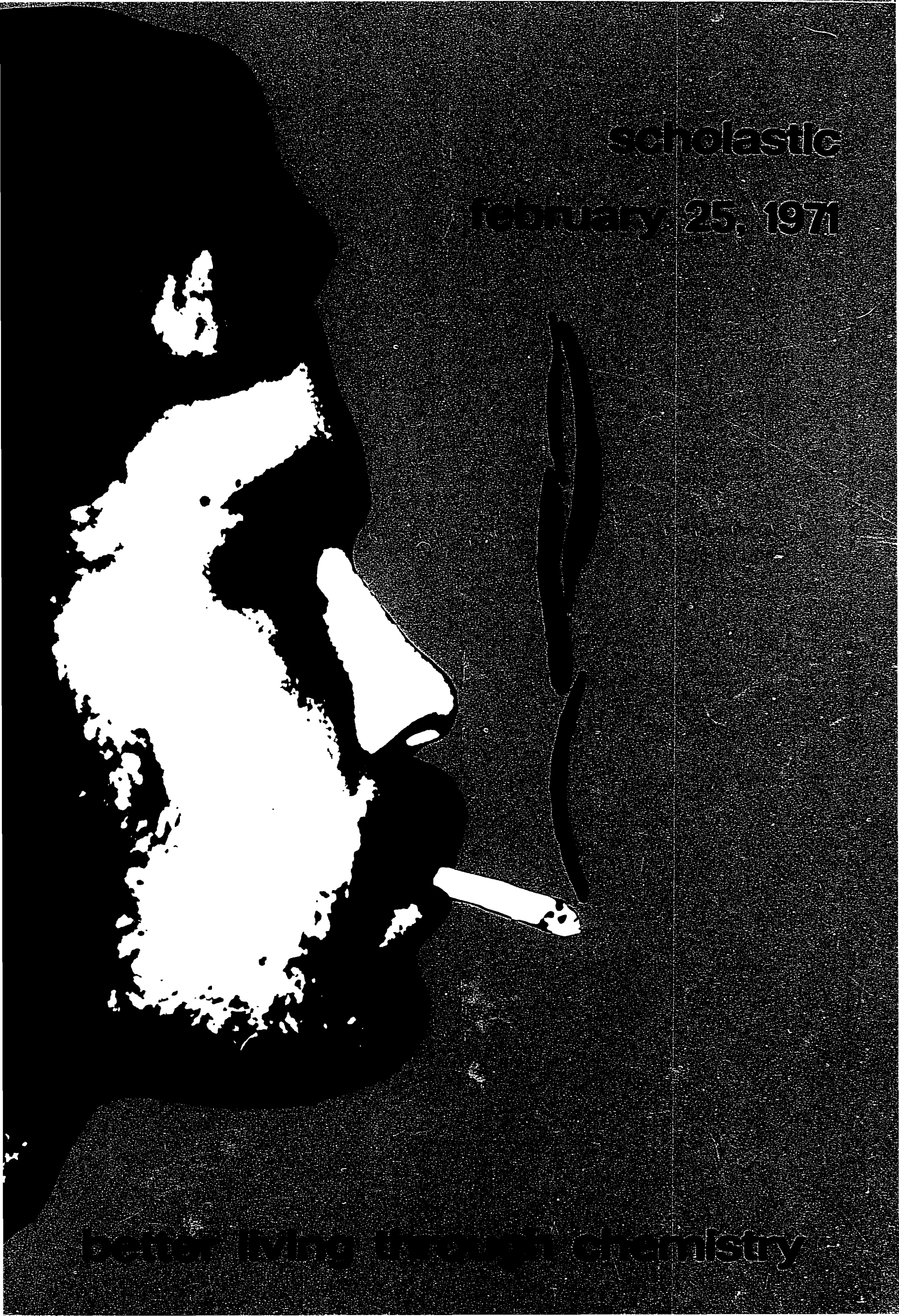


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editor-in-chief: steven brion

art direction and photography: jim coburn

managing editor: tom macken/associate editors: carolyn gatz, bill

mittell/assistant editors: steve dixon, jack fiala, rory holscher,

john stupp, bill wilka/assistant managing editor: greg stidham

sports editor: don kennedy

business: howie sutton/ circulation: cliff zmick

faculty advisor: frank o'malley

staff: john banks-brooks, tom booker, rick burns, greg chinchar,

jim fanto, bob garvey, phil glotzbach, tom gora,

joe hotz, nick kiernan, dave kravetz, mike mooney,

leo mulchahy, joe runde, martin siravo, mary ellen stoltz

business and circulation: joe leahy, ron hein, jack deschauer, marty zone

photography: jim hunt, michael lonier/ artist: ginny maloof

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Editorial

The Election: A Question of Attitude

In February of 1968, more than 1,200 Notre Dame and St. Mary's students debated and resolved their way through the first General Assembly of Students. Richard Rossie succeeded in his effort to pass his Student Power proposal, and the enthusiastic students left Stepan Center with a certain confidence that a good plan, in the end, would win the day for parietal hours, curriculum reform and coeducation. The quality of life at Notre Dame, it seemed, hinged on the quantity of student proposals for change.

Last week, fewer than 500 students walked out of Stepan Center—most with a generally pessimistic view of the quality of life here. Student Body President David Krashna had just cancelled the second session of a 1971 General Assembly of Students. The enthusiasm that was mustered during the one session that was convened (attended by about 900 students) seemed reluctant, and in no way reflected the sort of hope and confidence heaped upon Rossie three years before.

It is not a question of the difference between Rossie and Krashna; it is a difference of student expectations then and now. Most students are beginning to realize, as most liberals and radicals eventually do, that structural programs may make change possible—but will not seriously effect an individual's life.

Qualitative change will occur in a life only as a result of a personal willingness—a fact of life that reveals most campaign promises to be vastly overstated. Notre Dame and St. Mary's student are tired of being

told their life will be better if they vote for so and so. It hasn't been. It won't be.

All of which is by way of explaining the course The SCHOLASTIC chose to decide endorsements for the student body elections. Instead of asking the candidates about their programs, we asked them this: "Why shouldn't student government simply be abolished?"

The best answers, we believe, came from Don Mooney and Kathy Barlow. Both of them have ample experience in student government, but their rhetoric reflects a resistance to the self-consumption that often occurs in students who have become administrators. They are both aware of the failings of past programs on these campuses, and of the limitations of any program.

Politics in this year at this place, it seems, is not a matter of programs and policies. Neither it is a hopeless endeavor that should be abandoned. The question before us is not "will we live together?" It is "how will we live together?" It is a question of attitude.

More so than any of the other candidates, Don Mooney and Kathy Barlow—and their running mates Dan Sherry and Missy Underman—reflect an attitude of limited but firm belief in the capacities of government. It is only by means of an organizational attitude that is sufficiently suspicious of programs and confident in individuals, we believe, that we will be spurred to move ourselves beyond ourselves.

Which is what government, at least government in a university, is all about.

What Kind of Nation?

What kind of nation, we wonder, would accept and approve the sort of sophistry fed the American people by President Nixon regarding the invasion of Laos? What kind of nation would fail to resist a president's insistence on pursuing a murderous path, long-since seen as self-destructive, both morally and physically?

The United States has become this kind of nation, it seems, because the government has proved itself finally stronger than the people. President Nixon has succeeded in desensitizing a people already racked with guilt. He has succeeded in rendering futile the efforts of those already struggling with impotence.

The New Yorker, we think, assesses this disintegrating success with appropriate despair (their editorial of February 20 is reprinted in full):

After a period of uncertainty, the America-South Vietnamese campaign in Laos once again makes it clear that the United States is trying to win the war in Indo-China. When one uses the word "win" in connection with this war, it is necessary to specify exactly what one means. Our objective in going into Vietnam was to help a government fight its enemies until it could stand on its own. Attaining this objective, and nothing more than this objective, is what it would mean for the United States to "win" in Indo-China. It is this objective that has eluded us for a decade, and it is this objective that President Nixon seems to be still pursuing by extending the war into Laos. This, apparently, is what he is talking about when he uses the code words "peace with honor." "*Honor*" here means winning. The real difference between a dove and a hawk is not that a dove wants the war to stop and a hawk wants it to continue; it is that a dove wants us to get out of Indo-China whether the Saigon government collapses or not, and a hawk doesn't want us to leave until the Saigon government is strong enough to stand on its own. In saying that the President remains a hawk,

no one is suggesting that he loves war and hates peace, or that he wants our troops to stay in Indo-China just because he likes having them there. One is saying that, whatever he may want, he will end up keeping our armed forces in Indo-China, because he is unwilling to give up trying to achieve the objectives this country has failed for ten years to achieve. This is not something that the Administration always readily admits to. It claims that the campaigns in Cambodia and Laos are designed to protect our forces as we evacuate them, but this is almost self-evidently not the case. Our troops could leave speedily and safely without first attacking all the neighboring countries. The real purpose of these new military campaigns is to insure the survival of the Saigon government, not *because* we are leaving but *in order that* we may leave, and this is precisely the policy that the United States pursued under two Presidents before President Nixon.

