

the knife men:  
the world beyond reason



scholastic  
october 30, 1970

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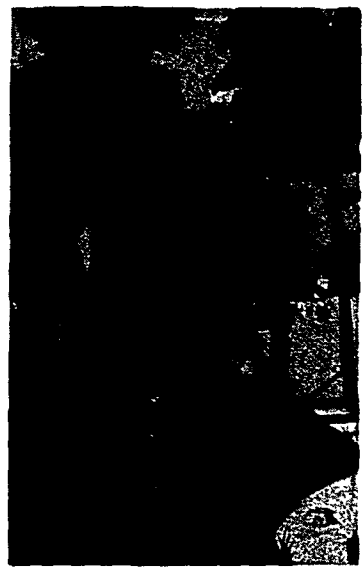
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letters .....	4
markings	
a chance for political action/ <i>tom gora</i> .....	5
week in distortion .....	6
oktoberfest, and the rebirth of wonder/ <i>carolyn gatz</i> .....	8
a halloween greeting/ <i>jack fiala</i> .....	9
the knife men/ <i>john stupp</i> <i>painting by hieronymous bosch</i> .....	10
magic afoot/ <i>ed mccartin</i> .....	14
"it only possesses those who believe/ <i>mike canale</i> .....	16
mysticism and drugs/ <i>cyriac k. pullapilly</i> .....	20
the second city comes to south bend/ <i>leo j. mulchahy</i> .....	23
return of the outcast/ <i>don kennedy</i> .....	24
football/ <i>don kennedy</i> .....	25
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,  
bill wilka/ assistant managing editor: greg stidham  
sports editor: don kennedy  
business: howie sutton/ circulation: cliff zmick  
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leo mulchahy, martin siravo, mary ellen stoltz, victoria vanpatten,  
rick whately  
business and circulation: mike casanova, dan hogan, william pelletieri  
photography: jim hunt, michael lonier/ artists: kim kristoff, ginny malooof  
    *cover painting is brueghel's "the triumph of death"*

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# Letters

## With heavy disappointment

To the Editor:

I write this letter with heavy disappointment because of the poor quality of journalism that your magazine has exhibited in recent weeks. As men who seem to decry the violence, strife, and injustice that exists in our society of affluence, I maintain that if I am to judge you by your fruits, namely the content matter of the SCHOLASTIC, then I see you people as being nothing more than hypocrites because of the poor discretion used in editing this magazine. Perhaps your October 1 issue has brought the SCHOLASTIC to new depths that I never thought possible. What I abhor most is the extreme biased material that recent articles have exhibited.

Referring to your October 1 issue I wish to take exception with you on two counts. Firstly, I think that the governing philosophy of your magazine should be the unbiased reporting of news matters in such a way that all readers might judge for themselves what is just and what is not. Your article on Richard Roudeshush no doubt exposed a very real and terrible evil that is encroaching unto the scene of American politics. Unfortunately, you did not see the need for a unilateral agreement from both left and right wing members of the political spectrum for more conscientious and social-minded campaigning. This course of action should have been your logical conclusion, but unfortunately you people thought otherwise. As I read further into your article I sensed that the more conservatively oriented candidates solely bore the guilt for this new sensationalism, while the political heroes of the new left fell innocent victims for such foul play.

I suggest that we go back a few years to the presidential election of 1964, for perhaps the birth and also the epitome of poor taste in mass-media campaigning. As one can recall, Lyndon Johnson was running as what then can be labeled a peace candidate against the "warrior" from the West, Barry Goldwater. How ironic is it that Mr. Johnson who harped upon such human emotions as the fear of death, and loss of security by televising young children facing annihilation through the indiscriminate use of atomic weapons, while the older generation shuddered as a social security card was torn, representing an end to the social security program. It is such a pity that Mr. Johnson who used such weapons, and very low ones at that because of the misrepresentation of his opponent's platform failed to even be nominated for one of your "Emmy Awards."

I sense a need for more responsible journalism, one in which injustice is attacked whether it be practiced in the conservative camp or (yes, it does also exist here) among our new left candidates. We now have to realize that if we condone evil, injustice, and tyranny by the camps with which we identify in our attempt to renovate the American system, then upon reaching our goal of the "new America" we will only fall victim to a greater tyranny than the very evils which we fought so long to change.

Secondly, it is also unfortunate that a woman with the intelligence of Miss Charlotte Casey fails to see the futility of her own reasoning when she vehemently attacks the violence of the Philadelphia Police Department and yet in the same breath apparently canonizes the violence of the Black Panthers. I do not mean to say that one party in this struggle is in the right or that the other is wrong. I think that the police and the Panthers only share minute responsibility for making America what it is today or rather for what it is not. The primary responsibility rests with us and all others who are functioning members of our society. Miss Casey seems to call all Panthers to arms in a retaliatory measure against the police of Philadelphia in a see-saw struggle which has been waged for months in which both parties exacted wounds and bloodshed on the other, and what has all this violence wrought? Surely we do not need more armed warfare as Miss Casey seems to indicate. I for one have seen enough of that side of the coin. The law whereby we exact an eye for an eye only leaves both parties groping in blindness. What we need now is to realize that from no matter what side of the fence we come from, we all have one thing in common, which is our brotherhood in America, something for which we used to be proud. Let's stop throwing accusations; let's begin to listen with open ears and then let's act together to make this country something for which to be proud of once again.

Dennis Farrell, '71  
426 Walsh Hall

## Palestinian, not Jordanian

To the Editor:

Just to keep the record straight — I am of Palestinian and not of Jordanian origin, as you stated. I think it necessary to make the distinction, especially in light of the recent civil war in Jordan. My article on the Palestinian refugee situation would be considered absurd coming from a Jordanian — thus the reason for my clarification.

Paul Y. Said

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.

# Markings

## A Chance for Political Action

ON Tuesday, November 3, Congressman Richard Roudebush will attempt to unseat incumbent Senator Vance Hartke. The difference between the realization or failure of Roudebush's plans lies in a small group of pro-Hartke and Brademas students of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community. Or so thinks Bernie Gallagher, a senior at Notre Dame and coordinator of the Hartke-Brademas canvassing committee.

Gallagher hopes to stimulate interest in a traditionally apathetic, off-year Democratic following by means of a telephone-canvass campaign. On Monday and Tuesday of next week, Notre Dame and St. Mary's students who have donated their time and their telephones will call residents of the forty priority precincts in the South Bend Area — that is, the precincts that show an 80 percent or better cut of registered Democrats — and encourage them to vote.

"The Democratic blue-collar worker is prone to stay at home unless there is something to get him out to vote," Gallagher stated. "We hope to provide that stimulus. Republicans have dominated Congressional and Senatorial voting in off-election years, by an almost two to one majority." Gallagher feels that the difference this year will lie in the results of the telephone canvass. "It will definitely be one of the key factors; the election hinges on getting the people out to vote, and we are the primary tool in doing that."

So far, about seventy Notre Dame and St. Mary's students have volunteered to help in the campaign, but Gallagher insists that more help is needed. Through both flyers and articles in the *Observer*, Gallagher hopes that more students will commit themselves for a few hours. The campaign will center around Breen-

Phillips and Farley halls, where 65 telephones have been volunteered for the group's use, and the campaign will run from 5:00 to 9:00 p.m. on Monday, and from 8:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. on Election Day.

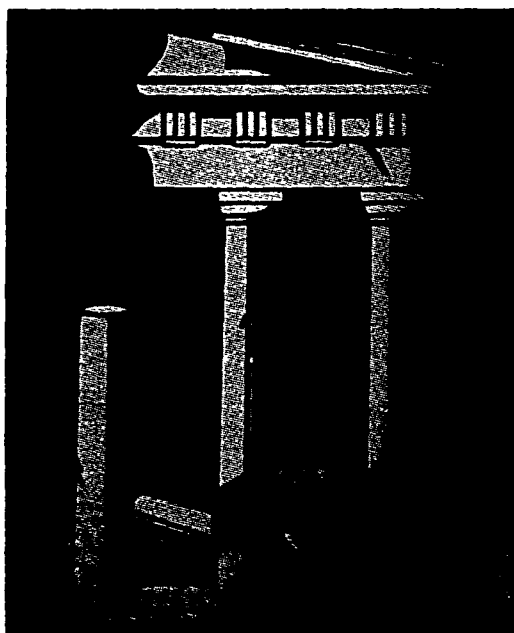
Through these calls, the committee hopes to remind the resident of his right to vote, assist him in locating the nearest voting location, and even offer transportation and baby-sitting services where needed.

The idea for a telephone canvass program originated in the spring of this year, when Gallagher was nominated for coordinator of the Hartke-Brademas activities by the Committee for a New Congress. Not much action was taken until late September, when, as Gallagher puts it, "we realized that the break wasn't going to materialize." So, with about twenty dedicated co-workers, he laid the plans for a 200-man telephone campaign for November 1 and 2. Working with the Hartke committee in South Bend, he mapped out the area to be canvassed, and began to encourage student participation.

Gallagher, a liberal Democrat, believes that even though Hartke doesn't embody all the political traits he would like a candidate to possess, "he has to be what he is in a compromise system. He's not going to be pure white." Gallagher backs Hartke because "he is keenly aware of the need for a reevaluation of national priorities. Some of his answers are antiquated, but he has his head in the right place."

Whether Hartke's votes will be in the right place depends in great part on Bernie Gallagher and his volunteer army of telephoners.

—Tom Gora



# The Week In Distortion

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## *Cowardly heels (1775 style)*

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Keeping up with the revealing disclosures that take place during the months of political campaigning is no easy task. However, in an attempt at fairness, objectivity, non-partisanship and anti-polemicism, the SCHOLASTIC offers the following bit of muck that ought to raise *somebody's* eyebrows. For example, when the Continental Congress appointed George Washington Commander of the Revolutionary Armies in 1775, they also offered him a salary of \$500 a month. Mr. Washington generously declined the offer, asking only that the Congress pay his expenses.

