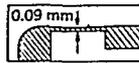
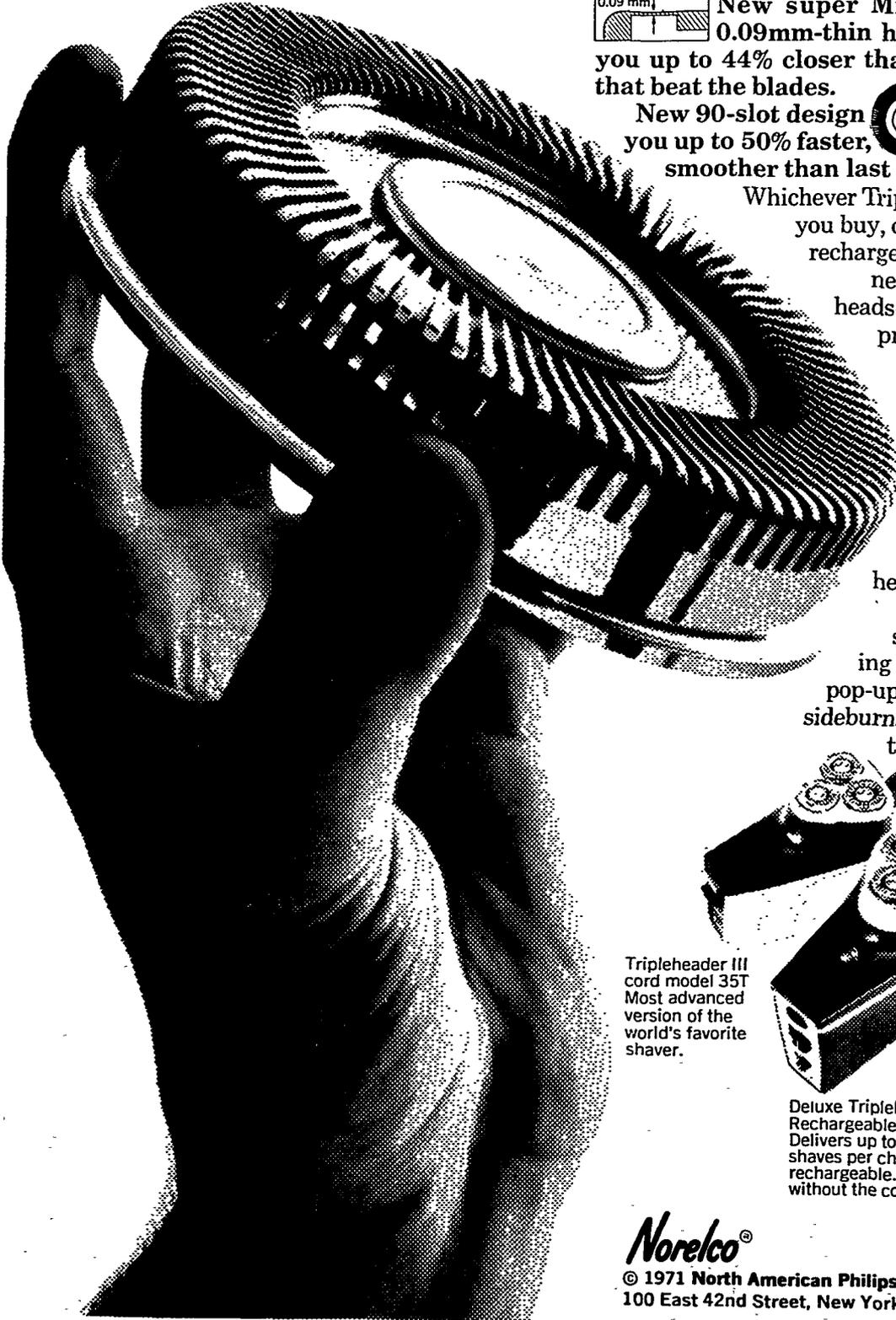


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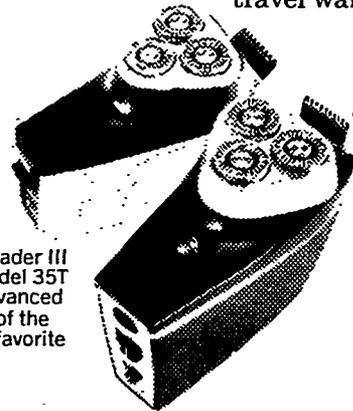
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Letters

Vielen dank:

Editor:

Just a note to express my personal feelings about your very fine publication. I have had access to it for years and have always been intrigued by its contents. The February 19th issue, however, takes the cake!

Several things have awakened in me, perhaps, as a reaction to this particular issue. First and foremost, I have just finished reading Charles Reich's *Greening Of America*, and the chapter on the "new Generation" is still haunting me. Much of what this author is trying to say about the new thinking comes to life in this particular issue.

As an example, the honest, painfully researched evaluation of poor little old South Bend is worth more than just a pat on the back. It all happens to be a far cry from what the University's attitude used to be years ago toward the ethnic localities and non-elite sections of our town. I am of the vintage that still remembers how Notre Dame boys (and I somehow had the courage to date them even though I did not qualify heritage-wise) would get *campused* for daring to step foot beyond the west corners of Michigan street so as not to be corrupted or contaminated by the daughters of factory workers. Those were the good old days!

I could say lots more in praise of the contemporary mentality but we'll leave it at that. Congratulations to all your staff, and keep up the good work!

Harriet Kroll
Aquinas Book Shop

To the Editor:

Writing from this city where what makes up the culture is borrowed, bought or sold, I want to be sure to reach you on that very matter. When the poet wrote that his theme, the American theme, "is creative and has vista," he meant clearly that writing about America, considering and reviewing the enterprise of being American, was creative; the country itself, of course, follows a contrary cycle of continually being burned out and meanly resurrecting itself. And he meant further that such writing possessed a unique quality: it distorted not because it came out of a crabbed vision, but out of an overly ambitious one, a gigantic one where the eye too easily gets lost. Geography is the thing to put down. A century later, Whitmanian exuberance looks silly or contrived; "I sing the body electric," at the moment, is taken more easily as an assertion of particularity (whether of concern with drugs or technology or war) than an assertion that the whole body is where you start from, and you can

proceed only because it is electric. To write of South Bend, then, requires first that the declaration, but it also requires a great deal more. South Bend is (as Charles Olson said of the Mediterranean port of Tyana in the first century of our era) the important sort of place that is just far enough *out of the way* (that such a root metaphor should be geographical is immensely important) that it can be overlooked. But it is the place you are in and since you can look out from it, you should allow yourselves to see the rest differently. It is not, as Mr. Williams says, "a rather interesting laboratory of urban history and politics" (although his article is among the more serious few in your symposium on "The South Bend You Never Knew"), anymore than the Pacific Ocean is a rather interesting locus solus of perversity among undersea animals. (Which it is, to be sure.) But there is more and the more does not consist in the gross accumulation of South Bend kitsch with which you have cluttered the symposium. Now, of course, it is very hard to teach people or even persuade them, that geography is as important as getting out of bed in the morning, and this whole set of problems is one which I have applied myself to elsewhere and which, indeed, still takes up more of my day than getting out of bed. Mr. Holscher's note on "Fish: Along the St. Joe" (O! the elusiveness of Mr. Holscher's punctuation!) is certainly a step in the right direction, but I really cannot countenance getting into something (i.e. fishing) in order to begin to understand something one is already intimately involved in (i.e. South Bend). Such reflections, it seems to me, are finally valuable for bringing things together; things: I mean, like Iowa and South Bend, which must be brought together again and again. I might parenthetically remark that Mr. Holscher here, as before, neglects his heuristic, hortatory functions: I still am not interested in watching people fish, to say nothing of fishing myself. The problem at hand is related to the difference between Goldsmith's poetry and Crabbe's, a subject I have discussed at length elsewhere, but I cannot fully detail a proper approach. I will, however, note a few more questionable remarks. Mr. Coburn (who I know and who, consequently, should know better) remarks that the White House eateries "are" (he means *would be*) "much more in character in the New York Bowery;" now, despite the fact that I earlier inveighed against kitsch, all in all, if kitsch is what you want, the White Houses come closer to a possessing power of evoking the grotesques proper to urban life than Proust's madelaine does to evoking whatever grotesques inhabited his life. They are the cottage art of the too-often violated *daimon* of South Bend and they have nothing to do with the Bowery. They have to do with everything in South Bend. Now, certainly the bizarre recombination those elements undergo at the hands of the management of hell where Jefferson forks into Lincolnway would throw an inexperienced observer off balance, but we have come to expect more of Mr. Coburn. To seriously catalog what goes into any White House Saturday morning at, say, two-thirty o'clock would be to undertake a project of anthropological resonances even Claude Levi-Strauss would marvel at; but to combine them again successfully would be to recapture the art of Hogarth for the American Midwest. Mr. Mulchahy

comes close, in his description of the Thieves' Market, to recognizing that South Bend can be an occasion for coming upon the fragments that make up any American in his private and privately distorted personal and national history, but he settles for the kitsch again, and fails to recognize that what you come upon there (anywhere in South Bend, of course) is not merely what you came upon at 12, but what you will come upon when you are 32. If you live to 32, that is. It would be tedious to dwell on this point at length (though it would be charming, wouldn't it?), but Mr. Williams provides an apt summary refutation of your whole endeavour when he points out that Notre Dame people (the Notre Dame family — that's a freak idea, huh?) usually consider South Bend a bad entertainment center: all you have done is to prove that there is more entertainment lurking around the corners of South Bend. I except from these reflections, of course, Miss Gatz' comments on breakfast: they are too true not to be almost as scintillating as breakfast itself.

You seem, then, to have taken a position not merely without realizing what it can mean, but without realizing that it can mean everything. Your writer's comment on *The Little Foxes* are exceptionable not because he doesn't mention that Lillian Hellman wrote the play, but because to have mentioned that Miss Hellman wrote it would presumably have suggested the very thing he is talking about: that the South is comprehensible (although it is perhaps better to say, suggestible) only through eyes like Miss Hellman's—the eyes of a transplanted Southern, a woman who grew up in both New York and New Orleans, continually shuttled between the two. The extraordinary insights of the play comes from the double vision, come from being in a place and yet never being completely of it. Most students exist in the same relation to South Bend; because they are not from South Bend, they can engage it in a different and very exciting way.

There is much more to be said about the geography of the world's body, of course, but I must not try the patience of those who find ignorance an adequate substitute for exoticism. I would, however, like to mention a further problem related to this very question (so luminous! so pendulous!) of exoticism.

In your issue for the fifth of February, you published what was labelled a poem "from the Kokashu, a book of the Manyoshu." My heart was gladdened when I saw this, because, of course, the *Manyoshu* is not nearly as well known as it should be. I am, as you probably know, very easy about translations in general: in speaking of verse translations, I only demand that it do something or other—make sense as a poem, or as a translation, or as a stunning observation set in meretricious prose, &c. Your translation fulfilled none of these possible expectations, nor any others, as far as I can tell. The poem makes no sense as such — I have no idea what action is being described in the poem; the girl's hair is short and tying it with grass is not going to make it longer, unless she attaches the grass to the ends of the hair, which surely sounds like a tedious project. Metrically, the poem has nothing to redeem. The fourth line of the translation (to which I shall return) is flabby in a way that is antithetical to the very nature of the *tanka* (the species of poem

the original is). Set up in prose—"My sister's hair was parted but hung only to her curved shoulders. Thinking it still much too short, she tied it long with green grass"—the translation can be seen as unsuitable even in that form. Now, of course, there is no easy way to render *tanka* in English, but some attempt could be made. Among traditional forms, any reader of Housman will surely recall his easy and often brilliant stanza of three lines of iambic tetrameter, broken by one of trochaic, which adds up to a syllabic equivalent of the Japanese form — 31 syllables. That perhaps is too much to ask. If free verse, however, there are the examples of Carolyn Kizer; she knows how the *tanka* works and writes them decently in English, and, occasionally, she is very good with the form, as in this poem about her mentor (and antagonist), the late Theodore Roethke:

A hush is on the house,
The only noise, a fern
Rustling in a vase.
On the porch, the fierce poet
Is chanting words to himself.

Now, in approaching the translation you published, I went rather quickly through the two categories sketched above: the poem has no image, and is a poem only because it has uneven right hand margins. Generous soul that I am, I naturally assumed that the poem, being so irresponsible at everything else, was a good rendering of the Japanese original. And so I went off to see my friend, the Japanologist.

After a few hours of diligent research with him, a few facts emerged. As soon as I saw the Japanese text of the poem you printed, I was sure it was not a *Manyoshu* text, but some kind of modern form. My friend informs that it is indeed modern script; he further tells me it is so illiterately done that he finds it hard to believe that the person who wrote has any but the most superficial acquaintance with the language—his (bi-lingual) eight-year-old child would know better than to try to write such complicated characters. He tells me that the *Kokashu* is not a book of the *Manyoshu*, but an earlier collection of poems, some of which were reproduced in the *Manyoshu*, the *Kokashu* itself no longer being extant. As he searched laboriously through first-character finding indices for one of your scribe's images, so that we could find what book of the *Manyoshu* the poem really is in, I checked for other translations into English. The most important English version of the *Manyoshu*, the so-called *Nippon Gakujutsu Shinkokai* translation, does not include the poem. H. H. Honda's 1967 Hokuseido Press translation does include this poem (Manyo number 2540) and Honda translated:

Her girlish hair
too short to plait
She braids with tender grass—
Ah—how I love her!

Now this is a very different thing from the version you published, but it doesn't make any sense, either, and is, if possible, even worse poetry. But I returned to the side of the Japanologist, who had located the poem in *Kokka Taikan* and *Nihon Toten Bungarvu Taikei*. Now, I suppose I should say that the *Manyoshu* is not an easy book to read; from what I understand

(I do not, of course, know Japanese; I am merely a culturally depraved referee of these international exchange, with all a referee's prejudices and liabilities) it ranges in difficultness from Linear A's, at worst, to Pindar's, at best. *Manyo* studies have, however, commanded a great deal of attention in recent years in Japan and we had before us two good commentaries and, since the NKBT gives two, we had three texts. We worked through the poem and as far as my friend the Japanologist can tell, the words go something like this: "Divided into two parts, her hair short, with green (or Spring) grass, she tied it in her hair—my sister, whose image I recall." A few basic points, then. Your translator's fourth line is a rather ridiculous mistranslation of the fifth line of the original. His phrase "curved shoulders" is nothing more than an interpolation, a shameless fault. And the word given as "sister" is most commonly used in the *Manyoshu* not in its lexical meaning—younger sister—but as a euphemism for lover, since in *Manyo* times, as far as is known, sleeping with one's younger sister did not constitute incest. (That is surely in itself worth more than your translation.) But we still don't know what the poem is talking about—what is this sister (here, of course, the word may have its lexical meaning) or lover doing? This is my friend's reconstruction: the girl in the poem is fairly young and wears her hair parted and gathered in two large bunches at the back of her head, as was the custom for young girls of the time. In order to look like a big girl (big girls wore their hair gathered above their heads), she has taken some grass and stuffed into the two bunches, and gathered them around it. This reading, which is at least plausible, would give the poem the sense of a whimsical relation of a little girl's prank to look older. It would be like a twelve-year old wearing lipstick. Or falsies. Or whatever.

Without pausing to make some more general remarks on translation (such as Don't translate a poem if you haven't the faintest idea what it means), I will conclude by urging that the idea of publishing leaves from the *Manyoshu* is one of the most exciting I have encountered in the history of my association with your magazine, but that doing it for the sake of exoticism is a reprehensible thing. More careful editorial scrutiny is required in the future, because in this area, your responsibility is not to your audience alone, but also to the first great Japanese poetic anthology. That is not an easy burden to bear, but think how quickly we would all go to seed if we didn't pay more attention to things like, say, getting up in the morning.

I hope these comments will be of some use to us, and I trust that you will take them, even though they are cantankerous and divers, as a rousing blast of encouragement, because I sincerely did want to be sure to reach you.

Michael Patrick O'Connor
University of British Columbia

PS: With regard to the Japanese text of the poem, let me paraphrase T. S. Eliot: immature art directors imitate, mature art directors steal. And remember that in Japan in 1546 a man was burned at the stake for mistranslating English. And show a little respect.

