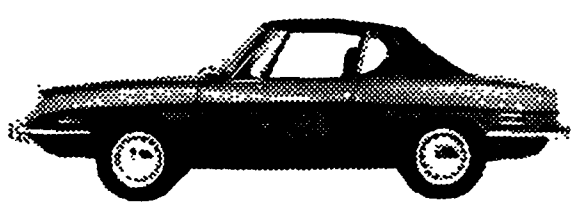
scholastic

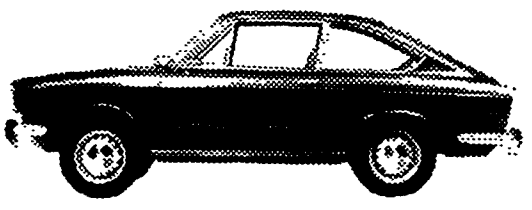
december 11, 1970

Fiat 850 Spider. Front wheel disc brakes.
And forget the options. They're built in.

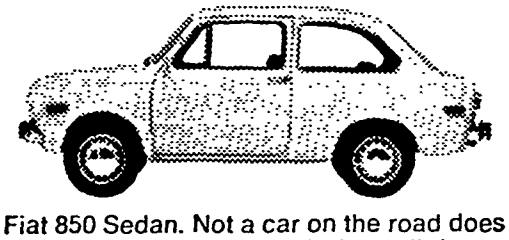
SEE FIAT 1971.
IT'LL BLOW YOUR MIND.
NOT YOUR CHECKBOOK.



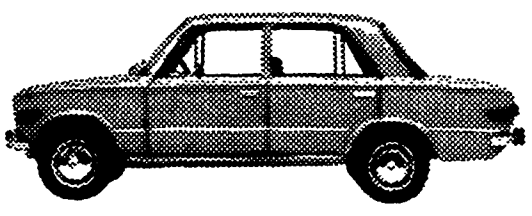
Fiat 850 Racer. All the quality, fun, racy looks of the Spider under hard top.



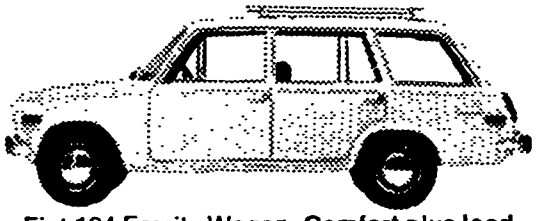
Fiat 850 Fastback. Action-look styling. Smooth-action ride. Young action.



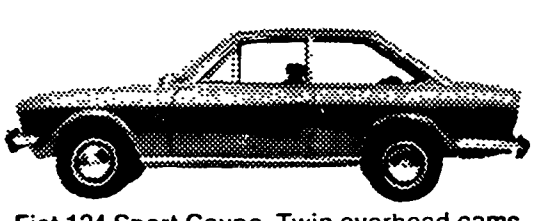
Fiat 850 Sedan. Not a car on the road does so much, gives so much, for so little.



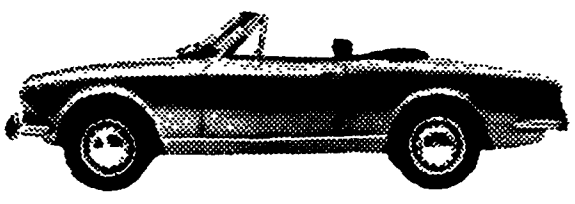
Fiat 124 Special. Very special. In how it runs. In how little it costs to run.



Fiat 124 Family Wagon. Comfort plus load space. Your family never had it so good.



Fiat 124 Sport Coupe. Twin overhead cams. 5 forward speed synchromeshed stick.



Fiat 124 Spider. Twin overhead cam engine wrapped in styling by Italy's Pina-Farina.

FIAT 272-2854

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Letters

The prison across the road

To the Editor:

Last weekend I was down to visit various friends at ND and SMC. While most of us were enjoying the beautiful weather and football-weekend spirit, at least one person was sitting in an uncomfortable St. Joseph County Jail. He was there because on Monday he was cold. He had been in jail since Monday night, and was still there one week later. The following is what happened.

On the night of Monday, November 2, he and his fiancée were outside talking. It was cold out. Since it had been a warm day and he was not used to South Bend weather, he wasn't dressed warmly enough. But they stayed outside, because it was after 12 — when the dorms are all closed to men — and they wanted to be together, but there was no place on the entire SMC campus where they could go inside and be warm together. Finally, they headed back to her dorm. He was very cold — shivering violently — and likely to get sick if he stayed out much longer. So he asked the guard if he could go inside for a moment, to warm up before he started the long walk home. The guard slammed the door on him. It's too much to expect that anyone who is not totally passive will simply accept the statement that a rule can keep him from warmth which is plentiful when he is freezing. He got angry and broke a window to let himself in. He then immediately began to clean up the broken glass. And he waited around for the half hour that it took for more security guards to answer the one guard's frantic call for help. Now he is in jail. (SMC also had him fired from his job with Saga Foods.) All because he was freezing and wanted to get warm — something any Christian would gladly have helped him do, but he was at SMC where such things do not matter.

Now, I am not trying to excuse what he did — I do not know him, but he did break a window, and his fiancée offered to pay for it (the offer was rejected by SMC). But it is all really the fault of SMC, an institution which refuses to change. It refuses to accept its responsibilities to the community and people. More importantly for those of us who are still on either campus, it refuses to let students, grown adults, live their own lives. It insists on treating the student community as a prison community. It thinks that students are all there for the convenience of SMC. It gives no thought to the convenience, needs, wishes, or natural growth of you inmates.

While there are many other problems, the community would be greatly improved by providing at least one lounge in every dorm to be open 24 hours a day. This simple right to run your own life and to have a warm place in your own house to visit with friends at any time of the day is something most of us were doing when we were 16 or 17. It is something anyone our age does any time if he does not go to college, and most people in most colleges do, too. It is time for these simple human rights to be extended to SMC as well. It is time the student community asserted itself and made the prison directors acknowledge that they are not just there for the benefit and convenience of SMC — you are adults and have rights and interests of your own. It is time for change.

Charles Downs

The last in a series: the good qualities

To the Editor:

You low-lying, yellow journalists have done it again! An editor's name is for the purpose of clarifying factual information pertaining to the content of a letter and not used to snidely slam the writer; especially on such a petty matter which is not connected with the letter content. And on your generous budget, what's twelve cents? You could have used the editor's note for some utilization, such as answering the questions I actually put forth. You were surely in desperate search for an issue. But since you twisted the intent of my letter with a headline that was oblivious to the argument I presented, what's the difference? Did James McKenzie of the English Department teach you journalism?

Also, enclosed please find twenty-five cents: twelve cents to reimburse you for the postage which apparently "fell off" my letters, and thirteen cents for your "rainy libel-suit days" — which you may be needing. Is the thirteen cents tax deductible as a gift to a non-profit organization? That is, are you non-profit? I do wish to thank you for printing my letters, and doing so without editing of the same, you do have some good qualities!

Yours in truth and fair-play,
Rick Moskowitz
Notre Dame Law School

P.S. At least you know someone reads your publication.

More Good Qualities: from Arrowsmith

To the Editor:

Just a brief note to thank you for the fine account published by Steve Brion and Rory Holscher in the SCHOLASTIC (Oct. 9). I'm not used to getting accurate reports of what I actually say (last week's Boston Globe carried a headline after I gave at BC the same lecture I gave at Notre Dame, saying EDUCATOR PRAISES LIBERAL ARTS, and the rest of the piece carried on at the same level of inanity.) Who would want to read such an account of banality? Well, anyway, good reporting is so damned rare I just wanted to write and extend my thanks.

William Arrowsmith
Rural Delivery 1
Bristol, Vermont

Editorial

Before the Christmas Party

Last week a short letter was distributed to Arts and Letters faculty mailboxes in O'Shaughnessy Hall. It was signed by Associate Dean Devere Plunkett, and began:

> The regular first-semester meeting of the entire faculty of the College of Arts and Letters will be held December 18, 1970 at 3:00 p.m. in the auditorium of the Center for Continuing Education.
>
> Following the meeting, the Arts and Letters faculty will have the annual Christmas party in the dining area of the Center . . .

About the same time, we were reading through the *Saint Louis University Magazine*'s fall issue. We found a short article concerning recent changes in that university's relationship with AFROTC programs there. For example, AFROTC is "now a program, not a department," whose head "will not automatically be given the rank of Professor as in the past. Likewise, Air Force faculty will no longer get an automatic rank of Assistant Professor." The ROTC training center is now located off-campus, with this rationale:

> There would be no contractual relationship between the military and academic institutions except the already-existing and at present legally necessary "sponsorship" . . . Such a plan would respect . . . the integrity of the University and at the same time provide interested students with an opportunity to prepare themselves for a miltary career.

The investigations into Notre Dame's relationship to ROTC, begun in the spring of 1969 by three separate faculty/administrative bodies, have been forgotten or ignored thus far. They must not remain so any longer.

The full (tenured and non-tenured) faculty of the Arts and Letters College will meet for the *first and only time* this semester a week from today.

Asked if ROTC's place in the College will be discussed, Plunkett said: "Of course not. Why should it be? This matter had been handled quite conclusively by the Academic Council."

Plunkett also said the agenda for the Dec. 18 meeting has not yet been drawn up. We suggest that faculty members put ROTC on the agenda themselves. Christmas parties are fine, but it is also time for some hard decisions—in contrast to the Academic Council's non-decision on ROTC. First of all, that a proposal be drawn up and a referendum of *all* college faculty scheduled for the first two months of next semester.

The motivation for such discussion and decision is certainly not going to come from the official leadership of the College. We hope it comes from the faculty themselves.

Whither goest Our Lady's ship?

Carl Estabrook, who students insist is an excellent teacher, has been informed by the History Department that his contract will not be renewed. In an interview in Monday's *Observer,* Estabrook said he thought he was fired for political reasons.

Vincent DeSantis, History Department chairman, told the SCHOLASTIC he had "no comment on the matter." He said, "I am not required under the procedures of the AAUP to give any explanation." He said he was only part of the group that made the decision not to renew Estabrook's contract.

Asked if Estabrook's political leanings had anything at all to do with that decision, DeSantis replied: "I don't know what his political leanings are—and I couldn't care less about them."

Be that as it may, the charges made by Estabrook are far too serious to be ignored or avoided by DeSantis or anyone else in this University. Estabrook has made the issue public and he should be answered publically.

If his charge that he was fired for political reasons is unfounded, the record needs setting straight.

If he was fired for political reasons, DeSantis and the History Department's hiring and firing committee should be reprimanded — and Estabrook, of course, should be reinstated.

We join with the *Observer* and with Assistant Professor John Williams (whose contract has also been terminated, after five years here) in asking that "the direction of Our Lady's ship" be reconsidered, and very soon.

Notre Dame is a place for teaching and for learning. When good teachers are fired, it is appropriate and essential that they and the students who benefit from them at least be told why.

Markings

Portrait of the Artist as a Young DJ

Trembling, I made my way up the steep, steel stairs. Or steel ladder (for so it really was). Step by step, the girders seemed verily to sway with my every movement. I was preceded by my host, a pale creature with longish hair and a scraggly attempt at a goatee. His first name was Franklin.

After completing our tightrope act on the swerving "stairway," we passed through a large door of unfinished and splintering wood, into a dark, musty room, fit either for wine aging or corpse hiding. The room was abandoned, lighted by a candle-like glow whose source I could not determine.

No matter which way we turned, it seemed that someone had predeterminedly blocked our path with a large ancient desk. Each contained a bulky prototype of the modern typewriter — something one might expect to find in his grandmother's attic. Indeed, the room *was* an attic.

My mind had begun to take some Hitchcockian meanderings when it was called back to reality by a sign on one wall: "WSND Newsroom." It was hard to reconcile the overall haunting atmosphere of the place with the knowledge that the attic was in reality the fifth floor of O'Shaughnessy Hall.

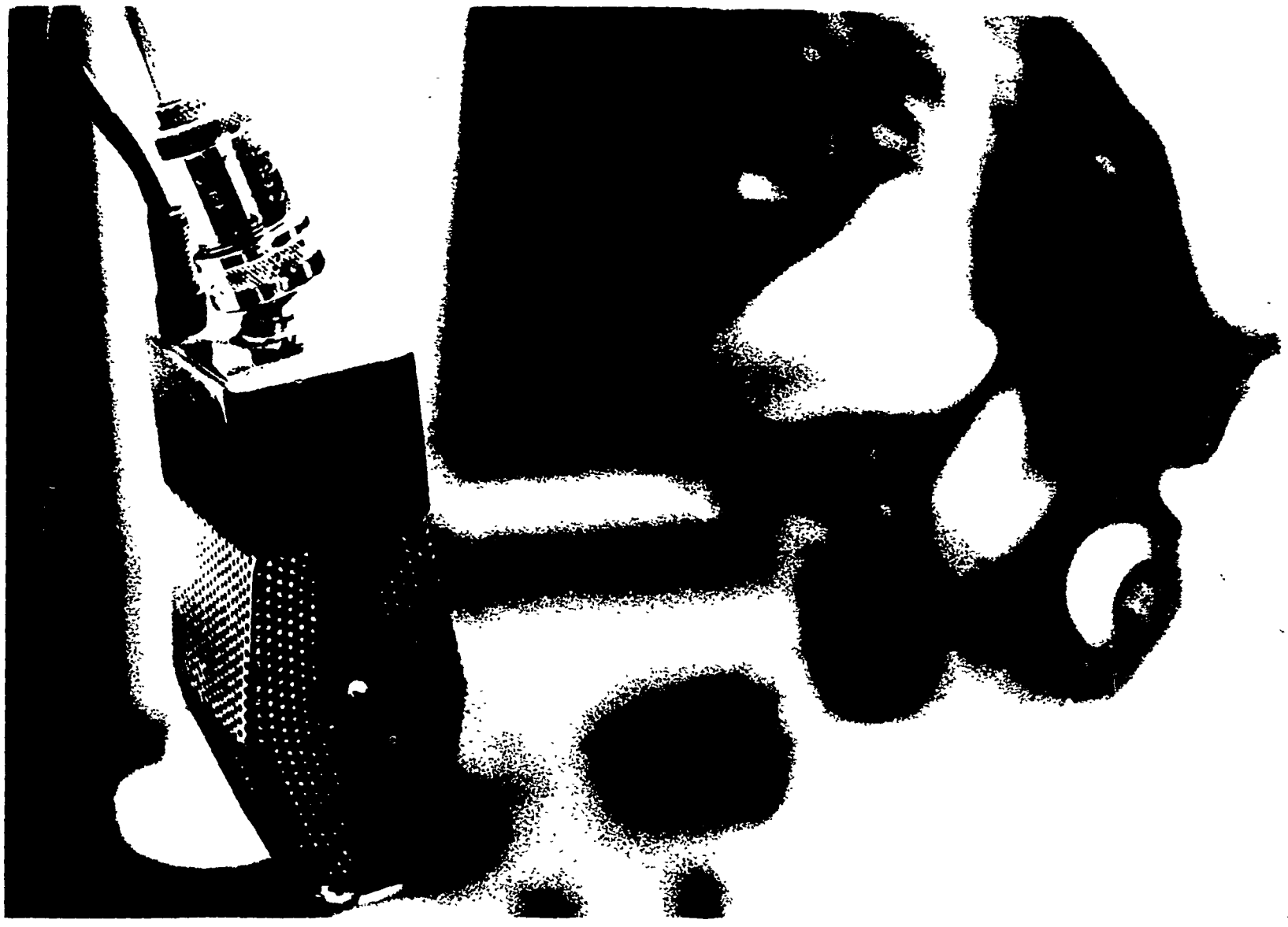
Our escort led us to one corner of the dimly lit room where he proudly displayed a strange-looking machine whose function I could only guess. It was revealed to be a Group W news monitor with a tape machine connected. In another corner a large wooden trash bin (or so it appeared) stood as tall as I. Franklin, with even more pride than previously, lifted the top of the bin to reveal a large, old, black UPI teletype machine, maniacally clicking away in defiance of all who ignored him, filling the bin with about 40 feet of yellow paper containing the day's scoops.

"There is usually someone here to watch the newsroom," explained our guide, and we began our descent down the ladder-stairs. "By the way, it's an unwritten rule that you don't look down."

The next stop was the FM studio, an enclosure about the size of a closet. A taciturn announcer sat at the desk before a microphone while a Mozart symphony bombarded our ears. While we stood gawking at the wall of gadgetry behind the desk, two men came in with screwdrivers and a soldering gun and began to take apart a panel on one of the many mysterious boxes. They ignored us completely as, 35-mm Nikon in hand, the photographer climbed from desk to radiator to windowsill and back to radiator, trying to find the best angle to capture the repair job.

Franklin decided it was time to visit the AM studios and we exited through the same door, nearly knocking the photographer from his radiator perch. (He still hadn't found the right angle.) Our guide led us around the corner and through another set of doors. We entered a pair of studios, similar to but slightly larger than the FM studio. The bearded star of the Paul Matwiy show sat at the desk wooing the microphone and setting up l.p.'s on the two turntables.

As soon as our guide walked in, Matwiy's eyes lit up: he had spotted his prey. The two shared the mike and began a series of verbal repartées that would have



made W. C. Fields proud. While they were so engaged, a red bulb flashed (next to the green one) indicating that someone was on the phone (the green one indicated that the air-conditioner was running). Our guide quickly answered it:

"WSND, may we help you? . . ."
(Hands phone to D. J.)
"Long distance for Paul Matwiy."
"Yes, hi. Yes, hi, mom. Well, yes, we're in the middle of studying for finals. Well, yes, I was gonna do it over at the library tonight. . . . Yes, mom. . . ."
(SQUEAL — as our guide pulls something out of one of the gadget boxes behind the desk.)
"C'mon, Frank, cut it out. . . . Yes, mom. A fine? A $30 fine! For parking? Oh, no. . . ."
(Record is ending.)
"Look, mom, I'm really busy. Can I call you back? O.K., 5 minutes."
(Into mike) "I understand there's no one in the newsroom tonight, so I guess we'll have no news tonight."
(Another record)
(Record ends.)
"Frank Devine is here. He'll be with you till ten or thereabouts."

And so the evening went on. Devine replaced Matwiy, but Matwiy stayed around. Ed the engineer came in to play the records and cue the announcers. George came in to replace a fuse. And the photographer climbed desks to get better angles. The whole evening is a jumble of memories of fun and chaos:

Frank, we have a request for "Cinnamon Girl." — Have a Pepsi . . . "You've got a lot to-oo-oo live. . . ." (Johnny Cash) — Paul, why'd you just take me off the air?/Oh, sorry about that. — Joan Baez — We've got Joe Garagiola with sports in five — Newsweek, *the world most quoted news weekly — Doesn't that tear the hell out of your records?/Ya. — Judy Collins and whales from the New York Zoological Society — Gilbert's on the campus—More Judy Collins, then some Gordon Lightfoot . . .*

It would be difficult to call WSND a completely serious operation. The people just have too much fun. And yet they are completely serious about it. They are seriously concerned about their audience and they seriously want to play what Notre Dame wants to hear. They are serious about trying to make their news coverage as complete as possible, and they are serious about making their FM programming a cultural contribution to the University and community. And the last three years have been marked by a rise in WSND's respect and popularity.

Three years ago the station got into a rut with progressive rock, ignoring other forms of popular music: their popularity was at rock bottom. But after a year of improving and some trial-and-error experimentation, they now seem to have struck a balance between Top 40, progressive rock, folk, and jazz. This improve-

ment and the parallel one in news and sports have contributed significantly to the station's increased popularity. Two testimonials are impressive: fifty per cent of the students list WSND as either their first or their second listening choice, and outside advertising is at an all-time high.

WSND-AM is not an FCC-licensed station, as their transmission is limited to the Notre Dame and St. Mary's dorms through carrier current. The FM station is licensed, however, and is a noncommercial service. *All of which presents some serious financial difficulties.*

The FM station receives a $5000-per-year subsidy from the University, which covers approximately half of FM's operating budget. The other half, plus the entire budget of the AM station, must be made up by donations and money received from the advertising carried by AM. Each year the station walks a financial tightrope of its own, merely hoping to break even. All of the equipment was bought new in 1954 and repair needs have become more and more frequent in the last few years.

Perhaps the most notable improvement at WSND has been in the FM programming. In addition to their usual offerings of light and classical music, they have included some especially noteworthy productions. Twice a week, a feature from the BBC World Theatre series is presented, in addition to weekly presentations from the Metropolitan Opera and from the Eastman School of Music. FM also offers educational presentations such as the current series on human sexuality and another on urban confrontation. Also along these lines is "The Drum," a weekly offering from the Black community consisting of interviews, editorial commentaries, and presentations and reviews of Black cultural events.

To an outsider it is astounding that real quality can arise from such complete chaos — ordered chaos, *perhaps, but just barely. And yet this is precisely* WSND's situation. Complicating things even more is the seeming lack of outside incentive offered to those who work for the completely student-run organization: their equipment seems hardly adequate, although they are constantly making more or less improvised improvements; their facilities are anything but the most spacious; only senior department heads can receive any academic credit for their time-consuming work; none of the students are salaried.

Perhaps it is a lot to ask that these small incentives be offered, especially at a time when all University organizations are walking financial tightropes. One could validly argue from the results of their efforts that the enjoyment the students derive from their work apparently provides enough incentive. And yet it is difficult to keep from wondering what would happen if FM were given the money they need to expand to 1000 watts stereo. If AM could purchase a new transmitter. If the higher level workers could receive academic credit for the time they now donate. Or even what would happen if WSND were ever given a real, authentic stairway to the newsroom!

—Greg Stidham

The unemployment rate for
November in Indiana is 6.3%;
or 130,800 men and women
without work, one of the highest figures in the nation.
One year ago the figure was 60,300.
The Nixon Administration's
anti-inflationary measures have failed,
while unemployment figures rise
and the war in Southeast Asia rolls on.

On Saturday, December 12, South Bend will be a target city for the first national demonstrations against this widespread unemployment and the policies that have caused it. The event will start at 2:00 p.m. at Howard Park, and is sponsored by the South Bend Project, in conjunction with such groups as the Chicago Peace Council, Midwest Coalition, and Wisconsin Alliance. Following the demonstration there will be a day-long conference (December 13). For more information, call 233-7208 or come to 526 North Hill Street.