Eight years later he collected \$449,261.51 in expenses, compared to the \$48,000 he would have received in salary. A budgetal breakdown

reveals the following "expenses": an average of two horses per year (@ \$1500) and his monthly rations of Madeira, port, sherry, rum and brandy.

We are also told that during the War for Independence, Mr. Washington gained 28 pounds. How do you like them apples, Mr. Roudebush?

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## *More from Richard R.*

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In this, the last issue before Election Day, it is perfectly clear that at least one of Indiana's candidates is concerned about not just order and justice in this proud nation, but in the cosmos as well. Said candidate, just last week, on a campaign tour, reminded voters from Cementville to Rolling Prairie that it was "my amendment to a space allocations bill which has the American flag—

and not the United Nations flag—flying on the moon's surface right now."

Great men indeed react to great occasions.

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## *Hearing, they do not hear*

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The Soviet government newspaper *Izvestia* apparently mistrusts the President's call for peace in his speech at the UN last Friday: "Regardless of the general character of the final part of his speech, and regardless of his claim that the United States does not want to make the 20th Century a 'century of Americanism,' it is impossible to shake off the impression that the message corresponds very poorly with the real things that characterize Washington's present foreign policy course." O ye of little faith.

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*The Sermon on the Mount?*

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Sometimes-evangelist, sometimes-shotgun guard of restaurants, sometimes-governor Lester Maddox braved the cold Georgian rains to address a multitude of hippies in an Atlanta park. "You're looking for a living, but you'll never find it unless you turn yourself over to the Prince of Peace. God is the only answer."

Just listen to Lovable Lester; he knows.

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*The lottery at du Lac*

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The SCHOLASTIC's vast legal investigatory staff has suspended temporarily its work on libel suits to uncover a piece of legislation that should prove to be of some interest. A law (4Stat.L.238) passed on March 2, 1827, provides "that no postmaster or assistant postmaster shall act as agent for lottery offices or under any color of purchase, or otherwise, send lottery tickets." Anyone possessing evidence of any such abuse of our postal system, should notify this office at once.

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*Kind thoughts on kind thoughts*

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A recent query to the Chicago *Sun-Times* reflected some of our own pondering: "I note that Richard Nixon has appointed his daughter, Tricia, to a ten-year term as a trustee for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts," the letter read. "What qualifications does Tricia have for this job?"

But the reply allayed any misgivings: "Tricia Nixon," the columnist assured him, "thinks kind thoughts."

FIRST IT WAS HIP TO  
DROP OUT.



THEN IT WAS HIP TO  
TURN ON.



THEN IT WAS HIP TO  
CONFRONT.



THEN IT WAS HIP TO  
TRASH.



NOW IT'S HIP TO BOMB.



SOON IT'LL BE HIP TO  
KILL.



HIP HIP



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Carolyn Gatz

# Oktoberfest, and the Rebirth of Wonder

If the moon is neutral, bright on the sides of justice and mercy, that is, if the moon is full tomorrow night, we will go down Adams Road. We will drive until we find a wrought-iron gate, closely guarded by the weeds and bushes grown from a hundred years of solitude. Within the broken boundaries earmarked by that gate, we will visit — as is right — the broken markings and the graves dug for children dead before they lived.

A child who has not passed through birth into life — the seer says — becomes forever a spirit without a voice. The medium cannot make contact.

These graves of a hundred years (or so) ago are not those of voiceless spirits. These are graves of women and their children, the victims of those times when the mere coming to and giving of life were acts of great risk. Death often visited the act of giving life. Those days are not past.

We will visit in the season that is closest to death. The fall of dead leaves and the eve of winter's night, the time when earth — the paradoxical mother — offers the harvest's fruits as bounty to replace lost leaves.

We will go that someone of this dimension might be available to those of others — if they should choose. Or, perhaps merely to be in locales not readily understood. We will go to search among the (to us) ancient stones marking names and deaths and the elegies offered. From these, from the place and its power upon us, material will arise for musing, material for the workings of the imagination. Call those visitations if you wish.

Anyone, standing before a night rich with stars, and trees, and air, and even the trappings of civilization, can sense the presence of consciousness beyond one's own. Of dimensions beyond one's own, beyond the area to be grasped. And the question of these — or some of these — emerging from that void past death, past time, finally becomes irrelevant as we stand face to face with wonder. Irrelevant, since it can only be

lunged toward. Irrelevant, as the relevant is to be struck by one's minimal weight before things larger and beyond. Relevant, finally, only to be overwhelmed.

The Celtic Druids sentenced criminals, then villagers accused of witchcraft, to death by burning in the ritual of harvest's end. Their deaths were offerings for a safe harvest in the year next. But these were not offerings to a god. The evil with which men might ally themselves, the Celts reasoned, gave them powers to blight the crop or call down hail to crush the plants. The persons who conceivably held this power, once eliminated, increased the security of the crop. And if the sacrifice of humans was not among the rites of the Oktoberfest fires, animals in which the spirit of witches lodged — cats or monkeys — replaced their human forms in straw baskets above the fires.

Before the unknown, within man and within the creation he observes, faced with the immense power before which he trembles but may not understand, the Druids and their Christian successors imposed *ratio* upon mystery. The chaos of the night, of spirits, and death, takes form in ritual acts. The soul of man may then rest calm. Or may languish in the thrill of fright, from which he can escape with reason's aid.

A child, saturated with the magic of that time, cannot escape; may perhaps laugh if those he imitates may laugh, but may not escape. At this price, the child retains wonder. A man without wonder is condemned to the dullness of reason, of reason alone.

So we will go, to escape meager attempts to laugh and deny things beyond understanding. Perhaps it is only a jaunt to locales infrequently visited; perhaps it is reprehensible in its conjuring of existences which most men deny. But the opening to things "non-existent" and the celebration of wonder are one and the same. The workings of the spirit will transform the experience, our spirit or one that is not ours — it does not finally matter. The workings of the spirit. And wonder. These matter.

# Jack Fiala

## A Halloween Greeting

A year ago today I lay sprawled out on the rug in the old room in Sorin Hall that Tim and I shared, not really relaxing after a hard day of classes as much as trying to work all the drowsies that had accumulated over the afternoon out of my system. I had just about regained my senses when I heard Tim coming down the hall, scuffling his size twelves and panting after the 90-step ascent to the third floor. (He never could accustom himself to that particular barrier between the front door and the sack.)

He was just back from the afternoon mail run, and as the green bag he was dragging behind him slid to a halt outside the door, I sat up to receive the usual "in the wake of a totally boring and depressing day now I've got to go face the dining hall" appearance I'd come to recognize as my best friend in the late afternoon. When the door opened I was surprised to see his face seasoned with the beginnings of a smile. Something was up.

I pressed him and he soon yielded, handing me a greeting card he had gotten from Betsy. On the outside it read, "Let's do something spooky on Halloween!" and on the inside, "like get married!" Knowing Bets, she probably spent the better part of a day looking for just the right card to put that smile in the corners of Tim's mouth. He appreciated it, too. It was as if the Sterling (or whatever) Greeting Card Company, Inc., had a special runoff just for them, the way her signature brought the card to life.

There's no doubt about it, those two are in love.

And the card is just one example of the way in which it seems that all they touch together takes on a new color, a new definition — one that must conform itself to their mutual perception, as though they were a pair of magical eyes to which everything in the world showed itself fresh daily.

Their photograph albums stand as testimonial to that fact. They have a thing about taking self-portraits with Brownie cameras, and nearly every other picture they take shows two heads pressed together with Tim's arm reaching out towards the camera to snap the picture. In the perimeters of the photos you might be able to make out traces of the Big Horn Mountains or Daytona Beach, a Minneapolis blizzard or the South Bend gloom — but in the center of each are the two smiles shining not because of where they are but because of who they are. The photography may be a far cry from even the crudest form of poetry, but to me the subjects are poetry incarnate.

Last week Tim came into the kitchen while I was, if memory serves me correctly, cleaning out the skillet that someone had left greasily in his wake. The smile came creeping into the corners of his mouth as he said, "Look what came in the mail today." It was a card and it read, "Let's do something spooky this Halloween. . . ." I looked up at him and saw his infamous snapshot-with-Betsy smile.

So tomorrow morning (Halloween, of course) they're going to fix the smiles for a lifetime. Tim will probably be toting a Brownie in the pocket of his tux.

# the knife men



*For the uncontrolled, there is no wisdom, nor for the uncontrolled is there the power of concentration, and for him without concentration there is no peace. And for the unpeaceful, how can there be happiness?*

*—The Bhagavadgita*

There is a plague called man.

THE word "grotesque" comes from the Italian *la grottesca* which refers to *grotta* (cave) and originated in order to describe a certain style of cave painting that was unearthed in excavations around Rome during the 15th century. Vasari quotes the following passage from Vitruvius' *De architectura* in which these new styles are condemned:

All these motifs taken from reality are now rejected by an unreasonable fashion. For our contemporary artists decorate the walls with monstrous forms rather than producing clear images of the familiar world.

Wolfgang Kayser in his book, *The Grotesque in Art and Literature*, goes on to remark:

By the word *grottesco* the Renaissance, which used it to designate a specific ornamental style suggested by antiquity, understood not only something playfully gay and carelessly fantastic, but also something ominous and sinister in the face of a world totally different from the familiar one — a world in which the realm of inanimate things is no longer separated from those of plants, animals, and human beings, and where the laws of statics, symmetry, and proportion are no longer valid.

This article is primarily concerned with two modern writers who have succeeded in creating and evoking a world of the grotesque and the bizarre. They are the knife men of our age, Jerzy Kosinski and Jakov Lind. In their books they deal with madness, the demonic, the schizophrenia which can occur as the world of the unconscious and the world of the conscious merge; in short, they are dealing with an estranged world, a world in which the familiar has suddenly become the unfamiliar, a land in which the innocent becomes the terrible.