Does this mean, then, that after several years in which it seemed plausible that the United States had changed its policy we have returned to the situation in 1967, when President Johnson was still convinced that the war could be won by military measures? Unfortunately, it appears that we are actually in a more discouraging position than we were then. What we see around us is a breakdown—or, rather, the evidence of a cumulative breakdown. It is a breakdown of Constitutional restrictions, public debate, and political action, and also a breakdown of will, judgment, and moral scruple. In short, it represents an extreme—although not, one trusts, final—collapse of the delicate constraints that a free people exercises over its war machine and its leaders. In Congress, in the press, and all over the country, there is a numbness, and even a paralysis, among the people from whom one might expect leadership in the current crisis. In 1967, with each escalation of the war one could expect a stiffening of the opposition. Each new move called forth a fresh response. In 1967, also, one could expect that as

politicians and the public learned more about the dangers of the war, and as the stories of crimes committed by Americans in Indo-China multiplied, the public's revulsion against the war would deepen, and would perhaps serve, in the end, to get us out. It seemed then that there were certain obstacles to new escalations—certain principles in the Constitution, certain limits to the abuse that the Congress was willing to take, and certain simple standards of decency that most Americans shared. But now it seems that all these obstacles have been faced and crushed. Two new borders have been crossed, the bombing of North Vietnam has been intermittently resumed, and the entire nation knows that, except for nuclear war and genocide, there is almost no crime that Americans have not committed in Indo-China. Our B-52s are ranging freely across the newly violated borders. When the B-52 strikes, it leaves a path of craters a mile long. In the month before the Laos campaign, there were roughly six thousand B-52 strikes throughout Indo-China. Yet, knowing all this, and having been moved to widespread protest on several occasions, the nation has now grown silent. Having looked at what we have done to Vietnam, we are doing it again in Cambodia and in Laos. Now that we have accepted all this, and have continued with the war, what is left that can stir us into finally leaving Indo-China? Is there any limit to what we will accept? Certainly it has been one of the particular triumphs of this Administration that, along with continuing to expand the destruction of Indo-China, it has destroyed the debate over Indo-China in the United States. The Administration's degree of success in this can be judged from the fact that few men in Congress or elsewhere challenged the Administration's statement that the

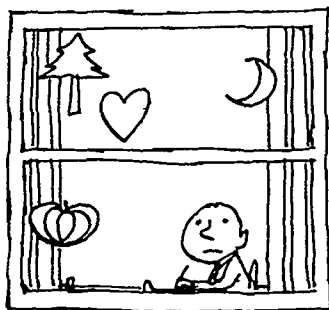
incursion into Laos was not a "widening of the war." But if it was not a widening of the war, then what *would* be a widening of the war? As for the press, it seemed so preoccupied with the "news embargo" that it presented the actual move into Laos almost as a footnote. Everywhere, except in Vietnam itself, where energetic preparations for the new move were under way, Americans seemed dispirited and tired. It is as though expansion of the war had been accepted as a natural law, like gravity, which no one can control and only madmen would even consider opposing.

But in reality to what extent has this war ever been under anyone's control? To what extent has it been obedient to any American's will or judgment? Have our Presidents been in control of the war? What has this war been if not the story of the breakdown of the governments control over its own actions? Does the record show that it ever enjoyed the power to do anything but bring senseless destruction or leave? Doesn't the record show that our Presidents and their advisers and our generals and all our other "leaders" who have "run" this war have been trapped in isolation and in ignorance of the war, their judgment destroyed by the flood of spurious "information" given them by overfinanced armed bureaucracies that had gone wild in a part of the world no bureaucracy understood? Now it appears that, in our weariness, the rest of us are in danger of succumbing to the hypnotic effect of the self-propagandizing machine one by one. Perhaps there are a few people in the White House or in the Pentagon who regard the opening of this new campaign, and the silence that has greeted it throughout the country, as a triumph for their point of view. What has happened, however, is not that the Administration has won

something and its opponents have lost something. What has happened is that a war that no one—not even the most belligerent hawks—ever wanted, or even imagined, has won a victory over America. This is not really a victory of one point of view over another; it is a victory of momentum over all points of view, a victory of violence over restraint, a victory of fatigue over vigilance and control. The events of the last two

weeks represent the subjugation of men by impersonal forces and the transformation of human organizations into blind machines, which have got out of control. It is something like a death of the spirit. This is no person's hour of triumph. This is the hour of the B-52. The B-52 casts its shadow over Indo-China, and over America, too. It has thrown off its harness, its victims have no place to hide, and its keepers are asleep.

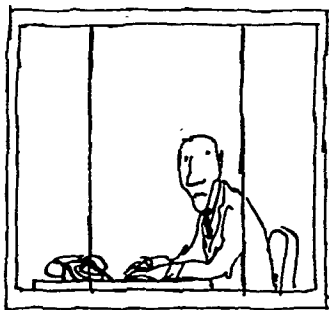
I THOUGHT SCHOOL WAS A JAIL.



UNTIL I GOT IN TROUBLE AND WENT TO JAIL—



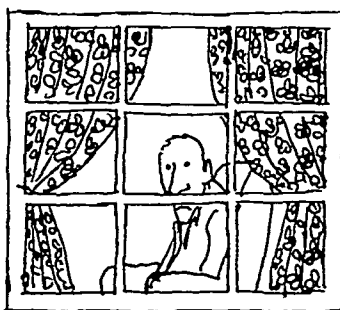
UNTIL I GOT A JOB. BOY, WAS THAT A JAIL!



AND LEARNED THAT JAIL IS EVEN MORE OF A JAIL THAN SCHOOL, A JOB, MARRIAGE, OR THE ARMY.



THEN I GOT MARRIED. EVEN MORE OF A JAIL!



SO FINALLY I KNOW WHAT FREEDOM'S ALL ABOUT:



UNTIL I GOT DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY. THE WORST JAIL YET!



THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE WHICH JAIL.



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John Stupp

Hunting Werewolves

My little brother and I have hunted werewolves many times, and this Christmas we seemed very close to catching one. All afternoon we followed his tracks through the snow, but he eluded us. Our luck was poor. We would often come upon the remains of his campfire still warm, but he would be gone. Sometimes from a distance we could see his breath hanging like a cloud in the cold air, but when we ran closer, it appeared that it was merely an optical illusion, a piece of smokey glass perhaps, an error that persisted in deceiving us. At every turn we were confronted with a blind alley. It was as if we were at the mercy of a force so vast as to defy explanation.

My little brother often worried about the chances of a werewolf turning and coming after us. I often thought of this. Soon afterwards I had a dream that puzzled me. I was running for a long time through a dense forest that stretched to the horizon. There was no way out. I was afraid to look behind me for fear I would see someone chasing me. So I kept running. It became clear that the forest would never end, and that I would eventually collapse and be left at the mercy of whatever was following. I became panicky. I felt I had to turn around.

* * * * *

A year ago I did some mescaline with a friend of mine who insisted that there was a werewolf in my closet. Naturally I thought he was joking. Still the thought persisted. Shortly afterwards, I moved to another apartment.

* * * * *

It became obvious to me that I was having difficulty living with a memory that embraced the future as well as the present and the past. I didn't know what to tell my little brother. I felt as if we may have been the same person.





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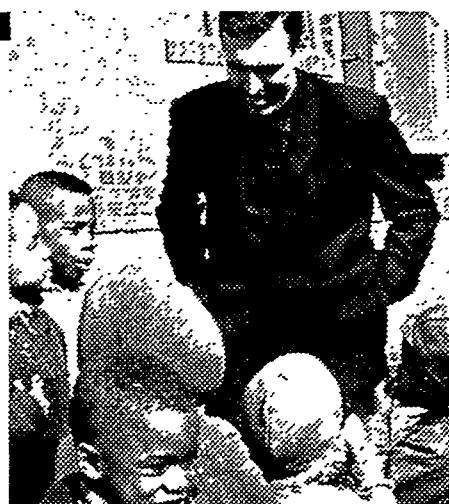
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I doing dope for fun and prophecy

IN this case, there are no cosmic rationales of any worth. Which makes it very difficult. The assignment is to describe the universal reasons why grass is becoming an integral part of the life of the Notre Dame student. For what reasons do men and women here indulge in pot smoking? The answers are at once hackneyed and, unfortunately, inaccurate universally. What follows is an attempt to illustrate the complexity of reasons which underlie drug usage at Notre Dame.

There are in my experience the Notre Dame drug mystics. These, if an example will serve to illuminate this quality of mysticism, are two friends who drew up an elaborate plot to capture the universal mind of God. They drew up the recipe in this manner: 1) get very stoned, very; 2) Borrow, steal or otherwise procure long white monk robes; 3) likewise procure a strobe candle; and 4) the proper solemn neo-gothic setting; 5) listen to Byzantine chants; 6) read the poetry of St. John of the Cross; and 7) meditate on the passion of Christ.

The plot was scratched. Not out of a dearth of sincerity or intense religious conviction. Rather, the plot was shelved for just these reasons. In the process of gathering the necessary ingredients, it occurred as a possibility to these two potential campus mystics that combining shallow religious wisdom, naïve alchemistic scientific enquiry and drugs might draw a very thin line indeed, between white and black. They feared magic. They could be tampering unwittingly with tabooed secrets of the universe.

I doubt it.

But they still smoked dope. The complexity was toned down, but these two still sought meaning in strobe candles, Byzantine chants, Dylan, and shaving

cream. They used less symbols, but symbols nevertheless, to attain transcendence. The transcendence was immanence. The Meaning was very important when they were stoned. Less important when they came down. But it was important and they held on to it. So, now they smoke dope for fun.