As Michael Patrick O'Connor points out, there are many things a translation may do: it may be literal or free, material or more slack in its rhythms. His statement of possibilities is surely spacious enough to include Danny O'Donnell's translation, if close attention is granted to what is happening there. Let us suppose that the poem is speaking of an event in our culture. Because the girl is named by a sibling term, we guess that she is probably young. This impression is solidified when we see her tying her hair with grass. Ah, we think, she is about six years old, and she has seen how the older women wear their hair, either past shoulder length or tied up on their heads. She wants to imitate, but has neither ribbons nor experience at it, so she uses what is at hand. She either ties it on her head, as Michael Patrick suggests that a Japanese girl might have, or else she weaves the grass right into her hair, to make it look thicker and "sexier." Either act would be natural to a girl of that age. We are left with a picture that is both silly and beautiful; silly because the youngster is quite unsuccessful at her imitations, and beautiful because green grass is beautiful living stuff, enough like hair that the weaving hints at metaphor. Perhaps Danny could have done more to elaborate this scene, but he did do what was necessary to catalyze an aesthetic response like this one. Ergo, he has used the Japanese as a model, and he has written a poem. Michael Patrick's criticisms, and his enumeration of larger possibilities, do serve to provide valuable perspective; but his criticism does not realize that something positive has been done, which is to say that the criticism has grave limitations.

It must also be noted that the many poems from the Manyoshu text are numerous and irregular enough to present, in the words of the most recent Japanese edition, "difficulties in giving them the correct reading that are indescribable."

Rory Holscher

An Orwellian future

The letter you published in the *SCHOLASTIC*, March 5, 1971, is a terrifying example of what is perhaps the most hateful and dangerous form of air pollution—the manipulation of words to disguise reality and to deceive both speaker and listener. In another context, we find this irresponsibility rampant in advertising; in still another, we have only to listen to current Administration "statements" on the situation in Indochina to find the most blatant use of doubletalk and deceptive euphemism.

But the letter from "A woman who is now happy again," describing her experience in obtaining an abortion, deserves to be ranked with the most infamous of such comments. It approaches the calibre of Hitler's "final solution of the Jewish question," a neat phrase which oh-so-bloodlessly summed up the death agonies of six million murdered men, women, and children. I fear for this nation, and for this Christian community, when its members can say things like, "There are many couples every school year who find

that they must seek an abortion to free themselves to continue their education and to live their lives as they wish." That statement is deliberately constructed to sound as innocuous as "I find that I must have a wart removed" or "I find that I must quit my part-time job to free myself to concentrate on my education." But what it conceals is the entire problem of human choice and human responsibility. It seeks to evade the most concrete and inescapable of all facts—that human actions have human consequences. It covers over one of the most vicious tendencies of our day, the desire to have and to experience everything without accepting any responsibility either for the consequences or for the other human persons involved. I might have laughed at the silliness of the diction (one hardly "finds" oneself pregnant, as if that condition were a great surprise unrelated to the rest of one's life), were it not for the fact that I am depressed beyond telling at the mentality which can use language so barbarously to distort the truth.

But there was more to that letter, and worse. The happy woman assures us that if anyone else "takes advantage of these services she will find herself having a positive, liberating experience." *God help us.* That was the most coherent response I could make to the blandness of a statement which might equally well describe one's afternoon therapy session but which in fact refers to the destruction of a developing human life. "A positive, liberating experience"—this kind of rhetoric will destroy us, for it disguises the most undeniable realities, particularly the realities which we find unpleasant or would rather not face, in layers of comfortable subjectivity and convenient jargon. What frightens me is that we can be so out of touch with our own inner reality and with the reality around us and *not even know it.* A sick society, as so many have called us? Yes, if our communication serves only to deceive and drive apart, if our language has become an insidious way of creeping around the truth and avoiding the issue, if our rhetoric serves no other purpose than to insulate us from what we prefer not to admit.

And what are we to do with your correspondent's description of herself as "a woman who is now happy again"? One is tempted to write a new "Happiness is . . ." book. Happiness is flushing your problem out of sight down some sewer. Happiness is wrapping your problem in a plastic bag and dumping it. Happiness is bombing your problem off the face of the earth. Happiness is pretending the whole problem doesn't exist. The implications in the world of 1971 are staggering; let us at least give them some thought.

Another woman, who is quite *unhappy* at the Orwellian perspectives opened by the woman "happy again."

Re: The migrant worker

To the Editor:

Insofar as certain of my remarks have been incorporated in a discussion ("The Teacher as Migrant Worker" - March 5, 1971) of tenure standards and tenure decisions at Notre Dame, I ask that the following observations be added to the record.

It is unreasonable and clearly detrimental to the

entire University for tenure standards to take a rigid and specific form that would permit an absolutely clear understanding of them by all affected parties. It is as wrong now to require a specific average (for example, 3.5) on student evaluation-forms as it was always wrong to fix three journal articles on tenure.

One hopes that departmental committees judging junior colleagues will assess each individual against the broad standards of teaching excellence, scholarly achievement and promise, and other service to the University. One hopes that departmental committees will be capable of appreciating the value of a person exceptionally strong in one of these areas but weak in the others. One trusts that departmental committees will consider the department's need of providing a balanced academic program with limited resources. Finally, one hopes that such committees will be responsive to the overall College or University perspective when it is asserted by the appropriate member of the Administration. For this as well as other reasons, it hardly serves the best interests of the University to fail to inform departmental committees of the reasons for vetoing their recommendations.

Walter Nicgorski
General Program

Of cardboard pizzas and bad jokes

Dear Scholastic people,

"Im sitting down last Friday night after saying good night to all my lovely friends from Notre Dame and St. Mary's, relaxing after a hot night in the kitchen. I started reading the SCHOLASTIC like I always do every Friday when I find a little story about my restaurant by "Black Jack Freddie." It made me mad and sorry I was mad because what he said about me wasn't true (except for the part about being a Sage—I found out that that meant "wise man"). It made me sorry because for twenty years now my wife and me have worked real hard to make a nice place for the kids to come to.

The kids have always liked us and we have always liked them. And the Scholastic has always been real nice to me and my wife. That's why we were so surprised at this "Black Jack." And what we thought was a really unfair thing to say was that we sell "cardboard pizzas." I make every ingredient that goes into the pizzas here myself and I have for twenty years. Everybody tells me that they're the best pizzas in town, and I think they are too.

So tonight I was sitting with some of my friends that are in the plays at Notre Dame, and we were talking about what you said about me last week. You see I never went to school a lot myself and some things that the kids say are just a joke I think aren't too funny. The kids told me that they thought that this "Black Jack" was just making a joke. They said I shouldn't take it too serious, and so I won't. When you have good friends that stick with you no matter what anybody says, I think you can laugh off just about anything. Now I laugh with you.

And then my friends told me that we ought to write a letter to you and say that if Louie sells cardboard pizzas, then cardboard pizzas are everybody at Notre Dame and St. Mary's favorite kind! And so my friends and me are sending you this letter. We'd thank you a lot if you printed it.

Louie

Editorial

Imminent Danger?

Several weeks ago, Donald Badger and Mark Hanahan were cleared in civil court of charges that they sold drugs to a South Bend narcotics agent. At the time, both had been "provisionally suspended" by Dean of Students James Riehle. Hanahan has since had his suspension lifted; he is now on disciplinary probation, but faces the possibility of being denied admission to medical school. Badger's suspension was upheld last week after an appeal.

No one except those present at that appeal knows what happened; and no one present except Badger himself, has commented on what went on. All we know is that the four students originally "provisionally suspended" were in fact disciplined (and punished) as "imminent dangers to the University community"—this in Father Riehle's words. The Provost, he says, agrees. The criteria for what constitutes an "imminent danger" remain entirely in the hands of these two men.

When asked about these standards, Father Riehle cited as examples the possible presence on campus of a "psychotic", or a "thief." He went on to say, "The vice-presidents felt someone who sold drugs constituted just such an 'imminent danger'."

But Badger and Hanahan were each proven not to have "sold drugs" — at least in civil court. Why Badger's continued punishment? "In my mind," Riehle said, "he was still guilty."

In the absence of any clearer statement, all we can conclude is that the two were suspended because they had been *accused* of a misdemeanor — and that Badger

has not been reinstated because of the same accusation. Which all amounts to guilt by accusation or, as Father Riehle said, "guilty until proven innocent."

All this seems true, because no one except those present knows whether evidence was put forward proving Badger to have actually "sold drugs." But aside from what seems a paranoid reaction by the administrators concerned with the presence of drugs on this campus, and aside from the University's failure to establish any adequate official counselling service to *educate* against drug abuse, the Hanahan Badger cases seem to be a strange application to the "imminent danger" clause of the Judicial Code. As Father Riehle says, the Code was worded loosely to allow some "personalness" in the execution of its content. In this case the ambiguity has allowed those in authority to discipline and punish a student found innocent in civil court — guilty, as far as can be told, only and simply of having been *accused*.

The meaning of the "imminent danger" clause must be spelled out more honestly. Based on what we can know, we believe the clause was unjustly applied; indeed we question whether the existence of such an ambiguous and general clause is necessary. Further, the University's admitted stand of "guilty until proven innocent" is intolerable, and in marked opposition to even the traditions of Anglo-Saxon law. As Father Riehle said, the University need not and perhaps should not be "bound by the decisions of civil courts." If anything, University structures ought to reflect more personalness, less legalism and a greater respect for the accused than are present in civil courts.

Bill Mitchell

What Has Been Done in Our Name

In 1946, the U.S. Government convicted and hanged the Japanese general Tomoyuki Yamashita after finding him responsible for the deaths of more than 25,000 civilians killed by his troops in the Philippines.

Since 1965, the U.S. Government has been responsible for the death of a minimum (according to a non-partisan study by the U.S. General Accounting Office) of 150,000 Vietnamese civilians.

Earlier this week, Lt. William Calley was convicted of the premeditated murder of 21 civilians and of the assault with the intent to kill of a two year-old boy. Calley faces death or life imprisonment.

When President Nixon received the news of the peasant killings at Mylai, he said he was "shocked." When he ordered the invasions and bombings of Cambodia and Laos, tens of thousands of peasants found themselves shocked, to death.

Lately the President has been making it perfectly clear that he is very, very sincere about this war. Would it be fair to assume that General Yamashita or Lt. Calley were any less sincere in what they did?

In an exhaustive review (*The New York Times Book Review*, March 28), of current literature of the rules and the crimes of war, former Times Vietnam correspondent Neil Sheehan carefully documents what could be considered the numerous war crimes of the U.S. in Vietnam — if a tribunal were in any way faithful to the criteria and principles used by U.S. prosecutors at either the Nuremberg or the Tokyo tribunals.

—Or if blatant and continuing offenses against the instructions laid down in the U.S. Army Field Manual, which, for instance, prohibits attacks on hospitals, were taken at all seriously. As Sheehan points out, "We routinely bombed and shelled them. The destruction of Vietcong and North Vietnamese Army Hospitals in the South Vietnamese countryside was announced

at the daily press briefings, the Five O'clock Follies, by American military spokesmen."

—Or if a tribunal ever contrasted the U.S. legacy in Vietnam with the Geneva Convention of 1949 Relative to the Protection of Civilian Persons in Time of War, which states:

"No protected person (civilian) may be punished for an offense he or she has not personally committed. Collective penalties and likewise all measures of intimidation or of terrorism are prohibited.

"Pillage is prohibited.

"Reprisals against protected persons and their property are prohibited."

Sheehan does not harangue U.S. officials with the genocide rhetoric; the evidence he presents is telling enough: high U.S. officials, including Presidents Nixon and Johnson, have authorized the kinds of destruction of life and property that are expressly forbidden by the accepted rules of war.

All of which does the millions of refugees bombed to destitution by the U.S. no good — unless, that is, the American public insists that they not be forgotten.

Dave Lammers and Steve Raymond have proposed initial steps in that direction for Notre Dame. Abandon luxury items from April 4th to May 3rd and give the money saved to a group that will help provide food and shelter for the refugees. It is a modest, but significant beginning, for us as much as for the refugees.

It is the kind of concrete starting point we need in what must become a renewed and relentless demand to Nixon: Set a date now for the end of the killing. And begin now to care for the refugees, who will have a claim on us for as long as they live.

For Nixon as for all of us, the above seems a most merciful sentence for what has been done in our name.

Markings

The Scientific Art of Art

It all started with practicality — so Boeing could build better landing gear. Now computer art has stretched as far as the areas of music and film.

Leonard Kilian, of Notre Dame's computer department, emphasizes that here Univac is used artistically for only the more traditional mode of creating: pure designs and representational pictures. The basic language of this computer is Fortran, which, artistically speaking, is a system of designating co-ordinates and drawing lines between them. For example, a figure may be formed by giving the machine 120 points in such a fashion that when lines are drawn connecting them a circle is formed.

Notre Dame first began dabbling in this newest form of computer functioning approximately five years ago, by doing things far less difficult — such as repetition of elementary geometric figures or producing randomness superimposed in a shape. In other words, basic techniques were worked out, works of art were untried. The computer itself is still best employed for schematic and geometric pictures — primarily because the artist-scientist continues to discover the potential of this new medium and because the artist-scientist tends to be more scientist than artist.

The computer is seen by many as an autonomous metal being, since it accomplishes what are usually labeled "acts of intelligence." But all formations must be programmed by the human mind; the machine merely expresses the imagination, intuition and emotions of men. Further, it allows the programmer free room to create what before could only be thought impossible. The combination of mathematics and art, of pure logic and the imagination, seems unique: dimensional geometry comes into its own, as humans can compute in four dimensions or forty in a space no longer real but simply theoretical. A succession of squares can be transformed into a profile of someone,

then back to a square a fraction of the original size; it is possible to see the look of an object moving at the speed of light. With the cathode ray tube added, the computer can transform a program into almost a living organism: a young man grows old, an ugly one beautiful. The effect is similar to watching cartoon characters running in front of fun-house mirrors.

The element of surprise in art takes on fresh forms due to computer randomness; it is possible to explore, for example, the entire spectrum of inherent potentials in any polygon. Examples of this phenomenon are numerous. In 1967 a computer artist created a prophetic work called "Random War" in which he drew one toy soldier, programmed the computer to reproduce it over again 400 times, named each soldier, computed how many were to die and be wounded in each of 40 sectors, gave the total number dead and wounded on each side and then let the computer decide who was to die and be wounded.

The future of the computer grows more open and perhaps more ominous. There is the possibility of attaching electrodes directly to the brain and, by creating a new computer language or alphabet, letting it translate brain waves into readable but not necessarily representational images. Thus, one's exact thoughts could be known and drawn by the computer.

Even in this light, the age-old questions are renewed: how do men use the machine for creative purposes? Some maintain this new expression increases the diversity of the arts; others argue that it is nothing more than glorified technique needing electricity to operate. In any case, the computer *and* the imaginations of its men must be praised or criticized. For the machine lets the creative intellect surpass what we term "reality," and consequently shape and surpass the present — not only physically, in forms, but also culturally and spiritually.

—John Banks-Brooks

Presently on exhibit in the East Gallery of O'Shaughnessy Hall and running until April 18 is a one-man show by John David Mooney, assistant professor in the Art Department of Notre Dame. The show features paintings, drawings, and an innovative plasma light show. A new and exciting form of art, plasma light sculptures are the result of several years of research and repeated failures. In his statement concerning the evolution of plasma light as an art form, Mooney states, "The operative manner of the sculpture crosses the frontier between art and science." In an interview with the SCHOLASTIC Mooney elaborated upon this:

"The artist today has to use the language of today, which is science. When we work only with aesthetic islands of release, we are not coming to grips with today. When the beauty which is seen in a laboratory is made known to the public, then we are coming to understand the reaction of the scientist, a reaction which is often a very private one."