Both of their novels (Kosinski's *Steps* and Lind's *Landscape in Concrete*) have their origins in the turmoil of Europe both during and after the Second World War, a world in which ordered systems have tended toward disorder, in which rationality has tended toward irrationality. It is interesting to note here the seemingly organized fields or "worlds" in which Lind and Kosinski find themselves in — I say seemingly organized (seemingly rational), because they are really "anti-

systems" instead of systems, "anti-systems" which cause perversions and violence, and whose sole purpose is to create chaos, or create a field in which violence and perversion are inevitable (perhaps necessary) occurrences. These anti-systems are the worlds of the Military, the educated civilian population (the intellectual classes) and the world of the craftsmen (the middle classes). Kosinski and Lind pass through all these worlds — worlds which tend toward disorder, toward violence, worlds which tend toward destruction of themselves. They are familiar, yet they are unfamiliar.

The purpose of the Military is violence (and hence, disorder). Through Lind and Kosinski we discover that what seems to be a highly organized structure is nothing more than an "orderly" way of pursuing irrationality. This paradox parallels the paradoxical structures of both *Steps* and *Landscape in Concrete*. Both men write in a very controlled and beautiful style, using this control and this beauty to expose the uncontrolled and the terrible; they are using language to expose the irrationality of language.

Once Lind's main character Bachmann enters the educated civilian population, we discover that the supposedly educated classes are also in the midst of irrationality and violence. Disorder begins to arise out of confrontations like these. On the one hand we have the ordered Military system, on the other hand we have the educated, freedom-in-knowledge system. The shock of finding them equally irrational and chaotic, leaves us, as Bachmann, disoriented and disorganized.

The civilian (Halftan) is portrayed as a teacher, a learned man, one who is accomplished in language, yet he destroys himself. Learning and language can't save him from madness — we may find that they contribute to it. Furthermore, the civilian murders a man in order to avenge a warning note, to avenge in a sense, language itself. At the scene of the crime, he forces the victim to eat the note, to eat the literal language. Through Lind's symbology, we can see the disorganization and entropy at work in the language.

In *Landscape in Concrete*, language goes through a number of changes. These changes reflect the movement from sanity to quasi-insanity. Lind's main character, Bachmann, appears sane and rational as the novel begins, but he is thought of as crazy by the others around him — the Military. Later with Halftan the civilian, he will begin to move toward insanity,



jerzy kosinski . . .

and more importantly, he will recognize himself as going insane. Yet paradoxically, Halftan, who is insane himself, considers Bachmann normal. At the end of the novel, when it is most evident to us that Bachmann is insane, he is given word from a medical authority that he is sane. The entropic progression of the outer world, and the entropic progression of Bachmann within himself, intertwine and conflict — thereby heightening the relative sanity or insanity of each other. There are reasons why Lind does this. He is creating a “schizophrenia” in the mind of the reader as to who is really sane or insane. Until the reader realizes, like Bachmann, that in a field of wartime destruction and brutality, worrying about distinctions of sanity and insanity is useless. Everyone appears insane. This is the final conclusion that Bachmann reaches.

As Lukas Foss plays off two instruments against each other, so does Lind mix his characters and their fields until they cannot be separated. In fact, the field (the outside world) takes preference. Bachmann is merely a sleepwalker, walking in and out of horrible events which are taking place around him, walking about in a real landscape in concrete.

The use of language moves from proof of rationality to proof of irrationality. Bachmann in the beginning views language as the primary way of asserting his identity.

Speech is an expression of reason. And reason is the critical faculty that separates the important from the unimportant.

Later he discovers that words can become dangerous; simply a mirror reflecting his own madness. His words bring him into conflict with a nature that is hostile to him. Yet he is trapped by his urge to speak. His instinct leads him toward madness, toward self-destruction.

Lind recognizes this language split — this “schizophrenia” of language — he uses it to cause schizophrenia in us, the readers. He does this (though not as effectively as Kosinski) by removing all the sentiment and human emotion from words, turning his phrases into objects. As readers, we try to see the words as human, because this is what we are accustomed to; yet

Lind, by portraying the most terrible atrocities and brutal sexual sequences in calm, business-like language, alienates us from our own language, and we move toward disorder. The effect is startling. By making language lose its human form, by *compelling* us to read it (that's where the real genius lies) he, in effect, makes us unsure of our own human form, and our human identity. We question — am I an animal for treating atrocities as calmly as Lind? Am I human? Lind makes the madness real. The unconscious begins to assert itself, and the resulting dissolution of all rational controls turns the book inside itself, into worlds beyond rational comprehension.

With his left hand Bachmann held the back of Thor's neck and with his right cut him open from throat to abdomen. He had to step aside quickly, for the blood gushed like the spring when the stone is taken away. A man is full of blood, the way a balloon is full of air. It was always fun to burst balloons, it made a bang, it was exciting. A man doesn't make a bang. Thor wheezed and collapsed. The knife had gone through part of his windpipe.

I THINK it is appropriate to make a short reference to T. S. Eliot in this discussion, because he, like Kosinski and Lind, was forced to put back together the pieces of another postwar world. The pieces may indeed be different now, but the general idea is the same. In his poetry, most notably in “The Wasteland” and also, I believe, in his essay on *Hamlet*, he explains his term “objective correlative.” I think this is very helpful in looking at Kosinski's work, especially *Steps*. One who writes using a theory of the “objective correlative” is in effect, writing not of people (though they may appear as characters), but instead, about a field — a certain objective image or group of scenes, which elicit an emotional or intellectual response (or both) on the part of the reader.

In Kosinski, perhaps we call it “point-of-view.” It entails a delicate objectivity, a facility for using images together, and a very clever manipulation of tone. This is exactly what Kosinski is doing in *Steps*. He intends the main impetus of the work to come not from a human description, but from the interaction of many terrifying images, and many enigmatic scenes, which relate to each other in exposing the incomprehensible

world of the unconscious mind and at the same time approach madness in the context of the real world.

She was lying naked on the bed, half covered by the furry body of a creature with a human head, pawlike hands, and the short, barrel-chested trunk of an ape. My rapid, blundering entrance frightened them: the creature turned, its small brown eyes glittering maliciously. With a single leap it reached the crib, and whining and yelping, began to burrow under the covers.

The girl pitched forward, her thighs closing as though to protect herself. Her trembling hands searched about her like the claws of a dying chicken; she clutched her dress and began pulling it over her belly. I thought for a moment that she would crawl into the wall or scuttle through the floor boards. . . .

It is a style of writing which embraces the grotesque and encounters the darker areas of our own personalities. Kosinski instills within us the fear of life rather than the fear of death. It is a world which ceases to be reliable.

In an earlier novel called *The Painted Bird*, Kosinski uses an unstable narrator who is blown from village to village like a leaf in a whirlwind. Yet this book begins with the semblances of order. The worlds of the villages appear ordered (all the villagers are united against the boy-narrator, all depend for their identity and their existence on natural myths and customs — irrationalities). Kosinski compares this unconscious ordering with the new "rational" order of the Russians, who bring Communism with them. The contrasts are obvious. The boy (and Kosinski) opt for the freedom of the villages, rather than the closed-in "insanity" of the seemingly ordered Communist party. Order becomes insane.

In *Steps*, we have a book beginning with disorder and tending toward more of it. Entropy forces the disintegration of the bonds between male and female, and forces isolation and suicide as the only possible, nay inevitable, responses. When the male engages in sexual activities it is only on a masturbatory level, a self-gratuitous effort. The female figures are forced into a world devoid of relationships, and predictably they opt for death.



. . . jakov lind

She undressed, entered the ocean, and started swimming. She felt the movement of her body and the chill of the water. A small rotten brown leaf brushed against her lips. Taking a deep breath, she dove beneath the surface. On the bottom a shadow glided over the seaweed, lending life and motion to the ocean floor. She looked up through the water to find its source and caught sight of the tiny leaf that had touched her before.

WITH this incredibly beautiful passage, Kosinski ends his novel. The separation between male and female is final. The male gains his identity through violence and self-isolation, yet loses everything — and destroys himself. The woman returns to her element in suicide. The equilibrium that all entropic progressions must reach has been reached. It is the self withdrawn into itself and in the process destroying human existence, human communication, even on the most fundamental levels. It is beyond narcissism.

The power and beauty of Kosinski's art dwarfs any other living American writer by comparison, except perhaps John Hawkes. Jakov Lind is certainly a force to be reckoned with also. Each has succeeded in confronting the unspeakable in a skillful and poetic manner unrivaled in our age. *Steps* was the winner of the National Book Award in Fiction in 1969, which is the highest literary prize in the United States.

It's therefore that I called the bat by name.  
With uncertain flight, like the conscience  
Of the new thief, nature in it  
Is torn between good and evil.  
It follows the night, follows the trace of light.  
It is not mouse alone or bird  
But mousebird, too, and steals in the dark,  
It blindly plunges into its death, where treasures  
sparkle.

—Christian Brentano

They are the knife men. Jerzy Kosinski. Jakov Lind. The silence is the God.

john stupp

# Magic i

"What we cannot speak  
to silence."—Ludwig

WITTGENSTEIN's remarks about the limits of language is quite relevant to the problem of speaking about the occult world. The world of mystical power and vision is beyond simple expression. Only the true magician is taciturn. Granted, so-called astrologers and psychics will freely discuss their skills on weeknight talk shows, but White or Black magicians, those who possess the arcane powers of the occult, will respond to queries enigmatically, or not at all. They speak in riddles with an eye toward self-preservation and the retention of the force and purity of their capabilities. But they are also reticent because magic is intranslatable for the dilettante, because the expanse of ritual is not for the novice's eye or soul.

American enterprise has attempted a forcible rape of the occult in recent years. It found a profitable field in extraterrestrial topics like science-fiction and E.S.P. in the late '50's and early '60's, and then pried ever deeper into the arcane.