Another hackneyed "why," the mocking socio-ethical judgment rationale may also be demonstrated with an example. Harry despised middle class hard-hats. But, during the summer, he worked with them. In order to come back to Notre Dame to read Camus, he must make money. So, to tolerate hard-hattedness better, but most importantly, to engage in a little self-indulgent mockery, he put them on. He got stoned for lunch. It was great. No one in his crew knew that when he was handed a shovel, he was going to construct a miniature wild west set, not a drainage ditch. He reveled in their not knowing that.

But, his fellow crew members began buying Harry beer and telling him vile stories after work. He laughed with them. And despite his mocking other-worldliness, he left not a few friends when he came back to Notre Dame to read Camus.

So now he smokes dope for fun.

IN examining another proposed reason for drug usage, I can forsake the example. The example is a type: the escapist. The life of this type is one divested of or underdeveloped in meaning. Drugs are another world in which boredom or the conflicts of normality can be avoided—in mind. This head wakes in the afternoon, fills his pipe, and goes about his depressed existence, stoned, unbeknownst to all but a few. There is no

pleasure in it. Only a difference which seems better than before.

After, perhaps, a month he notices that he seems to be having trouble remembering names, people, events. He misses most of his classes, sleeps a lot, and spends most of his time listening to his stereo. He likes music with highs and lows and, oddly, the blues. He's bored. But, somehow, that is better than before.

The conflicts, however, don't go away. He must eventually come down. If he was bright, he isn't so bright now. If he had many friends, now he has a few. But disregarding this reorientation, which if he holds out will place him back where he was before, he's scared. But, most of the time, he doesn't hold out. He gets stoned. Then he's bored again. It's vicious. If he carries his self-destruction through dope to fulmination, ultimately, he becomes scared, not only straight, but stoned. That's the worst. He doesn't do dope for fun.

Then, there is the medicinal user. He's high-strung, nervous, ulcerous, or otherwise sleepless. Grass calms him down, occasionally, during the day or week. It puts him to bed at night. He dreams. He seldom remembers his dreams. He sleeps longer, more solidly. Arising in the morning is like struggling to escape some sinuous rack-monster. Sleepiness, in spite of coffee, lasts an hour longer than it would normally. The notes in early morning classes suffer, a little. But he sleeps, more cheaply and, so he feels, more safely than with tranquilizers.

He probably does. The medicinal user does dope for fun, too.

My last — by no means the last — example of a universal reason for drug usage is the one that I've referred to several times: fun. Fun is simply those activities done without any immediate purpose, and spoiled by purpose; it springs from the joy of doing or being other than we do or are normally. People eat out, dance, play football, party. And when people have fun stoned, the *feeling* in fun is enhanced. It feels great. These people smoke dope to feel better, that is, to have more fun.

They smoke pot, then eat a steak. Smoke and then cavort in bed. Smoke dope and see a movie. Smoke — dance. Smoke — drink. Smoke, and then rediscover everything in life that they have found is fun. These pot users simply experience the release in ecstasy — which is fun — more intensely. Sunday morning, however, is 3 p.m.

Back to the assignment.

WHAT I hope I have demonstrated with my examples and typing of drug users should be, but isn't always, obvious to most observers of drug usage on campus: there is no universal reason that people use or abuse marijuana. In one person, one reason that I've mentioned may apply, or all reasons, or some, variations of some, or reasons entirely different from the ones that I've chosen to examine.

The reason for drug use which I think applies best to the majority of Notre Dame drug users is a combination of variations upon the dearth of meaning in personal lives, boredom, and the fun ethic. It is an extension of the beer mentality. Much time available. Nothing considered important or meaningful to fill that time. Boredom. Beer . . . and/or pot.

But that theory is ultimately of little importance. What is important is that the person dealing with the drug user realize what Dr. Robert Lapin has so succinctly put:

It appears that the emphasis on group data has somehow forgotten that groups are composed of individuals, and quite possibly, the why of the drug issues, viewed from any perspective, resides with the individual, and not as collective group members. For drugs of any nature whatever to become meaningful in a person's life, the person himself must posit the relationship between himself and the drug. This relationship can take many forms, ranging from personal usage to moral, ethical, legal, or social value judgements. (And in most cases, probably would be multi-dimensional.) . . . The individual alone, through a creative intellectual act must posit the relationship between his own person and the issue, in our case, drugs.

It is very probable that if some perceptive analyst were to take apart and examine the way in which a certain drug user uses or abuses drugs, he would, at the same time, be taking apart and examining the component parts of that person as he is at that moment, or was before he began using drugs. Perhaps, it would be more enlightening to begin this process in reverse order — to examine the person, not the drug use — in confronting the more crucial question: what will this very particular person, in this particular university, in this particular time, in his affair with drugs, psychologically, physiologically, and morally, become?

stephen dixon

II and this god's name is abraxas

Kathy Cecil graduated from St. Mary's in 1970. This article is reprinted from the November 15, 1968 issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

THE aesthetic moment, the mystical experience — can there be any other point to this chaos?

Those who suggest a religious approach to the use of drugs (as opposed to a hedonistic one), prominent among them Timothy Leary, postulate a discipline for the mind which entails a great deal of pain. They are concerned with a mode of existing which revolves around the most essential of experiences.

A religion of experience is at best painful. The man advancing to himself finds it necessary to dispense with games. Every man has various pretenses with which he guards his ego and so moves through his life as safely as possible. But any prolonged maintenance of these pretenses invariably results in many fears. The tendency to hold obsessively to these games is perhaps natural but it also becomes the main part of relating to other people — to maintain one another's pretenses.

The priority of values suffers incredibly in a culture which epitomizes the superficial. When a man is judged by petty criteria rather than by those things that turn him on, then that value system is somehow lacking. A man cannot consume his life worrying about only the inconsequential. There is restlessness in every man which is his own. There is a part of him which must be aimed at being high.

A man and a woman learn of themselves together. They come to know themselves by bearing children and knowing those children. The beautiful must be their concern, must be what they give their children. They must learn when to love their children and they must know when that love is heavy. For everyone is finally alone and no one can define his life simply in relation to others. There must be some meeting with the abyss. There must be some recognition of the end. There is little time for seeking something but the peace of the ocean.

The concern of the drug religionists like Leary is for one's self as god, as shown in one's response to the world. The complexity of relating to the world and to other people is part of the journey to god. They have simply introduced a biochemical impetus.

The mind is a strange phenomenon and one which, if certain parts of it can be activated, can lead to strange heights of sensitivity. These heights and the

subsequent knowledge and experience involved are, for Leary, the only things of import in our existence.

The discovery of one's divinity includes all phases of sensual and psychic experience. Therefore, if one is to be thoroughly honest, one must experience the horror of chaos and isolation in human response. These regions are in many instances permanently locked in the subconscious. Some phenomenon must be introduced to jolt these memories. Acid is at the same time the most beautiful and terrifying experience. Anyone attempting this experience who is not somewhat familiar with his own mind takes the risk of confronting more than he can bear. It is for this reason that Leary emphasizes discipline. During panic your mind must have some word to scream.

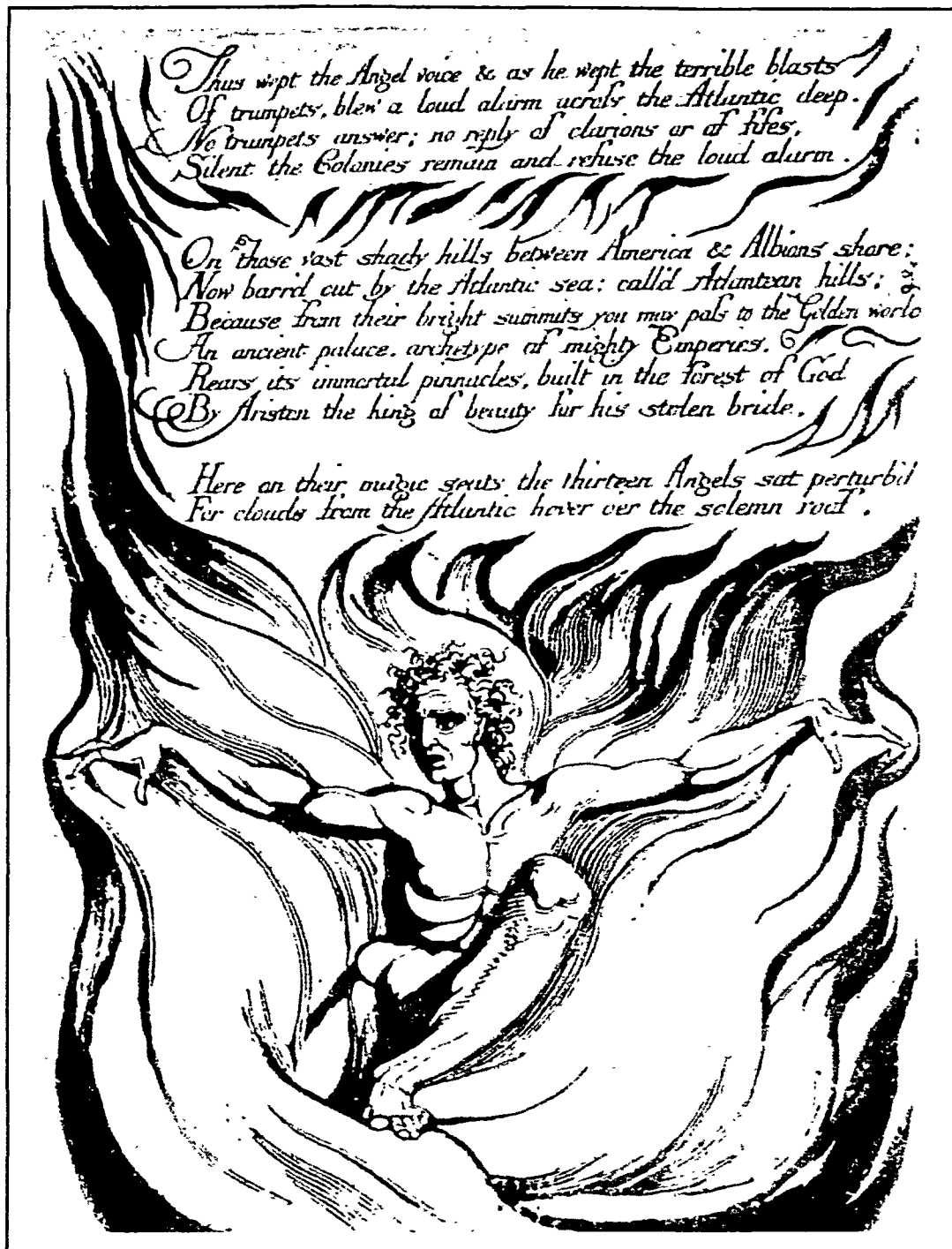
You must go naked into the jungle. But before you can hear the jungle you must feel drums in your breath. You must look down into your skin, to each layer of cells, down into the pit — to the "dark rooms of insanity." You must hear your om in all live things and in those things which man arranges, the colors Gauguin screws into your mind.