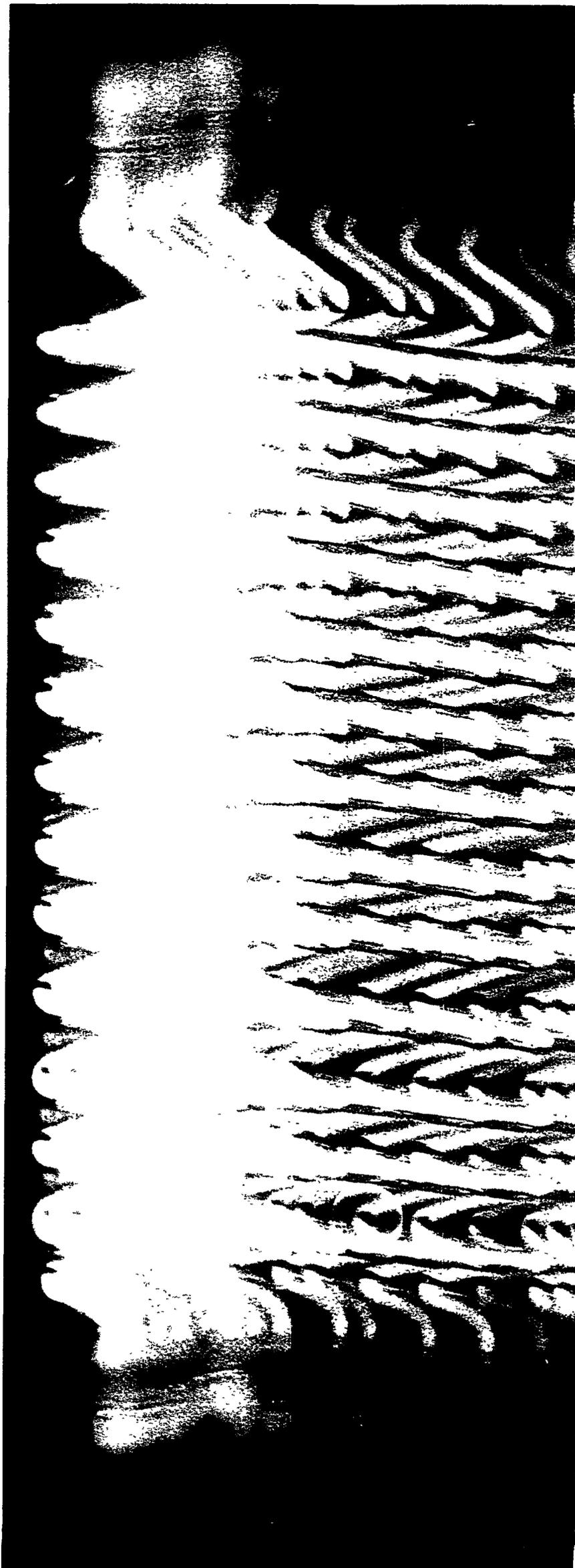
The very nature of such an art form necessitates a coalition of the artist and the scientist — in this case Mooney worked with Dr. Robert S. Rhode, a plasma physicist from Illinois Institute of Technology who is presently at the Institution of Exploratory Research in Fort Monmouth, New York, and Steve Colucci, physicist, consultant and technician who was responsible for the mechanical co-ordination of the plasma light sculptures. David Blessing, a glass-blower and technician, was responsible for the formation of the tubes in which the striations appear.

The visual image which appears in the tube is formed by applying high voltage (supplied for each sculpture by an individual transformer generating from 5,000-12,500 volts and up to 30 miliamps) to a rarified gas or mixture of gases such as helium, argon and mercury. The voltage is applied through metal electrodes sealed in each tube. The resulting striations, or waves of ionization, depend upon such variables as pressure, current, the diameter of the tube (ranging from one-half inch to two inches) and the type of gas mixture. The light is produced by a re-combination of the plasma particles (as in a gas laser).

Each sculpture presents its own impact; they vary in size, color, length of exposure and shape. The plasma light show represents both a scientific and an artistic breakthrough for those involved. Institutions, artists and scientists around the country have expressed interest and enthusiasm. Mooney hopes that the plasma light sculptures will "make science known to laymen as a thing of beauty."

In this, his fourth one-man art show in his two-and-a-half-year stint at Notre Dame, Mooney has also included acrylic landscapes and drawings, all done over the past year and on display for the first time. The paintings required about a month's time each — six to eight hours daily; these, too, break against the tradition of illustrative painting, for traditionally, all light comes forward in a painting. Accentuated by white spaces which have a definitive, positive role, a subtle balance of lighting and shaping is achieved.

— *Mary Ellen Stoltz*



Markings

Less than three percent

Oh, how the head spins of late: coeducation and women's rights. But with the recent, promising decisions of the administrations of Notre Dame and St. Mary's, these issues seem, at least temporarily, to have subsided.

Still, a recent article in Brown University's *Alumni Magazine* makes one wonder whether these recent victories are really substantial — or even really victories, for that matter. The Contract Compliance Office of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare reports that a national organization called Women's Equity Action League has filed charges against Brown and 20 other New England universities for allegedly discriminating against women. Of the 619 faculty members at Brown, only 51 or slightly better than 8% are women. It is significant for us to note that the comparable figures for Notre Dame are 756 total faculty, fifty of whom are women, constituting about 6½%. When one discounts those among the women faculty who work in the capacities of librarians, lab technicians and specialists, etc., and considers only the teaching faculty, the number drops from fifty to 22 — less than 3%.

The figures seem indicting. Yet, as is true with any form of alleged discrimination, the covert manifestations are often at least as significant as the overt. Considerations along these lines must include the difficulties that women have in achieving rank and salary considerations. Undoubtedly, the most poignant example is that of obtaining tenure, apparently much more difficult for women than for men. Harvard last

year had 22 women, none tenured on a faculty of 1550. Of the 22 women currently teaching at Notre Dame, *only one* has been given tenure. Though it may be premature to make accusations on the basis of that fact alone, the figures do seem to portend an alarming tendency, one that indeed grows increasingly more alarming when possible reasons behind the figures are examined.

Perhaps the most significant reason for the problems women seem to have in obtaining tenure is the disproportionately large numbers of women who are hired initially on a part-time basis. Part-time teaching is not counted toward the time required for reception of tenure. There are other reasons, too, more subtle. There seems to be a bias simply against the hiring of women. This cannot be because of a scarcity of qualified women either, as some might wish to claim. In 1969, women received 13% (or 3500) of the doctoral degrees awarded throughout the country. And Harvard, notorious for its hiring — or failure to hire — women, awarded 20% of its Ph.D.s to women in that year. Even at Notre Dame, the graduate Arts and Letters programs are the only ones in the entire University that are fully coeducational.

Perhaps underlying all of the prejudices against hiring women are several specific myths which are blatantly false. Many claim that women drop out of graduate school more often than men. Studies at the University of Chicago Graduate School, however, show the attrition rate, field by field, to be about the same for both men and women. Furthermore, studies

indicate that a vast majority of the women who receive Ph.D.s do continue to use them, contrary to somewhat popular opinion. Helen S. Astin recently surveyed 2,000 women doctorates and found that 91% of them were still working ten years after having received their Ph.D.s and nearly 97% of these had done so without once interrupting their careers during that period.

Research by Rita Simon, Shirley Merrit Clark, and Kathleen S. Astin showed that married women Ph.D.s who were employed full time published more than either men Ph.D.s or unmarried women Ph.D.s, flatly contradicting the myth that men publish more than women. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, two independent studies, one by Lindsey R. Harmon and another by the National Academy of Sciences, report that, by various measures, women doctorate holders have somewhat greater academic ability than their male colleagues.

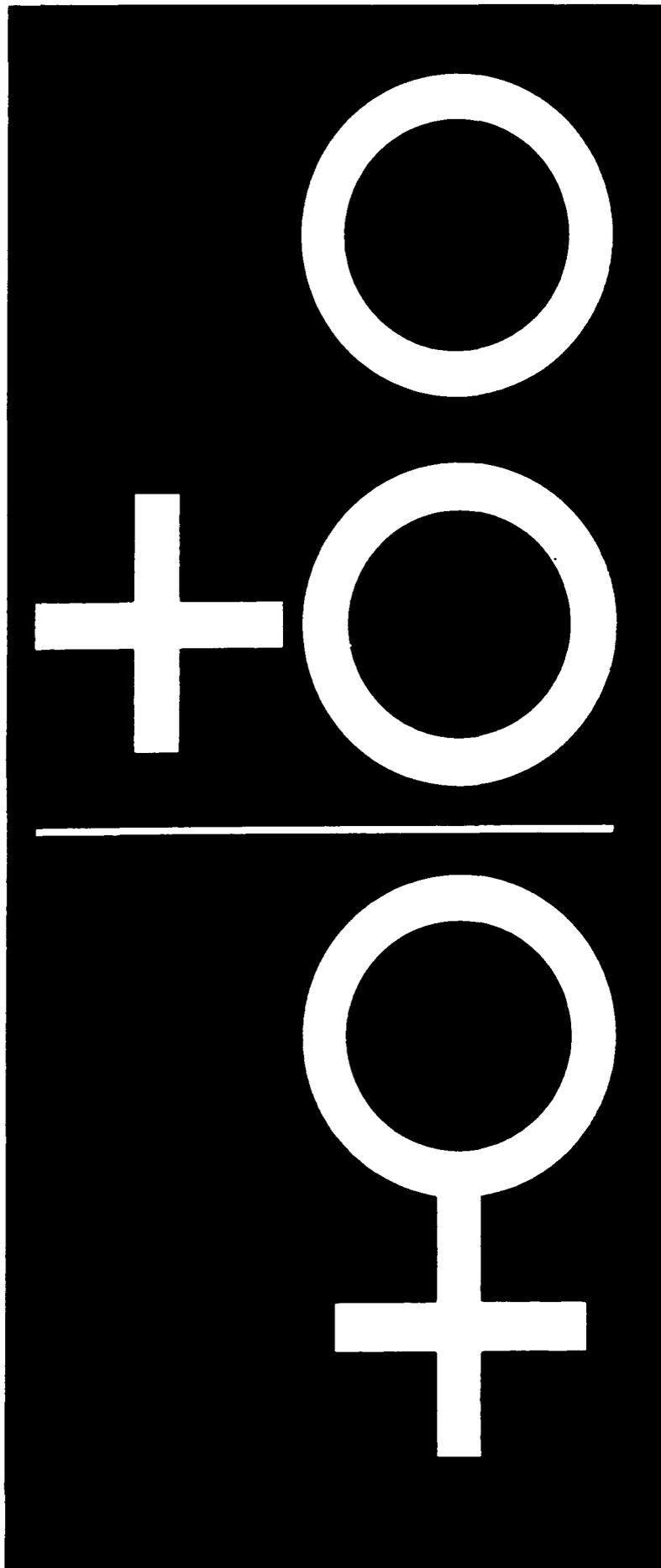
Whatever the reasons for the discrepancy between the number of men and the number of women hired to teach at Notre Dame, there seems to be little justification. There are no women members on the teaching faculty in either the College of Engineering or the College of Architecture. Of the thirteen departments in the College of Arts and Letters, only six have hired any women at all in a teaching capacity. Some of the more surprising among the guilty departments are English, Art, and Music — all fields where women especially have made most significant contributions.

There are other difficulties faced by women members of the faculty — difficulties much less easily articulated since numbers in this case are meaningless. These are the problems that arise as a result of attitudes among male members of the staff and student body. Incidents of women teachers subjected to whistling, catcalls, and comments in class are common. One woman faculty member relates the problems she had when she was refused locker facilities in the Convocation Center, even though female graduate students do have facilities. Fortunately, she adds, the matter was cleared up willingly and immediately. Another encouraging response was voiced by Dr. Joan Huber, the third woman ever hired to teach at Notre Dame. "The University seems, to me, to be quite willing to hire women."

In spite of this last remark, the "less-than-three-percent" figure for Notre Dame still rings in one's ears. Perhaps the University can beg amnesty on the basis of its relative youth in even dealing with women. It is undoubtedly in a stage of metamorphosis at the moment, striving on the one hand to escape the grasps of those qualities which characterize an all-male institution, and grasping and trying to ingest those qualities of a functioning co-educational institution on the other.

Given that Notre Dame did not hire its first woman

in a teaching capacity until 1966, Notre Dame's growth in hiring women might be considered satisfactory thus far. Nonetheless, the figures portend some very unhealthy trends that must be reversed, and suggest several dangers of which we need be acutely aware.



Carolyn Gatz

Vonnegut, the Burmese and Me

They watched their own deterioration like merciless onlookers. These days, all over the world, there are people like this: the states of mind that once only afflicted people on death beds are their permanent condition . . . And it is these people who are at 20 the liveliest, the most promising.

Doris Lessing, *Landlocked*

I am the possessor of a queasy stomach. And one of the things to which it is most sensitive is the apocalypse—and other assorted impending dooms—real, imagined, or otherwise. I try to avoid confronting them, or conjuring them. But, given the date, there are, however, a few things pressuring to be said, though the pretension makes me wince, and despite the fact that saying them is merely whistling in the wind. These are merely the self-dramatizations of youth, but life is hard for a self-pitying dramatist, a fact too little attended.

The theme down to which this is working: I know that Doris Lessing—as a friend said—“knows too goddamned much about people.” I know further that *Landlocked* was written in the early 1950's, and that since that moment, the age to which she ascribed those perceptions has steadily declined. There are, I think, large numbers of people yet fulfilling the last sentence of that paragraph who know what Doris Lessing is talking about.

I mean, internally and externally, integral with time and apart from that demon, there is this black pit around here somewhere. It continually shifts positions, but at the moment seems visible ahead—right there in that space called “after May.” At times it lurks in concepts that blossom allegorically into strangling vines called “The Real World.” It threatens to drown the world in realities usually excluded from speeches on

the demands of that Real World; I speak of realities like those that Bill Mitchell states in his column and that Marece Neagu discusses elsewhere in this issue. Or like the fresh but not dissimilar terrors of Pakistan. Or like both the acts of which Charles Manson was convicted and the statements of the convicting jurors; or like their decision itself. Or, even, like whole varieties of injustices administered and suffered in this microcosm where we live. We have no need for lists; these things are known as facts. The problem is the anesthesia with which we are inundated.

If the Collective Consciousness exists, one worries about its health. In our studied nonchalance at suffering—suffering which the earth and her people are perfectly capable of irradiating—one wonders at the possibility of evil lodged indomitably in our Collective Consciousness.

I have a theory. I have a theory that rose straight from my untrained mind—it has no reasoned basis in philosophy or any of those fine credentials. It is a naive theory, but with beauty in its naive simplicity. And if I could find the real world, I would sure enough explain it to him and persuade him of its truth and . . . but the man is a little elusive.

Would that we could, a priori, meet other—all other—human beings with a predominating sense of profound and unrelenting respect. Enough respect to at once demand that stifling interference be unthinkable and with equal pressure require unrelenting willingness to aid another when he calls—even in a whisper—for aid. Respect demands equity, and self-aggrandizing protection would be unthinkable. Protection and aid are two different things. Couched in the stance of benevolent protection, perhaps more evil has been levelled upon peoples than has come from any other impulse. Read the editorial in this issue. Read the reasons for our presence in Vietnam.

If I could find the world, I should tell him that. If I could find the King of the World, I would try and persuade him. If we could live by that respect, perhaps it would not be necessary to spray anesthesia like deoderant.

In certain parts of Burma, it is customary for the friends of a dying man to assemble at his death bed and remind him of the many good deeds he has done.

The custom of the Burmese might be called a sacramental act of charity. They know, I think, what Doris Lessing meant when she wrote of “the states of mind that once only afflicted people on death beds.” and the Burmese customs—their sacraments—were created to fill the void of the moment of death. The custom is a sacrament of aid, of charity. The custom is also, yet, a sacrament of, performed by, the collective. Relief proceeds through the collective. If, contemporarily, the consciousness of the death-bed has taken over other—large—chunks of life's time, then the answer found in this sacrament takes on a larger importance.

The only other thing is to manifest a little adolescent defiance: The end of *Cat's Cradle* to you, Real World. There are better ways to live.



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Genus: student Species: premed

To attempt the wholesale condemnation of a species, especially one so powerful and lasting as the premedical variety, would not only be impotent but also highly imprudent. Yet the hope is that perhaps criticism will effect some mutation, however slight, for the betterment of all those involved with the preprofessional department. With this in mind, one may courageously wield an intellectual scalpel and begin to dissect that strange beast—to remove those cancerous parts so that the whole might live.

Admittedly, even among themselves, premedical students are a strange breed. They seem to study constantly, staking out permanent territorial limits in the library, surrounding themselves with ragged walls of books, rarely going out, perpetually avoiding parties and dates and limiting their verbal communication to discussion of courses taken, being taken, to be taken, or, rarely, a self-conscious, illiterate stab at a subject not in that mighty realm of science. Yet for all their work and supposed competence in their field of study, they possess an amazing ability to provoke themselves into deep and seemingly eternal anxiety. Indeed, there is sometimes ample reason to suspect that in most premeds this anxiety has developed into true paranoia.

They inevitably and endlessly worry over quizzes, then tests, then grades, building to a climax in that all-embracing psychic burden: cumulative grade point average. Every wise premed firmly believes that good quiz grades will lead to good test grades; and good test grades mean good course grades; and good course grades mean a good G.P.A.; and a good G.P.A. means acceptance to medical school. Thus, when approaching any academic check point, the premed feverishly learns every fact that his teacher has alluded to, however vaguely, and frets about the possibility that he might forget one, or that the test will be so constructed that he will stumble into the snare of sophistry.