Astrology made the cover of *Time* and the back page of *Parade*. Polanski made an enormous profit on *Rosemary's Baby*. The American Broadcasting Company inaugurated *Dark Shadows* and packaged its protagonist as a new teen anti-hero. Amulets and astrological signs have become readily accessible at "head shops," and the press (yellow and otherwise) has capitalized on the sensationalism of the Manson case.

In the face of the entrepreneur's onslaught, occultists have countered with a cabalistic silence. Those few shops that were in business before magic became a profitable fad have fought to remain (though often unsuccessfully) untainted. In a city as large as Chicago, only one store has survived. It exists to mislead and therefore is typical of magic. The *Greater Key of Solomon* (White magic) and the *Lesser Key of Solomon* (Black magic) contain intentional errors to trick the dabbler and to keep ritual secrets from those "who are not intended to know." Hence magic is accessible, but only to those who are chosen to be its priests. And a warning is in order: the meddler is protected to a degree by the impenetrability of magic's labyrinth, but if he becomes too annoying, he will face invocations and formulae of wrath unprotected.

The shop in Chicago is a perfect example of the caution and wariness intrinsic to magic. Unobtrusive and dirty, wedged into a typical block of taverns, laundromats and small grocery stores on the North Side, the bookstore is run by a short, balding man in his late fifties. In appearance he seems the grandfatherly sort, but his voice and manners betray something more; he speaks in a high-pitched, squeaky, almost elfin tone, and his words, what few there are, run in circles. When you ask him a question about a book that is out of stock, he mumbles something about referring the matter to "the boss," yet every time my friends have been

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# s Afoot

about we must consign  
ig Wittgenstein

there, he has been the only one behind the counter. The skeptic might say that his behavior isn't that far out of the ordinary, that "he's the type you normally encounter in decrepit bookstores," but there is something there that goes beyond the limits of the empirical.

A FRIEND of mine, a White magician, and I stumbled upon the shop two summers ago in one of our frequent time-killing odysseys. Jack is quite psychically (and magically) sensitive and was shocked by the spirit of the place. He glanced at a bulletin board filled with

notes penned in Sanskrit, Greek and Hebrew (all ritual languages), advertisements for herbs, seances and curse-breaking, and then noticed several copies of the *Lesser Key of Solomon*, far out of reach on the top shelf. For several months he had been trying to do some research on Black magic, "getting to know the enemy" as it were, but had found nothing but blind alleys. He had a feeling that the shopkeeper might be able to give him some direction and asked the old man for some information on demon ritual. He was met with a cold stare of a moment's duration before the man pointed out an innocuous, pseudo-historical book on the Salem witchcraft trials. Jack insisted on a book of ritual. The old man simply turned to another customer.

The last time we were in the shop, a woman entered and asked our friend about having a curse dispelled. He changed the subject to a little poem he had written — pulled it out of his back pocket and read it to her. She left discouraged. Jack wanted to buy a meditation lamp. The old fellow named some exorbitant price, and an argument ensued. The shopkeeper saw an opportunity for a taste of revenge since Jack had been quite unmerciful in the way he quizzed him several times before. But Jack needed the light, and paid the price only after making the clerk demonstrate its good working order. The clerk had been quite inconvenienced by this little tumult because the only outlet in the store was a single lamp socket which was in use. As we walked out, he muttered some inaudible phrase; we thought it was probably an obscenity in response to his rough treatment. Jack was quiet for a few minutes, then he said that in talking to several other White magicians who'd been in the store, he had reason to believe that the old man was a Black magician.

When we got home, the light wouldn't work although there was nothing physically wrong with the bulb. The shopkeeper had given us a small warning to ask no more questions — to consign our suspicions to silence.

Ed McCartin

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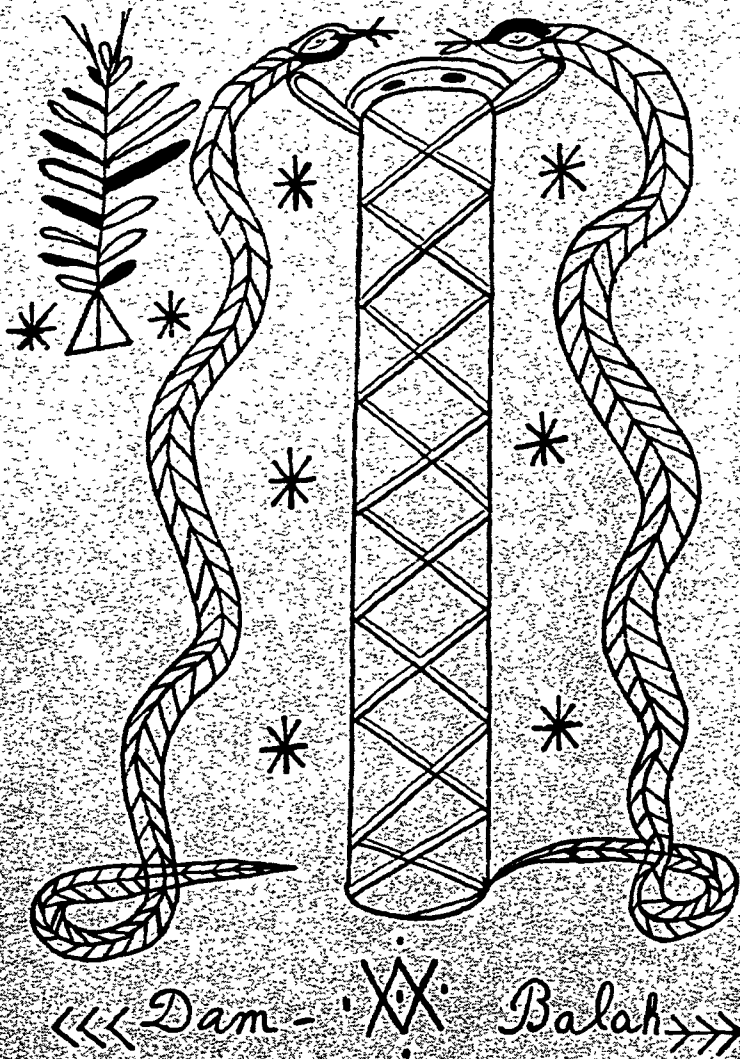
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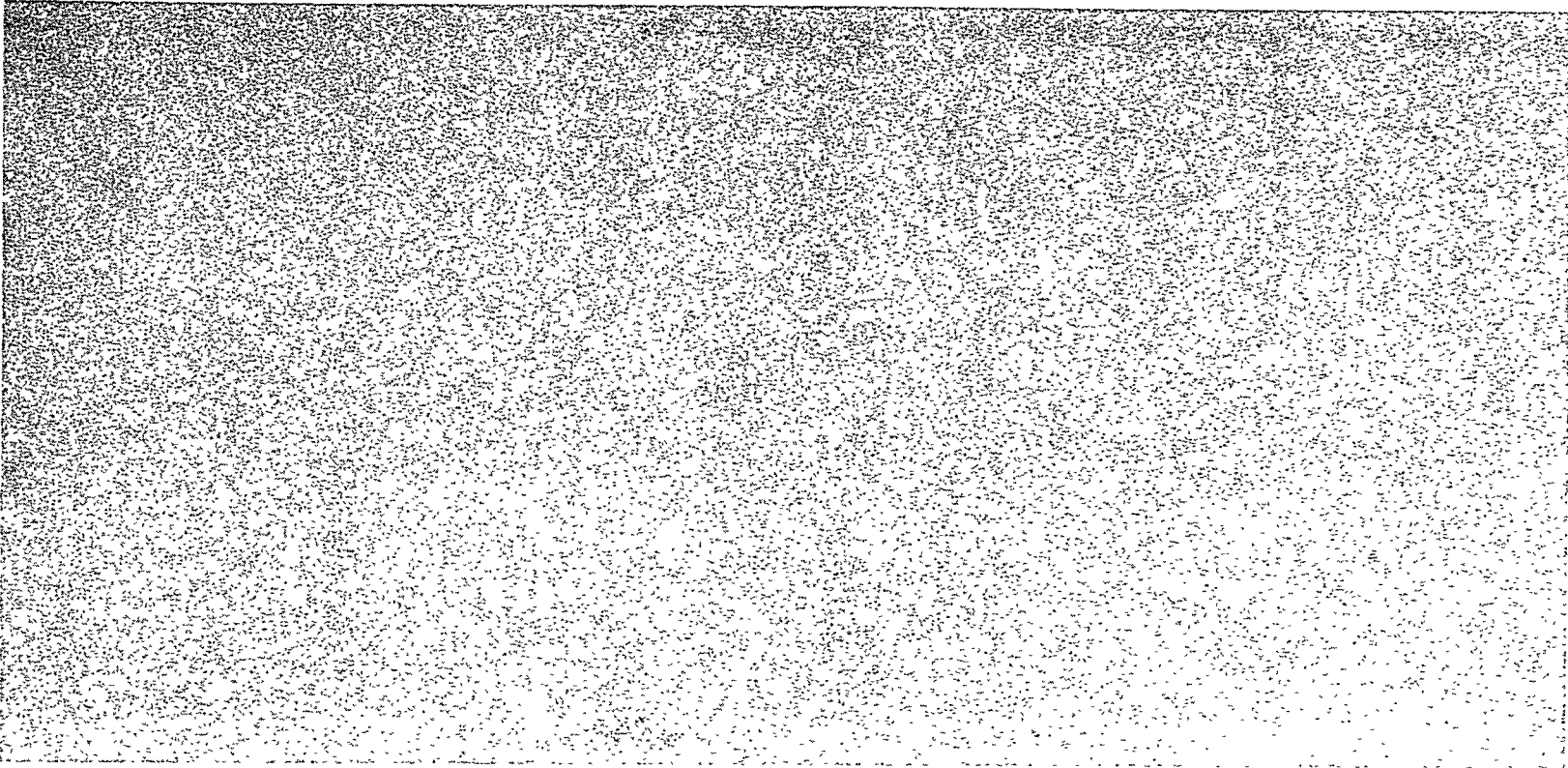
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**“It only possesses  
those who believe”**