You must know the ocean that is your body and moves in tempests, breaks on rocks and softly opens for other seas. There are dark caves within your sea that are terrifying. You will be a child, laying back, seeing and feeling yet having no ability to speak. Perhaps you will be able to return to the womb, to the final black cave where you will confront the sea — the spirit of the earth from which you came. The danger comes as childish nightmares. You will see those points of mind where your honesty lies and you will see your own courage in being naked.

What prayer will you have when you are restless and have no words? "Some morning softly I will leave you, with only the word peace left behind me. This will be the prayer gift I leave you. It will be my prayer when I face the ocean — my prayer when the terror comes."

You will learn to sit in the black tree houses, in the fog of high trees, and there to sit quietly and listen for the morning. You will run in the wet grass, beneath thunder and lightning, and fall to lay with your back to the water. And you will be alone.

All the stone demons will creep from church corners and paintings to plague you. They will pass quickly, giving you vast moments of fear when you will ask from what store in your head you created them. And you will hear what they tell you.



Watch those who want to fix your head. Push them softly from you. If you are afraid to be alone and reach for them, they will send you running through the streets with a scream. Never will the magic of a warlock bring you peace. Go instead to your mother earth and to your father the sun. Go to the jungle, know its colors and its animals. Feel all of its many rains. Then you will recognize your sacred place.

The ocean is a sacred place. For some it is the pull, the abyss that is at their end. It may be in storm, smashing them, as madly they go to it. To some it may come quietly, pulling sand from their feet and returning a rush so cold with water that they run to be in it, to be at the edge of their minds. They know peace when they are finally with the ocean.

Perhaps you will stay a while only near the sea, to know its times and colors, for you must know them well. You will see the ocean and know it inside your body. It will be on your body, pounding its storm with yours. It will be a man who pulls you quietly along the water's edge and teaches you of the storm. Together you come to know your roots in the earth and your roots in the sun, quickly you move through your days, gently on the way to the sea.

LEARY brought words with the simplicity of the primitive, the pull of the ocean. He spoke of planting seeds, of being close to dirt and watching spiders in the grass. He spoke of the primitive black of the earth's strength.

Other levels of consciousness are possible and can be utilized. The depths of mind that result from childhood experience and prolonged thought can be seen very clearly. Decisions can be made, pretenses can be abandoned. Hassle must always be sacrificed for quiet, and small things that are often worries can be eliminated in view of problems most vast. The beauty of confronting yourself as child, as sea, as caterpillar can hardly be conceived. It is a strange way-back into the mind. Bad trips can teach you where honesty breaks and your hangups lie. Good trips can show you dirt spots as beautiful as water and people without games, coming with open hands to your sea.

Terror and beauty are unlocked simultaneously. Leary asks only the discipline that any truly sensitive mind knows in some form already. But terror and beauty become you.

kathy cecil

III bad place for a bummer

THE ND-SMC student seeking drug information, counselling, or medical aid is faced not only with inadequate facilities, but also with an antiquated attitude on the part of authorities towards drugs and drug usage. The following gives a rundown of facilities currently available for drug problem services and the extent to which they provide help for the taster, seeker, or head.

The drug information center, located on the first floor of the Memorial Library, provides facts about drugs in the form of government issues, periodicals, reports of public and private organizations, reports of medical associations, etc. No legal or psychological services are offered—except the written information at hand. The officers admit that they have no adequate means to help any drug user, medicinally or legally.

Dr. Arens of the infirmary states that the infirmary has no standard procedures or facilities to handle drug cases. "If drug cases (including bad trips) arise at night, the infirmary sends the person downtown to St. Joe's hospital. In general, drug cases or problems are referred to the 3rd floor Psychological Services."

Students seeking help from Psychological Services seem rare, with approximately two or three explicit drug cases being handled per year. This slight number may be due in part to the attitude of the Center, expounded by its director, Father Dunn: "Frequently drug usage is an attempt by the person to deal with his problems, conflicts. It is usually designed to avoid a confrontation with the problem, or just to alleviate loneliness, despair, desperation. A person may think he has found a 'meaningful experience' for a while, but it is really just an escapist maneuver." Thus, the student seeking aid at Psychological Services encounters the assumption that he/she is "escaping" and that an underlying "problem" must be exposed.

In addition to this paternalistic attitude (i.e., that drugs are ultimately naughty) the main reason for so few drug cases going to Psychological Services is the striking absence of trained personnel at even the crucial weekly peak bummer hours—namely early morning weekend.

The resident assistants are most often the first "administration" people to have to deal with student drug problems. Father Thomas Chambers, Director of Student Residence, states that R.A.'s are told that in case they know of or suspect drug use in their halls, they should refer the student to the rector and then to the Psychological Services. The handling of specific drug problems is left to the discretion of the individual R.A., although he is not given any training in what to do with emergency situations.

THE situation at St. Mary's is no better. Within the wider range of inadequate Health Services at SMC (doctors are on campus for four days a week from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m.; there is no full-time nurse) is a more specific inadequacy—that of a lack of facilities for those students who want drug advice. At the beginning of the year Ann Siebenaller was appointed SMC's first Drug Commissioner; this title has been abolished, presumably because the implications of such a title vocalized a side of the St. Mary's student that the Administration did not care to have publicized. Miss Siebenaller is now a member of the Health Board. There are no on-campus facilities for dealing with the immediacy of a girl on a bad trip; the campus doctors refer her to a hospital, if she is fortunate enough to ask for help at eight o'clock on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday or Friday.

The Drug Commission has run into frustrating problems with the Administration; legal advice from the school's lawyer has been difficult to obtain; to get information or help the girl or her student adviser must turn to outside agencies. There are and have been plans for a drug rehabilitation center, but they are lacking sufficient interest, trained personnel and funds. The Drug Commission is presently a sub-division of Student Government; Miss Siebenaller envisions more success were the Commission autonomous.

The highly ambiguous and, at best, outmoded attitude of those in authority toward drug usage is perhaps best illustrated by the recent drug arrests of four



Notre Dame students. Two have already been acquitted by civil law; yet the Administration maintains a judgment of "guilty" by keeping all four suspended (thus depriving one a career in medicine.) Thomas Singer, the South Bend lawyer who defended the accused students, said, "The damage done to them by the University's action is immeasurable."

What is this community's responsibility towards drug users/abusers? Senior John Kwicien, coordinator for various drug education agencies, suggests the community's responsibility lies in drug education as well as establishing adequate facilities: "For those who are faced with a drug problem already, drug education could help them understand their problem, but for someone gripped by addiction, treatment and rehabilitation should be the primary concerns. At this time it is a necessity that every community have either an in- or

out- patient clinic where treatment may be sought, whether it be an 'acid rescue' squad or a methadone maintenance program. A facility equipped with a staff of medical doctors, nurses, psychologists, and para-professionals (ex-addicts) should be afforded the community..."

Specifically, this community, in this time. How the powers-that-be come to understand the drug situation on this campus is of the greatest importance to all members of the community: as of now, there are neither adequate facilities nor adequate understanding. There is only prejudice, punishment and a good deal of suffering.

tom macken &
mary ellen stoltz

"I can only do what is closest to me:"

As he plays, the expression on his face changes as quickly and as ardently as the tone of the music—always reflecting its tenor. Bent over the keyboard, his fingers articulate melodic beauty created deep within.

People began listening to Andre Watts about eight years ago when, at age 16, he made a last-minute substitute appearance with the New York Philharmonic. Since that debut with Leonard Bernstein, he has drawn large and approving audiences throughout this country and Europe.

He spoke with The Scholastic's Tom Gora prior to a recent performance at St. Mary's.

Scholastic: What styles or composers, what period do you like to play the most?