But if study is not enough to prepare him for those black and unknown challenges, often the premed will resort to some rather unethical procedures to gain an

acceptable grade. They develop such adaptive habits as sly and quick movements of the eyes, low, barely audible whispers, and an acute sense of hearing. With these immensely useful traits, they are able—through pooling their ignorance or by becoming a parasite of a healthier student—to gain a good grade. Sometimes, due to the fact that nearly all their courses are graded on a curved basis, they attempt to bring their fellow students into the lower grade stratum. This is accomplished by hoarding useful but limited study aids, or by giving students false information in labs, or by refusing to aid a student in his study. Thus one is not surprised at the fact that when the old judicial code was in effect, premedical students were reported to have the highest incidence of cheating, outpacing all other segments of the student body.

Yet one cannot accuse the premed of thinking only of grades, without doing him a vast disservice. He also gives much of his time to anxiety over medical school recommendations. Through these recommendations, written by the student's professors, medical schools attempt to determine whether the student is a proper breed; they hope to prune from the applicants those who are of "bad character." These forms generally consist of a rating grid, on which the applicant is graded in various categories as below average, average, above average, good, and superior. The categories encompass nearly all the pertinent traits that compose the ideal doctor, such as personal appearance, honesty, integrity, attitude toward study, and personality. The teacher is thus able to dissect the applicant's personality, analyze it, and then objectively grade it assuming he has a good knowledge of the student after grading his tests and conducting a thirty minute interview with him.

In many cases, however, the premedical student feels compelled to insure as far as he is able, that he will obtain good recommendations. This again is a source of great anxiety to the student, for he rarely is satisfied with staking all his hopes for a good evalua-

. . . when the old judicial code was in effect, they were reported to have the highest incidence of cheating . . .

tion only on a single interview and his grade in the course. He thus attempts, and is encouraged by the department, "to distinguish himself," so as to impress the potential evaluator of his superior character.

The student realizes the immense value of a particularly deep question posed to the professor after class or in the privacy of his office (one that will reflect his intellectual depth and curiosity), of always looking neat and well groomed, of possessing a pleasant, mature disposition when in the presence of faculty members, and of gaining a knowledge of what a professor's views are on weighty contemporary topics so that in his interview, or any discussion with him, he will know how much he must alter or disguise his stand so as not to offend this evaluation.

In addition to the medical school evaluations, the pre-professional department sends its own evaluations to Resident Assistants in every hall in order that they might gain more knowledge of each student. Once again, the premed now feels another eye is watching his movements, another man must be pleased. Many premeds carry latent hostility toward this added surveillance, as they see it; but they rarely voice it to any but other students, as they are well aware of the disastrous consequences of public criticism of the department. But if they feel this quiet surge of rebellion, it is soon adequately suppressed: students soon resume their daily chameleon-like personality of ever-varying hues and colors, artfully concealing any strongly held opinion in order to survive and gain admittance into Medical School.

The last anxiety hurdle is the Medical Boards, which is a national test administered to all applicants. This exam is composed of four parts: verbal aptitude, mathematical aptitude, science aptitude and general information.

Theoretically, a student cannot study for such an exam and this may well be true; yet the feeling of hopelessness overcomes most premeds and they are thus driven to take measures which will, hopefully, guarantee a score that is commensurate with medical school expectations. Thus students feverishly study past exams if available and quiz other premeds, who have taken the test, about it. To prepare for the verbal section, not trusting their freshman English course or their retentive powers, they use vocabulary flash cards to increase their literacy. Trusting rumors that the mathematics section is relatively simple, they forego study, or confine their efforts to a brief scanning of their freshman calculus text. The science aptitude is said to be the same, so similar methods are employed. General Information, however, presents a grave difficulty. Suspecting that there may, perhaps, be a slight

void in their education as well-rounded individuals, the premed confronts with terror the demand that he must possess a knowledge of fields that are not directly related to medicine. Thus, if he has an elective, he will try to take an art history course, which is said to increase premedical literacy in that field by as much as 100%, or a general social science, or a historical survey course. Yet the most often used aid is to buy a book which will teach the student "how to take and score well" on this particular exam by using special teaching techniques that will instantly compensate for whatever degree of ignorance a student is plagued by.

These, then, are the major areas of concern for premeds: grades, recommendations, and the medical school exam. The degree of their anxiety over each area is proportional to the weight given to them by Medical School, as the premeds' concern over these is merely a reflection of the Medical Schools' desire for a student who has proven himself in those areas. Thus, the driving force of a premed, as well as the source of this anxiety, is the fanatic desire to be a doctor. If anything can possibly be seen as an obstacle to fulfillment of that desire, great anxiety over possible failure, as well as a curious academic ruthlessness, generally overcomes the student.

Yet it is an interesting fact that despite being driven by this goal (that is, to be a doctor), most premeds do not know exactly what a doctor is. They will readily distort their views, bow and scrape for recommendations and grades, and spend their collegiate years in nothing but anxiety, paranoia and study with the sole intention of becoming a doctor, yet they never fully comprehend what this legendary being is in reality. They only have hazy, idealistic conceptual notions, and these generally are not talked of much, for they seem to find that the challenge presented them of trying to gain a medical degree is the most engaging and worthwhile thing in their lives. It is almost as if they rationalize the rigors of premedical and medical school with the assumption that anything that is so difficult to attain must be worthwhile. The premed, then, often builds his efforts toward medicine into a spiritual quest for some kind of divine state of being. To some this state is living in luxury, being respected by all and being secure in their job: a kind of earthly paradise. Others see their state as the pinnacle of Christian charity, casting the doctor into the role of a great humanitarian; still others see it as a chance to become a semi-deity, weighing life and death against their skill; or they see it as a hybrid of all or some of these. In any case, the doctor becomes a man above other men, a man who is the high priest of society as he deals with that one thing which all men fear, and can, hopefully, give them that thing which they want most.

This is, however, rarely consciously thought of, or at least, not often articulated by the premed, for he is

The department, waxing under Darwin's magic spell, views the competition gleefully . . .

not given to self examination when he is so enmeshed in his fight for survival. Yet when asked about it, a dreamy-eyed look speeds over his face, and words fail him while he gazes at his awesome heavenly vision of what he is to become. And, indeed, this type of imaginative world is a necessary part of the successful premed—for without the divine goal (and it must be divine, meaning some extraordinary goal), he could never want to endure the pressures, anxiety and chaos of the premed's mental life. This imaginative world, the subjective structuring of his world, is often the only adaptive measure which the premed can resort to in order to insure his sanity and survival in the department. Often one student in his freshman and sophomore years sees another student failing courses, due to his lack of effort. Often he will explain that he has "lost my desire," or, just doesn't care any more. His vision, his goal have become too unreal, and he doubts. His friends simply shake their heads sadly, realizing that, unless he resets his mental outlook, he will fail; and in all probabilities, he will never again achieve the proper peak of fanaticism.

Yet thus far we have tried to fathom the premed mentality without looking at the one major catalyst and intensifier of these anxieties and frustrations—that is, the department and its faculty. The premed enters the program with much of this attitude lying quietly, quite undeveloped, in its embryonic state. The department assumes the role of the terrible patriarch, driving its sons onward, impersonally and unremittingly crushing those who cannot withstand either the pressures or the academic gauntlet. The department is able to plant and nurture the seeds of anxiety by instilling the premed with great desire to achieve the goal. It attempts to control the academic life of the premed completely, and, by means of a herculean work load, recommendations, and departmental meetings, extend its influence into all corners of the premed's life. Thus the premed, as mentioned before, becomes almost totally engrossed in the academic sphere of his life and soon, to the department's joy, he begins to live and breathe for nothing but his goal.

The first means to this control is seen in the structure of the academic schedule, especially in the freshman and sophomore year. Every premed has to take a given number of science courses required by the Medical Schools. There are three programs from which a premed may choose: science majors, science concentrate, and arts and letters. The department urges all students truly interested in becoming a doctor to enter the college of science and choose between the major or

concentrate programs. The rationale is that the field of medicine today is expanding so rapidly, and has become so dependent on the knowledge and use of scientific discoveries, that a student must possess as much knowledge of science as possible so that he will be able to handle the heavy load of science courses in medical school and thus become a good doctor.

The department uses this lever well, so that the students who top for the arts program are seen by the department and other premeds as weak-kneed, pseudo intellectuals who are trying to escape from the science burden because they probably are not bright enough to handle it. This truth is also driven home by many science teachers, who upbraid that vague, silly notion of "liberal education," condemning the arts as inexact, irrational and emotional. The department naturally concurs with this idea: that science comes first, and any arts are to be thought of as a dessert of sorts—filling, but non-nutritional. Every good student, then, will give all his thought and energy toward doing well in meat and potatoes.

The department almost always succeeds in convincing the premed of this, and if they don't, they can always claim that the percentage of arts premeds accepted by medical school is not near the percentage of science students. They don't feel the need to explain that students in science are caught in a one-way trap. That is, students in science take their degree in pre-professional studies, whereas students in arts and letters take a degree in a subject offered by that college. Thus science premeds, if they are not accepted by a medical school, are left holding a fairly worthless major. All they can hope to do is to gain admittance into a graduate school of science, or else set their hopes on finding a job teaching biology in a high school—after, of course, taking another semester of school to procure the necessary education credits. For arts and letters students, there is no such jeopardy, and they do not have to stake all their work on one possibility. Thus, if a student in science premed does poorly (namely, cannot gain an average of 3.0 or better), he realizes that he had best drop his hopes of becoming a doctor and save himself from a fate he does not want.

So, in one way or another, most premeds find themselves in the college of science, where the department then begins its self-imposed task of helping the medical schools choose which students would make good doctors; in other words, it begins its "pruning process." Immediately the student is faced with two four-credit science courses per semester, and in the major program, generally he has 11 science credits per semester.

What the department does next, is to insure that all the premeds are isolated—that is, there are certain premed teachers and premed sections of a given course which they must take. Since all these courses are graded on a curve, the premeds find themselves

Jim Sitzman is a junior and a resident assistant at Flanner Hall. He is a former premed science student.

. . . It assumes the role of the terrible patriarch, driving its sons onward . . .

competing only with other premeds. To say the least, this has a tendency to increase anxiety and ruthlessness. The department, waxing under Darwin's magic spell, views the competition gleefully, convinced that through this method only the ablest, the strongest, the future doctors of tomorrow will survive—and feeling only momentary remorse for those students who stumble and fall from the ranks of the chosen.

Many faculty members also support this view of education, and hence students are often told at the start of a course, that a certain percentage of the class will fail. The teacher, apparently not wishing to appear hypocritical, does indeed fail the predicted percentage of students. After two semesters of this, the students find themselves among others who have been earning rather high grades in previous courses, with the realization that some of them, again due to the nature of a curved grading system, must occupy the lower grade stratum. The mathematical inevitability, the inexorable impersonality of the process usually causes rather profound fear and anxiety. Yet rarely is a public cry uttered, because the department, always foreseeing such divisive elements, attempts to insure their immunity from such criticism through fear of recommendations.

Despite the department's aim of producing independent, responsible, morally strong young men, it keeps the students from exercising such characteristics by his fear of recommendations. It almost seems as though, in the opinion of the department, the best way to inculcate and develop a trait is to practice its opposite—much like the argument that if one learns the mathematical concept of positive numbers, he will then understand negative numbers. Thus, independent thinking, responsibility and moral strength are suppressed. The student is expected to perform well whatever task the professor may give—namely he must regurgitate information from his lectures onto tests, only using his mind to weed through the swamp of sophistry; he is expected not to voice opinions which would “offend” his superiors, namely, keep his views quiet unless they coincide with the faculty's; he is expected to dress according to the department's standards, for otherwise he may offend someone with his dress.

All this is easily enforced and incorporated into the student's mind. For example, at a recent premedical meeting a senior premed who had been accepted by medical school rose to tell the younger students of such adaptive devices as the way to write a proper autobiography (part of the admissions procedures), encouraging them to “develop the ability of saying nothing yet saying something.” The department also stresses at these meetings that the premed must “distinguish” himself from all his other premedical class-

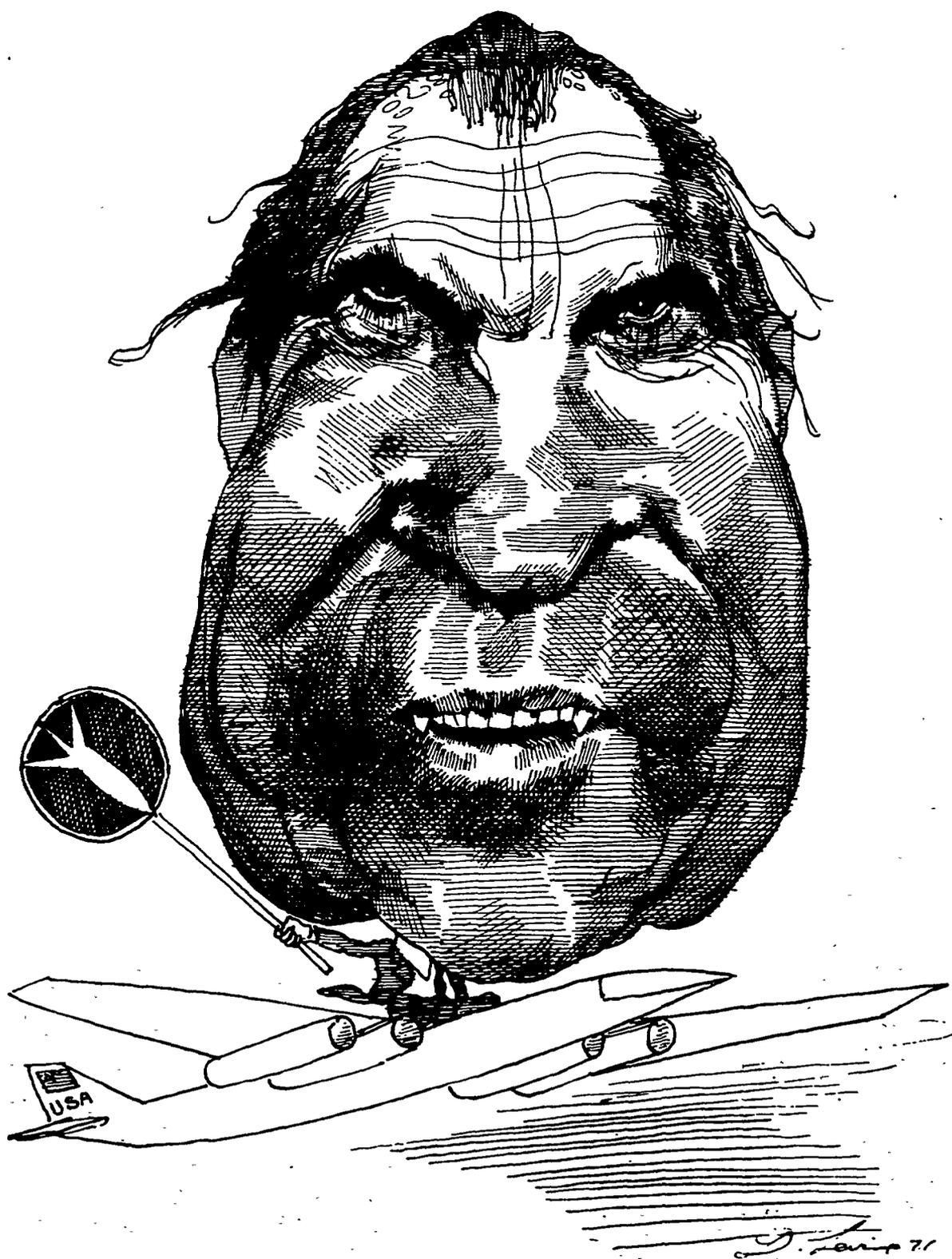
mates so that he will gain a good recommendation, and that he must not attempt to take many courses other than his science courses which are difficult or challenging, as it may hurt his G.P.A.

In this way the premed department molds it charges into acceptable medical school material. Those who do not bend to the pressures, or are overcome by the obstacles, generally leave the program. Thus the department has, at the end of three years at admissions time, an army of pureblooded premeds whom medical school will, in all probabilities, accept. And, this is the reason for the department's efforts—it wants to get students into medical schools, and at present, Notre Dame's premedical department is one of the most reputable in the country as it has an extremely high percentage of its students accepted by medical schools. The department wishes to keep this reputation, and continue to have medical schools accept its students. However the program, through the combined efforts of some faculty, the department, and some students, is probably the closest thing to an academic tyranny that Notre Dame sanctions. The sacrifice of young men to the ideals of the department is not worth what they gain. A restructuring of the department seems needed, for both the student, as well as the faculty and administration's betterment.