*Michael Canale spent this past summer in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, working with a group of friends from Notre Dame's Council for the International Lay Apostolate. The essay that follows combines research done on voodoo last spring with personal experiences of the summer — including attendance at several services. It is meant simply to explore the history and rites connected with voodoo; it does not address itself to the many political uses made of the religion in contemporary Haiti.*

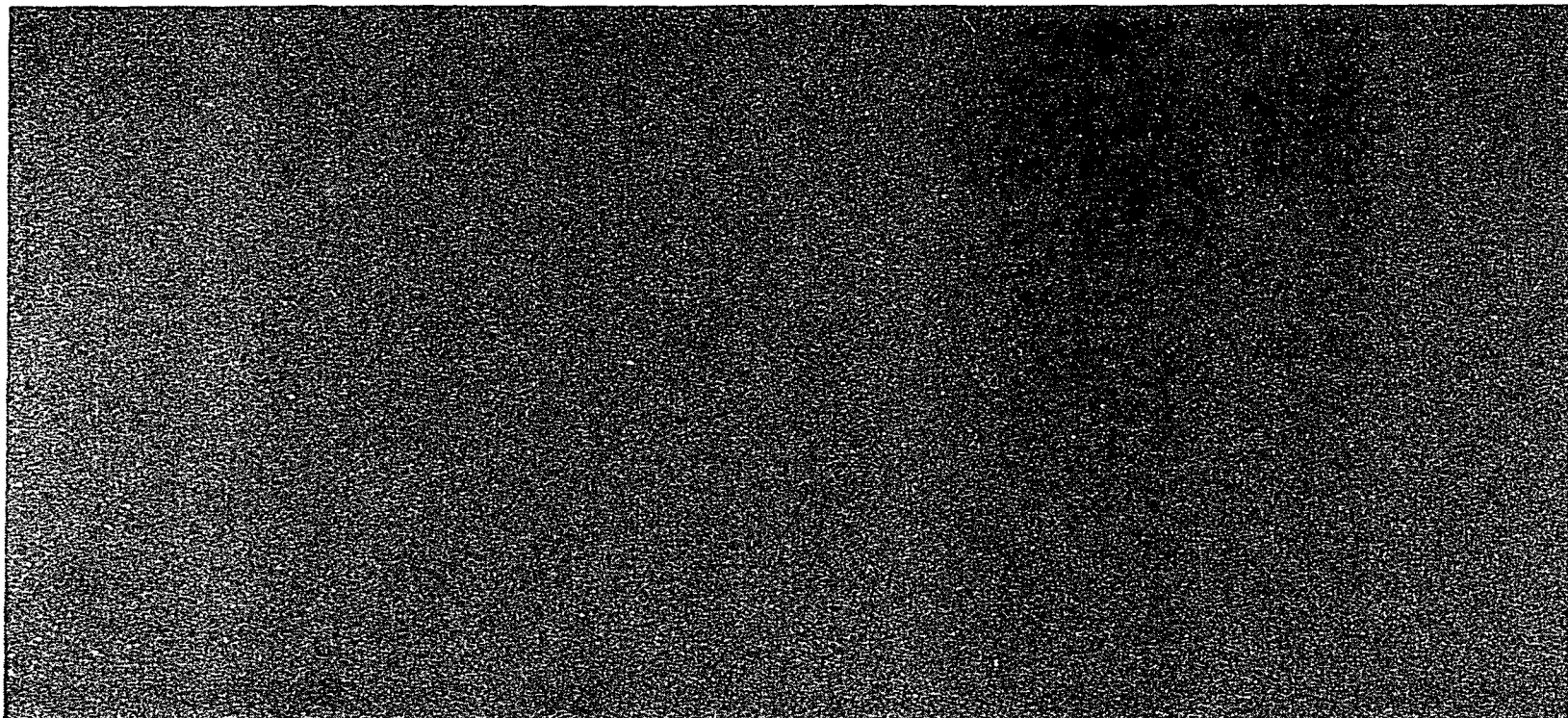
**M**OST contemporary Haitians descend from African slaves imported by the Spanish to Hispaniola about twenty years after the arrival there of Christopher Columbus. This importation was a necessary step in colonial logic: four-fifths of the original Arawak Indians, whom the settlers had exploited and enslaved in search of gold, etc., had either died or fled the island. There seemed to be no limit, however, to the number of natives sold, forced or deceived into slavery on the West Coast of Africa. These slaves, representing a great range of castes and territories, brought with them varying tribal beliefs, values and methods. Probably, as Harold Courlander says, due to Haiti's early independence (second in the Western Hemisphere to that of the United States), poverty of technological opportunity (rugged terrain) and the resistance of the slaves to any white culture, the traditions and attitudes of these African slaves were largely isolated and preserved. Voodoo is probably the most dynamic force of this preservation.

The Fon peoples of Dahomey (who in Haiti were called Arada, after the Dahomean city of Allada) and the Anago (from what is today Nigeria and Dahomey) were most influential in the development of voodoo. The word itself is Dahomean, meaning "spirit" or "deity," though it usually now designates the activities and beliefs of the Haitian cults. Had there not been Dahomean priests among the early slave crews to practice and teach the "vodu" rites of West African tribes,

voodoo would probably have appeared as incoherent systems of sacrifice and simple magic. But a religious structure was adopted that resurrected some of the original African traditions. In face of this framework, Christianity could not provide these Haitians with a significant religion. Eventually, however, voodoo did absorb many Christian elements (the saints on holy cards, for example), and by means of the slave trade found its way into Brazil, Cuba, Jamaica and somewhat into Louisiana.

As an adaptive system, voodoo is well suited to the harsh environments in Haiti. It provides beliefs on the natural and supernatural, life and death; rituals of thanksgiving, consolation, healing and protection are well developed; social acts, such as marriage, are provided for; there is a sense of communion, of spiritual identification. A pleasurable release for heavy hearts is considered more important than an accumulation of sin and guilt. It is a practical belief that deals liberally with the realities of a harsh life — food, shelter, sex, disease. And most important, it is changing and flexible, culturally transmitted from one generation to another, differing somewhat in service and dogma from "hungan" (cult priest) to "hungan," from village to village.

**G**OD (Damballah, Le Bon Dieu, Le Grand Maître) is believed to be an impersonal power, representing a vague image of good. It is for this reason that voodoo centers itself on the lesser spirits, "loas," who are regarded as more accessible. There are many different "loas" corresponding to various situations, but all are included in two main categories: "rada," the more important African deities; and "petro," the younger, more violent Haitian ones. Because the spirits of the deceased may become "loas," great care is taken at funerals to assure the dead of the opportunity to join the cosmic family. If the dead are not properly buried, there is the fear that an evil "becor" (sorcerer) may steal the body and enslave the spirit of the deceased, thus making him a "zombi."



The "zombi" phenomenon is one of the most curious aspects of the voodoo culture to an outsider. On a very rational, objective level, it is best explained by Article 246 of the old Penal Code:

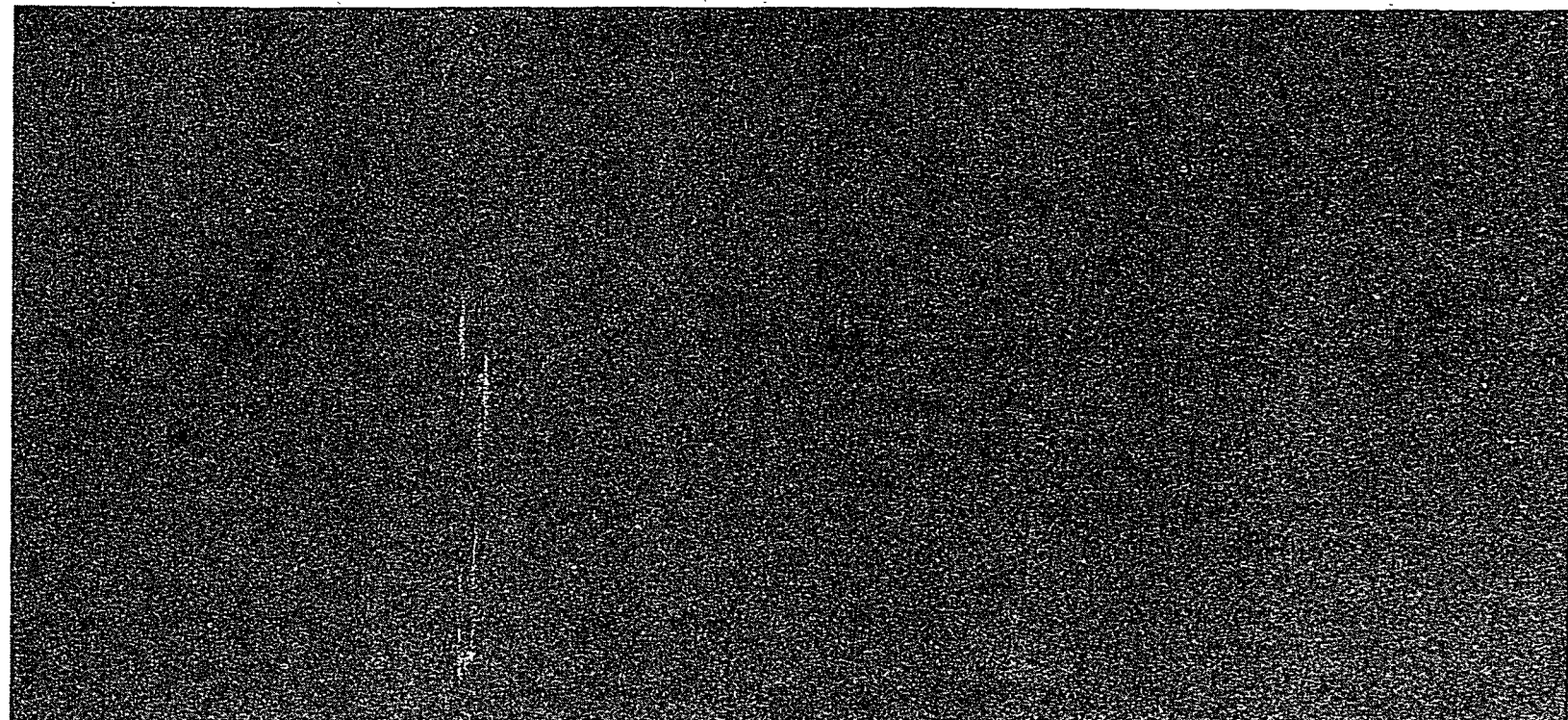
Also to be termed intention to kill, by poisoning, is that use of substances whereby a person is not killed but reduced to a state of lethargy, more or less prolonged, and this without regard to the manner in which the substances were used or what

their later results. If, following the state of lethargy the person is buried, then the attempt will be termed murder.