Watts: Basically, I suppose I prefer Chopin, Schubert, Liszt and Mozart for a concert repertoire if you were to pin me down.

Scholastic: How do you react to those critics who say this is your repertoire because you like to put on a very forceful show?

Watts: But Mozart is not a "forceful" show. Neither is Schubert. You see, it's a bit misleading when you talk about critics and their view of an artist. If you have no technique they say, "Ah well, he just can't cut it." If you have technique, they say, "Ah, well, but he can't really feel." I think both are needed to an equal degree.

Scholastic: It has been said that the black artist has never really made it big in concert playing, simply because he cannot emotionally involve himself in this kind of music, and because there is a technological gap between the races. Could you comment further?

Watts: I will have to clarify that generalization. There are certain black instruments at which black artists have always excelled. Again, it is very dangerous to make generalizations. For example, to say that a whole race cannot feel a certain type of music is a racist comment. Technologically, yes, I'm kind of sure it is technological. If by that you mean heritage and generations of forbears who have been intimate with most of western music, that's simply true—there have not. It's a good comparison between the situation of the concert-going society of America and the concert-going society of Europe. Europe has all this backwash, this tradition. I mean, Beethoven and Mozart didn't live here; it simply wasn't that kind of place. So there is this heritage. But the black child

has not been exposed to classical music in his very formative years.

Scholastic: So you'd say it is the environment and the upbringing that are most important?

Watts: Very much so. Yet, you know, one can get into some very tricky arguments here. I talked once with a man who was a double doctor who commented that the best shotputters were northern people and the best runners were of the darker races because of the longer muscle structure in the back of their legs. These are very dangerous things, and it's difficult to make those kinds of generalizations.

Scholastic: You said your principal goal in performing is to create an artistic and esthetic work, and that it did not matter if it has social or cultural implications.

Watts: Yes, well I'm working with music, and I think it should be beautiful; and one tries to do it perfectly. If everybody around did what they were capable of doing we might be better off; but we seem always to do what we are not capable of doing. And so we get sidetracked away from the things that are best for us. I knew once a fellow who would get so involved in things to the point that at six o'clock he would sit in his hotel room and watch the news and then go to his concert that evening. He'd get so hung up about the news that he'd go out and play like a pig. He wasn't helping the world any by giving one more bad concert. By the same token, a concert isn't going to change the bad situations that are on the news. But the first way, you don't have a lot more than you had before. I can only do that which is closest to me and in the most ethical way possible. For example, if I have good ideas (what we'd call "good ideas" in a sociological sense), and if I come on stage and play badly because I'm so upset, like a fool, nobody's going to listen to me; but if I play well and one becomes more and more famous and his words begin to carry a little weight, and I give an interview where I say "segregation is bad" for example, it will be much more listened to. And it's really just because I excel in what is my role in life. So really that's the main thing — the others must be very subsidiary.

Scholastic: You've been closely associated with Leonard Bernstein. In light of what you just said, what would you say, for example, about his giving a party for the Black Panthers?

Watts: I wasn't invited and probably wouldn't have gone. I am against the Black Panthers, but I have my

an interview with Andre Watts

own reasons. Obviously, because I am half black and half white, I don't like segregationist things, I don't like racist things, but I do like discussion. The Panthers are quite willing to knock off black people as well as white people. What I mean is, I knew a photographer for a daily newspaper who did a story on the Panthers in Chicago, and the guy must have said something they didn't agree with. One of their chicks attacked him and he ended up in the hospital.

Scholastic: But more generally, what about the idea of this kind of political involvement on the part of the artist?

Watts: Well, Bernstein is a man who has a heart a mile wide and when you are that busy and that famous I don't suppose you have the time to look at things the way you should, to do your homework. I really think he realized after it was over that it was not a good thing to do. He gave an interview about it later in Britain and said he thought maybe it was foolish. But I know Bernstein: musicians are not always very nice people, they tend to be rather petty and officious. Bernstein is one of the most direct musicians I've ever run across. Here is a man who is a Renaissance man in music: he wants to do everything right. Perhaps what I was saying before applies here: he is so conscious of his public importance that he wants to make sure he does his social duty. Which is commendable, but one can never do that.

Scholastic: You've commented that artists in American society are forced into their own strata, or into an upper stratum, because there is no artistic culture within the working class. Yet European cultures seem to differ here with the American culture.

Watts: It's very true that artists here are forced this way, but they don't seem to mind it much. For example, the stereotype of the prima donna is the woman who, on a good day, has a "hello" for the bell boy.

Now that's the kind of thing that's bad. Because if music is supposed to flow on emotions that every human being feels, you're going to have to do it right. You're going to go out and experience that world, and not sit shut up in your room. I was very fortunate in the way I was born and brought up, and circumstances have always been very good for me. A lot of musicians who are brought up in musical circles simply don't know what goes on in the world. I was not. I was born in Germany, so I already had these two cultures going. I was not wealthy, to say the least. I went to a variety of schools. So I was fortunate in that sense.

Scholastic: Do you find that interaction between artist and public is much easier in the European or Far Eastern cultures?

Watts: You can't quite link the two that way. Japan, for example, probably has the most ferociously enthusiastic audience in the world. But in India on the last Far East Tour I played with Zubin Mehta (who's from India) of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the piano was good only for firewood, yet the audiences were so enthusiastic; but I don't think the Los Angeles Philharmonic could make it in the streets there. In Europe you might say it's a little easier because European life is set up a little differently. You can go out on the street and sit and watch the world move past. But differences between Europeans and Americans in this way are exaggerated: America is a young country and it's rather extraordinary that we have a culture at all. If you play Schubert for an American audience and they're bored, they might not have so many compunctions about letting you know they're bored; while in Europe, the audience has in the back of their mind that Schubert wrote this kind of music and they're supposed to understand it and not be bored.

Scholastic: You draw more people and a consistently younger crowd to your concerts than most of your contemporaries. Do you feel a responsibility towards culturally educating that audience?

Watts: My first responsibility is toward the music and to performing it and presenting it with integrity. There's not much more I can do. But there is a message, often if not always, and my principal responsibility is to convey it.

Scholastic: How did you feel about going on the Far East tour for the State Department? Did you feel you were fulfilling some duty to your belief in the country?

Watts: It was an artistic endeavor. The Los Angeles Philharmonic was invited by the State Department and Zubin Mehta invited me along as soloist. In essence it had nothing to do with the Nixon or Johnson administrations. On the other hand, I'm not entirely sure that I'd be in my artistic position if I'd stayed in Europe. I'm not sure at all. So that I think this "something" I owe to America is a belief that does not mean blind acceptance, but that I owe to the country (not necessarily to any passing governments) a certain loyalty. I don't feel that this tour was a political thing. There's no denying that going on a State Department tour as a soloist says to that foreign country this is possible in America. But that's true, after all, isn't it?

perspectives

pollution: people or cars?

The increasingly urgent and complex questions of the environmental crisis have now generated violent disagreement among the ecologists themselves. Although all are agreed on the seriousness and danger of our pollution problem, several different and conflicting solutions had been proposed. There have recently polarized two major schools of thought which oppose each other as to pollution's basic causes and the required cures.

The most vociferous school blames the ever-increasing population, whose demand for a higher standard of living creates the ever-increasing pollution. Their major spokesman has been Paul Ehrlich, a biologist at Stanford University and noted for his book, *The Population Bomb*. The thinking and tactics of this group have been to project the present population growth to the year 2700, show that there would not be enough room on earth for that many and then push for present population control at any cost.

Their singleminded focus on population control as the solution to the pollution problem has, ironically, sidetracked them completely from environmental and ecological issues. Instead, it has led to a spirited propaganda campaign to make birth control a public ideal and general duty. Their propaganda aims to instill a public mentality conducive to all methods of population control and a social mentality which would make it unacceptable to have more than two children.

The Population Bomb suggests several methods for accomplishing this: making a black-list of people, companies and organizations impeding population control; letter-writing campaign against government representatives who oppose birth control and abortion; boycotting of companies which sponsor television shows which "glorify" large families; formation of governmental awards to childless couples; the heavy taxing of large families; and the promotion of a massive sterilization campaign.

The Catholic Church, for its moral teaching and the concept of marital generosity, is especially criticized. Dr. Ehrlich urges "informed" Catholics to use "grass-roots pressure" to make their Church adjust to the times. Dr. Ehrlich states, "The Church must put its concern for people, their welfare and their happiness above its concern for doctrine, dogma and canon law," and prophesies the Church's impending collapse if this is not done.

Thus this school of pollution diverges so greatly from its subject that in the end it does not offer any concrete proposals for eliminating or decreasing the pollution itself; unless it views the population and pollution as one and the same. Clearly they are not. It should be clear to anyone that the population could decrease while the pollution of increased and increasingly more complex industrial processes could continue to grow. Equating two distinct and essentially separate problems seriously harms the chances of resolving each of them, and when moral issues are involved, can do personal damage to the people themselves.

The leader of the other school of thought regarding the causes and cures of pollution is microbiologist Barry Commoner of Washington University in St. Louis. At a recent Chicago meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he attacked the population alarmists: "Saying that none of our pollution problems can be solved without getting at population first is a cop-out of the worst kind." He proceeded to give the results of his research.