Such a change would have to be radical in order to be effective. One suggestion might be the dissolution of the department to such a point that the only function which it would retain would be that of an information center and an agency which would compile the necessary recommendations and records for students wishing to apply to medical school. Thus it would probably not be active among any segment of the student body, save the juniors who plan to attend medical school. There would be no preprofessional major granted, for all students would major in a field offered by either the College of Arts and Letters or the College of Science. Yet to insure that proper guidance is available, a student just entering the University would be assigned an advisor who would work loosely with the department and possess a knowledge of medical school requirements and the admissions timetable. Thus the fraternity of premeds would be broken by offering no specific premed courses or teachers and by disarming a department which deliberately and callously causes anxiety and fear. Hopefully, there would no longer be premeds; rather, there would only be students who wish to enter the field of medicine after graduation. At present, learning and the acquisition of an education is the last thing that is on a premed's mind. Perhaps, with effort, a skilled surgeon, and intensive care, the premed program here may be healed.

Jim Sitzman

Paris in the Spring



the war after
listening to
all four sides

Early in March, 170 people from 41 states flew to Paris to speak with the four delegations present there for the "Peace Talk" sessions — from North Vietnam, South Vietnam, the Peoples' Provisional Government of South Vietnam and the United States. All sessions except those with the American and South Vietnamese delegations (where no equipment was allowed) were taped by the group, whose members were spread over an astounding geographic, ideological and age spectrum. When they returned, on March 10, they carried a telegram to President Nixon, memories of a "moving" experience and a solidarity that promised to empty into individual actions (Judy Collins, for example, will give all of this year's earnings to the peace movement).

Chosen as one of the representatives from the Midwest was Mrs. Marece Neagu, a long-time resident and political activist in South Bend. She and her husband were initiated into political activism through the King-Selma marches—Mr Neagu having also served on the state board of the NAACP. She is now on probation, stemming from a demonstration against the war held downtown last Christmas, and next month will travel to Canada for a Women's Strike for Peace meeting with Vietnamese and Laotian women. The SCHOLASTIC's Steve Brion spoke with her in her home this week.

Scholastic: Why did you go to Paris, and who did you go with?

Neagu: The group was sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, the Fellowship for Reconciliation, and Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam. I was asked by the American Friends to represent this area, and I felt that it would be a group of peace activist people. It wasn't. It was primarily a group of average Americans: the Kiwanis, members of the American Legion, Boy Scout leaders, priests, nuns, rabbis, some people who were active in draft counseling and were involved in a limited way

in the peace movement. On the way over, there was a lot of concern about being "brainwashed by the Communists." I was gratified by the end result of the conference, which was a statement from our whole group. Judy Collins, who was there, said last night on TV that all the people had signed it, and she probably has more up-to-date information than I do. The statement by the Citizens Group for Ending the War in Indochina was a telegram sent to President Nixon on March 11, 1971. We signed it as individuals rather than as a group because we wanted the President to know that these people said this rather than some amorphous mass of a conference. It states that "We who had come together from throughout the United States, and who were now returning from a week of discussion in Paris with the representatives of each of the four delegations in the Paris Peace Talks and with other interested Indochina parties urge you, Mr. President, to stop this war by: (1) setting a date



for immediate and total withdrawal of all U.S. personnel from Indochina. This will assure the immediate cease fire of the U.S. forces in Indochina and the negotiations for the release of American prisoners of war and (2) by discontinuing military, political, and economic support of the Thieu-Ky and Khiem whose government is unrepresentative of the people of South Vietnam. This will pave the way for a cease-fire between the Vietnamese and political settlement among the Indochina people. We have become convinced in Paris that the present American policy can lead to a prolongation of this bloody war and to untold sufferings towards Indochinese and American peoples. And further, it invites the reaction of other countries in the area including the People's Republic of China."

This statement was drawn up our last full day of Paris, it was signed by most of us there, and on the way back on the plane people were asked if they wanted to drop their names from it because they had to go back to their respective towns, etc.

Scholastic: Who did you talk to while you were at Paris?

Neagu: We talked to Suan Tri, head of the North Vietnamese delegation. He gave us an entire period of question and answers, and during the afternoon we broke into groups; his deputies had a free and open exchange with us, discussing the prisoner of war problem. Those of us who fancy ourselves as historians know that the prisoner of war issue is never settled until the cessation of hostilities occurs, and North Vietnam has already released prisoners.

We were assured by the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, Suan Tri and his representatives, that our prisoners of war were not hijacked by Hanoi but that the ones who sent them there are the ones responsible for their captivity. And those persons are Johnson and Nixon. The North Vietnamese have released some men, but they do not plan to release any more until there is a cessation of hostilities.

The Vietnamese people are slender, their diet is different from ours. We were told that prisoners of war were given one and one half amount of rations as the average Vietnamese civilian. But even on that diet they will lose weight since they are not used to it.

Saturday we met with Madame Binh of the Provisional Revolutionary Government and she is a remarkable woman—very knowledgeable of this country, a very compassionate person. She spoke of the death of her first husband at the hands of the French and of the whereabouts and safety of her present husband (unknown to her at this time). She assumes him also to be dead. She told us their slogan is death to all invaders—they want no foreign troops on their soil, be they American, Russian, or Chinese.

Scholastic: They clearly do not consider the North Vietnamese troops foreign?

Neagu: No, they are one people. They believe in the

Geneva Accord which listed a temporary line of demarcation pending elections. Our own State Department issued a white paper, I think in 1956, that stated if elections were held Ho Chi Minh would win, and so the elections were never held and Diem was brought back from the Riviera and this whole mess started.

Scholastic: When you spoke of elections, one of the things you mentioned was the growth of anti-Thieu coalitions within South Vietnam. Did you hear of recent repression and what this has to do with the possibilities of election?

Neagu: To give an example of what the Saigon government is up to: the Lower House of the Saigon government has passed a law, which still has to be ratified by the Upper House (though the chances of its passage according to a Saigon delegate are very good), which states that no neutralist, pacifist or Communist can run for president or vice-president. It also states that any candidate must have so many million piastres, he must have 20 members of the Legislature backing him and he must have lived consistently in South Viet Nam for five years, which would eliminate the peace candidates that have already left. This bothered particularly the people who were very liberally oriented—the idea of no pacifist, no neutralist, let alone Communist. This is just totally repressive. The movement of the villagers into the cities has caused more and more cadres to form in the cities.

Scholastic: Are these non-sectarians?

Neagu: They are a nonaligned group, but they are aligned in the sense that they are involved in the nation—and if it becomes socialist, if it becomes whatever, it will be *their* form of government, not something imposed by us.

Scholastic: You spoke of the possible visit of a North Vietnamese Catholic priest to this country in the near future?

Neagu: There is now a colony of North Vietnamese Catholics living in Paris. The man who might come is a Father Ti. The Catholics in our delegation said speaking with them was a very fine experience, and helped them get over a lot of the propaganda they had heard. Those that we were able to talk to said that Catholics had fled to the South because they believed that all Christians would be slaughtered. When Ho took over this did not occur; there was no slaughter nor any great bloodbath of Christians dying in the streets. Ho was a nationalist, first, and he wasn't about to kill his people. The government now is beginning to rebuild Catholic schools. This surprised me.

Parenthetically, even during the Tet offensive, when all those people were killed in Hue, the people in the mass graves were largely ARVN (South Vietnamese) troops. The mass civilian dead came from our bombings; the city was levelled, but it was

levelled by our bombings.

Scholastic: Given the information we now have about refugee totals (for example, in Cambodia refugees amount to one fourth of the national population), how did the delegations you spoke with respond to the rhetoric of "winding down the war"?

Neagu: The Saigon government refused to answer any questions about the treatment of refugees, other than to say they were being "well treated." The effort to break down the village life and to destroy the entire culture of a people is the cause for relocating these people. And the "detention camps" are concentration camps: people are not allowed to leave, they are shot if they try to do so. The Jewish people in our delegation felt this very strongly, as many of us did—much like the Germans who first learned of Hitler's camps. We have bombed 96% of the villages of northern Laos, because that is the "stronghold" of the Pathet Lao. People are living in caves, by our own admission: if they would "give up" they would get the proper medical care. They're not going to give up: they want liberation and they want their own lands. We have destroyed by our bombing 368,000 acres of mangrove forests. We have disturbed with our bulldozers the graveyards which these people hold sacred. We have taken the central point of a whole culture away from these people when we take the village away. And we've thrown them into cities that they cannot cope with; and so there is dope, prostitution, juvenile delinquency. They did not have this problem before. But Madame Binh said, the culture is like a river: the more you divide it the more you give birth to new fishes and new streams.

Scholastic: Madame Binh has previously commented on the lack of patience exhibited by American peace activists. Do you see any less American involvement there in the near future? If not, what can be done?

Neagu: I think Nixon will withdraw troops until the election, and try Vietnamization — which has proved to be a total failure and a racist policy. As was said by the leader of the Cambodian representatives, we are now exchanging white bodies for brown bodies. But people are still dying. On the way over most people were neutral or favored Vietnamization. On the return trip, all 170 people felt it was racist and unacceptable. And these people were from all groups and backgrounds. There was no doubt in any of our minds that unless we totally withdraw the war will continue. Even 50,000 men with all those planes is a terrible presence.

But the patience you spoke of is difficult, at least for me. Perhaps it is the Eastern mind. The major thing we can do is stay alive, continue working, continue mass demonstrations. These work: we would still be in Cambodia if it weren't for last spring. The people in Paris believe that, and with good reason. But we just don't have the patience — we want everything today, that's why we have installment plans.

Scholastic: In that context, what effect do you see possible for the *People's Peace Treaty* now being circulated?

Neagu: I think it's a statement of commitment, it's an offer to work to do whatever is necessary to stop this slaughter. That's pretty broad. There can't be the isolation we have witnessed of the campus or the town. It is for everyone who cares — and there are a lot more people now who do, judging even by the Gallup Polls. We're now a majority, saying get out.

Scholastic: What about the psychological effects that growing up under twenty years of war has on the children of these peoples—a tragedy which we Americans apparently can't comprehend?

Neagu: The Vietnamese and Cambodians are worried about their children. They don't want their children to grow up loving war. Lon Nol's government (in Cambodia) has done something we all find most reprehensible. He has drafted 11 and 12 year old boys into the army, and his official newspapers recently showed a boy holding two heads he had just received a bounty on. This goes against everything the Buddhist teaches.

They asked us to get out. They told us we had tried to destroy the black people in this country by taking away their culture, and now we were trying them. Madame Binh told us we could kill them all, we have the technology to do it, but that in the process we were killing ourselves.



An Open Letter to

Mike Kendall, Pat McDonough, Ed Farrell and Gregg Zive are first-year students in the Notre Dame Law School. Kendall and McDonough received undergraduate degrees here in 1970 — Kendall having served as a stay Senator and McDonough as Student Union Academic Commissioner. Zive is presently news editor of the Law School paper. Don Mooney, a junior, is Off-Campus Senator and former Publicity Director for Student Government.

ANOTHER expectation in a society where men meet as comrades rather than as strangers," reads the preamble to the Notre Dame Judicial Code, "is that offenders will be dealt with patiently and personally, more to assist and correct than to punish." Also, the American and Anglo-Saxon legal traditions assure us that the individual is presumed innocent until proven guilty.

Unfortunately, reality intrudes. A political right does not exist in the abstract. It exists only to the extent that it is practiced. Thus a presumption of innocence should be measured by an individual's freedom from punishment before his case has been decided in a court of law.

Measured by Father Burtchaell's policy declaration announcement of the University's suspension of innocent accused students, the presumption at Notre Dame is not too great. The declaration is an affront to justice, a breach of previous administration assurances and a scar upon the growth of Notre Dame self-government.

In theory, the presumption of innocence is designed to ensure justice. Thus only the guilty should receive public censure and punishment. And the accused's guilt or innocence should be decided by a court of law, before a jury of his peers, in the view of the public and before his accuser.

Moreover, by delaying any possibility of punishment until the accused has had a fair chance to refute the charges, the system encourages the support and participation of the indicted. In addition, the individual is assured that he will be punished (if he is found guilty) by public authorities and not by private citizens or groups such as the notorious illegal posse of *The Ox Bow Incident* or more recently, the *Algiers Motel* atrocity.

Even the University administration is protected by restraint, for under certain circumstances the innocent suspended accused, who later is acquitted, might find successful recourse in legal action against the University.

But the policy statement by Father Burtchaell not only discarded this Anglo-Saxon tradition, it also discarded the University judicial code and past promises to the student senate and the student body. The statement's authoritarian manipulation of the University's judicial procedures added the final touch of self-righteous justification of the means by the ends.

In the early winter months of 1968, the student senate was the only representative or legislative student body on the campus. At that time the senate considered and passed a resolution regarding judicial procedure designed to bar any arbitrary and capricious act by administration or students to suspended, innocent, indicted students. This measure was in response to a suspension of a student in September of 1967 accused of possession of marijuana by civil authorities. The University had suspended the innocent student before his case was tried and the senate intentionally set about to prevent a recurrence of such a travesty. Again in 1969 the senate passed almost identical language in the University judicial code with the same intent. The code, as it stands today, reflects this long-standing decision by the students.

Father Burtchaell

But at the same meeting in the winter of 1968, a student appeared before the senate, literally trembling with fear that he might be seriously injured or killed. He had identified and was testifying against, certain students involved in a theft ring at Gilbert's store on the campus and had been threatened, allegedly, by the accused students. The administration, said the petitioner, was able to ensure his safety only by suspension of the accused. Reluctantly the senate added a clause almost identical in wording and identical in intent as the University Disciplinary Procedure III-D invoked by Father Burtchaell in his suspension ruling. This clause was again passed in 1969 in the judicial code and now stands in the SLC-passed judicial code. However, this original clause was not added until an administration representative had expressly promised the senate that phrases such as "imminent danger of serious harm to persons or to property . . ." meant only a fact pattern similar to the alleged threatened beating. The intent of the senate, the expressed intent of the administration and a reasonable reading of the facts prompting the provision belie the broad construction attempted by Father Burtchaell. His policy declaration is a clear breach of this promise and a violation of the spirit and letter of the University judicial code.

There is a great deal of conflicting medical evidence as to the "serious harm" of the occasional use of marijuana and hallucinogenics. There is no conflicting medical evidence as to the "serious harm" of a brutal beating.

There is a great deal of conflicting evidence as to the harm to the community of allowing mutually consenting members of the community to sell and use marijuana, hallucinogenics and "harder" drugs. There is very little disagreement about the harm to one innocent and as yet unconvicted student in being suspended from a "Christian" community, education and the benefits of his tuition.

In short, the suspension of any unconvicted innocent student from a university is incompatible with the ideal of innocence until guilt is proven. But even accepting the possibility when there is a threat of an unsolicited physical attack, there is no doubt that the policy declaration went far beyond its purpose and the promise of the administration.

WITHIN the labyrinth of student government, there is a profusion of legislative and quasi-legislative bodies. The student senate seems related to nothing else on the campus. The hall presidents' council would like to fill that role but faces the same problem the senate failed to overcome: they have no power except by grace of the administration. And the SLC, that once heralded panacea of student power, has done little more than hold meetings. Meanwhile the campus judicial system grinds away, failing to enforce the letter or spirit of University regulations for the simple reason that for the most part they are not "University regulations" but administration declarations.

The administration writes laws they fear to enforce and the students enjoy privileges they fear they will lose if they try to govern their own lives. The administration doesn't enforce parietals because they can't place a resident assistant in every other room and the students don't demand the right to parietals because they think they already have it. In fact all either side has at the moment is a balance of power and fear. It is a precarious balance and Father Burtchaell's statement shows not only how precarious it is but that the balance may be shifting.

In this the administration enjoys the advantage of student apathy. There is genuine confusion as to the *real* authority of the SLC, the beginning and end of the administration's authority and student responsibility and a general misconception on this campus that

students have acquired real self-government. This is due in no small part to a dearth of clear and honest statements by the Provost and the administration, in general as to their real position on student self-government. And by clear statements is meant more than platitudes about a Christian community, mutual love, and communication. What is clear from the policy declaration is that Father Burtchaell is willing and able to exercise an arbitrary and unfettered power of suspension of students who he alone decides present a threat of "serious harm."