Recollections and a Plea

Harlem

THERE'S something strange and frightening about walking out of a subway station in East Harlem, New York, suitcase in hand, and proceeding alone, block after block, through Spanish and Black faces. CILA's fifth summer project in Spanish Harlem showed two students, Gerry Burns and myself, into this completely alien environment. Last year's project leader had familiarized us with what to expect in Harlem; nonetheless, our first few days in the project area were completely novel and, to a degree, traumatic. Neither Gerry nor I had ever felt so white before.

Our contact in Spanish Harlem found a room for us in the building next to his on East 105th Street. Our apartment was dirty and in need of a paint job, with only the barest essential pieces of furniture. We had no hot water for our entire stay—except for one night when I had the pleasure of a hot shower, which Gerry insists was a figment of my imagination.

Gerry and I arrived in Harlem a few days before school let out to shop around for an organization to attach ourselves to. The East Harlem Protestant Parish, the hub of activity and organization in the community, offered varied programs. We also visited the Legal Aid Society, Union Settlement, a drug rehabilitation center called the Exodus House, the Metro-North Housing Authority, the East Harlem Neighborhood Study Club, and the Conservatives Club. Eventually we decided on the last two as the establishments best suited to our needs; both worked with children.

The Study Club was sponsored by the St. James Episcopal Church and their budget allowed the club to maintain a year-round remedial reading program. The club was run by Mrs. Bellin Cintron, a strong-willed and wonderful woman who lived in the neighborhood. We learned much about the particulars of community development, especially in reference to education. The summer program lasted six weeks and tutored about 40 children from the ages of seven to fourteen. We tutored from nine to eleven each morning, breaking up afterwards into small groups for an hour of educational recreation. This final hour lent an atmosphere that promoted regular attendance, and special attention given to each child helped make the program seem as unlike school as possible. After the children were dismissed, the entire staff remained to discuss any special problems with individual students. Jose, for instance, presented us with a major problem since he was a non-reader and enrolled in the eighth grade. Physically, he was bigger and stronger than anyone on the block his age, but in terms of educational skills he was no match for even a second-grader. He was a bully. But slowly he settled down, and thanks to the beautiful patience of Mrs. Cintron, he began to read and stopped punching. The fact that Jose finally tested at a reading level of 3.6 was much less important than

the conclusive change in his social attitude. For the entire group, the reading level improvement was almost eight months—a very profitable six weeks.

In the afternoons and on weekends, Gerry and I were unofficially affiliated with the Conservatives Club, a store-front club run for the kids by people from the block. It had games, both athletic and educational, at the disposal of anyone who wanted them. But the club's center was a small pool table. Gerry and I became proficient at the game once we learned the house rules. We usually played with the younger kids, some of whom were good themselves, especially "Fat Pete," the block hustler. Pete was a good-natured, 160-pound fourteen-year-old. He ran the rack against me one day before I had even touched the tipless cue. The children on the block were friendly from the very beginning and accepted us with open arms, and the cry of "Gimme a ride!" always greeted us as we walked down the street.

Basketball was of course very big. The court we played on was always covered with debris of some sort—since every child, no matter what his nature, thoroughly enjoyed the sound of glass against hardtop. Gerry made everyone's All-Harlem team. Deciding who was to play was often a difficult question, and seldom was a game finished without incident. It was apparent that the kids never got over the novelty of having two older guys to do things with.

They were obviously starving for affection and attention. Many were without fathers and few received an adequate amount of motherly love since the kids preferred the streets to their hot, crowded apartments. Some were polite, most foul-mouthed, and all friendly and generous. A few of the kids were constant burdens and we only took them along reluctantly. Once, on the way to Central Park, Gerry felt something whistle by his head, only to see a soda bottle crash against the sidewalk. Bottles, bricks and boards were constantly flying on the block and we soon discovered we could only stop the barrage and not prevent it. The kids were so violent at times it scared us.

Working with children for two months taught me many invaluable lessons not only about poverty and the psychological effects of inner-city living, but also about myself and all personal relationships. Mrs. Cintron often told us that whatever one expects of a child, he will perform to that level. If an adult expects a child to be unruly and inattentive, he unconsciously transmits that idea to the child who will soon act that way. It is a self-fulfilling prophecy. I have, since that time, realized that this is by no means restricted to Spanish Harlem or to children. It holds true for friends, family, lovers, and all personal relations.

I want to return to 100th Street, if only to see how everyone is doing. I think of Caesar and the softball team, of Bellin Cintron, of Pat and Hercules and Jose, and of the guys who mugged us but gave back the keys to our apartment. I think of the people who live on East 100th Street, and thank them. I know that the community they are trying to salvage will blossom, and it will be a good place for them to live without fear or shame. I know it will happen because the people treat their block as a community. With funds, time, and central organization, they will flourish, for they already possess what most of us never have, a spirit.

—Tom Tauras


CKET

Salyersville, Kentucky

LIVING in an age known for its supposedly enlightened social consciousness, four of us from Notre Dame decided, somewhat naively, to become "aware" of the people of Appalachia. We travelled to Kentucky one weekend to get a glimpse of living conditions there—which we had all read and heard about, and which were supposed to be particularly atrocious. We wanted to see for ourselves, talk to the people who live there, and determine what we as members of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community could do to help.

We stayed in Salyersville, Kentucky, a small town which serves as the countyseat of Magofin County. Salyersville is somewhat typical of the average small town in Kentucky. The first thing that struck us once we were in the region was the lack of good roads, stores, industries, hospitals, schools, and other facilities which we had always taken for granted. Most of the roads were not paved, and dirt roads were as common as gravel ones. The community had a single high school, but a fire recently had destroyed most of the building; as a result, several trailers were being used as classrooms. There was no construction in progress at the time. Apparently there were no industries or hospitals, and very few shops. We wondered where all the residents worked.

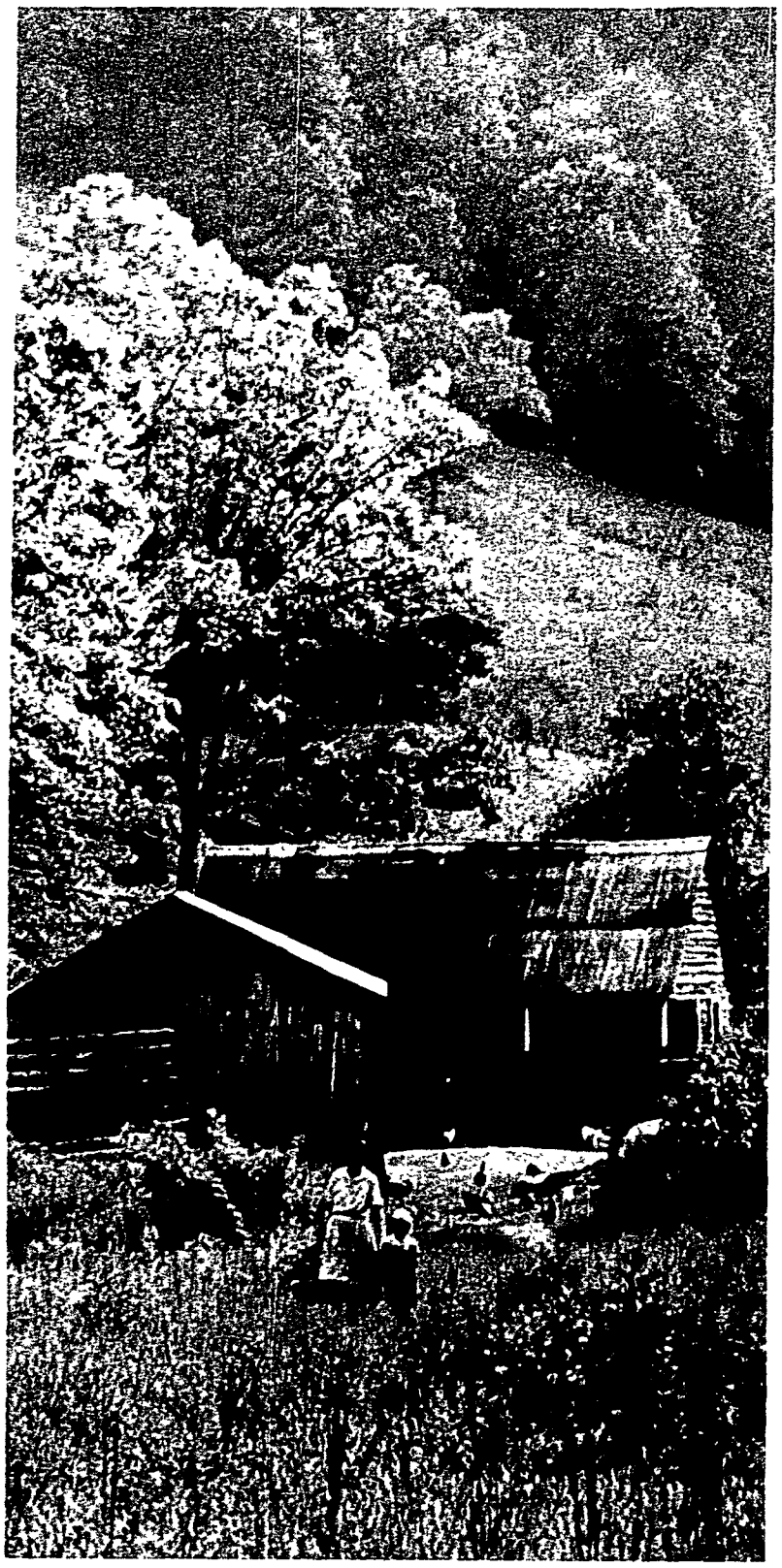
We talked to some of the residents of Salyersville, who for the most part were very friendly. We were accompanied by a University of Dayton student who spent the summer in Salyersville and was especially well liked by the people of the area. Richard Whitley is one of Salyersville's residents, one of the three Catholics in Magoffin County. At various times he and his family had migrated north to Cincinnati and Dayton, where he had lived and worked in the cities. But eventually he moved back to his home in Salyersville. He has no steady job, but spends much of his time making guns (that is, the time he has when he is not looking for a job). He buys the barrel of each gun, but he makes the stock himself, shaping and polishing the wood in a shed near his house. He was very proud of his collection of guns—showing us each one and explaining what each part was, and how he had make it, and how much time he had spent on it.

Chester Howard is the proud owner of a small, old-fashioned country store just outside Salyersville where we stopped one morning. We entered and found him sitting in a rocking chair with several other older folks around a potbellied coal stove and sipping Cokes. Chester is an easygoing man in his late fifties or early sixties, tall and lean with gray hair. He wore baggy green pants and an old flannel shirt—somewhat typical for an old country-store owner. He told us to come in and make ourselves at home, and though he didn't really know who we were, he sat and talked with us for a little while. Finally we began browsing around the store looking for some food. Chester rocked back and forth a little while longer and made suggestions about what else we might think about buying. After we finished choosing what we wanted, he slowly walked over to the counter, totaled our bill on an old adding machine, and as we were leaving, told us to come back soon and have another chat.

We made a point of finding out about any programs or groups designed to aid the Appalachian people. We heard of VISTA volunteers in Floyd County who had decided that the trouble with Appalachia was the slow-moving nature of local politics. They organized a group of local residents (probably quite a task) to meet with county officials and present to them an ultimatum.

But at the meeting tempers flared, and a fight broke out between one of the volunteers and a townsman. Shortly afterward, the volunteers were forced to leave the county.

In Salyersville itself, a group of students from the University of Dayton had spent seven weeks last summer in their own program. They ran a recreation



and arts and crafts school for the children. The students did not attempt to impose elements of their culture on the town's people, but instead provided willing workers and guidance for projects and ideas initiated by the people of Salyersville.

Similarly Richard Whitley told us of the Christian Appalachia Project headed by Father Ralph Beiting. A native of Kentucky, Father Beiting began his work in Appalachia in 1950 by taking care of the spiritual needs of the Catholics in a four-county area of eastern Kentucky. He gradually realized that his mission would have to include not only the Catholics. Furthermore, he found that he had to be concerned with the economic needs of the people as well as their spiritual welfare. As a result he founded the Christian Appalachia Project, Inc. C.A.P. has joined with the University of Tennessee Agricultural Department in attempting to discover and demonstrate to the people better methods of farming the rocky hills. It has also provided teachers for education and recreation programs for the hill children, and workers to help staff the schools and public services already existing in Appalachia.

It is easy to provide others with a picture of destitute poverty in Appalachia. A short trip back into one of the thousands of hollers discovers old shacks, and tobacco patches where someone has eked out an income for the summer: in short, the abandoned hopes of a proud people. The poverty, however, need not be harped upon; for the people of Appalachia are far from poor. Economically the area has little to boast of, the strip-miners took away the farming with coal. The towns are small; many move out in search of a bigger life. Culturally, the people have much to offer us. Here is found the kernel of the old America, the spirit that sustained the mountain people until America discovered cities. The people lead simple lives, asking for little more than three meals a day and a bed to rest on. One man praises the government while he slowly dies from black lung disease. A fundamentalist labels the moon-landing a "fake" while extolling America's lead in the race to the moon. The contradictions are monumental—or do they only seem so to

outsiders?

In general, we found that we had as much to learn from Appalachia and its people as the Appalachians had to learn from us. The area lags somewhat behind the rest of America in technical developments and in communications with the rest of the world. Its people are, to a great extent, locked in poverty which can only be escaped by moving away from Apalachia as soon as possible. The hill people are more provincial than most Americans: they know very little about life outside their small community. But the Appalachians have produced a proud people—a people with a deep sense of family ties and family loyalty; a people near to the land, and able to survive and even live happily with little of the material wealth we are accustomed to; a people unburdened by multiple worries, and able to enjoy small tasks in an easy, unhurried manner; a people who know themselves.

THE Appalachian man does need help. For a long time, the rest of America neglected him, and even exploited his land. Now he is being treated as a welfare case and is offered a few food stamps every month. He needs to be known as the special, sensitive human being he is.

Any work to be done in Appalachia must be carried out on the basis of sharing. The people of Appalachia will continue to exist without our help; our contribution is not absolutely necessary to their existence. It is absolutely necessary to our existence and their existence taken together, however. They are a part of us and we a part of them even though our cultures may be far apart. A new hope for America can grow out of the hills of Kentucky and West Virginia, the hope of a simple life that does not prize a new technological toy each year.

It is the hope of living as people and not as objects. We learned during our short sojourn into the hills that quite possibly everything is not so complicated as we try to make it. We only need to help the poor show the way.

—Dan Aerni
—Frank Miklavcic

The Palestine Conflict: A Response

In a recent issue of SCHOLASTIC (Oct. 23, 1970), an article dealing with the Middle East conflict by Paul Said was published. Reading the title of this article which included the words "A Personal Look," I hoped to find an independent view of a student who had already been exposed to the American students' spirit. Reading through the article, however, I found the whole set of the Arab countries' official arguments and accusations, including all the old distortions and half-truths.

The Balfour declaration is a historical fact. Whether you consider it good or evil ("famous" or "infamous" according to Mr. Said) depends today very much on who are your favorites: Jews or Arabs. But, such an act also has some objective value according to the accepted moral code. Palestine in 1917 was a practically empty land. 668,000 Arabs and 84,000 Jews inhabited this land (these numbers are taken from the 1922 census which was the first in this century). The fact is that until World War I this land was so poor that Arabs were emigrating from it (cf. Palestine Royal Commission Report, p. 279). When the Jewish settlement increased many Arabs began to immigrate, attracted to the opportunities in industry, agriculture and medicine which opened due to the Jewish immigration (many of those Arab immigrants' families claim now to be the historical inhabitants of Palestine). Viewing the Balfour declaration in the light of this fact it appears to be a perfect solution: a solution which did enormous good to the Jews being oppressed in Europe and no harm to the Arabs. This was due to the fact that most lands bought by Jews in this sparsely inhabited country were uncultivated (and impossible to cultivate in the eyes of the Arabs), plagued with malaria, and were the property of nonresidents. The harm, if any, was compensated for by raising the standard of living and standards of health among the Palestinian Arabs.

Of course, I don't want to imply that bringing good and welfare to a population justifies a colonization of its territory by an alien people. But considering the Jewish settlement in Israel as such is a complete twisting of history. We, however, believe in our rights to this territory since our ancestors lived there, created there that culture which later influenced the whole Western world. These rights could not be canceled by the fact that the Jews were driven out by brute force, and they also never ceased to consider themselves as the legal owners. These rights don't change the fact that the Arab citizens have their rights too, and the Zionist movement decided that the Arabs are an integral part of the country. The idyllic picture of Jewish-Arab cooperation described in the Zionist writings may today cause perhaps some ironic smile (comparing it to reality) but this is one of the main ideas of Zionism and this is also the literature by whose light I and most Israelis were brought up.

Dealing with the 1948 war, Mr. Said makes a few comments which are completely untrue, others only half true. Mr. Said gives 6% as the number for land owned by Jews in 1947. I don't want to argue about this figure (even though the true one is 8.6%), but the reader is thus misled and brought to the conclusion that all the remaining part was Arab owned. The unmentioned part of the truth is that 71% of the land was owned neither by Arabs nor by Jews; it was just government property (Government of Palestine,

Uri Laor was born in Czechoslovakia in 1938. The following year, on the outbreak of World War II, the family fled as refugees to Israel. He studied physics at Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and was a member of the Israeli Armed Forces during the fighting in 1956 and again in 1967. He is presently working at the University's Radiation Laboratory as a post-doctoral Research Assistant, and will return to Israel at the end of this academic year.

In the Gaza Strip, Arabs get the same salaries as Jews, which are three times the salaries paid by Arab employers.

Survey 1946, British Gov. Printers: p. 257). Also, the author neglects to say that 3.3% was owned by Arabs who did not flee and thus still own it. The lands and property of Arabs who fled are of course used. There is no point in leaving them deserted. It is, however, registered on an "Absentee Property Custodian" list which will eventually be used to confirm rights on that property. This procedure which seems natural, does not, however, exist in Arab countries dealing with property of Jewish refugees (from those countries) who have to leave behind all their property.

The mysterious "immediate occupation of 80.48% of the total land area" by the Zionists lacks some substantiation by facts. On November 29, 1947, the U.N. General Assembly had come to the resolution calling for a partition of Palestine into Jewish and Arab states. Already on November 24, Jamal Husseini, spokesman for the Palestine Arab Higher Committee, said: "The partition line proposed shall be nothing but a line of fire and blood." A few months later, on April 16, 1948, the same person told the U.N. Security Council: "The representative of the Jewish Agency told us yesterday that they were not the attackers, that the Arabs had begun the fighting. We did not deny this. We told the whole world we are going to fight." It is evident that there was no questions of protecting the Palestinians against Jews.

THE war of the Arabs against the Jews began on the day after the U.N. partition resolution. Jerusalem was under siege. The "Official Israeli force" was not so official in those days, it actually was still outlawed by the British (the British Mandate in Palestine ended, and Israel's independence was proclaimed only 6 months later), and the existence of a separate force "Irgun Zvai Leumi" only proves it. The confusion about the whole situation was enormous, as the whole existence of the State of Israel was at stake. During this period the Deir Yassin massacre occurred. Unfortunately, things like that happen during wars. The fact that this accusation against Israel is so many times repeated, only shows its uniqueness: it was a single deplorable event in a war of life or death for Israel. I hardly want to begin the argument as to which nation indulges more in massacres, but in this respect Israel cannot equal the Arabs who actually acted as well as made it a policy. For example on May 15, Azzam Pasha, Secretary General of the Arab League, said in Cairo: "This will be a war of extermination and a momentous massacre which will be spoken of like the Mongolian massacres and the crusades."

About the real cause of the Arab flight, the Jordanian newspaper *A-Difah* wrote (September 6, 1954): "The Arab governments told us (the Palestinians): 'Get out so that we can get in.' So we got out but they did not get in." Counting and disparaging the Israeli victories would not really have been so important had it not been closely related to a major issue in the Middle East conflict. This issue is the national pride or honor of the Arabs. There is nothing wrong with national pride as long as it is restricted to constructive actions and concepts. I, as an Israeli who has taken part in two of those wars and in a few other incidents, can say that I am happy about those victories because otherwise I would not have been here to write this. But I am definitely not proud. It is a question of honor; I leave it to whoever is interested. I would have preferred not to *waste* so much time and money on this effort, and by time I mean it also in the private sense: I would have finished my academic education at least 3 years earlier had it not been for the war. Unfortunately, the Arabs think that they lost honor by those defeats, and think they can restore it only by exterminating Israel. If honor was at all involved here, it had already been lost a few weeks before the last defeat. In the eagerness for the war which the

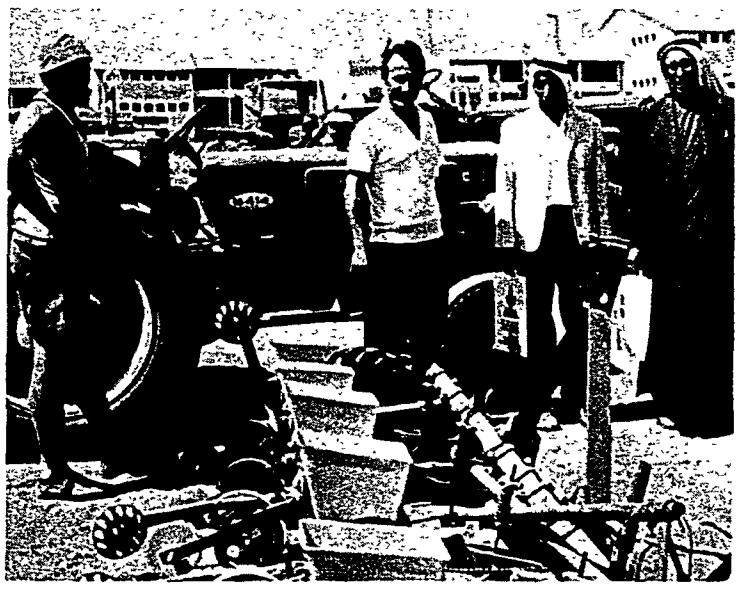
An Arab child sees the doctor, as his family looks on. Modern medicine is the reason for the fact that infant mortality is smaller and life expectancy is longer among Arabs in Israel than in any Arab country.