The direct cause of pollution is a runaway technology which dumps its noxious excrement heedlessly. Statistical data prove that the total pollution in the U.S. has increased much faster than has the population. (The U.S. Census Bureau found that while the U.S. population rose 13% in the 1960s, the national consumption of goods and services jumped 60%). For example, the smog has thickened considerably over New York

linas sidrys

City, although its population has remained almost completely constant. Dr. Commoner attributes the root problem to lie in consumption patterns. We now prefer synthetic products, nonreturnable bottles and obnoxious gasoline automobiles to natural materials, reusable containers and mass-transit systems. *Time* reports Dr. Commoner as saying that a start in restraining our rampant technology "is to define crucial social issues in a way that emphasizes man's present disruption of nature's fundamental benevolence."

This solution is merely the sensible realization that pollution is caused by what men do rather than how many men there are. It acknowledges that it is the misuse of technology and material goods that produces pollution; and, as it is the wrong use, points to the hope that pollution is never inevitable and always correctable. Implicit in the solution is the fact that we must first acknowledge our misuses of technology, through stupidity, selfishness, laziness or exploitation, before we can truly remedy their foul consequences.

These facts have been difficult to realize because our present commercial society has so tightly bound together the consumer and the amount of waste which he produces, or causes to be produced in the manufacture of his products. In this respect it is true that pollution is directly proportional to the number of consumers. As the population increases in America, the amount of its pollution now automatically increases also. As we have distinguished, this does not have to be the case; the connection can be cut. It is the job of the economists, social scientists and businessmen to define and correct the crucial social issues which produce the pollution.

For instance, a crucial social issue might concern our present inordinate attachment to the automobile. We have even made the motor vehicle a requirement for those who would prefer not to own one. The two-

and three-car family is now common, of necessity. There is now one car for every two Americans, and its numerical increase is faster than the increase of the human population. This is so even though automobile crashes kill 50,000 every year; and millions more suffer from injuries and its pollution. Its poisonous exhaust is the major polluter of the air, its steel mills gravely pollute and heat our lakes and streams, its roads and highways have made a concrete desert of thousands of square miles of our land, much of it the best farm land in the world. Los Angeles had been in such a paving operation that 50% of its land is covered with concrete. One expert has suggested that if such road development continues, there will soon be nowhere left to drive. Despite the social and technological stupidity which might lead to this condition, Dr. Ehrlich again confuses people with pollution by remarking that "In Los Angeles and similar cities the human population has exceeded the carrying capacity of the environment at least with respect to the ability of the atmosphere to remove waste." Why didn't Dr. Ehrlich distinguish between the two? He could have pointed out that there will soon be more cars than people on the road. He could have shown that if the present doubling of concrete continues, the entire world will soon be entirely covered with a couple of layers of concrete.

In their attack on people rather than on pollution and its direct causes, one begins to fear that they themselves have fallen prey to what they thought would happen to others; that their own sense of being crowded has led to an overt aggressiveness. An exclusive, narrow-minded concentration on the problems of overpopulation seems to have overcome them with feelings of dread and inadequacy. It is to be feared that the horrible anticipation of immanent and total destruction, which forms the basis of the populationist

thought, destroys the balanced view of reality which is necessary for clear thought and a spirit of generosity, hope, and charity. As a result, such people begin to view all of their fellow human beings as antagonists and serious threats to the safety of humanity. The attitude this produces is exemplified by Dr. Ehrlich's bitter mockery of the family and human dignity: "... (Unfortunately) people can be produced in vast quantities by unskilled labor who enjoy their work." After this dehumanization of people to "vast quantities" the aggressive instinct demands that the number of people be decreased; Dr. Ehrlich states in the *Population Bomb*: "We must rapidly bring the world population under control, reducing the growth rate to zero or making it go negative." He stops without projecting his desired decline to the year 2700.

The solution demanded by the aggressive instincts is a sad evasion of the pollution question. (Dr. Ehrlich even states that he wants the companies and organizations which are directly fighting present pollution problems to work on population control *instead*.) The populationist propaganda campaigns thus direct our hard stare at our neighbor's pregnant wife; and the pollution problem is entirely forgotten. I have never heard anyone propose a "Zero Population Growth" for cars, let alone suggest that their numbers should go negative. Yet this step to control pollution is necessary and inevitable, whether or not the population increases, stays constant or decreases.

Eliminating the automobile would require a major change in consumer and social patterns, but only equal to the efforts made to structure life around the automobile. The present checkerboard land plot which houses thousands in small individual houses, with two-car garages, driveways and small patches of grass could, with intelligent planning, comfortably hold millions. Without roads, clusters of towers and split-level high rises could have most of the economic and public facilities within close walking distance. Pathways could be glass-covered or in the fresh clear air, through cultivated gardens, beautiful parks and boulevards. Building clusters would be connected by high-speed electric trains or subways. An environment without the internal-combustion, gasoline-engine mechanism of individual propulsion would not necessarily require a lower standard of living. It could provide a higher standard of living with respect to both consumer goods and the natural surroundings.

Thus it is important to keep in mind the two different interpretations of pollution's basic causes and its cures. Even more important is to remember the difference between people and their pollution. As the degree of pollution increases, at least in the next few years, there will continue to be an increasing pressure on the part of some people to limit the population by illegal means. These people, such as Dr. Ehrlich, will demand the murderous measures they mistakenly think absolutely necessary for the solution to the pollution problem. Unfortunately, it is already evident that those who have "sacrificed" for the good of humanity are

now working, through the government, to demand the same "generosity" from everyone else. An Amendment to the Constitution is already before Congress with the wording of "guaranteeing the rights to a clean environment to everyone." As already seen, for some people a clean environment means fewer neighbors. An intelligent orientation towards the problem is thus essential.

Obviously the population cannot keep growing indefinitely and efforts must be made to stop its too-rapid increase. However, it is not lawful to look for the solution in terms of the abortions, forcible sterilizations and other means which the alarmists propose. Their proposals are a call to a false generosity, a generosity aiming solely for material well-being. It is a deadly generosity which would sacrifice their own "unwanted" child rather than the possession of their Cadillac, on the pitiful claim of altruistic motives. Succumbing to this aggressive fear and dread may end in someone rejoicing in the death of children, in successful abortions, and in new ways to decrease the population.

Besides the harm to the person's spirit, there is the physical danger of misdirecting one's attention to the wrong solution. After all of the efforts were made and energy expended to decrease the population, what a shock it would be to see, smell and feel the pollution continue to rise to uncontrollable and uncorrectable levels. It is entirely conceivable that the materialistic, merciless society enjoying the zero population growth obtained through the destruction of their own sensibilities and their fellowmen would be overcome by the poison of their uncontrolled, rampant technology.



Linas Sidrys is a sophomore majoring in science pre-med. He comes from Streator, Ill.

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.

A Vision of Emptiness

Tom Stoppard presents a curious paradox. He enjoys writing novels, and he enjoys tremendously his own novel *Lord Malquiest and Mr. Moon*. He does not like *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* so much and felt that it would be received simply as an interesting episode. However, his novel was not received at all; rather, it was forgotten quite quickly, whereas his play was received with acclaim. Henry Hewes in *Saturday Review* said: "It (*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*) is the finest exercise of theatrical imagination and intelligence to reach Broadway in the last two years."

The aims of the two, on an intellectual level, are closely related. Stoppard creates characters of little distinction. He gives us characters who do nothing and who are virtually powerless. Here are people who know very little of their role and almost nothing of themselves. He speaks of the alienated and isolated man, drawn inexplicably along toward tragedy and death. Till the end of the play, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* can find no answers to what is the matter with Hamlet and why they are going to England, even though they know they are to be killed. Stoppard is writing of man pushed toward a death he cannot avert, of menacing uncertainties, of a situation that man knows little about and can do little to change. These are characters who have allowed their lives to be defined by external events, by chance, until it became too late to resist, too late to begin to define themselves through themselves. *Rosencrantz* says, "There must have been a point somewhere at the beginning when we could have said no. But somehow we missed it." At the end of *Lord Malquiest and Mr. Moon*, Moon realizes that it is now too late to throw away or turn off the bomb that is ticking in his pocket. So we have a vision of emptiness, a vision of the loss of the ability to define oneself. So why was the novel forgotten and why has the play enjoyed such great success?

It seems that the point of success or failure for Stoppard is his approach. In *Lord Malquiest and Mr. Moon* his ideas, his characters are overt and bland. This novel is, supposedly, a type of black humor. Stoppard has attempted to exaggerate the alienation

and absurdity of the real life situation to the point where it is so horrible that it becomes funny. He attempts to place his characters in a surrealistic context while the landscape remains basically realistic. However, in doing this he seems to have exaggerated to the point of banality. The characters, instead of conveying a sense of loneliness and isolation, are overdone and terribly overt. Instead of having the sense of emptiness and alienation arise slowly from the experience of the art, the novel seems to attempt to kick its theme to death. *Lord Malquiest and Mr. Moon* does have its moments, primarily at the end, at Mr. Moon's death. Moon, who has permitted his home-made bomb to tick itself out, is slightly disappointed when it doesn't work. However, the feeling is short-lived as he is the recipient of an anarchist's bomb intended for Lord Malquist. Quite simply, this is, but for a few moments, your fifty-cent *Ginger Man*.