Those students who do not feel threatened by this suspension should think again before the administration brings it all back home. If the Provost chooses to enforce laws concerning liquor on campus, who is to say but the Provost that the accused "drunk" shouting and yelling in the hall is not a threat of "serious harm . . . to property" on campus? And who is to say but the Provost that the student accused of having a girl in his room after hours does not present a threat of serious harm to university life (as defined by the Provost)? Father Burtchaell might reassure us that this rule could not, nor would not, be interpreted to such an extent. But then the 1968 student senate thought that the rule would be applied only to threats of beatings or death to members of the community. Sleep soundly, if you can.

IN his recent publication, *Timeless Problems In History*, Notre Dame Professor Bernard Norling described the role of force in societies and among nations. Describing the Nuremberg trials of 1946 Norling said, "What the whole episode illustrates is the flexibility of

the law when it is subject to interpretation by powerful, interested parties. It is easier," continued Norling, "for 'legality' to follow in the van of force than the reverse." The University must surely be molding us for the real world.

As other columns and letters in the *Observer* have indicated, Christ associated with Mary Magdalen, the Centurion and the Pharisees as well as John, Mary and St. Joseph. Christ nourished the whore, the legalized killer and the hypocrite in order to save them, in spite of the danger of their influence upon the young man, the virgin and the carpenter. Unlike Father Burtchaell, he did not conclude that the possible "damage" from these dangers was ". . . so ominous that we would be irresponsible did we not use whatever remedies are possible to eliminate those who prey upon their fellows." It is sad to say that these ill-chosen words bespeaks a justification of the means by the end.

Father Burtchaell has taught many of us. And for us and our friends, he has often found time to comfort and counsel. For this he deserves our thanks. But those who know him would do both him and the University a disservice if they did not speak out.

Some believe that Christ knew who was guilty and who was not. Nevertheless, he chose not to condemn and expel but to love. Society and its members, unlike Christ, do not know without benefit of trial who is guilty. And also unlike Christ, society's members sometimes do condemn and expel those innocent until proven guilty.

Mike Kendall, Pat McDonough,
Don Mooney, Gregg Zive, Ed Farrell,
March, 1971



perspectives

comments continuing a forum on abortion

david burrell, csc

The essay which follows is a response to and extension of the forum on abortion in the November 20, 1970, SCHOLASTIC. Father David Burrell gave it to the magazine at the start of this semester. The long delay in publication is the product of editorial ineptitude and a hesitancy to saturate a much-talked-about topic.

In concrete appreciation to the SCHOLASTIC for its forum on abortion (SCHOLASTIC, Nov. 20), I would like to use this space offered for a critical appreciation of that forum and an opportunity to clear my throat a bit on the subject. The forum (20 November 1970) is a prime example of the quality and courage that distinguishes the SCHOLASTIC this year. It represents an effective foray into a subject so bordered with unclarties and so poignant at its center that any discussion of it quickly fragments into many discussions. For abortion is not one issue but many, and each issue by itself is tangled enough. Let me try to pull apart the issues, most of which found fair representation in the forum, and comment on a few of them.

DISTINGUISHING THE ISSUES INVOLVED

There is not one problem with many dimensions — legal, moral, social, etc. — but really many separate issues in which an act of abortion may figure. Each of these issues may be located by determining the question which best fits it. So we may distinguish between legalizing abortion upon request and justifying someone's making that request. The legal question might be cast in general terms as follows: would laws which

left the burden of decision with the pregnant woman enhance or undermine a "healthy functioning social order"? Putting this question in more specific terms demands political savvy and legal experience. The question about justifying the act is a less complicated but more elusive and intimate one: "how would one view it who had only oneself to account to?" or even better: how would *I* view this act as one which *I* would request or consent to?

The next issue looks like a scientific one: is the fetus human? But research with artificial intelligence and robots helps us realize that questions like: is this human? are not easily answered, and certainly not within the gambit of experimental science. Finally, there is a set of attitudes towards women together with various social and economic factors which bear in on our sensitivities. Those who concentrate on these issues insist that they set the context for any discussion and hence must be taken into consideration. Where we sit on issues like welfare, women's rights, unwed mothers, marriage and family significantly alters the way in which we deal with the issues central to abortion: legal, moral and "scientific."

I would like to comment on the ethical question, the apparently scientific one, and some of the perimentering issues, offering appreciation and some contrast with the contributors to the forum. I would hope in this way to focus attention on the highlights of the forum and ask a few more questions about our bordering attitudes.

A FRESH APPROACH TO THE ETHICAL QUESTION

Julian Pleasants' sensitive argument carefully extrapolates from the technological possibility that a

young fetus might be reared outside the womb. This very possibility allows us to *think* of an act of abortion in a fresh manner, and hence pose the ethical question in a new way. Abortion denies not the fetus' right to life but its right to be cared for. The fact that these come to the same thing in practice — a fetus not cared for by its mother will die in the absence of an artificial womb — should not keep us from capitalizing on the real differences involved in *thinking* of the action as denying requisite care. Hence a pregnant woman who requests an abortion may properly insist that her intention is not to destroy the child but to get rid of a burden of care. Most accurately, the moral question "asks how much a person must sacrifice to care for another's life."

This shift allows Pleasants to relate this ethical question to issues of social ethics: how much am I as an individual required to sacrifice, say, to relieve suffering in East Pakistan or to end a war which has proven senseless? These are different questions, no doubt, since the fate of the dispossessed Bengalis is not so immediately in my hands as the life of a fetus could be. Yet the value of Pleasants' fresh focus is to bring the questions into some relation with one another. For the person who is seeking counsel or the one counseling her, some questions would be: can I refuse to care for another's life if doing so inconveniences me? if it proves impractical at this time in my (or our) college or career plans? Can I refuse if I am in despair how we might make anything of a future life together — this one I am caring for and I? Can I refuse to care for this life when my angle of vision foresees nothing but violence and heartbreak for him? or must I hope in his discovering a vision of his own?

By shifting the focus from killing to caring, Pleasants has relieved some of the pressure from one who is facing this decision, and yet allows a counselor or friend to ask some pointed questions. This is a good example of an ethical advance: relieving some of the overcharge so that one may face the issues head-on. Pleasants' way of looking at the decision does not compromise the ethical issues at all; it rather allows one to cast them in terms which clarify what the decision is about and so will allow me to live more responsibly with its consequences.

IS THE FETUS HUMAN?

Interestingly enough, Pleasants does not assume but

simply presumes that in speaking of a human fetus he is speaking of something human. He does not address the question at all, but as a human being engaged in work with living things as a full-time occupation, he seems better equipped than most to inform our judgment on this matter. I mentioned that this question: is the fetus human? looks like a scientific one. But it clearly is not; sciences do not decide on categorical issues. In fact, it is quite unclear what kind of question it is: what could possibly settle it? "Current biological research" offers testimony that the genetic code is locked in from the moment of conception. So it can be invoked, if at all, only in support of what grammar suggests and a trained philosophic attitude confirms: that a human fetus is human.

Granting that it makes eminent sense to say that a human fetus is human, we may still ask whether it is *a* human (being)? Would refusing any longer to care for it result not only in terminating a pregnancy, but also in terminating a human life? Or is *it* more like a part of a human being, more like live tissue? Again, Pleasants does not argue this point, but presumes its individual character in posing the moral question regarding the fetus in terms strictly parallel with that facing the mother of a child demanding extraordinary care: what should she be willing to bear to meet her child's right to be cared for? The artificial womb possibility obviously strengthens his point, for were a fetus transplanted into such an apparatus to survive, the clear implication is that pregnancy amounts to caring for an individual human being in the earliest stages of its life.

Pleasants reminds us of the plain fact that a fetus' claim to individuality is less pressing in that it cannot make one. As a result we remain unsure whether we must use "fetus" in the same way as we do "infant" — that is, in a way which carries with it a definite commitment to individuality. But what is unsure is hardly arbitrary. To call a human fetus human only makes good sense; to call "it" a human being — a *him* or a *her* — is something we avoid doing until the cord is cut. Or do we? It seems that uncertainty about the sex of the unborn child cannot keep us from speaking of *it* as *he* or *she*. We can employ a technical term — *viable* to designate that point whence a fetus might be able to live outside the womb and so present itself for full individual status. Before that point it is so totally dependent upon the care of the mother-body that we hesitate to speak of it as an individual. Yet as destined

for individuality and capable of it, the fetus cannot on the other hand simply be regarded as living tissue or part of the woman's (not yet the mother's) body.

This little exercise in grammar is meant to remind us how incapable we are of making some fundamental distinctions necessary to determine just what sort of an act abortion might be. While we cannot sensibly avoid saying that in effecting an abortion we are taking human life, what remains unclear is whether or not we are taking *a* human life. Not that I am sure what this difference comes to — but remarking it secures at least two assertions: (1) we can find ourselves wondering whether it is correct to describe abortion quite simply as murder, yet (2) we dare not ridicule a reverent attitude towards its life as platitudinous, or obscure these obvious facts with euphemisms like "termination of pregnancy" or "a method for controlling family size."

All this uncertainty usually proves to be more than we can bear, so we are tempted to settle upon much more obvious criteria for individuality — when we would be taking *a* life — such as live birth or even a measure of "social interaction." For individuality, after all, must be something claimed. It represents more of an achievement than a fact. Rudy Gerber has, I think, effectively shown that this way out simply trades upon the elasticity and value-laden potential of the term "individual" to set a dangerous precedent. How much "social interaction" and what sorts will count? Harry Nielsen, until recently a teacher of philosophy here, used to remark that the root of prejudice lay in my incapacity simply to accept another human being — without any "extras," as it were. To demand that one effectively stake a claim to the right to live presages an elitist outlook that leads directly to euthanasia. What characterizes a newborn infant, and *a fortiori* a fetus, is its utter defenselessness. It stands as a reminder to us that our individuality outreaches our egos.

BORDERING ISSUES AND ATTITUDES

The last two contributions to the forum, written by Helen Williams, Carol Taylor and Carolyn Gatz, and by Elizabeth Poulson, concentrate on the bordering issues. The author team of the first article promises a fresh perspective, a women's perspective, while Mrs. Poulson raises the specter of overpopulation. These articles do not focus on the specific questions which we

have already mentioned but on the attitudes which we bring to those questions, on our overall perspective. Since general attitudes tend to color the very way in which we take up a question, it is only sensible to question these attitudes and so sensitize ourselves to questions which ordinarily may not even arise. The temptation in such an approach, however, is to avoid specifics and to engage in a kind of propagandizing which would bully us into the "right" attitudes — as though having the right set of attitudes would dispense us from looking at the more specific and individual human issues involved.

It is only fair to remark that these authors succumbed to just that temptation. One is entitled to ask, for example, if the issues involved in overpopulation are *so* overriding that abortion can simply be described as "one method for controlling family size." Mrs. Poulson does speak of "balancing the rights of the fetus against the rights of the mother, against the rights of other children in the family, and against the rights of society and mankind." But to speak of such a balancing act without any mention of *who* might be in a position to pull it off suggests that one is speaking more persuasively than sensibly. We are left without any handle at all.

The team of authors announces quite directly that bordering attitudes color and discredit the way in which any one of us might handle the specific issues which involve abortion. The difficulty with their presentation, we shall see, is that their neglect of specific issues creates an atmosphere of invective and ideology which alienates rather than satisfies someone looking for an authentically feminine view of a subject intimately involving women. At crucial junctures in the argument, we are knowingly offered motives in place of reasons: "the original purpose of opposing abortion: to achieve a measure of social control"; "the reason concern for potential humanness draws the line where it does is interesting: . . . as a control on the act that produced conception." I would have thought there might be many reasons for questioning the practice of abortion; and one's concern whether a human fetus is human hardly needs to be explained by any motive of control. I always shudder when someone pretends to know *why* an argument is reasoned the way it is. Maybe so, but does that dispense us from looking at the argument?

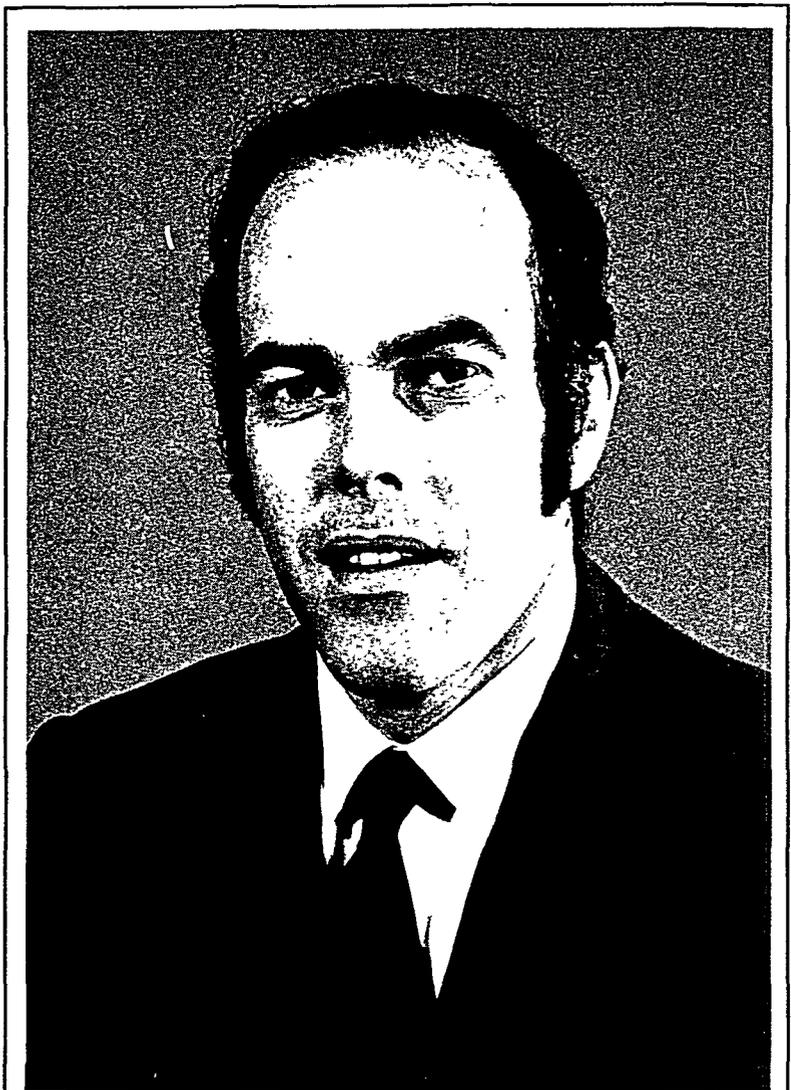
In a similar vein, we are warned that "male norms

are often ensconced as society's norms," and are quite ready to heed that warning until we are told that "the moral question must remain in abeyance until there is a theology and philosophy that is derived as much from women's expectations as men's." The difficulty here is an obvious one: neither the woman who is pregnant nor the friend or counselor who is trying to help her can hold ethics in abeyance. And the lack is just as obvious: this article offers little in the way of a theology or philosophy freighted with women's expectations. In fact, it avoids the specific ethical issue by a circumlocution: "morality is essentially a complex of taboos through which a society internalizes its value systems and provides the structures it deems necessary to its welfare." Anyone who allows himself to rest on that kind of cliché possesses no resources whatsoever to handle the question which the authors pose later on: "how would one view [abortion] who had only oneself to account to?"

But perhaps the most disappointing thing of all in the article was to see elevated to the unprotected role of an absolute principle "the right of women to control their own bodies." Or am I simply being affronted by the wording, by that accent on *control*? I was hoping for something of what was promised: a woman's perspective on an issue which intimately affects women. And what I get is a simple substitution instance of that penchant for controlling everything unexpected that one would have thought to associate with the dominant (or male) ethos of our society. Does one have to have practiced yoga a long time to feel that my body can teach me more than I have ever learned through a concatenation of theories about me? Is it not precisely that society marked by a dominant maleness in its demand that everything be controlled and brought under rational and purposeful review which is so squeezing the life — masculine or feminine — out of us that we sometimes wonder whether it is worth bringing any fetus to full term?

But to speak more directly and to rely less confidently on overriding principles, there are changes in life style to which the issues surrounding abortion challenge us. Helen Williams reminds us of the utter ostracism meted out to an unwed mother. We might also have been reminded in the same breath of the number of abortions forced on young women by mother, father or "boyfriend." What other ways of living would make life more bearable for an unwed mother and make it possible for her to keep her child, should she wish to? Is not this fact an invitation to people who have been wondering about the advantages of a more communal life style, and a challenge to institutions — like Catholic women's colleges — to provide an environment within which fetal life might be respected?