Arabs thought would be successful, they danced in the streets around puppets which resembled Israeli political leaders and sang a song in which the words *kill* and *massacre* were a majority. Honor could also be lost by a scene taken directly from the Middle Ages which took place in Iraq about two years ago: convicted spies (whose trial was really a mistrial) were hanged in a principal city square and children and workers had a free day to celebrate the occasion. No war can restore honor. No war is needed to restore it if the Arab nations' conduct is honorable.

THE things which I am proud of are quite different from victories and military achievements. Social achievements are much more important. I am proud of the fact that a completely new society is growing in Israel, a society in which people from all over the world become fused into one nation. This nation which had begun with 600,000 citizens in 1948 succeeded in absorbing almost 2,000,000 people within less than 20 years, most of those people refugees. These people have settled on a land which hardly could support 500,000 citizens on a very low standard of living and worked it into a state that supports 3 million persons at a European standard of living. Israel is completely self-sufficient as far as agricultural products go. I am even proud of the criterion for citizenship which Mr. Said claims to be so wrong. Being a Jew is not the only criterion for Israeli citizenship, it is a *sufficient* criterion. Any person may apply for citizenship and his application will be considered. In this respect Israel is not different from any other country. If he is a Jew his citizenship is automatic (if he wishes so). Now, being the only country with such a law does not make it wrong. Are all regimes in the world so good that being different means being evil? I think it is a utopian vision in which every state will "adopt" a group of people, without making any qualifications as to health or wealth and grant it citizenship, also helping every individual of this group to buy or rent a home and to find a job. Maybe a good deal of world problems could have been solved in this way. The captions to the pictures accompanying Mr. Said's article should imply, I guess, that Israel is evil just by the fact that its citizens were born in different parts of the world. Our attitude, however, is that this is a justified source of pride for the nation, the fact that people who lived in places where, for the most part, they had not been wanted, can come to Israel and live a meaningful life.

As to Mr. Dayan's pride, I would classify it as a professional pride to which, to my knowledge, he is entitled. In the three weeks before the 1967 war, everybody knew that war might break any moment. On May 17, Radio Cairo "Voice of the Arabs" declared: "All Egypt is now prepared to plunge into total war which will put an end to Israel." Nasser said on May 22: "The Israel flag shall not go through the Gulf of Aqaba . . . if Israel wishes to threaten war we tell her: 'You are welcome.'" The situation was such that the number of tanks massed on the border was larger than the number of tanks in North Africa in World War II. All Arab countries as well as military experts said that Israel lost her major weapon, the surprise attack. If out of this situation Mr. Dayan succeeded to achieve a successful "sneak attack" (as Mr. Said calls it) he is right to be proud.

Nobody can exaggerate the details in telling the refugees' misery. It seems only that it is much more important to do something about it, to make their life easier than to talk about it. Mr. Said forgets that the majority of Israel's citizens were at one time also refugees (including Jewish refugees from Arab countries) for whom a home was found in Israel, and they have been fully integrated in the nation's life. *Israel has solved her refugee problem.*



Arab farmers learn to use modern equipment, a fact which caused a dramatic increase in the standard of living.

THE claim that Palestinians living under Israeli occupation are considered second-class citizens is ridiculous: they are not citizens, they are enemy citizens. Nevertheless, as such they are treated better than *any* occupied people in history. Curfews exist only when violence occurs. It is interesting to compare this to the fact that in the Gaza Strip under Egyptian regime a standing night curfew was enforced in the refugee camps and no one was free to travel even to Egypt proper. It is most incredible that many refugee families separated in the 1948 war had to wait for 20 years for Israel to conquer the places where they lived in order to reunite. Before that, they were not allowed to travel from Egypt to Jordan and vice versa. Persons whose houses were leveled would have been executed in any other place under the same circumstances. What is preferable: houses destroyed or people killed? On this matter the *Economist* wrote on March 30, 1968: "As occupation powers go, Israel is humane: It rules with a relatively light hand: it destroys houses or property, not people."

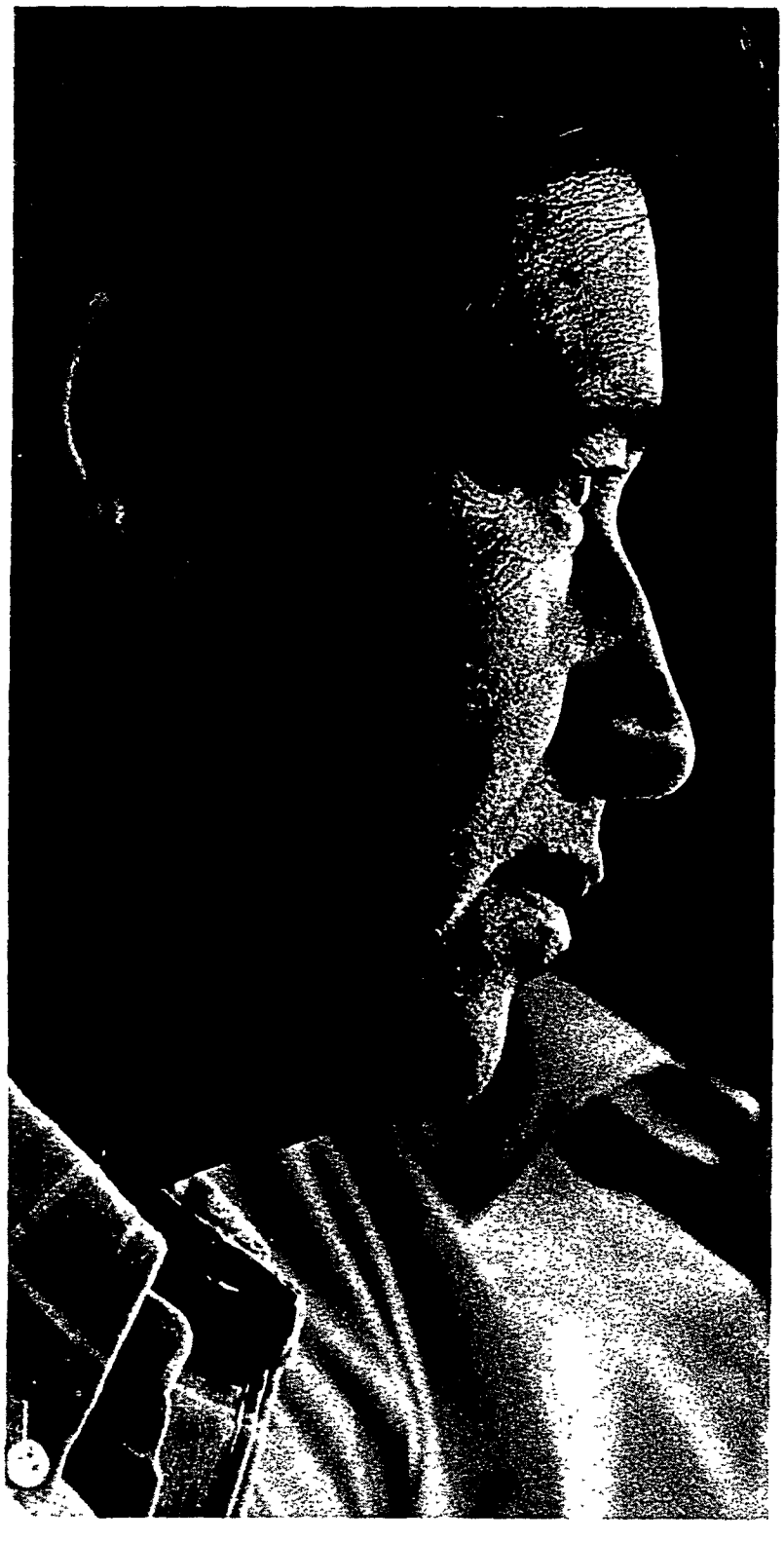
I have exactly the same attitude with respect to the mentioning of the Israeli action in Beirut airport. I cannot judge the military or political value of such an action, but definitely, from the moral point of view, it cannot be compared with skyjacking. In this action in Beirut the severest "casualty" was a man slapped in the face because he did not believe it was not a movie picture being taken and tried to get close to the action. On the other hand, we all know how many innocent casualties have already been caused on the various skyjackings and bombings.

The nice vision of an Arab democratic and progressive country in which everybody, regardless of religion, color or nationality will be able to live in peace, may seem to the uninvolved person very appealing. There exist, however, many serious doubts about the real intentions of the Arabs as well as to the reality of such a possibility. The first part is clarified by El-Fatah's delegate, Farid El-Hatib, in a symposium (published by the Lebanese newspaper *El-Anwar* on March 8 and 15, 1970): "When the slogan of a democratic Palestinian state has been put forward, the intention was to calm down the progressive public opinion and the world leftist movement." As to the real nature of the proposed state, I doubt whether the Arabs know how to establish a democracy. No example of a stable real democracy exists, and I would not like to be experimented on. Some knowledge of what the Arabs have in mind is gained by the Democratic Front's delegate to the above-mentioned symposium: "When we talk about Democracy, it has to be clarified that we don't mean a principle of a liberal democracy in the form: 'one person-one vote' . . . that means, not a democracy which is expressed in elections, but a democracy which, so to say, reflects the people's real will even without asking them." Would you like to live in such a "democracy"? I don't.

As a conclusion I would like to remark on Mr. Said's comment (boxed) on Father Hesburgh's proposal. I, too, don't think it acceptable, but exactly as 23 years ago, when the U.N. Palestine partition resolution was not liked by both sides, still the Jews accepted it. Now also, Israel is ready to discuss a peace treaty, assuming that each side has demands and that a compromise can be reached. The only exclusion is a demand of Israel's disappearance. Yet turning down even such a proposal as Father Hesburgh's, shows that this is exactly Mr. Said's demand. No people can be asked to commit suicide or just disappear into thin air.

Uri Laor

"Non-violence is the work of the spirit in its people"



Before the first Union grape harvest was in, Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers' Organizing Committee moved north from Delano to the lettuce fields of California's Salinas Valley. There the same oppressive conditions exist for the migratory field worker: low pay, wretched living and working conditions, and no educational opportunities for his children. Many of the Valley's Chicano farm workers have led lives similar to Chavez's own—moving with the crops, working in the fields from the age of ten. He attended 31 schools before leaving the eighth grade to help support his family.

On August 24th, 7000 workers struck the growers in the Salinas Valley. A jurisdictional dispute with the Teamsters Union was resolved, and a number of employers, including United Fruit, signed with the UFWOC. The remaining growers took their case to California's courts. The grower's displayed the "Sweetheart" contracts they had signed with the Teamsters, asking for protection under California's law against jurisdictional strikes. The Superior Court issued an injunction against the UFWOC activities in the Salinas Valley. In response, Chavez called for a nationwide boycott of California-Arizona Iceberg Lettuce.

Early in October another California court issued a questionable injunction against the boycott itself. Either Chavez could go to jail on contempt charges and await lengthy appeals, or post a bond of $2,750,000 (supposedly to cover the grower's losses). On December 4th, Cesar Chavez was sentenced to jail for the duration of the continuing boycott.

Cesar Chavez shows the marks of his life style—worn work boots, tired jeans, a face burnished by years in the fields, and on the picket line. His voice is quiet. He is one of the few men in our society who has successfully made non-violent revolution for the cause of justice.

Over the Thanksgiving vacation, Chavez was in Cincinnati, working to support the local boycott. Don Mooney, the voice of WSND each night from ten to eleven, was able to speak briefly with him and last week gave the tape to the SCHOLASTIC.

An Interview with Cesar Chavez

Scholastic: How much faith do you have in non-violence, considering both your success with it and its failure for other movements.

Chavez: Non-violence by itself doesn't produce results. Therefore, non-violence can't be accused of being ineffective for the same reason it couldn't be credited with change. All non-violence is, is a style of work; it's a style of life rather than a property. For non-violence to be effective it has to be in action; and many people fail to realize the power of non-violence because they fail to understand that non-violence by itself won't go anyplace or get anything done for anyone. So if non-violence fails it is often the fault of the organizer.

But non-violence has tremendous power. It is limitless. Non-violence is really the work of the Spirit in its people. Also, non-violence is peculiar in that it is always used in projects to better mankind. We don't see people trying to subjugate us using non-violence. It is an exclusive weapon of those who are trying to eradicate injustices and help their fellow men.

Scholastic: Catholicism and religion in general are very much a part of your movement, but many people in America think the Catholic Church has (at best) been neutral in pursuing social justice. How do you react to their charges?

Chavez: I don't think it's been the Catholic Church as the Church that has helped us, but it has been the people within the Church. A good many of them have been willing to stand with us and sacrifice so we can get the victories. So to the extent that priests and nuns and laymen— not necessarily in the hierarchy— have been with us, the Church has made its influence felt and made a big contribution. The hierarchy, at times, has been with us too.

Scholastic: What part in any non-violent movement do religious strength, commitment, and fervor play? And specifically, what role in your own movement?

Chavez: When you extend the non-violent movements across history, they all have the same common denominator: they all rely on the strength of the Spirit, on te strength of God. And so religion plays and has played a very strong and definite role. In our specific case, traditionally most of the farm workers, especially the Mexican-American, Filipino, and the other Latins, are Catholic. And so, that religion and the other non-violent campaigns play a large role in our lives and also in our struggles.

Scholastic: Do you feel America stands today on the verge of revolution?

Chavez: America is in the midst of a tremendous revolution. The problems are: those who want change cannot see and do not understand revolution; and those who are against change are very frightened and tend to blow things up much more than they deserve. But I think that we've been in a revolution now for at least ten years. This will continue for another ten or so years, and there are going to be tremendous changes in this country. And most of the changes that are coming about already are coming about non-violently, at least most of the significant changes. The students have made tremendous demands on society, tremendous pressures; the minority groups—the Blacks, Chicanos, and farm workers—and the churches have all made demands and society is responding to them. As it should, you know.

Scholastic: Your movement was very close to Robert Kennedy. What do you see in the future for, say, his kind of leadership?

Chavez: We don't see anyone coming right away to fill the vacuum caused by his death. We're hopeful that someone will emerge, but I don't see anyone yet. With Bobby Kennedy we were very hopeful and very willing to get out and work. He had caught not only us but many poor people in America with his desire to get things done. And I don't think this is happening with any politician right now. We hope that will change.

perspectives

the meaning

THE effort we make to escape the real power of the gospel amounts, at times, to a conspiracy. We are very clever at watering down the word of God and diffusing the explosive power of God's challenging call. A perfect example of this is seen in our interpretation of God's word about riches and wealth. God has said some very strong, very clear, very definite things on the subject. Through St. James, for instance, he says: "You rich, weep and wail over your impending miseries. Your wealth has rotted, your fine wardrobe has grown moth-eaten. Your gold and silver have corroded, and their corrosion shall be a testimony against you." Jesus himself leaves no doubt about the insurmountable obstacle of wealth: "A camel could more easily squeeze through the eye of a needle than a rich man get into the Kingdom of God."

For years men have tried to escape the obvious meaning of Jesus' words. Hence we get beautiful rationalizations like: "The Hebrew word for 'cable' is a variant of the word for 'camel'; so Jesus probably meant 'cable.' And 'eye of a needle' really refers to a particularly narrow gate in Jerusalem." Sad to say, our exercise in wishful thinking is to no avail. As Chesterton put it, we can commission our most ingenious manufacturer to produce the world's largest needle, and it will provide us precious little escape from the full import of Jesus' words: it is morally impossible for a rich man to attain salvation.

Jesus makes the remark about the camel and the eye of the needle during his conversation with the young man who asked what he had to do to secure eternal life. When it was ascertained that he had already been keeping the commandments, he discovered that this was not enough. And so he asked Jesus, "What is still missing in my life?" Jesus then told him, "If you want to be perfect, go now and sell your property and give the money away to the poor; you will have riches in heaven. Then come and follow me." We try to water this down, too. We argue that, in using the word "perfect," Jesus was calling him to a very special vocation. We've tried to ease the challenge of the word of God by suggesting that Jesus was calling this man to take a special vow of poverty. But we find out that when Jesus said, "If you want to be perfect," it was precisely the same as saying, "If you want to be a Christian—if you want to be a disciple." Jesus called this man to follow him, as he calls all of us to follow him. As John McKenzie points out, "The man does not become a disciple, and the only invitation Jesus gives him is the call to renounce his wealth."

IT'S obvious that the disciples of Jesus realized the implications of his message; that's precisely why they were so amazed to hear what he said. They were astounded largely because they had been living under the delusion of the Jewish myth, the myth suggesting that riches and wealth were a sign of God's favor and pleasure. Jesus now comes along and says that not only are riches and wealth not a sign of God's favor, but a serious obstacle to entering the kingdom of God.

The disciples said to Jesus, "If this is so, then who can possibly be saved?" Jesus looked them straight in the eye and replied, "Humanly speaking, it is impossible, but with God anything is possible." We have exercised a final rationalization on this declaration, proposing that Jesus meant that by a miracle it would be possible for a rich man to remain rich and still enter the kingdom of heaven. But Jesus isn't saying this at all. When he refers to the impossible becoming possible through God's help, he means that though it is so extremely difficult for us to free ourselves from the wealth and riches to which we are so attached, we can, with God's Spirit and inspiration, do what otherwise would be impossible.

God's comments on wealth and riches as an obstacle to salvation confront us with a very clear and hard (and highly unpopular) teaching. Why is Jesus saying this? Is it because he is trying to promote poverty for its own sake? Is it because he's trying to promote distrust and contempt for the goods of this world, for material possessions? None of these. There is no merit

# of being rich

father william toohey

in a kind of passive indigence, or ritual nonpossession. As a matter of fact, similar attitudes have led to great aberrations in the history of the Church. No, Jesus presents a very positive gospel that promotes man's concern for his brothers and sisters; being without riches and wealth thus becomes an unavoidable consequence. The whole thrust is outward, directed toward the needs of others. A person who does this inevitably finds that it just so happens that when you try to be a Christian, you don't end up with riches. The gospel call is a call to gratuitously share with others, in the name of Jesus, the material goods we have—sharing them especially with those who most need them.

The basis for the whole gospel message of Jesus about wealth and riches is the understanding of the relationship all men have with one another. The problem stems from our failure to recognize our relatives—*all* our relatives.

LET me give you an example. Imagine that I am solely responsible for the care of my two brothers and two sisters. Suppose you visit us in our home and you see us seated around the table, everybody nicely dressed warm, comfortable, enjoying a wonderful meal—all except one little sister of mine, whom you notice, with horror, sitting at the table in a tattered dress, obviously diseased, quite literally starving to death. You find this incredible, so astonishing that you're unable to believe anybody who professes to love God could be so insensitive to the needs of his blood relation. Our problem, you see, is in failing to recognize that there are, in fact, many brothers and sisters of ours seated at our table in tatters, plagued with sickness, burdened with starvation. We are all members of the human family, the brotherhood of man. Since we all have the same father, who is God, we all are related on this most primary level.

Consequently, a Christian can be a rich man only when he is a blind man, only when he fails to see that there are children and people of all ages at his table in desperate need of help. A wealthy man can be a Christian only when he fails to realize that he is a mere steward of God's creation, that the material possessions he has have been entrusted to him for distribution according to the needs of others. A wealthy and rich Christian is a contradiction in terms precisely because such a man fails to recognize that God has desired to share his creation equally with all men, all of whom, without discrimination, are his children. A wealthy man can find salvation only when he finds it in his heart to see that riches and wealth are not a sign of God's favor, but a sign of God's command to share with those most in need.

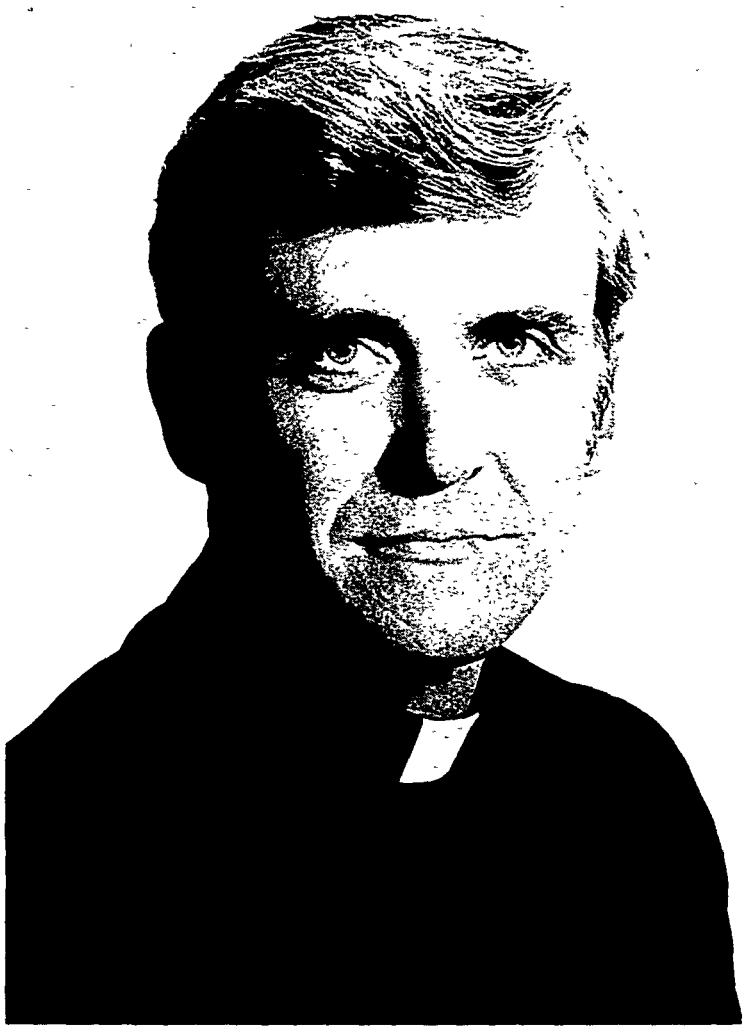
We fail to see that there is a great difference between a mere distribution of surplus, what we can spare, what is over and above, what will not really cost anything—there is a great difference between this and authentic giving, which is a question of sacrificing. Jesus tried to illustrate this when he saw the widow drop two coins into the treasury. He said this about her: "I assure you that this poor widow has put in more than all of them (the rich people dropping their contributions into the treasury) for they have all put in what they can easily spare but she in her poverty has given away her whole living." The offering that comes from superfluity and does not actually deprive the giver of something is, Jesus claims, of little account.