On the other hand, the major characters of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* succeed admirably. The sense of isolation, and in particular, the sense of the inevitability of their death, arises as a sense through the prolonged experience of the play. Where Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon are flat characters, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* exhibit great intensity in their nothingness and isolation. The play works, for the intellectual aspect does not dominate. The message, if one can term it that, is not beaten to death; rather it is viewed through the emotional character of the play. The language and technique of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* have no parallel in the novel. Its word games are an ingenious part of the overall sense, whereas the language in *Lord Malquiest and Mr. Moon* is at many times too blatant. Finally, the characters of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* have a mobility in their tale. Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon seem, at times, too stagnant and limited in their roles.

Tom Stoppard is a great and promising talent. This is evident not only in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* but also, in part, in *Lord Malquiest and Mr. Moon*. His appearance at this year's Sophomore Literary Festival should be eagerly awaited.

—Rick Fitzgerald

to love all sentient creatures

“We already understand history, the problem is to change it, not by politics but by a revolution of the human spirit.” These words were the symbolic rallying cry of the students of the Paris May Days of 1968. In these words, as in the riots themselves and as in all manifestations of the youth revolt everywhere, Kenneth Rexroth sees the articulation of his own conviction, which he has long pursued as a poet and as a revolutionary of the word, that, in the face of a dying and death-dealing civilization, people must consciously commit themselves to the preservation of life and of human value, to the erection of counter-culture, to the quest of the Heavenly City. It is this conviction that animates, that gives direction to Rexroth’s new book, *The Alternative Society: Essays from the Other World*. He says:

A wire-editor friend of mine once told me that he estimated that on any given day there were approximately 700 student riots around the world. They riot at Brandeis, they riot at Kabul. Have the Afghan students been corrupted by John Dewey and Herbert Marcuse? The initiative is *not* coming from youth. The initiative is the moral attack on youth of an outworn century . . .

These are the years of the final breakdown of a civilization. It broke down in August 1914, never to be repaired, but it still functioned in a dangerous patched-up fashion. In the years since the Second War, Western civilization

has ceased to exist. We live in a corpse which jerks like a dead frog on a hot wire.

These essays, written as they were over the past twelve years, record Rexroth’s own developing understanding of the social situation as it has emerged and taken definite shape before him. The line of the essays unfolds discursively, and his social criticism becomes more trenchant as the complexion of what he sees becomes less mistakable. The earlier essays are essentially literary. They deal with such things as the history of the Beat Movement, the directions of modern poetry, and the general situation of the arts in America. But gradually, it seems, from his consideration of such things as the origins of folk and rock music, the ascendance of oral poetry, and the Zen and ecology oriented poets like Gary Snyder, and of course from his own overriding concern with just these problems, Rexroth began to see a coalescence, a converging pattern, what he called “the subculture of secession,” composed of thousands of young people whom the affluence of a post-industrial, post-capitalist economy has rendered extraneous, who have dropped out and turned on to “poetry, rock groups, folk songs, junk sculpture, collage pop pictures, total sexual freedom, and costumes invented *ad lib.*” He says of them:

These people not only accept their redundancy, they glory in it. Nobody works any more than enough to get his unemployment insurance. The standard of living is exactly that of the unsophisticated redundants—two pairs of blue jeans a year in Appalachian fashion, welfare cuisine of lots of rice and beans, wine at \$1.30 a gallon, and grass consumed till every roach has vanished from its crutch. Where

Kenneth Rexroth. *The Alternative Society: Essays from the Other World*. New York: Herder and Herder, 1970. \$5.95



the records and books come from, I don't know. I guess they're stolen.

In this alienation from the dominant culture, in the defiant if somewhat jejune creativity of the counter-culture, Rexroth comes to see a great movement vindicating simple human life in the face of the computerized, transistorized, automated world. The later essays of the volume burn with the apocalyptic fire kindled by this vision. Even his scathing indictment of the political skulduggeries of our age pales before the eloquence of his ecology:

Los Angeles is an illimitable rose-colored slum gashed with freeways, all its potential foci of community long since devoured by parking lots, its population dying of *anomie* under a mile-high blanket of carcinogens . . .

The carbon-dioxide content of the atmosphere can no longer be kept in balance even over the equatorial regions. A dense fog of carcinogens blankets not single cities but whole areas, the Rhine-Star, the Upper Po, the Bay of Naples, the Tokyo-Osaka-Nagasaki metropolitan complexes as well of course as the major cities. I have crossed the Siskiyus at 25,000 feet and seen the smog filling the entire Central Valley of California and I have seen it rise on the warm morning air from around Milan and cover Lake Como in the Alps. Lake Erie is a cesspool. Lake Michigan is unfit for swimming at Milwaukee and Chicago and stinks all summer long so that the grand rich are now abandoning their lakeside stately homes to charitable institutions, dance seminars, and apocalyptic Black religious groups. . . .

If in the next century the world grows to five billion people (and at present rates it will grow to far more than that), all living in a hundred thousand or more Calcuttas and Harlems, it may be possible to feed everybody on tanks of algae in the cities, and farming of the sea, the synthesization of foodstuffs from minerals, and the growing of vast mountains of living meat in reservoirs of cultural media, but something will have happened to the human species. If it survives under such conditions it will certainly survive only by beginning to turn into another kind of animal, and, from our point of view at least, not a very nice kind. We talk of the waning of the humanist tradition. It is specific humanness itself which is threatened. Montaigne or Sophocles could not flourish in present-day Jakarta. What are the beings that will be the fittest to survive when such communities have spread over the surface of the earth?

In this final light, even the early essays, whose relationship had at first seemed somewhat tenuous, assemble themselves as a coherent argument.

But Rexroth is always more convincing as the mournful, unlistened-to sage foretelling those calamities he sees all too clearly than as the prophet of a new order. It is doubtful, finally, whether the youth movement and its commitment to a new world is as profound, as widespread, and as consuming in its urgency as Rexroth seems generously prepared to believe. He himself points to the fate of the liberal Left of a generation ago, so many of whom can now be found among the magnates of Madison Avenue. There is no reason, really, not to suppose that far too many of today's 'alienated youth' are simply having their liberal fling complete with beads and bare feet and marijuana, and that all too easily, all too soon, they will give themselves up to the same old capitalistic round of jobs and responsibilities and getting ahead. In his moral abhorrence of the post-Industrial Western world, Rexroth is perhaps too

quick to cast youth in the role of savior:

The anal-retentive, work-and-slave, pray-and-save, you'll-get-pie-in-the-sky-by-and-by society of the mechanical industrial age has become morally intolerable besides, of course, becoming self-evidently lethal. It has become apparent to those who think and feel. Who thinks? Who feels? Damn few people who have survived and made it in the industrial, mechanical world with its business ethics. But the unthinking and the unfeeling are terrified of those who think and feel and who know that the present world is deadly and morally rotten. So they, not the young, have passed over to the attack. There are no pictures of fat cops lying on the ground on campuses and being kicked in the face by coeds.

Such raging affirmations of a youthful generation itself beset with hesitations and inconsistencies of action are probably injudicious (though forgivable, from this reader's vantage point, anyway). Such statements as the following, not less noble for their recognition of human limitation, written perhaps in a quieter or a less expansive mood, are finally in their own strange way more encouraging:

If poets like Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Richard Brautigan, David Metzler, Ron Loewinsohn, Lew Welch, and the rest and their audiences preach and practice the ecological revolution, they're not likely to win; the time is gone, but at least they can establish a Kingdom in the face of the Apocalypse, a gar- risoned society of the morally responsible which will face extinction with clean consciences and lives as happily lived as possible.

This is, of course, the value of the open, discursive form of the essay collection: it allows for, incorporates even, and takes advantage of, the writer's changing sense of his situation as well as his fluctuations of mood. Whether he is writing because he is infuriated at some new atrocity, or because he has to give

a speech next week at the ladies' day luncheon, is bound to make an affective difference in his tone and technique.

Still though, Rexroth seems at times too indulgent of the whims and licenses of young people. There are without doubt a few people—poets, ecologists, visionaries—who are consciously and unreservedly committed to what Rexroth envisions as the alternative society, but there are lamentably many more who are not. And to construe a mass movement in the movements of a few, and to base one's hope on that arbitrarily posited movement, is all but to ensure the blasting of that hope. Rexroth seems, admirably, ready to embrace this vulnerability. And even his indulgence is pointed in its articulation:

What lies back of all this confusion is simply that the older generation believes that those who reject their values *must* be delinquents. They are incapable of seeing that a new culture with a new system of values has sprung up around them. People ask loaded questions: Do they sponge on their parents for a college education? . . .

Do they loaf and write poetry on welfare or unemployment payments—in other words on the taxpayers' money? What's wrong with that? Better write poetry with the taxes than what any current administration is doing with them. One bomber destroyed while attacking a bamboo bridge or burning up babies costs more than it would cost to keep all the poets in America for a year.

The old civilization is such an incubus, its death tremors are so deadly, that there seems little hope that the new culture growing even now in its interstices can survive, that it can be anything but an ephemeral flower. And yet, of course, we want Rexroth to be right, we pray that he is right, we seek among ourselves daily for that strength to be, if not saviors outright, at least suffering servants, at least those ecological Bodhisattvas of which Rexroth speaks, who humbly acknowledge their responsible

place in the community of creatures, who vow, like the Buddha before them, "I will not enter Nirvana until all sentient creatures have been saved."

