that was said recently (by Stuart Hampshire) to describe the last years of Bertrand Russell's political career. Russell, he says, "contributed to the modern stereotype of the intellectual in politics as always putting a simple moral disgust in the place of a slow analysis of changing possibilities." That same quality pervades our lives today, a year after the moratorium and six months after Kent/Jackson State.

It is the politics of despair. Or the politics of disgust. For many of us are simply too tired to be afraid, too despairing to partake of that necessary "slow

analysis." Over the past year, the seeds sowed by Nixon and the men closest to him have come to fruition: with a heaviness and dullness that defies description, these men have forced most of their opponents into positions of disgust and complete alienation. It is a despair that simultaneously removes any and all intelligent opposition from the political sphere, and reduces resistance to pockets of impotent rage. Pockets that can be exterminated as easily as they can be isolated. So that soon enough "reason" and "order" regain control, and the evils that lead to Kent States go untouched. "They have made a desert," Tacitus wrote many, many years ago, "and called it peace."

And so we come to understand, only many months later, what the moratoria, with their Woodstock-like suspension of the "real" world, symbolized in the deepest parts of our heart: that the relation between reason and emotion, and indeed the whole nature of "reasonable" judgment in politics had to be rethought—because the official reasoning seemed like nothing more than, as Hampshire puts it, "the computation of strained and stunted men. . . ." For many, *that* moratorium has never stopped.

But it now has an atmosphere of disgust and exhaustion rather than celebration. And for the participants, "Peace now" has changed from a song of defiance to a lamentation that speaks only despair. Faced with leaders who seem capable of the most horrible callousness, and lacking any real ability to rationalize away the alienation that infects us like a cancer, we can only go ahead with the painful and perhaps futile task of rethinking the whole position of the moral man in a political world. But all the while, the killing continues.

Just yesterday we possessed the hope and defiance that charged October 15 at Notre Dame. But it has been a long and exhausting and very sad journey since then; and we have seen things that make tomorrow seem hopeless.

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," Alice said a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

—Steve Brion



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by Ed McMahon

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