TO our great shame, we in the Church have a long history of catering to the rich. We bow and scrape before those who bestow upon us their tax-deductible offerings of surplus, declaring them great philanthropists and humanitarians. We have been guilty of expecting a man to thank us for giving him an alms, when it is just the other way around: we should thank him for freeing us from an obstacle to salvation. We should thank him for allowing us to make restitution and do something about correcting the horrible imbalance of God's creation. Approximately twenty per cent of the world population controls eighty per cent of the wealth.

America is like a giant Dives, hardly conscious of Lazarus at her gate.

Jesus' gospel is quite simple: He simply asks us to recognize the facts—that we are all brothers and sisters and need to care for one another. When one does this, there is no wealth left over to worry about. I can have a vow of poverty and think myself very pious as I sit in my room and contemplate what little item I might give up this month; but this bugs my conscience, because I know a diocesan priest who lives the gospel much more authentically. He doesn't look in on himself, but reaches out to the needs of his people. Consequently, he doesn't enjoy the luxury of sitting back in his room deciding whether or not he will purchase a cheaper brand of Scotch this month. He's lucky to have enough for a six-pack, once he meets the more pressing needs of his brethren.

WE in the Church have not even begun to consider the implications of the gospel of Jesus about wealth and riches, precisely because we have hardly started to sensitize ourselves to the fact that we are all members of one family, responsible for the care of those who are truly our brothers and sisters. But Jesus promises us that with his Spirit the impossible can become possible. In other words, he can lead us forth to a new awareness and sensitivity, to a point where we can, with a positive, loving, joyful, dynamic, gratuitous sharing, open ourselves to those in need. It is not a question of distributing what we have (the superfluity), but of giving what we *are* (hopefully, a great deal). In freely and joyfully sharing with men in need, we reach and touch God, who said that this is in fact what we do when we minister to others, even the least of his brethren. And we will come to see that, as a result, we have opened and reached out and touched salvation. That is when we will know what it really means to be rich.



Father William Toohey is the director of campus ministry at Notre Dame, the author of two books, and designer of the most imaginative office window on campus (Library concourse, just past the Rare Book Room). This is his second contribution to the SCHOLASTIC *this year; the homily was delivered in Sacred Heart Church during the fall, but speaks strongly now, in the season of giving, during the celebration of fraternity.*

perspectives

racism in the senate

mark winings

THIS article has been long, perhaps late, in materializing. The obliterating effect which time and its product —frenzy—exert on the "world's real problems," can doubtlessly be blamed, for it is a "given" of modern man's existence that he will busy himself with trappings and superficialities so as to avoid and conceal life's substantive core. Today suffering and injustice have reached dimensions humanly unbearable and incapable of being responded to compassionately. Or so the rationalization goes. Yet the argument is not entirely convincing. The defensive insularity which characterizes our life style (its most revealing manifestation contained in the approach to life and politics euphemistically labeled "pragmatic") can be pierced. So the time has come to speak; not from a misplaced sense of arrogance, nor from a smug position of moral superiority, but rather from a reality that is increasingly subject to the sting of those forces somehow dismissed as "illogical"—a gentleman's way of saying that they are either nonexistent or lack "priority."

Racism is such a force. In its most naked and virulent forms it unleashes waves of snarling hatred, creating a situation so plainly intolerable that our nation—though belatedly, and only yesterday, historically speaking — was forced to abandon its attempt at an apartheid solution. But like any body infected, the body-politic still displays the pathological residuals, diagnosed properly and long ago as institutional racism. Let there, however, be no confusion about the adjective "institutional." Unlike the mythical "corporate body," which exists for profit but not legal prosecution of individuals (one must assume no one is finally accountable), institutional racism cannot be dismissed merely because the structures men create are larger than they themselves are as units. The evil is not wiped away; it is simply larger and, perhaps, more insidious. Awfully like the adage of the forest and the trees. Additionally, institutional racism has its corollary. The world, with its things and values, influences succeeding generations, determining for them at any given moment the sum of their historical and cultural reality. Shakespeare said it best: The evil men do lives after them. In modern, deterministic jargon it is sufficient to point out that our thought patterns, our psychology—both conscious and unconscious—do not exist and were not fashioned apart from our environment. Raging bigotry is but the most apparent form of racism.

All of which leads us back to here, to Notre Dame, to ourselves—if we are honest. As mentioned earlier, it appeared for a time as if an article of this nature was no longer quite so necessary. Most particularly, this seemed true following last year's Student Body President elections, for at that moment the sickness of centuries looked finally cured at this University. A man, a black man, had been chosen as leader by his fellow students; his ideas had triumphed—over racism, and through his blackness. Not, as has been suggested, because of bleeding-heart liberalism—and this I know:

David Krashna was never more black than during his successful campaign. It would have been so easy, even natural, for him to have avoided the issue; or, as was often sugested in subtler phraseology, for him to have become a Negro in front of invariably white audiences, putting to rest the fears of many via the panacea rhetoric of "forget about my blackness; I have." In truth, I believe that it was precisely this honesty which in the end proved decisive. But many things, unfortunately, have not changed. And it is from a vantage point of nearness and association with subsequent developments that I write—as a WASP, as a student, and as David's vice-president.

The capacity the human mind has for denying reality is astounding. In the brief time David and I have been linked politically a rather peculiar phenomenon has occurred repeatedly: people (amongst our faculty, alumni, trustees, administration, and student body) cannot accept the fact that a black man leads the students. To be sure, they "know" that the elected undergraduate leader is black—but they will not forthrightly respond to his person. That this is true is only too real for those involved—and so easy to detect. There are the administrators who come into the Student Government office and inquire of our secretary how it feels to be working for a black boy; there are the leading trustees of our University who pull me to the side in a "man-to-man" attempt to discover what David thinks—or ask me to "convince" him of the sincerity of "our" (translate: "white") intentions. The sordidness is amplified among many alumni, their questions running from "where is your pride?" to "wasn't it your presence on the ticket which got David elected?" A few have the audacity (and ignorance) to suggest timidly that David is president in name only. Instances such as these abound, and truthfully some can be attributed to an honest attempt at understanding, to an effort to grasp the complexities of a problem which is "ours" (*sic!*). But all too many spring from a mental pathology already discussed, and which as such should be exposed. Especially when its manifestations are daily paraded before the student body as objective truth.

On November 13, 1970, the *Observer,* editoralizing on the financial appropriations to the Afro/American Society and MECHA, opined that:

> "The rationales offered (to) justify the allocation to the Afro/American Society above and beyond their budget request are *patently irrational.* Senators are elected to consider the validity of submitted budgets from all organizations, not to 'make a commitment,' as Mr. Winings vaguely theorized, or to 'solve a problem in the world,' as Mr. Ryan muttered. The Student Senate of the University of Notre Dame has not the capacity *to help solve the world's real problems.*"

And, on November 18:

> "There have been some illogical decisions—such as granting the Afro/American and Mexican/American Society (*sic*) more money than their budget (*sic*) indicated they had use for. . . ."

First, one must point out that the Afro/American Society and the Mexican/American Society are separate. The disconcerting logic which prompts whites to ask one black man what all black men think is most commonly responsible for this unconscious (it could be poor grammar) lumping together of all the minorities. But more importantly, and to the issue raised by the first editorial, just what is any elective body responsible for if not to make a commitment to help solve the world's real problems? If it has not this capacity, then, in fact, it has no real function at all. By way of explanation, however, it should also be pointed out that this is not necessarily the view of either the entire Senate or of all

the *Observer* people. Rather, it just happens that in this particular year the editorialist for the *Observer* is also a member of the student senate. Let it here be noted that his position is consistent in both capacities.

However, it must here, too, be stated that the above are not unusal sentiments for either the *Observer* to reflect or certain Senators to expouse. "Boots" Krashna, as visually depicted in the November 11, 1970, issue of the *Observer,* is but the artistic formulation of such senatorial verbiage as "I didn't vote for Dave Krashna so that he could represent the Afro/American Society." But that David is black, a member of the Afro/American Society, and pledged to represent *all* students by personal commitment, was a central campaign theme, and certainly the campaign spirit (in contradistinction to the claims of his erstwhile critics who now, coincidentally, speak forth so righteously from the pages of this same publication). This is illustrative of the horrible depths to which racism pervades our existence, though with no conscious intent.

And this is what I, a white man, can detect through eyes only half-conscious of the reality called racism which is daily interjected among us, though not, to be sure, from just one or two sources or from basically malicious persons. The disease has been institutionalized; and its remedy lies in our ability to learn (à la Stokely) "that Black is not a color but the way you think." It has been observed that many of the University's organs—to a certain extent, the University itself—are racist. This is correct. Yet the irony is cruel, for the university (any university) is perhaps the only institution capable of curing not just its own ills, but society's as well. And here at Notre Dame this means that we must make a commitment above and beyond that of electing a black student body president or maintaining a token, ill-funded minority program. The world has "real" problems that we must attempt to solve *right here, right now.* This is no game we are playing.

Mark Winings is a senior from Elwood, Indiana, the center of the Klu Klux Klan in this state (the Klan's first public march in decades was held on its main street in October). He is a government major, former president of St. Edward's Hall and Ombudsman worker. Winings was elected student body Vice-President last spring.

"The Hostage" takes place in a whorehouse on the Emerald Isle, and all the Irishmen from old N.D. can readily appreciate and feel very much at ease with the host of hilarious characters on stage who seem frightfully familiar.

The *dramatis personae* include Pat (whose South Bend counterpart would be a pizzeria proprietor), Teresa (that delicious little Irishette across the road), Princess Grace (who likes to "work" at the Library on Sunday nights), Colette, Bobo *et al.* ("townies"), and of course Leslie (the hostage himself, who has as his counterparts the thousands of N.D. "hostages"). And the frequent direct addresses to the audience by the characters, and their penetration of the stage-barrier to rub elbows with the audience also brings them close.

Brendan Behan, however, intended more than a sense of amicability between the actors and the audience when he inserted the many asides and seemingly non sequitur (with respect to the dramatic action) songs and dances to "The Hostage." The songs and dances and jokes are presented by the characters to the audience with their Irish eyes all a-smilin'; however, looming over all is the senseless indifference of cruelty and death. Behan intended his characters to laugh their way to catastrophe and death rather than pine over their inevitability—and then when they do strike, to smirk at these black fellows, singing a song as the characters flip them the bird. That's called black comedy.

While Roger Kenvin's production of "The Hostage" is enjoyable and exciting, much of the play's grimmer side is glossed over and it finally fails to be thought-provoking—as Behan staged properly should be.

The root beneath this failure was the uncertainty of the audience's relation to the dramatic action. Behan's technique of direct address to the audience has Brechtian overtones of audience-alienation—that is, the reiteration by the actors that the audience's relationship to the play is that of a spectator to a work on a stage, and that any empathy for the characters on their behalf is absurd. It is from this detached point of view that the audience is expected to scrutinize the developments on the stage.

But in this production, instead of any detachment from the characters, the only feeling instilled in the audience is a sort of amicability or kinship to them. They charm the audience and the audience is taken in—which is a compliment to the actors, but a black mark against the production as a whole.

We wish no harm to befall them, and after it does strike in the final scene, the hostage's post-mortem song comes as a relief. It seems to resolve the soldier's fate rather than slapping man's fate in the face and antagonizing those in the audience who were pulling for the triumph of "justice" and "humanity." And consequently Behan's grim insight into the state of mankind is lost.

Although the black comedy of the play is discounted, the Irish humor is wholesale. Jimmy Boland is excellent as Pat. His masterful facial contortions and perfect sense of an old man's wit spice the most credible Irish brogue in the company. The result is a totally delightful character.

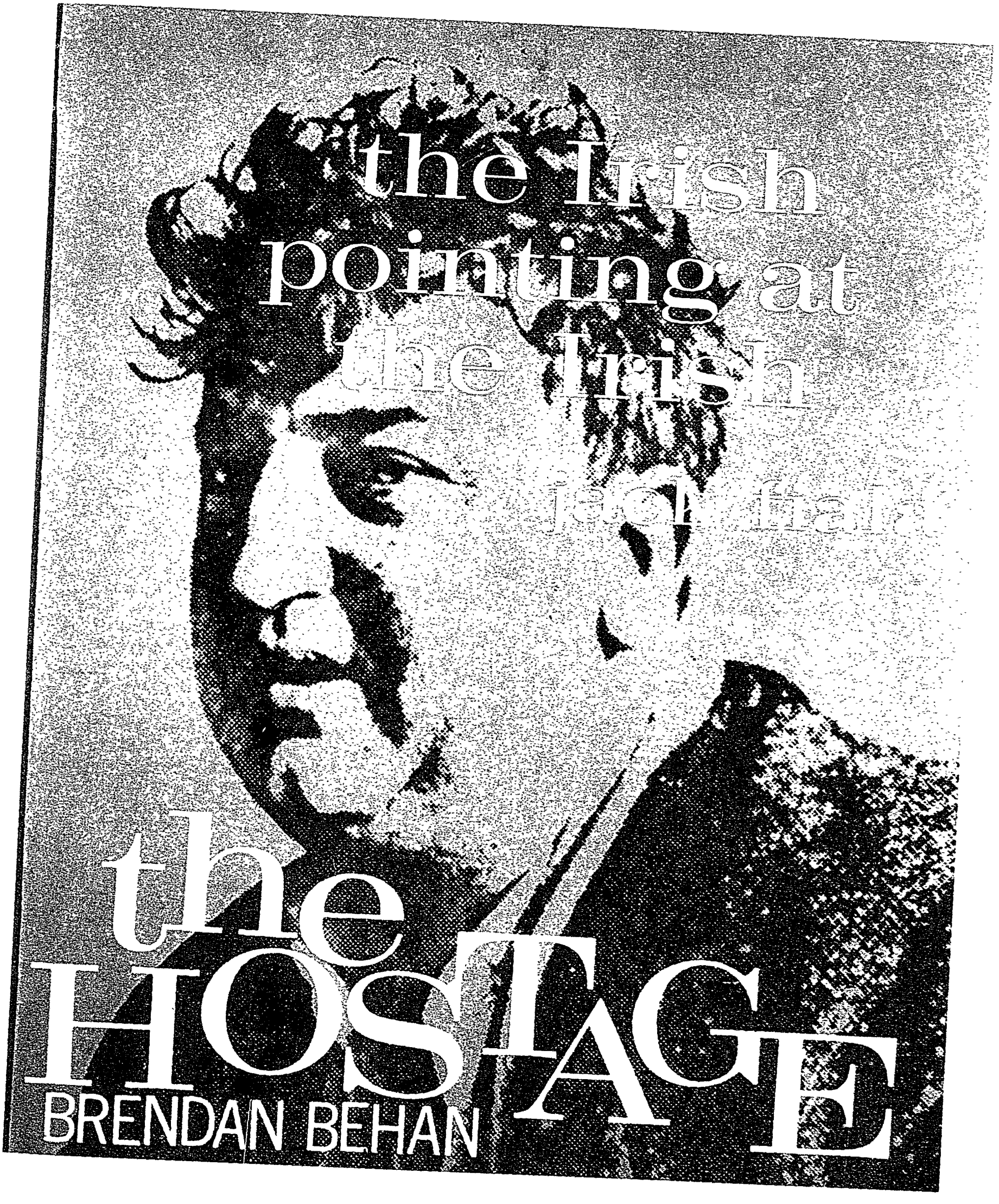
John Paul Duffy's portrayal of the disgusting faggot Princes Grace is particularly repulsive; that is to say, completely successful! And Beth Griffith does a most annoying (and somehow loveable) Miss Gilchrist, which is exactly what Behan must have had in mind for the overbearing "sociable worker."

Characters in a comedy, or any other play, lose their effectiveness when the actor allows one or two of the character's traits to assume his totality. Nori Wright's Meg Dillon has a "heart of gold" at times, and at other times is brazen as brass; but as the old Irish ballad says "never the twain shall meet." Nancy Bartoshesky is a very soft and sweet Teresa, but sometimes the softness and sweetness give way to weakness. George Moore's Leslie is in the uncomfortable predicament of being held hostage by the I.R.A., yet it often seems that it is only Mr. Moore's discomfort on the stage that is manifest in Leslie.

The songs are sometimes sung off-key, out of the singers' ranges, and sometimes without Irish accent. Two superb exceptions to this unfortunate rule are Miss Gilchrist's "I Love My Dear Redeemer" and "When Socrates in Ancient Greece" sung by Rio Rita (*Christopher Egan*), Mr. Muleady (*Marc Genero*) and Princess Grace.

Jane Shanabarger's costuming greatly enhances the characterizations, especially in the case of Meg Dillon and Princess Grace. The lighting by Richard Bergman adds much to the play's zany flow of action; the lights in the raid scene are nothing short of a stoner, and alone are well worth the price of admission.

In fact the whole show is a real treat for the "price of admission." A lot happens, a lot is funny, and the Irish on the stage point their fingers at the Irish in the audience and *insist* that they have a good time. No one can resist. It's not high comedy, and unfortunately it's not black comedy, but "The Hostage" is Irish comedy at its earthy best.


the Irish
pointing at
the Irish
the HOSTAGE
BRENDAN BEHAN

A New Morning

"Dylan does not teach, neither does he proselytize. At most he merely affirms the existence of The Way. . . . Dylan has paid his dues. He has discovered that the realization that life is not in vain can be attained only by an act of faith; only when one accepts the flow of life can he manifest the will to overcome the confusion and vanity which tear him apart. . . . At most all any artist or prophet can hope for is to ignite our faith. Dylan, perhaps more than any other contemporary poet, is capable of the words that can ignite this faith. . . . By imprisoning Dylan's songs in the context of political ideology we play the barbarian as surely as if we were to hammer Rodin's Thinker *into a huge metal peace symbol."*

—*Steven Goldberg, "Bob Dyan and The Poetry of Salvation,"* Saturday Review, *May 30, 1970.*

THERE seems to be an on-going argument among some people that Dylan is not the poet that he used to be, and that if he continues throwing away his talents in this current country-music vein, he is going to lose his audience AND his linfluence. I think this attitude overlooks some very important things. I think, first of all, that it is foolish to place Dylan into such categories as that of "poet" or oppositely, "country-music singer." Dylan is Dylan. And almost as interesting as any single thing he has said or sung in the last ten years is precisely the last ten years itself . . . his evolution as an artist and a mind. If we've listened to him long enough and with enough seriousness to admit somewhere along the line that he is a master of words, a sort of musical *genius,* then we are free to move and grow with Dylan. Once we sit back and quit expecting things from Dylan, once we let him lead us like we would a good dancer, it's fascinating to see where he is taking us. It's like watching the paintings of Monet change right up to his death, as if he were going blind. But we have to quit judging Dylan. We have to quit saying that any one album or any one song is somehow better than all the others. Only then are we free to watch him grow, change, and evolve as a visionary of amazing artistic prowess.

Also, to say that Dylan is no longer producing on the poetic level of which he is capable is to grossly underestimate his musical and linguistic talent. Dylan is no less capable of what some call "his real poetry"—complex imagery we saw in that period of phenomenal growth and change starting about the time of *Bringing It All Back Home* and extending into *Blond on Blond,* if not all the way through his motorcycle accident and even into "Frankie Lee & Judas Priest." One must remember that Dylan almost got himself killed in that accident and had a long time in a hospital to think about it. That close brush with death has, in some obvious ways, colored and mellowed a lot of what he has produced since then. But if we listen closely to what has followed *John Wesley Harding,* especially *New Morning,* it becomes evident that Dylan is still the master of words, rhythms, and meter that he has always been.

I find it hard to address myself to any one song separate from the others, to pick each apart as an entity complete unto itself. Maybe that's an excuse for letting the album's weaker songs off the hook (and there are some), but I'm not sure that each song has to stand on its own any more than one small section of a painting must. The more I listen to this album, the more it becames *one* expression and not a mere series of songs. Until the pauses between songs disappear, until all pigeonholes fall away as somehow false, we will never be able to approximate what Dylan sees. In that light, and in the context of all that has gone before it, *New Morning* is marvelously successful. And even here Dylan is just Dylan, moving somewhere beyond categories of Blues or Country-music.

Perhaps it is not without significance that this is the first album since *Blond on Blond* where we hear no pedal steel guitar. We hear a dobro, but that's no steel guitar (at least not Pete Drake), and only on one

cut do we hear any harmonica. No steel guitar, little harp, but lotsa piano.

How can we try to categorize the songs on this album? "One More Weekend" could easily fit on *Blond on Blond.* "If Dogs Run Free" sounds like it could come off a Ray Charles record. "Father of Night" feels like a Navajo Indian chant. "Three Angels" could happen any Sunday morning on your local gospel music radio program.

As the asteriks on the record jacket point out, Dylan plays piano on seven of the twelve cuts on this album, which in itself may be a note worthy fact. As a whole, his piano playing shows remarkable power and control. Some of the cuts—notably "Sign on the Window" and "Time Passes Slowly"—are absolutely thrilling. They are carefully measured and executed, letting us see once again that Dylan is a lot better musician than many of us suspected for a long time. The whole album is a delightful and near-perfect blending of keyboard, percussion, and guitar.

Rolling Stone magazine, in their review of *Self-Portrait,* said that Dylan just doesn't sing with the power and conviction we once heard. I got the impression they felt his approach to his music (and therefore his singing) is less serious today, more off-hand. I disagreed with *Rolling Stone* then, and I still do. It'll be interesting to see what they have to say about *New Morning,* but I can't imagine how they'll be able to say anything very bad about Dylan's singing. There is an older, breathless quality in Dylan's voice—something very seasoned and weathered—that lends to this work a certain timeless freshness that is exactly what goes into genuine art. He puts a lot of his guts into these songs, chanting out the words in a voice that sounds like that of a fifty year-old coal miner. There are times on this album when, if you let yourself go, the words melt away and you realize everything is said with the piano and that blacklung voice. What he is saying is not so much as important as *how* he is saying it. In Dylan's voice and piano there is a subtle eloquence and gentle beauty, the rhythms of which are vocally and musically for more exciting than anything we heard on either *Nashville Skyline* or *Self-Portrait.*

As for the songs: there isn't a single cut that doesn't work. When Dylan sings the words "Time passes slowly" in the first bars of that title, you can almost hear your clock slow down and quietly quit ticking.