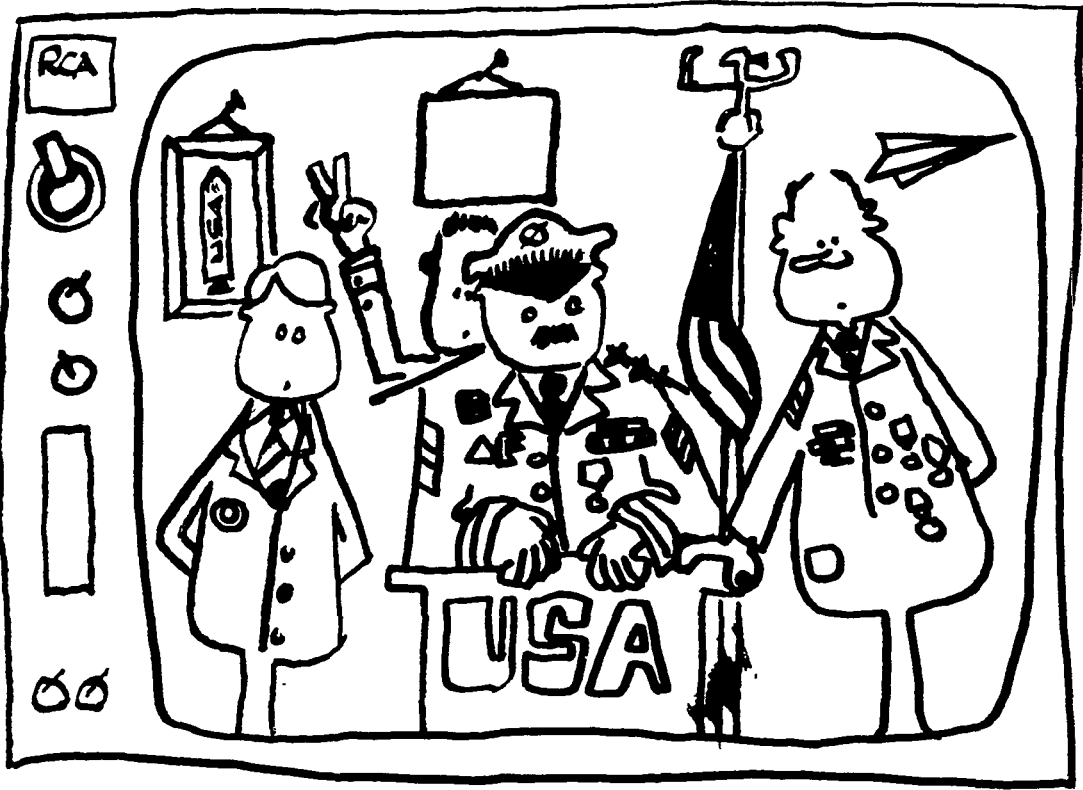
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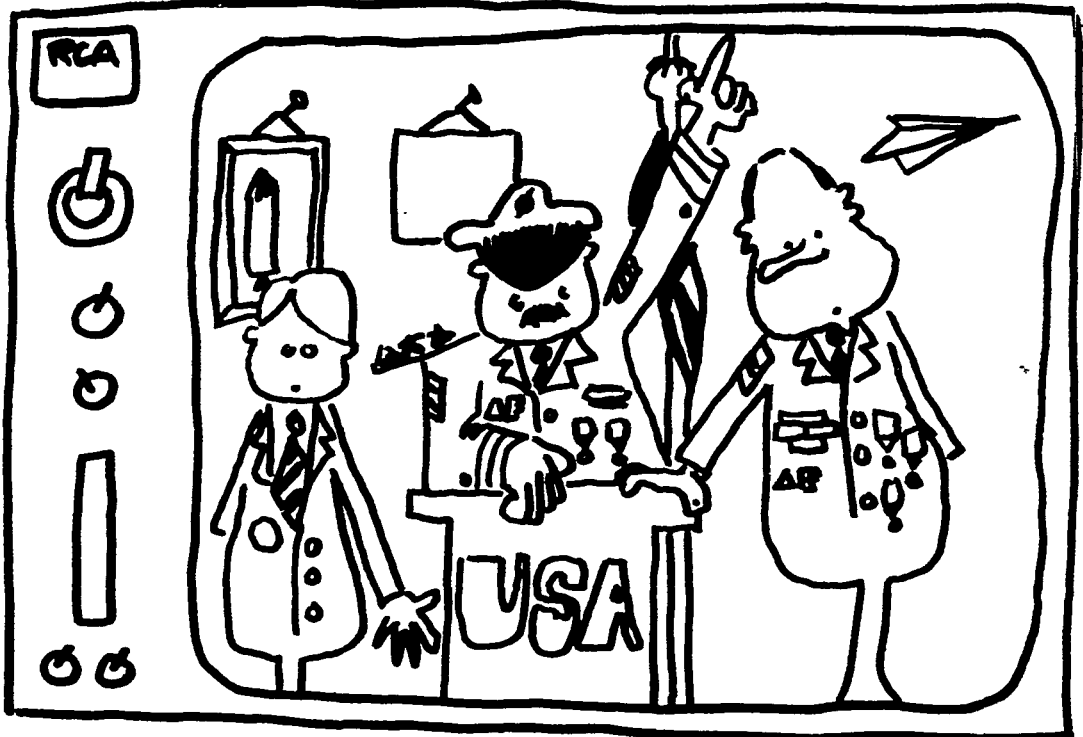
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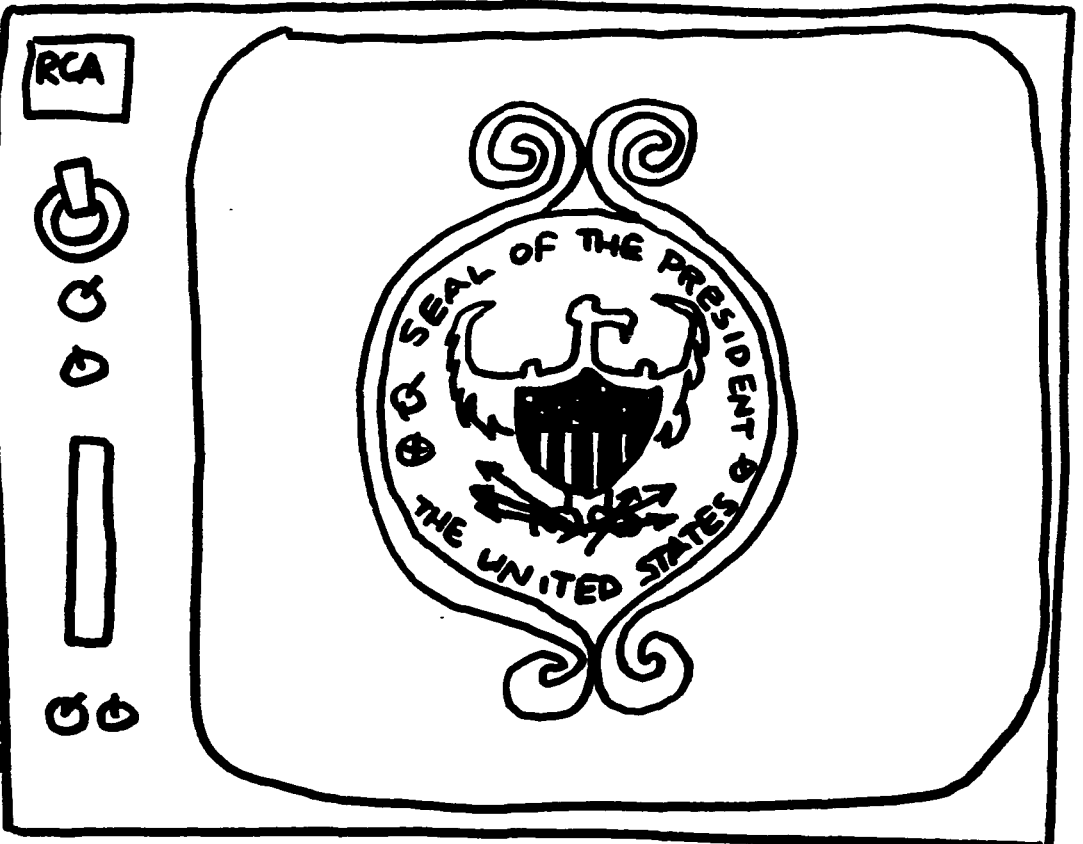
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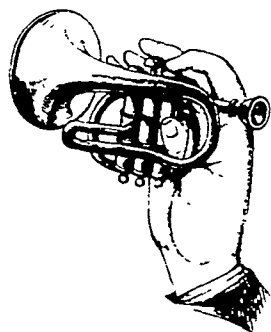
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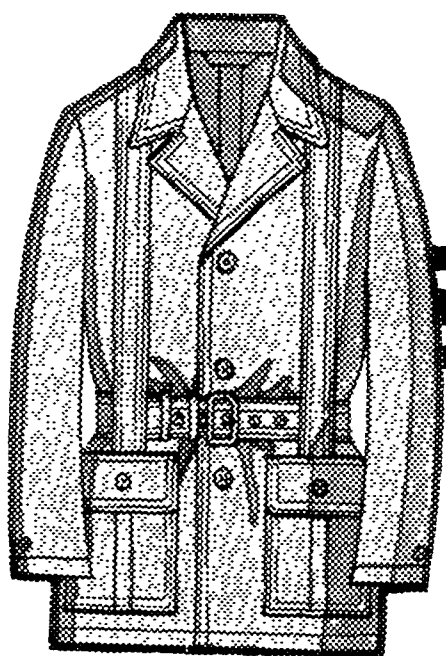
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