However, many of the "zombi" accounts do retain a bit of mystery and the supernatural — especially for the lower caste black Haitians. Witness this story recounted by Alfred Métraux:

A girl from Marbial, engaged to a young man with whom she was much in love, was unwise enough to reject — rather sharply — the advances of a powerful "hungan." The latter, wounded, went away muttering threats. A few days later the girl was taken seriously ill and died in the hospital at Jacmel. Her body was taken to her family at Marbial but at the moment when she was being put on the bier, the coffin, which had been got in the town, was seen to be too short. It was necessary to bend the corpse's neck in order to fit it into the space available. During the wake someone dropped a lighted cigarette on to the foot of the deceased causing a slight burn. Two or three months later a rumour spread that the deceased had been seen with the "hungan." No one believed it. But a few years later, when during the anti-superstition campaign the "hungan" repented and set his "zombie" free, the girl appeared and went back home, where she lived for a long time, though without ever recovering her sanity. All those who knew her remembered her bent neck and the scar of a burn on one of her feet.

**P**ROBABLY the most striking aspect of Voodoo is the possession of devotees by the "loas." Since God is impersonal, the "loas" are called upon during a Voodoo service to advise and help their less-powerful human followers. They may be asked to cure a disease, end a famine, protect one from evil spirits or human enemies, answer questions about the future, etc. However, these spirits will help only those who serve them, and can



be angry and fierce themselves (especially the “petro”); for this reason, they must be repeatedly remembered and worshipped. Métraux paraphrases Moreau de Saint-Méry's description of the beginning of a ceremony in post-colonial times.

Voodoo gatherings take place secretly, at night, in “a cloistered place shut off from the eyes of the profane.” The priest and priestess take up their positions near an altar containing a snake in a cage. After various ceremonies and a long address from the “Voodoo king and queen,” all initiates approach, in order of seniority, and entreat the Voodoo, telling him what they most desire. The “queen” gets onto the box in which lies the snake and — modern Pythoness — she is penetrated by the god; she writhes; her whole body is convulsed and the oracle speaks from her mouth.” The snake is then put back on the altar and everyone brings it an offering. A goat is sacrificed and the blood, collected in a jar, is used “to seal the lips of all present with a vow to suffer death rather than reveal anything, and even to inflict it on whoever might prove forgetful of such a momentous pledge.”

Few contemporary Voodoo services in or around Port-au-Prince, the capital, would resemble such a ceremony. Some less explicit forms of ritual are practiced, as are the “danse vaudoo” and the collective hysteria that did and do end a service. But much of the original fire has disappeared from eyes of the possessed. “Clairin,” a 180-proof rum, seems to induce much of the trance-like atmosphere. The Catholic Church has waged many campaigns against superstition — the last one in 1941 — in which Voodoo drums and other superstitious objects disappear in a solemn “auto-da-fé.” The taxes on Voodoo rites, initiated by François Duvalier, have become too high to pay for many “hum-forts” (temples), and services are no longer held. Most of the temples that do offer services are designed primarily for the tourist trade.



One last comment is important here. The religion, with its terrible vitality, is a doomed and disappearing force on the island. It has been forced out by the strength of the white man's ways, and his myths. Many of the Haitians that I worked and lived with last summer are ashamed of Voodoo. It is no longer their religion; it is folklore. They must turn to a white man's God.

## Mike Canale

## perspectives

# mysticism and drugs

cyriac k. pullapilly

**D**RUG experiences are often being compared to mystical experiences, undoubtedly with a great deal of evidence as to the similarities in the external effects of both, but without much justification from the purpose, the goals, and the lasting impacts of either experience. It is true that the *soma* potion of ancient Hindus, some of the mysterious drugs of the Tibetan lamas, and the *peyote* of the American Indians were all meant to induce visions and extraordinary experiences, but none of them fall within the definition of classical mystical experience in any of these traditions, except maybe in the case of the peyote cult where the concept of a mystical union with a superior being, or at least a transmission of power from such a being, is often mentioned. The other uses of drugs in a religious context as in the cases I mentioned above, and in all others I am acquainted with, have no real mystical significance. On the other hand, they constituted a part of the ritualistic development, often connected with elaborate sacrifices and feasts, which in fact were looked down upon by the more mystically oriented elements in each of these religious societies. The Hindu *soma* was perhaps the clearest example of this, as it was usually used in connection with the most elaborate of all the Hindu rituals, the *Aswamedha* (horse sacrifice) which involved at least a year's preparation and the sacrifice of hundreds of horses—which was done only by the wealthiest of princes at the high point in

the Brahmanic period (when priestly domination and ritualism became rampant). There should be no doubt that the Buddhist revolt in Hinduism occurred as a reaction to such over-elaborate ritualism.

One may ask what exactly is the classical definition of mysticism, for which there is no simple answer but at least a number of explanations. For the mystics in the Western Christian tradition, mysticism is the ultimate stage in contemplation, in fact a total awareness of and a total communion with a personal God, whom the mystics often caricature as the bridegroom (the active element) as they themselves assume the passive role of the bride, with a total submission and dedication to the groom. Thus Western mystics often treat their experience as a free gift, a grace, from God himself, which cannot be achieved by any amount of human effort — only God can choose his beloved and freely give the joys of his personal union. In the Eastern tradition, however, true mystical experience is often associated, and in most cases identified, with *nirvana*, again the ultimate stage in contemplation and comprehension, but at the same time a union with the real Real, which is undefinable and impersonal. This is a blending with the stuff of the universe, which is existence and at the same time nonexistence. In this blending the mystic loses his own identity and becomes part of the universal Being, a state of being which is often described as the void to signify the loss of iden-

tity of the mystic as well as the undefinable character of the Being itself. In any case, there is no idea of a union with a personal Being in Eastern mystical concept.

The concept of God, the most basic religious theme, happens to be the distinguishing mark between Eastern and Western mysticism, just as it is a most important difference between these religious traditions themselves. Scholars in mysticism tend to categorize them as God mysticism (Western) and soul mysticism (Eastern) as the dominant theme in the former is the communion with God, while the emphasis in the latter is the gradual evolution of the soul itself into a state of being where it blends with the universal Soul, the Brahman, the real Real. There is still another kind of mysticism which is common in both East and West, and which does not have any supernormal connotation, but which is only an emotional state where certain fortunate people are able to identify themselves with the whole nature, say, for instance, the birds and the bees and the blades of grass. This is a poetic kind of experience, often called nature mysticism.

**I**N all these experiences there seems to be a noetic quality, a quality that surpasses all the abstractions the human mind is ordinarily capable of, a kind of perception of reality done with the whole being — not by the mind alone — a vision to which the mystic surrenders instantly and completely. This surrender is not just for a fleeting moment but for the whole life here and hereafter, an irrevocable and total dedication of oneself. The seer does not see the Reality and go away gratified; he is tied to it mind, soul, and body.

There are, as we have seen, differences in the nature of the ultimate experience itself in Eastern and Western mystical traditions, but almost all of the mystics talk about various stages in their progress towards the ultimate achievements, whether they be Hindus, Buddhists, Christians, Sufis or ancient Gnostics. The number and nature of such stages vary from tradition to tradition and person to person, but there are three distinctive stages that can be seen in all of them. The first is what is termed as the purgative stage where one sheds off all attachments to the world and sinful habits. This involves a great deal of sacrifice, including bodily penances ranging from fasting to serious mutilation of the body. The second stage is what is called the illuminative or contemplative stage, where the prospective mystic is given the first glimpse of reality, just a thin ray of hope, a spark of light in a dark night. The third stage, of course, is the ultimate, the unitive stage, which is an accomplishment of the persistent religious in the Eastern tradition, but a gratuitous blessing from God in Islam and Christianity. The one who reaches this stage transcends the ordinary levels of existence, being capable of miraculous visions, heavenly joy, and superhuman powers. Levitation, ecstasy, and stigmata are some of the features of the mystics at this stage.

**S**o much about religious mysticism. Now what about drug experiences? There is no question that some of the experiences of drug users are similar to those of mystics, but drug experiences are so varied from drug to drug and person to person that no clear pattern has yet been established. Yet the similarity of experiences are frequent enough to justify some generalization. The often-talked-about passive bliss or the contented quietude — usually experienced by marijuana and ganja users — is something that can be compared to the passivity of the mystic; but there is a big difference, that is, the mystic is in a passionate union with a superior reality, assuming a feminine passivity, while the drug user is only an onlooker, an interested spectator at the best, of the marvelous things he witnesses. Opium users sometimes report great exhilaration and a sense of co-action with scene after scene of actors in the drug-induced drama, but that again is not really comparable to the eternal union of the soul with God.