The lazy, falling piano in this song successfully conveys a sense of longing for the Simple. This song, along with "Sign on the Window" and "Father of Night," may be one of the most important in the album.

The setting for "Day of the Locusts" is Dylan's reception of an honorary degree in music at Princeton this past June. "If Not For You" . . . a happy, celebrating kind of song. I would not be surprised to find that the "you" to which this song is directed is the same Father of Night we find Dylan addressing in the last song on the album. Maybe the "you" is his wife, I don't know. Maybe he doesn't make any distinction, we all being The One.

In "If Dogs Run Free" Dylan sounds like Ray Charles or B.B. King, so sassy and conversational. It sounds like Dylan is performing in a South Side Chicago bar or a New Orleans Bourbon Street dive. Maeretha Stewart's back-up vocal (which sounds more like a muted trumpet) and Kooper's piano work are great. Kooper's abilities as a musician and technician are only now getting tapped. We understand that Kooper is single-handedly responsible for the production end of this album.

"Father of Night"—or the back-up for it anyway—sounds strikingly similar to a portion of a cut called "The Magic Wood" on Joan Baez's album, *Baptism.* Dylan, too, recognizes that there is some magic afoot, a border beyond which man should not go, which he shuldn't even approach too closely lest he lose all remnants of sanity. "Father of Night" seems to bear out Goldberg's idea that, to Dylan, a belief in a God of

Compassion and Mercy is the only thing that makes bearable (or even believable) the external stimuli assaulting us in the insane world of 1970. Compassion—genuine, active compassion—is the only response a man of Dylan's understanding can have in that world; it is also the only way he can come to terms with the vision that Goldberg talks about. "Father of Night" is an incredibly honest outcry, an utterance from our own beyond, a humble cry of hope in a time of great uncertainty, ambiguity, and blackness. Dylan, in the face of all that, still suspects that nothing is left simply to chance: "Father who turneth the rivers and the streams." And yet he isn't sure, and can only hope that there is a God: "Father of whom we most solemnly pray" Not *to*, but *of*.

"Everybody is making love/Or else expecting rain" says Dylan in "Desolation Row" in 1965. In those days, either you made love or you sat waiting for the holocaust, the holocaust Dylan probably speaks of in an earlier song, "A Hard Rain Is A-Gonna Fall." Yet in *New Morning* that intimation has given way to another: "Father of Love and Father of Rain." Dylan is finally able to bring the forces of love and fear together and now lives comfortably with both. Dylan has learned to approach things less head-on, less rationally, not to press for answers where there are none. He has learned to accept what he sees, expect nothing, fear nothing, embrace everything, and then to sit quietly before it all in the knowledge that if answers are ever to come, they will come indirectly. He feels now that one does not learn by struggling but by drifting with the Flow; that man usually just backs into wisdom. This is the only way Dylan can deal with the visions of Johanna he was having at the time of *Blond on Blond*. And he is able to deal with them only because he has learned to take the world seriously but not solemnly. As Dylan wrote in the concluding lines of a long poem he did years ago for the back of a Joan Baez album: ". . . I'll know now not to hurt/Not to push/Not to ache/And god knows . . . not to try—"

ENOUGH. I would say only this about these songs: listen closely to them. Listen closely to "Went to see the Gypsy." Listen closely to "Sign on the Window" and "Time Passes Slowly." I can only echo what I think Dylan is saying in "Three Angels," simply: open your eyes and your ears.

Dylan is most revelatory in these songs. The rebellious and bitter child of the 60's is now plump and the father of four. He's on to something, or at least he's dropping clues that some things are still findable. He's experienced the world closer and more intensely than most of us; he's spent his time in Desolation Row.

The last words of "Sign on the Window" are: "Build me a cabin in Utah/Marry me a wife, catch Rainbow Trout/Have a bunch of kids who call me Pa/That must be what it's all about." That's what the words are, but Dylan's throat adds, in pain: "Maybe. I think so. God I hope so." There is a certain unified, unspeakable, almost cosmic sadness in these songs—the knowing kind of sadness that comes only to those men who have seen more than their share of the world and its wounds.

Dylan breathes easier now and so does his music, as if he's found that the earth did not blow up after all. Yet the old, beaten voice offers no certainty. Maybe in "Sign on the Window," as throughout this whole album, Dylan is just making manifest his desire to ". . . go back out before the rain starts a-falling." Maybe all this time Dylan has just ". . . tried to harmonize with songs the lonesome sparrow sings"—as he was doing in "Gates of Eden" in 1964. Perhaps he still believes that we will make short work of the human race very soon and is trying to make things a little more musical in the meantime. Anyhow, it is a new morning, at least for Dylan, for now.

C. Lee Darst

At Christmas

Let the Christbrand burst!
Let the Christbrand blazon!
Dartle whitely under the hearth-fire,
Unwind the wind, turn the thunderer,
And never, never thinning,
Forfend fear.
Flare up smartly, fix, flex, bless, inspire,
Instar the time, sear the sorcerer,
And never, never sparing,
Save all year.
Let the Christbrand burst!
Let the Christbrand blazon!

Frank O'Malley

the last word

Call this, a gift for a friend. A patchwork quilt presented with great solemnity, with wonder even as he wakes, the morning of our rebirth.

Call this, a song, Michael, summoned out of a past when we believed what they told us in church, with and some years without the snow and the puddles left as gifts on stone floors.

Call this, an end to this day as "domestic feast, a feast of sweetmeats and toys." A stumbling answer to Ursula's question: "Why did not the grown-ups also change their everyday hearts, and give way to ecstasy?"

Call it, the willed renewal of ecstasy. Call it, the night after it first snows in Indiana, in the spaces between street lights the darkness broken only by high white clouds: what the Gothic artist must have seen when he looked at the bare stone ceiling of the cathedrals each city built.

Call it, the desperate need to summon from this mire, from the chaos of senseless wars and empty words, some eternal.

Call it, the desire in this season if in no other to eat with my brother happily and celebrate him with feasting and song.

Call it, a moment of wonder at Handel, a word of thanksgiving spoken solemnly for him who could say "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Call it, a gift to reach across distances, a hymn sung across times. A matin offered in thanks, with the unquenchable hope of our childhood.

Call it, the song I want to sing to you but can not. Call it, a gift to you and to Emmanuel, God with us:

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion
get thee up into the high mountain O thou
that tellest good tidings to Zion
get thee up into the high moutain
get thee up into the high mountain
O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion
lift up thy voice with strength lift it up
be not afraid
say unto the cities of Judah say
unto the cities of Judah
Behold your God behold your God
Say unto the cities of Judah
Behold your God behold your God behold
your God
O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion
arise shine
for thy light is come arise arise
and the glory of the Lord the glory
of the Lord is risen
is risen upon thee is risen is risen upon thee
the glory the glory
the glory of the Lord
is risen upon thee.

—Steve Brion

ARMY ROTC TWO-YEAR PROGRAM

Applications are now being accepted for the Army ROTC Two-Year Program.

The Program is open to both undergraduate and graduate students who have a minimum of two years' academic work remaining at the time of enrollment. Accepted applicants must successfully complete a six-week summer camp in lieu of the Basic ROTC course normally taken as a freshman and sophomore.

Notre Dame Seniors intending to attend graduate or law school at another University may apply here for the program. The school they plan to attend must either offer Army ROTC or have a cross-enrollment agreement with another school in its locale.

Two-Year Program participants receive a tax-free subsistence allowance of $50 per month during their two years of ROTC training. They are deferred from induction under Selective Service laws.

If you are sincerely interested in serving your country and fulfilling your military obligation as a commissioned officer in the United States Army, you are invited to apply for the Army ROTC Two-Year Program.

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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

scholastic

january 29, 1971

o, i just adore him/her

but i can't ignore him/her

the boy/girl next door

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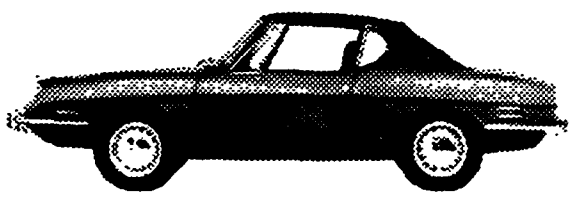
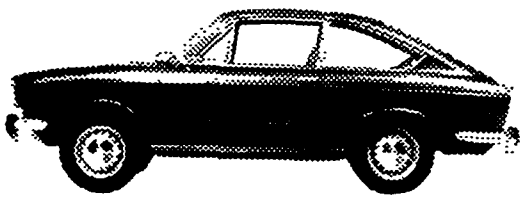
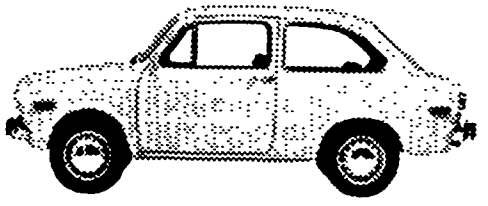


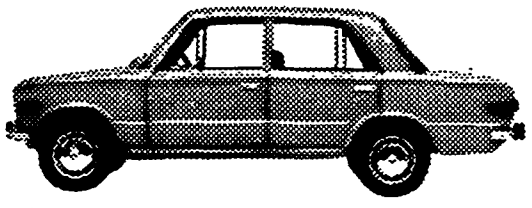
Fiat 850 Racer. All the quality, fun, racy looks of the Spider under hard top.



Fiat 850 Fastback. Action-look styling. Smooth-action ride. Young action.

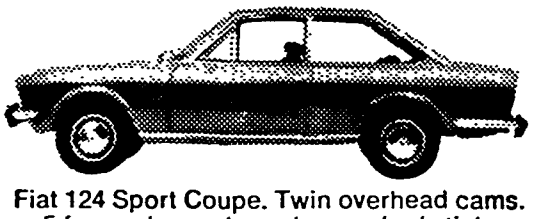


Fiat 850 Sedan. Not a car on the road does so much, gives so much, for so little.

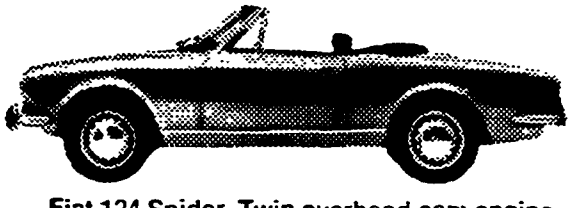


Fiat 124 Special. Very special. In how it runs. In how little it costs to run.

Fiat 124 Family Wagon. Comfort plus load space. Your family never had it so good.



Fiat 124 Sport Coupe. Twin overhead cams. 5 forward speed synchromeshed stick.



Fiat 124 Spider. Twin overhead cam engine wrapped in styling by Italy's Pina-Farina.

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Letters

Some serious questions

To the Editor:

I write in response to the review of Brendan Behan's "The Hostage" (SCHOLASTIC, December 11) by Jack Fiala. His reference to the gay character, Princess Grace, as a "disgusting faggot" only bespeaks his ignorance, intolerance, and his outright prejudices, subconscious though these might be.

Has anyone ever questioned why this predominantly male community is so uptight as regards the pseudo-virility of its residents and in regard to sexuality in general? Why is there no homophile organization on *this* campus, despite the fact that homosexuality is rampant underground? Why is it that the environment here forces one to hide a necessary component of the human psyche, *i.e.,* sexuality, so that even now I must refrain from signing my surname? If the community were only aware of those who actually comprise the "disgusting faggots," both nationally and in our immediate sphere, I'm sure this would no longer be the case. . . .

Yours in liberation,
Name withheld

More on prison education

To the Editor:

The Notre Dame Education Program at the Indiana State Prison must be considered one of the most noteworthy accomplishments of Irish initiative since the recruiting of Austin Carr. Besides assisting through educational instruction, the program gives inmates a chance to become friends with and share the experiences of successful students who have achieved "the good life" which many of these men have seen only in commercials. The students, moreover, are coming into contact with a social stratum they've probably met only in sociology textbooks, and they are receiving some insight into the primitive state of American corrections.

The Education Department necessarily shares in these primitive conditions, which are realistically brought about less by an animalistic attitude than by a stingy state legislature. The three-man Psychology Services Department (serving 1800 inmates), the two-man Vocational Training Center, and the inmate library all have no working budget, and the Education Department graduated 77 men last spring on a materials budget of $1500. In a financial squeeze the prison, the end of the line in Indiana's criminal justice system, is the first to suffer.

In spite of these conditions, however, Greg Stidham's SCHOLASTIC article of November 20 depicting the prison's Education Department as being kept afloat by Notre Dame students is grossly misleading. *Lake Shore School,* fully accredited by the State of Indiana, is staffed by eight licensed, professional teachers, with the aid of 12 inmate instructors, who work full-time in addition to two evenings a week. All incoming inmates go through a testing program in which the revised beta IQ exam along with reading and math achievement tests are administered. Once placed in school, the student-inmate is subject to the familiar system of in-class testing for grading and advancement. As incentives to "stay in school," in addition to the normal $.20 per day inmate stipend, students receive $4 at the end of each four-month semester, and students completing either the elementary or high school receive an automatic appearance before the Parole Board upon graduation.

The inadequacies of the Education Department continue, however, in spite of the Notre Dame students' enthusiasm and real contributions. Administrative offices are remodeled while the school is run on an austerity budget too meager to buy books for the library. Until a planned "circulating library" is begun, inmates confined in the seclusion units for disciplinary reasons will continue to waste day after day in idleness because only Indiana University correspondence courses and inadequate bookshelves are available to them. A contemplated educational release program similar to work release, where selected inmates would be allowed to attend an area high school or college during the day, must await the approval of a busy state legislature which mets only once every two years. Finally, to compound the problem, research recently conducted at the University of Michigan indicates that educational achievement in prison does not necessarily lead to a lower rate of return for released inmates.

Under these circumstances, Joe Gagliardi and company should be lauded if they can maintain their program and its contributions in the face of the pessimism which permeates the prison setting.

Russel Lash
Warden, Indiana State Prison

Christmas greetings, and a plug

To the Editor:

I hope you all had a nice Holiday Season. I sure did. My parents came down from Portland, Oregon, to have Christmas with me.

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank you for the help you have given me on WILLY JONES, and also to tell you that on January 17 I sang WILLY JONES on the Glen Campbell TV Show on CBS. I hope you watched the show.

Looking forward to 1971 being a good year for everybody and a continuation of a pleasant association with you.

Susan Raye
Bakersfield, Cal.

Markings

St. George of the Crypt

I have often wondered at the thought of St. George standing before some great, fire-breathing dragon, and how, how could he possibly have overcome so powerful a foe. I can only imagine the dragon's fiery laughter as the tiny figure before him flailed futilely with a harmless sword.

The scene seems to be enacted so frequently today in most large institutions, and even small universities. One contemporary St. George was junior John Mateja, and he was spared the trouble of attacking the dragon when the dragon attacked him last December.

John may be more readily recognized as the long-haired physics major who runs the Crypt record store than as some armored knight. He received his initiation into the world of chivalry (?) and war when he materialized his plan to start the Crypt. His venture was a modest one at first, set up in his room in Lyons Hall. But with Student Union support in the form of space in LaFortune, his venture initiated both strong support and strong opposition.

Mateja's intentions were certainly chivalrous — and innocent — enough. The idea for the record co-op occurred to him last year when he was running for Student Life Council. He recognized the obvious lack of entertainment in the South Bend-Notre Dame area and also noticed that records seemed to be one of the major replacements for other forms of entertainment. Therefore, he concluded, a record co-op which offered albums at discount prices would be significant service to the student. Mateja's bid for the SLC failed, but his idea of the co-op succeeded as, at least in the beginning, Father James Shilts, Assistant Vice President of Student Affairs, apparently agreed that the co-op would be a service. He gave approval to the plan.

After the Crypt was moved into LaFortune at the request of the Student Union, Father Shilts decided that the co-op was already out of line. He sent a letter to Mateja stating that the co-op was to move back to Lyons immediately and close up permanently at the end of the semester. His objections, according to an article in the December 2 *Observer,* were its "explicit undercutting of bookstore prices, and the fact that the Student Union acted while a similar proposal was tabled by the Student Union Board (a group consisting of both administration and Student Union representatives)." The article further mentioned that "he (Father Shilts) felt the money that the bookstore saves the student in tuition, approximately $50 per year, would not be adequately replaced by the savings that record buying students would acrue."

Meanwhile, Brother Conan Moran, Bookstore Manager, disclaims any knowledge whatever of the Administration's request that the record co-op be closed down. More important, he disagrees with Father Shilts, assuring that the Crypt has not hurt bookstore record sales in the least, and he is confident that it can not.

The quesion is now before the Student Life Council who will, undoubtedly after weeks of delay, arrive at some decision regarding the future of the Crypt. And so the Crypt continues to operate without too much security.

In all this confusion, one wonders what would happen if a dragon would sit down and talk things over with the knight. But I suppose dragons don't do that, and most knights are afraid to ask. And besides, how would we end our fairly tales then? "Happy ever after" is just too undramatic.

—Greg Stidham

Jack Fiala

"Ah, come on. Do you really mean that if I go to a public high school where there are girls that I'll be putting myself in the occasion of sin?" I was in the seventh grade when I asked that question of my teacher, Mr. K. It was a pertinent question because the next year I would make my decision about which high school I would attend, and because to consciously put oneself in the occasion of sin was as grevious a sin as the sin itself.

Mr. K. stared sharply at me. His thin black eyebrows vascillated between the crown of his nose and his hairline, and his jaw bones danced wildly inside of his meatless cheeks. These were his manifestations of contemptuous rage, and I knew that I had tread upon sacred ground in asking such a bold question. "You had better believe it, dear student," is all I can remember of his verbal reply.

It might have had something to do with Pope John and his liberalization of the Church, but I think it was just a more economical approach to education that threw boys and girls together in the high school that was ready for me when I was ready for it. The reversal of church doctrine as had been laid down to me by Mr. K. surprised me somewhat, but those were times of sweeping educational reforms within the Church (we stopped using the Baltimore Catechism half-way through my eighth-grade year), and then everything that Mr. K. ever taught me went up in smoke when in the spring of eighth-grade Mr. K got thrown out of school for trying to feel up seventh grade girls. (Which is why I refer to him as Mr. K. instead of his real name.)

So I went to the new co-ed catholic high school, always regretting a little that I didn't go to the older, more reputable and established all-male high school in Dayton. They had a streak of winning football seasons that stretched back forty years, whereas everybody on my football team, myself included, were more interested in talking to girls after school than practicing for the Friday night games. I expressed this regret to Sr. Sarah, my senior year journalism teacher, arguing that one gets a better education in an all-male school, equating winning seasons with quality education (an error in logic which is surprisingly prevelant on many of our college campuses even today!).

Sr. Sarah told me I was crazy, in about as many words, and challenged me to visit the other high school and see for myself just how wrong I was. I guess I went her one better by coming to school here in Irishland.

Description of the Fighting Irish way of life is pointless. The students of both campuses are enrolled in a common predicament which as a matter of course generates an unreal atmosphere, particularly conducive to misunderstanding and categorization of others.

The other day a friend was waiting for the shuttle bus at St. Mary's when a guy came up to her and said, "Hi! What are you thinking about?" One must give him credit for trying a new approach. Taken back a bit she finally answered "I'm thinking about catching the bus so I can meet my fiancé after his class." Her phrasing annoyed him so that he flew into a rage, cursing her as being just as bad as every other St. Mary's girl—interested only in getting married and putting guys like himself down.

A year or so ago the Notre Dame Board of Trustees, at the prodding of student government, announced that co-education would be an official direction of the university. Consideration of how to go co-ed has always included the apple of Irishland's eye, St. Mary's. After the "harum" concept of higher education was patly rejected by all prospective brides-to-be (Barat, Mundelein, etc.) a couple of years ago, St. Mary's remained as the only eligible female. The courtship proceeds.

In the best of ND-SMC traditions, the awkward University solicited help in winning SMC. In fact, ND even has paid a matchmaker (Park and Mayhew) around $25,000 to fix itself up with St. Mary's. But as is always the case in such arrangements, all that's been set up is the first date (trustee exchange).

And again, in the same vein as all ND-SMC relationships, the predicament has distorted each institution's vision of the other. Notre Dame chases St. Mary's, closing its eyes to her blemishes of size and educational stature. St. Mary's coyly evades the overtures of the suspicious Irishman, fearing that he's out to gobble her up. She carefully paces the development of the courtship and seems to revel in her position of control.

Meanwhile we sit back and watch the tired old game play itself out, our feelings and expectations overridden by the despairing sensation of déjà vu.

A New, Improved Twelve-Hour Cold Capsule

From Kleenex Bowling Balls?

Co-education has been assigned the task of curing the ills of Notre Dame-St. Mary's. In other words, coeducation is du Lac's eternal twelve hour cold capsule. However, the Boards of Trustees refuse to go into the apothecary business—to hand the schools two capsules with water and send them to bed. The pressure of an alumni somewhat to the right of Ghengis Khan, the cost of merging two debts into one, the stalwart and virile image Notre Dame presents to the world (?) are the rationalizations for their delay. But what the whole thing comes down to is this: the Board of Trustees cannot reconcile the name of Notre Dame with the term co-ed. The words just don't go together. It is like saying "Kleenex bowling balls" or "Spiro T. Fulbright" or "the Fighting Swedish." Obviously, the solution to the dilemma is to find a new name for the female student at Notre Dame.

To Sisterhood on a Sea of Religious Bliss?

One possibility, borrowed from the black and women's power movement, is "sister." This would complement the famous Notre Dame "brotherhood." Such a term would erase the conservative image the school projects to the nation—*Sports Illustrated* and NBC notwithstanding. With everybody running around greeting each other as sister and brother, the imagination can easily picture Notre Dame as a right-on, clenched-fist place. Furthermore, the alumni will be assuaged with the existence of the Notre Dame sister, envisioning a gaggle of nuns sailing in a sea of religious bliss.