The issues which involve abortion touch the central nerves of our social order, and touch it in its craze for order and control. In revealing to us this face of ourselves they invite a depth of personal and communal self-examination that is matched only by our exasperation — we children of order — that this question cannot be answered simply. If only a *method* could be found for resolving all the issues neatly into one package — for solution if not for profit!



David Burrell is the newly named chairman of the theology department and assistant rector of Grace Hall. He was graduated magna cum laude from Notre Dame in 1954 and studied thereafter in Rome, Quebec and at Yale. An article in last year's SCHOLASTIC characterized him as a man of "total honesty, openness, and undeniable immediacy."

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.

What have they done to Emily?

Popular novels have often been adapted into film equivalents. There presently seems to be the revival of a trend in transforming nineteenth-century novels into ambitious and handsome cinematic counterparts. Such a film was *Far from the Madding Crowd* which captured the Wessex of Thomas Hardy. Now being filmed is a screen version of Hawthorne's *The House of the Seven Gables*, and currently at the Granada there is a new film adaptation of *Wuthering Heights*. This American-International movie, unfortunately, does not succeed in attaining the elusive mysteriousness of the romance.

The fault is Patrick Tilley's screenplay. It impairs Brontë's narrative in several ways. The who-is-who relationships are muddled for the first third of the film and there is a hint of an incestuous passion between Catherine (Anna Calder-Marshall) and Heathcliff (Timothy Dalton) which unreasonably alters the novel. A film version of the book must essentially rest on the credibility of the tension between Catherine and Heathcliff. The screenplay overstated or made comical or missed completely any real penetration of the interactions and motivations of Brontë's characters. In the 1939 film version with Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon, the screenwriters (Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht) caught the romance, the passion, the verbal style, and the intelligibility of the novel. (One wonders if anyone caught the visual pun at the film's conclusion when Heathcliff dies on a precipice overlooking the ocean.) Mr. Tilley's script,

on the other hand, might more aptly be titled *Withering Depths*.

Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff is worth some note. This is his fourth film. He was also in *The Lion in Winter* as King Phillip of France, in *Cromwell* as Prince Rupert, and in something called *The Voyeur*. Dalton has an intelligent acting ability which projects some of Heathcliff's passionate and diabolical animality (which Olivier superbly understated) and some of the alternating sensitive humanity of the character.

Anna Calder-Marshall was miscast as Catherine, and Judy Cornwell was adequate (but only adequate) as Nellie. The rest of the cast were undistinguished and easily forgettable as was Michel Legrand's musical score.

The only haunting qualities of the film are the beautifully dark and mood colors of the exteriors, photographed by John Coquillon. Once one enters the cheap and mediocre interiors, nothing is present to suspend the audience's belief. Robert Feust's direction was capable enough in a few assorted moments to demonstrate the potential of the film. There is the point in the kitchen argument sequence between Catherine and her husband Linton where both are separated by the pillar. Or, there is the moment of Catherine's burial.

The film was certainly ambitious and indeed handsomely photographed, but the script and most of the acting made the film a disappointing adaptation of Brontë's romantic novel.

— Patrick Smith

a theater

Hippolyta: This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
Theseus: The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hippolyta: It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Fairies and magic, fairies and magic, Peter Brook has done *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is in Chicago for the week, will be there tonight, tomorrow and the next day, fairies and magic, Peter Brook has done *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The stage is a white box with a balcony tracing the top perimeter. Before the beginning, the fairies' trapezes hang (all fairies have trapezes, how else should they fly?) flanking the suspended bed of scarlet feathers where Titania, Queen of the Fairies, and then her lover, Bottom-turned-ass, will sleep. The only color before the play begins is that burst of scarlet; the only color is that place of fairy sleep in this *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Then the play: And first the "real world" of the Duke of Athens and his court, where the personages sweep about the stage with nobility. They wear bland white but long and flowing satin capes under which glimpses of brighter color flash, but they wear bland white but satin capes in the real world before the forest and its midsummer night's dream take hold.

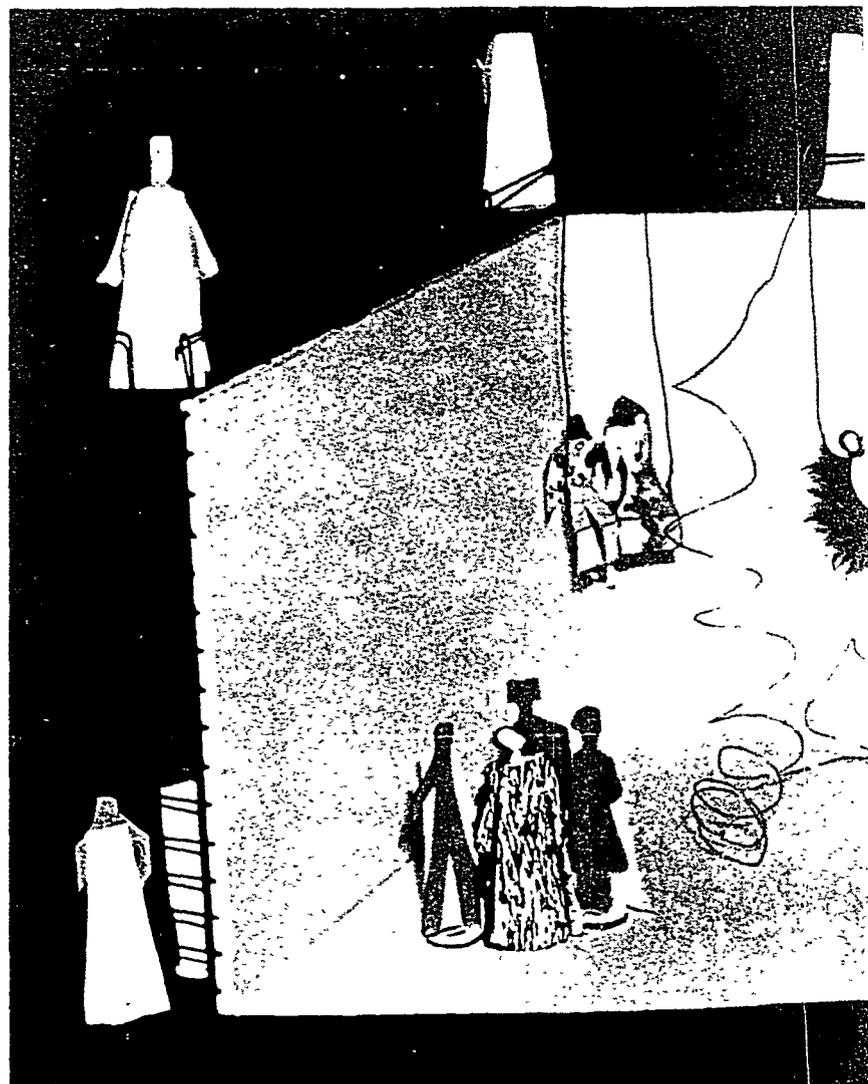
Then, the actors make the forest through three long coils of metal spring suspended from the balcony. The Fairy King Oberon—who but a moment before was the Duke—and his agent Puck—who but a moment before was the Duke's agent—descend on trapezes to

A Midsummer Night's Dream is a production of the Royal Shakespeare Company. It is Stratford-upon-Avon production, directed by Peter Brook. Sets and costumes designed by Sally Jacobs. Music by Richard Peaslee. Lighting by Lloyd Burlingame. John Kane is Puck; Sarz Kestelmen is Titania/Hippolyta; Alan Howard is Oberon/Theseus; David Waller is Bottom; Ben Kingsley is Demetrius; Mary Rutherford is Hermia; Terence Taplin is Lysander; Frances de la Tour is Helen. The play finishes this weekend at the Auditorium in Chicago, with performances Friday and Saturday evening, and matinees on Saturday and Sunday for all of which there is strong probability that tickets are still available. After this, the company will travel to Boston, Toronto and Philadelphia for brief stays and then depart for England taking a beautiful play with them.

converse and plot from their fairy's elevated position. Next Titania, Queen of Fairies, and her court come to the forest, and they are too some other part of those bland shells left in the Athen's palace—some other part that one can hear in the play's poetry, that one can see in the movements and gestures of the scenes but only firmly locate in the brilliant satin colors of their gowns—the fairies live in the flashes of color that peeked through the white robes of the Duke's court.

The play's mischief or magic begins with Puck's mission to enchant the Fairy Queen—a little joke on Venus to reflect on this fetish for love—Oberon sends Puck off to efficiently muddle every love strain in the play, all at the service of *true* love. A shining silver disc spins atop a wand-stalk and the love spells descend through this magic flower.

The rest of that night is taken with the rampage of love—Titania and Bottom-turned-ass, Lysander and Hermia and Demetrius and Helena all mixed together



of open hands

through Puck's efficiency, all chasing and fleeing and mercilessly wooing.

The stage movement veers toward exhausting athletics but generally spills into dance. The acting balances on the sharp edges of love's hysteria. All blending into a beautiful, exhausting frenzy climaxed in the passionate exchanges between Titania and Bottom, climaxed in a rain of confetti and electronic instruments blaring Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Once the theatre could begin as magic, magic as the sacred festival or magic as the footlights came up. Today we must open our empty hands and show that really there is nothing up our sleeves. Only then can we begin.

Instead of actors doing things to the play, we've permitted the play to do things to the actors.

The play really begins with open hands. Though

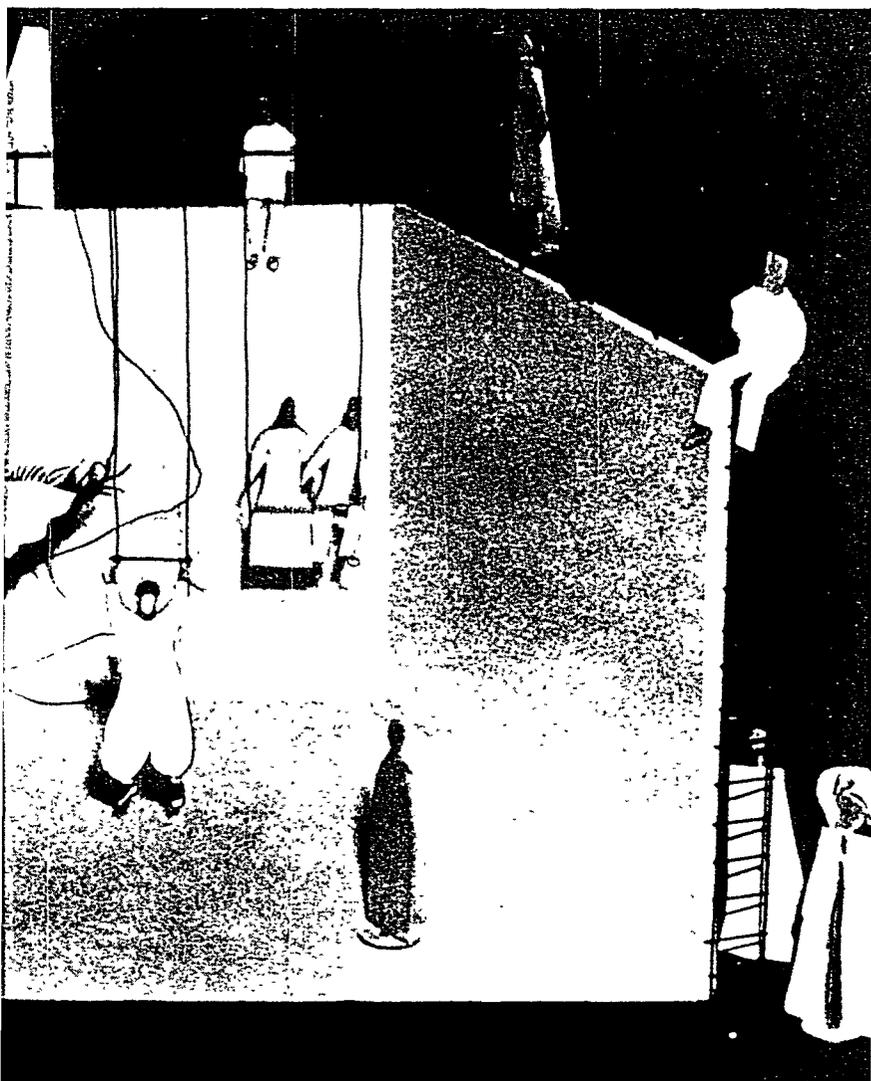
it's a rigorously disciplined production, the company succeeds in that fresh creation from within each time an audience joins them. Actors unengaged in the immediate stage action watch the play—that is join the audience—that is clap and cheer and whistle—from the balcony, and occasionally the action spills over or up onto the balcony: the usual separations dim—unengaged/engaged actors, actors/audience—the distinctions fade. The play acts upon the actors, as it acts upon the audience; the company moves through the play as the audience moves through the play, with responses shifting and constructing what will finally converge into *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a whole experience. The Duke is noble and a little dull; he sheds that to be Oberon, in character the same but enriched as part of the world of fairies and magic forests. And by the last scene, when audience and actors return to the world of the Duke's court, return to that dull but "real" world, the midsummer night's dream has permeated the court: the Duke is less than Oberon but more than the Duke of the play's beginning—his robes and all the robes of the court are rich velvet in colors as rich as the satins of the forest.

In one kind of theatre, every element of production plays metaphor for one part of the whole. The meldings, the workings, the flowing of all these together creates the play. And the play is created afresh with the new production and with the new performance of each day. But the play is not worked upon; as Brook put it, the play and company work upon one another. This is the fineness of the Royal Shakespeare Company's production: the achievement of these things. Or, to concretize it, by the end of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, we know that if fairies exist in the crazy twentieth century world, they may well use trapezes and they undoubtedly have spinning silver discs called magic flowers. And more, we know that this land of fairies does not have the strict boundaries of time or space that in more stupid moments we bestow upon it.

We know that the fairy's powers might as easily lodge in the dull lump occupying one's seat as they lodged for those hours upon the stage. As Brook himself says, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a "celebration of the theme of theatre."

Ravings relaxed, it comes down to: By the end of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, these fairies are not Shakespeare's; they are ours. These fairies are not Brook's or his company's though they were before the play began; they are ours. That is what the artist is, gift-giver.

—Carolyn Gatz





From the Pope to the Pill

The authors of what is surely the best, most honest and most complete pamphlet on birth control to date, state its purpose unflinchingly in their introductory statement:

The Birth Control Handbook is produced not as a favor to an irresponsible medical profession nor as a favor to men who want an easy but "safe" lay, but as a political act.

The booklet is intended to forward the liberation of oppressed people — namely Third World peoples and women; it is conceived as an alternative to what its authors term "genocidal population control" measures (e.g., forced sterilization, implantation of IUDs in welfare mothers) developed and exported Western science, and as a step toward the "redefinition of women" as functioning members "within the society, rather than simply within the home."

The pamphlet is aimed at women, and it honestly and exhaustively delineates advantages and dangers for every method of birth control, from rhythm and

The Birth Control Handbook. McGill Students' Society, 3480 McTavish Street, Montreal 112, Quebec: individual copies 25 cents.

coitus interruptus to abortion. It is pro-pill: the sections on this method and its possible side-effects are amazing for their completeness, and are must reading for any woman considering its use. Also included is information on new methods, such as progesterone injections or vaccination, a section on venereal disease, and a fine bibliography.

The political generation and purposes of the pamphlet are clear (for example, coitus interruptus is warned against, because "not all men are trustworthy and few can be depended upon at all times") but they never obtrude. Rather, the *Birth Control Handbook* presents, as completely as possible, *all* alternatives

with equal fairness—an interesting and curious combination of things medical and things political. But then Margaret Sanger, the founder of the birth control movement, wrote years ago that voluntary motherhood would imply "a new morality, a vigorous, constructive, liberated morality which would prevent the submergence of womanhood into . . . mechanical maternity" and would be "the keynote of a new social awakening."

—Steve Brion

Watching exiles . . .

W. S. Merwin's latest book of poems, *The Carrier of Ladders*, lacks the sustained intensity of his previous volume, *The Lice*. Some of *The Carrier* poems are brief and offhand, while others are long and rather unwieldy, apparently the product of unhoneed automatic writing. Despite these weaknesses, the new book is outstanding; the best poems are surcharged with anger and despair at man's wars against nations and against his world. Indeed, the vision of these poems is so dark and strong that I am almost grateful for the lapses—they are like attempts to forget a constant pain. Here is one of the strong pieces, "Western Country," an example of the mastery which should bring Merwin this year's National Book Award, for which he has been nominated.