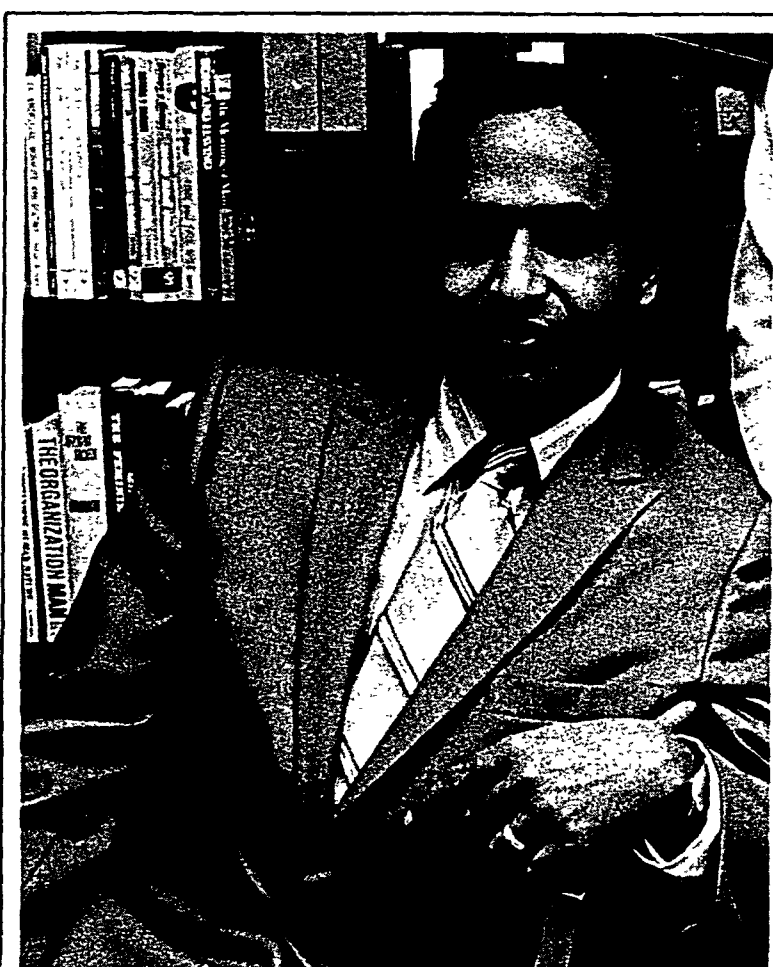
The clear vision, the seemingly infinite perception, the instant and almost intuitive understanding of essence and existence, the direct comprehension of reality without the aid of abstraction, that are often the claims of mescaline, methedrine, and most often LSD users apparently yield to comparison with the noetic quality in mystical experiences, but again the dimension of this perception is largely governed by the convictions and preconceptions of the drug user. A staunchly Catholic drug user may come away with the same experience as John of the Cross or Teresa of Avila had, but that would not be the effect of the drug itself, but the work of his own mind — of course, with the aid of the drug. This is what makes me say that one will get as much religion from the drug as he puts into it.

The chemical effects of drugs on the cerebrum have yet to be completely studied, but there is no question that some of the drugs knock off the safeguards nature placed on the brain and thus subject it to a bombardment of millions of pieces of information at a feverish speed, the result of which is a much broadened perception, whether valuable or not. This leads us to the question of the lasting effects of the two types of experiences. There is no doubt that the mystic, once he reaches the stage of union with reality would never want to or can return to the ordinary way of life as his soul is joined to God in a spiritual marriage that completely changes his life. A mystic may live in this world, but he is not of this world any more. One vision of the Reality completely transforms him. In the case of the drug user, what happens generally is an emboldening of the convictions and an elucidation of his preconceived ideas. There is no violence to his convictions or his ideas. A generous man comes away more generous and a miser more miserly. Drugs never change any man, except indirectly — for example, an addict may commit a theft in order to obtain his dose. But that is beside the point of this discussion.

THE feeling of ecstasy mystics experience from the realization and, sometimes, from the mystical visions of God or Reality cannot, I think, be compared to the exhilaration the drug user experiences from his brilliant and colorful visions. For one thing, there is no union, no real identity that he feels with these beautiful things as against the oneness the mystic feels with his subject of veneration. Even when there is a feeling of identity, say in the case of an artist towards the colorful designs he sees when he uses the drug, the feeling would remain largely sterile unless he has the technical competence to reproduce them in real life — which is not often the case. This is not to say that one cannot see these visions for the sheer fun of it; why else would one drink alcohol or smoke cigarettes? But that is far from the results of a mystical experience.

Mystical writers often describe their experience in graduated categories, the most common of which being the totally passive attitude at the first encounter with God or Reality and the ultimate, total merging with it at later stages of the union. I have seen such a categorization of drug experience only in Timothy Leary's recent book, but it is an adaptation from the Tibetan Book of Death; so it is questionable whether the categorization is based on actual drug experience. Most drug users experience different intensities of feeling at different stages, but there does not seem to be a clear pattern that coincides with the graduated experiences of the mystics. Leary's interpretation, however, is extremely interesting in that it implies a direct correlation between drug use and seemingly mystical experience. It deserves further study.

Whatever use drugs may have had in connection with religious rituals, classical mysticism in no tradition accepted them as a means of attaining communion with God. The Sufi hanging head down in a dark well, the Hindu ascetic sitting in the Himalayan wilderness, the Christian monk meditating in his cell — all would testify against it; maybe they would say that Timothy Leary is cheating, getting easy ecstasy, while they have to work so hard!



Cyriac K. Pullapilly, an associate professor of history at St. Mary's, was for the last three years a member of the faculty at Middlebury College in Vermont, where he taught a course in mysticism. A native of India, he received his doctorate in history from the University of Chicago in 1968. At St. Mary's, he teaches South Asian History, and next semester will teach a course in European Intellectual History.

*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.*

# *the second city comes to south bend*

C ONTEMPORARY drama confronts the same questions and fears that drama has confronted since it first began. The difference is in approach; for recent drama, at least in its direction toward improvisational theater and dance/drama, attempts to work out these problems in the intensely personal atmosphere of the workshop and the repertoire playhouse instead of in the huge spaces of the proscenium hall. In terms compatible with the limited perspective of contemporary man, these recent theater forms grope for an awareness of the creative tensions swirling inside both players and audience. They strive, as drama always has, to reveal the whole man—but through techniques that in many cases split radically from the traditional.

We are living, after all, in a time unlike anytime before it. The tradition (that is, the tradition narrowly regarded as a sort of stone tablet from which we are to learn the letter of the present law) often becomes an inadequate core of expression. New forms must be tried. Experimentation in a new era always produces its share of freaks, but we can be almost as sure that some masterpieces will result.

Saturday, the 31 of October, Halloween, the Second City Players (from Chicago) will perform at O'Laughlin Auditorium. They understand perhaps better than

anyone the potentialities and difficulties of such new dramatic forms as improvisational theater. They should: they virtually began this mode of experimentation.

Taking their name from a scathing attack in the *New Yorker* several years ago deriding Chicago's cultural vacuum, they set out to prove the dilettantes from the East wrong. The company worked out of cabarets in Chicago's Old Town (which they still call home), doing spontaneous skits and playlets. The Second City was born of the same impulse that fostered Lenny Bruce—and they share the topical, hard anti-Establishment stance that led to his persecution.

Several famous and brilliant comics have come from this troupe—perhaps the best known of them Mike Nichols (*The Graduate*, *Catch-22*) and Elaine May, but also including Barbara Harris, Severn Darden and Alan Arkin. It remains, at least according to its aficionados, among the best such improvisational companies in the nation.

It would be silly (not to mention impossible) to predict just what they will do tomorrow night. Except that it will be fast, it will attempt to draw the audience into the fun (which should be quite an accomplishment at O'Laughlin), and it should be very good.

—Leo J. Mulcahy

Educational institutions are in dire need of financial aid. Notre Dame is an educational institution.

Notre Dame is going to show the Cassius Clay fight on closed circuit TV.

Our sons are drafted into the armed forces to fight and die in defense of our way of life. Cassius Clay refused to fight for our way of life, thereby defying our government. Lawyers and judges defended Clay's stand.

Please buy tickets for the Cassius Clay fight to help Notre Dame help Cassius Clay pay lawyers and judges to undermine our government and destroy our way of life which our sons have fought and are fighting and dying for.

JOHN O. MILES

## the return of the outcast

**M**y father was a great boxing fan, once. He never missed those telecasts on Friday night from the old Madison Square Garden with Don Dunphy at the mike and the Gillette parrot on the screen. But with the rise of Cassius Clay (or Muhammad Ali, whichever you prefer) came the decline of his interest. Every major fight that Clay won was "fixed . . . rotten." And so it went with a great majority of boxing fans in the city and across America. The "loudmouth showoff" from Louisville was a novelty at first, but with his ascent to the heavyweight title a wave of intense hatred for the man swept the boxing world.

Before his first fight with Liston the feeling among my friends and myself was that finally he was going to get it; Big Sonny'll shut him up once and for all. But when he won we couldn't believe it. "Wait'll next time," we all said. But the next time brought the same results, as did the next and the next, and so on.

Nobody would admit he was a great fighter, probably one of the greatest heavyweights of all time. Every time he got into a ring the boos echoed in the rafters of the arena. It never mattered who his opponent was; everybody rooted against him. With each match, each victory, Clay seemed to be shouting from behind his facade of arrogance, "C'mon you people. Accept me! I am the greatest and you know it. Admit it!" But no one would accept, no one would admit it.

So it came as no surprise that, when he refused induction, public response was overwhelmingly against him. God forbid that someone given "a chance for success by the great land of America" should refuse service in the armies of the "land of the free." So, stripped of his crown (but never of his pride), they marched him off to jail. And everyone figured that good ol' American boxing would revert back to its old uncontroversial ways.

**T**HREE and a half years have passed since then and boxing just hasn't been the same. The crowds are gone; the fever of a championship bout has faded into the past. No one could get excited over a Joe Frazier or a Jimmy Ellis. George Foreman gave boxing a momentary lift, but the spark just wasn't there.