To a Fifteen-minute Purgatory??!*

Of course many more possibilities will come to mind. The Student Government must then separate the worthy from chauvinistic sensationtionalism. A general student referendum will be held to determine which word will join the ranks of "win one for the Gipper" and "fifteen minutes or death" as phrases close to the heart of Notre Dame. Once the name is chosen, the Boards of Trustees will no longer be held responsible for forming the Notre Dame co-ed and can walk among the alumni with a clear conscience.

To Slips with the Socks??!!*

However, a name does not a co-ed make, and further delays will cause students to take the matter into their own hands. This would require a sustained effort to establish co-education in any future Notre Dame mentality. Any such movement would begin slowly, with merely symbolic acts: the removal of Moses and the placement of a Susan B. Anthony statue outside the library, Ara Parseghian smoking Virginia Slims ("You've come along way, baby") in his Ford commercials, and the publication and charting of the steam tunnel routes so as to form a real and viable underground ND-SMC. With the movement gaining increased momentum, the capture of U.S. 31 as the barrier between Notre Dame and St. Mary's and the inclusion of lingerie in the weekly laundry will be significant, if not revolutionary. The next logical step would be truly co-ed classes and dorms.

We will have taken the medicine and we will wake up, normal.

"This whole thing has been sexy, like going with a girl. On Tuesday everything is rosy, on Wednesday it's been called off."

The long-awaited, much-hoped-for, loudly-heralded, little-understood Park-Mayhew report on "The Relationships between St. Mary's College ond the University of Notre Dame" is now history. It was released December 29, trumpeting not only the birth of a new year, but the birth of a new institution — St. Mary's College in *the University of Notre Dame.*

Neither Fathers Hesburgh nor Burtchaell nor Sister Alma have any (public) comments as yet. But just about everybody else around both campuses does. This week, the SCHOLASTIC *examines the problems besetting the present (the Co-ex program) and some reactions to the future à la Park and Mayhew — including a conversation with Father Charles Sheedy and a phone interview with co-author Rosemary Park. Lastly, we offer a short and necessarily introductory analysis of the report itself. In the next issue, the magazine will explore several alternatives to the present proposal.*

The report calls for, among other things, St. Mary's to become a liberal arts college in the University of Notre Dame — "designed primarily for women." It outlines problems and fears shared by each institution, and several structural/corporate steps toward union of the two schools. The authors refer only vaguely to academic set-ups in the new institution, and leave what many consider the stickiest problem — merging departments — largely untouched. Most importantly, their report calls for the selection of a Co-ordinator who would have broad but unspecified powers to oversee necessary changes.

The article's research, compilation and analysis represent the combined efforts of most of the SCHOLASTIC *staff.*

SINCE six St. Mary's women pioneered the buttle shus route in a Volkswagon van in 1965, progress has, as the Victorians would say, been made. Though the history of co-exchange is one replete with horror stories only funny years later, it is a large and irrevocable history for both St. Mary's and the University of Notre Dame. In mid-winter 1965, Fr. Hesburgh dictated a letter of encouragement to one of the St. Mary's students studying Russian at Notre Dame; roughly, a quotation from the letter runs, "Keep up the good work; we have to show these men that women can think too." Two years later, at a freshman convocation, the St. Mary's Academic Dean answered an inquiry concerning freshmen course co-exchange in the negative and embellished the response with a word to the wise: "You will find that here we don't take classes merely to sit next to a boy." From the sub-zero point indicated by these scenes, things have definitely come up. But some would say that ain't saying much.

After that six-year history, the co-operative program between St. Mary's and Notre Dame garners unprintable epitaphs precisely because of its age—and the awful fact that so little of substance seems to have changed through that history from the students' point of view. It may be progress when both sexes are dubbed with the same length i.d. numbers, but the concensus opinion is that there is more to be done around here somewhere. Enter sages, Park and Mayhew, paid to shift around and talk to the decision-makers. The hopes of the optimist hang on the possibility that finally THE BIG DECISION will be made.

The by-now trite problem areas recognized in the subject of co-operation between the two schools need to be ignored for once. It is finally general knowledge that a professor turning mid-lecture to prod the class's one and only woman into discussion—"Miss Jones, could you offer us the feminine point of view on this matter?"—is a fairly ridiculous situation. And the story of the 19 men who registered for an SMC psych course only to find themselves in a class of 19 men on the women's campus has made the rounds. Hopefully, it is the general perception that women students don't relish the idea of walking around as THE FEMALE, carrying responsibility as spokeswoman for that half of the population every time they open their mouths. And the majority long ago sickened of sweeping value

judgments about "all courses at Notre Dame" or "all courses at St. Mary's."

On a less-discussed level, the thesis presents itself that inability on the part of the two schools to move rapidly toward settling differences in a productive manner has worked against the better education of the student. And it has done so in ways other than those repeatedly dragged forth as rationale for the need to go co-ed. That, one would suppose, might be termed the mortal sin for higher education, and a reality that would over-ride relatively trivial qualms weighing down deliberations.

BETWEEN liberal arts colleges, it seems likely that academic departments in the same disciplines develop differing philosophies and patterns of education. St. Mary's College and the University of Notre Dame seem generally to have accepted the proposition that each institution has a contribution of some value to make to the other. Yet, this is often complicated by what appears as almost whimsical application of the co-ex program by individual departments.

Questions of academics and co-operation obviously vary immensely from department to department. And any department can offer well-developed explanations of why the situation seems so sticky at times to the individual student. Explainable or not, though, the situation remains the same; and promises that "in the long run, I don't think any of us want to impose artificial restrictions on the movement of students," helps the present student not a lot.

Contrast that statement with another by St. Mary's English department chairman Paul Messbarger: "We (the department faculty) are committed to preserving the integrity of our program of education." Unless the key lies in the word "artificial," some paradox peers from between those lines.

That's one maze, and another comes in reference to the inevitable fact that departments in the same discipline differ from college to college. The student working both sides of the road and attempting to synthesize the best education obtainable runs into a situation analagous to that one about the horses and the stream Abe Lincoln talked about—here, students find themselves riding two horses at once. For example, students at St. Mary's speak about the different focuses of the mathematics departments on the two campuses. Regardless of value judgments, students find themselves regulated by one department, but offered the option of a differing philosophy—and finally not free to choose between the two for a full major program.

Similarly the lack of familiarity or antagonism of one department for another disintegrates the academic advisory system that both institutions purport to provide for their students. Students find advisors familiar only with the courses on their side of the road, and entrance into the co-exchange program usually means a student chooses co-ex courses without the benefit of an informed advisor. Or, in the more extreme instance, the student chooses them after discouragement from the home department exercising its at times unfounded or defensive prejudices about the quality or suitability of courses in the other institution.

A corollary to these problems arose in reference to the Pass-Fail program at St. Mary's before Notre Dame agreed to allow St. Mary's students to exercise that program in Notre Dame courses with the professor's approval. As each college moves into experimental/progressive educational programs, some correlation seems essential if students are going to move between the two schools. All of which relates to the question of whose jurisdiction a student falls under in this two-horse system, and of whether finally it is possible to have two separate administrations for each discipline while maintaining a co-educational exchange between these two entities.

In the case of freshmen, add a third administration in the Freshman Year of Studies Office, and one comes up with knots fit to make an Eagle Scout quiver.

BEFORE signing a preregistration form, the Academic Dean of St. Mary's remarked to a student that St. Mary's "presumes that its students will take 75% of their course work in St. Mary's departments," Voila! A whole new kettle of fish. Unwritten, and what appear to be erratic regulation of the co-operative programs pop up seemingly from nowhere, especially for the student who chooses academic paths not in conformity to the norm. After being battered around for a few registrations, a fatalistic gleam swims into the eyes and second-semester seniors wind up making conciliatory deals with one side of the road or the other.

The conglomeration of problems that have come into existence as the two campuses have evolved into Notre Dame - St. Mary's rather than Notre Dame *and* St. Mary's will possibly fade into history if and when concrete decisions are made and the two campuses take further shape around them. Once the transition period that has gone on for six years evolves out of existence, this will all probably diminish. But the transitional period has existed for six years, and has formed the educational experience of students involved in co-exchange for those six years. And the same situation is likely to continue for an unknown number of years ahead.

It serves no purpose to compile problems and designate one department or the other bogey-man for a particular problem. The experience that students have had with the co-operative programs these six years ought, however, to reflect upon the decisions to, hopefully, be made in the near future about directions and goals to be pursued. The co-exchange program calls into serious question the feasibility of maintaining two separate liberal arts colleges while allowing free student movement among the colleges of the University —as the Park-Mayhew Report recommends. No one formulation can exhaustively study the elements that have created the present, certainly not this one. Any particular formulation questions the next steps toward co-education—especially if those next steps are to be up a ladder whose bottom rungs, or foundations, rest in the present and in the last six years of co-operation. Anyone who has taken extensive advantage of the co-exchange program probably, at some point, seriously wonders if Notre Dame and St. Mary's ought to conjure up a new ladder.

Rambling with Father Sheedy

Sheedy: My view has always been that progress towards coed depends upon a comfortable and secure relationship with St. Mary's having been achieved first. Notre Dame would not want to do a thing to put St. Mary's in fear. So that if the Park-Mayhew plan were installed, further action would proceed from there.

Scholastic: What are the main barriers presented to the Coordinating Committee that have prohibited co-education so far?

Sheedy: At Notre Dame, generally indifference. Most people here are very occupied with their own thing. Call it grandiosity or superiority. Over there, there is much more interest—a tightening of the defense systems. This whole thing has been sexy, like going with a girl. On Tuesday everything is rosy, on Wednesday it's been called off.

Scholastic: If St. Mary's College in the University of Notre Dame and the University itself both accept women in other colleges, would St. Mary's become an extended Dean of Students office?

Sheedy: You have to look at Barnard and Columbia for a parallel situation. And father still says, "My girl goes to Radcliffe," not Harvard. They've been courting one another for the last sixty years, Barnard and Columbia for thirty or more. So that a school can have a certain degree of identity even though it doesn't have a total educational offering. Radcliffe doesn't even have a faculty.

Scholastic: Did you understand what Park and Mayhew meant by an "education designed for women?"

Sheedy: No I didn't . . .

Scholastic: How did you react to the report's characterizations of the two schools (Notre Dame as "graduate-oriented" and St. Mary's as "humanizing")?

Sheedy: Due observance, polite recognition. It's absolutely faulty to consider Notre Dame as mainly graduate or professional: the liberal arts school is the biggest here. So that to make that comparison is really not an accurate interpretation at all. It's one of the few faulty interpretations I found in the report.

Scholastic: But didn't the rest of the report hinge on that same proposition of the two identies?

Sheedy: I think they were put there not to offend anybody . . .

Scholastic: What is pushing Notre Dame toward co-ed away from this indifference?

Sheedy: Some faculty and administration members desire a total educational environment. But you come to think the future lies in the direction of fusion and sociality rather than separateness. In other words, one sees the University as a total learning milieu. That's the reason we've been fiddlefaddling with this for a number of years.

Scholastic: If St. Mary's didn't exist what kind of barriers would Notre Dame face to prevent co-education by next September, or the year after?

Sheedy: It involves a good deal of dislocation, programmatic stuff—with facilities and housing for example. Obviously, if you added girls, you would add them to the liberal arts school; that means you would click off some three or four hundred boy applicants. The quality would rise. Right off. Immediately.

Scholastic: Don't you think that that number would increase?

Sheedy: Obviously it would increase. If this whole affair works, and we become a totally unified educational scene then I think this would lead to a totally new republic. For instance, I know several girls, very bright girls, who would prefer to go to St. Michael's in Toronto because it is a co-educational school. There is no reason on earth why we couldn't be the best.

Scholastic: What problems did the coordinating committee have with the co-ed program, and were they symptomatic?

Sheedy: The coordinating committee went through a long period to see that thing (the co-ed program) go through, five or six years. You could say, in general, it maintained a partisan viewpoint, say like the shape of the table in Paris. People thought that other people were trying to gull them up.

Scholastic: Would you agree with the idea of a coordinator, if the Parks Mayhew report were accepted by the Board of Trustees?

Sheedy: I really don't know any other way of doing it, if you could get Lewis Mayhew himself, it would be good.

Scholastic: Did you think that the report told you anything that you didn't know a year or two ago?

Sheedy: The report was very sensitive to the history of what had gone on in regards to the problem. As to the work, all of the work was new.

Scholastic: Have you read the Runde report published at St. Mary's?

Sheedy: Its a very complicated thing. Somehow, I didn't concern myself with all of the details of the liberal arts changes, etc., because I said to myself that this is just not going to happen.

Scholastic: Do you think that Notre Dame is willing to change itself substantially, or do you think that it is expected that SMC will be the one to change?

Sheedy: I think that Notre Dame has to change itself. Notre Dame has changed itself more than you know; its change is kind of glacial and odd. Who would have thought some of the things which are in actuality today would be here, if they were considering the same changes twenty years ago. The change in Notre Dame is constantly going on, and one would hope that it is consistent with what has happened before.

"I didn't expect much from the report, so I wasn't disappointed."

"I think it will move along all right."

WHENEVER you hire consultants," St. Mary's education professor Father Raymond Runde told the SCHOLASTIC, "they'll always give you a statement you can live with. The more complex the statement, the more likely the statement will be nebulous. The Park-Mayhew statement is highly nebulous. It is substantially worthless as far as any concept of what should be done."

Not every one came down quite as hard as Father Runde did, but most shared his opinion of the consultation business: You pay your money and get what you want.

Edward Goerner, a government professor at Notre Dame, said: "I didn't expect much from the report, so I wasn't disappointed." He characterized it as "a subdivision of ed biz, called ed bull. . . . The University knew what it was getting when they hired people, i.e., pretty much the same thing you read in any *New York Times* education section. The report seemed to me to have merely filled in the blanks with 'Notre Dame' and 'St. Mary's.' "

Mark Bambenek, a chemistry professor at St. Mary's stated, "The problem with the Park-Mayhew report is that it shoves St. Mary's into the present structure of Notre Dame, and that will not do anybody any good educationally, although it will do good financially. I don't believe that educational good can be done with the present structures of either St. Mary's or Notre Dame." He prefers the present co-exchange program to the Park-Mayhew alternative: "Both St. Mary's and Notre Dame are better for co-ex. However, if the Park-Mayhew recommendation (which I see as absorption and not merger) is accepted and enacted, the result will be a better Notre Dame but not something equal to the potential of Notre Dame and St. Mary's together."

Dr. Bambenek has little faith in any official proposal to join the schools. "The problem with cooperation or merger between St. Mary's and Notre Dame is that it is trying to bring about cooperation between two dissimilar institutions. I am convinced that the graduate school at Notre Dame runs things, which implies a different view of undergraduate education than a strictly liberal arts college like St. Mary's would have.

"Usually when one speaks of merger between two institutions, one speaks of acclimation of each of the two to the other. I have seen no indication or recommendation for acclimation on the part of Notre Dame to St. Mary's, no inclination to keep those parts of St. Mary's that I and a lot of other people see as good."

Most student leaders had little sympathy with the efforts of Park and Mayhew. Notre Dame Student Body President David Krashna said the report seemed to call for "a sophisticated co-ex program. It offers no real direction . . . It never spoke to, for example, the problem of merging departments, one of the most difficult problems."

At St. Mary's, reactions among the study body varied somewhat, but tended toward disappointment. Jean Gorman, Vice-President of the student body, noted that "there is more to co-education than the classroom experience." Both Miss Gorman and Ann Marie Tracey, Student Body President, feel that the Park-Mayhew Report offers a "good framework," but should not be regarded as the solution to all problems.

Ann Marie Tracey outlined some strong objections to it: "The Park-Mayhew Report makes a great to-do about changing relationships between the sexes since World War II, yet they fail throughout to deal with the reality of the existing ratio of men to women that we have here. Until people come to grips with that, the report will be a failure." She also reacted against restriction of women to enrollment in St. Mary's College: "The students should be given the choice of where they want to take their major (i.e., in which college they should matriculate) because of their own individual

Lewis B. Mayhew is a former member of the department of education at Michigan State University, where he was associated with Paul Dressel, a noted American education expert. He then went to New College in Florida and is presently teaching in the education department at Stanford. He has long been an educational consultant with various institutions on this type of problem.

Rosemary Park is a former President of Barnard College. When she retired from that position she moved to UCLA and now teaches in the education department there. Her experience at Barnard, and with that institution's relationship to Columbia University are clear indications of her ability in this area.

The co-authors were paid $200 per day, plus expenses. They spent fourteen days visiting the campuses. Final cost for the report was described as "under $25,000" by an Administration member.

Rosemary Park: Questions, Answers, More Questions . . .

Scholastic: In the report, you refer several times to "education primarily designed for women." What does this education for women mean, and how do you see it as a separate academic pursuit from that for men?

Park: I think that what we're saying is that there may be some different needs that need to be fulfilled. There may be; I myself am somewhat doubtful of this, but there may be. And since we're saying that the two institutions ought to continue to have identities—we're not merging the identities—I think it's reasonable to expect that each institution might have a different approach to undergraduate education. Then you wouldn't simply be repeating at one what goes on at the other, but you might want to ask, "Are there some particular things that women need to know that they should have strength in rather than men? Now I doubt that there are very many here. I think it's a question of an attitude toward learning which is important, perhaps not so much subject matter—although I would also feel very strongly, and I think we may have said so in there, that you should not permit St. Mary's to be a place where no science is taught, for instance. And so many people seem to think that science is something that men do and women don't do in this country. It's a very fallacious idea. So we want to be very sure that that kind of thing doesn't take place. But we think this is a time when St. Mary's might want to sit with itself and say, What is our function? and, Is there some special thing that we need to be doing that Notre Dame doesn't need to do?

Scholastic: Did you (and/or Mr. Mayhew) see the recommendations in the report as a *first step* towards extended co-education, or rather as an end product—i.e., that cooperation between the two schools would be sufficient to answer the needs of co-education? What are the next steps beyond what you recommended?

Park: I think I could say—if you noticed what we recommended about the governing boards—that probably eventually there should be a legally tighter relationship there than is presently attaining; but we see this as a gradual development. I think it's a question of how important the separate identity of the instiutions is. And it seemed to us that there was a considerable import for St. Mary's. Therefore we would hope that it would develop distinctive educational programs, which could—as I think we have indicated all through there—be co-educational.

Scholastic: What about the possibility of other colleges in the University admitting women other than from St. Mary's?

Park: I think we thought that was something which would be prejudicial to St. Mary's status, and, therefore, we assumed that all women undergraduate students would enter through St. Mary's. I think we made provision for the graduate level, which already exists, and I don't think we were proposing to change that. But I think this might be prejudicial to St. Mary's if let's say the school of architecture were to have its own separate admissions policy for undergraduate women, and then St. Mary's would be nothing more than a housing operation for them. We feel that it should be an educational operation.

Scholastic: If, as you recommended, the departments of the liberal arts college of Notre Dame and St. Mary's move toward greater and greater merger of departments, do you think that in that situation there would still remain a separate educational function for St. Mary's?

Park: Yes, if all of them were merged. We don't foresee that all of them would be merged, not immediately, as I guess the report makes clear. Yes, this is the point we wanted to make in saying that we believed an innovative program at St. Mary's could be developed. We are not saying what it is, but we think that it could be done for undergraduates and could do something different from what Notre Dame does. So I think the answer is yes, even though the departments were merged for housekeeping importance. And also, I think, to inject the importance of graduate instruction in connection with undergraduate instruction. I think we see this as a more unified operation than the separate undergraduate college without any relationship to graduate instruction at all. So that I think that the unification of the departments does not at all prejudice the development of an innovative undergraduate program at St. Mary's. In fact I will be willing to say it will even foster it.

Scholastic: From the diplomatic standpoint, how much of the report arose from needs you saw in relevance to the diplomacy between the two schools, was there any attempt to make the report particularly concilatory towards SMC or vice-versa towards Notre Dame?

Park: I think what we tried to do was to find as close to what the existing situation was, to see what the options were, and recommend those options which seemed most viable to us. I don't think there was any attempt to modify our recommendations, to change what we honestly believed to be the options.

orientation." Miss Tracey also felt: "There should be an exchange of residential facilities and this should have been included in the report, whereas this is just barely mentioned," and was disappointed at the "lack of a specific timetable for merger." She feels that the report is "too general," and that, as it stands, it could not be completely acceptable.

Bill Wilka, a junior who is a member of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's coordinating committee, was disappointed by the report but encouraged by the prospects of the co-ordinating committee building on it in its February 13 meeting. According to committee chairman Father Charles Sheedy, the group will present the consensus report from that meeting to the combined Boards of Trustees in March.

ENGLISH Professor Donald Costello, also a member of the co-ordinating committee, saw the report like this: "It seemed to me that it came out sounding like 'OK, gang, we're finally here—this is merger, but let's be careful of the rhetoric a little while longer so as to calm the St. Mary's fears.' They made no effort to sell it (the plan) to Notre Dame." He said he thought there was nothing that couldn't be achieved by direct admission of women into Notre Dame (instead of the merger with St. Mary's), but added, "I'm not advocating that, because I do think merger with St. Mary's is preferable."

In many respects, he shared Wilka's sentiments: disappointment at the report, but optimism about its eventual effect. "If this is the first step, which is the way I hope I can read it, maybe we can still go meaningfully co-ed through the St. Mary's route rather than through the direct admission of women."

Krashna disagreed. He said he thought the report, if accepted would be the University's last step toward coeducation. "It would be an excuse to hold onto something to please the alumni and the public—and stall the main questions."

Costello was critical of the report's description of Notre Dame as a professionalized, graduate-study oriented institution: "This may have been a genuine fear on the part of St. Mary's and this may be why they brought it out in the report. They might have thought that we really were a graduate-oriented institution. I hope not. I hope they know enough about us to know that undergraduate education around here is pretty damn human. It's a false assumption that St. Mary's is humanistic and Notre Dame professional. That just ain't the case."

Costello said much of the distrust and confusion surrounding the attempted merger is rooted in identity problems: "We know caricatures of each other, and that's what Park and Mayhew had to put up with when they met with us. But I don't think their report did anything at all to break them down. I did just the opposite. It helped perpetuate them because it brought up all the fears and took them seriously: the fear that we would engulf St. Mary's, that they have a liberal tradition and that we are professional."