Some days after so long even the sun
is foreign
I watch the exiles
their stride
stayed by their antique faith that no one
can die in exile

when all that is true is that death is not exile
Each no doubt knows a western country
half discovered
which he thinks is there because
he thinks he left it
and its names are still written in the sun
in his age and he knows them
but he will never tread their ground

At some distances I can no longer
sleep
my countrymen are more cruel than their stars
and I know what moves the long
files stretching into the mountains
each man with his gun

Literary Potpourri

his feet
one finger's breadth off the ground

—Rory Holscher

. . . and being one

To be an Indian in modern American society is in a very real sense to be unreal and ahistorical.

Through this statement, found in the opening chapter of his book, *Custer Died for Your Sins*, Vine Deloria, Jr., a prominent Indian leader, illuminates the central cause behind the many problems facing his people. In a country where Custer's legend reigns as an historical landmark in the Manifest Destiny, where Indian ancestors are stereotyped as "wild animals" of the prairies, where Tonto exemplifies the white man's civilized Indian—"a little slower, a little dumber, had much less vocabulary, and rode a darker horse" the modern Indian must attempt to reveal his true identity. The white man professes to know Indians, but actually he has once again fallen into his tendency to define peoples, to create categories for his rational mind. Deloria, in his book, shatters these false conceptions which have been greatly responsible for his people's oppression.

Deloria cites the most disastrous conception—for Indians at least—which the United States had adopted to explain her ravaging treatment of the Indian: the doctrine of discovery. Ignoring specific clauses in treaties which stated that Indians owned the lands which they "rightfully claimed" by being the continent's first inhabitants, the government has proceeded under the

Custer Died For Your Sins; An Indian Manifesto.
Vine Deloria, Jr. London: The MacMillan Company,
1969. \$1.25.

assumption that America is theirs *by right of discovery*. Thus, Deloria elaborates, the government can, in good faith, shuttle Indians to reservations, and later rob them of those reservations when the land becomes valuable.

Despite the burden of oppression on the Indian, Deloria confidently asserts that the Indians are indomitable because they have a sustained, land-based culture. The Indians are bound to their land; their culture rests in the living earth. They are a tribal people, and individual tribes are pervaded by customs and humane beliefs not by stringent, defined laws. Most important of all, Deloria states, the Indians have religions

which encompass all of life, and are full of mystery and reverence.

To Deloria, it is their culture which identifies the Indians and which enables them to be a living people in the modern world. However, Indian tribes have a legal status, and, since many of their problems have been caused by the government's illegal actions, Deloria suggests that the tribes adopt corporate structures to assure them of their tribal survival and give them a strong economic base. These corporations would be structured for tribal purposes, not solely for economic gain:

In essence, we must all create social isolates which have economic bases that support creative and innovative efforts to customize values we need.

Deloria, however, is not confident in the white man or his government. The white man is without a "fellowship of people," and America is heading towards a tragic and violent end. Throughout his book Deloria repeats an ancient Hopi Indian prophecy concerning the return of Indian domination over the land. Make no mistake, this is no threat, but a confident affirmation, characteristic of Deloria's entire book; it is a tribal religious belief:

But we will have the intangible unity which has carried us through four centuries of persecution and we will survive because we are a people unified by our humanity; not a pressure group unified for conquest.

Jim Fanto



On to Shea!

Well, it's that time of year again. The temperature in South Bend has finally risen above the freezing mark and the grass you saw in November has reappeared as the last (hopefully) of the snows melt away. Already a few brave souls have responded to this signal and have resurrected their old "Official Willie Mays Autographed Gloves" from dusty footlockers for a game of catch on the quads. And rumor has it that in Washington a mysterious jowled figure can be seen late at night on the White House lawn limbering up his throwing arm.

Once again the baseball season is upon us and, with one toss of Nixon's mighty right arm next Monday, the mad rush for pennants will begin. It might not seem like baseball season, however, what with the NBA playoffs still in progress and the Stanley Cup games not even started yet, but before you know it that familiar "hey, hey" of Jack Brickhouse will once again be driving you up the walls.

So, in an attempt to increase editorial hate-mail, here are the SCHOLASTIC's picks for the 1971 season:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

East:

1) *BALTIMORE ORIOLES*—Somehow the Birds have found a way to improve on a baseball team that is one of the best in the business. With some off-season deals the O's have added pitchers Pat Dobson (who had a 14-15 record with the San Diego Padres: a notable feat considering he pitched for a team that ranked 23d of 24 teams) and Grant Jackson (formerly of the Phillies). Oriole scouts seem to feel that both will give added punch to a staff that had three twenty-game winners last year (Cuellar, McNally and Palmer). Add to this the talents of two Robinsons, a stellar infield and strong catching and gingerly mix them together for 162 games and you've got the makings of another World Champion. Last year they won their division by a 15-game margin. Make it the same for this year.

2) *BOSTON RED SOX*—With apologies to Bob Hoehn. Trades have given the Sox a boost. Luis Aparicio, who was the fourth best hitter in the AL last year batting at a .313 clip, was obtained from the White Sox to plug the hole at shortstop. Second-base, vacated by Mike Andrews in the trade for Aparicio, remains a question mark, but other than that the Sox look strong at most positions and, as usual, should be one of the best hitting clubs in the majors. Pitching, however, remains a problem. Should Lonborg stay healthy and if Ray Culp can come up with another 17-win season the Sox might just surprise everyone and give the O's a run for their money. But they'll need big years from Gary Peters and Sonny Siebert, which is a lot to ask for. Star reliever Ken Tatum, obtained from the Angels for Tony Conigliaro, should aid the Sox weak bullpen corps. Only an off-season on Baltimore's part can put the Sox in the playoffs in October.

3) *NEW YORK YANKEES*—The Bronx Bombers surprised everyone last year, but they just don't have the right combinations together yet to be a pennant threat. Their pitching is strong (with Fritz Peterson, Mel Stottlemyre and Stan Bahnsen) but everything else is just too spotty to carry them into the playoffs. The middle of the infield is weak and the bench isn't too strong. 1970's Manager of the Year Ralph Houk has tried different alignments during spring training to try for once to get an unchanging starting line-up, but the atrocious record of the Yankees in spring training may indicate that he'd better get back to the drawing board before their opener with the Red Sox.

4) *DETROIT TIGERS*—McLain is gone, which is good, but there's nothing there to replace his winning ways of '68 and '69. With team dissension gone, the Tigers may be able to make a decent showing in '71. The infield has been greatly strengthened with the additions of Ed Brinkman and Aurelio Rodriguez (obtained in the deal for McLain from the Senators), but the pitching is sour. Joe Coleman, also obtained in the McLain deal, was to figure as a starter this year, but he suffered a fractured skull from a line drive during an exhibition game and will be lost indefinitely. Fiery Billy Martin, the Tigers new manager, should provide some entertainment in Motown, but that'll be it. At least Detroit sportswriters won't have to worry about free ice-baths this year.

5) *WASHINGTON SENATORS*—The new home of the outcasts. Flood will be an asset, but McLain may never regain his old form. The Senators gave up the entire right side of their infield for a "possible" great. Manager Ted Williams will have his work cut out for him.

6) *CLEVELAND INDIANS*—This city breeds mediocrity. The Indians will hit a lot of home runs, and maybe "Sudden Sam" will pitch a no-hitter, but in the toughest division in the majors, it looks like the Indians will have to settle for sixth-best.

West:

1) *OAKLAND ATHLETICS*—For the superstition fans, Dick Williams is the 13th manager to rule under the reign of Charley O. But with comeback years from Reggie Jackson and Sal Bando, the A's could pull the surprise in the West. The outfield is strong with Monday, Jackson and Felipe Alou and the infield is capable with Bando and Campaneris, but the bullpen and the catching could pose a problem. The A's have a decent pitching staff with "Catfish" Hunter, "Blue Moon" Odom and Chuck Dobson, but will need more than just a "decent" year from them to stave off the Twins. I wonder what kind of a carnival Finley will stage if his team makes the playoffs.

2) *MINNESOTA TWINS*—Pitching will be a problem for Manager Bill Rigney. The staff lists some good names (Jim Perry, Kaat, Boswell and Tiant), but they're getting old (average age: 31). Bert Blyleven,

who won ten games for them after coming up in mid-season, could be a key to the Twins' success. They boast one of the best hitting clubs in the majors, hitting for both power and average, but the quality of their fielding can be questioned. Except for Oliva in right and the keystone combo of Cardenas and Carew, the Twins have no positions solid for '71. At least they won't have to lose to the Orioles in October.

3) *CALIFORNIA ANGELS*—They could possibly be the dark horse in this division. The addition of Tony Conigliaro will undoubtedly strengthen their attack. They'll be strong on hitting with Alex Johnson back and their fielding is decent. But to make a serious run at the pennant they'll need a strong improvement in their pitching. In this mediocre division, anything can happen, and the Angels might just be able to pull a fast one over on the A's.

4) *CHICAGO WHITE SOX*—They've been the wonder club of spring training, but a quick glance at their roster makes one wonder how they could ever win a game. Last year the Sox were last in the AL in both pitching and fielding, but were fourth in batting. The addition of Mike Andrews at second base should improve things, but the key to their success remains with their erratic hurlers. Tanner may be performing miracles in spring training, but when the real stuff gets going look for a fast fade by the South Siders.

5) *KANSAS CITY ROYALS*—Lou Piniella, Amos Otis and Joe Keough are the bright spots. The rest of the team is royally mediocre, but a shade better than the Brewers.

6) *MILWAUKEE BREWERS*—This definitely won't be the team that'll make Milwaukee famous. They should find out what Alcindor is doing in the off-season.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

East:

1) *NEW YORK METS*—But it's going to be close. This will definitely be a three-team race 'til the finish (with the Cubs and Pirates pressing the Mets). The big question here is: can Koosman regain his old form? If he does, the Mets' staff (with Seaver, Koosman, Gentry, Ryan and McAndrew) should be one of the toughest to stop in the majors. The Mets should have a solid enough hitting attack to complement their hurlers. Except for third base, the infield is pretty solid and in catcher Jerry Grote the Mets have one of the best defensive backstoppers in the business. However, they need a little bit of that 1969 luck to hold off the Cubs.

2) *CHICAGO CUBS*—On paper the Cubs look as if they have the best lineup of anyone in the NL East, and, they do. Their pitching is strong, their fielding is excellent and they are a solid hitting club. The only problem is that they're not clutch; they have a history of choking when the going gets tough. With the team getting old, this could be the last year that the Cubs will have a shot at number one in a while, but they'll blow it as usual.

3) *PITTSBURGH PIRATES*—Sorry, Kudo, I see nothing big happening in Steeltown this year. The

only reason the Pirates won the Eastern Division last year is because everyone else in the division played lousy. They're a great hitting and fielding club (any team that can trade away Matty Alou—a .300 hitter—has got great hitting), but their pitching just isn't going to make it. But if the Mets and Cubs fade, the Buccos could back into the title again.

4) *PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES*—They're the long-shot in this division. Frank Lucchesi, their manager, brought them a long way last year and could be shooting for a pennant flag in September if only his pitching gives him some help.

5) *ST. LOUIS CARDINALS*—Bob Gibson is the Cards' pitching staff, and if he should stumble the Birds might find themselves in the cellar. Defensively, the Cards aren't too sharp, but their hitting is adequate. But they don't have enough to threaten the top three in the division.

6) *MONTREAL EXPOS*—"Le Grand Orange" (Rusty Staub) is the only threat in the batter's box and 1970 Rookie-of-the-Year Carl Morton is their mound ace. Otherwise, they really don't have much to offer this soon in their existence. But they're building and should give the Canadians a run for their money in a few years as "team of the town."

West:

1) *CINCINNATI REDS*—The Big Red Machine will be as strong as ever, unless their pitching staff breaks down. No problems here in the fielding or hitting departments, but despite their power they better not overlook the Dodgers, who could make it a race this year.

2) *LOS ANGELES DODGERS*—Richie Allen will help, if he shows up now and then, and a healthy Bill Singer could give the Dodgers' pitching staff a boost. They've got the material to make a run at the Reds, but can't wait until July to put it all together.

3) *ATLANTA BRAVES*—The big thing to watch with Atlanta this year will be the progress of Hank Aaron towards breaking Ruth's career home run record of 714. At 36, he still has a shot at it; he's 122 behind the Babe. Otherwise, don't hope for much from Atlanta. Weak pitching and fielding will spell their demise early in the season.

4) *HOUSTON ASTROS*—They have a respectable pitching staff (Larry Dierker and Don Wilson), but will need more hitting and fielding to be a serious threat.

5) *SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS*—With apologies to my brother, an ardent Giant fan. Their established players are too old and their young players are far from established. This'll be Willie's last year.

6) *SAN DIEGO PADRES*—They might do something this year and then again they might not. Smart money says they won't.

And when October rolls around the Mets will amaze all by stopping the Reds in four and the Orioles will amaze no one by sweeping the A's in three. In the finale, it'll be the Os' depth over the Mets' pitching in six. At least, that's what my roommate told me.

—Don Kennedy

the last word

All joy or sorrow for the happiness or calamities of others is produced by an act of the imagination, that realises the event however fictitious, or approximates it however remote, by placing us, for a time, in the condition of him whose fortune we contemplate; so that we feel, while the deception lasts, whatever motions would be excited by the same good or evil happening to ourselves.

Samuel Johnson, *Rambler 60*

The sun's rising in Indiana has about it something sacred, the half hidden presence of gods and spirits at once genial and awesome. I walk west on Angela, toward home: behind me, the sky lights, in front blues combine to a shade I could never match if I mixed inks for weeks, deepened and made richer by the sun's coming brightness.

Yesterday Nixon spoke of ecology legislation, while bombers pillaged the sky over Laos: the reprehensible ironies of statecraft. I try, this morning, to imagine the sky above Angela filled with smoke, the city disappearing into grey, choking clouds clinging to the earth as mist—so that I smell not the spring mud but the post-fire air that hides in the corners of burned-out houses. What is the smell of burning thatch? Is it as wood, or leaves, or grass?

I try to think of my sisters growing up beneath that kind of sky, or of my friend Mark who has just learned to say "airplane." I try to imagine what it is to wake each morning to the sound of death, to see not birds but flocks of planes cross the morning's blue. I try to think what it is to live in a cave or make a home inside barbed wire or beg for food because my fields no longer exist. It is hard, because I am walking

toward a warm house and I have no fields and I do not know even the sound of bombers.

I imagine every house I can now see and those that I cannot, levelled—the grass become black and dry, the river now hidden behind them bordered only by smoldering vegetation or none at all. I try to see all of South Bend burned and covered with a film of chemicals that will stop for years the rebirth of any green, that will kill the spring I waited almost desperately to see. I cannot come close to understanding: my mind moves where my senses cannot go because always the blue precedes me, I have never known anything else. How much less can I see all of Indiana charred, or all of northern Laos or three hundred thousand acres in Cambodia—I can not even know what three hundred thousand acres is, my mind will not let me, the deception will not sustain itself.

For a moment, for as long as my imagination can hold itself against the strength of the morning's color and quiet, I smell the ashes and see my sisters watch the sky and know the inexorable fear that accompanies the flocks of bombers moving through dawn. I cannot sustain even this; how much less so the strength to continue faced with it. These places my imagination will not take me, or if it could, I cannot follow.

I remember that soon my friends will be in Washington again, speaking for the burned earth and my sister who must live in a cave. All we are left with are these words and the acts they give birth to. I know I should speak with them—telling myself, for the moment, my words are not inadequate, my actions are not useless. I will speak because that is what I can do. I will speak to celebrate the morning.

—Steve Brion



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In a plea for help from someone who needs it? In a dialogue between students and the Establishment? In a talk session for a marriage-on-the-rocks? At a Catholic Mass conducted in an Episcopal Church?

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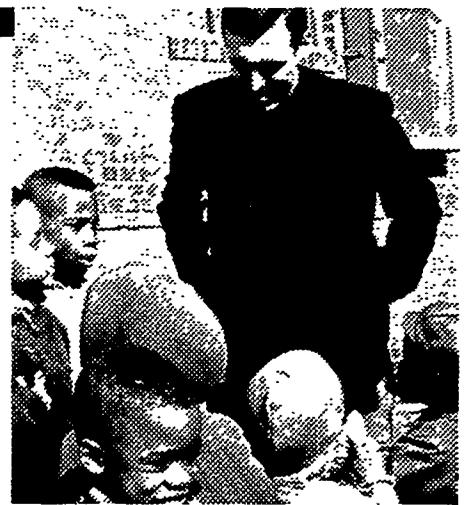
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