Three and a half years changed a lot of attitudes, too. Sure, there're still the old, die-hard anti-Clay segments running around (like the author of the above letter), but these few look at Clay the Loudmouth-Draft-Resister rather than at Clay the Boxer. I'm sure that despite all the smudging publicity surrounding Denny McLain, if he had come back and led the Tigers to a pennant, the past would soon have been forgotten. Every time Joe Namath directs a Jet victory, 62,000 patrons of Shea Stadium dismiss his problems as "boy-

ish foolishness." The difference with Clay, of course, is that he's black. And when you're black and controversial in the "land of the free" recognition comes hard. Damn hard.

Last Monday night about 4,000 fight fans curled up in the cushioned Convo seats at six dollars a throw and prepared to witness the return of the outcast.

The lights dimmed and attention focused on the screen. Then, a picture, and Jerry Quarry was making his way through the crowd to the ring. A smattering of applause greeted Irish Jerry both at the Atlanta ring and within the Convo. Murmurs and shuffling drowned out Quarry's reception. Finally the cameras spotted Ali, strutting, head held high, towards his corner. With his appearance on the screen the crowd broke into almost frenzied applause, whistling and cheers. The introductions of the fighters brought a similar response: Quarry received token recognition while Ali brought the crowd to its feet. Three years ago it would have been the reverse: Quarry the hero and Ali the brunt of catcalls and abuse.

**W**HEN the two fighters met at the center of the ring, Ali was up to his old tricks again. He stared mean and long into Quarry's eyes and could be heard shouting, "I'm gonna git you, I'm gonna git you bad." No boos this time, however, only more applause blended with smiles of content.

The fight itself was never really a contest. Ali's quick left jabs hurt Quarry early. (Ali always aims for the head; he feels that if he can hurt an opponent there the fight is already half-won.) A combination flurry at the opening of the third round cut Quarry badly over the right eye and Ali went to work on it. The rest of the round was all Ali and Quarry just kept backing away, knowing his defense was gone. Ali battered Quarry on the ropes towards the round's close, and just about everybody knew it was all over. (Except for Quarry, who wanted to go on in the fourth.) It really wouldn't have mattered if the fight continued; Ali would have knocked Irish Jerry cold in the fourth, and then Gov. Maddox would really have had something to mourn about.

Muhammad is back, but this time the fans are with him. Maybe some feel that he's "served his sentence." I believe that the majority, however, realize that Ali truly is "the greatest" and are sick of the crap that's been presented as "championship boxing" over the past three years. Of course, there'll always be a Gov. Lester Maddox or somebody around to declare a statewide day of mourning when Ali enters the ring. But the next time a day of mourning is declared, it won't be for Jerry Quarry or some other halfway fighter, it'll be for the Pretender to the Throne, Mr. Joe Frazier.

Watch out, Joe, the champ is back, and he's gonna "git you."

—Don Kennedy

## football

by don kennedy

**Notre Dame over Navy** — On the whole, I'd rather be in New York.

**Ohio State over Northwestern** — The Wildcats have grandiose visions of a Rose Bowl trip after last week's upset win over Purdue. But nobody beats the Buckeyes at home (at least not in the last three years, anyway).

**Georgia Tech over Duke** — The 'Jackets got back on the track with last week's win over Tulane. Duke is the Atlantic Coast Conference leader, but that's prestigious only in basketball, nowadays, not football.

**Pittsburgh over Syracuse** — Who would have thought that the Panthers would be No. 1 in the East this time last year? A win here will

make it six in a row for the Steel City lads.

**Missouri over Kansas State** — Lynn Dickey and the boys have had a disappointing season. Tomorrow it'll be even more so.

**West Virginia over Penn State** — Battle of the has-beens in the East. This was billed in preseason talk as The Game to determine eastern football supremacy. Nice champion you got there, Mr. Paterno.

**Boston College over Army** — The Eagles are aiming for a Lambert Cup showdown with Pitt on Nov. 14. The Cadets meanwhile, slip further and further into oblivion.

**Auburn over Florida** — The Tigers will be out to regain Top Ten status which they lost via last

week's upset win by LSU (who has an off-date this week).

**Nebraska over Colorado** — SI finally admitted (after five weeks) that the Irish might just be a little better than the 'Huskers. You can be sure that Dan Jenkins will be hollering for a reversal of that if they win big this week.

**New York Giants over New York Jets** — No Namath, no offense as far as the Jets are concerned. The Giants have an outside shot at the NFC eastern division title. They've been waiting for this one in Gotham for years.

Record to date: 28 right, 11 wrong, 1 tie. Pct. .717.

## the last word

"Oh, where are the buffoons of yesteryear?"

The former governor of Maryland and present occupant of the swivel-chair vacated by Hubert Humphrey, has become in recent weeks a cliché. A dangerous one, but still a cliché.

The hope is that like all clichés, he will pass, blustering about "nattering nabobs of negativism" and "troglodytic leftists," into anonymity after his brief, meteoric career as head buffoon. Because America, after all, has never really liked jesters for very long.

There are times, when I am happy and the world seems salvable, when it all appears like a satyr play and when my smile is hardly even bitter. It is the world on the other side of my high school diploma, where the buffoons are harmless and more noble, and the shouting is just for fun. A longtime ago.

Years ago, before the Mets came to Flushing and after the Giants and Dodgers had left for greener stadiums. There were only the Yankees. So that by the time the Mets appeared, my father (a divorced and disgruntled Giant fan) and I (by that time firmly mired in the success ethic) wanted no part of them. At least until Jimmy Breslin came along, bought a spot in the right (or maybe left) field bleachers and wrote *Can Anyone Here Play This Game?*—thereby uncovering a side of the national game that had hitherto remained hidden to me. Baseball became funny—not in the one-liner banquet circuit sense, but rather in the very drama and melodrama of the game itself.

Those were great years for the Mets, with a list of names poetically unexcelled in baseball history: Choo-Choo Coleman, Hot Rod Kanehl, Elio Chacon, Richie (300) Ashburn. But most heroic and most

wonderful of all, Marvelous Marv Throneberry.

The tales surrounding Marv constitute an epic. The mention of but a select few will bring smiles to those who remember, and awe to the uninitiated. Once, during that first glorious year, Marv stepped up to the plate, dug in, swung mightily at the first pitch and hit it deep against the centerfield wall. He tore around first, cut the corner beautifully at second and slid head first into third, accompanied both by a mammoth cloud of dust and by a chorus of delirious cheers and huzzahs! from both dugout and box seats. Beaming, he dusted himself off with great care. He stood there, not quite knowing what to do in the face of such glory.

Well, Ernie Banks, who was playing first, knew what to do. Whispering something to the umpire, he asked for the ball, walked to first, stepped on it and smiled as Marv was called out for failing to touch the base.

Needless to say, Marvelous Marv was a bit sad at the way things had turned out. But as he sat down, hunched, in one corner of the dugout, Casey Stengel (never one to be bothered by such things) leaned over and whispered in his clearest Stengelese to someone standing beside him: "Don't worry, the fella never touched second either."

But owners have no sense of the sublime, so a few years and several adventures later, the Mets management decided to drop Marvelous Marv. The manager summoned him into an office, told him the sad news and left, closing the door. Marv was alone in the office. After several seconds of meditation upon the arbitrariness of fate ("We are but flies for the gods to play with," someone heard him sigh afterwards), he too turned to leave. He put his hand on the doorknob, turned it and watched as it dropped to the floor. Marvelous had locked himself in.

—Steve Brion



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If you are interested in finding out more about the Paulist priestly challenge, write to:

**Rev. Donald C. Campbell, C.S.P.**  
Vocation Director

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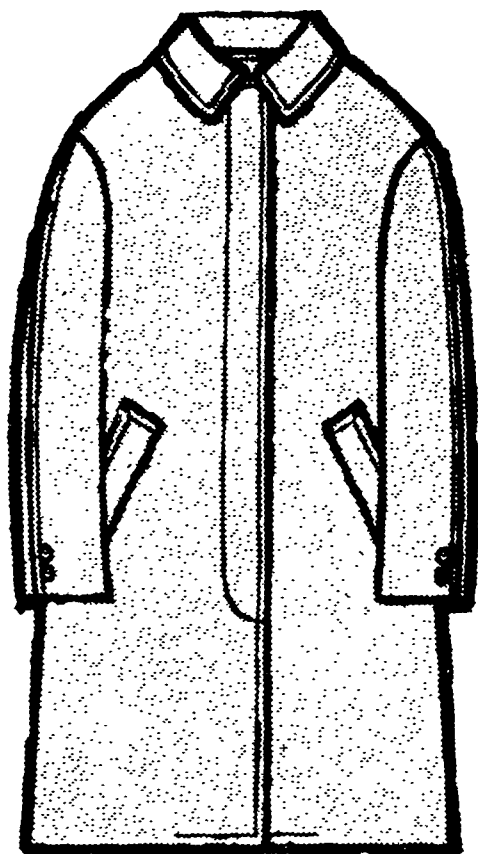
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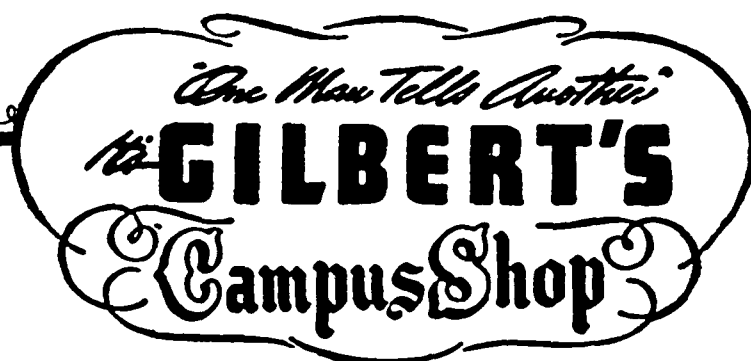
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