Asked about the legal and moral implications of the report's recommendation that women be restricted to degrees from only one college in the University, Costello responded: "I don't know enough about the law to answer the legal question. I would say that it does become a moral issue, that discrimination is in and of itself wrong. I frankly hadn't thought of it in those terms, which may be just another sign of our male chauvinism."

MOST people interviewed agreed that the report added no substantial insight to the coeducation discussion. As Costello said, "There was nothing here that we couldn't have said ourselves, but it needed to be said by someone else because there is such a state of distrust (between St. Mary's and Notre Dame)."

No one seemed to have any idea what Park and Mayhew meant by their suggestion that St. Mary's College in the University of Notre Dame provide "an education primarily designed for women." Committee Chairman Father Sheedy didn't know, Costello didn't know, and Consultant Park said she wasn't sure that it meant anything.

But amid the uncertainty and continued co-ed confusion, Sheedy and Costello remain optimistic. "I think it will move along all right," Costello said, "especially if the right person is appointed co-ordinator. At this point, it seems to me that personnel are vital. Once the corporate merger is established, the dynamics of the situation will carry us through the remaining obstacles. It's essential as soon as the corporate thing is taken care of to make some hard and firm decisions on the issues, such as living together and eating together. And I'd be disappointed if the corporate merger wasn't finalized before the beginning of the next academic year. I think we'll all be furious if it isn't set up before then."

"Will the courtship flounder until senility?"

PROFESSOR Edward Goerner labeled it "a subdivision of ed biz called ed bull." Father Charles Sheedy called it the "first step" in a long-needed move toward complete co-education.

The authors recomend their report have widespread dissemination and discussion" on the two campuses over the next few months, so anyone interested will have the chance to decide between the two polar positions. And everyone will encounter the same verbal labyrinth that has confused, to one extent or another, all who have read the report thus far.

Numerous ambiguities can be found over the fourteen pages of the document — some caused by the nature of education rhetoric, some by what must appear to be an attempt to calm the fears of each institution.

Rosemary Park denies any attempt to conciliate or even "modify our recommendations." If this is true, if in other words, the report represents a true indication of what Park and Mayhew envision as a plan for meaningful co-education and not merely an attempt to ease two stubborn institutions into a first step, then several fundamental questions need be asked, and a number of clarifications demanded, before things go much further.

A look at several passages of the report, especially in context, produces five immediate and critical questions. There are more; what follows are simply the most striking and disturbing.

The authors state it would be "unfortunate" for Notre Dame to go co-ed on its own, since it would lead to "direct competition with St. Mary's (page 3)." It is clear that Park and Mayhew believe such competition would result in the death of the smaller school, but any real drawbacks for Notre Dame remain noticeably unstated. Despite what amounts to imperialistic condescensions by many at Notre Dame, St. Mary's clearly has much to offer in any merger. Unfortunately, Park and Mayhew lose themselves in vague abstracts here, and fail to demonstrate *why* an impatient Notre Dame community should wait through this slow, step by step process, when it knows it could go co-ed alone.

More disturbingly, the consultants seem to have grossly misunderstood at least the character of Notre Dame when they characterize it as "stressing graduate and professional work (page 3)." Everyone interviewed by the SCHOLASTIC on both campuses felt this was done to conciliate St. Mary's, to give an identity to the college's uniqueness which many at that college fear is threatened by a merger situation. However, Rosemary Park says no to this explanation; she states that the report was not at all watered down, that it accurately represents the consultants' findings. The rest of the Park-Mayhew report, including the proposal, and recommendations for enacting that, rest on just these identities for the two schools: marriage seems built on disturbingly weak foundations.

After chronicling the problems of the co-ex program, the authors describe their proposed future St. Mary's College as offering a "viable and reasonably comprehensive undergraduate program designed primarily for women (page 7)." The statement is terribly vague, and is never clarified in the report (though Park herself elaborates in the accompanying interview). Will this be the only school in the University where women may enroll? If so, as it appears, does this amount only to a sophisticated co-ex program? Can Notre Dame morally or legally pursue such a course? Will the curriculum in this new college degenerate to nothing more than a chronic channeling of women into "teacher preparation and health-related fields (page 13)"? Does the new system attempt a substantive or merely a nominative change? Is meaningful coeducation still a day dream?

FUNDAMENTAL to the proposed plan is the position of Co-ordinator with undefined powers (and/or responsibility) for finances, curriculum, personnel, services, department mergers and experimental programs, not to mention the mechanical problems involved in the marriage. Can such a person exist? Will such power be more than official? Why did Park and Mayhew choose to let the position remain so vague?

Finally, it must be asked whether the changes proposed are substantive or merely corporate? In other words, does the proposed merger involve anything more than an interlocking (or common) Board of Trustees and a much closer cooperation in the exploitation of physical facilities? Certainly, several important areas of change are approached: the administrative hierarchy, pooling of various services and development plans, common student codes, appointment of women to faculty positions at Notre Dame "with a view to providing . . . a group of distinguished women professors," movements toward experimental education programs. But completely untouched are the complex problems surrounding departmental combinations, the male-female ratio within the whole University, residence halls and the nature of the two merged institutions.

If the report is accepted, promises would be exacted which seem capable of blocking co-education aside from co-operation if either partner fails to meet expectations. And it must still be asked: Does the report tell anyone anything that Father Sheedy couldn't have said two years ago? Is this plan seen by its creators as a last step, given the complete absence of any proposal for increased female enrollment? Is the merger, as proposed, anything more than corporate? Is it co-education, and not simply closer cooperation? Does the Park-Mayhew plan offer to the two schools any meaningful direction? Or must the two neighbors, courting so timidly so long, flounder neighbors until senility? □

perspectives

the significance of the physical

stanley hauerwas

As a way of responding to the discussion of abortion occurring on campus (and the subsequent articles in the Scholastic) I had intended to write a review of Daniel Callahan's excellent new book, *Abortion: Law, Choice, and Morality*. The book seems to me exemplary in both its research and integrity. However, I have decided that the best way to indicate the importance of this book is not by repeating Callahan's analysis but by building on it. For the primary virtue of this book is the assumption that the abortion question is not subject to simple solution or argument in spite of the assertions of those who favor and reject it. He argues conclusively that appeals to biological, medical, or social "facts" are not morally conclusive in themselves without appeal to a wider ethical framework. Callahan has therefore performed an extremely important preparatory task for any serious discussion of abortion. My attempt in this short article to develop a more normative argument concerning abortion is possible only because I can assume his work.

Callahan is concerned primarily with developing a moral policy statement around which a consensus can be formed that will point in the direction of a solution to the social problem of abortion. Contrary to this I am trying to illuminate the problem for the individual moral agent in terms of specific theological commitments and notions. The further questions—of whether Christians should be concerned about a society's social policy in this respect, the form such a concern should take, and what such a policy should actually be—I am not attempting to consider.

Since I am not able to take up such questions in the limits of this article I think it is important to at least make clear that the normative judgments I make should not be taken as having a clear social or legal implication. The legal issue and the moral issue while somewhat related are not the same. The internal morality of the law, i.e., what makes good law, is not necessarily determined by the moral issue in itself. Further questions still remain. It is quite possible therefore that one might argue that abortion is morally evil and yet be doubtful whether outlawing it makes good law in the light of undesirable social consequences or the internal reality of the law.

I should also like at the start to dissociate myself from the present Catholic position on abortion, or at least from what I consider to be some of the worst features of the argument. For it is not the conclusion of its argument that bothers me so much as the form and content of the argument supporting the conclusion. I am thinking of the tendency to limit what is at stake in the abortion situation *only* to the question of the preservation of physical life. Moreover the kind of ethical analysis associated with the question of abortion invariably seems to be more from the perspective of an observer rather than the actual moral agent. From such a perspective the moral issue is interpreted to be one primarily of conformity to law rather than a responsible decision made in relation to the other claims of the situation (medical concerns, family responsibility, economic hardships, social consequences). While it is true in principle this kind of argument has made no distinction between the value of the life of the fetus to that of the mother, in practice it has tended to weigh the issue toward the former by its failure to account for the moral viability and possibility of some forms of direct abortion.

My major dissatisfaction with this position, however, is its theological implications. In support of its conclusions, it has made vague appeals to God as the sole governor of life. In such a context God appears as the ethical warrant for a cruel necessity of fate, as his will is identified with the preservation of physical life in preference to all other aspects of our existence. Such an understanding of God's will does violence to any genuine notion of God's providential care of human life and his willingness to assume human freedom a part of that providence. The primary problem with the principle of double effect in this context is not its moral logic, but its assumption that theologically physical life has prima facie claim to all others. By so doing it has theologically prepared the basis for the modern abortion mentality as the assumption that we can do what only God can do—that is, determine what counts and is valuable for life. It is not a too distant step from the insistence that life is to be protected at all costs, to the assumption that the love of the mother or whether the child is "wanted" determines one way or the other the right of the infant

to live. (Of course I am not denying the importance of the mother's love for the infant's own development, but that is another matter.) Both assume the presumption that man can determine the significance of life.

In contrast to this I propose that the main presupposition for the Christian in relation to the question of abortion is the problematic value of life itself. It is extremely odd to see the one people who supposedly have been given the grounds not to fear death ethically assume that life must be continued at every moment as far as possible despite the costs. The Christian's concern for life is not grounded in some naturalistic assumption of man's inherent instinct and right for life. The "sanctity of life" when it is interpreted as an inherent claim of life's value stands as a denial, not an affirmation, of the Christian's understanding of the finite nature of this life.

For the Christian, life is significant only as it is seen as a gift of God. The reverence for life thus cannot be construed as an attribute of life itself; rather it is an attitude that corresponds to God's eternal decision to value man as part of his very being. Life therefore cannot be regarded as a right, but only as a gift.

IT MAY rightly be objected that these broad theological affirmations do little to inform one's reflection on the nature and morality of abortion. The use of the word "life" in the above paragraph is extraordinarily ambiguous. It makes no distinction between life of the species, physical, and rational-personal (individual) life. Nor does it indicate in any way on which of these aspects of life relative ethical weight is to be placed. Rather what such affirmations do is remind us that there is no "neutral" description of life (an assertion that can equally be defended on strictly philosophical grounds); that the attribution of "living" to anyone is a moral decision; but that theologically we also must not assume we have the insight as to what counts for life. This is the basis for the Christian's hesitancy to distinguish between the various values of life by choosing to let some live and others die.

But choose we must in this life and if we are not to let this position lapse into fatalism we must make relative distinctions. In respect to the issue of abortion the crucial question is the theological significance of the physical. For it is clear that the fetus cannot be considered to be a fully self-determining being (though recent research has suggested that the fetus is not nearly so passive as is often assumed), but rather is the physical basis through and on which our capacity for self-determination depends.

Theologically the physical has significance as the basis for man's reception of God's grace. It is extremely important to understand this correctly; there has always been a great temptation for theologians to give status to mankind's tendency to presuppose that only when a man is spiritualized is he worthy of God. The physical has often been treated as but a necessary stage that men must transcend in order to reach the "full-humanity" God intends for them. The physical, however, is not the basis for man's "full-humanity" before God as a platform to arise from, but rather we can come before God only as our "full-humanity" is embodied through the physical. Salvation may be the intensification of the physical, but it cannot be its denial.

In less theological terms this means that we must recognize that our lives are inherently concrete and particular. I cannot be anyone I wish, but whoever I am and become will be done at least in part as the rather clumsy, balding, and inextricably Texan I am. I cannot love all women, but only the woman I am joined with in marriage. I cannot regard children as precious unless I learn to regard my constantly drippy-nose son as a marvelous gift. I cannot love or serve mankind, but I must serve this man or this institution with all the ambiguities of their historical existence. To recognize the significance of the physical means that we must constantly fight against our tendency to see the particular as but the manifestation of the universal, for the universal comes only in the form of the concrete.

In the current abortion debate the church is again being tempted by the cultural spiritualizers of our day to assume that real man is something more than and in spite of the physical. The call of these new gnostics is indeed tempting, as they appeal to our most refined aesthetic and ethical tastes to indicate what makes human life truly human. Theologians have often succumbed to this point of view in their interpretation of man's sexuality, as they assumed that only as our sexuality was ignored or denied was it acceptable before God.

These assumptions of man's flight from the physical seem questionable in the light of contemporary philosophical psychology, but theologically they must be resisted as but another attempt of men to deny that they are creatures of the dirt. Those who assume that abortion is a relatively insignificant moral matter because the fetus is only "physical" are but manichees in a new form. What we tend to forget is that the hard challenges to the faith come not in the form of crude materialists, but rather as the defenders of the highest spiritual goods in the name of ideal humanity.

IT IS CLEAR that the Christian should therefore have a strong bias in favor of the fetus development. Of course this does not answer the question of when does life begin, for theological categories do not in themselves supply such information. One must simply admit that there is a fundamental abritrariness to any account of where physical life begins. However it does seem that at least by the time the zygote has reached the blastocyst stage and implantation into the wall of the uterus has occurred there are present all necessary conditions for the fetus to develop to terms.

I want to be very clear about the nature of this assertion. I am not trying to claim that the factual nature of the blastocyst necessitates attributing to it the status of life, but rather I am arguing that if the notion of life I have defended theologically is to be meaningful, there are good reasons to count the blastocyst as life. The simple physical nature of the blastocyst does not determine what meaning the idea of life has, but rather the idea of life determines why it is significant to regard the blastocyst as an important aspect of life. Of course there is no reason in principle other accounts of life

might not be possible; however, I think that not only would they be theologically doubtful but they would appear extremely odd in terms of any common sense understanding of life. In other words, I do not think it impossible for someone to agree with the conclusions of my argument while not necessarily sharing the theological presuppositions.

When the argument is put in this form it helps illuminate the assertion some make that the fetus should only be regarded as another piece of tissue in the mother's body. Against this many call forth the factual nature of the fetus in terms of its genetic and physical originality. But such appeals are only good insofar as one assumes that the idea of individual life includes these kinds of physical characteristics. The hard question put to those who regard the fetus as tissue is not the factual one, but rather what view of life have they accepted by doing so. One must ask in what way their appeals to the "quality of life" to justify abortion include or deny the kind of life they refuse to recognize in the fetus.

EVEN though I have argued that the fetus has a prima facie claim to life, it is quite another step to assume that there are therefore no overriding claims against the fetus. God's gift of life is not limited to the physical, but rather the physical is an inclusive aspect of all the richness of our personal-individual life. It may be that there are occasions when a choice has to be made between the relative significance of these forms of life. I do not think that theological-ethical reflection can in itself determine the good (or perhaps better the lesser evil) of such situations, but it can perhaps raise a few questions which can help the agent see what is at stake.

The primary problem to be avoided in situations where life is in question is the arbitrariness of our subjectivities. The human capacity to give "good" reason for being able to ignore the existence of the other, even to killing him, should never be underestimated. The more serious and basic the moral issue, the more we are forced to make clear and justify our inchoate moral feelings which are sufficient for less significant issues. In relation to abortion perhaps the best check against ourselves is to ask how the proposed abortion can be meaningfully distinguished from, or the principles that support it can be made non-applicable to, infanticide. In the light of such a question, criteria emphasizing dependency of the fetus, social stress, and economic deprivation seem problematic at best. For surely it is largely sentimental and cultural hesitancy that prevent such criteria from being applied to the four-month-old infant as well as to the four-month-old fetus.

It is, however, important to notice that this way of putting the matter makes clear that every case of abortion need not be subsumed under the category of murder, though some cases of abortion may be so described. While I should not deny that every case of abortion may have some physical similarities to murder, it is important to maintain the distinction as a way of indicating that there is often more descriptively and morally involved in an abortion than murder (insofar as murder involves more than killing life, but is an unjustified attack on the innocent). The difference I think is not that the object of one act is usually thought of as a conscious individual while the other is not, but rather that the intentionality (which is not necessarily the same as the conscious intention of the agent) of the act of abortion is not the same as the intentionality of the act of murder. The mere fact that we tend to think of the former often in terms of the lesser of two evils is sufficient to distinguish it from murder.

What is needed if we are to establish in a more disciplined way the possible tragic but moral necessity of abortion is to compare it to other situations in our experience where the taking of life seems to be unavoidable. It is only when we engage in that kind of reflection that the implication of the morality of direct abortion will be clear; or perhaps better put, it is then we will better understand ethically what abortion is. I suspect that the upshot of such a process for Christians will be to seriously limit the possibility of abortion, for it is just such a reflection that will make clear that the abortion situation involves not only the question of the life of the fetus: it takes out a much more fundamental draft on the meaningfulness of all forms of human interdependency.

I realize these kinds of considerations may appear at best irrelevant to the young girl and mature woman who find themselves with an unwanted pregnancy, who feel that they are the suffering subject of a masculine ethos, and who feel nothing more toward the fetus than revulsion and hate. I am not suggesting that perhaps the best thing for all concerned in such a situation is to have the fetus aborted. Rather I am trying to at least make clear that this act of abortion cannot be seen as just an isolated act, but involves fundamental options about the nature and significance of life itself. What is at stake here morally is not the moral animus allowing one to point a judgmental finger at the murderer, but rather what kind of person we wish or ought to be.

In this connection I find some of the popular assumptions about the morality of abortion rather shallow. For example, many assume that in situations where there is a danger to the life of the mother by the continued growth of the fetus not to abort is positively immoral. To be sure, I should not wish to deny such a possibility; but to assume it is the only alternative is to limit too severely the moral possibilities. It may well be that a woman is so committed to a particular understanding of the nature of human life that she willingly suffers the possibility of her own death in order to be faithful to that commitment which her whole life as wife and mother has expressed to that time. Of course the situation may call for more complex considerations in terms of the claims of the father, other children, and wider social responsibilities. I should not wish to give a warrant to any moral argument that could ignore these kind of considerations, but it may be that these claims are morally based, or at least independent with, the ethical options involved in the attempts to protect the fetus.

One cannot help but feel that many who argue for a positive moral policy for abortion are committed to what is essentially a bourgeois ethic of self-satisfaction. This is not easily seen, as they often appear radical against the shallow moralisms of a too contented middle-class. But this should not hide the essential similarity

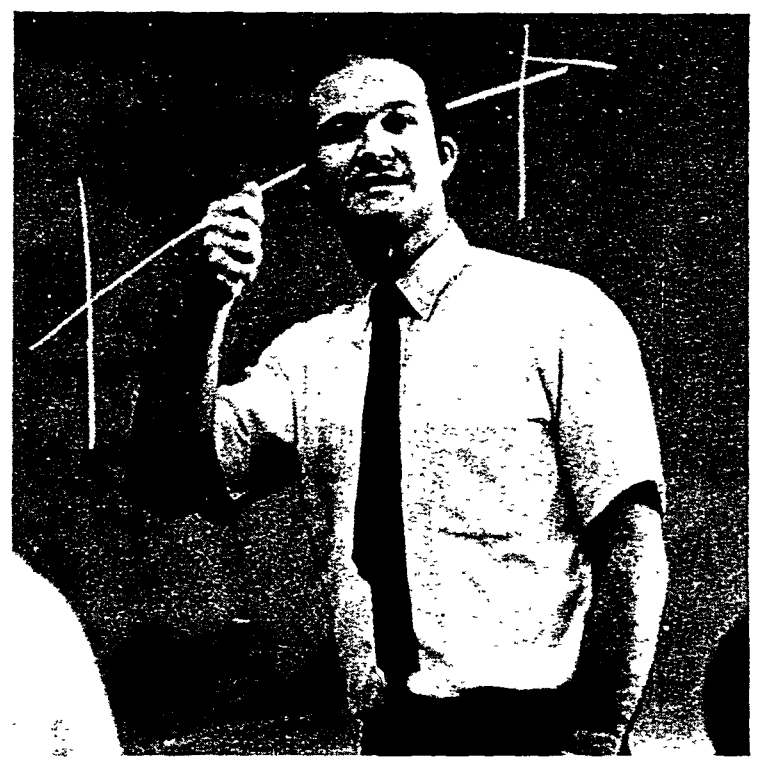
some pro-abortionists share with the suburban man they so despise. The difference is one of style, not of substance. The middle class man does not want to be bothered by the conditions of the black-infant because he is too involved in dishwashers, lawns, and TV; the sophisticated radical does not want to be bothered by the demands of the fetus (and subsequent child) because it will upset her (and his) plans to read Camus and live a "completely meaningful and socially worthwhile life." They fail to see that one cannot live a significant life as an end in itself, but rather significance occurs only through accepting the demands of the seemingly insignificant.

This is of course an ad-hominem that should not be applied to all who argue for the positive moral values of abortion, but it is a challenge to those who do so to make their fundamental commitments clear. I cannot be greatly persuaded by those who justify the taking of life in the name of the quality of life unless they make very clear and justify of what such a "quality" consists. The reason I raise these kinds of issues at all is what appears to me a rather serious failure in the argument of many who base their advocacy of abortion in terms of the freedom of women and the underprivileged to determine their own destiny. It seems odd that they immediately assume "freedom" means the ability to secure an abortion, rather than the amelioration of the social conditions that seem to give cogency to the tragic necessity of abortion. Surely if they do not mean to argue that abortion is an end in itself they should at least be as concerned to develop institutional means (family allowance, child care, etc.) so that women and the poor might have a genuine choice to have or not have the child.

WHILE I promised not to discuss the implications of various abortion choices in terms of social policy, I should like to suggest that perhaps one of the dividends of a society which attempts to limit the use of abortion (which is not necessarily done best through law) is it must attempt to develop a fuller life for all its citizens. I am not referring here to the vague claims that anti-abortion societies necessarily embody to a greater extent the principle of "sanctity of life." I see no way to substantiate such claims, and I even suspect that the more conservative societies in terms of abortion at this historical moment tend to be more life-destructive than their opposite counterparts. Rather my contention is that abortion could provide a far too easy means for a government to reduce the overt misery of its underclasses without making the fundamental sacrifices necessary to deal with the substantial causes of their condition.

As a way of bringing together the various strands of the above argument I should like to comment on one of the most agonizing abortion situations—that is, where there is a fetal indication that the infant will be born physically or mentally deficient. Above I argued that the Christian's hesitancy to take life depended not on an assumption of the absolute value of life in itself, but rather on the confession that God alone bestows value on each of us. The Christian must therefore learn to intend such children as signs of God's grace given to call into question our human and sinful illusions of what counts for a worthwhile life. It is just such children who render problematic all of our criteria of the pretty, of normalcy, and of familial love. As such they must be regarded as among the most precious of the human community, for without them we would be left to our own limitations and devices. It is interesting to note in this connection that the hardest and most profound judgment on the shallowness of the American success ethic the pro-abortionist so often condemns, is the existence of these children.

By arguing in this manner I do not mean to deny the hard demands that the acceptance of such a child places on the family and society. It is sad but obvious truth that not many of us are prepared to take on the psychological, physical, economic, and moral burden that such children entail. I would certainly not recommend that all should undertake such a task. I would argue, however, that if the church is truly concerned about abortion, rather than concentrating on holding the line against legal reform it should perhaps turn its attention to being the kind of sustaining community in which parents would find the moral strength and physical support to have such children. For the Christian witness in this matter will only be good when we show ourselves genuinely to be people who in actual deed affirm that God is the only true giver and sustainer of life and of life's meaning.



Stanley Hauerwas spent his formative years in Texas, his normative ones in New Haven. After six years of study at Yale for his B.D. and Ph.D. degrees, he went to Augustana College in Illinois, where he spent the last two years. He is an ethicist currently teaching a Christian Ethics in Democratic Society course in the theology department.

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.

coming distractions

The ND-SMC **Contemporary Arts Festival** will present the Lyric Theatre this evening, January 29, at 8 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium. The Lyric Theatre is made up of personnel from the Annasokolow Dance Company, the Philadelphia Theatre Workshop, and the Philadelphia Composer's Forum. Their talents encompass dance, drama, music, and poetry, and their repertoire gently blends these art forms into a unified whole. CAF has found that in the past, dance groups have failed to attract a large audience at ND-SMC. By presenting lyric dance together with drama, music, and poetry, forms already familiar to the student, CAF hopes to introduce a facet of art that the student would be less willing to explore.

The Company will perform "Eleven Echos of Autumn," Samuel Becket's "Act Without Words," and "Moon Flex," from the poems of Albert Giraud. The Company's principle dancer will be Alice Condodina, director and choreographer of the Alice Condodina Dance Company, and affiliate artist of Hood College in Maryland. The Company will also feature music written and performed by George Crumb, director of the Philadelphia Composer's Forum, and 1968 Pulitzer Prize winner in music.

Dr. Arthur Lawrence, of Saint Mary's College Music Department, will give an organ recital in Sacred Heart Church at 8:15 p.m.

Cinema '71 will present the film, *L'Imortelle* on Saturday and Sunday, January 30 and 31, at both 2:00 and 8:00 p.m. in Washington Hall. Admission is $1.00 for non-members and free for Cinema '71 card holders.

The Ladies of Notre Dame will present the Annual Young People's Concert, Sunday, January 31, at 3:00 p.m. in the Library Auditorium.

Florence Kennedy will speak at 8:00 p.m. in the Library Auditorium on Monday, February 1. Miss Kennedy, a prominent black attorney, Civil Rights and Women's Lib worker, will speak on the politics of oppression.

On Wednesday, February 3, **Saul Alinsky,** professional community organizer, will speak at 8:00 p.m., in the Library Auditorium.

February 5 and 6 finds the **ND Hockey** team at the ACC hosting Denver at 8:00 p.m. both nights.

The ND Art Gallery in O'Shaughnessy Hall is currently showing a series of paintings from its permanent collection entitled "The Sense of Form in Art," along with a series of reproductions of famous 15th- and 20th-century Belgian paintings.

The Department of Architecture is currently displaying "Purchase Award Photographs" — twenty-two, award-winning photographs by internationally famous photographers, in the Architecture Gallery.

Moreau Art Gallery is featuring the works of Richard-Raymond Alsko, his lithographs, drawings and embossing, through February 18.

Vespers are held each Monday, Wednesday and Friday in Sacred Heart Church, at 7:00 p.m. Sunday Vespers are at 4:30 p.m.

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the glory and freshness of a dream

Most readers welcome the variety which usually characterizes a poet's first book of poems, even if that variety replaces the smoothness of tone and form they will find in his later work, if it is successful. Variety, in this case, is the result of the poet's struggle to form his voice and make first explorations of the feelings that move him to write. This is a difficult, uncertain struggle, one likely to be quite compelling to a reader who sympathizes with the predicaments of the creative artist. Michael Dennis Browne's first book, *The Wife of Winter,* is compelling in this fashion, all the more so because Browne is a very good poet. The book is unusually various: it includes children's poems, songs, occasional poems, elegies, two long sequences and an ambitious anti-war poem. But beneath the experiments with form (Browne succeeds, or gives promise of succeeding, at all of the above) is the more basic trying-out of Browne's whole way of looking at the world: at times his vision is complex and strained — so much so that it does not cohere.

We can give some idea of the nature of the problem by examining two typical stanzas from "The Visitor":

> Red books on the shelves, and purple
> The clock in the hall
> springs into the pools of its sound.
>
> A walk of ten minutes would bring me to the
> beech woods
> which are near.

In the last two lines of the first stanza, Browne's imagery becomes obscure. We do not usually conceive of clocks springing, nor do we think of sound as existing in pools. Such action and synasthesia could occur only in dreams, when the mind is freed from waking time and space, and the rationality of daytime life. These lines aim to bring language as close as possible to the workings of that inner life. The second stanza is totally different: there is nothing in its quotidian statement of distance to jolt us out of our normal way of ordering the external world. It is, simply, the transparent mode of talking or thinking which we use to look at the world outside ourselves. The movement and tension between these stanzas is apparent: the mind-in-a-dream is manifest in the first, while in the second the mind is window to a value separate from itself. It could probably be argued that these are two disparate locations of value; at any rate, they do demonstrate a sudden, radical shift of vision which occurs often and confuses the reader.

The above tension is not very new to our literature. Indeed, it has been the ground of argument between major poetic movements of the century. Browne's first stanza fits easily enough into Andre Breton's definition of surrealism as "pure psychic automism (via Freud) . . . to express the real process of thought." On the other hand, Browne's transparencies recall the doctrines of William Carlos Williams and his descendants: "there are only eyes, in all heads, to be looked *out of.*" Judging from Browne's professed admiration of Roethke (from the surrealist side of the dichotomy) and Lawrence (the other side), we might think of Browne as a young poet who has shared feelings and learned much from the masters of the previous generation — and in doing so, has assimilated the tensions which kept them at odds. The questions now are, how well can he handle the tensions? On which side of the dichotomy will he come down, or will he get beyond it?

In many of the longer, more ambitious poems, the impulse toward surrealism predominates, and the poems suffer for it. Image is piled upon image, and the structure of the poem (Browne lacks the surrealist's necessary skill with syntax) collapses beneath the weight. But there are many poems which do not collapse: the occasional pieces, for example, are usually successful. They begin with a concrete external event and sustain a strong sense of the event throughout. This event anchors and controls the psychic activity, and strong poetry is made, as in "Handicapped Children Swimming":

Light queues to be present

as these imperfect children
float, perched rolling on
the foliage of water, shredded

thick as May, shifting to new
flowerings of face, though their
limbs are weeds

It is natural that the most impressive of the occasional poems should be about children, natural because the volume's highest achievements are its "Songs for Children":

O who now sees the blind black bat
Wipe the moonlight from his wing?
O who now sees the midnight stream
Whose pebbles underwater sing?

O who now sees the clumsy bee
Breaking open the yellow rose?
Who tastes the cherries from the moon?
Who hears the doors of water close?

Who sees the spiders dance in secret?
Who sees the meadow-flowers turn blue?
Who can sing the night-owls' language?
Who sees? Who hears? O who?

A child's sense of repetition provides the structure; the dream language is here, surely, but here it is transformed by the whimsy of a world where dreams and external reality are not differentiated, and where, as these raptures suggest, Browne himself is most at home.

The clouds with silenced engines drift
The trees seethe with their birds
The river is thick with its currents
And my heart is thick with its words

My body is glad with dancing
My mind is filled with trees
The shadows are scattered through meadows
My heart is down on its knees

The river sweats under moonlight
The deer steps down through the wood
The air is energy always
The white thorns warn me of good

I have wiped my face with sunlight
And turned my back on my face
The sun is a mansion of madness
The moon is a restless place.

The warm stones float up in welcome
The water is strong to the touch
The water thrives in its ripeness
I love all rivers too much

I think that eight of these lines are genuinely bad poetry. That leaves twelve good lines, some of them wonderful.

rory holscher

Duke of Prunes

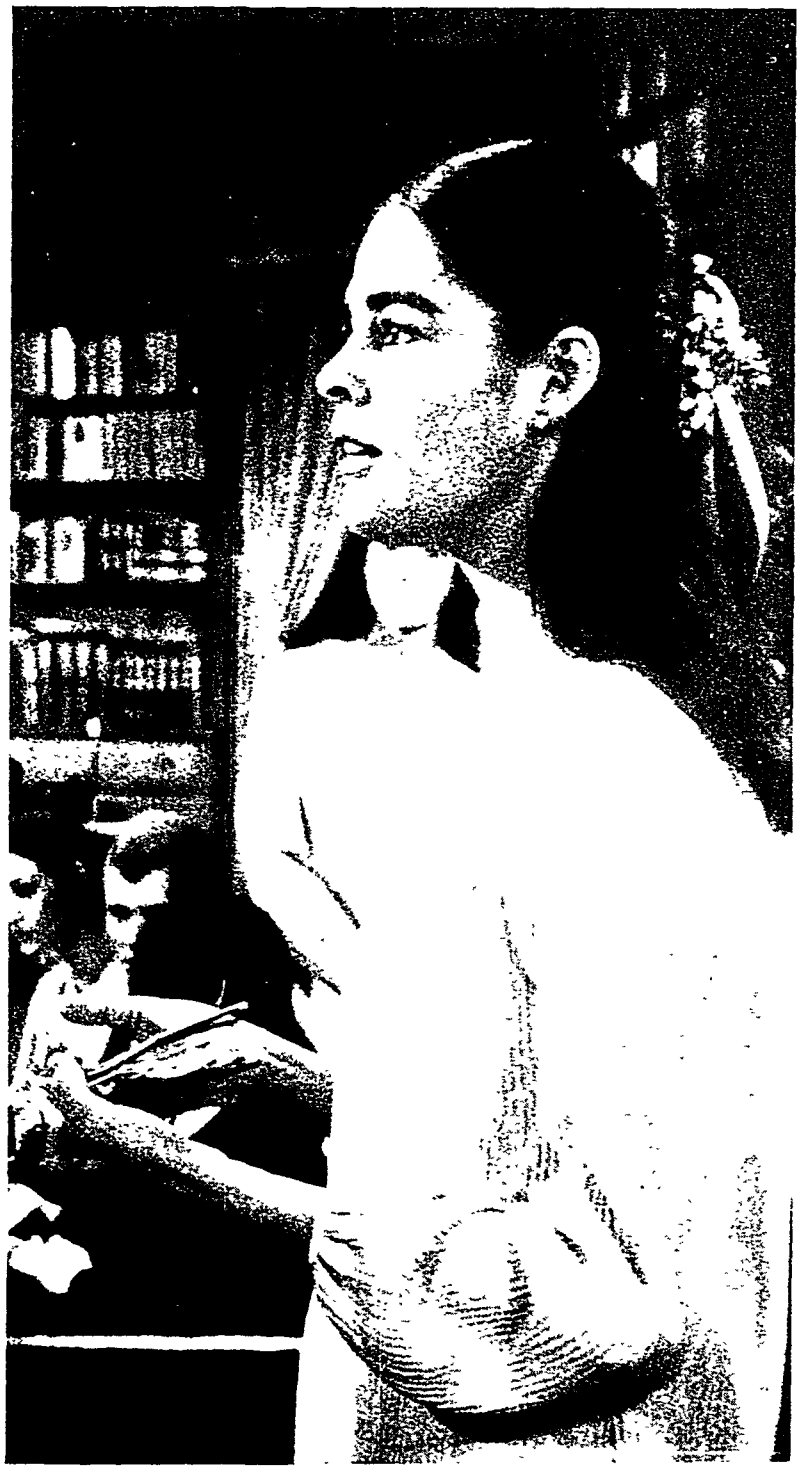
The problem in dealing with stereotypes is a problem not easily solved. On the one hand, the storyteller is left with the possibility of rigorously and meticulously developing the stereotype so that it achieves a measure of transcendence, of permanence, by its very stereotyped nature (the two characters in Godard's *Les Carabiniers* come to mind, also the two characters in *Easy Rider* — or perhaps in the interests of comedy or satire or pornography, again, the stereotype functions as a means to another end, an end which enables the stereotype to be forgotten in the momentary suspension of imagination. *The Love Story* is another matter entirely. It is not comedy, it is not satire, nor is it pornography. What is it then?

From the beginning, it is plain that the film is dealing in stereotypes, the more the merrier. The Dean of the Law School, the rich father, the bourgeois free spirit, the intellectual smarty, the jock — the film is indeed a ball of stereotypes, but also a ball of muddled confusion. As I cited in the preceding paragraph, there is the possibility for stereotypes to make a lasting impression, to achieve a measure of permanence, yet *The Love Story* for all its efforts, fails to lift itself out of the mire of just another mediocre film. The story is so sketchy and diffuse that the stereotypes are never even given a chance to develop. One is torn between the relationship of the boy and his father and the relationship between the girl and the boy and the girl and her father. For example: "I love you Phil . . ." is simply not enough to suggest or conjure up a picture of what a daughter-father relationship is (or was). It is mere speculation. The audience is required to engage in speculation to fill in all the gaps that the film (by its nature as a stereotype) must explore itself.

The diffuse quality is made all the more annoying by the subtle pretensions of the film to exploit sentimentality for the sake of a good cry. I am not against crying. On the contrary, after the film I cried, but for perhaps the wrong reasons. I put the main part

of the blame on the director. The actor and the actress after all do a fairly creditable job given the circumstances of the roles. There is a question of essence in my mind as to whether a "Harvard jock" is a contradiction in terms, but these are indeed strange times and my concern is probably unwarranted. The girl handles herself well despite an overabundance of Salingeresque cuss words, which are quite unbecoming and call undue attention to themselves. Inasmuch as Salinger belongs in the 50's, this is perhaps consistent.

The sentimentality is the sort one would expect to appeal to a 13-16-year-old audience. It is the sort of naïve emotionalism of the child and is certainly a far cry from the postconscious emotionalism of the growing individual. There is a pretension to maturity, to self-realization, in that the boy works for a living, studies hard, presumably enjoys a sexual arrangement (although the film is never clear on this), yet the impact of the film lies in a naive sentimentality



— which suggests that the film itself is immature, and incapable of the least a development of the stereotype. The film-maker has a story, he has his stereotypes (as all film-makers do), and he lets them sit. It is a bit disgusting.

Why bother to review a film like this? It is not arty, it is not intellectual, it does nothing but move women to tears, and men to remark on "how the good old days were." Good question. The film is public entertainment as well as art. I reviewed this film because I was struck by the fact, that as entertainment it was bad. The possibilities of turning stereotypes into something interesting were bypassed. The clarity and the precision which at least some older melodramatic films possessed (*The African Queen, The Man With A Cloak*) were here sacrificed to confusion. Technically the film is sloppy and unimpressive. There appears to be some overexposed footage, some very derivative focus fooling around (in the hospital corridor scene), and some monotonous "lovers together" footage. Endless pans do not a romance make. This takes away from what I thought were some nice tracking shots on the Harvard campus. The Mancini sound track is unfortunate.

We live equally out of our bodies
and out of our minds. R. D. Laing

The film (*The Love Story*) is not of its time and it is a good thing that it isn't. We seem to live for better or worse in a time-span when the individual is not the center of things, when being born into a family means nothing more than a number in a field, a psychological and physical piece of chewing gum. Films have only recently caught up with the world around them, and have begun to relieve themselves of the drowsiness that reliance on characters and traditional stories most always brings. The fact that there are no heroes or heroines any more signals the closing of what seems an antiquated form. *The Love Story* is a reaction to this. It is a reaction to the metaphysic of ideas that has taken over following the demise of the individual, the end of homocentricity.

Yet how pitifully inadequate the reaction seems, if *The Love Story* is to be taken as an example. Its feelings, its emotions, are so like a child's idealizations, that it becomes what it is struggling against, just another romance of ideas. This is too bad. An approach involving the symbolic, the use of relativity and mathematics, time and space perception might enable focus to be placed both on the individual as well as on what is beyond him.

Before I said that *The Love Story* was not pornographic. Maybe it is. In which case a new evaluation would have to be undertaken — perhaps the title would be *"the duke of prunes — an essay in platonic pornography."*

john stupp

the last word

It began this morning, very early, with a deep and imposing silence. So that by the time it was light enough to see, snow had painted the windward side of every building—changing the dried ivy on the older ones to intricate and wonderful grids.

Even with the light, always there is the silence that pulses through these seasonal rhythms, that supports the non-human world I wander in. And so I begin again—as I began in September because nothing has changed and the problems remain though I have laughed and sung and loved since then—with the silence Rilke recorded, the silence inside the question I fall victim to again and again. From this journal:

> I believe that in great conflagrations there occurs such a moment of extreme tension: the jets of water fall back, the firemen no longer climb their ladders, no one stirs. Noiselessly a black cornice thrusts itself forward overhead and a high wall, behind which the fire shoots up, leans forward, noiselessly. All stand and wait, with shoulders raised and faces puckered over the eyes, for the terrific crash. The stillness here is like that.

I fool myself if I ignore the silence. I fool myself if I believe it is inevitable, or even if I believe for one moment it is victorious.

Somehow we continue to speak, sometimes even nobly. We create new words to replace those that have died or been killed, we string these together to make new statements or to remake old ones, or simply to recall them to mind.

We speak to each other, we name the things we hold holy. We find in our words what we are and have been.

> Much has man learnt.
> Many of the heavenly ones has he named,
> Since we have been a conversation
> And have been able to hear from one another.

We teach, and know we are fortunate to hear from one another. We are thankful, still, more than before, for the times we have been able to teach, and for those who taught us how.

Inside the vortical stillness that comes with the morning of a winter storm, there is time for thought. As I wake, watching it all, I am thankful, when I understand that silence, for those who make conversation noble, and human: for the teacher, who reminds me once again of the old unspoken problems and who through his weakness makes flesh the possibilities untouched within me. I am thankful for the teacher, who recalls the necessity of speaking.

I am thankful for each of them each time, as now, I am tempted by the silence. This, then, is for them: the words they make new each time they speak. It is offered with sadness, because they are unheard and because each day the University refuses their gifts. It is offered with joy, for their presence.

—*Steve Brion*

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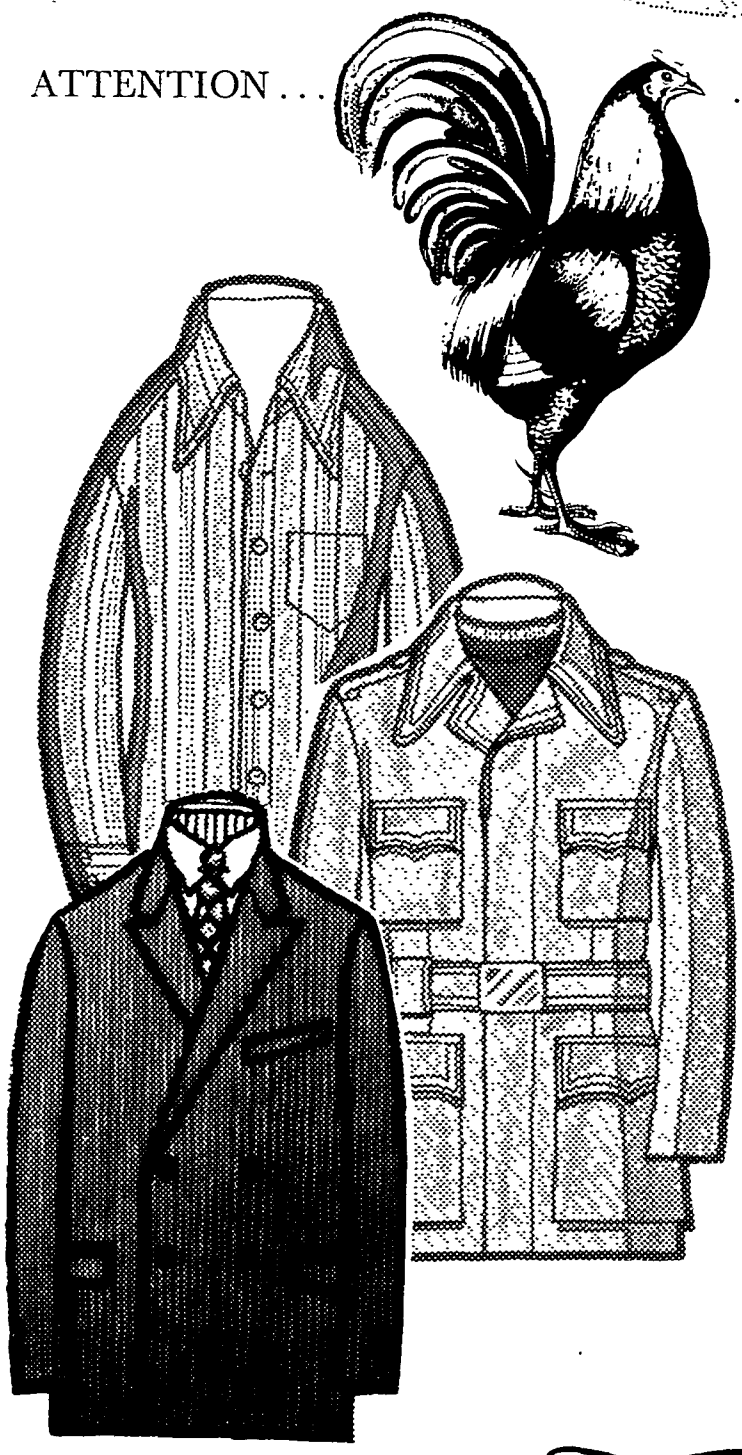

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